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## HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XVI.—SEPTEMBER, 1851—VOL. III.

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

II. DAWNING GREATNESS.

While Napoleon was spending his few months of furlough in Corsica, he devoted many hours every day to the careful composition, after the manner of Plutarch, of the lives of illustrious Corsicans. Though he had made considerable progress in the work, it was lost in the subsequent disorders of those times. He also established a debating club, composed of the several officers in the army upon the island, to discuss the great political questions which were then agitating Europe. These subjects he studied with most intense application. In this club he was a frequent speaker, and obtained much distinction for his argumentative and oratorical powers. Napoleon, at this time, warmly espoused the cause of popular liberty, though most sternly hostile to lawless violence. As the reign of terror began to shed its gloom on Paris, and each day brought its tidings of Jacobin cruelty and carnage, Napoleon imbibed that intense hatred of anarchy which he ever after manifested, and which no temptation could induce him to disguise. One day he expressed himself in the club so vehemently, that an enemy, Salicetti, reported him to the government as a traitor. He was arrested, taken to Paris, and obtained a triumphant acquittal. Some years after he had an opportunity to revenge himself, most magnanimously, upon his enemy who had thus meanly sought his life, and whom he could not but despise. Salicetti, in his turn, became obnoxious to the Jacobins, and was denounced as an outlaw. The officers of police were in pursuit of him, and the guillotine was ravenous for his blood. He ungenerously sought concealment under the roof of Madame Permon, the mother of the young lady who had suggested to Napoleon the idea of "Puss in Boots." By this act he exposed to the most imminent peril the lives of Madame Permon and of all the members of her household. Napoleon was on terms of familiar intimacy with the family, and Salicetti was extremely apprehensive that he might discover his retreat, and report him to the police. Madame Permon also, knowing the hatred with which Salicetti had sought Napoleon's life, participated in these fears.

The very next morning Napoleon made his appearance in the saloon of Madame Permon.

"Well, Madame Permon," said he, "Salicetti will now in his turn be able to appreciate the bitter fruits of arrest. And to him they ought to be the more bitter, since he aided, with his own hand, to plant the trees which bear them."

"How!" exclaimed Madame Permon, with an air of affected astonishment, "is Salicetti arrested?"

"And is it possible," replied Napoleon, "that you do not know that he has been proscribed. I presumed that you were aware of the fact, since it is in your house that he is concealed."

"Concealed in my house!" she cried, "surely, my dear Napoleon, you are mad. I entreat you do not repeat such a joke in any other place. I assure you it would peril my life."

Napoleon rose from his seat, advanced slowly toward Madame Permon, folded his arms upon his breast, and fixing his eyes in a steadfast gaze upon her, remained for a moment in perfect silence.

"Madame Permon!" he then said, emphatically, "Salicetti is concealed in your house. Nay—do not interrupt me. I know that yesterday at five o'clock he was seen proceeding from the Boulevard in this direction. It is well known that he has not in this neighborhood any acquaintances, you excepted, who would risk their own safety, as well as that of their friends by secreting him."

"And by what right," Madame Permon replied, with continued duplicity, "should Salicetti seek an asylum here? He is well aware that our political sentiments are at variance, and he also knows that I am on the point of leaving Paris."

"You may well ask," Napoleon rejoined, "by what right he should apply to you for concealment. To come to an unprotected woman, who might be compromised by affording a few hours of safety to an outlaw who merits his fate, is an act of baseness to which no consideration ought to have driven him."

"Should you repeat abroad this assertion," she replied, "for which there is no possible foundation, it would entail the most serious consequences upon me."

Again Napoleon, with much apparent emotion, fixed his steadfast gaze upon Madame Permon, and exclaimed, "You, Madame, are a generous woman, and Salicetti is a villain. He was well aware that you could not close your doors against him, and he would selfishly allow you to peril your own life and that of your child, for the sake of his safety. I never liked him. Now I despise him."

With consummate duplicity Madame Permon took Napoleon's hand, and fixing her eye unquailing upon his, firmly uttered the falsehood, "I assure you, Napoleon, upon my honor, that Salicetti is not in my apartments. But stay—shall I tell you all?"

"Yes! all! all!" he vehemently rejoined.

"Well, then," she continued, with great apparent frankness, "Salicetti was, I confess, under my roof yesterday at six o'clock; but he left in a few hours after. I pointed out to him the moral impossibility of his remaining concealed with me, living as publicly as I do. Salicetti admitted the justice of my objection, and took his departure."

Napoleon, with hurried step, traversed the room two or three times, and then exclaimed, "It is just as I suspected. He was coward enough to say to a woman, 'Expose your life for mine.' But," he continued, stopping before Madame Permon, and fixing a doubting eye upon her, "you really believe, then, that he left your house and returned home!"

"Yes!" she replied, "I told him that since he must conceal himself in Paris, it were best to bribe the people of his own hotel, because that would be the last place where his enemies would think of searching for him."

Napoleon then took his leave, and Madame Permon opened the door of the closet where Salicetti was concealed. He had heard every word of the conversation, and was sitting on a small chair, his head leaning upon his hand, which was covered with blood, from a hemorrhage with which he had been seized. Preparations were immediately made for an escape from Paris, and passports were obtained for Salicetti as the valet de chambre of Madame Permon. In the early dawn of the morning they left Paris, Salicetti as a servant, seated upon the box of the carriage. When they had arrived at the end of the first stage, several miles from the city, the postillion came to the window of the coach, and presented Madame Pennon with a note, which, he said, a young man had requested him to place in her hands at that post. It was from Napoleon. Madame Permon opened it and read as follows:

"I never like to be thought a dupe. I should appear to be such to you, did I not tell you that I knew perfectly well of Salicetti's place of concealment.

"You see, then, Salicetti, that I might have returned the ill you did to me. In so doing I should only have avenged myself. But you sought my life when I never had done aught to harm you. Which of us stands in the preferable point of view at the present moment? I might have avenged my wrongs; but I did not. Perhaps you may say, that it was out of regard to your benefactress that I spared you. That consideration, I confess, was powerful. But you, alone, unarmed and an outlaw, would never have been injured by me. Go in peace, and seek an asylum where you may cherish better sentiments. On your name my mouth is closed. Repent and appreciate my motives.

"Madame Permon! my best wishes are with you and your child. You are feeble and defenseless beings. May Providence and a friend's prayers protect you. Be cautious, and do not tarry in the large towns through which you may have to pass. Adieu."

Having read the letter, Madame Permon turned to Salicetti, and said, "You ought to admire the noble conduct of Bonaparte. It is most generous."

"Generous!" he replied, with a contemptuous smile, "What would you have had him do? Would you have wished him to betray me?"

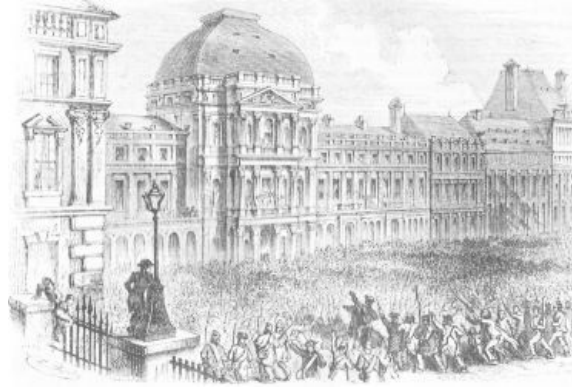
The indignant woman looked upon him with disgust, and said, "I do not know what I might expect *you* to do. But this I do know, that it would be pleasant to see you manifest a little gratitude."

When they arrived at a seaport, as Salicetti embarked on board a small vessel which was to convey him to Italy, he seemed for a moment not to be entirely unmindful of the favors he had received. Taking Madame Permon's hands in his, he said, "I should have too much to say, were I to attempt to express to you my gratitude by words. As to Bonaparte, tell him I thank him. Hitherto I did not believe him capable of generosity. I am now bound to acknowledge my mistake. I thank him."

Napoleon, after his acquittal from the charges brought against him by Salicetti, remained in Paris for two or three months. He lived in the most frugal manner, spending no money or time in dissipation or amusements. He passed most of his hours in the libraries, reading volumes of solid worth, and seeking the conversation of distinguished men. Without any exhibition of vanity, he seemed to repose great reliance upon his own powers, and was never abashed in the slightest degree by the presence of others, of whatever rank or attainments. Indeed he seemed, even then, to be animated by the assurance that he was destined for some great achievements. His eye was surveying the world. He was meditating upon the rise and fall of empires. France, Europe even, seemed too small for his majestic designs. He studied with intense interest the condition of the countless myriads of men who swarm along the rivers and the hill-sides of internal Asia; and dreamed of being himself the founder of an Empire there, in comparison with which the dynasties of Europe should be insignificant. Indeed he never, in all his subsequent career, manifested the least surprise in view of his elevation. He rose from step to step, regarding each ascent as a matter of course, never shrinking in the least degree from assuming any weight of responsibility, and never manifesting the slightest embarrassment in taking the command from the hands of gray-headed veterans.

While in Paris, he was, on the famous morning of the 20th of June, 1792, walking with his friend Bourrienne, along the banks of the Seine, when he saw a vast mob of men, women, and boys, with hideous yells and frantic gestures, and brandishing weapons of every kind, rolling like an inundation through the streets of the metropolis, and directing their steps toward the palace of the imprisoned monarch. Napoleon ran before them that he might witness their proceedings. Climbing, by an iron fence, upon the balustrade of a neighboring building, he saw the squalid mass of thirty thousand miscreants break into the garden of the Tuileries, swarm through the doors of the regal mansion, and, at last, compel the insulted and humiliated king, driven into the embrasure of a window, to put the filthy red cap of Jacobinism upon his brow. This triumph of the drunken vagrants, from the cellars and garrets of infamy, over all law and justice, and this spectacle of the degradation of the acknowledged monarch of one of the proudest nations on the

globe, excited the indignation of Napoleon to the highest pitch. He turned away from the sight as unendurable, exclaiming, "The wretches! how could they suffer this vile mob to enter the palace! They should have swept down the first five hundred with grape shot, and the rest would have soon taken to flight."



**THE ATTACK UPON THE TUILERIES**

New scenes of violence were now daily enacted before the eyes of Napoleon in the streets of Paris, until the dreadful 10th of August arrived. He then again saw the triumphant and unresisted mob sack the palace of the Tuileries. He witnessed the king and the royal family driven from the halls of their ancestors, and followed by the frenzied multitude, with hootings, and hissings, and every conceivable insult, in momentary peril of assassination, until they took refuge in the Assembly. He saw the merciless massacre of the faithful guards of the king, as they were shot in the garden, as they were pursued and poniarded in the streets, as they were pricked down with bayonets, from the statues upon which they had climbed for protection, and in cold blood butchered. He saw, with his bosom glowing with shame and indignation, the drunken rioters marching exultingly through the streets of the metropolis, with the ghastly heads of the slaughtered guards borne aloft, upon the points of their pikes, as the trophies of their victory.

These hideous spectacles wrought quite a revolution in the mind of Napoleon. They effectually arrested the progress of all his tendencies toward democracy. He had been a great admirer of constitutional liberty in England, and a still greater admirer of republican liberty in America. He now became convinced that the people of France were too ignorant and degraded for self-government, that they needed the guidance and control of resistless law. He hated and despised the voluptuousness, the imbecility, and the tyranny of the effete monarchy. He had himself suffered most keenly from the superciliousness of the old nobility who grasped at all the places of profit and honor, merely to gratify their own sensuality, and left no career open to merit. Napoleon had his own fortune to make, and he was glad to see all these bulwarks battered down, which the pride and arrogance of past ages had reared to foster a worthless aristocracy; and to exclude the energetic and the aspiring, unaided by wealth and rank, from all the avenues of influence and celebrity. On the other hand the dominion of the mob appeared to him so execrable that he said, "I frankly declare that if I were compelled to choose between the old monarchy and Jacobin misrule, I should infinitely prefer the former." Openly and energetically, upon all occasions, fearless of consequences, he expressed his abhorrence of those miscreants who were trampling justice and mercy beneath their feet, and who were, by their atrocities, making France a by-word among all nations. This is a key to the character of Napoleon. Those opposing forces guided his future career. He ever, subsequently, manifested the most decisive resolution to crush the Jacobins. He displayed untiring energy in reconstructing in France a throne invincible in power, which should govern the people, which should throw every avenue to greatness open to all competitors, making wealth, and rank, and influence, and power the reward of merit. Napoleon openly avowed his conviction that France, without education and without religion, was not prepared for the republicanism of the United States. In this sentiment La Fayette and most of the wisest men of the French nation fully concurred. With an arm of despotic power he crushed every lawless outbreak. And he gathered around his throne eminent abilities, wherever he could find them, in the shop of the artisan, in the ranks of the army, and in the hut of the peasant. In France at this time, there was neither intelligence, religion, nor morality, among the masses. There was no reverence for law either human or divine. Napoleon expressed his high approval of the constitutional monarchy of England, and declared that to be the model upon which he would have the new government of France constructed. He judged that France needed an imposing throne, supported by an illustrious nobility and by a standing army of invincible power, with civil privileges cautiously and gradually disseminated among the people. And though in the pride of subsequent success he was disposed to gather all power into his own hands, few persons could have manifested during so long a reign, and through the temptations of so extraordinary a career, more unwavering consistency.

One evening he returned home from a walk, through the streets of the tumultuous metropolis, in which his ears had been deafened by the shouts of the people in favor of a new republican constitution. It was in the midst of the reign of terror, and the guillotine was drenched in blood. "How do you like the new constitution?" said a lady to him. He replied, hesitatingly, "Why, it is good in one sense, to be sure; but, all that is connected with carnage, is bad," and then, as if giving way to an outburst of sincere feeling, he exclaimed, emphatically, "*No! no! no! away with this constitution. I do not like it!*"

The republicanism of the United States is founded on the intelligence, the Christianity, and the reverence for law so generally prevalent throughout the whole community. And should that dark day ever come, in which the majority of the people will be unable to read the printed vote which is placed in their hands, and lose all reverence for earthly law, and believe not in God, before whose tribunal they must finally appear, it is certain that the republic can not stand for a day. Anarchy must ensue, from which there can be no refuge but in a military despotism.

In these days of pecuniary embarrassment Napoleon employed a bootmaker, a very awkward workman, but a man who manifested very kindly feelings toward him, and accommodated him in his payments. When dignity and fortune were lavished upon the first consul and the emperor, he was frequently urged to employ a more fashionable workman. But no persuasions could induce him to abandon the humble artisan who had been the friend of his youthful days. Instinctive delicacy told him that the man would be more gratified by being the shoemaker of the emperor, and that his interests would thus be better promoted than by any other favors he could confer.

A silversmith, in one of Napoleon's hours of need, sold him a dressing-case upon credit. The kindness was never forgotten. Upon his return from the campaign of Italy, he called, rewarded him liberally, and ever after employed him, and also recommended him to his marshals and to his court in general. In consequence the jeweler acquired an immense fortune.

Effects must have their causes. Napoleon's boundless popularity in the army and in the nation, was not the result of accident, the sudden outbreak of an insane delusion. These exhibitions of an instinctive and unstudied magnanimity won the hearts of the people as rapidly as his transcendent abilities and Herculean toil secured for him renown.

Napoleon with his political principles modified by the scenes of lawless violence which he had witnessed in Paris, returned again to Corsica.

Soon after his return to his native island, in February, 1793, he, being then 22 years of age, was ordered, at the head of two battalions, in co-operation with Admiral Turget, to make a descent upon the island of Sardinia. Napoleon effected a landing and was entirely successful in the accomplishment of his part of the expedition. The admiral, however, failed, and Napoleon, in consequence, was under the necessity of evacuating the positions where he had entrenched himself, and of returning to Corsica.

He found France still filled with the most frightful disorders. The king and queen had both fallen upon the scaffold. Paoli, disgusted with the political aspect of his own country, treasonably plotted to surrender Corsica, over which he was the appointed governor, to the crown of England. It was a treacherous act, and was only redeemed from utter infamy by the brutal outrages with which France was disgraced. A large party of the Corsicans rallied around Paoli. He exerted all the influence in his power to induce Napoleon, the son of his old friend and comrade, and whose personal qualities he greatly admired, to join his standard. Napoleon, on the other hand, with far greater penetration into the mysteries of the future, entreated Paoli to abandon the unpatriotic enterprise. He argued that the violence with which France was filled was too terrible to be lasting, and that the nation must soon return again to reason and to law. He represented that Corsica was too small and feeble to think of maintaining independence in the midst of the powerful empires of Europe; that in manners, language, customs, and religion it never could become a homogeneous part of England; that the natural connection of the island was with France, and that its glory could only be secured by its being embraced as a province of the French Empire. And above all, he argued that it was the duty of every good citizen, in such hours of peril, to cling firmly and fearlessly to his country, and to exert every nerve to cause order to emerge from the chaos into which all things had fallen. These were unanswerable arguments, but Paoli had formed strong attachments in England, and remembered, with an avenging spirit, the days in which he had fled before the armies of conquering France.

The last interview which took place between these distinguished men, was at a secluded convent in the interior of the island. Long and earnestly they argued with each other, for they were devoted personal friends. The veteran governor was eighty years of age, Napoleon was but twenty-two. It was with the greatest reluctance that either of them could consent to draw the sword against the other. But there was no alternative. Paoli was firm in his determination to surrender the island to the English. No persuasions could induce Napoleon to sever his interests from those of his native country. Sadly they separated to array themselves against each other in civil war.

As Napoleon, silent and thoughtful, was riding home alone, he entered a wild ravine among the mountains, when suddenly he was surrounded by a party of mountaineers, in the employ of Paoli, and taken prisoner. By stratagem he effected his escape, and placed himself at the head of the battalion of national guards over which he had been appointed commander. Hostilities immediately commenced. The governor, who with his numerous forces had possession of the town of Ajaccio, invited the English into the harbor, surrendering to them the island. The English immediately took possession of those heights on the opposite side of the gulf, which, it will be remembered, that Napoleon had previously so carefully examined. The information he gained upon this occasion was now of special service to him. One dark and stormy night he embarked in a frigate, with a few hundred soldiers, landed near the entrenchments, guided the party in the darkness, over the ground, with which he was perfectly familiar, surprised the English in their sleep, and, after a short but sanguinary conflict, took possession of the fort. The storm, however, increased to a gale, and when the morning dawned, they strained their eyes in vain through the driving mist to discern the frigate. It had been driven by the tempest far out to sea. Napoleon and

his little band were immediately surrounded by the allied English and Corsicans, and their situation seemed desperate. For five days they defended themselves most valiantly, during which time they were under the necessity of killing their horses for food to save themselves from starvation. At last the frigate again appeared. Napoleon then evacuated the town in which he had so heroically contended against vastly outnumbering foes, and, after an ineffectual attempt to blow up the fort, succeeded in safely effecting an embarkation. The strength of Paoli was daily increasing, and the English in greater numbers crowding to his aid. Napoleon saw that it was in vain to attempt further resistance, and that Corsica was no longer a safe residence for himself or for the family. He accordingly disbanded his forces and prepared to leave the island.

Paoli called upon Madame Letitia, and exhausted his powers of persuasion in endeavoring to induce the family to unite with him in the treasonable surrender of the island to the English. "Resistance is hopeless," said he, "and by this perverse opposition, you are bringing irreparable ruin and misery on yourself and family." "I know of but two laws," replied Madame Letitia, heroically, "which it is necessary for me to obey, the laws of honor and of duty." A decree was immediately passed banishing the family from the island. One morning Napoleon hastened to inform his mother that several thousand peasants, armed with all the implements of revolutionary fury, were on the march to attack the house. The family fled precipitately, with such few articles of property as they could seize at the moment, and for several days wandered, houseless and destitute, on the sea-shore, until Napoleon could make arrangements for their embarkation. The house was sacked by the mob, and the furniture entirely destroyed.

It was midnight when an open boat manned by four strong rowers, with muffled oars, approached the shore in the vicinity of the pillaged and battered dwelling of Madame Letitia. A dim lantern was held by an attendant, as the whole Bonaparte family, in silence and in sorrow, with the world, its poverty and all its perils, wide before them, entered the boat. A few trunks and bandboxes, contained all their available property. The oarsmen pulled out into the dark and lonely sea. Earthly boat never before held such a band of emigrants. There sat Madame Letitia, Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, Jerome, Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline. Little did those poor and friendless fugitives then imagine that all the thrones of Europe were to tremble before them, and that their celebrity was to fill the world. Napoleon took his stand at the bows, for although the second son, he was already the commanding spirit of the family. They soon ascended the sides of a small vessel which was waiting for them in the offing, with her sails fluttering in the breeze, and when the morning sun arose over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, they were approaching the harbor of Nice. Here they remained but a short time, when they removed to Marseilles, where the family resided in great pecuniary embarrassment until relieved by the rising fortunes of Napoleon.



THE EMIGRANTS.

The English immediately took possession of the island, and retained it for two years. The fickle Corsicans soon grew weary of their new masters, in whose language, manners, and religion they found no congeniality, and a general rising took place. A small force from France effected a landing, notwithstanding the vigilance of the English cruisers. Beacon fires, the signals of insurrection, by previous concert, blazed from every hill, and the hoarse sound of the horn, echoing along the mountain sides and through the ravines, summoned the warlike peasants to arms. The English were driven from the island with even more precipitation than they had taken possession of it. Paoli retired with them to London, deeply regretting that he had not followed the wise counsel of young Napoleon. Bonaparte never visited Corsica again. He could not love the *people* in whose defense he had suffered such injustice. To the close of life, however, he retained a vivid recollection of the picturesque beauties of his native island, and often spoke, in most animating terms, of the romantic glens, and precipitous cliffs, and glowing skies endeared to him by all the associations of childhood. The poetic and the mathematical elements were both combined in the highest degree in the mind of Napoleon, and though his manly intellect turned away in disgust from mawkish and effeminate sentimentalism, he enjoyed the noble appreciation of all that is beautiful, and all that is sublime. His retentive memory was stored with the most brilliant passages from the tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, and no one could quote them with more appropriateness.

We now approach more eventful scenes in the life of this extraordinary man. All the monarchies of Europe were allied, in arms, against the French Revolution, and slowly, but resistlessly, their combined armies were marching upon Paris. The emigrant nobles and monarchists, many thousands in number, were incorporated into the embattled hosts of these allies. The spirit of insurrection against the government began to manifest itself very strongly in several important

cities. Toulon, on the shores of the Mediterranean, was the great naval dépôt and arsenal of France. It contained a population of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. More than fifty ships-of-the-line and frigates were riding at anchor in its harbor, and an immense quantity of military and naval stores, of every description, was collected in its spacious magazines. The majority of the inhabitants of this city were friends of the old monarchy. Some ten thousand of the royalists of Marseilles, Lyons, and other parts of the south of France, took refuge within the walls of Toulon, and, uniting with the royalist inhabitants, surrendered the city, its magazines, its ships, and its forts to the combined English and Spanish fleet, which was cruising outside of its harbor. The English ships sailed triumphantly into the port, landed five thousand English troops, and eight thousand Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Piedmontese, took full possession of the place. This treacherous act excited to the highest pitch the alarm and the indignation of the revolutionary government; and it was resolved that, at all hazards, Toulon must be retaken, and the English driven from the soil of France. But the English are not easily expelled from the posts which they once have occupied; and it was an enterprise of no common magnitude to displace them, with their strong army and their invincible navy, from fortresses so impregnable as those of Toulon, and where they found stored up for them, in such profuse abundance, all the munitions of war.

Two armies were immediately marched upon Toulon, the place invested, and a regular siege commenced. Three months had passed away, during which time no apparent progress had been effected toward the capture of the town. Every exertion was made by the allied troops and the royalist inhabitants to strengthen the defenses, and especially to render impregnable a fort called the Little Gibraltar, which commanded the harbor and the town. The French besieging force, amounting to about forty thousand men, were wasting their time outside of the entrenchments, keeping very far away from the reach of cannon balls. The command of these forces had been intrusted to Gen. Cartaux, a portrait-painter from Paris, as ignorant of all military science, as he was self-conceited. Matters were in this state when Napoleon, whose commanding abilities were now beginning to attract attention, was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-general, and invested with the command of the artillery train at Toulon. He immediately hastened to the scene of action, and beheld, with utter astonishment, the incapacity with which the siege was conducted. He found batteries erected which would not throw their balls one half the distance between the guns and the points they were designed to command. Balls also were heated in the peasants' houses around, at perfectly ridiculous distances from the guns, as if they were articles to be transported at one's leisure. Napoleon requested the commander-in-chief, at whose direction these batteries were reared, to allow him to witness the effect of a few discharges from the guns. With much difficulty he obtained consent. And when the general saw the shot fall more than half-way short of the mark, he turned upon his heel, and said, "These aristocrats have spoiled the quality of the powder with which I am supplied."

Napoleon respectfully but firmly made his remonstrance to the Convention, assuring them that the siege must be conducted with far more science and energy if a successful result was to be expected. He recommended that the works against the city itself should be comparatively neglected, and that all the energies of the assaults should be directed against Little Gibraltar. That fort once taken, it was clear to his mind that the English fleet, exposed to a destructive fire, must immediately evacuate the harbor, and the town would no longer be defensible. In fact, he pursued precisely the course by which Washington had previously driven the British from Boston. The distinguished American general turned aside from the city itself, and by a masterly movement planted his batteries on Dorchester heights, from which he could rain down a perfect tempest of balls upon the decks of the English ships. The invaders were compelled to fly, and to take with them their Tory allies. Napoleon did the same thing at Toulon. The enterprise was, however, vastly more arduous, since the English had foreseen the importance of that port, and had surrounded it with works so unapproachable that they did not hesitate to call it their *Little Gibraltar*. Napoleon, then but twenty-three years of age, undertook their dislodgment. Dugommier, a scarred and war-worn veteran, was now placed in the supreme command, and cordially sympathized with his young artillery officer in all his plans. The agents of the Convention, who were in the camp as spies to report proceedings to the government, looked with much incredulity upon this strange way of capturing Toulon. One morning some of these commissioners ventured to criticise the direction of a gun which Napoleon was superintending. "Do you," he tartly replied, "attend to your duty as a national commissioner, and I will be answerable for mine with my head."

Napoleon's younger brother, Louis, visited him during the siege. They walked out one morning to a place where an unavailing assault had been made by a portion of the army, and two hundred mangled bodies of Frenchmen were strewn over the ground. On beholding the slaughter which had taken place, Napoleon exclaimed, "All those men have been needlessly sacrificed. Had intelligence commanded here none of these lives need have been lost. Learn from this, my brother, how indispensable and imperatively necessary it is, that those should possess knowledge who aspire to assume the command over others."

Napoleon, with an energy which seemed utterly exhaustless, devoted himself to the enterprise he had undertaken. He shared all the toils and all the perils of his men. He allowed himself but a few hours' sleep at night, and then wrapped in his cloak, threw himself under the guns. By the utmost exertions he soon obtained, from all quarters, a train of two hundred heavy battering cannon. In the midst of a storm of shot and shells incessantly falling around him, he erected five or six powerful batteries, within point-blank range of the works he would assail. One battery in particular which was masked by a plantation of olives, he constructed very near the

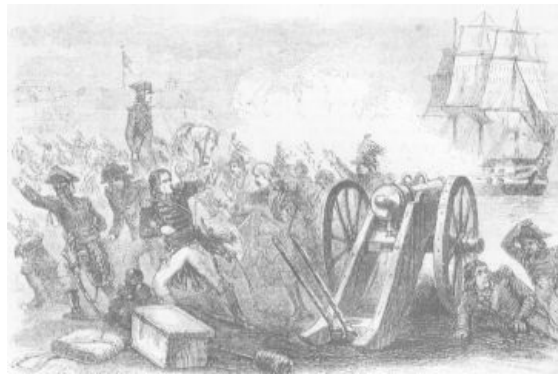


entrenchments of the enemy. He seemed utterly regardless of his own safety, had several horses shot from under him, and received from an Englishman so serious a bayonet wound in his left thigh that for a time he was threatened with the necessity of amputation. All these operations were carried on in the midst of the storms of battle. There were daily and nightly skirmishes and sallies, and deadly assaults, and the dreadful tide of successful and unsuccessful war ever ebbed and flowed. One day an artillery man was shot down by his side, and the ramrod which he was using was drenched with blood. Napoleon immediately sprung into the dead man's place, seized the rod, and to the great encouragement of the soldiers, with his own hand, repeatedly charged the gun.

While the siege was in progress, one day, fifteen carriages, from Paris, suddenly made their appearance in the camp, and about sixty men alighting from them, dressed in gorgeous uniform, and with the pomp and important air of ambassadors from the revolutionary government, demanded to be led into the presence of the commander-in-chief.

"Citizen general," said the orator of the party. "We come from Paris. The patriots are indignant at your inactivity and delay. The soil of the Republic has been violated. She trembles to think that the insult still remains unavenged. She asks, Why is Toulon not yet taken? why is the English fleet not yet destroyed? In her indignation she has appealed to her brave sons. We have obeyed her summons and burn with impatience to fulfill her expectations. We are volunteer gunners from Paris. Furnish us with arms. To-morrow we will march against the enemy."

The general was not a little disconcerted by this pompous and authoritative address. But Napoleon whispered to him, "Turn those gentlemen over to me. I will take care of them." They were very hospitably entertained, and the next morning, at daybreak, Napoleon conducted them to the sea-shore, and gave them charge of several pieces of artillery, which he had placed there during the night, and with which he requested them to sink an English frigate whose black and threatening hull was seen, through the haze of the morning, at anchor some distance from the shore. The trembling volunteers looked around with most nervous uneasiness in view of their exposed situation, and anxiously inquired if there was no shelter behind which they could stand. Just then John Bull uttered one of his most terrific roars, and a whole broadside of cannon balls came whistling over their heads. This was not the amusement they had bargained for, and the whole body of braggadocios took to precipitate flight. Napoleon sat quietly upon his horse, without even a smile moving his pensive and marble features as he contemplated, with much satisfaction, the dispersion of such troublesome allies.



**THE VOLUNTEER GUNNERS.**

Upon another occasion, when the enemy were directing their fire upon the works which he was constructing, having occasion to send a dispatch from the trenches, he called for some one who could write, that he might dictate an order. A young private stepped out from the ranks and, resting the paper upon the breastwork, began to write, as he dictated. While thus employed, a cannon ball, from the enemy's battery, struck the ground but a few feet from them, covering their persons and the paper with the earth. "Thank you," said the soldier, gayly, "we shall need no more sand upon this page." The instinctive fearlessness and readiness thus displayed arrested the attention of Napoleon. He fixed his keen and piercing eye upon him for a moment, as if scrutinizing all his mental and physical qualities, and then said, "Young man! what can I do for you?" The soldier blushed deeply, but promptly replied, "Every thing," and then touching his left shoulder with his hand, he added, "you can change this worsted into an epaulet." A few days after, Napoleon sent for the same soldier, to reconnoitre the trenches of the enemy, and suggested that he should disguise his dress, as his exposure would be very great. "Never," replied the soldier; "do you take me for a spy? I will go in my uniform, though I should never return." He set out immediately, and fortunately escaped unharmed. These two incidents revealed character, and Napoleon immediately recommended him for promotion. This was Junot, afterward Duke of Abrantes, and one of the most efficient friends of Napoleon. "I love Napoleon," said Junot afterward, most wickedly, "as my God. To him I am indebted for all that I am."<sup>[1]</sup>

At last the hour arrived when all things were ready for the grand attempt. It was in the middle watches of the night of the 17th of December, 1793, when the signal was given for the assault. A cold storm of wind and rain was wailing its midnight dirges in harmony with the awful scene of carnage, destruction, and woe, about to ensue. The genius of Napoleon had arranged every thing and inspired the desperate enterprise. No pen can describe the horrors of the conflict. All the energies of both armies were exerted to the utmost in the fierce encounter. To distract the



attention of the enemy, the fortifications were every where attacked, while an incessant shower of bomb-shells were rained down upon the devoted city, scattering dismay and death in all directions. In the course of a few hours eight thousand shells from the effective batteries of Napoleon were thrown into Little Gibraltar, until the massive works were almost one pile of ruins. In the midst of the darkness, the storm, the drenching rain, the thunder of artillery, and the gleaming light of bomb-shells, the French marched up to the very muzzles of the English guns, and were mown down like grass before the scythe by the tremendous discharges of grape-shot and musketry. The ditches were filled with the dead and the dying. Again and again the French were repulsed, only to return again and again to the assault. Napoleon was every where present, inspiring the onset, even more reckless of his own life than of the lives of his soldiers. For a long time the result seemed very doubtful. But the plans of Napoleon were too carefully laid for final discomfiture. His mangled, bleeding columns rushed in at the embrasures of the rampart, and the whole garrison were in a few moments silent and still in death. "General," said Bonaparte to Dugommier, broken down by fatigue and age, as he raised the tricolored flag over the crumbling walls of the rampart, "go and sleep. We have taken Toulon." "It was," says Scott, "upon this night of terror, conflagration, tears, and blood, that the star of Napoleon first ascended the horizon, and though it gleamed over many a scene of horror ere it set, it may be doubted whether its light was ever blended with that of one more dreadful."

Though Little Gibraltar was thus taken, the conflict continued all around the city until morning. Shells were exploding, and hot shot falling in the thronged dwellings. Children in the cradle, and maidens in their chambers had limb torn from limb by the dreadful missiles. Conflagrations were continually bursting forth, burning the mangled and the dying, while piercing shrieks of dismay and of agony rose even above the thunders of the terrific cannonade. The wind howled in harmony with the awful scene, and a cold and drenching rain swept the streets. One can not contemplate such a conflict without wondering that a God of mercy could have allowed his children thus brutally to deform this fair creation with the spirit of the world of woe. For the anguish inflicted upon suffering humanity that night a dread responsibility must rest somewhere. A thousand houses were made desolate. Thousands of hearts were lacerated and crushed, with every hope of life blighted forever. The English government thought that they did right, under the circumstances of the case, to send their armies and take possession of Toulon. Napoleon deemed that he was nobly discharging his duty, in the Herculean and successful endeavors he made to drive the invaders from the soil of France. It is not easy for man, with his limited knowledge, to adjust the balance of right and wrong. But here was a crime of enormous magnitude committed—murder, and robbery, and arson, and violence—the breaking of every commandment of God upon the broadest scale; and a day of Judgment is yet to come in which the responsibility will be with precise and accurate justice awarded.

The direful tragedy was, however, not yet terminated. When the morning sun dawned dimly and coldly through the lurid clouds, an awful spectacle was revealed to the eye. The streets of Toulon were red with blood, while thousands of the mangled and the dead, in all the most hideous forms of mutilation, were strewed through the dwellings and along the streets. Fierce conflagrations were blazing in many parts of the city, while mouldering ruins and shattered dwellings attested the terrific power of the midnight storm of man's depravity. The cannonade was still continued, and shells were incessantly exploding among the terrified and shrieking inhabitants.

Napoleon, having accomplished the great object of his exertions, the capture of Little Gibraltar, allowed himself not one moment for triumph, or repose, or regret; but, as regardless of the carnage around him, as if he were contemplating a field over which the scythe of the mower had passed, immediately prepared his guns to throw their plunging balls into the English ships, and to harass them at every point of exposure. No sooner did Lord Howe see the tricolored flag floating from the parapets of Little Gibraltar, than, conscious that the city was no longer tenable, he made signal for the fleet to prepare for immediate evacuation. The day was passed by the English in filling their ships with stores from the French arsenals, they having determined to destroy all the munitions of war which they could not carry away. The victorious French were straining every nerve in the erection of new batteries, to cripple and, if possible, to destroy the retiring foe. Thus passed the day, when another wintry night settled gloomily over the beleaguered and woe-exhausted city. The terror of the royalists was dreadful. They saw, by the embarkation of the British sick and wounded, the indications that the English were to evacuate the city, and that they were to be left to their fate. And full well they knew what doom they, and their wives and their children, were to expect from republican fury in those days of unbridled violence. The English took as many of the French ships of the line as could be got ready for sea, to accompany them in their escape. The rest, consisting of fifteen ships of the line and eight frigates, were collected to be burned. A fire-ship, filled with every combustible substance, was towed into their midst, and at ten o'clock the torch was applied. The night was dark and still. The flames of the burning ships burst forth like a volcano from the centre of the harbor, illumining the scene with lurid and almost noonday brilliance. The water was covered with boats, crowded with fugitives, hurrying, frantic with despair, in the abandonment of homes and property, to the English and Spanish ships. More than twenty thousand loyalists, men, women, and children, of the highest rank, crowded the beach and the quays, in a state of indescribable consternation, imploring rescue from the infuriate army of the republicans howling like wolves around the walls of the city, eager to get at their prey. In increase of the horror of the scene, a most furious cannonade was in progress all the time from every ship and every battery. Cannon balls tore their way through family groups. Bombs exploded upon the thronged decks of the ships, and in the crowded boats. Many boats were thus sunk, and the shrieks of drowning women and children pierced through the heavy thunders of the cannonade. Husbands and wives, parents and

children, brothers and sisters were separated from each other, and ran to and fro upon the shore in delirious agony. The daughter was left mangled and dying upon the beach; the father was borne by the rush into one boat, the wife into another, and no one knew who was living, and who, mercifully, was dead. The ships, the magazines, the arsenals were all now in flames. The Jacobins of Toulon began to emerge from garrets and cellars, and frenzied with intoxication, like demons of darkness, with torch and sword, rioted through the city, attacked the flying royalists, tore their garments from their backs, and inflicted upon maids and matrons every conceivable brutality. A little after midnight two frigates, each containing many thousand barrels of gunpowder, blew up, with an explosion so terrific, that it seemed to shake, like an earthquake, even the solid hills. As at last the rear-guard of the English abandoned the ramparts and hurried to their boats, the triumphant republican army, nearly forty thousand strong, came rushing into the city at all points. The allied fleet, with favoring winds, spread its sails, and soon disappeared beneath the horizon of the silent sea, bearing away nearly twenty thousand wretched exiles to homelessness, penury, and a life-long woe.

Dugommier, the commander of the republican army, notwithstanding all his exertions, found it utterly impossible to restrain the passions of his victorious soldiers, and for many days violence and crime ran rampant in the doomed city. The crime of having raised the flag of royalty, and of having surrendered the city and its stores to the foe, was one not to be forgiven. The Jacobin government in Paris sent orders for a bloody and a terrible vengeance, that the loyalists all over France might be intimidated from again conspiring with the enemy. Napoleon did every thing in his power to protect the inhabitants from the fury which was wreaked upon them. He witnessed, with anguish, scenes of cruelty which he could not repress. An old merchant, eighty-four years of age, deaf and almost blind, was guilty of the crime of being worth five millions of dollars. The Convention, coveting his wealth, sentenced him to the scaffold. "When I witnessed the inhuman execution of this old man," said Napoleon, "I felt as if the end of the world was at hand." He exposed his own life to imminent peril in his endeavors to save the helpless from Jacobin rage. One day a Spanish prize was brought into the harbor, on board of which had been taken the noble family of Chabillant, well known loyalists, who were escaping from France. The mob, believing that they were fleeing to join the emigrants and the allied army in their march against Paris, rushed to seize the hated aristocrats, and to hang them, men and women, at the nearest lamp-posts. The guard came up for their rescue and were repulsed. Napoleon saw among the rioters several gunners who had served under him during the siege. He mounted a platform, and their respect for their general secured him a hearing. He induced them, by those powers of persuasion which he so eminently possessed, to intrust the emigrants to him, to be tried and sentenced the next morning. At midnight he placed them in an artillery wagon, concealed among barrels of powder and casks of bullets, and had them conveyed out of the city as a convoy of ammunition. He also provided a boat to be in waiting for them on the shore, and they embarked and were saved.

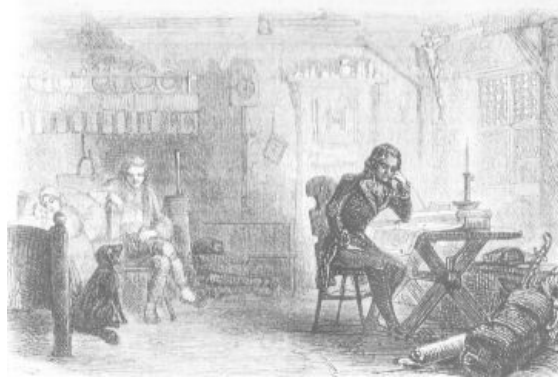
Though the representatives of the Convention made no allusion to Napoleon in their report, he acquired no little celebrity among the officers in the army by the energy and skill he had manifested. One of the deputies, however, wrote to Carnot, "I send you a young man, who distinguished himself very much during the siege, and earnestly recommend to you to advance him speedily. If you do not, he will most assuredly advance himself."

Soon after the capture of Toulon, Napoleon accompanied General Dugommier to Marseilles. He was in company with him there, when some one, noticing his feminine figure, inquired, "Who is that little bit of an officer, and where did you pick him up?" "That officer's name," gravely replied General Dugommier, "is Napoleon Bonaparte. *I picked him up* at the siege of Toulon, to the successful termination of which he eminently contributed. And you will probably one day see that this *little bit of an officer* is a *greater man* than any of us."

Napoleon was immediately employed in fortifying the maritime coast of southern France, to afford the inhabitants protection against attacks from the allied fleet. With the same exhaustless, iron diligence which had signalized his course at Toulon, he devoted himself to this new enterprise. He climbed every headland, explored every bay, examined all soundings. He allowed himself no recreation, and thought not of repose. It was winter, and cold storms of wind and rain swept the bleak hills. But the energies of a mind more intense and active than was perhaps ever before encased in human flesh, rendered this extraordinary man, then but twenty-three years of age, perfectly regardless of all personal indulgences. Drenched with rain, living upon such coarse fare as he chanced to meet in the huts of fishermen and peasants; throwing himself, wrapped in his cloak, upon any poor cot, for a few hours of repose at night, he labored, with both body and mind, to a degree which no ordinary constitution could possibly have endured, and which no ordinary enthusiasm could have inspired. In a few weeks he accomplished that to which others would have devoted years of energetic action. It seems incredible that a human mind, in so short a time, could have matured plans so comprehensive and minute, and could have achieved such vast results. While other young officers, of his age, were sauntering along the windings of mountain streams with hook and line, or strolling the fields with fowling-pieces, or, in halls of revelry, with mirthful maidens, were accomplishing their destiny in cotillions and waltzes, Napoleon, in Herculean toil, was working day and night, with a sleepless energy, which never has been surpassed. He divided the coast batteries into three classes: those for the defense of men-of-war in important harbors; those for the protection of merchant vessels, and those reared upon promontories and headlands, under whose guns the coasting trade could hover.

Having accomplished this vast undertaking in the two wintry months of January and February,

early in March, 1794, he joined the head-quarters of the army of Italy in Nice, promoted to the rank of Brigadier-general of Artillery. The personal appearance of Napoleon, at this time, was any thing but prepossessing. He was diminutive in stature, and thin and emaciated in the extreme. His features were angular and sharp, and his complexion sallow. His hair, contrary to the fashion of the times, was combed straight over his forehead. His hands were perfectly feminine in their proportions. Quite regardless of the display of dress, he usually appeared without gloves, which, he said, were a useless luxury, in a plain round hat, with boots clumsily fitted to his feet, and with that gray great-coat, which afterward became as celebrated as the white plume of Henry IV. His eye, however, was brilliant, and his smile ever peculiarly winning.



**NIGHT STUDIES.**

Napoleon, upon his arrival at Nice, found the French army idly reposing in their intrenchments among the Maritime Alps, and surrounded by superior forces of Austrians and Sardinians. General Dumerbion, who was in command, was a fearless and experienced soldier, but aged and infirm, and suffering severely from the gout. The sun of returning spring was causing the hills and the valleys to rejoice. Mild airs from the south were breathing gently over the opening foliage, and the songs of birds and the perfume of flowers lured to listless indulgence. Napoleon was pale and emaciate from the toils of his batteries at Toulon, and from his sleepless exertions in fortifying the coast. He now had an opportunity for repose, and for the recruiting of his apparently exhausted frame. He, however, did not allow himself one single day of recreation or of rest. The very hour of his arrival found him intensely occupied in informing himself respecting all the particulars of the numbers, positions, the organization, and the available resources of the two armies. He carefully examined every outpost of the French, and reconnoitred with the most scrutinizing attention the line occupied by the opposing hosts. He studied the map of the country. He galloped hour after hour, and day after day through the ravines and over the mountains, to make himself perfectly familiar with all the localities of the region. After a day of incessant toil he would spend the night with his maps and charts before him, with every meandering stream, every valley, every river carefully laid down, and with pins, the heads of some covered with red sealing-wax to represent the French, and others with blue to designate the enemy, he would form all possible combinations, and study the advantages or the perils of the different positions which the republican army might assume. Having thrown himself upon his cot for a few hours of repose, the earliest dawn of the morning would find him again upon his horse's back, exploring all the intricate and perilous fastnesses of the Alps.

A large force of Austrians were intrenched near Saorgia, along the banks of the fertile Roya, in the enjoyment of ease and abundance, and dreaming not of peril. Napoleon, with great deliberation, formed his plan. He had foreseen all probable contingencies, and guarded against every conceivable danger. A council was assembled. He presented his suggestions so forcibly and so clearly, as to insure their immediate adoption. Massena,<sup>[2]</sup> with fifteen thousand men, secretly and rapidly was to ascend the banks of the Oreglia, a stream running parallel with the Roya, till, far up near the sources of the two rivers, crossing over to the Roya, he was to descend that valley, and fall unexpectedly upon the Austrians in the rear. At the same time General Dumerbion, the commander-in-chief, with ten thousand men, was to assail the enemy in front. Napoleon, with ten thousand men, marching nearer to the Mediterranean coast, was to seize the important posts there, and cut off, from the fertile plains of the south, the retreat of the enemy. Thus, in three weeks after Napoleon had made his appearance at the head-quarters of the army in Nice, the whole force of the French was in motion. The energy of the youthful general was immediately communicated to the entire army. Desperate and sanguinary conflicts ensued, but the plan was triumphantly successful. The Piedmontese troops, twenty thousand strong, amazed at the storm thus suddenly bursting upon them, precipitately fled. Saorgia, the principal dépôt of the allied forces, and well stored with provisions and ammunition of every kind, was taken by the French. Before the end of May the French were masters of all the passes of the Maritime Alps, and their flags were waving in the breeze from the summits of Mt. Cenis, Mt. Tende, and Mt. Finisterre. The news of these sudden and unexpected victories went with electric speed through France. With the nation in general the honor redounded to Dumerbion alone, the commander-in-chief. But in the army it was well understood to whose exertions and genius the achievements were to be attributed. Though as yet the name of Napoleon had hardly been pronounced in public, the officers and soldiers in the army were daily contemplating, with increasing interest, his rising fame. Indeed General Dumerbion was so deeply impressed by the sagacity and military science displayed by his brigadier-general, that he unresistingly surrendered himself to the guidance of the mind of Napoleon.

An incident occurred, during this brief campaign, which strikingly illustrates the criminal disregard which Napoleon entertained for human life. It was then the custom with the Convention at Paris always to have representatives in the army to report proceedings. The wife of one of these representatives, a virtuous and beautiful woman, fully appreciated the intellectual superiority of Napoleon, and paid him very marked attention. Napoleon, naturally of a grateful disposition, became strongly but fraternally attached to her. One day walking out with her to inspect some of the positions of the army, merely to give her some idea of an engagement he ordered an attack upon one of the advanced posts of the enemy. A brisk skirmish immediately ensued, and the roar of artillery and the crackling of musketry reverberated sublimely through the Alps. The lady, from a safe eminence, looked down with intensest interest upon the novel scene. Many lives were lost on both sides, though the French were entirely victorious. It was, however, a conflict which led to no possible advantage, and which was got up merely for the entertainment of the lady. Napoleon subsequently often alluded to this wanton exposure of life as one of his most inexcusable acts. He never ceased to regret it.

Some years after, when Napoleon was First Consul, this lady, then a widow, friendless, and reduced to poverty, made her appearance at St. Cloud, and tried to gain access to Napoleon. He was, however, so hedged in by the etiquette of royalty, that all her exertions were unavailing. One day he was riding on horseback in the park, conversing with some members of his court, when he alluded to this event, which he so deeply deplored. He was informed that the lady was then at St. Cloud. He immediately sent for her, and inquired with most brotherly interest into all of her history during the years which had elapsed since they parted. When he heard her sad tale of misfortune, he said, "But why did you not sooner make your wants known to me." "Sire," she replied, "I have for many weeks been in vain seeking to obtain an audience." "Alas!" he exclaimed, "such is the misfortune of those who are in power." He immediately made ample provision for her future comfort.

The summer months rapidly passed away, while the French, upon the summits of the mountains, were fortifying their positions, to resist the attacks of a formidable army of Austrians and Piedmontese combining to displace them. Napoleon was still indefatigable in obtaining a familiar acquaintance with all the natural features of the country, in studying the modes of moving, governing, and provisioning armies, and eagerly watching for opportunities to work out his destiny of renown, for which he now began to believe that he was created.

But suddenly he was arrested on the following extraordinary charge, and narrowly escaped losing his head on the guillotine. When Napoleon, during the preceding winter, was engaged in the fortification of the maritime frontier, he proposed repairing an old state prison at Marseilles, that it might serve as a powder magazine. His successor on that station, proceeded to the execution of this plan, so evidently judicious. Some disaffected persons represented this officer to the Committee of Public Safety, as building a second Bastille, in which to imprison patriotic citizens. He was accordingly at once arrested and brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Here he so clearly proved that the plan was not his own, but that he was merely carrying out the suggestions of his predecessor, that he was released, and orders were sent for the arrest of Napoleon. He was seized, and for fifteen days held under arrest. An order, however, soon came from Paris for his release. An officer entering his room, a couple of hours after midnight, to communicate the tidings, found, much to his astonishment, Napoleon dressed and seated before his table, with maps, books, and charts spread out before him.

"What!" inquired his friend, "are you not in bed yet?"

"In bed!" Napoleon replied. "I have had my sleep and am already risen."

"What, so early!" the other rejoined.

"Yes," continued Napoleon, "so early. Two or three hours of sleep are enough for any man."

Though the representatives of the government, conscious of the value of Napoleon's services, had written to the Convention, making such an explanation of the facts that he was immediately set at liberty, still they saw fit, in an ungenerous attempt at self-justification, to deprive him of his rank as general of artillery, and to assign him a post in the infantry in its stead. Napoleon, regarding this transfer as an insult, threw up his commission in disgust, and retired, in comparative indigence, to join his mother and the rest of the family, who were now residing at Marseilles. This was in the autumn of 1794, Napoleon being then 24 years of age. He spent the winter in comparative inaction, but carefully studying the convulsions of the times, the history of past revolutions, and the science of government. Tired of inactivity, early in May he proceeded to Paris, to seek employment. He was, however, unsuccessful. The government had its favorites to reward and promote, and Napoleon, deeply chagrined and mortified, found all his offers of service rejected. An old officer of artillery, who had seen but little active service, was president of the military committee. Rather superciliously he remarked to Napoleon, whose feminine and youthful appearance did not indicate that he was born to command, "You are too young to occupy stations of such responsibility as you seek." Napoleon imprudently retorted, "Presence in the field of battle, sir, ought to anticipate the claim of years." This personal reflection so annoyed the president that he sought rather to obstruct than to aid the aspirations of the young officer. His situation became daily more painful, as his scanty funds were rapidly failing. He even formed the plan of going to Turkey to offer his services to the Grand Seignior. "How singular it would be," said he, at this time, to a companion, "if a little Corsican officer were to become king of Jerusalem!"

One gloomy night at St. Helena, when Napoleon, unable to sleep, was endeavoring to beguile the weary hours by conversation, he narrated the following anecdote, illustrative of his destitution and his distress in these early days of adversity. "I was, at this period, on one occasion suffering from that extreme depression of spirits which suspend the faculties of the brain, and render life a burden too heavy to be borne. I had just received a letter from my mother, revealing to me the utter destitution into which she was plunged. She had been compelled to flee from the war with which Corsica was desolated, and was then at Marseilles, with no means of subsistence, and having naught but her heroic virtues to defend the honor of her daughters against the misery and the corruption of all kinds existing in the manners of that epoch of social chaos. I also, deprived of my salary and with exhausted resources, had but one single dollar in my pocket. Urged by animal instinct to escape from prospects so gloomy and from sorrows so unendurable, I wandered along the banks of the river, feeling that it was unmanly to commit suicide, and yet unable to resist the temptation to do so. In a few more moments I should have thrown myself into the water, when I ran against an individual, dressed like a simple mechanic, who, recognizing me, threw himself upon my neck, and cried, 'Is it you, Napoleon? How glad I am to see you again!' It was Démasis, an old friend and former comrade of mine in the artillery regiment. He had emigrated, and had afterward returned to France, in disguise, to see his aged mother.

"He was about to leave me, when stopping, he exclaimed, 'But what is the matter, Napoleon? You do not listen to me! You do not seem glad to see me! What misfortune threatens you? You look to me like a madman about to kill himself.' This direct appeal to the feelings which had seized upon me, produced such an effect upon my mind, that, without hesitation, I revealed to him every thing. 'Is that all?' said he, unbuttoning his coarse waistcoat, and detaching a belt which he placed in my hands. 'Here are six thousand dollars in gold, which I can spare without any inconvenience. Take them and relieve your mother.' I can not to this day explain to myself how I could have been willing to receive the money, but I seized the gold as by a convulsive movement, and, almost frantic with excitement, ran to send it to my distressed mother. It was not until the money had left my hands and was on its way to Marseilles that I reflected upon what I had done. I hastened back to the spot where I had left Démasis, but he was no longer there. For several days continuously, I went out in the morning and returned not till evening, searching every place in Paris where I could hope to find him. All the researches I then made, as well as those I made after my accession to power, were in vain. It was not till the Empire was approaching its fall that I again discovered Démasis. It was now my turn to question him, and to ask him what he had thought of my strange conduct, and why I had never heard even his name for fifteen years. He replied that as he had been in no need of money he had not asked me to repay the loan, although he was well assured that I should find no difficulty in reimbursing him. But he feared that if he made himself known, that I should force him to quit the retirement in which he lived happily, occupying himself with horticulture. I had very great difficulty in making him accept sixty thousand dollars as an imperial reimbursement for the six thousand lent to his comrade in distress. I also made him accept the office of director-general of the crown gardens, with a salary of six thousand dollars a year, and the honors of an officer of the household. I also provided a good situation for his brother.

"Two of my comrades in the military school, and the two to whom I was most closely united by the sympathies of early friendship, had, by one of those mysteries of Providence which we often witness, an immense influence upon my destiny. Démasis arrested me at the moment when I was about to commit suicide; and Philippeau prevented my conquest of St. Jean d'Acre. Had it not been for him I should have been master of this key of the East. I should have marched upon Constantinople, and have established an empire in Asia."

But reverses began now to attend the army in Italy. Defeat followed defeat. They were driven by the Austrians from the posts to which Napoleon had conducted them, and were retreating before their foes. The Committee of Public Safety were in great trepidation. In their ignorance they knew not what orders to issue. Some one who had heard of Napoleon's achievements among the Alps suggested his name. He was called into the meetings of the committee for advice. The local and technical information he had acquired, his military science, and the vast resources of his highly cultivated mind, placed him immediately at the head of the committee. Though young in years, and still more youthful in appearance, his gravity, his serious and pensive thoughtfulness, gave oracular weight to his counsels, and his plans were unhesitatingly adopted. He had studied the topography of the Maritime Alps with the most enthusiastic assiduity, and was familiar with the windings and characteristics of every stream, and the course of mountain ranges, and with the military capabilities of the ravines and glens. The judicious dispositions which he proposed of the various divisions of the army arrested the tide of Austrian conquest, and enabled the French, though much inferior in number to their allied foes, to defend the positions they had been directed to occupy. During all this time, however, while Napoleon, in the committee-room in Paris, was guiding the movements of the army in Italy, he was studying in the public libraries, during every leisure moment, with an assiduity so intense and inexhaustible that it could not have been surpassed had he been inspired with the highest ambition for literary and scientific honors.

In his occasional evening saunterings along the boulevards, as he saw the effeminate young men of that metropolis, rolling in luxury, and, in affected speech, criticising the tones of an opera singer, or the exquisite moulding of a dancer's limbs, he could not refrain from giving utterance to his contempt. When he was thus one evening treading the dusty thoroughfares and looking upon such a spectacle, he impatiently exclaimed, "Can it be, that upon such creatures fortune is willing to lavish her favors! How contemptible is human nature." Though Napoleon secluded himself entirely from haunts of revelry and scenes of dissipation, and from all those dissolute

courses into which the young men of those days so recklessly plunged, he adopted this course, not apparently from any conscientious desire to do that which was right in the sight of God, but from what has been called "the expulsive power of new affection." Ambition seemed to expel from his mind every other passion. The craving to obtain renown by the performance of great and glorious deeds; the desire to immortalize his name, as one of the distinguished men and illustrious benefactors of the human race, had infused itself so intensely throughout his whole nature, that animal passion even was repressed, and all the ordinary pursuits of worldly pleasure became in his view frivolous and contemptible. His ambition needed but the spirit of religion to sanctify it, to make it as noble an ambition as ever glowed in a human bosom. But alas! it all centred in himself. He wished to benefit the human race, not because he loved his fellow man, but that he might immortalize his own name.

At this time it can hardly be said that there was any religion in France. Christianity had been all but universally discarded. The priests had been banished; the churches demolished or converted into temples of science or haunts of merriment; the immortality of the soul was denied, and upon the gateways of the grave-yards there was inscribed, "Death is an eternal sleep." Napoleon was consequently deprived of all the influences of religion in the formation of his character. And yet his mind was naturally, if it be proper so to speak, a devotional mind. His temperament was serious, thoughtful, and pensive. The grand and the mysterious engrossed and overawed him. Even his ambition was not exulting and exhilarating, but sombre, majestic, and sublime. He thought of Herculean toil and sleepless labor, and heroic deeds. For ease, and luxury, and self-indulgence, he had no desire, but he wished to be the greatest of men by accomplishing more than any other mortal had ever accomplished. Even in youth life had but few charms for him, and he took a melancholy view of man's earthly pilgrimage, after asserting that existence was not a blessing. And when drawing near to the close of life he asserted that he had known but few happy moments upon earth, and that for those few he was indebted to the love of Josephine.

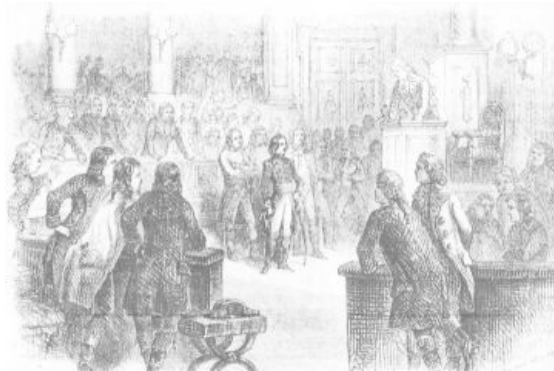
The National Convention now prepared another constitution for the adoption of the people of France. The executive power, instead of being placed in the hands of one king, or president, was intrusted to five chiefs, who were to be called Directors. The legislative powers were committed to two bodies, as in the United States. The first, corresponding to the United States Senate, was to be called the *Council of Ancients*. It was to consist of two hundred and fifty members, each of whom was to be at least forty years of age, and a married man or a widower. An unmarried man was not considered worthy of a post of such responsibility in the service of the state. The second body was called the *Council of Five Hundred*, from the number of members of which it was to be composed. It corresponded with our House of Representatives, and each of its members was to be at least thirty years of age.

This constitution was far superior to any other which had yet been formed. It was framed by the moderate republicans, who wished to establish a republican government, protecting France on the one hand from the royalists, who would reestablish the Bourbons upon the throne, and on the other hand from the misrule of the violent Jacobins, who wished to perpetuate the reign of terror. This constitution was sent down to the primary assemblies of the people, for their adoption or rejection. It was accepted promptly in nearly all the rural districts, and was adopted by acclamation in the army.

The city of Paris was divided into ninety-six sections, or wards, in each of which, as in our cities, the inhabitants of that particular ward assembled at the polls. When the constitution was tendered to these several sections of Paris, forty-eight of them voted in its favor, while forty-six rejected it. The royalists and the Jacobins, the two extremes, united in the opposition, each party hoping that by the overthrow of the Convention their own views might obtain the precedence. The Convention declared that the majority of the nation had every where pronounced in favor of the new constitution, and they prepared to carry its provisions into effect. The opposing sections, now thoroughly aroused, began to arm, resolved upon violent resistance. The Parisian mob, ever ready for an outbreak, joined most heartily with their more aristocratic leaders, and all Paris seemed to be rousing to attack the Convention. The National Guard, a body of soldiers corresponding with the American militia, though far better officered, equipped, and drilled, joined promptly the insurgents. The insurrection-gun was fired, the tocsin tolled, and the gloomy, threatening masses, marshaled under able leaders, swarmed through the streets. The Convention was in the utmost state of trepidation; for in those days of anarchy, blood flowed like water, and life had no sacredness. It was not a mob of a few hundred straggling men and boys who were to surround their hall with hootings and to break their windows; but a formidable army of forty thousand men, in battle array, with artillery and musketry, headed by veteran generals, who had fought the battles of the old monarchy, with gleaming banners and trumpet tones, were marching down from all quarters of the city, upon the Tuileries. To meet this foe the Convention had at its command but five thousand regular troops; and it was uncertain but that they, in the moment of peril, might fraternize with the insurgents. General Menou was appointed, by the Convention, to quell the insurrection. He marched to meet the enemy. Napoleon, intensely interested in the passing scenes, followed the solid columns of Menou. But the general, a mild and inefficient man, with no nerve to meet such a crisis, was alarmed in view of the numbers and the influence of his antagonists, and retired before them. Shouts of victory resounded from the National Guard, through all the streets of Paris. They were greatly emboldened by this triumph, and felt confident that the regular troops would not dare to fire upon the citizens. The shades of night were now settling down over the agitated city. Napoleon having witnessed the unsuccessful mission of Menou, ran through the streets to the Tuileries, and ascending the gallery where the Convention was assembled, contemplated, with a marble brow and a heart apparently unagitated, the scene

of consternation there. It was now eleven o'clock at night, and the doom of the Convention seemed sealed. In the utmost alarm Menou was dismissed, and the unlimited command of the troops intrusted to Barras. The office was full of peril. Successful resistance seemed impossible, and unsuccessful was certain death. Barras hesitated, when suddenly he recollected Napoleon, whom he had known at Toulon, and whose military science and energy, and reckless disregard of his own life, and of the lives of all others, he well remembered. He immediately exclaimed, "I know the man who can defend us, if any one can. It is a young Corsican officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, whose military abilities I witnessed at Toulon. He is a man who will not stand upon ceremony." Napoleon was in the gallery at the time, and it is not impossible that the eye of Barras chancing to light upon him, caused the suggestion.

He was immediately introduced to the Convention. They expected to see a man of gigantic frame and soldierly bearing, brusque and imperious. To their surprise there appeared before them a small, slender, pale-faced, smooth-cheeked young man, apparently about eighteen years of age. The president said, "Are you willing to undertake the defense of the Convention?"—"Yes!" was the calm, laconic reply. After a moment's hesitation, the president continued, "Are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?" Napoleon fixed that eagle glance upon him, which few could meet, and not quail before it, and replied, "Perfectly; and I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake." There was something in the tone and the manner of this extraordinary man, which secured for him immediately the confidence of all the members of the House. His spirit so calm and imperturbable, in the midst of a scene so exciting, impressed them with the conviction that they were in the presence of one of no common powers. After the exchange of a few more words, Napoleon said, "One condition is indispensable. I must have the unlimited command, entirely untrammelled by any orders from the Convention." It was no time for debate, and there was unhesitating acquiescence in his demand.



**NAPOLEON BEFORE THE CONVENTION.**

The promptness, energy, and unfailing resources of Napoleon, were now most conspicuously displayed. At Sablons, about five miles from Paris, there was a powerful park of artillery, consisting of fifty heavy guns. Napoleon instantly dispatched Murat, with a party of dragoons to take those guns, and bring them to the Tuileries. They were seized by the mounted troops, but a few moments before a party of infantry arrived from the sections, for the same purpose. The insurgents, though more numerous, dared not attack the dragoons, and the guns were taken in safety to Napoleon; and he disposed them, heavily charged with grape shot, in such a way as to sweep all the avenues leading to the Convention. The activity of the young general knew not a moment's intermission. He was every where during the night, giving directions, infusing energy, and inspiring courage. He was well aware of the fearful odds against him; for with five thousand troops he was to encounter forty thousand men, well armed, well disciplined, and under experienced officers. They could easily besiege him, and starve him into surrender. They could, from behind barricades, and from housetops and chamber windows, soon so thin out his ranks, that resistance would be hopeless. The officers of the National Guard, however, had no conception of the firm, indomitable, unflinching spirit which they were to encounter. They did not believe that any one would dare to fire upon the citizens of Paris. The Convention were aroused to a most lively sense of the serious aspect of affairs, when in the gloom of night eight hundred muskets were brought in with an abundant supply of cartridges, by order of Napoleon, to arm the members as a corps of reserve. This precaution indicated to them the full extent of the danger, and also the unwavering determination of the one who was intrusted with their defense. As the light of morning dawned upon the city, the Tuileries presented the aspect of an intrenched camp. Napoleon had posted his guns so as to sweep all the bridges and all the avenues, through which an opposing force could approach the capital. His own imperturbable calmness and firmness and confidence, communicated itself to the troops he commanded. The few laconic words with which he addressed them, like electric fire penetrated their hearts, and secured devotion, even to death, to his service.

The alarm bells were now ringing, and the *générale* beating in all parts of the city. The armed hosts, in dense black masses, were mustering at their appointed rendezvous, and preparing to march in solid columns upon the Convention. The members in their seats, in silence and awe, awaited the fearful assault, upon whose issue their lives were suspended. Napoleon, pale and solemn, and perfectly calm, imperturbable and determined, had completed all his arrangements, and was waiting, resolved that the responsibility of the first blow should fall upon his assailants, and that he would take the responsibility of the second. Soon the enemy were seen advancing from every direction, in masses which perfectly filled the narrow streets of the city. With exultant



music and waving banners, they marched proudly on to attack the besieged band upon every side, and confident, from their overpowering numbers, of an easy victory. They did not believe that the few and feeble troops of the Convention would dare to resist the people, but cherished the delusion that a very few shots, from their own side, would put all opposition to flight. Thus, unhesitatingly, they came within the sweep of the grape-shot, with which Napoleon had charged his guns to the muzzle. But seeing that the troops of the Convention stood firm, awaiting their approach, the head of one of the advancing columns leveled their muskets and discharged a volley of bullets at their enemies. It was the signal for an instantaneous discharge, direct, sanguinary, merciless from every battery. In quick succession explosion followed explosion, and a perfect storm of grape-shot swept the thronged streets. The pavements were covered with the mangled and the dead. The columns wavered—the storm still continued; they turned—the storm still raged unabated; they fled in utter dismay in every direction; the storm still pursued them. Then Napoleon commanded his little division impetuously to follow the fugitives, and to continue the discharge, but with blank cartridges. As the thunder of these heavy guns reverberated along the streets, the insurgents dispersed through every available lane and alley, and in less than an hour the foe was nowhere to be found. Napoleon sent his division into every section and disarmed the inhabitants, that there could be no re-gathering. He then ordered the dead to be buried, and the wounded to be conveyed to the hospitals, and then, with his pale and marble brow as unmoved as if no event of any great importance had occurred, he returned to his headquarters at the Tuileries.

"How *could you*," said a lady, "thus mercilessly fire upon your own countrymen?" "A soldier," he coolly replied, "is but a machine to obey orders. This is *my seal*, which I have impressed upon Paris." Subsequently Napoleon never ceased to regret the occurrence; and tried to forget, and to have others forget that he had ever deluged the streets of Paris with the blood of Frenchmen.

Thus Napoleon established the new government of France called the Directory, from the five Directors, who composed its executive. But a few months passed away before Napoleon, by moral power, without the shedding of a drop of blood, overthrew the constitution which his unpitiful artillery had thus established. Immediately after the quelling of the sections, Napoleon was triumphantly received by the Convention. It was declared, by unanimous resolve, that his energy had saved the Republic. His friend Barras, became one of the Directors, and Napoleon was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and intrusted with the military defense and government of the metropolis. The defeat of the insurgents was the death-blow to all the hopes of the Royalists, and seemed to establish the Republic upon a permanent foundation. Napoleon manifested the natural clemency of his disposition very strongly in this hour of triumph. When the Convention would have executed Menou as a traitor, he pleaded his cause and obtained his acquittal. He urged, and successfully, that as the insurgents were now harmless, they should not be punished, but that a veil of oblivion should be thrown over all their deeds. The Convention, influenced not a little by the spirit of Napoleon, now honorably dissolved itself, by passing an act of general amnesty for all past offenses, and surrendering the government to the Directory.

The situation of Napoleon was now flattering in the extreme. He was but twenty-five years of age. The distinguished services he had rendered; the high rank he had attained, and the ample income at his disposal, gave him a very elevated position in the public view. The eminence he had now attained was not a sudden and accidental outbreak of celebrity. It was the result of long years of previous toil. He was now reaping the fruit of the seed which he had sown in his incessant application to study in the military school; in his continued devotion to literary and scientific pursuits, after he became an officer; in his energy, and fearlessness, and untiring assiduity at Toulon; in his days of wintry exposure, and nights of sleeplessness in fortifying the coast of France, and in his untiring toil among the fastnesses of the Alps. Never was reputation earned and celebrity attained by more Herculean labor. If Napoleon had extraordinary genius, as unquestionably he had, this genius stimulated him to extraordinary exertions.

Immediately upon the attainment of this high dignity and authority, with the ample pecuniary resources accompanying it, Napoleon hastened to Marseilles, to place his mother in a position of perfect comfort. And he continued to watch over her with most filial assiduity, proving himself an affectionate and dutiful son. From this hour the whole family, mother, brothers, and sisters were taken under his protection, and all their interests blended with his own.

The post which Napoleon now occupied was one of vast responsibility, demanding incessant care, and moral courage, and tact. The Royalists and the Jacobins were exceedingly exasperated. The government was not consolidated, and had obtained no command over the public mind. Paris was filled with tumult and disorder. The ravages of the revolution had thrown hundreds of thousands out of employment, and starvation was stalking through the streets of the metropolis. It became necessary for the government, almost without means or credit, to feed the famishing. Napoleon manifested great skill and humanity, combined with unflinching firmness in repressing disorders. It was not unfrequently necessary to appeal to the strong arm of military power to arrest the rising array of lawless passion. Often his apt and pithy speeches would promote good-nature and disperse the crowd. On one occasion a fish-woman of enormous rotundity of person, exhorted the mob, with most vehement volubility, not to disperse, exclaiming, "Never mind these coxcombs with epaulets upon their shoulders; they care not if we poor people all starve, if they can but feed well and grow fat." Napoleon, who was as thin and meagre as a shadow, turned to her and said, "Look at me, my good woman, and tell me which of us two is the fatter." The Amazon was completely disconcerted by this happy repartee; and the crowd in good-humor dispersed.



#### THE AMAZON DISCOMFITED.

- [1] It is pleasant to witness manifestations of gratitude. God frowns upon impiety. The wealthy, illustrious, and miserable Junot, in a paroxysm of insanity, precipitated himself from his chamber window, and died in agony upon the pavement.
- [2] André Massena rose from a common soldier to the rank of a commander, and became Duke of Rivoli and Marshal of France. "He was," said Napoleon, "a man of superior talent. He generally, however, made bad dispositions previously to a battle. It was not until the dead began to fall about him that he began to act with that judgment which he ought to have displayed before. In the midst of the dying and the dead, and of balls sweeping away those who encircled him, he gave his orders, and made his dispositions with the most perfect coolness and judgment. It was truly said of him, that he never began to act with skill until the battle was going against him. He was, however, *a robber*. He went halves with the contractors and commissaries of the army. I signified to him often, that if he would discontinue his peculations I would make him a present of a hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand dollars, but he had acquired such a habit that he could not keep his hands from money. On this account he was hated by the soldiers, who mutinied against him three or four times. However, considering the circumstances of the times, he was precious. Had not his bright parts been sullied by avarice, he would have been a great man." Massena lived through all the wars of Napoleon, and died of chagrin, when the master, whom he adored, was an exile at St. Helena.

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## THE TREASON OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.



BENEDICT ARNOLD.

[The engravings which illustrate this article, are from Lossing's *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, now in course of publication by Harper and Brothers.]

The defection of Arnold, and his attempt to betray the strong post of West Point and its dependencies into the power of the British army, was the ripened head of faction which had been festering in the Legislature and the Camp for more than three years. The stern and disinterested patriotism which marshaled a beleaguering army around Boston, and declared, in solemn council, the thirteen Anglo-American colonies to be free and independent states, had become diluted by the commingling of selfish ambition. Already Church, Duché, Galloway, Zubley, and other smaller traitors who, like Peter, were courageous when danger appeared remote, and boasted loudly of their love for the patriot cause, until the hour of its trial came, had denied their allegiance to the new faith by words or deeds, and gave countenance to multitudes of the weak, timid, and unprincipled, who openly espoused the cause of the king.

As the contest advanced, and the night of the Revolution grew darker, ambitious men became

bolder; and, already, general officers and their minions had secretly plotted against the good Washington, and found abettors in Congress. Arnold, however, had nothing to do with these intrigues, for none made him a confidant, and he seldom confided in others. Yet it was not until his bolder act alarmed the whole people, and awakened them to vigilance and the keenest scrutiny of the conduct of their officers in the field, that the factious spirit was abashed. In his treason it culminated—it came to a head; in his failure it waned—it discharged its impurities, and healthier action ensued.

The time when Arnold's defection was discovered, in the autumn of 1780, was the gloomiest period of the war. Public credit had sunk to the lowest point of distrust. No prestige of a great achievement during the campaign, like that of the capture of Burgoyne, could secure loans abroad. The people of America were impoverished and discouraged. The whole business of the country was controlled by heartless speculators. The continental bills had so depreciated that seven hundred dollars in paper sold for one dollar in specie. The governmental machinery of the Confederation worked inefficiently. New York city, the Virginia sea board, and almost the whole of the Carolinas and Georgia were in possession of the enemy, and the French army under Rochambeau, whose advent gave such joy and hope to the patriots, was lying idle at Newport, unwilling to engage in a campaign till another spring. In this hour of its weakness and distress, Arnold sought the utter ruin of his country, for the wicked purpose of gratifying petty spite; for the base consideration of paltry, perishing gold!

Arnold was innately wicked and treacherous. The mother who bore him was an exemplar of piety and sweetness of character, and daily counseled her boy with words of heavenly wisdom. Yet, from earliest childhood he was wayward, disobedient, reckless, and profane. A stranger to physical fear, and always heedless of the consequences resulting from action, his hands were ever ready to do the bidding of a perverse nature or the impulses of circumstances. When the tocsin of Freedom was sounded at Lexington and Concord, his impetuous spirit was aroused, and his feelings assumed the character of the most zealous patriotism. He was doubtless sincere, and went into the contest with a soul filled with desires to cast back the surges of despotism, which were beating higher and higher against the liberties of his country. His brave exploits on Lake Champlain; his wondrous journey through the wilderness from the Kennebeck to the St. Lawrence; his assault on the capital of the Canadas, and his brilliant deeds at Ridgefield, Compo, and Saratoga excited the astonishment and admiration of his countrymen. Congress awarded him special honors, and the name of Arnold was a host in the Northern Department. As a soldier and leader he was the bravest of the brave, skillful and high-souled; but in his social relations he was a moral coward, deceptive, mean-spirited, and debased. Washington admired his military genius, but despised his avarice, selfishness, and profligacy. He was ever distrustful of his patriotism, because he lacked the essential elements of that virtue, except personal courage. He was disliked by the leading men in the army, for he quarreled with all his peers, and was reserved toward his subordinates. His avarice was notorious. "Money is this man's God, and to get enough of it, he would sacrifice his country," said Colonel Brown, in a hand-bill, almost four years before Arnold's defection. From the hour when temptation lured him at Montreal and St. John's, till the termination of his command in Philadelphia, he was guilty of peculations, fraudulent, and unworthy acts, which dimmed the lustre of his military fame.

Justice, however, demands some light touches upon this dark picture. Envy, the bane of happiness, and the sure accompaniment of honors, was rank among his fellow-officers. The brilliancy of Arnold's personal acts eclipsed their achievements, and doubtless the jealous feelings excited thereby were powerful and not very remote causes of his defection. At the outset, when, in company with Ethan Allen, he assisted in the capture of Ticonderoga, he felt aggrieved by the seeming neglect of the civil authorities of Connecticut and Massachusetts; and during the five years succeeding, fresh instances of neglect occurred, and obstacles were continually placed in the way of his advancement and popularity, by those who hoped to shine in proportion to the waning of his fame. The very men who conspired against Washington, were most prominent in opposition to Arnold, and that officer saw no hope of justice, real or shadowy, at the hands of Congress, for faction was as rife there as in the army. With contracted vision he beheld, in the conduct of its political representatives, the ingratitude and injustice of his country; and the hatred which he fostered for the few was extended to the *cause*, of which they were the accredited supporters. This feeling, and the hope of large pecuniary reward, by which he might relieve himself of heavy and increasing embarrassments, extinguished his patriotism, and beckoned him to the bad pre-eminence of a mercenary traitor.

From Cain to Catiline, the world hath seen  
Her traitors—vaunted votaries of crime—  
Caligula and Nero sat alone  
Upon the pinnacle of vice sublime;  
But they were moved by hate, or wish to climb  
The rugged steeps of Fame, in letters bold  
To write their names upon the scroll of time;  
Therefore their crimes some virtue did enfold—  
But, Arnold! thine had none; 'twas all for sordid gold.

ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS.

In consequence of a bad wound received in his leg while gallantly fighting at Saratoga (and which was yet unhealed), Arnold was not fit for active service when the British evacuated Philadelphia in the spring of 1778. Washington, desirous of keeping him employed, appointed him military

governor of that city, in command of a small corps of soldiers. Fond of show, and feeling the importance of his station, Arnold adopted a style of living incompatible with his resources and the character of a republican. He made the fine old mansion of William Penn his residence; kept a coach-and-four; gave splendid soirées and banquets, and charmed the gayer portion of Philadelphia society with his princely displays. His station, and the splendor of his equipage, captivated the daughter of Edward Shippen, a leading loyalist, and afterward Chief Justice of the State. Her beauty and accomplishments won the heart of the widower of forty. She had bloomed but eighteen summers, and admirers of every degree coveted her smiles; yet she gave her hand to Arnold, and they were married. Stanch Whigs shook their heads in distrust, and the equally stanch loyalists were gratified. To the former, this union augured of evil; to the latter, it had promises of hope. Both were right interpreters.

Arnold's extravagance soon brought importunate creditors to his door. Rather than retrench his expenses, he procured money by a system of fraud and prostitution of his official power. The city being under martial law, his power was supreme. He forbade shopkeepers selling certain articles, and then, through agents, he trafficked in those very articles, and sold them at enormous profits. The people were incensed, and a deputation went before the President and Council of Pennsylvania, and preferred charges against him. These were laid before Congress, and that body referred the whole matter to Washington, to be adjudicated by a military tribunal.

After a delay of more than a year Arnold was tried, and found guilty of two of four charges preferred against him. The court pronounced the mildest sentence in its power—a mere reprimand by the Commander-in-chief. Washington performed the duty with the greatest delicacy. "Our profession," he said, "is the chastest of all. Even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. The least inadvertence may rob us of the public favor, so hard to be acquired. I reprimand you for having forgotten that, in proportion as you had rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment toward your fellow-citizens. Exhibit anew those noble qualities which have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I will myself furnish you, as far as it may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your country."

What punishment could have been lighter! Yet Arnold was greatly irritated. He had anticipated a full acquittal, and a triumphant vindication of his honor. Even this slight punishment deeply wounded his pride, and instead of receiving it with the generous feelings of true honor and dignity, he resented it as a meditated wrong. The rank weed of treason was already growing luxuriantly in his heart, for he had been for nine months in secret correspondence with the enemy in New York; now it bloomed, and its fruit expanded under the genial heat of intense hatred, fed by mortified pride, foiled ambition, the pressure of embarrassments, the want of employment, intercourse with loyalists, and a sense of public injustice.

When the great fête, called the *Mischianza* was given in Philadelphia in honor of General Sir William Howe, on his departure from America in the spring of 1778, Captain John André was the most active and talented officer engaged in its preparation. He was a wit, a poet, and a painter. Thwarted in an engagement of marriage with the charming Honora Sneyd, by the unwise scruples of her father, on account of the suitor's youth and obscurity, André placed in his bosom the miniature of his idol, painted by his own hands, joined the army, and came to America to seek, in the excitement of the camp, an alleviation of sufferings inflicted by disappointed love. He landed in Canada; was captured at St. John's on the Sorel, where he saved the picture of Honora by concealing it in his mouth; was taken to Pennsylvania; was exchanged, and finally rejoined the army in New York.



JOHN ANDRÉ.



**SIR HENRY CLINTON.**

Among the young ladies of Philadelphia who graced the *Mischianza*, was the gay and brilliant Margaret Shippen, who afterward became the wife of Arnold. Andrè was a frequent guest at her father's table, and Margaret continued her acquaintance with him, by epistles, even after her marriage. Through this channel her husband opened a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, the Commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, and then quartered in New York. For a long time Arnold's letters were vague. His advances were slow and cautious. He assumed the name of *Gustavus*, and couched his letters in commercial phrases. Profound secrecy was observed by both. Arnold's wife, it is believed, was ignorant of the true intent of her husband's letters, and Clinton had no other confidant than Andrè and Colonel Beverly Robinson. The latter was the son-in-law of Frederick Phillipse, one of the largest landholders in America. Twenty years before, Washington, then a Virginia colonel, had enjoyed the hospitalities of his house, and there became enamored of Mary Phillipse, the betrothed of Roger Morris, his old companion in arms in the battle of Monongahela. Of course his suit was rejected, and the young soldier gave his heart and hand to a charming widow of his own province. Robinson had an extensive acquaintance among the American officers. He early espoused the patriot cause, even as early as the era of the Stamp Act; but when the Declaration of Independence was promulgated, he was unwilling to accede to so bold a measure as the dismemberment of the British Empire, and he took up arms for the king.



**Bev. Robinson**

West Point, on the Hudson, fifty miles above New York, made strong by nature, and strengthened by art, was an object of covetous desire to Sir Henry Clinton. It was the key to the northern country and the route to Canada, and the strong link of co-operation between the patriots of the Eastern and Middle States. Arnold knew its value to both parties, and he resolved to make its betrayal the equivalent for personal honors and a large sum of money. When his determination was fixed, and his plans were arranged, his deportment was suddenly changed. Hitherto he had been sullen and indifferent; now his patriotism glowed with all the apparent ardor of his earlier career. Hitherto he had pleaded the bad state of his wounds as an excuse for inaction; now they healed rapidly. He was now anxious to join his old companions in arms, and to General Schuyler, Robert R. Livingston, and other influential men in Congress, he expressed his impatience to be in the camp or the field. Rejoiced at the change, and believing him sincere, they wrote letters to Washington commendatory of Arnold, and, in pursuance of his intimation, suggested his appointment to the command of West Point. At the same time Arnold visited the camp to pay his respects to the commander-in-chief, and expressed his desire to have a command, like that at West Point, for his wounds would not now allow him to perform active service on horseback in the field. Washington was surprised, but, unsuspecting of wrong, acceded to his request, and on the 3d of August, 1780, gave him written instructions. His command included West Point and its dependencies from Stony Point to Fishkill.



ROBINSON'S HOUSE.

Upon a fertile plateau, high above the river, and at the foot of a range of lofty hills, nearly opposite West Point, was the confiscated country seat of Colonel Beverly Robinson, a spacious mansion for the times, and now a pleasant residence. There Arnold established his quarters, and elaborated his wicked scheme; and there he was joined by his wife and infant son, when his plans were ripe, and his treason almost consummated.

It was a part of Washington's plan for the autumn campaign, to make an attack upon the city of New York, with the combined French and American forces, the former to approach by the way of Long Island, and the other by crossing Kingsbridge at the head of York, or Manhattan Island. Arnold communicated the details of this plan to Sir Henry Clinton, and proposed that when the assailants approached, a large British force should proceed up the Hudson to the Highlands in a flotilla under Admiral Rodney, when the traitor should surrender West Point and its dependencies, excusing himself with the plea of a weak garrison. The anticipated result was a retreat of Washington toward the Highlands to regain the fortress and save his ample stores and the probable capture of the French army.

Sir Henry Clinton was delighted with the plan, and eagerly sought to carry it out. Hitherto he was not certified of the real name and character of *Gustavus*, although for some months he had suspected him to be General Arnold. Unwilling to proceed further upon uncertainties, he proposed sending an officer to some point near the American lines to have a personal interview with his correspondent. Arnold consented, and insisted that young Andrè, now the adjutant-general of the British army, and high in the confidence of Sir Henry Clinton, should be the officer sent. They agreed to meet at Dobb's Ferry, upon the Neutral Ground, some twenty miles above New York. Thither Andrè, accompanied by Colonel Robinson, proceeded; but the vigilance of the British water-guard prevented the approach of Arnold, and the conference was deferred.

Sir Henry Clinton, anxious to effect definite arrangements with Arnold, sent the Vulture sloop-of-war up the river, as far as Teller's Point, nearly opposite Haverstraw, with Colonel Robinson on board. That officer, under pretense of making inquiries respecting his confiscated property, communicated with Arnold, who, in an ambiguous answer, informed him that a flag and a boat would be sent to the Vulture on the night of the twentieth, to be used as circumstances might require. This fact was communicated to Clinton, and on the morning of that day, Major Andrè, after singing a song and taking wine with some fellow-officers, at Kip's Bay, proceeded by land to Dobb's Ferry, and from thence in a barge to the Vulture. He was instructed not to change his dress, go within the American lines, receive papers, or in any other way act as a spy. It was supposed that Arnold himself would come to the Vulture, and that there the whole plan would be arranged. The wily general was not to be caught, and he chose a meeting place which involved less personal hazard.

About half way between Stony Point and Haverstraw, lived Joshua Hett Smith, a brother of the Tory Chief Justice of New York. To his house Arnold repaired, and employed him to proceed to the Vulture, at night, and bring a gentleman to the western shore of the Hudson. Smith was an active man, of considerable influence in his neighborhood, and is supposed to have been the *dupe*, not the voluntary aid of Arnold in his treasonable preparations. Unable to procure oarsmen, Smith did not proceed to the Vulture until the night of the twenty-first. As soon as the moon went down, he glided silently out of Haverstraw creek, with muffled oars, and at a little past midnight reached the vessel anchored in the middle of the river. It was a serene, starry night, and not a ripple was upon the bosom of the waters. Cautiously he approached the Vulture, and, by proper signal, obtained admission on board. His oarsmen waited but a few minutes, when Smith, accompanied by a British officer, descended into the boat. The latter was dressed in the scarlet uniform of the royal army, but all was covered with a long blue surtout, buttoned to the chin, and a plain cocked hat covered his head. Not a word was spoken as they moved noiselessly toward a deep-shaded estuary at the foot of Long Clove Mountain, a little below Haverstraw. Smith led the officer, in the gloom, to a thicket near by, and there, in a low whisper, introduced John Anderson (the name assumed by Major Andrè in his correspondence) to General Arnold, and then retired. The conspirators were left alone. There, in the deep shadows of night, concealed from human cognizance, they discussed their dark plans, and plotted the utter ruin of the patriot cause. There the arch-traitor, eager for the coveted gold of a royal purchaser, higgled with the king's broker about the price of his infamy; there the perjured recusant, satisfied with the *word* of an honest man (for he dared not accept a written bond), "sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage."



SMITH'S HOUSE.

The hour of dawn approached, and their conference was not ended. Smith came, and urged the necessity for haste, for the water-guard would soon be on the alert, and it would be difficult to return to the Vulture. Much was yet to be done, and Andrè reluctantly consented to accompany Arnold to Smith's house, nearly four miles distant, and await the darkness of another night to return to the vessel. Expecting a protracted interview, Arnold had brought two horses with him. While it was yet dark they mounted, and as they passed in the rear of Haverstraw, in the dim twilight of earliest dawn, the voice of a sentinel gave Andrè the first intimation that he was within the American lines. He perceived the danger, but it was too late to recede. They reached Smith's house before sunrise, and at that moment the boom of a cannon came up from the bosom of the bay. Several discharges quickly succeeded each other, and soon the Vulture, galled by an iron four-pounder upon Teller's Point, weighed anchor, and dropped down the river beyond the vision of the conspirators. Deep inquietude stirred the soul of Andrè. He was within the enemy's lines, without flag or pass. If detected, he would be called a spy—a name he hated as much as that of traitor. The ingenious sophistry of Arnold allayed his apprehensions, and in an upper room of Smith's house, the plan of operations was determined, and there Andrè passed a day of great solicitude. The plan was simple. Washington had gone to Hartford, to confer with the French officers. It was agreed to consummate the scheme during the absence of the Commander-in-chief, instead of waiting for the uncertain movements of the armies. The garrison at West Point was to be weakened by dispersion, and Clinton was to sail up the river with a strong force, and take possession.

At noon, the whole plan being arranged, Arnold placed in Andrè's possession, several papers, explanatory of the condition of West Point and its dependencies. Zealous in the service of his king and country, Andrè disobeyed the commands of his general, and received them. At Arnold's suggestion, he placed them in his stockings under his feet, and receiving a pass from the traitor (printed on the next page), waited impatiently for the approach of night.

Fully believing that no obstacle now interposed in the way of success, Arnold prepared for the reception of Rodney's flotilla with a strong force under Clinton. Pretending that it needed repairing, a link from the great iron chain which spanned the Hudson at West Point, was taken out and sent to the smith, and the garrison at Fort Clinton, on the Point, was weakened by scattering the troops in detachments among the several redoubts in the vicinity. Colonel Lamb, who commanded the garrison, wondered at the movement, but did not suspect his chief. So skillfully had Arnold managed all his plans, that no suspicion of his defection was abroad; and Washington held his conference with Rochambeau and Ternay, satisfied that West Point was in safe hands.

Head Quarters Robinsons  
Haverstraw Sep: 22: 1780  
Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the  
guards to the White Plains, or below  
of the Chain. He being on Public  
Business by my Direction  
B. Arnold Major

copy of pass for John Anderson

When night approached, Smith positively refused to convey Andrè back to the Vulture, but offered to accompany him to the borders of the Neutral Ground on the east side of the Hudson. Andrè remonstrated in vain. There was no alternative but to remain. He exchanged his uniform for a citizen's dress, and at twilight, mounted on good horses, and accompanied by a negro servant, Smith and Andrè crossed King's Ferry (now Verplanck's Point), and turned their faces toward White Plains. Andrè was moody, for he felt uneasy. They met with no interruption, until



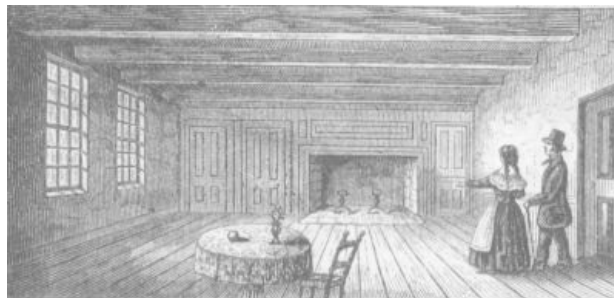




**PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE PLACE WHERE ANDRÉ WAS CAPTURED.**

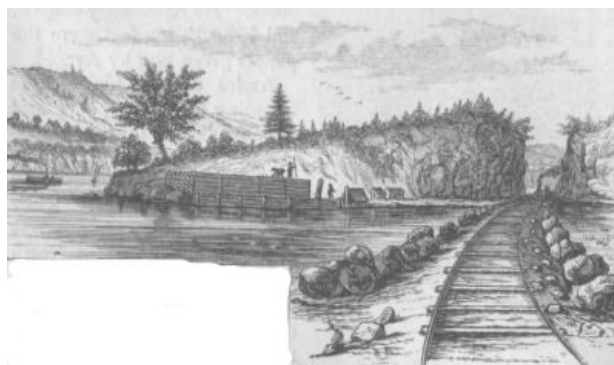
André offered his captors tempting bribes of money and merchandise, if they would allow him to pass on, but their patriotism was too dear to be bought with a price. They conducted him to the quarters of Colonel Jameson at North Castle, the nearest post, and delivered him up. That officer, with obtuseness of perception most extraordinary, resolved to send him immediately to General Arnold! Major Tallmadge, with better judgment, boldly expressed his belief that Arnold was a traitor, and finally induced Jameson to send the prisoner to Colonel Sheldon's quarters at North Salem, until more should be known respecting him, for, they had no suspicion of the rank and character of the young man in their custody. Jameson, however, would not suspect the fidelity of his general, and actually sent a letter to inform him that "a Mr. John Anderson" was a prisoner in his hands.

On the morning of the 24th of September, the day fixed upon by the conspirators for the surrender of the fort, Washington returned from Hartford. It was two days earlier than Arnold expected him. The traitor was astounded when a messenger rode up, a little after sunrise, and announced the intention of the Commander-in-chief to breakfast with him. On approaching Arnold's quarters, Washington directed La Fayette and Hamilton, who were with him, to go on and breakfast with Mrs. Arnold, while he turned down a lane to the river to inspect a redoubt upon the bank.



**THE BREAKFAST ROOM.**

Arnold and his guests were at breakfast when a messenger came in haste with a letter for the general. It was from Jameson, announcing the arrest of André, instead of the expected intelligence that the enemy were moving up the river. Agitated, but not sufficiently to excite the special notice of his guests, he arose from the table, hastened to the room of his wife, kissed his sleeping babe, and telling his spouse in hurried words that they must part, perhaps forever, left her in a swoon, mounted the horse of one of his aids standing at the door, dashed across the fields and down a declivity to a narrow pathway on the borders of a morass to a dock built by Colonel Robinson, and throwing himself into his barge, nerved the oarsmen with promises of large rewards of rum and money for swiftness of speed, and was soon sweeping through the Race at Fort Montgomery. The old dock from whence the traitor escaped, is still there, but the Hudson River Railway has spanned the mouth of the swale, and cleft the rocky point, so that little of the original features of the scenery remain.



**VIEW AT ROBINSON'S DOCK.**

Washington went over to West Point before going to Arnold's quarters. He was surprised when informed by Lamb that the general had not been at the garrison for two days. He recrossed the river, and when he approached Robinson's house, Hamilton, greatly excited, met him, and revealed the dreadful secret of Arnold's guilt and flight. His guilt was made manifest by the arrival of the papers taken from André, and his flight confirmed the dark tale which they unfolded. With these papers came a letter from André to Washington, frankly avowing his name and character. "Whom can we trust now?" said the Chief with calmness, while feelings of the deepest sorrow were evidently at work in his bosom, as he laid before La Fayette, Hamilton, and Knox the evidences of treason.

The condition of Mrs. Arnold excited Washington's liveliest sympathy. But one year a mother and not two a bride, the poor young creature had received a blow of the most appalling nature. She raved furiously and mourned piteously, alternately. The tenderest care was bestowed upon her, and she was soon sent in safety to New York, whither her fallen husband had escaped.

Pursuit of the traitor was unavailing. He had four hours the start. The Vulture was yet lying below Teller's Point, awaiting the return of André, and to the security of her bulwarks Arnold escaped. She proceeded to New York that evening, and Sir Henry Clinton, informed of the failure of the scheme, was unwilling to hazard an attack upon the Highland fortresses, now that the patriots were thoroughly awake.

The main body of the American army was lying at Tappan, on the west side of the Hudson, near the present terminus of the New York and Erie Railroad. Thither André was conveyed, after being brought to West Point, and in a stone house, near the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief, he was strongly guarded. On the twenty-ninth of September a court martial was convened near by, for his trial, and, after a patient investigation, it being proven, and confessed by the prisoner himself, that he was in the American lines (though not voluntarily) without a flag, they gave it as their opinion that he ought to suffer death as a spy. All hearts were alive with sympathy for the condemned, and Washington would gladly have saved his life; but the stern demands of the cruel and uncompromising rules of war, denied the petitions of mercy, and the Commander-in-chief was obliged to sign his death-warrant. He was sentenced to be hung on the afternoon of the first of October.



**WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT TAPPAN.**

André exhibited no fear of death, and to the last the workings of his genius were displayed. On the morning of the day appointed for his execution, he sketched a likeness of himself with a pen and ink, and conversed cheerfully with those around him upon the pleasures of painting and kindred arts. But the *manner* of his death disturbed his spirit. He pleaded earnestly to be *shot* as a soldier, not *hung* as a spy. But even this poor boon could not be allowed, for the rules of war demanded death by a cord and not by a bullet. His execution was delayed one day in consequence of the intercession of Sir Henry Clinton, and a hope that Arnold might be obtained and righteously suffer in his stead. All was unavailing, and Major André, in the bloom of manhood, was hung at Tappan on the second of October, 1780, at the age of twenty-nine years.



**ANDRÉ'S PEN-AND-INK SKETCH OF HIMSELF.**

The youth, accomplishments, and gentleness of manners of the young soldier, endeared him to all, and his fate was deeply regretted on both sides of the Atlantic. His king caused a mural monument, of elegant device, to be erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey; and in 1831, the Duke of York had his remains removed from Tappan and taken to London, where they now repose beneath his marble memorial, among those of many heroes and poets of old England. A halo of melancholy sweetness surrounds the name and character of the unfortunate youth which increases in glory with the flight of time.



**ANDRÉ'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.**

The traitor, though unsuccessful, received ten thousand guineas from the British treasury, and the commission of a brigadier from the king. He served his new master faithfully. With the spirit of a demon he desolated, with fire and sword, the beautiful country near the mouth of the Thames, in Connecticut, almost in sight of the roof which sheltered his infancy; and with augmented ferocity he spread distress and ruin, to the extent of his power, upon the Virginia shores of the Chesapeake, and along the fertile borders of the James and the Appomattox. Hated and despised by his new companions in arms, and insulted and contemned in public places after the war, Arnold became an outcast like Cain, and like Esau he found no place for repentance, though he sought it diligently with tears. He died in obscurity in the British metropolis, in 1801, and who knows the place of his grave?



**PAULDING'S MONUMENT AND ST. PETER'S CHURCH.**

The captors of André were highly applauded by the people, and honored and rewarded by Congress. That body awarded to each a silver medal, having on one side the word FIDELITY, and on the other, VINCIT AMOR PATRÆ; "the love of country conquers." They were also allowed each an annual pension of two hundred dollars, during their lives. Public esteem for their services has erected monuments over the remains of two of them. Paulding's mortality sleeps beneath a chaste marble cenotaph in the old St. Peter's church-yard, two miles eastward of Peekskill; and over the dust of Van Wart, in the Greenburgh church-yard, near the banks of the beautiful Nepera, in Westchester county, stands a plain monument of white marble. The former was erected by the corporation of the city of New York; the latter by citizens of Westchester county. No public memorial yet marks the place of rest of David Williams in the church-yard at Livingstonville, in Schoharie county.



VAN WART'S MONUMENT.

The traitor and his victim, the captors, judges, and executioner, have all gone to the spirit-land whither the ken of the historian and the moralist may not follow; and the myriads of hearts which beat with sympathy or indignation, as the sad intelligence of the tragedy at Tappan winged its way over our land, or sped to the abodes of intelligent men in the Old World, are pulseless and forgotten. Charity would counsel tenderly respecting each,

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
The bosom of his father, and his God."

GRAY.

Yet it is well, occasionally, to lift the veil from past events, though they may be dark and forbidding in aspect, for to the wise and thoughtful they convey lessons of wisdom, and to the foolish and inconsiderate, the wayward and the wicked, they may speak a word of warning in season to curb an evil spirit and promote righteousness.

- [3] The *Cow-boys* were a set of people mostly, if not wholly refugees, belonging to the British side, and engaged in plundering cattle near the lines and driving them to New York. The name indicates their vocation. There was another description of banditti called *Skinners*, who lived for the most part within the American lines, and professed attachment to the American cause; but in reality they were more unprincipled, perfidious, and inhuman than the *Cow-boys* themselves; for these latter exhibited some symptoms of fellow-feeling for their friends, whereas the *Skinners* committed their depredations equally upon friends and foes.

By a law of the State of New York, every person refusing to take an oath of fidelity to the State, was considered as forfeiting his property. The large territory between the American and British lines, extending nearly thirty miles from north to south, and embracing Westchester county, was populous and highly cultivated. This was the famous Neutral Ground. A person living within that space, who took the oath of fidelity, was sure to be plundered by the *Cow-boys*; and if he did not take it, the *Skinners* would come down upon him, call him a Tory, and seize his property as confiscated by the State. Thus the execution of the laws was assumed by robbers, and the innocent and guilty were involved in a common ruin.

It is true, the civil authority endeavored to guard against these outrages, as far as it could, by legislative enactments and executive proclamations; but, from the nature of the case, this formidable conspiracy against the rights and claims of humanity could be crushed only by a military arm. The detachments of Continental troops and militia, stationed near the lines, did something to lessen the evil; yet they were not adequate to its suppression, and frequently this force was so feeble as not to afford any barrier against the inroads of the banditti. The *Skinners* and *Cow-boys* often leagued together. The former would sell their plunder to the latter, taking in exchange contraband articles from New York. It was not uncommon for the farce of a skirmish to be acted near the American lines, in which the *Skinners* never failed to come off victorious; and then they would go boldly into the interior with their booty, pretending it had been captured from the enemy while attempting to smuggle it across the lines.—*Sparks*.

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## MEMORIES OF MEXICO.

The first action fought by the American army in the valley of Mexico, on the 20th August, 1847, was at Contreras. It was an attack upon a fortified camp, in which lay General Valencia with 6000 Mexicans, composed of the remnant of the army beaten by Taylor, on the hills of Buena Vista. It was styled "The Army of the North;" most of the soldiers composing it being from the northern departments—the hardy miners of Zacatecas and San Luis Potosi—and they were esteemed "the flower of the Mexican army."

On the previous day powder enough was burned to have cured the atmosphere for twenty miles around, yet there was nothing done. We held the ground, however, in mud up to our ankles. In this we lay shivering under a cold drizzle until the morning. By daylight we were at it in earnest. During the night two of our best brigades had crept, unperceived, through the clay "barrancas" close up to the rear of the enemy's camp, ready to spring. At daybreak old Riley shouted, "*Forward and give them h-ll!*" and before our foes—not expecting us from that quarter—could bring their artillery to bear upon us, we were in the midst of them. The action lasted just seventeen minutes. At the end of that time we had laid our hands upon thirty of Valencia's cannon, and taken about a thousand prisoners; and had the satisfaction of seeing the rest of them, in their long yellow mantles, disappearing through the fissures of the lava fields, in rapid flight along the road to Mexico. We followed, of course, but as our cavalry had not been able to cross the Pedregal, and the enemy were our superiors in retreat, we were soon distanced. As we came down upon the village of San Angel, the occasional blast of a light infantry bugle, with the "crack—crack—cr-r-r-ack" of our rifles in front, told us that we had still more work to do before entering the halls of the Montezumas. We were, in fact, driving in the light troops of Santa Anna's main army, lying we knew not where, but somewhere between us and the far-famed city.

It is not my intention to give an account of the battle that followed, nor should I have entered into these details of the fight at Contreras, but to put the reader in possession of "situations," and, moreover, to bring to his notice an incident that occurred, during that action, to a friend—the hero of this narrative—whom I will now introduce. I was then a Sub., and my friend, Richard L —, was the captain of my company; young as myself, and full as ardent in pursuit of the red glory of war. We had long known each other, had gone through the campaign together, and, more than once, had stood side by side under the leaden shower. I need not say how a juxtaposition of this kind strengthens the ties of friendship.

We had come out of Resaca and Monterey unscathed. We had passed through Cerro Gordo with "only a scratch." So far we had been fortunate, as I esteemed it. Not so my friend; he wished to get a wound, for the honor of the thing. He was accommodated at Contreras; for the bullet from an escopette had passed through his left arm below the elbow-joint. It appeared to be only a flesh wound; and as his sword-arm was still safe, he disdained to leave the field until the "day was done." Binding the wounded limb with a rag from his shirt, and slinging it in his sash, he headed his company in the pursuit. By ten o'clock we had driven the enemy's skirmishers out of San Angel, and taken possession of the village. Our commander-in-chief was as yet ignorant of the position of the Mexican army; and we halted, to await the necessary reconnoissance.

Notwithstanding the cold of the preceding night, the day had become hot and oppressive. The soldiers, wearied with watching, marching, and the fight, threw themselves down in the dusty streets. Hunger kept many awake, for they had eaten nothing for twenty hours. A few houses were entered, and the *tortillas* and *tasajo* drawn forth; but there is but little to be found, at any time, in the larder of a Mexican house; and the jail-like doors of most of them were closely barred. The unglazed windows were open; but the massive iron railings of the "reja" defended them from intrusion. From these railings various flags were suspended—French, German, Spanish, and Portuguese—signifying that the inmates were foreigners in the country, and therefore entitled to respect. Where no excuse for such claim existed, a white banner, the emblem of peace, protruded through the bars; and perhaps this was as much respected as the symbols of neutrality.

It was the season when fashion deserts the Alameda of Mexico, and betakes itself to *montè*, cock-fighting, and intriguing, in the romantic "pueblos" that stud the valley. San Angel is one of these pueblos, and at that moment many of the "familias principales" of the city were domiciled around us. Through the rejas we could catch an occasional glimpse of the inmates in the dark apartments within.

It is said that, with woman, curiosity is stronger than fear. It appeared to be so in this case. When the inhabitants saw that pillage was not intended, beautiful and stylish women showed themselves in the windows and on the "balcons," looking down at us with a timorous yet confiding wonder. This was strange, after the stories of our barbarity, in which they had been so well drilled; but we had become accustomed to the high courage of the Mexican females, and it was a saying among us, that "the women were the best men in the country." Jestings aside, I am satisfied, that had they taken up arms instead of their puny countrymen, we should not have boasted so many easy victories.

Our bivouac lasted about an hour. The reconnoissance having been at length completed, the enemy was discovered in a fortified position around the convent and bridge of Churubusco. Twiggs' division was ordered forward to commence the attack, just as the distant booming of cannon across the lava fields, told us that our right wing, under Worth, had sprung the enemy's left at the hacienda of San Antonio, and was driving it along the great national road. Both wings of our army were beautifully converging to a common focus—the pueblo of Churubusco. The brigade to which I was attached still held the position where it had halted in San Angel. We were to move down to the support of Twiggs' division, as soon as the latter should get fairly engaged. Our place in the line had thrown us in front of a house somewhat retired from the rest, single-storied, and, like most of the others, flat-roofed, with a low parapet around the top. A large door and two windows fronted the street. One of the windows was open, and knotted to the reja was a small white handkerchief embroidered along the borders, and fringed with fine lace. There was something so delicate, yet striking in the appeal, that it at once attracted the attention of L—— and myself. It would have touched the compassion of a Cossack; and we felt at the moment that

we would have protected that house against a general's order to pillage.

We had seated ourselves on the edge of the banquette, directly in front of the window. A bottle of wine by some accident had reached us; and as we quaffed its contents, our eyes constantly wandered upon the open *reja*. We could see no one. All was dark within; but we could not help thinking that the owner of the kerchief—she who had hurriedly displayed that simple emblem of truce—could not be otherwise than an interesting and lovely creature.

At length the drums beat for Twiggs' division to move forward, and, attracted by the noise, a gray-haired old man appeared at the window. With feelings of disappointment, my friend and I turned our glances upon the street, and for some moments watched the horse artillery as it swept past. When our gaze was again directed to the house, the old man had a companion—the object of our instinctive expectation; yet fairer even than our imagination had portrayed.

The features indicated that she was a Mexican, but the complexion was darker than the half-breed, the Aztec blood predominated. The crimson, mantling under the bronze of her cheeks, gave to her countenance that picture-like expression of the mixed races of the Western World. The eye, black, with long fringing lash, and a brow upon which the jetty crescent seemed to have been painted. The nose slightly aquiline, curving at the nostril; while luxuriant hair, in broad plaits, fell far below her waist. As she stood on the sill of the low window, we had a full view of her person—from the satin slipper to the *reboso* that hung loosely over her forehead. She was plainly dressed in the style of her country. We saw that she was not of the aristocracy, for, even in this remote region, has Paris fashioned the costume of that order. On the other hand, she was above the class of the "poblanas," the demoiselles of the showy "naguas" and naked ankles. She was of the middle rank. For some moments my friend and myself gazed upon the fair apparition in silent wonder.

She stood awhile, looking out upon the street, scanning the strange uniforms that were grouped before her. At length her eye fell upon us; and as she perceived that my comrade was wounded, she turned toward the old man.

"Look, father, a wounded officer! ah, what a sad thing, poor officer."

"Yes, it is a captain, shot through the arm."

"Poor fellow! he is pale—he is weary. I shall give him sweet water, shall I, father?"

"Very well, go, bring it."

The girl disappeared from the window; and in a few moments returned with a glass, containing an amber-colored liquid—the essence of the pine-apple. Making a sign toward L—, the little hand that held the glass was thrust through the bars of the *reja*. Being nearer, I rose, and taking the glass, handed it to my friend. L— bowed to the window, and acknowledging his gratitude in the best Spanish he could muster, drank off the *agua dulce*. The glass was returned; and the young girl took her station as before.

We did not enter into conversation, neither L— nor myself; but I noticed that the incident had made an impression upon my friend. On the other hand, I observed the eyes of the girl, although at intervals wandering away, always return, and rest upon the features of my comrade. L— was handsome; besides, he bore upon his person the evidence of a higher quality—courage; the quality that, before all others, will win the heart of a woman.

All at once, the features of the girl changed their expression, and she uttered a scream. Turning toward my friend, I saw the blood dripping through the sash. His wound had re-opened.

I threw my arms around him, as several of the soldiers rushed forward; but before we could remove the bandage L— had swooned.

"May I beseech you to open the door?" said I, addressing the young girl and her father.

"*Si—sí, señor,*" cried they together, hurrying away from the window.

At that moment the rattle of musketry from Coyoacan, and the roar of field artillery, told us that Twiggs was engaged. The long roll echoed through the streets, and the soldiers were speedily under arms.

I could stay no longer, for I had now to lead the company; and leaving L— in charge of two of the men, I placed myself at its head. As the "Forward" was given, I heard the great door swing upon its hinges; and looking back as we marched down the street, I saw my friend conducted into the house. I had no fears for his safety, as a regiment was to remain in the village.... In ten minutes after I was upon the field of battle, and a red field it was. Of my own small detachment every second soldier "bit the dust" on the plain of Portales. I escaped unhurt, though my regiment was well peppered by our own artillerists from the *tête de pont* of Churubusco. In two hours we drove the enemy through the *garita* of San Antonio de Abad. It was a total rout; and we could have entered the city without firing another shot. We halted, however, before the gates—a fatal halt, that afterward cost us nearly 2000 men, the flower of our little army. But, as I before observed, I am not writing a history of the campaign.

An armistice followed, and gathering our wounded from the fields around Churubusco, the army retired into the villages. The four divisions occupied respectively the pueblos of Tacubaya, San Angel, Mixcoac, and San Augustin de les Cuevas. San Angel was our destination; and the day



after the battle my brigade marched back, and established itself in the village.

I was not long in repairing to the house where I had left my friend. I found him suffering from fever, burning fever. In another day he was delirious; and in a week *he had lost his arm*; but the fever left him, and he began to recover. During the fortnight that followed, I made frequent visits; but a far more tender solicitude watched over him. Rafaela was by his couch; and the old man—her father—appeared to take a deep interest in his recovery. These, with the servants, were the only inmates of the house.

The treacherous enemy having broken the armistice, the storming of the Palace-castle of Chapultepec followed soon after. Had we failed in the attempt not one of us would ever have gone out from the valley of Mexico. But we *took the castle*, and our crippled forces entered the captured city of the Montezumas, and planted their banners upon the National Palace. I was not among those who marched in. Three days afterward I was *carried in* upon a stretcher, with a bullet hole through my thigh, that kept me within doors for a period of three months.

During my invalid hours L— was my frequent visitor; he had completely recovered his health, but I noticed that a change had come over him, and his former gayety was gone.

Fresh troops arrived in Mexico, and to make room, our regiment, hitherto occupying a garrison in the city, was ordered out to its old quarters at San Angel. This was welcome news for my friend, who would now be near the object of his thoughts. For my own part, although once more on my limbs, I did not desire to return to duty in that quarter; and on various pretexts, I was enabled to lengthen out my "leave" until the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

Once only I visited San Angel. As I entered the house where L— lived, I found him seated in the open *patio*, under the shade of the orange trees. Rafaela was beside him, and his only hand was held in both of hers. There was no surprise on the part of either, though I was welcomed cordially by both—by her, as being the friend of the man she loved. Yes, she loved him.

"See," cried L—, rising, and referring to the situation in which I had found them. "All this, my dear H., in spite of my misfortunes!" and he glanced significantly at his armless sleeve. "Who would not love her?"

The treaty of Guadalupe was at length concluded, and we had orders to prepare for the route homeward. The next day I received a visit from L—.

"Henry," said he, "I am in a dilemma."

"Well, major," I replied, for L— as well as myself had gained a "step." "What is it?"

"You know I am in love, and with whom you know. What am I to do with her?"

"Why, marry her, of course. What else?"

"I dare not."

"Dare not!"

"That is—not now."

"Why not? Resign your commission, and remain here. You know our regiment is to be disbanded; you can not do better."

"Ah! my dear fellow, that is not the thing that hinders me."

"What then?"

"Should I marry her, and remain, our lives would not be safe one moment after the army had marched. Papers containing threats and ribald jests have from time to time been thrust under the door of her house—to the effect that, should she marry 'el official Americano'—so they are worded—both she and her father will be murdered. You know the feeling that is abroad in regard to those who have shown us hospitality."

"Why not take her with you, then?"

"Her father, he would suffer."

"Take him, too."

"That I proposed, but he will not consent. He fears the confiscation of his property, which is considerable. I would not care for that, though my own fortune, as you know, would be small enough to support us. But the old man will go on no terms, and she will not leave him."

The old man's fears in regard to the confiscation were not without good foundation. There was a party in Mexico, while we occupied the city, that had advocated "annexation"—that is, the annexing of the whole country to the United States. This party consisted chiefly of pure Spaniards, "ricos" of the republic, who wanted a government of stability and order. In the houses of these many of our officers visited, receiving those elegant hospitalities that were in general denied us by Mexicans of a more patriotic stamp. Our friends were termed "Ayankeeados," and were hated by the populace. But they were "marked" in still higher quarters. Several members of the government, then sitting at Queretaro—among others a noted minister—had written to their agents in the city to note down all those who, by word or act, might show kindness to the

American army. Even those ladies who should present themselves at the theatre were to be among the number of the proscribed.

In addition to the Ayankeeados were many families—perhaps not otherwise predisposed to favor us—who by accident had admitted us within their circle—such accident as that which had opened the house and heart of Rafaela to my friend L—. These, too, were under "compromisa" with the rabble. My comrade's case was undoubtedly what he had termed it—a dilemma.

"You are not disposed to give her up, then?" said I, smiling at my anxious friend, as I put the interrogation.

"I know you are only jesting, Henry. You know me too well for that. No! Rather than give her up, I will stay and risk every thing—even life."

"Come, major," said I, "there will be no need for you to risk any thing, if you will only follow my advice. It is simply this—come home with your regiment; stay a month or two at New Orleans, until the excitement consequent upon our evacuation cools down. Shave off your mustache, put on plain clothes; come back and marry Rafaela."

"It is terrible to think of parting with her. Oh!—"

"That may all be; I doubt it not; but what else can you do?"

"Nothing—nothing. You are right. It is certainly the best—the only plan. I will follow it," and L— left me.

I saw no more of him for three days, when the brigade to which he belonged entered the city on its road homeward. He had detailed his plans to Rafaela, and bade her for a time farewell.

The other three divisions had already marched. Ours was to form the rear-guard, and that night was to be our last in the city of Mexico. I had retired to bed at an early hour, to prepare for our march on the morrow. I was about falling asleep when a loud knock sounded at my door. I rose and opened it. It was L—. I started as the light showed me his face—it was ghastly. His lips were white, his teeth set, and dark rings appeared around his eyes. The eyes themselves glared in their sockets, lit up by some terrible emotion.

"Come!" cried he, in a hoarse and tremulous voice. "Come with me, Henry, I need you."

"What is it, my dear L—? A quarrel? A duel?"

"No! No! nothing of the sort. Come! come! come! I will show you a sight that will make a wolf of you. Haste! For God's sake, haste!"

I hurried on my clothes.

"Bring your arms!" cried L—, "you may require them."

I buckled on my sword and pistol-belt, and followed hastily into the street. We ran down the Calle Correo toward the Alameda. It was the road to the Convent of San Francisco, where our regiment had quartered for the night. As yet I knew not for what I was going. Could the enemy have attacked us? No—all was quiet. The people were in their beds. What could it be? L— had not, and would not explain; but to my inquiries, continually cried, "Haste—come on!" We reached the convent, and, hastily passing the guard, made for the quarters occupied by my friend. As we entered the room—a large one—I saw five or six females, with about a dozen men, soldiers and officers. All were excited by some unusual occurrence. The females were Mexicans, and their heads were muffled in their rebosos. Some were weeping aloud, others talking in strains of lamentation. Among them I distinguished the face of my friend's betrothed.

"Dearest Rafaela!" cried L—, throwing his arms around her—"it is my friend. Here, Henry, look here! look at this!"

As he spoke, he raised the reboso, and gently drew back her long black hair. I saw blood upon her cheek and shoulders! I looked more closely. It flowed from her ears.

"Her ears! *O God! they have been cut off!*"

"Ay, ay," cried L—, hoarsely; and dropping the dark tresses, again threw his arms around the girl, and kissed away the tears that were rolling down her cheeks—while uttering expressions of endearment and consolation.

I turned to the other females; they were all similarly mutilated; some of them even worse, for their foreheads, where the U.S. had been freshly burned upon them, were red and swollen. Excepting Rafaela, they were all of the "poblana" class—the laundresses—the mistresses of the soldiers.

The surgeon was in attendance, and in a short time all was done that could be done for wounds like these.

"Come!" cried L—, addressing those around him, "we are wasting time, and that is precious; it is near midnight. The horses will be ready by this, and the rest will be waiting; come, Henry, you will go? You will stand by us?"

"I will, but what do you intend?"

"Do not ask us, my friend, you will see presently."

"Think, my dear L—," said I in a whisper, "do not act rashly."

"Rashly! there is no rashness about me—you know that. A cowardly act, like this, can not be revenged too soon. Revenge! what am I talking of! It is not revenge, but justice. The men who could perpetrate this fiendish deed are not fit to live on the earth, and, by heavens! not one of them shall live by the morning. Ha, dastards! they thought we were gone; they will find their mistake. Mine be the responsibility—mine the revenge. Come, friends! Come!" And so saying, L— led the way, holding his betrothed by the hand. We all followed out of the room, and into the street.

On reaching the Alameda a group of dark objects was seen among the trees. They were horses and horsemen; there were about thirty of the latter, and enough of the former to mount the party who were with L—. I saw from their size that the horses were of our own troops, with dragoon saddles. In the hurry L— had not thought of saddles for our female companions, but the oversight was of no consequence. *Their* habitual mode of riding was *à la Duchess de Berri*, and in this way they mounted. Before summoning me, L— had organized his band—they were picked men. In the dim light I could see dragoon and infantry uniforms, men in plain clothes, followers of the army, gamblers, teamsters, Texans, desperadoes, ready for just such an adventure. Here and there I could distinguish the long-tailed frock—the undress of the officer. The band in all mustered more than forty men.

We rode quietly through the streets, and, issuing from the gate of Nino Perdido, took the road for San Angel. As we proceeded onward, I gathered a more minute account of what had transpired at the village. As soon as our division had evacuated, a mob of thirty or forty ruffians had proceeded to the houses of those whom they termed "Ayankeeados," and glutted their cowardly vengeance on their unfortunate victims. Some of these had been actually killed in attempting to resist; others had escaped to the Pedregal which runs close to the village; while a few—Rafaela among the number—after submitting to a terrible atrocity, had fled to the city for protection.

On hearing the details of these horrid scenes, I no longer felt a repugnance in accompanying my friend. I felt as he did, that men capable of such deeds were "not fit to live," and we were proceeding to execute a sentence that was just though illegal. It was not our intention to punish all; we could not have accomplished this, had we so willed it. By the testimony of the girls, there were five or six who had been the promoters and ringleaders of the whole business. These were well known to one or other of the victims, as in most instances it had been some old grudge for which they had been singled out as objects of this cowardly vengeance. In Rafaela's case it was a ruffian who had once aspired to her hand, and been rejected. Jealousy had moved the fiend to his terrible revenge.

It is three leagues from Mexico to San Angel. The road runs through meadows and fields of magueys. Except the lone *pulqueria*, at the corner where a cross-path leads to the hacienda of Narvarte, there is not a house before reaching the bridge of Coyoacan. Here there is a cluster of buildings—"fabricas"—that, during the stay of our army, had been occupied by a regiment. Before arriving at this point we saw no one; and here only people who, waked from their sleep by the tread of our horses, had not the curiosity to follow us.

San Angel is a mile further up the hill. Before entering the village we divided into five parties, each to be guided by one of the girls. L—'s vengeance was especially directed toward the *ci-devant* lover of his betrothed. She herself, knowing his residence, was to be our guide.

Proceeding through narrow lanes, we arrived in a suburb of the village, and halted before a house of rather stylish appearance. We had dismounted outside the town, leaving our horses in charge of a guard. It was very dark, and we clustered around the door. One knocked—a voice was heard from within—Rafaela recognized it as that of the ruffian himself. The knock was repeated, and one of the party who spoke the language perfectly, called out:

"Open the door! Open, Don Pedro!"

"Who is it?" asked the voice.

"Yo," (I) was the simple reply.

This is generally sufficient to open the door of a Mexican house, and Don Pedro was heard within, moving toward the "Saguan."

The next moment the great door swung back on its hinges, and the ruffian was dragged forth. He was a swarthy, fierce-looking fellow—from what I could see in the dim light—and made a desperate resistance, but he was in the hands of men who soon overpowered and bound him. We did not delay a moment, but hurried back to the place where we had left our horses. As we passed through the streets, men and women were running from house to house, and we heard voices and shots in the distance. On reaching our rendezvous, we found our comrades, all of whom had succeeded in making their capture.

There was no time to be lost; there might be troops in the village—though we saw none—but whether or not, there were "leperos" enough to assail us. We did not give them time to muster. Mounting ourselves and our prisoners we rode off at a rapid pace, and were soon beyond the danger of pursuit.

Those who have passed through the gate of Nino Perdido will remember that the road leading to San Angel runs, for nearly a mile, in a straight line, and that, for this distance, it is lined on both sides with a double row of large old trees. It is one of the drives (*paseos*) of Mexico. Where the trees end, the road bends slightly to the south. At this point a cross road strikes off to the pueblito of Piedad, and at the crossing there is a small house, or rather a temple, where the pious wayfarer kneels in his dusty devotions. This little temple, the residence of a hermitical monk, was uninhabited during our occupation of the valley, and, in the actions that resulted in the capture of the city, it had come in for more than its share of hard knocks. A battery had been thrown up beside it, and the counter-battery had bored the walls of the temple with round shot. I never passed this solitary building without admiring its situation. There was no house nearer it than the aforementioned "tinacal" of Narvarte, or the city itself. It stood in the midst of swampy meadows, bordered by broad plats of the green maguey, and this isolation, together with the huge old trees that shadowed and sang over it, gave the spot an air of romantic loneliness.

On arriving under the shelter of the trees, and in front of the lone temple, our party halted by order of their leader. Several of the troopers dismounted, and the prisoners were taken down from their horses. I saw men uncoiling ropes that had hung from their saddle-bows, and I shuddered to think of the use that was about to be made of them.

"Henry," said L—, riding up to me, and speaking in a whisper, "*they* must not see this."—He pointed to the girls.—"Take them some distance ahead and wait for us, we will not be long about it, I promise."

Glad of the excuse to be absent from such a scene, I put spurs to my horse, and rode forward, followed by the females of the party. On reaching the circle near the middle of the paseo I halted.

It was quite dark, and we could see nothing of those we had left behind us. We could hear nothing—nothing but the wind moaning high up among the branches of the tall poplars; but this, with the knowledge I had of what was going on so near me, impressed me with an indescribable feeling of sadness.

L— had kept his promise; he was not long about it. In less than ten minutes the party came trotting up, chatting gayly as they rode, but *their prisoners had been left behind!*...

As the American army moved down the road to Vera Cruz, many traveling carriages were in its train. In one of these were a girl and a gray-haired old man. Almost constantly during the march a young officer might be seen riding by this carriage, conversing through the windows with its occupants within.

A short time after the return-troops landed at New Orleans, a bridal party were seen to enter the old Spanish cathedral; the bridegroom was an officer who had lost an arm. His fame, and the reputed beauty of the bride, had brought together a large concourse of spectators.

"She loved me," said L— to me on the morning of his happiest day; "she loved me in spite of my mutilated limb, and should I cease to love her because she has—no, I see it not; she is to me the same as ever."

And there were none present who saw it; few were there who knew that under those dark folds of raven hair were the *souvenirs* of a terrible tragedy....

The Mexican government behaved better to the Ayankeeados than was expected. They did not confiscate the property; and L— is now enjoying his fortune in a snug hacienda, somewhere in the neighborhood of San Angel.

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## THE POOLS OF ELLENDEEN.

Joel Jerdan was a thriving retail hosier, in a close street at the eastern end of the vast metropolis. He had a snug little shop, and a nice, snug little wife, together with an annually increasing nice little family; and Joel himself, if we except one weakness, was the most diligent and steady little fellow to be found within the circuit where the musical bells of Bow are heard. Small in person, pleasing in exterior, and scrupulously neat in his attire, Joel Jerdan was always considered a peculiarly dapper, civil, smart tradesman. His father had pursued the same business in the same house; and though there were not large profits, there was certainly contentment, which Joel very wisely judged was far better. It did not require any vivid stretch of imagination to form a comparison between the venerable Izaak Walton, of piscatorial celebrity, and our hosier; for, like that immortal angler, Joel was devoted to his calling and usually confined to precincts of no large dimensions, but making his escape whenever he could to enjoy the sole recreation of his existence—that recreation being the sport with which Izaak's name is ever associated.

Joel Jerdan was a worthy disciple of this renowned piscator—at least, he would have been had he strictly followed that master's injunctions; but, if truth must be all confessed, the *one* weakness already alluded to in our little hosier, consisted of indulgence beyond the bounds of strict sobriety, when any prolonged or favorable "sport" more than usually elated his spirits. On such occasions, Patty, his faithful wife, of course lectured the recreant hosier most severely; while he, shocked and humbled, meekly promised "never to do so any more," and kept his word until betrayed into temptation again. Being a water-drinker at home, from motives of prudence, not to

say necessity, it did not require much in the way of stimulus to render poor little Joel addle-headed. Whenever he could spare an hour or two on the long summer evenings, after the business of the day was pretty well over, leaving the shop to Patty's care, away sallied Joel to the docks, there to watch his float and forget his cares, until night's sombre shadows warned him that all sober citizens were retiring bedward. It was only at rare intervals that Joel enjoyed a whole day's fishing; for, in the first place, he could not absent himself from pressing daily duties, and, in the second, he had no friend resident in the country within easy access, to whom he could resort for an introduction to babbling streams and flowery meads. He had toiled early and late, as his excellent father had done before him; and when Patty's brother retired from official life (he was a nobleman's butler), and became proprietor of a small public-house about fifty miles from London, situated on the banks of a river much resorted to by anglers, and sent a hearty invitation to Joel to come and visit him, what words may paint the bright anticipations of the exulting hosier? He had not been well of late—needed summer holidays; and, in short Joel could not resist the tempting offer.

Patty urged her husband with affectionate solicitude, to "keep watch" over himself; but she loved him too well, and was too unselfish, to object to his accepting her brother's hospitality. "Make hay while the sun shines, my dear," she said; "you may never have such another opportunity. Business is slack just now—besides, baby is weaned, and I can mind the shop with Charlie; only —" here there was a private whispered admonition, the tenor of which may be inferred from Joel's answer, accompanied by a hearty kiss: "I promise you, my ducky, that I will never taste a drop, except when I get wet-footed, and *then* only just enough to keep the cold out."

"Ah, that cold, Joel!" replied Patty, "it's a queer thing, *that cold is!* always trying to gain a footing; and nothing but a sip of brandy to keep it out!" And the wife shook her head.

It was too much felicity for Joel Jerdan!—the gathering together his scanty assortment of rods and tackle—the laying out his hard-earned money to purchase more—the packing his portmanteau and setting out on a gay summer's morning!

Yet his dreams fell short of reality when Joel first beheld the paradise of greenerie wherein "The Swan" nestled on the picturesque beauties of Wood End. Here he could fish off the bank from a variegated flower-garden, whose roses hung over the broad, deep waters, where monsters of the finny tribes abounded. Here he *did* fish off the emerald bank; but, alas! the fish were strangely shy or cunning. Joel labored most assiduously; but somehow, he caught nothing. There was always *something* wrong; either it was too hot, or the water was too clear, or the fish wouldn't take the particular bait at that particular spot, and they must be sought up or down stream for miles. And so Joel followed the river's course patiently, day by day striving most manfully to ensnare the wary inhabitants of the treacherous element, on whose tranquil bosom wan lilies reposed as peacefully as primroses on the hill-side graves reflected nigh. "Try the pools of Ellendeen," said one; and "Try the pools of Ellendeen," said another, until Joel determined he *would* try these far-famed still waters, though it was a good way up stream to reach them. However, a farmer offered to give him a lift in his cart, and drop him on the road to market, leaving Joel to work his way back to Wood End as might suit his sport or inclination; and well supplied with refreshing viands, stowed away in his basket, slung across his shoulder sportsman-like with leathern belt, Joel set forth to try his luck in the "bottomless pit," for so the deepest pool of Ellendeen was significantly named by the peasant-folk, with whom the domain bounding the water was in ill-repute.

Solemn and stately were the neighboring woods, and a gray castellated mansion frowned on the summit of a high hill overhanging the water. It was uninhabited now, the family were extinct, and, of course, there was a legend attached.

A former lord of Ellendeen was most anxious for a son and heir; but on his unhappy lady presenting him with nothing but daughters, he swore that on the birth of the next he would throw it into the pool beside the wood. He did so with his own wicked hands more than once; and tradition said that no less than four baby daughters of the ancient race of Ellendeen were engulfed in those deep, dismal waters, which refused to yield their dead, and, in short, proved to be "bottomless." However, whether it was that they were left very much to themselves, or that the fish in Ellendeen Pools were really finer than elsewhere, report had not exaggerated their abundance and size; and Joel, to his infinite satisfaction, managed to capture some "splendid fellows," according to his own phrase.

It was a solitary place. The river here was dark and sleeping; it was a fitting scene for the enactment of the baby tragedy. The air was sultry, as if a storm were brewing, clouds were lowering, and the heat was intense. There was "no cold" to keep out, and Joel's feet were perfectly dry, but so was his throat; and Edwards, his kindly brother-in-law, had placed a flask of brandy in the basket, saying he might like "a little in water by-and-by." Joel was very thirsty and he drank a vast deal of water out of a horn cup, pouring in just enough spirit to take the "chill off," which in his heated condition, was not safe or pleasant.

"I'll not forget my promise to my dear little Patty," said Joel to himself, as he sipped. "Not one drop of brandy *alone* will I touch. Ah, bless me! how her precious heart would ache if she were to hear this tale of the wicked lord and those dear innocents? She'd most think she could see their pretty upturned faces in the water. *I* wonder, now, if there's any truth in such a queer story." And Joel fell into a reverie as he wondered; and, sitting down on the bank, he fell asleep, and dreamt that instead of hooking a fine heavy fish he had pulled out a baby girl! Great was his horror, and he awoke with a start, to find that darkness was rapidly gathering round him, while a few

pattering drops now and then betokened the approach of a storm, as the grumbling thunder faintly died away in the distance. One draught to fortify himself, and Joel commenced his homeward route—a rather difficult undertaking, seeing that he was a stranger, and obliged to diverge frequently from the immediate proximity of the river, which, however, was a sure guide, as it flowed past "The Swan's" very door. But rivers are stray, winding things; and after an hour's hard toiling over uneven paths, moving slowly and carefully, for caution was extremely necessary on the river's bank, poor little Joel Jerdan became thoroughly nervous and exhausted, as the rain pelted down and the thunder burst over head. Wet through in a trice, he had recourse to his brandy-flask. "Even Patty would recommend it now," said he; and his thoughts reverted to his snug little room behind the shop, where, beside a comfortable fire, he was wont to enjoy a frugal supper with his beloved helpmate. Now, here he was, wandering and houseless, uncertain of the way, wet through, and no sight or sound of human kind to greet his longing eyes or ears. No. He only heard the rushing of waters, the wailing of winds, and those strange, mysterious noises which issue from desolate woods by night. It was enough to appall a stouter heart than Joel Jerdan's; no wonder he had recourse to the brandy-flask!

"Catch me a-going a-fishing in a strange place again!" murmured he to himself; "only catch me at it, that's all!"

An impression that he was trespassing on haunted ground, and that, at the same time, his basket became heavier and heavier, oppressed Joel Jerdan with a sensation almost approaching to suffocation; and he ejaculated aloud, as if to increase his courage—talking *at* himself *to* himself—"Who says that Joel is tipsy? Who dares to say so—is—is—a reprobate. Who dares to say that Joel Jerdan carries a basket full of dead babies instead of fish?" But just as the reeling piscator came to this portion of his argument, a light appeared but a short distance off, and, as he made toward it, a low, dull sound, as of monotonous knocking, fell on his ear, notwithstanding his perceptions were not particularly acute.

Joel staggered onward until he reached a building from whence the sounds appeared to proceed; and, creeping slowly toward an aperture, peeped in with a remarkably sagacious expression of countenance, no doubt, had the darkness permitted it to be visible. What he beheld there caused him to start backward so suddenly that, coming in contact with a felled tree, whose bared trunk was stretched along the ground, he fell violently on his face, the blood spurting from his nose, and a cry escaping at the same moment from the hapless intruder. Joel Jerdan had seen three spectral-looking men working at a coffin, engaged in finishing the dismal receptacle with all their might, as if it was wanted in a hurry. When he recovered from temporary stupor occasioned by his fall, the scared little man in vain essayed to speak or move; for his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and his legs were powerless to sustain his own slight weight. Once, indeed, he thickly muttered, "Brandy, more brandy!" but immediately sank back helpless and hopeless, for he heard a voice say, "We'll put him in when it is finished; it is just done. We're in good time, and it'll be the safest place for the drunken rascal." Poor Joel Jerdan! to be put in a coffin alive at the suggestion of one whom he considered an evil spirit!

He heard another one say, "Halloo! let's have a look into his basket! Ho, ho, they are fine plump ones. Put them in with him, and let's be off at once."

Off at once! *Where?* thought the terrified and miserable man—where are they off to? To the "bottomless pit" of Ellendeen, said Conscience, and for stealing the dread secrets of the haunted pool, in the shape of the long sought-for Ellendeen babies! As to the brandy-drinking, *that* was nothing—ghostly beings never interfered with such terrestrial matters! The knocking discontinued, a tramping of feet was heard, a bustle as of preparation, and Joel felt himself lifted up and laid in what he felt by instinct to be—a coffin! Oh, it was most horrible! and, with a violent effort, he jerked aside the lid which was placed lightly over him, half raising himself as he did so.

"If he turns restive," said an authoritative, stern voice, "we must secure him better, or he'll be in the water before his time comes, and make food for the fishes instead of sport for Beelzebub."

So they *were* conveying him to his nameless majesty, dead babies and all, perhaps mistaking him for the wicked defunct Lord of Ellendeen himself! Oh, as to his fishing in the still, deep pools, what had it done for him? whither had it led him? Joel retained sense to be aware that his impotent struggles only rendered things worse; for he was in powerful hands, and they tossed him about like a feather. Could his dear wife behold her husband in a coffin, what would her feelings be? And as Joel thought of this, his tears began to flow copiously. He sobbed and wailed like an infant, whining, and in a sickly maudlin tone; but it had a lulling effect, and he fell off into a sleep just as he was conscious of being lifted into a boat, and, amid gleaming torches, rowed rapidly from land, but whether "up" or "down" stream he could not tell. But of course they are taking me to the "bottomless pit," and there they will cast me in with my unhallowed load, he thought.

Could it be the brandy that made Joel Jerdan confound the fish he had caught with the Ellendeen heiresses, who had slumbered beneath the wave for upward of a century? With a stifled cry for pardon on his lips, insensibility succeeded; and when Joel awoke next day at noon, in his own cosy bed at "The Swan," with the sun's bright beams streaming in through the chinks of closely-drawn curtains, he shuddered at the remembrance of his horrible adventure, much wondering how he came *there*, and also how he had come by a bandaged cheek, from which the blood was still streaming, and a head which throbbed to agony at every breath he drew.

"What a terrific vision!" he exclaimed feebly, but aloud. "Demons rowing me in a coffin to the

bottomless pool of Ellendeen! Joel Jerdan! Joel Jerdan! it is a warning to prepare for thy latter end!"

"Nay, nay, brother Joel!" exclaimed the cheerful voice of his brother-in-law; "it isn't a death-warning, but only a gentle hint not to attack the brandy-flask too often; your head is none of the strongest, and won't bear it. However, be comforted, for you have brought back four as fine fish as have been caught hereabouts for long and many a day, though both they and you came to Wood End in *rayther* a queer sort, it must be owned—all packed up in a coffin together."

"Brother Edwards," murmured Joel, solemnly, "they were *not* fish; they were the babes of Ellendeen!"

"Poor fellow, so he is wandering again! There must be another blister on!" exclaimed Mr. Edwards, compassionately. And by the time another blister was put on, and more drugs had been administered, Joel's fever was so far reduced that he was able to collect his thoughts and attempt a description of the prodigious scenes he had gone through. "Why, that was old Matthew Filkins and his two big sons whom you took for demons," shouted Mr. Edwards, as he listened attentively to Joel's account of his midnight adventures. "Mat is a teetotaller, and thinks nothing of parceling a man to Beelzebub if he gets drunk; and between ourselves, brother Joel, I do not think that Matthew is far wrong, for drunkenness is the high-road to ruin at all times."

"Yes, yes, I know that," groaned Joel. "But they put me in a coffin, and rowed me away. How do I come *here*? Oh, I am a doomed man! I am a doomed man! I shall not be long out of my real coffin!"

"Not if you go on like this, my brother," replied Mr. Edwards, impressively, and with a serious air. "You have received a severe contusion on the head, besides other injuries; and it is absolutely necessary that you be kept quiet, and discard these foolish fancies. Old Matthew Filkins is our only undertaker hereabouts; his workshop and wood-yard are close to the river side, and by water he frequently conveys his dismal but needful burdens. The wooden box in which he laid you for safety was required urgently for the body of a poor lad who died of infectious fever, and was laid in his mother's hovel midst living brothers and sisters. Mat is a kind-hearted man, and he did that for the poor widow which he would have scrupled to do for a rich one; though night or day on the river is all the same to him, for he could guide a boat blindfold: man and boy, for seventy years, Matthew Filkins has journeyed on that highway. He thought that he was doing best by you; he found, by a letter in your coat-pocket, that you came from 'The Swan,' Wood End, and, as he dropped down stream past our door, he deposited *you*, brother Joel, on the threshold where we found you, in a sad state indeed. I believe old Mat considered his dismal box tainted from having had one in your state in it, far more so than when it contained the remains of the poor boy for whom it was destined."

"And so it was, so it was, brother Edwards," exclaimed the penitent and humbled Joel; "and before I am put in a coffin again, I deserve to be buried alive if I am not a reformed man. When I get drunk *again*, may I be hurled into the pools of Ellendeen, along with the little misses of respected memory. But I say, brother, we must keep this mishap a secret from Patty, for she would be hard of belief as to it's being a reality, as you say it is; she would stick to the warning, and make sure I was a doomed man."

Very grateful and pleased was Patty, as time progressed and temptations multiplied, to find that her dear husband was proof against the strongest. Never was he known to be in the least degree inebriated after his return from the memorable expedition to Wood End; and not even to keep the "cold out," would he sip a drop of "fire-water" undiluted. The "warning" had not been in vain; and a long while after the events recorded had taken place, when Patty was made acquainted with them by her loving husband, who detested all concealments from the partner of his cares, she exclaimed in pitying tones, "It was very natural, my dear, that your thoughts should run on the terrible story about those precious babies, you that have little ones of your own. For *my* part, nothing in the wide world would tempt *me* to go a-fishing in those deep dark pools of Ellendeen; I should expect, every time I pulled up a heavy weight to see a dear baby instead of a fish!"

"But my dear," deprecatingly returned Joel, "even if the tale be true, it happened a century back, you know."

"Ah, Jo, Jo!" cried Patty, with a sly smile, "if I had a brandy-flask in my basket, *perhaps* I might forget *that* important fact."

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## A WATERSPOUT IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

One of the noblest and most beautiful sights in the world is a gallant, symmetrical, full-rigged ship, clothed with mighty wings from keel to truck, cleaving through the waves under the influence of a "right merrie" wind abeam. There is something exceedingly grand, to behold it steadily gliding along, like a thing instinct with life; to see its towering pyramidal sails swelling to the generous breeze; to glance from its fluttering ensigns, and bright sides, and snowy canvas, to the contrasting deep blue sea, sparkling beneath the vertical rays of the tropical sun; to hastily run over in one's mind a few only of the spirit-stirring associations conjured by the object. But it is not with a ship in this exhilarating position that I have now to deal; to the reverse—it is with



one which lay like "a painted ship upon a painted ocean"—being a large East Indiaman, chartered to convey troops to the Bombay presidency, and lying totally becalmed not far from the tropics.

I was languidly swinging in my hammock, one sultry morning, when not a breath of air was stirring strong enough "to blow a lady's curl aside," when I heard a sound which convinced me that something unusual had occurred to arouse the listless idlers lounging on the upper deck. It speedily increased to such a degree that all between decks who were able (myself included) rushed up, pell-mell, to discover the reason, and soon there were none left below but the miserable sick, who could not crawl from their stifling berths.

"What's the kick-up?" roared the gigantic corporal of the grenadier company, the moment he got his head above the combing of the hatchway.

"Niver sighted sich a jamb sin' the meet at Ballyshannon!" echoed a voluble Irish comrade. "Maybe a tu-an'-thirty-punder wouldn't mak' buthermilk of us all just now."

"Can ye no kape that long red rope i' yer own impty hid, but ye must let every body know ye're a gomulah? Ain't it a watherspout, eh?" fiercely responded a brother Emeralder.

"A watherspout! an' what's that, avick? Summat to ate?"

"Ate! ye gossoon! Ay, it's summat as'll soon ate *yer*, big and ugly as yer are."

Some few happy-go-lucky reprobates laughed at Pat's sapience, but the majority felt the matter to be far too serious to permit their indulging in senseless merriment, and strove, with uncontrollable interest, to secure some position whence they could behold an object of which they had heard or read highly-colored accounts. I myself instantly sprang into the shrouds, and the whole spectacle then burst full upon me in all its novel grandeur.

As already mentioned, not a breath of air was stirring, and the vessel herself lay sluggishly on the briny ocean, the sails hanging in bags, or clewed up in festoons to the yards, and the masts motionless as Pompey's Pillar. At the distance of very little more than the ship's length, the sea was bubbling up in the shape of spiral cones of varying height and sizes, all of them springing from within a circle, the circumference of which might be equal to that of the ring of an equestrian circus. The vertical rays of the sun invested the falling spray with an indescribable beauty, but the level water appeared of a dull, strong, white color. The phenomenon was attended by a very loud and long-continued hissing noise, of a peculiar and terrifying kind. This was but the commencement of a waterspout. Every moment we expected to see the several columns unite in one; and, from their contiguity, there would, in such a case, be no hope of final escape. Either the ship would be totally engulfed, or every atom of mast, rigging, and all above deck, would be whirled a hundred fathoms through the air.

Travelers say that the serpent possesses the basilisk power of fascinating its prey by the glare of its eye, and certainly a waterspout is equal in that terrible attribute, for scarcely a man in the ship that saw it was able to withdraw his gaze from the fearful spectacle. All other faculties seemed to be absorbed, and even had they had the opportunity to flee, few would have been able to move a foot.

Many on board were personally cognizant that any extraordinary concussion of the air, as that produced by the firing of guns, had been known to cause waterspouts to subside, and the captain of our ship had given orders to train two of the main-deck large carronades (for we were armed *en flûte*) upon it, with heavy charges. But so riveted and entranced were all, that it was with extreme difficulty that either soldiers or sailors could be got to move; and only when some of the officers literally placed their own shoulders to the wheel, and exhorted, and even struck the gaping, bewildered men, were the guns charged and trained in the waist of the ship. Scarcely was this done, when five or six of the largest columns suddenly joined together, as though by a species of magnetic attraction, and formed one of colossal magnitude, high as the maintopsail-yard, the spiral motion rapidly increasing, and the whole body seeming to near the ship.

"We shall soon know our fate," exclaimed the captain. "Now, Tom," said he, to the old man-o'-war's gunner, "do your best—your very best."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the tough old salt, in that muttering, indistinct manner, common to old seamen when much excited. "Avast a minute!" grumbled he to an assistant, who was busy with the chocks. "Hand me that monkey's tail!"

Eagerly clutching with his fish-hooks of fingers the short iron crowbar so denominated, he rammed it as far as he could down the ample mouth of the piece, in a peculiar direction.

"Away, skylarkers! Sea-room, ye red-coats! There: *de*-press a little—more—so, avast!" He took a quick squint down the short but deadly tube, and then turned to the artillery-man presiding over the other carronade, with "Ship mate, are you all clear for a run?"

"All ready?" inquired the captain.

"All ready, sir," repeated the veteran tar.

"Very good," was the reply; and, springing on the capstan-head, the latter sang out at the top of his voice, "Now men, I want every one of you—red-coats and blue-jackets—to try your lungs! They're strong enough on most occasions, and don't be behindhand now. Our lives depend upon it." Here he paused; and, pointing significantly to the tremendous spout, which enlarged and

neared the ship every moment, he impressively demanded, "Do you see yon big fellow?"

"Ay, ay," said the tarry-jackets.

"Yes," said the red-coats.

"Very well, then, all I've got to say, is, that if we don't thrash him, he will thrash us! So no demi-semi-quavers, but give three hearty cheers to frighten him away, for he's a real coward. Hats off, and up at arm's length!" They obeyed.

"Now, my hearties," continued he, well knowing in what strain to address them, "let us try if our throats can not drown the bark of these two bull-dogs of ours! Why, we're good-for-nothing, if we can't make as much din as a couple of rusty iron candlesticks! Hu-r-r-ah!"

As the gallant commander waved his hat aloft, the keen eye of the old gunner glistened with uncommon ardor, and, squirting a long stream of suspicious-looking fluid some odd fathoms from the ship's side, he muttered, "Here goes a re'g'lar wide-awaker"—applied the match to the priming—bang! bang! the two "candlesticks" blended into one simultaneous roar, accompanied by hurrahs which of themselves shook the sultry air.

The steady state of the ship was highly favorable to the marksmen, and the skill of the old gunner produced a result equal to his most sanguine expectations, for the "monkey's tail" struck fairly athwart the spout at an elevation of some fifteen feet, and the whole immense body immediately fell with a crash like that of a steeple, and before the cheering ended, all had subsided—old Neptune's face became unwrinkled as heretofore, ship and shadow again became double, rainbow-hued dolphins again glided like elfin shadows just beneath the translucent surface, flying-fish again skipped along it with redoubled zest, the huge albatross again inertly stretched its immense wings, the screaming sea-hawk again descended from the regions of immensity, where it had been soaring at an elevation far beyond the pierce of human vision, the white side of the insatiate shark again glanced in fearful proximity to the imprisoned ship; aboard which ship hearts rose as the waves fell, fear was indignantly kicked out of its brief abiding-place, tongues were again in active commission, feet were again pattering, and arms again swinging about, shrill orders were again bandied, the pet monkey ran chattering aloft to complete its lately suspended dissection of the marine's cap, tarry-jackets again freshened their quids, hitched their voluminous trowsers, and made vigorous renewed allusion to their precious eyes and limbs, and red-coats once more found themselves at the usual discount.

So heavily had the guns been charged, that they rebounded across the deck, overturning a score of the very "finest pisantry in the world," who one and all vehemently asserted in the rich brogue, and with the lively gesticulations of their native land, that they were "kilt intirely, an' no misthake, at all, at all!"

I have only to add, that a glorious spanking breeze followed within a few hours; and many a poor fellow blessed the waterspout, from a vague notion that to its agency we were indebted for the grateful change. But what mysterious affinity there could be between a waterspout in a calm, and a breeze springing up soon afterward, I leave my scientific friends to discover and explain. Such things are above a plain seaman's philosophy.

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## **MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.**

[Continued from the August Number.]

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A ROYALIST "DE LA VIEILLE ROCHE."

On a hot and sultry day of June, I found myself seated in a country cart, and under the guard of two mounted dragoons, wending my way toward Kuffstein, a Tyrol fortress, to which I was sentenced as a prisoner. A weary journey was it; for in addition to my now sad thoughts, I had to contend against an attack of ague, which I had just caught, and which was then raging like a plague in the Austrian camp. One solitary reminiscence, and that far from a pleasant one, clings to this period. We had halted on the outskirts of a little village called "Broletto," for the siesta; and there, in a clump of olives, were quietly dozing away the sultry hours, when the clatter of horsemen awoke us; and on looking up, we saw a cavalry escort sweep past at a gallop. The corporal who commanded our party hurried into the village to learn the news, and soon returned with the tidings that "a great victory had been gained over the French, commanded by Bonaparte in person; that the army was in full retreat; and this was the dispatch an officer of Melas's staff was now hastening to lay at the feet of the emperor."

"I thought several times this morning," said the corporal, "that I heard artillery; and so it seems I might, for we are not above twenty miles from where the battle was fought."

"And how is the place called?" asked I, in a tone skeptical enough to be offensive.

"Marengo," replied he; "mayhap the name will not escape your memory."

How true was the surmise, but in how different a sense from what he uttered it! But so it was; even as late as four o'clock the victory was with the Austrians. Three separate envoys had left the field with tidings of success; and it was only late at night that the general, exhausted by a disastrous day, and almost broken-hearted, could write to tell his master that "Italy was lost."

I have many a temptation here to diverge from a line that I set down for myself in these memoirs, and from which as yet I have not wandered—I mean, not to dwell upon events wherein I was not myself an actor; but I am determined still to adhere to my rule; and leaving that glorious event behind me, plod wearily along my now sad journey.

Day after day we journeyed through a country teeming with abundance; vast plains of corn and maize, olives, and vines every where: on the mountains, the crags, the rocks, festooned over cliffs, and spreading their tangled networks over cottages, and yet every where poverty, misery, and debasement, ruined villages, and a half-naked, starving populace, met the eye at every turn. There was the stamp of slavery on all, and still more palpably was there the stamp of despotism in the air of their rulers.

I say this in sad spirit; for within a year from the day in which I write these lines, I have traveled the self-same road, and with precisely the self-same objects before me. Changed in nothing, save what time changes, in ruin and decay! There was the dreary village as of yore; the unglazed windows closed with some rotten boarding, or occupied by a face gaunt with famine. The listless, unoccupied group still sat or lay on the steps before the church; a knot of nearly naked creatures sat card-playing beside a fountain, their unsheathed knives alongside of them; and, lastly, on the wall of the one habitation which had the semblance of decency about it, there stared out the "double-headed eagle," the symbol of their shame and their slavery! It never can be the policy of a government to retard the progress and depress the energies of a people beneath its rule. Why, then, do we find a whole nation, gifted and capable as this, so backward in civilization? Is the fault with the rulers? or are there, indeed, people, whose very development is the obstacle to their improvement; whose impulses of right and wrong will submit to no discipline; and who are incapable of appreciating true liberty? This would be a gloomy theory; and the very thought of it suggests darker fears for a land to which my sympathies attach me more closely!

If any spot can impress the notion of impregnability, it is Kuffstein. Situated on an eminence of rock over the Inn, three sides of the base are washed by that rapid river, a little village occupies the fourth; and from this the supplies are hoisted up to the garrison above, by cranes and pulleys; the only approach being by a path wide enough for a single man, and far too steep and difficult of access to admit of his carrying any burden, however light. All that science and skill could do is added to the natural strength of the position, and from every surface of the vast rock itself the projecting mouths of guns and mortars show resources of defense it would seem madness to attack.

Three thousand men, under the command of General Urleben, held this fortress at the time I speak of; and by their habits of discipline and vigilance, showed that no over-security would make them neglect the charge of so important a trust. I was the first French prisoner that had ever been confined within the walls, and to the accident of my uniform was I indebted for this distinction. I have mentioned that in Genoa they gave me a staff-officer's dress and appointments, and from this casual circumstance it was supposed that I should know a great deal of Massena's movements and intentions, and that by judicious management I might be induced to reveal it.

General Urleben, who had been brought up in France, was admirably calculated to have promoted such an object, were it practicable. He possessed the most winning address, as well as great personal advantages; and although now past the middle of life, was reputed one of the handsomest men in Austria. He at once invited me to his table, and having provided me with a delightful little chamber, from whence the view extended four miles along the Inn, he sent me stores of books, journals, and newspapers, French, English, and German, showing by the very candor of their tidings a most flattering degree of confidence and trust.

If imprisonment could ever be endurable with resignation, mine ought to have been so. My mornings were passed in weeding or gardening a little plot of ground outside my window, giving me ample occupation in that way, and rendering carnations and roses dearer to me, through all my after life, than without such associations they would ever have been. Then I used to sketch for hours, from the walls, bird's-eye views, prisoner's glimpses, of the glorious Tyrol scenery below us. Early in the afternoon came dinner, and then, with the general's pleasant converse, a cigar, and a chess-board, the time wore smoothly on till nightfall.

An occasional thunder-storm, grander and more sublime than any thing I have ever seen elsewhere, would now and then vary a life of calm but not unpleasant monotony; and occasionally, too, some passing escort, on the way to or from Vienna, would give tidings of the war; but except in these, each day was precisely like the other, so that when the almanac told me it was autumn, I could scarcely believe a single month had glided over. I will not attempt to conceal the fact, that the inglorious idleness of my life, this term of inactivity at an age when hope, and vigor, and energy, were highest within me, was a grievous privation; but, except in these regrets, I could almost call this time a happy one. The unfortunate position in which I started in life, gave me little opportunity, or even inclination, for learning. Except the little Père Michel had taught me, I knew nothing. I need not say that this was but a sorry stock of education, even at that period; when I must say, the sabre was more in vogue than the grammar.

I now set steadily about repairing this deficiency. General Urleben lent me all his aid, directing

my studies, supplying me with books, and at times affording me the still greater assistance of his counsel and advice. To history generally, but particularly that of France, he made me pay the deepest attention, and seemed never to weary while impressing upon me the grandeur of our former monarchies, and the happiness of France when ruled by her legitimate sovereigns.

I had told him all that I knew myself of my birth and family, and frequently would he allude to the subject of my reading, by saying, "The son of an old 'Garde du Corps' needs no commentary when perusing such details as these. Your own instincts tell you how nobly these servants of a monarchy bore themselves—what chivalry lived at that time in men's hearts, and how generous and self-denying was their loyalty."

Such and such like were the expressions which dropped from him from time to time; nor was their impression the less deep, when supported by the testimony of the memoirs with which he supplied me. Even in deeds of military glory, the Monarchy could compete with the Republic, and Urleben took care to insist upon a fact I was never unwilling to concede—that the well-born were ever foremost in danger, no matter whether the banner was a white one or a tricolor.

"*Le bon sang ne peut mentir*" was an adage I never disputed, although certainly I never expected to hear it employed in the disparagement of those to whom it did not apply.

As the winter set in I saw less of the general. He was usually much occupied in the mornings, and at evening he was accustomed to go down to the village, where, of late, some French emigré families had settled—unhappy exiles, who had both peril and poverty to contend against! Many such were scattered through the Tyrol at that period, both for the security and the cheapness it afforded. Of these Urleben rarely spoke; some chance allusion, when borrowing a book or taking away a newspaper, being the extent to which he ever referred to them.

One morning, as I sat sketching on the walls, he came up to me, and said, "Strange enough, Tiernay, last night I was looking at a view of this very scene, only taken from another point of sight; both were correct, accurate in every detail, and yet most dissimilar—what a singular illustration of many of our prejudices and opinions. The sketch I speak of was made by a young countrywoman of yours—a highly gifted lady, who little thought that the accomplishments of her education were one day to be the resources of her livelihood. Even so," said he, sighing, "a marquise of the best blood of France is reduced to sell her drawings!"

As I expressed a wish to see the sketches in question, he volunteered to make the request, if I would send some of mine in return, and thus accidentally grew up a sort of intercourse between myself and the strangers, which gradually extended to books, and music, and, lastly, to civil messages and inquiries of which the general was ever the bearer.

What a boon was all this to me! What a sun-ray through the bars of a prisoner's cell was this gleam of kindness and sympathy! The very similarity of our pursuits, too, had something inexpressibly pleasing in it, and I bestowed ten times as much pains upon each sketch, now that I knew to whose eyes it would be submitted.

"Do you know, Tiernay," said the general to me, one day, "I am about to incur a very heavy penalty in your behalf—I am going to contravene the strict orders of the War Office, and take you along with me this evening down to the village."

I started with surprise and delight together, and could not utter a word.

"I know perfectly well," continued he, "that you will not abuse my confidence. I ask, then, for nothing beyond your word, that you will not make any attempt at escape; for this visit may lead to others, and I desire, so far as possible, that you should feel as little constraint as a prisoner well may."

I readily gave the pledge required, and he went on—

"I have no cautions to give you, nor any counsels. Madame d'Aigreville is a royalist."

"She is madame, then!" said I, in a voice of some disappointment.

"Yes, she is a widow, but her niece is unmarried," said he, smiling at my eagerness. I affected to hear the tidings with unconcern, but a burning flush covered my cheek, and I felt as uncomfortable as possible.

I dined that day as usual with the general; adjourning after dinner to the little drawing-room, where we played our chess. Never did he appear to me so tedious in his stories, so intolerably tiresome in his digressions, as that evening. He halted at every move—he had some narrative to recount, or some observation to make, that delayed our game to an enormous time; and at last, on looking out of the window, he fancied there was a thunder-storm brewing, and that we should do well to put off our visit to a more favorable opportunity.

"It is little short of half a league," said he, "to the village, and in bad weather is worse than double the distance."

I did not dare to controvert his opinion, but, fortunately, a gleam of sunshine shot, the same moment, through the window, and proclaimed a fair evening.

Heaven knows I had suffered little of a prisoner's durance—my life had been one of comparative freedom and ease; and yet, I can not tell the swelling emotion of my heart with which I emerged

from the deep archway of the fortress, and heard the bang of the heavy gate, as it closed behind me. Steep as was the path, I felt as if I could have bounded down it without a fear! The sudden sense of liberty was maddening in its excitement, and I half suspect that had I been on horseback in that moment of wild delight, I should have forgotten all my plighted word and parole, though I sincerely trust that the madness would not have endured beyond a few minutes. If there be among my readers one who has known imprisonment, he will forgive this confession of a weakness, which to others of less experience will seem unworthy, perhaps dishonorable.

Dorf Kuffstein was a fair specimen of the picturesque simplicity of a Tyrol village. There were the usual number of houses, with carved galleries and quaint images in wood, the shrines and altars, the little "Platz," for Sunday recreation, and the shady alley for rifle practice.

There were also the trelliced walks of vines, and the orchards, in the midst of one of which we now approached a long, low farm-house, whose galleries projected over the river. This was the abode of Madame d'Aigreville.

A peasant was cleaning a little mountain pony, from which a side-saddle had just been removed as we came up, and he, leaving his work, proceeded to ask us into the house, informing us as he went, that the ladies had just returned from a long ramble, and would be with us presently.

The drawing-room into which we were shown was a perfect picture of cottage elegance; all the furniture was of polished walnut wood, and kept in the very best condition. It opened by three spacious windows upon the terrace above the river, and afforded a view of mountain and valley for miles on every side. An easel was placed on this gallery, and a small sketch in oils of Kuffstein was already nigh completed on it. There were books, too, in different languages, and, to my inexpressible delight, a piano!

The reader will smile, perhaps, at the degree of pleasure objects so familiar and every-day called forth; but let him remember how removed were all the passages of my life from such civilizing influences—how little of the world had I seen beyond camps and barrack-rooms, and how ignorant I was of the charm which a female presence can diffuse over even the very humblest abode.

Before I had well ceased to wonder, and admire these objects, the marquise entered.

A tall and stately old lady, with an air at once haughty and gracious, received me with a profound courtesy, while she extended her hand to the salute of the general. She was dressed in deep mourning, and wore her white hair in two braids along her face. The sound of my native language, with its native accent, made me forget the almost profound reserve of her manner, and I was fast recovering from the constraint her coldness imposed, when her niece entered the room. Mademoiselle, who was, at that time, about seventeen, but looked older by a year or two, was the very ideal of "brunette" beauty; she was dark-eyed and black-haired, with a mouth the most beautifully formed; her figure was light, and her foot a model of shape and symmetry. All this I saw in an instant, as she came, half-sliding, half-bounding, to meet the general: and then turning to me, welcomed me with a cordial warmth, very different from the reception of Madame la Marquise.

Whether it was the influence of her presence, whether it was a partial concession of the old lady's own, or whether my own awkwardness was wearing off by time, I can not say—but gradually the stiffness of the interview began to diminish. From the scenery around us we grew to talk of the Tyrol generally, then of Switzerland, and lastly of France. The marquise came from Auvergne, and was justly proud of the lovely scenery of her birth-place.

Calmly and tranquilly as the conversation had been carried on up to this period, the mention of France seemed to break down the barrier of reserve within the old lady's mind, and she burst out in a wild flood of reminiscences of the last time she had seen her native village. "The Blues," as the revolutionary soldiers were called, had come down upon the quiet valley, carrying fire and carnage into a once peaceful district. The chateau of her family was razed to the ground; her husband was shot upon his own terrace; the whole village was put to the sword; her own escape was owing to the compassion of the gardener's wife, who dressed her like a peasant boy, and employed her in a menial station, a condition she was forced to continue so long as the troops remained in the neighborhood. "Yes," said she, drawing off her silk mittens, "these hands still witness the hardships I speak of. These are the marks of my servitude."

It was in vain the general tried at first to sympathize, and then withdraw her from the theme; in vain her niece endeavored to suggest another topic, or convey a hint that the subject might be unpleasing to me. It was the old lady's one absorbing idea, and she could not relinquish it. Whole volumes of the atrocities perpetrated by the revolutionary soldiery came to her recollection; each moment, as she talked, memory would recall this fact or the other, and so she continued rattling on with the fervor of a heated imagination, and the wild impetuosity of a half-crazed intellect. As for myself, I suffered far more from witnessing the pain others felt for me, than from any offense the topic occasioned me directly. These events were all "before my time." I was neither a Blue by birth nor adoption; a child during the period of revolution, I had only taken a man's part when the country, emerging from its term of anarchy and blood, stood at bay against the whole of Europe. These consolations were, however, not known to the others, and it was at last, in a moment of unendurable agony, that mademoiselle rose and left the room.

The general's eyes followed her as she went, and then sought mine with an expression full of deep meaning. If I read his look aright, it spoke patience and submission; and the lesson was an

easier one than he thought.

"They talk of heroism," cried she, frantically—"it was massacre! And when they speak of chivalry, they mean the slaughter of women and children!" She looked round, seeing that her niece had left the room, suddenly dropped her voice to a whisper, and said, "Think of her mother's fate; dragged from her home, her widowed, desolate home, and thrown into the Temple, outraged and insulted, condemned on a mock trial, and then carried away to the guillotine! Ay, and even then, on that spot, which coming death might have sanctified, in that moment, when even fiendish vengeance can turn away, and leave its victim at liberty to utter a last prayer in peace, even then, these wretches devised an anguish greater than all death could compass. You will scarcely believe me," said she, drawing in her breath, and talking with an almost convulsive effort, "you will scarcely believe me in what I am now about to tell you, but it is the truth—the simple but horrible truth. When my sister mounted the scaffold there was no priest to administer the last rites. It was a time, indeed, when few were left; their hallowed heads had fallen in thousands before that. She waited for a few minutes, hoping that one would appear; and when the mob learned the meaning of her delay, they set up a cry of fiendish laughter, and with a blasphemy that makes one shudder to think of, they pushed forward a boy, one of those blood-stained 'gamins' of the streets, and made him gabble a mock litany! Yes, it is true: a horrible mockery of our service, in the ears and before the eyes of that dying saint."

"When? in what year? in what place was that?" cried I, in an agony of eagerness.

"I can give you both time and place, sir," said the marquise, drawing herself proudly up, for she construed my question into a doubt of her veracity. "It was in the year 1793, in the month of August; and as for the place, it was one well seasoned to blood—the Place de Grève, at Paris."

A fainting sickness came over me as I heard these words; the dreadful truth flashed across me that the victim was the Marquise D'Estelles, and the boy, on whose infamy she dwelt so strongly, no other than myself. For the moment, it was nothing to me that she had not identified me with this atrocity; I felt no consolation in the thought that I was unknown and unsuspected. The heavy weight of the indignant accusation almost crushed me. Its falsehood I knew, and yet, could I dare to disprove it? Could I hazard the consequences of an avowal, which all my subsequent pleadings could never obliterate. Even were my innocence established in one point, what a position did it reduce me to in every other.

These struggles must have manifested themselves strongly in my looks, for the marquise, with all her self-occupation, remarked how ill I seemed. "I see, sir," cried she, "that all the ravages of war have not steeled your heart against true piety; my tale has moved you strongly." I muttered something in concurrence, and she went on. "Happily for you, you were but a child when such scenes were happening! Not, indeed, that childhood was always unstained in those days of blood; but you were, as I understand, the son of a Garde du Corps, one of those loyal men who sealed their devotion with their life. Were you in Paris then?"

"Yes, madam," said I, briefly.

"With your mother, perhaps?"

"I was quite alone, madam; an orphan on both sides."

"What was your mother's family-name?"

Here was a puzzle; but at a hazard I resolved to claim her who should sound best to the ears of La Marquise. "La Lasterie, madam," said I.

"La Lasterie de La Vignoble—a most distinguished house, sir. Provençal, and of the purest blood. Auguste de La Lasterie married the daughter of the Duke de Miriancourt, a cousin of my husband's, and there was another of them who went as ambassador to Madrid."

I knew none of them, and I supposed I looked as much.

"Your mother was, probably, of the elder branch, sir;" asked she.

I had to stammer out a most lamentable confession of my ignorance.

"Not know your own kinsfolks, sir; not your nearest of blood!" cried she, in amazement. "General, have you heard this strange avowal? or is it possible that my ears have deceived me?"

"Please to remember, madam," said I, submissively, "the circumstances in which I passed my infancy. My father fell by the guillotine."

"And his son wears the uniform of those who slew him!"

"Of a French soldier, madam, proud of the service he belongs to; glorying to be one of the first army in Europe."

"An army without a cause is a banditti, sir. Your soldiers, without loyalty, are without a banner."

"We have a country, madam."

"I must protest against this discussion going further," said the general, blandly, while in a lower tone he whispered something in her ear.

"Very true, very true," said she; "I had forgotten all that. Monsieur de Tiernay, you will forgive

me this warmth. An old woman, who has lost nearly every thing in the world, may have the privilege of bad temper accorded her. We are friends now, I hope," added she, extending her hand, and, with a smile of most gracious meaning, beckoning to me to sit beside her on the sofa.

Once away from the terrible theme of the Revolution, she conversed with much agreeability; and her niece having reappeared, the conversation became animated and pleasing. Need I say with what interest I now regarded mademoiselle; the object of all my boyish devotion; the same whose pale features I had matched for many an hour in the dim half light of the little chapel; her whose image was never absent from my thoughts waking or sleeping; and now again appearing before me in all the grace of coming womanhood!

Perhaps to obliterate any impression of her aunt's severity—perhaps it was mere manner—but I thought there was a degree of anxiety to please in her bearing toward me. She spoke, too, as though our acquaintance was to be continued by frequent meetings, and dropped hints of plans that implied constant intercourse. Even excursions into the neighborhood she spoke of; when, suddenly stopping, she said, "But these are for the season of spring, and before that time Monsieur de Tiernay will be far away."

"Who can tell that?" said I. "I would seem to be forgotten by my comrades."

"Then you must take care to do that which may refresh their memory," said she, pointedly; and, before I could question her more closely as to her meaning, the general had risen to take his leave.

"Madame La Marquise was somewhat more tart than usual," said he to me, as we ascended the cliff; "but you have passed the ordeal now, and the chances are, she will never offend you in the same way again. Great allowances must be made for those who have suffered as she has. Family—fortune—station—even country—all lost to her; and even hope now dashed by many a disappointment."

Though puzzled by the last few words, I made no remark on them, and he resumed,

"She has invited you to come and see her as often as you are at liberty; and, for my part, you shall not be restricted in that way. Go and come as you please, only do not infringe the hours of the fortress; and if you can concede a little now and then to the prejudices of the old lady, your intercourse will be all the more agreeable to both parties."

"I believe, general, that I have little of the Jacobin to recant," said I, laughing.

"I shall go farther, my dear friend, and say none," added he. "Your uniform is the only tint of 'blue' about you." And thus chatting, we reached the fortress, and said good-night.

I have been particular, perhaps tiresomely so, in retailing these broken phrases and snatches of conversation; but they were the first matches applied to a train that was long and artfully laid.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

##### "A SORROWFUL PARTING."

The general was as good as his word, and I now enjoyed the most unrestricted liberty; in fact the officers of the garrison said truly, that they were far more like prisoners than I was. As regularly as evening came, I descended the path to the village, and, as the bell tolled out the vespers, I was crossing the little grass plot to the cottage. So regularly was I looked for, that the pursuits of each evening were resumed as though only accidentally interrupted. The unfinished game of chess, the half read volume, the newly begun drawing, were taken up where we had left them, and life seemed to have centred itself in those delightful hours between sunset and midnight.

I suppose there are few young men who have not, at some time or other of their lives, enjoyed similar privileges, and known the fascination of intimacy in some household, where the affections became engaged as the intellect expanded; and, while winning another's heart, have elevated their own. But to know the full charm of such intercourse, one must have been as I was—a prisoner—an orphan—almost friendless in the world—a very "waif" upon the shore of destiny. I can not express the intense pleasure these evenings afforded me. The cottage was my home, and more than my home. It was a shrine at which my heart worshiped—for I was in love! Easy as the confession is to make now, tortures would not have wrung it from me then!

In good truth, it was long before I knew it; nor can I guess how much longer the ignorance might have lasted, when General Urleben suddenly dispelled the clouds, by informing me that he had just received from the minister of war at Vienna a demand for the name, rank, and regiment of his prisoner, previous to the negotiation for his exchange.

"You will fill up these blanks, Tiernay," said he, "and within a month, or less, you will be once more free, and say adieu to Kuffstein."

Had the paper contained my dismissal from the service, I shame to own it would have been more welcome! The last few months had changed all the character of my life, suggested new hopes and new ambitions. The career I used to glory in had grown distasteful; the comrades I once longed to rejoin were now become almost repulsive to my imagination. The marquise had spoken much of emigrating to some part of the new world beyond seas, and thither my fancy alike pointed. Perhaps my dreams of a future were not the less rose-colored, that they received no shadow from any thing like a "fact." The old lady's geographical knowledge was neither accurate nor extensive,

and she contrived to invest this land of promise with odd associations of what she once heard of Pondicherry—with certain features belonging to the United States. A glorious country it would, indeed, have been, which, within a month's voyage, realized all the delights of the tropics, with the healthful vigor of the temperate zone, and where, without an effort beyond the mere will, men amassed enormous fortunes in a year or two. In a calmer mood, I might, indeed must, have been struck with the wild inconsistency of the old lady's imaginings, and looked with somewhat of skepticism on the map for that spot of earth so richly endowed; but now I believed every thing, provided it only ministered to my new hopes. Laura, evidently, too, believed in the "Canaan" of which, at last, we used to discourse as freely as though we had been there. Little discussions, would, however, now and then vary the uniformity of this creed, and I remember once feeling almost hurt at Laura's not agreeing with me about zebras, which I assured her were just as trainable as horses, but which the marquise flatly refused ever to use in any of her carriages. These were mere passing clouds; the regular atmosphere of our wishes was bright and transparent. In the midst of these delicious day dreams, there came one day a number of letters to the marquise by the hands of a courier on his way to Naples. What were their contents I never knew, but the tidings seemed most joyful, for the old lady invited the general and myself to dinner, when the table was decked out with white lilies on all sides; she herself, and Laura also, wearing them in bouquets on their dresses.

The occasion had, I could see, something of a celebration about it. Mysterious hints of circumstances I knew nothing of were constantly interchanged, the whole ending with a solemn toast to the memory of the "Saint and Martyr;" but who he was, or when he lived, I knew not one single fact about.

That evening—I can not readily forget it—was the first I had ever an opportunity of being alone with Laura! Hitherto the marquise had always been beside us; now she had all this correspondence to read over with the general, and they both retired into a little boudoir for the purpose, while Laura and myself wandered out upon the terrace, as awkward and constrained as though our situation had been the most provoking thing possible. It was on that same morning I had received the general's message regarding my situation, and I was burning with anxiety to tell it, and yet knew not exactly how. Laura, too, seemed full of her own thoughts, and leaned pensively over the balustrade and gazed on the stream.

"What are you thinking of so seriously?" asked I, after a long pause.

"Of long, long ago," said she sighing, "when I was a little child. I remember a little chapel like that yonder, only that it was not on a rock over a river, but stood in a small garden; and though in a great city, it was as lonely and solitary as might be—the Chapelle de St. Blois."

"St. Blois, Laura," cried I; "oh, tell me about that!"

"Why you surely never heard of it before," said she, smiling. "It was in a remote quarter of Paris, nigh the outer Boulevard, and known to but a very few! It had once belonged to our family; for in olden times there were chateaux and country houses within that space, which then was part of Paris, and one of our ancestors was buried there! How well I remember it all! The dim little aisle, supported on wooden pillars; the simple altar, with the oaken crucifix, and the calm, gentle features of the poor curé."

"Can you remember all this so well, Laura?" asked I, eagerly, for the theme was stirring my very heart of hearts.

"All—everything—the straggling weed-grown garden, through which we passed to our daily devotions—the congregation standing respectfully to let us walk by, for my mother was still the great Marquise D'Estelles, although my father had been executed, and our estates confiscated. They who had known us in our prosperity, were as respectful and devoted as ever; and poor old Richard, the lame sacristan, that used to take my mother's bouquet from her, and lay it on the altar; how every thing stands out clear and distinct before my memory! Nay, Maurice, but I can tell you more, for strangely enough, certain things, merely trifles in themselves, make impressions that even great events fail to do. There was a little boy, a child somewhat older than myself, that used to serve the mass with the Père, and he always came to place a footstool or a cushion for my mother. Poor little fellow, bashful and diffident he was, changing color at every minute, and trembling in every limb; and when he had done his duty, and made his little reverence, with his hands crossed on his bosom, he used to fall back into some gloomy corner of the church, and stand watching us with an expression of intense wonder and pleasure! Yes, I think I see his dark eyes glistening through the gloom, ever fixed on me! I am sure, Maurice, that little fellow fancied he was in love with me!"

"And why not, Laura; was the thing so very impossible? was it even so unlikely?"

"Not that," said she archly, "but think of a mere child; we were both mere children; and fancy him, the poor little boy, of some humble house, perhaps; of course he must have been *that*, raising his eyes to the daughter of the great 'marquise;' what energy of character there must have been to have suggested the feeling; how daring he was, with all his bashfulness!"

"You never saw him afterward?"

"Never!"

"Never thought of him, perhaps?"



"I'll not say that," said she, smiling. "I have often wondered to myself, if that hardihood I speak of had borne good or evil fruit. Had he been daring or enterprising in the right, or had he, as the sad times favored, been only bold and impetuous for the wrong!"

"And how have you pictured him to your imagination?" said I, as if merely following out a fanciful vein of thought.

"My fancy would like to have conceived him a chivalrous adherent to our ancient royalty, striving nobly in exile to aid the fortunes of some honored house, or daring, as many brave men have dared, the heroic part of La Vendée. My reason, however, tells me, that he was far more likely to have taken the other part."

"To which you will concede no favor, Laura; not even the love of glory."

"Glory, like honor, should have its fountain in a monarchy," cried she proudly. "The rude voices of a multitude can confer no meed of praise. Their judgments are the impulses of the moment. But why do we speak of these things, Maurice? nor have I, who can but breathe my hopes for a cause, the just pretension to contend with *you*, who shed your blood for its opposite."

As she spoke, she hurried from the balcony, and quitted the room. It was the first time, as I have said, that we had ever been alone together, and it was also the first time she had ever expressed herself strongly on the subject of party. What a moment to have declared her opinions, and when her reminiscences, too, had recalled our infancy! How often was I tempted to interrupt that confession, by declaring myself, and how strongly was I repelled by the thought that the avowal might sever us forever. While I was thus deliberating, the marquise, with the general entered the room, and Laura followed in a few moments.

The supper that night was a pleasant one to all save me. The rest were gay and high-spirited. Allusions, understood by *them*, but not by *me*, were caught up readily, and as quickly responded to. Toasts were uttered, and wishes breathed in concert, but all was like a dream to me. Indeed my heart grew heavier at every moment. My coming departure, of which I had not yet spoken, lay drearily on my mind, while the bold decision with which Laura declared her faith showed that our destinies were separated by an impassable barrier.

It may be supposed that my depression was not relieved by discovering that the general had already announced my approaching departure, and the news, far from being received with any thing like regret, was made the theme of pleasant allusion, and even congratulation. The marquise repeatedly assured me of the delight the tidings gave her, and Laura smiled happily toward me, as if echoing the sentiment.

Was this the feeling I had counted on? were these the evidences of an affection, for which I had given my whole heart? Oh, how bitterly I reviled the frivolous ingratitude of woman! how heavily I condemned their heartless, unfeeling nature. In a few days, a few hours, perhaps, I shall be as totally forgotten here, as though I had never been, and yet these are the people who parade their devotion to fallen monarchy, and their affection for an exiled house! I tried to arm myself with every prejudice against royalism. I thought of Santron and his selfish, sarcastic spirit. I thought of all the stories I used to hear of cowardly ingratitude, and noble infamy, and tried to persuade myself that the blandishments of the well-born were but the gloss that covered cruel and unfeeling natures.

For very pride sake, I tried to assume a manner cool and unconcerned as their own. I affected to talk of my departure as a pleasant event, and even hinted at the career that Fortune might hereafter open to me. In this they seemed to take a deeper interest than I anticipated, and I could perceive that more than once the general exchanged looks with the ladies most significantly. I fear I grew very impatient at last. I grieve to think that I fancied a hundred annoyances that were never intended for me, and when we arose to take leave, I made my adieux with a cold and stately reserve, intended to be strongly impressive, and cut them to the quick.

I heard very little of what the general said as we ascended the cliff. I was out of temper with him, and myself, and all the world; and it was only when he recalled my attention to the fact, for the third or fourth time, that I learned how very kindly he meant by me in the matter of my liberation, for while he had forwarded all my papers to Vienna, he was quite willing to set me at liberty on the following day, in the perfect assurance that my exchange would be confirmed.

"You will thus have a full fortnight at your own disposal, Tiernay," said he, "since the official answer can not arrive from Vienna before that time, and you need not report yourself in Paris for eight or ten days after."

Here was a boon now thrown away! For my part, I would a thousand times rather have lingered on at Kuffstein than have been free to travel Europe from one end to the other. My outraged pride, however, put this out of the question. La marquise and her niece had both assumed a manner of sincere gratification, and I was resolved not to be behindhand in my show of joy! I ought to have known it, said I again and again. I ought to have known it. These antiquated notions of birth and blood can never co-exist with any generous sentiment. These remnants of a worn-out monarchy can never forgive the vigorous energy that has dethroned their decrepitude! I did not dare to speculate on what a girl Laura might have been under other auspices; how nobly her ambition would have soared; what high-souled patriotism she could have felt; how gloriously she would have adorned the society of a regenerated nation. I thought of her as she was, and could have hated myself for the devotion with which my heart regarded her!

I never closed my eyes the entire night. I lay down and walked about alternately, my mind in a perfect fever of conflict. Pride, a false pride, but not the less strong for that, alone sustained me. The general had announced to me that I was free. Be it so; I will no longer be a burden on his hospitality. La marquise hears the tidings with pleasure. Agreed, then—we part without regret! Very valorous resolutions they were, but come to, I must own, with a very sinking heart and a very craven spirit.

Instead of my full uniform, that morning I put on half dress, showing that I was ready for the road; a sign, I had hoped, would have spoken unutterable things to la marquise and Laura.

Immediately after breakfast, I set out for the cottage. All the way, as I went, I was drilling myself for the interview, by assuming a tone of the coolest and easiest indifference. They shall have no triumph over me in this respect, muttered I. Let us see if I can not be as unconcerned as they are! To such a pitch had I carried my zeal for flippancy, that I resolved to ask them whether they had no commission I could execute for them in Paris or elsewhere. The idea struck me as excellent, so indicative of perfect self-possession and command. I am sure I must have rehearsed our interview at least a dozen times, supplying all the stately grandeur of the old lady, and all the quiet placitude of Laura.

By the time I reached the village I was quite strong in my part, and as I crossed the Platz I was eager to begin it. This energetic spirit, however, began to waver a little as I entered the lawn before the cottage, and a most uncomfortable throbbing at my side made me stand for a moment in the porch before I entered. I used always to make my appearance unannounced, but now I felt that it would be more dignified and distant were I to summon a servant, and yet I could find none. The household was on a very simple scale, and in all likelihood the labors of the field or the garden were now employing them. I hesitated what to do, and after looking in vain around the "cour" and the stable-yard, I turned into the garden to seek for some one.

I had not proceeded many paces along a little alley, flanked by two close hedges of yew, when I heard voices, and at the same instant my own name uttered.

"You told him to use caution, Laura, that we know little of this Tiernay beyond his own narrative —"

"I told him the very reverse, aunt. I said that he was the son of a loyal Garde du Corps, left an orphan in infancy, and thrown by force of events into the service of the Republic; but that every sentiment he expressed, every ambition he cherished, and every feeling he displayed was that of a gentleman; nay, farther—" But I did not wait for more, for, striking my sabre heavily on the ground to announce my coming, I walked hurriedly forward toward a small arbor where the ladies were seated at breakfast.

I need not stop to say how completely all my resolves were routed by the few words I had overheard from Laura, nor how thoroughly I recanted all my expressions concerning her. So full was I of joy and gratitude, that I hastened to salute her before ever noticing the marquise, or being conscious of her presence.

The old lady, usually the most exacting of all beings, took my omission in good part, and most politely made room for me between herself and Laura at the breakfast-table.

"You have come most opportunely, Monsieur de Tiernay," said she, "for not only were we just speaking of you, but discussing whether or not we might ask of you a favor."

"Does the question admit of a discussion, madame?" said I, bowing.

"Perhaps not, in ordinary circumstances, perhaps not; but—" she hesitated, seemed confused, and looked at Laura, who went on,

"My aunt would say, sir, that we may be possibly asking too much—that we may presume too far."

"Not on my will to serve you," broke I in, for her looks said much more than her words.

"The matter is this, sir," said the aunt, "we have a very valued relative—"

"Friend," interposed Laura, "friend, aunt."

"We will say friend, then," resumed she; "a friend in whose welfare we are deeply interested, and whose regard for us is not less powerful, has been for some years back separated from us by the force of those unhappy circumstances which have made so many of us exiles! No means have existed of communicating with each other, nor of interchanging those hopes or fears for our country's welfare which are so near to every French heart! He in Germany, we in the wild Tyrol, one half the world apart! and dare not trust to a correspondence the utterance of those sympathies which have brought so many to the scaffold!"

"We would ask of you to see him, Monsieur de Tiernay, to know him," burst out Laura; "to tell him all that you can of France—above all, of the sentiments of the army; he is a soldier himself, and will hear you with pleasure."

"You may speak freely and frankly," continued the marquise; "the count is man of the world enough to hear the truth even when it gives pain. Your own career will interest him deeply; heroism has always had a charm for all his house. This letter will introduce you; and, as the

general informs us, you have some days at your own disposal, pray give them to our service in this cause."

"Willingly, madame," replied I, "only let me understand a little better—"

"There is no need to know more," interrupted Laura; "the Count de Marsanne will himself suggest every thing of which you will talk. He will speak of us, perhaps—of the Tyrol—of Kuffstein; then he will lead the conversation to France—in fact, once acquainted you will follow the dictates of your own fancy."

"Just so, Monsieur de Tiernay, it will be a visit with as little of ceremony as possible—"

"Aunt!" interrupted Laura, as if recalling the marquise to caution, and the old lady at once acknowledged the hint by a significant look.

I see it all, thought I, De Marsanne is Laura's accepted lover, and I am the person to be employed as a go-between. This was intolerable, and when the thought first struck me I was out of myself with passion.

"Are we asking too great a favor, Monsieur de Tiernay?" said the marquise, whose eyes were fixed upon me during this conflict.

"Of course not, madam," said I, in an accent of almost sarcastic tone. "If I am not wrong in my impressions the cause might claim a deeper devotion; but this is a theme I would not wish to enter upon."

"We are aware of that," said Laura, quickly, "we are quite prepared for your reserve, which is perfectly proper and becoming."

"Your position being one of unusual delicacy," chimed in the marquise.

I bowed haughtily and coldly, while the marquise uttered a thousand expressions of gratitude and regard to me.

"We had hoped to have seen you here a few days longer, monsieur," said she, "but perhaps, under the circumstances, it is better as it is."

"*Under the circumstances*, madam," repeated I, "I am bound to agree with you;" and I turned to say farewell.

"Rather *au revoir*, Monsieur de Tiernay," said the marquise, "friendship, such as ours, should at least be hopeful; say then '*au revoir*.'"

"Perhaps Monsieur de Tiernay's hopes run not in the same channel as our own, aunt," said Laura, "and perhaps the days of happiness that *we* look forward to, would bring far different feelings to *his* heart."

This was too pointed—this was insupportably offensive! and I was only able to mutter, "You are right, mademoiselle;" and then, addressing myself to the marquise, I made some blundering apologies about haste and so forth; while I promised to fulfill her commission faithfully and promptly.

"Shall we not hear from you?" said the old lady, as she gave me her hand. I was about to say, "under the circumstances, better not," but I hesitated, and Laura, seeing my confusion, said, "It might be unfair, aunt, to expect it; remember how he is placed."

"Mademoiselle is a miracle of forethought and candor too," said I. "Adieu! adieu forever!" The last word I uttered in a low whisper.

"Adieu, Maurice," said she, equally low, and then turned away toward the window.

From that moment until the instant when, out of breath and exhausted, I halted for a few seconds on the crag below the fortress, I knew nothing; my brain was in a whirl of mad, conflicting thought. Every passion was working within me, and rage, jealousy, love, and revenge were alternately swaying and controlling me. Then, however, as I looked down for the last time on the village and the cottage beside the river, my heart softened, and I burst into a torrent of tears. There, said I, as I arose to resume my way, there is one illusion dissipated; let me take care that life never shall renew the affliction! Henceforth I will be a soldier, and only a soldier.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SENSITIVE SPIRIT.

My earliest recollections are of a snug, modest-looking cottage, far away in the country, whose shady garden was full of the sweet breath of roses, and honeysuckle, and many other flowers. This house and this garden were, to my tiny apprehension, the sum and substance of all delight; and, truly, never was a scene more calculated to strike on the young soul in its bud of being, and to touch those mysterious chords yet unjarred by the world's rough hand. My father was an humble and unpretending country pastor, void of ambition, except as he could train the soul for

Heaven. Alike removed from envying the powerful or scorning the poor, he, with calm dignity of mien and tenderness of heart, pursued the duties of his sacred calling. It seems so far back, that I can scarcely say whether it be a recollection of this life or a dream of some other but there we sit, on the evening of a summer's day, in our shady alcove, my father reading aloud, my mother at her work, little Edward and myself at their feet. We little ones are playing with some wild flowers, and form these into a variety of devices. Suddenly I break off, and look up in my father's face. He is not reading now. His eyes are resting on some object in the distance. His face wears a strange expression—a kind of faded, unearthly look. I did not know what this was then—I know it now. I am fascinated by this shadow on the beloved face, till I feel a strange pang at my heart, the first that has ever visited it. My father at last looks down, kindly pats my curly head, and says, "Why, how quiet we all are!" Upon this, I look at my mother, and see that her blue eyes are full of tears. She hurries into the house; my father follows; and I, finding my little brother fast asleep on his flowers, bury my face in my hands, and burst into a passion of weeping. I can not tell why I wept, but a shadow had come into my gay young heart; and, clasping little Edward in my arms, at last I sobbed myself to sleep also.

Yet another evening, and we sit in our humble parlor. We youngsters have had a merry day of it, for some little friends have been taking tea with us. The spirit of our exuberant glee has not yet died away, but we are quiet now, for it is the hour of prayer. Sally, our sole domestic, with her red arms, and red, good-humored face, tries to look demurely at us—which, in truth, she can not accomplish—and, by various telegraphic nods and shakes of the head, secures our good behavior. My mother plays on the piano, and we sing a hymn. We all join, in our way, Sally's rough voice setting off my mother's wonderfully. I wonder if the angels in Heaven sing as sweetly as she. I believe, in my small mind, that my father thinks so, for sometimes he does not sing, but listens to her, and looks at her, in a kind of rapt, admiring way. The hymn over, we listen to a portion of the Holy Book—God's Book—for that is the name by which we know it. Then my father prays, and we pray, in our simple manner, to the great Father above the blue sky. The religion of our dear home is neither morose nor sullen. All pleasant, simple delights are ours. Our merry laugh is not chidden, and we are early taught to minister to others. Thus it follows that we, unasked, give our weekly pence to the poor little boy whose father died last week, of whose desolate condition, and that of his mother, we hear our parents speak. We know very well, though none ever told us, that these same dear parents are ministering angels to the afflicted and distressed. We do sometimes wonder where the money comes from that helps the poor; for when I, seized with an envious fit, ask why I can not have gay apparel, like one of my little friends—why I must wear an old frock, while she displays a new one—my father shakes his head, and says, "My dear Mary, I can not afford finery for my children." Then a light breaks upon me, and I know that father is careful, and mother is careful, and that we must be careful, too, that we may give to the poor. And now, after the lapse of some months, I observe again the old look on my father's face. He has a short cough, and seems tired with doing very little. His deep, dark eyes have a strange shadow about them, and there is a peculiar tenderness in his whole manner. Somehow, we children are more silent than we used to be. We do not feel so much inclined to be noisy and boisterous as heretofore. Days and weeks pass on. The shadow deepens on the beloved face. We are now told that our father is very ill, and urged to be quiet. In these days, we do much as we like—wander about the field at the back of our house, and through the shady garden, but the spirit of gladness has left our young hearts, and we go hither and thither with a strange weight resting on us. Fatigued, we sit beneath the aged elm. The happy birds sing in its branches. Far off, the cattle are lowing in the meadows, and sheep bleating on the hill-side. The busy hum of haymakers comes to us, but it does not make us merry as once it did.

Then come times of deeper gloom. We all tread on tiptoe. We just step within our father's room. His breath is very short and quick, and his eyes are bright—oh, how bright! He places his hand upon our heads, and, in trembling accents, commits us to our Heavenly Father. We hear him say he is tired, and will sleep. All is hushed. He closes his eyes. We watch long to see him wake, but he is now a pure seraph in the presence of his God; and, through life's pilgrimage, he is henceforth to be to those who love him a memory, a dream of other days, and yet a burning and shining light, whose rays penetrate not the less, because they are mild and benign.

For some time after this event all seems a blank. There is a sale at our house. Our cherished things are going to be taken from us. Then I understand that we are poor. My mother has a little, but not enough for our support; so she is fain to accept an offer that has been made her by a distant relative, who keeps a boarding-school for young ladies in a distant county. My mother is to assist in the school. She does not much like the scheme. She is telling all to a sympathizing friend. She speaks rather in a shuddering way of her relative, whom she describes as overbearing and tyrannical. Henceforth I look on this lady as a kind of dragon, and my state of mind toward her is not such as to insure her regard. I can not now speak of the tokens of affection we receive from our loving friends. Now the children call with nosegays of wild flowers. Now my little brother has a rabbit given him; I a canary. Now cakes and sweetmeats are thrust into our hands from humble donors, with tears and blessings. Now my mother receives anonymous gifts, from a £20 note, down to a pair of knitted stockings to travel in, accompanied by an ill-spelt, ill-written blessing and prayer, "That the Almighty will set his two eyes on the purty lady and her children, and make his honor's bed in heaven, although he did not worshyp the blessed Vargin." My mother smiles through her tears, for she knows this is from old Judy, our Romish neighbor, whom, in a fit of illness, she befriended, long ago. And so, after much loving leave-taking, we depart, and at length reach our destination.

And now we alight from the hackney-coach, and take a timid survey of our new abode. It is a

gaunt brick building, large and stately, with "Miss —'s Establishment for Young Ladies," inscribed on a brass plate on the door. I hold my mother's hand, and feel that it trembles, as we are ushered into a stark, staring room, which, at this cool season of the year, is without fire. The door opens, and our relative appears. She imprints a fashionable kiss on my mother's pale cheek, and notices our presence by the words, "Fine children, but very countrified, my dear cousin." We have tea in a small parlor, where is a fire, but I observe that my mother can not eat; and little Edward bursting into a fit of crying, with the words, "I do not like this house—I want to go home," we are all dissolved together, at which Miss — frowns mentally, ejaculating, "No spirit, no energy—a bad beginning, truly." I wonder, in my simple soul, what this energy means, of which my mother has been said to be deficient. It can not be that she has done wrong in letting those tears flow which have filled her eyes so often during the day, for I have often seen people weep at our house in the olden time, when they have been relating their troubles, when my father's gentle eye would grow more kind, his voice more soft. He would then speak another language, which now I know to be the language of promise, breathed by the great Eternal himself in the ear of his suffering ones.

I pass over some weeks, during which my mother has been duly installed into her office of teacher—rising early, to give lessons before breakfast; afterward walking out with the young people; then teaching all through the livelong day, till evening brings some repose. She always puts us to bed herself, and this is not a very hurried operation, for we clasp her round the neck, call her "dear mamma," and tell her how much we love her. She will then listen to our simple devotions, and tear herself away. Then we hear her in a room adjoining, pouring forth her soul in song. She sings the old lays, but there is another tone mingling with them—one that affects the listener to tears; for, stealing out of bed and opening the door, I have met other listeners, whose gay young faces showed that those saddened melodies had touched some mysterious chord, awaking it to sadness and tears.

My mother was greatly beloved by the young people. I soon found out that this fact was any thing but pleasing in the eyes of the lady superior, who could not imagine how a person so devoid of energy, as she termed it, could possess so much influence. Nevertheless, this best of all influence—the influence of affection—was possessed in no common degree. With what zest and pleasure was every little office rendered—with what sweetmeats were we feasted—what bouquets were placed on my mother's table—what numerous presents of needlework were made her—how her wishes were anticipated—I know well. I know, too, how much my dear parent suffered in this house—how unequal her strength was to her labors—how the incessant small tyranny to which she was subjected ate out all the life of her spirit. Still she never complained; but I could hear her sometimes, in the silence of night, weeping bitterly, and calling on her beloved dead, who, when on earth, had never allowed one shadow to cross her path which he could avert.

Thus four years were passed, during which my brother died. This second blow pierced me to the heart, but, strange to say, mamma bore it calmly. I wondered at her, till I noticed how very thin she had become—how very trembling and frightened with every little thing—and how attentive the young people were to her wishes. Then the old agony came over my heart, and I knew all.

About this time, a gentleman, who had known and loved my father, dying, left my mother a legacy of £100. This sum enabled her to take a lodging near our old home, and here, some two months after our return, she died, in the full assurance of faith. Our faithful old Sally was now married to an honest yeoman, and from this good creature we received much kind attention....

I pass over some years, in which I experienced all the trials of a shabby-genteel life at a large school, where I was placed by the kindness of a distant friend. After trials and vicissitudes of no ordinary kind, I found myself, by the death of a relative in India, whose name I had never heard, entitled to the sum of £5000. With this wealth, which to my young imagination seemed boundless, I retired to my native village, in the quiet shades to enjoy the peace for which I had long sighed....

A stranger hand writes that Mary— resided for some time in the retreat she had chosen, the idolized of the poor, the friend of the afflicted, more like an angel than aught belonging to this lower sphere, yet showing that she was of the earth, by the look of tender melancholy which haunted her cheek, and said how surely, "early griefs a lengthened shadow fling." She died in her youthful bloom, and the bitter sobs and lamentations of the poor testified to her worth. Her money still remains for them in perpetuity, but the meek, dove-like eyes are darkened, and gone the voice whose music made many glad. So have we seen a stream suddenly dried up, whose presence was only known by the verdure on its margin, scarcely known, scarcely cared for, except by the humble floweret, but, when gone, its absence was deplored by the sterility where once were bloom and freshness.

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## **ESCAPE FROM A MEXICAN QUICKSAND.**

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID

A few days afterward, another "adventure" befell me; and I began to think that I was destined to become a hero among the "mountain men."

A small party of the traders—myself among the number—had pushed forward ahead of the

caravan. Our object was to arrive at Santa Fé, a day or two before the wagons, in order to have every thing arranged with the governor for their entrance into that capital. We took the route by the Cimmaron.

Our road, for a hundred miles or so, lay through a barren desert, without game, and almost without water. The buffalo had already disappeared, and deer were equally scarce. We had to content ourselves on the dried meat which we had brought from the settlements. We were in the deserts of the *Artemisia*. Now and then we could see a stray antelope bounding away before us, but keeping far out of range. They, too, seemed to be unusually shy.

On the third day after leaving the caravan, as we were riding near the Cimmaron, I thought I observed a pronged head disappearing behind a swell in the prairie. My companions were skeptical, and would none of them go with me; so, wheeling out of the trail, I started alone. One of the men—for Godé was behind—kept charge of my dog, as I did not choose to take him with me, lest he might alarm the antelopes. My horse was fresh and willing; and whether successful or not, I knew that I could easily overtake the party by camping time.

I struck directly toward the spot where I had seen the object. It appeared to be only half a mile or so from the trail. It proved more distant—a common illusion in the crystal atmosphere of these upland regions.

A curiously-formed ridge—a *couteau des prairies*, on a small scale—traversed the plain from east to west. A thicket of cactus covered part of its summit. Toward this thicket I directed myself.

I dismounted at the bottom of the slope, and leading my horse silently up among the cacti-plants, tied him to one of their branches. I then crept cautiously through the thorny leaves, toward the point where I fancied I had seen the game. To my joy, not one antelope, but a brace of those beautiful animals, was quietly grazing beyond; but alas! too far off for the carry of my rifle. They were fully three hundred yards distant, upon a smooth, grassy slope. There was not even a sage-bush to cover me, should I attempt to "approach" them. What was to be done?

I lay for several minutes, thinking over the different tricks known in hunter-craft for taking the antelope. Should I imitate their call? Should I hoist my handkerchief, and try to lure them up? I saw that they were too shy; for, at short intervals, they threw up their graceful heads, and looked inquiringly around them. I remembered the red blanket on my saddle. I could display this upon the cactus-bushes—perhaps it would attract them.

I had no alternative; and was turning to go back for the blanket; when, all at once, my eye rested upon a clay-colored line running across the prairie, beyond where the animals were feeding. It was a break in the surface of the plain—a buffalo-road—or the channel of an *arroyo*—in either case the very cover I wanted—for the animals were not a hundred yards from it; and were getting still nearer to it as they fed.

Creeping back out of the thicket, I ran along the side of the slope toward a point, where I had noticed that the ridge was depressed to the prairie level. Here, to my surprise, I found myself on the banks of a broad arroyo, whose water—clear and shallow—ran slowly over a bed of sand and gypsum.

The banks were low—not over three feet above the surface of the water—except where the ridge impinged upon the stream. Here there was a high bluff; and, hurrying around its base, I entered the channel; and commenced wading upward.

As I had anticipated, I soon came to a bend, where the stream, after running parallel to the ridge, swept round and *cañoned* through it. At this place I stopped; and looked cautiously over the bank. The antelopes had approached within less than rifle range of the arroyo; but they were yet far above my position. They were still quietly feeding, and unconscious of danger. I again bent down, and waded on.

It was a difficult task proceeding in this way. The bed of the creek was soft and yielding, and I was compelled to tread slowly and silently, lest I should alarm the game; but I was cheered in my exertions by the prospect of fresh venison for my supper.

After a weary drag of several hundred yards, I came opposite to a small clump of wormwood-bushes, growing out of the bank. "I may be high enough," thought I, "these will serve for cover."

I raised my body gradually, until I could see through the leaves. I was in the right spot.

I brought my rifle to a level; sighted for the heart of the buck; and fired. The animal leaped from the ground, and fell back lifeless.

I was about to rush forward, and secure my prize, when I observed the doe—instead of running off as I had expected—go up to her fallen partner, and press her tapering nose to his body. She was not more than twenty yards from me; and I could plainly see that her look was one of inquiry, and bewilderment! All at once, she seemed to comprehend the fatal truth; and throwing back her head, commenced uttering the most piteous cries—at the same time running in circles around the body!

I stood wavering between two minds. My first impulse had been to reload, and kill the doe; but her plaintive voice entered my heart, disarming me of all hostile intentions. Had I dreamed of witnessing this painful spectacle, I should not have left the trail. But the mischief was now done.

"I have worse than killed her," thought I, "it will be better to dispatch her at once."

Actuated by these principles of a common, but to her fatal, humanity, I rested the butt of my rifle, and reloaded. With a faltering hand, I again leveled the piece, and fired.

My nerves were steady enough to do the work. When the smoke floated aside, I could see the little creature bleeding upon the grass—her head resting against the body of her murdered mate!

I shouldered my rifle; and was about to move forward, when, to my astonishment, I found that I was caught by the feet! I was held firmly, as if my legs had been screwed in a vice!

I made an effort to extricate myself—another, more violent, and equally unsuccessful—and, with a third, I lost my balance, and fell back upon the water!

Half-suffocated, I regained my upright position; but only to find that I was held as fast as ever!

Again I struggled to free my limbs. I could neither move them backward nor forward—to the right nor the left; and I became sensible that I was gradually going down. Then the fearful truth flashed upon me—*I was sinking in a quicksand!*

A feeling of horror came over me. I renewed my efforts with the energy of desperation. I leaned to one side, then to the other, almost wrenching my knees from their sockets. My feet remained fast as ever. I could not move them an inch!

The soft clingy sand already overtopped my horse-skin boots, wedging them around my ankles, so that I was unable to draw them off; and I could feel that I was still sinking, slowly but surely, as though some subterranean monster were leisurely dragging me down! This very thought caused me a fresh thrill of horror; and I called aloud for help! To whom! There was no one within miles of me—no living thing. Yes! the neigh of my horse answered me from the hill, mocking my despair!

I bent forward, as well as my constrained position would permit; and, with frenzied fingers, commenced tearing up the sand. I could barely reach the surface; and the little hollow I was able to make, filled up almost as soon as it had been formed.

A thought occurred to me. My rifle might support me, placed horizontally. I looked around for it. It was not to be seen. It had sunk beneath the sand!

Could I throw my body flat, and prevent myself from sinking deeper? No. The water was two feet in depth. I should drown at once!

This last hope left me as soon as formed. I could think of no plan to save myself. I could make no further effort. A strange stupor seized upon me. My very thoughts became paralyzed. I knew that I was going mad. For a moment *I was mad!*

After an interval, my senses returned. I made an effort to rouse my mind from its paralysis, in order that I might meet death—which I now believed to be certain—as a man should.

I stood erect. My eyes had sunk to the prairie level, and rested upon the still bleeding victims of my cruelty. My heart smote me at the sight. Was I suffering a retribution of God?

With humbled and penitent thoughts, I turned my face to heaven, almost dreading that some sign of omnipotent anger would scowl upon me from above. But no. The sun was shining as bright as ever; and the blue canopy of the world was without a cloud.

I gazed upward, and prayed, with an earnestness known only to the hearts of men in positions of peril like mine.

As I continued to look up, an object attracted my attention. Against the sky, I distinguished the outlines of a large dark bird. I knew it to be the obscene bird of the plains—the buzzard-vulture. Whence had it come? Who knows? Far beyond the reach of human eye, it had seen, or scented, the slaughtered antelopes; and, on broad silent wing, was now descending to the feast of death.

Presently another, and another, and many others, mottled the blue field of the heavens, curving and wheeling silently earthward. Then, the foremost swooped down upon the bank; and, after gazing around for a moment, flapped off toward its prey.

In a few seconds the prairie was black with filthy birds, who clambered over the dead antelopes; and beat their wings against each other, while they tore out the eyes of the quarry with their fetid beaks.

And now came gaunt wolves—sneaking and hungry—stealing out of the cactus-thicket; and loping, coward-like, over the green swells of the prairie. These, after a battle, drove away the vultures; and tore up the prey—all the while growling and snapping vengefully at each other.

"Thank heaven! I shall at least be saved from this!"

I was soon relieved from the sight. My eyes had sunk below the level of the bank. I had looked my last on the fair green earth. I could now see only the clayey walls that contained the river, and the water that ran unheeding past me.

Once more I fixed my gaze upon the sky; and, with prayerful heart, endeavored to resign myself to my fate.

In spite of my endeavors to be calm, the memories of earthly pleasures, and friends, and home, came over me—causing me, at intervals, to break into wild paroxysms, and make fresh though fruitless struggles.

Again I was attracted by the neighing of my horse.

A thought entered my mind, filling me with fresh hopes. "Perhaps my horse—"

I lost not a moment. I raised my voice to its highest pitch; and called the animal by name. I knew that he would come at my call. I had tied him but slightly. The cactus-limb would snap off. I called again, repeating words that were well known to him. I listened with a bounding heart. For a moment there was silence. Then I heard the quick sounds of his hoof, as though the animal was rearing and struggling to free himself. Then I could distinguish the stroke of his heels, in a measured and regular gallop!

Nearer came the sounds—nearer and clearer, until the gallant brute bounded out on the bank above me. There he halted, and flinging back his tossed mane, uttered a shrill neigh. He was bewildered, and looked upon every side, snorting loudly!

I knew that, having once seen me, he would not stop until he had pressed his nose against my cheek—for this was his usual custom. Holding out my hands, I again uttered the magic words.

Now looking downward he perceived me; and, stretching himself, sprang out into the channel. The next moment I held him by the bridle!

There was no time to be lost. I was still going down; and my armpits were fast nearing the surface of the quicksand.

I caught the lariat; and, passing it under the saddle-girths, fastened it in a tight, firm knot. I then looped the trailing end, making it secure around my body. I had left enough of the rope, between the bit-ring and the girths, to enable me to check and guide the animal—in case the drag upon my body should be too painful.

All this while the dumb brute seemed to comprehend what I was about. He knew, too, the nature of the ground on which he stood; for, during the operation, he kept lifting his feet alternately to prevent himself from sinking.

My arrangements were at length completed; and, with a feeling of terrible anxiety, I gave my horse the signal to move forward. Instead of going off with a start, the intelligent animal stepped away slowly, as though he understood my situation! The lariat tightened—I felt my body moving, and, the next moment, experienced a wild delight—a feeling I can not describe—as I found myself dragged out of the sand!

I sprang to my feet with a shout of joy. I rushed up to my steed; and, throwing my arms around his neck, kissed him with as much delight as I would have kissed a beautiful girl. He answered my embrace with a low whimper, that told me I was understood.

I looked for my rifle. Fortunately it had not sunk deeply, and I soon found it. My boots were behind me, but I staid not to look for them—being smitten with a wholesome dread of the place where I had left them.

I was not long in retreating from the arroyo; and, mounting, I galloped back to the trail.

It was sundown before I reached camp; where I was met by the inquiries of my wondering companions: "Did you come across the 'goats?'" "Where's your boots?" "Whether have you been hunting or fishing?"

I answered all these questions by relating my adventures; and, for that night, I was again the hero of the camp-fire.

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## **THE BEAR-STEAK.**

### A GASTRONOMIC ADVENTURE.

The Englishman's predilection for a beef-steak is almost proverbial; but we fancy it would take some time to reconcile John Bull in general to a bear-steak, however much we might expatiate to him on its excellence and the superiority of its flavor over that of his old-established favorite, however confidently we might assure him that the bear was a most delicate feeder, selecting the juiciest fruits of the forest and the most esculent roots of the earth for his ordinary nourishment. It might be supposed that this dislike to bear's flesh as an article of food arose from our national aversion to every thing that is outlandish; but the following gastronomic adventure, related in the pages of a modern French traveler, proves that our frog-eating neighbors find it just as difficult to surmount their aversion to feeding on the flesh of Master Bruin, as the most sturdy and thoroughbred Englishman among us.

M. Alexandre Dumas, after a long mountainous walk, arrived about four o'clock one fine autumn afternoon at the inn at Martigny. Exercise and the keen mountain air had combined to sharpen his appetite, and he inquired from the host, with some degree of eagerness, at what hour the



*table-d'hôte* dinner was usually served.

"At half past five," replied the host.

"That will do very well," rejoined M. Dumas; "I shall then have time to visit the old castle before dinner."

Punctual to the appointed hour the traveler returned, but found to his dismay that every seat at the long table was already occupied. The host, however, who appeared to have taken M. Dumas, even at first sight, into his especial favor, approached him with a courteous smile, and, pointing to a small side-table carefully laid out, said: "Here, sir, this is your place. I had not enough of bear-steak left to supply the whole *table d'hôte* with it; and, besides, most of my guests have tasted this bear already, so I reserved my last steak for you: I was sure you would like it." So saying, the good-natured host placed in the centre of the table a fine, juicy-looking steak, smoking hot, and very tempting in appearance; but glad would the hungry traveler have been could he only have believed that it was a beef, and not a bear-steak, which now lay before him. Visions of the miserable-looking animals he had seen drowsily slumbering away existence in a menagerie, or covered with mud, and led about by a chain, for the amusement of the multitude, presented themselves to the traveler's eyes, and he would fain have turned away from the proffered treat. But he could not find it in his heart to be so ungracious as to express a dislike to food which the host evidently considered as the choicest delicacy the country could afford. He accordingly took his seat at the table, and cut off a small slice of the steak; then screwing his courage to the sticking-point, and opening his mouth wide, as if about to demolish a bolus, he heroically gulped the dreaded morsel. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*. He had no sooner achieved this feat than he began to think that bear-flesh was, after all, not quite so bad a thing as he had expected. He swallowed a second morsel. "It was really the tenderest and most juicy steak he had ever tasted." "Are you sure this is a bear-steak?" he inquired of the landlord.

"Yes, sir, I can assure you it is," replied the good-natured bustling man as he hurried off to attend upon his other guests at the *table-d'hôte*. Before he returned to M. Dumas at the side-table, three-quarters of the steak had disappeared; and, highly gratified at finding his favorite dish was so much approved of, he renewed the conversation by observing: "That was a famous beast, I can tell you; it weighed three hundred and twenty pounds."

"A fine fellow indeed he must have been," rejoined the traveler.

"It cost no small trouble to kill him."

"I can well believe that," rejoined M. Dumas, at the same time raising the last morsel to his mouth.

"He devoured half the huntsman who shot him!" added the loquacious landlord.

Hastily flinging aside the loathed morsel which he had just placed within his lips, the traveler indignantly exclaimed: "How dare you pass such jokes upon a man when he is in the middle of his dinner?"

"I can assure you, sir, I am not joking," replied the landlord: "I am only telling you the simple truth."

The traveler, whose appetite for further food of any description whatever was by this time effectually destroyed, rose from table, and with a look of horror, begged that the host would acquaint him with the particulars of the tragedy which had now acquired in his eyes so painful an interest. The good man, nothing loth to hear himself talk, yielded a ready acquiescence to this request, and continued his story as follows:

"You must know, sir, the man who killed this bear was a poor peasant belonging to the village of Foula, and named William Mona. This animal, of which there now only remains the small morsel you have left upon your plate, used to come every night and steal his pears, giving a special preference to the fruit of one fine pear-tree laden with bergamottes. Now it so happened that William Mona unfortunately also preferred the bergamottes to all other fruit. He at first imagined it was some of the children of the village who committed these depredations in his orchard, and having consequently loaded his gun with powder only, he placed himself in ambush that he might give them a good fright. Toward eleven o'clock at night he heard a distant growl. 'Ho, ho!' said he, 'there is a bear somewhere in the neighborhood.' Ten minutes afterward a second growl was heard; but this time it was so loud and so near at hand that he began to fear he should scarcely have time to reach a place of refuge, and threw himself flat upon the ground, in the earnest hope that the bear would be satisfied with taking his pears instead of devouring himself. A few moments of anxious suspense ensued, during which the bear, passing within ten paces of the terrified peasant, advanced in a straight line toward the pear-tree in question. He climbed it with the utmost agility, although its branches creaked beneath the weight of his ponderous body; and having secured for himself a comfortable position, committed no small havoc among the luscious bergamottes. Having gorged himself to his heart's content, he slowly descended from the tree, and returned in tranquil dignity toward his mountain-home. All this had occupied about an hour, during which time had appeared to travel at a much slower pace with the man than it did with the bear.

"William Mona was, however, at heart a brave and resolute man, and he said to himself, as he watched his enemy's retiring steps: 'He may go home *this* time, if he pleases, but, Master Bruin,

we shall meet again.' The next day one of his neighbors, who came to visit him, found him sawing up the teeth of a pitchfork, and transforming them into slugs.

"What are you about there?' he asked.

"I am amusing myself,' replied William. The neighbor, taking up one of the pieces of iron, turned it over and over in his hand, like a man who understood such things, and then said quietly:

"If you were to own the truth, William, you would acknowledge that these little scraps of iron are destined to pierce a tougher skin than that of the chamois.'

"Perhaps they may,' replied William.

"You know that I am an honest fellow,' resumed Francis (for so was the neighbor called): 'well, if you choose, we will divide the bear between us; two men in such a case are better than one.'

"That's as it may be,' replied William, at the same time cutting his third slug.

"I'll tell you what,' continued Francis, 'I will leave you in full possession of the skin, and we will only share the flesh between us, together with the bounty offered by government for every bear that is killed, and which will give us forty francs apiece.'

"I should prefer having the whole myself,' replied William.

"But you can not prevent me from seeking the bear's track in the mountain, and placing myself in ambush on his passage.'

"You are free to do that, if you please.' So saying, William, who had now completed the manufacture of his slugs, began to measure out a charge of powder double in amount to that usually placed in a carabine.

"I see you intend to use your musket?' said Francis.

"Yes, of course I do; three iron slugs will do their work more surely than a leaden bullet.'

"They will spoil the skin.'

"Never mind that, if they do their work more effectually.'

"And when do you intend to commence your chase?'

"I will tell you that to-morrow.'

"Once more, then—are you quite determined not to let me share the chance with you?'

"Yes, I prefer managing the whole matter myself, and sharing neither the danger nor the profit—*chacun pour soi*.'

"Farewell, then, neighbor—I wish you success.'

"In the evening, as Francis was passing Mona's dwelling, he saw the huntsman quietly seated on the bench before his door, engaged in smoking his pipe. He once more approached him and said:

"See, I bear you no ill-will—I have discovered the bear's track, therefore I might lie in wait for him and shoot him, if I pleased, without your help; but I have come once more to you, to propose that we should attack him together.'

"Each one for himself,' replied William, as before.

"Francis knew nothing of Mona's proceedings during the remainder of that evening, except that his wife saw him take up his musket at about half-past ten o'clock, roll up a bag of gray sack-cloth, place it under his arm, and leave the house. She did not venture to ask him what he was about; for Mona, in such cases, was apt to tell her to hold her tongue, and not trouble herself about matters which did not concern her.

"Francis had really in the mean time tracked the bear, as he had said he would. He had followed its traces as far as the border of William's orchard, and, not liking to trespass upon his neighbor's territory, he then took up his post on the borders of the pine-wood which lay on the slope of the hill overhanging Mona's garden.

"As it was a clear night, he could observe with ease from this spot all that was going on below. He saw the huntsman leave his house, and advance toward a gray rock, which had rolled down from the adjoining heights into the centre of his little inclosure, and now stood at the distance of about twenty paces from his favorite pear-tree. There Mona paused, looked round as if to ascertain that he was quite alone, unrolled his sack, and slipped into it, only allowing his head and his two arms to emerge above the opening. Having thus in a great measure concealed his person, he leaned back against the rock, and remained so perfectly still that even his neighbor, although he knew him to be there, could not distinguish him from the lifeless stone. A quarter of an hour thus elapsed in patient expectation. At last a distant growl was heard, and in less than five minutes afterward the bear appeared in sight. But whether by accident, or whether it were that he had scented the second huntsman, he did not on this occasion follow his usual track, but diverging toward the right, escaped falling into the ambush which Francis had prepared for him.

"William, in the meantime, did not stir an inch. It might have been imagined that he did not even

see the savage animal for which he was lying in wait, and which seemed to brave him by passing so closely within the reach of his gun. The bear, on his side, appeared quite unconscious of an enemy's presence, and advanced with rapid strides toward the tree. But at the moment when he rose upon his hind legs, in order to clasp the trunk with his fore-paws, thus leaving his breast exposed, and no longer protected by his broad and massive shoulders, a bright flash of light illuminated the face of the rock, and the whole valley re-echoed with the report of the doubly-loaded gun, together with the loud howl which proceeded from the wounded animal. The bear fled from the fatal spot, passing once more within ten paces of William without perceiving him. The latter had now taken the additional precaution of drawing the sack over his head, and rested motionless as before against the face of the rock.

"Francis, with his musket in his hand, stood beneath the shelter of the wood, a silent and breathless spectator of the scene. He is a bold huntsman, but he owned to me that he fairly wished himself at home when he saw the enormous animal, furious from its wound, bearing straight down upon the spot where he stood. He made the sign of the cross (for our hunters, sir, are pious men), commended his soul to God, and looked to see that his gun was well loaded. Already was the bear within a few paces of the pine-wood; in two minutes more a deadly encounter must take place, in which Francis was well aware that either he or the bear *must* fall, when suddenly the wounded animal paused, raised his nostrils in the air, as if catching some scent which was borne by the breeze, and then uttering one furious growl, he turned hastily round, and rushed back toward the orchard.

"Take care of yourself, William—take care!" exclaimed Francis, at the same time darting forward in pursuit of the bear, and forgetting every thing else in his anxiety to save his old comrade from the terrible danger which threatened him; for he knew well that if William had not had time to reload his gun, it was all over with him—the bear had evidently scented him. But suddenly a fearful cry—a cry of human terror and human agony—rent the air: it seemed as though he who uttered it had concentrated every energy in that one wild, despairing cry—an appeal to God and man—'Help! oh, help, help!' A dead silence ensued: not even a single moan was heard to succeed that cry of anguish. Francis flew down the slope with redoubled speed, and as he approached the rock, he began yet more clearly to distinguish the huge animal, which had hitherto been half-concealed beneath its shade, and perceived that the bear was trampling under foot, and rending to pieces, the prostrate form of his unfortunate assailant.

"Francis was now close at hand; but the bear, still intent upon his prey, did not even seem aware of his presence. He did not venture to fire, for terror and dismay had unnerved his arm, and he feared that he might miss his aim, and perhaps shoot his unhappy friend, if indeed he yet continued to breathe. He took up a stone and threw it at the bear. The infuriated animal turned immediately upon this new and unexpected foe, and raising himself upon his hind legs, prepared to give him that formidable hug, which the experienced huntsman well knew would prove a *last embrace*. Paralyzed with fear, his presence of mind had well-nigh deserted him, when all of a sudden he became conscious that the animal was pressing the point of his gun with its shaggy breast. Mechanically almost he placed his finger upon the lock, and pulled the trigger. The bear fell backward—the ball had this time done its work effectually. It had pierced through his breast, and shattered the spinal bone. The huntsman, leaving the expiring animal upon the ground, now hastened to his comrade's side. But, alas! it was too late for human assistance to be of any avail. The unfortunate man was so completely mutilated, that it would have been impossible even to recognize his form. With a sickening heart, Francis hastened to call for help; for he could perceive by the lights which were glancing in the cottage-windows that the unwonted noise had roused many of the villagers from their slumbers.

"Before many moments had elapsed, almost all the inhabitants of the village were assembled in poor Mona's orchard, and his wife among the rest. I need not describe the dismal scene. A collection was made for the poor widow through the whole valley of the Rhone, and a sum of seven hundred francs was thus raised. Francis insisted upon her receiving the government bounty, and sold the flesh and the skin of the bear for her benefit. In short, all her neighbors united to assist her to the utmost of their power. We innkeepers also agreed to open a subscription-list at our respective houses, in case any travelers should wish to contribute a trifle; and in case you, sir, should be disposed to put down your name for a small sum, I should take it as a great favor."

"Most assuredly," replied M. Dumas, as he rose from the table, and cast a parting glance of horror at the last morsel of the bear-steak, inwardly vowing never again to make experiments in gastronomy.

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## WEOVIL BISCUIT MANUFACTORY.

At Weovil, in the south of England, are produced biscuits for the royal navy. There the motive power is a large steam-engine, whose agency is visible in all parts of the establishment. The services of this engine commence with the arrival of a cargo of wheat under the walls of the building; and we should have a very imperfect notion of the ingenuity displayed in the establishment if we did not examine some of the earlier processes. Let us, then, begin with the beginning; and having observed that the wheat is lifted by a steam-worked crane from the lighter

to the uppermost floor, let us descend to the floor below, and examine the first process to which it is submitted—that of cleaning. The grain supplied from above flows in a continual stream into one end of a cylinder of fine wirework, about two feet in diameter and ten in length which revolves steadily in a horizontal position. A spiral plate runs through the interior of this cylinder, dividing it into several sections, and thus forming a sort of Archimedean screw. The revolutions of this cylinder carry the grain onward through its whole length, so that in the passage any particles of dirt that may have been mixed with it fall through the interstices of the wirework. The effectual character of this operation is exemplified by the quantities of dirt deposited from wheat which to all appearance was clean before entering the cylinder; the grain thus thoroughly cleansed, descends another stage to the grinding-room (for the wheat is ground on the premises), where ten pairs of millstones are worked by the same steam-power. There is nothing peculiar in the process of grinding; but the manner in which the flour is afterward collected deserves notice. As it flows from the several stones, it is led into horizontal troughs, along which it is propelled by the action of perpetual screws working in each trough. The contents of all the troughs are brought to one point, whence, by means of a succession of plates or buckets revolving round a wheel, on the principle of a chain-pump or dredging-machine, the flour is lifted to the story above, where it is cooled, sifted, and put into sacks, for removal to the bakehouse. It is not long since we observed in a newspaper the announcement of an invention for collecting and saving the impalpable powder, which flies off in the process of grinding corn, and which, containing the purest portions of the flour, has hitherto been wasted. This saving has not yet been effected at Weovil, as our whitened appearance on leaving the millroom sufficiently testified; but doubtless, the zeal and ingenuity that has introduced the improvements we are describing will not stop short while any thing remains to be done.

We now arrive at the bakehouse, the principal theatre of Mr. Grant's ingenuity. We are in a large room on the ground floor—it may be one hundred and twenty feet in length, lofty, and well lighted, the centre portions of which are occupied by machinery of no very complex aspect; and it may be a dozen men and boys slip-shod and bare-armed, are moving here and there among it. There is no bustle, no confusion; and notwithstanding the unceasing movements of the machinery, very little noise. We are at once sensible that we are witnessing a scene of well-organized industry; but we can hardly persuade ourselves that we see the whole staff employed in converting flour into biscuit at the rate of one hundred sacks per day. In the midst of the general activity, the eye is caught by the figure of one man whose attitude of repose contrasts strangely with the movements going on all round him. He seems to have nothing to do but to lean listlessly with one or both of his elbows on the top of a sort of box or chest, much resembling an ordinary stable corn-bin, which stands against the wall at the left of the entrance; yet that occupation will not account for the mealy state of his bare arms; let us look into the bin, and see if we can discover any thing. The bottom of it is filled with water, just above the surface of which, extending from end to end, we see a circular shaft, armed with iron blades, crossing it at intervals of two inches apart, and protruding six inches or more on each side of the axle, at right angles with it, and with each other. In one corner of the bin is the mouth of a pipe, which, even while we look, discharges an avalanche of flour into the water; at the same moment some invisible power causes the shaft to revolve—slowly at first, that the light dust may not entirely blind us; then, as the flour becomes more and more saturated with water, rapidly and more rapidly, until the whole is thoroughly mixed up together; and in the space of four and a half minutes, one hundred-weight of flour is converted into dough. The revolutions of the shaft now cease, and our hitherto inactive friend proceeds to transfer the contents of the bin to a board placed to receive them, in masses resembling in shape Brobdignag pieces of pulled bread. Again, we see that the surface which a moment since was free from mark or indentation, is now scored all over in hexagonal figures. The lower side of the plate, in fact, consists of a bed of sharp-edged punches of hexagonal form, reminding us in appearance of a gigantic honey-comb, which at one blow divides the dough into single biscuits, leaving no superfluous material except the trifling inequalities of the outer edges. Twenty-four whole biscuits, with a due complement of halves, are cut out at one stroke, each of which is at the same time impressed with the broad arrow of Her Most Gracious Majesty. We now see why the old circular form of the biscuit has given way to the hexagonal. The latter shape manifestly economizes labor in the manufacture and space in stowage, while it is hardly more liable than the former to waste by breakage. When it is borne in mind that before the introduction of this machinery every single biscuit was separately kneaded, shaped, and stamped by hand, the extent to which the productive powers of the establishment have been increased may be imagined.

We have now arrived at the last stage of the process, and must, for a time, lose sight of the biscuits; but we will accompany them to the mouth of the oven. A range of nine ovens occupies one side of the building, but only four of them are ordinarily in use. We are informed that one man attends to two ovens. We notice that the fires by which they are heated are continually burning in one corner of them, even while the baking goes on; so that as soon as one batch of biscuits is withdrawn, the floor is ready for another. A light frame, on which are deposited the trays of biscuits as they issue from the stamp-office, is wheeled up to the oven; the trays are transferred by the baker to the mouth, and thence, by means of a long pole, armed with a hook, pushed to the farthest recesses of the oven, where they are carefully ranged, side by side, to the number of twelve, when the cargo is complete, and the door is shut upon them. Formerly it was the work of two men to charge the oven; one wielded the peel, which the other supplied with single biscuits; and we have watched with much amusement the unerring accuracy with which constant practice had enabled the latter to hit the mark from a distance of several feet. The new mode is perhaps more prosaic: but not only is the saving of labor great, but it is easy to conceive

that the action of the heat can be regulated with more uniformity under it than under the tedious system of introducing and removing the biscuits singly. In fourteen minutes the baking is completed; and thus, in twenty-eight minutes from the first admixture with water, we have a sack of flour weighing one hundred weight, converted into the like weight of biscuits, fit for immediate consumption. A subsequent exposure of two or three days to the high temperature of a room over the ovens, is all that is required to render them fit for packing and storing. We have stated that at present four only out of nine ovens are in use; and the hours of working are from 7 30 A.M. to 2 P.M. Even this limited amount of work is more than sufficient to keep up the requisite supply of bread for the navy; and it is frequently found necessary to stop on alternate days, to prevent the stores accumulating beyond what is desirable. If the whole force of the establishment were set in motion, it would easily, our guide informs us, supply 10,000 men with half a pound of meal and half a pound of biscuit per day. The quality also of the bread is improved, by the uniformity with which all the processes of making it are conducted under the operation of the machinery.

We do not know whether the apparatus we have been describing is in use in any other establishment; probably it is. There seems no reason why it should not be brought into general operation. Though few, if any bakeries can have to supply so large a demand as that of the Royal Navy, there must be many of sufficient extent to make it worth while saving labor at the cost of the machinery; and though at Weovil it is only applied to making biscuit, the principle of it would seem applicable to the manufacture of any kind of bread. The great labor of the baker is in kneading. The process that effectually kneads flour and water would work equally well if other ingredients were mixed with those primary elements. Due regard being had to the rights of the inventor, we would wish to see his machinery widely employed in private as well as public establishments. It might prove a powerful ally in the cause of cheap bread. It might also be worth the consideration of brickmakers whether the machinery here described might not be advantageously applied to the purposes of their business. There seems a sufficient similarity in the two processes to render such an application of it very practicable.

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## MEMS FOR MUSICAL MISSES.

Sit in a simple, graceful, unconstrained posture. Never turn up the eyes, or swing about the body: the expression you mean to give, if not heard and felt, will never be understood by those foolish motions which are rarely resorted to but by those who do not really feel what they play. Brilliancy is a natural gift, but great execution may be acquired: let it be always distinct, and however loud you wish to be, never thump. *Practice* in private music far more difficult than that you play in general society, and aim more at pleasing than astonishing. Never bore people with ugly music merely because it is the work of some famous composer, and do not let the pieces you perform before people not professedly scientific be too long. If you mean to play at all, do so at once when requested: those who require much pressing are generally more severely criticised than others who good-humoredly and unaffectedly try to amuse the company by being promptly obliging. Never carry books about with you unasked; learn by heart a variety of different kinds of music to please all tastes. Be above the vulgar folly of pretending that you can not play for dancing; for it proves only that if not disobliging, you are stupid. The chief rule in performing this species of music is to be strictly accurate as to time, loud enough to be heard amid the dancers' feet, and always particularly distinct—*marking* the time: the more expression you give, the more life and spirit, the better will your performance be liked: good dancers can not dance to bad music. In waltzes the first note in the bass of every bar must be strongly accented. In quadrilles the playing, like the dancing, must be gliding. In reels and strathspeys the bass must *never* be running—always octaves—struck with a strong staccato touch; and beware of playing too quick. In performing simple airs, which very few people can do fit to be listened to, study the *style* of the different nations to which the tunes belong. Let any little grace be clearly and neatly executed, which is never done brilliantly or well by indifferent performers of a higher style of merit. Make proper pauses; and although you must be strictly accurate as to time, generally speaking, it should sometimes be relaxed to favor the expression of Irish and Scotch airs. Beware of being too sudden and abrupt in your *nationalities*—caricaturing them as it were—which ignorant and sometimes indeed scientific performers often do, totally spoiling by those "quips and cranks" what would otherwise be pleasing, and which sounds also to those who really understand the matter very ridiculous. Do not *alter* national airs; play them simply, but as *full* as you please, and vary the bass. In duets, communicate your several ideas of the proper expression to your fellow-performer, so that you may play into one another's hands—give and take, if I may so express myself; and should a mistake occur, do not pursue your own track, leaving your unfortunate companion in difficulties which will soon involve yourself; but cover it as well as you can, and the generality of listeners will perhaps never discover that one was made, while the more sapient few will give you the credit you deserve.

As regards singing, practice two or three times a day, but at first not longer than ten minutes at a time, and let one of these times be before breakfast. Exercise the extremities of the voice, but do not dwell long upon those notes you touch with difficulty. Open the mouth at all times, in the higher notes especially, open it to the ears, as if smiling. Never dwell upon consonants. Be distinct from one note to another, yet carry them on glidingly. Never sing with the slightest cold or sore throat. Vocalize always upon A, and be careful to put no B's before it. Never take breath audibly. Begin to shake *slowly* and steadily. Practice most where the *voce di petto* and the *voce di*

*gola* join, so as to attain the art of making the one glide imperceptibly into the other. The greatest sin a singer can commit is to sing out of tune. Be clear, but not shrill; deep, but not coarse.

When you intend to sing, read the words, and see that you understand them, so as to give the proper expression. Let all your words be heard: it is a great and a common fault in English singers to be indistinct. Study flexibility. Practice both higher, louder, and lower than you sing in public; and when practicing, open your mouth wider than it would be graceful to do in company. Do not change the sound of the letters; sing as like speaking as you can. It is better to sing *quite plain* than to make too many turns and trills: these, when attempted at all, should be executed very neatly. Study simplicity: it is better to give no expression than false expression. Never appear to sing with effort or grimace; avoid affectation and every peculiarity. Never sit when you sing, if you can possibly help it, but stand *upright*. Give more strength in ascending than in descending. Do not suffer yourself to be persuaded to sing soon after eating. Accidental sharps ought to be sung with more emphasis than accidental flats. The Italian vowels *a* and *i* have always the same sound, but *e* has two different ones: the first like the *ai* in *pain*; the other like *ea* in *tear*, *wear*, or *swear*. *O* has also two sounds: one like *o* in *tone*; the other like the *au* in *gaudy*. Articulate strongly your *double* consonants when singing French or Italian. The voice is said to be at its best at eight-and-twenty, and to begin to decline soon after forty, when the more you strain and try to reach the higher notes that are beginning to fail you, the quicker you hasten the decay of your powers. Children should never be allowed to sing much, or to strain their voices: fifteen or sixteen is soon enough to begin to practice constantly and steadily the two extremities of the voice; before that age, the middle notes only should be dwelt upon, or you run the risk of *cracking*, as it is termed, the tones. Never force the voice in damp weather, or when in the least degree unwell; many often sing out of tune at these times who do so at no other. Take nothing to clear the voice but a glass of cold water; and always avoid pastry, rich cream, coffee, and cake, when you intend to sing.

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## POULAILLER, THE ROBBER.

Cartouche had been arrested, tried, condemned, and executed, some seven or eight years, and no longer occupied the attention of the good people of Paris, to whom his almost melo-dramatic life and death had afforded a most interesting and enduring topic. They were languishing, like the Athenians of old, for something new, when there arose a rumor that another robber, more dextrous, more audacious, more extraordinary, ay, and more cruel than Cartouche, was roaming about the streets of their city. What was his name?—whence did he come?—were questions in the mouth of every one, as each of his numerous daring acts was made public—questions which no one could answer.

In vain was every arm of the police put in requisition, crime after crime was committed with impunity, and terror reigned supreme.

At last the criminal himself disdained concealment, and all Paris—nay, a considerable portion of Europe—trembled at the name of POULAILLER.

He appeared about the year 1730, and astonished the world by deeds, some of them so shocking, and at the same time so wonderful, that they gave some color to the belief of many, that he was aided by supernatural agency.

This belief was supported by a history of the circumstances attending his birth.

There lived in a village on the coast of Brittany a man, poor but of good repute and well-beloved by his neighbors, an intrepid mariner, but as poor as Job himself when his friends came to comfort him. A robust and well-knit frame, combined with a fine, frank countenance, well-bronzed by the sea breezes, was looked on favorably by all, and by none more than by the young lasses, whose furtive glances rested with pleasure on the manly form and gallant bearing of Jacques Poulailler.

His strength was prodigious, and his temerity upon the ocean incredible.

Such qualities are appreciated in every country; and among the beauties of the village, one remarkable for her superiority in wealth, as well as natural gifts, was attracted by them, and Jacques Poulailler had the good fortune to find favor in the eyes of her who was known in her little world as *La belle Isabeau Colomblet*.

At no great distance from this maritime village, on the crest of a rock lashed by the waves, which at high tides was perfectly insulated, dwelt a personage of whose origin every one was ignorant. The building where he had established himself had long been of evil fame throughout the country, and was only known as *La Tour Maudite*. The firesides resounded with tales of terror enacted in this lonely and ominous theatre. Fiends, in the olden time, had made it their abode, as was currently reported, and believed. From that time, it was asserted, that no human being could dwell there without having previously entered into a compact with the evil one. The isolation of the place, the continued agitation of the waves at its base, the howlings of the wind around its frowning battlements, the traces of the thunder-bolts which from time to time had blackened and almost charred its walls, the absence of bush or tree, or any thing in the shape of blossom or verdure—for neither wall-flower, nor even moss, would grow there—had produced their effect on

the superstitious spirit of the neighbors, and the accursed place had remained untenanted by any thing earthly for forty or fifty years.

One gloomy day, however, a man was seen prowling about its vicinity: he came and went over the sands; and, just as the storm was rising, he threw himself into a boat, gained the offing, and disappeared.

Every one believed that he was lost; but next morning there he was. Surprised at this, the neighbors began to inquire who he could be; and, at last, learned that he had bought the tower of the proprietor, and had come to dwell there. This was all the information that their restless curiosity could obtain. Whence did he come?—what had he done? In vain were these questions asked. All were querists, and none found a respondent. Two or three years elapsed before his name transpired. At last it was discovered, nobody knew how, that his name was Roussart.

He appeared to be a man about six feet in height, strongly built, and apparently about thirty years of age. His countenance was all but handsome, and very expressive. His conduct was orderly and without reproach, and, proving himself to be an experienced fisherman, he became of importance in that country.

No one was more weather-wise than Roussart, and no one turned his foreknowledge to such good account. He had been seen frequently to keep the sea in such fearful tempests, that all agreed that he must have been food for fishes if he had not entered into some agreement with Satan. When the stoutest hearts quailed, and ordinary men considered it suicidal to venture out, Roussart was to be seen braving the tumult of winds and waves, and always returned to the harbor safe and sound.

People began to talk about this, and shook their heads ominously. Little cared Roussart for their words or gestures; but he was the only one in the commune who never went to church. The curé at last gave out that he was excommunicated; and from that time his neighbors broke off all communication with him.

Things had arrived at this point, when it was rumored in the village that the gallant fisherman, Jacques Poulailier, had touched the heart of *La belle Isabeau*. Soon their approaching marriage became the topic of the village; and, finally, one Sunday, after mass, the bans were first published by the vicar.

The lads of the village, congregated on the shore, were congratulating Poulailier on the auspicious event, when Roussart suddenly appeared among them.

His presence was a surprise: he had always avoided the village meetings as much as others had sought them; and this sudden change in his habits gave a new impulse to curiosity.

The stranger appeared to seek some one with his eyes, and presently walked straight up to the happy Jacques, who, intoxicated with joy, was giving and receiving innumerable shakes of the hand.

"Master Poulailier," said Roussart, "you are going to be married, then?"

"That seems sure," replied Poulailier.

"Not more sure than that your first-born will belong to the evil one. I, Roussart, tell you so."

With that he turned on his heel, and regained his isolated dwelling, leaving his auditors amazed at his abrupt and extraordinary announcement, and poor Jacques more affected by it than any one else.

From that moment Roussart showed himself no more in the neighborhood, and soon disappeared altogether, without leaving a trace to indicate what had become of him.

Most country people are superstitious—the Bretons eminently so, and Jacques Poulailier never forgot the sinister prophecy of Roussart. His comrades were not more oblivious; and when, a year after his marriage, his first-born came into the world, a universal cry saluted the infant boy as devoted to Satan. *Donné au diable* were the words added to the child's name whenever it was mentioned. It is not recorded whether or no he was born with teeth, but the gossips remarked that during the ceremony of baptism the new-born babe gave vent to the most tearful howlings. He writhed, he kicked, his little face exhibited the most horrible contortions; but as soon as they carried him out of the church, he burst out into laughter as unearthly as it was unnatural.

After these evil omens, every body expected that the little Pierre Poulailier would be ugly and ill-formed. Not a bit of it: on the contrary, he was comely, active, and bold. His fine, fresh complexion, and well-furnished mouth, were set off by his brilliant black eyes and hair, which curled naturally all over his head. But he was a sad rogue, and something more. If an oyster-bed, a warren, or an orchard was robbed, Pierre Poulailier was sure to be the boy accused. In vain did his father do all that parent could to reform him: he was incorrigible.

Monsieur le curé had some difficulty to bring him to his first communion. The master of the village exhausted his catalogue of corrections—and the catalogue was not very short—without succeeding in inculcating the first notions of the Christian faith and the doctrine of the cross. "What is the good of it?" would the urchin say. "Am not I devoted to the devil, and will not that be sufficient to make my way?"

At ten years of age, Pierre was put on board a merchant-ship, as cabin-boy. At twelve, he robbed his captain, and escaped to England with the spoil. In London he contrived to pass for the natural son of a French duke; but his numerous frauds forced him again to seek his native land, where, in his sixteenth year, he enlisted as a drummer in the regiment of Champagne, commanded by the Count de Variclères. Before he had completed his eighteenth year he deserted, joined a troop of fortune-telling gipsies, whom he left to try his fortune with a regular pilferer, and finally engaged himself to a rope-dancer. He played comedy, sold orvietan with the success of Doctor Dulcamara himself; and, in a word, passed through all the degrees which lead to downright robbery.

Once his good angel seemed to prevail. He left his disreputable companions, and entered the army honorably. For a short time there were hopes of him; it was thought that he would amend his life, and his superiors were satisfied with his conduct. But the choicest weapon in the armory of him to whom he had been devoted, was directed against him. A *vivandière*—the prettiest and most piquante of her tribe—raised a flame in his heart that burnt away all other considerations; but he might still have continued in a comparatively respectable course, if the serjeant-major had not stood forward as his rival. The coquette had in her heart a preference for Pierre; and, the serjeant taking advantage of his rank, insulted his subordinate so grossly, that he was repaid by a blow. The serjeant's blood was up, and as he rushed to attack Pierre, the soldier, drawing his sabre, dangerously wounded his superior officer, who, after lingering a few days, went the way of all flesh. Pierre would have tasted the tender mercies of the provost-marshal; but fortunately, the regiment was lying near the frontier, which our hero contrived to cross, and then declared war against society at large.

The varied knowledge and acquirements of the youth—his courage, true as steel, and always equal to the occasion—the prudence and foresight with which he meditated a *coup de main*—the inconceivable rapidity of his execution—his delicate and disinterested conduct toward his comrades all contributed to render him famous, in the *famosus* sense, if you will, and to raise him to the first place.

Germany was the scene of his first exploits. The world had condemned him to death, and he condemned the world to subscribe to his living.

At this period, he had posted himself in ambush on the crest of a hill, whence his eye could command a great extent of country; and certainly the elegance of his mien, his graceful bearing, and the splendor of his arms, might well excuse those who did not take him for what he really was. He was on the hill-side when two beautiful young women appeared in sight. He lost no time in joining them; and, as youth is communicative, soon learnt, in answer to his questions, that, tired of remaining in the carriage, they had determined to ascend the hill on foot.

"You are before the carriage, then, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, sir; can not you hear the whip of the postillions?"

The conversation soon became animated, and every moment made a deeper inroad into the heart of our handsome brigand: but every moment also made the situation more critical. On the other side of the hill was the whole band ranged in order of battle, and ready to pounce upon the travelers. Having ascertained the place of abode of his fair companions, and promised to avail himself of the first opportunity to pay his compliments to them there, he bade them politely adieu, and having gained a path cut through the living rock, known but to few, descended with the agility of a chamois to his party whom he implored not to attack the carriage which was approaching.

But if Poulailier had his reasons for this chivalrous conduct, his band were actuated by no such motives, and they demurred to his prayer. He at once conquered their hesitation by bidding them name the value that they put on their expected booty, purchased the safety of the travelers by the sum named, and the two fair daughters of the Baron von Kirbergen went on their way full of the praises of the handsome stranger whose acquaintance they had made, and in blissful ignorance of the peril they had passed.

That very day, Poulailier left his lieutenant in the temporary command of the band, mounted his most beautiful horse, followed his beloved to the castle of her father, and introduced himself as the Count Petrucci of Sienna, whom he had lately robbed, and whose papers he had taken care to retain, with an eye to future business.

His assumed name, backed by his credentials, secured for him a favorable reception, and he well knew how to improve the occasion. An accomplished rider, and bold in the chase, he won the good opinion of the baron; while his musical and conversational talent made him the pet of the drawing-room. The young and charming Wilhelmina surrendered her heart to the gay and amiable cavalier; and all went merrily, till one fine morning Fortune, whose wheel is never stationary, sent the true count to the castle. It was no case of the two Sosias, for no two persons could well be more unlike; and as soon as the real personage saw his representative, he recognized him as the robber who had stolen his purse as well as his name.

Here was a pretty business. Most adventurers would have thrown up the game as desperate; but our hero, with a front worthy of Fathom himself, boldly proclaimed the last visitor to be an impostor, and argued the case so ably, and with such well-simulated indignation at the audacity of the new-comer, that the baron was staggered, and dispatched messengers to the partners of a mercantile house at Florence, to whom the true Petrucci was well known.



To wait for the result of the inquiry would have been a folly of which Poulailier was not likely to be guilty; so he made a moonlight flitting of it that very night—but not alone. Poor Wilhelmina had cast in her lot with her lover for good or for evil, and fled with him.

The confusion that reigned in the best of all possible castles, the next morning, may be conceived; but we must leave the baron blaspheming, and the baroness in hysterics, to follow the fugitives, who gained France in safety, and were soon lost in the labyrinths of Paris.

There he was soon joined by his band, to the great loss and terror of the honest people of the good city. Every day, M. Hérault, the lieutenant of police, was saluted by new cases of robbery and violence, which his ablest officers could neither prevent nor punish. The organization of the band was so complete, and the head so ably directed the hands, that neither life nor property was considered safe from one moment to another. Nor were accounts of the generosity of the chief occasionally wanting to add to his fame.

One night, as Poulailier was traversing the roofs with the agility of a cat, for the purpose of entering a house whose usual inmates were gone into the country, he passed the window of a garret whence issued a melancholy concert of sobs and moans. He stopped, and approached the apartment of a helpless family, without resources, without bread, and suffering the pangs of hunger. Touched by their distress, and remembering his own similar sufferings before Fortune favored him, he was about to throw his purse among them, when the door of the chamber opened violently, and a man, apparently beside himself, rushed in with a handful of gold, which he cast upon the floor.

"There," cried he, in a voice broken by emotion—"there, take—buy—eat; but it will cost you dear. I pay for it with my honor and peace of mind. Baffled in all my attempts to procure food for you honestly, I was on my despairing return, when I beheld, at a short distance from me, a tall, but slight-made man, who walked hurriedly, but yet with an air as if he expected some one. Ah! thought I, this is some lover; and yielding to the temptation of the fiend, I seized him by the collar. The poor creature was terrified, and, begging for mercy, put into my hands this watch, two gold snuff-boxes, and those louis, and fled. There they are; they will cost me my life. I shall never survive this infamy."

The starving wife re-echoed these sentiments, and even the hungry children joined in the lamentations of the miserable father.

All this touched Pierre to the quick. To the great terror of the family, he entered the room, and stood in the midst.

"Be comforted," said he to the astonished husband; "you have robbed a robber. The infamous coward who gave up to you this plunder, is one of Poulailier's sentinels. Keep it; it is yours."

"But who are you?" cried the husband and wife; "who are you, and by what right is it that you thus dispose of the goods of another?"

"By the right of a chief over his subalterns. I am Poulailier."

The poor family fell on their knees, and asked what they could do for him.

"Give me a light," said Pierre, "that I may get down into the street without breaking my neck."

This reminds one of the answer which Rousseau gave to the Duc de Praslin, whose Danish dog, as it was running before the carriage, had upset the peripatetic philosopher.

"What can I do for you?" said the duke to the fallen author of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, whose person he did not know.

"You can tie up your dog," replied Jean-Jacques, gathering himself up, and walking away.

Poulailier having done his best to render a worthy family happy, went his way, to inflict condign punishment on the poltroon who had so readily given up the purse and the watches.

The adventures of this accomplished robber were so numerous and marvelous, that it is rather difficult to make a selection. One evening, at the *bal de l'Opéra*, he made the acquaintance of a charming woman, who, at first, all indignation, was at length induced to listen to his proposal, that he should see her home; and promised to admit him, "if Monseigneur should not be there."

"But who is this Monseigneur?" inquired Pierre.

"Don't ask," replied the fair lady.

"Who is he, fairest?"

"Well, how curious you are; you make me tell all my secrets. If you must know, he is a prince of the church, out of whose revenues he supports me; and I can not but show my gratitude to him."

"Certainly not; he seems to have claims which ought to be attended to."

By this time they had arrived at an elegantly furnished house, which they entered, the lady having ascertained that the coast was clear; and Poulailier had just installed himself, when up drove a carriage—Monseigneur in person.

The beauty, in a state of distraction, threw herself at the feet of her spark, and implored him to

pass into a back cabinet. Poulailler obeyed, and had hardly reached his hiding-place, when he beheld, through the glazed door, Monseigneur, who had gone to his Semele in all his apostolical magnificence. A large and splendid cross of diamonds, perfect in water, shot dazzling rays from his breast, where it was suspended by a chain of cat's-eyes, of great price, set in gold; the button and loop of his hat blazed with other precious stones; and his fingers sparkled with rings, whose brilliants were even greater and more beautiful than those that formed the constellation of his cross.

It is very seldom that the human heart, however capacious, has room for two grand passions in activity at the same time. In this instance, Poulailler no sooner beheld the rich and tempting sight, than he found that the god of Love was shaking his wings and flying from his bosom, and that the demon of Cupidity was taking the place of the more disinterested deity. He rushed from his hiding-place, and presented himself to the astonished prelate with a poniard in one hand and a pistol in the other, both of which he held to the sacred breast in the presence of the distracted lady. The bishop had not learned to be careless of life, and had sufficient self-possession in his terror not to move, lest he should compromise his safety, while Poulailler proceeded to strip him with a dexterity that practice had rendered perfect. Diamonds, precious stones, gold, coined and ornamental, rings, watch, snuff-box, and purse, were transferred from the priest to the robber with marvelous celerity; then turning to the lady, he made her open the casket which contained the price of her favors, and left the house with the plunder and such a laugh as those only revel in who win.

The lieutenant of police began to take the tremendous success of our hero to heart, and in his despair at the increasing audacity of the robber, caused it to be spread among his spies, archers, and sergeants, that he who should bring Poulailler before him should be rewarded with one hundred pistoles, in addition to a place of two thousand livres a year.

M. Hérault was seated comfortably at his breakfast, when the Count de Villeneuve was announced. This name was—perhaps is—principally borne by two celebrated families of Provence and Languedoc. M. Hérault instantly rose and passed into his cabinet, where he beheld a personage of good mien, dressed to perfection, with as much luxury as taste, who in the best manner requested a private interview. Orders were immediately issued that no one should venture to approach till the bell was rung; and a valet was placed as a sentinel in an adjoining gallery to prevent the possibility of interruption.

"Well, Monsieur le Compte, what is your business with me?"

"Oh, a trifle; merely a thousand pistoles, which I am about to take myself from your strong box, in lieu of the hundred pistoles and the snug place which you have promised to him who would gratify you by Poulailler's presence. I am Poulailler, who will dispatch you to the police of the other world with this poisoned dagger, if you raise your voice or attempt to defend yourself. Nay, stir not—a scratch is mortal."

Having delivered himself of this address, the audacious personage drew from his pockets some fine but strong whipcord, well hackled and twisted, and proceeded to bind the lieutenant of police hand and foot, finishing by making him fast to the lock of the door. Then the robber proceeded to open the lieutenant's secrétaire, the drawers of which he well rummaged, and having filled his pockets with the gold which he found there, turned to the discomfited lieutenant with a profound bow, and after a request that he would not take the trouble to show him out, quietly took his departure.

There are some situations so confounding, that they paralyze the faculties for a time; and the magistrate was so overcome by his misfortune, that, instead of calling for aid, as he might have done when the robber left him, he set to work with his teeth in vain endeavors to disengage himself from the bonds which held him fast. An hour elapsed before any one ventured to disturb M. Hérault, who was found in a rage to be imagined, but not described, at this daring act. The loss was the least part of the annoyance. A cloud of epigrams flew about, and the streets resounded with the songs celebrating Poulailler's triumph and the defeat of the unfortunate magistrate, who dared not for some time to go into society, where he was sure to find a laugh at his expense.

But ready as the good people of Paris were with their ridicule, *they* were by no means at their ease. The depredations of Poulailler increased with his audacity, and people were afraid to venture into the streets after nightfall. As soon as the last rays of the setting sun fell on the Boulevards, the busy crowds began to depart; and when that day-star sank below the horizon, they were deserted. Nobody felt safe.

The Hôtel de Brienne was guarded like a fortress; but difficulty seemed to give additional zest to Poulailler. Into this hotel he was determined to penetrate, and into it he got. While the carriage of the Princess of Lorraine was waiting at the opera, he contrived to fix leathern bands, with screws, under the outside of the bottom of the body, while his associates were treating the coachman and footman at a *cabaret*, slipped under the carriage in the confusion of the surrounding crowd when it drew up to the door of the theatre, and, depending on the strength of his powerful wrists, held on underneath, and was carried into the hotel under the very nose of the Swiss Cerberus.

When the stable-servants were all safe in their beds, Poulailler quitted his painful hiding-place, where the power of his muscles and sinews had been so severely tested, and mounted into the

hay-loft, where he remained concealed three nights and four days, sustaining himself on cakes of chocolate. No one loved good cheer better than he, or indulged more in the pleasures of the table; but he made himself a slave to nothing, save the inordinate desire of other men's goods, and patiently contented himself with what would keep body and soul together till he was enabled to make his grand *coup*.

At last, Madame de Brienne went in all her glory to the Princess de Marsan's ball, and nearly all the domestics took advantage of the absence of their mistress to leave the hotel in pursuit of their own pleasures. Poulailier then descended from the hay-loft, made his way to the noble dame's cabinet, forced her secrétaire, and possessed himself of two thousand louis d'or and a portfolio, which he doubtless wished to examine at his ease; for, two days afterward, he sent it back (finding it furnished with such securities only as he could not negotiate with safety), and a polite note signed with his name, in which he begged the princess graciously to receive the restitution, and to accept the excuses of one who, had he not been sorely pressed for the moderate sum which he had ventured to take, would never have thought of depriving the illustrious lady of it; adding, that when he was in cash, he should be delighted to lend her double the amount, should her occasions require it.

This impudent missive was lauded as a marvel of good taste at Versailles, where, for a whole week, every one talked of the consummate cleverness, and exquisite gallantry of the *Chevalier* de Poulailier.

This title of honor stuck, and his fame seemed to inspire him with additional ardor and address. His affairs having led him to Cambrai, he happened to have for a traveling companion, the dean of a well-known noble Belgian chapter. The conversation rolled on the notorieties of the day, and Poulailier was a more interesting theme than the weather. But our chevalier was destined to listen to observations that did not much flatter his self-esteem, for the dean, so far from allowing him any merit whatever as a brigand, characterized him as an infamous and miserable cut-purse, adding, that at his first and approaching visit to Paris, he would make it his business to see the lieutenant of police, and reproach him with the small pains he took to lay so vile a scoundrel by the heels.

The journey passed off without the occurrence of any thing remarkable; but, about a month after this colloquy, M. Hérault received a letter, informing him, that on the previous evening, M. de Potter, *chanoine-doyen* of the noble chapter of Brussels, had been robbed and murdered by Poulailier, who, clad in the habits of his victim, and furnished with his papers, would enter the barrier St. Martin. This letter purported to be written by one of his accomplices, who had come to the determination of denouncing him, in the hope of obtaining pardon.

The horror of M. Hérault at the death of this dignified ecclesiastic, who was personally unknown to him, was, if the truth must be told, merged in the delight which that magistrate felt in the near prospect of avenging society and himself on this daring criminal. A cloud of police officers hovered in ambush at each of the barriers, and especially at that which bore the name of the saint who divided his cloak with the poor pilgrim, with directions to seize and bring into the presence of M. Hérault a man habited as an ecclesiastic, and with the papers of the dean of the Brussels chapter. Toward evening the Lille coach arrived, was surrounded, and escorted to the hôtel des Messageries; and, at the moment when the passengers descended, the officers pounced upon the personage whose appearance and vestments corresponded with their instructions.

The resistance made by this personage only sharpened the zeal of the officers who seized him, and, in spite of his remonstrances and cries, carried him to the hôtel of the police, where M. Hérault was prepared with the proofs of Poulailier's crimes. Two worthy citizens of Brussels were there, anxious to see the murderer of their friend, the worthy ecclesiastic, whose loss they so much deplored: but what was their joy, and, it must be added, the disappointment of M. Hérault, when the supposed criminal turned out to be no other than the good Dean de Potter himself, safe and sound, but not a little indignant at the outrage which he had sustained. Though a man of peace, his ire so far ruffled a generally calm temper, that he could not help asking M. Hérault whether Poulailier (from whom a second letter now arrived, laughing at their beards) or he, M. Hérault, was the chief director of the police?

William of Deloraine, good at need—

By wily turns, by desperate bounds,  
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds.  
Five times outlawed had he been,  
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

But he was never taken, and had no occasion for his

neck-verse at Hairibee,

even if he could have read it. Poulailier was arrested no less than five times, and five times did he break his bonds. Like Jack Sheppard and Claude Du Vall, he owed his escape in most instances to the frail fair ones, who would have dared any thing in favor of their favorite, and who, in Jack's case, joined on one occasion without jealousy in a successful effort to save him.

Poulailier was quite as much the pet of the petticoats as either of these hempen heroes. With a fine person and accomplished address, he came, saw, and overcame, in more instances than that of the fair daughter of the Baron von Kirbergen; but, unlike John Sheppard or Claude Du Vall,

Poulailler was cruel. Villains as they were, John and Claude behaved well, after their fashion, to those whom they robbed, and to the unhappy women with whom they associated. In their case, the "ladies" did their utmost to save them, and men were not wanting who endeavored to obtain a remission of their sentence. But Poulailler owed his fall to a woman whom he had ruined, ill-treated, and scorned. The ruin and ill-treatment she bore, as the women, poor things, will bear such atrocities; but the scorn roused all the fury which the poets, Latin and English, have written of; and his cruelties were so flagrant, that he could find no man to say, "God bless him."

Wilhelmina von Kirbergen had twice narrowly escaped from a violent death. Poulailler, in his capricious wrath, once stabbed her with such murderous will, that she lay a long time on the verge of the grave, and then recovered to have the strength of her constitution tried by the strength of a poison which he had administered to her in insufficient quantities. Henry the Eighth forwarded his wives, when he was tired of them, to the other world, by form of what was, in his time, English law; but when Poulailler "felt the fullness of satiety," he got rid of his mistresses by a much more summary process. But it was not till this accomplished scoundrel openly left Wilhelmina for a younger and more beautiful woman, that she, who had given up station, family, and friends, to link herself with his degrading life, abandoned herself to revenge.

She wrote to him whom she had loved so long and truly, to implore that they might once more meet before they parted in peace forever. Poulailler, too happy to be freed on such terms, accepted her invitation, and was received so warmly, that he half repented his villainous conduct, and felt a return of his youthful affection. A splendid supper gave zest to their animated conversation; but toward the end of it Poulailler observed a sudden change in his companion, who manifested evident symptoms of suffering. Poulailler anxiously inquired the cause.

"Not much," said she; "a mere trifle. I have poisoned myself, that I may not survive you."

"Quoi! coquine, m'aurais-tu fait aussi avaler le boucon?" cried the terrified robber.

"That would not have sufficiently avenged me. Your death would have been too easy. No, my friend, you will leave this place safe and well; but it will be to finish the night at the Conciergerie; and, to-morrow, as they will only have to prove your identity, you will finish your career on the wheel in the Place de Grève."

So saying, she clapped her hands, and, in an instant, before he had time to move, the Philistines were upon him. Archers and other officers swarmed from the hangings, door, and windows. For a few moments, surrounded as he was, his indomitable courage seemed to render the issue doubtful; but what could one man do against a host armed to the teeth? He was overpowered, notwithstanding his brave and vigorous resistance.

His death, however, was not so speedy as his wretched mistress prophesied that it would be. The love of life prevailed, and in the hope of gaining time which he might turn to account in effecting his escape, he promised to make revelations of consequence to the state. The authorities soon found out that he was trifling with them, and the *procureur-général*, after having caused him to be submitted to the most excruciating torture, left him to be broken on the wheel alive. He was executed with all the accursed refinement of barbarity which disgraced the times; and his tormentors, at last, put the finishing stroke to his prolonged agonies, by throwing him alive into the fire that blazed at his feet.

Nothing can justify such penal atrocities. If any thing could, Poulailler, it must be admitted, had wrought hard to bring down upon himself the whole sharpness of the law of retaliation. Upward of one hundred and fifty persons had been murdered by him and his band. Resistance seemed to rouse in him and them the fury of devils. Nor was it only on such occasions that his murderous propensities were glutted.

At the village of St. Martin, he caused the father, the mother, two brothers, a newly-married sister, her husband, and four relations, or friends, to be butchered in cold blood.

One of his band was detected in an attempt to betray him. Poulailler had him led to a cellar. The traitor was placed upright in an angle of the wall, gagged, and there they built him in alive. Poulailler, with his own hand, wrote the sentence and epitaph of the wretch on the soft plaster; and there it was found some years afterward, when the cellar in which this diabolical act of vengeance was perpetrated passed into the hands of a new proprietor.

It was current in the country where Poulailler first saw the light, and where his father, mother, brethren, and sisters still lived an honorable life, embittered only by the horrible celebrity of their relation, that, on the night which followed the day of Pierre's execution, the isolated tower, which had been uninhabited since its last occupier so mysteriously disappeared, seemed all on fire, every window remaining illuminated by the glowing element till morning dawned. During this fearful nocturnal spectacle, it was affirmed, that infernal howlings and harrowing cries proceeded from the apparently burning mass, and some peasants declared that they heard Pierre Poulailler's name shouted from the midst of the flames in a voice of thunder.

The dawn showed the lonely tower unscathed by fire, but a fearful tempest arose, and raged with ceaseless fury for thrice twenty-four hours. The violence of the hurricane was such, that it was impossible during that time for any vessel to keep the sea; and when at length the storm subsided, the coast was covered with pieces of wreck, while the waves continued for many days to give up their dead at the base of the rock, from whose crest frowned *La Tour Maudite*.

# SCIENTIFIC FANTASIES.

A RE-INSTALLATION AND A DRAMA.

[Translated from Berthoud by B. Harrison.]

## I.

With animals it is the same as with men; some enjoy an unmerited reputation, while others find themselves the subjects of an undeserved opprobrium.

Among the victims of popular prejudice, I would mention the Toad.

Yes! at this name alone, you begin to exclaim against the ugliness of the animal, the venom he ejaculates, and a thousand other calumnies with which the poor beast is very unjustly charged.

I will not seek to disguise the fact—granted, the toad is ugly; but, then, I do not think that ugliness hinders those who are afflicted with it from possessing a crowd of excellent qualities and virtues. The negro Eustache and M. de Monthyon were not handsome, and yet the former, with the acclamations of all France, has been crowned by the Academy; the latter has consecrated his immense fortune to charitable institutions. We could further cite, in support of our opinion, a great number of politicians, nay even of artists, who have attained renown far otherwise than by the regularity of their features or by their personal attractions; but we would not pain any one.

Now, as to the toad, though he is ugly and calumniated he does not the less possess a multitude of domestic virtues, which ought to place him far higher in the esteem of impartial persons, than the dove, whom we cite so often as a model of tenderness, yet who, let it be noticed in passing, employs one half of her life in quarreling with her mate, and the other in exchanging with him blows of the beak, often bloody.

If you doubt the truth of my assertions, be kind enough to follow me into the forest of Meudon, where toads are found in greater abundance perhaps than any where else in the environs of Paris.

And first, do you hear in the distance that strange chant which is not wanting in melody and charm, when it rises afar in the air, like the plaint of love? That little cry, flute-like, short, monotonous, repeated several times in succession, at brief intervals, varies in such a manner, that one seems to hear it retire and approach on one side or another, like the sound of a trumpet by which the motions of a flag are directed. The greater part of the time one can not determine whence proceeds this strange music, often attributed to some bird, and without our being willing to acknowledge the obscure and unknown singer who produces it. It is the announcement of the betrothal—it is the love-song of the Batrachian.

Never was love more sincere, or more devoted. When once the toad has pledged his faith to a spouse, not only does he exhibit toward her a romantic fidelity, but he, moreover, protects her at the peril, and often even at the sacrifice of his life. If any one attacks a female, the male rushes in front of the aggressor, provokes him swells himself out in sign of defiance, and endeavors to irritate him, in order to give his companion time to fly, and take refuge in a safe asylum.

If, on the other hand, nothing disturbs him, he quits not his spouse for a moment; he surrounds her with anxious and tender attentions, lays before her the most delicate morsels of the prey he hunts for her, only eats after she has finished, and altogether acts in a manner, that might make many a Parisian husband blush. Further, he is fiery, jealous; he permits no rival to approach her to whom he is united. Woe to the audacious one who would seek to win her affection! almost invariably he pays with his life for his impudent endeavors.

This model husband, when he becomes a father has no less tenderness for his children than for their mother. When the hour, dear to the ancient Lucina, arrives, it is he who performs for his companion, the tender duties of the occasion; he takes the eggs in his arms, and places them along the body of the female, to which they remain attached till the period of hatching.

At this epoch alone, the female approaches the water, in it she deposits her eggs, and therein the eggs undergo the different transformations peculiar to the Batrachians. Then the double mission of father and mother is ended.

You see, that in writing an eulogium on the toad, and in seeking to *re-install* him in public favor, we have not been utopian.

Besides, the toad is a very sociable animal, and readily becomes the companion and the friend of man. Often, he establishes his dwelling in our houses. Pennant relates the history of a toad, who took up his abode under a staircase, and who, every evening as soon as he saw the lights, came into the dining-room. He suffered himself to be taken up and placed on the table, where they fed him with worms, flies, and wood-lice. He took these insects delicately, inflated himself to express his gratitude, and knew very well how to ask them to put him on the table, when they pretended not to be willing to do so. This toad lived thirty-six years, and then was the victim of an accident.

## II.

Another being, no less contemptuously regarded than the toad, is the spider; and yet the study of the spider's habits, would render him, who gave himself up to it, witness of fantastic and tragic dramas, often of a nature to throw into the shade all that our gloomiest melodramatists invent, even of the most sinister and most affecting kind.

One day, a spider fell into a large glass vase, forgotten for a long time in a library. How, and by what course of peripatetics this accident happened, I know not. I can only tell you, that it was a large domestic spider, with an enormous oval abdomen, and its back of a blackish color, on which were marked two longitudinal lines of yellow spots. The animal caught in this transparent snare, as a wolf in a pitfall, set to work, running round the bottom of the vase, with all the speed his eight legs could achieve.

When he had satisfied himself that no outlet was to be found on the ground-floor, he attempted to scale the glassy sides, which formed around him a circle of slippery and invisible walls; but his claws, sharp and bent like the tiger's, slipped on the hard, bare crystal, and after a quarter of an hour spent in the useless struggle, he fell back fatigued, discouraged, and panting into the middle of the vase. There he rolled and gathered his limbs together, resigned to die, as a gladiator of old kneeled in the midst of the arena, when he saw the Roman ladies raise their white hands and depress their delicate thumbs, to demand the death of the victim.

A witness of the captive's efforts, feeling curious to know what would be the other acts of the drama now begun, took the glass vase and placed it in his cabinet, where there was the least light, so that he might be able to watch the spider without disturbing it.

The latter remained immovable, rolled up, and dead to all appearance, until night closed in. Then, the observer, carelessly stretched in his easy chair, heard a movement, imperceptible, but which sounded at the bottom of the vase. He drew near to it with a light—immediately the spider feigned death. He was obliged, therefore, for that evening, to give up knowing all that took place, and the prisoner remained free from *surveillance* till the next day morning.

Then it was seen that the bottom of the vase was diapered all round, and about an inch up, with myriads of little whitish points, placed at distances almost geometrically regular. The spider slept in the middle.

The next day silver threads were found, starting from each of these points to those opposite; these formed the warp of the web. The third day, the woof enlaced the threads of the warp, and thus a vast net was made to outstretch above the bottom of the glass vase; and some threads, arranged at equal distances, fixed this elastic floor, and rendered it firm.

The spider, notwithstanding these gigantic labors, remained still in view, and wanted a dwelling. It had indeed a floor, or rather a carpet, on which it could walk without wearing or breaking its claws; the nets for hunting were stretched, but there was need of an apartment where it could find shelter and concealment, besides, it had no bed to sleep on.

With difficulty and unheard-of trouble, it succeeded in fixing, at some distance above the net, thirty of the white points, of which I told you before. These served as fixtures for a roof, which was constructed down to the net, rounded, fashioned little by little like a horn, furnished with threads finer, silkier, more closely woven, and more deeply colored, and thus became a nest impenetrable to the eye, and impervious to moisture. Some drops of water poured on this dwelling glided down its walls without penetrating them the least in the world, fell in trembling pearls through the net, and stopped at the bottom of the vase, where they evaporated.

The spider had drawn the threads, which an approximative calculation might estimate, without exaggeration, at two thousand feet in length, from six spinners attached to the abdomen, and which secrete a grayish fluid, instantly transformed, by contact with the air, into silky threads, and of astonishing strength, if we consider their tenuity! A single spider's-thread, if not broken by a shock, will sustain a weight of 270 grains!

Once his establishment finished, the spider took to passing the days and nights on the threshold of his dwelling, waiting with unexampled patience until chance should bring him some prey. This, however, did not happen; flies were yet scarce, and there was nothing in the vase of a kind to attract them. Two months rolled by, during which the poor animal grew remarkably thin.

At last, one day, moved by compassion, the observer threw a fly to the famished creature. The little insect fell on the net, caught its wings in the invisible meshes, which covered the principal tissue, and struggled violently. Immediately the spider ran up, quickly but heavily, seized its prey with its eight feet at once, gripped it with its formidable jaws, shaped like a hook, and dragged the body into his nest. An hour after he brought out of his house the remains of the fly, and threw them into the obscurest corner, the one most distant from his web, nor did he leave them without covering them with tissue, so as to hide entirely from sight the aspect of his charnel-house. Thus Brutus cast his mantle over the body of Cæsar.

Every day, at the same hour, the observer threw a fly into the vase. It was not long before he perceived that the spider, as soon as the time for its repast arrived, came out of its retreat, advanced over the web, watched for the fall of the fly, and was no more frightened at the movement, which before caused it to fly and return to its dwelling, when the provider's hand brought its dinner.

A short time later, instead of waiting until he had withdrawn, it ran immediately and with

boldness to the fly, and did not even take the trouble to drag it within to eat it. Curious to know how far this familiarity might be carried, he took a fly by one of its wings and presented it to the spider. The first time it returned frightened to its nest, and remained there closely concealed; but the next day, pressed by hunger, it rushed on the fly with the speed of an arrow, seized it, and hurried away with it to the recesses of its apartments. Once and again and again, the observer repeated this trial. At the end of this time, the spider fed on the fly in the fingers of the observer. It went so far even as to come out of the vase by the help of the finger its master presented. Thus free, it ran along the wrist, the arm, and the breast of the naturalist to get a fly which he held in his other hand as far off as possible.

The observer took a lively interest in his pensioner, and loved it almost as much as Pelisson did his. He procured then some books on natural history, in order to find out to which sex the spider of the glass vase belonged. He ascertained that it was a female by the filiform pulps which were lengthened near her jaws, and by the legs of the thorax being shorter and broader than those of the abdomen. Having made this discovery, he resolved to marry the recluse, and for this purpose sought a male of handsome appearance and worthy of the tenderness of so lovely a conquest. He had little difficulty; for it was spring time, and love moved the Arachnides as well as the rest of nature.

Once in possession of a fine male with pulps well swelled, limbs long and slender, eight bright eyes, and a conquering and off-hand address, he brought it in triumph to his guest. He laid him softly on the web, at the extremity opposite the spider's nest, and withdrew to a little distance, yet so that he could still observe all that took place.

Soon he saw the coquette come out of her boudoir, and advance toward the stranger with that voluptuous movement which imparts such a lively charm to the walk of Spanish ladies, and which Fanny Ellsler reproduced with so much grace, poetry, and felicity in those days, already growing distant, when she danced at the Opera. I assure you that to see her thus, this hideous creature was beautiful, gilded by the glorious beams of her passion, and glistening with the halo of love. For his part, the male did not show himself awkward, but made proof of his fashion and gallantry his fore-feet caressed in a subduing manner the demi-curves formed by his legs; a sub-lieutenant of hussars could not put more foppery into the twisting of the conquering bends of his curled mustache. He advanced toward her at a rapid pace, stamping with his feet, strutting, fluttering; the lady recoiled and fled, but in such a manner as to let him divine that she wished to be followed. The happy lover sped on after her retreating steps. Nevertheless he began to exhibit a singular reserve and fear, the evidence of which, however, was unmistakable. On her part, the female waited for him with a cunning which gave her eyes a strange expression. At length she turned her head and walked right before him, preoccupied as it appeared, in getting rid of some threads in which her feet were caught.

Then the male bounded on her, seized her in his arms, gave her a kiss, and took to flight—she turned. It was no longer a bold coquette that walked, it was a lioness that chases her prey; it was Diana before Actæon. The male, all trembling, sought to fly; he attempted to climb the sides of the vase. Vain efforts! Margaret of Burgundy advanced to her victim; fascinated him; stopped him. The unfortunate one betook himself to a corner trembling. She, her claw high and threatening as a poinard, struck him, slew him, and, after having contemplated him, who was but ere now her husband, she devoured him.

The observer, curious to learn the motives of so much barbarity, wished to ascertain if the death of the poor male was the chastisement of a personal fault, or the result of a system of assassination. He therefore put another male into the vase. Alas! no room was left for doubt! the crime of this cruel wife was without excuse, without extenuating circumstances; the most humane jury must have condemned her with all the aggravations foreseen by the law! The second victim shared the same fate as the first. To this wretch, murder was a necessity after love. During a whole month she lived on the corpses of her husbands.

While this month rolled on she was contented with devouring nothing but the male spiders, which were thrown in. Soon after, however, she found this dish palling and insipid, refused to eat, but not to kill them, and returned to flies with an evident pleasure.

Notwithstanding so many murders, the spider continued always to lead a peaceful life, undisturbed by remorse, in her vase of glass.

One day the window of the apartment, where the vase was, was left open; a swallow entered the room, saw the spider, and with a single blow of his beak, avenged all the victims of the murderess, so well, that the vase was found and may to this day be found empty and without a guest.

We promised you *a re-installation and a drama!* Have we not kept our promise?

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## THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO<sup>S</sup>. MORE.

[Continued from the August Number.]

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE, QUINDECIM ANNOS NATA, CHELSEIÆ INCEPTVS.

Who coulde have thoughte that those ripe grapes whereof dear Gaffer ate soe plentifulle, s<sup>d</sup> have ended his dayes? This event hath filled y<sup>e</sup> house with mourning. He had us all about his bed to receive his blessing; and 'twas piteous to see father fall upon his face, as Joseph on the face of Jacob, and weep upon him and kiss him. Like Jacob, my grandsire lived to see his well-beloved son attain to y<sup>e</sup> height of earthlie glory, his heart unspoyled and untouched.

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The days of mourning for my grandsire are at an end; yet father still goeth heavilie. This forenoon, looking forthe of my lattice, I saw him walking along the river side, his arm cast about Will's neck; and 'twas a dearer sight to my soul than to see the king walking there with his arm around father's neck. They seemed in such earnest converse, that I was avised to ask Will, afterwards, what they had been saying. He told me that, after much friendly chat together on this and that, father fell into a muse, and presently, fetching a deep sigh, says:

"Would to God, son Roper, on condition three things were well established in Christendom, I were put into a sack, and cast presently into the Thames." Will sayth:

"What three soe great things can they be, father, as to move you to such a wish?"

"In faith, Will," answers he, "they be these: First, that whereas the most part of Christian princes be at war, they were at universal peace. Next, that whereas the Church of Christ is at present sore afflicted with divers errors and heresies, it were well settled in a godly uniformity. Last, that this matter of the king's marriage were, to the glory of God, and the quietness of alle parties, brought to a good conclusion."

Indeed, this last matter preys on my father's soul. He hath even knelt to the king to refrain from exacting compliance with his grace's will concerning it; movingly reminding him, even with tears, of his grace's own words to him on delivering the great seal, "First look unto God, and, after God, unto me." But the king is heady in this matter; stubborn as a mule or wild ass's colt, whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle if they be to be governed at alle; and the king hath taken y<sup>e</sup> bit between his teeth, and there is none dare ride him. All for love of a brown girl, with a wen on her throat, and an extra finger.

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How short a time agone it seemeth, that in my prosperity I sayd, "We shall never be moved; Thou, Lord, of Thy goodness hast made our hill soe strong!" ... Thou didst turn away Thy face, and I was troubled!

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Thus sayth Plato: of Him whom he soughte, but hardly found: "Truth is his body, and Light his shadow." A marvelous saying for a heathen.

Hear also what St. John sayth: "God is Light; and in him is no darkness at all." "And the Light was the life of men: and the Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not."

Hear also what St. Augustine sayth: "They are the most uncharitable towards error who have never experienced how hard a matter it is to come at the Truth."

Hard, indeed. Here's father agaynst Will, and agaynst Erasmus, of whom he once c<sup>d</sup> not speak well enough; and now he says that if he upholds such and such opinions, his dear Erasmus may be the devil's Erasmus for what he cares. And here's father at issue with half y<sup>e</sup> learned heads in Christendom concerning y<sup>e</sup> king's marriage. And yet, for alle that, I think father is in the right.

He taketh matters soe to heart that e'en his appetite fails. Yesterday he put aside his old favorite dish of brewis, saying, "I know not how 'tis, good Alice; I've lost my stomach, I think, for my old relishes" ... and this, e'en with a tear in his eye. But 'twas not the brewis, I know, that made it start.

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He hath resigned the Great Seal! And none of us knew e'en of his meditating it, nor of his having done soe, till after morning prayers to-day, when, insteade of one of his gentlemen stepping up to my mother in her pew with the words, "Madam, my Lord is gone," he cometh up to her himself, with a smile on's face, and sayth, low bowing as he spoke, "Madam, my Lord is gone." She takes it for one of the manie jests whereof she misses the point; and 'tis not till we are out of church, in y<sup>e</sup> open air, that she fully comprehends my Lord Chancellor is indeed gone, and she hath onlie her Sir Thomas More.

A burst of tears was no more than was to be lookt for from poor mother; and, in sooth, we alle felt aggrieved and mortyfide enough; but 'twas a short sorrow; for father declared that he had cast



Pelion and Ossa off his back into the bottomless pit; and fell into such funny antics that we were soon as merry as ever we were in our lives. Patteson, so soon as he hears it, comes leaping and skipping across the garden, crying, "A fatted calf! let a fatted calf be killed, masters and mistresses, for this my brother who was dead is alive again!" and falls a-kissing his hand. But poor Patteson's note will soon change; for father's diminished state will necessitate y<sup>e</sup> dismissal of all extra hands; and there is manie a servant under his roof whom he can worse spare than the poor fool.

In the evening he gathers us alle about him in the pavillion, where he throws himself into his old accustomed seat, casts his arm about mother, and cries, "How glad must Cincinnatus have been to spy out his cottage again, with Racilia standing at the gate!" Then, called for curds and cream; sayd how sweet y<sup>e</sup> soft May air was coming over the river, and bade Cecil sing "The king's hunt's up." After this, one ballad after another was called for, till alle had sung their lay, ill or well, he listing the while with closed eyes, and a composed smile about his mouth; the two furrows between his brows relaxing graduallie till at length they c<sup>d</sup> no more be seene. At last he says,

"Who was that old prophet that could not or would not prophesy for a King of Judah till a minstrel came and played unto him? Sure, he must have loved as I do, the very lovely song of one that playeth well upon an instrument, yclept the human heart; and have felt, as I do now, the spirit given him to speak of matters foreign to his mind. 'Tis of *res angusta domæ*, dear brats, I must speak; soe, the sooner begun, the sooner over. Here am I, with a dear wife and eight loved children ... for my daughters' husbands and my son's wife are my children as much as any; and Mercy Giggs is a daughter too ... nine children, then, and eleven grandchildren, and a swarm of servants to boot, all of whom have as yet eaten what it pleased them, and drunken what it suited them at my board, without its being any one's business to say them nay. 'Twas the dearest privilege of my Lord Chancellor; but now he's dead and gone, how shall we contract the charges of Sir Thomas More?"

We looked from one to another, and were silent.

"I'll tell ye, dear ones," he went on, "I have been brought up at Oxford, at an inn of Chancery, at Lincoln's Inn, and at the King's Court; from the lowest degree, that is, to the highest; and yet have I in yearly revenues at this present, little above one hundred pounds a-year; but then, as Chilo sayth, 'honest loss is preferable to dishonest gain: by the first, a man suffers once; by the second, forever;' and I may take up my parable with Samuel, and say: 'Whose ox have I taken? whose ass have I taken? whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? of whose hand have I received any bribe to blinde mine eyes therewith?' No, my worst enemies can not lay to my charge any of these things, and my trust in you is, that, rather than regret I should not have made a purse by any such base methods, you will all cheerfully contribute your proportions to the common fund, and share and share alike with me in this my diminished state."

We all gat about him, and by our words and kisses gave warrant that we would.

"Well, then," quoth he, "my mind is, that since we are all of a will to walk down-hill together, we will do soe at a breathing pace, and not drop down like a plummet. Let all things be done decently and in order: we won't descend to Oxford fare first, nor yet to the fare of New Inn. We'll begin with Lincoln's Inn diet, whereon many good and wise men thrive well; if we find this draw too heavily on the common purse, we will, next year, come down to Oxford fare, with which many great and learned doctors have been conversant; and, if our purse stretch not to cover e'en this, why, in heaven's name! we'll go begging together, with staff and wallet, and sing a *Salve Regina* at every good man's door, whereby we shall still keep company, and be merry together!"

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Now that the first surprise and grief, and the first fervour of fidelity and self-devotion have passed off, we have subsided into how deep and holy a quiet!

We read of the desertion of the world as a matter of course; but, when our own turn comes, it does seem strange, to find ourselves let fall down the stream without a single hand outstretched to help us; forgotten, in a moment, as though we had never been, by those who lately ate and laughed at our table. And this, without any fault or offense of ours, but merely from our having lost the light of the king's countenance. I say, it does seem strange; but how fortunate, how blessed are those to whom such a course of events only seems strange, unaccompanied by self-reproach and bitterness! I could not help feeling this, in reading an affectionate letter deare father writ this forenoon to Erasmus, wherein he sayd, "I have now obtained what, from a child, I have continually wished! that, being entirely quit of businesse and all publick affairs, I might live for a time only to God and myself."

Having no hankering after the old round he soe long hath run, he now, in fact, looks younger every day; and yet, not with the same kind of youth he had before his back was bowed under the chancellorship. 'Tis a more composed, chastised sort of rejuvenescence: rather the soft warmth of autumn, which sometimes seems like May, than May itself: the enkindling, within this mortal tabernacle, of a heavenly light that never grows dim, because it is immortal; and burns the same yesterday, to-day, and forever: a youthfulness of soul and mind characterised by growth; something with which this world and its fleeting fancies has nothing to do; something that the king can neither impart nor take away.

We have had a tearfull morning ... poor Patteson has gone. My father hath obtained good quarters for him with my Lord Mayor, with a stipulation that he shall retain his office with the Lord Mayor for the time being, as long as he can fill it at all. This suits Patteson, who says he will sooner shift masters year by year, than grow too fond of any man again, as he hath of father; but there has been sad blubbering and blowing of noses.

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This afternoon, coming upon Mercy seated in y<sup>e</sup> alcove, like unto the image of some saint in a niche, her hands folded on her lap, and her eyes steadfastly agaze on the setting sun, I could not but mark how years were silentlie at work upon her, as doubtless upon us alle; the tender, fearfull girl having thus graduallie changed into the sober, high-minded woman. She is so seldom seene in repose, so constantly astir and afoot in this or that kind office, mostly about the children, that I had never thought upon it before; but now I was alle at once avised to marvel that she who had so long seemed fitter for heaven than earth, shoulde never literallie have vowed herself y<sup>e</sup> spouse of Christ, more in especiall as all expectation of being y<sup>e</sup> spouse of anie else must long since have died within her.

I sayd, "Mercy, thou lookst like a nun: how is't thou hast ne'er become one in earnest?"

She started; then sayd, "Could I be more usefull? more harmless? less exposed to temptation? or half so happy as I am now? In sooth, Meg, the time has been when methought, how sweet y<sup>e</sup> living death of the cloister! How good that must needs be which had the suffrages of Chrysostom the golden-mouthed, and holy Ambrose, and our own Anselm! How peacefull, to take wing like y<sup>e</sup> dove, and fly away from a naughty world, and be at rest! How brave, to live alone, like St. Antony, in the desert! only, I would have had some books with me in my cave, and 'tis uncertayn whether St. Antony had knowledge of letters, beyond y<sup>e</sup> heaven-taught lesson, 'God is love' ... for methought so much reflection and no action would be too much for a woman's mind to bear—I might goe mad: and I remembered me how the dove that gladly flew away from the ark, gladly flew back, and abode in y<sup>e</sup> ark till such time as a new home was ready for her. And methought, cannot I live apart from sin here, and now; and as to sorrow, where can we live apart from that? Sure, we may live on y<sup>e</sup> skirts of the world in a spiritt as truly unwordlie as though we were altogether out of it: and here I may come and go, and range in the fresh air, and love other folks' children, and read my Psalter, and pore over the sayings of the wise men of old, and look on the faces I love, and sit at the feet of Sir Thomas More. Soe, there, Meg, are my poor reasons for not caring to be a nun. Our deare Lord is in himself all that our highest, holiest affections can seek or comprehend; for he made these our hearts; he gave us these our affections; and through them the Spirit speaks. Aspiring to their source, they rise up like the white smoke and bright flame; while, on earth, if left unmastered, they burn, suffocate, and destroy. Yet they have their naturall and innocent outlets even here; and a woman may warm herself by them without scorching, and yet be neither a wife nor a nun."

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Ever since father's speech to us in y<sup>e</sup> pavillion, we have beene of one heart and one soul; neither have any of us said that aught of the things we possessed were our own, but we have had all things in common. And we have eaten our meat with gladness and singleness of heart.

This afternoon, expressing to father my gratefull sense of our present happiness.... "Yes, Meg," returns he, "I, too, am deeply thankful for this breathing space."

"Do you look on it as no more, then?" I sayd.

"As no more, Meg: we shall have a thunder-clap by-and-by. Look out on the Thames. See how unwontedlie clear it is, and how low the swallows fly.... How distinctlie we see the green sedges on Battersea bank, and their reflected images in the water. We can almost discern the features of those poor knaves digging in the cabbage gardens, and hear 'em talk, so still is y<sup>e</sup> air. Have you ne'er before noted these signs?"

"A storm is brewing," I sayd.

"Aye, we shall have a lightning-flash anon. So still, Meg, is also our moral atmosphere just now. God is giving us a breathing space, as he did to the Egyptians before the plague of hail, that they might gather their live stock within doors. Let us take for example them that believed and obeyed him; and improve this holy pause."

Just at this moment, a few heavie drops fell agaynst the window pane, and were seene by both. Our eyes met; and I felt a silent pang.

"Five days before the Passover," resumed father, "all seemed as still and quiet as we are now; but Jesus knew his hour was at hand. E'en while he yet spake familiarly among the people, there came a sound from heaven, and they that stood by said it thundered; but *he* knew it for the voice of his dear Father. Let us, in like manner, when the clap cometh, recognise in it the voice of God, and not be afraid with any amazement."

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Gammer Gurney is dead, and I must say I am glad of it. The change, to her, must be blessed, and there seemed some danger lest, after having escaped being ducked for a witch, she should have been burnt for a heretic. Father looked on her as an obstinate old woman; Will counted her little short of a saint and prophetess, and kept her well supplied with alle she could need. Latterly she was stone deaf; so 'tis a happy release.

The settled purpose of father's soul, just now, is to make up a marriage between Mercy and Dr. Clement. 'Tis high advancement for her, and there seems to have been some old liking between 'em we never knew of.

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Though some months have passed since my father uttered his warning voice, and all continues to go quiet, I cannot forbear, now and then, to call his monition to mind, and look about for the cloud that is to bring the thunder-clap; but the expectation sobers rather than saddens me.

This morning, leaning over the river wall, I was startled by the cold, damp hand of some one from behind being laid on mine. At the same time a familiar voice exclaimed, "Canst tell us, mistress, why fools have hot heads and hands icy cold?"

I made answer, "Canst tell me, Pattenon, why fools should stray out of bounds?"

"Why, that's what fools do every day," he readily replied; "but this is All Fools' Day, mine own special holiday; and I told my Lord Mayor overnight, that if he lookt for a fool this morning, he must look in the glass. In sooth, mistress Meg, I should by rights wear the gold chain and he the motley; for a proper fool he is, and I shall be glad when his year's service to me is out. The worst o' these Lord Mayors is, that we can't part with 'em till their time's up. Why now, this present one hath not so much under standing as would foot an old stocking; 'twas but yesterday when, in quality of my taster, he civilly enough makes over to me a half-eaten plate of gurnet, which I wave aside, thus, saying, I eat no fish of which I cannot affirm 'rari sunt boni,' few are the bones ... and I protest to you he knew it not for fool's latin. Thus I'm driven, from mere discouragement, to leave prating for listening, which thou knowest, mistress, is no fool's office; and among y<sup>e</sup> sundrie matters I hear at my lord's table ... for he minds not what he says before his servants, thereby giving new proof 'tis he should wear the motley ... I note his saying that y<sup>e</sup> king's private marriage will assuredlie be made publick this coming Easter, and my Lady Anne will be crowned ... more by token, he knows y<sup>e</sup> merchant that will supply the Genoa velvet and cloth of gold, and the masquers that are to enact the pageant. For the love o' safety, then, mistress Meg, bid thy good father e'en take a fool's advice, and eat humble pie betimes, for, doubt not this proud madam to be as vindictive as Herodias, and one that, unless he appease her full early, will have his head set before her in a charger. I've said my say."

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Three bishops have been here this forenoon, to bid father to y<sup>e</sup> coronation, and offer him twenty pounds to provide his dress; but father hath, with courtesie, declined to be present. After much friendly pressing, they parted, seemingly on good terms; but I have misgivings of y<sup>e</sup> issue.

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A ridiculous charge hath been got up 'gainst dear father; no less than of bribery and corruption. One Parnell complaineth of a decree given agaynst him in favour of one Vaughan, whose wife, he deponeth, gave father a gilt flaggon. To y<sup>e</sup> noe small surprise of the Council, father admitted that she had done soe: "But, my lords," proceeded he, when they had uttered a few sentences of reprehension somewhat too exultantlie, "will ye list the conclusion of the tale? I bade my butler fill the cup with wine, and having drunk her health, I made her pledge me, and then restored her the gift, and would not take it again."

As innocent a matter, touching the offering him a pair of gloves containing forty pounds, and his taking the first and returning the last, saying he preferred his gloves without lining, hath been made publick with like triumph to his own good fame; but alack! these feathers show which way sets the wind.

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## **WORDSWORTH, BYRON, SCOTT, AND SHELLEY.**

William Wordsworth is generally allowed to have exercised a deeper and more permanent influence upon the literature and modes of thinking of our age, than any of the great poets who lived and wrote during the first quarter of the present century. In proportion as his fame was of slower growth, and his poems were longer in making their way to the understanding and affections of his countrymen, so their roots seem to have struck deeper down, and the crown of

glory that encircles his memory is of gold, that has been purified and brightened by the fiery ordeal through which it has passed. Tennyson says of the laureate wreath which he so deservedly wears, that it is

Greener from the brows  
Of him who uttered nothing base.

And this, which seems at first sight negative praise, is, in reality, a proof of exquisite discernment; for it is just that which constitutes the marked distinction between Wordsworth and the other really original poets who are likely to share with him the honor of representing poetically to posterity the early part of the nineteenth century. In their crowns there is alloy, both moral and intellectual. His may not be of so imperial a fashion; the gems that stud it may be less dazzling, but the gold is of ethereal temper, and there is no taint upon his robe. Weakness, incompleteness, imperfection he had, for he was a mortal man of limited faculties, but spotless purity is not to be denied him—he uttered nothing base. Our readers will anticipate us in ranking with him, as the representative poets of their age, Byron, Scott, and Shelley. Of each of these we shall say a few words, especially in this representative character.

Lord Byron's poems are the actual life-experience of a man whose birth and fortune enabled him to mix with the highest society, and whose character led him to select for his choice that portion of it which pursued pleasure as the main if not the sole object of existence. Under a thin disguise of name, country, and outward incident, they present us with the desires which actuated, the passions which agitated, and the characters which were the ideals of the fashionable men and women of the earlier part of this century. Limited and monotonous as they are in their essential nature, ringing perpetual changes upon one passion and one phase of passion, the brilliance of their diction, the voluptuous melody of their verse, the picturesque beauty of their scenery, well enough represent that life of the richer classes, which chases with outstretched arms all the Protean forms of pleasure, only to find the subtle essence escape as soon as grasped, leaving behind in its place weariness, disappointment, and joyless stagnation. The loftiest joys they paint are the thrillings of the sense, the raptures of a fine nervous organization; their pathos is the regret, and their wisdom the languor and the satiety of the jaded voluptuary. These form the staple, the woof of Lord Byron's poetry, and with it is enwoven all that which gives outward variety and incessant stimulating novelty to the pursuits of an Englishman of fashion. These pursuits are as numerous, as absorbing, and demand as much activity of a kind as those of the student or the man of business. Among them will be found those upon which the student and the man of business are employed, though in a different spirit, and with a different aim. Thus we frequently see among the votaries of pleasure men who are fond of literature, of art, of politics, of foreign travel, of all manly and active enterprise but all these will be pursued, not as duties to be done, in an earnest, hopeful, self-sacrificing spirit, "that scorns delights and lives laborious days," but for amusement, for immediate pleasure to be reaped, as a resource against ennui and vacuity, to which none but the weakest and most effeminate nature will succumb. This difference of object and of motive necessitates a difference in the value of the results. The soil, which is plowed superficially, and for a quick return, will bear but frail and fading flowers; the planter of oaks must toil in faith and patience, and sublime confidence in the future. And so, into whatever field the wide and restless energies of men like Lord Byron carry them, they bring home no treasures that will endure—no marble of which world-lasting statue or palace may be hewn or built—no iron, of which world-subduing machines may be wrought. Poems, pictures, history, science, the magnificence and loveliness of Nature, cities of old renown, adventures of desperate excitement, new manners, languages, and characters, supply them with an ever fresh flow of sensation and emotion, keep the senses and the faculties cognate with sense in a pleasant activity, but no well-based generalization is gained for the understanding; facts are not even carefully observed and honestly studied; pleasant sensation was the object, and that once obtained, there is no more worth in that which produced it, though in it may lie a law of God's manifestation, one of those spiritual facts, to know and obey which would seem the chief purpose of man's existence, to discover and make them known, the noblest glory and highest function of genius. It is in this spirit that Lord Byron has questioned Life: "Oh! where can pleasure be found?" and Life, echo-like, would only answer, "Where!" It is because he put that question more earnestly, lived up to its spirit more fearlessly, and more faithfully and experimentally reported the answer, that he is so eminently a representative poet—representative of what a large and important class in every country actually is, of what a far larger class aspires to be. It is in his fearless attempt at solving the problem of life in his own way, his complete discomfiture, and his unshrinking exhibition of that discomfiture, that the absolute and permanent value of his social teaching consists. For he was endowed with such gifts of nature and of fortune, so highly placed, so made to attract and fascinate, adorned with such beauty and grace, with such splendor of talents, with such quick susceptibility to impressions, with such healthy activity of mind, with such rich flow of speech, with such vast capacity of enjoyment, that no one is likely to make the experiment he made from a higher vantage-ground, with more chances of success. And the result of his experience he has given to the world, and has thrown over the whole the charm of a clear, vigorous, animated style, at once masculine, and easy, and polished, sparkling with beauty, instinct with life, movement, and variety; by turns calm, voluptuous, impassioned, enthusiastic, terse, and witty, and always most prominent that unstudied grace, that Rubens-like facility of touch, which irresistibly impresses the reader with a sense of power, of strength not put fully forth, of resources carelessly flowing out with exhaustless prodigality, not husbanded with timid anxiety, and exhibited with pompous ostentation. It is the combination of these qualities of the artist, with his peculiar fearlessness and honesty of avowal—his plain, unvarnished expression of what he found pleasant, and chose for his good, that will ever give him a high, if not almost the

highest place among the poets of the nineteenth century, even with those readers who perceive and lament the worthlessness of his matter, the superficiality and scantiness of his knowledge, the want of purity and elevation in his life and character. Those will best appreciate his wonderful talents who are acquainted with the works of his countless imitators, who have admirably succeeded in re-producing his bad morality, his superficial thoughts, and his characterless portraits, without the fervor of his feeling, the keenness of his sensations, the ease and vigor of his language, the flash of his wit, or the knowledge of the world, and the manly common-sense which redeemed and gave value to what else had been entirely worthless.

If the name of Lord Byron naturally links itself with the fashionable life of great cities; with circles where men and women live mutually to attract and please each other; where the passions are cherished as stimulants and resources against ennui, are fostered by luxurious idleness, and heightened by all the aids that an old and elaborate material civilization can add to the charms of beauty, and the excitements of brilliant assemblies; where art and literature are degraded into handmaids and bondslaves of sensuality; where the vanity of social distinction fires the tongue of the eloquent speaker, wakens the harp of the poet, colors the canvas of the painter, moulds the manners and sways the actions, directs even the loves and the hatreds of all; no less naturally does the name of Sir Walter Scott stand as the symbol and representative of the life and tastes of the country aristocracy, who bear the titles and hold the lands of the feudal barons, and of the country gentlemen whose habits and manners are in such perfect contrast to those of the Squire Westerns to whose places they have succeeded. Possessing in a high degree the active and athletic frame, the robust health, the hardy training, the vigorous nerve, the bold spirit, the frank bearing, and the genial kindness of the gentlemen of the olden time, he could heartily appreciate and unhesitatingly approve all that time and revolution had spared of feudal dominion and territorial grandeur. The ancient loyalty, so happily tempering the firmness of a principle with the fervor of a feeling, never beat higher in the heart of a cavalier of the seventeenth than in that of the Scottish advocate of the nineteenth century. Every one will remember that he refused to write a life of Mary Queen of Scots, because in reference to her conduct, his feelings were at variance with his judgment. And in painting those old times in which his imagination delighted to revel, all that would most have revolted our modern mildness of manners, and shocked our modern sense of justice, was softened down or dropped out of sight, and the nobler features of those ages, their courage, their devotion, their strength and clearness of purpose, their marked individuality of character, their impulses of heroism and delicacy, their manly enterprise, their picturesque costumes and manners of life, were all brought into bold relief, and placed before the reader with such fullness of detail, in such grandeur of outline, in such bright and vivid coloring, as gave even to the unimaginative a more distinct conception of, and a more lively sympathy with the past than they could gain for themselves of the present, as it was whirling and roaring round them, confusing them with its shifting of hues and forms, and stunning them with its hurricane of noises. And apart from the fascination which History, so presented, must have for the descendants of men and classes of historical renown, for the hereditary rulers and the privileged families of a great country, and though probably the creator of the splendid pageantry was definitely conscious of no such purpose, yet there must have mingled with this fascination, and have infused into it a deeper and more personal feeling, the regretful sense that the state of society so glowingly depicted had passed away—a foreboding that even its last vestiges were fast disappearing before the wave of democratic equality, and the uprising of a new aristocracy of wealth and intellect. If at the time those famous verse and prose romances came upon the world in a marvelously rapid succession, all that the public were conscious of was a blind pleasure and unreflecting delight, it is no less true that in an age of revolution they raised up before it in a transformed and glorified life the characters, the institutions, the sentiments and manners of an age of absolute government by the strong arm or by divine right—of an age of implicit belief, inspiring heroic action, sanctioning romantic tenderness, harmonizing and actuating all the virtues that adorn and elevate fallen humanity; and that since then there has arisen in our country a thoughtful reverence and love for the past—a sense of the livingness and value of our history—a desire and a determination to appreciate and comprehend, and so not forfeit, the inheritance of wisdom, forethought, brave action, and noble self-denial, which our ancestors have bequeathed to us. How many false and puerile forms this feeling has taken it does not fall within our present scope to notice. In spite of white waistcoat politics and Pugin pedantries, the feeling is a wise and a noble one—one which is the surety and the safeguard of progress; and that much of it is owing to the interest excited so widely and so deeply by Sir Walter Scott's writings, those will be least disposed to deny who have thought most on the causes which mould a nation's character, and the influences which work out a nation's destiny.

It is in no fanciful or arbitrary spirit of system that, while we assign to Byron the empire over the world of fashion and of pleasure, and seek the mainspring of Scott's popularity in the sway of old historical traditions over a landed aristocracy, and the longing regret with which they look back to a state of society passed or rapidly passing away, we should regard Shelley as the poetical representative of those whose hopes and aspirations and affections rush forward to embrace the great Hereafter, and dwell in rapturous anticipation on the coming of the golden year, the reign of universal freedom, and the establishment of universal brotherhood. By nature and by circumstance he was marvelously fitted for his task—gentle, sensitive, and fervid, he shrank from the least touch of wrong, and hated injustice with the zeal and passion of a martyr; while, as if to point him unmistakably to his mission, and consecrate him by the divine ordination of facts, he was subjected at his first entrance into life to treatment, both from constituted authority and family connection, so unnecessarily harsh, so stupidly cruel, as would have driven a worse man into reckless dissipation, a weaker man into silent despair. "Most men," he says himself,

"Are cradled into poetry by wrong;  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Whether this be the best or most usual training for the poet may well be doubted, but it is quite indubitable that such discipline will soonest open a man's eyes to the evils of existing institutions, and the vices of old societies; and will lend to his invectives that passion which raises them above satire—to his schemes, that enthusiasm which redeems them from being crotchets; will turn his abstract abhorrence of oppression into hatred against the oppressors—his loathing of corruption into a withering scorn and contempt for tyrants and their tools, the knaves and hypocrites who use holy names and noble offices to promote their selfish ends, and to fetter and enslave their brother men. And so it happened with Shelley. The feelings of poignant anguish and bitter indignation, which had been roused in him by cruelty and injustice toward himself, colored all his views of society, and at once sharpened his hostility to the civil and religious institutions of his country, and lent more glowing colors to the rainbow of promise that beamed upon him from the distance, through the storm of bloodshed and revolution. Add to to this, that his mind was ill-trained, and not well furnished with facts; that he reveled with the delight of an eagle on the wing in the most audacious speculations, and was drawn on by the force of mental gravitation toward the boldest and most startling conclusions; that he was at once pure and impassioned—sensuous and spiritual; that he could draw from form, color, and sound a voluptuous enjoyment, keener and more intense than the grosser animal sensations of ordinary men; that his intellect hungered and thirsted after absolute truth, after central being, after a living personal unity of all things. Thus he united in himself many of the mightiest tendencies of our time—its democratic, its skeptical, its pantheistic, its socialistic spirit; and thus he has become the darling and the watchword of those who aim at reconstructing society, in its forms, in its principles, and in its beliefs—who regard the past as an unmitigated failure, as an entire mistake—who would welcome the deluge for the sake of the new world that would rise after the subsidence of the waters. Nor has their affectionate admiration been ill-bestowed. With one exception, a more glorious poet has not been given to the English nation; and if we make one exception, it is because Shakspeare was a man of profounder insight, of calmer temperament, of wider experience, of more extensive knowledge; a greater philosopher, in fact, and a wiser man; not because he possessed more vital heat, more fusing, shaping power of imagination, or a more genuine poetic impulse and inspiration. After the passions and the theories, which supplied Shelley with the subject-matter of his poems have died away and become mere matters of history, there will still remain a song, such as mortal man never sung before, of inarticulate rapture and of freezing pain—of a blinding light of truth and a dazzling weight of glory, translated into English speech, as colored as a painted window, as suggestive, as penetrating, as intense as music.

We have assigned to three great poets of our age the function of representing three classes, distinct in character, position, and taste. But as these classes intermingle and become confused in life, so that individuals may partake of the elements of all three, and, in fact, no one individual can be exactly defined by his class type, so the poets that represent them have, of course an influence and a popularity that extend far beyond the classes to whose peculiar characteristics and predominant tastes we have assumed them to have given form and expression. Men read for amusement, to enlarge the range of their ideas and sympathies, to stimulate the emotions that are sluggish or wearied out: and thus the poet is not only the interpreter of men and of classes to themselves, but represents to men characters, modes of life, and social phenomena with which they are before unacquainted, excites interest, and arouses sympathy, and becomes the reconciler, by causing misunderstandings to vanish, as each man and each class comprehends more fully the common humanity that lies under the special manifestation, the same elemental passions and affections, the same wants, the same desires, the same hopes, the same beliefs, the same duties. It is thus especially that poets are teachers, that they aid in strengthening and civilizing nations, in drawing closer the bonds of brotherhood.

Wordsworth has said of himself, "The poet is a teacher. I wish to be considered as a teacher, or as nothing." If we are asked wherein lay the value of his teaching, we reply, that it lay mainly in the power that was given him of unfolding the glory and the beauty of the material world, and in bringing consciously before the minds of men the high moral function that, belonged in the human economy to the imagination, and in thereby redeeming the faculties of sense from the comparatively low and servile office of ministering merely to the animal pleasures, or what Mr. Carlyle has called "the beaver inventions." That beside, and in connection with this, he has shown the possibility of combining a state of vivid enjoyment, even of intense passion, with the activity of thought, and the repose of contemplation. He has, moreover, done more than any poet of his age to break down and obliterate the conventional barriers that, in our disordered social state, divide rich and poor into two hostile nations; and he has done this, not by bitter and passionate declamations on the injustice and vices of the rich, and on the wrongs and virtues of the poor, but by fixing his imagination on the elemental feelings, which are the same in all classes, and drawing out the beauty that lies in all that is truly natural in human life. Dirt, squalor, disease, vice, and hard-heartedness, are not natural to any grade of life; where they are found, they are man's work, not God's; and the poet's business is not with the misery of man's making, but with the escape from that misery revealed to those that have eyes to see, and ears to hear—we mean, that no true poet will be merely a painter of that which is low, deformed, essentially inhuman, as his ultimate and highest aim, though, as means, he may, as the greatest poets have done, use them to move and rouse the sleeping soul. This, we say, in answer to those that asserted that Wordsworth was not a true painter of manners and character from humble life: we say he was, for that he painted, as minutely as served his aim, that which was essential to its occupations and

its general outward condition—that which it must be, if Christian men are to look upon the inequalities of wealth and station as a permanent element in society. And all this which he taught in his writings, he taught equally by his life. And furthermore, he manifested a deep sense of the sacredness of the gift of genius, and refused to barter its free exercise for aught that the world could hold out to him, either to terrify or to seduce; and he lived to prove, not only that the free exercise of poetic genius is its own exceeding great reward, bringing a rich harvest of joy and peace, and the sweet consciousness of duty well discharged, and God's work done; but, what was quite as much needed in our time, he showed that for the support and nourishment of poetic inspiration, no stimulants of social vanity, vicious sensuality, or extravagant excitement, were requisite, and that it could flourish in the highest vigor on the simple influence of external nature, and the active exercise of the family affections.

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## THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

[Translated from the French of Alexandre Dumas with omissions and additions, by Miss Jane Strickland.]

The knowledge of an extensively organized conspiracy embittered the last years of the Emperor Alexander, and increased his constitutional melancholy. His attachment to Tzarsko Zelo made him linger longer at his summer palace than was prudent in a man subject to erysipelas. The wound in his leg re-opened with very unfavorable symptoms, and he was compelled to leave his favorite residence in a closed litter for St. Petersburg; and the skill and firmness of Mr. Wyllie, his Scotch surgeon, alone saved the diseased limb from amputation. As soon as he was cured, he returned again to Tzarsko Zelo, where the spring found him as usual alone, without a court or chamberlain, only giving audience to his ministers twice a week. His existence resembled rather that of an anchorite weeping for the sins of his youth, than that of a great emperor who makes the happiness of his people.

He regulated his time in the following manner: in summer he rose at five, and in winter at six o'clock every morning, and as soon as the duties of the toilet were ended, entered his cabinet, in which the greatest order was observed.

He found there a cambric handkerchief folded, and a packet of new pens. He only used these pens in signing his name, and never made use of them again. As soon as he had concluded this business, he descended into the garden, where, notwithstanding the report of a conspiracy which had existed two years against his life and government, he walked alone, with no other guards than the sentinels always stationed before the palace of Alexander. At five he returned, to dine alone, and after his solitary meal was lulled to sleep by the melancholy airs played by the military band of the guard regiment on duty. The selection of the music was always made by himself, and he seemed to sink to repose, and to awake, with the same sombre dispositions and feelings which had been his companions throughout the day.

His empress, Elizabeth, lived like her consort, in profound solitude, watching over him like an invisible angel. Time had not extinguished in her heart the profound passion with which the youthful Czarowitz had inspired her at first sight, and which she had preserved in her heart, pure and inviolate. His numerous and public infidelities could not stifle this holy and beautiful attachment, which formed at once the happiness and misery of a delicate and sensitive woman.

At this period of her life, the empress at five-and-forty retained her fine shape and noble carriage, while her countenance showed the remains of considerable beauty, more impaired by sorrow than time. Calumny itself had never dared to aim her envenomed shafts at one so eminently chaste and good. Her presence demanded the respect due to virtue, still more than the homage proper to her elevated rank.

She resembled indeed more an angel exiled from heaven, than the imperial consort of a prince who ruled a large portion of the earth.

In the summer of 1825, the last he was destined to see, the physicians of the emperor unanimously recommended a journey to the Crimea, as the best medicine he could take. Alexander appeared perfectly indifferent to a measure which regarded his individual benefit, but the empress, deeply interested in any event likely to restore her husband's health, asked and obtained permission to accompany him. The necessary preparations for this long absence overwhelmed the emperor with business, and for a fortnight he rose earlier, and went to bed later, than was customary to him.

In the month of June, no visible alteration was observed in his appearance, and he quitted St. Petersburg after a service had been chanted, to bring down a blessing from above on his journey. He was accompanied by the empress, his faithful coachman Ivan, and some officers belonging to the staff of General Diebitch. He stopped at Warsaw a few days, in order to celebrate the birthday of his brother, the Grand-Duke Constantine, and arrived at Tangaroff in the end of August, 1825. Both the illustrious travelers found their health benefited by the change of scene and climate. Alexander took a great liking to Tangaroff, a small town on the borders of the Sea of Azof, comprising a thousand ill-built houses, of which a sixth-part alone are of brick and stone, while the remainder resemble wooden cages covered with dirt. The streets are large,

but then they have no pavement, and are alternately loaded with dust, or inundated with mud. The dust rises in clouds, which conceals alike man and beast under a thick veil, and penetrates every where the carefully closed jalousies with which the houses are guarded and covers the garments of their inhabitants. The food, the water, are loaded with it; and the last can not be drunk till previously boiled with salt of tartar, which precipitates it; a precaution absolutely necessary to free it from this disagreeable and dangerous deposit.

The emperor took possession of the governor's house, where he sometimes slept and took his meals. His abode there in the day-time rarely exceeded two hours. The rest of his time was passed in wandering about the country on foot, in the hot dust or wet mud. No weather put any stop to his out-door exercise, and no advice from his medical attendant nor warning from the natives of Tangaroff, could prevail upon him to take the slightest precaution against the fatal autumnal fever of the country. His principal occupation was planning and planting a great public garden, in which undertaking he was assisted by an Englishman whom he had brought with him from St. Petersburg for that purpose. He frequently slept on the spot on a camp-bed, with his head resting upon a leather pillow.

If general report may be credited, planting gardens was not the principal object that engrossed the Russian emperor's attention. He was said to be employed in framing a new constitution for Russia, and unable to contend at St. Petersburg with the prejudices of the aristocracy, had retired to this small city, for the purpose of conferring this benefit upon his enslaved country.

However this might be, the emperor did not stay long at a time at Tangaroff, where his empress, unable to share with him the fatigues of his long journeys, permanently resided, during his frequent absences from his head-quarters. Alexander, in fact, made rapid excursions to the country about the Don, and was sometimes at Tcherkask, sometimes at Donetz. He was on the eve of departure for Astracan, when Count Woronzoff in person, came to announce to his sovereign, the existence of the mysterious conspiracy which had haunted him in St. Petersburg, and which extended to the Crimea, where his personal presence could alone appease the general discontent.

The prospect of traversing three hundred leagues appeared a trifle to Alexander, whom rapid journeys alone diverted from his oppressive melancholy. He announced to the empress his departure, which he only delayed till the return of a messenger he had sent to Alapka. The expected courier brought new details of the conspiracy, which aimed at the life, as well as the government of Alexander. This discovery agitated him terribly. He rested his aching head on his hands, gave a deep groan, and exclaimed, "Oh, my father, my father!" Though it was then midnight, he caused Count Diebitch to be roused from sleep and summoned into his presence. The general, who lodged in the next house, found his master in a dreadfully excited state, now traversing the apartment with hasty strides, now throwing himself upon the bed with deep sighs and convulsive starts. He at length became calm, and discussed the intelligence conveyed in the dispatches of Count Woronzoff. He then dictated two, one addressed to the Viceroy of Poland, the other to the Grand-Duke Nicholas.

With these documents, all traces of his terrible agitation disappeared. He was quite calm, and his countenance betrayed nothing of the emotion that had harassed him the preceding night.

Count Woronzoff, notwithstanding this apparent calmness, found him difficult to please, and unusually irritable, for Alexander was constitutionally sweet-tempered and patient. He did not delay his journey on account of this internal disquiet, but gave orders for his departure from Tangaroff, which he fixed for the following day.

His ill-humor increased during the journey; he complained of the badness of the roads and the slowness of the horses. He had never been known to grumble before. His irritation became more apparent when Sir James Wyllie, his confidential medical attendant, recommended him to take some precaution against the frozen winds of the autumn; for he threw away with a gesture of impatience the cloak and pelisse he offered, and braved the danger he had been entreated to avoid. His imprudence soon produced consequences. That evening he caught cold, and coughed incessantly, and the following day on his arrival at Orieloff, an intermittent fever appeared, which soon after, aggravated by the obstinacy of the invalid, turned to the remittent fever common to Tangaroff and its environs in the autumn.

The emperor, whose increasing malady gave him a presage of his approaching death, expressed a wish to return to the empress, and once more took the route to Tangaroff; contrary to the prayers of Sir James Wyllie, he chose to perform a part of the journey on horseback, but the failure of his strength finally forced him to re-enter his carriage. He entered Tangaroff on the fifth of November, and swooned the moment he came into the governor's house. The empress, who was suffering with a complaint of the heart, forgot her malady, while watching over her dying husband. Change of place only increased the fatal fever which preyed upon his frame, which seemed to gather strength from day to day. On the eighth, Wyllie called in Dr. Stephiegen, and on the thirteenth they endeavored to counteract the affection of the brain, and wished to bleed the imperial patient. He would not submit to the operation, and demanded iced-water, which they refused. Their denial irritated him, and he rejected every thing they offered him, with displeasure. These learned men were unwise to deprive the suffering prince of the water, a safe and harmless beverage in such fevers. In fact, nature herself sometimes, in inspiring the wish, provides the remedy. The emperor, on the afternoon of that day wrote and sealed a letter, when, perceiving the taper remained burning he told his attendant to extinguish it, in words that plainly expressed his feelings in regard to the dangerous nature of his malady. "Put out that light, my



friend, or the people will take it for a bier candle, and will suppose I am already dead."

On the fourteenth of November, the physicians again urged their refractory patient to take the medicines they prescribed, and were seconded by the prayers of the empress. He repulsed them with some haughtiness, but quickly repenting of his hastiness of temper, which in fact was one of the symptoms of the disease, he said, "Attend to me, Stephiegen, and you too, Sir Andrew Wyllie. I have much pleasure in seeing you, but you plague me so often about your medicine, that really I must give up your company if you will talk of nothing else." He however was at last induced to take a dose of calomel.

In the evening, the fever had made such fearful progress that it appeared necessary to call in a priest. Sir Andrew Wyllie, at the instance of the empress, entered the chamber of the dying prince, and approaching his bed with tears in his eyes, advised him "to call in the aid of the Most High, and not to refuse the assistance of religion as he had already done that of medicine."

The emperor instantly gave his consent. Upon the fifteenth, at five o'clock in the morning, a humble village priest approached the imperial bed to receive the confession of his expiring sovereign. "My father, God must be merciful to kings," were the first words the emperor addressed to the minister of religion; "indeed they require it so much more than other men." In this sentence all the trials and temptations of the despotic ruler of a great people—his territorial ambition, his jealousy, his political ruses, his distrusts, and over-confidences, seem to be briefly comprehended. Then, apparently perceiving some timidity in the spiritual confessor his destiny had provided for him, he added, "My father, treat me like an erring man, not as an emperor." The priest drew near the bed, received the confession of his august penitent, and administered to him the last sacraments.

Then having been informed of the emperor's pertinacity in rejecting medicine, he urged him to give up this fatal obstinacy, remarking, "that he feared God would consider it absolutely suicidal." His admonitions made a deep impression upon the mind of the prince, who recalled Sir Andrew Wyllie, and, giving him his hand, bade him do what he pleased with him. Wyllie took advantage of this absolute surrender, to apply twenty leeches to the head of the emperor, but the application was too late, the burning fever continually increased, and the sufferer was given over. The intelligence filled the dying chamber with weeping domestics, who tenderly loved their master.

The empress still occupied her place by the bed-side, which she had never quitted but once, in order to allow her dying husband to unbosom himself in private to his confessor. She returned to the post assigned her by conjugal tenderness directly the priest had quitted it.

Two hours after he had made his peace with God, Alexander experienced more severe pain than he had yet felt; "Kings," said he, "suffer more than others." He had called one of his attendants to listen to this remark, with the air of one communicating a secret. He stopped, and then as if recalling something he had forgotten, said in a whisper, "they have committed an infamous action."

What did he mean by those words? Was he suspicious that his days had been shortened by poison? or did he allude, with the last accents he uttered, to the barbarous assassination of the Emperor Paul? Eternity can alone reveal the secret thoughts of Alexander I. of Russia.

During the night, the dying prince lost consciousness. At two o'clock in the morning, Count Diebitch came to the empress, to inform her that an old man, named Alexandrowitz, had saved many Tartars in the same malady. A ray of hope entered the heart of the imperial consort at this information, and Sir Andrew Wyllie ordered him to be sought for with haste.

This interval was passed by the empress in prayer, yet she still kept her eyes fixed upon those of her husband, watching with intense attention the beams of life and light fading in their unconscious gaze. At nine in the morning, the old man was brought into the imperial chamber almost by force. The rank of the patient, perhaps, inspiring him with some fear respecting the consequences that might follow his prescriptions, caused his extreme unwillingness. He approached the bed, looked at his dying sovereign, and shook his head. He was questioned respecting this doubtful sign. "It is too late to give him medicine; besides, those I have cured were not sick of the same malady."

With these words of the peasant physician, the last hopes of the empress vanished; but if pure and ardent prayers could have prevailed with God, Alexander would have been saved.

On the sixteenth of November, according to the usual method of measuring time, but on the first of December, if we follow the Russian calendar, at fifty minutes after ten in the morning, Alexander Paulowitz, Emperor of all the Russias, expired. The empress, bending over him felt the departure of his last breath. She uttered a bitter cry, sank upon her knees, and prayed. After some minutes passed in communion with heaven, she rose, closed the eyes of her deceased lord, composed his features, kissed his cold and livid hands, and once more knelt and prayed.

The physicians entreated her to leave the chamber of death, and the pious empress consented to withdraw to her own. The autopsy exhibited the same appearance generally discovered in those subjects whose death has been caused by the fever of the country: the brain was watery, the veins of the head were gorged, and the liver was soft. No signs of poison were discovered; the death of the emperor was in the course of nature.

The body of the emperor lay in state, on a platform raised in an apartment of the house where he

died. The presence-chamber was hung with black, and the bier was covered with a cloth of gold. A great many wax tapers lighted up the gloomy scene. A priest at the head of the bier prayed continually for the repose of his deceased sovereign's soul. Two sentinels, with drawn swords, watched day and night beside the dead, two were stationed at the doors, and two stood on each step leading to the bier. Every person received at the door a lighted taper, which he held while he remained in the apartment. The empress was present during these masses, but she always fainted at the conclusion of the service. Crowds of people united their prayers to hers, for the emperor was adored by the common people. The corpse of Alexander I. lay in state twenty-one days before it was removed to the Greek monastery of St. Alexander, where it was to rest before its departure for interment in St. Petersburg.

Upon the 25th December, the remains of the emperor were placed on a funeral car drawn by eight horses, covered to the ground with black cloth ornamented with the escutcheons of the empire. The bier rested on an elevated dais, carpeted with cloth of gold; over the bier was laid a flag of silver tissue, charged with the heraldic insignia proper to the imperial house. The imperial crown was placed under the dais. Four major-generals held the cords which supported the diadem. The persons composing the household of the emperor and empress, followed the bier dressed in long black mantles, bearing in their hands lighted torches. The Cossacks of the Don every minute discharged their light artillery, while the sullen booming of the cannon added to the solemnity of the imposing scene.

Upon its arrival at the church, the body was transferred to a catafalco covered with red cloth, surmounted by the imperial arms in gold, displayed on crimson velvet. Two steps led up to the platform on which the catafalco was placed. Four columns supported the dais upon which the imperial crown, the sceptre, and the globe rested.

The catafalco was surrounded by curtains of crimson velvet and cloth of gold, and four massy candelabra, at the four corners of the platform, bore wax tapers sufficient to dispel the darkness, but not to banish the gloom pervading the church, which was hung with black, embroidered with white crosses. The empress made an attempt to assist at this funeral service, but her feelings overpowered her, and she was borne back to the palace in a swoon; but as soon as she came to herself, she entered the private chapel, and repeated there the same prayers then reciting in the church of St. Alexander.

While the remains of the Emperor Alexander were on their way to their last home, the report of his dangerous state which had been forwarded officially to the Grand-Duke Nicholas, was contradicted by another document, which bore date of the 29th of November, announcing that considerable amendment had taken place in the emperor's health, who had recovered from a swoon of eight hours' duration, and had not only appeared collected, but declared himself improved in health.

Whether this was a political ruse of the conspirators or the new emperor, remains quite uncertain; however, a solemn *Te Deum* was ordered to be celebrated in the cathedral of Casan, at which the empress-mother and the Grand-Dukes Nicholas and Michael were present. The joyful crowds assembled at this service scarcely left the imperial family and their suite a free space for the exercise of their devotions. Toward the end of the *Te Deum*, while the sweet voices of the choir were rising in harmonious concert to heaven, some official person informed the Grand-Duke Nicholas, that a courier from Tangaroff had arrived with the last dispatch, which he refused to deliver into any hand but his own. Nicholas was conducted into the sacristy, and with one glance at the messenger divined the nature of the document of which he was the bearer. The letter he presented was sealed with black. Nicholas recognized the handwriting of the empress-consort, and hastily opening it, read these words:

"Our angel is in heaven; I still exist on earth, but I hope soon to be re-united to him."

The bishop was summoned into the sacristy by the new emperor, who gave him the letter, with directions to break the fatal tidings it contained to the empress-mother with the tenderest care. He then returned to his place by the side of his august parent, who alone, of the thousands assembled there, had perceived his absence.

An instant after, the venerable bishop re-entered the choir, and silenced the notes of praise and exultation with a motion of his hand. Every voice became mute, and the stillness of death reigned throughout the sacred edifice. In the midst of the general astonishment and attention he walked slowly to the altar, took up the massy silver crucifix which decorated it, and throwing over that symbol of earthly sorrow and divine hope, a black veil, he approached the empress-mother, and gave her the crucifix in mourning to kiss.

The empress uttered a cry, and fell with her face on the pavement; she comprehended at once that her eldest son was dead.

The Empress Elizabeth soon realized the sorrowful hope she had expressed. Four months after the death of her consort she died on her way from Tangaroff, at Beloff, and soon rejoined him she had pathetically termed, "*her* angel in heaven."

The historical career of the Emperor Alexander is well known to every reader, but the minor matters of every-day life mark the man, while public details properly denote the sovereign.

The faults of Alexander are comprised in his infidelity to a beautiful, accomplished, and affectionate wife. He respected her even while wounding her delicate feelings by his criminal

attachments to other women. After many years of mental pain, the injured Elizabeth gave him the choice of giving her up, or banishing an imperious mistress, by whom the emperor had a numerous family.

Alexander could not resolve to separate forever from his amiable and virtuous consort—he made the sacrifice she required of him.

His gallantry sometimes placed him in unprincely situations, and brought him in contact with persons immeasurably beneath him. He once fell in love with a tailor's wife at Warsaw, and not being well acquainted with the character of the pretty grisette, construed her acceptance of the visit he proposed making her, into approbation of his suit. The fair Pole was too simple, and had been too virtuously brought up, to comprehend his intentions. Her husband was absent, so she thought it would not be proper to receive the imperial visit alone; she made, therefore, a re-union of her own and her husband's relations—rich people of the bourgeoisie class—and when the emperor entered her saloon, he found himself in company with thirty or forty persons, to whom he was immediately introduced by his fair and innocent hostess. The astonished sovereign was obliged to make himself agreeable to the party, none of whom appear to have divined his criminal intentions. He made no further attempt to corrupt the innocence of this beautiful woman, whose simplicity formed the safeguard of her virtue.

A severe trial separated him forever from his last mistress, who had borne him a daughter this child was the idol of his heart, and to form her mind was the pleasure of his life. At eighteen the young lady eclipsed every woman in his empire by her dazzling beauty and graceful manners. Suddenly she was seized with an infectious fever, for which no physician in St. Petersburg could find a remedy. Her mother, selfish and timid, deserted the sick chamber of the suffering girl, over whom the bitter tears of a father were vainly shed, while he kept incessant vigils over one whom he would have saved from the power of the grave at the expense of his life and empire. The dying daughter asked incessantly for her mother upon whose bosom she desired to breathe her last sigh, but neither the passionate entreaties nor the commands of her imperial lover could induce the unnatural parent to risk her health by granting the interview for which her poor child craved, and she expired in the arms of her father, without the consolation of bidding her mother a last adieu.

Some days after the death of his natural daughter, the Emperor Alexander entered the house of an English officer, to whom he was much attached. He was in deep mourning, and appeared very unhappy.

"I have just followed to the grave," he said, "as a private person, the remains of my poor child, and I can not yet forgive the unnatural woman who deserted the death-bed of her daughter. Besides, my sin, which I never repented of, has found me out, and the vengeance of God has fallen upon its fruits. Yes, I deserted the best and most amiable of wives, the object of my first affection, for women who neither possessed her beauty nor merit. I have preferred to the empress even this unnatural mother, whom I now regard with loathing and horror. My wife shall never again have cause to reproach my broken faith."

Devotion and his strict adherence to his promise balm'd the wound, which, however, only death could heal. To the secret agony which through life had haunted the bosom of the son was added that of the father, and the return of Alexander to the paths of virtue and religion originated in the loss of this beloved daughter, smitten, he considered, for his sins.

The friendship of this prince for Madame Krudener had nothing criminal in its nature, though it furnished a theme for scandal to those who are apt to doubt the purity of Platonic attachments between individuals of opposite sexes.

In regard to this emperor's political career, full of ambition and stratagem, we can only re-echo his dying words to his confessor: "God must be merciful to kings!" His career, however, varied by losses on the field, or humiliated by treaties, ended triumphantly with the laurels of war and the olives of peace; and he bore to his far northern empire the keys of Paris as a trophy of his arms. His moderation demands the praise of posterity, and excited the admiration of the French nation at large. His immoral conduct as a man and a husband was afterward effaced by his sincere repentance, and he died in the arms of the most faithful and affectionate of wives, who could not long survive her irreparable loss. His death was deeply lamented by his subjects, who, if they did not enroll his name among the greatest of their rulers, never have hesitated to denote him as the best and most merciful sovereign who ever sat upon the Russian throne.

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## AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF JOHN RAYNER.

### I.

It was the strangest and most beautiful sight in the world—certainly the most beautiful they had ever seen or dreamt of; and the party, after surmounting the perils of the ascent, stood gazing in astonished amazement. "The Falls of Niagara may be very grand," observed they; not that they could speak from experience, never having crossed the Atlantic to view them; the sight of the Pyramids of Egypt, worth a pilgrimage thither, and all the other known wonders of the earth, natural and artificial, equally imposing and sublime, but it was scarcely to be conceived that any

one of them could vie in beauty with the Glaciers of Switzerland.

The party, some half-dozen in number, and of the English nation, had arrived at Chamouny in the night, later by some hours than they ought to have done, owing to the break-down of their nondescript vehicle, called a *char-à-banc*, just after they had quitted St. Martin, a quiet little village, whence the view of Mont Blanc is splendid in the extreme.

They were weary with traveling, and sought their beds at once, the earliest riser among them—and he not until the sun was up—rushing to his window, before his eyes were half open, to see if any view was to be obtained.

He pulled aside the curtain, and stood transfixed; utterly regardless of the bipeds, male and female, human and animal, whose attention might be attracted upward by the unusual apparition of a gentleman exhibiting himself at the open window in his costume *de nuit*, his tasseled nightcap stretching a yard into the air. But John Rayner was a man much more accustomed to act from impulse than from reflection, and it is possible that in this instance the scene he beheld excused it.

The Glacier de Bosson was before him—the large, unbroken Glacier de Bosson—with its color of bright azure, and its shining peaks of gold, rising to a sky more deeply blue than we ever see it in England, glittering along as far as the eye could reach. A glimpse of the Mer de Glace was caught in the distance, its white surface presenting a contrast to the blue of the glaciers.

John Rayner soon summoned his party; and, after a hasty breakfast, they commenced preparations for a visit to the Mer de Glace. They were soon ready—considering that some of the party were ladies, and one a staid damsel of five-and-forty, methodical and slow: another, a fair young bride, indulged in every wish and whim. The usual appendage of mules and guides accompanied them, and they were a long while ascending the mountain—five hours at the least—but the road was sufficiently exciting, and to some minds sufficiently dangerous, to keep away ennui. The young girl, too, and indeed she was little more, was perpetually throwing them into a state of agitation with her sudden screams of terror, although the guides, with their Alpenstocks, seeing her fears, were more attentive to her than to all the rest of them put together. Once they thought she had certainly gone over, mule and all: it was when a descending party appeared almost right above their heads, advancing toward them, and she was just at a broken and rugged corner, where there was scarcely room for one mule to step, without being precipitated into the depths below. But the danger was surmounted, and on they went, the mules nearly on end; for it is scarcely possible to conceive a more perpendicular ascent. Part of the way lay through groves of tall pine-trees, and flowers and wild strawberries were growing around.

But now they gained the height, and how strangely beautiful was the scene that broke upon them! it certainly, as the gazers observed, could have no rival in nature. It was one of the sunniest days, too, that ever rose on that picturesque land: had it been less fine, the greater part of the scene's beauty would probably have been lost.

The azure-tinted plains of ice, in their rugged sublimity, were stretched out broad and large, their surface glittering as if all sorts of precious stones were thrown there. The bright-green emerald, the pale sapphire, the gay amber, the purer topaz, the sweet-tinted amethyst, the richer garnet, the blue turquoise, the darker lapis lazuli, the rare jacinth, the elegant onyx, the delicate opal, the gaudy gold, and the brilliant diamond. All gay and glittering colors were there, presenting a dazzling profusion of tints such as the eye had never yet rested on. Pinnacles of snow rose up to the heavens, and frozen torrents, arrested midway in their course, hung over the waves of ice below. Plains, plains of ice, were extended there, clear and transparent; masses of white, shining snow, in all fanciful shapes, were crowded, as if they were rocks, one above another, and magnificent pinnacles, or *aiguilles*, as they are appropriately termed, raised their golden tops to the dark blue sky, numbers of them upon numbers, as far away in the distance as the eye could reach. It is impossible to do justice in description to the exquisite coloring of these heaps or rocks of ice, between each of which yawned a fissure or abyss, fearful to look down upon. You may have witnessed the blue of a Southern sky, and the rich blue of the Rhone's waters—wondrously dark and rich as they roll on from Geneva's lake; you may have seen the bright plumage of rare birds, rivaling the exquisite tint that is known as "ultramarine," but never, never have you imagined any thing so lovely as the transparent azure of portions of these masses of ice.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Hamlet tells us, than are dreamt of in our philosophy. It is very probable; and there are certainly more places. When John Rayner's geographical master at school expounded to him the dreamy, repellant attributes of the Icy Sea, making him shiver as he listened, he little thought there was *another* icy sea nearer home, one that he might some time visit, and whose strangely magnificent beauty would cling to his recollections for all his future years.

The guides began pointing out to him some of the glistening peaks by name: the *Aiguilles Rouges*, the *Col de Baume*, the *Grands Periwades*, the *Grands Mulets*, the *Egralats*, and others. And—strange, strange scene! in the midst of this region of petrification, this enduring ice of ages, the green banks, verdant as our plains in the spring-time, lay on the edge of the white waters; causing them to think of the blending of climes that they would never see blended—the smiling pastures of Arcadia in the midst of the desolation of the North Pole.

They were gathered in a group close to the little *châlet*, as it is called, partaking of the refreshments they had brought with them, all save that pretty plaything the young bride, who,

her terrors subsided, sat twisting some wood-strawberries round her straw-bonnet, much to the staining and detriment of its white ribbons, as John Rayner's staid aunt kept assuring her, when some fresh comers appeared upon the scene. They consisted of a lady and gentleman, a man servant, in undress livery, and some guides. He, the gentleman, was young and remarkably handsome, aristocratic to the last degree, and there was an air of reserve and hauteur about him, conspicuous at the first glance. But he was forgotten when his companion, whom he had assisted from her mule and placed upon his arm, turned her countenance to their view. Seldom has a human face been formed so classically faultless, and though there was not the slightest coloring in her features, the delicate beauty of their form was such, that could a painter have transferred them to canvas, he would need to toil for fame no more. Her hair was of the deepest shade, next to black, and her eyes were blue, but such a blue—dark and lovely as were the edges of the masses of ice she was looking at. They did not advance toward our party, preferring, no doubt, to shroud themselves in their habits of aristocratic reserve, and keep themselves aloof from promiscuous travelers. Once she withdrew her arm from his, and began slipping about on the waves of ice, trying hard to climb them; and, as she thus amused herself, he strolled away and approached nearer the other party. But he took no notice of it, save one or two involuntary glances of admiration which shot from his eyes as they fell upon the fair young wife before mentioned, who still sat weaving her strawberries, not quite consistent, as John Rayner's maiden aunt stiffly observed, with his devotion to *his* young wife down there.

"I wonder if they are English?" quoth Miss Rayner—the first "wonder" an Englishwoman expresses, and that invariably, when strangers appear in sight in a foreign land.

"English! of course not!" retorted her young lady-relative, pushing up the wreath to see how many stains she could count upon her bonnet, and who, since she crossed the channel, had been pleased to express a mania for every body and every thing that was foreign.

But the day at length wore away, with its pleasure, toil, and excitement; and not sorry were they, after their perpendicular descent, to find themselves safe in the inn at Chamouny.

Early the next morning they went out to visit the source of the Arveyron; but it calls for little notice here, and its description would scarcely be read after that of the Icy Sea. They were standing by the grove of pines that skirts the rivulet, bargaining with some little children for the minerals they so anxiously displayed, when the same couple they had seen the day before, amid the glaciers, advanced toward them, but this time quite unattended. The gentleman was attired in a sort of shooting-coat, his tall slender form appearing to advantage in this mode of dress; and the young lady was enveloped in a Cashmere, her lovely features colorless as ever; but she hastily shook her vail over them as she neared the strangers.

They had scarcely passed, when the gentleman, in drawing something from his pocket—a sketch-book it looked like—let fall a gold pencil-case, probably out of the book. It was unperceived by him, and he continued his way, the pencil-case rolling to the feet of John Rayner. He picked it up, and stepping after the stranger, returned it into his hand.

He proffered his thanks politely and very courteously. There was something extremely prepossessing in his manner when he spoke, and in his smile also, in spite of the hauteur visible in his features when they were at rest.

"He is an Englishman, then!" cried John's good aunt, who had been watching and listening.

"And a nobleman to boot," added John.

On the blood-red stone of the chased pencil-case was engraved an elaborate coat-of-arms, surmounted by a viscount's coronet.

During their quiet journey back to St. Martin, in the char-à-banc, they, having nothing better to do, began discussing the episode, as John Rayner himself named it. Miss Rayner, who, many years before, had owned a real countess for a godmother, and still boasted of a cousin—she did not say how many removes—in an ambassador's lady, had, as a matter of course, all the peerage at her fingers' ends, and knew the names and ages of every body in it, as well as she did the Church Catechism. So she began speculating upon which of the peers' sons it was, and trying to recollect who among them had recently wedded.

"I have it!" she cried at last, "It is Lord L—. He was married just before we left England—to that old admiral's daughter, you know, John, with the wooden leg: he is something at the Admiralty. An exceedingly fine young man is Viscount L—, but so was his father before him, though I dare say he is altered now. He stood for our county in early life, and I saw him ride round the town the day of his election."

"My good madam," interrupted a gentleman, leaning down from his seat by the driver to speak, "the party we saw this morning is just as much like Lord L— as you are like me. He is a regular dwarf, is L—; stands five feet one in his boots."

"How do *you* know Viscount L—?" snappishly demanded the lady, vexed at finding herself, with all her aristocratic lore, at fault.

"I was at college with him," was the reply, as the speaker threw away the end of his cigar.

"It is useless to discuss the matter further," observed John Rayner. "We have seen the last of them, and the prospect here is worth all the coronets in Europe."

They were leaving the Glacier de Bosson, with its form of grace, and its color of brilliant blue shading itself off above to snowy whiteness; but shining cataracts, silvery and beautiful, were rushing down from the heights, amid the trees, the rocks, and the green, green banks. And further on, as the *char-à-banc* continued its way out of the valley, the snowy range of mountains appeared, their outline sharply cut against the clear summer sky, and the pinnacles, domes, and obelisks, as they might be fancied, shooting up to it; with Mont Blanc—Mont Blanc so splendidly radiant—seen from thence, standing forth in all its glory.

## II.

It may have been several months prior to the date of the events recorded above, that a family-party were gathered one evening in the drawing-room of a handsome house, situated near to one of those parts of London much frequented by lawyers. A lady of advancing years sat in an easy-chair; the worsted-work with which she had been occupied was thrown aside, and she had placed her hand fondly upon the head of a young girl, who knelt before the recently-lighted fire, enjoying its blaze, for the autumn evenings were growing chilly. A stranger would have been struck at once with the girl's beauty. Had a masterly hand sculptured out her features from marble, they could not have been more exquisitely moulded, and they were pale as the purest ivory. She seemed to be about eighteen, and a cherished, petted child.

Two ladies, each more than thirty years of age, sat also in the apartment. They were quiet-looking women, dressed with a plainness which formed a contrast to the elegant attire of the younger lady. One sat before her desk, the other—having drawn close to the window, for she was near-sighted—sat reading attentively.

"Louisa, my dear," observed the mother, removing her hand from her youngest daughter's head, "I think you should put your writing aside: it is getting too late to see."

"In a few minutes, mother: my epistle is just finished, and I want to send it by to-night's post."

"Is it for the convent?" inquired the youngest girl.

"It is."

"As a matter of certainty," she rejoined; a saucy smile—in which might be traced a dash of derision—illuminating her features.

The expression was observed, and a deep sigh broke from the two elder sisters; the one looking up from her book, which was a Roman-Catholic edition of the "Lives of the Saints," to give vent to it.

At the same moment a servant entered, and presented a salver to his mistress. She took a note from it, and broke the seal. The man quitted the room, and Frances, like a spoiled child, leaned her head upon her mother's lap to look at the handwriting.

"It is from your papa, my dearest, written from the office; but a couple of lines. He says he shall bring home a client to dinner—a nobleman, who will probably take a bed at our house. It may be as well, perhaps, that I order some trifling additions to the table."

"The dinner is very well, madam," meekly observed one of her elder daughters. "It is handsome and good: will not the enlarging of it savor much of worldly vanity?"

"Additions! to be sure, mamma!" cried Frances. "What are you dreaming of, Mary? it is a nobleman who is coming, did you not hear?" And bending forward, she pulled hastily the bell, that Mrs. Hildyard might issue her orders.

But while they are up-stairs dressing, it may be as well to give a short intimation of who the parties are.

Mr. Hildyard was an eminent lawyer, ranking high in his profession, of unblemished character, and of great wealth. He was of the Roman Catholic persuasion. His family consisted but of the three daughters we have already seen. The two elder ones, Louisa and Mary, had been placed in early childhood at a convent in one of the midland counties. Merry-hearted girls they were when they entered it; but at their departure, after a sojourn there of several years, their joyous spirits had been subdued to gloom. The world and all its concerns was to them a sin; and they decidedly deemed that no person was worthy to live in it, save those who were continually out of it "in the spirit," and whose time was passed in the offices of religion, and in ecclesiastical acerbities. They returned home young women, while their little sister, the willful child, Frances, was but eight years of age. Most passionately fond of this child, coming to them so many years after the birth of the others, were Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard; and, like too many fond parents, they merged her future well-being in present indulgence. Oh! better had it been for Frances Hildyard to have turned into stone her heart's best feelings, and to have lived a life of contented gloom as her sisters did, than to have grown up the vain, self-willed girl which she had done, reveling in the world and its vanities as if it were to be her resting-place forever.

It is impossible to tell you how Frances Hildyard was idolized—how indulged. This is no ideal story, and I speak but of things as they were. When only seven years of age, she dined at table with her parents, at their late dinner-hour. Her will was law in the house; the very servants, taking their tone from their superiors, made her their idol, or professed to do so. The most insidious flatteries were poured into her ear, and every hour in the day, one eagerly drank-in

theme was whispered there—the beauty of Miss Frances. This indulgence, coupled with that fostered vanity, brought forth its fruits—and can you wonder at it? Good seeds were in her heart—good, holy seeds, planted in it by God, as they are in the heart of all; but in lieu of being carefully fostered and pruned, they were let run to waste, and the baneful weeds overgrew them.

A governess was provided for her, a kind, judicious Catholic woman. Send Frances to the convent, indeed! What object would Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard have had to doat upon had their precious child been removed from their sight? Mrs. Mainwaring was anxious for the welfare of her charge, and to do her duty; but Frances was the most rebellious pupil. The governess appealed to the mother, and Mrs. Hildyard, with showers of kisses and presents, implored Frances to be more attentive; but Frances heard her whisper to the governess not to be harsh with her darling child. It was a continued scene of struggle for mastery, and Mrs. Mainwaring threw up her engagement. A French lady was procured in her place, who had the accommodation, to use no more reprehensible term, to assimilate her views to those of Miss Frances. And so she grew up; her extreme beauty palliating to the household all her little willful faults, and the admiration she excited filling the very crevices of her heart. To hear the echo of the word "beautiful" coupled with Frances Hildyard, was of itself, to her, worth living for. But soon one was to come, for whose admiration she would alone care, one for whose step she would learn to listen, and in whose absence existence would be irksome.

She was the first, on the evening which has been mentioned, to enter the drawing-room, after dressing for dinner. Her attire proved she had not forgotten that a noble stranger was to partake of their hospitality. Mr. Hildyard was standing before the fire with a gentleman. They both moved as she advanced, and her father, taking her hand, said, "My love, allow me to introduce Lord Winchester. Your lordship sees my youngest daughter, Miss Frances Hildyard."

She saw that he was young and handsome—she saw that he was noble and courteous beyond any that she had hitherto formed acquaintance with, but she saw not the whole of his fascinations then.

He led Mrs. Hildyard in to dinner, and sat next to her; Frances was on his other hand. The two elder sisters, in their quiet gray silk dresses, sat opposite, and Mr. Hildyard occupied his customary place at the foot of the table.

Vain girl! She was looking her very best, and she tried to look it. She was conscious that he regarded her with no common admiration. She was used to that; but she was *not* used to this homage from a nobleman.

The secret of his visit was made known to the family—to no one else. Viscount Winchester, but following the example set him by many another noble viscount, had got himself into a scrape: plainly speaking, he had run headlong into debt, and was in the hands of the Jews. The respectable old earl, his father, shocked and astonished, had, in the first flush of anger, refused to assist him, and the viscount, threatened with arrest, and not daring to apply to the family-solicitor, had flown to Mr. Hildyard, of whom he had a slight knowledge. So here he was located, *en famille*, in the lawyer's house; it may be said, secreted, for the servants were left in ignorance of his name and rank, and the family were denied to visitors.

Upon Frances chiefly devolved the care of entertaining him. Louisa and Mary—even had the necessity of any task so vain and useless as that of amusing a handsome young gentleman occurred to their minds—possessed not the time to attend to it, what with their voluminous correspondence kept up with the convent, and their multifarious religious duties at home, and its ceremonies abroad; and Mrs. Hildyard was in delicate health, and rarely descended from her apartments until late in the day.

It was nearly a week before he left the house. For four days the earl had continued obstinate; and after he relented, it took two more to arrange matters, so that Lord Winchester might be free again. He and Frances had become very friendly with each other; it is too early yet to say, attached—but the seeds for that were sown. He quitted the house, but not to remain absent from it forever—now a morning visit, now a friendly dinner with them. Neither did it seem any thing but a natural occurrence that he should frequently return to his friends from whom he had received so much kindness. But it needed not his whisperings to Frances, to convince her that she was the magnet that drew him thither, for she saw it in every look, and traced it in every action.

### III.

The winter had come. Frost and snow lay chillingly upon the ground, when one afternoon the visiting-carriage of Mrs. Hildyard drew up to her house, and Frances, followed by her mother, leaped lightly out of it. A radiant smile of happiness was on her beautiful face, for a well-known cab, elegant in all its appurtenances, was in waiting at the door, giving sure token that its owner was within.

Lord Winchester's visits had been frequent and constant; and oh, the change that had come over the feelings of Frances Hildyard—over her whole life! She had learned to love; but few could imagine how wildly and passionately.

There he was, as she entered the morning-room, striding up and down it impatiently. A hasty embrace, while they were yet uninterrupted, and Lord Winchester walked forward to shake hands with Mrs. Hildyard.

"So, Frances," he whispered, when an opportunity, offered and others were in the room to draw off attention from them, "you are tiring already of your conquest?"

Tiring of him! A faint blush upon her pure cheek, and a look of inquiry, formed her only answer.

"It was unkind not to reply to my note, when I so earnestly urged it."

"What note?" she asked.

"The one I sent you yesterday."

"I had no letter from you yesterday."

"Think again, my love. James tells me he delivered it as usual into the hands of your own maid."

"Then she never gave it me," answered Frances, earnestly.

"Some negligence!" ejaculated Lord Winchester.

But the visitors who had been present were leaving, and their conversation was interrupted.

As soon as she was at liberty, Frances hastened to her room, and ringing for her maid, a chattering French girl, demanded if she had not received a note for her on the previous day.

"Most certainly," answered the girl, jabbering on with her false accent, and occasionally introducing a word of her native language. "It came when you were out, mademoiselle, and I placed it here on your toilet-table."

"Then where is it?" inquired Frances.

"Mais—I supposed you took it," replied the attendant, looking puzzled; and she was beginning to scan the ground, as if thinking it might have fallen there, when Miss Louisa Hildyard entered the apartment, and the servant was dismissed.

"I—I took the liberty, Frances," began Miss Hildyard, clearing her throat, and speaking in the mild, monotonous manner which distinguished her and her sister, "to open a letter yesterday which was addressed to you."

The thoughts of Frances reverted to the lost note, and the impetuous flush of anger rose to her brow. Her answer was delivered in a tone of the utmost astonishment:

"You—opened—a—letter—addressed—to—me!" was her exclamation, with a pause between every word.

"I did," meekly replied Miss Louisa.

"And you presumed—was it from here? Did you find it here?" reiterated Frances, pointing to the dressing-table.

"It was— I did," responded the elder lady, scarcely above a whisper, "and I am now come to converse—"

But Frances, with a perfect torrent of passion, overwhelmed her words. "And how could you—how dared you break the seal of a letter which bore my address? how dare you presume to stand in my presence and assert it?"

"The superscription was in Viscount Winchester's handwriting, and the seal bore his arms," was the placid reply. "A sufficient warranty for my proceeding, for I had suspected there was a private understanding going on between you, and deemed it my duty to look into it."

"And don't you know," exclaimed Frances, stamping her foot in her passion, "that the act you have been guilty of is so vile, that, but recently, one committing it was deemed worthy of a felon's death upon the scaffold? That degradation so utter can have been committed by my father's child!"

"This storm of passion and violence is very bad," deplored Miss Louisa Hildyard, crossing her hands upon her chest. "May the Virgin bring your mind to habitual meekness!"

"May the Virgin bring you to a sense of the shameful act you have stooped to, and keep you out of my apartments for the future!" retorted the exasperated girl, who, in truth to say, was looked upon as little better than a heathen, in religious matters, by her pious sisters.

Miss Louisa took a small ivory crucifix from her bosom, kissed it, and crossed herself, while ejaculating audible aspirations for patience.

"Retire from my presence," resumed Frances, haughtily, "and return to my maid, whom I will send after you, the letter you have robbed me of."

"It is no longer in my possession," sighed Miss Louisa, coolly taking a seat as if in open defiance of her sister's imperious command. "I am in the habit of consulting Sister Mildred, my dear old preceptress at the convent, upon all points, and I submitted Lord Winchester's communication to her by last night's post, requesting her advice as to what course we ought to pursue with you upon this deplorable matter."

Frances turned quite wild. "You eavesdropper—you impersonation of all jealousy— how dared



you do so? This is worse and worse! Consult the nuns about yourselves and your own concerns; go and live with them and stop with them if you like; but who gave you right or power over mine?

"The right and the power that one soul has to concern itself for the well-being of another. Had Viscount Winchester—"

"Had Viscount Winchester come with his coronet in hand, and laid it at *your* feet," interrupted Frances, vehemently, "you would have grasped at the offer—unsuitable to him as you would be in years. We should have had no saintly appeals to the convent then."

Miss Louisa gave a faint scream, and nearly fainted. To do her justice, it was not so much her sister's ill-judged words that affected her—not even the irreverent allusion to her age—as the coupling her holy and catholic person, though only in idea, in union with one who was a sworn enemy to the true faith.

"Oh, that you had been reared among our pious sisterhood!" she aspirated, looking on Frances with compassion, "you would then know the terrible sin you have been guilty of in encouraging the addresses of this lost man."

"I wish the pious sisterhood had been in the sea before they had taught you these disgraceful tricks," retorted the young lady. "Why don't you attend to your priests, and your visitings, and your week-day masses, and your holy robes, and leave rational people to pursue their way unmolested?"

This last was a hint at her sister's embroidery; they never were without a "holy robe" in hand, intended for the decoration of some priest or another.

"Thanks be to the saints and to their blessed servants who tutored me, you can not provoke me to anger, Frances. What I have done, I have done for your good. It is incumbent on us to stop this affair in the bud, rather than suffer you to become deeply attached to this young nobleman. Alas! that hearts still dead to the spirit, *should* be guilty of passion so reprehensible for a fellow-creature!"

"Whatever attachment there may be between me and Lord Winchester, it does not concern you."

"You can never marry him."

"I shall not ask your consent."

Miss Louisa Hildyard fell upon one knee when she heard these words, and prayed for reformation to the sinful heart of her young sister.

"You might as well marry the—the—" she seemed to hesitate for a mild expression, "the person down below who is not an angel," she continued, tapping the floor with her foot, lest Frances should mistake her meaning; "you might as well marry *him*, as a man professing the religion they call Protestant."

The pale face of Frances bore a tinge of red—always a sign in her of deep emotion. She liked not the turn the discussion was taking, for she had been nurtured in the doctrines of the Romish faith, and even she, careless as she was of fulfilling the duties of her religion, owned to prejudices against those of an opposite creed, though her all-potent love for Lord Winchester willingly buried in his case these prejudices in oblivion.

"Oh, Frances! think of your soul! How can that be saved if you willfully ally yourself with one who can never enter into the fold of Christ?"

"Have you increased my obligations to you," interrupted Frances, trying to smother her sister's words, "by informing papa that you are a breaker-open of other people's letters?"

"My lips are sealed upon the subject until the arrival of the answer of Sister Mildred," replied Miss Hildyard. "I shall be guided, as I ever am, by her advice."

#### IV.

The answer of "Sister Mildred" was not long in coming. It was a voluminous epistle, partly consisting of pathetic lamentations over the "stray lamb who seemed prone to wonder;" and earnestly urging, nay, commanding her dear daughter Louisa to consult at once with her confessor, and to let him see and explain the danger to Mr. Hildyard.

Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard were sufficiently confounded when the unwelcome news was made known to them. That they were taken with Lord Winchester as a fascinating man and pleasing companion, could not be denied; but that their greatly-beloved daughter should have become attached to one lying under the ban of their faith, was an overwhelming blow. The first time that Mr. Hildyard entered his drawing-room, after hearing the tale, appearances seemed to confirm it, for there sat Frances at the piano, playing ever and anon a few bars with one hand, and his lordship was leaning over her and speaking in whispers. Mrs. Hildyard had dozed asleep upon the sofa, her frequent habit after dinner, and Miss Mary Hildyard sat at the table underneath the light of the great chandelier, forming a wreath of flowers, intended, when worked, to ornament a veil for the profession of a young friend, who was about to become a nun. Altogether, what with the old lady's doze, and the younger one's preoccupation, they had it pretty much to themselves, and Mr. Hildyard walked across the well-carpeted room without being perceived, in time to see the viscount toying with his daughter's ringlets. Frances started up when she saw her father.

"What do you do, Frances, so far from the fire?" he cried with asperity, the first time in her life she ever remembered harsh tones used to her.

"Is it so cold a night?" inquired the young man.

"Very cold, my lord," was the short reply.

"This room is warm any where," observed Frances, as she slowly approached the table where her sister was sitting.

"Shall I sing you your favorite songs to-night, papa?" she inquired.

"No. I am in no mood for singing?"

"Will you give me my revenge at chess?" asked the viscount of Mr. Hildyard.

"If your lordship will excuse me, I shall feel obliged."

So with this chilling reception of course his lordship soon walked himself off, and then Mr. Hildyard spoke to Frances.

Kindly and cautiously he pointed out to her how impossible it was that she could ever marry Lord Winchester, or any one save a professor of her own creed. He told her to choose from the whole world—that he and her mother had but her happiness at heart, but she must choose a Roman Catholic. "I hope," he continued, "that a mistake has arisen upon this point, and that you do not love Lord Winchester—that it will be no pain to you not to see him again."

Her heart beat tumultuously, and a film gathered before her eyes; but she turned her face, with its agitation, away from their view, and gave an evasive answer.

"Because to-morrow I shall write to him," proceeded Mr. Hildyard, "that a stop may be put to this at once, and forever."

## V.

Astonished as Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard may have been, that was nothing compared with the indignant amazement of the earl when the affair broke upon him. For Mr. Hildyard, not contented with writing fully to Lord Winchester, had dropped an explanatory note to the earl, intimating his hope that the latter would urge upon his son the futility of the expectation that Miss Frances Hildyard could ever become Viscountess Winchester.

That the viscount admired Frances was beyond a doubt; nay, that he loved her; but that he had entertained any serious thoughts of making her his wife, was a mistake. He was not so ready to give up the attractions of bachelorship. He had passed his leisure hours most agreeably by the side of Frances, without any ultimate end in view, and without giving a thought to one.

What commotion there was in the house when the supercilious letter of the haughty old peer arrived at Mr. Hildyard's. A lawyer's daughter a fit mate for the heir to one of the most ancient earldoms! Had Mr. Hildyard and his wife ever entertained so aspiring a thought, they were now plainly undeceived.

Lord Winchester was forbidden the house; all intercourse with him, even but a passing nod, should they meet in public, was denied to Frances; and she who had never been chidden or crossed, who did not know what control was, had her mother and sisters constantly peeping and peering over her, night and day.

But their vigilance was sometimes eluded. There were servants in the house, who, devoted to Frances's interests or to the viscount's bribery, frequently passed letters from one to the other, and even contrived to bring about interviews between them. One unlucky evening, however, that Frances was missing from the sitting-room, her eldest sister bethought herself to go in search of her—a suspicion, it may have been, rife in her heart.

Reception-rooms and other chambers were searched in vain, and the lady stealthily made her way to the apartments of the servants, scaring one that she met on the road by her unusual appearance there. The housekeeper's parlor was at the end of a passage, and Miss Hildyard advanced to it, and turned the handle of the door, and—she did not faint, but sank down upon a chair with a succession of groans so loud, that they might have been heard at any given place within three miles—Lord Winchester stood there, clasping her sister in his arms, and, to use poor Miss Louisa's expression to her mother afterward, actually KISSING her!—kissing her cheek as fast as he could kiss.

The retiring Miss Louisa had never in all her life received such a shock. It was enough to turn her hair gray. Such a thing had never been heard of in the convent. And that she should witness a young sister of hers, almost an infant it might be said, quietly suffering herself to be upon such dreadfully familiar terms with one of the other sex—and he *not* a holy priest, or even a Catholic! What a humiliating confession she should have for her spiritual director the next day!—what an octavo budget for Sister Mildred and the nuns!

Lord Winchester, instead of sinking through the floor with contrition, appeared little daunted. He raised his head proudly up, and placing Frances's hand within his arm, demanded of Miss Louisa if she had any commands for him.

This hardihood put the finishing stroke upon Miss Louisa's agitation. She fell into hysterics, and screamed so loud, that the housekeeper, followed by the servants, came rushing in.

But the scene next day was terrible. Mr. Hildyard had been at a political meeting, but the next morning he assembled the whole of the family in conclave.

"Will you," he cried to Frances, after an hour spent in fruitless discussion and recrimination, "will you, or will you not, give up this man?"

"I will not," she murmured.

"Frances, do you remember how I and your mother—there she stands—have cherished you? Do you know that you are entwined round our hearts as never child was yet entwined? Will you outrage this affection of years for the sake of a stranger—and he an apostate?"

Ah! Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard, you now see the effects of your woefully indulgent training. What response does Frances make? Why, she turns away her head, and makes none.

"Frances, for the last time," continued her father, "will you undertake to renounce all friendship with Viscount Winchester—that he shall be to you henceforth as if you had never met? It must be sworn upon the crucifix."

The faint crimson shone in her cheek, and her voice and hands trembled as she replied, in a low tone,

"I will never promise it."

## VI.

"If any thing can recall her to a sense of her duty," remarked Miss Louisa Hildyard, as she consulted that night alone with her father and mother, the family priest being alike present, "it will be a prolonged residence in that blessed convent. There her mind may be led to peace. Oh, that she had been brought up in it!"

"You say right, my daughter," acquiesced the priest. "I see no other way to reclaim her; for here, alas! the temptations of worldly life must ever interfere, and counteract all good effects that might be wrought. Place her in the convent. I myself will be her conductor thither, and will offer up my prayers that the step may conduce to her spiritual welfare."

Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard started, and the former smoothed his hand across his brow, as if pain had settled there.

"Your inclinations may be at variance with this counsel," continued the holy father, breaking the silence which had followed, "but will you oppose them to the salvation of her immortal soul? *I see no other way to save it.*"

And so it was decided; but not until the night hours had grown into morning.

"Oh, the holy work that will have been wrought, should the heart of this erring lamb be won over to a peaceful life, and embrace the vail!" uttered the priest in the ear of Miss Louisa, as he bestowed upon her the night benediction, ere retiring from the council. "We shall say then that that carnal-minded apostate was sent to this house in mercy."

## VII.

But three days had elapsed, when a traveling-carriage drove into the outer yard of the convent of the Nuns of the Visitation in —— shire. A young lady descended from it, and those in attendance gently led her forward, now through one court-yard, now through another, until the interior of the convent was gained. Then the great gates closed with a bang that almost shook the building, and Frances Hildyard was shut out from the world she had so idolized.

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## JOYS AND PERILS OF LUMBERING.

[From "Forest Life and Forest Trees," by J.S. SPRINGER—a unique and truly American work, in the press of Harper and Brothers.]

Lumbermen not only cut and haul from clumps and communities, but reconnoitre the forest, hill, vale, and mountain side for scattering trees; and when they are deemed *worth* an *effort*, no location in which they may be found, however wild or daring, can oppose the skill and enterprise of our men.

For taking logs down mountain sides, we adopt various methods, according to the circumstances. Sometimes we construct what are termed dry sluice-ways, which reach from the upper edge of a precipice down to the base of the hill. This is made by laying large poles or trunks of straight trees together the whole distance, which is so constructed as to keep the log from running off at the sides. Logs are rolled into the upper end, the descent or dip often being very steep; the log passes on with lightning-like velocity, quite burying itself in the snow and leaves below. From the roughness of the surfaces, the friction is very great, causing the bark and smoke to fly plentifully.

At other times, when the descent is more gradual, and not too steep, and when there is not a sufficient quantity to pay the expense of a sluice-way, we fell a large tree, sometimes the Hemlock, trim out the top, and cut the largest limbs off a foot, more or less, from the trunk. This is attached to the end of the log by strong chains, and as the oxen draw the load, this drag thrusts its stumpy limbs into the snow and frozen earth, and thus prevents the load from forcing the team forward too rapidly. Should the chain give way which attaches the hold-back to the load, nothing could save the team from sudden destruction.

There is a mountain on the "west branch" of the Penobscot where Pine-trees of excellent quality stand far up its sides, whose tops appear to sweep the very clouds. The side which furnishes timber rises in terraces of gigantic proportions, forming a succession of abrupt precipices and shelving table-land. There are three of these giant mountain steps, each of which produces lumber which challenges the admiration and enterprise of the log-men. The ascent to these Alpine groves is too abrupt to allow the team to ascend in harness; we therefore unyoke and drive the oxen up winding pathways. The yokes and chains are carried up by the workmen, and also the bob-sled in pieces, after taking it apart. Ascending to the uppermost terrace, the oxen are re-yoked and the sled adjusted. The logs being cut and prepared as usual, are loaded, and hauled to the edge of the first precipice, unloaded, and rolled off to the table of the second terrace, where they are again loaded, hauled, and tumbled off as before, to the top of the first rise, from which they are again pitched down to the base of the mountain, where for the last time they are loaded, and hauled to the landing.

To obtain logs in such romantic locations was really as hazardous as it was laborious, varying sufficiently from the usual routine of labor to invest the occasion with no ordinary interest. It was, indeed, an exhibition well calculated to awaken thrilling emotions to witness the descent of those massive logs, breaking and shivering whatever might obstruct their giddy plunge down the steep mountain side, making the valleys reverberate and ring merrily with the concussion.

In other instances loads are eased down hill sides by the use of "tackle and fall," or by a strong "warp," taking a "bight" round a tree, and hitching-to one yoke of the oxen. In this manner the load is "tailed down" steeply where it would be impossible for the "tongue oxen" to resist the pressure of the load. Sometimes the warp parts under the test to which it is thus subjected, when the whole load plunges onward like an avalanche, subjecting the poor oxen to a shocking death.

But the circumstance which calls forth the most interest and exertion is the "rival load." When teams are located with sufficient proximity to admit of convenient intercourse, a spirit of rivalry is often rife between the different crews on various points. The "largest tree," the "smartest chopper," the "best cook," the "greatest day's work," and a score of other superlatives, all invested with attractions the greater from the isolated circumstances of swamp life.

The "crack" load is preceded by all needful preliminaries. All defective places in the road are repaired. New "skids" are nicely peeled by hewing off the bark smoothly, and plentifully as well as calculatingly laid along the road. All needful repairs are made on the bob-sled, and the team put in contending plight. The trees intended for the "big load" are carefully prepared, and hauled to some convenient place on the main road singly, where they are reloaded, putting on two and sometimes three large trees. All things in readiness, the men follow up with handspikes and long levers. Then comes the "tug of war;" rod by rod, or foot by foot, the whole is moved forward, demanding every ounce of strength, both of men and oxen united, to perform the feat of getting it to the landing. Were life and fortune at stake, more could not be done under the circumstances. The surveyor applies the rule, and the result gives either the one or the other party "whereof to glory." If not "teetotalers," the vanquished "pay the bitters" when they get down river. Men love and will have excitement; with spirits never more buoyant, every thing, however trifling, adds to the stock of "fun alive" in the woods. Every crew has its "Jack," who, in the absence of other material, either from his store of "mother-wit" or "greenness," contributes to the merry shaking of sides, or allows himself to be the butt of good-natured ridicule.

But while the greater part of swamp life is more or less merry, there are occasional interruptions to the joyousness that abounds. Logging roads are generally laid out with due regard to the conveniences of level or gently descending ground. But in some instances the unevenness of the country admits only of unfavorable alternatives. Sometimes there are moderate rises to ascend or descend on the way to the landing; the former are hard, the latter dangerous to the team. I knew a teamster to lose his life in the following shocking manner: On one section of the main road there was quite a "smart pitch" of considerable length, on which the load invariably "drove" the team along on a forced trot. Down this slope our teamster had often passed without sustaining any injury to himself or oxen. One day, having, as usual, taken his load from the stump, he proceeded toward the landing, soon passing out of sight and hearing. Not making his appearance at the expiration of the usual time, it was suspected that something more than usual had detained him. Obeying the impulses of a proper solicitude on his behalf, some of the hands started to render service if it were needed. Coming to the head of the hill down which the road ran, they saw the team at the foot of it, standing with the forward oxen faced about up the road, but no teamster. On reaching the spot, a most distressing spectacle presented itself; there lay the teamster on the hard road, with one of the sled-runners directly across his bowels, which, under the weight of several tons of timber, were pressed down to the thickness of a man's hand. He was still alive, and when they called out to him, just before reaching the sled, he spoke up as promptly as usual, "Here am I," as if nothing had been the matter. These were the only and last words he ever uttered. A "pry" was immediately set, which raised the deadfall from his crushed body, enabling them to extricate it from its dreadful position. Shortly after, his consciousness left him,

and never more returned. He could give no explanation; but we inferred, from the position of the forward oxen, that the load had forced the team into a run, by which the tongue cattle, pressed by the leaders, turning them round, which probably threw the teamster under the runner, and the whole load stopped when about to poise over his body.

He was taken to the camp, where all was done that could be done under the circumstances to save him but to no purpose. His work was finished. He still lingered, in an apparently unconscious state, until midnight, when his spirit, forsaking its bruised and crushed tenement, ascended above the sighing pines, and entered the eternal state. The only words he uttered were those in reply to the calling of his name. As near as we could judge, he had lain two hours in the position in which he was found. It was astonishing to see how he had gnawed the rave<sup>[4]</sup> of the sled. It was between three and four inches through. In his agony he had bitten it nearly half off. To do this, he must have pulled himself up with his hands, gnawed a while, then fallen back again through exhaustion and despair. He was taken out to the nearest settlement, and buried.

At a later period, we lost our teamster by an accident not altogether dissimilar. It was at the winding up our winter's work in hauling. Late in the afternoon we had felled and prepared our final tree, which was to finish the last of the numerous loads which had been taken to the well-stowed landing. Wearied with the frequency of his travels on the same road for the same purpose, this last load was anticipated with no ordinary interest; and when the tree was loaded, he seemed to contemplate it with profound satisfaction. "This," said he, "is my last load." For the last time the team was placed in order, to drag from its bed the tree of a hundred summers. Onward it moved at the signal given, and he was soon lost to view in the frequent windings of the forest road. It was nearly sundown, and, had it not been for closing up the winter's work that day, the hauling would have been deferred until next morning.

The usual preparations for our evening camp-fire had been made, and the thick shadows of evening had been gathering for an hour, and yet he did not come. Again and again some one of the crew would step out to listen if he could catch the jingling of the chains as they were hauled along; but nothing broke upon the ear in the stillness of the early night. Unwilling longer to resist the solicitude entertained for his safety, several of us started with a lantern for the landing. We continued to pass on, every moment expecting to hear or meet him, until the landing was finally reached. There, quietly chewing the cud, the oxen were standing, unconscious of the cause that detained them, or that for the last time they had heard the well-known voice of their devoted master. Hastening along, we found the load properly rolled off the sled, but heavens! what a sight greeted our almost unbelieving vision! There lay the poor fellow beneath that terrible pressure. A log was resting across his crushed body. He was dead. From appearances, we judged that, after having knocked out the "fid," which united the chain that bound the load, the log rolled suddenly upon him. Thus, without a moment's warning, he ceased in the same instant to work and live. It proved, indeed, his "last load."

To contemplate the sameness of the labor in passing to and fro from the swamp to the landing several times a day, on a solitary wilderness-road, for a term of several months, with only those respites afforded in stormy weather and on Sundays, one might think himself capable of entering into the feelings of a teamster, and sympathetically share with him the pleasurable emotions consequent upon the conclusion of his winter's work. While it must be conceded that, of things possessing every element capable of contributing pleasure, we sometimes weary through excess, let it not be supposed that our knight of the goad has more than usual occasion to tire, or sigh for the conclusion of the hauling-season. To be sure, "ta and fra" the livelong winter, now with a load wending along a serpentine road, as it winds through the forest, he repeats his visits to the swamp, and then the landing; but he is relieved by the companionship of his dumb but docile oxen, for whom he contracts an affection, and over whom he exercises the watchful vigilance of a faithful guardian, while he exacts their utmost service. He sees that each performs his duty in urging forward the laboring sled. He watches every hoof, the clatter of shoes, the step of each ox, to detect any lameness. He observes every part and joint of the bob-sled while it screeches along under the massive log bound to it. He examines the chains, lest they should part, and, above all, the objects more watched than any others, the "fid-hook" and the "dog-hook," the former that it does not work out, the latter that it loose not its grappling hold upon the tree. Sometimes his little journeys are spiced with the infinite trouble which a long, sweeping stick will give him, by suddenly twirling and oversetting the sled every time it poises over some abrupt swell in the road. There is really too much to be looked after, thought of, and cared for, in his passage to the landing, to allow much listlessness or burdensome leisure. As well might a pilot indulge irresponsible dormancy in taking a fine ship into port, as for a teamster to be listless under his circumstances. No: the fact is, that, with the excitement attendant upon each load as it moves to the landing, ten times the number of tobacco quids are required that abundantly suffice him on his return.

Then look at the relaxation and comfort of the return. The jingling chains, as they trail along on the hard-beaten way, discourse a constant chorus. With his goad-stick under his arm or as a staff, he leisurely walks along, musing as he goes, emitting from his mouth the curling smoke of his unflinching pipe, like a walking chimney or a locomotive; anon whistling, humming, or pouring forth with full-toned voice some favorite air or merry-making ditty. He varies the whole exercise by constant addresses to the oxen, individually and collectively: "Haw, Bright!" "Ge, Duke!" "Whoop! whoop!" "What ye 'bout there, you lazy—" "If I come there, I'll tan your old hides for you!" "Pschip, pschips, go along there!" Knowing him not half in earnest, unless it happens to be a sharp day, the oxen keep on the even tenor of their way, enjoying the only apparent comfort an ox can

enjoy while away from his crib—chewing the cud.

Recently, however, the wolves have volunteered their services, by accompanying the teams, in some places, on their way to and from the landing, contributing infinitely more to the fears than conscious security of the teamsters.

Three teams, in the winter of 1844, all in the same neighborhood, were beset with these ravenous animals. They were of unusually large size, manifesting a most singular boldness, and even familiarity, without the usual appearance of ferocity so characteristic of the animal.

Sometimes one, and in another instance three, in a most unwelcome manner volunteered their attendance, accompanying the teamster a long distance on his way. They would even jump on the log and ride, and approach very near the oxen. One of them actually jumped upon the sled, and down between the bars, while in motion.

Some of the teamsters were much alarmed, keeping close to the oxen, and driving on as fast as possible. Others, more courageous, would run toward and strike at them with their goad-sticks; but the wolves sprang out of the way in an instant. But, although they seemed to act without a motive, there was something so cool and impudent in their conduct that it was trying to the nerves—even more so than an active encounter. For some time after this, fire-arms were a constant part of the teamster's equipage. No further molestation, however, was had from them that season.

One of my neighbors related, in substance, the following incidents: "A short time since," said he, "while passing along the shores of Mattawamkeag River in the winter, my attention was suddenly attracted by a distant howling and screaming—a noise which might remind one of the screeching of forty pair of old cart-wheels (to use the figure of an old hunter in describing the distant howling of a pack of wolves). Presently there came dashing from the forest upon the ice, a short distance from me, a timid deer, closely pursued by a hungry pack of infuriated wolves. I stood and observed them. The order of pursuit was in single file, until they came quite near their prey, when they suddenly branched off to the right and left, forming two lines; the foremost gradually closed in upon the poor deer, until he was completely surrounded, when, springing upon their victim, they instantly bore him to the ice, and in an incredibly short space of time devoured him, leaving the bones only; after which they galloped into the forest and disappeared." On the same river a pack of these prowling marauders were seen just at night, trailing along down the river on the ice. A family living in a log house near by happened to have some poison, with which they saturated some bits of meat, and then threw them out upon the ice. Next morning early the meat was missing, and, on making a short search in the vicinity, six wolves were found "dead as hammers," all within sight of each other. Every one of them had dug a hole down through the snow into the frozen earth, in which they had thrust their noses, either for water to quench the burning thirst, or to snuff some antidote to the fatal drug. A bounty was obtained on each of ten dollars, besides their hides, making a fair job of it, as well as ridding the neighborhood of an annoying enemy. The following account of a wolf chase will interest the reader:

"During the winter of 1844, being engaged in the northern part of Maine, I had much leisure to devote to the wild sports of a new country. To none of these was I more passionately addicted than that of skating. The deep and sequestered lakes of this northern state, frozen by intense cold, present a wide field to the lovers of this pastime. Often would I bind on my rusty skates, and glide away up the glittering river, and wind each mazy streamlet that flowed on toward the parent ocean, and feel my very pulse bound with joyous exercise. It was during one of these excursions that I met with an adventure which, even at this period of my life, I remember with wonder and astonishment.

"I had left my friend's house one evening, just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble Kennebeck, which glided directly before the door. The evening was fine and clear. The new moon peered from her lofty seat, and cast her rays on the frosty pines that skirted the shore, until they seemed the realization of a fairy-scene. All Nature lay in a quiet which she sometimes chooses to assume, while water, earth, and air seemed to have sunken into repose.

"I had gone up the river nearly two miles, when, coming to a little stream which emptied into the larger, I turned in to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an evergreen archway, radiant with frost-work. All was dark within; but I was young and fearless, and as I peered into the unbroken forest, that reared itself to the borders of the stream, I laughed in very joyousness. My wild hurra rang through the woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed. Occasionally a night-bird would flap its wings from some tall oak.

"The mighty lords of the forest stood as if naught but time could bow them. I thought how oft the Indian-hunter concealed himself behind these very trees—how oft the arrow had pierced the deer by this very stream, and how oft his wild halloo had rung for his victory. I watched the owls as they fluttered by, until I almost fancied myself one of them, and held my breath to listen to their distant hooting.

"All of a sudden a sound arose; it seemed from the very ice beneath my feet. It was loud and tremendous at first, until it ended in one long yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. I thought it more than mortal—so fierce, and amid such an unbroken solitude, that it seemed a fiend from hell had blown a blast from an infernal trumpet. Presently I heard the

twigs on the shore snap, as if from the tread of some animal, and the blood rushed back to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn, and I felt relieved that I had to contend with things of earthly and not spiritual mould, as I first fancied. My energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of defense. The moon shone through the opening by which I had entered the forest, and considering this the best means of escape, I darted toward it like an arrow. It was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely excel my desperate flight; yet, as I turned my eyes to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush at a pace nearly double that of my own. By their great speed, and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that they were the much-dreaded gray wolf.

"I had never met with these animals, but, from the description given of them, I had but little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untamable fierceness, and the untiring strength which seems to be a part of their nature, render them objects of dread to every benighted traveler.

"With their long gallop, which can tire  
The hound's deep hate, the hunter's fire,"

they pursue their prey, and naught but death can separate them. The bushes that skirted the shore flew past with the velocity of light as I dashed on in my flight. The outlet was nearly gained; one second more, and I would be comparatively safe, when my pursuers appeared on the bank directly above me, which rose to the height of some ten feet. There was no time for thought; I bent my head and dashed wildly forward. The wolves sprang, but, miscalculating my speed, sprang behind, while their intended prey glided out into the river.

"Nature turned me toward home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was now some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me that I was again the fugitive. I did not look back; I did not feel sorry or glad; one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, of their tears if they should never again see me, and then every energy of mind and body was exerted for my escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days I spent on my skates, never thinking that at one time they would be my only means of safety. Every half minute an alternate yelp from my pursuers made me but too certain they were close at my heels. Nearer and nearer they came; I heard their feet pattering on the ice nearer still, until I fancied I could hear their deep breathing. Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension.

"The trees along the shore seemed to dance in the uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed; yet still they seemed to hiss forth with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves close behind, unable to stop and as unable to turn, slipped, fell, going on far ahead, their tongues lolling out, their white tusks gleaming from their bloody mouths, their dark, shaggy breasts freckled with foam; and as they passed me their eyes glared, and they howled with rage and fury. The thought flashed on my mind that by this means I could avoid them, viz., by turning aside whenever they came too near; for they, by the formation of their feet, are unable to run on ice except on a right line.

"I immediately acted on this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly toward me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close on my back, when I glided round and dashed past my pursuers. A fierce growl greeted my evolution, and the wolves slipped upon their haunches and sailed onward, presenting a perfect picture of helplessness and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards each turning. This was repeated two or three times, every moment the wolves getting more excited and baffled, until, coming opposite the house, a couple of stag-hounds, aroused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. The wolves, taking the hint, stopped in their mad career, and after a moment's consideration turned and fled. I watched them till their dusky forms disappeared over a neighboring hill; then, taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house, with feelings better to be imagined than described."

Such annoyances from these migrating beasts, in the vicinity of logging berths as above named, are of recent date. Up to 1840 I had been much in the wild forests of the northeastern part of Maine, clearing wild land during the summer and logging in the winter, and up to this period had never seen a satisfactory evidence of their presence. But since this period they have often been seen, and in such numbers and of such size as to render them objects of dread.

[4] "Rave," the railing of the sled.

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## THE HIGHEST HOUSE IN WATHENDALE.

### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

High up among the mountains of Westmoreland, there is a valley which we shall call Wathendale. The lowest part of this valley, is some hundreds of feet above the heads of the dwellers on the nearest mail-road; and yet, as if such a place of abode was not near enough to the sky, there are houses as high up as they can well be put, in the hollows of the mountains which overlook the dale. One of these small farmsteads is as old-fashioned a place as can be seen; and well it may be so; for the last owners were fond of telling that the land had been in their family for five hundred



years. A stranger might wonder what could carry any body up to such a place five hundred years ago; but the wonder would only show that the stranger did not know what was doing in the district in those days. Those were the days when the tenants of the Abbots of Furness used to hold land in the more fertile spots, in companies of four—one of whom was always to be ready to go forth to fight in the Border wars. And those were the days when the shepherds and herdsmen in the service of the Abbey used to lead their sheep and cattle as far up the mountains as they could find food—to be the better out of the way of the marauders from the north. Besides the coarse grass of these uplands, there were the sprouts of the ash and holly, which were a good food for the beasts. To be sure, there were wolves, up in those lonely places; but they were kept out by rough stone walls, which were run up higher and higher on the mountain side, as the woods receded before the tillage of new settlers. The first of the Fells, who made their boast of a proprietorship of five hundred years, was probably a shepherd of the Abbots of Furness; who, having walled in some of the sprouting and sheltering wood on this upland, and built himself a hut of stones in the midst, became regarded as the tenant first, and then the proprietor, like many of the dwellers in the vales below. When the woods were decayed and gone, the croft came under tillage; and no tradition has told of the time when the Fells did not yearly crop, in one way or another, the three fields which were seen from below, like little patches of green beside the fissure which contained the beck (or brook) that helped to feed the tarn (or mountain pond) a quarter of a mile below.

There was grumbling in this mountain nest about the badness of our times in comparison with the old days; grumbling in a different dialect from that which is heard in our cities; but in much the same spirit. In this house, people were said to be merrier formerly—the girls spinning and weaving, and the lads finding plenty to do in all weathers; while the land produced almost every thing that the family wanted—with the help of the hill-side range for the cows and sheep. A man had not to go often to market then; and very rarely was it necessary to buy any thing for money, though a little bartering might go forward among the Dalesmen on occasion. Now—but we shall see how it was "now."

Mrs. Fell and her daughter Janet were making oaten bread one December day;—a work which requires the full attention of two persons. The cow-boy appeared at the door, with a look of excitement very unusual in him. He said somebody was coming; and the somebody was Backhouse, the traveling merchant. The women could not believe it—so late in the year; but they left their baking to look out; and there, sure enough, was the peddler, with his pack on his shoulders, toiling up the steep. They saw him sit down beside the barn, and wipe his brows, though it was December. They saw him shoulder his pack again; and then the women entered into consultation about something very particular that they had to say to him. As people who live in such places grow dull, and get to think and speak with extraordinary slowness, the plot was not complete when the peddler appeared at the door. He explained himself quickly enough; had thought he would make one more round, as the season was mild—did not know how long the snow might lie when it did come—believed people liked to wear something new at Christmas; so here he was. When would he take his next round? O! when the weather should allow of his bringing his stock of spring goods. He detected some purpose under the earnestness with which he was pressed to say when he would come. He would come when the Fells pleased, and bring what they pleased. He must come before the first of April, and must bring a bunch of orange flowers, and a white shawl, and—

"Two sets of the orange flowers," said Janet.

"What! two brides!" exclaimed Backhouse. "Are they to be both married in one day?"

Mrs. Fell explained that there was to be a bride's maid, and that Janet wished that her friend should be dressed exactly like herself. Backhouse endeavored to prove that only brides should wear orange flowers; but Janet was sure her friend would be best pleased to wear what she wore; and the peddler remembered that nobody within call of the chapel bell would know any better; so he promised all that was desired. And next, he sold half the contents of his pack, supplying the women with plenty of needlework for the winter evenings. Brides enjoy having a new wardrobe as much in the mountains as in towns—perhaps more.

Whenever the young carpenter, Raven, came up to see his betrothed, he found her sewing, and some pretty print, or muslin, or bit of gay silk lying about. It was all very pleasant. The whole winter went off pleasantly, except for some shadow of trouble now and then, which soon passed away. For instance, Raven was once absent longer than usual, by full three days; and when he did come, there were marks left which told that he had staid away because he had been ashamed of two black eyes.

"He had been drinking, I dare say," said Mrs. Fell to Janet afterward, with the air of indifference with which drunkenness is apt to be spoken of in the district. "I don't wonder he did not like to show himself."

"I don't think it is his way," observed Janet.

"No; it is not a habit with him; and they all do get too much, now and then—two or three times a year—and it will be seldomer than that when he comes to live up here."

Raven was to be adopted as a son, on marrying the only child, and it was very right; for Fell was growing old; and he was more feeble than his years warranted. Rheumatism plagued him in the winter, and he was overworked in the summer. Raven would help to manage the little farm, and



he would do all the carpentering work, and put the whole place in repair, outside and in. Every thing was to go well after the wedding.

Sally, the bridesmaid, came in good time to put the orange flowers into her coarse Dunstable bonnet, which streamed with white ribbons. It was a fine April morning, when the party set off down the mountain for their walk of three miles to the chapel. The mother remained at home. When Fell returned, he told her it had gone off extremely well, and the clergyman had spoken very kindly; and that Fleming's cart was ready, as had been promised, to take the young people to the town where they were to be entertained at dinner. It was all right, and very pleasant. And the old people sat down to dinner, dressed in their best, and saying, many times over, that it was all right with them, and very pleasant. The only thing was—if Raven's name had but been Fell! The Fells having lived here for five hundred years—

"The family, but not always the name," the wife observed. There was a Bell that lived here once; and the land would be in the family still, in the best way it could, as they had no children but Janet.

Well; that was true, Fell agreed; and it was all right, and very pleasant.

## CHAPTER THE SECOND.

That evening, three ladies went up to the chapel to see the sunset from the church-yard, which commanded an exquisite view. It was a place in which, at such an hour, it was easy to forget, even with the graves before their eyes, that there was sin or sorrow in the world. The ladies sat on the steps till the last glow had faded from the clouds, and the mountains stood up, clear and solemn, against a green sky, from which every tinge of sunset had vanished; and then they came down, with thoughts as bright and calm as the stars which were beginning to come out overhead. When they entered on a long stretch of straight road, they saw before them an odd-looking group. In the dusk it seemed as if a man and a woman were carrying something very heavy—moving toward them at a pace hopelessly slow. A woman was some way in advance of them—loitering and looking back. When they came up to her, it was a young woman, with orange flowers in her bonnet, and a smart white shawl on her shoulders. She was carrying a man's hat, new, but half covered with mud. It was now too clear that the heavy thing which the other two were trying to haul along was a man. Never did man look more like a brute. His face, when it could be seen, was odious; swollen, purple, without a trace of reason or feeling left in it; but his head hung so low, with his long black hair dipping on the ground, that it was not easy to see his face. His legs trailed behind him, and his new clothes were spattered with dirt.

"It looks like apoplexy," said, the elder lady to her companions: and she asked the young woman who was carrying the hat, whether the man was in a fit.

"No, ma'am; he has only been overcome. It is his wedding. He was married this morning."

"Married this morning! And is that his wife?"

"Yes, ma'am; and the other is bridegroom's man."

It would have touched any heart to see poor Janet, as the ladies passed—her honest, sun-burned face, all framed in orange flowers, grave and quiet, while she put forth her utmost strength (which was not small) to hold up her wretched husband from the dirt of the road. The other man was a comely youth, dressed in his best, with a new plaid fastened across his breast. The ladies looked back, and saw that it would never do. The elder lady returned, and laying her hand on the poor young woman's shoulder, said,

"This is no work for you. It is too much for you. Let him lie, while I speak to the people at this farm-house. I know them; and they will send a man to take him into the house."

Poor Janet spoke very calmly when she said they could take him a little further; but her lips quivered slightly. The lady spoke to a man who was feeding calves in a stable; and asked him to help to dip the bridegroom's head in a cistern by the road-side, and then take him into the house.

"How far is it from his home?" the lady inquired of Sally. "The High House in Wathendale! You will not get him there to-night at this rate."

The farm-house people promised a cart, if the party could wait till it came by.

"How could such a thing happen?" said the lady. "Is there no one to teach this man his duty better than this? Does he know the clergyman?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Sally, adding very simply, "but there would be no use in the clergyman speaking to him now, he would not understand."

"No, indeed," replied the lady. "But he will feel ill enough to-morrow, and then I hope somebody that he respects will speak to him in a way that he will remember."

"To think," she said to her companions, as they walked away past the cistern where the groveling bridegroom was undergoing his ducking, "that that is the creature whom the poor girl bound herself this morning to love, cherish, and obey! What a beginning of the cherishing!"

Fell and his wife had not expected the young people home early; but it was much later than the latest time they had fixed, before they heard any thing of them. When at last the party appeared, emerging from the night mist, all the three sober ones were dreadfully weary. The ascent had

been terrible; for Raven had not yet begun to recover.

No fine sentiment was wasted upon the occasion; for the indifference which had rather shocked the ladies, was the real state of mind of people too much accustomed to the spectacle of intemperance. Mrs. Fell declared she was vexed with him—that she was; and then she put on her bedgown, in order to sit up with her daughter, for Raven was now so sick that he must be waited on all night. Mrs. Fell said repeatedly, as so often before, that all men were apt to take too much now and then; and it would happen less often now he had come to live up here. Yet, her husband's words would run in her head, that it was all right, and very pleasant. When, in the dawn of the morning, her daughter made her go to bed, she dropped asleep with those words in her ears; while poor Janet, chilly, sick at heart, and worn out, was at length melting into tears.

When, the next afternoon, her husband sat nursing his aching head beside the fire-place, he was struck with some compunction at the sight of her red eyes. Of course, he declared, as drunkards always do, it should never happen again. Of course, he laid the blame, as drunkards always do, on other people. Of course, he said, as drunkards always do, that it was no habit of his; and that this was an accident—for once and away. Of course, his wife believed him, as young wives always do.

For some time it appeared all true, and every thing went on very cheerfully. On the fine days there was as much field-work as both men could do; and so many repairs were needed of gates and posts, cart and cow-house, dwelling-house and utensils, that all the rainy days for six months were too little for the carpentering Raven had upon his hands. He had not been tipsy above twice in all that time: once on a stormy day, when he had sat lazily scorching himself before the fire, with the laborer and cow-boy, who were driven in by stress of weather, and who yawned till they made the whole party weary. Raven disappeared for a couple of hours in the afternoon, and came out of the barn to supper in a state far from sober. The other time was when he had gone to market in October, to sell oats. At all other times he worked well, was kind to the old people, and very fond of Janet, and justified Fell's frequent declaration, that it was all right now, and very pleasant.

The winter was the trying season. Sometimes the dwellers in the high house were snowed up, and many days were too stormy for work. The men grew tired of sitting round the fire all day, hearing the wind blow, and the rain pelt; and the women were yet more tired of having them there. There were no books; and nobody seemed to think of reading. There were some caricatures of the Pope and of Bonaparte, and a portrait of King George the Third, on the walls; and these were all the intellectual entertainment in the house, unless we except four lines of a hymn which Janet had marked on her sampler, when she was a child. Raven went more and more to the barn, sometimes on pretense of working; but his hammer and saw were less and less heard; and instead of coming in cheerfully to supper, he was apt to loiter in, in a slouching way, to hide the unsteadiness of his gait, and was quarrelsome with Fell, and cross to Janet. He never conducted himself better, however; never was more active, affectionate, helpful, and considerate, than at the time when old Fell sank and died—during that month of early spring when Janet was confined. He was like son and daughter at once, Mrs. Fell declared—and doctor and nurse, too, for that matter: and his father-in-law died, blessing him, and desiring him to take care of the farm, and prosper on it, as it had been in the family for five hundred years.

When the old man was buried, and the seed all in the ground, and Janet about again, Raven not only relaxed his industry, but seemed to think some compensation due to him for his late good behavior. Certain repairs having been left too long untouched, and Mrs. Fell being rather urgent that they should not be further neglected, it came out that Raven had sold his tools. Sold his tools!—Yes; how could he help it? It was necessary, as they had all agreed, to change away the old cow for a spring calver; and what could he do but sell his tools to pay the difference? Janet knew, and so did her mother, though neither of them said so, that more money had gone down his throat, all alone in the barn, than would have paid for the exchange of cows.

The decline of their property began with this. When decline has begun with the "statesmen" of the Lake District, it is seldom or never known to stop; and there was nothing to stop it in this case. On a small farm, where the health and industry of the owner are necessary to enable him to contend with the new fashions and improvements of the low country, and where there is no money capital behind to fall back upon, any decline of activity is fatal; and in two or three years Raven's health had evidently given way. His industry had relaxed before. He lost his appetite; could not relish the unvaried and homely fare which his land supplied; craved for dainties which could not be had, except by purchase; lost his regular sleep, and was either feverish and restless, or slept for fifteen hours together, in a sort of stupor. His limbs lost their strength, and he became subject to rheumatism. Then he could not go out in all weathers to look after his stock. One of his best sheep was missing after a flood; and it was found jammed in between two rocks in the beck, feet uppermost—drowned, of course. Another time, four more sheep were lost in a snowdrift, from not being looked after in time. Then came the borrowing a plow. It was true, many people borrowed a plow; nobody thought much of that—nobody but Mrs. Fell. She thought much of it; for her husband, and his father before him, had always used their own plows. Then came borrowing money upon the land, to buy seed and stock. It was true, many "statesmen" mortgaged their land; but then, sooner or later, it was always found too difficult to pay the interest, and the land went into the hands of strangers; and Mrs. Fell sighed when she said she hoped Raven would remember that the farm had been in the Family for five hundred years. Raven answered that he was not likely to forget it for want of being told; and from that moment the fact was not mentioned again Mrs. Fell kept it in her heart, and died in the hope that no new-

fangled farmer, with a south country name would ever drive his plow through the old fields.

### CHAPTER THE THIRD.

After her mother's death, Janet found her hands over-full of work, when her heart was, as she thought, over-full of care. She did not know how much more she could bear. There were two children now, and another coming. Fine children they were; and the eldest was her pride and comfort. He was beginning to prattle; and never was speech so pretty as his. His father loved to carry him about in his arms; and sometimes, when he was far from sober, this child seemed to set his wits straight, and soften his temper, in a sort of magical way. There was the drawback that Raven would sometimes insist on having the boy with him when he was by no means fit to have the charge of so young a child: but the mother tried to trust that all would be well; and that God would watch over an innocent little creature who was like an angel to his sinning parent. She had not considered (as too many do not consider) that the "promises" are given under conditions, and that it is impious to blame Providence for disasters when the conditions are not observed. The promises, as she had heard them at chapel, dwelt on her mind, and gave her great comfort in dark seasons; and it would have been a dreary word to her if any one had reminded her that they might fail through man's neglect and sin. She had some severe lessons on this head, however. It was pleasant to hear that day and night, seed-time and harvest, should not cease; and when difficulties pressed, she looked on the dear old fields, and thought of this: but, to say nothing of what day and night were often to her—the day as black to her spirits as night, and the night as sleepless as the day—seed-time was nothing, if her husband was too ill or too lazy to sow his land; and the harvest month was worse than nothing if there was no crop: and there was no true religion in trusting that her babes would be safe if she put them into the hands of a drunkard, who was as likely as not to do them a mischief. And so she too sadly learned. One day, Raven insisted on carrying the boy with him into the barn. He staggered, stumbled, dashed the child's head against the door-post, and let him fall. It was some minutes before the boy cried; and when he did, what a relief it was! But, O! that cry! It went on for days and nights, with an incessant prattle. When at last he slept, and the doctor hoped there would be no lasting mischief, the prattle went on in his sleep, till his mother prayed that he might become silent, and look like himself again. He became silent; but he never more looked like himself. After he seemed to be well, he dropped one pretty word after another—very slowly—week by week, for long months; but the end of it was that he grew up a dumb idiot.

His father had heart and conscience enough to be touched by this to the point of reformation. For some months, he never went down into the valley at all, except to church, for fear of being tempted to drink. He suffered cruelly, in body as well as mind, for a time; and Janet wished it had pleased God to take the child at once, as she feared her husband would never recover his spirits with that sad spectacle always before his eyes. Yet she did not venture to propose any change of scene or amusement, for fear of the consequences. She did her utmost to promote cheerfulness at home; but it was a great day to her when Backhouse, paying his Spring visit, with his pack, produced, among the hand-bills, of which he was the hawker, one which announced a Temperance meeting in the next vale. The Temperance movement had reached these secluded vales at last, where it was only too much wanted; and so retired had been the life of the family of the High House, that they had not even heard of it. They heard much of it now; for Backhouse had sold a good many ribbons and gay shawls among members who were about to attend Temperance festivals.

When he told of processions, and bands of music, and public tea-drinkings, and speeches, and clapping, with plenty of laughter, and here and there even dancing, or a pic-nic on a mountain, Janet thought it the gayest news she had ever heard. Here would be change and society, and amusement for her husband—not only without danger, but with the very object of securing him from danger. Raven was so heartily willing, that the whole household made a grand day of it—laborer, cow-boy, and all. The cows were milked early, and for once left for a few hours. The house was shut up, the children carried down by father and mother; and, after a merry afternoon, the whole party came home pledged teetotalers.

This event made a great change in Raven's life. He could go down among his old acquaintances now, for he considered himself a safe man; and Janet could encourage his going, and be easy about his return; for she, too, considered all danger over. Both were deceived as to the kind and degree of safety caused by a vow.

The vow was good, in as far as it prevented the introduction of drink at home, and gave opportunity for the smell, and the habit, and the thought of drink to die out. It was good as a reason for refusing, when a buyer or seller down in the vale, to seal a bargain with a dram. It was good as keeping all knowledge of drinking from the next generation in the house. It was good as giving a man character in the eyes of his neighbors and his pastor. But, was it certainly and invariably good in every crisis of temptation? Would it act as a charm when a weak man—a man weak in health, weak in old associations, weak in self-respect—should find himself in a merry company of old comrades, with fumes of grog rising on every side, intoxicating his mind before a drop had passed his lips? Raven came to know, as many have learned before him, that self-restraint is too serious a thing to be attained at a skip, in a moment, by taking an oath; and that reform must have gone deeper, and risen higher, than any process of sudden conversion, before a man should venture upon a vow; and in such a case, a vow is not needed. And if a man is not strong enough for the work of moral restraint, his vow may become a snare, and plunge him in two sins instead of one. A temperance-pledge is an admirable convenience for the secure; but it must always be doubtful whether it will prove a safeguard or a snare to the infirm. If they trust

wholly to it, it will, too probably, become a snare—and thus it was with poor Raven. When the temperance-lecturer was gone, and the festival was over, and the flags were put away, and the enthusiasm passed, while his descents among his old companions were continued, without fear or precaution, he was in circumstances too hard for a vow, the newness of which had faded. He hardly knew how it happened. He was, as the neighbors said, "overcome." His senses once opened to the old charm, the seven devils of drink rushed into the swept and garnished house, and the poor sinner was left in a worse state than ever before.

Far worse; for now his self-respect was utterly gone. There is no need to dwell on the next years—the increase of the mortgage, the decrease of the stock—the dilapidation of house, barn, and stable—the ill-health and discomfort at home, and the growing moroseness of him who caused the misery.

No more festivals now! no talk to the children of future dances! and so few purchases of Backhouse, that he ceased to come, and the household were almost in rags. No more going to church, therefore, for any body! When the wind was in the right quarter for bringing to the uplands the din-dinning of the chapel-bell, Janet liked to hear it, though it was no summons to her to listen to the promises. The very sound revived the promises in her mind. But what could she make of them now? An incident, unspeakably fearful to her, suddenly showed her how she ought to view them. The eldest girl was nursing her idiot-brother's head in her lap while the younger children were at play, when the poor fellow nestled closer to her.

"Poor Dan!" said she. "You can't play about, and be merry, like the others: but I will always take care of you, poor Dan!"

Little Willy heard this, and stopped his play. In another moment his face flushed, his eyes flashed, he clenched his hands, he even stamped, as he cried out,

"Mother, it's too bad! Why did God make Dan different from the rest?"

His panic-stricken mother clapped her hand over his mouth. But this was no answer to his question. She thought she must be a wicked mother, that a child of hers should ask such a question as that. It was not often that she wept; but she wept sorely now. It brought her back to the old lesson of the seed-time and harvest. The promise here, too, failed, because the conditions were not fulfilled. The hope had been broken by a collision with the great natural laws, under which alone all promise can be fulfilled. But how explain this to Willy? How teach him that the Heavenly Father had made Dan as noble a little fellow as ever was seen, and that it was his own father there that had made him an idiot.

When Raven came in, he could not but see her state; and he happened to be in so mild a mood, that she ventured to tell him what her terror and sorrow were about. He was dumb for a time. Then he began to say that he was bitterly punished for what was no habit of his, but that he vowed—

"No, no—don't vow!" said his wife, more alarmed than ever. She put her arm round his neck, and whispered into his ear,

"I dare not hear you vow any more. You know how often—you know you had better not. I dare not hear you promise any more."

He loosened her arm from his neck, and called Willy to him. He held the frightened boy between his knees, and looked him full in the face, while he said,

"Willy, you must not say that God made Dan an idiot. God is very good, and I am very bad. *I* made Dan an idiot."

The stare with which Willy heard this was too much for his mother. She rushed up-stairs and threw herself upon the bed, where she was heard long afterward sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Father," said Willy, timidly, but curiously, "did you make mother cry too?"

"Yes, Willy, I did. It is all my doing."

"Then I think you are very wicked."

"So I am—very wicked. Take care that you are not. Take care you are never wicked."

"That I will. I can't bear that mother should cry."

#### CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Janet did all she could to arrest the ruin which all saw to be inevitable. Her great piece of success was the training she gave to her eldest daughter, little Sally. By the time she was twelve years old, she was the most efficient person in the house. Without her, they could hardly have kept their last remaining cow; and many a time she set her mother at liberty to attend upon her father and protect him, when otherwise the children must have engrossed her.

There was no cow-boy now; and her mother too often filled the place of the laborer, when the sowing or reaping season would otherwise have passed away unused. It was a thing unheard of in the district that a woman should work in the fields; but what else could be done? Raven's wasted and trembling limbs were unequal to the work alone; and, little as he could do at best, he could

always do his best when his wife was helping him. So Sally took care of poor Dan and the four younger ones, and made the oaten bread with Willy's help, and boiled the potatoes, and milked and fed the cow, and knitted, at all spare minutes; for there was no prospect of stockings for any body, in the bitter winter, but from the knitting done at home. The children had learned to be thankful now, when they could eat their oat-bread and potatoes in peace. They seldom had any thing else; and they wanted nothing else when they could eat that without terror.

But their father was now sometimes mad. It was a particular kind of madness, which they had heard the doctor call by a long name (delirium tremens), and they thought it must be the most terrible kind of all, though it always went off, after a fit of it, which might last from a day to a week. The doctor had said that it would not always go off—that he would die in one of the attacks. The dread was lest he should kill somebody else before that day came; for he was as ungovernable as any man in bedlam at those times, and fearfully strong, though so weak before and after them.

When it was possible, the children went down into the valley, and sent up strong men to hold him; but if the weather was stormy, or if their father was in the way, they could only go and hide themselves out of his sight, among the rocks in the beck, or up in the loft, or somewhere; and then they knew what their mother must be suffering with him. By degrees they had scarcely any furniture left whole but their heavy old-fashioned bedsteads. The last of their crockery was broken by his overturning the lame old table at which they had been dining. Then their mother said, with a sigh, that they must somehow manage to buy some things before winter. There really was nothing now for any of them to eat out of. She must get some wooden trenchers and tin mugs; for she would have no more crockery. But how to get the money! for the whole of the land was mortgaged now.

A little money was owing for oats when November arrived; and the purchaser had sent word that he should be at a certain sale in Langdale, at Martinmas; and that if Raven should be there, they could then settle accounts. Now, this money had been destined to go as far as it would toward the payment of interest due at Christmas. But if Raven went to the sale (the usual occasions for social meetings in the lake-district, in spring and autumn), he would only waste or lose the money. He had long ceased to bring home any money, unless his wife was with him; and then it was she that brought it, and, if possible, without his knowledge. She must go with him, and lay out the money immediately, in necessaries for the house and the children, before her husband could make away with it, in a worse way than if he threw it into the sea.

They went, at dawn, in a clear cold November day. Raven had taken care of himself for a day or two, aware of the importance of the occasion, and anxious not to disable himself for the first social meeting he had enjoyed for long, and thinking, in spite of himself, of the glasses of spirits which are, unhappily, handed round very often indeed at these country-sales. As the walk was an arduous one for an infirm man, and the days were short, and the sale was to last two days, the children were to be left for one night. Oatmeal and potatoes enough were left out for two days, and peat, to dry within the house, for fuel. Willy engaged to nurse the baby, while Sally looked to the cow. Their mother promised the little ones some nice things for the winter, if they were good while she was gone; and their father kissed them all, and said he knew they would be good.

And so they were, all that first day; and a very good dinner they made, after playing about the whole morning; and they all went instantly to sleep at night, while Sally sat knitting for an hour longer by the dim red light of the peat fire. The next day was not so fine. The mountain ridges were clear; but the sky was full of very heavy gray clouds; and before dinner, at noon, there was some snow falling. It came on thicker and thicker; and the younger children began to grow cross, because they could not go out to play, and did not know what to do with themselves. Sally cheered them with talking about how soon mother would come home. Mother had not come, however, when the little things, worried and tired, went to bed. Nor had she come, hours after, when Sally herself wanted very much to be asleep. She had looked out at the door very often, and it was still snowing; and the last time, such a cloud of snow was driven against her face, that it was a settled matter in her mind at once that father and mother would not be home to-night. They would stay in the vale for daylight, and come up to breakfast. So she put on another peat, to keep in the fire, and went to bed.

In the morning, it seemed dark when baby cried to get up; and well it might; for the window was blocked up with snow, almost to the very top. When the door was opened, a mass of snow fell in, though what remained was up to Willy's shoulders. The first thing to be done was to get to the cow, to give her her breakfast, and bring baby's. So Sally laid on her last dry peat, and filled the kettle; and then she and Willy set to work to clear a way to the cow. They were obliged to leave baby to the little ones; and it took an hour to cross the yard. Willy was to have brought in some fuel; but the peat-stack was at the end of the house, and, as they could see, so completely buried in snow, as to be hopelessly out of reach. Here was the milk, however, and there was a little of the oatmeal left, and some potatoes. Sally wished now they had brought in more from the barn; but who could have thought they would want any more? Father would get them presently, when he came.

But nobody came all that day. Late at night all the children but Sally were asleep at last though they had been too cold and too hungry to go to rest quietly as usual. The fire had been out since noon; and the last cold potatoes had been eaten in the afternoon. Sally was lying with the baby cuddled close to her for warmth; and, at last, she fell asleep too, though she was very unhappy. In the morning, she felt that their affairs were desperate. Willy must get down the mountain, be the

snow what it might, and tell somebody what state they were in; for now there was no more food for the cow within reach, and she gave very little milk this morning; and there was nothing else. It had not snowed for some hours; and Willy knew the way so well that he got down to the valley, being wet to the neck, and having had a good many falls by the way. At the first farm-house he got help directly. The good woman took one of the laborers with her, with food, and a basket of dry peat, and a promise to clear the way to the oat-straw and hay for the relief of the cow. The farmer set off to consult the neighbors about where Raven and his wife could be; and the rest of the family dried the boy's clothes, and gave him a good bowl of porridge.

In a very short time, all the men in the valley, and their dogs, were out on the snow, their figures showing like moving specks on the white expanse. Two of them, who had been at the sale, knew that Raven and his wife had set out for home, long before dark on the second day. Raven was, as might be expected, the worse for liquor; but not so much so but that he could walk, with his wife to keep him in the path. They might possibly have turned back; but it was too probable that they were lost. Before night, it was ascertained that they had not been seen again in Langdale; and in two days more, during which the whole population was occupied in the search, or in taking care of the children, their fate was known. Raven's body was found a little way from the track, looking like a man in a drunken sleep. Some hours after, the barking of a dog brought the searchers to where Janet was lying, at the foot of a precipice about thirty feet deep. Her death must have been immediate.

It seemed that her husband, overcome by the effect of the cold (which, however, had not been excessive) on his tipsy brain, had fallen down in sleep or a stupor; and that Janet, unable to rouse him, had attempted to find her way back; and, by going three or four yards aside from the path, in the uniformity of the snow, had stepped over the rock. There was a strange and ghastly correspondence between the last day of her married life and the first; and so thought her old friend and bridesmaid, Sally, who came over to the funeral, and who, in turning over the poor remnants of Janet's wardrobe, found the bunches of orange flowers carefully papered up, and put away in the furthest corner of a drawer.

There was nothing left for the children, but the warning of their father's life, and the memory of their mother's trials. They were not allowed to go upon the parish—not even Dan. It was plain that he would not live very long; and neighborly charity was sure to last as long as he. The others were dispersed among the farms in that and the nearest vales, and they have grown up as laborers. The land and buildings had been mortgaged beyond their value, and they went at once into the hands of strangers.

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## SHOTS IN THE JUNGLE.

It was late in the month of June, 1840, that myself and a friend (who had together hunted elk on the Newara plains, and shot snipe at Ratnapoora) finding ourselves at its capital, Jaffna, resolved to have a shot at the spotted deer of the Northern Province of Ceylon. The only difficulties to overcome were the want of a tent and guide. These the government agent of the province kindly supplied, giving us, besides, a peon, who, with him, had been over the country we intended to shoot in. When we left the fort, one of the prettiest pieces of Dutch fortification in existence, it was about half-past five—the morning, as usual, lovely. The process by which our horses were shipped was so primitive, that I will stop on my way to give an account of it: The boats in which we were to cross are of about three tons burthen, with a single tall mast shipped amidships, which carries a square yard. This is hoisted according to the weather, the reefs being taken in the bottom of the sail. To the top of the mast the crew had now made fast a lot of ropes, which were seized by all hands; and the vessel thus made to careen till its gunwale met the water-level. Then, by dint of great exertions, the horses were made to jump out of the sea, here only three feet deep, into the boats. Mine refused altogether until they put a bamboo under his girth, and fairly lifted his fore legs over the bulwark. In the embarkation, our horses lost their shoes; but as all our journey lay over sandy plains, we gave ourselves no trouble on that score.

Once on board, we lost no time in making sail, and by eleven o'clock had reached the other side, which is the northern coast of the island—Jaffna being, properly speaking, an island. The sun was now extremely hot, so we rode only a mile to a dilapidated old fort, and then breakfasted; after which we set to arranging all things for our expedition. Here the coolies were curiously deceived, by insisting on carrying the smallest loads, which contained our guns and ammunition, misjudging their weight by their size. After a good deal of talking, without which nothing Oriental can be achieved, we again got our party under-weight, and proceeded due south, toward the village of Maniacolom, which was to be head-quarters for our first day's sport. The country through which we passed was a flat sandy plain, covered with low jungly brushwood, with occasional creeks and hollows, where the ancient tanks (whose builders are unknown) had once made fertile this now barren waste. No cultivation—no inhabitants; but every now and then a herd of deer, or a timid hare would dart away far ahead, disturbed by our noisy followers, or the uncouth cry of the tank-birds, break the monotony of the march. It was already dark when we made out the round roof of the village of Maniacolom, with its sugar-loaf ricks of paddy-straw, peeping above the stockade which incloses its area. The houses are built something in the fashion in which Catlin describes those of the now extinct Mandans. A hole is sunk in the ground, and a pole fixed in the centre, to which the rafters that support the roof are tied. In these small huts,

perhaps only fifteen feet in diameter, whole families live together; but the climate is so fine, that few care to sleep in their houses—preferring the peelas or verandas to their smoky room. I am sorry to say our appearance was not by any means hailed by the natives with cordiality—perhaps a ripple of the severities of August, 1848, had reached their quiet spot, and the minds of its inhabitants may still have been filled with dread of the merciless aim of our riflemen.

At last an old man came up and told us not to encamp near the wells, as the women of the village could not come for water. He said all the young men were out shooting, so we could have no guides or gun-bearers; moreover, that there was neither milk nor rice for our horses; but that a few miles further on, there was plenty of all that was here deficient—in short, he begged to suggest the propriety of our moving on. Being quite up to the old gentleman's strategy, we answered, that the ladies need not fear us (they were certainly no beauties, as we found out afterward); that we could do without his young men, and had our own gun-bearers; that as to milk or paddy, we could do without the former, and had got enough of the latter; and, finally, that we meant to stay where we were. Having failed in his diplomatic embassy, the old gentleman retired. So we set to, pitching the tent; and soon the savory smell of a couple of hares we had shot by the way, gave the villagers an idea of the destructive propensities of their unwelcome visitors. While we were smoking our afternoon cheroots, a volunteer from the village, having heard, no doubt, that we were good pay, came in, and offered to show us the best ground and pools or tanks, and said he would bring a companion with him at gun-fire next morning. He was a small, well-made fellow, his hair fastened in a jaunty club on the side of his head, instead of behind it, as is the Cingalese fashion, which the Malabars of the Northern Province only adopt when married; his dress, as usual, nothing but a cloth bound round his loins, with the usual accompaniment of a betel-cracker and pouch. Having come to a satisfactory agreement with this hero, we rigged out our iron beds, blew up our air mattresses, and in less than ten minutes were deep in dreams of waltzes and polkas with the fair nymphs of our island capital.

At four next morning, having got our rifles and double-barreled guns ready, we sat down, expecting the arrival of our last night's friend. He came, after sundry messages had been sent after him, and with him his *fidus Achates*. The head of hair which this fellow had defies all description. It was curled into a thousand little corkscrews, each consisting of about twelve hairs, and varying from three to six inches in length, darting out at all angles from his head like the quills of an angry porcupine. Giving each of these guides a spare gun, we started in silence, and nothing but the cracking of some ill-natured stick, or the cry of a wild bird we had started from its roost, gave warning of our progress.

The excitement we felt can not be described, when we first got sight of our game feeding in a tank, about a quarter of a mile from us. Imagine a herd of sixty or more spotted deer grouped in every imaginable way in a grassy bottom, some under the branches of stately tamarind trees, some drinking at the edge of the water; some lying down, little dreaming of the greedy and remorseless eyes so eagerly watching their repose. Our gun-bearers now altered our direction in order to gain the lee of their position; and a few anxious moments brought us again in sight of the deer, and not more than two hundred yards from a stately stag, the outlying picket of their troop. Looking to our locks, we now took the place of guides, and began cautiously to advance.

By this time it was past five. The sun had not yet risen, but the light was quite sufficient to distinguish every twig and blade, and the increased noise of the awakening spoonbills and water-fowl served considerably to conceal our careful approach. A hundred yards are now passed—twenty more would make success a certainty—when crash went a dead branch under a leathern sole, and the whole herd at once are roused from their careless attitudes. The stag I had just marked, at once prepared for flight; but, stopping to sniff the wind, fell under my first bullet. My friend's gun also brought down a fine buck, just as he was starting at the report of my shot. The herd are now off; but still two fall as they press forward; one, never to rise.

Thus ended our first morning's sport, and having gathered our game together, we left a fellow in charge, to drive off the jackals, and other wild beasts, while we joyfully wended our way back to the encampment to dispatch a dozen of our men to bring in the spoil, and to recruit ourselves with a hearty breakfast.

As we had expected, we found the whole village, ladies and all, at the tent, looking with curiosity at our apparatus, and bringing scanty supplies of milk, eggs, and fowls, which they exchanged for a few charges of powder, and a bullet or two. Here money is of little value, for they grow all the food they require in the Palmyra tree and paddy-field. A few yards of cloth last them for years, and what taxes they pay to government are generally brought in, in kind.

The sun, between nine o'clock and four, is too powerful to allow of our being out, so we read and talked till the lengthened shadow of the tent showed us that the time of action was again come. I took a stroll with my rifle as companion, and returned about seven o'clock with a fine doe. My friend had not shot any deer; but a young pea-fowl and some hares made a goodly show at our dinner. As we had another kind of sport for the night, we did not waste much time over this meal, and were ready by eight, P.M., to take possession of our olies, or watching-places.

Each was provided with a bottle of very weak grog, blankets, guns, and a small piece of ember; for the natives are afraid to be out at night without fire to keep away devils. Thus fortified, we proceeded to the edge of the tank, which had proved so fatal in the morning to the deer, and found a round hole dug in the ground, between the water's edge and the jungle; it was about two feet deep, with the earth it had contained thrown up as a breastwork, and some loose branches strewn before it, so as to screen the hunter from sight, and make the ground look natural. This

was to be my sleeping-place, so into it I crept, and curling myself up to adapt myself to its shape, began meditating on the comforts of a four-poster at home, and on the luck my friend would meet with, at his watching-place, which they told me was half a mile distant. Gradually my thoughts began to give way to faint images of bygone scenes—I was riding a hurdle-race at Colombo—dancing the *deux-temps* at Government House—shooting ducks at Bolgodda—playing whist at the mess—when "Ani, Ani," struck on my ear, and sure enough, there they were—sixteen splendid elephants standing on the other side of the tank, drinking its thick waters, or filling their trunks with the mud, jetting it over their huge backs. But how to get at them? My friend was on that side; so off I set, in hopes of catching him before he began his attack. By dint of great exertion, I got round just as he was starting for the onslaught; but still we were too far off to do any good by shooting at them, so down we went on our hands and knees, to crawl nearer to our unsuspecting foes. All went well at first. By the moonlight their backs—now covered with white mud—looked strangely ghost-like, and they loomed twice their natural size in the hazy atmosphere. We were now within twenty paces of them, and I was still crawling on, when a scuffle behind me suddenly drew away my attention—my friend's gun-bearer had got frightened; and, judging that we were already near enough, was trying to make off with the gun; unfortunately, as he turned, he was caught by the heel, and in the struggle the gun was discharged. I saw it was of little use firing, as the startled elephants were already on the move; but taking aim at the nearest, an old one, with her punchi, had the luck to bring her down on her knees. Delusive hope! she quickly rose again; and in an instant, the far-off crashing of the jungle was all that told us of the reality of our late encounter. Anathematizing heartily our cowardly follower, we returned to the olies, and sought comfort in the sleep from which we had been so fruitlessly aroused. The growling of the bears fighting for the yellow fruit under the iron trees, mixed with the mournful belling of the bucks, was our melodious lullaby.

It must have been some hours afterward that I was again aroused by my watchful companion, who pointed out two splendid elks, a doe and a buck, within sixty paces of my lair. To indemnify me for my last failure, these both fell before my fowling-piece, which is second to none for smooth-bore ball-practice; so I returned about three, A.M., to the tent to rest, as we were to begin another day's work with a thirteen miles' march to Tanicolam.

Thus passed seven days, during which we visited Coolvellan, Tanekai, and several other Tamil villages, shooting spotted deer, wild boar, bears, chetas, and elks at night, and deer, hares, peacocks, alligators, and jungle-fowl by day; sometimes bivouacking under the spreading shade of a tamarind tree, sometimes by the side of a lonely tank among the lemon grass and reeds, which thickly ornament its thorny margin. The eighth morning saw us journeying homeward, regretting the shortness of our leave, but consoling ourselves with the thought, that when duty calls we must obey. We had traveled fifty miles south of Jaffna, into solitudes where white faces had, perhaps, never before been seen—our bag was respectably filled: eighteen spotted skins bore testimony to our skill; and what with alligators and boars' heads, surmounted by peacocks' tails, our party made a brilliant re-entrance into the northern capital.

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## A VISIT TO ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I am not going to describe savage life, or uninhabited islands: what I have to say relates to most civilized society, and to no island whatever. My object is simply to "request the pleasure" of the reader's company in a short excursion out of Paris: an arrangement which secures to him the advantage of visiting a place which is beneath the notice of the guide-books, and to myself the society of that most desirable of companions—one who allows me to engross the entire conversation.

Imagine, then, a party of Englishmen in Paris, rising one morning with the general desire to "do something to-day." Having done nothing for several weeks except amuse themselves—having been condemned to continual festivity, the necessity for some relaxation became imminent. We had been to see every thing that we cared to see, and every body who cared to see us, with a little over in both cases. We had filled "*avant scène*" boxes until the drama became a bore, and had reclined in *cafés* until their smoke became a nuisance. We had scoured the Boulevards by day, and the balls by night; "looked in" at the monuments with patronizing airs and at the shops with purchasing propensities. We had experienced dinners both princely and penurious; fathomed mysterious *cartes* from end to end, and even with unparalleled hardihood had ventured into the regions of the *prix-fixe*. We had almost exhausted every sort of game, active and sedentary; at billiards, we had exploded every cannon, possible and impossible, and reposed on every "cushion," convenient and inconvenient. One desperate youth had even proposed that we should addict ourselves to dominos; but, we were not far enough gone for that: the suggestion was received on all sides with that sensation of horror which shipwrecked mariners manifest when one of the party proposes to dine off the cabin-boy. No: we must find materials of amusement less suggestive of tombstones, that was clear, even if we perished miserably without their assistance.

The fact was, that under the influence of the sunshine and flowers—the lustre and languor of the most bewildering of capitals, I was fast subsiding into a state of collapse. I felt a dash of the infatuation of the lotus-eater, in his



"—land that seemed always afternoon."

In our case—for we were all alike—instead of afternoon, we seemed to be in a perpetual state of "the morning after." It was at length agreed that we should enter the first public conveyance we could find that was leaving Paris.

The conveyance destined to receive us was, in appearance, a cross between the English omnibus of domestic life and the French *diligence*, that has, alas! nearly disappeared; a fat, heavy vehicle, drawn by a couple of strong little hacks, with a driver who gave himself *diligence* airs, and cracked his whip, and smoked his pipe most ostentatiously.

The first thing we learned on taking our seats was, that we had better have gone by the railway; that is to say, if we intended only going as far as Sceaux, and were pressed for time. We replied, that we were going wherever the omnibus choose to take us, and time was no object. These observations were elicited by a good-humored old man, with a clear, hale, weather-beaten face, which he had contrived to shave to a most miraculous point of perfection, though it was as wrinkled as the boots of any groom. His dress was poor and threadbare in the extreme; and in England he might have passed for a broken-down carpenter; but he, nevertheless, wore the cordon of the eternal Legion of Honor.

The omnibus, he said, went as far as Longjumeau, a place which we were all anxious to see, as being associated with a certain postillion, with big boots, and a wonderful wig, who sang a peculiar song with immense rapidity, accompanied by jingling bells, a crackling whip, and a perpetual post-horn. To our great regret, however, we learned that this distinguished individual was not likely to be seen at Longjumeau, the natives of which had probably never heard of his existence. It was too bad, however, to allow the illusion as to the existence of our old friend to be thus dispelled; so we easily succeeded in persuading ourselves that the popularity of the postillion doubtless kept him continually on the move, and that his native place was, after all, the place where we should have remembered it was least likely to find him.

We proceeded on our way in the most approved style of French omnibuses—with a great deal of clatter, a great deal of confusion, and very little speed. The country any where within a mile or two of Paris, is not very inviting—level wastes of barren ground, with occasionally an oasis in the shape of a brick-kiln, or something equally ornamental; dusty roads, planted with rows of little trees, and bounded by high walls, covered with quack advertisements. The passenger gazes out of window about once every ten minutes, hoping for a little variety; but as far as the waste, the trees, the walls, and the quack advertisements are concerned, he might believe himself still in the same spot. Accordingly, the wise tourist generally seeks amusement inside the vehicle, as we did on the occasion in question—by encouraging the passengers to sing country songs, and contributing ourselves something of the kind toward the general hilarity.

At last—after an hour's jolting and stumbling, and hallooing, and cracking, on the part of omnibus, horses, driver, and whip—something like open country begins to make its appearance—with occasionally an attempt at foliage and cultivation. We have just time to congratulate ourselves upon the change—with a slight regret at the absence of hedges and green lanes—when the omnibus stops at an accommodation of rustic restaurants, schools for young ladies, billiard-rooms, tobacconists' shops, and one church, which we are told is Sceaux. Here we alight, after an exchange of affectionate flatteries with our fellow passengers, who are bound to Longjumeau, and make our way, as a matter of course to the park. But previously a bell at the railway station announces the arrival of a train from Paris, and we have an opportunity of observing the perfect working of this pretty little line—the serpentine course of which is, at first sight, calculated to strike horror into the engineering mind—how the carriages perform impossible curves in perfect safety, and finally accomplish something very like a figure of eight at the terminus, without any relaxation of speed. The manner in which this is accomplished is principally by providing the engines with small oblique wheels, pressing against the rails, in addition to the usual vertical ones. The carriages, too, are so constructed, that both the fore and hind wheels may turn freely under them; and each carriage is connected with its neighbor by a kind of hinge, which effectually prevents a separation, while it affords every facility for independent motion. Thus almost any curve can be accomplished, and it is next to impossible that the train can come off the rails. But for this contrivance, the railway, condemned to a straight line, would probably never pay, and all the pretty places where it has stations, would lose half their visitors.

The great lion of Sceaux is its park, where the chateau, built by Colbert, and subsequently associated with persons of no less importance than the Duc du Maine and Madame de Montespan, was flourishing before the first revolution. Art has here been somewhat ungrateful to nature; the one has furnished the tallest of trees and the thickest of bosquets; but the other has clipped them with more than her usual want of taste, and through the latter, has cut avenues, ingeniously imitative of railway tunnels—of which the pastoral effect may be imagined. On Sundays and Thursdays, during the summer, crowds flock from Paris to the balls which are held in this park—where there is also a tolerable gathering of rustic simplicity from the country round. Then it is that all the colored lamps, which now by daylight look so dingy, are brilliantly lighted up; the dirty stucco statues gleam like alabaster; the seedy drapery becomes golden and gorgeous; the grimy decorations are festive and fairy-like; and the smoky-looking glass column in the centre glitters like an immense diamond—reflecting the surrounding scene with a thousand flattering and fantastic variations.

But what about Robinson Crusoe? All in good time. Robinson is now something less than two miles off, if the information of our decorated friend may be relied upon; and perhaps the sooner

we join him the better. Accordingly, with Sceaux behind us, and the prospect of dinner before us, we proceed gayly on foot through roads as rustic in appearance as the inevitable brick walls and unavoidable quack advertisements will allow them to be, and arrive at last at our journey's end—without meeting on our way with any incidents of travel more exciting than the sight of two countrymen and a windmill.

Here, then, we are, at last, at Robinson. Robinson, then, is a place, and not a person? But what relation has this to De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*? Simply this; that the spot is the most romantic—the most picturesque—and *was* the most desolate within so short a distance of Paris; and it has been called "Robinson," as a tribute at once to these united charms, and to the merits of a work which is as popular in France as in its native country. The surname "Crusoe" the French throw aside, as they do every thing which they can either not pronounce, or not understand—refusing in particular to swallow any thing like a name which does not become the mouth, on the wise principle which leads every animal but the donkey to reject thistles.

The fame of the place, however, has by degrees rendered its name inapplicable. Its romantic and picturesque qualities it still retains, but its desolation is no more. It is *Robinson Crusoe's* island with the spell broken—the loneliness of thirty years profaned. It is *Robinson Crusoe's* island monopolized by common-place colonists, who have set up *cafés* and *restaurants*. It is Juan Fernandez captured by the savages, who appear there in the shape of the *bourgeoisie*, or as pert-looking young Frenchman, in varnished boots, escorting transparent bonnets. It is *Robinson Crusoe's* island, in fact, with a dash of Greenwich.

In common with all those who land in any sort of island, civilized or savage, our first impulse was to secure dinner. For this purpose, we betook ourselves to the most imposing *restaurant* of the place. Guesquin was the name I think, of the Bois d'Aulnay. Here, in the midst of a rustic and not too French style of garden, laid out upon an eminence, stands a building which has all the aspect of the most primitive of farms. It is dedicated to *Robinson Crusoe*, as may be seen from the verses conspicuously painted up over the door:

"Robinson! nom cher à l'enfance,  
Que, vieux, l'on se rappelle encore,  
Dont le souvenir, doux trésor,  
Nous reporte aux jours d'innocence."

On entering we see *Robinson Crusoe* on every side—that is to say, all the walls are devoted to his adventures: we see multiplied in every corner the well-known goat-skin costume, pointed cap, and umbrella. Here is *Crusoe* outside his hut, tending his flock; there he is shooting down the savages from behind a tree. In one panel he starts back at the sight of the foot-mark in the sands, in the attitude of the leading actor of the *Gymnase*, to express violent surprise at the important intelligence conveyed to his mind by that powerful print. Over the window, he is feeding his goat; close to the door, he notches his calendar, or, not inappropriately, cuts his stick. He welcomes to the lonely isle the astonished white men, beside the stove; and once more steps on his native soil, just over the mantle-piece. *Crusoe* is every where. He is engraved on the spoons, painted on the plates, and figured on the coffee-cups. His effigy reclines upon the clock; his portrait on the vases peers through the flowers. So completely do his adventures seem associated with the place, that we almost expect to see him in his own proper person, with his parrots and dogs about him; discussing his goat's flesh at one of the rude tables, which might have been fashioned by his own hand; or busy kindling a fire upon the tiled floor, which might also be of home manufacture.

We are interrupted in the midst of this inspection, by the question where we will dine? Where? Any where. This is the *salle à manger*, is it not? Certainly; but we can dine up a tree in the garden if we please. In that case we *do* please, by all means, provided the climbing is easy, and there are good strong branches to cling to. The *garçon* smiles, as he conducts us to the garden, and introduces us to the resources of the immense tree in the centre. Here we are instructed to ascend a staircase, winding round the massive trunk, and to choose our places, on the first, second, or third "story." This dining accommodation we now find to consist of a succession of platforms, securely fixed upon the vast spreading branches, surrounded by a rustic railing, and in some cases covered with a thatched umbrella, of the veritable *Robinson Crusoe* pattern. With the ardor of enthusiasts, who know no finality short of extremes, we spurn the immediate resting-places, and ascend at once to the topmost branch. Here we find a couple of tables laid out, and seats for the accommodation of about a dozen persons. A jovial party of the savages before alluded to, in glazed boots, and transparent bonnets, are already in possession of one of the tables; the other is at our disposal.

The soup now makes its appearance, not borne upward by the waiters, but swung upward in enormous baskets, by means of ropes and pulleys; and we speedily bawl down, with stentorian voices—according to the most approved fashion of the *habitués*—our directions as to the succeeding courses, which are duly received through the same agency. Everybody now gets extremely convivial, and we, of course, fraternize with the savages, our neighbors. At this period of the proceedings, some of the boldest of our party venture upon obvious jokes relative to dining "up a tree"—a phrase which, in England, is significant of a kind of out-of-the-way existence, associated with pecuniary embarrassment; but, I need scarcely add, that these feeble attempts at pleasantry were promptly put down by the general good-sense of the company. The Frenchmen, bolder still, now indulged in various feats of agility, which had the additional attraction of extreme peril, considering that we were more than a hundred feet from the ground. The tendency of the *Robinsonites*, in general, toward gymnastic exercises is very sufficiently indicated by the

inscription—"Défense de se balancer après les Paniers"—which is posted all over the tree. To my mind the injunction sounded very like forbidding one to break one's neck.

Being already a hundred feet from the ground, the united wisdom of our party had, by this time, arrived at the opinion that we should descend; an operation at all times less easy than ascension—more especially after dinner. The feat, however, was satisfactorily accomplished, after a pathetic appeal on the part of two or three of my friends for another quarter of an hour to sentimentalize upon the magnificent view—rendered doubly magnificent in the declining sun—of distant Paris, with its domes and towers, and light bridges, and winding river; and the more immediate masses of well-wooded plantations, and well-cultivated fields. I should have mentioned that we had to drag away the youngest of these sentimentalists by main force—which rendered our safe descent somewhat marvelous under the circumstances.

We had now to decide upon our mode of return to Paris—a work of time, owing to the numerous distracting facilities. A short walk was pronounced to be desirable, and a walk to Fontenay-aux-Roses delightful above all things. So we set forward accordingly—our way lying "all among the bearded barley"—like the road to "many-towered Camelot." At Fontenay-aux-Roses, which, strangely enough, does justice to its name, lying in a huge nest of roses, of all degrees of deliciousness, we were fortunate enough to find that vehicular phenomenon—in the existence of which I had never before believed—the "last omnibus." This was promptly monopolized; and my next performance, I fancy, was to go to sleep; for, on being informed that we were again in Paris, I seemed to have some recollection of a recent dinner on the top of a tree, with Robinson Crusoe, who was appropriately decorated with a pink bonnet and a parasol.

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## THE WHITE SILK BONNET.

BY ELIZABETH O'HARA.

"Thirty-five shillings, did you say, Mrs. Grey? I am afraid that is too dear; and yet it is really a love of a bonnet."

"It certainly does become you exceedingly, Miss Leslie."

"Yes, I do wish I could buy it. Just show me that straw again, will you? Dear me, I wish I had not seen the silk one; this seems so large and dowdy. Thirty-five shillings, and this will be—"

"One pound six, full trimmed, ma'am; and after all, it is but a second bonnet, certainly not a dress one."

"Oh, I know that, but then the price—you see the difference is so very great."

"Thirteen shillings; but it is quite made up for by the quality of the goods. This is a Paris-made bonnet; I had it sent me for a pattern; it would be two guineas to any but a customer. I really have made a considerable reduction, Miss Leslie; now if I might advise—"

"It is a sweet, pretty thing, so lady-like and quiet, but I told papa I should spend about a pound, and I don't think I ought to go so very far beyond: these flowers in the inside suit me so well; however, I'll decide on the straw, Mrs. Grey."

"I'll tell you what, Miss Leslie, I should like you to have this bonnet; I thought of you the moment I saw it; I have quite kept it for you. Besides, it is a pity you should lose such a dead bargain. Why, see, ma'am, what a lovely silk it is! and these flowers—real French flowers; why, it will do up again quite fresh next summer. Now, if you like, the bill shall go in to your papa as a pound, or say three-and-twenty shillings, and you can make up the difference to me at your convenience."

"I should like to do so, and certainly no one who is a judge can call this bonnet dear at thirty-five shillings; it never was made for the money."

"Oh, dear no, Miss Leslie, it costs me more; shall I send it in? Would you like me to add the pelerine you were admiring? Now I call that a very useful thing, that and the cuffs to match are so complete; I think you had better have them: I need not press them on any one, they are so exquisitely *bee-youtiful*; but I can't help taking the liberty of advising a lady like yourself, Miss Leslie, and an old customer. I think you said you were going into the country; now people like to be dressy away from home. You could not get such goods at that figure at any other establishment, and you will find them so very convenient."

Constance Leslie hesitated. "The woman who hesitates is lost;" the temptation was great, the things were certainly becoming; a certain birthday gift was in expectation; the economical arguments were very specious. She yielded; and against her better judgment consented to the milliner's plan. She was but a girl—let that plead in her favor; but there are women, wives, and mothers, who condescend to this meanness, who systematically deceive their husbands in this matter, and yet profess to love and revere them; who, involved in debt themselves, rail at the artifice and extravagance of their servants, who, while their whole life is a subterfuge, affect horror at falsehood. Oh! did they but know how contemptible such conduct is; how maid and trader despise them! Their husbands believe them—how can they doubt a wife's truth? but to others the lie is transparent! and often an insolvent is supposed to have been cognizant of

extravagances which his misfortunes alone revealed to him. And for what do they weave a tissue of untruths? for what do they tremble at the slightest word or glance which may betray their secret? From the most paltry and frivolous motives—often from mere thoughtlessness.

To return to my story. It is time I should properly introduce Miss Leslie to my readers. She was an only daughter, having long lost her mother, and had for years been her father's housekeeper. He was of that most unfortunate class—a poor man bound to hide his poverty and preserve certain appearances. Strict economy was necessary to effect this; and hitherto Constance had aided him well, indeed. He was rather proud of the tact with which she made the most of their narrow income; for she had good taste and good sense, and these united achieve wonders. There was no attempt at display; but all was in such good keeping, the whole was so respectable, that few suspected their limited means. Mr. Leslie's income was so fluctuating, that he was strict on one point only: he would incur no bills on any pretext whatever; beyond this, Constance was uncontrolled, and laid out his funds as she pleased. Her brothers were growing up, and had to be pushed forward in the world; the well-doing of the whole family seemed at present to depend on the father's position. Now, when the force of appearances is not carried further than this, should we blame it? We are all bound to lay out our money to the best advantage; an appearance of easy means, when not based on debt, most frequently leads to the reality. The world can only judge by what it sees—good broadcloth invariably attracts respect, and it is of high importance to young people having their way to make in the world, that their home should stand well with it. Mr. Leslie made no pretensions to riches; he merely endeavored to hide his want of them, and succeeded.

"That's a very smart bonnet of yours, Constance; I hope you have not gone beyond your stint—"

"Only a few shillings, papa."

She thus evaded, as she thought, a direct falsehood, well knowing all the while that fifteen shillings were far from being "a few" to them.

"It is a very great bargain, and Mrs. Grey advised it, as it will last two summers with care."

"Well, well, don't look so annoyed about it, my dear; a shilling or two, more or less, breaks no squares; but the fact is, I am rather sorry you have chosen such a dashing affair. I have had one or two losses lately, as is well known in the room, and your bonnet may be remarked on."

Constance's tears now flowed freely; but she dared not confess her fault.

"Never mind, my love, we are no worse off than our neighbors. Indeed, I should not have mentioned this, only it will guide you in your purchases and in your behavior at your uncle's. I was obliged to ask a little assistance from him respecting Edward's premium, and this last pull has prevented my paying him at the promised time. I gave him a bill, and could not take it up; but I have left off part of my office, and shall soon be all right again."

"Oh, papa, you will be so uncomfortable without a private room."

"I must not think of that, child; in fact, I don't require a double office; there's the expense, two fires to keep up; and all that's quite unnecessary now Harding is gone."

"Harding gone, papa!"

"Yes; I find I can manage without him, by doing a little extra writing at home; and until things come round a little, we must all pull up in every possible way. But, remember, I wish, for your brothers' sakes, to do the thing as quietly as we can. I am not ruined; but a whisper either way would smash me at once—and the boys' credit depends on mine."

Poor Constance! and it was at this very moment, when retrenchment was so necessary, and her father was not only curtailing his personal expenses, but redoubling his exertions, that she had incurred a trumpery debt—trumpery in amount, but large to her—for mere superfluities. She could not return her bonnet, she had worn it; she was afraid to speak to Mrs. Grey about the other articles she had sent in; for, despite her exceeding oiliness of manner, Constance felt she was a person who would never concede a single point to her own disadvantage. The bill had not yet made its appearance, and she waited its arrival in fear and trembling; for Mrs. Grey had chosen to make some indispensable additions; and though she sent a message apologizing for not having mentioned them, and saying that they would be merely a trifle, her unfortunate customer felt a strong presentiment that she would be victimized. Besides, having once yielded to temptation and set her bill "a-going," she fancied she might as well let the whole sum be booked, and had already expended the five-and-twenty shillings set aside for her bonnet on different trifling objects, not absolutely wanted, and which she had scrupulously dispensed with till now that she had these few unoccupied shillings. The coveted bonnet at once lost all its charms; it was now positively hateful; and she set forth on her visit to her country-friends with a heart sadly at variance with her gay apparel.

Her aunt and uncle Appleton had been rather inconvenienced by Mr. Leslie's dishonored bill. People who are not in business can scarcely make allowance for the difficulties of commerce; they can not understand its inextricable links, nor how sometimes a mere change of wind may seriously embarrass the struggling trader. They had also sometimes disapproved of their brother's style of living; and, though kind, warm-hearted people, having once assisted him, thought they had purchased a right to find fault and dictate, and to this he could not submit. If there was a subject on which he was irritable, it was respecting Constance. She was an

accomplished girl, and some of the wiseacres who delight in laying down the law had chosen to wonder why "she was not earning her bread and assisting her family;" overlooking the fact that in managing her father's house and adding to his comforts, she was of material service. A woman in the struggling middle ranks who really does her duty, but rarely eats the bread of idleness, even when ostensibly unemployed; and Constance had toiled incessantly to promote Mr. Leslie's views. Again: there is a kind of prejudice respecting women's employment; weak, cruel, senseless though it is, we can not step from our privacy without virtually degrading ourselves; hence, governessing is the decayed gentlewoman's last resource; and is it to be wondered at, that, knowing the light in which milliners or even governesses are regarded, Mr. Leslie should strain every nerve to screen his daughter from that trial? Of course he was blamed, called proud and speculative, all sorts of evils were predicted as the consequence; but he laughed at these occasional preachings, and pursued the tenor of his way.

Constance's dressy purchases were thus woefully ill-timed; her aunt was far too good a judge to believe a pound would buy such a bonnet, nor did her niece attempt to deceive her; this was but fresh confirmation of "my brother's ridiculous extravagance. Constance dressed up like a girl of fortune—it is really too bad. He has no right to squander other people's money in this way; it is almost dishonest, and I shall give her a good set-down."

The set-down came, and this time unaccompanied by the annual present on which the poor girl had depended; and as the Appletons chose to make a sort of parade of poverty just then, her smart clothes were more conspicuous. Never had she spent such a miserable six weeks; her temper gave way beneath self-reproach and her aunt's nagging, and she had the misery of feeling that she had widened the breach between her father and relations, who, after all, were kindly, nay, generously disposed toward him.

But little comfort awaited her on her return home. Business was still very flat, and her brother's expenses had unavoidably increased; her father was looking haggard and care-worn. There, too, lay Mrs. Grey's bill, the total five pounds. A mist came before her eyes; it was long before the first sickening feeling was over, and she had courage to read the items. Two guineas for the bonnet! that must be a mistake. She flew to have it rectified.

"I am sure you told me thirty-five shillings, Mrs. Grey."

"Certainly, Miss Leslie; but, of course, I was speaking of ready-money payments. You know I must make a difference where parties require credit. I am always very glad to accommodate a customer, and the bonnet is cheap at fifty shillings."

"But the cap, and the voilette—I never ordered them, and you charge them thirty shillings more."

"Why you see, ma'am, they make the whole so complete, so suitable, I thought it was a pity not to put them in—you know you could have returned them if they were not approved of."

"But you sent to say it would be but a trifle more."

"No more is it, Miss Leslie. Why the lace is dirt-cheap at that price; and it will wash up and trim a straw bonnet—wash and wear forever; as for the bill, pray don't make yourself uneasy about it; you can take your own time—pay me at your convenience."

What could Constance do? She had not five shillings to dispose of; and, fearing to annoy her father, or cause some inquiry, had foolishly allowed him to suppose she had received her usual present from aunt Appleton; she had even diverted some of the housekeeping money to make her accustomed presents to her father and brothers, their share of her birthday gift. The sigh with which Mr. Leslie accepted her little offering smote her severely; it told how much more grateful he would have felt had she thrown it into the weekly allowance.

Five pounds seems but a very small sum, but when it is to be saved up by pence its magnitude increases fearfully; it is almost a hopeless undertaking. Constance was now fairly immersed in that slough of despond, debt; for instead of paying away her money regularly, and in order, it was here a little and there a little. Her life was a perfect scramble; a perpetual staving off, while her small bills accumulated. Mrs. Grey had her now completely in her power; she was obliged to supply herself from her, at credit prices, having always forestalled her income, and though constantly endeavoring to economize, and in essentials scarcely so well dressed as in former times, her expenses were at least doubled.

Having acquired the habit of running up bills, it required more strength of mind than she possessed to dispense with a hundred little superfluities, that, had she been obliged to pay for them on the spot, would have been instantly relinquished; but as is too often the case, while the money still glittered in her purse, she forgot the numerous calls she was preparing for it. Nor did the mischief end here; she was no longer able to pay her servants' wages; they became sulky, then saucy; the work was neglected, provisions wasted; and yet she neither could nor dared discharge them, so much did she fear her father's learning her heavy arrears. These annoyances, and constant corroding anxieties, brought on a low nervous fever; change of scene and air were ordered, but these could not be obtained without expense; and this, and the dread of any discovery during her absence, quite nullified the good effects of the prescription. Her debts had gradually, though almost imperceptibly amounted to about fifty pounds, a sum she had no present means of paying; she had learned to tremble at the sound of a single knock, and, by contemptible excuses, and frivolous pretexts for delay, was slowly undermining her father's credit.

It is a long time ere the "master" awakes to the feeling that his home is uncomfortable, or is aware of all that goes on within it, especially if he be in business. He hurries away in the morning, and ere he returns at evening things have assumed a kind of company aspect; besides, habit throws a veil over many discrepancies a stranger can easily perceive. Constance's wretched health also accounted for many errors of management; and Mr. Leslie, generally a keen, shrewd man, was blind to the state of his domestic affairs. His daughter worked so hard to retrieve her lost ground; his and his sons' linen was mended almost beyond comfort; he had discovered her busy fabricating pretty knick-knacks for which she hoped to obtain an unsuspected sale; he felt as if it would seem brutal to pry into her economy. Poor thing, she answered all the advertisements by which "ladies and gentlemen are offered an income of two pounds a week, while practicing an elegant accomplishment," but the *papier maché* and earthen stamping trade were already overstocked with workers; she only increased her difficulties by the outlay.

At this crisis, when at her wits' end, an unexpected haven appeared. She was a pretty, lady-like girl; and Allan Macdonald, a young merchant, and a rising man, chose to fall in love with her. There are many different reasons for accepting a man besides simply loving him; some girls are afraid of dying old maids; others do not know how to say "no;" others are ambitious; others mercenary; others wish to please papa and mamma; and others wish to spite some particular friend. Constance married from none of these causes; she loved—no, liked, respected Allan, and felt grateful for his preference; but her prevailing feeling was that the wedding would keep her out of her difficulties. There would be the money for her *trousseau*, and of course presents from her relations; and out of these she could surely squeeze enough to clear the greater part, if not all her debts. Allan, too, would be sure to make her a liberal allowance, and she could save something from that; once free, it would be a lesson for life.

Things seldom turn out exactly as we expect. The presents made her, though handsome, could not be turned to account; work-tables and silver tea-pots are not very serviceable in a lady's wardrobe; and though her father had strained every nerve, he did not give her more than one half of what she had reckoned on. She ventured to petition for more.

"Tut tut, Constance! Macdonald knows exactly how I am situated, that I really am very much hampered, for I have no concealments from him; he is not the fellow to go rummaging over his wife's drawers, or to refuse her a new gown when she wants it. Of course I wish you to be respectable, and what you have now will set you out as well as any child of mine need be; more, in my present circumstances, would be improper."

She was silenced. Her means were all absorbed in paying off the driblets she owed in all directions, but yet there were comparatively large sums remaining. She spoke to the tradespeople, "the expenses of her wedding, &," the excuse seemed reasonable, though some were inclined to wonder why Mr. Leslie left this disagreeable task to his daughter, and, as they wished to secure Mrs. Macdonald's future custom, they were exceedingly forbearing. Mrs. Grey alone remained; the wedding clothes must be supplied by her now, although Constance, anticipating so much more money, had already announced that they would not, as "she did not like her style." This report had evidently reached her, and she received her customer's explanation with a mortifying air of civil disbelief; but when Constance began to explain her errand, and hesitatingly ask for credit, "It is so very awkward, Mrs. Grey; but gentlemen can not understand these things: papa can not see why I should like to have a little money in hand, but you must know what you felt yourself."

"Oh, to be sure, Miss Leslie; but men can't see these things. I should have dropped before I could have asked Grey for money, when first we were married—it's unknown what I suffered, you know I can send the bill into Mr. Leslie by-and-by."

"Why, I would rather—I think it would be better for me to pay you: papa might be vexed."

"Well, then, ma'am, shall I make out the account to you? Mr. Leslie has nothing to do with it—it is quite between ourselves."

"That would be much the best way, if you have no objection, Mrs. Grey."

"Oh, not the slightest; perhaps you will look at these silks."

A very handsome outfit, far better than Constance had even contemplated, was now ordered, and all her prospects seemed brightening around her. She was indeed a happy woman as she entered her new home, and Allan fondly welcomed her to it on their return from their bridal trip. She had married him without strong affection, but their intimate communion brought out the more amiable points of his character; she had learned his worth, she confided in his manly affection, and each day increased her love for him—not even her father was more dear to her. There was but one speck on the horizon: book-keeping was her husband's hobby; though far from mean, he was naturally frugal; he was as proud of her housewifery accomplishments as of her more brilliant acquirements; her father had often vaunted them, and he liked to prove for how little she could provide their liberal table. Therefore he insisted on every item being set down and carried to the weekly expenditure: he had drawn up a set of books for her use, and was delighted to see how well she kept them.

"There's nothing like black and white, Constance, depend on it; when a woman knows exactly what her expenses are she need never go beyond her income, unless she's a born natural."

There was an end to all the schemes of "cabbage" by which she had hoped to make Allan pay his

father-in-law's debts; it was evident that he would see how every penny was laid out, and that nothing short of deliberate falsehood—of which she was then incapable—would mislead him. At length, driven to desperation by the importunities of one or two pressing creditors, she ventured to ask for a few pounds for herself.

"For yourself, my darling!—what can you mean?"

"Why, dear, isn't my meaning plain enough? I mean my pin-money, Mr. Macdonald," and she tried to laugh off her confusion and his surprise.

"Your pin-money, Constance! Why what is all I give you but that? Is it not enough?—take more; but separate purses separate interests, that's my opinion."

"My dear Allan!"

"Yes, why should you or any woman have your private purse? I have none from you, Constance."

"But then a fixed sum is so much more comfortable."

"How so? we have already settled what our expenses should be—your pretty little books here show that you do not exceed the average we struck, my wee wifey; what more would you have? Are we not one, Constance? When you want money ask for it, do what you will with it; if you are over the mark one month, we can pull up the next. I throw all our expenditure in common, you see, tailor and all; I won't buy a waistcoat even without giving you the chance of lecturing if you've a mind; if we find we have all along been within our limit, why we'll make each other a present, or have a jaunt; but in heaven's name, Constance, don't talk to me of your own purse. I've seen enough of that—no, no, let's be open, let's have no concealments or privacies of any sort."

She was so disappointed at this unexpected refusal that she could not restrain her tears, and Allan looked very rueful and uncomfortable at the sight. He had a mixture of feelings; he did not like to see his pretty Constance weep, but it was rather gratifying than otherwise to his marital pride, that his displeasure, or the fear of it, should create such emotion; so in a half-penitent, half-pacha like temper he set himself about consoling his mourning bride. He felt that according to his convictions he was right, but feared he had not gone rightly to work.

"I must not give up, that's positive," he thought; "but, poor dear girl, how sorry she is to have vexed me. I must be a brute; I dare say she wants a new dress or two now we're going out so much; old Leslie told me he could not do as much as he wished for her."

Acting on this idea, he proceeded to kiss away her tears.

"Come, Constance, darling, you must not be angry with me—I'll be bound you want some finery for Dawson's ball; why did you not say so at once, you silly girl? There, tell me how much will be necessary—but I dare say you don't exactly know yourself; take this, dear one, and mind I expect to see my wifey the best dressed, as well as the prettiest woman in the room. There, kiss and be friends, Con.; I have one favor to ask, my love; I wish you'd take any thing you want from Green's, they can put a thing or two in my way sometimes."

The clog accompanying Allan's generous gift made it scarcely a relief to her; but those bills must be paid, and though she knew he would expect to see the sum accounted for, she could not comply with his wishes. He felt annoyed at this; why should she not say how she had laid out his present? At the same time other discrepancies forced themselves on his notice, and made him most uncomfortable. He was more grieved than angry, however. His wife had certainly not made any purchases at Green's, although he had not only requested it, but explained his reasons—nay more she was not as handsomely attired at the ball as he could have wished; he had felt that from the first, and was more inclined to admire her moderation than grumble at her appearance; but his sister had further and accidentally enlightened him. Constance's was only an old dress re-trimmed; if so, where was that money? Her books besides, though apparently very accurately kept, presented increased expenses, while his table was not so good as it had been—he could speak with certainty on that head; she looked shabby, too, sometimes; gloves, shoes, bonnet, ribbons were not so often renewed as he considered necessary. He could not understand it; something under-hand was decidedly going on, but Constance always evaded any explanation. Then she was growing thin and low-spirited, nearly fretful, so he did not like to press her—what could it all mean? Comfort seemed banished from his hearth; some evil influence was hovering around them. There was some lurking mystery; and yet he was sure that she loved him. How anxious she was to please him in all save this? How proudly she looked up to him, how tenderly she had nursed him in a late severe attack. But why should she not tell him the cause of her unhappiness; why was there not perfect confidence between man and wife?

Chance solved some of his doubts. He accidentally opened a letter addressed to Mrs. Macdonald. It contained a bill and receipt, and came from her brother's tailor. The writer, while thanking her for the last payment on account, hoped she would soon make it convenient to settle the balance, as it was some time since the young gentleman had had these articles. Macdonald naturally felt annoyed, nay, indignant, that his comforts should be curtailed to pay his brother-in-law's bills, for he never once imagined that Constance had long since received the money for them, and appropriated it to another purpose; all he could see was her weakness, and the meanness of the young man in submitting to such an obligation; and he would have spoken his mind pretty freely but for the fear of agitating his wife, whose approaching confinement had thrown her into a very

precarious state of health. Rather than she should know that he was aware of her folly, he at once paid the somewhat heavy remainder. He was still smarting from the irritation when he met Edward Leslie, the elder brother, exceedingly well-dressed, and in high spirits. He had just returned from an interview with a merchant who was inclined to send him abroad on very advantageous terms; the only difficulty was a small sum to start with; and Edward naturally thought he might apply to his wealthy brother-in-law for an advance on his expected salary. At any other time Allan would willingly have made the loan, but at that moment it seemed too much like victimization, as if he were a destined prey to the Leslies; he therefore not only refused point blank, but accompanied his refusal by certain inuendoes at Edward's expenses and appearance, which were as incomprehensible as offensive to the latter, and the result was a violent quarrel between them.

Meanwhile Mr. Leslie's difficulties were increasing, and he saw himself compelled to call a meeting of his creditors; this had hitherto been concealed from Constance, but it soon became necessary to apply to her, as, to her father's utter astonishment, bills of which he had not the slightest knowledge now poured in on him. She was alone in her luxurious drawing-room, looking the picture of misery, having that day heard Edward's version of her husband's extraordinary conduct, and his own disappointment, now likely to be attended with serious consequences, as, if he could not raise this money, he must relinquish this lucrative appointment—a provision for life. And now her father's position was explained to her; what was to become of them? what could she do?

"I should not have worried you with all this, my poor girl; the general opinion is in my favor; people see how this has been brought upon me, and two or three of my creditors have come forward very handsomely; Lynch offers to back me if I will start again. I called at Allan's office as I came along; I wanted to have his advice, and to know whether he would join Lynch as security if I continued the agency; but he was out, so I left a note for him, explaining what I wanted, and came on here. I missed my dinner with it all, and really should be glad of a glass of wine, Mrs. Mac—; come, dear, don't cry, there's no disgrace in my misfortunes—we have never been extravagant or thoughtless; but, Constance, I was rather surprised to see these bills among my other accounts; surely they were paid long ago?"

"I—I—I forget, father."

"Nonsense; I'm sure you had the money for them; those very sums are entered in my day-book. Now, do calm yourself, and look them over. See, why, they're dated two and three years back. I never had an account with any tradesmen longer than the quarter. I looked at your book, and couldn't make head or tail of it, or I would not have bothered you now. You really must examine into this, Constance; my character is touched by it—to leave such bills so long unpaid."

"Perhaps there is some mistake."

"None at all: either you did or did not pay those bills. If you did pay them, hunt up the receipts. I don't know the names even of some of these fellows—did you ever deal with them? Answer me at once—yes or no—did you ever owe them any thing?"

"Yes—I mean—that is—"

At this moment Allan entered the room, evidently in a towering passion, while a servant brought in the refreshment Constance had ordered for her father, by an opposite door.

"Take away those things!" he thundered "they are not wanted here."

The foot-boy hesitated a moment.

"My mistress, sir," he said.

"Take them away, I say!"

The servant obeyed. Constance had sunk back on the sofa in violent hysterics, while Mr. Leslie seemed petrified. Allan for the first time in his life was neglectful of his wife, and had refused her father's proffered hand.

"You wrote to me, Mr. Leslie, this morning," he continued, "to make a most modest request. I need offer no comment on you and your family's conduct toward me; but do me the favor to read this letter: it is a sufficient answer; and then, sir, leave my house, before I am tempted to kick you out of it."

"Allan!" shrieked Constance.

"Was it not enough, sir, that my comforts should be curtailed, my home rendered uncomfortable, my wife's health and spirits broken, her integrity destroyed—yes, that she should be taught to deceive me systematically, in order that my money should pay your and your sons' debts? Was not that enough without such disgrace as this? A lawyer's letter demanding payment of my wife's debts when single, her wedding clothes even not paid for!"

"Good God! what is this? Speak, Constance, this instant."

"You have killed her!" cried her husband, bending over her insensible form. "I find you here with more bills in your hand—I find her in tears, while you are feasting at my expense. Leave the house, I say."



"Allan Macdonald, I will not. You have attacked my character and my sons'. Unless you use force, I will not leave the room till Constance clears this up; let the consequences be what they will, she shall speak. I will not remain under these imputations."

"Pshaw! how can she clear you? Let me ring for her maid—she is dying."

"She is not: leave her to herself for a moment; she is recovering—see. My God! man, I am her father! There, give her some water. Be advised for once: let no one in, as you would avoid a disgraceful exposure. On my word—on my oath, if necessary—I knew nothing of this—I knew of no bills till this morning."

Mr. Leslie's firm tone and previous high character held Allan in check, and he submitted to his advice. It was long ere Constance revived from her deathlike swoon, and then she would have evaded explanation, had not her father stuck pertinaciously to his point. All at once she seemed to gain courage from his severity and her husband's anguished features. She knew not where their suspicions might tend, and throwing herself at Allan's feet, she revealed all her errors.

Her strength again failed her; with the last words she fell prostrate, and was carried senseless to her bed. A raging fever ensued; a dead child was born. In the wildness of delirium her now intense love for her husband was betrayed, the unsparing contempt she felt for her own conduct, and her dread lest he should share in it. His voice alone could soothe her, and yet she seemed to shrink from him as if she felt she had incurred his displeasure; that was her prevailing fear. His name, her father's, Edward's, was ever on her lips; but always in conjunction with images of misery.

Consciousness was at last restored to her; all agitating conversation was forbidden; but Allan's tender kiss and gentle tones told that she was forgiven. Nor was her father inexorable; few parents but would have considered her punishment sufficient; and in the mean time her husband generously rectified the errors she had occasioned. The debts were all liquidated; their amount was comparatively so small, that it seemed astonishing how so trifling a cause could have produced so much unhappiness, and Allan thought the sum well expended that could restore his wife's peace of mind. Edward, too, obtained the requisite loan, which was repaid within the specified time, while Macdonald willingly joined Mr. Lynch as security for his father-in-law. Mr. Leslie, thus backed, at length retrieved his past losses. He never again alluded to that unfortunate scene, except when he and Allan once nearly quarreled for the second time, because he insisted on repaying the money advanced for Constance's debts. As for Charles, the younger son, he was soon well provided for; for uncle Appleton, seeing how the others were thriving, took him in hand, and using his borough interest, easily procured him a comfortable appointment.

A fine band of rosy children have long since consoled Allan for the loss of his first-born; but Constance has never forgotten that terrible lesson; and though placed beyond the necessity of rigid economy, never feels tempted to indulge in a slight extravagance, or to incur even a trifling debt, without being warned by the memory of the White Silk Bonnet.

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## BORED WELLS IN EASTERN MISSISSIPPI.



Who would not prefer something like this, to the "sweep and pole," however delightful the "old oaken bucket may seem as a reminiscence?" That the running fountain, "hard by the homestead gate" is attainable, has been demonstrated, of late years, in numerous instances; necessity called, science demonstrated, and experiment has proved. The Artesian well, in many localities, is but the work of a few days or a week. The implements required are simple and cheap, the supply of water afforded copious and continuous, conducing to health and comfort.

They are described as "those which are made by boring into the earth till the instrument reaches water, which spontaneously, from internal pressure, flows like a fountain." Not to quarrel with this definition, let us look at the instrument and its appurtenances, and also the processes or application, which cause the water to flow.



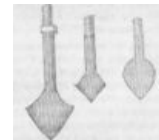
THE INSTRUMENT.—Split the barrel of a common goose-quill, lengthwise, into equal parts, and we have in either half something that closely resembles in shape the auger; the lower end looking like the old "pod," in use formerly by house builders. One side, the cutting side or edge, of the said lower end being an adjustable steel "bit," readily removed for sharpening, hardening, and the like; its entire length is about eight feet; its diameter (or half diameter) is three and a half or four inches; its upper end terminating in a shank, with a screw-thread, cut perhaps two inches.

The APPURTENANCES are *Wooden Rods* or poles, *Iron Rods*, *Pump*, *Picks*, *Windlass*, *Shears*, *Pulley-blocks*, *Yokes*, or couters, &c. The first of these, the wooden rods or poles, are made of cypress or yellow-pine, twenty-five feet long, two and a half to three inches in diameter, planed round and smooth, armed at each end with iron, the upper a screw-shank, the lower a screw-socket. For convenience, there should be, belonging to the set, poles of

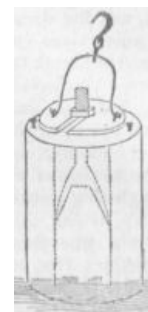
half and quarter length, also an iron rod or two, of full or half length; these last being required after some depth is attained, to prevent the wooden ones from floating or being pushed up, as the water fills the bore. The *Pump* is constructed of sheet-iron or copper, being a cylinder of nearly the size of the auger, and of the same length, having in its lower end a valve playing freely, and closing tight enough to retain borings, sand, and the like; the upper end terminating as the poles; The valve is usually made of steel, being a band riveted into its place having its lower edge sharp, and its upper edge square, seating the clapper, which is a disk of wrought iron. This is a strong, effective tool in the prosecution of the work. The *Picks* or *Drills* are pointed with steel, and take such shapes as shall best forward the boring through a strata which the auger will not cut. The *Windlass*, *Shears*, *Pulley-blocks*, etc., constitute the apparatus for lowering and raising the auger, pump, or picks, as needed. The poles forming the shank of the auger, are elongated by screwing one upon another, as it descends into the earth.



THE PROCESS, OR APPLICATION.—The Shears and Windlass being erected, a short pole is suspended in the couter (A); a movable handle affixed to the pole at a convenient height from the ground, a short auger screwed into the lower end of the pole, which is then lowered till the point of the auger rests upon the ground, at the precise point where the prospective fountain is to flow. One man attends to the windlass, and one labors at the handle of the auger, walking round, with the sun, and after marking the spot by an insertion of six inches, pours in, if the nature of the soil requires, a bucket of water to render the borings adhesive, so that they will turn with the auger and come up in it when it is withdrawn. The first few feet is usually done with an extra-sized auger, or the smaller hole reamed out to a size sufficiently large to insert a bored log (like a pump-log), the calibre of which will admit the passage of the common auger, and other instruments used in boring the well; this log is forced down by driving till its lower end is secure in the rock, or such strata as will not crumble or cave. As the auger becomes full, it is withdrawn, cleaned, and again inserted. After such depth is reached, that the water lying upon the first impermeable strata flows into the bore, the auger will not always bring up its "chips," the pump is then put down alternately with the auger, and by being forced to the bottom of the bore brings out the residuum. As the hole deepens, other poles are added; the joints being thus rendered necessary, another of the uses of the hollow log becomes apparent. Two iron spikes projecting from its squared end, serve to keep the "yoke," or couter, from turning round; and the shank, below the screw and nut, of the sunken pole, being square and fitting the slot in the yoke, the whole is retained stationary, while the succeeding pole is screwed on, in descending, or unscrewed in ascending, so that in "putting down" or in "taking out" there is a pause at every joint, a pole added, or set aside, and a new hold taken by the yoke (of which there are necessarily two).



In this manner pole after pole is added, until the auger or drill is forced through some strata which confines, or *holds down* the fluid, and a fountain of "Adam's ale" is opened, which flows on and on, neither diminished by the droughts of summer nor swollen by the rains of winter. These delightful wells are becoming common in the eastern parts of this State, as also in our sister State, Alabama. Without doubt, the same thing may be done advantageously in many parts of the United States, hitherto badly supplied with water, either for useful or ornamental purposes.



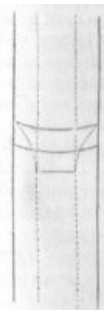
The borings in this region vary from 180 to 580 feet, but generally the greater depth is attainable with proportionally less labor and expense, being unattended with some of the difficulties which are incident to those of less depth, such as quicksands, gravel, rotten limestone, and the like.

The methods of overcoming some of these difficulties are next, and last, in order.

In some places, the soil or earth covering the first layer of rock is of such a character that it is next to impossible to sink the log through to the rock; still, patient contriving will do much in obviating this; for instance, after going as deep as the gravel or quicksand in which the first vein of water is found, will permit, and reaming out the hole, the log is inserted, having its lower end sharpened, and defended by a tapering iron band well secured. This may be driven down without much trouble through the bed of quicksand, and a passage is thus secured to the rock. It is sometimes necessary to insert the pump into, and through the log, and by agitating and withdrawing a portion of the obstructing mass, to cause the log to settle to its place. In some instances the distance to the rock, or consistent strata is so great, that the log requires "piecing." This is done neatly and effectively by banding the top of the sunken log, enlarging with a tapering instrument the mouth of the bore, and fitting another piece with a taper and shoulder.



Again, at the depth of some two or three hundred feet, a vein of rotten soap-stone, or limestone will crumble and cave into the opening, and though by continual pumping and boring it is sometimes mastered, yet the only certain remedy seems to be the reaming from the top of the well (including the logs) with a larger instrument, down to the cave, and perhaps a little past it—so that a shoulder will be left at the place where the reamer ceases cutting. A sheet iron tube is then forced down, of such a length, that its lower end rests upon this shoulder, and the upper extends up past the defect, to the solid walls above; the calibre of this tube being such as to admit freely the tools when the boring is resumed. Should a second defect of this kind occur, another tube can be inserted of the same size (outwardly) as the well, but after it is placed, the



auger and other implements must, of course, be diminished till they will pass through the smaller cylinder.

At times a layer of flint rock obstructs the downward progress. This, fortunately, is thin, and although but a few inches in a day can be drilled, yet the operator works with cheerfulness, for he expects that this is but the lid of the great strong box which holds the sought-for treasure.

Well-boring has become a regular business here with many ingenious and persevering men, and they each resort to many contrivances to obviate the various difficulties which occur; differing from each other, as individual experience, or the special occasion may seem to demand.

Those who bore deep wells usually train a horse to work the windlass, or, in that case, capstan; and it is truly interesting to observe with what precision this effective assistant performs his work at the words of execution, "Walk! Trot! Slow! Whoa! Turn! Back!" &c., &c.

Knowing that in some parts of our country, thousands have been thrown away in fruitless attempts to find water convenient for man and beast, and thinking possibly some description of the way we manage this matter here, would be acceptable, "I have written what I have written."

N.E.G.

COLUMBUS, Miss., July 4th, 1851.

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## MY NOVEL, OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

[Continued from the August Number]

### CHAPTER XIII.

Leonard and Helen settled themselves in two little chambers in a small lane. The neighborhood was dull enough—the accommodation humble; but their landlady had a smile. That was the reason, perhaps, why Helen chose the lodgings: a smile is not always found on the face of a landlady when the lodger is poor. And out of their windows they caught sight of a green tree, an elm, that grew up fair and tall in a carpenter's yard at the rear. That tree was like another smile to the place. They saw the birds come and go to its shelter; and they even heard, when a breeze arose, the pleasant murmur of its boughs.

Leonard went the same evening to Captain Digby's old lodgings, but he could learn there no intelligence of friends or protectors for Helen. The people were rude and surly, and said that the Captain still owed them £1 17s. The claim, however, seemed very disputable, and was stoutly denied by Helen. The next morning Leonard set off in search of Dr. Morgan. He thought his best plan was to inquire the address of the Doctor at the nearest chemist's, and the chemist civilly looked into the *Court Guide*, and referred him to a house in Bulstrode-street, Manchester-square. To this street Leonard contrived to find his way, much marveling at the meanness of London: Screwstown seemed to him the handsomer town of the two.

A shabby man-servant opened the door, and Leonard remarked that the narrow passage was choked with boxes, trunks, and various articles of furniture. He was shown into a small room, containing a very large round table, whereon were sundry works on homeopathy, Parry's *Cymbrian Plutarch*, Davies' *Celtic Researches*, and a Sunday newspaper. An engraved portrait of the illustrious Hahnemann occupied the place of honor over the chimney-piece. In a few minutes the door to an inner room opened, and Dr. Morgan appeared, and said politely, "Come in sir."

The Doctor seated himself at a desk, looked hastily at Leonard, and then at a great chronometer lying on the table. "My time's short, sir—going abroad; and now that I am going, patients flock to me. Too late. London will repent its apathy. Let it!"

The Doctor paused majestically, and, not remarking on Leonard's face the consternation he had anticipated, he repeated peevishly—"I am going abroad, sir, but I will make a synopsis of your case, and leave it to my successor. Hum! Hair chestnut; eyes—what color? Look this way—blue, dark blue. Hem! Constitution nervous. What are the symptoms?"

"Sir," began Leonard, "a little girl—"

DR. MORGAN (impatiently).—"Little girl! Never mind the history of your sufferings; stick to the symptoms—stick to the symptoms."

LEONARD.—"You mistake me, Doctor; I have nothing the matter with me. A little girl—"

DR. MORGAN.—"Girl again! I understand! it is she who is ill. Shall I go to her? She must describe her own symptoms—I can't judge from your talk. You'll be telling me she has consumption, or dyspepsia, or some such disease that don't exist: mere allopathic inventions—symptoms, sir, symptoms."

LEONARD (forcing his way).—"You attended her poor father, Captain Digby, when he was taken ill in the coach with you. He is dead, and his child is an orphan."

DR. MORGAN (fumbling in his medical pocket-book).—"Orphan! nothing for orphans, especially if inconsolable, like *aconite* and *chamomilla*."<sup>[5]</sup>

With some difficulty Leonard succeeded in bringing Helen to the recollection of the homeopathist, stating how he came in charge of her, and why he sought Dr. Morgan.

The Doctor was much moved.

"But really," said he, after a pause, "I don't see how I can help the poor child. I know nothing of her relations. This Lord Les—whatever his name is—I know of no lords in London. I knew lords, and physicked them, too, when I was a blundering allopathist. There was the Earl of Lansmere—has had many a blue pill from me, sinner that I was. His son was wiser; never would take physic. Very clever boy was Lord L'Estrange—I don't know if he was as good as he was clever—"

"Lord L'Estrange!—that name begins with Les—"

"Stuff! He's always abroad—shows his sense. I'm going abroad too. No development for science in this horrid city; full of prejudices, sir, and given up to the most barbarous allopathical and phlebotomical propensities. I am going to the land of Hahnemann, sir—sold my good-will, lease, and furniture, and have bought in on the Rhine. Natural life there, sir—homeopathy needs nature: dine at one o'clock, get up at four—tea little known, and science appreciated. But I forget. Cott! what can I do for the orphan?"

"Well, sir," said Leonard rising, "Heaven will give me strength to support her."

The Doctor looked at the young man attentively. "And yet," said he, in a gentler voice, "you, young man, are, by your account, a perfect stranger to her, or were so when you undertook to bring her to London. You have a good heart—always keep it. Very healthy thing, sir, a good heart—that is, when not carried to excess. But you have friends of your own in town?"

LEONARD.—"Not yet, sir; I hope to make them."

DOCTOR.—"Pless me, you do? How?—I can't make any."

Leonard colored and hung his head. He longed to say, "Authors find friends in their readers—I am going to be an author." But he felt that the reply would savor of presumption, and held his tongue.

The Doctor continued to examine him, and with friendly interest. "You say you walked up to London—was that from choice or economy?"

LEONARD.—"Both, sir."

DOCTOR.—"Sit down again, and let us talk I can give you a quarter of an hour, and I'll see if I *can* help either of you, provided you tell me all the symptoms—I mean all the particulars."

Then, with that peculiar adroitness which belongs to experience in the medical profession, Dr. Morgan, who was really an acute and able man, proceeded to put his questions, and soon extracted from Leonard the boy's history and hopes. But when the Doctor, in admiration at a simplicity which contrasted so evident an intelligence, finally asked him his name and connections, and Leonard told them, the homeopathist actually started. "Leonard Fairfield, grandson of my old friend, John Avenel of Lansmere! I must shake you by the hand. Brought up by Mrs. Fairfield! Ah, now I look, strong family likeness—very strong!"

The tears stood in the Doctor's eyes. "Poor Nora!" said he.

"Nora! Did you know my aunt?"

"Your aunt! Ah—ah! yes—yes! Poor Nora! she died almost in these arms—so young, so beautiful. I remember it as if yesterday."

The Doctor brushed his hand across his eyes, and swallowed a globule; and, before the boy knew what he was about, had in his benevolence thrust another between Leonard's quivering lips.

A knock was heard at the door.

"Ha! that's my great patient," cried the Doctor, recovering his self-possession—"must see him. A chronic case—excellent patient—tic, sir, tic. Puzzling and interesting. If I could take that tic with me, I should ask nothing more from Heaven. Call again on Monday; I may have something to tell you then as to yourself. The little girl can't stay with you—wrong and nonsensical. I will see after her. Leave me your address—write it here. I think I know a lady who will take charge of her. Good-by. Monday next, ten o'clock."

With this, the Doctor thrust out Leonard, and ushered in his grand patient, whom he was very anxious to take with him to the banks of the Rhine.

Leonard had now only to discover the nobleman whose name had been so vaguely uttered by poor Captain Digby. He had again recourse to the *Court Guide*; and finding the address of two or three lords the first syllable of whose titles seemed similar to that repeated to him, and all living pretty near to each other, in the regions of May Fair, he ascertained his way to that quarter, and, exercising his mother-wit, inquired at the neighboring shops as to the personal appearance of these noblemen. Out of consideration for his rusticity, he got very civil and clear answers; but

none of the lords in question corresponded with the description given by Helen. One was old, another was exceedingly corpulent, a third was bed-ridden—none of them was known to keep a great dog. It is needless to say that the name of L'Estrange (no habitant of London) was not in the *Court Guide*. And Dr. Morgan's assertion that that person was always abroad unluckily dismissed from Leonard's mind the name the homeopathist had so casually mentioned. But Helen was not disappointed when her young protector returned late in the day, and told her of his ill success. Poor child! she was so pleased in her heart not to be separated from her new brother; and Leonard was touched to see how she had contrived, in his absence, to give a certain comfort and cheerful grace to the bare room devoted to himself. She had arranged his few books and papers so neatly, near the window, in sight of the one green elm. She had coaxed the smiling landlady out of one or two extra articles of furniture, especially a walnut-tree bureau, and some odds and ends of ribbon—with which last she had looped up the curtains. Even the old rush-bottom chairs had a strange air of elegance, from the mode in which they were placed. The fairies had given sweet Helen the art that adorns a home, and brings out a smile from the dingiest corner of hut and attic.

Leonard wondered and praised. He kissed his blushing ministrant gratefully, and they sate down in joy to their abstemious meal; when suddenly his face was overclouded—there shot through him the remembrance of Dr. Morgan's words—"The little girl can't stay with you—wrong and nonsensical. I think I know a lady who will take charge of her."

"Ah," cried Leonard, sorrowfully, "how could I forget?" And he told Helen what grieved him. Helen at first exclaimed that "she would not go." Leonard, rejoiced, then began to talk as usual of his great prospects; and, hastily finishing his meal, as if there were no time to lose, sat down at once to his papers. Then Helen contemplated him sadly, as he bent over his delighted work. And when, lifting his radiant eyes from his MS., he exclaimed, "No, no, you shall *not* go. *This* must succeed—and we shall live together in some pretty cottage, where we can see more than one tree"—*then* Helen sighed, and did not answer this time, "No, I will not go."

Shortly after she stole from the room, and into her own; and there, kneeling down, she prayed, and her prayer was somewhat this—"Guard me against my own selfish heart: may I never be a burden to him who has shielded me."

Perhaps, as the Creator looks down on this world, whose wondrous beauty beams on us more and more, in proportion as our science would take it from poetry into law—perhaps He beholds nothing so beautiful as the pure heart of a simple loving child.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Leonard went out the next day with his precious MSS. He had read sufficient of modern literature to know the names of the principal London publishers; and to these he took his way with a bold step, though a beating heart.

That day he was out longer than the last; and when he returned, and came into the little room, Helen uttered a cry, for she scarcely recognized him. There was on his face so deep, so silent, and so concentrated a despondency. He sate down listlessly, and did not kiss her this time, as she stole toward him. He felt so humbled. He was a king deposed. *He* take charge of another life! He!

She coaxed him at last into communicating his day's chronicle. The reader beforehand knows too well what it must be, to need detailed repetition. Most of the publishers had absolutely refused to look at his MSS.; one or two had good-naturedly glanced over and returned them at once, with a civil word or two of flat rejection. One publisher alone—himself a man of letters, and who in youth had gone through the same bitter process of dis-illusion that now awaited the village genius—volunteered some kindly though stern explanation and counsel to the unhappy boy. This gentleman read a portion of Leonard's principal poem with attention, and even with frank admiration. He could appreciate the rare promise that it manifested. He sympathized with the boy's history, and even with his hopes; and then he said, in bidding him farewell—

"If I publish this poem for you, speaking as a trader, I shall be a considerable loser. Did I publish all I admire, out of sympathy with the author, I should be a ruined man. But suppose that, impressed as I really am with the evidence of no common poetic gifts in this MS., I publish it, not as a trader, but a lover of literature, I shall in reality, I fear, render you a great disservice, and perhaps unfit your whole life for the exertions on which you must rely for independence."

"How, sir?" cried Leonard. "Not that I would ask you to injure yourself for me," he added, with proud tears in his eyes.

"How, my young friend? I will explain. There is enough talent in these verses to induce very flattering reviews in some of the literary journals. You will read these, find yourself proclaimed a poet, will cry, 'I am on the road to fame.' You will come to me, 'And my poem, how does it sell?' I shall point to some groaning shelf, and say, 'Not twenty copies!' The journals may praise, but the public will not buy it. 'But you will have got a name,' you say. Yes, a name as a poet just sufficiently known to make every man in practical business disinclined to give fair trial to your talents in a single department of positive life; none like to employ poets; a name that will not put a penny in your purse—worse still, that will operate as a barrier against every escape into the ways whereby men get to fortune. But, having once tasted praise, you will continue to sigh for it: you will perhaps never again get a publisher to bring forth a poem, but you will hanker round the purlieu of the Muses, scribble for periodicals, fall at last into a bookseller's drudge. Profits will be so precarious and uncertain, that to avoid debt may be impossible; then, you who now seem so

ingenuous and so proud, will sink deeper still into the literary mendicant—begging, borrowing—

"Never—never—never!" cried Leonard, vailing his face with his hands.

"Such would have been my career," continued the publisher. "But I luckily had a rich relative, a trader, whose calling I despised as a boy, who kindly forgave my folly, bound me as an apprentice, and here I am; and now I can afford to write books as well as sell them. Young man, you must have respectable relations—go by their advice and counsel; cling fast to some positive calling. Be any thing in this city rather than poet by profession."

"And how, sir, have there ever been poets? Had *they* other callings?"

"Read their biography, and then envy them!"

Leonard was silent a moment; but, lifting his head, answered loud and quickly, "I *have* read their biography. True, their lot poverty—perhaps hunger. Sir, I envy them!"

"Poverty and hunger are small evils," answered the bookseller, with a grave, kind smile. "There are worse—debt and degradation, and—despair."

"No, sir, no—you exaggerate; these last are not the lot of all poets."

"Right, for most of our greatest poets had some private means of their own. And for others, why, all who have put into a lottery have not drawn blanks. But who could advise another man to set his whole hope of fortune on the chance of a prize in a lottery? And such a lottery!" groaned the publisher, glancing toward sheets and reams of dead authors lying like lead upon his shelves.

Leonard clutched his MSS. to his heart, and hurried away.

"Yes," he muttered, as Helen clung to him and tried to console—"yes, you were right: London is very vast, very strong, and very cruel," and his head sank lower and lower yet upon his bosom.

The door was flung widely open, and in, unannounced, walked Dr. Morgan.

The child turned to him, and at the sight of his face she remembered her father; and the tears that, for Leonard's sake, she had been trying to suppress, found way.

The good Doctor soon gained all the confidence of these two young hearts. And after listening to Leonard's story of his paradise lost in a day, he patted him on the shoulder, and said: "Well, you will call on me on Monday, and we will see. Meanwhile, borrow these of me," and he tried to slip three sovereigns into the boy's hands. Leonard was indignant. The bookseller's warning flashed on him. Mendicancy! Oh, no, he had not yet come to that! He was almost rude and savage in his rejection; and the Doctor did not like him the less for it.

"You are an obstinate mule," said the homeopathist, reluctantly putting up his sovereigns. "Will you work at something practical and prosy, and let the poetry rest awhile?"

"Yes," said Leonard, doggedly, "I will work."

"Very well, then, I know an honest bookseller, and he shall give you some employment; and meanwhile, at all events, you will be among books, and that will be some comfort."

Leonard's eyes brightened—"A great comfort, sir." He pressed the hand he had before put aside, to his grateful heart.

"But," resumed the Doctor, seriously, "you really feel a strong predisposition to make verses?"

"I did, sir."

"Very bad symptom, indeed, and must be stopped before a relapse! Here, I have cured three prophets and ten poets with this novel specific."

While thus speaking, he had got out his book and a globule. "*Agaricus muscarius* dissolved in a tumbler of distilled water—tea-spoonful whenever the fit comes on. Sir, it would have cured Milton himself."

"And now for you, my child," turning to Helen; "I have found a lady who will be very kind to you. Not a menial situation. She wants some one to read to her, and tend on her—she is old and has no children. She wants a companion, and prefers a girl of your age to one older. Will this suit you?"

Leonard walked away.

Helen got close to the Doctor's ear, and whispered, "No, I can not leave *him* now—he is so sad."

"Cott!" grunted the Doctor, "you two must have been reading *Paul and Virginia*. If I could but stay in England, I would try what *ignatia* would do in this case—interesting experiment! Listen to me—little girl, and go out of the room, you, sir."

Leonard, averting his face, obeyed. Helen made an involuntary step after him—the Doctor detained and drew her on his knee.

"What's your Christian name?—I forget."

"Helen."

"Helen, listen, in a year or two you will be a young woman, and it would be very wrong then to live alone with that young man. Meanwhile, you have no right to cripple all his energies. He must not have you leaning on his right arm—you would weigh it down. I am going away, and when I am gone there will be no one to help you, if you reject the friend I offer you. Do as I tell you, for a little girl so peculiarly susceptible (a thorough *pulsatilla* constitution) can not be obstinate and egotistical."

"Let me see him cared for and happy, sir," said she, firmly, "and I will go where you wish."

"He shall be so; and to-morrow while he is out, I will come and fetch you. Nothing so painful as leave-taking—shakes the nervous system, and is a mere waste of the animal economy."

Helen sobbed aloud; then, writhing from the Doctor, she exclaimed, "But he may know where I am? We may see each other sometimes? Ah, sir, it was at my father's grave that we first met, and I think Heaven sent him to me. Do not part us forever."

"I should have a heart of stone if I did," cried the Doctor, vehemently, "and Miss Starke shall let him come and visit you once a week. I'll give her something to make her. She is naturally indifferent to others. I will alter her whole constitution, and melt her into sympathy—with *rhododendron* and *arsenic*!"

#### CHAPTER XV.

Before he went, the Doctor wrote a line to Mr. Prickett, bookseller, Holborn, and told Leonard to take it, the next morning, as addressed. "I will call on Prickett myself, to-night, and prepare him for your visit. But I hope and trust you will only have to stay there a few days."

He then turned the conversation, to communicate his plans for Helen. Miss Starke lived at Highgate—a worthy woman, stiff and prim, as old maids sometimes are. But just the place for a little girl like Helen, and Leonard should certainly be allowed to call and see her.

Leonard listened and made no opposition; now that his day-dream was dispelled, he had no right to pretend to be Helen's protector. He could have bade her share his wealth and his fame; his penury and his drudgery—no.

It was a very sorrowful evening—that between the adventurer and the child. They sate up late, till their candle had burned down to the socket; neither did they talk much; but his hand clasped hers all the time, and her head pillowed itself on his shoulder. I fear, when they parted, it was not for sleep.

And when Leonard went forth the next morning, Helen stood at the street door, watching him depart—slowly, slowly. No doubt, in that humble lane there were many sad hearts; but no heart so heavy as that of the still quiet child, when the form she had watched was to be seen no more, and, still standing on the desolate threshold, she gazed into space and all was vacant.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Prickett was a believer in homeopathy, and declared to the indignation of all the apothecaries round Holborn, that he had been cured of a chronic rheumatism by Dr. Morgan. The good Doctor had, as he promised, seen Mr. Prickett when he left Leonard, and asked him as a favor to find some light occupation for the boy, that would serve as an excuse for a modest weekly salary. "It will not be for long," said the Doctor; "his relations are respectable and well off. I will write to his grand-parents, and in a few days I hope to relieve you of the charge. Of course, if you don't want him, I will repay what he costs meanwhile."

Mr. Prickett, thus prepared for Leonard, received him very graciously, and, after a few questions, said Leonard was just the person he wanted to assist him in cataloguing his books, and offered him most handsomely £1 a week for the task.

Plunged at once into a world of books vaster than he had ever before won admission to, that old divine dream of knowledge, out of which poetry had sprung, returned to the village student at the very sight of the venerable volumes. The collection of Mr. Prickett was, however, in reality by no means large; but it comprised not only the ordinary standard works, but several curious and rare ones. And Leonard paused in making the catalogue, and took many a hasty snatch of the contents of each tome, as it passed through his hands. The bookseller, who was an enthusiast for old books, was pleased to see a kindred feeling (which his shop-boy had never exhibited) in his new assistant; and he talked about rare editions and scarce copies, and initiated Leonard into many of the mysteries of the bibliographer.

Nothing could be more dark and dingy than the shop. There was a booth outside, containing cheap books and odd volumes, round which there was always an attentive group; within, a gas-lamp burned night and day.

But time passed quickly to Leonard. He missed not the green fields, he forgot his disappointments, he ceased to remember even Helen. O strange passion of knowledge! nothing like thee for strength and devotion.

Mr. Prickett was a bachelor, and asked Leonard to dine with him on a cold shoulder of mutton. During dinner the shop-boy kept the shop, and Mr. Prickett was really pleasant as well as loquacious. He took a liking to Leonard—and Leonard told him his adventures with the publishers, at which Mr. Prickett rubbed his hands and laughed as at a capital joke. "Oh, give up

poetry, and stick to a shop," cried he; "and, to cure you forever of the mad whim to be an author, I'll just lend you the *Life and Works of Chatterton*. You may take it home with you and read before you go to bed. You'll come back quite a new man to-morrow."

Not till night, when the shop was closed, did Leonard return to his lodging. And when he entered the room, he was struck to the soul by the silence, by the void. Helen was gone!

There was a rose-tree in its pot on the table at which he wrote, and by it a scrap of paper, on which was written:

"Dear, dear Brother Leonard, God bless you. I will let you know when we can meet again. Take care of this rose, Brother, and don't forget poor HELEN."

Over the word "forget" there was a big round blistered spot that nearly effaced the word.

Leonard leant his face on his hands, and for the first time in his life he felt what solitude really is. He could not stay long in the room. He walked out again, and wandered objectless to and fro the streets. He passed that stiller and humbler neighborhood, he mixed with the throng that swarmed in the more populous thoroughfares. Hundreds and thousands passed him by, and still—still such solitude.

He came back, lighted his candle, and resolutely drew forth the "Chatterton" which the bookseller had lent him. It was an old edition in one thick volume. It had evidently belonged to some contemporary of the Poet's—apparently an inhabitant of Bristol—some one who had gathered up many anecdotes respecting Chatterton's habits, and who appeared even to have seen him, nay, been in his company; for the book was interleaved, and the leaves covered with notes and remarks in a stiff clear hand—all evincing personal knowledge of the mournful, immortal dead. At first, Leonard read with an effort; then the strange and fierce spell of that dread life seized upon him—seized with pain, and gloom, and terror—this boy dying by his own hand, about the age Leonard had attained himself. This wonderous boy, of a genius beyond all comparison—the greatest that ever yet was developed and extinguished at the age of eighteen—self-taught—self-struggling—self-immolated. Nothing in literature like that life and that death!

With intense interest Leonard perused the tale of the brilliant imposture, which had been so harshly and so absurdly construed into the crime of a forgery, and which was (if not wholly innocent) so akin to the literary devices always in other cases viewed with indulgence, and exhibiting, in this, intellectual qualities in themselves so amazing—such patience, such forethought, such labor, such courage, such ingenuity—the qualities that, well directed, make men great, not only in books, but action. And, turning from the history of the imposture to the poems themselves, the young reader bent before their beauty, literally awed and breathless. How had this strange Bristol boy tamed and mastered his rude and motley materials into a music that comprehended every tune and key, from the simplest to the sublimest? He turned back to the biography—he read on—he saw the proud, daring, mournful spirit, alone in the Great City like himself. He followed its dismal career, he saw it falling with bruised and soiled wings into the mire. He turned again to the later works, wrung forth as tasks for bread—the satires without moral grandeur, the politics without honest faith. He shuddered and sickened as he read. True, even here his poet mind appreciated (what perhaps only poets can) the divine fire that burned fitfully through that meaner and more sordid fuel—he still traced in those crude, hasty, bitter offerings to dire Necessity, the hand of the young giant who had built up the stately verse of Rowley. But, alas! how different from that "mighty line." How all serenity and joy had fled from these later exercises of art degraded into journey-work. Then rapidly came on the catastrophe—the closed doors—the poison—the suicide—the manuscripts torn by the hands of despairing wrath, and strewed round the corpse upon the funeral floors. It was terrible! The spectre of the Titan boy (as described in the notes written on the margin), with his haughty brow, his cynic smile, his lustrous eyes, haunted all the night the baffled and solitary child of song.

## CHAPTER XVII.

It will often happen that what ought to turn the human mind from some peculiar tendency produces the opposite effect. One would think that the perusal in the newspaper of some crime and capital punishment would warn away all who had ever meditated the crime, or dreaded the chance of detection. Yet it is well known to us that many a criminal is made by pondering over the fate of some predecessor in guilt. There is a fascination in the Dark and Forbidden, which, strange to say, is only lost in fiction. No man is more inclined to murder his nephews, or stifle his wife, after reading Richard the Third or Othello. It is the *reality* that is necessary to constitute the danger of contagion. Now, it was this reality in the fate, and life, and crowning suicide of Chatterton, that forced itself upon Leonard's thoughts, and sate there like a visible evil thing, gathering evil like cloud around it. There was much in the dead poet's character, his trials, and his doom, that stood out to Leonard like a bold and colossal shadow of himself and his fate. Alas! the bookseller, in one respect, had said truly. Leonard came back to him the next day a new man; and it seemed even to himself as if he had lost a good angel in losing Helen. "Oh, that she had been by my side," thought he. "Oh, that I could have felt the touch of her confiding hand—that, looking up from the scathed and dreary ruin of this life, that had sublimely lifted itself from the plain, and sought to tower aloft from a deluge, her mild look had spoken to me of innocent, humble, unaspiring childhood! Ah! If indeed I were still necessary to her—still the sole guardian and protector—then could I say to myself, "Thou must not despair and die! Thou hast her to live and to strive for." But no, no! Only this vast and terrible London—the solitude of the dreary garret, and those lustrous eyes glaring alike through the throng and through the solitude."



On the following Monday, Dr. Morgan's shabby man-servant opened the door to a young man, in whom he did not at first remember a former visitor. A few days before, embrowned with healthful travel—serene light in his eye, simple trust in his careless lip—Leonard Fairfield had stood at that threshold. Now again he stood there, pale and haggard, with a cheek already hollowed into those deep anxious lines that speak of working thoughts and sleepless nights: and a settled, sullen gloom resting heavily on his whole aspect.

"I call by appointment," said the boy testily, as the servant stood irresolute. The man gave way. "Master is just called out to a patient; please to wait, sir;" and he showed him into the little parlor. In a few moments two other patients were admitted. These were women, and they began talking very loud. They disturbed Leonard's unsocial thoughts. He saw that the door into the Doctor's receiving-room was half open, and, ignorant of the etiquette which holds such *penetralia* as sacred, he walked in to escape from the gossips. He threw himself into the Doctor's own well-worn chair, and muttered to himself, "Why did he tell me to come?—What new can he think of for me? And if a favor, should I take it? He has given me the means of bread by work; that is all I have a right to ask from him, from any man—all I should accept."

While thus soliloquizing, his eye fell on a letter lying open on the table. He started. He recognized the handwriting—the same as the letter which had inclosed £50 to his mother—the letter of his grand-parents. He saw his own name: he saw something more—words that made his heart stand still, and his blood seem like ice in his veins. As he thus stood aghast, a hand was laid on the letter, and a voice, in an angry growl, muttered, "How dare you come into my room, and be reading my letters? Er—r—r!"

Leonard placed his own hand on the Doctor's firmly, and said in a fierce tone, "This letter relates to me—belongs to me—crushes me. I have seen enough to know that. I demand to read all—learn all."

The Doctor looked round, and seeing the door into the waiting-room still open, kicked it to with his foot, and then said, under his breath, "What have you read? Tell me the truth."

"Two lines only, and I am called—I am called,"—Leonard's frame shook from head to foot, and the veins on his forehead swelled like cords. He could not complete the sentence. It seemed as if an ocean was rolling up through his brain, and roaring in his ears. The Doctor saw, at a glance, that there was physical danger in his state, and hastily and soothingly answered, "Sit down, sit down—calm yourself—you shall know all—read all—drink this water;" and he poured into a tumbler of the pure liquid a drop or two from a tiny phial.

Leonard obeyed mechanically, for indeed he was no longer able to stand. He closed his eyes, and for a minute or two life seemed to pass from him; then he recovered, and saw the good Doctor's gaze fixed on him with great compassion. He silently stretched forth his hand toward the letter. "Wait a few moments," said the physician judiciously, "and hear me meanwhile. It is very unfortunate you should have seen a letter never meant for your eye, and containing allusions to a secret you were never to have known. But, if I tell you more, will you promise me, on your word of honor, that you will hold the confidence sacred from Mrs. Fairfield, the Avenels—from all? I myself am pledged to conceal a secret, which I can only share with you on the same condition."

"There is nothing," announced Leonard indistinctly, and with a bitter smile on his lip—"nothing, it seems, that I should be proud to boast of. Yes, I promise—the letter, the letter!"

The Doctor placed it in Leonard's right hand, and quietly slipped to the wrist of the left his forefinger and thumb, as physicians are said to do when a victim is stretched on the rack. "Pulse decreasing," he muttered; "wonderful thing, *aconite!*" Meanwhile Leonard read as follows, faults in spelling and all:

"DR. MORGAN.

"Sir—I received your favur duly, and am glad to hear that the pore boy is safe and Well. But he has been behaving ill, and ungrateful to my good son Richard, who is a credit to the whole Famuly, and has made himself a Gentleman, and Was very kind and good to the boy, not knowing who and What he is—God forbid! I don't want never to see him again—the boy. Pore John was ill and Restless for days afterwards. John is a pore cretur now, and has had paralytiks. And he Talked of nothing but Nora—the boy's eyes were so like his Mother's. I cannot, cannot see the Child of Shame. He can't cum here—for our Lord's sake, sir, don't ask it—he can't—so Respectable as we've always been!—and such disgrace! Base born—base born. Keep him where he is, bind him prentis, I'll pay any thing for That. You says, sir, he's clever, and quick at learning; so did Parson Dale, and wanted him to go to Collidge and make a Figur—then all would cum out It would be my death, sir; I could not sleep in my grave, sir. Nora that we were all so proud of. Sinful creturs that we are! Nora's good name that we've saved now, gone, gone. And Richard, who is so grand, and who was so fond of pore, pore Nora! He would not hold up his Head again. Don't let him make a Figur in the world—let him be a tradesman, as we were afore him—any trade he Takes to—and not cross us no more while he lives. Then I shall pray for him, and wish him happy. And have not we had enuff of bringing up children to be above their birth? Nora, that I used to say was like the first lady o' the land—oh, but we were rightly punished! So now, sir, I leave all to you, and will Pay all you want for the boy. And be Sure that the secret's kep. For we have never heard from the father, and, at leest, no one knows that Nora has a living son but I and my daughter Jane, and Parson Dale and you—and you Two are good Gentlemen—and Jane will

keep her word, and I am old, and shall be in my grave Soon, but I hope it won't be while poor John needs me. What could he do without me? And if *that* got wind, it would kill me straight, sir. Pore John is a helpless cretur, God bliss him. So no more from your servant in all dooty,

"M. AVENEL."

Leonard laid down this letter very calmly, and, except by a slight heaving at his breast, and a deathlike whiteness of his lips, the emotions he felt were undetected. And it is a proof how much exquisite goodness there was in his heart that the first words he spoke were, "Thank Heaven!"

The Doctor did not expect that thanksgiving, and he was so startled that he exclaimed, "For what?"

"I have nothing to pity or excuse in the woman I knew and honored as a mother. I am not her son—her—"

He stopped short.

"No; but don't be hard on your true mother—poor Nora!"

Leonard staggered, and then burst into a sudden paroxysm of tears.

"Oh, my own mother!—my dead mother! Thou for whom I felt so mysterious a love—thou, from whom I took this poet soul—pardon me, pardon me! Hard on thee! Would that thou wert living yet, that I might comfort thee! What thou must have suffered!"

These words were sobbed forth in broken gasps from the depth of his heart. Then he caught up the letter again, and his thoughts were changed as his eyes fell upon the writer's shame and fear, as it were, of his very existence. All his native haughtiness returned to him. His crest rose, his tears dried. "Tell her," he said, with a stern unfaltering voice—"tell Mrs. Avenel that she is obeyed—that I will never seek her roof, never cross her path, never disgrace her wealthy son. But tell her also, that I will choose my own way in life—that I will not take from her a bribe for concealment. Tell her that I am nameless, and will yet make a name."

A name! Was this but an idle boast, or was it one of those flashes of conviction which are never belied, lighting up our future for one lurid instant, and then fading into darkness?

"I do not doubt it, my prave poy," said Dr. Morgan, growing exceedingly Welsh in his excitement; "and perhaps you may find a father, who—"

"Father—who is he—what is he? He lives then! But he has deserted me—he must have betrayed her! I need him not. The law gives me no father."

The last words were said with a return of bitter anguish; then, in a calmer tone, he resumed, "But I should know who he is—as another one whose path I may not cross."

Dr. Morgan looked embarrassed, and paused in deliberation. "Nay," said he at length, "as you know so much, it is surely best that you should know all."

The doctor then proceeded to detail, with some circumlocution, what we will here repeat from his account more succinctly.

Nora Avenel, while yet very young, left her native village, or rather the house of Lady Lansmere, by whom she had been educated and brought up, in order to accept the place of governess or companion in London. One evening she suddenly presented herself at her father's house, and at the first sight of her mother's face she fell down insensible. She was carried to bed. Dr. Morgan (then the chief medical practitioner of the town) was sent for. That night Leonard came into the world, and his mother died. She never recovered her senses, never spoke intelligibly from the time she entered the house. "And never, therefore, named your father," said Dr. Morgan. "We knew not who he was."

"And how," cried Leonard, fiercely, "how have they dared to slander this dead mother? How knew they that I—was—was—was not the child of wedlock?"

"There was no wedding-ring on Nora's finger—never any rumor of her marriage—her strange and sudden appearance at her father's house—her emotions on entrance, so unlike those natural to a wife returning to a parent's home: these are all the evidence against her. But Mr. Avenel deemed them strong, and so did I. You have a right to think we judged too harshly—perhaps we did."

"And no inquiries were ever made?" said Leonard, mournfully, and after a long silence—"no inquiries to learn who was the father of the motherless child?"

"Inquiries!—Mrs. Avenel would have died first. Your grandmother's nature is very rigid. Had she come from princes, from Cadwallader himself," said the Welshman, "she could not more have shrunk from the thought of dishonor. Even over her dead child, the child she had loved the best, she thought but how to save that child's name and memory from suspicion. There was luckily no servant in the house, only Mark Fairfield and his wife (Nora's sister): they had arrived that same day on a visit.

"Mrs. Fairfield was nursing her own infant, two or three months old; she took charge of you; Nora was buried, and the secret kept. None out of the family knew of it, but myself and the curate of the town, Mr. Dale. The day after your birth, Mrs. Fairfield, to prevent discovery, moved

to a village at some distance. There her child died; and when she returned to Hazeldean, where her husband was settled, you passed for the son she had lost. Mark, I know, was as a father to you, for he had loved Nora: they had been children together."

"And she came to London—London is strong and cruel," muttered Leonard. "She was friendless and deceived. I see all—I desire to know no more. This father, he must indeed have been like those whom I have read of in books. To love, to wrong her—*that* I can conceive; but then to leave, to abandon; no visit to her grave—no remorse—no search for his own child. Well, well; Mrs. Avenel was right. Let us think of *him* no more."

The man-servant knocked at the door, and then put in his head. "Sir, the ladies are getting very impatient, and say they'll go."

"Sir," said Leonard, with a strange calm return to the things about him, "I ask your pardon for taking up your time so long. I go now. I will never mention to my moth—I mean to Mrs. Fairfield—what I have learned, nor to any one. I will work my way somehow. If Mr. Prickett will keep me, I will stay with him at present; but I repeat, I can not take Mrs. Avenel's money and be bound apprentice. Sir, you have been good and patient with me—Heaven reward you."

The doctor was too moved to answer. He wrung Leonard's hand, and in another minute the door closed upon the nameless boy. He stood alone in the streets of London; and the sun flashed on him, red and menacing, like the eye of a foe!

#### CHAPTER XIX.

Leonard did not appear at the shop of Mr. Prickett that day. Needless it is to say where he wandered—what he suffered—what thought—what felt. All within was storm. Late at night he returned to his solitary lodging. On his table, neglected since the morning, was Helen's rose-tree. It looked parched and fading. His heart smote him: he watered the poor plant—perhaps with his tears.

Meanwhile Dr. Morgan, after some debate with himself whether or not to apprise Mrs. Avenel of Leonard's discovery and message, resolved to spare her an uneasiness and alarm that might be dangerous to her health, and unnecessary in itself. He replied shortly, that she need not fear Leonard's coming to her house—that he was disinclined to bind himself an apprentice, but he was provided for at present; and, in a few weeks, when Dr. Morgan heard more of him through the tradesman by whom he was employed, the doctor would write to her from Germany. He then went to Mr. Prickett's—told the willing bookseller to keep the young man for the present—to be kind to him, watch over his habits and conduct, and report to the doctor in his new home, on the Rhine, what avocation he thought Leonard would be best suited for, and most inclined to adopt. The charitable Welshman divided with the bookseller the salary given to Leonard, and left a quarter of his moiety in advance. It is true that he knew he should be repaid on applying to Mrs. Avenel; but, being a man of independent spirit himself, he so sympathized with Leonard's present feelings, that he felt as if he should degrade the boy did he maintain him, even secretly, out of Mrs. Avenel's money—money intended not to raise, but keep him down in life. At the worst, it was a sum the doctor could afford, and he had brought the boy into the world.

Having thus, as he thought, safely provided for his two charges, Helen and Leonard, the doctor then gave himself up to his final preparations for departure. He left a short note for Leonard with Mr. Prickett, containing some brief advice, some kind cheering; a postscript to the effect that he had not communicated to Mrs. Avenel the information Leonard had acquired, and that it were best to leave her in that ignorance; and six small powders to be dissolved in water, and a tea spoonful every fourth hour—"Sovereign against rage and sombre thoughts," wrote the doctor.

By the evening of the next day Dr. Morgan, accompanied by his pet patient with the chronic tic, whom he had talked into exile, was on the steamboat on his way to Ostend.

Leonard resumed his life at Mr. Prickett's; but the change in him did not escape the bookseller. All his ingenuous simplicity had deserted him. He was very distant, and very taciturn; he seemed to have grown much older. I shall not attempt to analyze metaphysically this change. By the help of such words as Leonard may himself occasionally let fall, the reader will dive into the boy's heart, and see how there the change had worked, and is working still. The happy, dreamy peasant-genius, gazing on Glory with inebriate, undazzled eyes, is no more. It is a man, suddenly cut off from the old household holy ties—conscious of great powers, and confronted on all sides by barriers of iron—alone with hard Reality, and scornful London; and if he catches a glimpse of the lost Helicon, he sees, where he saw the Muse, a pale, melancholy spirit, veiling its face in shame—the ghost of the mournful mother, whose child has no name, not even the humblest, among the family of men.

On the second evening after Dr. Morgan's departure, as Leonard was just about to leave the shop, a customer stepped in with a book in his hand, which he had snatched from the shop-boy, who was removing the volumes for the night from the booth without.

"Mr. Prickett, Mr. Prickett!" said the customer, "I am ashamed of you. You presume to put upon this work, in two volumes, the sum of eight shillings."

Mr. Prickett stepped forth from the Cimmerian gloom of some recess, and cried, "What! Mr. Burley, is that you? But for your voice, I should not have known you."

"Man is like a book, Mr. Prickett; the commonalty only look to his binding. I am better bound, it is

very true."

Leonard glanced toward the speaker, who now stood under the gas-lamp, and thought he recognized his face. He looked again. Yes; it was the perch-fisher whom he had met on the banks of the Brent, and who had warned him of the lost fish and the broken line.

MR. BURLEY (continuing).—"But the 'Art of Thinking!'—you charge eight shillings for the 'Art of Thinking.'"

MR. PRICKETT.—"Cheap enough, Mr. Burley. A very clean copy."

MR. BURLEY.—"Usurer! I sold it to you for three shillings. It is more than 150 per cent you propose to gain from my 'Art of Thinking.'"

MR. PRICKETT (stuttering and taken aback).—"You sold it to me! Ah, now I remember. But it was more than three shillings I gave. You forget—two glasses of brandy-and-water."

MR. BURLEY.—"Hospitality, sir, is not to be priced. If you sell your hospitality, you are not worthy to possess my 'Art of Thinking.' I resume it. There are three shillings, and a shilling more for interest. No: on second thoughts, instead of that shilling, I will return your hospitality; and the first time you come my way you shall have two glasses of brandy-and-water."

Mr. Prickett did not look pleased, but he made no objection; and Mr. Burley put the book into his pocket, and turned to examine the shelves. He bought an old jest-book, a stray volume of the Comedies of Destouches—paid for them—put them also into his pocket, and was sauntering out, when he perceived Leonard, who was now standing at the doorway.

"Hem! who is that?" he asked, whispering Mr. Prickett.

"A young assistant of mine, and very clever."

Mr. Burley scanned Leonard from top to toe.

"We have met before, sir. But you look as if you had returned to the Brent, and been fishing for my perch."

"Possibly, sir," answered Leonard. "But my line is tough, and is not yet broken, though the fish drags it among the weeds, and buries itself in the mud."

He lifted his hat, bowed slightly, and walked on.

"He *is* clever," said Mr. Burley to the bookseller: "he understands allegory."

MR. PRICKETT.—"Poor youth! He came to town with the idea of turning author: you know what *that* is, Mr. Burley."

MR. BURLEY (with an air of superb dignity).—"Bibliopole, yes! An author is a being between gods and men, who ought to be lodged in a palace, and entertained at the public charge upon Ortolans and Tokay. He should be kept lapped in down, and curtained with silken awnings from the cares of life—have nothing to do but to write books upon tables of cedar, and fish for perch from a gilded galley. And that's what will come to pass when the ages lose their barbarism, and know their benefactors. Meanwhile, sir, I invite you to my rooms, and will regale you upon brandy-and-water as long as I can pay for it; and when I can not, you shall regale me."

Mr. Prickett muttered, "A very bad bargain, indeed," as Mr. Burley, with his chin in the air, stepped into the street.

## CHAPTER XX.

At first, Leonard had always returned home through the crowded thoroughfares—the contact of numbers had animated his spirits. But the last two days, since his discovery of his birth, he had taken his way down the comparatively unpeopled path of the New Road.

He had just gained that part of this outskirt in which the statuaries and tomb-makers exhibit their gloomy wares—furniture alike for gardens and for graves—and, pausing, contemplated a column, on which was placed an urn half covered with a funeral mantle, when his shoulder was lightly tapped, and, turning quickly, he saw Mr. Burley standing behind him.

"Excuse me, sir, but you understand perch-fishing; and since we find ourselves on the same road, I should like to be better acquainted with you. I hear you once wished to be an author. I am one."

Leonard had never before, to his knowledge, seen an author, and a mournful smile passed his lips as he surveyed the perch-fisher.

Mr. Burley was indeed very differently attired since the first interview by the brooklet. He looked much less like an author—but more perhaps like a perch-fisher. He had a new white hat, stuck on one side of his head—a new green overcoat—new gray trowsers, and new boots. In his hand was a whalebone stick, with a silver handle. Nothing could be more vagrant, devil-me-carish, and, to use a slang word, *tigrish*, than his whole air. Yet, vulgar as was his costume, he did not himself seem vulgar, but rather eccentric—lawless—something out of the pale of convention. His face looked more pale and more puffed than before, the tip of his nose redder; but the spark in his eye was of livelier light, and there was self-enjoyment in the corners of his sensual humorous lip.

"You are an author, sir," repeated Leonard. "Well. And what is your report of the calling? Yonder column props an urn. The column is tall, and the urn is graceful. But it looks out of place by the road-side: what say you?"

MR. BURLEY.—"It would look better in the church-yard."

LEONARD.—"So I was thinking. And you are an author!"

MR. BURLEY.—"Ah, I said you had a quick sense of allegory. And so you think an author looks better in a church-yard, when you see him but as a muffled urn under the moonshine, than standing beneath the gas-lamp in a white hat, and with a red tip to his nose. Abstractedly, you are right. But, with your leave, the author would rather be where he is. Let us walk on." The two men felt an interest in each other, and they walked some yards in silence.

"To return to the urn," said Mr. Burley—"you think of fame and church-yards. Natural enough, before illusion dies; but I think of the moment, of existence—and I laugh at fame. Fame, sir—not worth a glass of cold without! And as for a glass of warm, with sugar—and five shillings in one's pocket to spend as one pleases—what is there in Westminster Abbey to compare with it?"

"Talk on, sir—I should like to hear you talk. Let me listen and hold my tongue." Leonard pulled his hat over his brows, and gave up his moody, questioning, turbulent mind to his new acquaintance.

And John Burley talked on. A dangerous and a fascinating talk it was—the talk of a great intellect fallen. A serpent trailing its length on the ground, and showing bright, shifting, glorious hues, as it groveled. A serpent, yet without the serpent's guile. If John Burley deceived and tempted, he meant it not—he crawled and glittered alike honestly. No dove could be more simple.

Laughing at fame, he yet dwelt with an eloquent enthusiasm on the joy of composition. "What do I care what men without are to say and think of the words that gush forth on my page?" cried he. "If you think of the public, of urns, and laurels, while you write, you are no genius; you are not fit to be an author. I write because it rejoices me—because it is my nature. Written, I care no more what becomes of it than the lark for the effect that the song has on the peasant it wakes to the plough. The poet, like the lark, sings 'from his watch-tower in the skies.' Is this true?"

"Yes, very true!"

"What can rob us of this joy! The bookseller will not buy, the public will not read. Let them sleep at the foot of the ladder of the angels—we climb it all the same. And then one settles down into such good-tempered Lucianic contempt for men. One wants so little from them, when one knows what one's-self is worth, and what they are. They are just worth the coin one can extract from them, in order to live. Our life—*that* is worth so much to us. And then their joys, so vulgar to them, we can make them golden and kingly. Do you suppose Burns drinking at the ale-house with his boors around him, was drinking, like them, only beer and whisky? No, he was drinking nectar—he was imbibing his own ambrosial thoughts—shaking with the laughter of the gods. The coarse human liquid was just needed to unlock his spirit from the clay—take it from jerkin and corduroys, and wrap it in the 'singing robes' that floated wide in the skies: the beer or the whisky needed but for that, and then it changed at once into the drink of Hebé. But come, you have not known this life—you have not seen it. Come, give me this night. I have moneys about me—I will fling them abroad as liberally as Alexander himself, when he left to his share but hope. Come!"

"Whither?"

"To my throne. On that throne last sate Edmund Kean—mighty mime. I am his successor. We will see whether in truth these wild sons of genius, who are cited but 'to point a moral and adorn a tale,' were objects of compassion. Sober-suited cits to lament over a Savage and a Morland—a Porson and a Burns!—"

"Or a Chatterton," said Leonard, gloomily.

"Chatterton was an impostor in all things; he feigned excesses that he never knew. *He* a bacchanalian—a royster! He!—No. We will talk of him. Come!"

Leonard went.

## CHAPTER XXI.

The room! And the smoke-reek, and the gas glare of it. The whitewash of the walls, and the prints thereon of the actors in their mime-ropes, and stage postures; actors as far back as their own lost Augustan era, when the stage was a real living influence on the manners and the age. There was Betterton in wig and gown—as Cato, moralizing on the soul's eternity, and halting between Plato and the dagger. There was Woodward as "The Fine Gentleman," with the inimitable rake-hell air in which the heroes of Wycherly and Congreve and Farquhar live again. There was jovial Quin as Falstaff, with round buckler and "fair round belly." There was Colly Cibber in brocade—taking snuff as with "his Lord," the thumb and forefinger raised in air—and looking at you for applause. There was Macklin as Shylock, with knife in hand: and Kemble, in the solemn weeds of the Dane; and Kean in the place of honor over the chimney-piece.

When we are suddenly taken from practical life, with its real workday men, and presented to the portraits of those sole heroes of a World—Phantastic and Phantasmal, in the garments wherein they did "strut and fret their hour upon the stage," verily there is something in the sight that

moves an inner sense within ourselves—for all of us have an inner sense of some existence, apart from the one that wears away our days: an existence that, afar from St. James's and St. Giles's, the Law Courts and Exchange, goes its way in terror or mirth, in smiles or in tears, through a vague magic land of the poets. There, see those actors! They are the men who lived it—to whom our world was the false one, to whom the Imaginary was the Actual. And did Shakspeare himself, in his life, ever hearken to the applause that thundered round the Personators of his airy images? Vague children of the most transient of the arts, fleet shadows on running waters, though thrown down from the steadfast stars, were ye not happier than we who live in the Real? How strange you must feel in the great circuit that ye now take through eternity! No prompt-books, no lamps, no acting Congreve and Shakspeare there! For what parts in the skies have your studies on the earth fitted you? Your ultimate destinies are very puzzling. Hail to your effigies, and pass we on!

There, too, on the whitewashed walls, were admitted the portraits of ruder rivals in the arena of fame—yet they, too, had known an applause warmer than his age gave to Shakspeare; the champions of the ring—Cribb, and Molyneux, and Dutch Sam. Interspersed with these was an old print of Newmarket in the early part of the last century, and sundry engravings from Hogarth. But poets, oh! they were there too; poets who might be supposed to have been sufficiently good fellows to be at home with such companions. Shakspeare, of course, with his placid forehead; Ben Jonson, with his heavy scowl; Burns and Byron cheek by jowl. But the strangest of all these heterogeneous specimens of graphic art was a full-length print of William Pitt!—William Pitt, the austere and imperious. What the deuce did he do there among prize-fighters, and actors, and poets? It seemed an insult to his grand memory. Nevertheless there he was, very erect, and with a look of ineffable disgust in his upturned nostrils. The portraits on the sordid walls were very like the crambo in the minds of ordinary men—very like the motley pictures of the FAMOUS hung up in your parlor, O my Public! Actors and prize-fighters, poets and statesmen, all without congruity and fitness, all whom you have been to see or to hear for a moment, and whose names have stared out in your newspapers, O my Public!

And the company? Indescribable! Comedians, from small theatres, out of employ; pale haggard-looking boys, probably the sons of worthy traders, trying their best to break their fathers' hearts; here and there the marked features of a Jew. Now and then you might see the curious, puzzled face of some greenhorn about town, or perhaps a Cantab; and men of grave age, and gray-haired, were there, and among them a wondrous proportion of carbuncled faces and bottle noses. And when John Burley entered, there was a shout that made William Pitt shake in his frame. Such stamping and hallooing, and such hurrahs for "Burly John." And the gentleman who had filled the great high leathern chair in his absence gave it up to John Burley; and Leonard, with his grave observant eye, and lip half sad and half scornful, placed himself by the side of his introducer. There was a nameless expectant stir through the assembly, as there is in the pit of the opera when some great singer advances to the lamps, and begins "*Di tanti pal piti*." Time flies. Look at the Dutch clock over the door. Half-an-hour! John Burley begins to warm. A yet quicker light begins to break from his eye; his voice has a mellow, luscious roll in it.

"He will be grand to-night," whispered a thin man, who looked like a tailor, seated on the other side of Leonard.

Time flies—an hour! Look again at the Dutch clock. John Burley *is* grand, he is in his zenith, at his culminating point. What magnificent drollery!—what luxuriant humor! How the Rabelais shakes in his easy chair! Under the rush and the roar of this fun (what word else shall describe it), the man's intellect is as clear as gold sand under a river. Such wit and such truth, and, at times, such a flood of quick eloquence. All now are listeners, silent, save in applause. And Leonard listened too. Not, as he would some nights ago, in innocent, unquestioning delight. No; his mind has passed through great sorrow, great passion, and it comes out unsettled, inquiring, eager, brooding over joy itself as over a problem. And the drink circulates, and faces change; and there are gabbling and babbling; and Burley's head sinks in his bosom, and he is silent. And up starts a wild, dissolute bacchanalian glee for seven voices. And the smoke-reek grows denser and thicker, and the gas-light looks dizzy through the haze. And John Burley's eyes reel.

Look again at the Dutch clock. Two hours have gone. John Burley has broken out again from his silence, his voice thick and husky, and his laugh cracked; and he talks, O ye gods! such rubbish and ribaldry; and the listeners roar aloud, and think it finer than before. And Leonard, who had hitherto been measuring himself, in his mind, against the giant, and saying inly, "He soars out of my reach," finds the giant shrink smaller and smaller, and saith to himself, "He is but of man's common standard, after all!"

Look again at the Dutch clock. Three hours have passed. Is John Burley now of man's common standard? Man himself seems to have vanished from the scene: his soul stolen from him, his form gone away with the fumes of the smoke, and the nauseous steam from that fiery bowl. And Leonard looked round, and saw but the swine of Circe—some on the floor, some staggering against the walls, some hugging each other on the tables, some fighting, some bawling, some weeping. The divine spark had fled from the human face; the beast is every where growing more and more out of the thing that had been Man. And John Burley, still unconquered, but clean lost to his senses, fancies himself a preacher, and drawls forth the most lugubrious sermon upon the brevity of life that mortal ever heard, accompanied with unctuous sobs; and now and then, in the midst of balderdash, gleams out a gorgeous sentence, that Jeremy Taylor might have envied: driveling away again into a cadence below the rhetoric of a Muggletonian. And the waiters choked up the doorway, listening and laughing, and prepared to call cabs and coaches; and suddenly some one turned off the gas-light, and all was dark as pitch—howls and laughter, as of

the damned, ringing through the Pandemonium. Out from the black atmosphere stepped the boy-poet; and the still stars rushed on his sight, as they looked over the grimy roof-tops.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

Well, Leonard, this is the first time thou hast shown that thou hast in thee the iron out of which true manhood is forged and shaped. Thou hast *the power to resist*. Forth, unebriate, unpolluted, he came from the orgy, as yon star above him came from the cloud.

He had a latch-key to his lodging. He let himself in, and walked noiselessly up the creaking, wooden stair. It was dawn. He passed on to his window, and threw it open. The green elm-tree from the carpenter's yard looked as fresh and fair as if rooted in solitudes, leagues away from the smoke of Babylon.

"Nature, Nature!" murmured Leonard, "I hear thy voice now. This stills—this strengthens. But the struggle is very dread. Here, despair of life—there, faith in life. Nature thinks of neither, and lives serenely on."

By-and-by a bird slid softly from the heart of the tree, and dropped on the ground below out of sight. But Leonard heard its carol. It awoke its companions—wings began to glance in the air, and the clouds grew red toward the east.

Leonard sighed and left the window. On the table, near Helen's rose-tree, which he bent over wistfully, lay a letter. He had not observed it before. It was in Helen's hand. He took it to the light, and read it by the pure healthful gleams of morn:

"Oh my dear brother Leonard, will this find you well, and (more happy I dare not say, but) less sad than when we parted? I write kneeling, so that it seems to me as if I wrote and prayed at the same time. You may come and see me to-morrow evening, Leonard. Do come, do—we shall walk together in this pretty garden; and there is an arbor all covered with jessamine and honeysuckle, from which we can look down on London. I have looked from it so many times—so many—trying if I can guess the roofs in our poor little street, and fancying that I do see the dear elm-tree.

"Miss Starke is very kind to me; and I think, after I have seen you, that I shall be happy here—that is, if you are happy.

"Your own grateful sister,

"HELEN.

"Ivy Lodge."

"P.S.—Any one will direct you to our house; it lies to the left, near the top of the hill, a little way down a lane which is overhung on one side with chestnut trees and lilies. I shall be watching for you at the gate."

Leonard's brow softened, he looked again like his former self. Up from the dark sea at his heart smiled the meek face of a child, and the waves lay still as at the charm of a spirit.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

"And what is Mr. Burley, and what has he written?" asked Leonard of Mr. Prickett when he returned to the shop.

Let us reply to that question in our own words, for we know more about Mr. Burley than Mr. Prickett does.

John Burley was the only son of a poor clergyman, in a village near Ealing, who had scraped, and saved, and pinched, to send his son to an excellent provincial school in a northern county, and thence to college. At the latter, during his first year, young Burley was remarked by the undergraduates for his thick shoes and coarse linen, and remarkable to the authorities for his assiduity and learning. The highest hopes were entertained of him by the tutors and examiners. At the beginning of the second year his high animal spirits, before kept down by study, broke out. Reading had become easy to him. He knocked off his tasks with a facile stroke, as it were. He gave up his leisure hours to symposia by no means Socratical. He fell into an idle, hard-drinking set. He got into all kinds of scrapes. The authorities were at first kind and forbearing in their admonitions, for they respected his abilities, and still hoped he might become an honor to the university. But at last he went drunk into a formal examination, and sent in papers, after the manner of Aristophanes, containing capital jokes upon the Dons and Big-wigs themselves. The offense was the greater, and seemed the more premeditated, for being clothed in Greek. John Burley was expelled. He went home to his father's a miserable man, for, with all his follies, he had a good heart. Removed from ill-example, his life for a year was blameless. He got admitted as usher into the school in which he had received instruction as a pupil. This school was in a large town. John Burley became member of a club formed among the tradesmen, and spent three evenings a week there. His astonishing convivial and conversational powers began to declare themselves. He grew the oracle of the club; and, from being the most sober, peaceful assembly in which grave fathers of a family ever smoked a pipe or sipped a glass, it grew under Mr. Burley's auspices the parent of revels as frolicking and frantic as those out of which the old Greek Goat Song ever tipsily rose. This would not do. There was a great riot in the streets one night, and the next morning the usher was dismissed. Fortunately for John Burley's conscience, his father had died before this happened—died believing in the reform of his son. During his ushership, Mr.

Burley had scraped acquaintance with the editor of the county newspaper, and given him some capital political articles; for Burley was, like Parr and Porson, a notable politician. The editor furnished him with letters to the journalists in London, and John came to the metropolis and got employed on a very respectable newspaper. At college he had known Audley Egerton, though but slightly: that gentleman was then just rising into repute in Parliament. Burley sympathized with some question on which Audley had distinguished himself, and wrote a very good article thereon—an article so good that Egerton inquired into the authorship, found out Burley, and resolved in his own mind to provide for him whenever he himself came into office. But Burley was a man whom it was impossible to provide for. He soon lost his connection with the newspaper. First, he was so irregular that he could never be depended upon. Secondly, he had strange honest eccentric twists of thinking, that could coalesce with the thoughts of no party in the long run. An article of his, inadvertently admitted, had horrified all the proprietors, staff, and readers of the paper. It was diametrically opposite to the principles the paper advocated, and compared its pet politician to Catiline. Then John Burley shut himself up and wrote books. He wrote two or three books, very clever, but not at all to the popular taste—abstract and learned, full of whims that were *caviare* to the multitude, and larded with Greek. Nevertheless they obtained for him a little money, and among literary men some reputation. Now Audley Egerton came into power, and got him, though with great difficulty—for there were many prejudices against this scampish, harum-scarum son of the Muses—a place in a public office. He kept it about a month, and then voluntarily resigned it. "My crust of bread and liberty!" quoth John Burley, and he vanished into a garret. From that time to the present he lived—Heaven knows how. Literature is a business, like every thing else; John Burley grew more and more incapable of business. "He could not do task-work," he said; he wrote when the whim seized him, or when the last penny was in his pouch, or when he was actually in the spunging-house or the Fleet—migrations which occurred to him, on an average, twice a year. He could generally sell what he had positively written, but no one would engage him beforehand. Magazines and other periodicals were very glad to have his articles, on the condition that they were anonymous; and his style was not necessarily detected, for he could vary it with the facility of a practiced pen. Audley Egerton continued his best supporter, for there were certain questions on which no one wrote with such force as John Burley—questions connected with the metaphysics of politics, such as law reform and economical science. And Audley Egerton was the only man John Burley put himself out of the way to serve, and for whom he would give up a drinking bout and do *task-work*; for John Burley was grateful by nature, and he felt that Egerton had really tried to befriend him. Indeed, it was true, as he had stated to Leonard by the Brent, that, even after he had resigned his desk in the London office, he had had the offer of an appointment in Jamaica, and a place in India from the Minister. But probably there were other charms than those exercised by the one-eyed perch that kept him to the neighborhood of London. With all his grave faults of character and conduct, John Burley was not without the fine qualities of a large nature. He was most resolutely his own enemy, it is true, but he could hardly be said to be any one else's. Even when he criticised some more fortunate writer, he was good-humored in his very satire: he had no bile, no envy. And as for freedom from malignant personalities, he might have been a model to all critics. I must except politics, however, for in these he could be rabid and savage. He had a passion for independence, which, though pushed to excess, was not without grandeur. No lick-platter, no parasite, no toadeater, no literary beggar, no hunter after patronage and subscriptions; even in his dealings with Audley Egerton, he insisted on naming the price for his labors. He took a price, because, as the papers required by Audley demanded much reading and detail, which was not at all to his taste, he considered himself entitled fairly to something more than the editor of the journal, wherein the papers appeared, was in the habit of giving. But he assessed this extra price himself, and as he would have done to a bookseller. And when in debt and in prison, though he knew a line to Egerton would have extricated him, he never wrote that line. He would depend alone on his pen—dipped it hastily in the ink, and scrawled himself free. The most debased point about him was certainly the incorrigible vice of drinking, and with it the usual concomitant of that vice—the love of low company. To be King of the Bohemians—to dazzle by his wild humor, and sometimes to exalt by his fanciful eloquence, the rude gross natures that gathered round him—this was a royalty that repaid him for all sacrifice of solid dignity; a foolscap crown that he would not have changed for an emperor's diadem. Indeed, to appreciate rightly the talents of John Burley, it was necessary to hear him talk on such occasions. As a writer, after all, he was only capable now of unequal desultory efforts. But as a talker, in his own wild way, he was original and matchless. And the gift of talk is one of the most dangerous gifts a man can possess for his own sake—the applause is so immediate, and gained with so little labor. Lower, and lower, and lower had sunk John Burley, not only in the opinion of all who knew his name, but in the habitual exercise of his talents. And this seemed willfully—from choice. He would write for some unstamped journal of the populace, out of the pale of the law, for pence, when he could have got pounds from journals of high repute. He was very fond of scribbling off penny ballads, and then standing in the street to hear them sung. He actually once made himself the poet of an advertising tailor, and enjoyed it excessively. But that did not last long, for John Burley was a Pittite—not a Tory, he used to say, but a Pittite. And if you had heard him talk of Pitt, you would never have known what to make of that great statesman. He treated him as the German commentators do Shakspeare, and invested him with all imaginary meanings and objects, that would have turned the grand practical man into a Sibyl. Well, he was a Pittite; the tailor a fanatic for Thelwall and Cobbett. Mr. Burley wrote a poem, wherein Britannia appeared to the tailor, complimented him highly on the art he exhibited in adorning the persons of her sons; and, bestowing upon him a gigantic mantle, said that he, and he alone, might be enabled to fit it to the shoulders of living men. The rest of the poem was occupied in Mr. Snip's unavailing attempts to adjust this mantle to the eminent politicians of the day, when, just as he had sunk down in



despair, Britannia reappeared to him, and consoled him with the information that he had done all mortal man could do, and that she had only desired to convince pigmies that no human art could adjust to *their* proportions the mantle of William Pitt. *Sic itur ad astra*. She went back to the stars, mantle and all. Mr. Snip was exceedingly indignant at this allegorical effusion, and with wrathful shears cut the tie between himself and his poet.

Thus, then, the reader has, we trust, a pretty good idea of John Burley—a specimen of his genus, not very common in any age, and now happily almost extinct, since authors of all degrees share in the general improvement in order, economy, and sober decorum, which has obtained in the national manners. Mr. Prickett, though entering into less historical detail than we have done, conveyed to Leonard a tolerably accurate notion of the man, representing him as a person of great powers and learning, who had thoroughly thrown himself away.

Leonard did not, however, see how much Mr. Burley himself was to be blamed for his waste of life; he could not conceive a man of genius voluntarily seating himself at the lowest step in the social ladder. He rather supposed he had been thrust down there by Necessity.

And when Mr. Prickett, concluding, said, "Well, I should think Burley would cure you of the desire to be an author even more than Chatterton," the young man answered gloomily, "Perhaps," and turned to the book-shelves.

With Mr. Prickett's consent, Leonard was released earlier than usual from his task, and a little before sunset he took his way to Highgate. He was fortunately directed to take the new road by the Regent's Park, and so on through a very green and smiling country. The walk, the freshness of the air, the songs of the birds, and, above all, when he had got half-way, the solitude of the road, served to rouse him from his stern and sombre meditations. And when he came into the lane overhung with chestnut trees, and suddenly caught sight of Helen's watchful and then brightening face, as she stood by the wicket, and under the shadow of cool murmurous boughs, the blood rushed gayly through his veins, and his heart beat loud and gratefully.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

She drew him into the garden with such true childlike joy!

Now behold them seated in the arbor—a perfect bower of sweets and blossoms; the wilderness of roof-tops and spires stretching below, broad and far; London seen dim and silent, as in a dream.

She took his hat from his brows gently, and looked him in the face with tearful, penetrating eyes.

She did not say, "You are changed." She said, "Why, why did I leave you?" and then turned away.

"Never mind me, Helen. I am man, and rudely born—speak of yourself. This lady is kind to you, then?"

"Does she not let me see you? Oh! very kind—and look here."

Helen pointed to fruits and cakes set out on the table. "A feast, brother."

And she began to press her hospitality with pretty winning ways, more playful than was usual to her, and talking very fast, and with forced but silvery laughter.

By degrees she stole him from his gloom and reserve; and, though he could not reveal to her the cause of his bitterest sorrow, he owned that he had suffered much. He would not have owned *that* to another living being. And then, quickly turning from this brief confession, with assurances that the worst was over, he sought to amuse her by speaking of his new acquaintance with the perch-fisher. But when he spoke of this man with a kind of reluctant admiration, mixed with compassionate yet gloomy interest, and drew a grotesque though subdued sketch of the wild scene in which he had been spectator, Helen grew alarmed and grave.

"Oh, brother, do not go there again—do not see more of this bad man."

"Bad!—no! Hopeless and unhappy, he has stooped to stimulants and oblivion; but you can not understand these things, my pretty preacher."

"Yes I do, Leonard. What is the difference between being good and bad? The good do not yield to temptations, and the bad do."

The definition was so simple and so wise that Leonard was more struck with it than he might have been by the most elaborate sermon by Parson Dale.

"I have often murmured to myself since I lost you, 'Helen was my good angel;' say on. For my heart is dark to myself, and while you speak light seems to dawn on it."

This praise so confused Helen that she was long before she could obey the command annexed to it. But, by little and little, words came to both more frankly. And then he told her the sad tale of Chatterton, and waited, anxious to hear her comments.

"Well," he said, seeing that she remained silent, "how can *I* hope, when this mighty genius labored and despaired? What did he want, save birth and fortune, and friends, and human justice."

"Did he pray to God?" said Helen, drying her tears.

Again Leonard was startled. In reading the life of Chatterton, he had not much noted the skepticism, assumed or real of the ill-fated aspirer to earthly immortality. At Helen's question, that skepticism struck him forcibly.

"Why do you ask that, Helen?"

"Because, when we pray often, we grow so very, very patient," answered the child. "Perhaps, had he been patient a few months more, all would have been won by him, as it will be by you, brother; for you pray, and you will be patient."

Leonard bowed his head in deep thought, and this time the thought was not gloomy. Then out from that awful life there glowed another passage, which before he had not heeded duly, but regarded rather as one of the darkest mysteries in the fate of Chatterton.

At the very time the despairing poet had locked himself up in his garret, to dismiss his soul from its earthly ordeal, his genius had just found its way into the light of renown. Good and learned and powerful men were preparing to serve and save him. Another year—nay, perchance another month—and he might have stood acknowledged and sublime in the foremost front of his age.

"Oh, Helen!" cried Leonard, raising his brows from which the cloud had passed, "why, indeed, did you leave me?"

Helen started in her turn as he repeated this regret, and in her turn grew thoughtful. At length she asked him if he had written for the box which had belonged to her father, and been left at the inn.

And Leonard, though a little chafed at what he thought a childish interruption to themes of graver interest, owned with self-reproach that he had forgotten to do so. Should he not write now to order the box to be sent to her at Miss Starke's.

"No; let it be sent to you. Take care of it. I should like to know that something of mine is with you; and perhaps I may not stay here long."

"Not stay here? That you must, my dear Helen—at least as long as Miss Starke will keep you, and is kind. By-and-by (added Leonard, with something of his former sanguine tone) I may yet make my way, and we shall have our cottage to ourselves. But—Oh Helen!—I forgot—you wounded me; you left your money with me. I only found it in my drawers the other day. Fie!—I have brought it back."

"It was not mine—it is yours. We were to share together—you paid all; and how can I want it here too?"

But Leonard was obstinate; and as Helen mournfully received back all that of fortune her father had bequeathed to her, a tall female figure stood at the entrance of the arbor, and said, in a voice that scattered all sentiment to the winds, "Young man, it is time to go."

#### CHAPTER XXV.

"Already!" said Helen, with faltering accents, as she crept to Miss Starke's side while Leonard rose and bowed. "I am very grateful to you, madam," said he, with the grace that comes from all refinement of idea, "for allowing me to see Miss Helen. Do not let me abuse your kindness." Miss Starke seemed struck with his look and manner, and made a stiff half courtesy.

A form more rigid than Miss Starke's it was hard to conceive. She was like the grim white woman in the nursery ballads. Yet, apparently, there was a good nature in allowing the stranger to enter her trim garden, and providing for him and her little charge those fruits and cakes, which belied her aspect. "May I go with him to the gate?" whispered Helen, as Leonard had already passed up the path.

"You may, child; but do not loiter. And then come back, and lock up the cakes and cherries, or Patty will get at them."

Helen ran after Leonard.

"Write to me brother—write to me; and do not, do not be friends with this man, who took you to that wicked, wicked place."

"Oh, Helen, I go from you strong enough to brave worse dangers than that," said Leonard almost gayly.

They kissed each other at the little wicket gate, and parted.

Leonard walked home under the summer moonlight, and on entering his chamber, looked first at his rose-tree. The leaves of yesterday's flowers lay strewn round it; but the tree had put forth new buds.

"Nature ever restores," said the young man. He paused a moment, and added, "Is it that Nature is very patient?"

His sleep that night was not broken by the fearful dreams he had lately known. He rose refreshed, and went his way to his day's work—not stealing along the less crowded paths, but with a firm step, through the throng of men. Be bold, adventurer—thou hast more to suffer! Wilt thou sink? I look into thy heart, and I can not answer.

- [5] It may be necessary to observe, that homeopathy professes to deal with our moral affections as well as with our physical maladies, and has a globule for every sorrow.

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## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### UNITED STATES.

Elections for members of Congress, and other officers, have been held, during the month of August, in the following States: Alabama, Arkansas, Indiana, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas, entitled in all to 50 representatives. These States are now represented by 19 Whigs and 31 Democrats. From the returns that have come to hand up to the day when we close our Record for the month (August 18), it appears that in these States the Whigs lose one and gain two members of Congress. The States which had previously elected representatives have 144 members, of whom 61 are Whigs and 83 Democrats. The States which have still to choose are Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, Virginia, Maryland, and California, which are entitled to 39 representatives. The delegation of these States in the last Congress stood 9 Whigs to 30 Democrats. It is therefore evident that there will be a large Democratic majority in the next Congress. The results of the recent elections, as far as we are able to give them, are as follows, liable, however, to correction, in one or two instances, from the official returns. In *Kentucky*, LAZARUS W. POWELL, Democrat, is elected Governor, by a small majority; the Whig candidate for Lieutenant-gov., J.B. THOMPSON, is elected. Both branches of the Legislature are Whig, which secures a Senator from that party in 1853, when the term of Mr. UNDERWOOD expires, and another in place of Mr. CLAY, should he resign his seat, as is confidently asserted to be his purpose. The Congressional delegation stands five of each party; a Democratic gain of one member. In *Indiana* the Whigs have chosen two, and the Democrats eight members of Congress, a Whig gain of one. The Legislature is Democratic, by a large majority. In *Alabama* the main contest was between the Union and Secession parties. HENRY W. COLLIER, Democrat, who maintains that a State has the right to secede, is re-elected Governor, without any regular opposition. The Legislature is Union by a decided majority. The Congressional delegation consists of five Unionists, of whom two are Whigs and three Democrats; and two Secessionist Democrats. In *North Carolina* the members elected to Congress consist of six Whigs, of whom one is a Secessionist; and three Democrats, of whom two are Secessionists. In *Tennessee* WM. B. CAMPBELL, Whig, is elected Governor, over the present Democratic incumbent. The Congressional delegation consists of five Whigs and six Democrats; a Whig gain of one. The Legislature is said to be Whig, which will secure to that party the choice of a Senator in place of Mr. TURNEY, Democrat, whose term expires this year.

The Cuban insurrection has caused considerable excitement, more especially at the South. General Lopez addressed a public meeting at New Orleans on the 26th of July. Expeditions in aid of the Cubans are reported to have sailed from Florida and New Orleans. Among the adventurers are named a number of the Hungarian refugees.

We have sedulously guarded against suffering our Monthly Record to assume the character of a chronicle of crime. But we can not omit noticing the enormous increase of crime, especially of offenses committed with violence, during the last few months. The extraordinary number of immigrants who have landed in our country for some months past begins to produce the effect upon our criminal statistics which was to be apprehended. It will be observed that a very large proportion of those arrested for crimes are of foreign origin. The number of commitments to the New York City prison during the month of July was 1782, of whom 361 were of native, and 1421 of foreign birth. The statistics of the Alms House present a similar proportion of foreigners.

The crops, taking the whole country together, are represented as unusually abundant the present season. There are, however, some important exceptions. In Maryland, Virginia, and throughout a large part of the South, the maize has suffered severely from drought, and a very scanty return is anticipated. The tobacco crop in the same States, is said to be very deficient. It is also anticipated that taking the whole cotton crop together, it will fall short of the usual quantity, though in many localities the reports are favorable. In Louisiana, the sugar plantations suffered greatly from the overflow of the Mississippi in the early part of the season, which is reported to have affected one-third of the sugar-estates; since this, the cane has been injured by the drought. With these important exceptions, the harvest is reported to be abundant, almost beyond precedent. This is especially the case in New York, and the wheat-growing portions of the West.

From almost the entire extent of our frontier territories we have accounts of Indian hostilities. In Texas the valley of the Rio Grande is terribly annoyed by their depredations. The Seminoles, transplanted to the Mexican frontier some years since, have shown a disposition hostile to the Mexicans, and as we are bound by treaty to repress their ravages, no little annoyance is anticipated in connection with them. In New Mexico the Camanches, Navajoes, and Pueblos have committed numerous acts of hostility, and the protection of the whites will demand the utmost exertions on the part of the new military commandant. Parties of emigrants proceeding overland to Oregon have been stopped by the wandering tribes, and contributions demanded for the privilege of passing through their country. In Oregon hostilities have broken out with fresh violence. The latest arrivals bring accounts of a number of hostile engagements, attacks, and massacres. In California difficulties are by no means at an end. Large numbers of the Indians

refuse to enter into peaceful arrangements, and continue their depredations.

In *South Carolina* a large meeting was held at Charleston, on the 29th of July, of those who are in favor of co-operation for the purpose of resistance, and opposed to separate State action, under present circumstances. JOHN RUTLEDGE, Esq., was chosen chairman. A letter was read from Hon. LANGDON CHEVES, approving the object of the meeting, asserting the right of secession, but affirming that it would not be "a moral or social one on the part of one Southern State in reference to sister States at the South." He thought that South Carolina ought to secede, but not alone; and that a union in favor of secession would take place. A letter from Hon. J. L. ORR was also read, reflecting in severe terms upon the spirit manifested by the "actionists" toward the "co-operationists," as affording a "beautiful commentary" on their desire "that harmony may be preserved throughout the State;" which was "the harmony which the wolf gives the lamb." He said, that "when an issue could be made, these self-appointed leaders would be routed, overwhelmed by the voice of the people, rebuking their temerity." The people of the mountain districts "were nearly all ready for resistance to the Clay Compromise; but they were yet to be convinced that they had more courage and patriotism than their Georgia and North Carolina neighbors." A series of resolutions was passed, declaring that the measures of the Federal Government, taken in connection with the manifestations of feeling at the North, showed a settled purpose to deprive the Southern States of their rank as equals in the Confederacy, and tended to the abolition of slavery and the establishment of a consolidated government; and that the time had therefore come when the Union ought to be dissolved, and a Southern Confederacy formed; but that they would still willingly give trial to any scheme proposed by the South, short of dissolution, for reinstating them in their rights. That, as the subject of controversy concerned all the Southern States as much as South Carolina, the true policy to be observed was concert of action; and that separate State action was to be deprecated as tending to alienate the other States and thus "prevent the formation of a Southern Confederacy;" delay would insure the co-operation of the other States; while separate action would place South Carolina in the position of a foreign country; in which case the laws preventing the introduction of slaves into the United States would subject her "practically to the Wilmot Proviso in its worst form." Separate action would be "not only abortive as a measure of deliverance, but if not utterly suicidal in its effects, in the highest degree dangerous to the stability of our institutions." The right of secession was affirmed to be essential to State sovereignty. The approaching State Convention was invoked to take measures to bring about a Southern Confederacy; and, meanwhile, to define the relation which South Carolina should hold to the Federal Government. MESSRS. BUTLER and BARNWELL, United States Senators from South Carolina, spoke in opposition to separate State action; the latter argued the inability of the State to sustain herself singly in a contest with the Federal Government, and showed the folly of looking for countenance and aid to Great Britain. A resolution was offered pronouncing it to be treason for any citizen of South Carolina to oppose the authorities of the State, should they decide upon secession. This was laid upon the table by a decided majority. On the evening preceding this meeting, the same hall was occupied by a meeting of Southern Rights Associations, at which, after speeches from Hon. R.B. RHETT, and others, resolutions were adopted affirming that South Carolina could "wait for no new issue to be presented; and failing in a reasonable time to obtain the co-operation of the other Southern States, should withdraw alone from the Union." Judge RICE spoke in opposition to the meeting to be held on the ensuing day, and denounced a writer in the *Charleston Courier* "who has had the audacity to tell us that the South has no cause of complaint whatever." He likewise exhorted South Carolina to "retain her ancient rights, once triumphantly asserted *on the banks of the Runnymede*."

In *Virginia*, the Convention chosen for that purpose, after a session of eight months, have framed a Constitution for the State, which is to be voted upon by the people on the 23d of October. We make the following abstract of its leading provisions: Every free white male citizen, of the age of 21 years, who has resided two years in the State, and one year in the district where he offers his vote, has the right of suffrage. The General Assembly is to consist of a House of Delegates of 152 members, and a Senate of 50, apportioned between the sections of the State, by a compromise, of which we have given an account in previous Numbers of our Record. No person holding a lucrative office, no priest of any religious denomination, no salaried officer of any banking company, no attorney for the Commonwealth, is eligible for election to the General Assembly. The Governor is chosen by popular vote, for four years, and can not be elected for two successive terms. Judges are elected by the people for terms of eight and twelve years. Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, and a Board of Public Works, are chosen by the General Assembly. All elections are to be *vivâ voce*; dumb persons only to be entitled to vote by ballot. Taxation to be *ad valorem*; slaves under twelve years of age to be exempt; those over that age to be taxed for an amount not exceeding that levied upon 300 acres of land, white males over 21 years of age to pay a capitation tax equal to that upon 200 acres of land; incomes, salaries, and licenses may be taxed at the discretion of the Legislature. One half of the capitation tax upon white males is to be devoted to the purposes of primary education. The liability to the State of any incorporated company can not be released. The credit of the State can not be pledged for the debts of any corporation. Lotteries are prohibited. Divorces to be granted by the courts. Laws to be passed providing for the registration of voters, and of marriages, births, and deaths, of both whites and blacks; and for taking a census of the State, at intervals of five years from the dates of the United States census. Laws may be passed disqualifying those taking part in a duel, either as principals or seconds, from holding any office whatsoever of trust or emolument under the Commonwealth; but no such law to have any retrospective action. Laws may be passed providing for the relief of the Commonwealth from the free colored population, by removal or otherwise. Emancipated

slaves can not remain more than twelve months in the Commonwealth, under penalty of being reduced again to slavery. The Constitution was adopted in the Convention by a vote of 75 to 33; and there is no doubt that it will be accepted by the people; as the feature in it which allows those who have not the right of suffrage under the present Constitution, to vote upon the question whether this right shall be extended, would of itself be sufficient to carry it by a large majority. The number of members of the House of Delegates was increased from 150, as was at first agreed upon, to 152, by giving an additional member to the Eastern county of Fauquier, which had remonstrated against the apportionment, and instructed its delegates in the Convention to vote against the Constitution unless two members, instead of one, were conceded to it. This was agreed to, and an additional member allowed to the Western county of Monroe; so that there still remains a Western majority of 14 in the House, and of 4 in joint ballot.

In *Ohio* the Democratic State Convention met at Columbus, August 6. Resolutions were adopted in favor of the new Constitution of the State, as embodying the "principles cardinal in the Democratic faith: The election of all officers by the people; the limitation of State indebtedness, and a provision for the payment of the debt which exists; equal taxation;" restriction of the powers of the Legislature; and provisions for repeal. The resolutions on national affairs passed by the Democratic Conventions of 1848 and 1850, are approved. The present National Administration is charged with reckless expenditure, violation of pledges, and indiscriminate proscription. Contrary to the practice of the Conventions which have been held in other States, no resolutions were passed bearing upon the Compromise measures. Hon. REUBEN WOOD was nominated by acclamation for re-election as Governor, and Hon. WM. MEDILL for Lieutenant-governor.

From *California* we have full intelligence up to July 14. It reaches us by the newly opened route across the Isthmus through Lake Nicaragua and the San Juan River, having been only 29 days in coming from San Francisco to New York. It is supposed that the time may be reduced to about 23 days, fully a week less than is required by the Panama route. The intelligence is of an extremely interesting character. The reports from the mining districts maintain the same favorable character; but acts of violence and plunder, by both whites and Indians have become most alarmingly frequent. Another destructive conflagration—the sixth within two years—occurred at San Francisco on the 22d of June. Thirteen blocks of buildings were destroyed, a number of lives lost, and injury done to property to a very large amount. The accounts transmitted, which are doubtless exaggerated, state the loss to be two or three millions of dollars. This, like the previous conflagration, is stated, apparently upon good grounds, to have been the work of an incendiary. Hostilities between the whites and Indians are still continued. Terrence Bellew McManus, one of the Irish exiles, who had made his escape from New South Wales, was welcomed at San Francisco by a public dinner, which was attended by many of the leading citizens; the Mayor of the city acted as chairman. But the most interesting feature in the intelligence from California is the prompt and vigorous measures taken to repress and punish outrages against person and property, by means more summary and sure than those furnished by the ordinary administration of law. In the early part of June it became demonstrably evident that organized bands of malefactors, composed of convicts from the English penal settlements, and desperadoes from every quarter of the globe, were leagued together for robbery and plunder; who did not hesitate to commit arson and murder in the prosecution of their designs. The highest crimes became matters of every-day occurrence, not merely in remote districts, but in the towns and cities; in San Francisco especially. Under these circumstances, a large number of the most valuable citizens organized themselves into a Committee of Vigilance, for the purpose of securing the punishment of criminals, at all hazards. They opened a room, at which a certain number of the members, detailed for the purpose, were to be present day and night. When any offense came to their notice which, in their opinion, called for the interference of the Committee, all the members were to be summoned by the ringing of a bell. The members all pledged themselves to carry into execution the sentence of the majority of the body so convened. The Committee soon had occasion to inaugurate their administration by a public execution, so deliberately performed, and so unflinchingly avowed, as to leave no doubt of their full determination to carry their designs into effect. On the 10th of June an English convict from Botany Bay, who gave his name as Jenkins, or Jennings, was arrested in the act of carrying off a safe which he had stolen. He was brought before the Committee, by whom he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung. This sentence was carried into execution the same night in the public square. The coroner's jury, who held an inquest upon the body, named nine members of the Committee as specially and directly implicated in the execution. A card was immediately issued, signed by nearly 200 persons, avowing that they, as members of the Committee of Vigilance, were all participators in the transaction, equally with those whose names had been given by the Coroner's jury. The Committee went on adding to their numbers, and increasing the scope of their operations. Persons known as escaped convicts were ordered to leave the country within five days; and after a show of resistance, finding all opposition useless, they complied with the order. Vessels arriving from the English penal settlements were boarded in the harbor, and those on board who proved to be escaped convicts, were warned not to land. The Committee went on to establish a central and branch offices, organized a patrol, and raised funds for carrying on their operations. Persons charged with minor offenses were handed over to the public authorities, the Committee taking care to keep in their own hands the adjudication of those cases which seemed to require a prompt decision, thus keeping up the *prestige* which they had gained by their first bold act. On the 12th of July a Sidney convict named Stuart, was brought before the Committee on a charge of robbery. He proved to be the ringleader of a gang of desperadoes, who had long infested the country. He was found guilty, and the tolling of the bell summoned the public to witness the act

of execution. The criminal was brought out, pinioned, and escorted by more than 500 members of the Committee, and executed in broad day, in the presence of a great crowd, without show of tumult or resistance. Previous to his death he made a long confession of the crimes he had committed, and implicated a number of persons as accomplices. It thus appears that the proceedings of the Committee, however at variance with the modes of procedure appropriate to a community living under a settled order of things, have nothing in common with mob-law or Lynch-law, as ordinarily understood. It is a summary mode of self-preservation, on the part of the community, where the ordinary forms of criminal law have proved ineffectual. That they are inadequate, the state of things that has grown up under them abundantly demonstrates. As far as we can learn, no charge is brought against the Committee that in any case their proceedings have been unjust or precipitate. No criminal confederacy can be a match for an organization which proceeds in a manner so cool, inflexible, and unrelenting. The arrest of every desperado renders his confederates more apprehensive that a clew has been obtained to their complicity. Punishment follows so unerringly and speedily upon conviction; there is so little probability that provisions designed as a protection for the innocent, can be used as a shield for the guilty, that there is every reason to hope Botany Bay and Sidney will appear as Paradise to their fugitive criminals, compared with California. From the very nature of the case, the Vigilance Committee, whose only force is derived from its moral power, must be a merely temporary arrangement, and we hope the time will not be far distant when we shall be enabled to record that the Committee has ceased to exist, along with the state of things to which it owes its origin, and the necessity arising from which formed its sole justification. We only add, that the Mayor of San Francisco has issued a proclamation, in which he urges upon the citizens to withdraw from the Committee.

In *New York* a joint call for a State Convention of the Whig party, to be held at Syracuse on the 10th of September, has been issued by the Legislative Committee and the State Committees appointed by the Syracuse and Utica Conventions last year. These Committees have agreed upon a statement of what they believe to be the sentiments of the great body of the party in the State, of which the following are the principal: They are in favor of an economical administration of government; of strict adherence to the Constitution and the laws; of appropriations for river and harbor improvements; of protection to American industry by a discriminating tariff. They are opposed to the extension of slavery over any territory where it does not now exist; while they recognize the right of each State to regulate its own municipal affairs. They will abide by the Constitution and laws, as interpreted by the proper tribunals; while they assert the right of discussing all laws, and seeking by constitutional means their repeal or modification; but they condemn all attempts to resist, defeat, or render ineffectual any law, State or National, constitutionally passed. They approve of the course pursued by the National and State Administrations.—Hon. GREENE C. BRONSON, late Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals has furnished, at the request of the Governor of the State, an elaborate opinion respecting the constitutionality of the act lately passed for the enlargement of the canals. He examines at length the grounds upon which its constitutionality has been denied, and pronounces them insufficient. He says that the certificates do not constitute a debt against the State, since they are payable only out of the revenue of the canals, and the State incurs no general obligation. It merely assumes a trust; and can be a debtor only when chargeable with a breach of the trust. Obligation to pay is essential to a debt; and as the State assumes, no obligation it incurs no debt. The Constitution appropriates the revenues of the canals to this enlargement, in such manner as the Legislature shall direct; the Legislature proposes to anticipate the receipt of these revenues by transferring them for ready money to individuals. The provision that "The remainder of the revenues of said canals shall (in each fiscal year) be applied" to the enlargement, he says must be understood to mean that the remainder accruing in each year shall be so applied; not that the remainder shall be applied in each year, which would be impossible, for the amount of the remainder can not be ascertained till after the close of the year. After examining in detail all the arguments adduced, he says that in his opinion "Every thing has been done which the people, in the Constitution, declared should be done; that it has been done without contracting a debt, or bringing any burden upon the people;" and that therefore he "entertains the firm conviction that the act does not conflict with the fundamental law."

A public dinner was given at New York, July 19, to Archbishop HUGHES, to welcome him on his return from Europe. In reply to complimentary toasts, the Archbishop spoke of the honors which he had received abroad, as having been rendered to him on account of the county and city of his residence. In speaking of his own official course, he referred to the ground he had taken on the subject of education, denying that he had interfered with the instruction of any but the members of his own flock, in respect to whom he never would consent that education should be separated from religion, using that term in its broadest sense; for "the religion of the least desirable denomination in this country, blended with education, was better than no religious teaching at all." He spoke in terms of severe reprehension of the present revolutionary party in Europe, who, he said, had no claims to rank with the founders of this Republic.—Letters were read in answer to invitations to attend, from MESSRS. CLAY, CASS, WEBSTER, BUCHANAN, SCOTT, HUNT, TANEY, DIX, and STUART.—Mr. CLAY's letter concluded as follows: "I should have been glad by my presence to have demonstrated my conviction that while all sincere Christians are aiming to arrive at the same state of future bliss, no matter by what road they may pursue their journey in this life—nothing should prevent those of one denomination from manifesting all proper courtesy and honor to eminent piety and devotion in another denomination."—Mr. WEBSTER wrote that could he have been present, he should have offered the following sentiment: "Religious toleration and charity—Let all Christians remember that they have one Lord, one faith, one baptism."—Among the speeches of the evening was one by CHARLES O'CONNOR, Esq., of great eloquence, and

characterized by a broad and genial spirit of tolerance, concluding with this sentiment: "The Catholic Church—May she hereafter, as ever heretofore, tender her faith to all willing recipients; and force upon mankind nothing but her charity."

We continue from the August Number our notices of the Commencement exercises of the principal collegiate institutions of the country. At *Harvard University*, on the 15th of July, Hon. RUFUS CHOATE delivered before the Story Law Association an oration replete with the brilliant and ornate eloquence which characterizes all his public efforts. His object was to depict some of the leading tendencies of public opinion at the present time in reference to the obligations of law; and to set forth the duties which devolve upon the members of the legal profession. Hon. JOHN J. CRITTENDEN, of Kentucky, was elected orator for the next year; substitutes, REVERDY JOHNSON, of Baltimore, and OGDEN HOFFMANN, of New York. Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE, of Albany, delivered the oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. His subject was "The American Mind—its Origin and Destiny." Rev. JOHN PIERPONT recited a poem upon "Progress." The graduating class numbered 65. There were also 5 graduates from the Divinity School. The Commencement exercises of *Hamilton College* were opened July 20, with a discourse by Prof. HOPKINS of Auburn, before the Society for Christian Research. Before the different Literary Societies poems were pronounced by Rev. R.H. BACON and Rev. H.W. PARKER, and an address by C.B. SEDGWICK, Esq., of Syracuse, upon Progress in General and Legal Reform in particular. WILLIAM E. ROBINSON, Esq., delivered an oration upon the subject of "The American People—Who—Whence—and Whither." In opposition to the prevalent opinion, he argued that this country was in no sense Anglo-Saxon, and contended stoutly that to his own Celtic race belongs the glory of forming the main elementary constituent of the American people. G.P.R. JAMES, the Novelist, delivered a discourse on the Harmonies of Science, in the course of which he incidentally spoke of his own intention of becoming a citizen of the United States. JOHN G. SAXE repeated the brilliant poem which he had pronounced a few days before at the Commencement of the University of New York. The graduating class numbered 38. At *Rutgers College* the Baccalaureate Address was delivered to a graduating class of 18 members, by the President, Hon. THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN. The various Literary Societies of the College were addressed by WALTER RUTHERFORD, Esq., of Jersey City, in advocacy of a system of education rendered more practical by an increased attention to natural science, at the expense of a diminution of the classic element;—by Mr. DAVID COLE, on the Necessity of Thorough Study to the production of a well disciplined Mind;—by Rev. E. DEPEAU, on a Right Improvement of Time;—and by G.W. BROWN, Esq., who presented some comparative views of the condition of our own and of other countries; conceding their superiority over us in the cultivation of the fine arts; but insisting upon countervailing advantages on our part. At *Yale* the exercises of the one hundred and fiftieth Annual Commencement were opened, July 2d, by the *Concio ad Clerum*, preached by LYMAN ATWATER, D.D., upon Luther's favorite doctrine of Justification by Faith. DANIEL LORD, Esq., of New York, delivered the annual oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. His subject was the Influence of the Pulpit and the Bar upon the Community and upon Social Progress; with special reference to the great politico-moral questions of the day. DANIEL WEBSTER was elected orator for next year, and WILLIAM H. SEWARD substitute. The poem was pronounced by ALFRED B. STREET. It was a graceful sketch of the history of the Pilgrims, as illustrating their love of liberty. At the meeting of the Alumni it was announced that Professor KINGSLEY had tendered his resignation of the Latin Professorship, in pursuance of a resolution long since formed, to vacate the chair on the completion of the fiftieth year of his connection with the Faculty of Instruction. The number of graduates was 92. At *Dartmouth* an unusually large concourse was assembled in the expectation that Mr. WEBSTER would be present and take part in the exercises, it being the fiftieth Commencement since his graduation. He was not, however, present. The Phi Beta Kappa oration was delivered by Chief Justice GILCHRIST. The subject of this admirable oration was Classical Education as one of the best means of Preparation for the duties of Active Life. In the course of an eloquent delineation of the Character of Demosthenes, as a statesman and an orator, he said that Mr. Webster was the man who of all others bore most intellectual resemblance to the renowned Grecian orator. Mr. SAXE, whose name occurs more than once in our record of the collegiate exercises of the year, delivered a poem upon "New England." It was announced that the legacy of \$50,000 left to the College by ABIEL CHANDLER, of Boston, one of the graduates of Dartmouth, to establish a department for instruction in practical science and art, had been paid to the college, two years in advance of the limit allowed by the will of the testator; and that the department would soon be organized. The graduating class consisted of 43 members. The *University of Vermont* celebrated its Commencement during the week beginning August 2. The Baccalaureate Sermon, was preached to a graduating class of 19, by President SMITH. Apollon, the man "mighty in the Scriptures," was held up as a pattern and exemplar for those who were about to commence the battle of life. The Society for Religious Inquiry was addressed by Rev. HENRY NEILL, of Lenox, Mass. Hon. F.H. ALLEN, of Boston, addressed the Associated Alumni upon the subject of Political Economy, not as the mere science of the production and accumulation of material wealth, but in its nobler aspects, as a distributor of it among an entire people, and as an instrument in the formation of the race. Mr. E.P. WHIPPLE, of Boston, the brilliant Essayist, addressed the Literary Societies, depicting the characteristics of the English Mind, in a manner worthy of the high reputation of the orator. Rev. JOHN PIERPONT recited a poem in which the Yankee Character was keenly anatomized. The Commencement of the *Wesleyan University* at Middletown, Conn., occurred August 8. Rev. Dr. CHEEVER, of New York, addressed the Literary Societies upon "The Elements of a grand and permanent American Literature." Before the Psi Upsilon Fraternity a poem was delivered by S.J. PIKE, Esq., and an oration upon Nationality, by W.G. PRESCOTT, Esq. An address upon Imagination, by Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, and a poem by JOHN J. SAXE, were delivered before the "Mystical Seven." In connection with this institution we notice the comparatively large proportion of its Alumni who have entered the clerical profession,



or have become teachers. Of the 429 graduates, 125 have become clergymen, 25 lawyers, and 16 physicians; 4 have become presidents of colleges, 18 professors, 34 principals of seminaries of learning, and 72 teachers. At *Union College*, the Theological Society was addressed by LUTHER F. BEECHER, D.D., upon the Choice of a Profession; the Senate by Hon. MITCHELL SANFORD, on the Battle of Life. The Phi Beta Kappa oration was by Rev. T.M. CLARK, of Hartford. E.P. WHIPPLE, the Essayist, delivered before the Literary Societies the oration, subsequently repeated at the University of Vermont, on the English Mind. Rev. Dr. HICKOK, of Auburn Theological Seminary was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy and Vice-president of the College. The number of graduates was 76.

The number of subscribers to the ART UNION, whose names were registered prior to July 30, is 5295, an increase of 1732 above those of the corresponding period last year.—The plaster-models of the celebrated statues of Christ and the Twelve Apostles, by THORWALDSEN, the marble copies of which adorn the principal church in Copenhagen, have been purchased by a gentleman of this city, and will be shortly exhibited here. They will be accompanied by one or two other works of the great Danish sculptor.—A colossal statue, in bronze, of DEWITT CLINTON, is to be erected in Greenwood Cemetery, from a model by H.K. BROWN.—From the *Bulletin of the Art Union* we learn that Mr. HUNTINGTON accompanied by Mr. GRAY, has gone to England. Mr. Gray took with him three of his paintings: *The Wages of War; Dolce far Niente*, a half-length female figure; and *Quiet Influences*, a cabinet picture, representing a lady seated at a window surrounded by books and instruments of music.—The Art Union is in daily expectation of a *Holy Family*, painted for it by Mr. PAGE, in Italy. This artist has also shipped to this country a *Psyche*, taken from a bust by Powers; a copy from Titian's portrait of one of the Dukes of Urbino; and a *Study of Florentine Nature*.—GREENOUGH'S group of the Pioneer, designed for the Capitol, of which we gave a description some months since, is nearly completed.

The steamer Atlantic, the first of the Collins line, whose apprehended loss, some eight months since, caused such a general feeling of anxiety throughout the country, and the tidings of whose safety diffused such universal joy, has again made her appearance in our waters. She was greeted by cheers long and loud from a great crowd who had assembled to bid her welcome. At the hour of her arrival from the East, JENNY LIND was approaching our city from the North. The moment she heard of the arrival of the steamer, she hastened to the wharf, to greet the reappearance of the noble vessel, which conveyed her to our shores.

During the month of July the number of immigrants who arrived at the port of New York was 30,034; of whom about 20,000 were from Great Britain and Ireland, 4500 from Germany, and 4700 from France.

A convention has been called to meet at New Orleans, to consider the propriety of taking measures for the construction of a system of railroads, to connect the States upon the Gulf of Mexico with those of the West and Northwest. The convention is to be held on the first Monday in January.

A convention of free people of color has been held at Indianapolis, Ia., to deliberate upon matters relating to their interests and prospects as a class. The convention while insisting upon their right to remain in this country, passed resolutions affirming the expediency of emigrating, provided that the laws should become intolerably burdensome to them. Among the places mentioned as suitable for them to colonize were Canada, Mexico, Jamaica, and Central America. They expressed a strong disinclination to emigrate to Liberia.

A treaty has been concluded with the Sioux Indians, by which they cede to the United States a tract of land in Minnesota, estimated to contain 21,000,000 acres. They reserve to themselves a tract in Upper Minnesota, 100 miles by 20 in extent. They are to receive \$305,000 after their removal to their reservation; and an annual payment of \$68,000 a year, for fifty years.

Mr. BRACE, the American traveler who was arrested and imprisoned in Hungary, on suspicion of being engaged in plots against the Austrian Government, has been set at liberty, through the interposition of the American Chargé at Vienna. He has published in several papers, of which he is correspondent, statements setting forth the harsh treatment to which he was subjected.

The project of introducing steam communication between New York and Galway in Ireland, has by no means been abandoned. The Midland Great Western Railway Company offer a bonus of £500 to the first vessel which shall deliver her mails at Galway within nine days from her departure from New York; and an additional sum of £10 for every hour that the passage falls short of nine days.

A recent arrival at New York has brought 47 Hungarian refugees, of whom 15 were companions of Kossuth at Kutaiah. We find in the European papers statements that the period of his detention is to expire on the first of September, when he will be at liberty to go to any part of the world. He himself, it is evident, entertains no such expectation. In a letter, dated May 4, to Mr. Homes, American Chargé at Constantinople, he says that no reliance is to be placed upon these reports; and that he is doomed to perish in captivity. He complains bitterly that the promises of hospitality which were made to him when he entered the Turkish dominions, have not been fulfilled. The so-called release of the greater portion of refugees who accompanied him, instead of being an act of generosity, is, he says, but an aggravation of the injustice and perfidy practiced toward him. A great number of exiles wished to share his fate; but permission was granted to only 23. These, with the exception of five, were forced to leave him, in spite of their urgent remonstrances. His request to be allowed to send his children to the United States, in accordance with the offer of



our Government, was denied. Appended to the letter of Kossuth, is the protest of the refugees, declaring the order for their separation from Kossuth to be unjust, cruel, and contrary to the law of nations. They affirm they will only obey it when executed by actual force.

The 4th of July was celebrated at Turks Island with great good feeling. British, as well as American subjects were present; and Mr. SPEER, the British Comptroller of Customs, who presided at the dinner, upon the invitation of the American consul, offered the following toast: "The Fourth of July—The day above all others in the political calendar to be revered by the Americans; and in the celebration of which the most loyal subjects of her Majesty may properly join."

Mr. WILLIAM RAGLAND, of Virginia, who died in 1849, by his last will and testament emancipated all his slaves, 90 in number, leaving to them also the plantation upon which he had resided: or, in case it should be made illegal for them to remain upon it, the estate was to be sold, and the proceeds to be employed in settling the slaves elsewhere. The property thus bequeathed is stated to be worth \$50,000. The will was contested by the relatives of the testator, but its validity has been established by the Supreme Court sitting at Richmond.

Soundings have been made by the officers of the navy, from which it appears that the depth of water in the Gulf of Mexico is about a mile, and that of the Great Atlantic basin, from the capes of Virginia to the Island of Madeira, about five and a half miles.

There is no little excitement in portions of Texas, arising from the escape of slaves into Mexico, and the refusal of the Mexican authorities to surrender them. The number of fugitives is said to amount to 2000. Threats are made of seizing them by an armed force.

At a conference held by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, with the Sioux and other Indian tribes, with a view to effect a treaty, a repast was given to these genuine Native American Red Republicans. The following are the names of the guests: Hawk-that-hunts-walking, Sound-of-earth-walking, Red-Eagle, Good-Thunder, The-Wounded, Arrow, Big Fire, The-Crow, Goes-Flying, Sham-Boy, Eagle Head, Iron-Toe-Nails, Big-Cloud, Brown-Cloud, Round-Wind, War-Club-of-big-Voice, Earth, Makes-his-Track.

The first book printed in the State of New York was the Constitution of the State. It was printed in 1777 by Samuel Loudon, at Fishkill. A copy of this very rare edition is in possession of Hon. G.C. Verplanck.

#### SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* our intelligence continues to be of the most gloomy character. We have accounts of risings and insurrections in various States, which do not seem to be parts of any general system, but isolated and unconnected outbreaks, arising from the decay of all settled authority. The Government is terribly distressed for the pecuniary means of carrying on its operations. The Minister of Finance has addressed a circular to the Governors of the different States, asking them to co-operate in the measures he has proposed for the supply of the necessities of Government. He has proposed a plan for augmenting the revenues, which has been favorably reported upon by committees of both Houses. He proposes a territorial impost; a general capitation tax; an augmented duty upon the circulation and export of silver; and a duty upon the consumption of tobacco. The foreign creditors of the Government grow clamorous for their dues. The British Minister notifies the Government that unless prompt measures are taken, so that he shall be enabled to transmit by the next packet intelligence of a satisfactory arrangement with the English creditors, decisive measures will be resorted to. The French and Spanish Ministers, in order not to lose their share of the spoil, in the event of the total wreck of the ship of state, give notice that their Governments will follow, in this respect, the example of the British. In the mean time the relations of Mexico and the United States are liable at any moment to take a hostile turn, owing to the action of the Mexican Government in annulling the grant made to Garray, in relation to the Tehuantepec Railway, whose rights have passed into the hands of American citizens. As this affair is likely to prove of ultimate importance, we present a statement, involving, as we believe, all the essential facts of the case: In March, 1842, Santa Anna being President, a grant of land and valuable privileges was made to Don José Garray, to enable him to establish steam communication across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the possession of his rights being guaranteed to his successors, whether natives or foreigners. In February, 1843, Bravo being President, an order was issued that Garray should be put in possession of the lands promised him, which was done. In October of the same year, Santa Anna being again President, a decree was issued, stating that Garray had completed his surveys, and ordering the departments in which the work was situated to furnish him with 300 convicts to carry on the work. In December of the same year, the time for commencing the works, which was to expire July 1, 1844, was extended for one year. During the course of the year 1845, Garray asked for a further extension of time, and certain additional exemptions and privileges. While his request was under favorable consideration by the Mexican Congress, a revolution occurred in Mexico, by which Salas was invested with supreme dictatorial power. He issued a decree still further extending the time for the commencement of the work till November 5, 1848, previous to which period, it is claimed by the Company that the work had been actually commenced: this statement, however, is disputed; it being asserted that for months afterward the first blow of a spade had not been struck. Meanwhile in 1846-47, Garray had transferred his right to Manning and Mackintosh, British subjects residing in Mexico, the transfer being recognized by the Mexican Government. During the negotiations for peace between Mexico and the United States, the sum of \$15,000,000 was offered by the latter for the right of way across the Isthmus, which was declined, on the

ground that the right had been already disposed of. Thereupon Mr. P.A. Hargous, an American citizen, purchased the right of Manning and Mackintosh, and formed a company to carry on the work. Apprehensive of obstacles arising from the instability of the Mexican Government, the Company made overtures for the purpose of placing the work under the joint protection of the American and Mexican Governments; and also desired to make new surveys, not feeling full confidence in those which had been made. A treaty was drawn up in accordance with the request; this draft not being satisfactory, it was returned to Mexico to be amended. In the mean time a new Government had been inaugurated, with whom a new treaty was negotiated, which was accepted by the Company, whose acceptance was made a condition precedent to the ratification. This treaty was ratified by the United States Senate, and transmitted to Mexico for ratification. In the meanwhile, a change took place in the policy of the Mexican Government, who doubtless began to look with apprehension upon the bestowal of so extensive privileges upon Americans. A law was passed annulling the decree of Salas, by which a delay of two years was granted for the commencement of the work, on the ground that he had no power to make such a decree, involving as it did a virtual grant of a considerable amount of the territory of the nation. If the decree of Salas was annulled, the grant to Garray became invalid, because the work had not been commenced at the prescribed time. The Company contend, on their part, that the decree of Salas, under which they hold their claim, was passed by the actual Government of the country, all of whose other acts have been recognized as of binding force; and that under this decree they have made large expenditures. They manifest a determination to persevere in the accomplishment of the enterprise, in spite of all the force which the Mexican Government can bring against them. Communications, the purport of which has not transpired, have been made by the Government of the United States to that of Mexico, in relation to this subject. The American Minister, Mr. Letcher, who has been long detained from his post by ill-health will probably soon return to Mexico, when it is hoped that this vexatious and intricate affair may be peaceably arranged.

From *South America* there is little of special interest. A Brazilian fleet has made its appearance on the river Plata, but have as yet made no demonstrations from which their designs can be inferred. A blockade of the ports of the Argentine Republic is thought probable. In *Chili* the approaching elections were the occasion of no little excitement. The right of suffrage is vested in Chilians by birth or naturalization, who possess a certain amount of property or income, are able to read and write, and have attained the age of 25 years, if unmarried, or 21 years, if married. Efforts are made to introduce railroad communication in Chili and Peru. In *New Granada*, the imposition of a forced loan by Government has occasioned some revolutionary symptoms, confined apparently to the southern provinces. The Panama papers of July 21, hint that any attempt to levy the loan in that city would be the signal of insurrection, "as it was the firm determination of many of the natives, as well as the foreign population, not to allow a soldier to enter the gates of Panama for the purpose of executing the obnoxious decree." The same papers contain accounts of horrible atrocities committed in the revolted provinces. Yet the general condition of the State is represented to be flourishing; the revenue showing a large increase above that of the previous year.

In *Jamaica* great complaints are made of the deficiency of labor, owing to which, one-third of the produce will be lost, for the want of labor necessary to secure it. Public attention is directed to the free colored population of the United States, of whom it is said "America could supply a hundred thousand of these, every one of whom would be useful as an inhabitant, if he were not valuable as an agriculturist; and if none but the really industrious were engaged to emigrate, we are of opinion that a most valuable addition might be made to the population of Jamaica." A letter from Mr. CLAY to a gentleman in London is published, favoring the project, though he fears that considerable difficulty would be experienced in inducing them to emigrate. He also calls the attention of the West Indians to the fact that the Chinese who have been brought to Cuba, and elsewhere, form a very valuable class of laborers. A portion of the Baptist Society having become dissatisfied with their pastor, and being unable to dissolve the connection, attempted to demolish the Mission House and Chapel; but were prevented by the authorities, aided by the military. Twenty-seven of the rioters were tried and convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for terms of from three to nine months. The house of the pastor was afterward attacked, and his furniture destroyed.

In *Cuba* an insurrection broke out in the early part of July at Puerto Principe, in the eastern part of the island. On the 4th a *pronunciamento* was issued, signed by three individuals, purporting to be the manifesto of the Liberating Society of Puerto Principe. In the glowing style which seems natural to the Spanish-American race, it sets forth the grievances of the Cubans, which are doubtless but too real; enumerates the resources for resistance at their disposal, among which are the unanimous determination of the Cubans of all colors; aid from the kindred races in South America; sympathy and assistance from the United States; and a climate hostile to European troops. The island of Cuba is therefore declared free and independent; and the islanders affirmed to owe no allegiance except to those who, awaiting the general suffrage of the people, charge themselves with the civil and military command. The report of these proceedings caused great alarm and excitement at Havana; but we have yet no means of forming any decisive opinion as to the extent of the rising. On the one hand, the official bulletins of the Government represent it as a trifling affair which was at once put down; giving full particulars of names, dates, and places. The same mails which bring these dispatches, are loaded down with letters from the same places, and of the same dates, announcing a general rising; that the troops of the Government are every where defeated, and deserting to the popular cause. The Cuban exiles in this country profess to put implicit faith in the reliability of these accounts, which they say are confirmed by secret letters. At present the probability is that the movement has been unsuccessful.

The American Steamer Baltic arrived at New York August 16, having made the passage in nine days, fourteen hours, and twenty minutes, apparent time; or, adding the difference of time between the ports, in nine days, eighteen hours and forty-five minutes, actual time, This is the shortest passage ever made. In addition to what is stated below, she brings the news of the passage of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill in the House of Lords, and its receipt of the royal signature; so that it has now become a law.

As the session of Parliament approaches its close, the proceedings begin to assume some features of interest. The bill to alter the form of the oath of abjuration, so as to allow Jews to sit in Parliament passed the Commons with little opposition, its opponents contenting themselves with expressing their abhorrence of the measure, but leaving to the Peers the ungracious task of excluding from the other House members duly chosen, whom that House was anxious to receive; and that by a mere formal test, designed for quite a different purpose. In the Upper House, as was foreseen, the bill was lost. Only two of the bishops took part in the discussion, both of whom were in favor of the bill. Dr. WHATELY, the distinguished Archbishop of Dublin, advocated the removal of the Jewish disabilities, on the ground that Christianity did not meddle with temporalities; and that the free choice by electors of their representatives should not be interfered with. The Bishop of NORWICH considered the restriction to be prejudicial, rather than beneficial to Christianity. Against the bill it was urged that Parliament ought to maintain its Christian character, and that the Jews were of necessity opponents of Christianity. The bill was thrown out by a vote of 144 to 108. Immediately after the rejection, Mr. SALOMONS, a Jew, who had been elected member from Greenwich, appeared at the bar of the House of Commons, and requested to be sworn on the Old Testament. He took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy as required; but in the oath of abjuration, for the concluding words, "on the true faith of a Christian," he substituted "so help me God." The Speaker decided that he had not taken the oath, as required, and ordered him to retire without the bar of the House. This he did after some delay, amidst a scene of great uproar. At the next meeting he appeared and took his seat within the bar of the House, and proceeded to vote upon three questions that came up; thus rendering himself liable to a penalty of £1500. Amidst great disorder and confusion, he was ordered by a vote of the House, 281 to 81, to withdraw, upon which he was removed by the sergent-at-arms. Lord JOHN RUSSELL then moved a resolution, similar to that passed last year in the case of Baron Rothschild, that Mr. Salomons was not entitled to sit in the House until he had taken the oath of abjuration according to law. A meeting was subsequently held of the constituents of Baron Rothschild, at which he was requested to persist in claiming his seat. Proceedings have been instituted against Mr. Salomons to recover the penalty incurred by voting in the House. This will bring the whole matter before the legal tribunals. It is contended by some of the ablest counsel that all the essential requirements of the law were complied with, the precise wording of the oath being merely formal.

The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which was so ostentatiously put forward as the leading measure of the session, passed through its final stage in the Commons, very tamely, a thin House being present. During the progress of the bill, in spite of the opposition of the Ministers, it had been rendered more stringent by the addition of two clauses; one of which provided that the publication of any bull, brief, rescript, or other Papal document should subject the publisher to a fine of £100; the other clause empowered any informer, with the sanction of the law officers of the Crown, to bring an action for a violation of the provisions of the bill. Lord JOHN RUSSELL moved the omission of these clauses, but was defeated. While this vote was taken, the Irish members left the House, and did not return in time to vote upon the final passage of the bill, which passed by 263 to 46, a majority of 217. Less than one half of the members of the House voted. A motion was made, and lost, that the bill should be entitled "A Bill to prevent the free exercise of the Roman Catholic Religion in Ireland." Mr. GRATTAN in moving it, said that the Catholics were delighted to see the bill as it was, as they wished it to be as discreditable, as tyrannical, and as unpalatable as it could be made. As the same penalty was attached to the introduction of bulls as to the assumption of titles, they would be able, more or less, to violate the provisions of the bill; and, by the blessing of God, they would violate it as often as possible. Mr. GLADSTONE, a Tory and High-Churchman, undoubtedly the most able statesman now in Parliament, protested solemnly against the passage of the bill, as hostile to the institutions of the country, and to the Established Church, which it taught to rely upon other support than spiritual strength and vitality; as tending to weaken the authority of law in Ireland; as disparaging the principle of religious freedom; and destroying the bonds of concord and good-will between different classes and persuasions of her Majesty's subjects. In the Upper House the bill passed to a second reading by a vote of 265 to 38; within a single vote of seven to one in its favor. Among those who voted against the bill, we observe the names of Brougham, Aberdeen, and Denman. The Pope has recently filled up several of the bishoprics, in accordance with the decree of Sept. 28, 1850, which occasioned the excitement to which the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill owes its origin.

A bill, making some alterations in the Chancery system, is under discussion. Lord BROUGHAM made a speech upon it, urging the absolute necessity of a thorough reconstruction of that court. It was his last speech for the session, the state of his health compelling him to take his leave. He had struggled to the last, in the hope of assisting in the passage of a measure to which his whole life had been devoted.

Leave has been granted to bring in a bill for the introduction of the ballot into parliamentary elections. The object of the bill is to protect voters from intimidation in the exercise of the

franchise; and to diminish the inducements to bribery, by rendering it impossible for the purchaser of a vote to ascertain whether or not the elector has fulfilled his bargain.

Ecclesiastical affairs, in one form or another, awaken no little interest. The Bishop of Exeter's diocesan synod supported that prelate's views, which are opposed to those of the great majority of the Episcopal Bench. The question of a Convocation, to decide upon points in controversy, is agitated; but there is a prevailing apprehension that the result would be any thing but harmonious. A motion was made in the Commons for an address to the Queen, urging the adoption of measures to supply the rapidly increasing spiritual wants of the people. In connection with this motion, some startling charges were made of abuses in the management of the ecclesiastical funds. Some years ago it was determined that the bishops should receive fixed incomes, varying from £4,500 to £15,000 a year; and that the surplus revenues of their sees should be paid over to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, to be expended for Church purposes. It was shown by indisputable statistics, that in a number of instances the bishops had retained more than they were entitled to. Specific charges of a still graver nature were made, that they had used the estates of their bishoprics in such a manner as to benefit themselves and their friends, at the expense of their sees. These charges were shown to be more or less erroneous; but a general impression prevails that the explanations given are far from satisfactory, and that great abuses exist. On the whole, this is regarded as the most severe blow that has yet been aimed at the Establishment.

Lord PALMERSTON announced in Parliament, that the African slave-trade, north of the Line, was now almost entirely extinct; and the natives who had hitherto been engaged in it, were turning their attention to the traffic in the productions of the country, such as palm-oil, ground-nuts, and ivory. This result he attributed to the vigilance of the English, French, American, and Portuguese cruisers, together with the rapid progress made by the Republic of Liberia. Brazil has heretofore been the principal market for slaves; but owing to the efficient action of the Government, it has been nearly closed within the last few months. He was confident that the suppression of the slave-trade would be permanent, provided the vigilance of the preventive squadrons was kept up for a while longer.

The returns of the Irish census show an amount of depopulation even greater than had been anticipated. The following is a comparison of some of the details with those of the census of 1841:

	1841	1851		
Inhabitants	8,175,124	6,515,794	1,659,330	decrease
Families	1,472,287	1,207,002	265,285	"
Houses Inhabited	1,328,839	1,047,735	281,104	"
" Building	3,313	2,113	1,200	"
" Uninhabited	52,208	65,159	12,951	increase.

The decrease in the number of houses is quite as startling a fact as that of the population, and probably represents with tolerable accuracy the number of evictions effected by the demolition of the cabins of the peasantry. The rate of depopulation does not vary very materially in the different sections of the island. The large towns only show any increase, indicating that the evicted peasantry, driven from their former residences, take refuge in the cities. The entire increase of population in the British Islands is but about 600,000. The large cities have increased more than this; so that the number of the rural population of the kingdom is less than it was ten years ago. The population of Ireland in 1821, was 6,801,827; in 1831, 7,667,401; in 1841, 8,175,124; in 1851, 6,515,794; so that it is now nearly 300,000 less than it was thirty years since. The emigration from Ireland during the last ten years, is estimated at about 1,300,000, of which probably 1,000,000 came directly or indirectly to the United States. Considering that the emigrants, to a great extent, are the most active and energetic of the inhabitants, it is safe to conclude that one-third of the effective strength of the island has been transferred across the Atlantic in ten years.

A meeting of authors and publishers was held July 1, to consider the present aspect of the copyright question. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton presided and made the opening speech. He said that the recent decision of Lord Campbell ruined all prospect of international copyright with France and America, for foreigners would not buy what they could get for nothing. The effect on literature would be disastrous. In America, where they get the works of Macaulay for nothing, they are ceasing, he said, to produce any solid works of their own. Cooper and Irving belong to a past generation, and with the exception of Mr. Prescott none are rising to take their place. A resolution was passed, on the motion of Mr. Bohn, the publisher, to the effect that the decision of Lord Campbell must prove prejudicial to the interests of British literature, because it removes the main inducement for foreign states to consent to an international copyright.

A grand entertainment was given by the Mayor and Corporation of London, July 9, in honor of the Exhibition. It was attended by the Queen in state. Great preparations were made to insure a splendid reception; the streets through which the royal cortège passed were brilliantly illuminated. But the whole entertainment seems to have been a tasteless and fussy affair. Among the wines furnished for the royal table was sherry which had been bottled for the Emperor Napoleon, at a cost of £600 the pipe; it was 105 years old.

Mr. Peabody, a distinguished American banker residing in London, gave a splendid entertainment on the 4th of July, at "Willis's Rooms," the very shrine of the ultra-fashionable world of London, to the American Minister and a large company of English, American, and foreign guests. It was

designed to show that this day might be rather a pledge of good-will, than a gage of strife. The most notable incident was the attendance of the Duke of Wellington.

The Exhibition still continues as successful as ever. The receipts already far exceed the £300,000, which was the utmost limit conceived possible a few weeks since. The greatest number of visitors in a single day was on the 15th of July, when they numbered 74,000. At one time there were present 61,000 people, equal to the population of a considerable city. A movement hostile to the permanent retention of the Crystal Palace upon its present site has been commenced, mainly by the owners of property in its vicinity. The clergy resident in the district oppose its continuance on grounds of morality. It has been decided to allow the building to remain during the winter, in order to test its adaptation for a winter garden.

#### FRANCE.

The proposition for a revision of the Constitution failed to secure the requisite majority in the Legislative Assembly, and so was defeated. On the 8th of July the Report of the committee to whom the petitions for a revision were referred, was presented by M. DE TOCQUEVILLE. It is a document of great length, drawn up with decided ability. After discussing in detail the defects inherent in the constitution, which in the opinion of a majority of the Committee were of sufficient moment to render a revision desirable, the Report proceeds to examine the present situation of the country and the perils which had been alleged to attend the revision, should it now be attempted. These apprehended dangers arose from the unsettled state of the franchise, and the contests of parties, each of whom desires a revision as a means for the accomplishment of its own ends. The majority of the Committee, while admitting the danger attending a revision, are yet convinced that it is exceedingly necessary. This conclusion rests mainly upon the circumstance, adverted to in our last Record, that the functions of the Legislative and of the Executive branches of the Government expire at almost the same time. The intention of the Constitution in fixing the term of the one at four and of the other at three years was to prevent the occurrence of this, until after an interval of twelve years had given stability to the Republic. But by the law of October, 1848, the regular time of the election for President was anticipated, so that his term expires a year sooner than it should have done. Besides this there is the danger that a candidate whom the Constitution renders ineligible may be the one upon whom the popular choice will fix. Such a violation of the Constitution, facilitated by the method of election by direct suffrage which it provides, would be productive of the most fatal consequences. These dangers may be obviated by surrendering the power of Government into the hands of a Constituent Assembly. The Report then goes on to discuss the question of the kind and amount of revision to be recommended. The Committee, however divided upon other points, were unanimously of the opinion that the Legislative Assembly had no power either to propose to the Constituent Assembly that the nation should quit the Republic, or to impose upon it that form of Government. The Constituent would supersede the Legislative Assembly, and must be independent of it. The Committee were also unanimously of the opinion that the revision, if made at all, must be made in the manner prescribed by the Constitution. If the requisite majority of three-fourths of the votes of the Assembly could not be secured in its favor, it must be abandoned; and hence, "any attempt having for its object to urge the people toward unconstitutional candidatureship, from the moment that the Constitution can not be legally revised, would not only be improper and irregular, but culpable." The proposition which the Committee, by a vote of 9 to 6, resolved to submit to the Assembly, and to which they asked their consent, was: "Taking into consideration Article 111 of the Constitution, the Assembly decides that the Constitution shall be revised in totality." The reading of this Report was listened to with an attention and decorum by no means characteristic of the French Legislature. At the close, a large number of members inscribed their names, as intending to take part in the discussion. This was done to meet the requirements of the rule that a speaker upon one side succeeds one upon the other. The debate upon this Report commenced on the 14th. It was opened by an admonitory speech from the President of the Assembly, M. DUPIN, recommending order and moderation in the discussion. A brief sketch of the views advanced by the principal speakers will serve better than any thing else to show the state of opinion and feeling in France at the present moment. M. DE FALLOUX, formerly Minister of Public Instruction, in an eloquent and impressive speech, urged the re-establishment of the monarchical principle, as the only means of saving the country, which was falling into decay. He said Socialism was rapidly increasing, not merely among the very poor, but also among the better paid class of workmen. M. CAVAINAC made a firm and temperate speech against the revision, and in favor of building up a strong republic. M. COQUEREL, the well-known Protestant pastor, advocated a revision. He believed that Bonaparte would be elected, whether constitutionally or not, and he preferred that it should be done constitutionally. He defended the republican form of government, and avowed his belief that it would ultimately become universal. M. MICHEL (de Bourges), who has made himself known as the able counsel for the prosecuted newspapers and proscribed Socialists, made a long and very able speech on the democratic side of the question, and against the revision. He spoke in terms of commendation of the "Girondists who proclaimed the Republic, and of the Montagnards who saved it," and of "the Convention which made the Constitution known to Europe by cannon shots, and delivered the country from tyrants." This speech has been printed by the party for gratuitous distribution, as an exponent of their views. M. DE BERRYER followed in a brilliant speech in favor of Legitimacy. He admitted the great services which the President had rendered to the cause of order, but deprecated his re-election in spite of the Constitution, by universal suffrage, as he would then be placed in a position superior to the Constitution. This catastrophe was to be averted, if at all by the action of a Constituent Assembly. He painted in glowing colors all the excesses of which the Republic had been guilty, and affirmed that France was not adapted for or in favor of a republican form of government. VICTOR HUGO

followed in a speech in opposition to a revision and to monarchy, and in favor of the Republic. He reflected in very severe terms upon the Government and upon the majority in the Assembly. His speech was greeted with applause from the Left and disapprobation from the Right. The debate, which had hitherto been conducted with great decorum, now closed amid a scene of wild disorder. On the following day, the 19th, the closing speech in the discussion was made by ODILLON BARROT in favor of a revision, as the only means of averting the dangers which impended. At the conclusion of his speech, the question was demanded and carried. The whole number of votes cast was 724; of these 446 were in favor of revision, and 278 against it. Three-fourths of the votes cast, the number required to carry the proposition, is 543; so that it failed by 97 votes. By the rules of the Assembly it can not be revived until after an interval of three months. The absorbing interest of the occasion is shown by the large vote cast. The Assembly, when full, consists of 750 members; there are now 14 vacancies, so that only 12 members were absent. The vote against the revision was made up of the extreme Republicans in a mass, with a few of almost every shade of opinion; including Thiers and his friends, Lamartine, and a considerable body of moderate Republicans, as well as a few Legitimists.

On the 21st a charge was brought in the Assembly against M. Faucher, the Minister of the Interior, of having unduly and unconstitutionally urged on the petitions in favor of a revision. After a warm altercation between the Minister and M. Baze, by whom the charge was brought, the latter offered a resolution that "The National Assembly, while regretting that in some localities the Government, contrary to its duty had used its influence to excite the citizens to petition, orders the legal petitions to be deposited in the Bureau des Reseignements." This was carried by a majority of 13 in a very full House, the vote being 333 to 320. The Ministers regarding it as a vote of censure, tendered their resignations, which the President refused to accept. After consultation, they repeated the tender, but were finally persuaded to retain their posts.

A debate on Free-trade took place in the Assembly, upon a motion by M. DE BEAUVE for the reconstruction of the customs tariff in such a manner as to abolish all prohibitions, and to limit the duties to be levied within the same general bounds as those adopted in England. The author of the proposition occupied the session of one entire day, and part of another in developing the proposed measure. M. THIERS opposed the proposition, in a speech of great length in which he maintained that the principle of protection was essential to the prosperity of France. M. FOULD, Minister of Finance, also opposed the proposition as inimical to the security and independence of a great nation. It was rejected by a vote of 422 to 199.

A grand fête has been given by the Municipality of Paris to the Commissioners and others prominently concerned in the Great Exhibition.

#### GERMANY, ETC.

The only question of political or general interest respects the annexation of the non-Germanic portions of the Austrian Empire to the Germanic Confederation. Diplomatic notes protesting against the admission were presented to the Diet from the English and French Governments. That body replied, that the question was a purely German one, which admitted of no foreign interference.

In Austria an imperial ordinance respecting the press has been promulgated. If any periodical "takes a hostile direction to the throne, the unity and integrity of the Empire, religion, morality, or the maintenance of the public peace," the Stadtholder has the power of suspending it for three months, after two public warnings. Suspension for a longer period, or total prohibition can only be decreed by the Council of Ministers. But foreign works of all kinds may be prohibited, throughout the whole empire by the Minister of the Home Department.

In Hesse-Cassel a decree has been issued annulling the oath taken by the officers of the army to the Constitution. An amnesty has been proclaimed to the officers and soldiers who resisted the Government during the *quasi* revolution last year; but the amnesty is coupled with conditions by which its efficacy is greatly impaired.

It is said that the Russians have lately suffered severe losses in Circassia, though no reliable and authentic details are furnished.

#### SOUTHERN EUROPE.

*Italy* presents the same aspect as heretofore. The only signs of life are reports of assassinations, petty violations of law, and still more petty decrees on the part of the rulers. In consequence of an assassination at Milan, which Marshal Radetzky considered to have been committed from political motives, the whole Lombardo-Venetian kingdom has been declared to be in a state of siege; the communes are made responsible for similar acts, and are threatened with severe treatment unless the assassins are delivered up. At Perugia the Austrian commandant issued a notice that, notwithstanding the prohibition of Government, some individuals of both sexes "are still seen wearing red ribbons, cravats, and shoes. In order to put a stop to such practices, it is hereby declared that three days after the promulgation of the present notice, any person wearing any such ribbon, cravat, or shoes, shall be brought before a court martial." Two letters by Mr. Gladstone, the English statesman, to Lord Aberdeen, have been published—setting forth the horrible state of the administration of justice in the Kingdom of Naples. More than thirty thousand people are confined, he assures us, in prison upon political charges, subject to the most brutal treatment. Among these, are an absolute majority of the Deputies who, at the same time

with the monarch, swore to the Constitution, which he has found it convenient to violate. The Russian Minister, Count Nesselrode, is reported to have addressed a dispatch to the Russian envoys at Naples, Florence, and Rome, directing them to inform those Governments that the three Northern Powers have agreed to place at their disposal all the forces they may be compelled to require in order to suppress revolutionary movements.

In *Portugal* affairs have assumed a somewhat unstable aspect; and public confidence is greatly shaken as to the ability of the present government to sustain itself. There have been military disturbances at various points.

#### THE EAST.

In *China* the insurrection, at the latest dates, continued in full force.—The difficulties between the Sultan and the Pasha of *Egypt* are reported to be in process of adjustment.

In *India* the new Governor-general, Lord Dalhousie, appears to be by no means popular. He is acknowledged to be an able administrator, but is charged with unduly favoring his countrymen and personal friends in the distribution of official patronage. A series of hurricanes has swept Ceylon and the eastern coasts, occasioning considerable loss of shipping. Among the vessels lost was a new iron steamer, the *Falkland*, belonging to the East India Company. The swell caused by the hurricane strained the vessel to such a degree that her plates gradually opened until at last she broke clean in two and sank.—A movement has been made among the Hindoos, designed to counteract the efforts of the missionaries. A meeting of learned pundits have decided, contrary to immemorial usage, that a person who has lost caste by forsaking his religion can be reinstated in his privileges by the performance of certain penitential rites.

The *Grand Canary* Island is undergoing a dreadful visitation of the cholera. It broke out at the end of May. On the 10th of June, and subsequent days, the deaths reached to 100 a day. At that date out of a population of 16,000 all but 4000 had fled from the chief town. It became almost impossible to bury the dead. It could be done only by the soldiers seizing upon all they could find, and compelling them to perform that office. By the 18th of June out of 4000 inhabitants who remained in the city, 1000 had died. In the smaller towns and country-houses throughout the island, the disease raged with equal violence.

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## Literary Notices

*Episodes of Insect Life.* A second volume of this fascinating chronicle of insect history is issued by J.S. Redfield, which will command the public favor no less than the former volume, by its sparkling delineations of rural life, and its beautiful illustrations of animal economy. The author has a decided genius for delicate observation; nothing escapes him, however minute, in his study of insect idiosyncrasy; and with a rich vein of poetic sentiment, and a luxuriant bloom of all kindly, and natural household feelings, he throws a delightful coloring of imagination around his descriptions, though without impairing their evident fidelity to nature. The very titles of his chapters have a delicious quaintness that leads every one who opens the book to obtain a further taste of its quality. What charming fancies lurk under such an inventory of topics as the following! "The Lady Bird of our Childhood," "Things of a Day," "Insect Magicians," "A Love among the Roses," "The Tribes of an Oak," "A Few Friends of our Summer Gladness," "A Sylvan Morality, or a Word to Wives," "A Summer Day's Dream," and the like, which are treated with a subtle development of analogies, and exquisite propriety of expression. Whoever would enlarge his preparation for a reverent communion with nature, and trace the unfolding of the Divine Epos, in its sublime minuteness, should read this volume under the shade of trees, and within the sound of running waters.

*The Fate*, by G.P.R. JAMES (published by Harper and Brothers), is the title of the latest offshoot of the luxuriant forest of romance, which has recently been transplanted to this country without losing its verdurous hues or its potent vitality. Mr. James evidently writes from an inward necessity, as the trees grow, putting forth all sorts of leaves, blossoms, and branches, in immeasurable profusion, and (may his shadow never be less) he will always find a throng of weary wayfarers who love to turn aside from the heated paths of life, and seek a refreshing coolness in the grateful shade. The quaint moralities with which he relieves the monotony of description are not without a certain charm. They bring us nearer to the personality of the writer, than his more elaborate dialogues. If the plots of his novels are constructed by "horse-power," as has been maliciously said, no machinery could force out the agreeable bits of ethical reflection, in which the novelist speaks in his own name. And though not always free from common-place, as we are bound to confess, they often present sharp touches of good-natured satire, and a piercing insight into the convolutions of vanity and weakness, showing the sagacity of a shrewd observer. These "landing-places" are perhaps more frequent in this volume than in most of the preceding ones, though there is no want of spirit or interest in the movement of the plot. The scene of the novel is laid in England during the civil wars succeeding the Restoration. It aims to present a counterpart to Mr. Macaulay's picture of the condition of England in the year 1685. The author enters his protest against that part of Macaulay's "great and fanciful work," which refers to the English country gentlemen and to the English country clergy of those times. His own sketches present the state of society during that period in a more favorable light. We are not sure but the historian has drawn more freely on the imagination for his statements than the novelist. At all

events, the portraits by Mr. James have a natural look, and seem to have been taken from the life.

In one of the numerous episodes of this volume, the author, after the example of American politicians, with whom he has now become familiar, undertakes to "define his position" in regard to "the two solitary horsemen," who, thus far, have usually not failed to make their appearance, sooner or later, among the characters of his romances. We are glad to have this knotty point cleared up so skillfully. These much calumniated horsemen—one on a white horse—shall have the benefit of their patron's ingenious defense of their "right to ride" in his own words:

"As to repeating one's self, it is no very great crime, perhaps, for I never heard that robbing Peter to pay Paul was punishable under any law or statute, and the multitude of offenders in this sense, in all ages, and in all circumstances, if not an excuse, is a palliation, showing the frailty of human nature, and that we are as frail as others—but no more. The cause of this self-repetition, probably, is not a paucity of ideas, not an infertility of fancy, not a want of imagination or invention, but that, like children sent daily to draw water from a stream, we get into the habit of dropping our buckets into that same immeasurable depth of thought exactly at the same place; and though it be not exactly the same water as that which we drew up the day before, it is very similar in quality and flavor, a little clearer or a little more turbid, as the case may be. Now this dissertation—which may be considered as an introduction or preface to the second division of my history—has been brought about, has had its rise, origin, source, in an anxious and careful endeavor to avoid, if possible, introducing into this work the two solitary horsemen—one upon a white horse—which, by one mode or another, have found their way into probably one out of three of all the books I have written; and I need hardly tell the reader that the name of these books is legion. There are, perhaps, too many; but though I must die, some of them will live—I know it, I feel it; and I must continue to write while this spirit is in this body. To say truth, I do not know why I should wish to get rid of my two horsemen, especially the one on the white horse. Wouwermans always had a white horse in all his pictures; and I do not see why I should not put my signature, my emblem, my monogram, in my paper and ink pictures as well as any painter of them all. I am not sure that other authors do not do the same thing—that Lytton has not always, or very nearly, a philosophizing libertine—Dickens, a very charming young girl, with dear little pockets; and Lever, a bold dragoon. Nevertheless, upon my life, if I can help it, we will not have in this work the two horsemen and the white horse; albeit, in after times—when my name is placed with Homer and Shakspeare, or in any other more likely position—there may arise serious and acrimonious disputes as to the real authorship of the book, from its wanting my own peculiar and distinctive mark and characteristic.

"But here, while writing about plagiarism, I have been myself a plagiary; and it shall not remain without acknowledgment, having suffered somewhat in that sort myself. Hear my excellent friend, Leigh Hunt, soul of mild goodness, honest truth, and gentle brightness! I acknowledge that I stole from you the defensive image of Wouwermans' white horse, which you incautiously put within my reach, on one bright night of long, dreamy conversation, when our ideas of many things, wide as the poles asunder, met suddenly without clashing, or produced but a cool, quiet spark—as the white stones which children rub together in dark corners emit a soft, phosphorescent gleam, that serves but to light their little noses."

Phillips, Sampson, and Co. have published *The Inventor's Manual*, by GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS, being an abridgement of the author's larger Treatise on the Patent Law. It presents the general principles of the law on this subject, in a condensed and intelligible form, and furnishes directions for making applications to the Patent Office, divested of the technical learning, which can only serve to embarrass the practical inventor.

*Memoir of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth*, by the Rev. T.R. BIRKS. This genuine piece of old-fashioned religious biography is republished from the London edition, by Harper and Brothers, with an Introduction by the Rev. Dr. TYNG, of this city. It is almost exclusively the record of Christian experience. Mr. Bickersteth was not distinguished for any remarkable powers of mind. His character was of an ordinary texture. The even tenor of his life was not diversified by any unusual incidents. But his biography shows the power of earnest devotion to a great object, sustained by clear and constant intellectual convictions, to call forth an effective energy of action, and to invest the character with a certain charm, although it presents no brilliant aspects in the daily routine of life. Mr. Bickersteth was born in a quiet English village in Westmoreland. He commenced his active career as a subordinate clerk in the London Post-office. At this early period of his life, he exhibited the same strength of religious principle, and the same fastidiousness of moral perception, which were at the foundation of his subsequent character. Indeed, his minute, rigid, ascetic adherence to formal rules of conduct might be deemed premature. We find little exercise of the free, gladsome spirit of youth, but on the contrary, a subjection to the strictest system of self-discipline, which would have done no discredit to a devotee. The habits thus formed were no doubt highly favorable to the rigorous severity of purpose, with which he afterward devoted himself to the performance of grave duties. His self-inflicted training led him to regard religion almost exclusively in the light of obligation, and as the natural result, his conscience not only gained the mastery over his character, but to a great extent interfered with the due exercise of other sentiments. Becoming weary of his employments in the post-office, he determined to engage in the study of law, and was at length articulated as an attorney's clerk. Just before taking this step, however, his religious feelings received a still stronger impulse. The tone of his mind experienced a great change, and he became so absorbed in religious ideas, as to make it obvious that he would find little that was congenial in the profession of law.

After a series of obstacles, that were overcome only by great effort and perseverance, Mr. Bickersteth was enabled to realize a wish which he had long fondly cherished, and received ordination as a clergyman of the English Church. From that time, his labors in his favorite sphere



of action were devoted and abundant. The missionary cause had always called forth his warmest sympathies, and it now became the most cherished object of his life. Its prosperity in England was greatly owing to his zealous exertions. As Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, he has identified his name with its interests. Nor was he less active in the discharge of duty in other branches of his profession. His earnestness was perpetual. Nothing could check his unrelenting industry. The usual relaxations of society could not divert him from his high purpose. He made use of the pulpit and the pen, with equal energy for the accomplishment of his plans. His publications were numerous, and though destitute of literary merit, had considerable influence in their day. He wrought more, however, by his character than by his writings. His unmistakable sincerity, his childlike simplicity, his consistency and purity of intention, gave a contagious virtue to his example, and enabled him to act both on individuals and on large bodies of men with an unerring moral magnetism, which is never granted except to genuine elevation of purpose, and an enthusiasm for an ideal aim, which throws self into the shade.

This biography is prepared by the eldest daughter of Mr. Bickersteth and her husband, a clergyman of the Established Church, by whom it was undertaken at the request of their deceased parent, made during his last illness. It has been compiled with discrimination and care, free use being made of the voluminous correspondence of Mr. Bickersteth, which he sustained with characteristic assiduity. Although it presents the memoir of a person, who was less distinguished by splendid or imposing natural endowments, than by his peculiar and conspicuous position in the religious world, it affords many curious and suggestive illustrations of human nature, which can not fail to be perused with interest by the student in that science. To the religious public, strictly so called, it will be one of the most enticing works that has appeared for some time.

*The Stone-Mason of Saint Point*, by LAMARTINE (published by Harper and Brothers), is a simple rural tale, descriptive of peasant life in France, abounding in fine touches of nature, and with less of the fantastic and exaggerated than is usual in the prose fictions of the author. It is pervaded with a deep religious sentiment, illustrating the power of faith in the Divine Providence, and of devotion to the good of others, in sustaining the soul under the severest calamities. His pictures of the country are drawn from the experience of the writer. He paints the scenes of his childhood, which are reproduced in a softened and pensive aspect. If the sentiment is often too luscious for a sturdy Saxon taste, it is redeemed by its pathos and earnestness, and will be tolerated as a curious expression of French naïveté.

*The True Remedy for the Wrongs of Woman*, by CATHARINE E. BEECHER, published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co. This is not a controversial work. It is rather an eloquent plea for the education of woman. It contains little that is original, and nothing radical. The enterprise of the author for the promotion of education in the West, is its main topic. Her narrative of the annoyances and perplexities to which she has been subjected in the prosecution of her plan is lively and graphic, and not without a tinge of bitterness. The volume displays throughout a masculine intellect, and sufficient energy of character for a field-marshal.

*The Literature and Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland*, by ABRAHAM MILLS, is the title of a work just issued by Harper and Brothers in two large octavo volumes, containing a full and comprehensive survey of the progress of English literature, from its earliest development to the present time. It has evidently been prepared with great industry, and at the same time, shows a mature and cultivated taste, a sound literary judgment, and an uncommon familiarity with the most eminent English authors. The extracts from their writings, which compose the staple of the work, are introduced with elaborate critical and biographical notices, which betray a ripe scholarship, and no small degree of sagacity. We believe these volumes will prove an admirable contribution to a branch of education which has been too much neglected in our higher seminaries of learning. A thorough grounding in the elements of English literature is rare. At the same time, it is as valuable an acquisition as the scholar can possess. It is folly to give a secondary place to the treasures of our mother tongue, while so much time is devoted to studies which are often wholly inapplicable to the pursuits of after life. A thorough initiation into the beauties of the English classics by a competent teacher, would be worth more, as a means of æsthetic culture, than the whole circle of attainments with which one often completes his college course. The present volumes will be found an excellent guide to the knowledge of English literature, and we cordially commend them to the attention of professors as well as of private students.

*Arthur Conway* is a spirited novel, with great variety of action and incident, and a plot of the most exciting interest, forming the last number of Harpers' "Select Library of Novels."

The *Odd-Fellows' Offering* for 1852 (published by Edward Walker), is the first annual that we have seen for the coming season. It is issued in a style of substantial elegance, with a number of well-executed engravings, and a highly finished illuminated presentation plate. Among the most valuable contributions are the articles entitled "Napoleon's First Love," by James Nack, "Blanaid," by Mary E. Hewitt, "The Destiny," by Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, "The Talkative and Taciturn," by Frederic Saunders, "Peace," by Benson J. Lossing, and "The Second Ship," by Fanny Green. Several of the shorter pieces are worthy of commendation, and the volume as a whole is superior to the average of the ephemeral class of literature to which it belongs.

*Elements of Algebra*, by Prof. LOOMIS (published by Harper and Brothers), is a new elementary treatise on that science, intended for the use of students who have just completed the study of arithmetic. The author has aimed to present the subject with so much clearness and simplicity,

that any person who has acquired a tolerably familiar knowledge of the principles of numbers may proceed to this volume with advantage. In point of brevity and terseness of statement, it will be found to have no superior. It abounds with practical examples, happily adapted to illustrate the processes of algebra to the young beginner. The development of the more difficult principles of the science, is so gradual—the ascent from one step to another is made so facile—that the student is enabled to master the elements of the subject without the sense of weariness and discouragement, which often attends the use of a text-book, in which the needs of the beginner are too much lost sight of by the author.

*The Christian Retrospect and Register*, by ROBERT BAIRD, published by M.W. Dodd. A summary of the scientific, moral, and religious progress of the first half of the nineteenth century. The plan of this work is excellent, but it is not carried out with good success. It is full of omissions, and crude and superficial statements. Hurried through the press without time for thorough preparation or revision, it is a skeleton rather than a treatise, and is equally unworthy of the author and of the subject.

*Roman Antiquities*, by CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D., is designed to furnish a consecutive description of the manners and customs of the ancient Romans, in a form adapted to popular reading. In the preparation of this work, recourse has been had to the most recent and trustworthy authorities; it includes the results of modern research; on obscure and doubtful questions it is critical and discriminating; and its style, for the most part, is remarkable for its copiousness and ease. Without being encumbered with learned disquisitions, it presents a complete statement of the points essential to the elucidation of Roman history. Its excellent arrangement and attractive style render it a work which may not only be occasionally consulted, but thoroughly read, with interest and advantage. For popular use, it is not surpassed by any of the previous contributions of the author to the cause of classical literature. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

*The History of the United States*, by RICHARD HILDRETH, Vol. V. (Harper and Brothers). Mr. Hildreth is making rapid progress with his great national work. We have now the fifth volume of the whole series, and the second of the history since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. It is devoted to the administrations of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, bringing down the narrative to the difficulties with England on account of the affair of the Chesapeake in 1807. This period is fruitful in topics of great historical interest. Among those which Mr. Hildreth has investigated with the most exemplary diligence, and presented in his usual plain and forcible style, are the state of parties subsequent to the election of Adams, the struggle between Adams and his Federal opponents, the downfall of the Federal party on the accession of Jefferson, the purchase of Louisiana, the characters of Hamilton and Burr, and the growth of the commercial troubles with Great Britain. These are described with the same Doric severity of expression which characterizes the previous volumes, with scarcely a flower of rhetoric to entice the toiling reader. As an authentic and vigorous chronicle of events, we still deem this work an important element in the study of American history. If he does not rival the philosophical splendor of Bancroft or the sweet amenities of Prescott, Mr. Hildreth has earned a highly honorable niche among our native historians.

*Travels and Adventures in Mexico*, by WILLIAM W. CARPENTER (published by Harper and Brothers), is a record of military service and wanderings on foot, by a soldier in the late Mexican War, describing the manners and customs of the people of Mexico, and the agricultural and mineral resources of that country. The narrative is drawn up from notes taken on the spot, and although the author bespeaks the indulgence of his readers for his want of skill in composition, it is marked by such a high degree of frankness and simplicity, that it can scarcely fail to prove attractive to the majority of readers. He enjoyed unusual opportunities for the observation of the Mexican character. Placed in circumstances which made him familiar with all classes of society, he studied the strange habits and striking features that came under his notice with unsleeping vigilance, and has recorded his impressions, with apparent accuracy and good faith. The course of his journeys led him through various towns, which are off of the routes most frequented by travelers, such as Salamanca, Guanahuato, Guadalajara, Ahuacatlan, and Tepic, concerning which he presents a variety of valuable and interesting information. Exposed to the casualties of military life, and for a long time held a prisoner by the Mexicans, he has been able to gather up an abundant store of incident and adventure, which he relates almost with the freedom of a conversational style, but commanding the attention of the reader to the close of the volume.

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## Editors Drawer.

It was an idea of the gifted author of "Ship and Shore," the late WALTER COLTON, chaplain in the United States' Navy, who had witnessed many burials at sea in his various voyages, that a body thus buried remained suspended in a medium so dense that it was alike beyond the reach of decay, or destruction by the "innumerable creeping things, both small and great beasts," which inhabit the mighty deep. This theory gives an added interest to the following beautiful passage from a discourse by the Rev. Mr. Giles: "The SEA is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other grave-yards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor: but in that ocean-cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same waves roll over all; the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor.

Over their remains the same storm beats and the same sun shines; and there, unmarbled, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump when the sea shall 'give up its dead!'"

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Few things were more characteristic of the colored servants living with the old families of the North many years ago, than their high-flown language, and the deference which they endeavored to exact from those of their race whom they thought below themselves in a dependent position, and even of the whites whose social scale was beneath that of their own especial masters. A friend mentioned to us recently an amusing illustration of this: Some years ago, "EBEN," as he was called, a colored servant of Mr. A—, an old and opulent citizen of a flourishing and beautiful city in Connecticut, obtained leave to use his master's sleigh and horses, to take his sable inamorata "a-sleighting" to a neighboring road-side inn, a popular resort, at certain seasons, even for the élite of the town whence it derived its principal support. About nine o'clock "EBEN" drove up, and throwing the reins to the stable-boy, in the most stately manner, he helped out "Miss Dinah" with an air that would have befitted a colored Count D'Orsay, and the pair made their way to the principal sitting-room, where a bright and cheerful fire was blazing up the wide-backed chimney. Here, having seated his "lady" in state, he rang a little hand-bell on the table. The landlord entered. "Is *dis* you' best room, landlord?" "Yes," replied the landlord, "yes—doesn't it suit you?" "W'y, yes, sà, it suit if dere ain't no *better*, sà. We want some fresh'ents—best you got; sumfin nice—quick: an' look a' hea: gib my hosses couple tub o' oats, two ton o' hay, and two bushel o' water! An', we don't want no odder company, sà, in our 'partment: don't let in no colored pussons, sà." The landlord, who had known the old servant before he had gone to live with Mr. A— (a fact which *he* did not know, or had forgotten), said, "EBEN, where do you live now?" "Mr. A— lib wid me, down on de Plain," said "EBEN," speaking very quickly; "but I t'ank you, sà, w'en you speak to me, to call me by *both* my names: I got *two* names, sà." "Ah?—well, EBEN, what is your *other* name?" "My middle name is 'NEZER, sà, and I'd t'ank you to recollect 'im!" "Poor, faithful, simple-hearted 'Eben!" said the friend who mentioned this incident to us, he has followed 'Uncle Ned,' and 'gone where the good niggers go;' but he will long be remembered by all who ever knew him. He it was who, on one occasion, when about to take a letter to a certain quarter of the city, and when asked if he knew where the house was, replied, "I wish I had as many dollars as I know where dat house is!" The sum was not computable by any rule known to arithmetic, mathematics, or any cognate "science of numbers." On another occasion he was describing an execution of a colored man, which he had been to see. "When he went upon the platform," said he, "he was extremely overcome, and I thought, at one time, dat he *wouldn't survive!*" The probability is, that he *didn't* long!

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One of "Nature's true Nobility," an educated, independent farmer in the country, after walking over his rich paternal acres, amidst his "fields ripe for the harvest," and his noble flocks and herds, sits down and writes the following passage in a letter to a gentleman of this city: "The scene has changed on the farm since I wrote you last. Blades and blossoms have turned to ears and fruit; spring to summer; seed-time to harvest. The birds have changed their notes, and seem to sing as if from a sense of duty only. The trees, instead of being fresh and green, are only shady. Brooks seem to be growing tired, and gardens no longer conceal their faded flowers. The noon of the year is at hand. Even now we feel its sultry heat; we are dazzled by its golden light. Reapers will soon go out to gather the ripened grain. Store-houses and barns will soon be filled again with the bounties of God. Is it not a pleasant season, a profitable halting-time; a point of prospect, from which we may look backward and forward? Has it no analogy to the Present of our own lives—yours, and mine, and —'s? Does it not bid us look to *our* harvests, that we may gather in season, and be furnished for the long winter which approacheth? Gather, I mean, in those great moral fields which God has opened around us, and filled with incorruptible fruits: knowing that *they*, too, have their appropriate seasons, and that as to *them*, also the harvest will soon pass, the summer will soon end? Let us keep in mind, then, dear —, the great truth, that,

"Loitering slow the Future creepeth,  
Arrow-swift the Present sweepeth,  
And motionless forever stands the Past!"

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"I had been out a-fishing in the 'Old South Bay,'" said a Long Island subscriber the other day, "with one of those crafty fishermen to whom *no* days, on which the water may be tempted, are considered days for 'bad luck;' '*dies infaustus*' being a term unknown in his calendar. He was one of those 'long-necked clam'-eaters, whose stomach rose and fell with the tides which made them plentiful or left them scarce. As we were coming in in our boat, after a successful foray upon bass and sheepshead, we 'fell to meditate' upon various matters which were neither piscatory nor akin to it. As Boswell would say of the colloquies of the Great Leviathan: 'We spoke of Ghosts.' 'You say ghosts have been *seen* on Long Island, but *you* never seen 'em, and don't believe in 'em!' 'Wal, yes, I can't say I do believe in 'em, but I guess I *should* believe in 'em, ef I had such luck in gettin' a sight on 'em as a man did down to Jerusalem-South a good many years ago. The way of it was this: You see, it was a dreadful cold winter's night, about nine o'clock (how the Old South

Bay roared that night!) when there was a sleigh with three fellows into it, druv up under the hossed at the tavern. Two on 'em got out; and as they got out, they said to 't'other one, 'Jim, jist you sit there and mind the hosses while we go in and git somethin' warmin': we'll be right out agin.' They went into the tavern, but they *didn't* 'come right out again' by a jug-full, though when they *did* come out they had more than a jug-full apiece into 'em—both on 'em had—ha! ha! 'Fore they come out, though, BILL the 'ostler said to the man sittin' in the sleigh, 'Ef I was you I wouldn't sit there in the cold as long as you're a-sittin', blamed if I would: why don't you go in and get somethin' too?" The man never said nothin', though, in answer, but sot up as straight as an Indian. Bill, who was lookin' after some other hosses under the same shed, a'ter a while said somethin' more to him, but he was as still as a 'yster. Pooty soon Bill said to hisself, 'Goy-blamed ef I don't think he's friz to death, or else he'd say *somethin'*!' So he went up to him and shook him; and sure enough, he found him fruz as stiff as a stake; and when he come to hold up his lantern to look, he found him propped up on each side on the seat; the lines was wound round his hands; he was muffled up with comforters about his face—and he was stone-dead!

"Bill wasn't nobody's fool, ef he *did* attend to hosses. He smelt the whole thing out to-once. Two or three graves had been robbed about there only a little while before, and the two chaps in the tavern was two body-gatherers that had been paid by doctors to get bodies for 'em, for to cut up, and they'd been and robbed a new grave that night; and here was the corpse, wrapped up and propped up in that sleigh, so that folks wouldn't suspicion nothing about it! Now what d'you 'spose Bill does? He goes and takes, Bill does, that body out of the sleigh (for he wasn't afraid of the very devil), strips off the clothes, and puts it into the oat-bin inside, and fastens the door: then he puts on the dead man's clothes hisself, and *he* goes and gets into the sleigh with 'em onto him, puts the lines round his hands, props hisself up, and waits for the body-snatchers to come out from the bar-room. Pooty soon, out they come, got in on the wide seat along side of him, and druv off. There Bill sits, as stiff as a rail; but 'twasn't long 'fore one o' the chaps says to t'other, feelin' o' Bill's leg a little, 'Why, the body's gettin' warm! Feel o' that leg!' T'other one put down his hand and felt o' Bill's legs; and then *he* started back and said: 'It's a fact, by Thunder! it *is* warm, and *no* mistake!' 'Twas Bill's time, now: so he turned his head round, stiff-like and straight, without moving his body, and says he, '*Warm?*—wal, I guess you'd be WARM ef you'd been took out o' h-ll only a little while ago, as *I* was!'

"Bill says it wan't half a second 'fore both o' them chaps had pitched head-first out o' that sleigh, and n'ither on 'em stopped runnin' till they was clean out o' sight. Then he turned right square round and druv back to the tavern. There he told the whole story; and he made a good spec. out o' the thing too, in the end; for you see, the friends of the man that was dug up guv him fifty dollars for savin' of the body, and as nobody ever come back a'ter the sleigh and hosses, he sold 'em to Captain B—, down on H— Plains, for nigh upon three hundred dollars! 'Twas a fust-rate team—so they said. That's the most profitable and about the only ghost that ever *I* heerd tell on! Good many folks *talks* about seein' 'em, but I expect they never *did*—not *r'ally*."

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It was not an uncommon thing in England, before the abuse was corrected by an especial act of Parliament, for interested parties to secure the incarceration, in private asylums for lunatics, of those who, from pecuniary or other considerations, they were desirous of "*getting* out of the way, and *keeping* out of the way:" but in this country the difficulty attending such transactions rendered them infrequent of execution. Yet as late as in October, 1847, a learned clergyman of the Church of England, of unique mind, and in his manners not a copyist of others, was imprisoned in a lunatic asylum not three hundred miles from New York, on the alleged ground that he was "crazy." The truth was soon discovered, however, and he was liberated; but the result arose from a mere accident. The victim had asked permission, on a Sunday, to attend church. The request was refused. A second demand to the same effect was met with: "If you ask to go to church again, we shall confine you to the 'second floor'"—a hall with cells and grated windows, and seldom entered by visitors. Whereupon the incarcerated clergyman, who had not been prohibited from having writing materials, sent to the overseer of the institution the following lines:

"Go on, go on! your prison den  
No terrors has for me:  
GOD is my shield! why fear I then  
A moment's tyranny?"

"Vain man may bind his fellow clay,  
Incarcerate the wise,  
Dungeons shut out the cheerful day,  
And darkness shroud my eyes:"

"Go on, go on! free FANCY smiles,  
And soars on golden wings,  
The Spirit spurns your petty wiles—  
The MUSE, unfettered, sings!"

"Bring on, bring here your threats and chains,  
IMAGINATION bind!"

Bring grates, bring all your iron panes—  
Cage in the steadfast mind!

"Your power is faint, your threatenings naught,  
What empire have ye now?  
This poor, frail body—not one thought—  
Shall to your thralldom bow.

"Sure is that day not distant far,  
When TRUTH shall claim her son,  
Offended Justice wake the war,  
And speak in thunder-tone:

"How did ye dare, on MERCY'S plea,  
Abuse her sacred name,  
Till violated Liberty  
Bring in her sternest claim.

"Now Justice reign, bereft of sight,  
For mortal woes and fears;  
In Freedom's cause uphold the Right!  
Back, back, ye struggling tears!"

These lines seemed to create an impression, in the minds of those who saw them, that there was at least some "method" in the writer's "madness," and the requisite inquisition soon put an end to his incarceration. He is now, as he was then, a learned and accomplished divine, and is at present preaching to a large and flourishing congregation in a sister city.

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We have heard much of the sagacity of the elephant; of those qualities which DUGALD STEWART places far above mere instinct (namely, memory and forecaste), which he possesses; but we never knew until lately, that an elephant had an "ear for music!" But it appears that there was at Mayence, in 1811, an elephant who was a great lover of sweet sounds. The musicians of the city treated him with a concert of instrumental music, which had a very powerful effect upon him. He expressed his delight by frequently flapping his great leather-apron ears, and rolling from side to side. A solo upon a horn almost transported him. He "put himself in motion," beat time with his trunk, and expressed his approval of the performance by the distinct but subdued emission of vocal applause. Think of an elephant applauding at the opera, or one of JENNY LIND'S concerts!

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It will have been observed, by those who have read the recent speeches of a celebrated American orator and statesman, with what beautiful simplicity and force brief passages or phrases from the BIBLE come in aid of his eloquence. And well would it be if these qualities were studied more by our public speakers from that good "BOOK of books." Sir WILLIAM JONES expressed his opinion that the BIBLE contained "more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence and poetry, than could be collected from all other books, in whatever language or age they might have been written." FISHER AMES and PATRICK HENRY, pre-eminent American orators, did not hesitate to go further, and declare, that "no man ever did or ever could become truly eloquent, without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language."

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If the following amusing circumstance had been narrated in the pages of the veracious historian, DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, it would have been set down to the credit of a fertile fancy on the part of that illustrious historian, rather than believed as a fact. But the occurrence here detailed is a veritable one, and happened many years ago in the county of York, Pennsylvania. It is a forcible illustration of that undoubted and undoubting Dutch honesty which made New Amsterdam so famous in the olden time.

It seems, from the record, that there were two early German settlers, in the western part of the county, whose names were PETER — and JOHN —. Peter had increased the size of his farm, by annexing to it a small tract of land adjoining, and he lacked about a hundred dollars of the sum which it was necessary to pay for his new acquisition. He called upon his neighbor John, to borrow the amount. John consented at once, and going into another room, he brought out an old bread-basket, and counted down the desired number of dollars; and then the two sat down to two large earthen mugs of cider and as many pipes of tobacco. After smoking over the matter for a while, it occurred to Peter that in similar transactions he had seen or heard something like a *note* passing between the borrower and lender, and he suggested as much to John. The lender assented to the propriety of such a course; paper, pen, and ink, were produced; and between the two a document was concocted, stating that John had loaned Peter one hundred dollars, which Peter would repay to John in "tree mont's." This Peter signed; and thus far the two financiers

made the thing "all regular, and ship-shape."

But at this point a difficulty presented itself. They both knew that notes were made in the operation of borrowing and lending, which they had witnessed; but neither of them had observed what disposition was made of the document: neither could tell whether it was for the borrower or the lender to take charge of the paper. Here was a dilemma! At last a bright idea struck John: "You haves de money to pay, Peter, so you must take dis paper, so as you can *see* as you haf to pay it." This was conclusive: the common sense of the thing was unanswerable; and Peter pocketed the money and his own note, so "as he could *see* as he haf to pay it!"

Three months passed over; and punctually to the day appeared Peter, and paid over the promised sum to John. This being done, the mugs and pipes were again brought out. After puffing awhile, Peter produced the note, and handed it to John, with the remark: "*Now*, John, *you* must take de note, so as you can see the money haf been paid!"

It strikes us that this incident is only second to the "balancing of the books" by weighing, passing receipts, and mulcting the constable in the amount of costs, as recorded by the sage historian of Manahatta.

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We believe it is a German poet who, walking "silent and thoughtful by the solemn shore of the vast ocean we must sail so soon," thus speaks "*The Ship of Death*:"

"By the shore of Time, now lying  
On the inky flood beneath,  
Patiently, thou SOUL undying!  
Waits for thee the Ship of Death!

"He who on that vessel starteth,  
Sailing from the sons of men,  
To the friends from whom he parteth  
Never more returns again!

"From her mast no flag is flying,  
To denote from whence she came;  
She is known unto the dying—  
AZAEL is her captain's name.

"Not a word was ever spoken,  
On that dark, unfathom'd sea;  
Silence there is so unbroken,  
She herself seems not to be!

"Silent thus, in darkness lonely,  
Doth the SOUL put forth alone,  
While the wings of angels only  
Waft her to a LAND UNKNOWN."

How many are departing daily in that "Ship of Death!" "Good Heaven!" exclaims one, "how often are we to die before we go off this stage! In every friend we lose, we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. GOD keep those we have left!"

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The following ludicrous occurrence finds its way into the "Drawer," on a blank-leaf of a business-letter, from a flourishing town in Illinois: "A manufacturer of tombstones, in our place, lately received a call from a countryman, who wanted a stone to place over the grave of his mother. After looking around for some time, and making sundry remarks about the taste of his deceased mother, he finally pitched upon one which the stone-cutter had prepared for another person. 'I like *this* one,' said he. 'But,' said the manufacturer, 'that belongs to another man, and has Mrs. PERRY'S name cut on it: it wouldn't do for your mother.' 'O, yes, it would,' said the countryman, 'she couldn't *read*! And besides,' he continued, as he observed the wonderment of the stone-cutter, 'PERRY was always a favorite name of hers, any how!'" This anecdote reminds us of a kindred occurrence, which actually took place in this good city of Gotham. A parvenu, who had set up his carriage in great state, went to a harness-maker to have "a silver letter" put on the blinders of his horses. "What letter shall I put on?" asked the harness-maker. "Well, I don't *know*, exactly," answered the pompous "patron;" but, after hesitating a moment, he said, "Well; I guess W is about as handsome a letter as you can put on—isn't it?"

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In the "marriage of language to music and feeling," as the great German, GOETHE, expresses it, ALFRED TENNYSON has but few equals, and probably no superior at the present day. A modern English critic, in a review of his *Princess*, observes: Mr. TENNYSON is not, we believe, a connoisseur

in music, as MOORE was; yet look at the songs in 'The Princess.' Take the 'Bugle Song,' for example, unequalled in our language, except by SHAKESPEARE:

'The splendor falls on castle walls,  
And snowy summits old in story:  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory:  
Blow, bugle, blow—set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying!

'O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying  
Blow, bugle! answer echoes, dying, dying, dying!

'O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill, on field, on river:  
*Our* echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever:  
Blow, bugle! blow; set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying!'

"True," says the reviewer, "this is an imitation, in words, of the actual sounds of bugle-music; but it had been little to let us hear, in the wonderful combination of liquid, ringing consonants, and resounding vowels, the 'horns of Elfland faintly blowing,' had not the poet told us in the same key of sound, how

'The splendor falls on castle walls,  
And snowy summits old in story:'

investing with one uniting halo, first the scenery, then the music itself, and lastly the human thoughts and feelings which remind him that

'*Our* echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever:'

embodying, in the oneness of the sensuous framework, the spiritual harmony of the whole inward and outward impression, the luscious languor, the stately splendor, the thoughts which follow into infinity the dying echoes of the air." This is true criticism, and is confirmatory of an impression which we have long entertained, that it requires something more than laborious pains-taking, something different, and better, than a mere careful selection of melodious or sounding words, and a felicitous collocation of them, to give a man a poetical reputation that is worth possessing.

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The western lawyers, who "hire out their words and anger," are somewhat amenable to the charge brought against them by transatlantic writers, of looseness and bombast in their arguments and oratory. In a recent case of capital crime, before a far-western jury, the lawyer addressed to them, among other similar arguments, the following: "The BIBLE says, 'Thou shalt not kill!' Now do you know, gentlemen, that if you go to hang my client, the prisoner at the bar, that you commit murder? You *do*, and 'no mistake;' for murder is *murder*, whether it is committed by twelve men in what is called a box—and a 'bad box' you'll find it if you don't give a righteous verdict—or a humble individual, like my client. S'posing my client *had* killed a man; I say, *s'posing* he had; is that any reason why *you* should kill a man?—twelve of you on one! No, gentlemen of the jury, you may bring the prisoner at the bar, my client, in guilty; the hangman may do his duty, but will that exonerate *you*? No such thing! You will all, individually and collectively, you will *all* of you be murderers!" This profound argument had its effect. The verdict of the jury was: "*Not guilty if he'll quit the State!*"

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Our neighbors across the water indulge themselves in occasional comments upon the personal ostentation and desire for external display, which they regard as the besetting folly of our people. There is an old adage of "Look at home," which it seems to us it would not be amiss for "honest JOHN" to bear in mind. One of his own writers recently said, "An Englishman will forego a horse and cabriolet that will serve to convey him comfortably to his friends, and give him air, pleasure, and variety, if he can not do it in an expensive style and manner, mounting a lackey behind, bedaubed with gold lace. Pride, purse-pride, is the besetting sin of England; and like most other sins, brings its own punishment, by converting existence into a struggle, and environing it with gloom and despondency." This is a criticism, be it understood, of an Englishman upon Englishmen, in the present state of English society. Now to show how it was aforesaid, and that what BULL charges *us* with, is a besetting sin and folly of his own, hear the quaint THOMAS NASHE, who wrote in 1593:

"ENGLAUND, the players' stage of gorgeous attyre, the ape of all nations' superfluities, the continuall masquer in outlandish habilements, great plenty-scanting calamities art thou to await, for wanton disguising thyself against kind, and digressing from the plainnesse of thine Auncesters; scandalous and shamefull is it, that not anie in thee (Fishermen and husbandmen set aside) but lyve above their ability and birth; that the outward habite (which in other countries is the only distinction of honour), shoulde yeelde in thee no difference of persons: that all thy auncient Nobilitie, (almost,) with this gorgeous prodigalitie, should be devoured and eaten uppe, and up-starts inhabite their stately Pallaces, who from farre have fetcht in this vanitie of pride to entrappe and to spoyle them. Those of thy people that in all other things are miserable, on their apparaile will be prodigal. No Lande can so unfallibly experience this proverbe, *The hoode makes not the Moncke* as thou: for Tailers, serving-men, Make-shifts, and Gentlemen in thee are confounded. For the compassment of bravery we hear theye will robbe, steale, cozen, cheate, betray their owne Fathers, sweare and forswear, or doe any thing. Take away braverie, you kill the hart of lust and incontinenzie. Wherefore doe men make themselves brave, but to riot and to revell? Looke after what state theyr apparaile is, that state they take to them and carry, and after a little accustoming to that carriage, persuade themselves they are such indeede."

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There is that in the following brief social homily which renders it worthy of a better preservation than an inscription upon an unappropriated slip of paper in the "Drawer:" "There is no better evidence of ill-breeding than the practice of interrupting another in conversation while speaking, or commencing a remark before another has fully closed. No well-bred person ever does it, nor continues conversation long with a person who *does* do it. The latter often finds an interesting conversation abruptly waived, closed, or declined by the former, without even suspecting the cause. A well-bred person will not even interrupt one who is in all respects greatly his inferior. If you wish to judge the good-breeding of a person with whom you are but little acquainted, observe him, or her, strictly in this respect, and you will not be deceived. However intelligent, fluent, or easy one may appear, this practice proves the absence of true politeness. It is often amusing to see persons, priding themselves on the gentility of their manners, and putting forth all their efforts to appear to advantage in many other respects, so readily betray all in this particular."

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## Fashions for September



FIG. 1.—PROMENADE AND HOME COSTUME.

The warm weather, which generally continues until the middle of this month, makes a change in the materials for dresses quite unnecessary, and we report some slight novelties in mode rather than change in fabrics.

The figure on the left, in the above illustration, exhibits an elegant style of WALKING TOILETTE.—Silk drawn bonnet. The poke is made on a whalebone skeleton. Crown reclining, trimmed with a silk *fanchon*, edged with two *ruchès*, one blue, the other same color as the silk. A similar double *ruchè* runs along the edge of the poke and curtain. This last is very full. On one side are small bunches of forget-me-nots, with a little foliage. The ribbons or edges are worked in festoons. Dress and mantelet of plain silk with band à *disposition* trimmed with fringed ribbon. The scarf-mantelet is low on the neck; it is cut with a point, and the part of the top which folds like a shawl falls over the other, from the front, and behind is continued in a point following the shape of the lower part. The band is clouded with blue and green on nut-color, and is detached from the ground by a narrow white fillet; below there is a plain part which forms a hem, under which are sewed fringed ribbons of the same color as the stuff, the threads being alternately an inch of blue and an inch of green. The fringe of the shawl part is from 6 to 7 inches deep at top, that at



bottom from 9 to 10 inches. The body is open, and there is a *chiné*, or clouded band, about an inch from the edge. The skirt has two tucks along each of which runs a clouded band with a hem of about an inch, and a deep fringe. The upper one reaches to within 1½ inch of the band at bottom. Therefore, if the skirt is 44 inches deep, there are 10 of fringe, 8 of interval, 10 more of fringe, and the rest forms the band and the top of the skirt. The collar is composed of three rows of lace turned down, and the front of the habit-shirt is formed of three rows of beautiful lace, having the appearance of a very full triple shirt frill.

The other figure, on the right, shows a beautiful style of HOME TOILETTE.—The hair is arranged in waved bands, short and puffed. A cambric chemisette with small plaits, a raised collar of two frills very finely plaited, and edged with a very narrow *valenciennes*. Sleeves half-large, of cambric, plaited small; and ending in a stitched wrist-band with two plaited trimmings, and narrow *valenciennes*, like the collar. Waistcoat body of white quilting, open in front; the collar, which turns down, is narrow, rounded at the corner, and is continued in a little lapel like a man's waistcoat. The lappets are not sewed on at the waist; they are formed by the hollowing of the seams; the front lappet opens and rounds off on the hip. Behind, it is continued square, with an opening at each seam. The sleeves have an elbow, and a cuff turned up, with the corners rounded off. There is a small pocket on each of the front lappets. The buttons are coral. All the edges of this garment have a double row of stitches. The skirt is made of Scotch poplin.



FIGS. 2 AND 3.—BONNET AND HEAD-DRESS.

There is a greater variety in the style of bonnets than in dresses. Among the most elegant are a drawn bonnet of white lace, hair, and straw, mounted on a net foundation, with a small poke formed by bouillons of white *gros de Naples*, placed cross-wise, and separated from each other, by an extremely narrow straw ornament. These bouillons spread between two spaces of straw lace, half an inch wide, one of which forms the edge of the poke, and the other comes at the bottom of the crown. The curtain is very deep, of the same lace, surmounted by a band of silk. Inside are two small bunches of field-flowers, mixed with blades of grass. Another bonnet is composed of cross-pieces of lisse crape, laid flat in contrary directions, and trimmed with three deep blonds, placed according to fancy. The edge is open-work blond. At the bottom of each cross-piece is a roll of shot silk, intended to give relief. Trimmed on the side with a cabbage rose, or marabouts; the curtain, crape and blond. A novel style of drawn bonnet for mourning, is composed of half ornaments of black and white hair, and half narrow flounces of rose-leaf, small-striped ribbons. Each of them is zebraed with three small pink stripes of equal width; but the ribbons are so matched, that these stripes gradually increase in width, and form a very pleasing diversity. Figure 2 represents a very pretty style. The poke of the bonnet of rice-straw, having at the edge in front one row of about an inch wide, and continued, without being cut, along the bottom of the curtain, which is very large and wholly of rice-straw. The crown forms three divisions. Those of the two sides, arranged in the shape of a ram's horns, are composed of three bouillonnés, separated by narrow rows about a quarter of an inch. These bouillonnés, beginning at top, form on each side a kind of semi-circle. The top of the crown between these two parts is formed of nineteen or twenty flat plaits of silk, separated from each other by a narrow row of rice-straw. On the side of the bonnet is a branch of a rose-tree with buds and leaves, which begins wide at bottom and gets narrower up the poke. Inside, ribbons and flowers.

Figure 3 represents a pretty style of head-dress for a home toilette. The hair is disposed in bandeaux, and tied low behind. The head-dress is composed of tufts of silk ribbons, and bunches of velvet bows. These ribbons are mounted on elastic springs, which hold them well on the head.

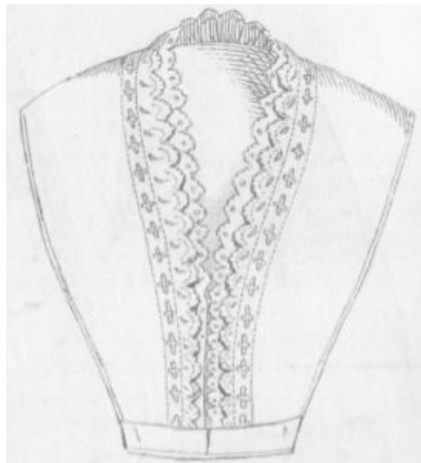


FIG 4—CHEMISETTE

Chemisettes and habit-shirts form a part of almost every costume, and when arranged with taste, are very elegant. They are of almost every variety of pattern, and some of them, trimmed with fine lace, are very costly. Our engraving represents a very neat pattern, and quite simple. It is made of the usual material, and trimmed with two rows of festooned bands with insertions to match.

Scarfs are beginning to be quite fashionable. Owing to long disuse, they possess the charm of novelty. The mantelets have, for some time, been approaching in form the scarf of former days, and this graceful portion of a full dress, will doubtless soon be in general vogue.

Waistcoats, too, are gaining favor, and their style very nearly resembles those worn by gentlemen. In fact, the ladies seem determined to reduce the volume of their dresses. This is manifested abroad by the prevailing taste for close fitting jackets, and at home by the general favor in which the "Bloomers" are held. There are signs of radical changes in costume, which neither sneers, caricatures, or serious opposition, can prevent. Health and good taste demand a reform, and common sense will doubtless second the demand with powerful effect.

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