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3, NO. 3, JUNE, 1851 ***

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Of Literature, Art, and Science.

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MY NOVEL:
A GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.
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HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, "FRANK FORESTER."

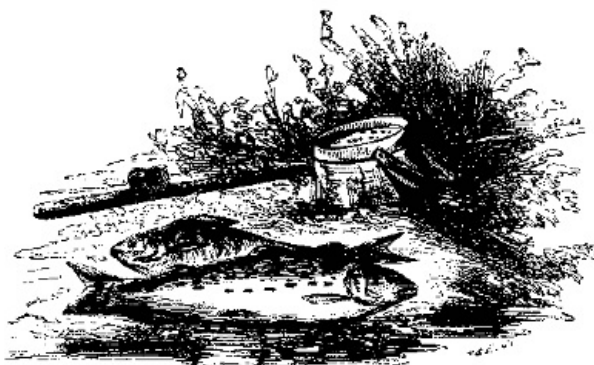
We doubt whether the wood-engravers of this country have ever produced a finer portrait than the above of the author of "The Brothers," "Cromwell," "Marmaduke Wyvil," "The Roman Traitor," "The Warwick Woodlands," "Field Sports," "Fish and Fishing," &c., &c. It is from one of the most successful daguerreotypes of Brady.

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT is the eldest son of the late Hon. and Rev. William Herbert, Dean of Manchester, and of the Hon. Letitia Allen. His father was the second son of the second Earl of Carnarvon, who was of the nearest younger branch of the house of Pembroke. He was a member of Parliament in the earlier part of his life, and being a lawyer in Doctors' Commons was largely employed on the part of American shipmasters previous to the war of 1812. At a later period he took orders, became Dean of Manchester, was distinguished as a botanist, and as the author of many eminent works, especially "Attila," an epic poem of great power and learning. He died about three years ago. His mother was the second daughter of Joshua, second Viscount Allen, of Kildare, Ireland,—closely connected with the house of Leinster.

Mr. Herbert was born in London on the seventh of April, 1807; he was educated at home under a private tutor till 1819, and then sent to a private school near Brighton, kept by the Rev. Dr. Hooker, at which he remained one year he was then transferred to Eton, and was at that school from April, 1820, till the summer of 1825, when he left for the university, and entered Caius College, Cambridge, in October. Here he obtained two scholarships and several prizes,—though not a hard-reading man, and spending much of his time in field sports—and he graduated in the winter of 1829-30, with a distinguished reputation for talents and scholarship. In November, 1831, he sailed from Liverpool for New York, and for the last twenty years he has resided nearly all the time in this city and at his place near Newark in New Jersey, called the Cedars.



In 1832, in connection with the late A. D. Patterson, he started *The American Monthly Magazine*, nearly one half the matter of which was composed by him. After the first year Mr. Patterson retired from it, and during twelve months it was conducted by Mr. Herbert alone. On the conclusion of the second year it was sold to Charles F. Hoffman, Mr. Herbert continuing to act as a joint editor. At the commencement of the fourth year Park Benjamin being associated in the editorship, it was contemplated to introduce party politics into the work, and Mr. Herbert in consequence declined further connection with it.



By this time Mr. Herbert had made a brilliant reputation as a scholar and as an author. In the *American Monthly* he had printed the first chapters of *The Brothers, a Tale of the Fronde*, and the entire novel was published by the Harpers in 1834, and so well received that the whole edition was sold in a few weeks. In 1836 and 1837 he edited *The Magnolia*, the first annual ever printed in America on the system of entire originality both of the literary matter, and of the embellishments, which were all executed by American engravers from American designs. A considerable portion of the matter for both years was furnished by Mr. Herbert. In 1837 the Harpers published his second novel, *Cromwell*, which did not sell so rapidly as *The Brothers*, though generally praised by the reviewers. In 1840 it was reprinted by Colburn in London, and was eminently successful. In 1843 he published in New-York and London his third novel, *Marmaduke Wyvil, or the Maid's Revenge*, a story of the English civil wars, and in 1848 the most splendid of his romances, *The Roman Traitor*, founded on the history of Cataline, a work which must be classed with the most remarkable of those specimens of literary art in which it has been attempted to illustrate classical scenes, characters, and manners.

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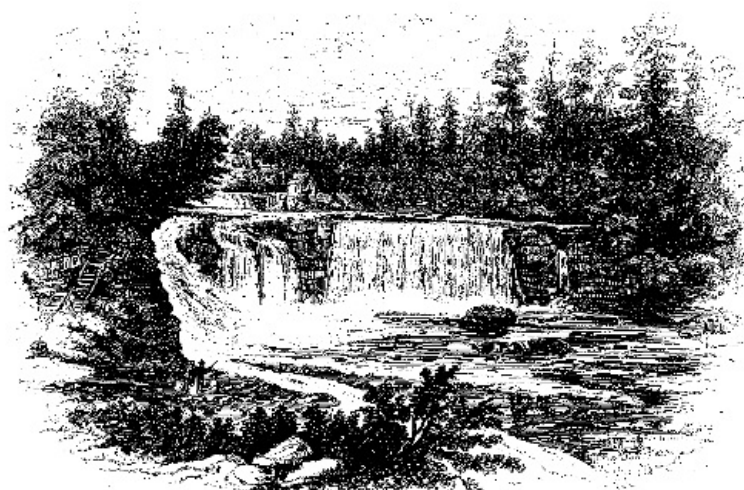
In romantic fiction, besides the above works, Mr. Herbert has written for the magazines of this country and Great Britain tales and sketches sufficient to make twenty to thirty stout volumes. The subjects of his best performances have been drawn from the middle ages and from southern Europe, and they display besides very eminent capacities for the historical novel, and a familiarity with the institutions of chivalry and with contemporary manners hardly equaled in any writer of the English language.

In 1839 Mr. Herbert commenced in the New-York *Turf Register* a series of papers, under the signature of "Frank Forester," from which have grown *My Shooting Box*, *The Warwick Woodlands*, *Field Sports of the United States and British Provinces*, and *Fish and Fishing in the United States and British Provinces*—works which by the general consent of the sporting world are second to none in their department, in any of the qualities which should distinguish this sort of writing. The principal distinction between these and all other sporting works lies in this, that such works in general treat only of game in the field and flood, and the modes of killing it, while these are in great part natural histories, containing minute and carefully digested accounts of every specie of game, beast, bird, and fish, compiled from Audubon, Wilson, Giraud, Godman,

Agassiz, De Kay, and other authorities, besides long disquisitions into their habits, times of migration, breeding, &c., from the personal observation and experience of the author. Any person is at once enabled by them to distinguish between any two even closely allied species, and to adopt the proper nomenclature, with a knowledge of the reason for it. The sporting precepts are admitted, throughout the western country especially, to be superior to all others, as well as the papers relating to the breaking and the kennel and field management of dogs, &c. The same may be said of what he has written of guns and gunnery. Mr. Herbert has hunted, shot, and fished during the last twenty years in every state of the Union, from Maine to Maryland, south of the great lakes, and from below Quebec to the Sault St. Marie northward of them. Not having visited the southern or south western states, the accounts of sporting in those regions are collected from the writings or oral communications of their best sportsmen, and on these points much valuable new information, especially as to the prairie shooting and the sports of the Rocky Mountains, will be contained in the new edition of the *Field Sports* to appear in the coming autumn.

Besides his contributions to romantic and sporting literature, Mr. Herbert has written largely in criticism, he has done much as a poet, and his capacities in classical scholarship have been illustrated by some of the finest examples of Greek and Latin translation that have appeared in our time. In the aggregate his works would now make scarcely less than fifty octavo volumes.

As we have intimated, the portrait at the beginning of this article is remarkably good. Mr. Herbert is about five feet ten high, of athletic habits, and an untiring and fast walker; fond, of course, of all field sports, especially horsemanship and shooting, and priding himself upon killing as much if not more game than any other gentleman in the country out of New-York.



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TRENTON FALLS

In a story called *Edith Linsey*, written by Mr. WILLIS, soon after he left college, occurs the

following description of Trenton Falls:

"Trenton Falls is rather a misnomer. I scarcely know what you would call it, but the wonder of nature which bears the name is a tremendous torrent, whose bed, for several miles, is sunk fathoms deep into the earth—a roaring and dashing stream, so far below the surface of the forest in which it is lost, that you would think, as you come suddenly upon the edge of its long precipice, that it was a river in some inner world (coiled within ours, as we in the outer circle of the firmament,) and laid open by some Titanic throes that had cracked clear asunder the crust of this 'shallow earth.' The idea is rather assisted if you happen to see below you, on its abysmal shore, a party of adventurous travellers; for, at that vast depth, and in contrast with the gigantic trees and rocks, the same number of well-shaped pismires, dressed in the last fashions, and philandering upon your parlor floor, would be about of their apparent size and distinctness.

"They showed me at Eleusis the well by which Proserpine ascends to the regions of day on her annual visit to the plains of Thessaly—but with the *genius loci* at my elbow in the shape of a Greek girl as lovely as Phryne, my memory reverted to the bared axle of the earth in the bed of this American river, and I was persuaded (looking the while at the *feronière* of gold sequins on the Phidian forehead of my Katinka) that supposing Hades in the centre of the earth, you are nearer to it by some fathoms at Trenton. I confess I have had, since my first descent into those depths, an uncomfortable doubt of the solidity of the globe—how the deuse it can hold together with such a crack in its bottom!

"It was a night to play Endymion, or do any Tomfoolery that could be laid to the charge of the moon, for a more omnipresent and radiant atmosphere of moonlight never sprinkled the wilderness with silver. It was a night in which to wish it might never be day again—a night to be enamored of the stars, and bid God bless them like human creatures on their bright journey—a night to love in, to dissolve in—to do every thing but what night is made for—sleep! Oh heaven! when I think how precious is life in such moments; how the aroma—the celestial bloom and flower of the soul—the yearning and fast-perishing enthusiasm of youth—waste themselves in the solitude of such nights on the senseless and unanswering air; when I wander alone, unloving and unloved, beneath influences that could inspire me with the elevation of a seraph, were I at the ear of a human creature that could summon forth and measure my limitless capacity of devotion—when I think this, and feel this, and so waste my existence in vain yearnings—I could extinguish the divine spark within me like a lamp on an unvisited shrine, and thank Heaven for an assimilation to the animals I walk among! And that is the substance of a speech I made to Job as a sequitur of a well-meant remark of his own, that 'it was a pity Edith Linsey was not there.' He took the clause about the 'animals' to himself, and I made an apology for the same a year after. We sometimes give our friends, quite innocently, such terrible knocks in our rhapsodies!

"Most people talk of the *sublimity* of Trenton, but I have haunted it by the week together for its mere loveliness. The river, in the heart of that fearful chasm, is the most varied and beautiful assemblage of the thousand forms and shapes of running water that I know in the world. The soil and the deep-striking roots of the forest terminate far above you, looking like a black rim on the inclosing precipices; the bed of the river and its sky-sustaining walls are of solid rock, and, with the tremendous descent of the stream—forming for miles one continuous succession of falls and rapids—the channel is worn into curves and cavities which throw the clear waters into forms of inconceivable brilliancy and variety. It is a sort of half twilight below, with here and there a long beam of sunshine reaching down to kiss the lip of an eddy or form a rainbow over a fall, and the reverberating and changing echoes:—

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"Like a ring of bells whose sound the wind still alters,"

maintain a constant and most soothing music, varying at every step with the varying phase of the current. Cascades of from twenty to thirty feet, over which the river flies with a single and hurrying leap (not a drop missing from the glassy and bending sheet), occur frequently as you ascend; and it is from these that the place takes its name. But the falls, though beautiful, are only peculiar from the dazzling and unequalled rapidity with which the waters come to the leap. If it were not for the leaf which drops wavering down into the abyss from trees apparently painted on the sky, and which is caught away by the flashing current as if the lightning had suddenly crossed it, you would think the vault of the steadfast heavens a flying element as soon. The spot in that long gulf of beauty that I best remember is a smooth descent of some hundred yards, where the river in full and undivided volume skims over a plane as polished as a table of scagliola, looking, in its invisible speed, like one mirror of gleaming but motionless crystal. Just above, there is a sudden turn in the glen which sends the water like a catapult against the opposite angle of the rock, and, in the action of years, it has worn out a cavern of unknown depth, into which the whole mass of the river plunges with the

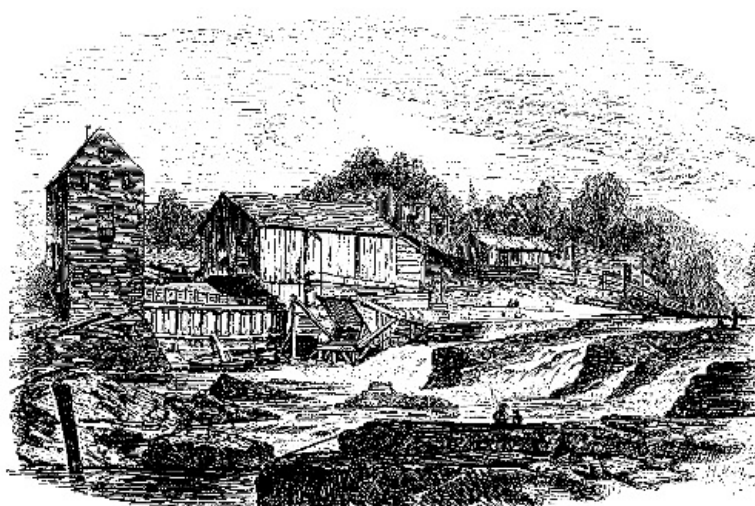
abandonment of a flying fiend into hell, and, reappearing like the angel that has pursued him, glides swiftly but with divine serenity on its way. (I am indebted for that last figure to Job, who travelled with a Milton in his pocket, and had a natural redolence of 'Paradise Lost' in his conversation.)

"Much as I detest water in small quantities (to drink), I have a hydromania in the way of lakes, rivers, and waterfalls. It is, by much, the *belle* in the family of the elements. *Earth* is never tolerable unless disguised in green. *Air* is so thin as only to be visible when she borrows drapery of water; and *Fire* is so staringly bright as to be unpleasant to the eyesight; but water! soft, pure, graceful water! there is no shape into which you can throw her that she does not seem lovelier than before. She can borrow nothing of her sisters. Earth has no jewels in her lap so brilliant as her own spray pearls and emeralds; Fire has no rubies like what she steals from the sunset; Air has no robes like the grace of her fine-woven and ever-changing drapery of silver. A health (in wine!) to WATER!



"Who is there that did not love some stream in his youth? Who is there in whose vision of the past there does not sparkle up, from every picture of childhood, a spring or a rivulet woven through the darkened and torn woof of first affections like a thread of unchanged silver? How do you interpret the instinctive yearning with which you search for the river-side or the fountain in every scene of nature—the clinging unaware to the river's course when a truant in the fields in June—the dull void you find in every landscape of which it is not the ornament and the centre? For myself, I hold with the Greek: "Water is the first principle of all things: we were made from it and we shall be resolved into it.""

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Of subsequent visits to this loveliest of spots, years after, Mr. Willis has given descriptions in letters addressed to General Morris for publication in the *Home Journal*, and we are soon to have from Putnam in a beautiful volume all that he has written on the subject, together with notices of the manner in which he enjoyed himself at Mr. Moore's delightful hotel at the Falls, which is represented as farthest of all summer resorts from the turmoil of the world and nearest of all to the gates of Paradise. We borrow from these letters a few characteristic and tempting paragraphs:

"I was here twenty years ago, but the fairest things slip easiest out of the memory, and I had half forgotten Trenton. To tell the truth, I was a little ashamed, to compare the faded and shabby picture of it in my mind with the reality before me, and if the waters of the Falls had been, by any likelihood, the same that flowed over when I was here before, I should have looked them in the face, I think, with

something of the embarrassment with which one meets, half-rememberingly, after years of separation, the ladies one has vowed to love for ever.

"The peculiarity of Trenton Falls, I fancy, consists a good deal in the space in which you are compelled to see them. You walk a few steps from the hotel through the wood, and come to a descending staircase of a hundred steps, the different bends of which are so over-grown with wild shrubbery, that you cannot see the ravine till you are fairly down upon its rocky floor. Your path hence, up to the first Fall, is along a ledge cut out of the base of the cliff that overhangs the torrent, and when you go to the foot of the descending sheet, you find yourself in very close quarters with a cataract—rocky walls all round you—and the appreciation of power and magnitude, perhaps, somewhat heightened by the confinement of the place—as a man would have a much more realizing sense of a live lion, shut up with him in a basement parlor, than he would of the same object, seen from an elevated and distant point of view.

"The usual walk (through this deep cave open at the top) is about half a mile in length, and its almost subterranean river, in that distance, plunges over four precipices in exceedingly beautiful cascades. On the successive rocky terraces between the falls, the torrent takes every variety of rapids and whirlpools, and, perhaps, in all the scenery of the world, there is no river, which, in the same space, presents so many of the various shapes and beauties of running and falling water. The Indian name of the stream (the Kanata, which means the *amber river*) expresses one of its peculiarities, and, probably from the depth of shade cast by the two dark and overhanging walls 'twixt which it flows, the water is everywhere of a peculiarly rich lustre and color, and, in the edges of one or two of the cascades, as yellow as gold. Artists, in drawing this river, fail, somehow, in giving the impression of *deep-down-itude* which is produced by the close approach of the two lofty walls of rock, capped by the overleaning woods, and with the sky apparently resting, like a ceiling, upon the leafy architraves.... If there were truly, as the poets say figuratively, "worlds *within* worlds," this would look as if an earthquake had cracked open the outer globe, and exposed, through the yawning fissure, one of the rivers of the globe below—the usual underground level of "down among the dead men," being, as you walk upon its banks, between you and the daylight.

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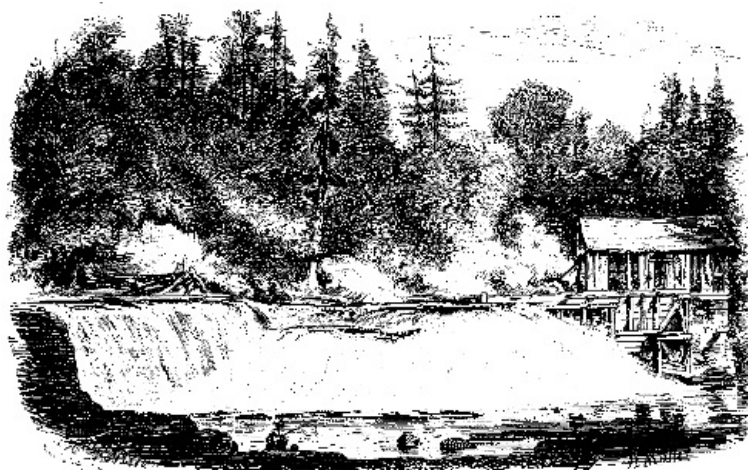
"Considering the amount of surprise and pleasure which one feels in a walk up the ravine at Trenton, it is remarkable how little one finds to say about it, the day after. Is it that mere scenery, without history, is enjoyable without being suggestive, or, amid the tumult of the rushing torrent at one's feet, is the milk of thought too much agitated for the cream to rise? I fancied yesterday, as I rested on the softest rock I could find at the upper end of the ravine, that I should tumble you out a letter to-day, with ideas pitching forth like saw-logs over a waterfall; but my memory has nothing in it to-day but the rocks and rapids it took in—the talent wrapped in its napkin of delight remaining in unimproved *statu-quo*-sity. One certainly gets the impression, while the sight and hearing are so overwhelmed, that one's mind is famously at work, and that we shall hear from it to-morrow; but it is Jean Paul, I think, who says that 'the mill makes the most noise when there is no grist in the hopper.'

"We have had the full of the moon and a cloudless sky for the last two or three nights, and of course we have walked the ravine till the 'small hours,' seeing with wonder the transforming effects of moonlight and its black shadows on the falls and precipices. I have no idea (you will be glad to know) of trying to reproduce these sublimities on paper—at least not with my travelling stock of verbs and adjectives. To 'sandwich the moon in a muffin,' one must have time and a ladder of dictionaries. But one or two effects struck me which perhaps are worth briefly naming, and I will throw into the lot a poetical figure, which you may use in your next song....

"The fourth Fall, (or the one that is flanked by the ruins of a saw-mill) is, perhaps, a hundred feet across; and its curve over the upper rock and its break upon the lower one, form two parallel lines, the water everywhere falling the same distance with the evenness of an artificial cascade. The stream not being very full, just now, it came over, in twenty or thirty places, thicker than elsewhere; and the effect, from a distance, as the moonlight lay full upon it, was that of twenty or thirty immovable marble columns connected by transparent curtains of falling lace, and with bases in imitation of foam. Now it struck me that this might suggest a new and fanciful order of architecture, suitable at least to the structure of green-houses, the glass roofs of which are curved over and slope to the ground with very much the contour of a waterfall....

"Subterranean as this foaming river looks by day, it looks like a river in cloud-land by night. The side of the ravine which is in shadow, is one undistinguishable mass of black, with its wavy upper edge in strong relief against the sky, and, as the foaming stream catches the light from the opposite and moonlit side, it is outlined distinctly on its bed of darkness, and seems winding its way between hills of

clouds, half black, half luminous. Below, where all is deep shadow except the river, you might fancy it a silver mine laid open to your view amid subterranean darkness by the wand of an enchanter, or (if you prefer a military trope, my dear General), a long white plume laid lengthwise between the ridges of a cocked hat."



NEW PROOF OF THE EARTH'S ROTATION.

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"The earth does move, notwithstanding," whispered Galileo, leaving the dungeon of the Inquisition: by which he meant his friends to understand, that if the earth did move, the fact would remain so in spite of his punishment. But a less orthodox assembly than the conclave of Cardinals might have been staggered by the novelty of the new philosophy. According to Laplace, the apparent diurnal phenomena of the heavens would be the same either from the revolution of the sun or the earth; and more than one reason made strongly in favor of the prevalent opinion that the earth, not the sun, was stationary. First, it was most agreeable to the impression of the senses; and next, to disbelieve in the fixity of the solid globe, was not only to eject from its pride of place our little planet, but to disturb the long-cherished sentiment that we ourselves are the centre—the be-all and end-all of the universe. However, the truth will out; and this is its great distinction from error, that while every new discovery adds to its strength, falsehood is weakened and at last driven from the field. That the earth revolves round the sun, and rotates on its polar axis, have long been the settled canons of our system. But the rotation of the earth has been rendered *visible* by a practical demonstration, which has drawn much attention in Paris and London, and is beginning to excite interest in this country. The inventor is M. Foucault; and the following description has been given of the mode of proof:

"At the centre of the dome of the Panthéon a fine wire is attached, from which a sphere of metal, four or five inches in diameter, is suspended so as to hang near the floor of the building. This apparatus is put in vibration after the manner of a pendulum. Under and concentric with it is placed a circular table, some twenty feet in diameter, the circumference of which is divided into degrees, minutes, &c., and the divisions numbered. Now, supposing the earth to have the diurnal motion imputed to it, and which explains the phenomena of day and night, the plane in which this pendulum vibrates will not be affected by this motion, but the table, over which the pendulum is suspended, will continually change its position, in virtue of the diurnal motion, so as to make a complete revolution round its centre. Since, then, the table thus revolves, and the pendulum which vibrates over it does not revolve, the consequence is, that a line traced upon the table by a point projecting from the bottom of the ball will change its direction relatively to the table from minute to minute and from hour to hour, so that if such point were a pencil, and that paper were spread upon the table, the course formed by this pencil would form a system of lines radiating from the centre of the table. The practised eye of a correct observer, especially if aided by a proper optical instrument, may actually see the motion which the table has in common with the earth, under the pendulum between two successive vibrations. It is, in fact, apparent that the ball, or rather the point attached to the bottom of the ball, does not return precisely to the same point of the circumference of the table after two successive vibrations. Thus is rendered visible the motion which the table has in common with the earth."

Crowds are said to flock daily to the Panthéon to witness this interesting experiment. It has been successfully repeated by Professor Ansted at the Russell Institution, in London, in a manner similar to the experiment at the Panthéon at Paris. The wire, which suspended a weight of twenty-eight pounds, was of the size of the middle C-string of a piano. It was thirty feet long, and vibrated over a graduated table fixed to the floor. The rotation of the table, implying that of the earth on which it rested, was visible in about five minutes, and the wonderful spectacle was presented of the rotation of the room round the pendulum. The experiment excited the

astonishment of every beholder, and many eminent scientific gentlemen who were present expressed their great delight in witnessing a phenomenon which they considered the most satisfactory they had witnessed in the whole course of their lives.

Although nothing, to minds capable of comprehending it, can add to the force or clearness of the demonstration by which the rotation of the earth has been established, yet even the natural philosopher himself cannot regard the present experiment without feelings of profound interest and satisfaction; and to the great mass, to whom the complicated physical phenomena by which the rotation of the earth has been established are incomprehensible, M. Foucault's very ingenious illustration is invaluable.

A correspondent of the Newark *Daily Advertiser* appears to have anticipated the experiment of M. Foucault, suspending a fifty-six pound weight by a small wire from the rafters of a barn. But however simple and conclusive the illustration, it should be attempted only by scientific men. Professor Sylvester, writing to the *Times*, of experiments made in London, says:

"The experiments connected with the practical demonstration of the phenomenon require to be conducted with great care; and some discredit has been brought upon attempts to illustrate it in England by persons who have not taken the necessary precautions to protect the motion from the excentric deviation to which it is liable, and which may, and indeed must, have the effect of causing, in some cases, an apparent failure, and in others a still more unfortunate, because fallacious, success. I believe, from the character of the persons connected with the experiments, that the true phenomenon has been accurately produced and observed in Paris. I doubt whether as much can be said, with entire confidence, of any of the experiments hitherto performed here in London.

"Any want of symmetry in the arrangements for the suspension of the wire, or in the centering of the weight, exposure to currents of air, or the tremulous motion occasioned by the passage of vehicles, may operate to cause a phenomenon to be brought about curious enough in itself, as a result of mathematical laws, but quite different from that supposed. The phenomenon of the progression of the apsides of an oval orbit, which is here alluded to, is familiar to all students in mechanics.

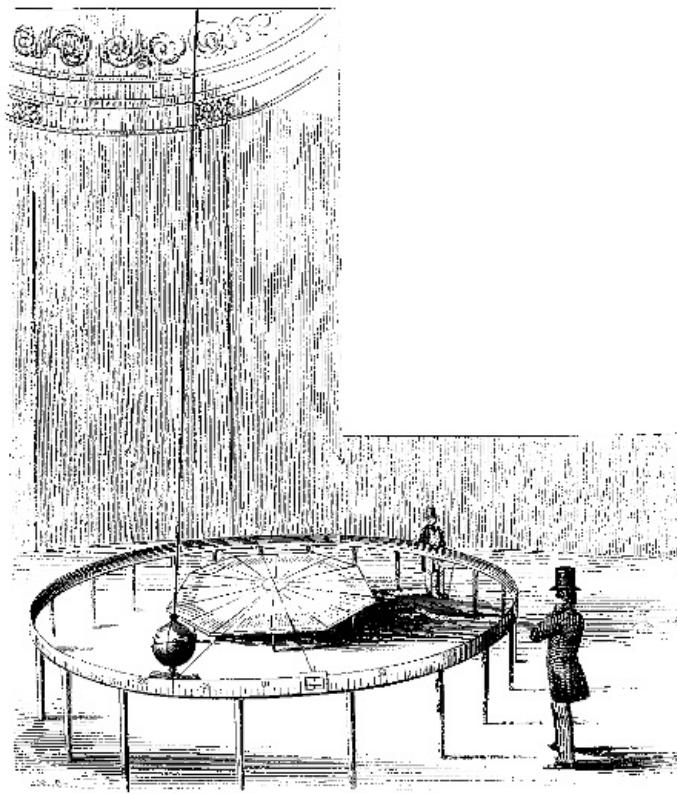
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"It is perfectly absurd for persons unacquainted with mechanical and geometrical science to presume to make the experiment. Indeed, such efforts deserve rather the name of conjuring than of experiment; but in this, as in many other matters of life, it is true that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Perhaps the too hasty rush at the experimental verification of Foucault's law may account for some persons in England, whose opinions when given with due deliberation are entitled to respect, having allowed themselves to express doubts (which I understand, however, have been since retracted) as to the truth of the law itself. In Paris there was no difference of opinion among such men as Lamé, Poinsol, Binet, Leouville, Sturm, Chasles, Bruvues, I believe Arago, Hermite, and many others with whom I conversed on the subject, except as to the best mode of making the theory popularly intelligible."

Explanations will be necessary from lecturers and others who give imitations of M. Foucault's ingenuity to render it intelligible to those unacquainted with mathematics, or with the laws of gravity and spherical motion. For instance, it will not be readily understood by every one why the pendulum should vibrate in the same plane, and not partake of the earth's rotation in common with the table; but this could be *shown* with a bullet suspended by a silkworm's thread. Next, the apparent horizontal revolution of the table round its centre will be incomprehensible to many, as representative of its own and the earth's motion round its axis.

Doubtless we shall soon have public exhibitions of the demonstration in all our cities.

The pendulum is indeed an extraordinary instrument, and has been a useful handmaid to science. We are familiar with it as the time-regulator of our clocks, and the ease with which they may be made to go faster or slower by adjusting its length. But neither this nor the Panthéon elucidation constitutes its sole application. By it the latitude may be approximately ascertained, the density of the earth's strata in different places, and its elliptical eccentricity of figure. The noble Florentine already quoted was its inventor; and it is related of Galileo, while a boy, that he was the first to observe how the height of the vaulted roof of a church might be measured by the times of the vibration of the chandeliers suspended at different altitudes. Were the earth perforated from London to our antipodes, and the air exhausted, a ball dropped through would at the centre acquire a velocity sufficient to carry it to the opposite side, whence it would again descend, and so oscillate forward and backwards from one side of the globe's surface to the other in the manner of a pendulum. Very likely, the Cardinals of the Vatican would deem this heresy, or "flat blasphemy."



THE BUTCHERS' LEAP AT MUNICH.

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A correspondent of the London *Athenæum*, writing from Munich, gives the following account of the festival of the Butchers' Leap in the Fountain: "This strange ceremonial, like the *Schäffler Tanz*, is said to have its origin in the time of the plague. While the Coopers danced with garlands and music through the streets, the Butchers sprang into the fountain in the market-place, to show their fellow-citizens that its water was no longer to be dreaded as poisoned. Perhaps they were the Sanitary Commissioners of those days; and by bathing themselves in the water and dashing it about on the crowd would teach the true means of putting pestilence to flight.

"Though the Coopers' Dance takes place only once in seven years, the Butchers' Leap occurs annually, and always on *Fasching Montag*,—the Monday before Shrove Tuesday. I believe the ceremony is of great importance to the trade of the Butchers; as certain privileges granted to them are annually renewed at this time, and in connection with the Leap. These two ceremonies—of the Coopers' Dance and the Butchers' Leap—are now almost the last remains of the picturesque and quaint customs of old Munich.

"The Butchers commence proceedings by attending High Mass in St. Peter's Church,—close to the Schranrien Platz, or market-place, in which the fountain is situated. It is a desolate-looking church, this St. Peter's, as seen from without,—old, decaying, and ugly; within, tawdry and—though not desolate and decaying—ugly. From staringly white walls frown down on the spectator torture-pictures, alternating with huge gilt images of sentimental saints in clumsy drapery. The altars are masses of golden clouds and golden cherubs.

"Music, as from the orchestra of a theatre rather than from the choir of a church, greeted us as we entered. The Butchers were just passing out. We caught glimpses of scarlet coats; and saw two huge silver flagons, covered with a very panoply of gold and silver medals, borne aloft by pompous officials clothed in scarlet. Having watched the procession—some half-dozen tiny butchers' sons, urchins of five and six years old, with rosy, round faces and chubby hands, mounted on stalwart horses and dressed in little scarlet coats, top-boots, and jaunty green velvet hats—seven butchers' apprentices, the Leapers of the day, also dressed in scarlet and mounted on horseback—the musicians,—the long train of master-butchers and journeymen in long dark cloaks and with huge nosegays in their hats—and the scarlet officials bearing the decorated flagons,—having watched, I say, all these good folk wend their way in long procession up the narrow street leading from the church, and seen them cross the market-place in the direction of the Palace, where they are awaited by the King,—let us look around, and notice the features of the market-place:—for it is, in fact, a quaint old bit of the city, and well worth a glimpse.

"If I love the Ludwig Strasse as the most beautiful portion of the new Munich, I

almost equally love the Schranrien Platz as about the quaintest part of old Munich. It is long and narrow as a market-place, but wide as a street. The houses are old; many of them very handsome, and rich with ornamental stucco-work,—

'All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruit and flowers and bunches of knot-grass.'

The roofs are steep, red tiled, and perforated with rows of little pent-house windows. The fronts of the houses are of all imaginable pale tints,—stone colors, pinks, greens, greys, and tawnies. Three of the four corners of the market-place are adorned with tall pepper-box towers, with domed roofs and innumerable narrow windows. At one end is the fountain; and in the centre a heavy, but quaint shrine,—a column supporting a gilt figure of the Madonna. The eye wanders down various picturesque streets which open into the market-place; and on one hand, above steep roofs, gaze down the two striking red-brick towers of the *Frauen Kirche*—the cathedral of Munich:—those two red towers which are seen in all views of this city, and which belong as much to Munich as the dome of St. Paul's does to the city of London,—those towers which in the haze of sunset are frequently transformed into violet-tinted columns, or about which in autumn and winter mists cling with a strange dreariness as if they were desolate mountain peaks!

"But the quaintest feature of all in the Schranrien Platz is a sort of arcade which runs around it. Here, beneath the low and massy arches, are crowded thick upon each other a host of small shops. What queer, dark little cells they are,—yet how picturesque! Here is a dealer in crucifixes,—next to him a woollen-draper, displaying bright striped woollen goods for the peasants,—then a general dealer, with heaps and bundles and tubs and chests containing every thing most heterogeneous,—and next to him a dealer in pipes. There are bustle and gloom always beneath these heavy low arches,—but they present a glorious bit of picturesque life. There are queer wooden booths, too, along one portion of the Schranrien Platz where it rather narrows, losing its character of market-place, and descending to that of an ordinary street. But the booths do not degenerate in their picturesque character. The earthenware booths—of which there are several—are truly delicious. Such rows and piles of dark green, orange, ruddy chocolate-brown, sea-green, pale yellow, and deep blue and grey vessels of all forms and sizes—all quaint, all odd—jugs, flagons, pipkins, queer pots with huge lids, queer tripods for which I know no name—things which always seem to me to come out of a witch's kitchen, but by means of which I suspect that my own dinner is cooked every day. All these heaps of crockery lie about the doors, and load the windows of the wooden booths, and line shelves and shelves within the gloom of the little shops themselves. When I first came here these old crockery shops were a more frequent study to me than any thing else in the old town.

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"We ascended a steep, narrow staircase leading out of this arcade into one of the houses above it, from which we were to witness the leaping into the fountain. I looked out of the window on the crowd that began to collect around the fountain, and noticed the tall roofs and handsome fronts of the houses opposite, and the crowd of pigeons—scores and scores of pigeons—assembled just opposite the fountain on the edge of the steep roof which rose like a red hill-side behind them. They seemed solemnly met to witness the great festivities about to be celebrated, and sat in silent expectation brooding in the sunshine. Then, I wondered what attraction the icy water could have for the children who leaned over the fountain's side—dabbling in the water as though it had been midsummer. The crowd increased and increased; and seven new white buckets were brought and placed on a broad plank which extended across one side of the fountain basin.

"A shout from the crowd announced the arrival of the Butchers. First of all came the tender Butcher-infants, in scarlet coats, top-boots, and green velvet hats, borne in the arms of their fathers through the crowd in order that they might witness the fun. Then followed the scarlet officials:—and then came seven of the queerest beasts man ever set eyes on. What were they, if human? Were they seven Esquimaux chiefs, or seven African mumbo-jumbos? They were the heroes of the day—the seven Butcher-apprentices, clothed in fur caps and garments—covered from shoulder to heel with hundreds of dangling calves' tails—red, white, black, dun!

"You may imagine the shouts that greeted them,—the peels of laughter. Up they sprang on the broad plank,—leaping, dancing, making their tails fly round like trundled mops. The crowd roared with laughter. A stately scarlet official—a butcher (*Altgesell*)—stands beside them on the plank. Ten times they drink the health of the royal family and prosperity to the butchers' craft. The *Altgesell* then striking many blows on the shoulder of the nearest apprentice, frees him and all the remaining six from their indentures. They are henceforth full-grown butchers. Then, they plunge into the very centre of the fountain with a tremendous splash. The crowd shout,—the startled pigeons wheel in wild alarm above the heads and

laughter of the crowd. The seven Tritons dash torrents of water on the multitude, —who fly shrieking and laughing before the deluge. The seven buckets are plied with untiring arms;—lads are enticed within aim by showers of nuts flung by the 'Leapers,' and then are drenched to the skin. It is a bewilderment of water, flying calves' tails, pelting nuts, and shrieking urchins.

"The 'Leapers' then ascend out of their bath,—shake themselves like shaggy dogs, —have white cloths pinned round their necks as though they were going to be shaved,—and have very grand medals hung round their necks suspended by gaudy ribbons.

"The procession retires across the market-place to its '*Herberge*,' and the crowd disperses,—but disperses only to re-assemble in various public-houses for the merriment of the afternoon and night. That night and the next day are 'the maddest, merriest of all the year.' Music is every where—dancing every where. It is the end of the Carnival. Ash Wednesday comes,—and then, all is gloom."

NEGLECT OF THE PRESERVATION OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

A writer in the London *Athenæum*, writing from Alexandria, endeavors to convince those who profess an interest in Egyptian antiquities, that if their present neglect continues, nothing will remain of the stupendous relics now lying over the land, but a quantity of pulverized fragments. The colossal statue at Memphis, said to belong to the British Museum, for years depended on the precarious protection of an old Arab woman, who was continually expecting and claiming a small salary of five or six pounds per annum as guardian. She received about so much from a variety of consuls, for a time, but the payment was at last discontinued, and, from what was told her, she based her hopes on the learned or the powerful in England. "But the learned and the powerful never, I suppose," says the writer, "heard of her, and she died, leaving the statue in charge of her son, who, in his turn, seems to live in hope. There is little prospect of his getting any thing, however; and very probably, in spite of his unrewarded zeal, the magnificent statue—by far the finest in Egypt—will ere long be burnt for lime. The neighboring pyramid of Dashour is being, as I have already said, worked as a quarry, and I shall be very much surprised if this handy block of stone escape notice." He suggests the formation of a committee, consisting of the principal consuls and residents in Egypt, to watch over the preservation of the monuments of the country, and to be supplied, by governments or by the voluntary contributions of the learned, with the funds necessary to pay guardians and inspectors.

A very valuable museum of Egyptian antiquities we believe is now on the way to the United States; but it embraces no such great works as have been transported to Rome and Paris. Is it not worth while for the New-York merchants to set up in Union or Washington Square, the great statue of Memphis?

Or it would not be altogether inappropriate for the Smithsonian Institution to have it imported into Washington. How much the diffusion of "knowledge" would be promoted by such a movement it is not easy to say: but a figure of this kind on Capitol Hill would have such an effect on our eloquence! and our juvenile poets could go there and in its shade invoke the presence of twenty centuries.

HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT.

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Mr. Schoolcraft is of English descent by the paternal side, his great-grandfather having come from England during the wars of Queen Anne, and settled in what is now Schoharie county in New-York, where in old age he taught the first English school in that part of the country, from which circumstance his name was not unnaturally changed by the usage of the people from Calcraft to Schoolcraft. Our author recently attempted in his own person to revive the old family name, but soon abandoned it, and concluded to retain that which was begotten upon his native soil, and by which he has long been so honorably distinguished. He is a son of Colonel Lawrence Schoolcraft, who joined the revolutionary army at seventeen years of age, and participated in the movements under Montgomery and Schuyler, and the memorable defence of Fort Stanwix under Gansevoort. He was born in Guilderland, near Albany, on the twenty-eighth of March, 1793. In a secluded part of the country, where there were few advantages for education, and scarce any persons who thought of literature, he had an ardent love of knowledge, and sat at home with his books and pencils while his equals in age were at cock-fights and horse-races, for which Guilderland was then famous. He is still remembered by some of the octogenarians of the village as the "learned boy." At thirteen he drew subjects in natural history, and landscapes, which attracted the attention of the late Lieutenant-Governor Van Rensselaer, then a frequent visitor of his father, through whose agency he came near being apprenticed to one Ames, the only portrait-painter at that time in Albany; but as it was demanded that he should commence with house-painting the plan was finally abandoned. At fourteen he began to contribute pieces in prose and verse to the newspapers, and for several years after he pursued without aid the study of natural history, English literature, Hebrew, German, and French, and the philosophy of language.

Mr. Schoolcraft's first work was an elaborate treatise, but partially known to the public, entitled Vitreology, which was published in 1817. The design of it was to exhibit the application of chemistry to the arts in the fusion of siliceous and alkaline substances in the production of enamels, glass, etc. He had had opportunities of experimenting largely and freely by his position as conductor for a series of years of the extensive works of the Ontario Company at Geneva in New-York, the Vermont Company at Middlebury and Salisbury in Vermont, and the foundry of crystal glass at Keene in New Hampshire. In 1818, and the following year, he made a geological survey of Missouri and Arkansas to the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, and in the fall of 1819 published in New-York his View of the Lead Mines of Missouri, which is said by Professor Silliman to have been "the only elaborate and detailed account of a mining district in the United States" which had then appeared. It attracted much attention, and procured for the author the friendship of many eminent men. In the same year he printed Transallegania, a poetical *jeu d'esprit* of which mineralogy is the subject, and which preceded some clever English attempts in the same vein. It was republished in London by Sir Richard Phillips in the next year.

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Early in 1820 he published a Journal of a Tour in the Interior of Missouri and Arkansas, extending from Potosi toward the Rocky Mountains. His writings having attracted the notice of the government, he was commissioned by Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, to visit the copper region of Lake Superior, and to accompany General Cass in his expedition to the head waters of the Mississippi. His Narrative Journal of this tour was published in 1821, and was eminently successful, an edition of twelve hundred copies being sold in a few weeks. In the same year he was appointed secretary to the commission for treating with the Indian tribes at Chicago, and on the conclusion of his labors published his sixth work, entitled Travels in the Central Portions of

the Mississippi Valley, in which he described the country between the regions of which he had given an account in his previous works. His reputation was now widely and firmly established as an explorer, and as a man of science and letters. From this time his attention was devoted principally to the Red Race, though he still cultivated natural history, and wrote occasionally for the reviews and magazines.

In 1822 he was appointed by President Monroe agent for Indian Affairs, to reside at St. Mary's, at the foot of Lake Superior. In the years 1825, 1826, and 1827, he attended the important convocations of the north-west tribes at Prairie du Chien, Pont du Lac, and Buttes des Morts. In 1831 he was sent on a special embassy, accompanied by troops, to conciliate the Sioux and Ojibwas, and bring the existing war between them to a close. In 1832 he proceeded in the same capacity to the tribes near the head waters of the Mississippi, and availed himself of the opportunity to trace that river, in small canoes, from the point where Pike stopped in 1807 and Cass in 1820 to its true source in Itasca Lake, upon which he entered on the thirteenth of July, the one hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of the discovery of the mouth of the river by La Salle. His account of this tour was published in New-York in 1834, under the title of An Expedition to Itasca Lake, and attracted much attention in all parts of the country.

From 1827 to 1831 Mr. Schoolcraft was a member of the legislative council of Michigan. In 1828 he organized the Michigan Historical Society, in which he was elected president, on the removal of General Cass to Washington, in 1831. In the fall of the same year he set on foot the Algic Society at Detroit, before which he delivered a course of lectures on the grammatical construction of the Indian languages,^[1] and at its first anniversary a poem on The Indian Character. Guided by patriotism and good taste, he took a successful stand in the west against the absurd nomenclature which has elsewhere made such confusion in geography by repeating over and over the names of European places and characters, giving us Romes, Berlins, and Londons in the wilderness, and Hannibals, Scipios, Homers, and Hectors, wherever there was sufficient learning to make its possessors ridiculous. He submitted to the legislature of the territory a system of county and township names based upon the Indian vocabularies with which he was familiar, and happily secured its general adoption.

At Sault Ste. Marie Mr. Schoolcraft became acquainted with Mr. John Johnston, a gentleman from the north of Ireland, who had long resided there, and in the person of his eldest daughter married a descendant of the hereditary chief of Lake Superior, or Lake Algoma, as it is known to the Indians. She had been educated in Europe, and was an accomplished and highly interesting woman. After a residence there of eleven years he removed to Michilimackinac, and assumed the joint agency of the two districts. In 1836 he was appointed by President Jackson a commissioner to treat with the north-west tribes for their lands in the region of the upper lakes, and succeeded in effecting a cession to the United States of some sixteen millions of acres. In the same year he was appointed acting Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Northern Department, and in 1839 principal disbursing agent for the same district.

In the last mentioned year he published two volumes of Algic Researches, comprising Indian Tales and Legends, and soon after, having passed more than twenty years as a traveller or resident on the frontiers, he removed to the city of New-York, intending to prepare for the press the great mass of his original papers which he had accumulated in this long period. In 1841 he issued proposals for an Indian Cyclopaedia, geographical, historical, philological, etc., of which only one number was printed, no publisher appearing willing to undertake so costly and extensive a work of such a description. In 1842 he visited England, France, Germany, Prussia, and Holland. During his absence his wife died, at Dundee, in Canada West, where she was visiting her sister. Soon after his return he made another journey to the west, to examine some of the great mounds, respecting which he has since communicated a paper to the Royal Geographical Society of Denmark, of which he was many years ago elected an honorary member, and soon after published a collection of his poetical writings, under the title of Alhalla, or the Lord of Talladega, a Tale of the Creek War, with some miscellanies, chiefly of early date. In 1844 he commenced in numbers the publication of Oneota, or the Red Race in America, their History, Traditions, Customs, Poetry, Picture Writing, etc., in extracts from Notes, Journals, and other unpublished writings, of which one octavo volume has been completed. In 1845 he delivered an address before a society known as the "Was-ah Ho-de-no-sonne, or New Confederacy of the Iroquois," and published Observations on the Grave Creek Mound in Western Virginia, in the Transactions of the American Ethnological Society; and early in the following year presented in the form of a Report to the legislature of his native state, his Notes on the Iroquois, or Contributions to the Statistics, Aboriginal History, and General Ethnology of Western New-York.

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The last and most important of Mr. Schoolcraft's works, the crowning labor of his life, for the composition of which all his previous efforts were but notes of preparation, is the Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States: Collected and prepared under the Direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, per act of March 3, 1847. The initial volume of this important national publication, profusely illustrated with engravings from drawings by Captain Eastman, of the Army, has lately been issued in a very large and splendid quarto, by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of Philadelphia, under authority of Congress. It embraces the general, national, and tribal history of the Indian race, with their traditions, manners, customs, languages, mythology, &c., and when completed will probably extend to six or seven volumes. Until more of it is published, it will not be possible to form any exact judgment of it, except such as is warranted by a knowledge of the author's previous works: but such a judgment must be in the highest degree favorable.

Mr. Schoolcraft's ethnological writings are among the most important contributions that have been made to the literature of this country. His long and intimate connection with the Indian tribes, and the knowledge possessed by his wife and her family of the people from whom they were descended by the maternal side, with his power of examining their character from the European point of view, have enabled him to give us more authentic and valuable information respecting their manners, customs, and physical traits, and more insight into their moral and intellectual constitution, than can be derived, perhaps, from all other authors. His works abound in materials for the future artist and man of letters, and will on this account continue to be read when the greater portion of the popular literature of the day is forgotten. With the forests which they inhabited, the red race have disappeared with astonishing rapidity. Until recently they have rarely been the subjects of intelligent study; and it began to be regretted, as they were seen fading from our sight, that there was so little written respecting them that had any pretensions to fidelity. I would not be understood to undervalue the productions of Eliot, Loskiel, Heckewelder, Brainerd, and other early missionaries, but they were restricted in design, and it is not to be denied that confidence in their representations has been much impaired, less perhaps from doubts of their integrity than of their ability and of the advantages of the points of view from which they made their observations. The works on Indian philology by Roger Williams and the younger Edwards are more valuable than any others of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but it now appears that these authors knew very little of the philosophy of the American language. Du Ponceau's knowledge was still more superficial, and excepting Mr. Gallatin and the late Mr. Pickering, who made use of the imperfect data furnished by others, I believe no one besides Mr. Schoolcraft has recently produced any thing on the subject worthy of consideration. Something has been done by General Cass, and Mr. McKenny and Mr. Catlin have undoubtedly accomplished much in this department of ethnography; but allowing all that can reasonably be claimed for these artist-travellers, Mr. Schoolcraft must still be regarded as the standard and chief authority respecting the Algic tribes.

The influence which the original and peculiar myths and historical traditions of the Indians is to have on our imaginative literature, has been recently more than ever exhibited in the works of our authors. The tendency of the public taste to avail itself of the American mythology as a basis for the exhibition of "new lines of fictitious creations" has been remarked by Mr. Schoolcraft himself in *Oneota*, and he refers to the tales of Mrs. Oakes Smith, and to the *Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie*, and the *Vigil of Faith*, by Mr. Charles F. Hoffman, as works in which this tendency is most distinctly perceptible. In the writings of W. H. C. Hosmer, the legends of Mr. Whittier, and some of the poems of Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lowell, we see manifestations of the same disposition.

No one who has not had the most ample opportunities of personal observation should attempt to mould Indian life and mythology to the purposes of fiction without carefully studying whatever Mr. Schoolcraft has published respecting them. The chief distinction of the Algic style with which he has made us acquainted is its wonderful simplicity and conciseness, with which the common verbosity, redundant description, false sentiment, and erroneous manners of what are called Indian tales, are as little in keeping as "English figures in moccasins, and holding bows and arrows."

The excellent portrait at the beginning of this article is from a daguerreotype by Simons, of Philadelphia.

FOOTNOTES:

- [1] Two of these lectures were published in 1834, translated into French by the late Mr. du Ponceau, and subsequently read before the National Institute of France.

THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

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The death, in London, a few weeks ago, of a daughter of the celebrated Lady Craven, afterwards Margravine of Anspach, has recalled attention to the history of that remarkable and celebrated person, whose life has the interest of a romance.

ELIZABETH BERKELEY, Margravine of Anspach, was born in December, 1750. She was the daughter of Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkeley, by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Drax of Charborough. She was brought up under the care of a native of Switzerland, the wife of a German tutor of her uncle. She describes herself as having been a delicate, diminutive child, addicted at an early age to reading, and of timid and retired habits. She first beheld a play when she was twelve years old, and from that occasion she dates the growth of her subsequent partiality for theatrical entertainments. At the age of thirteen she paid a short visit to France with her mother and her elder sister, and at fourteen she had been, as she says she afterwards discovered, "in love without knowing it" with the Marquis de Fitz James. On the 10th May, 1767, she was married to William Craven, nephew and heir of the fifth Lord Craven, whom he succeeded in 1769. She professes to have felt indifference when receiving his addresses, but the marriage was for some time a happy one, and she says, "My husband seemed to have no other delight than in procuring for me all the luxuries and enjoyments within his power, and it was an eternal dispute (how

amiable a dispute!) between us; *he* always offering presents, and *I* refusing whenever I could." Gifted with genius and beauty, both of which she knew well how to apply; a woman of Lady Craven's rank naturally drew around her a large circle of admirers. She says of herself very characteristically, "In London the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough showed their partiality to me, and Mr. Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford, Dr. Johnson, Garrick, and his friend Colman, were among my numerous admirers; and Sir Joshua Reynolds did not conceal his high opinion of me. Charles Fox almost quarrelled with me because I was unwilling to interfere with politics—a thing which I always said I detested, and considered as being out of the province of a woman."

It appears to have been in the year 1779 that Lady Craven discovered the infidelities with which she charged her husband, when she requested of him the favor "that he would not permit his mistress to call herself Lady Craven." After an interval of about three years spent in partial reconciliation, a separation took place. The indifferent tone in which she treats the whole of this transaction, and her professed readiness to overlook every slight that was not public and glaring, are a stain on her character, which she has by her own animated pen exhibited to an age which had forgotten the accusations to which she was subjected. At the time of her separation from her husband she was the mother of seven children.

Lady Craven had in the mean time produced her first play, "The Sleepwalker," a translation from the French, printed in 1778, at her friend Walpole's press at Strawberry Hill. In 1779 she published "Modern Anecdotes of the Family of Kinervankotsprakengatchdern, a Tale for Christmas." This was a caricature of the ceremonious pomposity of the petty German courts; it was dramatized by Mr. M. P. Andrews. Soon after the separation, she passed some time in France, where she met with the Margrave of Anspach. They formed a sudden friendship for each other, and agreed to consider each other (we are told) as brother and sister. In June, 1785, Lady Craven commenced a tour, in which, starting from Paris, she passed by the Rhine to Italy, went thence by the Tyrol to Vienna, passed on to Warsaw, Petersburg, and Moscow, proceeded by the Don to Turkey, and returned by Vienna, which she reached in August, 1786. On this occasion she ran, by her own account, a serious risk of being made Empress of Austria. In 1789 she published an account of her tour (1 vol. 4to), in letters addressed to the margrave, saying in the dedication, "Beside curiosity, my friends will in these letters see, at least for some time, where the real Lady Craven has been, and where she is to be found—it having been the practice for some years past for a Birmingham coin of myself to pass in most of the inns in France, Switzerland, and England, for the wife of my husband. My arms and coronet sometimes supporting in some measure this insolent deception; by which, probably, I may have been seen to behave very improperly." This work is interesting from the many sketches it contains of eminent people—such as the Empress Catharine, the Princess Dashcoff, Prince Potemkin, Count Romanzoff, Admiral Mordvinoff, the Duc de Choiseul, and others. It is full of accurate observation and lively description, expressed in clear and simple English—a style from which in later life she considerably diverged. She descended into the grotto of Antiparos, being the first female to undertake the adventure. The French biographers maintain that the tameness of her description of the scene shows a deficiency of appreciation of the wonderful and sublime. She does not indeed ornament her description with hyperboles and exclamations, but it is clear and expressive, and by the distinctness of the impression which it conveys to the reader, shows that the scene was fully noticed and comprehended by the writer. After her return from her journey, she visited England to see her children, and then proceeded to France, where she joined the margrave and accompanied him to Anspach. Here, during a residence of a few years, she established a theatre, which was chiefly supplied with dramatic entertainments of her own composition. They were collected into two volumes 8vo, under the title of "Nouveau Théâtre d'Anspach et de Triesdorf," the latter being the name of a country seat nine miles from Anspach, where she laid out a park and garden in the English manner. She established at the same time "a society for the encouragement of arts and sciences." She soon afterwards visited, in company with the margrave, the congenial court of Naples, where she made the acquaintance of Sir William and Lady Hamilton. Her conduct was the subject of much censure both in England and among the officials of the court of Anspach, to whom her interference was a natural subject of distrust; and if it should even be admitted that her own account of the purity of her motives and conduct is correct, it cannot be denied that she afforded material for forming the worst interpretations of them. She maintains that she always opposed the cession of his dominions to the crown of Prussia by the margrave in 1791, but she was almost his sole adviser on the occasion. She states that she received the first hint of his design at Naples. One day while she was dressing for dinner, a servant intimated that the margrave desired to see her. On her appearance he said, "I must go to Berlin *incog*.—will you go with me? it is the only sacrifice of your time I will ever require of you." They set out together, and on the way through Anspach they found the establishment nearly in open revolt against her influence. The king, however, was kind and generous in the extreme, and the contracting parties are represented as only striving to excel each other in generosity. Meanwhile the margrave's first wife died, and Lord Craven's death occurred six months afterwards, on the 26th September, 1791. Immediately on hearing of this event, Lady Craven was married to the margrave. "It was six weeks," she says, "after Lord Craven's decease that I gave my hand to the margrave, which I should have done six hours after, had I known it at the time." As the cession of the margraviate to Prussia dates 2d December, 1791, the marriage must have taken place about three weeks before it. The nuptials were solemnized at Lisbon, whence the new married pair passed through Spain and France to England.

The margrave, on the sale of his principality, resolved to spend his days with his wife in England. They had no sooner arrived, however, than the storm of family and public indignation which had

been brewing against the margravine burst upon her head. She received a letter from her three daughters, saying, "with due deference to the Margravine of Anspach, the Miss Cravens inform her that, out of respect to their father, they cannot wait upon her," and her eldest son, Lord Craven, refused to countenance her. The margrave received a message from the queen, through the Prussian minister, to the effect that his wife, though she had received a diploma from the emperor, could not be received at court as a princess of the empire. She says that she refused to derogate from her dignity by appearing merely as a peeress of England; but it is not clear that she would have been received in that capacity. She addressed a memorial on the subject to the House of Lords, but they gave her no redress; indeed it would not have been consistent with the practice of that body to interfere on such an occasion. Soon after their arrival, the margrave purchased through trustees, Lord Craven's estate of Benham, and the mansion of Brandenburg House, a place celebrated as afterwards affording a retreat to Queen Caroline, the wife of George IV. Until the margrave's death in 1806, it was a scene of continued profusion and gayety, in which the luxuries and amusements of an English mansion were united with those of a German court, "My whole enjoyment," says the margravine, "during the margrave's valuable life, was to do every thing in my power, to make him not only comfortable, but happy. Under my management, the world imagined that he spent double his income." Her attachment to her second husband was strong. She speaks of him with an enthusiasm and devotion which bear the stamp of sincerity. "I believe," she says, "a better man never existed. There never was a being who could act upon more sincere principles. Nothing could divert him from what was right. None could bear with patience, like himself, the ill conduct of those to whom he was attached. None could more easily forgive." After his decease, the margravine, who succeeded to the large property which he left, felt impatient to recommence her wanderings. On the restoration she sailed for France, and, after being interrupted in her movements by the reign of the hundred days, reached Rome, where it was said that she kept open house for all the revolutionists of all countries who chose to accept her hospitalities. The King of Naples afterwards presented her with a small estate, in which she built a palace, where she resided till her death, which occurred on January 13, 1828. Only two years previously, and when she was seventy-six years old, she surprised and delighted the English world by the publication of her well-known memoirs. This work is perhaps one of the best examples of the French memoirs which English literature possesses. It is indeed thoroughly French, not only in spirit but in idiom, and, to the reader, has all the appearance of a translation from that language. It thus affords, in its style, a remarkable contrast to the book of travels above noticed. It contains a vast variety of anecdotes and sketches of character, always amusing if not always accurate. It has no continuity of narrative, leaping backwards and forwards through all ages, and among every variety of subject: from a description of the monument which she erected to the memory of her husband, she takes occasion to give a rapid sketch of the history of the art of sculpture. The least pleasing feature in the work is its intense egotism. The margravine was a woman of wonderfully versatile genius. She wrote with fluency in French and German. She was an accomplished musician and actress; and she tells us, "I have executed many busts myself, and among others one of the margrave, which is generally allowed to be extremely like him."

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LONDON DESCRIBED BY A PARISIAN.

M. Francis Wey, who is a college professor and *litterateur* of some eminence in Paris, has published for visitors from the continent to the Great Exhibition, a volume entitled *Guides à Londres*, composed, we believe, of a series of articles, *Les Anglais chez Eux* (the English at Home), which he had contributed to the *Musée des Familles*, an old and favorite Parisian journal. It is very amusing to see the manner in which these things are received by the British press. The sensitiveness of which the Americans are accused is quite equalled in that which is displayed in the London criticisms of Monsieur Wey. And just at this time it is all the more pleasant to us, for that our amiable Mother-Country critics are quoting with so much enjoyment the characterizations of us poor United-Statesers, done in the same way, by a gentleman of the same country. Even *Blackwood* does not seem to have a suspicion that a Frenchman could caricature or in any way exaggerate the publicities or domesticities of New-York; but all the independent, care-for-nothing John Bulls see only "rancor," "ill-will," and "absurdity" in the Frenchman's views of English society. The *Literary Gazette*, the *Weekly News*, and all the rest, have the same tone. French travellers, it is said—

"Instead of patiently collecting their facts, they *invent* them. Instead of representing social usages as they really are, they state them as what they choose to suppose. They mistake flippancy for wit, and imperturbable assurance for knowledge. They speak *ex cathedra* of matters of which they are profoundly ignorant. And the consequence of all this is that they commit the drollest blunders, make the most startling assertions, indulge in the most grotesque appreciations, and flounder in the most extravagant absurdities."

We wonder if a single British reviewer will introduce, with such a paragraph, his extracts from the Letters on America, by M. XAVIER MARMIER? Not a bit of it.

On the English language, M. Wey says—

"The Englishman has invented for himself a language adapted to his placid

manners and silent tastes. This language is a murmur, accompanied by soft hissings; it falls from the lips, but is scarcely articulated; if the chest or throat be employed to increase the power of the voice, the words become changed and scarcely intelligible; if cried aloud, they are hoarse, and resemble the confused croaking of frogs in marshes."

"The English are passionately attached to their language. They have only consented to borrow one single word from us, and that is employed by their innkeepers—*table d'hôte*, which they pronounce *taible dott*. And yet we have taken hundreds of words from them!"

English women—

"English women give to us the preference over their own countrymen. Our gallantry is something new to them, and our politeness touches their hearts. But though they love us, we are not liked by their lords and masters. There is no exaggeration in all that has been said of the beauty of English women—an assemblage of them would realize the paradise of Mahomet."

Their dresses—

"Many white gowns are to be seen. White is a *recherché* luxury in that land of tallow and smoke, where linen becomes dirty in three hours. However, good taste is making some progress. Ladies may be met with who are well dressed, although, generally speaking, a sort of audacity is displayed in wearing the most irreconcilable colors. What gives English women a somewhat *bizarre* appearance, is the custom they have of swelling out their petticoats, by means of circles of whalebone or iron:—this causes them to resemble large bells in movement."

English manners—

"English manners, rigid and cold, and dominated by arid rationalism, are the work of Cromwell. His bigotry and hypocrisy, his exterior austerity, his narrow formalism, suit the Englishman; he keeps up Cromwell's character, and admires himself in his usages. But he has no pity for his model—he never forgives Cromwell for having made him what he is. His spite towards that man is the last cry of nature, and the vague regret of a liberty of imagination of which neither the joys or the aspirations have been known since his time." "They have no grace, no *desinvoltura*, no poesy in them, but are methodical, reasonable, indefatigable in work and in amassing lucre."

How the English love—

"They love nothing with the heart; when they do love, it is exclusively of the head."

English bankers—

"In France we have the love of display; but in London it is not so. There, some of the principal bankers go every morning to the butchers' shops to buy their own chops, and they carry them ostensibly to some tavern in Cheapside or Fleet Street, where they cook them themselves. Then they buy three pennyworth of rye-bread, and publicly eat this Spartan breakfast. The exhibition fills their clients with admiration. But in the evening these good men make up for this by taking in their own palaces suppers worthy of Lucullus."

Flunkeys—

"The English aristocracy are distinguished by the number, the canes, and the wigs of their lacqueys. Seeing constantly a footman, well powdered and bewigged, carry horizontally a large Voltaire cane behind certain sumptuous carriages, I asked for an explanation; it was soon given—wig, powder, and cane are aristocratic privileges. Not only must a man have a certain number of quarterings to be authorized to make his servants use such things, but he must pay so much tax for the lacquey, so much for the wig, so much for the tail to the wig, and so much for the cane."

What most strikes a Frenchman in London—

"The coldness of the men towards the fair sex, and their profound passion for horses."

Officers of the life and horse guards—

"Cupid seems to have chosen them—they are possessed of such ideal beauty."

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English taverns—

"The Englishman likes to be alone, even at the tavern. He fastens himself up in a box, where none can see him. There he drinks with taciturn phlegm. He takes tea, boiling grog, porter of the color of ink, and beer not less black. He is very fond of brandy, and drinks large glasses of it at a draught. He does not go to the tavern to amuse himself, but because drinking is a grave occupation. The more he swallows

the calmer he is. One can however scarcely decide if his obstinate moroseness be a precaution against drunkenness, or the effect of spirituous liquors taken in excess. At some of the taverns are three gentlemen, dressed in black, with white cravats, who sing after one of them has struck the table with a little hammer; they are as serious as Protestant ministers or money-changers."

English food—

"Thick stupefying beer, meat almost raw and horribly spiced; strong libations of port wine, followed by plum-pudding—such is the meat of these islanders."

How the English eat—

"They eat at every hour, every where, and incessantly. The iron constitution of their complaisant stomachs enables them to feed in a manner which would satisfy wolves and lions. The delicate repast of a fair and sentimental young lady would be too much for a couple of Parisian street porters."

Stables and museums—

"Stables are clean and brilliant as museums ought to be; and the museums are as filthy as stables in Provence."

The Queen's stables—

"They form a college of horses, with pedantic grooms for professors, and a harness room for a library:"

English omnibuses—

"The omnibuses of London are worn out, ill built, and remarkably dirty. Even in wet weather nobody is ever allowed to enter the interior so long as any places are vacant outside. We had expected to find them built of mahogany and lined with velvet."

London—

"London, wholly devoted to private interests, offers nothing to the heart or mind. The city is too large; a man is lost in it; you elbow thousands of people without the hope of meeting any one you know. Even if you have a large fortune you would be ignored. Originality is there without effect; vanity without an object; and the desire of shining is chimerical. Intelligence has therefore only one opening, politics; pride only one object, the national sentiment; but as the people must feel enthusiasm for something, they adore horses; and as they must admire somebody, they burn incense under Lord Wellington's nose."

After midnight—

"At midnight the English leave the taverns, the public gardens, the theatres, and the open air balls, and fill up the supper saloons (not very reputable places), and the oyster rooms, where they eat till morning. After sunrise, the policemen are occupied in picking up in the gutters drunkards of both sexes, and all conditions."

London rain—

"It is tallow melted in water, and perfectly black."

A bad quarter—

"Between Cornhill Street and Thames Street, there lives what is called the populace of London; there pauperism is frightful. The wretched inhabitants of that district are brawlers, drunkards, and prize-fighters."

At Westminster Abbey—

"Shakspeare slumbers at a few steps from Richard II. The tombs bear traces of Presbyterian mutilations; but in other places the Calvinists scattered the bones of the deceased Bishops of Geneva. Such is the intolerance of the Protestants that they have not admitted the statue of Byron to the Abbey, and his shadow may be heard groaning at the door."

At Her Majesty's Theatre—

"To go with a blue cravat is *shocking*. When the doors are open, blows with the fist and the elbow are given without regard to age or sex. It is the peculiar fashion of entering which the natives have. If a Frenchman be recognized the people cry *French dog*. In the pit, the man behind you will place his foot on your shoulder. The ladies are plunged up to the neck in boxes. In the theatre there is an echo, which produces an abominable effect; but such is the vile musical taste of the English that they have never found it out. In the saloon you hear the continual hissing of teakettles."

The English Parliament—

"The House of Commons at present meets in a hole. The peers are in their new chamber. It is small, not monumental, and heavily ornamented. It reminds one of our tea shops, or a *boudoir*. The lords, when assembled, are generally placed on their backs, or rather lean on the back of the neck, and keep their legs above their heads. The Queen's throne, like constitutional royalty, is a gilded cage."

The new Houses of Parliament—

"They are an immense architectural plaything, and the English only admire them because they cost a vast sum."

English love of titles—

"One of my friends gave me a letter of introduction to Sir William P—, *Esquire*. I left the letter with my card at the Reform Club, Pall Mall. Two hours after Sir William came to my residence; but as I was not at home he wrote a line, and addressed it to me with the flattering designation of *Esquire*. England is the country of legal equality; but this sort of equilibrium does not extend to social usages; and although our *penchant* for distinctions seems puerile to the English, it would be easy to prove that they are not exempt from it. They have not, as we have, the love of uniforms, laced coats, epaulettes, or decorations; their button-holes often carry a flower, but never a rosette or knot of ribbon. But every body pretends to the title of *Sir*, which was formerly reserved exclusively to members of the House of Commons, to Baronets, and to some public functionaries. As, however, the title *Sir* has become too vulgar, every body calls himself *Esquire* to distinguish himself from his neighbor. This remark, nevertheless, does not concern my friend Sir William, for he is really an Esquire."

English soldiers—

"The noise which announces their approach is very singular. Picture to yourself the monotonous music of a bear's dance, executed by twenty fifers, whilst a man beats a big drum. The coats of the infantry are too short, and are surmounted with large white epaulettes. The men sway their bodies about to the beating of the drum, and carry their heads so stiffly that they appear to be balancing spoons on their noses. All the officers and non-commissioned officers carry long sticks with ivory handles."

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Resemblance of Englishmen one to another—

"All Englishmen are alike. They live in the same way, are subject to the same logical rules, condemned to the same amusements. The proof that there exists only one character amongst them, and that they have only one way of living, is, that it is impossible, on seeing them, to divine their profession. A lord, a minister, a domestic, a street singer, a merchant, an admiral, a soldier, a general, an artist, a judge, a prize-fighter, and a clergyman, have all the same appearance, the same language, the same costume, and the same bearing. Each one has the air of an Englishman, and nothing more. They live in the same way, work at the same hours, eat at the same time, and of the same sort of food, and are all sequestered when away from home from the society of women."

The French at London—

"At London the French labor under two subjects of anxiety, caused by their national prejudices. Accustomed to consider themselves as the first people in the world, to dazzle some, to despise others, and to display every where the confident pride of their supremacy, they, on treading the British soil, experience the impression of a greatness not borrowed from them; they are astonished at finding a people as remarkable as ours, as original as we are, and carrying to a still prouder degree the sentiment of their pre-eminence. Then our countrymen become disquieted; the intolerance of their national faith becomes mitigated; they are ill at ease, and for the first time in their lives feel constraint. Ceasing to believe themselves amongst slaves as in Italy, amongst vassals as in Belgium, or amongst innkeepers as in Switzerland or Germany, they endeavor to resemble sovereigns visiting other sovereigns, and by forced politeness render them involuntary homage."

Feeling of the English toward the French—

"They honor us with a marked attention, though they are indifferent to the rest of mankind. Our opinions respecting them cause them anxiety. They either admire us enthusiastically, or disparage us bitterly; but, in reality, they are obsequious and servile toward us!"

After a good deal of the numerous statues to Wellington, this at English admiration of Waterloo—

"The trumpet of Waterloo which has been sounded in London every where incessantly, and in every tone, during thirty-five years, diminishes the grandeur of the English nation. This intoxication seems that of a people who, never having won more than one battle, and despairing to conquer a second time, cannot recover

from their surprise, nor bear in patience an unhopèd-for glory."

How the English judge Napoleon—

"Public opinion has avenged the prisoner of St Helena; but does it follow that in 1815 the English protested with sufficient energy against his imprisonment! No. Englishmen are naturally indifferent and indulgent as regards their foreign neighbors, so long as patriotism or private interest is not at stake. Napoleon was the most terrible of their enemies; he placed England within ten steps of bankruptcy, and seriously menaced national manufactures. Not possessed of military instinct, the English do not pretend to chivalrous generosity. On the fall of the Empire, caused by the implacable perseverance of coalitions, the nation remembered that the Hundred Days cost its government a million an hour, and so long as the deficit was not made up, their resentment underwent no diminution. But now if you celebrate his glory before them, they will not display hostility. You must not, however, touch the till of this tribe of tradesmen, or they will be your bitter enemies. And the proof that they are nothing but shopkeepers is that their first functionary sits in a gilded arm chair on a wool-sack."

THE BEAUTIFUL STREAMLET AND THE UTILITARIAN.

Alphonse Karr's new book, *Travels in my Garden*, is full of social heresies, but quite as full of wit. We find in *Fraser's Magazine* for May translations of some admirable passages, with specimens of his peculiar speculation. Karr is an ardent lover of Nature; he takes note of all her caprices, and respects them,—remarks under what shade the violet loves to dwell, and tells us how certain plants—the volubulis, the scarlet-runner, and the Westeria, for instance—invariably twine their spiral tendrils from left to right, whereas hops and honeysuckles as infallibly twist theirs from right to left. He knows which are the plants that fold, when evening comes, their leaves in two, lengthwise,—which are those that close them up like fans, and which are the careless ones that crumple them up irregularly with happy impunity, for the next morning's sun smooths them all alike. He loves Nature in all her details, but with disinterested love, and has no idea of making her subservient to his pride, or selfishly monopolizing her; he has evidently no wish to wall in woods and meadows, and call them a park, or to dam up sparkling, bubbling, dancing streams, and turn them into cold, spiritless, aristocratic sheets of water. Indeed, in one of the first chapters of the book, there is a fanciful bit of sentiment about a happy little stream that falls into the hands of a pitiless utilitarian, which we are tempted to quote:—

"That stream which runs through my garden gushes from the side of a furze-covered hill; for a long time it was a happy little stream; it traversed meadows where all sorts of lovely wild flowers bathed and mirrored themselves in its waters, then it entered my garden, and there I was ready to receive it; I had prepared green tanks for it; on its edge and in its very bed I had planted those flowers which all over the world love to bloom on the banks and in the bosom of pure streams; it flowed through my garden, murmuring its plaintive song; then, fragrant with my flowers, it left the garden, crossed another meadow, and flung itself into the sea, over the precipitous sides of the cliff, which it covered with foam.

"It was a happy stream; it had literally nothing to do beyond what I have said,—to flow, to bubble, to look limpid, to murmur, amidst flowers and sweet perfumes. It led the life I have chosen, and that I continue to lead, when people let me alone, and when knaves and fools and wicked men do not force me—who am at once the most pacific and the most battling man on earth—to return to the fight. But heaven and earth are jealous of the happiness of gentle indolence.

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"One day my brother Eugene, and Savage, the clever engineer, were talking together on the banks of the stream, and to a certain degree abusing it.

"'There,' said my brother, 'is a fine good-for-nothing stream for you, forsooth, winding and dawdling about, dancing in the sunshine, and revelling in the grass instead of working and paying for the place it takes up, as an honest stream should. Could it not be made to grind coffee or pepper?'

"'Or tools?' added Savage.

"'Or to saw boards?' said my brother.

"I trembled for the stream, and broke off the conversation, complaining loudly that its detractors (its would-be tyrants) were treading down my forget-me-nots. Alas! it was but against them alone I could protect it. Before long there came into our neighborhood a man whom I noticed more than once hanging about the spot where the stream empties itself into the sea. The fellow I plainly saw was neither seeking for rhymes, nor indulging in dreams and memories upon its banks,—he was not lulling thought to rest with the gentle murmur of its waters. 'My good friend,' he was saying to the stream, 'there you are, idling and meandering about, singing to your heart's content, while I am working and wearing myself out. I don't

see why you should not help me a bit; you know nothing of the work to be done, but I'll soon show you. You'll soon know how to set about it. You must find it dull to stay in this way, doing nothing,—it would be a change for you to make files or grind knives.' Very soon wheels of all kinds were brought to the poor stream. From that day forward it has worked and turned a great wheel, which turns a little wheel, which turns a grindstone; it still sings, but no longer the same gently-monotonous song in its peaceful melancholy. Its song is loud and angry now,—it leaps and froths and works now,—it grinds knives! It still crosses the meadow, and my garden, and the next meadow; but there, the man is on the watch for it, to make it work. I have done the only thing I could do for it. I have dug a new bed for it in my garden, so that it may idle longer there, and leave me a little later; but for all that, it must go at last and grind knives. Poor stream! thou didst not sufficiently conceal thy happiness in obscurity,—thou hast murmured too audibly thy gentle music."

SIR EMERSON TENNANT ON AMERICAN MISSIONS IN CEYLON.

One of the most respectable persons employed in the English colonial service, is Sir EMERSON TENNANT, LL. D., K. C. B. &c., who was for many years connected with the administration in Ceylon, and is now, we believe, Governor of St. Helena. He has recently published a volume entitled *Christianity in Ceylon*, in which there are some passages of especial interest to American readers, displaying in a favorable light, the services rendered to civilization by the missionaries of this country. These parts of his work have attracted much consideration. The *Dublin University Magazine* remarks:

"We describe the American Mission, which acts under the direction of one of the oldest and most remarkable of the existing associations for the dissemination of Christianity, "The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," whose head-quarters are at Boston, in Massachusetts. The first settlers in Massachusetts, like those of New England generally, were missionary colonists. Their charter, given by Charles I., states that one of the objects of the king and of the planters was the conversion of the natives to the true faith; and the seal of the company thus incorporated bore the device of a North American Indian, with the motto "*Come over and help us.*" It may be interesting to add, that the "pilgrim fathers" of the New England States were, indirectly, the cause of the Protestant missions of the Dutch. They were, as our author states, 'the first pioneers of the Protestant world, and the first heralds of the Reformed religion to the heathen of foreign lands. Their mission is more ancient than the Propaganda of Rome, and it preceded by nearly a century any other missionary association in Europe. It was encouraged by Cromwell, and incorporated by Charles II.; and Cotton Mather records that it was the example of the New England fathers, and their success amongst the Indians, that first aroused the energy of the Dutch for the conversion of the natives of Ceylon.'

"We cannot doubt that amongst the main causes of the prosperity of North America are, the permanence of religious feeling, and the blessing attendant on the fact, that the missionary spirit has never perished. The labors of this great people on their own vast continent have been conducted with the greatest judgment, and marked by a success which encouraged their extension in other lands. In the year 1812, they turned their attention to the East, and, under an act of incorporation from the state of Massachusetts, commenced their missionary efforts in the Old World. Their first missionaries to India appeared there in 1812, but were ordered by the Governor-General to leave Calcutta by the same vessel in which they had arrived. One of them landing in Ceylon, on his voyage home, was so struck with the openings which it presented for missionary enterprise, and so much encouraged by the Governor, Sir Robert Brownrigg, to engage in it, that, on his representations, the American Board, in 1816, sent out three clergymen and their wives, who fixed their residence at Jaffina, which has been ever since the scene of their remarkable labors. These were reinforced in 1829, and for many years their establishment has consisted of from seven to eleven ordained ministers, with a physician, conductors of the press, and other lay assistants; these are selected from Congregationalists and Presbyterians. It is gratifying to be enabled to add, that a most cordial good-will and desire to co-operate has from the beginning prevailed between them and the other Protestant missionaries in their neighborhood. For thirty years they have assembled periodically in a "missionary union," to decide on measures and compare results. "With all of them education is," as our author says, "a diurnal occupation; whilst in their purely clerical capacity they have felt the necessity of proceeding with more cautious circumspection, improving rather than creating opportunities, relying less upon formal preaching than on familiar discourses, and trusting more to the intimate exhortation of a few than to the effect of popular addresses to indiscriminate assemblies."

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"The first embryo instruction is communicated by them in free village schools, scattered everywhere throughout the district, in which the children of the Tamils are taught in their own tongue the simplest elements of knowledge, and the earliest processes of education—to read from translations of the Christian Scriptures, and to write their own language, first by tracing the letters on the sand, and eventually by inscribing them with an iron style upon the prepared

leaves of the *Palmyra palm*. It will afford an idea of the extent and perseverance with which education has been pursued in these primitive institutions, that, in the free schools of the Americans alone, 4,000 pupils, of whom one-fourth are females, are daily receiving instruction, and upwards of 90,000 children have been taught in them since their commencement, a proportion equal to one-half the present population of the peninsula."

"It was soon seen that, in addition to these primary schools, the establishment of boarding schools was extremely desirable, for the purpose of separating the pupils from the influence of idolatry. The attempt was made, but proved to be attended with difficulties which would have appeared to many insurmountable. In the first place, the natives were suspicious, not conceiving that strangers could undertake such toil, trouble, and expense, without an interested object. The more positive difficulty was connected with caste, with the reluctance of parents to permit their children to associate with those of a lower rank.

"This the missionaries overcame, not so much by inveighing against the absurdity of such distinctions as by practically ignoring them, except wherever expediency or necessity required their recognition. In all other cases where the customs and prejudices of the Tamils were harmless in themselves, or productive of no inconvenience to others, they were in no way contravened or prohibited; but as intelligence increased, and the minds of the pupils became expanded, the most distinctive and objectionable of them were voluntarily and almost imperceptibly abandoned.

"When the boarders were first admitted to one of the American schools at Batticotta, a cook-house was obliged to be erected for them on the adjoining premises of a heathen, as they would not eat under the roof of a Christian; but after a twelvemonth's perseverance, the inconvenience overcame the objection, and they removed to the refectory of the institution. But here a fresh difficulty was to be encountered; some of the high caste youths made an objection to use the same wells which had been common to the whole establishment; and it was agreed to meet their wishes by permitting them to clear out one in particular, to be reserved exclusively for themselves. They worked incessantly for a day, but finding it hopeless to draw it perfectly dry, they resolved to accommodate the difficulty, on the principle, that having drawn off as much water as the well contained when they began, the remainder must be sufficiently pure for all ordinary uses."

"In addition to these primary and boarding-schools, the American Mission, in 1830, established schools for teaching English, and for elementary instruction of a more advanced description. These were all under a discipline avowedly Christian, yet the missionaries found that they were able not only to enforce the fee demanded, but to maintain their regulations without loss of numbers.

"And it is a fact,' says Sir Emerson Tennent, 'suggestive of curious speculation as to the genius and character of this anomalous people, that in a heathen school recently established by Brahmans in the vicinity of Jaffna, the Hindoo Community actually compelled those who conducted it to introduce the reading of the Bible as an indispensable portion of the ordinary course of instruction.'"

"This does not seem so strange to us. The shrewd Tamils, as we collect from other observations in the work before us, perceived how the Bible-reading children had improved in demeanor, conduct, and success in life. For these same reasons, and possibly in some cases from a deeper feeling never yet avowed, the Roman Catholic peasantry of Ireland, before the introduction of the National System of Education, and previously to, and, in many cases, long after, the expressed hostility of their priesthood, anxiously sent their children to the schools of the Kildare-place and the Hibernian Bible Societies.

"The other missionaries, we need hardly say, were as active as the Americans. After some years of further experience, they all felt the necessity of founding educational institutions of a still more advanced description for the instruction of the natives in their own language. It became plain to them that, from physical as well as moral causes, the conversion of the natives could be only hoped for through the medium of their well-taught and well-trained countrymen. The niceties of the language and their modes of thought presented difficulties of a most serious character to others; the very terms of the ordinary address of a missionary suggested ideas altogether different from what he intended. Thus, when GOD is spoken of, they probably understand one of their own deities who yields to every vile indulgence; by SIN, they mean ceremonial defilement, or evil committed in a former birth, for which they are not accountable; *hell* with them is only a place of temporary punishment; and *heaven* nothing more than absorption, or the loss of individuality. Under these impressions each of the missionary bodies at Jaffna formed for themselves a collegiate institution, in which the best scholars from their other schools were admitted to a still more advanced course, and taught the sciences of Europe. That of the Church Missionary Society of England was established at Nellore, but subsequently removed to Chundically; the Wesleyans commenced theirs in the great square of Jaffna; and that of the Americans was founded at Batticotta, in the midst of a cultivated country, within sight of the sea, and at a very few miles distant from the fort."

"It was opened in 1823, with about fifty students chosen from the most successful pupils of all the schools in the province; and the course of education is so

comprehensive as to extend over a period of eight years of study. With a special regard to the future usefulness of its alumni in the conflict with the errors of the Brahmanical system, the curriculum embraces all the ordinary branches of historical and classical learning, and all the higher departments of mathematical and physical science, combined with the most intricate familiarization with the great principles and evidences of the Christian religion.

"The number which the building can accommodate is limited, for the present, to one hundred, who reside within its walls, and take their food in one common hall, sitting to eat after the custom of the natives. For some years the students were boarded and clothed at the expense of the mission; but such is now the eagerness for instruction that there are a multitude of competitors for every casual vacancy; and the cost of their maintenance during the whole period of pupilage is willingly paid in advance, in order to secure the privilege of admission.

"Nearly six hundred students have been under instruction from time to time since the commencement of the American Seminary at Batticotta, and of these upwards of four hundred have completed the established course of education. More than one-half have made an open profession of Christianity, and all have been familiarized with its doctrines, and more or less imbued with its spirit. The majority are now filling situations of credit and responsibility throughout the various districts of Ceylon; numbers are employed under the missionaries themselves, as teachers and catechists, and as preachers and superintendents of schools; many have migrated, in similar capacities, to be attached to Christian missions on the continent of India; others have lent their assistance to the missions of the Wesleyans and the Church of England in Ceylon; and amongst those who have attached themselves to secular occupations, I can bear testimony to the abilities, the qualifications, and integrity, of the many students of Jaffna, who have accepted employment in various offices under the Government of the colony."

"Another of the instruments of conversion adopted by these indefatigable men is *the press*. They were long obliged to have their tracts written out on *olahs*, or strips of the Palmyra leaf, which, when the missionary took for distribution, were strung round the neck of his horse. The printing establishment of the American Mission has for many years given constant employment to upwards of eighty Tamil workmen. Their publications are either religious or educational; and one of their ulterior objects is to supersede the degraded legends still in circulation. The natives of Ceylon, like most other Asiatics, have a strong repugnance to reading. This, however, has been to some extent already overcome, both on the continent of India and in Ceylon, as is evident from the facts of the establishment of native presses in Hindostan, and of the success of a missionary newspaper in Ceylon for the last seven years, which has now more than seven hundred subscribers, of whom five-sixths are Tamils. The Church Missionary Society have also a press amongst the Tamils; the Wesleyans established theirs in the Singhalese districts, and the Baptists have one at work in Kandy. One of the greatest, among the many triumphs of the missionaries in Ceylon, has been in the education of girls. The position of woman in that island, as in most parts of the East, was one of inferiority and toil. She was not permitted to sit at table with the males, or even to eat in the presence of her husband. Her education was so wholly neglected that, amongst the Tamils, no woman knew her alphabet, except such as rather gave the accomplishment a bad name—the dancing girls and prostitutes attached to the temples, who learned to read and write that they might copy songs and the legends of their gods. It was, however, plain that no extensive good would be effected without the education of women. The male converts could not get suitable wives, and the children would be in the hands of idolaters. In addition to their natural influence in a family, the women of the Tamils, where this new attempt in education was first made, had rights of property, which, notwithstanding the inferiority of their social position, gave them peculiar influence.

"It is, we are told, a paramount object of ambition with Tamil parents to secure an eligible alliance for their daughters by the assignment of extravagant marriage portions. These consist either of land, or of money secured upon land; and as the law of Ceylon recognizes the absolute control of the lady over the property thus conveyed to her sole and separate use, the prevalence of the practice has, by degrees, thrown an extraordinary extent of the landed property of the country into the hands of the females, and invested them with a corresponding proportion of authority in its management."

Impressed with the urgency of the object, the missionaries attempted the establishment of female schools, and especially of boarding schools, where Hindoo girls might be trained, and separated from evil influences until they could be settled with the approbation of the guardians. They had at first great difficulty in getting pupils, and only enticed them by presents of dress, or some such cogent bribe, or by engagements to give fortunes of five or six pounds to all who remained in their institutions until suitably married. Even with these allurements their early efforts promised no success. Parents were inveighed against for allowing their daughters to be instructed, and so strong was native prejudice that the children, when learning to read, blushed with shame. These and other obstacles have been surmounted, and, as the following extract shows, the missionaries have no longer to allure, but must select their scholars. The Americans made the first experiment at Oodooville, a few miles distant from the fort of Jaffna:—

"The hamlet of Oodooville is in the centre of a tract of very rich land, and the

buildings occupied by the Americans were originally erected by the Portuguese for a Roman Catholic church, and the residence of a friar of the order of St. Francis. It is a beautiful spot, embowered in trees, and all its grounds and gardens are kept in becoming order, with the nicest care and attention.

"The institution opened in 1824, with about thirty pupils, between the ages of five and eleven; and this, after eight years of previous exertion and entreaty, was the utmost number of female scholars who could be prevailed on to attend from the whole extent of the province. This difficulty has been long since overcome. Instead of solicitations and promises, to allure scholars, the missionaries have long since been obliged to limit their admissions to one hundred, the utmost that their buildings can accommodate; and now, so eager are the natives to secure education for their daughters, that a short time before my visit, on the occasion of filling up some vacancies, upwards of sixty candidates were in anxious attendance, of whom only seventeen could be selected, there being room for no more. The earliest inmates of the institution were of low castes and poor; whereas the pupils and candidates now are, many of them, of most respectable families, and the daughters of persons of property and influence in the district.

"The course of instruction is in all particulars adapted to suit the social circumstances of the community; along with a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures and the principles of the Christian religion, it embraces all the ordinary branches of female education, which are communicated both in Tamil and in English; and combined with this intellectual culture, the girls are carefully trained, conformably to the usages of their country, in all the discipline and acquirements essential to economy and domestic enjoyments at home. Of two hundred and fifty females who have been thus brought up at Oodooville, more than half have been since married to Christians, and are now communicating to their children the same training and advantages of which they have so strongly felt the benefit themselves."

"The consequence of these proceedings is, that the number of households is fast increasing, where the mother, trained in the habits of civilized life, and instructed in the principles of Christianity, is anxious to give to her children the like advantages."

A PAPER OF ... TOBACCO.

We find a lively passage on tobacco in the pleasant new book by Alphonse Karr. It must be borne in mind that, in France, tobacco is a monopoly—and a very productive one—in the hands of government:—

"There is a family of poisonous plants, amongst which we may notice the henbane, the datura stramonium, and the tobacco plant. The tobacco plant is perhaps a little less poisonous than the datura, but it is more so than the henbane, which is a violent poison. Here is a tobacco plant—as fine a plant as you can wish to see. It grows to the height of six feet; and from the centre of a tuft of leaves, of a beautiful green, shoot out elegant and graceful clusters of pink flowers.

"For a long while the tobacco plant grew unknown and solitary in the wilds of America. The savage to whom we had given brandy gave us in exchange tobacco, with the smoke of which they used to intoxicate themselves on grand occasions. The intercourse between the two worlds began by this amiable interchange of poisons.

"Those who first thought of putting tobacco dust up their noses were first laughed at, and then persecuted more or less. James I., of England, wrote against snuff-takers a book entitled *Misocapnos*. Some years later, Pope Urban VIII. excommunicated all persons who took snuff in churches. The Empress Elizabeth thought it necessary to add something to the penalty of excommunication pronounced against those who used the black dust during divine service, and authorised the beadles to confiscate the snuff-boxes to their own use. Amurath IV. forbade the use of snuff under pain of having the nose cut off.

"No useful plant could have withstood such attacks. If before this invention a man had been found to say, Let us seek the means of filling the coffers of the state by a voluntary tax; let us set about selling something which every body will like to do without. In America there is a plant essentially poisonous; if from its leaves you extract an empyreumatic oil, a single drop of it will cause an animal to die in horrible convulsions. Suppose we offer this plant for sale chopped up or reduced to a powder. We will sell it very dear, and tell people to stuff the powder up their noses.

"That is to say, I suppose, you will force them to do so by law?"

"Not a bit of it. I spoke of a voluntary tax. As to the portion we chop up, we will

tell them to inhale it, and swallow a little of the smoke from it besides.'

"But it will kill them.'

"No; they will become rather pale, perhaps feel giddy, spit blood, and suffer from colics, or have pains in the chest—that's all. Besides, you know, although it has been often said that habit is second nature, people are not yet aware how completely man resembles the knife, of which the blade first and then the handle had been changed two or three times. In man there is no nature left—nothing but habit remains. People will become like Mithridates, who had learnt to live on poisons.

"The first time that a man will smoke he will feel sickness, nausea, giddiness, and colics; but that will go off by degrees, and in time he will get so accustomed to it, that he will only feel such symptoms now and then—when he smokes tobacco that is bad, or too strong—or when he is not well, and in five or six other cases. Those who take it in powder will sneeze, have a disagreeable smell, lose the sense of smelling, and establish in their nose a sort of perpetual blister.'

"Then, I suppose it smells very nice.'

"Quite the reverse. It has a very unpleasant smell; but, as I said, we'll sell it very dear, and reserve to ourselves the monopoly of it.'

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"My good friend,' one would have said to any one absurd enough to hold a similar language, 'nobody will envy you the privilege of selling a weed that no one will care to buy. You might as well open a shop and write on it: Kicks sold here; or, Such-a-one sells blows, wholesale and retail. You will find as many customers as for your poisonous weed.'

"Well! who would have believed that the first speaker was right, and that the tobacco speculation would answer perfectly! The kings of France have written no satires against snuff, have had no noses cut off, no snuff-boxes confiscated. Far from it. They have sold tobacco, laid an impost on noses, and given snuff-boxes to poets with their portraits on the lid, and diamonds all round. This little trade has brought them in I don't know how many millions a year. The potato was far more difficult to popularize, and has still some adversaries."

LORD JEFFREY AND JOANNA BAILLIE.

Joanna Baillie's first volume of poems was severely criticised in the *Edinburgh Review* by Jeffrey. In an article upon the deceased poetess in *Chambers's Journal*, we have an account of her subsequent relations with the reviewer. She visited Edinburgh in 1808.

"As she did not refuse to go into company, she could not be long in that city without encountering Francis Jeffrey, the foremost man in the bright train of *beaux-esprits* which then adorned the society of the Scottish capital. He would gladly have been presented to her; and if she had permitted it, there is little doubt that in the eloquent flow of his delightful and genial conversation, enough of the admiration he really felt for her poetry must have been expressed, to have softened her into listening at least with patience to his suggestions for her improvement. But in vain did the friendly Mrs. Betty Hamilton (authoress of 'The Cottagers of Glenburnie') beg for leave to present him to her when they met in her hospitable drawing-room; and equally in vain were the efforts made by the good-natured Duchess of Gordon to bring about an introduction which she knew was desired at least by one of the parties. It was civilly but coldly declined by the poetess; and though the dignified reason assigned was the propriety of leaving the critic more entirely at liberty in his future strictures than an *acquaintance* might perhaps feel himself, there seems little reason to doubt that soreness and natural resentment had something to do with the refusal."

"It was in the autumn of 1820 that Miss Baillie paid her last visit to Scotland, and passed those delightful days with Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, the second of which is so pleasantly given in Mr. Lockhart's life of the bard. Her friends again perceived a change in her manners. They had become blander, and much more cordial. She had probably been now too long admired and reverently looked up to not to understand her own position, and the encouragement which, essentially unassuming as she was, would be necessary from her to reassure the timid and satisfy the proud. She had magnanimously forgiven and lived down the unjust severity of her Edinburgh critic, and now no longer refused to be made personally known to him. He was presented to her by their mutual friend, the amiable Dr. Morehead. They had much earnest and interesting talk together, and from that hour to the end of their lives entertained for each other a mutual and cordial esteem. After this, Jeffrey seldom visited London without indulging himself in a friendly pilgrimage to the shrine of the secluded poetess; and it is pleasing to find

him writing of her in the following cordial way in later years: "*London*, April 28, 1840.—I forgot to tell you that we have been twice out to Hampstead to hunt out Joanna Baillie, and found her the other day as fresh, natural, and amiable as ever—and as little like a Tragic Muse. Since old Mrs. Brougham's death, I do not know so nice an old woman." And again, in January 7, 1842.—"We went to Hampstead, and paid a very pleasant visit to Joanna Baillie, who is marvellous in health and spirits, and youthful freshness and simplicity of feeling, and not a bit deaf, blind, or torpid."

Authors and Books.

DR. TITUS TOBLER, a Swiss savan, has just published a work entitled *Golgotha, its Churches and Cloisters*, in the course of which he undertakes the "Jerusalem question," or the discussion of the probable localities of the Scripture narrative of the crucifixion. Among the able German accounts of this treatise, which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the sacred student, we find the following notice of Professor Robinson, the first profound and adequate contemporary authority upon the subject: "Until the American Robinson, all the early comparisons and criticisms upon the holy sepulchre were based much more upon instinct and furious sectarianism, than upon a generous love of truth and a genuine insight into the matter. Only with wearisome effort, and not without the consent of the whole Church power, was Robinson's mighty grasp upon pious tradition repelled. In the main question the learned Yankee was not altogether wrong. But he is too rash in battle, too impatient, too reckless, too ambitious, and his armor was evidently not proof in all parts. Even the knowledge of the Semitic orient, of its antiquities and customs, seems, if we may say so without offence to transatlantic vanity, a little threadbare. But the Robinsonian breach in the wall was not to be entirely plastered up and its traces concealed. This American has first recognized the right way of breaking into the citadel of tradition; others, with more or less skill, have followed his track and widened the breach. But it was reserved for the inflexible ability of Dr. Tobler to dig up the very foundations, although he is no centaur, no giant, and in the pride of strength, does not scorn a childlike faith."

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Among recent German romances we note second and third editions of JEREMIAS GOTTHELF'S *Sylvester-Dream*, and the *Peasant's Mirror, or a Life-History*. The author is not much known beyond Germany, but is there recognized as having the greatest certainty and correctness in delineation, the most genial principle, and the soundest and freshest life of any contemporary writer. The *Sylvester-Dream* is as vague and fantastic, and of the same electrical effect, as the similar sparkling flights of Dickens and Jean Paul. *Uriel the Devil*, a satirical romance, in eight pictures, bears the name of Kaulbach, but whether the author is related to William Kaulbach, the great painter, we have no means of ascertaining. This, with the *Memorabilia of a German House-Servant* are spoiled by their imitations of Jean Paul, and the latter is somewhat strongly infected with Hoffman's Phantasies. But they are both books of more than common talent. Two romances by two women are most curtly and contemptuously noticed, in a style of uncourteous condemnation hardly to be paralleled in England or America, in which countries the chivalry of private respect for the fair sex always ameliorates condemnation of their writings. "Of these two books there is little else to say than that they are moral and respectable, and extremely well written for women. The former author has the rare and memorable heroism in a woman to allow her heroine to reach her thirty-fourth year."

Levin Schuneking formerly Grand-Master at the Court of the Elector of Cologne, has just published *The Peasant Prince*, a romance, called in Germany his best work.

KOHL, the traveller or writer of travels, has just published a book upon the Rhine, which is not of the usual character of his works, as the author perhaps feared too much the criticising contrast of Victor Hugo's *Rhine*, to undertake a detailed and sprightly description of the present life and aspect of the country. The new work is, in fact, an attempt to portray, according to Ritter's principles, a famous river region in its geological, historical and statistical relations; and from this point of view to present it vividly to the mind. The contents are simple and succinctly arranged, and the book is a signal success in the popularization of the results of recent geographical research. It has the same relation to the old river guide books, that Ritter's philosophical geography has to the old geographies.

ANASTASIUS GRUN, the famous German poet, has just edited the poetical remains of Nicolaus Lenau, of whom Auerbach wrote a graceful reminiscence for the German *Museum*, under the title of *Lenau's last Summer*. The chief poem of the collection is entitled *Don Juan*, which, although not fully finished, the German critics highly extol. Soon after the death of Lenau, in a madhouse, last

year, we gave some account of him in the *International*.

Of Sir CHARLES LYELL'S Second Journey in America, which Mr. E. Dieffenbach has rendered into German, the Germans say that its geniality and *gentlemanliness*, its graceful and striking pictures of the state of society, politics, and religion, and its popular treatment of scientific subjects, make it altogether charming. A reviewer notes what Lyell says of the universal tendency to read among the American laboring classes, and quotes some interesting facts, as that one house published eighty thousand copies of Eugene Sue's Wandering Jew, in various forms and at various prices. The same house had sold forty thousand copies of Macaulay's History of England, at the end of the first three months, at prices varying from fifty cents to four dollars, while other houses had sold twenty thousand copies, and this sale of sixty thousand copies while Longman was selling fifteen thousand at one pound twelve shillings.

The Countess HAHN-HAHN, who for several years has occupied in German literature a position corresponding to that of George Sand in France, with whose views of life and society she strongly sympathized, and whose "Faustina" and other works were republished here, has recently become a Roman Catholic, as our readers will have seen, and has just written the following letter to a Hamburg journal:

"To correct some misapprehension, I feel it to be my duty to declare that the new edition of my complete works announced by Alexander Duncker in Berlin is no new series, but an edition with a new title. A new series of those writings will never appear, as I no longer recognize as my own the spirit in which they were written.

IDA, COUNTESS HAHN-HAHN."

DAVID COPPERFIELD has been translated into German, with the peculiarities of speech of the different classes of characters unattempted. Old Pegotty and Ham speak "pure Castilian." It is easy to see how the dramatic character of the book is thus lost. Indeed, Dickens is almost the only very famous English author who is not much translated. The Battle of Life, one of the least valuable and characteristic of his works, is well known upon the Continent, because it was so easy to translate. But what can a descendant of Dante, for instance, ever know of the drolleries of Sam Weller? Fancy a *spiritual* Frenchman trying to catch the fun of Pickwick!

Mr. Judd's *Richard Edney* induces a German critic to say of him, "This is a new English poet of the Carlyle and Emerson school, who, inspired by the example of Jean Paul, turn the English language topsy-turvy, and introduce a jargon that makes us satisfied with our own romantic barbarism."

Mrs. S. C. HALL'S *Sorrows of Women* has been also translated into German, and is highly praised. [Pg 314]

In Vienna, most of the recent publications have more or less relation to affairs. There is very little of pure literature. M. de Zsedényi, one of the most capable Hungarian political writers, has published a work entitled *Responsibility of the Cabinet and the State of Hungary*. The author of *The Genesis of the Revolution*, (supposed to be Count Hartig, who was a Minister without portfolio under Prince Metternich) has again appeared before the public with 146 closely printed pages of *Night Thoughts*, some of which had better never have seen the light of day. A Mr. Schwarz has published a work advocating "protection," and in it he spares neither England nor the Austrian Minister of Commerce. Free trade notions have indeed been attacked in a score of books by continental thinkers lately, and free trade opinions seem to have received, throughout Europe, a most decided check.

The late Prince VALDIMAR, of Russia, made three or four years ago a journey to India, and besides taking part with the British army in sundry engagements, occupied himself busily in investigating the manners and customs of the people, the antiquities, history, and natural productions of the country. He wrote an account of his journey, and illustrated it with numerous drawings. His family is now causing this to be printed and the drawings to be engraved, and in a short time the work will be completed. Only three hundred copies are to be struck off, and they are to be

presented to royal and illustrious personages. The getting up of the publication will cost 40,000 thalers.

M. LEON DE MONBEILLARD has written a little treatise upon the *Ethics of Spinoza*, in which—being a spiritualist who admits the dogma of the creation and of human personality—he is said to have refuted the great philosopher, yet without calumniating or disfiguring his doctrines, and with a constant admiration of all that is truly admirable in Spinoza.

The work has not yet crossed the sea, but we cannot help thinking that the colossal views of so great a mind are not to be entirely disproved in the delicate dimensions of an "*opuscule*," as the able little treatise of M. Montbeillard is called by the critics.

JOSEPH RUSSEGGER, imperial director of the mines at Schemnitz, has published the results of five years' travel in Europe, Asia, and Africa, comprising a universal scientific and artistic as well as social and picturesque view of those countries. It is in four volumes, very splendidly illustrated in all these departments, and is published at a cost of forty dollars.

Dr. DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS, the famous rationalist, has published a work entitled *Christian Marklein*, a picture of life and character from the present time, giving charming if not very new views of the Wurtemberg theological schools.

In the *German Universities*, it appears from the census just taken, with the exceptions of those of Königsberg, Kiel, and Rostock, the numbers for which have not been officially returned, there were for the last term on the registers 11,945 students. The universities may be classed, according to the number of students at each, in this order: Berlin, Munich, Bonn, Leipsic, Breslau, Tübingen, Göttingen, Würzburg, Halle, Heidelberg, Giessen, Erlangen, Freiburg, Jena, Marburg, Greifswalde. Berlin has 2,107 students, and Greifswalde only 189. The number studying the law is 3,973; of theological students, 2,539; pursuing the study of philosophy and philology, 2,357; medical students, 2,146; and there are 549 engaged in political economy. Halle reckons the greatest proportional number of theological students, there being 330 out of a total of 597; Heidelberg has most students of law; Würzburg, most of medicine; and Jena, most students of theology. The greatest numbers of foreign students are to be found at Heidelberg, Göttingen, Jena, Würzburg, and Leipsic.

The *Independence Belge* gives an account of Frau Pfeiffer, a woman who left Vienna several years ago to travel alone in the most distant and unfrequented parts of the world. After visiting Palestine and Egypt, Scandinavia and Iceland, she landed in Brazil, penetrated the primitive forests, and lived among the natives; from Valparaiso she traversed the Pacific to Otaheite, thence to China, Singapore, Ceylon, Hindostan, to the caves of Adjunta and Ellora to Bombay, whence she sailed up the Tigris, to Bagdad, and then entered upon the arduous journey to Babylon, Nineveh, and into Kurdistan; and passing to the Caucasus, she embarked for Constantinople, visiting Greece in her way home to Germany. She is now in London, visiting the Great Exposition.

FERDINAND HILLER, Superintendent of the Cologne Musical Academy, and a contemporary and friend of Mendelssohn, whom, in the beginning, it was supposed he would surpass as a composer, has been recently in Paris, renewing his old experiences. He saw there most of the famous literary and artistic notabilities, and gossips pleasantly about them in the *feuilleton* of a German journal. He saw Henry Heine, whose body is almost dead, but whose mind is as vigorous as ever. Hiller says that Heine chatted with him about God and himself, of the King of Prussia, and of Hiller—of the Frankfort Parliament and his own songs. Heine's features, he says, are interesting, and even more beautiful than they were formerly. The fallen cheeks leave the noble oval of the head and the delicately chiselled nose mournfully apparent. The eyes are closed. He can only see with the left, by elevating the lid with his finger. He wears a close-trimmed beard, and his hair is as brown and luxuriant as ever. The slim white hand is ideally beautiful. It belongs, according to the doctrine of Carns, to the class of the purely psychological. Heine had just written a song for a German composer; and that no poet can sing more sweetly for music, the many of his verses which Schubert has "married to immortal" tune sufficiently indicate. Mendelssohn also composed the most dreamily delicate music to Heine's "Moonlight on the Ganges."

Ingres, the painter, now seventy years old, the pride and model of the severe classicists of the French school, is a comely old man, with rich dark hair, luminous eye, and smooth brow. He is still light and active in movement, and a genial serenity broods over his whole character and manner. His love of music is no less enthusiastic than that of a lover for his mistress. The great German composers are great gods to Ingres. The remembrance of a beautiful sonata fills his eyes with tears. Ingres has recently finished a portrait, which is not inferior to any thing he has ever done.

Of musical men, Hiller saw Halevy, a successful composer and genial companion, with a gentle strain of irony in his conversation. Hector Berlioz has not grown to be fifty without some of the snowy tracks of time, but the volcanic genius is still alive. His conversation is like an eruption, now a burning lava-stream of glowing inspiration, now sulphurous mockery and scorn, and now, wide-flying, a shower of sharp stones of criticism. He tells the most laughable stories of his London life, and his musical difficulties and experiences there. In Paris he is only librarian of the "Conservatoire," and director of great concerts.

Jules Janin, the sparkling "J. J." of the *Journal des Débats*, and the grand seigneur of the Parisian *feuilletonistes*, leads the most loitering, pleasant life, and grows merry and fat thereby. He sits upon a luxurious ottoman, wrapped in a gorgeous *robe de chambre*, by the fire-place of his beautifully adorned study, and there among his books and bijoux of taste and art, gives audience to all the world. He has visits without end. He gives instruction and advice, hears all that every body has to say, applauds extravagantly, as he writes, all things in this world and some more, until it is time to go to dinner, or to see a new vaudeville. He has beside a beautiful wife, and suffers with the gout. Could his cup be fuller?

The poet Beranger, too, who seems to Hiller the songfullest of song-writers, charmed him by the gravity, and sweetness, and nobility of his character. Beranger received him quietly at Passy, near Paris, where he resides, a hale old man of more than seventy years. His hair is white, but his face has the freshness of blooming health. In his features there is a remarkable blending of geniality and intelligent sharpness. They are largely moulded, and their general expression is as generous, fine, and graceful as his verses. The perfect simplicity of his household is very striking. The only hints of any luxury are some medallion portraits, among which Hiller observed Napoleon and Lamartine. Yet this severity is so evidently the result of taste and not of poverty, that it has no unpleasant effect. The beauty and richness of his conversation filled his visitor with the greatest regret that he could not record it all. His first great remembrance is the destruction of the Bastille. His essay in literature was by the songs which circulated universally in manuscript before they were printed. But his literary ambition was toward works of great scope and extent, and it was not until after thirty years of age that he felt distinctly what he could do best. Of his songs he said, "I present to myself a song, as a great composition—I sketch a complete plan, beginning, middle, and end, and make the refrain the quintessence of the whole."

While Beranger was finding a letter, he opened a drawer, in which Hiller saw scraps of song and sketches of poems, which he longed to seize, as a wistful boy would grab at the money piles in a banker's window. The following is the letter in which Beranger speaks of the Marseillaise:

"I thank you, Madame, for the pleasant letter which you addressed to me. It has revealed to me a noble heart, and although I do not believe such hearts as rare as many say, it is always a fair fortune to meet them.

"What you say of the Marseillaise is entirely just. But remember, Madame, that it is the people itself, which always selects its songs, words, and melodies, uninfluenced by any one in the world. Once made, this choice endures, with authority even among the later generations, whose experience would not have made it.

"I have often enough thought about a new song of the kind, but I am too old now, and the circumstances of the time have robbed my voice of power. You, Madame, saw the true thought of the song which should be now sung, and I lament that you find the poetical harness not flexible enough for it.

"As to your remarks upon my new songs, I must say that I trouble myself as little about the destiny of my younger daughters as about that of their elder sisters. And I am surprised that you speak to me of a Lierman, who should have known me. Excuse, Madame, my delay in acknowledging and thanking you for your letter, and believe me your devoted,

BERANGER."

A recent Italian translation of the *Diplomats and Diplomacy of Italy*, which first appeared in Professor Von Raumer's *Pocket Book* for 1841, contains three hitherto unprinted MSS. from the Venetian archives. They are curious and interesting, as indicating the strict surveillance which the republic maintained, by means of its ambassadors, over the whole world of the period.

A work to create some surprise, coming from Spain, is the *Persecution of the Spanish Protestants by Philip the Second*, by DON ADOLPHO DE CASTRO. The name of Castro is honorably distinguished in Spanish literature. The present author is a grandson, we believe, of Rodriguez de Castro, who wrote the BIBLIOTECA ESPAÑOLA. He displays abilities and a temper suitable for the task he attempted; he has joined to careful and intelligent research a bravery of characterization which quite relieves his work from the censures which belong to most Spanish compositions of its class. That he could print in Madrid a work in which statecraft and ecclesiastical persecutions are so frankly dealt with, is a fact of more significance than a dozen such revolutions as have vexed the slumbers of other states. In Spain, above all countries, the spread of a taste for historical studies must be regarded as pregnant with important consequences. It shows that the barriers of ignorance and self-conceit, which have so long isolated that country from the rest of Europe, are beginning to be effectually broken down. To the common Protestant reader, indeed, De Castro's work will appear studiously moderate, or perhaps timid. But it should be remembered that it was written for a public which is four or five centuries behind our own, in all that constitutes true liberty and enlightenment; and what would appear most gratuitous cowardice here may easily enough be remarkable courage in Spain. To speak in favor of Protestantism at all, still more to become the biographer of the Protestant martyrs, is an undertaking which demands from a Spaniard, even of the present day, no ordinary amount of resolution. And we should be by no means surprised to hear that De Castro has been, in one way or another, made to pay some penalty of his rash enterprise. That it is both a dangerous and an unpopular one is manifest from the caution with which historical as well as religious topics are treated. Compiling what we cannot better characterize than as a Spanish supplement to Fox's "Book of Martyrs," the author nowhere professes himself a Protestant. And the slow and gradual way in which he unmasks the character of Philip II., shows how haughty and sensitive are the public whom he has undertaken to disabuse of a portion of the inveterate pride and prejudice which they nourish on all subjects affecting their church or their country. On the whole, however, though the Protestant reader will occasionally desiderate a little more warmth and indignation when chronicling such atrocities, we should say that the book rather gains than loses by this studied moderation both in tone and opinions. It certainly gains in dignity and impressiveness; and it is vastly better adapted to make its way with the author's countrymen, than if he had betrayed at the outset a sectarian bias, which would have revolted them, before they had time to make acquaintance with the sad and sanguinary events of which he is the historian. The ground gone over is necessarily much the same as in M'Crie's *History of the Reformation in Spain*, a work which possibly suggested the undertaking, and to which De Castro gives due credit for learning and ability. His advantage over the Scottish historian consists in his command of a variety of documents in print and in manuscript, to which access could be had only in Spain, especially the publications of the Spanish reformers themselves, which are exceedingly rare in consequence of the pains taken to destroy them by the Inquisition. The most remarkable result obtained by De Castro's researches, and the feature in his work for which he claims the greatest credit is the new light he has thrown on the history of Don Carlos. But unfortunately the question as to the Protestantism of that prince remains in much the same obscurity as before. His having been tainted by heretical opinions would aid certainly in accounting for his father's malignity towards him; but otherwise there seems to be no proof of the fact; and our own opinion is, that his tolerant views as to the treatment of the Flemish provinces were misconstrued into bias towards Protestant doctrines. The inference relied on by De Castro and others, that if he had remained Catholic he must have shared his father's extravagant bigotry, is lame. Don Carlos did no more than follow the usual course of heirs apparent when he disapproved of his father's tyranny; and his sympathies with Aragon are not less marked than those with Flanders.

LONGWORTH, who distinguished himself in the Hungarian troubles, is writing a history of them. There is promise of so many books upon the subject that we shall be able to find out nothing about it. By the way, we wonder that no one has yet chosen for a motto to place upon his title-page, this sentence, which Lord Bolingbroke wrote more than a hundred years ago:

"I mean to speak of the troubles in Hungary. Whatever they become in their progress, they were caused originally by the usurpations and persecutions of the emperor. And when the Hungarians were called rebels first, they were called so for no other reason than this, that they would not be slaves."

It is from his *Letters on History*, and occurs where he has been speaking of the hostility of foreign powers to Austria.

A PENNY MAGAZINE, in the Bengalese language, is to be established in Calcutta, under the editorship of Baboo Rajendralal Mitra, the librarian of the Asiatic Society. It is to be illustrated by electrotypes executed in England, of woodcuts which have already appeared in the *Penny*

A NATIVE of India has translated the tragedy of *Othello* into Bengalee Othello's cognomen in the Oriental version is Moor Bahadoor (General Moor).

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IN ITALY, at Turin and Florence, a great number of valuable works have been issued, illustrative of the recent revolutions. They do not claim to be histories, for history is impossible, while events are contemporary and cannot be contemplated from a universal point of principle and analysis. But these volumes are what the French with their happy facility would call studies for history. They are the material from which the great historic artists must compose their pictures—they are the diary of the movement—they follow all the changes of the time, hopeful or despondent, with the fidelity and closeness of an Indian upon the trail. We have seen several of these publications, and hope ere many months to see a treatise upon the republican movement in Europe from a pen well able to sketch it, and which is fed by ink which is never for a moment red.

The largest and most important of these works is that of M. Gualterio, just published in Florence, which comprises several letters of the Austrian lackey, Francis IV., Duke of Modenas, and throws light upon many of the darkest passages of the dark Austria-Italico policy. Among other letters, also, one of the most remarkable is that of the Cardinal Gonsalvi, well known as the able and humane Prime Minister of Pius VII., and to whose memory there is now upon the walls of St. Peter's a monument by Thorwaldsen, of which a statue of the Cardinal is part. This letter speaks of the miserable conduct of the political trials, and "justice," he says, "charity, the most ordinary decency demands that all humanity shall not be so trampled under foot. What will the English and French journals say—not the Austrian, when they learn of this massacre of the innocents." This was thirty years ago. But at this moment, were there an able and humane minister at the Vatican, how truly might he repeat Gonsalvi's words!

It is in works like these, and in the journals and pamphlets published during the intensity of the struggle, that the still-surviving Italian genius, which it has been so long the northern policy to smother and repress, betrayed itself. Nor among these works, as striking another key, ought we to omit the Souvenirs of the War of Lombardy by M. de Talleyrand-Perigord. Duke of Dino—and the history of the Revolution of Rome by Alphonse Balleydier. The Souvenirs are devoted to the glory of the unhappy King Charles Albert, the dupe of his own vanity and the victim of his own weakness.

Upon the pages of M. le Duc de Dino, however, he blazes very brilliantly as a martyr—martyr of a cause hopeless even in the first flush of success—martyr of an army without enthusiasm, of a liberalism without freedom or heroism. The English royalists, the reader will remember, were fond of the same title for the unhappy Charles I.

In M. Balleydier's history of the Roman revolution, Rossi is the central figure, in whose fate there was something extremely heroic, because he had received information, just as he quitted the Pope's palace to go to the assembly, from a priest who had heard it in confidence, that he was to be attacked, and he must have known the Italian, and especially the Roman character, sufficiently to have felt assured of his fate. After hearing the priest, Rossi said to him calmly: "I thank you, Monseigneur, the cause of the Pope is the cause of God," and stepping into his carriage drove to the palace of the Cancellaria, at whose door he fell dead, by a stroke that wounded much more mortally the cause which condemned him, than the cause he espoused.

With all our waste of money, and continual boasts of encouraging individual merit, we have not yet a single pension in this country except to homicides. "They manage these things better in France." A return just published in the official *Moniteur*, shows that one department of the government, that of Public Instruction, distributes the following pensions to literary persons: five of from \$400 to \$480 a year; nine of \$300 to \$360; twenty-nine of \$200 to \$240; thirty-four of \$120 to \$180; and fifteen of \$40 to \$100. To the widows and families of deceased authors, two of \$400 to \$450; six of \$300 to \$360; seventeen of \$200 to \$240; twenty-five of \$120 to \$180; and thirty-one of \$40 to \$100. In addition to this, it may be mentioned, that the same department distributes a large sum annually, under the title of "Encouragements," to authors in temporary distress, or engaged in works of literary importance and but small pecuniary profit. It also awards several thousands to learned societies, for literary and scientific missions, purchases of books, &c. The department of the Interior gives \$2,500 a year in subscriptions to different works, and nearly \$30,000 for "indemnities and assistance to authors." The other departments of the government also employ considerable sums in purchasing books, and in otherwise encouraging literary men. It is said indeed to be no unusual thing for an author, laboring under temporary inconvenience, to apply for a few hundred, or, in some cases, thousand francs, and they are almost always awarded. No shame whatever is attached to the application, and no very extraordinary credit to the gift. Surely, France must be a Paradise for authors.

A BOOKSELLER in Paris announces: "Reflections upon my conversations with the Duke de la Vauguyon, by Louis-Augustus Dauphin, (Louis XVI.,) accompanied by a fac simile of the MS., and with an introduction by M. FALLOUX, formerly Minister of Public Instruction." Falloux is a churchman of the stamp of Montalembert. We are apt to doubt the genuineness of these luckily discovered MSS. of eminent persons. We have no more faith in this case than we had in that of the Napoleon novels, mentioned in the last *International*.

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The late M. De BALZAC, who, besides being one of the cleverest writers of the age, was a brilliant man of society, and a very notorious *roué*, left, it appears, voluminous memoirs, to be printed without erasure or addition, and his friends are much alarmed by the prospect of their appearance. It is said that his custom of extorting letters from his friends upon any subject at issue, under pretence of possessing an imperfect memory, and his method of classing them, will render his memoirs one of the completest scandalous *tableaux* of the nineteenth century that could ever be presented to the contemplation of another age. Opposition to the publication has already been offered, but without success, and the princess-widow is busily engaged with the preparations for printing, intending to have the memoirs before the world early in June. They extend minutely over more than twenty years.

M. E. QUINET, who was long associated with Michelet, in the College of France, and who is known as a writer by his *Alemagne et Italie*, *Ultramontanisme*, *Vacances en Espagne*, etc. has published in Paris *L'Enseignement du Peuple*. "On the 24th day of February, 1848," he says, "a social miracle places in the hands of France the control of its destiny. France, openly consulted, replies by taking up a position in the scale of nations between Portugal and Naples. There must be a cause of this voluntary servitude; the object of these pages is to discover this cause, and, if possible, to protect futurity against the effects of its operation." This is the problem he proposes to solve, and he concludes that the important secret is in the fact, that the "national religion is in direct contradiction with the national revolution." "Chained by the circumstance of its religion to the middle ages, France believes that it can march onward to the end of a career opened to it solely because of its protest against every great principle of government which those ages held sacred." He has worked ten years, he tells us, to demonstrate two things: The first, that catholic states are all perishing; the second, that no political liberty can be realized in those states. "I have shown," he continues, "Italy the slave of all Europe, Spain a slave within, Portugal a slave within and without, Ireland a slave to England, Poland a slave to Russia, Bohemia, Hungary, slaves of Austria—Austria herself, the mother of all slavery, a slave to Russia. Looking for similar proofs out of Europe, I have shown in America, on the one hand, the increasing greatness of the heretical United States; on the other hand, the slavery of the catholic democracies and monarchies of the south: *in the former a WASHINGTON, in the second a ROSAS*." M. Quinet considers that the only remedy applicable to an evil of this magnitude is the utter separation of church and state. Leave but the slightest connection between the two, and the former will inevitably overpower the latter. The one is a compact, organized, single-minded body; the other is scattered, loosely put together, swayed to and fro by every change in the political atmosphere, and can offer no resistance that is sufficient to oppose the steady, unremittent attacks of its enemy. The two, therefore, must not be placed in collision. The very indifference manifested towards the national religion by the great bulk of the French people is the cause why so much danger is to be apprehended from the efforts of the church. Because a religion is dead, says M. Quinet, there is the danger. A living religion, like that of the puritans, may certainly mould the government into a despotic form, but it communicates to it, at least, a portion of its own power and energy, whilst a dead religion infallibly occasions death to the state and to the people with which it is politically and organically united. He argues the whole subject with eloquent force, and with not a little of the earnestness which reminds the reader of his personal controversies with the Roman Catholic Church.

A history of *Marie Stuart*, by I. M. Dargaud, has just been published in Paris, and for its brilliancy, completeness, clearness, and impartiality, attracts much attention. Queen Mary of Scotland was one of the famously beautiful women whose history is romance. She must be named with the heroines of history and the figures of poetry, with Helen, and Aspasia, and Cleopatra. Certainly, we trace no more sparkling and sorrowful career than hers upon the confused page of history, and our admiration, condemnation, surprise, sorrow and delight, fall, summed in a tear, upon her grave. In this work it appears that she was undoubtedly privy to the death of Darnley. During his assassination, she was dancing at Holyrood. The fearful fascination of a brigand like Bothwell, for so proud and passionate a nature as Mary's, is well explained by M. Dargaud. He is just, also, to her own tragedy, the long and bitter suffering, the betrayal of friends; the final despair, and the laying aside two crowns to mount the scaffold. She died nobly, and as most of the illustrious victims of history have died; as if nature, unwilling that they should live, would yet compassionately show the world in their ending, that heroism and nobility were not altogether unknown to them.

Apropos of this history of Queen Mary, Lamartine has written a letter to Beranger, which praises

the work exceedingly, but much more glorifies himself. The letter is a perfect specimen of that vanity, wherein only Lamartine is sublime: "Ah! if you or I had had such a heroine at twenty years, what epic poems and what songs would have been the result!"

THE COUNT MONTALEMBERT, the fervid champion of Catholicism in the French chamber, has just published a work, entitled *The higher and lower Radicalism: in its enmity to Religion, Right, Freedom and Justice, in France, Switzerland and Italy.*

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Although M. GUIZOT appears to be as busily engaged as ever in politics, the advertisements of the booksellers would induce a belief that his whole attention is given to literary studies. He has just published *Etudes Biographiques sur la Révolution de l'Angleterre*, which, with his sketch of General Monk, he says, "form a sort of gallery of portraits of the English Revolution, in which personages of the most different characters appear together—chiefs or champions of sects or parties, parliamentarians, cavaliers, republicans, levellers, who, either at the end of the political conflicts in which they were engaged, or when in retirement towards the close of their lives, resolved to describe themselves, their own times, and the part they played therein. In the drawing together of such men," he adds, "and in the mixture of truth and vanity which characterize such works, there is, if I do not deceive myself, sufficient to interest persons of serious and curious minds, especially among us and in these times; for in spite of the profound diversity of manners, contemporary comparisons and applications will present themselves at every step, whatever may be the pains taken not to seek them." The studies here collected we suppose are not new; they are doubtless the articles which the author contributed to the *Biographie Universelle* and other works before he became a minister—perhaps, as in the cases of his "Monk" and "Washington," with scarcely a word of alteration. The work is, however, interesting. The period of English history to which it refers has been profoundly studied by Guizot, and it would probably be impossible to select a mode of treating it that would admit of more effective or attractive delineation. The life of Ludlow appears as the first of the series.

French Literature tends in a remarkable degree towards monarchical institutions. Guizot and his associates publicly advocate the Restoration. M. Cousin has published a new argument against Republicanism, and M. Romieu, whose curious book, which men doubted whether to receive as a jest or an earnest argument, *The Era of the Cæsars*—in which he declared his belief that the true and only law for France is *force*—is before the public again, in a volume entitled *Le Spectre Rouge de 1852*. He predicts the subversion of all order, and such terrible scenes as have never been witnessed even in France, unless some one bold, resolute, scorning all "constitutional" figments, and relying solely on his soldiers—some one who shall say *L'état c'est moi!* shall save France. A Cromwell, a Francia, or in default of such Louis Napoleon—any one who will constitute himself an autocrat, will become the saviour of France!

The COUNT DE JARNAC, formerly secretary and *chargé d'affaires* of the French embassy in London, has published a novel which is well spoken of, entitled the *Dernier d'Egmont*.

A French traveller in upper Egypt has collected for the Parisian Ethnological Museum copies of many curious inscriptions upon the walls of the great temple of Philæ. Among others, there is the modern one of Dessaix, which the Parisians think "reflects the grandiose simplicity of the Republic." "The sixth year of the Republic, the thirteenth Messidor, a French army commanded by Bonaparte descended upon Alexandria; twenty days after, the army having routed the Mamelukes at the Pyramids, Dessaix, commanding the first division, pursued them beyond the Cataracts, where he arrived the thirteenth Ventose of the year seven, with Brigadier-Generals Davoust, Friant, and Belliard. Donzelot, chief of the staff, La Tournerie, commanding the artillery, Eppler, Chief of the twenty-first Light Infantry. The thirteenth Ventose, year seven of the Republic, third March, year of J.C., 1799. Engraved by Casteix." The last date, however, strikes us as a base compromise to the *temporal* prejudices of the world, on the part of the author of this "simple and grandiose" inscription.

M. de Saint Beuve has published in Paris some hitherto inedited MSS. of MIRABEAU, consisting of *Dialogues* between the great orator and the celebrated Sophie (Madame de Monnier), written when Mirabeau was confined in the fortress of Vincennes, principally, it seems, from the pleasure he had in reflecting on the object of his passion. He gives an account of their first meeting, the growth of their love, and their subsequent adventures, in the language, no doubt, as well as he

could recollect, that had passed between them, in conversation or in letters. There is not much that is absolutely new in these papers, or that throws any peculiar light on Mirabeau's character, but nothing could have been written by him which is without a certain interest, especially upon the subject of these *Dialogues*. Circulating-library people had always a morbid desire to see illustrious personages while under the influence of the tender passion.

Progression Constante de la Démocratie pendant soixante ans, is the title of a new Parisian brochure well noticed. Of the same character is the *Le Mont-Saint-Michel*, by Martin Bernard, a serial publication devoted to the details of the sufferings of Democratic martyrs. The author is now in exile, having shown himself too republican for the present Republic.

Victor Hugo's paper, *L'Evènement*, says of Louis Philippe's Gallery at the Palais Royal, which the heirs now wish to sell, that it has two paintings of Gericault's, the Chasseur and the Cuirassier, and that they symbolize the two phases of the Empire, victorious France and the Invasion. He hopes, therefore, that they will not be permitted to go out of France.

William Howitt is writing a life of George Fox.

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Mr. Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature* is reviewed in *La Revue des Deux Mondes* by PROSPER MERIMEE, of whose recent travels in the United States we have had occasion to speak once or twice in *The International*. M. Merimee is the author of a *Life of Peter the Cruel*, of which a translation has been published within a few months by Bentley in London, and he professes to be thoroughly acquainted with Spanish literature, from a loving study of it while residing in Spain. Perhaps he had some thought of writing its history himself; he certainly seems to bestow unwillingly the praises he is compelled to give Mr. Ticknor, whose extraordinary merits he however distinctly admits. "The writer of this History," he says, "has gone into immense researches; he has applied himself deeply and conscientiously to the Castilian language and the Spanish authors: he has read, he has examined, every thing that the English, French, and Germans, had published on this subject. He possessed an advantage over the critics of old Europe—that of being able to treat literary questions without mixing up with them recollections of national rivalries." He concludes his article by saying, "This work is an inestimable repertory; it must be eminently useful in a library. It comprises very good biographical notices of the Spanish authors, and numerous abstracts which obviate the necessity of reference to the original authorities. The translations, which are copious, are executed with surpassing taste, to afford an idea of the style of the Spanish poets. Thanks to the flexibility of the English language, and the ability or command of the author in using it, the translations are of signal fidelity and elegance. The rhythm, the flow, the idiomatic grace and *curiosa felicitas*, are rendered in the most exact and the happiest manner."

By a letter in the London *Times*, signed ERNESTO SUSANNI, it appears that M. LIBRI may be a very much wronged person. The readers of the *International* will remember his trial, a few months ago, and his condemnation to ten years' imprisonment (in default of judgment), and deprivation of the various high offices he held, for having, as was alleged, stolen from the Mazarine Library, besides others, the following volumes: *Petrarca, gli Triomphi*, 1475: Bologna, in folio; *Pamphylî poetæ lepidissimi Epigrammatum libri quatuor*; *Faccio degli Uberti, opera chiamata Ditta Munde Venezia*, 1501, quarto; *Phalaris Epistole, traducte del Latino da Bartol: Fontio*, 1471, quarto; *Dante, Convivio*: Florence, 1490, quarto; &c. M. Susanni alleges that the learned bibliographer, M. Silvestre, has discovered in the Mazarine Library that, contrary to the very circumstantial affirmation of the deed of accusation, the above-mentioned books *are still in their places on the shelves of that library*, from which they have never been absent, and where any one may go and see them, and verify the fact for himself. The persons employed to draw up the charges against M. Libri never appeared to understand that two different editions of a work were totally different things, and they have accused M. Libri of having stolen a work from a public library, simply because M. Libri possessed an edition of that work, though different from the one the library had lost, or, better still, which it had never lost at all. Considering all the circumstances, and the attention which was attracted to the case throughout the learned world, this is very curious: it will form one of the most remarkable of the *causes célèbres*.

The new Paris review, *La Politique Nouvelle*, starts bravely its career as a rival of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*. The leading article, "La Constitution, c'est l'ordre," is by M. Marie, who was one of

the chiefs of the Provisional Government, and Henri Martin, Gustave Cazavan, and Paul Rochery, are among the contributors; but the best attraction of the work to those who do not care for its politics, is the beginning of a charming novel by Madame Charles Reybaud, the authoress of *Tales of the Old Convents of Paris*.

Lamartine's reputation declines with every new attempt of his at money-making. There was never a man capable of doing well a half of what he advertises. He is writing a romance on the destruction of the Janizaries, for the *Pays*, another romance for the *Siecle*, and occasionally gives *feuilletons* to other journals; he is re-editing a complete edition of his own works, writing a history of the Restoration, and a history of Turkey, and has lately begun to edit a daily paper. He also continues the monthly pamphlet, of between thirty and forty pages, the *Conseiller du Peuple*, on political matters, and produces once a month a periodical, *Les Foyers du Peuple*, in which he gives an account of his travels, with tales and verses.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Literary Gazette* states, that an Assyrian, named FURIS SCHYCYAC, is at present attracting some attention in the literary circles. He had just arrived from London, where, it appears, he translated the Bible into Arabic, for one of the religious associations. He has accompanied his *début* in Parisian society with a *mudh*, or poem, to Paris, in which he almost out-Orientalises the Orientals in his exaggerated compliments and gorgeous imagery. Paris, he declares, amongst other things, is the "terrestrial paradise," the "*séjour* of houris," and "Eden;" whilst the people are, *par excellence*, "the strong, the generous, the brave, the sincere-hearted, with no faults to diminish their virtues." This master-stroke has opened the Parisian circles to the cunning Assyrian.

M. Leroux has published in Paris a volume of *Reminiscences of Travel and Residence in the United States*, with observations on the Administration of Justice in this country.

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The last *Edinburgh Review* has an article on COUSIN, in which a general survey is taken of his life and of his works, of which he has just completed the publication of a new edition. The *London Leader* says that the critic ingeniously represents all Cousin's plagiarisms as the consequences of the progressive and *assimilative* intellect of the eclectic chief; that it would be easy with the same facts to tell a very different story; and correct the reviewer's "mistake," where he talks of Cousin as the translator of Plato. Cousin's name is on the title-page; but not one dialogue, the *Leader* avers, did he translate; it even doubts his ability to translate one. What he did was to take old translations by De Grow and others, here and there polishing the style; and the dialogues that were untranslated he gave to certain clever young men in want of employment and glad of his patronage. He touched up their style and wrote the Preface to each Dialogue, for which the work bears his name! *This* explains the puzzling fact that the translator of Plato should so completely misunderstand the purpose of the dialogue he is prefacing. Gigantic indeed would be the labors of Cousin—if he performed them himself.

Walter Savage Landor is now seventy-six years of age. He writes no more great works, but he is hardly less industrious than a penny-a-liner in writing upon all sorts of subjects for the journals. We find his communications almost every week in *The Examiner*, *The News*, *The Leader*, *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, and other periodicals. Sometimes he rises to his earlier eloquence, and we hear the voice that was loudest and sweetest in the "Imaginary Conversations;" but for the most part his newspaper pieces are feeble and splenetic, unworthy of him. One of his latest composures has relation to Lord Lyndhurst, by whose speech against the revolutionary aliens in England had been excited the ire of the old poet. "In your paper of this day, April 12," he writes to the editor of *The Examiner*, "I find repeated an expression of Lord Lyndhurst's, which I am certain will be offensive to many of your readers. General Klapka, a man illustrious for his military knowledge, and for his application of it to the defence of his country and her laws, is contemptuously called *one* Klapka. The most obscure and the most despicable (and those only) are thus designated. Surely to have been called by the acclamations of a whole people to defend the most important of its fortresses is quite as exalted a distinction as to be appointed a Lord Chamberlain or a Lord Chancellor by the favor of one minister, and liable to be dismissed the next morning by another. With all proper respect for the cleverness of Lord Lyndhurst, I must entreat your assistance in discovering one sentence he ever wrote, or spoke, denoting the man of lofty genius or capacious mind. Memorable things he certainly has said—such as calling by the name of aliens a third part of our fellow-subjects in these islands, and by the prefix of a *certain* to the name of Klapka. It is strange that sound law should not always be sound sense; strange that the great seal of equity should make so faint and indistinct an impression. Klapka will be commemorated and renowned

in history as one beloved by the people, venerated by the nobility; whose voice was listened to attentively by the magistrate, enthusiastically by the soldier. The fame of Lord Lyndhurst is ephemeral, confined to the Court of Chancery and the House of Peers; dozens have shared it in each, and have gone to dinner and oblivion. Those, and those alone, are great men whose works or words are destined to be the heirlooms of many generations. God places them where time passes them without erasing their footsteps. Kings can never make them. They, if minded so, could more easily make kings. England hath installed one Chancellor who might have been consummately great, had there only been in his composition the two simple elements of generosity and honesty. Bacon did not hate freedom, or the friends of freedom; and, although he cautiously kept clear of so dangerous a vicinity, he never came voluntarily forth, invoking the vindictive spirit of a dead law to eliminate them in the hour of adversity from their sanctuary."

The Rev. Moses Margoliouth, who was once a Jew, and who last year published a narrative of a journey to Palestine, under the title of "A Visit to the Land of My Fathers," has just given to the world, in three octavos, a *History of the Jews in Great Britain*. The book is insufferably tame and feeble; the author is of the class called in England "religious flunkies:" a mastiff to the poor and a spaniel to the proud. His first book was disgusting for its feebleness and servility, and this is scarcely better, notwithstanding the richness of its materials and the curious interest of its subject. A good History of the Jews in England will be a work worth reading.

The *Ecclesiastical History Society* have published in London *Strype's Memorials of Cranmer*, *Heylyn's History of the Reformation*, and *Field's Treatise of the Church*. Strype and Heylyn are more familiar than Field, whose work is a sort of supplement to Hooker's *Polity*. Field resembled his illustrious master and friend in judgment, temper, and learning. In his own day his reputation was great. James I. regretted, when he heard of his death, that he had not done more for him; Hall, in reference to his own deanery of Worcester, which had been sought for Field, speaks of that "better-deserving divine," who "was well satisfied with greater hopes;" and Fuller, with his accustomed humor of thoughtfulness, bestows his salutation on "that learned divine whose memory smelleth like a *field* that the Lord hath blessed."

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THE LIFE OF WORDSWORTH, by Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, has appeared in London, and with some additions by Professor Henry Reed, of Philadelphia, will soon be issued by Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston. From what the critics write of it we suspect it is a poor affair. The *Leader* says that, "all things considered, it is perhaps the worst biographical attempt" it "ever waded through." The *Examiner* and other leading papers admit its dulness as a biography, and its worthlessness in criticism, but claim for it a certain value as a collection of facts respecting the histories of Wordsworth's different poems. The work indeed professes to be no more than a biographical commentary on the poet's writings. It does not even affect to be critical, or to offer any labored exposition of the principles on which Wordsworth's poems were composed. The author describes his illustrious relative as having had no desire that any such disquisition should be written. "He wished that his poems should stand by themselves, and plead their own cause before the tribunal of posterity." Strictly, then, the volumes are so exclusively subordinate and ministerial to the poetry they illustrate, that apart from the latter they possess hardly any interest. By enthusiasts for the poems they will be eagerly read, but to any other class of readers we cannot see that they present attraction. Dr. Wordsworth's part in them, though small, is not particularly well done; and the poet's part almost exclusively consists of personal memoranda connected with his poems dictated in later life, and seldom by any chance refers to any thing but himself.

Nevertheless there are in the volumes many delightful and characteristic details, much genuine and beautiful criticism (chiefly in the poet's letters), and occasional passages of fine sentiment and pure philosophy. Here is Wordsworth's own description of one of his latest visits to London, and of his appearance at court, in a letter to an American correspondent:

"My absence from home lately was not of more than three weeks. I took the journey to London solely to pay my respects to the Queen, upon my appointment to the laureateship upon the decease of my friend Mr. Southey. The weather was very cold, and I caught an inflammation in one of my eyes, which rendered my stay in the south very uncomfortable. I nevertheless did, in respect to the object of my journey, all that was required. The reception given me by the Queen at her ball was most gracious. Mrs. Everett, the wife of your minister, among many others, was a witness to it, without knowing who I was. It moved her to the shedding of tears. This effect was in part produced, I suppose, by American habits of feeling, as pertaining to a republican government. To see a gray-haired man of seventy-five years of age, kneeling down in a large assembly to kiss the hand of a young woman, is a sight for which institutions essentially democratic do not prepare a spectator of either sex, and must naturally place the opinions upon which a republic is founded, and the sentiments which support it, in strong contrast with a government based and upheld as ours is. I am not, therefore, surprised that Mrs. Everett was moved, as she herself described to persons of my acquaintance, among others to Mr. Rogers the

poet. By the by, of this gentleman, now I believe in his eighty-third year, I saw more than of any other person except my host, Mr. Moxon, while I was in London. He is singularly fresh and strong for his years, and his mental faculties (with the exception of his memory a little) not at all impaired. It is remarkable that he and the Rev. W. Bowles were both distinguished as poets when I was a schoolboy, and they have survived almost all their eminent contemporaries, several of whom came into notice long after them. Since they became known, Burns, Cowper, Mason the author of 'Caractacus' and friend of Gray, have died. Thomas Warton, Laureate, then Byron, Shelley, Keats, and a good deal later Scott, Coleridge, Crabbe, Southey, Lamb, the Ettrick Shepherd, Cary the translator of Dante, Crowe the author of 'Lewesdon Hill,' and others of more or less distinction, have disappeared. And now of English poets advanced in life, I cannot recall any but James Montgomery, Thomas Moore, and myself, who are living, except the octogenarian with whom I began. I saw Tennyson, when I was in London, several times. He is decidedly the first of our living poets, and I hope will live to give the world still better things. You will be pleased to hear that he expressed in the strongest terms his gratitude to my writings. To this I was far from indifferent, though persuaded that he is not much in sympathy with what I should myself most value in my attempts, viz., the spirituality with which I have endeavored to invest the material universe, and the moral relations under which I have wished to exhibit its most ordinary appearances."

Of the mention of Alfred Tennyson in the foregoing extract the *Examiner* remarks, that it is perhaps the greatest stretch of appreciation or acknowledgment in regard to any living or contemporary poet in Wordsworth. His mention of Southey's verses is always reserved and dry. He takes no pains to conceal his poor opinion of Scott's. His allusions to Rogers are respectful, but cold. His objection to Byron may be forgiven. There is less reason for his appearing quite to lose his ordinarily calm temper when Goethe is even named, or for his extending this unreasoning dislike to Goethe's great English expositor, Carlyle. Yet we must not omit, on the other hand, what he says of Shelley. Shelley, he admits (much to our surprise), to have been "one of the best artists of us all; I mean in workmanship of style."

The London *Standard of Freedom* remarks of the article on "Some American Poets" in the last number of *Blackwood*, that "it assumes more ignorance in England as to American poetry than actually exists." Our readers will readily believe this when advised that the critic regards *Longfellow* as a greater poet than Bryant! whom he classes with Mrs. Hemans.

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M. COMTE has quitted metaphysics to reform the calendar, but probably will not succeed better than those who attempted the same thing during the first French revolution. We find a synopsis of his scheme in the *Leader*. He proposes that each month shall be consecrated to one of the great names that represent the intellectual and social progress of humanity. He specializes the names of Moses, Homer, Aristotle, Archimedes, Cæsar, St. Paul, Charlemagne, Dante, Descartes, Guttenberg (whom he probably thinks had something to do with the invention of printing), Columbus and Frederic the Great, as most appropriate for the designation of the twelve months; recommending, however, particular fêtes for minor heroes in the months under which they may best be grouped—for Augustin, Hildebrand, Bernard, and Bossuet, in St. Paul's month; Alfred and St. Louis, in Charlemagne's month; Richelieu and Cromwell in the month of Frederic the Great, and so on. Supplying a defect of Catholicism in this respect, he proposes what he calls "fêtes of reprobation" for the greatest scoundrels of history—for such retrogressive men as Julian the Apostate, Philip II. of Spain, and Bonaparte, (we don't agree to the classification, unless he means President Louis Napoleon, who indeed is not a *great* scoundrel, though disposed to be sufficiently retrogressive.) According to this new calendar, a follower of Comte, writing a letter in March, would have to date it as written on such or such a day of *Aristotle*. We fear the proposal won't do even in France, but this, at least, may be said for it, that it is as good as the Puseyite practice of dating by saints' days, besides being novel, and Parisian, and scientific. Sydney Smith used, in jest of the Puseyite practice, to date his letters "*Washing Day—Eve of Ironing Day*;" Comte's plan is better than that of the Puseyites—almost as good as Peter Plimley's.

Among the many books lately printed in England upon the ecclesiastical controversies, is one entitled *Remonstrance against Romish Corruptions in the Church, addressed to the People and Parliament of England in 1395*, now for the first time published, edited by the Rev. F. Forshall. Biographers of Wycliffe have referred to this tract and quoted passages in evidence of the Wycliffite heresies; but they appear to have failed altogether of perceiving its larger scope, or understanding its political bearing and significance. There can hardly be a doubt, as Mr. Forshall suggests, that it was drawn up to influence the famous parliament which met in the eighteenth year of Richard the Second, and which was a scene of unusual excitement on the subject of religion from the sudden clash of the old Papal party with the new and increasing band of patriotic reformers. Wycliffe had then been dead, and his opinions gradually on the increase, for more than ten years. The author of the Remonstrance was his friend John Purvey, who assisted him in the first English version of the Bible, shared with him the duties of his parish, and attended his death-bed. He was the most active of the reformers, the most formidable to the

ecclesiastical authorities. Another old MS. from the Cottonian collection in the British Museum, is the *Chronicle of Battel Abbey, from 1066 to 1176, now first translated, with Notes, and an Abstract of the subsequent History of the Establishment*, by Mark Antony Lower. This is extremely curious, and contains, besides the important histories of the controversies between the ecclesiastical authorities and Henry the Second, some very striking exhibitions of manners.

The vitality of SCOTT'S popularity is shown by the fact that the Edinburgh publishers of his *Life* and *Works* printed and sold the following quantities of them during the period from 1st January, 1848, to 26th March, 1851, viz.: Novels (exclusive of the Abbotsford edition), 4,760 sets; Poetical Works, 4,360; Prose Writings, 850; Life, 2,610; Tales of a Grandfather (independently of those included in the complete sets of the Prose Works), 2,990; and Selections, 4,420. It may serve as a "curiosity of literature" to give a summary of the printing of the Writings and Life since June, 1829, when they came under the management of the late proprietor, Mr. Cadell: Waverley Novels, 78,270 sets; Poetical Works, 41,340; Prose Works, 8,260; Life, 26,860; Tales of a Grandfather (independently of those included in the complete sets of the Prose Works), 22,190; Selections, 7,550. The popularity to which the "People's Edition" has attained appears from the fact that the following numbers, originally published in weekly sheets, have been printed: Novels, 7,115,197; Poetry, 674,955; Prose, 269,406; Life, 459,291; total sheets, 8,518,849.

The whole copyrights, stocks, &c., of Scott's works, as possessed for many years by Cadell, have now been transferred to the hands of Messrs. Adam and Charles Black. The copyrights and stock have been acquired by the present purchasers for £27,000, or £10,000 less than Mr. Cadell paid for copyrights alone.

ELIZABETH BARRET BROWNING has published a new poem, *Casa Guidi Windows*, which gives a vivid picture of the tumult and heroism of Italian struggles for independence, as seen from the poet's windows, at Florence, with the fervid commentary of her hopes and aspirations.

A novel by MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, published by Mr. Hart, of Philadelphia, has been dramatized by Mr. Henry Paul Howard, for the Haymarket Theatre in London, and brought out in a very splendid style, with J. W. Wallack in the leading character.

COLONEL CUNNINGHAM, a son-in-law of Viscount Hardinge, has just published in London "Glimpses of the Great Western Republic in the year 1850."

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We shall look with much interest for the result of the new scheme for the encouragement of life assurance, economy, &c., among literary men and artists in England. To bring this project into general notice, and to form the commencement of the necessary funds, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, one of its originators, has written and presented to his associates in the cause, a new comedy in five acts, under the significant title, *Not So Bad as we Seem*. It was to be produced on the sixteenth ult., under the management of Mr. Charles Dickens, in a theatre constructed for the purpose, and performed by Robert Bell, Wilkie Collins, Dudley Costello, Peter Cunningham, Charles Dickens, Augustus Egg, A.R.A., John Forster, R. H. Horne, Douglass Jerrold, Charles Knight, Mark Lemon, J. Westland Marston, Frank Stone, and others. The tickets were twenty-five dollars each, and the Queen and Prince Albert were to be present. The comedy is hereafter to be performed in public; and the promoters of the scheme are sanguine of its success. Mr. Maclise has offered to paint a picture (the subject to be connected with the performance of the comedy), and to place it at the disposal of the guild, for the augmentation of its funds. The prospects are encouraging.

The REV. C. G. FINNEY, so well known in the Presbyterian churches of this country, has passed some time in London, and an edition of his *Lectures on Systematic Theology* has just been published there, with a preface by the Rev. Dr. Redford, of Worcester, who confesses, that "when a student he would gladly have bartered half the books in his library to have gained a single perusal of these Lectures; and he cannot refrain from expressing the belief, that no young student of theology will ever regret their purchase or perusal." The book makes an octavo of 1016 pages.

"TALVI," the wife of Professor ROBINSON, will leave New-York in a few days, we understand, to pass some time in her native country. She will be absent a year and a half, and will reside chiefly in Berlin. We have recently given an account of the life and writings of this very eminent and admirable woman, in the *International*, and are among the troops of friends who wish her all happiness in the fatherland, and a safe return to the land of her adoption. We presume the public duties of Dr. Robinson will prevent him from being absent more than a few weeks.

ALBERT SMITH has dramatised a tale from Washington Irving's "Alhambra" for the Princess's Theatre—making a burlesque comedy.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH must be classed among our most industrious writers. The Appletons have just published a new novel by her, entitled *The Mother-in-Law*, and she has two others in press—one of which is appearing from week to week in the *National Era*.

DR. SPRING, whose religious writings appear to be as popular in Great Britain as in this country, and every where to be regarded as among the classics of practical religious literature, has issued a second edition of his two octavos entitled *First Things*. In style, temper, and all the best qualities of such works, the discourses embraced in this work are deserving of eminent praise. (M. W. Dodd.)

Of HENRY MARTIN, whom the religious world regards with a reverent affection like that it gives to Cowper and Heber, the hitherto unpublished *Letters and Journals* have just appeared, and they seem to us even more interesting than the so well-known Memoirs of his Life published soon after he died. (M. W. Dodd.)

MRS. SIGOURNEY has published a volume entitled *Letters to my Pupils, with Narrative and Biographical Sketches*. It embraces reminiscences of her experience as a teacher, and we have read none of her prose compositions that are more suggestive or more pleasing. (Robert Carter & Brothers.)

A *Life of Algernon Sydney*, by G. Van Santvoord (a new author), has been published by Charles Scribner. To describe the history and writings of this noble republican was a task worthy of an American scholar. Mr. Van Santvoord has performed it excellently well.

BAYARD TAYLOR and R. H. STODDARD have new volumes of poems in the press of Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston, and that house has never published original volumes of greater merit, or that will be more popular.

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK, in one volume, lately published by Mr. Strong, Nassau-street, appear to have been received with singular favor by the critics. Mr. Mulchinock has remarkable fluency, and a genial spirit. His book contains specimens of a great variety of styles, and some pieces of much merit.

TICKNOR & Co. have published a novelette entitled *The Solitary*, by Santaine, the author of "Picciola." It is of the Robinson Crusoe sort of books—better than any other imitation of Defoe.

The *Pocket Companion, for Machinists, Mechanics, and Engineers*, by OLIVER BYRNE, is a remarkable specimen of perspicuous condensation. In a beautiful pocket-book it embraces for the classes for whom it is designed the pith of two or three ordinary octavos.

Among the new volumes of poems is one of Dramatic and Miscellaneous Pieces, by CHARLES JAMES CANNON, published by Edward Dunigan. Mr. Cannon is a writer of much cultivation, and, in his dramatic poems, especially, there are passages of much force and elegance.

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MR. JOHN E. WARREN, whose pleasant letters from the south of Europe were a chief attraction of some of the early numbers of the *International*, has in the press of Putnam, to be published in a few days, *Paria, or Scenes and Adventures on the Banks of the Amazon*. He saw that magnificent but little known country under such peculiar advantages, and he writes with such spirit and so natural a grace, that we may promise the public one of the most delightful books of the season in "Paria." Here is a specimen, from the opening chapter.

"The shades of evening were gathering fast upon the waters, when the little bark, in which we had safely crossed the wide expanse of ocean, now quietly anchored in the mighty river of the Amazons. Through the rich twilight we were able to discern the white sandy shore, skirting a dense forest of perennial luxuriance and beauty. Gentle zephyrs, fraught with the most delightful fragrance from the wilderness of flowers, softly saluted our senses; while occasionally the plaintive voices of southern nightingales came with mellowed sweetness to our ears. The moon, unobscured by a single cloud, threw an indescribable charm over the enchanting scene, reflecting her brilliant rays upon the placid surface of the river, and shrouding the beautiful foliage of the forest in a drapery of gold. Innumerable stars brightly glittered in the firmament, and the constellation of the 'Southern Cross' gleamed above us like a diadem. All around seemed to be wrapped in the most profound repose. Not a sound disturbed the silence of the interminable solitude save the hushed and mournful notes of evening birds, the distant howling of prowling jaguars, or the rustling of the wind through the forest trees. Nature appeared to us, for the first time, in her pristine loveliness, and seemed indeed, to our excited imagination, to present but a dreamy picture of fairy land.

"At an early hour in the morning we weighed anchor, and with a fresh breeze and strong tide rapidly moved up the noble river, gliding by the most beautiful scenery that fancy can conceive. The nearly impenetrable forest which lined the shore was of a deep emerald green, and consisted of exceedingly lofty trees, of remarkably curious and grotesque figures, interlaced together by numerous vines, the interstices of which were filled up with magnificent shrubbery. We observed, towering high above the surrounding trees, many singular species of palms, among which the far-famed cocoa-nut probably stood pre-eminent. This beautiful tree gives a peculiar witchery to a tropical landscape, which those only who have seen it can possibly realize. The trunk grows up perfectly perpendicular to a great height, before it throws out its curious branches, which bend over as gracefully as ostrich plumes, and quiver in the slightest breeze. Consequently, the general appearance of the tree at a distance is somewhat similar to that of an umbrella.

"As we gradually proceeded, we now and then caught a glimpse of smiling cottages, with the snug little verandahs and red-tiled roofs peering from amid the foliage of the river's banks, and giving, as it were, a character of sociability and animation to the beauteous scene. Perhaps the most interesting spot that we noticed was an estate bearing the name of Pinherios, which had been formerly the site of a Carmelite convent, but which was lately sold to the government for a 'Hospital dos Lazaros.' Here also was an establishment for the manufacture of earthenware tiles, which are extensively used throughout the Brazilian empire for roofing houses.

"So low is the valuation of land in this section of Brazil, that this immense estate, embracing within its limits nearly three thousand acres, and situated, as it is, within twenty miles of the city of Para, was sold for a sum equivalent to about *four thousand dollars*. This may be taken as a fair standard of the value of real estate in the vicinity of Para. That of the neighboring islands is comparatively trifling; while there are millions of fertile acres now wholly unappropriated, which offer the richest inducements to emigrants who may be disposed to direct their fortunes thither.

"The city of Para is delightfully situated on the southern branch of the Amazon, called, for the sake of distinction, 'The Para River.' It is the principal city of the province of the same name,—an immense territory, which has very appropriately been styled 'The Paradise of Brazil.' The general aspect of the place, with its low venerable looking buildings of solid stone, its massive churches and moss-grown ruins, its red-tiled roofs and dingy-white walls, the beautiful trees of its gardens, and groups of tall banana plants peeping up here and there among the houses, constituted certainly a scene of novelty, if not of elegance and beauty.

"The first spectacle which arrested our attention on landing was that of a number of persons of both sexes and all ages bathing indiscriminately together in the

waters of the river, in a state of entire nudity. We observed among them several finely-formed Indian girls of exceeding beauty, dashing about in the water like a troop of happy mermaids. The heat of the sun was so intense that we ourselves were almost tempted to seek relief from its overpowering influence by plunging precipitately amid the joyous throng of swimmers. But we forbore!

"The natives of Para are very cleanly, and indulge in daily ablutions; nor do they confine their baths to the dusky hours of evening, but may be seen swimming about the public wharves at all hours of the day. The government has made several feeble efforts to put a restraint upon these public exposures, but at the time of our departure all rules and regulations on the subject were totally disregarded by the natives. The city is laid out with considerable taste and regularity, but the streets are very narrow, and miserably paved with large and uneven stones. The buildings generally are but of one story in height, and are, with few exceptions, entirely destitute of glass windows; a kind of latticed blind is substituted, which is so constructed that it affords the person within an opportunity of seeing whatever takes place in the street, without being observed in return. This lattice opens towards the street, and thus affords great facilities to the beaux and gentlemen of gallantry, who, by stepping under this covering, can have an agreeable *tête-à-tête* with their fair mistresses, as secretly almost as if they were in a trellised arbor together.

"We noticed several strange spectacles as we slowly walked through the city. Venders of fruit marching about, with huge baskets on their heads, filled with luscious oranges, bananas, mangoes, pineapples, and other choice fruits of the tropics; groups of blacks, carrying immense burdens in the same manner; invalids reclining in their hammocks, or ladies riding in their gay-covered palanquins, supported on men's shoulders; and water-carriers moving along by the side of their heavily-laden horses or mules."

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In his excursions along the small streams which penetrate the forests our traveller met with some magnificent scenes. Here is a description of one of them:

"Now the grassy table-land would extend away for miles to our left, gemmed here and there with solitary trees, waving their branches mournfully in the wind, and looking like spectres in the mystic starlight. On the outer side, a gloomy yet splendid wilderness ran along the margin of the stream, flinging tall shadows across the water, and adding grandeur to the imposing landscape. As we advanced the brook gradually narrowed, and became more and more crooked in its course, until finally the thick clustering foliage met in a prolonged arch of verdure over our heads.

"While winding through this natural labyrinth, the sun emerged from his oriental couch, and besprinkled us with a shower of luminous beams, which, falling through the interstices of the leaves, seemed like the spirits of so many diamonds. A more divine spectacle of beauty never was beheld. The most gorgeous creations of the poet's imagination, if realized, could not surpass in magnificence this sun-lighted arbor, with its roses and flowers of varied hues, all set like stars in a canopy of green. Sprightly humming-birds flitted before us, sparkling like jewels for a moment, then vanishing away from our sight for ever. Butterflies with immense wings, and moths of gay and striking colors, flew also from flower to flower, seeming like appropriate inhabitants of this little paradise. But the indefatigable mosquitoes, who were continually pouncing upon our unprotected faces and hands, as well as the mailed caymans, who now and then plunged under our canoe with a terrific snort, preserved in us the conviction of our own mortality.

"As we were moving through a wider passage of the stream, a sudden noise in the bushes on our left arrested our attention; in a moment after, we perceived a large animal running as expeditiously as he was able along the banks of the stream. We immediately raised our guns simultaneously and fired. Although we evidently gave the creature their full contents, yet it produced no other visible effect than to cause him to give a boisterous snort, and then dart away furiously into the heart of the thicket."

Here is something much more natural than Melville's introduction of Fayaway:

"Among our olive-complexioned neighbors were two young girls, whose fine forms and pretty faces especially elicited our admiration. The one was named Teresa, the other Florana. The former could not have been more than fourteen years of age, and was rather short in stature, with exquisitely rounded arms, and a bust of noble development; the latter was somewhat taller, and at least three years older; they both, however, had attained their full size. Animated as they were beautiful, they were always overflowing with vivacity and life; their conversation, which was incessant, was like the chirping of nightingales, and their laughter, like strings of musical pearls. These, then, beloved reader, were, during our stay at least, decidedly the belles of Jungcal. At the close of every day we were visited by all the juveniles in the place, who, in their own sweet tongue, bade us 'adieu,' and at the same time besought our blessing, which latter request we only answered by

patting them gently on the head. The pretty maidens we have just alluded to, instead of shaking hands with us, were accustomed to salute us at eventide with a kiss on either cheek. The propriety of this we at first doubted, but the more we reflected upon the sweetness and innocence of the damsels, the more inclined were we to pardon them; and, in fact, we finally began to think their manner much more sensible and agreeable than that of those who consider any thing beyond cold and formal shaking of hands a grievous sin. Besides, it must be borne in mind, that this was a sacred custom of the place, which it would have been great rudeness in us to have resisted. Therefore, kind reader, do not judge us too severely; for know, O chary one! that extreme bashfulness and modesty have always been considered two of our principal failings! One day, Teresa and Florana invited us to take a bathe with them in the stream. This we declined point-blank. They then charged us with fear of alligators. This was a poser—our courage was now called in question, and we were literally forced to submit. Pray what else could we have done under the circumstances? When they had once got us into the water they took ample revenge upon us for the uncourteous manner in which we had at first treated their request. As we were encumbered by our clothes, they had altogether the advantage, and, in less than ten minutes, we cried out lustily for quarter, but no quarter would they give us, and, to tell the truth, we were somewhat apprehensive of being drowned by them, to say nothing of being devoured by bloodthirsty alligators. Emerging from the water, we walked up to Anzevedo's cottage, revolving in our mind the severe ordeal through which we had just passed, and determined henceforth never to refuse any request, sweetened by the lips of a pretty maiden, unless, perchance (though highly improbable), she should ask us for our heart! which, alas! we have not to give...."

An *Album* sent to the great Exhibition by the Emperor of Austria, and to be presented after the show to Victoria, is thus described by a Vienna correspondent of the *Times*: "It contains the notes in manuscript of the national airs and dances, and far surpasses any thing that I have ever seen in the bookbinding department. On one side there are fourteen exquisite vignettes in oil colors, representing different national costumes; the ornaments in enamel, carved ivory, and ebony, are exquisite. A second album contains the works of the ancient and modern Austrian composers; the third, Austrian scenery, by different native artists. The bindings of some of the two hundred and seventy volumes of Austrian authors will also not fail to excite the astonishment—I had almost said the envy—of the trade. The whole will form a truly imperial gift."

The Fine Arts.

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During the present month there are four Public Exhibitions of Paintings in the city: that of the NATIONAL ACADEMY, of the ART-UNION, of the ARTIST'S ASSOCIATION, and the DÜSSELDORF GALLERY. The first three are composed mainly of the works of native American artists, and it is impossible to repress an expression of regret that some arrangement of union has not yet been effected, by which, at least, the works of the same men should not be exhibited gratis at one place, and for a charge at another. In the present state of things, the gallery of the Art-Union and that of the National Academy are brought into direct opposition, and this, beyond doubt, without the slightest jealousy on either side, as the works painted for the Academy and purchased by the Art-Union clearly show. But certainly the fact is lamentable enough to challenge immediate attention, and to induce a radical change. A free gallery of the selected works of artists will be very apt to carry the day against an exhibition at a quarter of a dollar of the miscellaneous and unselected works of the same men. But here we do not mean to vex this question farther. We aim at a general review of the peculiarities and excellences of each exhibition.

It is undoubtedly in landscape art that American talent is destined first to excel, and the Academy exhibition and that of the Art-Union are added proofs of the fact. The landscapes are much the most distinguishing and distinguished feature. Mr. DURAND contributes several characteristic works. His style is so uniform and pronounced that it is never difficult to recognize his pictures. We should hardly say that he does better this year than usual, but we should certainly not say that he does worse. In the front rank of this department stand also KENSSETT and CROPSEY, both of whom show beautiful results of summer study and winter work. Mr. Cropsey is mainly distinguished by a really gorgeous imagination. Proof of this is to be sought in the sketches of his portfolio rather than in his finished pictures, for in these a thousand influences seduce an artist away from the simplicity and splendor of his study into a care of public approbation and satisfaction. Mr. Cropsey is as yet too much enamored of the details and even of the mechanism of his art. And this is a tendency that is fatal to breadth and largeness of impression. Yet his "Southern Italy," and a "View in Rockland County," in the exhibition, are great advances in this respect. On the other hand, the two large American landscapes at the Art-Union, while the background in one is a splendid success, and the brilliant atmosphere of the other is no less successful, yet they are too much detailed, and the interest is nowhere sufficiently concentrated. Mr. Kenssett is remarkable for his just sentiment and profound appreciation of natural beauty. It

is a sentiment singularly free from sentimentality, and an appreciation as poetic as it is profound. The very delicacy of his touch and style indicate the character of his enjoyment and perception of nature.

Mr. CHURCH, too, is perhaps the other name that we should mention with these two as full of hope and promise. If he avoids a little mannerism, to which he seems to be susceptible—not of course forgetting that all greatness has its own manner—and pursues with the same devotion as hitherto his studies of sea and sky, a very happy and brilliant career seems open to him. The works of none of the younger artists have attracted more attention. And the fame and position of Turner show the reward of a devoted student and artistic delineator of the peculiarities of atmospheric phenomena. We exhort Mr. Church to entire boldness in his attempts. Why should he hope always to please those who have only a vague susceptibility of natural observation for their standard of criticism? He is to show us in the splendid play of the light, and air, and clouds, that which we do not see, or seeing, do not perceive.

MESSRS. CRANCH, BOUTELLE, GIFFORD, and others, take high rank among the landscapists, nor must we omit a very beautiful winter piece of GIGNOUX, at the Academy, in which the crisp clearness of the sharp air, the brittle outline of the bare boughs, and the quality of ice, are most accurately and poetically rendered.

We are arrested by the feeling and promise of Mr. RICHARD'S contributions, and the very beautiful poetic sentiment of Mr. HUBBARD'S. Mr. HUNTINGDON is not great, this year. His landscapes are not natural, and his portraits lack that vigorous moulding to which we are accustomed upon his canvas. Mr. RANNEY has some characteristic hunting-pieces. They are getting too much mannered. On a prairie, the chief interest of art is not a horse or a buffalo, but the sentiment of space. But we do not yield to any in our satisfaction at the spirit and vigor of these works.

Leaving the landscape, we find the figure compositions of the year not very successful, if we except the "Aztec Princess" of Mr. HICKS, which we understand is a study from life of a Mexican woman, but which is treated in so large, and thoughtful, and skilful a manner, that it is most impressive for character and color, and gives the key to the whole side of the room upon which it hangs. This artist exhibits also some portraits, which have never been surpassed by any modern portraits that we recall. No. 128 upon the Academy Catalogue is the most brilliantly-colored portrait upon the walls. It is treated with all the happy heroism of a master, and while many quarrel with its *spotty* color, the initiated perceive that easy mastery of the palette which with genius is the secret of artistic success. No. 405 is equally remarkable for its vigorous moulding. This portrait shows the accurate knowledge, as No. 128 reveals the sumptuous sentiment of the genuine artist. Mr. ELLIOTT'S portraits have the same quiet truthfulness as heretofore, the same easy success, but we would gladly see more confidence in color, and a likeness more as the subject appears to the mind than to the eye. Mr. SHEGOGUE'S productions are certainly very pastoral. So sheepy are his sheep that all the figures, trees, and landscape, are unmitigatedly sheepish. Mr. FLAGG'S portraits are not successful. There is an unnatural smoothness and hardness in his works. Mr. KELLOGG'S General Scott is vigorous and effective. The action of the figure seems to require some explanation, however. It contrasts well with the monotony of its pendant, Mr. VANDERLYN'S General Taylor; but no spectator in regarding this latter work has a right to forget that it is the production of one who has grown gray at his post, and the winter of whose age has not yet frozen, and can never freeze, the freshness of enthusiasm and single-hearted devotion to art which are for ever young.

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Mr. LANG'S No. 44 is a very large likeness of a very comely lady, but the work will hardly live long in the spectator's memory. Mr. ROSSITER takes the field boldly with "The Ideals, Types of Moral, Intellectual, and Physical Beauty." Except for the brilliance of color, and a certain sentiment, by which the light proceeds from the moral type, we do not much admire the picture. The difficulty with the spectator will be, we are sure, that he recalls within his own circle of friends types more beautiful for each ideal. Mr. Rossiter's portraits of his brother artists, Messrs. DARLEY and DUGGAN, are admirable likenesses, each somewhat mellowed in expression by the artist. The sharp intellectual precision of Mr. Duggan's countenance, and the bright nervous sensibility of Mr. Darley's, are both somewhat subdued upon the canvas. What we candidly say of these pictures we say boldly, because we recognize and appreciate the fine feeling which animates the artist. Mr. GRAY'S No. 54, "King Death," attracts much attention. But is it the "Jolly Old Fellow," or the "King of Terrors," or the "easeful death" of which the poet was enamored? There is something fine in the picture—a strain of Egyptian placidity permeates the features. And such colossal placidity is full of fate. There is a latitude allowed the artist in these themes. Yet we do not feel satisfied, much as we like the picture. Mr. ROTHERMEL'S No. 5, "Murray's Defence of Toleration," is a very pleasant picture of the Düsseldorf style. We like one thing in this work, and that is its preservation of the balance of history, by showing that the Catholics were not always the persecutors. The contrast of the religious repose of the rear with the jangling fanaticism of the foreground is in harmony with the differing qualities of light. It is a thoughtful and beautiful picture, Mr. FREEMAN'S 359, "Study for an Angel's Head," has a Titianesque fascination, and the earnest regard of the faces is extremely lovely. It is none the less charming that it has a mortal loveliness—if we might say so without treason to the immortality of all beauty. We have no doubt, in our own critical mind, that any beautiful woman would make a beautiful angel. Mr. MOUNT'S No. 118, "Who'll turn Grindstone?" is one of his characteristic Yankee incidents. It is very true and genuine in feeling, but the picture is too white and streaked. No. 344 is a natural and spirited portrait of the poet Stoddard by Mr. PRATT.

But we must pause here, leaving many works of which we would willingly speak. At the

Düsseldorf Gallery, LESSING's "Martyrdom of Huss" is still the great attraction. It is a work so full of careful study and skilful treatment that we are not surprised at the universal pleasure in its contemplation. We cannot in this space, however, enter into a consideration of its artistic claims and character, but must record our impression that it is not in the highest style of art—if there be in art a higher style than the adequate representation of the simple incident. The dexterous detail of the Düsseldorf pictures is remarkable, but the fault and tendency of the school is to direct imitation, and consequently to a hopeless struggle with nature. These pictures are the worst possible models for the student of art.

The Art-Union Gallery is by no means full, but certainly does not merit the harsh criticism of the daily press. The pictures are on an average quite as good as usual. The names of most of the distinguished artists are on the catalogue, and the specimens of their works are characteristic and admirable. There are several poor copies of famous pictures, and these undoubtedly somewhat neutralize the effect of the native works. Beside, the Art-Union does not profess to open its gallery with a complete collection. It buys as the pictures are produced, and the criticisms, thus far, have been no less ignorant than ill-natured. It does not follow that fifty thousand dollars' worth of good pictures are annually painted because that sum may be subscribed to purchase good pictures. Nor is it at all true, as we would undertake to show, had we the space, that artists are necessarily the best managers of a popular institution for the advance of art.

The Exhibition of the Artists' Association offers little for remark. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the secret of the origin of this association to speak of the institution itself, but we observe many of the names familiar to us at the Academy and the Art-Union, and can truly wish that the pictures were upon the walls of one of those galleries.

On the whole, we remark an unwonted activity and interest in art. It is impossible not to rejoice at the fact, and at the brilliant proofs of artistic ability that illuminate the walls of the various galleries. The contemporary exhibitions of foreign capitals do not, altogether, surpass those of their younger sister. American books are now not all unread, and those who delight in galleries in which only Turner, Kaulbach, and Couture are eminently great, could not be unjust to these promises of American artistic success.

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LEUTZE, the artist, has been again distinguishing himself by a work just exhibited in Düsseldorf, "The Amazon with her Children." It represents a beautiful and majestic woman, lying half-erect, arms and neck bare, contemplating the gambols of her two naked children. The brilliant golden-tone of the complexion is said to be entirely worthy of the masterly skill in color of the artist, and was perhaps inspired by the poet's dream, "I will take some savage woman; she shall rear my dusky race." But in respect of composition and drawing it is called an attempt to imitate the art of the old Italian virtuosos. The artist is proceeding with surprising rapidity with his Washington. A portrait of Rotting by Leutze is most highly commended. Rotting is in the same atelier with Leutze, and is busy upon a scene from the life of Columbus.

The Managers of the ART-UNION promise rich returns to the subscribers for the present year. We quote the *Art-Union Journal*:

"We have never before offered so many powerful motives to membership as the programme of the present year affords. The improvements in the Bulletin render it a publication that is almost indispensable to those who desire to have in a convenient form the most recent Art intelligence, as well as much original matter upon the subject that meets the constant approbation of instructed readers. The numbers of this work are furnished gratuitously to each member from the date of his subscription. He will also be entitled to the large engraving of *Mexican News* by JONES, after Woodville, and to the second part of the *Gallery of American Art*, which contains five line engravings on steel, by the best artists, after the following pictures: Cropsey's *Harvesting*, Kensett's *Mount Washington*, Woodville's *Old '76 and Young '48*, Ranney's *Marion crossing the Pedee*, and Mount's *Bargaining for a Horse*. We desire to call attention again to the fact that these subjects are all American in their character, illustrating the scenery, history, or manners of the country. They are also striking and valuable as pictures, and we should have every reason to feel proud of them in whatever contrast they might be placed.

"This project of presenting a work which shall contain in process of time the Gems of American Art, is original with the Art-Union. Its value must be apparent to every reader. It is a mode by which subscribers in the most distant parts of the country, who are deprived of the opportunity of visiting the large towns, may become well acquainted with the character and progress of our principal artists—and even those members who have the advantage of resorting to public galleries, may enjoy here the privilege of studying many pictures that from their location in private collections must be accessible to them. The first part of this work was given to the members of 1850, and is now ready for distribution, Besides the inducements just

enumerated, there remains a share in the allotment of works of art purchased by the Association, and which, judging from the two hundred already obtained, will be the most attractive collection ever offered by the Art-Union. The importance of early subscriptions need not be enlarged upon at present. The opportunity it affords of securing complete sets of the Bulletin, and better impressions of the engravings, seems to be recognized in all quarters. The Association at no period of its history has had so long a roll of members at this early season."

PAUL DELAROCHE has just completed, at Nice, a grand historical composition, which the most intelligent judges decree to be his *chef d'œuvre*. The picture represents a tragical moment in the life of Marie Antoinette. After a night of anguish before the revolutionary tribunals the unhappy Queen has just heard the verdict of her guilt. The President asks her if she has any thing to say in arrest of the sentence. For her sole answer, she rises calm and majestic, and takes silently the way back again to her dungeon. The artist has seized this instant, as she passes erect and still before a crowd of revolutionists. A man with a tri-colored scarf walks by her side, regarding her as a tiger gloats upon a lamb. It is the personification of terror. A single girl, too young to be cruel, yet attracted with the others, perhaps, to applaud the punishment of the *Widow Capet*, looks pityingly upon the Queen, her trembling lips murmur a prayer, and the tears start in her eyes. Upon the lips of the Queen there is almost a smile, a thought of disdain, for the outrages of men upon a solitary and defenceless woman. From the descriptions of which we select the prominent points, it is evident that this is another of the representations of historical incident for which Paul Delaroche has made himself so famous a name, as in his *Death of Elizabeth*, the *Children of Edward in the Tower*, *Cromwell at the Coffin of Charles I*, the *Execution of Strafford*, of *Lady Jane Grey*, *Napoleon Crossing the Alps*, &c., &c. And there is no reason that this last work should not be, as claimed, the greatest, since the artist adds to the greater cunning of his hand, the sympathies of chivalrous artistic feeling for the sorrow of a beautiful woman and a Queen of France. The picture is already sold in London, and will presently be forwarded to its destination; on the way it will remain a short time in Paris for the homage of the many admirers of this artist's genius.

Mr. MINER K. KELLOGG, who since his professional tours in the East and long residence in Italy, has spent some half dozen years in his native country, has just returned to Florence, where, with his companion from boyhood, Hiram Powers, he will probably pass the remainder of his life. He is an artist of peculiar and great merits, and there is not perhaps among American painters a man more uniformly regarded with respect and affection.

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The Brussels *Herald* gives an account of a curious and costly work of art, which a great landholder of the Walloon Provinces has ordered of the Depaepes, of Bruges. These artists are instructed to copy in Gothic letters *L'Imitation de Jésus Christ*, by the Abbé d'Assance. The work will fill six hundred and seventy pages, each of which will be about three-quarters of a yard in height, by eighteen inches wide. They will have to execute one hundred and fourteen engravings, from the great masters of the Flemish school, Van Eyck, Memling, Pourbus, Classens, &c. The pages on which will be displayed the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*, will be encircled with garlands and other ornaments, in blue and gold.

At the last annual meeting of the NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, the rank of *Academician* was conferred on T. Hicks, G.A. Baker, H.K. Brown, J.A. Cropsey, T. Addison Richards, R. Gignoux, P.P. Duggan, Alfred Jones, R.M. Pratt, J.W. Casilear, James Smillie and George W. Flagg. At the same time, Messrs R.W. Hubbard, J. Thompson, and Vincent Colyer, were made associates; and Messrs. Darley, Falconer, Lacombe, Kellogg and Ruggles, honorary members.

From the Times.

THE MEETING OF THE NATIONS IN HYDE PARK.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

But yesterday a naked sod,
The dandies sneered from Rotten-row,
And cantered o'er it to and fro;
And see, 'tis done!

As though 'twere by a wizard's rod,
A blazing arch of lucid glass
Leaps like a fountain from the grass
To meet the sun!

A quiet green but few days since,
With cattle browsing in the shade,
And lo! long lines of bright arcade
In order raised;

A palace as for fairy prince,
A rare paradise, such as man
Saw never, since mankind began
And built and glazed!

A peaceful place it was but now,
And lo! within its shining streets.
A multitude, of nations meets:

A countless throng,
I see beneath the crystal bow,
And Gaul and German, Russ and Turk,
Each with his native handiwork,
And busy tongue.

I felt a thrill of love and awe
To mark the different garb of each,
The changing tongue, the various speech
Together blent.

A thrill, methinks like His who saw
"All people dwelling upon earth
Praising our God with solemn mirth
And one consent."

High Sovereign in your Royal state!
Captains and Chiefs and Councillors,
Before the lofty palace doors
Are open set.

Hush! ere you pass the shining gate;
Hush! ere the heaving curtain draws,
And let the Royal pageant pause
A moment yet.

People and Prince, a silence keep!
Bow coronet and kindly crown,
Helmet and plume bow lowly down;
The while the priest
Before the splendid portal step,
While still the wondrous banquet stays,
From Heaven supreme a blessing prays
Upon the feast!

Then onwards let the triumph march;
Then let the loud artillery roll,
And trumpets ring and joy-bells toll,
And pass the gate;
Pass underneath the shining arch,
'Neath which the leafy elms are green—
Ascend unto your throne, O Queen,
And take your State!

Behold her in her Royal place:
A gentle lady—and the hand
That sways the sceptre of this land
How frail and weak!
Soft is the voice, and fair the face;
She breathes amen to prayer and hymn,
No wonder that her eyes are dim,
And pale her cheek.

This moment round her empire's shores
The winds of Austral winter sweep,
And thousands lie in midnight sleep
At rest to-day.

O! awful is that crown of yours,
Queen of innumerable realms,
Sitting beneath the budding elms
Of English May!

A wondrous sceptre 'tis to bear,
Strange mystery of God which set
Upon her brow yon coronet,—
The foremost crown
Of all the world on one so fair!
That chose her to it from her birth,
And bade the sons of all the earth
To her bow down.

The representatives of man,
Here from the far Antipodes,
And from the subject Indian seas,
In Congress meet;
From Afric and from Hindostan,
From Western continent and isle,
The envoys of her empire pile
Gifts at her feet.

Our brethren cross the Atlantic tides,
Loading the gallant decks, which once
Roared a defiance to our guns,
With peaceful store;
Symbol of peace, their vessel rides!^[2]
O'er English waves float Star and Stripe,
And from their friendly anchors gripe
The father-shore!

From Rhine and Danube, Rhone and Seine,
As rivers from their sources gush,
The swelling floods of nations rush,
And seaward pour:
From coast to coast in friendly chain,
With countless ships we bridge the straits;
And angry Ocean separates
Europe no more.

From Mississippi and from Nile—
From Baltic, Ganges, Bosphorus,
In England's Ark assembled thus
Are friend and guest.
Look down the mighty sunlit aisle,
And see the sumptuous banquet set,
The brotherhood of nations met
Around the feast!

Along the dazzling colonnade,
Far as the straining eye can gaze,
Gleam cross and fountain, bell, and vase,
In vistas bright.
And statues fair of nymph and maid,
And steeds and pards and Amazons,
Writhing and grappling in the bronze,
In endless fight.

To deck the glorious roof and dome,
To make the Queen a canopy,
The peaceful hosts of industry
Their standards bear.
Yon are the works of Brahmin loom;
On such a web of Persian thread
The desert Arab bows his head,
And cries his prayer.

Look yonder where the engines toil;
These England's arms, of conquest are,
The trophies of her bloodless war:
Brave weapons these.
Victorious over wave and soil,
With these she sails, she weaves, she tills
Pierces the everlasting hills,
And spans the seas.

The engine roars upon its race,
The shuttle whirrs along the woof,
The people hum from floor to roof,
With Babel tongue.

The fountain in the basin plays,
 The chanting organ echoes clear,
 An awful chorus 'tis to hear,
 A wondrous song!

Swell organ, swell your trumpet blast,
 March, Queen, and Royal pageant, march
 By splendid aisle and springing arch
 Of this fair Hall:

And see! above the fabric vast,
 God's boundless Heaven is bending blue,
 God's peaceful Sun is beaming through
 And shining over all.

April 29.

FOOTNOTES:

[2] The St. Lawrence.

THE SECOND WIFE: OR, THE TABLES TURNED.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Subordination is the *apparent* lot of woman. From the domination of nurses, parents, guardians, and teachers, during infancy and youth, to the magisterial rule of her lord and master, during married life, and the softer control of her children, through that valley of the shadow of death, old age, it rarely ceases, until the neatly-crimped borders of the death-cap rest upon the icy brow, and the unfortunate subject is screwed down in one of those exceedingly awkward mahogany tenements, henceforth "all which it may inhabit."

There are two ways of meeting this destiny of the sex. One is merely to kiss the rod, and bend before the will of the oppressor, meekly turning both cheeks to be smitten at once, and offering to lend both coat and cloak, even before either is required. The other mode is to boldly face down the enemy, and by a never-tiring guerilla warfare, to hamper his movements, cut off his provisions, and finally hem him in, after a manner that shall cause him ignominiously to surrender, to lay down his arms, pass under the yoke, and at length—converting his sword into a pruning-hook—leave his conqueror undisputed possession of the land. The usual injustice of the world is seen in the success which ordinarily attends the latter method; while the meek and gentle, who, it is promised, shall inherit the earth, must look for a new heaven and a new earth before they can come into their property. Husbands, it is premised, have no small share in this domestic despotism. How often do we see—to the shame of the male sex generally, be it spoken—some rough, coarse-minded tyrant, linked to a quiet, amiable woman, who after a long period of hectoring and dragooning, ordering and counter-ordering, sinks into the grave of a broken heart—or what is worse, a broken spirit. And sometimes—for fate is sometimes just—the said patient wife is replaced by some undaunted avenger of her wrongs, who in her turn dragoons, and hectors Othello, until indeed his "occupation's gone."

My old acquaintance, Charles Boldenough, was pronounced to be, by the tutors, as well as by the students of D— College, "the most unlicked cub" who ever misconstrued Virgil. Their experience was undoubtedly great in this species of natural history, but of all the hard characters who fell under their inspection and jurisdiction, I question if there were one who could with any share of success, dispute with him the enviable claim of being the hardest. Tall, athletic, with a huge frame capable of any fatigue, and health that never failed him; with a passionate temper, and a stentorian voice whose thunders were the terror of the younger boys, Charles Boldenough contrived to overawe with brute force all the small fry, and to convince the older collegians that it was best to yield passively to pretensions which could only be contended with any chance of success, by wrestling powers equal to his own. He was in fact the gladiator of D— College,—champion I should have called him, were it not that he was constantly at war with the professors and faculty, who might be said to represent it. The incorrigible laziness and ignorance which marked his scholastic career, were fruitful sources of complaint and reprimand; the frequent boating expeditions, the sporting excursions, and fishing parties, on which he was absent, sometimes for entire days, would unquestionably have terminated the course of his studies, and released the freshmen from their dreaded tyrant, by his early expulsion, had it not been for the influence of powerful family connections, and the personal interference of his friends. But in the course of time, he finished his collegiate labors, with all the honors, and a scarcity of black eyes, and bloody noses, immediately prevailed at D—, such as had not occurred for years.

I separated from him at that time, and heard nothing of him for a long interval. When I next saw him, he was married. The person whom my pugnacious acquaintance had made the object of his choice, was a fair blue-eyed timid little woman, with a frail figure, delicate health, and temper

mild as the summer morning. What could have induced her, to ally herself with this belligerent power, I never could imagine. Whether she had fallen in love with that great burly countenance, and loud voice; or whether, as the youngest of ten children, she had snatched at the crown matrimonial as affording an escape from a disagreeable home, or whether some one of her friends compelled her to do it, I have always found it impossible to determine. I only know that at the first interview, I saw enough to pity the poor being in my heart. She hung upon the arm of her Alcides, like a snow-drop on a rock. My friend had never had many pretensions to beauty; and his rough red visage and portly figure, bore witness of a right boisterous and jolly style of living. His first act after his marriage, was to engage in a violent quarrel with his wife's father and eight stalwart brothers, the result of which was a total cessation of intercourse between the two families. His young partner was compelled to receive the boon companions of her better half, to the entire exclusion of her own friends. The home of Charles Boldenough was a constant scene of dinner parties, and oyster suppers innumerable, which, as they frequently ended by an altercation between the host and his guests, were a continual source of agitation to his wife.

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A perfect angel of peace and gentleness she was. She bore, with unexampled resignation, the thralldom which was destroying her health and comfort. She tried, with patience, every means of pleasing a man who never allowed her to know what he liked, as it would have taken away all room for grumbling. With scrupulous care she attended to his little vexatious wants, his epicurean tastes, his trifling whimsical peculiarities. If she wished to remain at home, he forced her to go abroad; if she were desirous of going out, he made her stay within doors. If she liked a person more than commonly, he, in the words of the vulgar, "made the house too hot to hold them." If, on the contrary, she was annoyed by the presence of one of his acquaintances, she had time and opportunity to get rid of her abhorrence, since she was continually visited with their company. He scolded, grumbled, and found fault with every thing she did; with her acts and her intentions alike. If she ordered a servant to perform any particular duty, he immediately countermanded the orders; if she made any change, however slight, in the family arrangements, no penance could expiate the offence. So she lived on, with almost a struggle for her existence, having learned the important mythological lesson, that Hymen, like Janus, wears two faces, and that the temple of the former god, unlike that of the latter, is *never* closed. She had several children (who fortunately all died before their mother), but Boldenough, on the ground that women were not fit to bring up boys, constantly interfered in the education of the girls, and made his wife as wretched by this means as by any other. He punished when she rewarded, and indulged when she reproved; he sent them to school when she would have educated them at home, and reaped his reward, by having them secretly fear and hate him. Poor Mrs. Boldenough complained not, but she grew thinner and paler every year, and her voice, as if lost amid the loud tones, forever reverberating in her ears, became so low as to be scarcely audible.

At last she died. When it became necessary to inform him of the danger she was in, he was at first stupefied by the unexpected intelligence, and the feeling that he was to lose a household object, which time had rendered not dear, but familiar. Then he flew into a violent rage, quarreled with the attendants, servants, even the friends and relatives. Having recovered from the shock in some degree, he set about persecuting his poor wife during her last moments, in the same manner he had done while she enjoyed her health, with this difference: that it was now killing with kindness. He sent away in a rage the family physician, although his dying wife begged him, almost with tears, to retain him. He brought strange attendants to wait upon her, and insisted upon her eating when she had no appetite, and when the very sight of food created disgust. The sight of his big, cross, burly countenance, perpetually haunting her, and his loud questions, to which he *would* have answers, and the eternal remedies, which he disturbed her feverish sleep that she might swallow—were causes, as the nurse averred, which positively sent the poor lady out of the world—"for he wouldn't," said that worthy person, "he wouldn't have let her get well, even if she'd been a mind to."

Poor thing! a man who, as it was universally agreed, had broken his wife's heart, was not likely to regret her very deeply, or very long. But he was rougher and ruder than ever; the confusion into which his family matters immediately fell, the dishonesty of servants, the diabolical gastronomy of his *cuisine*, and the insufferable dullness of a home in which there was no family circle to be made uncomfortable and to be railed at every hour in the day, induced Charles Boldenough to mingle more freely in society, in order, as it was immediately said, that he might marry again. Many were the denunciations of wrath and sorrow to come, which were showered upon the head of that wretched woman who should accept Charles Boldenough's huge bony hand. He had the name of the worst of husbands, and it was confidently said that he would never succeed in contracting a second alliance: an assertion to which he gave the lie by espousing, one year after the death of the first Mrs. Boldenough, an intrepid successor, in the person of a damsel whom he had long been known to admire.

The second Mrs. Boldenough was a complete and entire contrast to the first. She was so nearly equal to her husband in stature and in size that she might almost have succeeded in giving him, what no person had ever been known to do, and what he certainly had long required: namely, a good flogging. She had a pair of cheeks like nothing in *this* world except two prize Spitzenberg apples, black eyes, fierce and bright and far-seeing almost to a miracle, and a voice that went through your head like a milkman's whistle, whilst the continued sound of her conversation resembled a gong at the great hotels. Boldenough she was by name, and Boldenough by nature; her carriage, erect and firm, and rapid as a locomotive, seemed to require the ringing of a little bell before her, to keep the unwary off the tracks, after the manner of most railway trains. She was afraid of nothing in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the

earth. She could break the most unruly horse, fire at a mark with a perfect aim, and collar any man who should show her any impertinence, with a coolness and strength of limb perfectly wonderful to behold. Born to command, she was not angry but merely surprised that any one should dream of controlling her. It was only after a long resistance to her wishes that the full torrent of her rage burst forth, but with an overwhelming fury.

The French say "C'est le coeur qui fait le grenadier." If this be true, what a very respectable regiment might be formed from the ranks of the fair sex in all parts of the world, were they but armed and equipped as the law directs! What an irresistible army would that be which should be formed of troops like these! My friend, Mrs. Boldenough, would have made an excellent commander to these imaginary forces, and would, no doubt, have been as entirely successful in overrunning the enemy's country and driving him from his last entrenchments, as she was in the domestic circle triumphant over husband and servants, and sweeping before her the convivial revellers of the former by means of the rapid extinction of feudal customs, in the shape of suppers and dinner parties.

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Mr. Boldenough attempted to make a gallant defence; he stormed, raved, threatened, commanded, and exhorted; scenes of conflict, dreadful to witness, took place between the warlike hosts. The lord of the mansion's burly visage turned pale at finding himself stormed down with a noise and clatter which almost burst the tympanum of his ears. If *he* had scolded *she* had raved more loudly, if *he* had thundered *she* rang out her high shrill treble with as much force and strength as a dinner-bell. Fairly beaten and vanquished, he shrunk from the ground; she, undismayed, "keeping the natural ruby of her cheeks, while his were pale from fear."

Vœ victis! Wo to the conquered! The reign of Mr. Boldenough was over; a new dynasty took possession of the throne. The old servants were packed, bag and baggage, out of the mansion; the old acquaintances of the host were impressively given to understand that they were "never to come there no more."

The longer any arbitrary power is established the more secure its authority becomes. So it proved with regard to Mrs. Boldenough. There was no escaping from her military despotism; she was an excellent housewife, and the best of good managers, and as might have been expected, she immediately restrained and cut off the lavish expenditure of the household. Mr. Boldenough made a few faint expiring efforts in behalf of his favorite luxuries. Not the better part of valor, is, as he discovered, discretion; for his helpmate held in her hands the buying and the ordering of his dinners and his daily food, and if he complained he was sure to find his condition worse than it was before. In the course of time six sturdy Boldenoughs sprung up, robust, hardy, noisy, and passionate as their mother, whose authority they served to confirm and strengthen. Then, indeed, it was that my friend Charles's shadow perceptibly grew less. He shrank from the notice of his wife and the bold Titans, his sons. The first Mrs. Boldenough's memory was certainly avenged.

The last time I met my friend he was evidently sinking slowly but surely into the vale of years. His great rubicund countenance was sunken and emaciated, his figure bent and meagre, his voice weak and faint as a whisper, and his hearing *entirely gone*. From what cause my readers may perhaps imagine. He was, indeed, stone deaf. I question, however, if this were not almost a mercy, considering the tower of Babel in which he dwelt. Nobody cared what became of him, for he had never cared for any body.

Charles Boldenough departed this life shortly after having survived his second marriage fifteen years. The physician had the effrontery to ascribe to paralysis what evidently was no natural death. His end might have excited some pity from his acquaintances and friends, if it had not been for two things, namely, that he had no friends, and that he merely received himself the same treatment which he had given others. I was not sorry for him, I confess. Justice is so rare in this world of ours, that I am not disposed to undervalue it when it is summarily executed. The Amazonian relict of my friend Charles never re-married. Whether she never found that daring man, who was Van Amburgh-like enough to put his head in the lioness's mouth without fear of having it snapped off at one blow, or whether the charge of her young giants was sufficient for her occupation, or whether she was conscious of having fulfilled her *mission*, I do not know. She retained her formidable name to the end of her days.

Reader! I have done. If you are a woman you may smile, and if a man you will sneer; but I assure you there is a moral in the *petite histoire* of the second wife. Adieu!

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME^[3]

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Continued from page 200.

There are seasons in the life of man, as well as in the course of the year; and well, unhappily, have many poets painted them in all their various aspects. But these seasons are subject to variations with different men, as with different years. The summer of one man is all bright and calm—a lapse of tranquil sunshine, and soft airs, and gentle dews. With another, the same season passes in the thunder-storm of passion—the tempests of war or ambition—and often, the gloomy days of autumn or of winter overshadowed the rich land, and spoiled the promised harvest.

It was an autumn-like period during the next three or four months of the family of Sir Philip Hastings. For the first time, uncertainty and doubt fell upon the family generally. There had been differences of temper and of character. There had been slight inconveniences. There had been occasional sickness and anxiety. There had been all those things which in the usual course of events diminished the sum of human happiness even to the most happy. But there had been nothing the least like uncertainty of position. There had been no wavering anxiety from day to day as to what the morrow was to bring forth. There had been none of that poison-drop in which the keenest shafts of fate are dipped, "the looking for of evil."

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Now, every day brought some new intelligence, and some new expectation, and the mass was altogether unfavorable. Had the blow fallen at once—had any one been in power to say, "Sir Philip Hastings, you must resign all your paternal estates, and pay back at once the rents for nearly twenty years—you must give up the rank and station which you have hitherto held, and occupy a totally different position in society!" Sir Philip would have submitted at once, and with less discomfort than most of my readers can imagine. But it was the wearing, irritating, exciting, yet stupefying progress of a lawsuit which had a painful and distressing effect upon his mind. One day, he thought he saw the case quite clearly—could track the tricks of his adversary, and expose the insecure foundation of his claim; and then would come two or three days of doubt and discussion, and then disappointment, and a new turn where every thing had to begin again. But gradually proofs swelled up, first giving some show of justice to the pretence that John Ayliffe had some claim, then amounting to a probability in his favor, then seeming, to unlearned eyes, very powerful as to his right.

I am no lawyer, and therefore cannot pursue all the stages of the proceeding; but John Ayliffe had for his assistants unscrupulous men, whose only aims were to succeed, and to shield themselves from danger in case of detection; and their turns, and twists, and new points, were manifold.

Sir Philip Hastings was tortured. It affected his spirits and his temper. He became more gloomy—occasionally irritable, often suspicious. He learned to pore over law papers, to seek out flaws and errors, to look for any thing that might convey a double meaning, to track the tortuous and narrow paths by which that power which bears the name of Justice reaches the clear light of truth, or falls into the thorny deep of error.

All this disturbed and changed him; and these daily anxieties and discomforts affected his family too—Emily, indeed, but little, except inasmuch as she was grieved to see her father grieve. But Lady Hastings was not only pained and mortified herself—she contrived to communicate a share of all she felt to others. She became sad—somewhat sullen—and fancied all the time while she was depressing her husband's spirits, and aggravating all he felt by despondency and murmurs, instead of cheering and supporting him by making light of the threatened evils, that she was but participating sympathetically in his anxieties, and feeling a due share of his sorrows. She had no idea of the duty of cheerfulness in a wife, and how often it may prove the very blessing that God intended in giving man a helpmate.

Sickness, it is true, had diminished somewhat the light spirits of her youth, but she had assuredly become a creature of repinings—a murmurer by habit—fit to double rather than divide any load of misfortune which fate might cast upon a husband's shoulders.

Lady Hastings strove rather to look sad, Emily Hastings to be gay and cheerful, and both did it perhaps a little too much for the mood and circumstances in which Sir Philip then was. He wondered when he came home, after an anxious day, that Lady Hastings did nothing to cheer him—that every word was gloomy and sad—that she seemed far more affected at the thought of loss of fortune and station than himself. He wondered also that Emily could be so light and playful, so joyous and seemingly unconcerned, when he was suffering such anxiety.

Poor Emily! she was forcing spirits in vain, and playing the kindest of hypocrites—fashioning every word, and every look, to win him away from painful thought, only to be misunderstood.

But the misunderstanding was heightened and pointed by the hand of malice. The emotion which Sir Philip had displayed in the court had not been forgotten by some whom a spirit of revenge rendered keen and clear-sighted.

It seemed impossible to mingle Emily's name directly with the law proceedings which were taking place; but more than once in accidental correspondence it was insinuated that secret information, which had led to the development of John Ayliffe's claim, had been obtained from some near relation of Sir Philip Hastings, and it became generally rumored and credited in the county, that Emily had indiscreetly betrayed some secrets of her father's. Of course these rumors did not reach her ears, but they reached Sir Philip Hastings, and he thought it strange, and more strange, that Emily had never mentioned to him her several interviews with John Ayliffe, which he had by this time learned were more than one.

Some strange feelings, disguised doubtless by one of those veils which vanity or selfishness are ever ready to cast over the naked emotions of the human heart, withheld him from speaking to his child on the subject which caused him so much pain. Doubtless it was pride—for pride of a peculiar kind was at the bottom of many of his actions. He would not condescend to inquire, he thought, into that which she did not choose to explain herself, and he went on in reality barring the way against confidence, when, in truth, nothing would have given Emily more relief than to open her whole heart to her father.

With Marlow, Sir Philip Hastings was more free and communicative than with any one else. The young man's clear perceptions, and rapid comprehensions on any point in the course of the proceedings going on, his zeal, his anxiety, his thoughtfulness, and his keen sense of what was just and equitable, raised him every day higher in the opinion of Sir Philip Hastings, and he would consult with him for hours, talk the whole matter over in all its bearings, and leave him to solve various questions of conscience in which he found it difficult himself to come to a decision. Only on one point Sir Philip Hastings never spoke to him; and that was Emily's conduct with regard to young Ayliffe. That, the father could not do; and yet, more than once, he longed to do it.

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One day, however, towards the end of six months after the first processes had been issued, Sir Philip Hastings, in one of his morning consultations with Marlow, recapitulated succinctly all the proofs which young John Ayliffe had brought forward to establish a valid marriage between his mother and the elder brother of the baronet.

"The case is very nearly complete," said Sir Philip. "But two or three links in the chain of evidence are wanting, and as soon as I become myself convinced that this young man is, beyond all reasonable doubt, the legitimate son of my brother John, my course will be soon taken. It behooves us in the first instance, Marlow, to consider how this may affect you. You have sought the hand of a rich man's daughter, and now I shall be a poor man; for although considerable sums have accumulated since my father's death, they will not more than suffice to pay off the sums due to this young man if his claim be established, and the expenses of this suit must be saved by hard economy. The property of Lady Hastings will still descend to our child, but neither she nor I have the power to alienate even a part of it for our daughter's dowry. It is right, therefore, Marlow, that you should be set free from all engagements."

"When I first asked your daughter's hand, Sir Philip," replied Marlow, "I heartily wished that our fortunes were more equal. Fate has granted that wish, apparently, in making them so; and believe me, I rejoice rather than regret that it is so, as far as I myself am concerned. We shall have enough for comfort, Sir Philip, and not too much for happiness. What need we more? But I cannot help thinking," he continued, "that this suit may turn out differently from that which you expect. I believe that the mind has its instincts, which, though dangerous to trust to, guide us nevertheless, sometimes, more surely than reason. There is an impression on my mind, which all the evidence hitherto brought forward has been unable to shake, that this claim of John Ayliffe is utterly without foundation—that it is, in fact, a trumped up case, supported by proofs which will fall to pieces under close examination."

Sir Philip Hastings shook his head. "But one thing more," he said, "and I am myself convinced. I will not struggle against conviction, Marlow; but the moment I feel morally sure that I am defending a bad cause, that instant I will yield, be the sacrifice what it may. Nothing on earth," he continued, in a stern abstracted tone, "shall ever prevent my doing that which I believe right, and which justice and honor require me to do. Life itself and all that makes life dear were but a poor sacrifice in the eyes of an honest man; what then a few thousand acres, and an empty designation?"

"But, my dear Sir Philip," replied Marlow, "let us suppose for one moment that this claim is a fictitious one, and that it is supported by fraud and forgery, you will allow that more than a few months are required to investigate all the particulars thoroughly, and to detect the knavery which may have been committed?"

"My dear Marlow," replied Sir Philip, "conviction comes to each mind accordingly as it is naturally constituted or habitually regulated. I trust I have studied the nature of evidence well—well enough to be satisfied with much less than mere law will require. In regard to all questions which come under the decision of the law, there are, in fact, two juries who decide upon the merits of the evidence—one, selected from our fellow men—the other in the bosom of the parties before which each man shall scrupulously try the justice of his own cause, and if the verdict be against him, should look upon himself but as an officer to carry the verdict into execution. I will never act against conviction. I will always act with it. My mind will try the cause itself; and the moment its decision is pronounced, that instant I will act upon it."

Marlow knew that it was in vain to argue farther, and could only trust that something would occur speedily to restore Sir Philip's confidence in his own rights.

Sir Philip, however, was now absent very frequently from home. The unpleasant business in which he was engaged, called him continually to the county town, and many a long and happy hour might Marlow and Emily have passed together had not Lady Hastings at this time assumed a somewhat new character—apparently so only—for it was, in fact, merely a phase of the old one. She became—as far as health and indolence would admit—the most prudent and careful mother in the world. She insinuated that it was highly improper for Emily to walk or ride alone with her acknowledged lover, and broadly asserted that their previous rambles had been permitted without her knowledge, and from inadvertence. During all Marlow's afternoon visits, she took

especial care to sit with them the whole time, and thus she sought to deprive them of all means of free and unconstrained communication. Such would have been the result, too, indeed, had it not been for a few morning hours snatched now and then; partly from a habit of indulgence, and partly from very delicate health, Lady Hastings was rarely, if ever, down to breakfast, and generally remained in her drawing-room till the hour of noon was past.

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The hours of Sir Philip's absence were generally tedious enough to himself. Sometimes a day of weary and laborious business occupied the time; but that was a relief rather than otherwise. In general the day was spent in a visit to the office of his lawyer, in finding the information he wanted, or the case he had desired to be prepared, not ready for him, in waiting for it hour after hour, in tedious gloomy meditation, and very often riding home without it, reflecting on the evils of a dilatory system which often, by the refusal of *speedy* justice, renders ultimate justice unavailable for any thing but the assertion of an abstract principle. He got tired of this mode of proceeding: he felt that it irritated and disordered him, and after a while, whenever he found that he should be detained in suspense, he mounted his horse again, and rode away to amuse his mind with other things.

The house of Mrs. Hazleton being so near, he more than once paid her a visit during such intervals. His coming frequently was not altogether convenient to her; for John Ayliffe was not an unfrequent visitor at her house, and Mrs. Hazleton had to give the young man a hint to let her see him early in the morning or late in the evening. Nevertheless, Mrs. Hazleton was not at all displeased to cultivate the friendship of Sir Philip Hastings. She had her objects, her purposes, to serve, and with her when she put on her most friendly looks towards the baronet she was not moved merely by that everyday instinctive hypocrisy which leads man to cover the passions he is conscious of, with a veil of the most opposite appearances, but it was a definite hypocrisy, with objects distinctly seen by herself, and full of purpose.

Thus, and for these reasons, she received Sir Philip Hastings on all occasions with the highest distinction—assumed, with a certain chameleon quality which some persons have, the color and tone of his mind to a considerable degree, while yet the general features of her own character were preserved sufficiently to shield her from the charge of affectation. She was easy, graceful, dignified as ever, with a certain languid air, and serious quietness which was very engaging. She never referred in her conversations with Sir Philip to the suit that was going on against him, and when he spoke of it himself, though she assumed considerable interest, and seemed to have a personal feeling in the matter, exclaiming, "If this goes on, nobody's estates will be secure soon!" she soon suffered the subject to drop, and did not recur to it again.

One day after the conversation between Sir Philip and Marlow, part of which has been already detailed, Sir Philip turned his horse's head towards Mrs. Hazleton's at a somewhat earlier hour than usual. It was just half past ten when he dismounted at the door, but he knew her matutinal habits and did not expect to find her occupied. The servant, however, instead of showing him into the small room where she usually sat, took him to the great drawing-room, and as he went, Sir Philip heard the voices of Mrs. Hazleton and another person in quick and apparently eager conversation. There was nothing extraordinary in this, however, and he turned to the window and gazed out into the park. He heard the servant go into the morning room, and then immediately all sound of voices ceased. Shortly after, a horse's feet, beating the ground rapidly, caught the baronet's ear, but the rider must have mounted in the courtyard and taken the back way out of the park; for he came not within Sir Philip's sight. A moment or two after, Mrs. Hazleton appeared, and there was an air of eagerness and excitement about her which was not at all usual. She seated Sir Philip beside her, however, with one of her blandest looks, and then laying her hand on his, said, in a kind and sisterly tone, "Do tell me, Sir Philip—I am not apt to be curious, or meddle with other people's affairs; but in this I am deeply interested. A rumor has just reached me from Hartwell, that you have signified your intention of abandoning your defence against this ridiculous claim upon your property. Do tell me if this is true?"

"Partly, and partly false," replied Sir Philip, "as all rumors are. Who gave you this information?"

"Oh, some of the people from Hartwell," she replied, "who came over upon business."

"The tidings must have spread fast," replied Sir Philip; "I announced to my own legal advisers this morning, and told them to announce to the opposite party, that if they could satisfy me upon one particular point, I would not protract the suit, putting them to loss and inconvenience and myself also."

"A noble and generous proceeding, indeed," said Mrs. Hazleton, with an enthusiastic burst of admiration. "Ah, dear Emily, I can see your mediation in this."

Sir Philip started as if a knife had been plunged into him, and with a profound internal satisfaction, Mrs. Hazleton saw the emotion she had produced.

"May I ask," he said, in a dry cold tone, after he had recovered himself a little, "May I ask what my daughter can have to do with this affair?"

"Oh, really—in truth I don't know," said Mrs. Hazleton, stammering and hesitating, "I only thought—but I dare say it is all nonsense. Women are always the peacemakers, you know, Sir Philip, and as Emily knew both parties well, it seemed natural she should mediate between them."

"Well?—" said Sir Philip Hastings to himself, slowly and thoughtfully, but he only replied to Mrs.

Hazleton, "No, my dear Madam, Emily has had nothing to do with this. It has never formed a subject of conversation between us, and I trust that she has sufficient respect for me, and for herself, not to interfere unasked in my affairs."

The serpent had done its work; the venom was busy in the veins of Sir Philip Hastings, corrupting the purest sources of the heart's feelings, and Mrs. Hazleton saw it and triumphed.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

Emily was as gay as a lark. The light of love and happiness was in her eyes, the hue of health was upon her cheek, and a new spirit of hope and joy seemed to pervade all her fair form. So Sir Philip Hastings found her on the terrace with Marlow when he returned from Hartwell. She was dressed in a riding habit, and one word would have explained all the gaiety of her mood. Lady Hastings, never very consequent in her actions, had wished for some one of those things which ladies wish for, and which ladies only can choose. She had felt too unwell to go for it herself; and although she had not a fortnight before expressed her strong disapprobation of her daughter and Mr. Marlow even walking out alone in the park, she had now sent them on horseback to procure what she wanted. They had enjoyed one of those glorious rides over the downs, which seem to pour into the heart fresh feelings of delight at every step, flooding the sense with images of beauty, and making the blood dance freely in the veins. It seemed also, both to her and Marlow, that a part of the prohibition was removed, and though they might not perhaps be permitted to walk out together, Lady Hastings could hardly for the future forbid them to ride. Thus they had come back very well pleased, with light hearts within, and gay hopes fluttering round them.

Sir Philip Hastings, on the other hand, had passed a day of bitterness, and hard, painful thought. On his first visit to the county town, he had, as I have shown, been obliged once more to put off decision. Then came his conference with Mrs. Hazleton. Then he had returned to his lawyer's office, and found that the wanting evidence had been supplied by his opponents. All that he had demanded was there; and no apparent flaw in the case of his adversary. He had always announced his attention of withdrawing opposition if such proofs were afforded, and he did so now, with stern, rigid, and somewhat hasty determination—but not without bitterness and regret. His ride home, too, was troubled with dull and grievous thoughts, and his whole mind was out of tune, and unfit to harmonize with gaiety of any kind. He forgot that poor Emily could not see what had been passing in his bosom, could not know all that had occurred to disturb and annoy him, and her light and cheerful spirits seemed an offence to him.

Sir Philip passed on, after he had spoken a few words to Marlow, and sought Lady Hastings in the room below, where she usually sat after she came down. Sir Philip, as I have shown, had not been nurtured in a tender school, and he was not very apt by gentle preparation to soothe the communication of any bad tidings. Without any circumlocution, then, or prefatory remarks of any kind, he addressed his wife in the following words: "This matter is decided, my dear Rachel. I am no longer Sir Philip Hastings, and it is necessary that we should remove from this house within a month, to your old home—the Court. It will be necessary, moreover, that we should look with some degree of accuracy into the state of our future income, and our expenditure. With your property, and the estate which I inherit from my mother, which being settled on the younger children, no one can take from me, we shall still have more than enough for happiness, but the style of our living must be altered. We shall have plenty of time to think of that, however, and to do what we have to do methodically."

Lady Hastings, or as we should rather call her now, Mistress Hastings, seemed at first hardly to comprehend her husband's meaning, and she replied, "You do not mean to say, Philip, that this horrible cause is decided?"

"As far as I am concerned, entirely," replied Sir Philip Hastings. "I shall offer no farther defence."

Lady Hastings fell into a fit of hysterics, and her husband knowing that it was useless to argue with her in such circumstances, called her maid, and left her.

There was but a dull dinner-party at the Hall that day. Sir Philip was gloomy and reserved, and the news which had spread over the house, as to the great loss of property which he had sustained, soon robbed his daughter of her cheerfulness.

Marlow, too, was very grave; for he thought his friend had acted, not only hastily, but imprudently. Lady Hastings did not come down to dinner, and as soon as the meal was over Emily retired to her mother's dressing-room, leaving Marlow and her father with their wine. Sir Philip avoided the subject of his late loss, however, and when Marlow himself, alluded to it, replied very briefly.

"It is done," he said, "and I will cast the matter entirely from my mind, Marlow. I will endeavor, as far as possible, to do in all circumstances what is right, whatever be the anguish it costs me. Having done what is right, my next effort shall be to crush every thing like regret or repining. There is only one thing in life which could give me any permanent pain, and that would be to have an unworthy child."

Marlow did not seem to remark the peculiar tone in which the last words were uttered, and he replied. "There, at least, you are most happy, Sir Philip; for surely Emily is a blessing which may well compensate for any misfortunes."

"I trust so—I think so," said Sir Philip, in a dry and hasty manner, and then changing the subject, he added, "Call me merely Philip Hastings, my good friend. I say with Lord Verulam, 'The Chancellor is gone.' I mean I am no longer a baronet. That will not distress me, however, and as to the loss of fortune, I can bear it with the most perfect indifference."

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Mr. Hastings reckoned in some degree without his host, however. He knew not all the petty annoyances that were in store for him. The costs he had to pay, the back-rents which were claimed, the long and complicated accounts that were to be passed, the eager struggle which was made to deprive him of many things undoubtedly his own; all were matters of almost daily trouble and irritation during the next six months. He had greatly miscalculated the whole amount of expenses. Having lived always considerably within his income, he had imagined that he had quite a sufficient amount in ready money to pay all the demands that could be made upon him. But such was far from being the case. Before all the debts were paid, and the accounts closed, he was obliged to raise money upon his life-interest in his mother's property, and to remain dependent, as it were, upon his wife's income for his whole means. These daily annoyances had a much greater effect upon Mr. Hastings than any great and serious misfortune could have had. He became morose, impatient, gloomy. His mind brooded over all that had occurred, and all that was occurring. He took perverted views of many things, and adhered to them with an obstinacy that nothing could shake.

In the mean time all the neighbors and friends of the family endeavored to show their sympathy and kindness by every means in their power. Even before the family quitted the Hall, the visitors were more numerous than they had ever been before, and this was some consolation to Mistress Hastings, though quite the contrary to her husband, who did not indeed appear very frequently amongst the guests, but remained in his own study as much as possible.

It was a very painful day for every one, and for Emily especially, when they passed the door of the old Hall for the last time, and took their way through the park towards the Court. The furniture in great part, the books, the plate, had gone before; the rooms looked vacant and desolate, and as Emily passed through them one by one, ere she went down to the carriage, there was certainly nothing very attractive in their aspect. But there were spots there associated with many dear memories—feelings—fancies—thoughts—all the bright things of early, happy youth; and it was very bitter for her to leave them all, and know that she was never to visit them again.

She might, and probably would, have fallen into one of her deep reveries, but she struggled against it, knowing that both her father and her mother would require comfort and consolation in the coming hours. She exerted herself, then, steadily and courageously to bear up without a show of grief, and she succeeded even too well to satisfy her father. He thought her somewhat light and frivolous, and judged it very strange that his daughter could quit her birth-place, and her early home, without, apparently, one regretful sigh. He himself sat stern, and gloomy, and silent, in the carriage, as it rolled away. Mistress Hastings leaned back, with her handkerchief over her eyes, weeping bitterly. Emily alone was calmly cheerful, and she maintained this demeanor all the way along till they reached the Court, and separated till dinner-time. Then, however, she wept bitterly and long.

Before she had descended to meet her parents at dinner, she did her best to efface all traces of her sad employment for the last hour. She did not succeed completely, and when she entered the drawing-room, and spoke cheerfully to her father, he raised his eyes to her face, and detected, at once, the marks of recent tears on her swollen eyelids.

"She has been weeping," said Mr. Hastings to himself; "can I have been mistaken?"

A gleam of the truth shot through his mind, and comforted him much, but alas, it was soon to be lost again.

From feelings of delicacy, Marlow had absented himself that day, but on the following morning he was there early, and thenceforward was a daily visitor at the Court. He applied himself particularly to cheer Emily's father, and often spent many hours with him, withdrawing Mr. Hastings' mind from all that was painful in his own situation, by leading it into those discussions of abstract propositions of which he was so fond. But Marlow was not the only frequent visitor at the Court. Mrs. Hazleton was there two or three times in the week, and was all kindness, gentleness, and sympathy. She had tutored herself well, and she met Mr. Marlow as Emily's affianced husband, with an ease and indifference which was marvellously well assumed. To Mrs. Hastings she proved the greatest comfort, although it is not to be asserted that the counsels which she gave her, proved at all comfortable to the rest of the household, and yet Mrs. Hazleton never committed herself. Mrs. Hastings could not have repeated one word that she said, that any one on earth could have found fault with. She had a mode of insinuating advice without speaking it—of eking out her words by looks and gestures full of significance to the person who beheld them, but perfectly indescribable to others.

She was not satisfied, however, with being merely the friend and confidante of Mrs. Hastings. She must win Emily's father also, and she succeeded so well that Mr. Hastings quite forgot all doubts and suspicions, and causes of offence, and learned to look upon Mrs. Hazleton as a really kind and amiable person, and as consistent as could be expected of any woman.

Not one word, however, did Mrs. Hazleton say in the hearing of Emily's father which could tend in any degree to depreciate the character of Mr. Marlow, or be construed into a disapproval of the proposed marriage. She was a great deal too wise for that, knowing the character of Mr.

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Hastings sufficiently to see that she could effect no object, and only injure herself by such a course.

To Emily she was all that was kind and delightful. She was completely the Mrs. Hazleton of former days; but with the young girl she was less successful than with her parents. Emily could never forget the visit to her house, and what had there occurred, and the feelings which she entertained towards Mrs. Hazleton were always those of doubt. Her character was a riddle to Emily, as well it might be. There was nothing upon which she could definitely fix as an indication, of a bad heart, or of duplicity of nature, and yet she doubted; nor did Marlow at all assist in clearing her mind; for although they often spoke of Mrs. Hazleton, and Marlow admitted all her bright and shining qualities, yet he became very taciturn when Emily entered more deeply into that lady's character. Marlow likewise had his doubts, and to say sooth, he was not at all well pleased to see Mrs. Hazleton so frequently with Mrs. Hastings. He did not well know what it was he feared, but yet there was a something which instinctively told him that his interests in Emily's family would not find the most favorable advocate in Mrs. Hazleton.

Such was the state of things when one evening there was assembled at the house of Mr. Hastings, a small dinner party—the first which had been given since his loss of property. The summer had returned, the weather was beautiful, the guests were cheerful and intellectual, and the dinner passed off happily enough. There were several gentlemen and several ladies present, and amongst the latter was Mrs. Hazleton. Politics at that time ran high: the people were not satisfied altogether with the King whom they had themselves chosen, and several acts of intolerance had proved that promises made before the attainment of power are not always very strictly maintained when power has been reached. Mr. Hastings had never meddled in the strife of party. He had a thorough contempt for policy and politicians, but he did not at all object to argue upon the general principles of government, in an abstract manner, and very frequently startled his hearers by opinions, not only unconstitutional, and wide and far from any of the received notions of the day, but sometimes also, very violent, and sometimes at first sight, irreconcilable with each other. On the present occasion the conversation after dinner took a political turn, and straying away from their wine, the gentlemen walked out into the gardens, which were still beautifully kept up, and prolonged their discussion in the open air. The ladies too—as all pictures show they were fond of doing in those days—were walking amongst the flowers, not in groups, but scattered here and there. Marlow was naturally making his way to the side of Emily, who was tying up a shrub at no great distance from the door, but Mrs. Hazleton unkindly called him to her, to tell her the name of a flower which she did not know. In the mean time Mr. Hastings took his daughter by the arm, leaning gently upon her, and walking up and down the terrace, while he continued his discussion with a Northumberland gentleman known in history as Sir John Fenwick. "The case seems to be this," said Mr. Hastings, in reply to some question or the other; "all must depend upon the necessity. Violent means are bad as a remedy for any thing but violent evils, but the greatness of the evil will often justify any degree of vigor in the means. Will any one tell me that Brutus was not justified in stabbing Cæsar? Will any one tell me that William Tell was not justified in all that he did against the tyrant of his country? I will not pretend to justify the English regicides, not only because they condemned a man by a process unknown to our laws, and repugnant to all justice, but because they committed an act for which there was no absolute necessity. Where an absolute necessity is shown, indeed—where no other means can be found of obtaining freedom, justice and security, I see no reason why a King should not be put to death as well as any other man. Nay more, he who does the deed with a full appreciation of its importance, a conscience clear of any private motives, and a reasoning sense of all the bearings of the act he commits, merits a monument rather than a gibbet, though in these days he is sure to obtain the one and not the other."

"Hush, hush, do not speak so loud, my dear sir," said Sir John Fenwick; "less than those words brought Sidney's head to the block."

"I am not afraid of mine," replied Mr. Hastings, with a faint smile; "mine are mere abstract notions with regard to such things; very little dangerous to any crowned heads, and if they thought fit to put down such opinions, they would have to burn more than one half of all the books we have derived from Rome."

Sir John Fenwick would not pursue the subject, however, and turned the conversation in another course. He thought indeed that it had gone far enough, especially when a young lady was present; for he was one of those men who have no confidence in any woman's discretion, and he knew well, though he did not profit much by his knowledge, that things very slight, when taken abstractedly, may become very dangerous if forced into connection with events. Philip Hastings would have said what he did say, before any ears in Europe, without the slightest fear, but as it proved, he had said too much for his own safety. No one indeed seemed to have noticed the very strong opinions he had expressed except Sir John Fenwick himself, and shortly after the party gathered together again, and the conversation became general and not very interesting.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Men have lived and died in the pursuit of two objects the least worthy, on which the high mind of man could ever fix, out of all the vain illusions that lead us forward through existence from youth to old age: the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of life. Gold, gold, sordid gold—not competence—not independence, but wealth—profuse, inexhaustible wealth—the hard food of Cræsus; strange that it should ever form the one great object of an immortal spirit! But stranger still, that

a being born to higher destinies should seek to pin itself down to this dull earth forever—to dwell in a clay hut, when a palace gates are open—to linger in a prison, when freedom may be had—to outlive affections, friendships, hope and happiness—to remain desolate in a garden where every flower has withered. To seek the philosopher's stone—even could it have been found—was a madness: but to desire the elixir of life was a worse insanity.

There was once, however, in the world's history a search—an eager search, for that which at first sight may seem nearly the same as the great elixir; but which was in reality very, very different.

We are told by the historians of America, that a tradition prevailed amongst the Indians of Puerto Rico, that in one of the islands on the coast, there was a fountain which possessed the marvellous power of restoring, to any one who bathed in its waters, all the vigor and freshness of youth, and that some of the Spanish adventurers sought it anxiously, but sought in vain. Here indeed was an object worthy of desire—here, what the heart might well yearn for, and mourn to find impossible.

Oh, that fountain of youth, what might it not give back! The easy pliancy of limb: the light activity of body: the calm, sweet sleep; the power of enjoyment and acquisition: the freshness of the heart: the brightness of the fancy: the brilliant dreams: the glorious aspirations: the beauty and the gentleness: the innocence: the love. We, who stand upon the shoal of memory, and look back in our faint dreams, to the brighter land left far behind, may well long for that sweet fountain which could renew—not life—but youth.

Oh youth—youth! Give me but one year of youth again. And it shall come. I see it there, beyond the skies, that fountain of youth, in the land where all flowers are immortal.

It is very strange, however, that with some men, when youth is gone, its very memories die also. They can so little recollect the feelings of that brighter time, that they cannot comprehend them in others: that they become a mystery—a tale written in a tongue they have forgotten.

It was so with Philip Hastings, and so also with his wife. Neither seemed to comprehend the feelings of Marlow and Emily; but her father understood them least. He had consented to their union: he approved of her choice; but yet it seemed strange and unpleasant to him, that her thoughts should be so completely given to her lover. He could hardly believe that the intense affection she felt for another, was compatible with love towards her parent. He knew not, or seemed to have forgotten that the ordinance to leave all and cleave unto her husband, is written in woman's heart as plainly as in the Book.

Nevertheless, that which he felt was not the least like jealousy—although I have seen such a thing even in a parent towards a child. It was a part of the problem of Emily's character, which he was always trying to solve without success.

"Here," he thought, "she has known this young man, but a short time—no years—not very many months; and yet, it is clear, that in that short space, she has learned to love him better than those to whom she is bound by every tie of long enduring affection and tenderness."

Had he thought of comparing at all, her conduct and feelings with those of his own youth, he would still have marvelled; for he would have said, "I had no tenderness shown me in my young days—I was not the companion, the friend, the idol, the peculiar loved one of father or mother, so long as my elder brother lived. I loved her who first really loved me. From *my* parents, I had met small affection, and but little kindness. It was therefore natural that I should fix my love elsewhere, as they had fixed theirs. But with my child, the case is very different."

Yet he loved Marlow well—was fond of his society—was well pleased that he was to be his daughter's husband; but even in his case, Mr. Hastings was surprised in a certain degree; for Marlow did not, and could not conceal that he loved Emily's society better than her father's—that he would rather a great deal be with her than with Brutus himself or Cato.

This desire on the part of Marlow to be ever by her side, was a great stumbling-block in the way of Mr. Hastings' schemes for re-educating Marlow, and giving that strength and vigor to his character of which his future father-in-law had thought it susceptible. He made very little progress, and perhaps Marlow's society might even have had some influence upon him—might have softened—mitigated his character; but that there were counteracting influences continually at work.

All that had lately happened—the loss of fortune and of station—the dark and irritating suspicions which had been instilled into his mind in regard to his child's conduct—the doubts which had been produced of her frankness and candor—the fact before his eyes, that she loved another better, far better, than himself, with a kind word, now and then, from Mrs. Hazleton, spoken to drive the dart deeper into his heart, had rendered him somewhat morose and gloomy,—apt to take a bad view of other people's actions, and to judge less fairly than he always wished to judge. When Marlow hastened away from him to rejoin Emily, and paint, with her, in all the brightest colors of imagination, a picture of the glowing future, her father would walk solitary and thoughtful, giving himself up to dark and unprofitable reveries.

Mrs. Hastings in the mean time would take counsel with Mrs. Hazleton, and they would settle between them that the father was already dissatisfied with the engagement he had aided to bring about, and that a little persevering opposition on the part of the mother, would ultimately bring that engagement to an end.

Mrs. Hastings, too, thought—or rather seemed to feel, for she did not reduce it to thought—that

she had now a greater right to exercise some authority in regard to her daughter's marriage, as Emily's whole fortune must proceed from her own property. She ventured to oppose more boldly, and to express her opinion against the marriage, both to her husband and her child. It was against the advice of Mrs. Hazleton that she did so; for that lady knew Mr. Hastings far better than his own wife knew him; and while Emily's cheek burned, and her eye swam in tears, Mr. Hastings replied in so stern and bitter a tone that Mrs. Hastings shrunk back alarmed at what she herself had done.

But the word had been spoken: the truth revealed. Both Mr. Hastings and Emily were thenceforth aware that she wished the engagement between her daughter and Marlow broken off—she was opposed to the marriage; and would oppose it.

The effect of this revelation of her views upon her child and her husband, was very different. Emily had colored with surprise and grief—not, as her father thought, with anger; and she resolved thenceforth to endeavor to soften her mother's feelings towards him she loved, and to win her consent to that upon which all her own happiness depended; but in which her own happiness could not be complete without a mother's approbation.

Mr. Hastings, on the contrary, entertained no expectation that his wife would ever change her views, even if she changed her course. Some knowledge—some comprehension of her character had been forced upon him during the many years of their union; and he believed that, if all open remonstrance, and declared opposition had been crushed by his sharp and resolute answer, there would nevertheless be continual or ever recurring efforts on Mrs. Hastings' part, to have her own way, and thwart both his purposes and Emily's affection. He prepared to encounter that sort of irritating guerrilla warfare of last words, and sneers, and innuendoes, by which a wife sometimes endeavors to overcome a husband's resolutions; and he hardened himself to resist. He knew that she could not conquer in the strife; but he determined to put an end to the warfare, either by some decided expression of his anger at such proceedings, or by uniting Emily to Marlow, much sooner than he had at first proposed.

The latter seemed the easiest method, and there was a great chance of the marriage, which it had been agreed should be delayed till Emily was nineteen, taking place much earlier, when events occurred which produced even a longer delay.

One of the first steps taken by Mr. Hastings to show his wife that her unreasonable opposition would have no effect upon him, was not only to remove the prohibition of those lovers' rambles which Mrs. Hastings had forbidden, but to send his daughter and her promised husband forth together on any pretext that presented itself. He took the opportunity of doing so, first, when his wife was present, and on the impulse of the moment, she ventured to object. One look—one word from her husband, however, silenced her; for they were a look and word too stern to be trifled with, and Emily went to dress for her walk; but she went with the tears in her eyes. She was grieved to find that all that appertained to her happiness was likely to become a cause of dissension between her father and her mother. Had Marlow not been concerned—had his happiness not been also at stake—she would have sacrificed any thing—every thing—to avoid such a result; but she felt she had no right to yield to caprice, where he was to suffer as well as herself.

The walk took place, and it might have been very sweet to both, had not the scene which had immediately preceded poured a drop of bitterness into their little cup of joy. Such walks were often renewed during the month that followed; but Emily was not so happy as she might have been; for she saw that her father assumed a sterner, colder tone towards his wife, and believed that she might be the unwilling cause of this painful alienation. She knew not that it proceeded partly from another source—that Mr. Hastings had discovered, or divined, that his wife had some feeling of increased power and authority from the fact of his having lost his large estates, and of her property being all that remained to them both.

Poor Emily! Marlow's love, that dream of joy, seemed destined to produce, for a time at least, nothing but grief and anxiety. Her reveries became more frequent, and more deep, and though her lover could call her from them in a moment, no one else had the power.

One day, Marlow and his Emily—for whom every day his love increased; for he knew and comprehended her perfectly, and he was the only one—had enjoyed a more happy and peaceful ramble than usual, through green lanes, and up the hill, and amidst the bright scenery which lay on the confines of the two counties, and they returned slowly towards the house, not anticipating much comfort there. As they approached, they saw from the road a carriage standing before the door, dusty, as if from a long journey, but with the horses still attached. There were three men, too, with the carriage, besides the driver, and they were walking their horses up and down the terrace, as if their stay was to be but short. It was an unusual number of attendants, even in those days, to accompany a carriage in the country, except upon some visit of great ceremony; and the vehicle itself—a large, old, rumbling coach, which had seen better days—gave no indication of any great state or dignity on the part of its owner.

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Why, she knew not, but a feeling of fear, or at least anxiety, came over Emily as she gazed, and turning to Marlow, she said, "Who can these visitors be?"

"I know not, indeed, dear love," he answered, "but the equipage is somewhat strange. Were we in France," he added, with a laugh, "I should think it belonged to an exempt, bearing a *lettre de cachet*."

Emily smiled also, for the idea of her father having incurred the anger of any government or violated any law seemed to her quite out of the question.

When they approached the door, however, they were met by a servant, with a grave and anxious countenance, who told her that her father wished to see her immediately in the dining hall.

"Is there any one with him?" asked Emily, in some surprise.

"Yes, Mistress Emily," replied the man, "there is a strange gentleman with him. But you had better go in at once; for I am afraid things are not going well."

Marlow drew her arm through his, and pressed it gently to make her feel support; and then went into the eating-room, as it was usually called, by her side.

When they entered they found the scene a strange and painful one. Mr. Hastings was seated near a window, with his hat on, and his cloak cast down on a chair beside him. His wife was placed near him, weeping bitterly; and at the large table in the middle of the room was a coarse-looking man, in the garb of a gentleman, but with no other indication but that of dress of belonging to a superior class. He was very corpulent, and his face, though shadowed by an enormous wig, was large and bloated. There was food and wine before him, and to both he seemed to be doing ample justice, without taking any notice of the master of the house or his weeping lady.

Mr. Hastings, however, rose and advanced towards his daughter, as soon as she entered, and in an instant the eye of the gormandizing guest was raised from his plate and turned towards the party, with a look of eager suspicion.

"Oh, my dear father, what is this?" exclaimed Emily, running towards him.

"One of those accidents of life, my child," replied Mr. Hastings, "from which I had hoped to be exempt—most foolishly. But it seems," he continued, "no conduct, however reserved, can shield one from the unjust suspicions of princes and governments."

"Very good cause for suspicion, sir," said the man at the table, quaffing a large glass of wine. "Mr. Secretary would not have signed a warrant without strong evidence. Vernon is a cautious man, sir, a very cautious man."

"And who is this person?" asked Marlow, pointing to the personage who spoke.

"A messenger of the powers that be," replied Mr. Hastings; "it seems that because Sir John Fenwick dined here a short time ago, and has since been accused of some practices against the state, his Majesty's advisers have thought fit to connect me with his doings, or their own suspicions, though they might as well have sent down to arrest my butler or my footman, and I am now to have the benefit of a journey to the Tower of London under arrest."

"Or to Newgate," said the messenger, significantly.

"To London, at all events," replied Mr. Hastings.

"I will go with you," said Marlow, at once; but before the prisoner could answer, the messenger interfered, saying, "That I cannot allow."

"I am afraid you must allow it," replied Marlow, "whether it pleases you or not."

"I will have no one in the carriage with my prisoner," said the messenger, striking the table gently with the haft of his knife.

"That may be," answered Marlow; "but you will not, I presume, pretend to prevent my going where I please in my own carriage; and when once in London, I shall find no difficulty, knowing Mr. Vernon well."

The latter announcement made a great change in the messenger's demeanor, and he became much more tame and docile from the moment it struck his ear.

Mr. Hastings indeed would fain have persuaded his young friend to remain where he was, and looked at Emily with some of that tenderer feeling of a parent which so often prompts to every sacrifice for a child's sake. But Emily thanked Marlow eagerly for proposing to go; and Mrs. Hastings, even, expressed some gratitude.

The arrangements were soon made. There being no time to send for Marlow's own carriage and horses, it was agreed that he should take a carriage belonging to Mr. Hastings, with his horses, for the first stage; the prisoner's valet was to accompany his friend, and immediate orders were given for the necessary preparations.

When all was ready, Emily asked some question of her father, in a low tone, to which he replied, "On no account, my child. I will send for you and your mother should need be; but do not stir before I do. This is a mere cloud—a passing shower, which will soon be gone, and leave the sky as bright as ever. We do not live in an age when kings of England can play at foot-ball with the heads of innocent men, and I, as you all know, am innocent."

He then embraced his wife and child with more tenderness than he was wont to show, and entering the carriage first, was followed by the messenger. The other men mounted their horses, and Marlow did not linger long behind the sad cavalcade.

Philip Hastings had calculated much upon his Roman firmness; and he could have borne death, or any great and sudden calamity, with fortitude; but small evils often affect us more than great ones. He knew not what it is to suffer long imprisonment, to undergo the wearing, grinding process of life within a prison's walls. He knew not the effect of long suspense either, of the fretful impatience for some turn in our fate, of the dull monotony of long continued expectation and protracted disappointment, of the creeping on of leaden despair, which craves nothing in the end but some change, be it for better or for worse.

They took him to Newgate—the prison of common felons, and there, in a small room, strictly guarded, he remained for more than two months. At first he would send for no lawyer, for he fancied that there must either be some error on the part of the government, or that the suspicion against him must be so slight as to be easily removable. But day went by on day, and hour followed hour, without any appearance of a change in his fate. There came a great alteration, however, in his character. He became morose, gloomy, irritable. Every dark point in his own fate and history—every painful event which had occurred for many years—every doubt or suspicion which had spread gloom and anxiety through his mind, was now magnified a thousand-fold by long, brooding, solitary meditation. He pondered such things daily, hourly, in the broad day, in the dead, still night, when want of exercise deprived him of sleep, till his brain seemed to turn, and his whole heart was filled with stern bitterness.

Marlow, who visited him every day by permission of the Secretary of State, found him each day much changed, both in appearance and manner; and even his conversation gave but small relief. He heard with small emotion the news of the day, or of his own family. He read the letters of his wife and daughter coldly. He heard even the intelligence that Sir John Fenwick was condemned for high treason, and to die on a scaffold, without any appearance of interest. He remained self-involved and thoughtful.

At length, after a long interval—for the government was undecided how to proceed in his and several other cases connected with that famous conspiracy—a day was appointed for his first examination by the Secretary of State; for matters were then conducted in a very different manner from that in which they are treated at present; and he was carried under guard to Whitehall.

Vernon was a calm and not unamiable man; and treating the prisoner with unaffected gentleness, he told him that the government was very anxious to avoid the effusion of any more blood, and expressed a hope that Mr. Hastings would afford such explanations of his conduct as would save the pain of proceeding against him. He did not wish by any means, he said, to induce him to criminate himself; but merely to give such explanations as he might think fit.

Philip Hastings replied, with stern bitterness, that before he could give any explanations, he must learn what there was in his conduct to explain. "It has ever been open, plain, and straightforward," he said. "I have taken no part in conspiracies, very little part in politics. I have nothing to fear from any thing I myself can utter; for I have nothing to conceal. Tell me what is the charge against me, and I will answer it boldly. Ask what questions you please; and I will reply at once to those to which I can find a reply in my own knowledge."

"I thought the nature of the charge had been made fully known to you," replied Vernon. "However, it is soon stated. You are charged, Mr. Hastings, with having taken a most decided part in the criminal designs, if not in the criminal acts, of that unfortunate man Sir John Fenwick. Nay, of having first suggested to him the darkest of all his designs, namely, the assassination of his Majesty."

"I suggest the assassination of the King!" exclaimed Mr. Hastings. "I propose such an act! Sir, the charge is ridiculous. Has not the only share I ever took in politics been to aid in placing King William upon the throne, and consistently to support his government since? What the ministers of the crown can seek by bringing such a charge against me, I know not; but it is evidently fictitious, and of course has an object."

Vernon's cheek grew somewhat red, and he replied warmly, "That is an over-bold assertion, sir. But I will soon satisfy you that it is unjust, and that the crown has not acted without cause. Allow me, then, to tell you, that no sooner had the conspiracy of Sir John Fenwick been detected, and his apprehension been made known, than information was privately given—from your own part of the country—to the following effect;" and he proceeded to read from a paper, which had evidently been folded in the form of a letter, the ensuing words: "That on the — day of May last, when walking in the gardens of his own house, called 'The Court,' he—that is yourself, sir—used the following language to Sir John Fenwick: 'When no other means can be found of obtaining justice, freedom, and security, I see no reason why a king should not be put to death as well as any other man. He who does the deed merits a monument rather than a gibbet.' Such was the information, sir, on which government first acted in causing your apprehension."

The Secretary paused, and for a few moments Mr. Hastings remained gazing down in silence, like a man utterly confounded. Vernon thought he had touched him home; but the emotions in the prisoner's bosom, though very violent, were very different from those which the Secretary attributed to him. He remembered the conversation well, but he remembered also that the only one who, besides Sir John Fenwick, was with him at the moment, was his own child. I will not dwell upon his feelings, but they absorbed him entirely, till the Secretary went on, saying—"Not

satisfied with such slender information, Mr. Hastings, the government caused that unhappy criminal, Sir John Fenwick, to be asked, after his fate was fixed, if he recollected your having used those words to him, and he replied, 'something very like them.'

"And I reply the same," exclaimed Philip Hastings, sternly. "I did use those words, or words very like them. But, sir, they were in connection with others, which, had they been repeated likewise, would have taken all criminal application from them. May I be permitted to look at that letter in your hand, to see how much was really told, how much suppressed?"

"I have read it all to you," said Mr. Vernon, "but you may look at it if you please," and he handed it to him across the table. Philip Hastings spread it out before him, trembling violently, and then drew another letter from his pocket, and laid them side by side. He ran his eye from one to the other for a moment or two, and then sunk slowly down, fainting upon the floor.

While a turnkey and one of the messengers raised him, and some efforts were made to bring him back to consciousness, Mr. Vernon walked round the table and looked at the two letters which were still lying on it. He compared them eagerly, anxiously. The handwriting of the one was very similar to that of the other, and in the beginning of that which Mr. Hastings had taken from his pocket, the Secretary found the words, "My dear father." It was signed, "Emily Hastings;" and Vernon instantly comprehended the nature of the terrible emotion he had witnessed.

He was really, as I have said, a kind and humane man, and he felt very much for the prisoner, who was speedily brought to himself again, and seated in a chair before the table.

"Perhaps, Mr. Hastings," said Vernon, "we had better not protract this conversation to-day. I will see you again to-morrow, at this hour, if you would prefer that arrangement."

"Not at all, sir," answered the prisoner, "I will answer now, for though the body be weak, the spirit is strong. Remember, however, that I am not pleading for life. Life is valueless to me. The block and axe would be a relief. I am only pleading to prevent my own character from being stained, and to frustrate this horrible design. I used the words imputed to me; but if I recollect right, with several qualifications, even in the sentence which has been extracted. But before that, many other words had passed which entirely altered the whole bearing of the question. The conversation began about the regicides of the great rebellion, and although my father was of the party in arms against the King, I expressed my unqualified disapprobation of their conduct in putting their sovereign to death. I then approached as a mere matter of abstract reasoning, in which, perhaps, I am too apt to indulge, the subject of man's right to resist by any means an unendurable tyranny, and I quoted the example of Brutus and William Tell; and it was in the course of these abstract remarks, that I used the words which have been cited. I give you my word, however, and pledge my honor, that I entertained no thought, and had no cause whatever to believe that Sir John Fenwick who was dining with me as an old acquaintance, entertained hostile designs against the government of his native land."

"Your admitted opinions, Mr. Hastings," said Vernon, "seem to me to be very dangerous ones."

"That may be," replied the prisoner, "but in this country at least, sir, you cannot kill a man for opinions."

"No; but those opinions, expressed in conversation with others who proceed to acts," replied Vernon, "place a man in a very dangerous position, Mr. Hastings. I will not conceal from you that you are in some peril; but at the same time I am inclined to think that the evidence, without your admissions this day, might prove insufficient, and it is not my intention to take advantage of any thing you have said. I shall report to his Majesty accordingly; but the proceedings of the government will be guided by the opinion of the law officers of the crown, and not by mine. I therefore can assure you of nothing except my sincere grief at the situation in which you are placed."

"I little heed the result of your report, sir," replied Mr. Hastings; "life, I say, is valueless to me, and if I am brought to trial for words very innocently spoken, I shall only make the same defence I have done this day, and I shall call no witness; the only witness of the whole," he added with stern, concentrated bitterness, "is probably on the side of the crown."

Mr. Hastings was then removed to Newgate, leaving the two letters on the table behind him, and as soon as he was gone, Mr. Vernon sent a messenger to an inn near Charing Cross, to say he should be glad to speak for a few moments with Mr. Marlow. In about half an hour Marlow was there, and was received by Vernon as an old acquaintance. The door was immediately closed, and Marlow seated himself near the table, turning his eyes away, however, as an honorable man from the papers which lay on it.

"I have had an interview with your friend, Mr. Marlow," said the Secretary, "and the scene has been a very painful one. Mr. Hastings has been more affected than I expected, and actually fainted."

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Marlow's face expressed unutterable astonishment, for the idea of Philip Hastings fainting under any apprehension whatever, could never enter into the mind of any one who knew him.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "what could be the cause of that? Not fear, I am sure."

"Something more painful than even fear, I believe," replied Mr. Vernon; "Mr. Hastings has a daughter, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, he has," replied Marlow, somewhat stiffly.

"Do you know her handwriting?" asked the Secretary.

"Yes, perfectly well," answered Marlow.

"Then be so good as to take up that letter next you," said Vernon, "and tell me if it is in her hand."

Marlow took up the paper, glanced at it, and at once said, "Yes;" but the next instant he corrected himself, saying, "No, no—it is very like Emily's hand—very, very like; but more constrained."

"May not that proceed from an attempt to disguise her hand?" asked Vernon.

"Or from an attempt on the part of some other to imitate it," rejoined Marlow; "but this is very strange, Mr. Vernon; may I read this through?"

"Certainly," replied the Secretary, and Marlow read every word three or four times over with eager attention. They seemed to affect him very much, for notwithstanding the Secretary's presence, he started up and paced the room for a minute or two in thought.

"I must unravel this dark mystery," he said at length. "Mr. Vernon, there have been strange things taking place lately in the family of Mr. Hastings. Things which have created in my mind a suspicion that some secret and external agency is at work to destroy his peace as well as to ruin his happiness, and still more, I fear, to ruin the happiness of his daughter. This letter is but one link in a long chain of suspicious facts, and I am resolved to sift the whole matter to the bottom. The time allowed me to do so, must depend upon the course you determine to pursue towards Mr. Hastings. If you resolve to proceed against him I must lose no time—although I think I need hardly say, there is small chance of your success upon such evidence as this;" and he struck the letter with his fingers.

"We have more evidence, such as it is," replied Vernon, "and he himself admits having used those words."

Marlow paused thoughtfully, and then replied, "He may have used them—he is very likely to have used them; but it must have been quite abstractedly, and with no reference to any existing circumstance. I remember the occasion on which Sir John Fenwick dined with him, perfectly. I was there myself. Now let me see if I can recall all the facts. Yes, I can, distinctly. During the whole of dinner—during the short time we sat after dinner, those words were never used; nor were conspiracies and treason ever thought of. I remember, too, from a particular circumstance, that when we went out into the gardens Mr. Hastings took his daughter's arm, and walked up and down the terrace with Sir John Fenwick at his side. That must have been the moment. But I need hardly point out to you, Mr. Vernon, that such was not a time when any man in his senses, and especially a shrewd, cunning, timid man, like Sir John Fenwick, would have chosen for the development of treasonable designs."

"Were any other persons near?" asked Vernon; "the young lady might have been in the conspiracy as well as her father."

Marlow laughed. "There were a dozen near," he answered; "they were subject to interruption at any moment—nay, they could not have gone on for three minutes; for that pace of time did not elapse after the gentlemen entered the garden where the ladies were, before I was at Emily's side, and not one word of this kind was spoken afterwards."

"Then what could have induced her to report those words to the government?" asked Mr. Vernon.

"She never did so," replied Marlow, earnestly; "this is not her handwriting, though the imitation is very good—and now, sir," he continued, "if it be proper, will you explain to me what course you intend to pursue, that I may act accordingly? For as I before said, I am resolved to search this mystery out into its darkest recesses. It has gone on too long already."

Vernon smiled. "You are asking a good deal," he said, "but yet my views are so strong upon the subject, that I think I may venture to state them, even if the case against Mr. Hastings should be carried a step or two farther—which might be better, in order to insure his not being troubled on an after occasion. I shall strongly advise that a *nolle prosequi* be entered, and I think I may add that my advice will be taken."

"You think I have asked much already, Mr. Vernon," said Marlow, "but I am now going to ask more. Will you allow me to have this letter? I give you my word of honor that it shall only be used for the purposes of justice. You have known me from my boyhood, my dear sir; you can trust me."

"Perfectly, my young friend," replied Vernon, "but you must not take the letter to-day. In two days the action of the government will be determined, and if it be such as I anticipate you shall have the paper, and I trust it will lead to some discovery of the motives and circumstances of this strange transaction. Most mysterious it certainly is; for one can hardly suppose any one but a fiend thus seeking to bring a father's life into peril."

"A fiend!" exclaimed Marlow, with a scoff, "much more like an angel, my dear sir."

"You seem to think so," said Vernon, smiling, "and I trust, though love is blind, he may have left you clear-sighted in this instance."

"I think he has," answered Marlow, "and as this young lady's fate is soon to be united to mine, it is very necessary I should see clearly. I entertain no doubt, indeed, and I say boldly, that Emily never wrote this letter. It will give me, however, a clue which perhaps may lead me to the end of the labyrinth, though as yet I hardly see my way. But a strong resolution often does much."

"Might it not be better for you," asked Vernon, "to express your doubts in regard to this letter to Mr. Hastings himself? He was terribly affected, as well he might be, when he saw this document, and believed it to be his own child's writing."

Marlow mused for some time ere he replied. "I think not," he answered at length; "he is a man of peculiar disposition; stern, somewhat gloomy, but honorable, upright, and candid. Now what I am going to say may make me appear as stern as himself, but if he is suffering from doubts of that dear girl, knowing her as well as he does, he is suffering from his own fault, and deserves it. However, my object is not to punish him, but thoroughly, completely, and for ever to open his eyes, and to show him so strongly that he has done his child injustice, as to prevent his ever doing the like again. This can only be done by bringing all the proofs upon him at once, and my task is now to gather them together. To my mere opinion regarding the handwriting, he would not give the slightest heed, but he will not shut his eyes to proofs. May I calculate upon having the letter in two days?"

"I think you may," replied Vernon.

"Then when will Mr. Hastings be set free?" asked Marlow; "I should wish to have some start of him into the country."

"That will depend upon various circumstances," replied the Secretary; "I think we shall take some steps towards the trial before we enter the *nolle prosequi*. It is necessary to check in some way the expression of such very dangerous opinions as he entertains."

Marlow made no reply but by a smile, and they soon after parted.

One of the writers upon German politics reproduces the story of the Englishman, Frenchman, and German, who were required by some unknown power to draw a sketch of a camel. The Frenchman hied him to the Jardin des Plantes, and came back with his sketch in no time. The more conscientious Briton at once took ship for the East, and returned with his drawing from the life of nature. But the German went to the library of the prince of his country to ascertain what a camel was. He lived to a great age, with the reputation of being very learned, and a little crazed with the depth of his researches, and on his death-bed told his physician in confidence that he did not believe there was such an animal at all!

FOOTNOTES:

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

THE COUNT MONTE-LEONE: OR, THE SPY IN SOCIETY. [4]

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

Continued from page 211

VIII.—THE FOUR PULCINELLI.

Doctor Matheus, as the reader must have guessed from the previous chapter, was Freiderick von Apsberg, one of the four Pulcinelli of the ball of San Carlo, the young German who was the son of the venerable pastor of the city of Ellogen, in Bohemia.

Freiderick von Apsberg had been educated in one of the most celebrated universities of Germany, that of Leipsic,—where he had imbibed that very social contagion, a passion for detestable demagogic fancies, with which all those scientific *lazaretti* of Germany were filled. The dreamy and often poetic forms in which those ideas were enunciated, easily touched the heart of that long peaceable nation, and opened to it a field of mad and resistless hopes which could not but plunge it into that abyss of disorder, trouble, and crime, in which it has been recently seen sweltering.

Freiderick, not thinking his country yet prepared for the propagation of his principles, sought for an echo among other European nations. The rising *Carbonarism* of Italy opened its arms to him, and received him as one of its future supporters. There he had become acquainted with Monte-Leone, and participated in the religion of which he was the high priest. On his return to Germany,

after his expulsion from Italy, he had discovered that the work had advanced during his absence, that the myth had been personified, and that the seed had germinated. Germany, especially the *poor* of Germany, began to be deeply agitated; the *Carbonaro* made many proselytes, and won many new members to the association. The death of his father having endowed him with some fortune, he completed his studies, and became one of the most fervent apostles of that mysterious science of which he spoke to the Duke d'Harcourt; but, being made uncomfortable by the German police, he left his country, after having established a connection with the *Vente* which had been formed there. He then came to France, where we find him under the name of Doctor Matheus, and living in the awful No. 13 of Babylonne street;—his house was the rendezvous of the principal members of the *Vente* of Paris, where his profession amply accounted for the many visitors he received. His three friends, however, fearing that their frequent visits would be remarked, often had recourse to disguises. Thus it is that we saw the Englishman, the Auvergnot, and the peasant, so cavalierly treated by Mlle Crepineau.

"This is the hour of consultation, my dear Doctor," said the Viscount to Von Apsberg; "where are the patients?" In a serious tone the latter replied, "In France, Italy, Germany, and all the continent.—Their disease is a painful oppression, an extreme lassitude in every member of the social body, a slow fever, and general feeling of indisposition."

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"What physician will cure so many diseases?" asked the Viscount.

"*Carbonarism!*"

"Are you sure of this?" asked d'Harcourt, who, probably for the first time in his life, said any thing reasonable. This was a doubt, almost a defection to that cause into which his generous and enthusiastic nature had cast him. René d'Harcourt had originally formed but a passing intimacy with Monte-Leone, the object of which was pleasure alone. The latter, however, soon discovered his friend's courage and truth, and ultimately initiated him in all his political mysteries and dreams. D'Harcourt, attracted by the occult power exerted by the Count over his associates, and led astray to a degree by his specious theories in relation to national happiness, which Monte-Leone knew how to dress so well in the most energetic language, was carried away by the temptation of becoming a political personage; perhaps, also, as la Felina said at the Etruscan villa, not a little under the influence of idleness, and the wish to be able to tell wonders of himself, joined in all these plots. He had become affiliated to the society of which Monte-Leone was the chief, and when he was expelled from Italy, represented himself to his particular friends as a martyr of political faith: he had, by the by, a very faint confidence in it, and cared very little about it; and this, even, was insensibly lessened when, on his return to France and his family, he saw the high distinction which his father enjoyed, and was aware that by rank and birth he would one day be called on to play a conspicuous part in the history of his country. He could not understand, therefore, how this country could demand a general convulsion to obtain a hypothetical better, in place of a positive good.

This, as we have said, was the state of his mind, when Monte-Leone, Taddeo, and Frederick returned to Paris. They talked to him of his oaths, of the pledge they had taken, of his position as a *Carbonaro*,—to which he would make no reply. The Viscount a second time falling under the influence of Monte-Leone, captivated again by the charms of friendship, and the glory of being the regenerator of his country, fancied himself also bound by his honor to pursue the path on which he had entered. He therefore resumed his old chains, and became the SEIDE of a cause to which he was attracted neither by sympathy nor by reason.

The phrase which had escaped from the lips, or rather the good sense of the young man, sounded to Monte-Leone like a false note in a chorus. He said, "René, God forbid that we should seek to link you to our fate if you do not believe in our cause. Remain inactive in the strife about to ensue; your honor will be a sufficient pledge for your silence in relation to our secrets. Henceforth be a brother to us only in love. Von Apsberg, the grand archivist of the association, will efface your name from our list; and whatever misfortune befall us, I shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you were not involved in our ruin."

This offer, instead of being received by René d'Harcourt, increased his zeal, which otherwise would have died away.

"Leave you?" said he,—"abandon you, when the hour of danger has come?—desert the field of battle when the combat is about to begin? My friendship, my courage, and my honor, all forbid me to do so."

The four friends clasped their hands, and Monte-Leone said,—"Now listen to me, for time is precious. The *Vente* of the kingdom of Naples, and those of all Italy, of which I refuse to be any longer the chief, do not on that account distrust me, but have just given me a striking proof of their confidence. It is so great that I hesitate even to accept it."

"Speak," said all the friends at once.

"I have received this letter," said Monte-Leone.

"The delegates of all the Italian *Vente*, relying on the prudence, valor, and judgment of Count Monte-Leone, refer to him the decision of the time when, and the manner in which, it is proper for them to manifest their principles. Count Monte-Leone is requested to open a communication with the *Vente* of France, that there may be a simultaneous movement with those of Italy."

"Thus," said the Count, "in accepting this mission, I become the god, the sovereign arbiter of this immense work, and have its fate in my hands."

Von Apsberg said, "you have that of Italy and Germany—for the *Vente* of my country will act when I speak, or rather when you do."

An expression of pride flashed across Monte-Leone's face. He had evidently been mortified at not becoming supreme director, yet the staff of command was again placed in his grasp. It was not now, though, to confer the command of a single country, but, to use his own words, he became the all-powerful controller of Europe, and, in his opinion, the hope of the universe. This strange man, made up of greatness and littleness, like all the political idealists who erect altars to the creatures of their dreams, and ignorantly make a sacrifice of logic, good sense and reason—this man who sighed for universal liberty, was delighted at the prospect of great, despotic, and aristocratic power, to be exerted by his will alone in three great countries. The Count then yielded willingly to the persuasions of his friends, and promised to fulfil the wishes of the Italian *Vente*. He said, "The time for action is not come. The French police, in fact, is busy only with the known enemies of the Government, with persons who are compromised in these petty plots originated by self-love—regret for the past, and ambition. Our object is greater; for we do not serve a man, but an idea, or rather the assemblage of ideas, to be expanded everywhere at once, and to replace the darkness of old civilization by torrents of far more dazzling light. The dawn of that light though has not yet come."

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"Yet," said Von Apsberg, "the notes I receive announce the formation of new *Vente* on all sides of us."

"Paris is filled with Carbonari," added d'Harcourt. "Our secret and masonic sign reveals the existence of brothers everywhere to me. I see them in the public places, on the benches of the lawyers, and among the very judges."

"True," said Von Apsberg, "and as an evidence of what d'Harcourt says, look at these voluminous names." The friends examined them carefully.

"It matters not," said Monte-Leone, "too much precipitation would ruin all. Remember our device, *an auger piercing the globe*."

During all this conversation, Taddeo had remained silent and thoughtful, and the Count at last observed it.

"My friend," said he, "why are you so sad? Can it be, like d'Harcourt just now, that you have any doubt or scruple about our cause? Do you hesitate at the dangers?"

Taddeo, as if he were aroused from a dream, said: "The dangers I anxiously invite, as likely to free me from a life which is become a burden."

Monte-Leone grew pale at these words, for he knew the reason of his deep despair; and the iron of remorse pierced his heart. Before, however, Taddeo's friends could question him, a strange accident attracted the attention of the actors of this scene.

A noise, at first faint and then louder, which resembled that of the spider in its web, suddenly interrupted the conversation. It seemed to come from the interior of one of the panels.

"Here it is," said Monte-Leone, pointing at one of the book-cases.

"Yes," said Von Apsberg, with a sign of admiration.

"Can we have been overheard?" said d'Harcourt.

"I think so," said the false Matheus.

The Visconte and Taddeo at once took pistols from their pockets and cocked them.

"It is of no use," said the physician, pointing to the arms of his friends. "Put on your disguises, for it is unnecessary even that the brothers should know you. Kant has said, *When there is a secret to be kept it is desirable that all who are intrusted with it should be deaf, blind, and dumb*. Let us then tempt no one, and remember there is no one here but a doctor and two patients."

"But the Count," said d'Harcourt, "is he forgotten?"

"Ah," said the doctor, "he must be seen."

The noise increased, and something of impatience was remarkable in the little taps on the wood-work.

"It is he, is it not?" said Monte-Leone.

"Yes," said Frederick, "for no one else uses that entrance."

Von Apsberg then approached the library and touched a spring which threw open a panel on which the books were arranged. With a key the doctor then opened another door, through which a man entered. The day was advanced, and the shades of night enwrapped almost all the room. The scene we describe took place in the most remote and consequently in the darkest portion of the vast studio. The appearance of the man assumed a terrible and fantastic air.

"Ah! what is there so urgent that you trouble thus, my dear Pignana?" said the Count to the new comer.

Signor Pignana, our old Neapolitan acquaintance, the pretended tailor and owner of the Etruscan House, the mysterious guide of the Count among the ruins of San Paolo, bowed to the earth as he always did before the Count, and was evidently about to speak, when he stopped short and pointed to the peasant and my lord, the profiles of whom he could see distinctly in a moonbeam which came through one of the windows.

"They are brethren," said Matheus, "you may speak."

"Well then," said Pignana, piqued by the brusque manner of the Count, "I thought the case *urgent*, (he accented the last word,) and therefore came to warn your excellency of danger."

"What danger?" asked the Count, with his usual *sang-froid*.

"And since his excellency," said Pignana, "forbade me to come to his house, I was obliged to come here, though I believe my appearance is respectable enough to pass scrutiny anywhere."

"Signor Pignana, I must now, once for all, tell you the motives of my conduct. I would not do so in any case were I not satisfied how devoted you are to me."

Pignana bowed again.

"Your appearance," said the Count, "is certainly very honest and respectable. The *fund* of honesty is, however, perhaps not so good; for as a smuggler, a skimmer of the seas—, but I stop here, lest I should displease you, for you may, after all, have something on your conscience. There is, you know, a certain Neapolitan Ambassador at Paris who was once a minister of police in our beautiful country. Now, Signor Pignana, people never have to do with the police without some very unpleasant consequences. I have an idea also that the Duke of Palma, at whose house I was a fortnight ago, did not fail to inform the Prefect of the Police of the city, of my being in Paris. This is a delicate attention from one police to another. The Duke, also, probably pointed out many of my old acquaintances, among whom you have the honor to be; you will understand, by aid of your knowledge of *doubtful affairs*, that if it be known that I receive you here, people will not think you come to teach me to play *the mandoline*, on which instrument you are, I learn, a great performer. Consequently, and not to rob myself of your invaluable services, and the care over my household which you exercise, we have made a means of entrance for you here, and through him you can communicate with me—how Signor Pignana, an intelligent man like you, should understand this, without its being necessary for me to give all these details."

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"I am delighted to be assured," said Signor Pignana, proudly, "that without these grave reasons the Count would not be unwilling to see me."

"But," said Taddeo, "what is the danger of which you spoke just now?"

"Ah! Signor Taddeo Rovero!" said the shrewd Pignana, who had recognized the voice of the young man.

"This is bad!" murmured Frederick.

"I am delighted to meet Signor Taddeo Rovero," said Pignana, "especially as what I have to say relates also to him."

"To me?" said Taddeo.

"Come to the point, then," said the Count.

"Thus it is, Monsignore," said Pignana: "I was, in obedience to orders, hanging about your excellency's house, and until to-day never saw any thing suspicious. This evening I saw two dark figures planted opposite to your hotel, at the corner of Verneuil-street. The motionless position of these men seemed strange, and the manner that they examined others who came in and out of the hotel was more so, until at last I became satisfied that they watched you. I was confirmed in this when approaching them in the dark I heard one of the men say to his companion: '*He has gone out on foot, his carriage has not left!*'"

"Go on," said the Count, "this becomes interesting."

"This is not all," said Pignana; "the same man said in a brusque tone to his companion: '*Go to Saint Dominique-street, the other lives there!*'"

"That is myself," said Taddeo, "and the Marquis, my sister, and I do live in that street, in the Hotel of the Prince de Malear."

"So I thought," said Pignana, bowing to Taddeo, "and I hurried hither where I knew Count Monte-Leone was to be found. Your excellency will now see that it was a matter of importance."

"Do not go home to-night!" said d'Harcourt.

"Remain here!" said von Apsberg.

"Leave Paris!" said Pignana.

"Why should I not go home? Because it pleases some robber to wait near my hotel, to rob me? or

because some bravo wishes, *a la Venitienne*, to make a dagger-sheath of my heart? The man must act, too, *on his own account*, for I know of no enemies in this city. Every where I am sought for and *fêted*, and our secret associates, with whom the world is full, and who know my old adventures, secure every day a triumphal reception for me in the saloons of Paris. But if the mysterious watchers of whom Signor Pignana speaks, be by chance of the birds of night—owls who have escaped from the police, I make myself more liable to suspicion by staying away, than by returning to my hotel. Then, by —, as my old friend Pietro used to say—I did not furnish a house to sleep out of it. To remain here as Von Apsberg suggests, would be a greater mistake yet; for in this house are all our documents and the lists of our associates. This is the treasury, the holy ark of the society, and here, under the name of Matheus, is the very soul. Let us then beware how we give the huntsman any clue to this precious deposit, or all will be lost. Pignana proposes that I should leave Paris, but I will not do so. Here are all our hopes of probable success. The light which will illumine Paris, must radiate hence. Besides, gentlemen," continued Monte-Leone, "I find that you all become easily excited at a very natural thing. In case even of a judicial investigation, you forget—*The brethren know each other, but can furnish no evidence of the participation of each other in any enterprise*. Our records or our deeds alone can betray us; our papers are here beneath three locks, and our actions are yet to be. Do not, therefore, be uneasy about my fate, and let Taddeo and myself discover the explanation of this riddle."

"Do not be imprudent," said Von Apsberg to Monte-Leone, as he saw him hurriedly dress himself in the costume of an Auvergnat; "remember that we are in Paris, where the streets are crowded, and not in Naples—that a dagger-thrust is a great event here."

"Do not be uneasy," said the Count, "for I always conform to the usages and customs of the country in which I am. In Italy I use the dagger, and in France the stick."

Taking hold of the baton which Taddeo bore, more completely to assume the roll of the villager, he brandished and twisted it in his fingers, well enough to have made Fan-Fan, the king of the stick-players of the day, envious.

"Shall I follow your *eccellenza*?" asked Signor Pignana.

"Certainly," said he, "but as a rear-guard, twenty paces behind me, in order that you may give evidence, as a mere passer by, that the man I shall beat to death wished to beat me. This will make me more interesting in the eyes of the people this difficulty will attract."

When he saw Signor Pignana about to leave the room with him, he said, "No! Mademoiselle Crepineau, the Argus of this house, saw only three men come in; what will she think when she sees four leaving? Go out then by the secret door, Pignana, and join us at the corner of the *rue Belle-Chasse*."

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The door of the library was closed on Signor Pignana.

"Do you not wish me to go with you?" asked the Vicomte of Monte-Leone.

"For shame!" said Monte-Leone, "four to one—we would look like the allied army marching against Monaco. Remain then a few minutes with the doctor. The consultation of the Milord naturally enough may be long."

The Auvergnat and the peasant of the bouli rue passed before the chair of Mademoiselle Crepineau, one with his handkerchief over his cheek, and the other with a bandage over his eye. Recollecting that they had been since eight o'clock with the doctor, she could not refrain from saying, "The doctor is a very skilful man, but he is slow. After all," added she, "he may have taken a multitude of things from them, though no one heard them cry out. People of their rank do not mind pain."

As they approached Verneuil-street, the Count proceeded a few steps in advance of Taddeo. "Wait for me here," said he, pointing out a house which stood yet farther back than the others, on the alignment of the street, "and come to me if I call out." He then left the young man, assumed a vulgar air, and straggled towards his hotel. Soon he saw in an angle of the wall opposite to his house a motionless shadow, which was certainly that of the man Pignana had pointed out to him. The Count had a quick and keen eye, which recognized objects even in the dark. He saw the two eyes which watched him, and which were fixed on his hotel. They were moved from time to time, but only that on turning again they might more easily recognize every passer. Monte-Leone, with the presence of mind which never left him, and which characterized all the decisive actions of his life, no sooner conceived his plan than he put it into execution. He was anxious to know with what enemies he had to deal, and could conceive of no better way than to question the man himself. The question he put, it is true, was rather *brusque*, as will be seen. When a few paces behind the man, who had not the least suspicion, and had suffered him to come close to him, the Count faced about and rushed on the stranger. He clasped his throat with one hand, and with the other seized the stranger's weapons, which he naturally enough concluded he wore. The latter uttered a cry, and an only cry, which, by the by, was terrible. He was then silent. A stranger passing by might have fancied those men were speaking confidentially together, but never that one was strangling the other.

"One word," said Monte-Leone. "Tell me why you are here."

"On my own business," said the man.

"That is not true," said the Count. "You are not a robber—you have been here for two hours."

Many persons well dressed have down this street, yet you did not attack them." The living vice which bound his throat was again compressed. The man made a sign that he wished to speak. The Count relaxed his hold.

"Whom do you watch?"

"Yourself."

"You know me, then?"

"Yes."

"Who bade you watch me?"

The stranger was silent. Feeling the iron hand again clasp him, he muttered, "A great lady sent me."

"Her name?" said the Count, who began to guess, but who wished to be sure.

"The Neapolitan ambassadress."

"And why does your companion stand in the Rue Saint-Dominique?"

"Then you know all?" said the wretch.

"All that I wish to," said the Count. "Speak out," said he, again clasping his fingers tightly as if they had been a torture-collar. "Speak now, or you will never do so again."

"Well," said the man, "my companion is ordered to ascertain if you were not at the hotel of the Prince de Maulear. Why should I know any thing about it?"

"Ah! this is unworthy," said the Count. "When her passions are concerned nothing restrains this woman."

A painful sigh was the only reply to this exclamation. The Count looked around, and saw Taddeo standing by him, pale and trembling.

IX.—A LETTER.

Leaning over the white shoulders of the charming Marquise de Maulear, we are about to tempt our readers to the commission of a great indiscretion. We will force them to listen to a letter which that lady was writing to her mother the Signora Rovero, to inform the latter of all her secret thoughts, and of what during the last two years had taken place in her household. She sat, one morning, about nine o'clock, in a beautiful boudoir, hung with rose-colored silk, over which were falls of India muslin. This room was on the second floor of the house, and there, with her head on her hand, Aminta wrote, on a small table incrustated with Sevres porcelain, the following letter, exhibiting the most intimate thoughts of her soul:

"MY KIND MOTHER: Twenty months ago I left Italy and yourself, to accompany the Marquis de Maulear and his excellent father to Paris. Since then my letters have not suffered you to want details of things about which you are so curious, which occurred in the course of my trip from Naples hither, and of my reception by my husband's family. The family of the Marquis, as you already know, is one of the most important of Paris, both from rank, fortune, and nobility, and did not therefore dare to receive with coldness a stranger who came thus to take a place in its bosom. The tender protection of my father-in-law made it a duty to them to seem to me what they really were to him, benevolent, kind, and affectionate. Long ago, I saw that the sentiments they exhibited were not sincere; and I guessed that beneath the affectionate manners of my new family, there was hidden an icy vanity, and want of sympathy with the young woman who had no ancestors, no birth, and almost no fortune, who had thus, as it were, come among them to usurp name, position, and influence, to which no one should pretend who had not a lineage at least as princely as theirs. I soon learned how little faith I should have in their politeness, and the anxiety in my behalf which were exacted by the *exigences* of society, and above all by the paternal protection of the Prince de Maulear. I was eager to find in the friendship of those with whom I was cast something of that kind reciprocity of sentiments which I was anxious to exhibit to them. The first person to whom I appealed replied to me by cold glances. On this person, dear mother, I relied, not as a substitute for yourself, but as one to advise me in the new life I was about to lead amid a society the customs and language of which I was almost ignorant of. This person was the Countess of Grandmesnil, sister of the Prince, and aunt of my husband. The Countess was passionately fond of my husband, whom she educated, and perhaps was wounded at the idea of his having married without consulting her. This union also put an end to hopes which had long before been formed in relation to a similar connection with that of the Duke d'Harcourt's, one of the first families in France. Mademoiselle de Grandmesnil, therefore, received me with cautious urbanity, repelled my confidence, and made me look on her whom I had considered an affectionate protectress as an enemy. The Marquis was not aware of the Countess's sentiments to me, for when they saw how fond he was, they redoubled their apparent care and attention. I did not,

though, remain ignorant of the thorn hidden in the rose. This strange kind of intuition, dear mother, which you have often remarked in me, was made apparent by the most unimportant acts of the Countess, in which she evidently exhibited an expression of her indifference to me, and dissatisfaction at my marriage; I armed myself with courage, and promised to contend with the enemy provided for me by my evil fate. I resolved not to suffer my husband to know any thing of my troubles, nor to suffer the Countess's treatment to diminish my husband's attachment towards the person who had provided for his youth. To recompense me, however, for this want of affection, I had two substitutes—the perpetually increasing love of the Marquis, his tender submission to my smallest wish, and the attachment of the Prince—an enigma he has always refused to explain. Beyond all doubt this reason is powerful and irresistible, for the mention of my father's name made him open his arms, which, as I told you, he at first was determined to close hermetically. Strange must have been those talismanic sounds, changing the deeply-rooted sentiments of an old man's heart, and making him abandon the invariable principles of his mind, so as to induce him to present me, the daughter of a noble of yesterday, as one descended from a person whose virtues had won for him an immortal blessing. I must also tell you that I have seen more than one of the old friends of the Prince stand, as if they were petrified, at hearing him speak thus. I have recounted all those happy scenes, dear mother, merely to compare the past with the present, which presents, alas, a far different aspect. My brilliant sky is obscured—I see in the horizon nothing but clouds. Perhaps I am mistaken, and my too brilliant imagination, against which you have often warned me, fills my mind with too melancholy ideas. Were you but with me, could I but cast myself in your arms, press you to my heart, and imbibe confidence from you! Listen, then, to words I shall confide to this cold paper, read it with the eyes of your soul, and tell me if I am mistaken or menaced with misfortune.

"During the early portion of my residence in Paris, I lived amid a whirlwind of pleasures, balls, and entertainments, which soon resulted in satiety and lassitude. The attention I attracted, the homage paid to me, flattered my vanity, and pleased me; for they seemed to increase the Marquis's love, and to make me more precious to him. After the winter came a calmer season, and I welcomed it gladly, thinking the Marquis and myself, to a degree, would live for each other, and that this feverish, agitated and turbulent life, would be followed by a period of more happiness. Three months passed away in that kind of retirement in which those inhabitants of Paris, who do not leave the city, indulge. The Prince left us to visit his estates in another part of France, and the Marquis and myself were alone. The Countess, it is true, was with us; but her society, instead of adding to our pleasures, was as annoying as possible. Accustomed during my whole life to outdoor existence, to long excursions in the picturesque vicinity of our villa, I was sometimes anxious to take morning strolls in the beautiful gardens of Paris. The Countess said to my husband, one day, that a woman of my age should not go out without him. As the Marquis often rode, an exercise with which I am not familiar, and as he had friends to see, and political business to attend to, I was unable to go out but rarely. Then I will say he offered me his arm anxiously, but this exercise neither satisfied my taste, nor the demands of health. There was also a perpetual objection to dramatic performances, of which I was very fond; Henri did not like them. The Countess, also, from religious scruples, was opposed to them, and by various little and ingeniously contrived excuses, I was utterly deprived of this innocent amusement. My toilette was also a subject of perpetual comment. The Countess said that I exaggerated the fashions, that I looked foreign, and that the court was opposed to innovations in the toilette, or again that the court preferred the severe forms of dress. A young and brilliant princess, though, gives tone to her court, and by her elegance, luxury and taste, procures a support for crowds of the Parisian work-people. Henri, over whom his aunt has never ceased to exercise the same influence she did in childhood, while he wished to support my ideas, really supported hers. I saw with regret that the chief defect of the Marquis was weakness of character, and perpetual controversies about little matters produced a state of feeling between us, which subsequently required a kind of effort for us to overcome. This, however, dear mother, is nothing; for I have not come to the really painful point of my confessions. The gay season has returned, and the principal people of Paris have returned to their hotels. I liked to see Henri jealous, because this passion was, in my opinion, an assurance of his love. Henri, who during the early period of our marriage, would not have left me alone for the world, now confides me exclusively to the care of his father. The first time this took place, his absence was a plausible excuse. He does not now even seek a pretext; a whim, an appointment, are sufficient motives for him to leave me. Whither does he go? How does he occupy himself? This is the subject of my uneasiness and torment—yet he loves me, he says, but a heart like mine, dear mother, is not easily deceived. He does not love me as he used to. A magnificent ball was given during the last month, by the Neapolitan Ambassador, the Duke of Palma, who married the famous Felina. Henri left the Prince and myself, as soon as we came to the rooms; the whole night nearly passed away without our seeing him. At last, however, he returned, pale and exhausted. The Prince, who was

unacquainted with what had transpired at Sorrento, between his son and Monte-Leone, introduced me to him, and asked me to receive him at our hotel. I hesitated whether I should consent or not; when the Marquis, with an air which lacerated my very heart, asked the Count to visit me, assuring him that he would always be welcome.

"*Welcome to him!* dear mother. You understand that this man had been his rival, and loved me. I will confess to you, dear mother, as I do to God. He loves me yet, I am sure, though he never told me so; for his looks are what they were, and when he spoke, his emotion told me that he was unaltered. Since that ball, Monte-Leone, thus authorized by the Marquis, has visited me. My husband is not at all displeased at it; tell me, do you think he loves me still? Yesterday, dear mother, I went into my husband's room, to look for a bottle of salts I had forgotten. The Marquis was absent, and his secretary was open, a strange disorder pervaded the room; a few papers were lying about, and among others, I saw a column of figures; I was about to look at them, and had already extended my hand towards it, when I heard a cry, and on turning around saw my husband, pale and alarmed. He advanced towards me, and seizing my arm convulsively, said, Signora, who gave you a right to examine my papers? It is an abuse of confidence which I never can forgive. I grew pale with surprise and grief. 'Sir, said I, such a reproach is unmerited, if there be any thing improper, it is your tone and air.' I left the room, for I was overpowered, and did not wish to weep before him. One hour afterwards, on his knees, he besought me to pardon him for an excitement which he would never be able to pardon himself. He was once more, dear mother, kind as he had ever been; he repeated his vows of eternal love, and exhibited all his former tenderness. His looks hung on me as they used to, and I began to hope he would continue to love me. A cruel idea, however, pursued me, what was the secret shut up in the paper he would not suffer me to read? Why did he, usually so calm and cold, become so much enraged?"

Just then the letter of the Marquise de Maulear was interrupted by the bell which announced the coming of visitors. Aminta remembered that it was reception day, and persons came to say that several visitors awaited her. She went down stairs. On the evening of the same day she resumed her letter.

"I resume my pen to tell you of a strange circumstance which occurred to-day. When I broke off so suddenly, I found some visitors awaiting me. Visiting in Paris is insignificant and meaningless, performed on certain fixed days. Conversation on these occasions is commonplace. People only talk of the pleasure of meeting, and slander is so much the vogue that it is not prudent to leave certain rooms until every one else has gone, lest you should be hacked to pieces by those left behind. My father-in-law came into the room and gave some life to the conversation. The Prince was not alone, for Count Monte-Leone came with him. Why, dear mother, should I conceal from you, that the presence of the Count causes always an invincible distress? This man is so decided and resolute that he never seemed to me like other people. He seems half god and half demon. His keen and often expressive glance, his firm voice made mild by emotion, the *tout ensemble* of his character, seems to call him to great crimes or sublime actions.

"The Prince said, 'Do you know, Aminta, that the Count is the only person in Paris whom I have to beg to come to see you? I have absolutely to use violence. I had just now almost to use violence to bring him hither.'

"The Prince, Madame,' said the Count, respectfully, 'looks on respect as reserve. The pleasure of seeing you is too great for me to run the risk of losing it by abusing the privilege.'

"Bah! bah!' said the Prince, 'mere gallantry, nothing more. We *emigrés*, from associating with the English, have lost some of our peculiarities; and I, at least, have contracted one excellent custom. When an Englishman says to a man, "my house is yours," he absolutely means what he says, and the privilege should be used. Your host looks on you as a part of his family, and people of the neighborhood esteem you as much a part of the household as the old grandfather's chair is. You go, come, sit at the table, eat and drink, as if you were at home. This generous hospitality pleases me, because it recalls that of our own ancestors.'

"Brother,' said the Countess, 'this hospitality can never be acclimated in France, especially in households where there are as pretty women as in ours.'

"Sister, such privileges are accorded only to people of the honor of whom we are well-assured, like the Count. Besides, travellers like ourselves are hard to please in beauty. Not that the Marquise is not beautiful; but if you had been as we were at Ceprano, if you had only read the interesting chapter I have written in relation to that country, you would see that many perfections are needed to wound hearts that are so cosmopolitan as ours.'

"The Count was about to reply, when the doors were opened and the Duchess of Palma was announced. I looked at Monte-Leone just then, and he changed

countenance at once. I saw him immediately go to the darkest part of the room. This was the first time I had ever received the Duchess of Palma. There seemed no motive for her visit. I had paid mine after the ball, and there was no obligation between us. The Duchess is a beautiful, elegant, and dignified woman. It is said she is of a noble family; and her manners evidently betoken high cultivation. The Duchess told me kindly that she had not seen enough of me at the ball, and that I must take the visit as an evidence of her devotion and admiration. The Prince of Malear approached. 'We are especially flattered, Duchess,' said he, and he emphasized the word, looking at the same time at some ladies I received; 'we are especially flattered by the honor you confer on us. We know how careful you are in the bestowal of such favors. It is a favor, as pleasant as it is honorable.'

"I have been suffering, Prince,' replied the Duchess, 'with deep distress, and I will not reflect on any one the burden of my sorrows.'

"You are,' said the Prince, 'like those beautiful tropical flowers, the source of the life of which is the sun, and which grow pale on their stems in our land. Neapolitans need Naples, the pure sky, the balmy air, the perfume of orange groves, and the reflection of the azure gulf. I am distressed, Duchess, at what you say, and hope you will content yourself with our country. We will not permit you to leave it.'

"But I am dying,' said the Duchess, in a strange tone.

"You are now alive, though,' said the Prince.

"The uneasy eyes of the Duchess passed around the room, and when she saw the Count, became strangely animated. 'Ah!' she remarked, 'here is Count Monte-Leone.' The Count advanced.

"The Count,' said the Prince, 'is your compatriot, and one of your most fervent admirers.'

"Do you think so?' said the Duchess, almost ironically.

"One,' said the Prince, 'to be any thing else, must neither have seen nor heard your grace.'

"Once, perhaps,' said she, 'I had some means of attraction, but now all is forgotten; for I am a Duchess like all others—less even, because I am indebted to chance for my rank and title.'

"You owe thanks to yourself alone,' said the Prince, 'and the Duke was a lucky man to have it in his power to lay them at your feet.'

"Madame,' said I to the Duchess, 'since you deign to remind us of your deathless talent, may I venture to ask you to sing once more?'

"Never!' said the Duchess, 'I left my voice on the banks of the *Lago di Como*, and have not forgotten my last song.'

"'Twas indeed a sad epoch,' said the Prince, 'if it was the funeral of your talent.'

"I will never sing again!' said the Duchess, 'I remember that day as I do all the unhappy ones of my life. Ah! they are far more numerous than our happy days. It was evening, and in a gay room of my villa, whither I had come still trembling at having seen a traveller nearly drowned in the lake. I know not what sad yet pleasant memory was nursed in my heart, but I went to my piano and sung an air I had sung for the last time at San Carlo. Tell me, Count Monte-Leone—you were there—what was it?'

"*La Griselda*.'

"It was. On that evening all my enthusiasm returned to me. While singing, however, a strange fancy took possession of me. I thought I saw in the mirror in front of me, the features of one who had long been dead—dead at least to me. My emotion was so instinct with terror and happiness, that since then I have not sung.'

"That is a perfect romance,' said the Prince, 'like those of the dreamy Hoffman I met at Vienna.'

"No, sir, it is a fact, or rather the commencement of a series of facts, which, however, will interest no one here. For that reason I do not tell it.'

"The Duchess of Palma rose to leave. The Prince offered her his hand.

"No, Prince,' said she, 'I will not trouble you, for I am about to ask the Count to accompany me. Excuse me,' said she, 'excuse me for taking him away, but I need not use ceremony with a countryman.'

"Without giving him time to reply, she passed her arm through his, went out, or

rather dragged him out with her.

"I do not know why, dear mother, I have told you all this long story, which has led me to write far differently from what I had intended. I like, though, to talk so much with you; and then the visit of the Count and that Duchess agitated me, I know not why. Some instinct tells me those mysterious beings exert an influence over my life. You think me foolish and strange—but what can I do? I am now so sad that I seem to look at life through a dark veil. I am wrong, am I not? Reassure yourself and tell me what you think of my husband's conduct. That, most of all, interests

"Your own AMINTA.

"P.S.—The Prince, the Countess and myself in vain waited all day for the Marquis. It is now midnight and he has not yet come."

X.—JEALOUSY.

A month had passed since the Marquise had written to her mother, during which time the Marquis, more sedulous in his attentions to Aminta, had begun to make her forget her fears and suspicions. A new event, though, aroused them again.

A magnificent ball had been given by Madame de L——, in her splendid hotel in the *rue d'Antin*. M. de L—— aspired to the ministry; and the fact of his having received the Duke de Bevry at his magnificent entertainments, the favor he enjoyed at the *château*, and his frequent entertainments to the *corps diplomatique*, seemed to make his final success certain. M. de L—— aspired to popularity by attracting around him all who seemed likely to advance his views. He delighted to receive and mingle together in his drawing-room all the political enemies of the tribune and the press, who, meeting as on a central ground, thought themselves obliged to boast of the wit of their Amphitryron, beneath whose roof they exchanged all the phrases of diplomatic politeness to the accompaniment of Collinet's flageolet, sat together at the card-tables, and courteously bowed at the door of every room. On this account they did not cease to detest each other, though their apparent reconciliation being believed at court, contributed in no little degree to the advancement of M. L——'s views.

The Marquis and Aminta were at the ball—and Henri left his wife for several hours in charge of his father, who was proud of her, and exhibited her with pride in all the rooms. The Prince heaped attention on her, as all well-bred persons love to on those who are dear to them. He carefully waited on her during every waltz and contra-dance; and with paternal care replaced the spotless ermine on her whiter shoulders. Then resuming his task of cicerone, he explained to her the peculiarities of French society, which seemed so brilliant and singular to a young Italian. The Marquis rejoined his wife about one o'clock. He was very gay, and Aminta had not for a long time seen him so amiable and lively. The Prince expressed a desire to return home, and the young people gladly consented. As they were about to leave the last room, an Englishman of distinguished air, but pale and agitated, passed close to the Marquis, and as he did so, said in his native tongue, "all is agreed." The Marquis replied in the same words, and the Englishman left. Aminta asked what the stranger had said, "Nothing of importance," said Henri, "a mere commonplace."

A quarter of an hour after, the carriage of the young people entered *rue Saint Dominique*. The Prince embraced the Marquise and retired to his room, which was in the left wing of the hotel, and exactly opposite the apartments of the young couple. About two all the hotel was quiet. Aminta, though, from some peculiar presentiment, could not sleep, yet, with her eyes half closed, she fell into that dreamy torpor in which every passion is exaggerated. In this half-real, half-fantastic state, Aminta saw pass before her all the important events of her life, the horrible episode of the *casa di Tasso*, the coming of Maulear, and the heroic devotion of *Scorpione*. Another shadow, that of Monte-Leone, glided before her. The looks of this man were fixed on hers, as if to read the depths of her soul. There came also a thousand chimeras and countless mad and terrible fictions. La Felina, pale and white as a spectre, sang, or sought to sing, for though her lips moved no sound was heard. With her hand raised towards Aminta, the ducal singer seemed to heap reproaches on her. Alarmed at these sombre visions, the young woman sought to return to real life, and arose from her bed; just then she thought she heard a door open. Terrified, she reached toward a bell near her, but paused. The door which was opened could be no other than that of the Marquis, for their apartments, though separate, were side by side. She thought, too, that the *valet de chambre* had been detained later than usual with the Marquis, and unwilling to make an alarm, she repressed her agitation.

No noise disturbed the profound silence. The clock above struck the several hours with that slow and monotonous regularity, which is so painful to those who cannot sleep; she did not, however, win the rest she was so anxious for. All the fancies which had occupied her just before had disappeared, but were replaced by a newer fancy, occasioned by the remark of the Englishman, which she had not understood. The features of the stranger, so deathly pale, constantly returned to her. She fancied some danger menaced the man to whom she had devoted her life; that a strange danger menaced him, and, yielding to a feverish agitation, which she could not repress, wrapping herself in a shawl, and afraid almost to breathe, she went to the Marquis's room, when at the door she paused and thought.

"What would Henri say, and how could she excuse this strange visit?" She hesitated and was

about to return, when she saw that the door was not closed, and that she could thus enter his room and satisfy herself without disturbing him. She decided—the door turned on its hinges, and Aminta entered. Crossing the antechamber, she had reached the bedroom, which was separated from it by a curtained door. She advanced to the bed, which she found had not been slept in. With a faint cry of terror she sank on an arm-chair. The clock struck four, and when she had heard the noises which had disturbed her it was nearly two; since then, therefore, the Marquis had been away. Yet this had occurred when he was within a few feet of her, and the care and secrecy with which it was accomplished showed that it had been premeditated. Not a sound except the opening of the door had reached Aminta's ears. The Marquise felt the most agonizing distress—no thought of perfidy, however, annoyed her; the idea of danger only occupying her mind. Just then her eyes fell on an open note which had doubtless been dropped by Maulear amid his hurry and trouble. She took it up, saying to herself, this note doubtless contains a challenge—a rendezvous—she approached the night lamp, and with difficulty suppressing her agitation, read as follows—"Dear Marquis, do not fail to come to-night. You know how anxiously you are expected,

"FANNY DE BRUNEVAL."

The letter was indeed a rendezvous, but not of the kind she had expected. The terms of the note were clear and precise; and the woman's name dissipated the mist from before her eyes, Maulear had deserted her and his home in the silence of night for such a person. She it was whom he deceived—she who had been so loyal and true, she who sought, even when Maulear asked her hand, to protect him—who begged him to distrust his impressions and not to act in haste. "I was right," said she, "to fear the bonds he wished to impose on me—I was right to object to a marriage which could not make him happy—only two years," said she, with a voice of half stifled emotion, "and he is already cold and indifferent to me. He has already abandoned me—and worse still, he has done so with treachery. Mother! mother! why did you not keep me with you? This then, is the reward of my generous devotion. Alas! when I accepted him—when I wrested him from the death which menaced him—when I gave myself to him, I did not love him, I did not hesitate when perhaps—" Aminta blushed amid her tears. "Above all," said she, "I do not wish him to find me here—I do not wish him to reproach me as he has done with seeking to penetrate his secrets." She returned to her room, and from exhaustion and tears sank on her bed.

Day came at last, and Aminta dressed herself. She wished to conceal from her servants all that she suffered. Above all, she did not wish the conduct and disorder of the Marquis to be made a subject of discussion. When her *femme de chambre* entered her room, she found her mistress on her knees at her morning devotions before a crucifix. Had any persons, however, approached the Marquise, they must have seen the tears falling on the delicate fingers which covered her face, and heard her sobs. The bell rang for breakfast. Aminta started as if from a dream; being thus recalled to real life, she saw that while the evening before she had been happy and gay, one night had converted all to sorrow and suffering. Aminta, though ordinarily of strong nerve, sank beneath the blow. She felt herself wounded in her heart, her dignity, and in her confidence, by one for whom alone she had lived. Henceforth her life would be uncertain, and circumstances might lead her she knew not whither.

When the Marquise entered, the Prince and Countess were about to go to the table. The former said, "It is evident, my child, from your face, that you are fatigued; and that balls are to you what the sun is to roses. It does not detract from their beauty, but it makes them pale." And finally, the Countess added, "it withers them completely. That is the fate of all young women who turn night into day, and who, like my beautiful niece, only really live between evening and morning."

"Come," said the Prince, "that will not do. My sister is like the fox in the fable, she finds the ball too gay to suit herself, or rather herself too sombre for the ball."

"A witticism," said the Countess, "is not a reason, but often exactly the reverse. The one, my brother is familiar with; to the other, I am sorry to say, he is more a stranger."

"You see, my child," said the Prince, with an air of submission and resignation, "it is not well to have any trouble with the Countess, for she returns shot for shot; though she fires a pistol in reply to a cannon. Luckily for us, she is not a good shot. But my son does not come down. Can it be that, though he did not dance, he is more fatigued than his wife?"

"A letter for Madame la Marquise, from the Marquis," said a servant.

Aminta took the letter from the plateau, and looked at the Prince, as if to ask whether she should read it.

"Read, my child, read," said her father-in-law, affectionately. "The letter of a husband loved and loving, for thank God both are true, should be read without any delay."

Aminta unsealed the letter, and glanced rapidly over it. Then succumbing to emotion, deprived of strength and courage, and especially revolting at what she had read, felt her sight grow dim, and finally fainted. The Countess, whose mind alone was embittered for the reasons Aminta had explained to her mother, but whose soul and heart were generous as possible, ran to the Marquise, took her in her arms, and was as kind as possible. The Prince, paler than Aminta, rushed towards the window, which he threw open, and pulled away at the bell-ropes to call the servants, and send them for the physicians. The old nobleman exhibited the greatest alarm. The young Marquise was taken to the drawing-room, and a few moments after she opened her eyes. Her heart, however, was crushed; and she wept bitter tears. The Prince was struck with terror

and distress. He was alarmed for his son's sake, and a father's anxiety was apparent.

"What has happened to my son?" said he, rushing to find the letter, which Aminta had let fall. He read it anxiously, and when he had concluded, laughed loud and long. "Indeed," said he, "we have come back to the days of the Astræa. All reminds us of the *Calprenède*, of *Urfé*, or *Scudéri* herself. We are on the *Tendros*. This kind of love would make that of Cyrus and Mandane trifling. Cyrus writes to Mandane, that he went out to ride in the Bois de Cologne, and therefore has to deprive himself of the pleasure of breakfasting with her. Mandane therefore is suddenly taken ill. This is magnificent and touching; but my precious child, it is a little exaggerated."

"What, then, is the matter?" said the Countess, as she handed her niece the salts. "What a singular man you are! One never knows what the facts of any thing are from you. You are either in the seventh heaven or in despair. Your very gayety is enough to destroy our niece's nerves."

"Ah!" said the Prince, "how sorry I am for the nerves. Read, however, the letter yourself, Countess," and he gave it to Mademoiselle Grandmesuil. "You will see the Marquise is too fond of her husband. Her love has really become a dangerous passion. She is really *love-mad*, and if it continues, we shall have a rehearsal of Milon's ballet, with the exception of *Bigotini*."

The Countess read as follows:

"MY DEAR WIFE: I am unwilling to disturb your slumbers, and have therefore left for the wood at five o'clock, having a rendezvous with some sportsmen. We will probably breakfast together, and I will not return until dinner-time. Remember me affectionately.

"HENRI."

The habitual coldness of the Countess returned while she read the letter. "I will say that I think my nephew very likely to inspire deep love. I cannot however conceive how there can be cause for such despair. We Frenchwomen have not such an exaggerated devotion as our niece has. I beg her not to use it up now, for in the career of life she will find it difficult to do without it." As if regretting that she had soothed sorrows in which she had no sympathy, the Countess sent for her prayer-book, and went to mass. As soon as the young Marquise was alone with the Prince, she arose, threw herself in the old man's arms, and said: "My father, I am very unhappy." The face of the Prince at once became serious, and taking Aminta to a sofa, bade her sit down, and said, kindly as possible, "Excuse my gayety and irony, my child. *Non est hic locus*, as the sublime Horace, the favorite of our good king Louis XVIII., once wrote. I repent of my volatility and trifling, for I should have remembered, when I think of the elevation of your mind, that something more important than the absence of your husband for a few hours annoyed you. Speak to me—open your heart to me—for I love you too well not to have a right to your confidence and your secrets."

"He does not love me," said Aminta, leaning her head on the Prince's shoulder.

"Alas! my daughter," said M. de Maulear, "I am about to make a strange confession to you. I am not acquainted with my son. His soul, sentiments, inclination, and moral nature, are unknown to me. When, four years ago, I saw the child now twenty-six, whom I had left an infant, and found his air, manners, and appearance distingué as possible, and was pleased with him, I was assured that his soul was exalted, his character true, and his sentiments honorable. I was therefore satisfied. Two years after, he went to Naples, where I procured a diplomatic post for him; and consequently I have neither studied nor fathomed his instincts and habits. What I apprehend in relation to you, my child, is a capital fault. I have discovered in my son an extreme weakness of character, which may lead him into error. For that reason, I wrote to him, that I would have preferred that he had tasted of the pleasures of life before marriage. I would thus have had an assurance of his subsequent prudence. Believe me, though, my child, I will watch over him and you, and if I was able to forgive his marrying without my consent, when I knew whom he married, I never will pardon him if he make her unhappy. The deuce! we did not bring you hither from Italy to break your heart."

Fearful lest his father should become angry with Maulear, Aminta restrained the secret which seemed ready to burst from her lips. She spoke of vague suspicions and anxiety at the Marquis's uneasiness, but said nothing particular. The Prince, who never in his life had known what jealousy was, had some difficulty in understanding how it could create such despair. His attention, however, was not the less vigilant in relation to the affairs of the young couple. A circumstance which occurred soon after enabled him to ascertain much. A number of persons assembled one night at the rooms of the Marquise de Maulear. Count Monte-Leone had become one of Aminta's most assiduous visitors. The tacit permission he had received from Aminta, the formal authority of the Marquis, the sympathy of the old Prince, to whom the pleasant, energetic character of the Count, and his noble bearing, made him every day more attractive—all taken in connection with the intimacy of Taddeo and Monte-Leone, authorized him to visit the Marquise freely. The devotion of Monte-Leone to Aminta had never been diminished. He had felt only an inclination towards La Felina, an error of the senses and imagination, excited by mortified love, and favored by the isolation of the Lago di Como. His heart had little share in it. When, therefore, he saw the Marquise de Maulear more attractive than ever, he discovered that in his whole life he had loved her alone. The Marquis de Maulear appeared but rarely at the hotel, coming home at a late hour and going out early.

Monte-Leone and Taddeo were talking together, and this fragment of their conversation struck

the ear of the old Prince, who seemed entirely absorbed by a game of whist.

"Will not the Marquis be here to-night?" said the Count to Taddeo.

"I doubt it: sometimes the master of the hotel is here less frequently than any one else."

"Perhaps he is now," said the Count, "where he goes almost every night, they say."

"You jest," said Taddeo; "I think he is here every night."

"He should, but he is not. All I can say is, that on the night of M.L.'s ball, he was ... where I saw him."

"Where was he?" asked Taddeo, impatiently.

"I will tell you—but come away from the whist-table."

"But you do not return my lead," said the Prince's partner, "you should play hearts."

"True," said the Prince, musing; and he led hearts. His eyes, though, followed Taddeo and Monte-Leone.

The Prince lost five points, much to his partner's discontent. He played very badly that night, breaking up his suits, mistaking the cards, and violating every rule, much to the surprise of the lookers-on, who knew how well he played the game, which the emigrés had imported from England. At last they stopped, and the Prince sought for Monte-Leone through all the rooms. The Count and Taddeo, however, had both left. The Marquis, though, had returned, and the company soon dispersed. The Prince went to his room, but soon left, well wrapped up, and with his hat over his face. "Pardieu!" said he, "I will settle things, and find out where my son passes the nights. Can any place be more pleasant than the bedchamber of a pretty woman?" Standing at a little distance from door, he waited about half an hour. His patience was nearly exhausted, when the Marquis came out. Henri went to the Rue de Bac, took the quai, crossed the pont Royale, the Carousel, and entered la Rue de Richelieu. The poor Prince panted after him, and kept him in sight all the time, cursing his curiosity. Sustained by a deep interest for his daughter's happiness, he kept on.

When the Marquis came to the Rue de Menors, he paused, and turned to see that no one followed him. The Prince had barely time to get behind a coach which stood at the corner. The Marquis went some distance down the Rue de Menors, and stopped at No. 7. The door was opened, and Henri entered. "On my honor," said the Prince, "I would not have come so far before bed, unless I could also have found out *why* the Marquis visits No. 7." The Prince then stopped at the door, and knocked. The door was opened.

"What do you want?" said the porter, rather surlily.

"I wish," said the Prince, and he put a louis d'or in the porter's hand, "to know why that man has come hither."

"Indeed," said he, pocketing the louis, "it is a great deal to pay for so little. The gentleman has gone, as many others go, to see Mlle. Fanny de Bruneval."

FOOTNOTES:

- [4] Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Stringer & Townsend, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New-York.

A FESTIVAL UPON THE NEVA.

TRANSLATED FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE FROM THE FRENCH OF KAUFMANN.

On the banks of a majestic river, where, in later times, has arisen a city of eight thousand houses, of granite causeways, monuments, obelisks, and palaces, nothing was to be seen at the commencement of the eighteenth century but a few huts scattered over a marshy waste.

On one of those days, when the intense cold had transformed the river into a plain of ice, a numerous crowd were hastening through the streets of the young St. Petersburg. Some directed their steps towards a little cottage; and others, over the frozen waters, towards a fortified island. Every one looked with a curious eye at the cottage, and the numerous sledges that were gathering for the escort at hand. Presently, a sledge drawn by three horses covered with bear-skins, dashed up to the cottage-gate. It was quickly opened, and an old man of a high stature and proud bearing came forth, wearing a blue sable. He slowly advanced and took his place.

"Pardon me, sir," said one of middle age, who hastened to take a seat by the side of the former, "the gracious Czar had—"

"It is sufficient," prince Menzikoff, interrupted the first, in a quick and stern tone; "I am not much accustomed to wait, but I know, however, that it is the Czar only who can be the cause of this delay."

"You see the boyard, Alexis Nicolajewitz Tscherkaski," said one of those present, in a whisper to his companion.

"You are not the first to tell me that," replied Nikita. "It is not sixty years since his grandfather traversed the Caucasus with his savage Tschetschences. He would be a little surprised if he saw his son to-day decorated with the golden key of chamberlain, and enjoying himself at festivals in sacred Russia. But they give the signal of departure, for they are tying a tame bear to the sledge. Indeed, it is a strange animal!"

"I must see him nearer," said the first. "Come, Andyuschka, let us survey the whole train."

They came at last to an edifice such as was never seen before or since. It was built upon the Neva—but not of stones. The walls, roof, and partitions, were of solid ice; and the steps leading to the entrance cut out of one enormous block. Two large cannons made of ice, pierced with the greatest care, and which they were foolish enough to charge with powder, were placed in front of this singular palace. The interior presented an appearance not less novel. A long table, formed of a single piece of ice, and covered with a hundred exquisite dishes, was the principal object—oysters, in silver plates, excited the appetite—sea-fish, of every species, from the gulf of Finland and Pont-Euxin to the Caspian and frozen seas, disputed the supremacy with shell-fish from the Istar and Volga. By the side of the hams of Bayonne were roasts of bear surrounded with citron; and the sturgeon was placed in the middle of delicious preserves. Many sledges were filled with bottles.

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But all these cold dishes composed but half the feast. Four kitchens, built of wood, at some distance from the palace, threw up constantly clouds of smoke. There boiled stags and elks, pullets of Archangel, and boars of Podolie. But that which particularly attracted the attention of the spectators were the large fires where whole oxen turned round upon spits, for the benefit of the people, to whom were to be also given tuns of brandy.

The sun shone yet above the horizon when the great hall of the palace of crystal was lighted with wax candles in chandeliers of sparkling ice. A thousand lights were thus reflected and broken upon the transparent walls and windows. It seemed a fairy scene in the approaching night.

While a legion of cooks, with their assistants, worked without cessation, the two personages, the boyard Tscherkaski and the prince Menzikoff, were not less busy in the interior of the palace. It was readily seen that they had the charge of directing the festival about to commence. The last-mentioned, spreading a bear-skin upon each of the seats of ice, was addressed by his companion.

"Truly, Alexandre Michailowitz, the Czar could not have selected a better manager of the feast than yourself. If I had any thing to do but to take exclusive charge of the bottles, I am afraid I should oblige every one to sit upon the naked blocks. What grimaces those hungry foreign guests would make, such as the Frenchman Lefort, and those like him, whom the west is ever sending to fatten upon the blood of Russia. I should like to see them shivering to death, and at the same time politely struggling to appear pleased in the presence of the Czar."

"But do you know how the Czar would regard such pleasantry? You remember Dimitri Arsenieff?"

"Arsenieff! I hope you do not compound me with that herd whom a single glance of the Czar made tremble in their shoes. There was a time, it is true, but all is changed now—there was a time when those submissive slaves who filled the courts of the Kremlin, disappeared when they heard the steps of the old Alexis Nicolajewitz. His services were once required. He was not idle during the massacre of the Strelitz; they had need of Tscherkaski then. But all this has passed away. I have but one wish; it is, that in the hour of trial the swords of those Frenchmen, or of other foreigners, may leap as slowly from the scabbard as mine on that day when men of a nobler spirit were assassinated."

"The Czar has not forgotten that you have—"

"O, truly," replied the boyard, with a bitter smile, "the gracious Czar has made me the first chamberlain. He must have been in a good humor at that time; for Poliwoi—you know him—he is skilful in sealing bottles—he was a *valet de chambre* in his youth—and that English Melton or Milton, who has imported some good dogs—both of them, at the same time with myself, received the key of the chamberlaincy."

"But you cannot deny, Alexis, that in general the choice of our sovereign—"

"Is the best. But what is strange about it is, that he finds so many excellent men, and that he selects from so large a circle, when others who, in times of calamity, are no longer considered unworthy, never obtain their turn for preferment."

"You appear to be not in a very good humor, to-day, boyard.... Would you fall into disfavor with

the Czar?"

"Why," exclaimed the boyard, "should I not tell a friend what probably he will learn to-day, if indeed he is ignorant of it now? You know," he continued with an affected calmness, "the domain of the crown adjacent to my lands in Tula?"

"I do not," said the embarrassed Prince.

"Indeed you do, Alexandre Michailowitz; or at least you ought to. It separates my property from yours."

"Ah! the manor."

"The same. It is not very extensive, containing only three villages and a thousand serfs. But its situation suits me and I desire its possession."

"Well, you ought to propose to the Czar to sell it. He will not refuse you."

"He has already refused. 'I am sorry,' he coldly said, 'that I cannot grant you the lands you ask; I have disposed of them to another.' I was about to reply, but turning to speak to some one, he closed our conversation."

"And do you know to whom he granted the domain?"

"Who? Perhaps a vicious flatterer—an intrusive coward—some fellow from abroad who comes among us to appease his hunger; or, what is worse, an upstart, whose only pleasure is to overturn my dearest hopes to fulfil his own. Who is he? One of those who daily make fortunes by hundreds in our Russia, in place of meeting with the rope which they merit—one of those who drive out honest men to occupy their places—a rustic bore, a cobbler, a pastry-cook!"

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The features of the boyard took an expression of the most violent anger; the muscles of his mouth contracted by a convulsive movement, and his fiery eye gave sign that he was remembering the sanguinary vengeance of his brethren, the sons of the Caucasus.

The countenance of Menzikoff grew dark. The word "pastry-cook," in bringing to his recollection his former condition, awoke sentiments whose expression it was difficult for him to restrain. "I had intended," he said, "to ask the Czar to give me those very lands; but I am glad that I have not done so. I would have been unhappy in interfering with your projects, if it were even for the sake of your amiable daughter, who, in your old days, will reward you largely for all the grievances you experience at the Court."

"You think so, eh, Michailowitz? But you are a Russian. You belong not to those foreign plebeians. Alexis Tscherkaski is a man who never hides what he thinks, and I confess frankly that I do not love you; I have never loved you. Yet I do not confound you with those vile favorites of whom I have spoken. You are the first who has ever said to my face that I was not born to walk in the slippery paths of a court. You will have the honor also of offering the first counsel that I have ever followed. Yes, Prince Menzikoff, I am firmly resolved to leave the capital in a few days. In my solitude, accompanied only by my Mary, I hope to forget the Czars, their favors, and all that I have done to obtain them. Since the death of my Fedor—but let us stop here—with him all my hopes are buried. My daughter only remains—"

"Who will be a glory to you in the evening of your life. She will bloom as the rose, she will be a mother of sons who—"

"Yes, I desire to see her happy. She will freely choose her husband; and if she wishes to unite her destiny with none, she shall live with me, and one day close my eyes in death. It is among the descendants of the boyards that she will find her beloved. He shall be a noble son of old and sacred Russia. And I swear by all the saints interred in the convent of Kiew, that no will, not even that of the Czar, but her own, shall influence the choice of my daughter."

The Prince was about to reply, when loud voices were heard in front of the house. "They come! they come!"

A long train of sledges took the direction of the Isle of the Neva, and presented as strange a spectacle as one could well imagine. Instead of couriers who, according to the usages of the time, took the lead in this description of festivals, there was a sledge drawn by four horses of different colors. In it were four men dressed in white with a red girdle, having in their hands a staff ornamented with ribbons, and upon their heads a bonnet decorated with plumes. The oddest thing in this group was, that the youngest was not less than seventy; two of them wanted a leg; the third was without an arm; and the fourth, blind.

Then came two sledges filled with musicians who joyously sounded their instruments. They were divided into two sections; the first would have pleased the ear by their performances, if it were not for the second section, every one of whom was deaf. They could not follow the movements of the director, and he himself, also deaf, was constantly behind the time, so that the two companies, although playing the same air, produced one which we might imagine proceeded from mischievous demons in a concert prepared in Pandemonium for the benefit of condemned musicians.

In a third sledge came a patriarch of eighty years. His long white beard and hair carefully dressed, the precious ornaments with which he was covered, and the priests seated at his side,

all announced that the old man was going to celebrate some solemn ceremony. As he was an intolerable stammerer, who had been released from the public services of the church during the greater part of his life, he was fitly chosen to deliver a discourse upon the present occasion.

The sledge following that of the patriarch's, gave to the cortege the unmistakeable character of a nuptial festivity; for, of the four individuals who occupied it, two wore crowns, such as those prescribed by the Greek church to the newly married. The couple who sat in the place of honor, and for whom this fête had been prepared were indeed very curious looking persons. The bridegroom was an old and wrinkled dwarf, hardly four feet high. His enormous head seemed to weigh down his slender body, and to bend his legs into the form of sabres. His toilette was according to the French mode of that period. A frock coat of silver cloth, a sky blue vest and crimson velvet pantaloons, and immense ruffles covered his long, sepulchral hands. A perruque with a long tail, the nuptial crown, and a silver sword, which completed his dress, confirmed the remark of one of our friends, who compared the unfortunate bridegroom to a monkey on the rack.

The dwarf and his affianced resembled each other as two drops of water. Upon the head of the hump-backed bride also shone the marriage crown. Her dress was of gold cloth of the most recent Parisian mode. Their exterior, however, presented a single contrast which rendered them still more ridiculous; for upon the wide face of the future wife was a presumptuous smile, while the husband, suffering under some recent sorrow, made the most frightful grimaces.

In order better to distinguish the ugliness of this deformed couple, there were placed upon the second seat of the sledge two children of angelic beauty—one a girl of five years; the other, a boy of six to eight. They both wore the ancient Russian costume, which in its simplicity so well became the celestial sweetness of the countenance of the rosy-cheeked girl, and the spiritual gayety which beamed from the large black eyes of the boy. These children appeared destined to serve as bridesboy and bridesmaid; and certainly Hymen could not have made a better choice.

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"It is the daughter of the boyard Tscherkaski! It is the little Fedor Menzikoff!" cried the crowd.

A large number of sledges passed on. All those who occupied them were disguised in the strangest manner. By the side of a coarse Kirghese was a fashionable Parisien. Behind them a Chinese mandarin waited upon a maiden Tyrolese. In the cortege could be seen not only the costumes of all the tribes under the sceptre of Peter the Great, but of almost every nation of Europe and Asia. The masquerade extended even to the trappings of the horses and sledges. Some of the horses' heads wore gilded horns of the stag and the elk, and others great wings, which made them resemble the poet's idea of Pegasus. The last sledge in the train worthily closed this fantastic procession. It was drawn by three horses, and contained a single personage. Two horsemen, habited as Turks, galloped by his side, and announced his high rank. His thick-set figure was of the ordinary height, his face was full of a spirit of gayety and frolic, and in the smile with which he responded to the acclamations of the people could be perceived his satisfaction in the preparations for the fête of the day. His dress was that of a northern countryman, and he who had ever seen one would be at a loss to say whether Peter the Great was an original or a copy.

The countryman held in his hand a large gold-headed cane, and tormented a tame bear, which, standing erect upon its hind feet, and fulfilling the functions of lackey, was from time to time punished for his unskilfulness, to the amusement of the people.

The train arrived at the crystal palace; and although all had descended from the sledges, none had crossed the threshold. Every one appeared desirous to yield the first entrance to the bridegroom and his partner, or to him who gave the feast. Prince Menzikoff and the boyard at last advanced, bare-headed, into the presence of the Czar, who was still occupied in teasing his bear to divert the multitude.

"What are you waiting for?" he said, at the same time taking the cap of the Prince, and replacing it upon his head. "Why these marks of respect? Have you quite forgotten all the duties of gallantry in thus permitting the happy couple to wait at the door of the marriage-house? But I see—and if I did not see, the odors of the dishes and of the brandy would be evidence of it—that you have well performed your duties. With this conviction, Alexandre, that you have done well for the palates of the guests by delicious dishes, and that my old Tscherkaski does not permit me to have a doubt as to his performances concerning the cellar—it is, I say, from these considerations that I pardon you both for forgetting that I am and wish to be nothing more to-day than Peter, the countryman, who has come to celebrate with his friends the nuptials of a couple who love each other tenderly. Come, let us hasten, lest the temperature of the marriage-palace cool our dinner."

"As your Majesty wishes," responded the Prince, respectfully.

"Not Majesty," replied the Emperor, and in the same moment he ran to excuse himself to the affianced for unintentionally causing them to wait so long.

They entered, and very soon the sound of music announced that they were being seated at table. The Prince, at a sign from the Czar, conducted the bride and bridegroom to the place of honor, and beside them the two children. The rest took their places without distinction of rank. The Holland ambassador sat next the Emperor, and in front of him the boyard Tscherkaski, and Menzikoff sat next to Tscherkaski.

The conversation, at first grave and little animated, gradually became more lively. The Czar was in a good humor, a thing which often occurred at the dinner-table, if nowhere else. Peter the Countryman was not slow to assail the embarrassed couple with pleasantries, some more or less good, and others rather equivocal. He at last requested the old patriarch, who was perspiring with fear at the anticipation of the request, to repeat the discourse which he had pronounced to the great pleasure of his Majesty. A noisy gayety filled the hall, and outside it was at its height. At the moment in which the Emperor offered a toast to the married couple, the cannon of ice was discharged. It flew in pieces in every direction, and instead of producing any serious sensation lest some accident might have occurred, it only increased the tumultuous hilarity. The wines of Champagne and Bourgogne ran in streams. The servants were hardly sufficient to supply the thirst of the guests. The Czar ordered to their assistance soldiers, who, taking half a dozen bottles under each arm, rolled them as nine-pins upon the table—a circumstance which the ambassador of the powerful states thought so remarkable that he mentioned it in his report à la Haye.

This intemperate drinking soon showed its effects upon the greater part of the guests. Peter gave himself up completely to the infatuation of the vine, and Menzikoff, who preserved his accustomed sobriety, saw with inquietude the Czar swallow one after another numerous glasses of Bourgogne. The face of the monarch became foolish—the perspiration stood upon his forehead in large drops, and in order to cool himself he took off his perruque, and placed it upon the head of his neighbor the ambassador, who received the insult respectfully, but without power to repress a deep sigh. However pleasant all this might have been, Menzikoff took no part in the enjoyments of the society, troubled as he was through fears founded upon an intimate knowledge of the character of his master. Experience had too often taught him how easily the Czar passed from humor and hilarity to anger and violence. He knew that such changes took place almost invariably after indulgences of the bottle, and that a single word—a single gesture—threw him into a passion that made him detestable, while by nature he was generous and noble. The event proved how reasonable were the presentiments of Menzikoff.

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The festival was coming to an end. The Czar arose and commanded silence.

"Hitherto," he said, in smiling, "we have only drank to the health of the happy pair. It is time to give them a substantial token of our friendship. Since I am myself the originator of this joyful marriage, I must give the first example—so take that, Alexandre; put in it what I told you, and pass it round." At these words the Emperor pointed to a little silver basket that lay on the table.

Menzikoff took the basket, and drawing from his bosom a draft for 8000 roubles, and emptying his own purse, passed the basket to his neighbor the boyard. The latter seemed to reflect a moment, took from his pocket a handful of gold and silver, and with an air of contempt, cast an old rouble into the basket, and passed it from him.

This circumstance did not escape the notice of the Emperor. His brow darkened, but soon his gayety returned, and he said, smiling, to Menzikoff:

"You see, Alexandre, the prudence of our Prince de Tscherkaski. He gives only a rouble. He means to say by this that he has no very particular interest in the married parties. It is only a ruse on his part in order to remove any jealousy that a greater gift might awaken. I will wager you that to-morrow he will send a present to the young woman more becoming her rank and position."

"Your Majesty would lose the wager," responded Tscherkaski, in a haughty tone. "The farces of fools and jugglers have never amused me, and I have always pitied those who know not better how to employ their time than to lose it with such creatures. Thus my contribution is at the same time conformed to the circumstances and to my rank, since I do not appreciate beyond measure the office of chamberlain, with which you have gratified me."

The Emperor at first smiled at these words, but his countenance became more stern.

"Our chamberlain," said he, after a pause, "gets angry to get calm again. He must be in a bad humor to-day. I hope he will change his language by the time that another affair occurs, which will interest him more nearly."

Tscherkaski did or wished not to understand the words of the Czar. His wandering and disdainful eyes glanced at the basket offered to the bride and bridegroom. It was filled with gold, rings, bracelets, jewels, and other precious gifts. The universal happiness of the evening had removed from the mind of the Czar the remembrance of the murmurings of the boyard, and Menzikoff had hardly taken his place when the Emperor whispered to him:

"The dispositions you have made to-day in regard to this festivity do you honor. You have perfectly agreed with my own taste in such matters. You have surpassed my expectations."

"It is not I alone," humbly replied the Prince. "The boyard as well as myself—"

"Without doubt, you and he have perfectly fulfilled my intentions. I take not into the account the silver rouble, however," added the Czar, "let that be as it may, ten years hence this place shall be the scene of a similar festivity; and to let you see how I can surpass you, I will myself take charge of the preparations. You may smile, Alexandre, but you will be forced to admit, that without your aid I can arrange a nuptial feast. It is besides the less difficult, since the essentials are already decided upon—the persons to be married."

These words were overheard by those present, and a profound silence ensued.

"Would I be guilty of too much curiosity," said Menzikoff, "if...."

"Ah! you wish to know the young couple," exclaimed the Emperor. "I ought, perhaps, to leave you in ten years' uncertainty; but thanks to this brilliant society whom I invite from to-day, you will know now. Alexis Nicolajewitz," continued he, in addressing the boyard, "you asked me the other day for certain lands near Tula, situated between the boundaries of your property and those of Prince Menzikoff."

"I did, and your Majesty has thought fit to refuse them."

"I refused them, because I had reserved them for another. I wish to give them as a dowry to your daughter."

The astonishment of the boyard was great. He attempted to speak.

"Silence! I have attached to the grant one condition," said the Czar.

"Your Majesty will order nothing contrary to my conscience and the honor of my house. I humbly ask, then...."

"The condition is, that your daughter shall receive her husband at my hands."

"I have sworn upon the tomb of my wife," responded the boyard, after a pause, "that my daughter shall espouse him only whom she herself freely chooses. But, she is still a child,... and in ten years...."

"Indeed," interrupted the Emperor, whose countenance was sorrowful, "if your daughter should not accept him whom I would propose, the lands will yet belong to her; are you content now?"

"And the rank, the condition of the parties?"

"They are to be the same."

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"A single word from our gracious sovereign, is at any time sufficient to destroy all inequalities of rank," said one of the guests.

"You are right, Kurakin," returned the boyard; "as to myself, I rely upon the word of our monarch, who has just said that there is nothing to equalize. Every one to his opinion upon that which concerns him."

"There is a tone of very high pride in your discourse, Alexis Nicolajewitz," responded Peter, who repressed his anger with difficulty. "I have a great mind not to name to you to-day the husband which I, your sovereign, have chosen for the daughter of one of my subjects. But let your insolent vanity subside. Your future son-in-law is of birth equal with your's and your daughter's; he is the only son of a man whom I dearly esteem and honor with distinguished favors. I say it in his presence, and it is my desire he should be honored by others. In a word, your future son-in-law is the companion of your daughter at the feast to-day; he is the little Fedor Menzikoff."

This name came to the ears of the boyard as a thunder-clap, so great was his astonishment. The assembly waited in vain his response, but he was silent.

"Ah well, Alexis," continued the Czar, "if these two manors are hardly worth thanks, why should I wait for you to consent to the proposed union?"

All eyes were directed to the boyard. No one spoke, and the Czar's impatience yielded to a furious anger.

"And what motive," he at last said, "induces you to reject this gift?"

"The very condition that you have yourself made, gracious sovereign."

"The condition?"

"Yes, that condition which requires my daughter to give her hand to the son of Prince Menzikoff. It can never be fulfilled. It is impossible to accept the gift of your Majesty."

"And why?" fiercely demanded Peter.

"The Czar orders—his servant must obey. Prince Menzikoff is the son of a serf, but the daughter of Tscherkaski shall never marry a man of so mean extraction," and the blood mounted to the brow of the boyard.

"Insolent dog!" exclaimed Peter, striking his hand upon the table. "Do you not know that a single word from me can make ten serfs ten Princes, and the least among them superior to you in rank and dignity. Oh! by my patron, the prince of the Apostles, why should I patiently listen to this haughty descendant of the brigands of the Caucasus. I can do more than this, proud boyard; by a breath I can degrade thee and all thy tribe."

Hitherto Tscherkaski held his eyes downward, but now he lifted them and looked steadily at his monarch.

"Your look braves and menaces me," thundered the Czar, beside himself, and shaking his fist towards the boyard. "Reply if you dare, and it is not impossible that your rebellious head rolls

from your body this very night, this hour, this minute."

"Certainly, I do not doubt your power. How could I doubt the power of one who, on the same day, without pity and without humanity, cut off the heads of thousands. Surely, the man who tramples under his feet those who were once the support of his crown and authority; who has not only stained his own hands in their blood, but that of his own son—surely he would not hesitate to destroy an old servant, the necessary but guilty instrument of his past vengeance. Come! the arm that was steeped in the massacre of the Kremlin, can hardly take a redder hue from the blood of an unimportant slave."

Peter looked with burning eyes upon his adversary. He arose, as by an impulse, and inclining his head forward, seemed to be engaged in discovering the meaning of those vehement words. But he was endeavoring to stay the tempest that was sweeping over his heart. Some minutes elapsed before he recovered himself from those bitter recollections; and looking with an affected air of calmness and dignity upon the astonished assembly, he said—

"Faithful Russians! you have heard the serious accusation brought by a subject against his monarch. Whatever may be the number of the Strelitz fallen in an unhappy day, I am not at all concerned about it; they died for the safety and well-being of sacred Russia. If innocent blood flowed at the Kremlin—if, among so many guilty, the sword severed the head of one innocent, I am ready to defend the act. It was from me that the whole transaction originated; it is mine only, and I take the responsibility of it. I had no other means of saving our country from the barbarism that encumbered it, and impeded its elevation to the rank which it should occupy among the nations of Europe. As the bold boyard has truly said, it is I who have brandished the sword, and I ask who is the Russian who dares cite me to his tribunal?"

The anger of the Czar was rekindled, and he began anew.

"It is to the tutelary patron of the empire that I am indebted for the power of having executed a resolution which I judged necessary. A disease was undermining the constitution of the empire—the evil was terrible and appeared incurable: like a skilful physician I at once employed the medicine which could alone be successful in arresting the progress of the disease. Could I, in the moment of execution, place the instrument in the trembling hands of a charlatan? No; it was my own hand that held the knife. I felt the wounds which I made; and I say to-day, before God and man, it is I to whom the action belongs, and for which I am ready to answer on earth and on high. Now, as to you, Tscherkaski, you have audaciously rejected the favor I was willing to grant. You have not even feared to accuse your sovereign in the midst of his subjects. If my ancestors were alive your white head would fall from the block, but far from me the thought of shedding the blood of an old brother in arms. Retract, and you may pass your days tranquilly on your own lands. If not," and the voice of the Czar grew more stern, "I send you this night into eternal exile."

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"Is it permitted me to take with me my daughter?" coolly asked the old man.

"The child belongs to its parent," replied the Emperor, surprised and hesitating.

"Then, Alexander Michailowitz," said the boyard to Menzikoff, "give me two of those bear-skins you placed upon the ice-chairs; it is all that is necessary."

"Take him away at once; we have had enough of his arrogance and audacity!" exclaimed the furious Peter, and he repelled Menzikoff, who was endeavoring to intercede for the boyard.

"And whither?" asked the prince with a trembling voice.

"To Bareson upon the Ob——No; to Woksarski upon the Frozen sea," added Peter, as he beheld the smiling and triumphing air of the boyard.

A few moments after the old man and his daughter entered a sledge. A party of horsemen accompanied them, and away they went with the swiftness of an eagle towards the dreary regions of the north-west.

Ten years later, Prince Menzikoff, despoiled of his goods, his honors, and his rank, came to share the exile of the boyard. Similar misfortune reconciled two enemies, and the union of their children accomplished the prediction of the Czar.

POLITENESS: IN PARIS AND LONDON.

BY SIR HENRY LYTTON BULWER.

"Je me recommande à vous," was said to me the other day by an old gentleman dressed in very tattered garments, who was thus soliciting a "sou." The old man was a picture: his long gray hairs fell gracefully over his shoulders. Tall—he was so bent forward as to take with a becoming air the position in which he had placed himself. One hand was pressed to his heart, the other held his hat. His voice, soft and plaintive, did not want a certain dignity. In that very attitude, and in that very voice, a nobleman of the ancient "régime" might have solicited a pension from the Duc de Choiseul in the time of Louis XV. I confess that I was the more struck by the manner of the venerable suppliant, from the strong contrast which it formed with the demeanor of his

countrymen in general: for it is rare, now-a-days, I acknowledge, to meet a Frenchman with the air which Lawrence Sterne was so enchanted with during the first month, and so wearied with at the expiration of the first year, which he spent in France. That look and gesture of the "petit marquis," that sort of studied elegance, which, at first affected by the court, became at last natural to the nation, exist no longer, except among two or three "grands seigneurs" in the Faubourg St. Germain, and as many beggars usually to be found on the Boulevards. To ask with grace, to beg with as little self-humility as possible, here perchance is the fundamental idea which led, in the two extremes of society, to the same results: but things vicious in their origin are sometimes agreeable in their practice.

"Hail, ye small sweet courtesies of life, far smoother do ye make the road of it—like grace and beauty, which beget inclination at first sight, 'tis ye who open the door and let the stranger in." I had the Sentimental Journey in my hand—it was open just at this passage, when I landed not very long ago on the quay of that town which Horace Walpole tells us caused him more astonishment than any other he had met with in his travels. I mean Calais. "Hail, ye small sweet courtesies of life," was I still muttering to myself, as gently pushing by a spruce little man, who had already scratched my nose and nearly poked out my eyes with cards of "Hotel ...," I attempted to pass on towards the inn of Mons. Dessin. "Nom de D...," said the Commissionaire, as I touched his elbow, "Nom de D..., Monsieur, *Je suis Français!* il ne faut pas me pousser, moi ... *je suis Français!*"—and this he said, contracting his brow, and touching a moustache that only wanted years and black wax to make it truly formidable. I thought that he was going to offer me his own card instead of Mr. Meurice's. This indeed would have been little more than what happened to a friend of mine not long ago. He was going last year from Dieppe to Paris. He slept at Rouen, and on quitting the house the following morning found fault with some articles in the bill presented to him. "Surely there is some mistake here," said he, pointing to the account. "Mistake, sir," said the *aubergiste*, adjusting his shoulders with the important air of a man who was going to burthen them with a quarrel—"mistake, sir, what do you mean?—a mistake—do you think I charge a sou more than is just? Do you mean to say that? *Je suis officier, Monsieur, officier Français, et j'insiste sur ce que vous me rendez raison!*" Now, it is undoubtedly very pleasant to an Englishman, who has the same idea of a duel that a certain French marquise had of a lover, when, on her death-bed, she said to her grand-daughter, "Je ne vous dis pas, ma chère, de ne point avoir d'amans; je me rappelle ma jeunesse. Il faut seulement n'en prendre jamais qui soient au-dessous de votre état"—it is doubtless very unpleasant to an Englishman, who cares much less about fighting than about the person he fights with, to have his host present him a bill in one hand and a pistol in the other. In one of the islands which we ought to discover, whenever the king sneezes all his courtiers are expected to sneeze also. The country of course imitates the court, and the empire is at once affected with a general cold. Sneezing here then becomes an art and an accomplishment. One person prizes himself on sneezing more gracefully than another, and, by a matter of general consent, all nations who have not an harmonious manner of vibrating their nostrils are justly condemned as savages and barbarians. There is no doubt that the people of this island are right; and there is no doubt that we are right in considering every people with different usages from ourselves of very uncivilized and uncomfortable behavior. We then, decidedly, are the people who ought justly to be deemed the most polite.

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For instance—you arrive at Paris: how striking the difference between the reception you receive at your hotel, and that you would find in London! In London, arrive in your carriage! (*that* I grant is necessary)—the landlord meets you at the door, surrounded by his anxious attendants; he bows profoundly when you alight—calls loudly for every thing you want, and seems shocked at the idea of your waiting an instant for the merest trifle you can possibly *imagine* that you desire. Now try your Paris hotel—you enter the courtyard—the proprietor, if he happen to be there, receives you with careless indifference, and either accompanies you saunteringly himself, or orders some one to accompany you to the apartments which, on first seeing you, he determined you should have. It is useless to expect another. If you find any fault with this apartment, if you express any wish that it had this little thing, that it had not that, do not for one moment imagine that your host is likely to say, with an eager air, that he "will see what can be done"—that he "would do a great deal to please so respectable a gentleman." In short, do not suppose him for one moment likely to pour forth any of those little civilities with which the lips of your English innkeeper would overflow. On the contrary, be prepared for his lifting up his eyes, and shrugging up his shoulders, (the shrug is not the courtier-like shrug of antique days,) and telling you that the apartment is as you see it, that it is for Monsieur to make up his mind whether he take it or not. The whole is the affair of the guest, and remains a matter of perfect indifference to the host. Your landlady, it is true, is not quite so haughty on these occasions. But you are indebted for her smile rather to the coquetry of the beauty, than to the civility of the hostess. She will tell you, adjusting her head-dress in the mirror standing upon the chimney-piece in the little "salon" she recommends—"que Monsieur s'y trouvera fort bien, qu'un milord Anglais, qu'un prince Russe, ou qu'un colonel du —ième de dragons, a occupé cette même chambre"—and that there is just by an excellent restaurateur and a "cabinet de lecture"—and then—her head-dress being quite in order—the lady expanding her arms with a gentle smile, says, "Mais après tout, c'est à Monsieur à se décider." It is this which makes your French gentleman so loud in praise of English politeness. One was expatiating to me the other day on the admirable manners of the English.

"I went," said he, "to the Duke of Devonshire's, '*dans mon pauvre fiacre:*' never shall I forget the respect with which a stately gentleman, gorgeously apparelled, opened the creaking door, let down the steps, and—courtesy of very courtesies—picked, actually picked, the dirty straws of the ignominious vehicle that I descended from, off my shoes and stockings." This occurred to the French gentleman at the Duke of Devonshire's. But let your English gentleman visit a French

"grand seigneur!" He enters the antechamber from the grand escalier. The servants are at a game of dominos, from which his entrance hardly disturbs them, and fortunate is he if any one conduct him with a careless lazy air to the "salon." So, if you go to Boivin's, or if you go to Howel's and James's, with what politeness, with what celerity, with what respect your orders are received at the great man's of Waterloo Place—with what an easy nonchalance you are treated in the Rue de la Paix! All this is quite true; but there are things more shocking than all this. I know a gentleman, who called the other day on a French lady of his acquaintance, who was under the hands of her "coiffeur." The artiste of the hair was there, armed cap-à-pié, in all the glories of national-guardism, brandishing his comb with the grace and dexterity with which he would have wielded a sword, and recounting, during the operation of the toilette—now a story of "*Monsieur son Capitaine*"—now an anecdote, equally interesting, of "*Monsieur son Colonel*"—now a tale of "*Monsieur son Roi*, that excellent man, on whom he was going to mount guard that very evening." My unhappy friend's face still bore the most awful aspect of dismay, as he told his story. "By God, there's a country for you," said he; "can property be safe for a moment in such a country? There can be no religion, no morality, with such manners—I shall order post-horses immediately."

I did not wonder at my friend—at his horror for so fearful a familiarity. What are our parents always, and no doubt wisely repeating to us? "You should learn, my dear, to keep a *certain kind of persons* at their proper distance."

In no circumstances are we to forget this important lesson. If the clouds hurled their thunders upon our heads, if the world tumbled topsy-turvy about our ears,

"Si fractus illabatur orbis,"

it is to find the well-bred Englishman as it would have found the just Roman—and, above all things, it is not to derange the imperturbable disdain with which he is enfeoffed to his inferiors. Lady D. was going to Scotland: a violent storm arose. Her ladyship was calmly dressing her hair, when the steward knocked at the cabin-door. "My lady," said the man, "I think it right to tell you there is every chance of our being drowned." "Do not talk to me, you impertinent fellow, about drowning," said her aristocratical ladyship, perfectly unmoved—"that's the captain's business, and not mine."

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Our great idea of civility is, that the person who is poor should be exceedingly civil to the person who is wealthy: and this is the difference between the neighboring nations. Your Frenchman admits no one to be quite his equal—your Englishman worships every one richer than himself as undeniably his superior. Judge us from our servants and our shopkeepers, it is true we are the politest people in the world. The servants, who are paid well, and the shopkeepers, who sell high—scrape, and cringe, and smile. There is no country where those who have wealth are treated so politely by those to whom it goes; but at the same time there is no country where those who are well off live on such cold, and suspicious, and ill-natured, and uncivil terms among themselves.

The rich man who travels in France murmurs at every inn and at every shop; not only is he treated no better for being a rich man—he is treated worse in many places, from the idea that because he is rich he is likely to give himself airs. But if the lower classes are more rude to the higher classes than with us, the higher classes in France are far less rude to one another. The dandy who did not look at an old acquaintance, or who looked impertinently at a stranger, would have his nose pulled and his body run through with a small-sword—or damaged by a pistol-bullet—before the evening was well over. Where every man wishes to be higher than he is, there you find people insolent to their fellows, and exacting obsequiousness from their inferiors—where men will allow no one to be superior to themselves, there you see them neither civil to those above them, nor impertinent to those beneath them, nor yet very courteous to those in the same station. The manners, checkered in one country by softness and insolence, are not sufficiently courteous and gentle in the other. Time was in France, (it existed in England to a late date,) when politeness was thought to consist in placing every one at his ease. A quiet sense of their own dignity rendered persons insensible to the fear of its being momentarily forgotten. Upon these days rested the shadow of a bygone chivalry, which accounted courtesy as one of the virtues. The civility of that epoch, as contrasted with the civility of ours, was not the civility of the domestic or the tradesman, meant to pamper the pride of their employer, but the civility of the noble and the gentleman, meant to elevate the modesty of those who considered themselves in an inferior state. Corrupted by the largesses of an expensive and intriguing court, the "grand seigneur," after the reign of Louis XIV., became over-civil and servile to those above him. Beneath the star of the French minister beat the present heart of the British mercer—and softly did the great man smile on those from whom he had any thing to gain. As whatever was taught at Versailles was learnt in the Rue St. Denis, when the courtier had the air of a solicitor, every one aped the air of the courtier; and the whole nation with one hand expressing a request, and the other an obligation, might have been taken in the attitude of the graceful old beggar, whose accost made such an impression upon me.

But a new nobility grew up in rivalry to the elder one; and as the positions of society became more complicated and uncertain, a supreme civility to some was seen side by side with a sneering insolence to others—a revolution in manners, which embittered as it hastened the revolution of opinions. Thus the manners of the French in the time of Louis XVI. had one feature of similarity with ours at present. A moneyed aristocracy was then rising into power in France, as a moneyed aristocracy is now rising into power in England. This is the aristocracy which demands obsequious servility—which is jealous and fearful of being treated with disrespect; this is the aristocracy which is haughty, insolent, and susceptible; which dreams of affronts and gives them:

this is the aristocracy which measures with an uncertain eye the height of an acquaintance; this is the aristocracy which cuts and sneers—this aristocracy, though the aristocracy of the revolution of July, is now too powerless in France to be more than vulgar in its pretensions. French manners, then, if they are not gracious, are at all events not insolent; while ours, unhappily, testify on one hand the insolence, while they do not on the other represent the talent and the grace of that society which presided over the later suppers of the old regime. We have no Monsieur de Fitz-James, who might be rolled in a gutter all his life, as was said by a beautiful woman of his time, "without ever contracting a spot of dirt." We have no Monsieur de Narbonne, who stops in the fiercest of a duel to pick up the ruffled rose that had slipped in a careless moment from his lips during the graceful conflict! You see no longer in France that noble air, that "*great manner*," as it was called, by which the old nobility strove to keep up the distinction between themselves and their worse-born associates to the last, and which of course those associates *assiduously imitated*.

That manner is gone: the French, so far from being a polite nation at the present day, want that easiness of behavior which is the first essential to politeness. Every man you meet is occupied with maintaining his dignity, and talks to you of *his* position. There is an evident effort and struggle, I will not say to appear better than you are, but to appear *all* that *you are*, and to allow no person to think that you consider him better than you. Persons, no longer ranked by classes, take each by themselves an individual place in society. They are so many atoms, not forming a congruous or harmonious whole. They are too apt to strut forward singly, and to say with a great deal of action, and a great deal of emphasis, "I am—*nobody*." The French are no longer polite, but in the French nation, as in every nation, there is an involuntary and traditionary respect which hallows what is gone-by; and among the marvels of modern France is a religion which ranks an agreeable smile and a graceful bow as essential virtues of its creed.

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Nor does the Père Enfantin stand alone. There is something touching in the language of the old "seigneur," who, placed as it were between two epochs, looking backwards and forwards to the graces of past times and the virtues of new, thus expresses himself:

"Les progrès de la lumière et de la liberté ont certainement fait faire de grands pas à la raison humaine; mais aussi dans sa route, n'a-t-elle rien perdu? Moi qui ne suis pas un de ces opiniâtres prôneurs de ce bon vieux temp qui n'est plus, je ne puis m'empêcher de regretter ce bon goût, cette grâce, cette fleur d'enjouement et d'urbanité qui chassait de la société tout ennui en permettant au bon sens de sourire et à la sagesse de se parer. Aujourd'hui beaucoup de gens ressemblent à un propriétaire morose, qui, ne songeant qu'à l'utile, bannirait de son jardin les fleurs, et ne voudrait y voir que du blé, des foin et des fruits."

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE LION IN THE TOILS.

BY C. ASTOR BRISTED.

What followed the events related in our last number gave Ashburner a lesson against making up his mind too hastily on any points of character, national or individual. A fortnight after his arrival at Oldport he would have said that the Americans were the most communicative people he had ever fallen in with, and particularly, that the men of "our set" were utterly incapable of keeping secret any act or purpose of their lives, any thing that had happened, or was going to happen. Now he was surprised at the discretion shown by the men cognizant of the late row (and they comprised all the fashionables left in the place, and some of the outsiders, like Simpson); their dexterity and careful management, first, to prevent the affair from coming to a fight, and then, if that were impossible, to keep it from publicity until the parties were safe over the border into Canada, where they might "shoot each other like gentlemen," as a young gentleman from Alabama expressed it. Sedley himself, whose officiousness had precipitated the quarrel, did all in his power to prevent any further mischief, and was as sedulous for the promotion of *silencio* and *misterio*, as if he had been leader of a chorus of Venetian Senators. *The Sewer* reporters, who, in their eagerness to collect every bit of gossip and scandal, would have given the ears which an outraged community had permitted them to retain for a knowledge of the fracas and its probable consequences, never had the least inkling of it. Indeed, so quietly was the whole managed, that Ashburner never made out the cause of the old feud, nor was able to form any opinion on the probability of its final issue. On the former point he could only come to the conclusion from what he heard, that Hunter had been mythologizing, as his wont was, something to Benson's discredit several years before, and had been trying to make mischief between him and some of his friends or relations; but what the exact offence was, whether Sumner was involved in the quarrel from the first, and if so, to what extent; and whether the legend about the horse was a part of, or only an addition to the original grievance;—on these particulars he remained in the dark. As to the latter, he knew that Hunter had not challenged Benson, and that he had left the place, but whether to look up a friend or not, no one seemed to know, or if they did, no one cared to tell. At any rate, he did not return for a week and more, during which time Ashburner had full opportunity of studying the behavior and feelings of a man with a duel in prospect.

Those who defend and advocate the practice of duelling, if asked to explain the motives leading a

gentleman to fight, would generally answer somewhat to this effect: in the first place, personal courage which induces a man to despise danger and death, in comparison with any question affecting his own honor, or that of those connected with him; secondly, a respect for the opinion of the society in which he moves, which opinion, to a certain extent, supplies and fixes the definition of honor. Hence it would follow that, given a man who is neither physically brave, nor bound by any particular respect for the opinion of his daily associates, and the world he moves in, such a man would not be likely to give or accept a challenge. The case under Ashburner's observation afforded a palpable contradiction to this conclusion.

Henry Benson was not personally valorous; what courage he possessed was rather of a moral than a physical kind. Where he appeared to be daring and heedless, it proved on examination to be the result of previous knowledge and practice, which gave him confidence and armed him with impunity. Thus he would drive his trotters at any thing, and shave through "tight places" on rough and crowded roads, his whiffle-trees tipping and his hubs grazing the surrounding wheels in a way that at first made Ashburner shudder in spite of himself; but it was because his experience in wagon-driving enabled him to measure distances within half-an-inch, and to catch an available opening immediately. On the other hand, in their pedestrian trips across country in Westchester, he was very chary of jumping fences or ditches till he had ascertained by careful practice his exact capacity for that sort of exercise. He would ride his black horse, Daredevil, who was the terror of all the servants and women in his neighborhood, because he had made himself perfectly acquainted with all the animal's stock of tricks, and was fully prepared for them as they came; but he never went the first trip in a new steamboat or railroad line. He ate and drank many things considered unhealthy, because he understood exactly from experience what and how much he could take without injury; but you could not have bribed him to sit fifteen minutes in wet boots. In short, he was a man who took excellent care of himself, *canny* as a Scot or a New-Englander, loving the good things of life, and not disposed to hazard them on slight grounds. Then as to the approbation or disapprobation of those about him, he was almost entirely careless of it. On any point beyond the cut of a coat, the decoration of a room, the concoction of a dish, or the merits of a horse, there were not ten people in his own set whose opinion he heeded. To the remarks of foreigners he was a little more sensitive, but even these he was more apt to retort upon by a *tu quoque* than to be influenced by. Add to all this, that he had the convenient excuse of being a communicant at church, which, in America, implies something like a formal profession of religion. Yet at this time he was not only willing, but most eager to fight. The secret lay in his state of recklessness. A moment of passion had overturned all his instincts, principles, and common-sense, and inspired him with the feverish desire to pay off his old debts to Storey Hunter, at whatever cost. And as neither the possession of extraordinary personal courage, nor a high sense of conventional honor, nor a respect for the opinion of society, necessarily induces a feeling of recklessness, so neither does the absence of these qualities prevent the presence of this feeling, exactly the most favorable one to make a man engage in a duel. Moralists have called such a condition one of temporary madness, and it has probably as good grounds to be classed with insanity as many of the pleas known to medical and criminal jurisprudence.

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Be this as it may, Ashburner had a good opportunity of observing—and the example, it is to be hoped, was of service to him—the demoralization induced upon a man by the mere impending possibility of a duel. Benson seemed careless what he did. He danced frantically, and drank so much at all hours, that the Englishman, though pretty strong-headed himself, wondered how he could keep sober. He was openly seen reading *The Blackguard's Own*, a weekly of *The Sewer* species. He made up trotting-matches with every man in the place who owned a "fast crab," and with some acquaintances at a distance, by correspondence. He kept studiously out of the way of his wife and child, lest their influence might shake his determination. All this time he practised pistol-shooting most religiously. Neither of the belligerents had ever given a public proof of skill in this line. Hunter's ability was not known, and Benson's shooting so uncertain and variable when any one looked on, that those in the secret suspected him of playing dark and disguising his hand. All which added to the interest of the affair.

But when eleven days had passed without signs or tidings of Hunter, and it seemed pretty clear that he had gone away "for good," Benson started up one morning, and went off himself to New-York, at the same time with Harrison, whose brief and not very joyous holidays had come to a conclusion. He accompanied the banker, in accordance with the true American principle, always to have a lion for your companion when you can; and as Harrison was still a man of note in Wall-street, however small might be his influence in his own household, Benson liked to be seen with him, and to talk any thing—even stocks—to him, though he had no particular interest in the market at that time. But whether an American is in business himself or not, the subject of business is generally an interesting one to him, and he is always ready to gossip about dollars. The unexampled material development of the United States is only maintained by a condition of society which requires every man to take a share in assisting that development, and the most frivolous and apparently idle men are found sharp enough in pecuniary matters. This trait of national character lies on the surface, and foreigners have not been slow to notice it, and to draw from it unfavorable conclusions. The supplementary and counterbalancing features of character to be observed in these very people,—that it is rather the fun of making the money than the money itself which they care for; that when it is made, they spend it freely, and part with it more readily than they earned it; that they are more liberal both in their public and private charities (considering the amount of their wealth, and of the claims upon it) than any nation in the world,—all these traits strangers have been less ready to dwell upon and do justice to.

Benson was gone, and Ashburner stayed. Why? He had been at Oldport nearly a month; the place

was not particularly beautiful, and the routine of amusements not at all to his taste. Why did he stay? He had his secret, too.

It is a melancholy but indisputable fact, that even in the most religious and moral country in the world, the bulwark of evangelical faith, and the home of the domestic virtues (meaning, of course, England), a great many mothers who have daughters to marry, are not so anxious about the real welfare, temporal and eternal, of their young ladies, as solicitous that they should acquire riches, titles, and other vanities of the world,—nay, that many of the daughters themselves act as if their everlasting happiness depended on their securing in matrimony a proper combination of the aforesaid vanities, and put out of account altogether the greatest prize a woman can gain—the possession of a true and loving heart, joined to a wise head. Now, Ashburner being a very good *parti* at home, and having run the gauntlet of one or two London seasons, had become very skittish of mammas, and still more so of daughters. He regarded the unmarried female as a most dangerous and altogether to be avoided animal, and when you offered to introduce him to a young lady, looked about as grateful as if you had invited him to go up in a balloon. He expected to be rather more persecuted, if any thing, in America than he had been at home; and when he met Miss Vanderlyn at Ravenswood, if his first thought had found articulate expression, it would probably have been something like this:—"Now that young woman is going to set her cap at me; what a bore it will be!"

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Never was a man more mistaken in his anticipations. He encountered many pretty girls, not at all timid, ready enough to talk, and flirty enough among their own set, but not one of them threw herself at him, and least of all did Miss Vanderlyn. Not that the young lady was the victim of a romantic attachment, for she was perfectly fancy free and heart whole; nor, on the other hand, that she was at all insensible to the advantages of matrimony, for she kept a very fair lookout in that direction, and had, if not absolutely down on her books, at least engraved on the recording tablets of her mind, four distinct young gentlemen, combining the proper requisites, any of whom would suit her pretty well, and one of whom—she didn't much care which—she was pretty well resolved to marry within the next two years. And as she was stylish and rather handsome, clever enough, and tolerably provided with the root of all evil, besides having that fortunate good humor and accommodating disposition which go so far towards making a woman a belle and a favorite, there was a sufficient probability that before the expiration of that time, one of the four would offer himself. But all her calculations were founded on shrewd common sense; her imagination took no flights, and her aspirations only extended to the ordinary and possible. That this young and strange Englishman, travelling as a part of education, the son of a great man, and probably betrothed by proxy to some great man's daughter, or going into parliament to be a great man himself, and remain a bachelor for the best part of his life,—that between him and herself there should by any thing in common, any point of union which could make even a flirtation feasible, never entered into her head. She would as soon have expected the King of Dahomey to send an embassy with ostrich feathers in their caps, and rings in their noses, formally to ask her hand in marriage. Nay, even if the incredible event had come to pass, and the young stranger had taken the initiative, even then she would not by any means have jumped at the bait. For in the first place, she was fully imbued with the idea that the Vanderlyns were quite as good as any other people in the world, and that (the ordinary conceit of an American belle) to whatever man she might give her hand, all the honor would come from her side, and all the gain be his; therefore she would not have cared to come into a family who might suspect her of having inveigled their heir, and look down upon her as something beneath them, because she came from a country where there were no noblemen. Secondly, there is a very general feeling among the best classes in America, that no European worth any thing at home comes to America to get married. The idea is evidently an imperfect generalization, and liable to exceptions; but the prevalence of it shows more modesty in the "Upper Ten's" appreciation of themselves than they usually have credit for. As soon, therefore, as a foreigner begins to pay attention to a young lady in good society, it is *primâ facie* ground of suspicion against him. The reader will see from all this how little chance there was of Ashburner's running any danger from the unmarried women about him. With the married ones the case was somewhat different. It may be remembered, that at his first introduction to Mrs. Henry Benson, the startling contrast she exhibited to the adulation he had been accustomed to receive, totally put him down; and that afterwards she softened off the rough edge of her satire, and became very *piquante* and pleasing to him. And as she greatly amused him, so he began to suspect that she was rather proud of having such a lion in her train, as no doubt she was, notwithstanding the somewhat rough and cub-like stage of his existence. So he began to hang about her, and follow her around in his green awkward way, and look large notes of admiration at her; and she was greatly diverted, and not at all displeased at his attentions. I don't know how far it might have gone; Ashburner was a very correct and moral young man, as the world goes, but rather because he had generally business enough on hand to keep him out of mischief, than from any high religious principle; and I am afraid that in spite of the claims of propriety, and honor, and friendship, and the avenging Zeus of hospitality, and every other restraining motive, he would have fallen very much in love with Mrs. Benson but for one thing.

He was hopelessly in love with Mrs. Harrison. How or when it began he couldn't tell; but he found himself under the influence imperceptibly, as a man feels himself intoxicated. Sometimes he fancied that there had been a kind of love at first sight—that with the first glimpse he had of her, something in his heart told him that that woman was destined to exert a mastery over him; yet his feelings must have undergone a change and growth, for he would not now have listened to any one speaking of her as Benson had done at that time. *Why* it was, he could still less divine. His was certainly not the blind admiration which sees no fault in its idol; he saw her faults plainly enough, and yet could not help himself. He often asked himself how it happened that if he *was*

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doomed to endure an illicit and unfortunate passion, it was not for Mrs. Benson rather than Mrs. Harrison; for the former was at least as clever, certainly handsomer, palpably younger, indubitably more lady-like, and altogether a higher style of woman. Yet with this just appreciation of them, there was no comparison as to his feelings towards the two. The one amused and delighted him when present; the other, in her absence, was ever rising up before his mind's eye, and drawing him after her; and when they met, his heart beat quicker, and he was more than usually awkward and confused.—Perhaps there had been, in the very origin of his entanglement and passion, some guiding impulse of honor, some sense that Benson had been his friend and entertainer, and that to Harrison he was under no personal obligations. For there are many shades of honor and dishonor in dishonorable thoughts, and a little principle goes a great way with some people, like the wind commemorated by Joe Miller's Irishman, of which there was not much, *but what there was, was very high.*

Be this as it may, he was loving to perdition—or thought so, at least; and it is hard to discriminate in a very young man's case between the conceit and the reality of love. His whole heart and mind were taken up with one great, all-pervading idea of Mrs. Harrison, and he was equally unable to smother and to express his flame. He was dying to make her a present of something, but he could send nothing without a fear of exciting suspicion, except bouquets; and of these floral luxuries, though they were only to be procured at Oldport with much trouble and expense, she had always a supply from other quarters. He did not like to be one of a number in his offerings; he wanted to pay her some peculiar tribute. He would have liked to fight some man for her, to pick a quarrel with some one who had said something against her. Proud and sensitive to ridicule as he was, he would have laid himself down in her way, and let her walk over him, could he have persuaded himself that she would be gratified by such a proof of devotion, and that it would help his cause with her.

Had Benson been in Oldport now, there might have been trouble, inasmuch as he was not particular about what he said, and not too well disposed towards Mrs. Harrison, while Ashburner was just in a state of mind to have fought with his own father on that theme. But Benson was away, and his absence at this time was not a source of regret to Ashburner, who felt a little afraid of him, and with some reason, for our friend Harry was as observant as if he had a fly's allowance of eyes, and had a knack of finding out things without looking for them, and of knowing things without asking about them; and he would assuredly have noticed that Ashburner began to be less closely attached to his party, and to follow in the train of Mrs. Harrison. As for Clara Benson, she never troubled herself about the Englishman's falling off in his attentions to her; if any thing, she was rather glad of it; her capricious disposition made her tire of a friend in a short time; she could not endure any one's uninterrupted company—not even her husband's, who therefore wisely took care to absent himself from her several times every year.

Moreover, though Ashburner was seen in attendance on the lioness, it was not constantly or in a pointed manner. He was still fighting with himself, and, like a man run away with, who has power to guide his horse though not to stop him, he was so far able to manage his passion as to keep it from an open display. So absolutely no one suspected what was the matter with him, or that there was any thing the matter with him, except the lady herself. Catch a woman not finding out when a man is in love with her! Sometimes she may delude herself with imagining a passion where none exists, but she never makes the converse mistake of failing to perceive it where it does. And how did the gay Mrs. Harrison, knowing and perceiving herself to be thus loved, make use of her knowledge? What alteration did it produce in her conduct and bearing towards her admirer? Absolutely none at all. Precisely as she had treated him at their first introduction did she continue to treat him—as if he were one of her everyday acquaintances, and nothing more. And it is precisely this line of action that utterly breaks down a man's defences, and makes him more hopelessly than ever the slave of his fair conqueror. If a woman declares open hostilities against him, runs him down behind his back, snubs him to his face, shuns his society,—this at least shows that she considers his attachment of some consequence—consequence enough to take notice of, though the notice be unfavorable. His self-respect may come to the rescue, or his piqued vanity may save him by converting love into enmity. But a perseverance in never noticing his love, and feigning to be ignorant of its existence, completely establishes her supremacy over him.

A Frenchman, who has conceived designs against a married lady, only seeks to throw dust in the husband's eyes, and then if he cannot succeed in his final object, at least to establish sufficient intimacy to give him a plausible pretext for saying that he has succeeded; for in such a matter he is not scrupulous about lying a little—or a great deal. An American, bad enough for a similar intention (which usually presupposes a considerable amount of *Parisianization*), acts as much like a Frenchman—if anything, rather worse. An Englishman is not usually moved to the desire of an intrigue by vanity, but driven into it by sheer passion, and his first impulse is to run bodily off with the object of his misplaced affection; to take her and himself out of the country, as if he could thereby travel out of his moral responsibilities. Reader, did you ever notice, or having noticed, did you ever ponder upon the geographical distribution of morals and propriety which is so marked and almost peculiar a feature of the Anglo-Saxon mind? In certain outward looks and habits, the English may be unchangeable and unmistakable all over the globe; but their ethical code is certainly not the same at home and abroad. It is pretty much so with an American, too, before he has become irreparably Parisianized. When he puts on his travelling habits, he takes off his puritan habits, and makes light of doing things abroad which he would be the first to anathematize at home. Observe, we are not speaking of the deeply religious, nor yet of the openly profligate class in either country, but of the general run of respectable men who travel; they

regard a great part of their morality and their manners as intended solely for home consumption; while a Frenchman or a German, if his home standard is not so high, lives better up to it abroad. And yet many Englishmen, and some Americans, wonder why their countrymen are so unpopular as foreign travellers!

Ashburner, then, wanted to run away with Mrs. Harrison. How he could have supported her never entered into his thoughts, nor did he consider what the effect would be on his own prospects. He did not reflect, either, how miserably selfish it was in him, after all, to expect that this woman would give up her fortune and position, her children, her unbounded legitimate domination over her husband, for his boyish passion, and how infinitesimally small the probability that she would do so crazy a thing. Nor did Harrison ever arise before his mind as a present obstacle or future danger; and this was less frantic than most of his overlookings. The broker was a strong and courageous man, and probably had been once very much in love with his wife; but at that time, so far from putting a straw in the way of any man who wanted to relieve him of her, he would probably have been willing to pay his expenses into the bargain.

But how to declare his passion—that was the question. He saw that the initiatory steps, and very decided ones, must be taken on his part; and it was not easy to find the lady alone ten minutes together. People lived at Newport as if they were in the open air, and the volunteer police of ordinary gossip made private interviews between well-known people a matter of extreme difficulty. A Frenchman similarly placed would have brought the affair to a crisis much sooner: he would have found a thousand ways of disclosing his feelings, and at the same time dexterously leaving himself a loop-hole of escape. Very clever at these things are the Gauls; they will make an avowal in full ball-room, under cover of the music, if there is no other chance to be had. But tact in love affairs is not a characteristic of the Englishman, especially at Ashburner's age. He had none of this mischievous dexterity; perhaps it is just as well when a man has not, both for himself and for society. He thought of writing, and actually began many letters or notes, or billet-doux, or whatever they might be called; but they always seemed so absurd (as truly they were), that he invariably tore them up when half-finished. He thought of serving up his flame in verse (for about this time the unhappy youth wrote many verses, which on his return to sanity he very wisely made away with); but his emotion lay too deep for verse, and his performances seemed even to himself too ridiculous for him to dream of presenting them. Still he must make a beginning somehow; he could not ask her to run away with him apropos of nothing.

One of his great anxieties, you may be sure, was to find out if any other man stood in his way, and who that man might be. His first impulses were to be indiscriminately jealous of every man he saw talking or walking with her; but on studying out alone the result of his observations, he could not discover that she affected any one man more than another. For this was one of her happy arts, that she made herself attractive to all without showing a marked preference for any one. White, who among his other accomplishments had a knack of quoting the standard poets, compared her to Pope's Belinda—saying, that her lively looks disclosed a sprightly mind, and that she extended smiles to all, and favors to none. So that Ashburner's jealousy could find no fixed object to light on. At one time he had been terribly afraid of Le Roi, chiefly from having heard the lady praise him for his accomplishments and agreeable manners. But once he heard Sedley say, that Mrs. Harrison had been worrying Le Roi half out of his wits, and quite out of his temper.

"How so?"

"Oh, she was praising you, and saying how much she liked the English character, and how true and honest your countrymen were—so much more to be depended on than the French—and more manly, too; and altogether she worked him up into such a rage against *ces insulaires*, that he went off ready to swear."

And then Ashburner suspected what he afterwards became certain of—that this was only one of the pleasant little ways the woman had of amusing herself. Whenever she found two men who were enemies, or rivals, or antagonists in any way, she would praise each to the other, on purpose to aggravate them: and very successful she was in her purpose; for she had the greatest appearance of sincerity, and whatever she said seemed to come right out of her heart. But if any lingering fears of Le Roi still haunted the Englishman's mind, they were dispelled by his departure along with the main body of the exclusives. Though always proud to be seen in the company of a conspicuous character like Mrs. Harrison, the Vicomte more particularly cultivated the fashionables proper, and gladly embraced the opportunity of following, in the train of the Robinsons.

Perhaps, after all, Ashburner would have preferred being able to concentrate his suspicions upon one definite person, to feeling a vague distrust of somebody he knew not whom, especially as the presence of a rival might have brought the affair to a crisis sooner. To a crisis it was approaching, nevertheless, for his passion now began to tell on him. He looked pale, and grew nervous and weak—lay awake at nights, which he had never done before, except when going in for the Tripos at Cambridge—and was positively off his feed, which he had never been at any previous period of his life. He thought of tearing himself away from the place—the wisest course, doubtless; but, just as he had made up his mind to go by the next stage, Mrs. Harrison, as if she divined what he was about, would upset all his plans by a few words, or a look or smile—some little expression which meant nothing, and could never be used against her; but which, by a man in his state, might be interpreted to mean a great deal.

One morning the crisis came—not that there was any particular reason for it then more than at any other time, only he could hold out no longer. It was a beautiful day, and they had been

strolling in one of the few endurable walks the place afforded—a winding alley near the hotel, but shrouded in trees, and it was just at the time when most of the inhabitants were at ten-pins, so that they were tolerably alone. Now, if ever, was the time; but the more he tried to introduce the subject, the less possible he found it to make a beginning, and all the while he could not avoid a dim suspicion that Mrs. Harrison knew perfectly well what he was trying to drive at, and took a mischievous pleasure in saying nothing to help him along. So they talked about his travels and hers, and great people in England and France, and all sorts of people then at Oldport, and the weather even—all manner of ordinary topics; and then they walked some time without saying anything, and then they went back to the hotel. There he felt as if his last chance was slipping away from him, and in a sudden fit of desperate courage he followed her up to her parlor without waiting for an invitation. Hardly was the door closed—he would have given the world to have locked it—when he begged her to listen to him a few minutes on a subject of the greatest importance. The lady opened her large round eyes a little wider; it was the only sign she gave of any thing approaching to surprise. Then the young man unbosomed himself just as he stood there—not upon his knees; people used to do that—in books, at least—but nobody does now. He told her how long he had been in love with her—how he thought of her all day and all night, and how wretched he was—how he had tried to subdue his passion, knowing it was very wrong, and so forth; but really he couldn't help it, and—and—there he stuck fast; for all the time he had been making this incoherent avowal, like one in a dream, hardly knowing what he was about, but conscious only of taking a decisive step, and doing a very serious thing in a very wild way—all this time, nevertheless, he had most closely watched Mrs. Harrison, to anticipate his sentence in some look or gesture of hers. And he saw that there did not move a line in her face, or a muscle in her whole figure—not a fibre of her dress even stirred. If she had been a great block of white marble, she could not have shown less feeling, as she stood up there right opposite him. If he had asked her to choose a waistcoat pattern for him, she could not have heard him more quietly. As soon as he had fairly paused, so that she could speak without immediate interruption, she took up the reply. It was better that he should go no further, as she had already understood quite enough. She was very sorry to give him pain—it was always unpleasant to give pain to any one. She was also very sorry that he had so deceived himself, and so misapprehended her character, or misunderstood her conversation. He was very young yet, and had sense enough to get over this very soon. Of course, she would never hear any repetition of such language from him; and, on her part, she would never mention what had occurred to any one—especially not to Mr. Harrison (it was the first time he had ever heard her allude to the existence of that gentleman); and then she wound up with a look which said as plainly as the words could have done, "Now, you may go."

Ashburner moved off in a more than usual state of confusion. As he approached the door it opened suddenly, and he nearly walked over one of the little Bleeckers, a flourishing specimen of Young New-York, with about three yards of green satin round his throat, and both his hands full of French novels, which he had been commissioned to bring from the circulating library. Ashburner felt like choking him, and it was only by a great effort that he contrived to pass him with a barely civil species of nod. But as he went out, he could not refrain from casting one glance back at Mrs. Harrison. She had taken off her bonnet (which in America is denominated a hat), and was tranquilly arranging her hair at the glass.

Somehow or other he found his way down stairs, and rushed off into the country on a tearing walk, enraged and disgusted with every thing, and with himself most of all. When a man has made up his mind to commit a sin, and then has been disappointed in the fruition of it—when he has sold the birthright of his integrity, without getting the miserable mess of pottage for it which he expected, his feelings are not the most enviable. Ashburner was angry enough to marry the first heiress he met with. First, he half resolved to get up a desperate flirtation with Mrs. Benson; but the success of his first attempt was not encouraging to the prosecution of a second. To kill himself was not in his line; but he felt very like killing some one else. He still feared he might have been made a screen for some other man. But if the other man existed, he could only be reached by fighting successively all the single men of "our set," and a fair sprinkling of those in the second set. Then he thought he must at least leave the place, but his pride still revolted at the idea of running away before a woman. Finally, after walking about ten miles, and losing his dinner, he sobered down gradually, and thought what a fool he had been; and the issue of his cogitations was a very wise double conclusion. He formed a higher opinion of the virtue of American women, and he never attempted any experiments on another.

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From Sharpe's London Magazine.

THE MAN OF TACT.

There is no distinctive term more frequently employed, and less generally understood, than the word "Tact." It is in every one's mouth, and many have a vague notion of its meaning, who yet, if required, would find no slight difficulty in giving its definition. It is the application of perceptive common-sense to life's practical details; the correct adaptation of means to ends, from an intuitive knowledge of character, blended with a careful concealment, a discreet evasion of our own, except when amiable faults are avowed, to enhance the impression of our candor. Cameleon-like, "tact" assumes the color of contingent circumstances,—is the vague, yet potent spirit, with its shadowless finger arresting the impulses; an unseen ruler of the thoughts, winding

its gossamer yet adamantine meshes like a spell; the uncaught "hic et ubique" arbiter of mortal destinies embodied in a fellow-mortal.

When we speak of the "man of tact," as of one in whom this quality predominates,—as hereafter we shall speak of the man of honor, of genius, and of sense, we must confess that above most other characteristics, this is especially absorbent in its influence, and generally usurps the government of the whole man. It collects into its own stream the channels of other motives, which it renders tributary, until it pervades the whole moral surface with one obliterating deluge. If not watched, it will hence induce a general deceptiveness, for the other impulses will partake of its color, shrewdness will become cunning, discretion will change into artful dexterity. Its very progress is sinuous and oblique, never more so than when assuming the guise of straightforwardness and truth; but if divested of its baser elements, it will soar into the higher intellectuals, and will claim affinity to practical observation, or, to speak phrenologically, to causality. In this view it combines with prudence, also with self-discipline, in the regulation of the temper; in fact, is the child of judgment, inheriting with its parent's calmness somewhat of her coldness too.

Observe that man sitting in the private room of one of our largest mercantile establishments. Risen from a low grade to the direction of a vast concern, at one time intrusted with a mission abroad of a most important yet delicate character, he owes the eminence he has attained entirely to tact. The features are now in repose, take your opportunity to watch them (for they are seldom so, and if he were aware of observation, would assume a different expression); how the wear upon nerves, even of such flexibility, imparts to the fatigued countenance an air of study, ceaseless even in comparative inaction. The open and bald forehead, clear, expansive, impending over deep-set, small, yet fathomless eyes, restless and anxious in their motion; the lips fullish, wearing at the corner a half-contemptuous yet good-humored self-contentment, which tells of the owner's disdain for the game of life, and yet of triumphant complacency at his own successful skill in it. He smiles! Ah! he is thinking of how he deluded that shallow fop, Lord F—, whom fortune raised kindly to conceal his puerilities by a coronet; or perhaps (as his eye dilates with haughtier gaze) he dreams of having struck a nobler quarry, when he outwitted the subtle Count de P—; for neither thought they were following aught but the suggestion of their own will. This is the mystery and mastery of tact. Had his victims seen that smile, the game would have been lost; but he was different to each, the man was changed. The lordling saw before him a free hearty abettor of youthful folly, an Apicius, not a Mentor, one versed in life's vanities, yet still ready to quaff the draught he satirized; sagacious in criticising pleasure, yet reckless as the youngest in its pursuit; but to the Count, the deferential air, the silent evidence of every action, so sedulously courteous, yet so artless, attesting the listener's (for he spoke but to inquire as if of an oracle, and demurred but to render conviction more gracefully attractive) reverence for the old diplomatist's sagacity; the rejoinder dexterously introduced to confirm confidence in his visitor that he was not wasting his instruction,—these and the thousand nameless points of tact, dipped in the fountain of his own deep counsel, instilled the wary practiser's motives into the mind of one, apparently his confessed master in the art of diplomacy, convinced the Count that he was regarded as the condensation of profound thought, of astute sagacity; and it so happened, that if there was one qualification in which the foreigner especially exulted more than any other, it was upon his dexterity in deciphering disposition—in his thorough knowledge of human nature!

We have said he was an adept in listening: indeed it was averred that he obtained a large estate by the quiet attention with which he listened to the toothless twaddle of a senile Dowager—age's garrulity—the echo of an empty hall which thought has quitted. He rarely, however, in any case interrupts the driest drawler, for he has tutored attendants who understand not only whom to admit, but also a hint as to the proper duration of a conference, and these with ready message cut short the intruder's dull delay. If, also, in public or private he be himself interrupted, he never loses his temper or the point; resumes the thread just where it was broken, and with polite, yet unswerving pertinacity, directs the minds of all to the wished-for end, in spite of every purposed or involuntary attempt to distract them into devious channels. Some men, like jackdaws, proclaim with noisy loquaciousness their most private matters, alarming the public horizon with egotistical chatter about their own nests: "tact," as the master of it, Cromwell, knew, acknowledges the "safety of silence," and like the rat,—a subtle politician!—saps vast fabrics by an insidious, unheard gnawing underground!

Briefly, this man listens much, speaks little—mostly the latter when he would conceal his thoughts—keeps his eyes and ears open, his mouth and his heart closed. With numerous admirers, he has many enemies—the latter's hostility is however repressed by fear, and the regard of the other, somehow, never ripens into love; it may be that selfishness, the concomitant of tact, forbids affection. We have shown the fair side of the portrait hitherto drawn from the respectable sphere (as it is called) of life; but it has its evil counterpart or reverse to be seen in a notorious receiver of stolen property, ever watched by, yet ever baffling the police,—one, who, having helped many to the hulks, has by sheer cunning (tact in motley!) himself escaped. The consciences of both are similarly guided by the law of public not private morality—interest is the ruling principle of both; even the drudgery of each assimilates, for a life of dissimulation is a very hard one. What actor would be *always* on the stage? Both are commercial men in a sense, though one lives at the west-end, the other near Seven-dials; sometimes they meet,—the rich, upon—the poor, before, the bench—"the Justice" in silk "frowns" on the speciously "simple thief" in rags; yet nature has cut the countenances of both from the same piece, and true it is that her "one touch," the prevalence of tact, successful here,—in hard confronting there—renders both "akin."

Yet not always does "tact" array itself in silken softness, or "stoop to conquer:" some ply the trade with no less success under the guise of rough and candid honesty: these men declare loudly that they always speak their minds: come upon us with a bluff sincerity, disarming prudence by an appearance of incautious trust and open-heartedness. They "cannot cog," they cannot sue, they profess noisily to abhor "humbug," as they term it, in every shape:—a strange ingratitude *to what they chiefly thrive by*; for certain it is, that though doubtlessly "all honorable men," these are the most insidious tacticians, and generally of the worst kind.

Hitherto we have spoken of "tact" in its deteriorated shape, and indeed the word seems to have got so bad a name that its bare mention breathes distrust. Yet there is a medium class of men who, like William of Orange, reduce violent feelings even to frigidity, and allowing discretion her widest scope, do not entirely obliterate the affections. Machiavelli says that "seldom men of mean fortunes attain to high degrees without force or fraud, and generally rather by the latter than the former," and hence he recommends guile to be adopted—but these, to whom we now allude, practise prudence, yet preserve their guileless sincerity. Here, though the term is rather univocal, and seems to apply only to our concerns with others, its healthy action is forcibly evinced on the individual's mind, for it disciplines the impulses and reviews for ready co-action reason's powers. So high did the ancients in their sense regard it, that they elevated it to a divinity—"Nullum numen adest si sit Prudentia," though, as Addison observes, "this sort of discretion has no place in private conversation between intimate friends. It occupies a neutral ground between caution and art, uses expediency instead of integrity, and hence deceives us by the first, when we look for the consistency of the latter." Almost ever combined with conceit (the pride of questionable success), it never possesses the magnanimity to confess an error; for this detracting from its arrogated infallibility might deteriorate its influence: it will acknowledge vices (if polite), but will never plead guilty to mistakes, since the grossest charge against the "man of tact" at the bar of self, much more of public judgment, is not the perpetration of a sin—but the commission of a blunder!

From the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

A WRECK OF THE OLD FRENCH ARISTOCRACY.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL IN THE LIMOUSIN.

It is truly a great mistake to measure the interest of a journey by its duration, and that of a country by its remoteness; and one is deceived in supposing that it is necessary to go afar in quest of adventures, and make a voyage two years long in order to see curious sights. There is a certain author who has made "a journey around his room" more fruitful in incidents of all descriptions than the numberless voyages of an infinity of sailors that I know; and one may make, thank heaven! many an interesting trip without passing beyond the "neighboring shores" from which La Fontaine forbids us to wander. The only thing is, that it is less easy to travel after this fashion than the other, and that it requires a lengthened preparation.

In order to observe skilfully, one must be accustomed to look around one. We scarcely become curious except after long habit, and, strange to say, our curiosity seems to increase in proportion as we satisfy it. When we know a great deal we desire to know still more, and it is remarkable that those alone desire to see no sights who have never had any sights to see. Moreover, it is necessary to have contemplated the grandest spectacles of nature in order to understand and love her least conspicuous wonders; for nature does not surrender herself to the first comer. She is a chaste and severe divinity, who admits to her intimacy those alone who have deserved it by long contemplations and a constant worship: and I firmly believe that it is necessary to have travelled round the world in order profitably and agreeably to make the tour of one's garden. If many years of youth spent in wandering by land and sea, can render me an authority in regard to travels, then am I justified in declaring, that in none of my more distant courses have I found more interest and pleasure than in the little trip I am now about to narrate.

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There were, then, four of us, all alike young, gay, active, clad in shooting costume, going straight ahead, without fixed plan or preconcerted itinerary, marching at hap-hazard in these desert *landes*, respiring freely the pungent odor of the broom, roaming from hill to hill without other rallying point than the top of a mountain which pointed out the direction of the low lands. After four hours' walk we discovered that this mountain was still very far distant, and that the sun was sinking below the horizon. We had already left behind us the wildest part of the department of the *Correze*. To woods of pine and birch succeeded enormous chestnut-trees; the sterile heath gave place to cultivated fields. Here and there some houses displayed their straw-colored roofs, and some scattered laborers beheld us pass by with gaping suspicion. To tell the truth, we had all of us a tolerably gallows look. In this wretched country, where every one lives on from day to day without quitting his little inclosure, without even hearing an echo from afar, four bearded marauders like ourselves, avoiding the beaten road, and marching rapidly across stubble and thicket, presented no ordinary rencontre. All on a sudden the clouds began to gather, and, by way of varying our sensations, a terrific tempest burst over our heads. It was the first incident of our journey. Drenched through in a moment by this diluvian rain, we rushed, with the ardor of soldiers mounting a breach, towards a village perched like a magpie's nest on the summit of the

hill we were ascending. A house of capacious size, but of dismal and ruinous appearance, arose before us. We rushed in at a charging pace, and found that it was deserted, except that near the hearth, where smouldered the embers of the most miserable fire in the world, an infant was deposited in, or rather tied to, his cradle, according to the fashion of the country. By the aid of a stout bandage they had swaddled him up like a mummy, and duly sealed him to the planks of the little box, which served him for a bed. In addition, his head was carefully turned toward the fire, so that his cranium was in a state of continual ebullition, such being the appointed regimen of the neighborhood. At the sight of our strange visages, the little one, after staring at us for a moment or two, proceeded to utter the most lamentable outcries. I rocked his cradle with the most paternal solicitude, but could not succeed in quieting him. On the contrary, his screams became positively heart-rending, and we were almost ready to smother him outright in order to put a stop to his roaring. At this summons a woman entered abruptly into the house, and stared at us with an expression of alarm. It was incumbent on us to explain that we were no pilferers, and this was no easy matter. The young mother evidently looked on us with suspicion. She was not altogether a mere peasant,—at least she wore, instead of the little straw hat trimmed with black velvet, which is the ordinary head-dress of the countrywomen, a bonnet, which in the Limousin is a certain indication of pretensions to the rank of the *bourgeoise*. Her robe, besides, however inelegant it might be, was nevertheless town-made.

These matters I noticed at a glance, whilst one of my companions gave the needful explanations as to our pacific intentions. Our hostess pretended to be satisfied. She removed the cradle, threw some shavings into the fire to revive it, and sat herself down with a cold, constrained manner, in which I could discover at once considerable embarrassment, accompanied by a certain air of dignity. Never had I seen a Limousin peasant take a seat in the presence of *gentlemen*, and I speedily made another discovery which not a little perplexed me. The fire as it revived had thrown a glow upon the hearthstone, which was of cast-iron, and presented a large armorial escutcheon. This display astonished me. I looked round again at the smoke-dried kitchen in which we sat; it was a miserable place. The ceiling was falling piecemeal; in the pavement, disjointed and worn, were three or four muddy holes but rarely cleared out, the dampness of which was kept up by the continual dripping of a dozen cream cheeses, suspended in a long basket of osiers. Two beds, a large table, and a few dilapidated chairs, composed the furniture of the apartment, which was pervaded by a sour and offensive smell, apparently very attractive to a huge sow whose grunting snout was ever and anon thrust into the entrance of the doorway. Whence, then, this curious hearthstone? I looked more attentively at the young woman, and discovered in her countenance a certain air of distinction. I then inquired of her at what place we were.

"Monsieur is jesting at me, doubtless," she pretty sharply replied.

I assured her I had no such intention, and was really ignorant of the name of the village.

"It is not a village, sir," she resumed, "it is a town. You are at the Puy d'Arnac, in the Canton of Beaulieu."

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A native of Marseilles would hardly have named the *Canebiere* with greater satisfaction. I knew that the Puy d'Arnac gave its name to a celebrated growth of the *Correze*, and I thought I understood the lofty tone of the reply. All on a sudden, one of my companions, whom we nicknamed the "Broker," because he groped into all sorts of places, and, with amusing perseverance, hunted out objects of art and curiosity even in hovels, touched my elbow, and asked me if I had noticed the picture which was half-hidden under the serge curtains of one of the beds. I had not yet observed it, and got up to look at it. It was the portrait of a general officer of the time of Louis XV. The frame, sculptured and gilt, struck me still more, being really beautiful. "This is a discovery indeed," said my friend to me, while I inquired of the young woman where such a portrait could have come from.

"Where could it have come from, Monsieur?" she haughtily replied; "it is the portrait of my grandfather."

"Aha!" we exclaimed, all four of us, turning ourselves round with surprise. With one hand our hostess stirred the fire, with an indifference evidently affected, while with the other she rocked the little box in which her infant was asleep.

"Might I presume to inquire the name of Monsieur your grandfather?" said I, drawing near to her.

"He was the Count of Anteroches," was her reply.

"What, the Count of Anteroches, who commanded the French guards at the battle of Fontenoy?" [5]

"You have heard him spoken of, then?" resumed the peasant girl, with a smile.

My friend the Broker stood as if stupefied before the picture. All of a sudden he wheeled round, and, gravely removing his cap, repeated with a theatrical air the celebrated saying of M. d'Anteroches,—*"Fire first, Messieurs les Anglais; we are Frenchmen, and must do you the honors!"*

This anecdote is, to my thinking, the most charming and most thoroughly stamped with the image of the age of any recorded in history. With regard to these celebrated sayings uttered in battles, I must indeed confess that I am very skeptical. Little as I may be of a soldier, I have a notion that it

is not in an engagement as at the Olympic Circus, and that in the midst of fire, smoke, and musketry, generals must have other work on their hands than to utter these pretty epigrams, which there is moreover no shorthand writer at hand to take down. I know that Cambronne was annoyed when they recalled to him his splendid exclamation at Waterloo, "*La garde meurt et ne se rend pas!*" (The guard dies, and does not surrender!) "an invention the more clumsy," said he, "that I am not yet dead, and that I really did surrender." I have even discovered that this saying was invented by a member of the Institute, for the greater satisfaction of the readers of the "Yellow Dwarf," in which he wrote, in 1815, together with Benjamin Constant and many other celebrated malcontents.^[6] The speeches of Leonidas find me equally incredulous. But, wheresoever they may come from, I delight in these anecdotes, which personify an entire epoch, and engrave it upon the memory with a single stroke. We may defy the historian who seeks to characterize the end of the last century and the beginning of the present, to find two epigrams more striking than the words attributed to Anteroches and Cambronne—to two French officers—one commanding the French guards, the other the old guard; both fighting for their country, at an interval of seventy years, with the same enemy, and on the same ground: for it is a singular coincidence that Fontenoy and Waterloo are but little distant from each other, and Heaven saw fit to ordain that the game of success and reverse should be played out almost upon the same fields. "Fire first, *Messieurs les Anglais!*" Is it not the type of that easy and adorable, that ironical and *blasé* nobility, who pushed the contempt of life even to insanity, and the worship of courtesy and honor even to the sublime—who endowed their country with such a renown for elegance, high-breeding, and gallantry, that all its demagogic saturnalia never have effaced it, and never will?—a nobility reckless, if you please, but assuredly charming, and perfectly French withal, who gayly passed through life without ever doing the morrow the honor of thinking about it, and who, beholding one day the earth give way beneath their feet, looked into the abyss without a wink, without alarming themselves, without belying themselves, and went down alive and whole into the gulf, disdaining all defence, "without fear," if not "without reproach."

Between the saying of Anteroches and that of Cambronne there is a great gap; we find that the revolution has passed through it. The gentleman, refined even to exaggeration, has disappeared, and we have instead the rude language of democracy—"La garde meurt et ne se rend pas"—this is heroism, no doubt, but heroism of another sort. Never did the *chauvinism* of this present time light upon a more cornelian device, but do you not see in it the theatrical affectation, the melodramatic emphasis of another race? That he had no fear of death, and no idea of surrendering—this is what the gentleman of Fontenoy had no intention of declaring; it ought to have been well known—his followers had already given proof of it for ages past. To be brave alone to him was nothing—he must be as elegant in battle as he was at the ball. What signified death to that incomparable race who afterwards composed madrigals in prison, and ascended the scaffold with a smile, their step elastic, and their hand in the waistcoat pocket, a cocked hat under their arm, and a rose-bud between their lips? This epoch was personified in my eyes by the handsome and gentle countenance of the Count of Anteroches. After more than a hundred years I had discovered by chance, myself, an obscure wayfarer, in an unknown and miserable cabin, where his grand-daughter was living in the midst of her poultry, the portrait of this brilliant officer, to whose name will ever attach an elegant and charming renown; for if, like Cambronne, Anteroches did not really utter the words attributed to him, they have still been lent to him, and if thus lent, assuredly because there were grounds for it.

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After these over-lengthy reflections, I turned toward the peasant woman, who now inspired me with profound commiseration. She continued to rock to and fro her bandaged infant, who was in very right and deed the Count of Anteroches. I inquired what was the occupation of her husband.

"He is dead," she replied; "I was better off during his lifetime. He was a *gendarme*, Monsieur."

"A *gendarme!*" I repeated with surprise.

"Yes," replied Madame d'Anteroches, who understood not the cause of my astonishment, "he had even passed as a brigadier during his latter years: we managed our little affairs very comfortably."

He was a brigadier of gendarmerie—content to be so—he managed his little affairs very comfortably—and his grandfather, as I find it in the "Military Records of France," had been named Marshal on the 25th of July, 1762; at the same time as the Marquis of Boufflers and the Duke of Mazarine! Would not the rabble of Paris do well to inquire a little before exclaiming so loudly against the privileges of the aristocracy? Moreover, it seems to me that the government of France should not allow the grandchildren of the Count of Anteroches to be sunk—as they are—into deplorable indigence. Apocryphal or otherwise the epigram of Fontenoy should at least be worth subsistence to all who bear this name. Many enjoy pensions and are maintained by France, who would find it very difficult to produce a similar claim, and the new republic would act wisely by repairing, when occasion turns up, the injustices of her eldest sister.

But it was now high time for us to leave. It was evident that we embarrassed our hostess, and since we had discovered her name we were no less embarrassed ourselves. I could not get over her coarse stuff gown, her filthy kitchen, and her familiar sow. It would have been cruel to ask for her hospitality, and how could we offer to pay our score? Besides, we knew that a rich proprietor of our acquaintance resided not far from Puy d'Arnac; we, therefore, took our leave of the high-born peasant with many excuses and thanks. At the moment I passed the threshold, I cast a parting glance upon the portrait. The fire lighted it up at that instant with so singular a brilliancy that it almost appeared animated. It seemed as if the countenance of M. d'Anteroches was alive,

and that the handsome officer looked sadly down from the height of his gilded frame upon the utter misery of his descendants. "Oh! decadence! decadence of France!" I exclaimed to myself, and rushed bravely forth with my companions into the pelting rain.

FOOTNOTES:

- [5] Fontenoy, we should here observe, is, we believe, the *only* battle in which the English were defeated by the French, and it is, of course, a subject of no little glorification with our neighbors.
- [6] The well-known burst of the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, "Up, guards, and at them!" has been declared, upon the best authority, namely, his own, to be no less apocryphal than those above-mentioned.

From Fraser's Magazine

THE CLOISTER-LIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

The 28th of September, 1556, was a great day in the annals of Laredo, in Biscay. Once a commercial station of the Romans, and, in later times, the naval arsenal whence St. Ferdinand sailed to the Guadalquivir and the conquest of Seville, its haven is now so decayed and sand-choked, that it can scarcely afford shelter to a fishing-craft. Here, however, on the day in question, three centuries ago, a fleet of seventy Flemish and Spanish sail cast anchor. From a frigate bearing the imperial standard of the house of Austria came a group of gentlemen and ladies, of whom the principal personage was a spare and sallow man, past the middle age, and plainly attired in mourning. He was received at the landing-place by the bishop of Salamanca and some attendants, and being worn with suffering and fatigue, he was carried up from the boat in a chair. By his side walked two ladies, in widows' weeds, who appeared to be about the same age as himself, and whose pale features, both in cast and expression, strongly resembled his own. Since Columbus stepped ashore at Palos, with his red men from the New World, Spain had seen no debarkation so remarkable; for the voyagers were, the emperor Charles V. and his sisters, Mary queen of Hungary, and Eleanor, queen of Portugal and France, now on their way from Brussels, where they had made their last appearance on the stage of the world, to those Spanish cloisters, wherein they had resolved to await the hour when the curtain should drop on life itself.

Charles himself appears to have been powerfully affected by the scene and circumstances around him. Kneeling upon the long-desired soil of Spain, he is said to have kissed the earth, ejaculating, "I salute thee, O common mother! Naked came I forth of the womb to receive the treasures of the earth, and naked am I about to return to the bosom of the universal mother." He then drew from his bosom the crucifix which he always wore, and kissing it devoutly, returned thanks to the Saviour for having thus brought him in safety to the wished-for haven. The ocean itself furnished its comment upon the irretaceable step which he had taken. From Flushing to Laredo, the weather had been calm, and the voyage prosperous: but the evening of the day of landing closed with a storm, which shattered and dispersed the fleet, and sunk the frigate which the emperor had quitted a few hours before. This accident must have recalled to his recollection a similar escape which he had made many years before on his coronation-day at Bologna. There he had just passed through a wooden gallery which connected his palace with the church where the pope and the crown awaited him, when the props upon which the structure rested gave way, and it fell with a sudden crash, killing several persons in the street below.

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The emperor's first care, after landing, was to send a message to the general of the order of St. Jerome, requiring his attendance at Valladolid, and desiring that no time might be lost in preparing the convent of Yuste for his reception. He himself set forward, as soon as he was able, and was carried sometimes in a horse-litter, sometimes in a chair on men's shoulders, by slow and painful stages to Burgos. Near that ancient city he was met by the constable of Castille, Pedro Fernandez de Velasco, who lodged him for some days in the noble palace of his family, known as the Casa del Cordon, from a massive cord of St. Francis, wrought in stone, with which the architect has adorned and protected the great portal. The little town of Dueñas was the next resting-place, and there its lord, the count of Buendia, did the honors of his feudal castle on the adjacent height rising abruptly from the bare plains of the Arlanzon. At Torquemada, the royal party was received by the bishop of the diocese, Pedro de Gasca, a divine, whose skilful diplomacy, in repressing a formidable rebellion, had saved Peru to Castille, and who had lately been rewarded by the emperor with the mitre of Palencia. But in spite of these demonstrations of respect and gratitude, Charles was made painfully sensible of the change which his own act had wrought in his condition. The barons and the great churchmen, who, a few months before, would have flocked from all parts to do him honor, now appeared in very scanty numbers, or they permitted him to pass unnoticed through the lands and by the homes which they perhaps owed to his bounty. He and his sister Eleanor must have remembered with a sigh the time when he first set foot in Spain, thirty-eight years before, and found the shores of Asturias, and the highways of Castille, thronged with loyal crowds, hastening to tender their homage. In the forgetfulness of the new generation, he may also have been reminded how he himself had treated, with coldness and slighting, the great cardinal Ximenes, who had worn out his declining years in defending and

maintaining the prerogatives of the catholic crown. His long and varied experience of men made him incapable of deriving any pleasure from their applause, but not altogether incapable of being pained by their neglect. His pride was hurt at finding himself so quickly forgotten; and he is said to have evinced a bitter sense of the surprise, by the remark, "I might well say that I was naked!" It is probable, therefore, that he declined the honors of a public entry into Valladolid, not merely from a desire to shun the pomps and vanities of state, but also from a secret apprehension that it might prove but a pitiful shadow of former pageants. That the citizens might not be balked of their show, while the emperor entered privately on the 23rd of October, it was agreed that the two queens, his sisters, should make their appearance there in a public manner the next day.

Valladolid was at that time the opulent and flourishing capital of Spain, and the seat of government, carried on under the regency of the emperor's daughter, Juanna. This young princess was the widow of the prince of Brazil, heir-apparent of the crown of Portugal, and mother of the unfortunate king Sebastian. She performed the duties of her high place with great prudence, firmness, and moderation; but with this peculiarity, that she appeared at her public receptions closely veiled, allowing her face to be seen only for a moment, that the foreign ambassadors might be satisfied of her personal identity. With her nephew, Don Carlos, then a boy of ten years old, by her side, the Infanta met her father on the staircase of the palace of the Count of Melito, which he had chosen for his place of sojourn. The day following, the arrival of the two queens was celebrated by a grand procession, and by an evening banquet and ball in the royal palace, at which the emperor appears to have been present. Some few of the grandees, the Admiral and the Constable of Castille, Benavente, Astorga, Sesa, and others, were there to do honor to their ancient lord, whose hand was also kissed in due form by the members of the council of Castille. At this ball, or perhaps at some later festivity, Charles caused the wives of all his personal attendants to be assembled around him, and bade each, in particular, farewell. Perico de Sant Erbas, a famous jester of the court, passing by at the moment, the emperor good-humoredly saluted him by taking off his hat. "What! do you uncover to me?" said the bitter fool; "does it mean that you are no longer emperor?" "No, Pedro," replied the object of the jest; "it means that I have nothing to give you beyond this courtesy."

During his stay of ten days, Charles bestowed but a passing glance on the machine of government over which he had so long presided, and which was now directed by his demure daughter. The secretary of the council, Juan Vazquez de Molina, an old and trusted servant of his own, was the only public man with whom he held any confidential converse. The new rooms which he had caused to be erected at Yuste, and the ordering of his life there, were now of more moment to him than the movements of the leaguers in Flanders, or the state of opinion in Germany. He therefore gave frequent audiences to Francisco de Tofiño, the general of the Jeromites, and to Fray Martin de Angulo, prior of Yuste. Having resolved that his solitude should be shared by his natural son, Don Juan of Austria, a nameless lad of ten, then living in the family of his mayordomo, Luis de Quixada, he despatched that trusty follower to remove his household from Castille to Estremadura.

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It was at Valladolid that Charles saw for the first and last time the ill-fated child who bore his name, and had the prospect one day of wearing some of his crowns. Although only ten years old, Don Carlos had already shown symptoms of the mental malady which darkened the long life of queen Juana, his great-grandmother by the side both of his father, Philip of Spain, and of his mother, Mary of Portugal. Of a sullen and passionate temper, he lived in a state of perpetual rebellion against his aunt, and displayed in the nursery the weakly mischievous spirit which marked his short career at his father's court. His grandfather appears not to have suspected that his mind was diseased, but to have regarded him as a forward and untractable child, whose future interests would be best served by an unsparing use of the rod. He therefore recommended increased severity of discipline, and remarked to his sisters, that he had observed with concern the boy's unpromising conduct and manners, and that it was very doubtful how the man would turn out. This opinion was conveyed by queen Eleanor to Philip II., who had requested his aunt to note carefully the impression left by his son on the emperor's mind; and it is said to have laid the foundation for the aversion which the king entertained towards Carlos. Following the advice of her father, the Infanta soon after ordered the removal of the prince to Burgos; but the plague breaking out in that city, he was sent, by an ominous chance, to Tordesillas, to the palace from whose windows the unhappy Juana, dead to the living world, had gazed for forty-seven years at the sepulchre of her fair and faithless lord.

A sojourn of about ten days at Valladolid sufficed the emperor for rest, and for the preparations for his journey. His daughter was occupied with the duties of administration; and of his sisters he appears to have seen enough on the way from Flanders. Whether it was that he was weary of these royal matrons, or that he regarded their society as a worldly enjoyment which he ought to forego, he declined their proposal to come and reside near his retreat, at Plasencia. After much debate, they finally chose Guadalaxara as their residence, where they quarrelled with the duke of Infantado for refusing them his palace, and went to open war with the alcalde for imprisoning one of their serving-men.

Early in November,^[7] their brother set out on his last earthly journey. The distance from Valladolid to Yuste was between forty and fifty leagues, or somewhere between 130 and 150 English miles. The route taken has not been specified by the emperor's biographers. The best and the easiest road lay through Salamanca and Plasencia. But as he does not appear to have passed through the latter city, he probably likewise avoided the former, and the pageants and orations with which the doctors of the great university would have delighted to celebrate his visit. In that

case, he must have taken the road by Medina del Campo and Peñaranda. At Medina he doubtless was lodged in the fine old palace of the crown, called the Torre de Mota, where, fifty years before, his grandmother, Isabella the Catholic, ended her noble life and glorious reign; and at Peñaranda he was probably entertained in the mansion of the Bracamontes. These two towns rise like islands in their naked undulating plains, covered partly with corn, partly with marshy heath. Southward, the country is clothed with straggling woods of evergreen oak, becoming denser at the base and on the lower slopes of the wild Sierra of Bejar, the centre of that mountain chain which forms the backbone of the Peninsula, extending from Moncayo in Aragon, to the Rock of Lisbon on the Atlantic. At the alpine town of Bejar, cresting a bold height, and overhanging a tumbling stream, the great family of the Zuñigas, created dukes of the place by Isabella, and known to fame in arts and arms and the dedication of Don Quixote, possess a noble castle, ruined by the French, which there can be little doubt served as a halting-place for the imperial pilgrim. He advanced by very short stages, travelling in a litter, and often suffering great pain. But his spirits rose as he neared the desired haven. In the craggy gorge of Puertonuevo, as he was being carried over some unusually difficult ground in a chair, his attendants were deploring the extreme ruggedness of the pass. "I shall never have to go through another," said he, "and truly it is worth enduring some pain to reach so sweet and healthy a resting place as Yuste." Having crossed the mountains without mischance, he arrived on the eleventh of November, St. Martin's day, at Xarandilla, a little village at the foot of the steep Peñanegra, and then, as now, chiefly peopled with swineherds, whose pigs, feeding in the surrounding forests, maintain the fame of porciferous Estremadura. Here he took up his abode in the castle of the count of Oropesa, head of a powerful branch of the great house of Toledo, and feudal lord of Xarandilla.

This visit, which was intended to be brief, was prolonged for nearly three months. Before entering the cloister of Yuste, the emperor wished to pay off the greater part of his retinue. But for this purpose money was needful, and money was the one thing always wanting in the affairs of Spain. The delay which took place in providing it on this occasion has often been cited as an instance of the ingratitude of Philip II.; but it is probable that a bare exchequer and a clumsy system of finance, which crippled his actions as a king, have also blackened his character as a son.

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The emperor endured the annoyance with his usual coolness. On his arrival at the castle, he was waited on by the prior of Yuste, with whom he had already become acquainted at Valladolid. He afterwards repaid the attention by making a forenoon excursion to Yuste, and inspecting more carefully the spot which his memory and his hope had so long pictured as the sweetest nook in a world of disappointment. This visit took place on the 23d of November, St. Catharine's day. On alighting at the convent, Charles immediately repaired to the church, and prayed there awhile; after which, he was conducted over the monastic buildings, and then over the new apartments which had been erected for his reception. The plan of this addition had been made by the architect, Gaspar de Vega, from a sketch, it is said, drawn by the emperor's own hand. He now expressed himself as quite satisfied with the accuracy with which his ideas had been wrought out, and returned through the wintry woods in high good humor.

The arrival at Xarandilla of Luis Quixada, with Don Juan of Austria, was another of those little incidents which had become great events in the life of Charles. As he did not choose during his life to acknowledge the youth as his son, the future hero of Lepanto passed for the page of Quixada, and was presented to his father as bearer of an offering from Doña Magdalena de Ulloa. He was then in his twelfth year, and was remarkable for his personal beauty and his engaging manners. These so captivated Charles, that he ever afterwards liked to have the boy about him; and it was one of the few solaces of his solitude to note the princely promise of this unknown son of his old age.

At length, the tardy treasury messenger arrived, bearing a bag of thirty thousand ducats for the former possessor of Mexico and Peru. The emperor was now enabled to pay their wages to the servants whom he was about to discharge. Some of these he recommended to the notice of the king or the princess-regent; to others he dispensed sparing gratuities in money; and so he closed his accounts with the world.

On the afternoon of the third of February, 1557, being the feast of St. Blas, he was lifted into his litter for the last time, and was borne westward along the rough mountain track, beneath the leafless oaks, to the monastery of Yuste. He was accompanied by the count of Oropesa, Don Fernando de Toledo, and his own personal suite, including the followers whom he had just discharged, but who evinced their respect by attending him to his journey's close. The cavalcade reached Yuste about five in the evening. Prior Angulo was waiting to receive his imperial guest at the gate. On alighting, the emperor, being unable to walk, was placed in a chair, and carried to the door of the church. At the threshold he was met by the whole brotherhood in procession, chanting the *Te Deum* to the music of the organ. The altars and the aisle were brilliantly lighted up with tapers, and decked with their richest frontals, hangings, and plate. Borne through the pomp to the steps of the high altar, Charles knelt down and returned thanks to God for the happy termination of his journey, and joined in the vesper service of the brotherhood. When that was ended, the friars came to be presented to him one by one, each kissing his hand and receiving his fraternal embrace. During this ceremony, his departing servants stood round, expressing their emotion by tears and lamentations, which were still heard late in the evening, around the gate of the convent. Attended by the count of Oropesa and the gentlemen of his suite, Charles then retired to take possession of his new home, and to enter upon that life of prayer and repose for which he had so long sighed.

The monastery of Yuste stands on the lower slopes of the lofty mountain chain which walls towards the north the beautiful Vera, or valley of Plasencia. The city of Plasencia is seated seven leagues to the westward in the plains below; the village of Quacos lies about an English mile to the south, towards the foot of the mountain. The monastery owes its name to a streamlet which descends from the sierra, and its origin to the piety of one Sancho Martin of Quacos, who granted in 1402 a piece of land to two hermits from Plasencia. Here these holy men built their cells and planted an orchard, and obtained, in 1408, by the favor of the Infanta Don Fernando, a bull for the foundation of a Jeromite house in the rule of St. Augustine. In spite, however, of this authority, while the works were still in progress, the friars of a neighboring convent, armed with an order from the bishop of Plasencia, set upon them and dispossessed them of their land and unfinished walls, an act of violence against which they appealed to the archbishop of Santiago. The judgment of the primate being given in their favor, they next applied for aid to their neighbor, Garci Alvarez de Toledo, lord of Oropesa, who accordingly came forth from his castle of Xarandilla, and drove out the intruders. Nor was it only with the strong hand that this noble protected the young community; for at the chapter of St. Jerome held at Guadalupe in 1415, their house would not have been received into the order but for his generosity in guaranteeing a revenue sufficient for the maintenance of a prior and twelve brethren under a rule in which mendicancy was forbidden. The buildings were also erected at his cost, and his subsequent benefactions were large and frequent. He was therefore constituted by the grateful monks protector of the convent, and the distinction became hereditary in his descendants, the counts of Oropesa.

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Their early struggles past, the Jeromites of Yuste grew and prospered. Gifts and bequests were the chief events in their peaceful annals. They became patrons of the chapelries and hermitages; they made them orchards and olive-groves, and their corn and wine increased. Their hostel, dispensary, and other offices, were patterns of monastic comfort and order; and in due time, they built a new church, a simple, solid, and spacious structure, in the pointed style. A few years before the emperor came to live amongst them, they had added to their small antique cloister a new quadrangle of stately proportions and elegant classical design.

Though more remarkable for the natural beauty around its walls than for the vigor of the spiritual life within, Yuste did not fail to boast of its worthies. The prior Jerome, a son of the great house of Zuniga, was cited as a model of austere and active holiness. The lay brother, Melchor de Yepes, crippled in felling a huge chesnut-tree in the forest, was a pattern of bed-ridden patience and piety. Fray Hernando de Corral was the scholar and book collector of the house; although he was also, for that reason, perhaps, considered as scarcely of a sound mind. He left many copious notes in the fly-leaves of his black-letter folios. Fray Juan de Xeres, an old soldier of the great Captain, was distinguished by the gift of second-sight, and was nursed on his death-bed by the eleven thousand virgins. Still more favored was Fray Rodrigo de Caceres, for the Blessed Mary herself, in answer to his repeated prayers, came down in visible shape, and received his spirit on the eve of the feast of her Assumption. And prior Diego de San Geronimo was so popular in the Vera as a preacher, that when he grew old and infirm, the people of Garganta la Olla endeavored to lure him to their pulpit by making a road, which was called that of Fray Diego.

In works of charity—that redeeming virtue of the monastic system—the fathers of Yuste were diligent and bounteous. Six hundred fanegas, or about one hundred and twenty quarters of wheat, in ordinary years, and in years of scarcity, as much as fifteen hundred fanegas, were distributed at the convent-gate; large donations of bread, meat, and oil, and some money, were made, either publicly or in private, by the prior, at Easter and other festivals; and the sick poor in the village of Quacos were freely supplied with food, medicine, and advice.

The lodging, or palace, as the friars loved to call it, of the emperor, was constructed under the eye of Fray Antonio de Villacastin, a brother of the house, and afterwards well known to fame as the master of the works at the Escorial. The site of it had been inspected in May, 1554, by Philip II., then on his way to England to marry queen Mary Tudor. Backed by the massive south wall of the church, the building presented its simple front of two stories to the garden and the noontide sun. Each story contained four chambers, two on either side of a corridor, which traverses the structure from east to west, and leads at either end into a broad porch, or covered gallery, supported on pillars, and open to the air. All the rooms were furnished with ample fire-places, in accordance with the Flemish wants and ways of the inhabitants. The chambers which look on the garden are bright and pleasant, but those on the north side are gloomy, and even dark, the light being admitted only by windows opening on the corridor, or on the external and deeply-shadowed porches. Charles inhabited the upper rooms, and slept in that at the north-east corner, from which a door or window had been cut through the church wall, within the chancel, and close to the high altar. From the eastern porch, or gallery, an inclined path led down into the garden, to save him the fatigue of going up and down stairs. His attendants were, for the most part, lodged in apartments built for them near the new cloister; and the hostel of the convent was given up to the physician, the bakers, and the brewers. His private rooms being surrounded on three sides by the garden, he took exclusive possession of that, and put it under the care of gardeners of his own. The friars established their potherbs in a piece of ground to the eastward, behind some tall elm trees, and adjoining the emperor's domain, but separated from it by a high wall, which they caused to be built when they found that he wished for complete seclusion.

Time, with its chances and changes, has dealt rudely with this fair home of the monarch and the monk. Yuste was sacked in 1809 by the French invader; and in later years, the Spanish reformer has annihilated the race of picturesque drones, who, for a while, re-occupied, and might have

repaired the ruins of their pleasant hive. Of the two cloisters, the greater is choked with the rubbish of its fallen upper story, its richly-carved capitals peeping here and there from the soil and wild shrubs. Two sides of the smaller and older cloister still stands, with tottering blackened walls, and rotting floors and ceilings. The strong, granite-vaulted church is a hollow shell; the fine wood-work of its stalls has been partly used for fuel, partly carried off to the parish church of Quacos; and the beautiful blue and yellow tiles which lined the chancel are fast dropping from the walls. In the emperor's dwelling, the lower chambers are turned into a magazine of firewood, and in the rooms above, where he lived and died, maize and olives are garnered, and the silkworm winds its cocoon in dust and darkness. But the lovely face of nature, the hill, the forest, and the field, the generous soil and the genial sky, remain with charms unchanged, to testify how well the imperial eagle chose the nest wherein to fold his wearied wings. From the balcony of Charles's cabinet the eye ranges over a foreground of rounded knolls, clad in walnut and chestnut, in which the mountain dies gently away into the broad bosom of the Vera. Not a building is in sight, but a summer-house, peering above mulberry tops, at the lower side of the garden, and a hermitage of Our Lady of Solitude, about a mile distant, hung upon a rocky height, that swells like an isle out of the sea of forest. Immediately below the windows the garden slopes gently to the sun, shaded here and there with the massive foliage of the fig, or feathery almond boughs, and breathing perfume from tall orange-trees, cuttings of which some monks, themselves transplanted, vainly strove to keep alive at the bleak Escorial. And beyond the west wall, filling all the wide space in front of the gates of the convent and the palace, rises the noble shade of the great walnut-tree, *el nogal grande*, of Yuste—a forest king, which has seen the hermit's cell rise into a royal convent, and sink into a ruin; which has seen the beginning and the end of the Spanish order of Jerome, and the Spanish dynasty of Austria.

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At Xarandilla, Charles had cast aside the last shreds of the purple. The annual revenue which he had reserved to himself out of the wealth of half the world, was twelve thousand ducats, or about fifteen hundred pounds sterling. His confidential attendants were eleven in number: Luis Quixada, chamberlain and chief of the household; Martin Gatzelu, secretary; William Van Male, gentleman of the chamber; Moron, gentleman of the chamber and almoner; Juan Gaytan, steward; Henrique Matisio Charles Pubest, usher; and two valets. Juanelo Turiano, an Italian engineer, who had acquired a considerable reputation by his hydraulic works to supply water to the Alcazar of Toledo, was engaged to assist in the philosophical experiments and mechanical labors which formed the emperor's principal amusement. Last, but not least, a Jeromite father from Sta. Engracia, at Zaragoza, Fray Juan de Regla, filled the important post of confessor. The lower rank of servants, cooks, brewers, bakers, grooms, and scullions, and a couple of laundresses, swelled the total number of his household to about sixty persons, an establishment not greater than was then maintained by many a private hidalgo.

The mayordomo, Luis Quixada, or, to give him his entire appellation, Luis Mendez Quixada Manuel de Figueredo y Mendoza, is worthy of notice, not only as first minister of this tiny court, but as being closely associated with one of the greatest names in the military history of Europe. A courtier and soldier from his early youth, he was heir of an elder brother, slain before Tunis, who had been one of the most distinguished captains of the famous infantry of Castille; and he had been himself for many years the tried companion-in-arms and the trusted personal friend of the emperor. In 1549, he married Doña Magdalena de Ulloa, a lady of ancient race and gentlest nature, with whom he retired for a while to his patrimonial lordship of Villagarcia, near Valladolid.

On his quitting the court at Brussels, Charles confided to his care his illegitimate son, Don Juan of Austria, then a boy of four years old, exacting a promise of strict secrecy as to his parentage. The boy was accordingly brought up with the tenderest care by the childless Magdalena: and the secret of his birth so well kept, that she, for many years, suspected him to be the fruit of some early attachment of her lord. When the emperor retired to Yuste, Quixada followed him thither, removing his household from Villagarcia, and establishing it in the neighborhood of the convent, probably in the village of Quacos.

He was thus enabled to enjoy somewhat of the society of his wife, and the emperor had the gratification of seeing his son when he chose. Don Juan was now a fine lad, in his eleventh year. He passed amongst the neighbors for Quixada's page, and remained under the guardianship of Doña Magdalena, whose efforts to imbue him with devotion towards the Blessed Virgin are supposed by his historians to have borne good fruit in the banners, embroidered with Our Lady's image, which floated from his galleys at Lepanto. He likewise exercised in the Yuste forest the cross-bow, which had dealt destruction amongst the sparrows of Leganes, his early home in Castille.

If the number of servants in the train of Charles should savor, in this age, somewhat of unnecessary parade, the ascetic character of the recluse will be redeemed by a glance at the interior of his dwelling. "The palace of Yuste, when prepared for his reception, seemed," says the historian Sandoval, "rather to have been newly pillaged by the enemy, than furnished for a great prince." Accustomed from his infancy to the finest tapestry designed by Italian pencils for the looms of Flanders, he now lived within walls entirely bare, except in his bedchamber, which was hung with coarse brown or black cloth. The sole appliances for rest to be found in his apartments were a bed and an old arm-chair, not worth four reals. Four silver trenchers of the plainest kind, for the use of his table, were the only things amongst his goods and chattels which could tempt a thief to break through and steal. A few choice pictures alone remained with him, as memorials of the magnificence which he had foregone, and of the arts which he had so loved. Over the high

altar of the convent church, and within sight of his bed, he is said to have placed that celebrated composition known as *The Glory of Titian*, a picture of the Last Judgment, in which Charles, his beautiful empress, and their royal children, were represented, in the great painter's noblest style, as entering the heavenly mansions of life eternal. He had also brought with him a portrait of the empress, and a picture of *Our Lord's Agony in the Garden*, likewise from the easel of Titian; and there is now at the Escorial a masterpiece by the same hand—*St. Jerome praying in his garden*, which is traditionally reputed to have hung in his oratory at Yuste.

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From the garden beneath the palace windows the emperor's table was supplied with fruit and vegetables: and a couple of cows, grazing in the forest, furnished him with milk. A pony and an old mule composed the entire stud of the prince, who formerly took peculiar pleasure in possessing the stoutest chargers of Guelderland, and the fleetest genets of Cordova.

To atone, perhaps, for such deficiency of creature comforts, the general of the Jeromites and the prior of Yuste had been at some pains to provide their guest with spiritual luxuries. Knowing his passionate love of music, they had recruited the force of their choir with fourteen or fifteen brethren, distinguished for their fine voices and musical skill. And for his sole benefit and delectation, they had provided no less than three preachers, the most eloquent in the Spanish fold of Jerome. The first of these, Fray Juan de Açaloras, harangued his way to the bishopric of the Canaries; the second, Fray Francisco de Villalva, also obtained by his sermons great fame, and the post of chaplain to Philip II.; while the third, Fray Juan de Santandres, though less noted as an orator, was had in reverence as a prophet, having foretold the exact day and hour of his own death.

A short time sufficed for the emperor to accustom himself to the simple and changeless tenor of monastic life. Every morning his confessor appeared at his bed-side, to inquire how he had passed the night, and to assist him in his private devotions. At ten he rose, and was dressed by his valets; after which he heard mass in the convent church. According to his invariable habit, which in Italy was said to have given rise to the saying, *dalla messa, alla mensa* (from mass to mess), he went from church to dinner, about noon. Eating had ever been one of his favorite pleasures, and it was now the only physical gratification which he could still enjoy, or was unable to resist. He continued, therefore, to dine upon the rich dishes against which his ancient and trusty confessor, Cardinal Loaysa, had vainly protested a quarter of a century before. Eel-pasties, anchovies, and frogs were the savory food which he loved, unwisely and too well, as Frederick afterwards loved his polenta. The meal was long, for his teeth were few and far between; and his hands, also, were much disabled by gout, in spite of which he always chose to carve for himself. His physician attended him at table, and at least learned the cause of the mischiefs which his art was to counteract. While he dined, he conversed with the doctor on matters of science, generally of natural history, and if any difference of opinion arose between them, the confessor was sent for to settle the point out of Pliny. When the cloth was drawn, Fray Juan de Regla came to read to him, generally from one of his favorite divines,—Augustine, Jerome, or Bernard; an exercise which was followed by conversation and an hour of slumber. At three o'clock, the monks were assembled in the convent to hear a sermon delivered by one of the imperial preachers, or a passage read from the Bible, usually from the epistle to the Romans, the emperor's favorite book. To these discourses or readings Charles always listened with profound attention; and if sickness or letter-writing prevented his attendance, he never failed to send a formal excuse to the prior, and to require from his confessor an account of what had been preached or read. The rest of the afternoon he sometimes whiled away in the workshop of Turriano, and in the construction of pieces of mechanism, especially clocks, of which more than a hundred were said, in one rather improbable account, to tick in the emperor's apartments, and reckon to a fraction the hours of his retired leisure. Sometimes he fed his pet birds, which appear to have taken the place of the stately wolf-hounds that followed at his heel in the days when he sat to Titian; or a stroll amongst his fruit-trees and flowers filled up the time to vespers and supper. At the lower end of the garden, approached by a closely shaded path, there may still be seen the ruins of a little summer-house, closely enbowed, and looking out upon the woodlands of the Vera. Beyond this limit the emperor rarely extended his excursions, which were always made, slowly and painfully, on foot; for the first time that he mounted his pony he was seized with a violent giddiness, and almost fell into the arms of his attendants. Such was the last appearance, in the saddle, of the accomplished cavalier, of whom his troopers used to say, that had he not been born a king, he would have been the prince of light-horsemen, and whose seat and hand excited at Calais gate the admiration of the English knights fresh from the tournaments—

"Where England vied with France in pride
On the famous field of gold."

Music, which had been one of the chief pleasures of his secular life, continued to solace and cheer him to the last. In the conduct of the organ and the choir he took the greatest interest, and through the window which opened from his bedchamber upon the high altar, his voice might often be heard accompanying the chant of the friars. His ear never failed to detect a wrong note, and the mouth whence it came; and he would frequently mutter the name of the offender, with the addition of "*hideputa bermejo*," or some other epithet which savored rather of the soldier than the saint. Guerrero, a chapel-master of Seville, having presented him with his book of masses and motets, he caused one of the former to be performed before him. When it was ended, he remarked to his confessor that Guerrero was a cunning thief; and going over the piece, he pointed out the plagiarisms with which it abounded, and named the composers whose works had suffered pillage.

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In laying down the sceptre, Charles had resolved to have no farther personal concern with temporal affairs. The petitioners, who at first besieged his retreat, soon ceased from troubling when they found themselves referred to the princess-regent at Valladolid, or to the king in Flanders. He declined giving any attention to matters beyond the walls of the convent, unless they concerned the interests of his children or the church. His advice was, however, frequently asked by his son and daughter, and couriers often went and came between Yuste and the courts. But with the patronage of the state he never interfered, except on two occasions, when he recommended the case of a Catalonian lady to the favorable consideration of the Infanta, and asked for an order of knighthood for a veteran brother in arms.

The rites of religion now formed the business of his life, and he transacted that business with his usual method and regularity. No enthusiast novice was ever more solicitous to fulfil to the letter every law of his rubric. On the first Sunday of his residence at the convent, as he went to high mass, he observed the friar who was sprinkling the holy water, hesitate when his turn came to be aspersed. Taking the hyssop, therefore, from his hand, he bestowed a plentiful shower upon his own face and clothes, saying as he returned the instrument, "This, father, is the way you must do it, next time." Another friar, offering the pyx to his lips in a similar diffident manner, he took it between his hands, and not only kissed it fervently, but applied it to his forehead and eyes with true oriental reverence. Although provided with an indulgence for eating before communion, he never availed himself of it but when he was suffering from extreme debility; and he always heard two masses on the days when he received the eucharist. On Ash Wednesday, he required his entire household, down to the meanest scullion, to communicate, and on these occasions he stood on the top step of the altar, to observe that the muster was complete. For the benefit of his Flemings, he had a chaplain of their country, who lived at Xarandilla, and came over at stated times, when his flock were assembled for confession. The emperor himself usually heard mass from the window of his bedchamber, which looked into the church; but at complines he went up into the choir with the fathers, and prayed in a devout and audible tone, in his tribune. During the season of Lent, which came round twice during his residence at Yuste, he regularly appeared in his place in the choir, on Fridays, when it was the custom of the fraternity to perform their discipline in public; and at the end of the appointed prayers, extinguishing the taper which he, like the rest, held in his hand, he flogged himself with such sincerity of purpose, that the scourge was stained with blood, and the beholders singularly edified. On Good Friday, he went forth at the head of his household, to adore the holy cross; and although he was so infirm that he was obliged to be almost carried by the men on whom he leaned, he insisted upon prostrating himself three times upon the ground, in the manner of the friars, before he approached the blessed symbol with his lips. The feast of St. Matthew, his birthday—a day of great things in his life,—he always celebrated with peculiar devotion. He appeared at mass, in a dress of ceremony, and wearing the collar of the Fleece; and at the time of the offertory, he went forward, and expressed his gratitude to God by a large donation. The church was thronged with strangers; and the crowd who could not gain admittance was so great, that one sermon was preached outside, whilst another was being pronounced before the emperor and his household within.

With the friars, his hosts, Charles lived on the most familiar and friendly footing. When the visitors of the order paid their triennial visit of inspection to Yuste, they represented to him, with all respect, that his majesty himself was the only inmate of the convent with whom they had any fault to find; and they entreated him to discontinue those benefactions which he was in the habit of bestowing on the fraternity, and which the rule of St. Jerome did not allow his children to receive. He knew all the fathers by name and by sight, and frequently conversed with them, as well as with the prior. One of his favorites was a lay-brother, called Alonso Mudarra, once a man of rank and family in the world, and now working out his own salvation in the humble post of cook to the convent. This worthy had an only daughter, who did not share her father's contempt for mundane things. When she came with her husband to visit him at Yuste, Fray Alonso, arrayed in his dirtiest apron, thus addressed her: "Daughter, behold my gala apparel; obedience is now my treasure and my pride; for you, in your silks and vanities, I entertain profound pity." So saying, he returned to his kitchen, and would never see her more: an effort of holiness to which he appears to owe his place in the chronicles of the order.

The emperor was conversing one day with his confessor, Regla, when that priest chose to speak, in the mitre-shunning cant of his cloth, of the great reluctance which he had felt in accepting a post of such weighty responsibility. "Never fear," said Charles, somewhat maliciously, and as if conscious that he was dealing with a hypocrite; "before I left Flanders, four doctors were engaged for a whole year in easing my conscience; so you have nothing to answer for but what happens here."

When he had completed a year of residence at the convent, some good-humored bantering passed between him and the master of the novices about its being now time for him to make profession; and he afterwards said that he was prevented from taking the vows of the order, and becoming a monk in earnest, only by the state of his health. St. Blas's day, 1558, the anniversary of his arrival, was held as a festival, and celebrated by masses, the *Te Deum*, a precession by the fathers, and a sermon by Villalva. In the afternoon, the emperor gave a sumptuous repast to the whole convent, out in the fields, it being the custom of the fraternity to celebrate any accession to their number by a pic-nic. The country people about Plasencia sent a quantity of partridges and kids to aid the feast, which was likewise enlivened by the presence of the Flemish servants, male and female, and his other retainers, from the village of Quacos. The prior provided a more permanent memorial of the day by opening a new book for the names of brethren admitted into the convent, on the first leaf of which the emperor inscribed his name—an autograph which

remained the pride of the archives till their destruction by the dragoons of Buonaparte.

The retired emperor had not many visitors in his solitude; and of these few, Juan de Vega, president of the council of Castille, was the only personage in high office. He was sent down by the princess-regent, apparently to see that her father was treated with due attention by the provincial authorities. But with his neighbors, great and small, Charles lived in a state of amity which it would have been well for the world had he been able to maintain with his fellow-potentates of Christendom. The few nobles and gentry of the Vera were graciously received when they came to pay their respects at Yuste. Oropesa and his brothers frequently rode forth from Xarandilla, to inquire after the health of their former guest. From Plasencia came a still more distinguished and no less welcome guest, Luis de Avila, comendador-mayor of Alcantara. Long the *fidus Achates* of the emperor, this soldier-courtier had obtained considerable fame by becoming his Quintus Curtius. His Commentaries on the Wars against the Protestants of Germany, first published in 1546, had been several times reprinted, and had already been translated into Latin, French, Flemish, English, and Italian. Having married the wealthy heiress of the Zuñigas, he was now living in laurelled ease at Plasencia, in that fine palace of Mirabel, which is still one of the chief ornaments of the beautiful city. The memoirs of the campaigns in Africa, which he is said to have left in manuscript, were perhaps the occupation of his leisure. Charles always received his historian with kindness, and it is characteristic of the times, that it was noted as a mark of singular favor, that he ordered a capon to be reserved for him from his own well-supplied board. It may seem strange that a retired prince, who had never been a lover of parade, should not have broken through the ceremonial law which condemned a monarch to eat alone. But we must remember that he was a Spaniard living amongst Spaniards; and that, near a century later, the force of forms was still so strong, that the great minister of France, when most wanting in ships, preferred that the Spanish fleet should retire from the blockade of Rochelle rather than that the admiral should wear his grandee hat in the Most Christian presence.

The emperor was fond of talking over his feats of arms with the veteran who had shared and recorded them. One day, in the course of such conversation, Don Luis said he had caused a ceiling of his house to be painted in fresco, with a view of the battle of Renti, and the Frenchmen flying before the soldiers of Castille. "Not so," said Charles; "let the painter modify this if he can; for it was no headlong flight, but an honorable retreat." This was not the less candid, that French historians claim the victory for their own side. Considering that the action had been fought only three or four years before it was said to have been painted, it is possible that Renti has been substituted for the name of some other less doubtful field. But Luis de Avila was of easy faith when the honor of Castille was concerned, and may well be supposed capable of setting down a success to the wrong account, when he did not hesitate to record it in his book, that the miracle of Ajalon had been repeated at Muhlberg. Some years afterwards, the duke of Alva, who had been in that battle, was asked by the French king whether he had observed that the sun stood still. "I was so busy that day," said the old soldier, "with what was passing on earth, that I had no time to notice what took place in heaven."

An anecdote of Avila and his master, though not falling within the period of their retirement to Estremadura, may be related here, as serving to show the characters of the two men. Some years before his abdication, Charles had amused the leisure of his sick-room by making a prose translation of Olivier de la Marches' forgotten allegorical poem, *Le Chevalier délibéré*. He then employed Fernando de Acunha, a man of letters attached to the Saxon court, to turn his labors into Castillian verse, and he finally handed it over to William Van Male, one of the gentlemen of the chamber, telling him that he might publish it for his own benefit. Avila and the other Spaniards, hearing of the concession, wickedly affected the greatest envy at the good fortune of the Fleming; the historian, in particular, in his quality of author, assuring the emperor that the publication could not fail to realize a profit of five hundred crowns. That desire to print, which, more or less developed, exists in every man who writes, being thus stimulated by the suggestion, that to gratify that desire, would be to confer a favor which should cost him nothing, Charles became impatient to see his lucubrations in type. Insisting that his bounty should be accepted at once, he turned a deaf ear to the timid hints of Van Male, as to the risk and expense of the speculation; and the end was, that the poor man had to pay Jean Steels for printing and publishing two thousand copies of a book which is now scarce, probably because the greater part of the impression passed at once from the publisher to the pastry-cook. The waggery on the part of Avila was the more wicked, because the victim had translated his Commentaries into Latin for him. It forms, however, the subject of an agreeable letter, wherein Van Male complains of the undue expectations raised in the emperor's mind by his "windy Spaniards," and ruefully looks forward to reaping a harvest of mere straw and chaff.

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It was not only by calling at Yuste that the noble lieges of the emperor testified their homage. Mules were driven to his gate laden with more substantial tokens of loyalty and affection. The Count of Oropesa kept his table supplied with game from the forest and the hill; and the prelates of Toledo, Mondoñedo, Segovia, and Salamanca, offered similar proofs that they had not forgotten the giver of their mitres. The Jeromites of Guadalupe, rich in sheep and beeves, sent calves, lambs fattened on bread, and delicate fruits; and from his sister Catharine, queen of Portugal, there came every fortnight a supply of conserves and linen.

The villagers of Quacos alone furnished some exceptions to the respect in which their imperial neighbor was held. Although they received the greater part of the hundred ducats which he dispensed every month for charitable purposes, they poached the trout in the fish-ponds which

had been formed for his service in Garganta la Olla; and they drove his cows to the parish pound whenever they strayed beyond their legitimate pastures. One fellow having sold the crop on his cherry-tree, at double its value, to the emperor's purveyor, when he found that it was left ungathered for a few days, took the opportunity of disposing of it a second time to another purchaser, who, of course, left nothing but bare boughs to the rightful owner of the fruit. Wearied with these annoyances, the emperor complained to the president of Castille, who administered to the district judge, one Licentiate Murga, a severe rebuke, which that functionary, in his turn, visited upon the unruly rustics. Several culprits were apprehended; but while Castillian justice was taking its deliberate course, some of them who were related to friars of Yuste, by the influence of their friends at court, got the emperor himself to petition that the sentence might be light.

To his servants Charles was a kind and lenient master. He bore patiently with Adrian the cook, though he left the cinnamon that he loved out of the dishes; and he contented himself with mildly admonishing Pelayo, the baker, who got drunk and neglected his oven, of which the result was burnt bread that sorely tried the toothless gums of his master. His old military habits, however, still adhered to him, and though gentle in his manner of enforcing it, he was something of a martinet in maintaining the discipline of his household and the convent. Nor had he lost that love of petty economies which made him sit bare-headed in the rain without the walls of Naumburg, saving a new velvet cap under his arm, while they fetched him an old one from the town. Observing in his walks, or from his window, that a certain basket daily came and went between his garden and the garden of the friars, he caused Moron to institute an examination, which led to the harmless discovery that his Flemings were in the habit of bartering egg-plants with the Jeromites for onions. He had also been disturbed by suspicious gatherings of young women at the convent-gate, who stood there gossiping under pretence of receiving alms. When the visitors came their rounds, he therefore brought the matter under their notice. The result of the complaint was that the conventional dole was ordered to be sent round in certain portions to the alcaldes of the various villages, for distribution on the spot; and, moreover, the crier went down the straggling, uneven street of Quacos, making the ungallant proclamation, that any woman who should be found nearer to Yuste than a certain oratory, about two gunshots from the gate, should be punished with a hundred stripes.

In the month of September, 1557, the emperor received a visit from his sisters, the queens Eleanor and Mary. These royal widows, weary of Guadalaxara, its unyielding duke, and its troublesome alcalde, were once more in search of a residence. They had cast their eyes on the banks of the Guadiana, and they were now on their way to that frontier of Portugal. Neither the convent nor the palace of Yuste being sufficiently commodious to receive them, they lived at Xarandilla, as guests of Oropesa. The shattered health of the queen of France rendered the journey from the castle to the convent, although performed in a litter, so fatiguing to her, that she accomplished it only twice. Nor was her brother's strength sufficient to enable him to return the visits of his favorite sister. But queen Mary was seven years younger, and still possessed much of the vigor which amazed Roger Ascham, when he met her galloping into Tongres, far ahead of her suit, although it was the tenth day she had passed in the saddle. She therefore mounted her horse almost every day, and rode through the fading forest to converse with the recluse at Yuste. At the end of a fortnight, the queens took a sorrowful leave of their brother, and proceeded on their way to Badajoz, whither the Infanta Mary of Portugal, daughter of queen Eleanor, had come from Lisbon to receive them. After this meeting, which was destined to be the last, the queens returned to the little town of Talaverilla, on the bare plains of Merida, where they had determined to fix their abode. But they found there no continuing city. In a few weeks, Eleanor was seized with a fever, which carried her off on the 25th of February, 1558, the sixtieth year of her age. When the emperor heard of her illness, he dispatched Luis Quixada to attend upon her; but she was already at rest ere the mayordomo reached Talaverilla. Queen Mary went back with Quixada to Yuste. Her health being much shaken, and the emperor being unable to move from the convent, she was lodged, on this occasion, in his apartments. At the end of eight days she bade him a last farewell, and retired to Cigales, a hamlet two leagues north of Valladolid, and crowning a vine-clad hill on the western side of the valley of the Pisuerga.

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FOOTNOTES:

- [7] Sandoval says he left on the 4th November; Cabrera, that he left on the 1st; and Siguencia gives the end of October as the time of his departure.

From Household Words.

OUR PHANTOM SHIP AMONG THE ICE.

Yonder is the coast of Norway; we shall soon be at Spitzbergen. The "Phantom" is fitted out for Arctic exploration, with instructions to find her way, by the north-west, to Behring Straits, and take the South Pole on her passage home. Just now, we steer due north, and yonder is the coast of Norway. From that coast parted Hugh Willoughby, three hundred years ago; the first of our countrymen who wrought an ice-bound highway to Cathay. Two years afterwards his ships were

found, in the haven of Arzina, in Lapland, by some Russian fishermen; near and about them Willoughby and his companions—seventy dead men. The ships were freighted with their frozen crews, and sailed for England; but, "being unstaunch, as it is supposed by their two years' wintering in Lapland, sunk, by the way, with their dead, and them also that brought them."

Ice floats about us now, and here is a whale blowing; a whale, too, very near Spitzbergen. When first Spitzbergen was discovered, in the good old times, there were whales here in abundance; then a hundred Dutch ships in a crowd, might go to work, and boats might jostle with each other, and the only thing deficient would be stowage room for all the produce of the fishery. Now one ship may have the whole field to itself, and travel home with an imperfect cargo. It was fine fun in the good old times; there was no need to cruise. Coppers and boilers were fitted on the island, and little colonies about them, in the fishing season, had nothing to do but tow the whales in, with a boat, as fast as they were wanted by the copper. No wonder that so enviable a Tom Tidler's ground was claimed by all who had a love for gold and silver. The English called it theirs, for they first fished; the Dutch said, nay, but the island was of their discovery; Danes, Hamburgers, Biscayans, Spaniards, and French put in their claims; and at length, it was agreed to make partitions. The numerous bays and harbors which indent the coast were divided among the rival nations; and to this day, many of them bear, accordingly, such names as English Bay, Danes Bay, and so forth. One bay there is, with graves in it, named Sorrow. For it seemed to the fishers most desirable, if possible, to plant upon this island permanent establishments, and condemned convicts were offered, by the Russians, life and pardon, if they would winter in Spitzbergen. They agreed; but, when they saw the icy mountains and the stormy sea, repented, and went back, to meet a death exempt from torture. The Dutch tempted free men, by high rewards, to try the dangerous experiment. One of their victims left a journal, which describes his sufferings and that of his companions. Their mouths, he says, became so sore that, if they had food, they could not eat; their limbs were swollen and disabled with excruciating pain; they died of scurvy. Those who died first were coffined by their dying friends; a row of coffins was found, in the spring, each with a man in it; two men uncoffined, side by side, were dead upon the floor. The journal told, how once the traces of a bear excited their hope of fresh meat and amended health; how, with a lantern, two or three had limped upon the track, until the light became extinguished, and they came back in despair to die. We might speak, also, of eight English sailors, left, by accident, upon Spitzbergen, who lived to return and tell their winter's tale; but a long journey is before us, and we must not linger on the way. As for our whalers, it need scarcely be related that the multitude of whales diminished as the slaughtering went on, until it was no longer possible to keep the coppers full. The whales had to be searched for by the vessels, and thereafter it was not worth while to take the blubber to Spitzbergen to be boiled; and the different nations, having carried home their coppers, left the apparatus of those fishing stations to decay.

Take heed. There is a noise like thunder, and a mountain snaps in two. The upper half comes, crashing, grinding, down into the sea, and loosened streams of water follow it. The sea is displaced before the mighty heap; it boils and scatters up a cloud of spray; it rushes back, and violently beats upon the shore. The mountain rises from its bath, sways to and fro, while water pours along its mighty sides; now it is tolerably quiet, letting crackers off as air escapes out of its cavities. That is an iceberg, and in that way are all icebergs formed. Mountains of ice formed by rain and snow—grand Arctic glaciers, undermined by the sea or by accumulation overbalanced—topple down upon the slightest provocation (moved by a shout, perhaps) and where they float, as this black looking fellow does, they need deep water. This berg in height is about ninety feet, and a due balance requires that a mass nine times as large as the part visible should be submerged. Icebergs are seen about us now which rise two hundred feet above the water's level.

There are above head plenty of aquatic birds; ashore, or on the ice, are bears, foxes, reindeer; and in the sea there are innumerable animals. We shall not see so much life near the North Pole, that is certain. It would be worth while to go ashore upon an islet there, near Vogel Sang, to pay a visit to the eider-ducks. Their nests are so abundant that one cannot avoid treading on them. When the duck is driven by a hungry fox to leave her eggs, she covers them with down, in order that they may not cool during her absence, and, moreover, glues the down into a case with a secretion supplied to her by Nature for that purpose. The deserted eggs are safe, for that secretion has an odor very disagreeable to the intruder's nose.

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We still sail northward, among sheets of ice, whose boundaries are not beyond our vision from the mast-head—these are "floes;" between them we find easy way, it is fair "sailing ice." In the clear sky to the north, a streak of lucid white light is the reflection from an icy surface; that is "ice-blink," in the language of these seas. The glare from snow is yellow, while open water gives a dark reflection.

Northward still; but now we are in fog the ice is troublesome; a gale is rising. Now, if our ship had timbers, they would crack, and if she had a bell it would be tolling; if we were shouting to each other we should not hear, the sea is in a fury. With wild force its breakers dash against a heaped-up wall of broken ice, that grinds and strains and battles fiercely with the water. This is "the pack," the edge of a great ice-field broken by the swell. It is a perilous and exciting thing to push through pack ice in a gale.

Now there is ice as far as eye can see, that is "an ice-field." Masses are forced up like colossal tombstones on all sides; our sailors call them "hummocks;" here and there the broken ice displays large "holes of water." Shall we go on? Upon this field, in 1827, Parry adventured with his men, to reach the North Pole, if that should be possible. With sledges and portable boats they labored on, through snow, and over hummocks; launching their boats over the larger holes of water. With

stout hearts, undaunted by toil or danger, they went boldly on, though by degrees it became clear to the leaders of the expedition, that they were almost like mice upon a treadmill cage, making a great expenditure of leg for little gain. The ice was floating to the south with them, as they were walking to the north; still they went on. Sleeping by day to avoid the glare, and to get greater warmth during the time of rest, and travelling by night,—watch-makers' days and nights, for it was all one polar day,—the men soon were unable to distinguish noon from midnight. The great event of one day on this dreary waste was the discovery of two flies upon an ice hummock; these, says Parry, became at once a topic of ridiculous importance. Presently, after twenty-three miles walking, they only had gone one mile forward, the ice having industriously floated twenty-two miles in an opposite direction; and then, after walking forward eleven miles, they found themselves to be three miles behind the place from which they started. The party accordingly returned, not having reached the Pole, not having reached the eighty-third parallel, for the attainment of which there was a reward of a thousand pounds held out by government. They reached the parallel of eighty-two degrees, forty-five minutes, which was, and still is, the most northerly point trodden by the foot of man. From that point they returned. In those high latitudes they met with a phenomenon, common in alpine regions, as well as at the Pole, red snow. The red color being caused by the abundance of a minute plant, of low development, the last dweller on the borders of the vegetable kingdom. More interesting to the sailors was a fat she bear which they killed and devoured with a zeal to be repented of; for on reaching navigable sea, and pushing in their boats to Table Island, where some stones were left, they found that the bears had eaten all their bread, whereon the men agreed that "Bruin was now square with them." An islet next to Table Island—they are both mere rocks—is the most northern land discovered. Therefore, Parry applied to it the name of lieutenant—now Sir James—Ross. This compliment Sir James Ross has acknowledged in the most emphatic manner, by discovering on his part, at the other Pole, the most southern land yet seen, and giving to it the name of Parry: "Parry Mountains."

It very probably would not be difficult under such circumstances as Sir W. Parry has since recommended, to reach the North Pole along this route. Then (especially if it be true, as many believe, that there is a region of open sea about the Pole itself) we might find it as easy to reach Behring Straits, by travelling in a straight line over the North Pole, as by threading the straits and bays north of America.

We turn our course until we have in sight a portion of the ice-barred eastern coast of Greenland, Shannon Island. Somewhere about this spot in the seventy-fifth parallel is the most northern part of that coast known to us. Colonel—then Captain—Sabine in the "Griper," was landed there to make magnetic and other observations; for the same purpose he had previously visited Sierra Leone. That is where we differ from our forefathers. They commissioned hardy seamen to encounter peril for the search of gold ore, or for a near road to Cathay, but our peril is encountered for the gain of knowledge, for the highest kind of service that can now be rendered to the human race.

Before we leave the northern sea, we must not omit to mention the voyage by Spitzbergen northward, in 1818, of Captain Buchan in the "Dorothea," accompanied by Lieutenant Franklin, in the "Trent." It was Sir John Franklin's first voyage to the Arctic regions. This trip forms the subject of a delightful book by Captain Beechey.

On our way to the south point of Greenland we pass near Cape North, a point of Iceland. Iceland, we know, is the centre of a volcanic region, whereof Norway and Greenland are at opposite points of the circumference. In connection with this district there is a remarkable fact; that by the agency of subterranean forces a large portion of Norway and Sweden is being slowly upheaved. While Greenland, on the west coast, as gradually sinks into the sea, Norway rises at the rate of about four feet in a century. In Greenland the sinking is so well known that the natives never build close to the water's edge, and the Moravian missionaries more than once have had to move farther inland the poles on which their boats are rested.

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Our Phantom Ship stands fairly now along the western coast of Greenland into Davis Straits. We observe that upon this western coast there is, by a great deal, less ice than on the eastern. That is a rule generally. Not only the configuration of the straits and bays, but also the earth's rotation from west to east, causes the currents here to set towards the west, and wash the western coasts, while they act very little on the eastern. We steer across Davis Strait, among "an infinite number of great countreys and islands of yee;" there, near the entrance, we find Hudson Strait, which does not now concern us. Islands probably separate this well-known channel from Frobisher Strait to the north of it, yet unexplored. Here let us recall to mind the fleet of fifteen sail, under Sir Martin Frobisher, in 1578, tossing about and parting company among the ice. Let us remember how the crew of the "Anne Frances," in that expedition, built a pinnace when their vessel struck upon a rock, although they wanted main timber and nails. How they made a mimic forge, and "for the easier making of nails, were forced to break their tongs, gridiron, and fire-shovel, in pieces." How Master Captain Best, in this frail bark, with its imperfect timbers held together by the metamorphosed gridiron and fire-shovel, continued in his duty, and did "depart up the straights as before was pretended." How a terrific storm arose, and the fleet parted, and the intrepid captain was towed "in his small pinnace, at the stern of the 'Michael,' thorow the raging seas; for the bark was not able to receive or relieve half its company." The "tongs, gridyron, and fire-shovell," performed their work only for as many minutes as were absolutely necessary, for "the pinesse came no sooner aboard the ship, and the men entred, but she presently shivered and fell in pieces, and sunke at the ship's stern with all the poor men's

furniture."

Now, too, as we sail up the strait, explored a few years after these events by Master John Davis, how proudly we remember him as a right worthy forerunner of those countrymen of his and ours who since have sailed over his track. Nor ought we to pass without calling to mind the melancholy fate, in 1606, of Master John Knight, driven, in the "Hopwell," among huge masses of ice, with a tremendous surf, his rudder knocked away, his ship half full of water, at the entrance to these straits. Hoping to find a harbor, he set forth to explore a large island, and landed, leaving two men to watch the boat, while he, with three men and the mate, set forth and disappeared over a hill. For thirteen hours the watchers kept their post; one had his trumpet with him, for he was a trumpeter, the other had a gun. They trumpeted often and loudly, they fired, but no answer came. They watched ashore all night for the return of their captain and his party, "but they came not at all."

The season is advanced. As we sail on, the sea steams like a lime-kiln, "frost-smoke" covers it. The water, cooled less rapidly, is warmer now than the surrounding air, and yields this vapor in consequence. By the time our vessel has reached Baffin's Bay, still coasting along Greenland, in addition to old floes and bergs, the water is beset with "pancake ice." That is the young ice when it first begins to cake upon the surface. Innocent enough it seems, but it is sadly clogging to the ships. It sticks about their sides like treacle on a fly's wing; collecting unequally, it destroys all equilibrium, and impedes the efforts of the steersman. Rocks split on the Greenland coast with loud explosions, and more icebergs fall. Icebergs we soon shall take our leave of; they are only found where there is a coast on which glaciers can form; they are good for nothing but to yield fresh water to the vessels; it will be all field, pack, and salt-water ice presently.

Now we are in Baffin's Bay, explored in the voyages of Bylot and Baffin, 1615-16. When, in 1817, a great movement in the Greenland ice caused many to believe that the northern passages would be found comparatively clear; and when, in consequence of this impression, Sir John Barrow succeeded in setting a-foot that course of modern Arctic exploration, which has been continued to the present day, Sir John Ross was the first man sent to find the north-west passage. Buchan and Parry were commissioned at the same time to attempt the North Sea route. Sir John Ross did little more on that occasion than effect a survey of Baffin's Bay, and prove the accuracy of the ancient pilot. In the extreme north of the bay there is an inlet or a channel, called by Baffin Smith's Sound; this Sir John saw, but did not enter. It never has been explored. It may be an inlet only; but it is also very possible that by this channel ships might get into the Polar Sea, and sail by the north shore of Greenland to Spitzbergen. Turning that corner, and descending along the western coast of Baffin's Bay, there is another inlet called Jones's Sound by Baffin, also unexplored. These two inlets, with their very British titles, Smith and Jones, are of exceeding interest. Jones's Sound may lead by a back way to Melville Island. South of Jones's Sound there is a wide break in the shore, a great sound, named by Baffin, Lancaster's, which Sir John Ross, in that first expedition, failed also to explore. Like our transatlantic friends at the South Pole, he laid down a range of clouds as mountains, and considered the way impervious; so he came home.

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Parry went out next year, as a lieutenant, in command of his first and most successful expedition. He sailed up Lancaster Sound, which was in that year (1819) unusually clear of ice: and he is the discoverer whose track we now follow in our Phantom Ship. The whole ground being new, he had to name the points of country right and left of him. The way was broad and open, due west, a most prosperous beginning for a north-west passage. If this continued, he would soon reach Behring Strait. A broad channel to the right, directed, that is to say, southward, he entered on the Prince of Wales's birthday, and so called it the "Prince Regent's Inlet." After exploring this for some miles, he turned back to resume his western course, for still there was a broad strait leading westward. This second part of Lancaster Sound, he called after the Secretary of the Admiralty who had so indefatigably labored to promote the expeditions, Barrow's Strait. Then he came to a channel, turning to the right or northward, and he named that Wellington Channel. Then he had on his right hand ice, islands large and small, and intervening channels; on the left, ice, and a cape visible, Cape Walker. At an island, named after the First Lord of the Admiralty Melville Island, the great frozen wilderness barred further progress. There he wintered. On the coast of Melville Island they had passed the latitude of one hundred and ten degrees, and the men had become entitled to a royal bounty of five thousand pounds. This group of islands Parry called North Georgian, but they are usually called by his own name, Parry Islands. This was the first European winter party in the Arctic circle. Its details are familiar enough. How the men cut in three days through ice seven inches thick, a canal two miles and a half long, and so brought the ships into safe harbor. How the genius of Parry equalled the occasion; how there was established a theatre and a *North Georgian Gazette*, to cheer the tediousness of a night which continued for two thousand hours. The dreary dazzling waste in which there was that little patch of life, the stars, the fog, the moonlight, the glittering wonder of the northern lights, in which, as Greenlanders believe, souls of the wicked dance tormented, are familiar to us. The she-bear stays at home; but the he-bear hungers, and looks in vain for a stray seal or walrus—woe to the unarmed man who meets him in his hungry mood! Wolves are abroad, and pretty white arctic foxes. The reindeer have sought other pasture-ground. The thermometer runs down to more than sixty degrees below freezing, a temperature tolerable in calm weather, but distressing in a wind. The eye-piece of the telescope must be protected now with leather, for the skin is destroyed that comes in contact with cold metal. The voice at a mile's distance can be heard distinctly. Happy the day when first the sun is seen to graze the edge of the horizon; but summer must come, and the heat of a constant day must accumulate, and summer wane, before the ice is melted. Then the ice cracks, like cannons over-charged, and moves with a loud grinding noise. But not yet is

escape to be made with safety. After a detention of ten months, Parry got free; but, in escaping, narrowly missed the destruction of both ships, by their being "nipped" between the mighty mass and the unyielding shore. What animals are found on Melville Island, we may judge from the results of sport during ten months' detention. The Island exceeds five thousand miles square, and yielded to the gun, three musk oxen, twenty-four deer, sixty-eight bears, fifty-three geese, fifty-nine ducks, and one hundred and forty-four ptarmigans, weighing together three thousand seven hundred and sixty-six pounds—not quite two ounces of meat per day to every man. Lichens, stunted grass, saxifrage, and a feeble willow, are the plants of Melville Island, but in sheltered nooks there are found sorrel, poppy, and a yellow butter-cup. Halos and double suns are very common consequences of refraction in this quarter of the world. Franklin returned from his first and most famous voyage with his men all safe and sound, except the loss of a few fingers, frost-bitten. We sail back only as far as Regent's Inlet, being bound for Behring Strait. The reputation of Sir John Ross being clouded by the discontent expressed against his first expedition, Mr. Felix Booth, a rich distiller, provided seventeen thousand pounds to enable his friend to redeem his credit. Sir John accordingly, in 1829, went out in the "Victory," provided with steam-machinery that did not answer well. He was accompanied by Sir James Ross, his nephew. He it was who, on this occasion, first surveyed Regent's Inlet, down which we are now sailing with our Phantom Ship. The coast on our right hand, westward, which Parry saw, is called North Somerset, but farther south, where the inlet widens, the land is named Boothia Felix. Five years before this, Parry, in his third voyage, had attempted to pass down Regent's Inlet, where among ice and storm, one of his ships, the "Hecla," had been driven violently ashore, and of necessity, abandoned. The stores had been removed, and Sir John was able now to replenish his own vessel from them. Rounding a point at the bottom of Prince Regent's Inlet, we find Felix Harbor, where Sir John Ross wintered. His nephew made from this point scientific explorations; discovered a strait, called after him the Strait of James Ross, and on the northern shore of this strait, on the main land of Boothia, planted the British flag on the Northern Magnetic Pole. The ice broke up, so did the "Victory;" after a hairbreadth escape, the party found a searching vessel, and arrived home after an absence of four years and five months, Sir John Ross having lost his ship, and won his reputation. The friend in need was made a baronet for his munificence; Sir John was reimbursed for all his losses, and the crew liberally taken care of. Sir James Ross had a rod and flag signifying "Magnetic Pole," given to him for a new crest, by the Heralds' College, for which he was no doubt greatly the better.

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We have sailed northward to get into Hudson Strait, the high road into Hudson Bay. Along the shore are Exquimaux in boats, extremely active, but these filthy creatures we pass by; the Exquimaux in Hudson Strait are like the negroes of the coast, demoralized by intercourse with European traders. These are not true pictures of the loving children of the north. Our "Phantom" floats on the wide waters of Hudson Bay—the grave of its discoverer. Familiar as the story is of Henry Hudson's fate, for John King's sake how gladly we repeat it. While sailing on the waters he discovered, in 1611, his men mutinied; the mutiny was aided by Henry Green, a prodigal, whom Hudson had generously shielded from ruin. Hudson, the master, and his son, with six sick or disabled members of the crew, were driven from their cabins, forced into a little shallop, and committed helpless to the water and the ice. But there was one stout man, John King, the carpenter, who stepped into the boat, abjuring his companions, and chose rather to die than even passively be partaker in so foul a crime. John King, we who live after, will remember you.

Here on an island, Charlton Island, near our entrance to the bay, in 1631, wintered poor Captain James with his wrecked crew. This is a point outside the Arctic circle, but quite cold enough. Of nights, with a good fire in the house they built, hoar frost covered their beds, and the cook's water in a metal pan before the fire, was warm on one side, and froze on the other. Here "it snowed and froze extremely, at which time we, looking from the shore towards the ship, she appeared a piece of ice in the fashion of a ship, or a ship resembling a piece of ice." Here the gunner, who had lost his leg, besought that, "for the little time he had to live, he might drink sack altogether." He died and was buried in the ice far from the vessel, but when afterwards two more were dead of scurvy, and the others, in a miserable state, were working with faint hope about their shattered vessel, the gunner was found to have returned home to the old vessel; his leg had penetrated through a porthole. They "dugged him clear out, and he was as free from noisomness," the record says, "as when we first committed him to the sea. This alteration had the ice, and water, and time, only wrought on him, that his flesh would slip up and down upon his bones, like a glove on a man's hand. In the evening we buried him by the others." These worthy souls, laid up with the agonies of scurvy, knew that in action was their only hope; they forced their limbs to labor, among ice and water, every day. They set about the building of a boat, but the hard frozen wood had broken all their axes, so they made shift with the pieces. To fell a tree, it was first requisite to light a fire around it, and the carpenter could only labor with his wood over a fire, or else it was like stone under his tools. Before the boat was made they buried the carpenter. The captain exhorted them to put their trust in God; "His will be done. If it be our fortune to end our days here, we are as near Heaven as in England. They all protested to work to the utmost of their strength, and that they would refuse nothing that I should order them to do to the utmost hazard of their lives. I thanked them all." Truly the North Pole has its triumphs. If we took no account of the fields of trade opened by our Arctic explorers, if we thought nothing of the wants of science in comparison with the lives lost in supplying them, is not the loss of life a gain, which proves and tests the fortitude of noble hearts, and teaches us respect for human nature? All the lives that have been lost among these Polar regions, are less in number than the dead upon a battle-field. The battle-field inflicted shame upon our race—is it with shame that our hearts throb in following these Arctic heroes? March 31st, says Captain James, "was very cold, with snow and hail, which

pinched our sick men more than any time this year. This evening, being May eve, we returned late from our work to our house, and made a good fire, and chose ladies, and ceremoniously wore their names in our caps, endeavoring to revive ourselves by any means. On the 15th, I manured a little patch of ground that was bare of snow, and sowed it with pease, hoping to have some shortly to eat, for as yet we could see no green thing to comfort us." Those pease saved the party; as they came up the young shoots were boiled and eaten, so their health began to mend, and they recovered from their scurvy. Eventually, after other perils, they succeeded making their escape.

A strait, called Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, leads due north out of Hudson Bay, being parted by Southampton Island from the strait through which we entered. Its name is quaint, for so was its discoverer, Luke Fox, a worthy man, addicted much to euphuism. Fox sailed from London in the same year in which James sailed from Bristol. They were rivals. Meeting in Davis Straits, Fox dined on board his friendly rival's vessel, which was very unfit for the service upon which it went. The sea washed over them and came into the cabin, so says Fox, "sauce would not have been wanted if there had been roast mutton." Luke Fox being ice-bound and in peril, writes, "God thinks upon our imprisonment with a *supersedeas*;" but he was a good and honorable man as well as euphuist. His "Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome," leads into Fox Channel; our "Phantom Ship" is pushing through the welcome passes on the left-hand Repulse Bay. This portion of the Arctic regions, with Fox Channel, is extremely perilous. Here Captain Lyon, in the "Griper," was thrown anchorless upon the mercy of a stormy sea, ice crashing around him. One island in Fox Channel is called Mill Island, from the incessant grinding of great masses of ice collected there. In the northern part of Fox Channel, on the western shore, is Melville Peninsula, where Parry wintered on his second voyage. Here let us go ashore and see a little colony of Esquimaux.

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Their huts are built of blocks of snow, and arched, having an ice pane for a window. They construct their arched entrance and their hemispherical roof, on the true principles of architecture. Those wise men, the Egyptians, made their arch by hewing the stones out of shape, the Esquimaux have the true secret. Here they are, with little food in winter and great appetites; devouring a whole walrus when they get it, and taking the chance of hunger for the next eight days—hungry or full, for ever happy in their lot—here are the Esquimaux. They are warmly clothed, each in a double suit of skins sewn neatly together. Some are singing, with good voices, too. Please them, and they straightway dance; activity is good in a cold climate. Play to them on the flute, or if you can sing well, sing, or turn a barrel-organ, they are mute, eager with wonder and delight; their love of music is intense. Give them a pencil, and, like children, they will draw. Teach them, and they will learn, oblige them, and they will be grateful. "Gentle and loving savages," one of our old worthies called them, and the Portuguese were so much impressed with their teachable and gentle conduct, that a Venetian ambassador writes, "His serene majesty contemplates deriving great advantage from the country, not only on account of the timber, of which he has occasion, but of the inhabitants, who are admirably calculated for labor, and are the best I have ever seen." The Esquimaux, of course, will learn vice, and in the region visited by whale ships, vice enough has certainly been taught him. Here are the dogs, who will eat old coats, or any thing; and, near the dwellings, here is a snow-bunting,—robin redbreast of the Arctic lands. A party of our sailors once, on landing, took some sticks from a large heap, and uncovered the nest of a snow-bunting with young, the bird flew to a little distance, but seeing that the men sat down and harmed her not, continued to seek food and supply her little ones, with full faith in the good intentions of the party. Captain Lyon found a child's grave partly uncovered, and a snow-bunting had built its nest upon the infant's bosom.

Sailing round Melville Peninsula, we come into the gulf of Akkolee, through Fury and Hecla Straits, discovered by Parry. So we get back to the bottom of Regent's Inlet, which we quitted a short time ago, and sailing in the neighborhood of the magnetic pole, we reach the estuary of Black's River, on the north-east coast of America. We pass then through a straight, discovered in 1839, by Dean and Simpson, still coasting along the northern shore of America, on the Great Stinking Lake, as Indians call this ocean. Boats, ice permitting, and our "Phantom Ship," of course, can coast all the way to Behring Strait. The whole coast has been explored by Sir John Franklin, Sir John Richardson, and Sir George Back, who have earned their knighthoods through great peril. As we pass Coronation Gulf—the scene of Franklin, Richardson, and Back's first exploration from the Coppermine River—we revert to the romantic story of their journey back, over a land of snow and frost, subsisting upon lichens, with companions starved to death; where they plucked wild leaves for tea, and ate their shoes for supper; the tragedy by the river; the murder of poor Hood, with a book of prayers in his hand; Franklin at Fort Enterprise, with two companions at the point of death, himself gaunt, hollow-eyed, feeding on pounded bones, raked from the dunghill; the arrival of Dr. Richardson and the brave sailor; their awful story of the cannibal Michel;—we revert to these things with a shudder. But we must continue on our route. The current still flows westward, bearing now large quantities of drift-wood, out of the Mackenzie River. At the name of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, also, we might pause, and talk over the bold achievements of another arctic hero; but we pass on, by a rugged and inhospitable coast, unfit for vessels of large draught,—pass the broad mouth of the Youcon, pass Point Barrow, Icy Cape, and are in Behring Strait. Had we passed on, we should have found the Russian Arctic coast line, traced out by a series of Russian explorers; of whom the most illustrious—Baron Von Wrangell—states, that beyond a certain distance to the northward, there is always found what he calls the *Polynja* (open water.) This is the fact adduced by those who adhere to the old fancy that there is a sea about the pole itself quite free from ice.

We pass through Behring Straits. Behring, a Dane by birth, but in the Russian service, died here in 1741, upon the scene of his discovery. He and his crew, victims of scurvy, were unable to

manage their vessel in a storm; and it was at length wrecked on a barren island, there, where "want, nakedness, cold, sickness, impatience, and despair were their daily guests." Behring, his lieutenant, and the master died.

Now we must put a girdle round the world, and do it with the speed of Ariel. Here we are already in the heats of the equator. We can do no more than remark, that if air and water are heated at the equator, and frozen at the poles, there will be equilibrium destroyed, and constant currents caused. And so it happens, so we get the prevailing winds, and all the currents of the ocean. Of these, some of the uses, but by no means all, are obvious. We urge our "Phantom" fleetly to the southern pole. Here, over the other hemisphere of the earth, there shines another hemisphere of heaven. The stars are changed; the southern cross, the Magellanic clouds, the "coal-sack" in the milky way, attract our notice. Now we are in the southern latitude that corresponds to England in the north; nay, at a greater distance, from the pole, we find Kerguelen's Land, emphatically called "The Isle of Desolation." Icebergs float much further into the warm sea on this side of the equator, before they dissolve. The South Pole is evidently a more thorough refrigerator than the North. Why is this? We shall soon see. We push through pack-ice, and through floes and fields, by lofty bergs, by an island or two covered with penguins, until there lies before us a long range of mountains, nine or ten thousand feet in height, and all clad in eternal snow. That is a portion of the Southern Continent. Lieutenant Wilkes, in the American exploring expedition, first discovered this, and mapped out some part of the coast, putting a few clouds in likewise,—a mistake easily made by those who omit to verify every foot of land. Sir James Ross, in his most successful South Pole Expedition, during the years 1839-43, sailed over some of this land, and confirmed the rest. The Antarctic, as well as the Arctic honors he secured for England, by turning a corner of the land, and sailing far southward, along an impenetrable icy barrier, to the latitude of seventy-eight degrees, nine minutes. It is an elevated continent, with many lofty ranges. In the extreme southern point reached by the ships, a magnificent volcano was seen spouting fire and smoke out of the everlasting snow. This volcano, twelve thousand four hundred feet high, was named Mount Erebus; for the "Erebus" and "Terror," now sought anxiously among the bays, and sounds, and creeks of the North Pole, then coasted by the solid ice-walls of the south. Only as "Phantoms" can we cross this land and live. These lofty mountain-ranges, cold to the marrow, these vast glaciers, and elevated plains of ice, no wonder that they cast a chill about their neighborhood. Our very ghosts are cold, and the volcanoes only make the frost colder by contrast. We descend upon the other side, take ship again, and float up the Atlantic, through the tropics. We have been round the world now, and among the ice, and have not grown much older since we started.

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Other "Phantoms" are to be added to those thus described. Besides the expeditions now in the ice regions, from England and America, one, and perhaps two more, have in the last two months started in the search for Franklin.

MADAME DE GENLIS AND MADAME DE STAËL.

This curious piece has recently appeared in the *Gazette de France*, and has excited much remark. It is given out to be the production of Charles X., when Monsieur, and was communicated to M. Neychens by the Marquis de la Roche Jacqueleine.

"Before the Revolution, I was but very slightly acquainted with Mme. de Genlis, her conduct during that disastrous period having not a little contributed to sink her in my estimation; and the publication of her novel, 'The Knights of the Swan' (the *first* edition), completed my dislike to a person who had so cruelly aspersed the character of the queen, my sister-in-law.

"On my return to France, I received a letter full of the most passionate expressions of loyalty from beginning to end; the missive being signed Comtesse de Genlis; but imagining this could be but a *plaisanterie* of some intimate friend of my own, I paid no attention whatever to it. However, in two or three days it was followed by a second epistle, complaining of my silence, and appealing to the great sacrifices the writer had made in the interest of my cause, as giving her a *right* to my favorable attention. Talleyrand being present, I asked him if he could explain this enigma.

"'Nothing is easier,' replied he; 'Mme. de Genlis is unique. She has lost her own memory, and fancies others have experienced a similar bereavement.'

"'She speaks,' pursued I, 'of her virtues, her misfortunes, and Napoleon's persecutions.'

"'Hem! In 1789 her husband was quite ruined, so the events of that period took nothing from *him*; and as to the tyranny of Bonaparte, it consisted, in the first place, of giving her a magnificent suite of apartments in the Arsenal; and in the second place, granting her a pension of six thousand francs a year, upon the sole condition of her keeping him every month *au courant* of the literature of the day.'

"'What shocking ferocity!' replied I, laughing; 'a case of infamous despotism indeed. And this martyr to our cause asks to see me.'

"'Yes; and pray let your royal highness grant her an audience, were it only for once: I assure you

she is most amusing.'

"I followed the advice of M. de Talleyrand, and accorded to the lady the permission she so pathetically demanded. The evening before she was to present herself, however, came a third missive, recommending a certain Casimir, the *phénix* of the *époque*, and several other persons besides; all, according to Mme. de Genlis, particularly celebrated people; and the postscript to this effusion prepared me also beforehand for the request she intended to make, of being appointed governess to the children of my son, the Duc de Berry, who was at that time not even married.

"Just at this period it so happened that I was besieged by more than a dozen persons of every rank in regard to Mme. de Staël, formerly exiled by Bonaparte, and who had rushed to Paris without taking breath, fully persuaded every one there, and throughout all France, was impatient to see her again. Mme. de Staël had a double view in thus introducing herself to me; namely, to direct my proceedings entirely, and to obtain payment of the two million francs deposited in the treasury by her father during his ministry. I confess I was not prepossessed in favor of Mme. de Staël, for she also, in 1789, had manifested so much hatred towards the Bourbons, that I thought all she could possibly look to from us, was the liberty of living in Paris unmolested: but I little knew her. She, on her side, imagined we ought to be grateful to her for having quarrelled with Bonaparte—her own pride being, in fact, the sole cause of the rupture.

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"M. de Fontanes and M. de Châteaubriand were the first who mentioned her to me; and to the importance with which they treated the matter, I answered, laughing, 'So, Mme. la Baronne de Staël is then a supreme power?'

"'Indeed she is, and it might have very unfavorable effects did your royal highness overlook her: for what she asserts, every one believes, and then—she has suffered *so much!*'

"'Very likely; but what did she make my poor sister-in-law, the queen, suffer? Do you think I can forget the abominable things she said, the falsehoods she told? and was it not in consequence of them, and the public's belief of them, that she owed the possibility of the ambassadress of Sweden's being able to dare insult that unfortunate princess in her very palace?'

"Mme. de Staël's envoys, who manifested some confusion at the fidelity of my memory, implored me to forget the past, think only of the future, and remember that the genius of Mme. de Staël, whose reputation was European, might be of the utmost advantage, or the reverse. Tired of disputing I yielded; consented to receive this *femme célèbre*, as they all called her, and fixed for her reception the same day I had notified to Mme. de Genlis.

"My brother has said, 'Punctuality is the politeness of kings'—words as true and just as they are happily expressed; and the princes of my family have never been found wanting in good manners; so I was in my study waiting when Mme. de Genlis was announced. I was astonished at the sight of a long, dry woman, with a swarthy complexion, dressed in a printed cotton gown, any thing but clean, and a shawl covered with dust, her habit-shirt, her hair even bearing marks of great negligence. I had read her works, and remembering all she said about neatness, and cleanliness, and proper attention to one's dress, I thought she added another to the many who fail to add example to their precepts. While making these reflections, Mme. de Genlis was firing off a volley of curtsies; and upon finishing what she deemed the requisite number, she pulled out of a great huge bag four manuscripts of enormous dimensions.

"'I bring,' commenced the lady, 'to your royal highness what will amply repay any kindness you may show to me—No. 1 is a plan of conduct, and the project of a constitution; No. 2 contains a collection of speeches in answer to those likely to be addressed to Monsieur; No. 3, addresses and letters proper to send to foreign powers, the provinces, &c., and in No. 4, Monsieur will find a plan of education, the only one proper to be pursued by royalty, in reading which, your royal highness will feel as convinced of the extent of my acquirements as of the purity of my loyalty.'

"Many in my place might have been angry; but, on the contrary, I thanked her with an air of polite sincerity for the treasures she was so obliging as to confide to me, and then consoled with her upon the misfortunes she had endured under the tyranny of Bonaparte.

"'Alas! Monsieur, this abominable despot dared to make a mere plaything of *me!* and yet I strove, by wise advice, to guide him right, and teach him to regulate his conduct properly: but he would not be led. I even offered to mediate between him and the pope, but he did not even so much as answer me upon this subject; although (being a most profound theologian) I could have smoothed almost all difficulties when the Concordat was in question.'

"This last piece of pretension was almost too much for my gravity. However, I applauded the zeal of this new mother of the church, and was going to put an end to the interview, when it came into my head to ask her if she was well acquainted with Mme. de Staël.

"'God forbid!' cried she, making a sign of the cross: 'I have no acquaintance with *such people*; and I but do my duty in warning those who have not perused the works of that lady, to bear in mind that they are written in the worst possible taste, and are also extremely immoral. Let your royal highness turn your thoughts from such books; you will find in *mine* all that is necessary to know. I suppose Monsieur has not yet seen *Little Necker?*'

"'Mme. la Baronne de Staël Holstein has asked for an audience, and I even suspect she may be already arrived at the Tuileries.'

"Let your royal highness beware of this woman! See in her the implacable enemy of the Bourbons, and in me their most devoted slave."

"This new proof of the want of memory in Madame de Genlis amused me as much as the other absurdities she had favored me with; and I was in the act of making her the ordinary salutations of adieu, when I observed her blush purple, and her proud rival entered.

"The two ladies exchanged a haughty bow, and the comedy, which had just finished with the departure of Mme. de Genlis, recommenced under a different form when Mme. de Staël appeared on the stage. The baroness was dressed, not certainly dirty, like the countess, but quite as absurdly. She wore a red satin gown, embroidered with flowers of gold and silk; a profusion of diamonds; rings enough to stock a pawnbroker's shop; and, I must add, that I never before saw so low a cut corsage display less inviting charms. Upon her head was a huge turban, constructed on the pattern of that worn by the Cumean sybil, which put a finishing stroke to a costume so little in harmony with her style of face. I scarcely understand how a woman of genius *can* have such a false, vulgar taste. Mme. de Staël began by apologizing for occupying a few moments which she doubted not I should have preferred giving to Mme. de Genlis. 'She is one of the illustrations of the day,' observed she, with a sneering smile—'a colossus of religious faith, and represents in her person, she fancies, all the literature of the age. Ah! ah! Monsieur, in the hands of *such people* the world would soon retrograde; while it should, on the contrary, be impelled forward, and your royal highness be the first to put yourself at the head of this great movement. To you should belong the glory of giving the impulse, guided by *my experience*.'

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"Come," thought I, "here is another going to plague me with plans of conduct, and constitutions, and reforms, which I am to persuade the king my brother to adopt. It seems to be an insanity in France this composing of new constitutions." While I was making these reflections, madame had time to give utterance to a thousand fine phrases, every one more sublime than the preceding. However, to put an end to them, I asked her if there was any thing she wished to demand.

"Ah, dear!—oh yes, prince!" replied the lady in an indifferent tone. "A mere trifle—less than nothing—two millions, without counting the interest at five per cent. But these are matters I leave entirely to my men of business, being for my own part much more absorbed in politics and the science of government."

"Alas! madame, the king has arrived in France with his mind made up upon most subjects, the fruit of twenty-five years' meditation; and I fear he is not likely to profit by your good intentions."

"Then so much the worse for him and for France! All the world knows what it cost Bonaparte his refusing to follow my advice, and pay me my two millions. I have studied the Revolution profoundly, followed it through all its phases, and I flatter myself I am the only pilot who can hold with one hand the rudder of the state, if at least I have Benjamin for steersman."

"Benjamin! Benjamin—who?" asked I in surprise.

"It would give me the deepest distress," replied she, "to think that the name of M. le Baron de Rebecque Benjamin de Constant has never reached the ears of your royal highness. One of his ancestors saved the life of Henry Quatre. Devoted to the descendants of this good king, he is ready to serve them; and among several *constitutions* he has in his portfolio, you will probably find one with annotations and reflections by myself, which will suit you. Adopt it, and choose Benjamin Constant to carry the idea out."

"It seemed like a thing resolved—an event decided upon—this proposal of inventing a constitution for us. I kept as long as I could upon the defensive, but Mme. de Staël, carried away by her zeal and her enthusiasm, instead of speaking of what personally concerned herself, knocked me about with arguments, and crushed me under threats and menaces; so, tired to death of entertaining, instead of a clever, humble woman, a roaring politician in petticoats, I finished the audience, leaving her as little satisfied as myself with the interview. Mme. de Genlis was ten times less disagreeable, and twenty times more amusing.

"That same evening I had M. le Prince de Talleyrand with me, and I was confounded by hearing him say, 'So, your royal highness has made Mme. de Staël completely quarrel with me now?'

"Me! I never so much as pronounced your name."

"Notwithstanding that, she is convinced that I am the person who prevents your royal highness from employing her in your political relations, and that I am jealous of Benjamin Constant. She is resolved on revenge."

"Ha, ha!—and what can she do?"

"A very great deal of mischief, Monseigneur. She has numerous partisans; and if she declares herself Bonapartiste, we must look to ourselves."

"That *would* be curious."

"Oh, I shall take upon myself to prevent her going so far; but she will be Royalist no longer, and we shall suffer from that."

"At this time I had not the remotest idea of what a mere man, still less a mere woman, could do in France: but now I understand it perfectly, and if Mme. de Staël was living—Heaven pardon me!—I would strike up a flirtation with her."

THE SMUGGLER MALGRE LUI.

There is perhaps no more singular anomaly in the history of the human mind than the very different light in which a fraud is viewed according to the circumstances in which it is practised. The singular revelations made to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by a late deputation will probably be fresh in the remembrance of most of our readers. Even the learned gentleman himself could hardly maintain his professional gravity when informed of the ingenious contrivances adopted for defrauding the revenue. Advertisements floating through the air attached to balloons, French gloves making their way into the kingdom in separate detachments of right and left hands, mutilated clocks travelling without their wheels—such were some of the divers modes by which the law was declared to be evaded, and the custom-house officers baffled. We are by no means disposed either to think or speak with levity of this system of things. However much a man may succeed in reconciling any fraud to his own conscience, or however leniently it may be viewed by his fellow-men, it will yet assuredly help to degrade his moral nature, and its repetition will slowly, but surely, deaden the silent monitor within his breast. All we affirm is the well-known fact, that laws are in most cases ineffective, except in so far as they harmonize with the innate moral convictions of mankind; and that many a man who would not for worlds cheat his next door neighbor of a penny, will own without a blush, and perhaps even with a smile of triumph, that he has cheated the government of thousands! It is not often, however, that so daring and successful a stroke of this nature is effected as that which we find related of a celebrated Swiss jeweller, who actually succeeded in making the French director-general of the customs act the part of a smuggler!

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Geneva, as must be well known to all our readers, supplies half Europe with her watches and her jewelry. Three thousand workmen are kept in continual employment by her master goldsmiths; while seventy-five thousand ounces of gold, and fifty thousand marks of silver, annually change their form, and multiply their value beneath their skilful hands! The most fashionable jeweller's shop in Geneva is unquestionably that of Beautte; his trinkets are those which beyond all others excite the longing of the Parisian ladies. A high duty is charged upon these in crossing the French frontier; but, in consideration of a brokerage of five per cent., M. Beautte undertakes to forward them safely to their destination through contraband channels; and the bargain between the buyer and seller is concluded with this condition as openly appended and avowed as if there were no such personages as custom-house officers in the world.

All this went on smoothly for some years with M. Beautte; but at length it so happened that M. le Comte de Saint-Cricq, a gentleman of much ability and vigilance was appointed director-general of the customs. He heard so much of the skill evinced by M. Beautte in eluding the vigilance of his agents, that he resolved personally to investigate the matter, and prove for himself the truth of the reports. He consequently repaired to Geneva, presented himself at M. Beautte's shop, and purchased thirty thousand francs' worth of jewelry, on the express condition that they should be transmitted to him free of duty on his return to Paris. M. Beautte accepted the proposed condition with the air of a man who was perfectly accustomed to arrangements of this description. He, however, presented for signature to M. de Saint-Cricq a private deed, by which the purchaser pledged himself to pay the customary five per cent. *smuggling dues*, in addition to the thirty thousand francs' purchase-money.

M. de Saint-Cricq smiled, and taking the pen from the jeweller's hand, affixed to the deed the following signature—"L. de Saint-Cricq, Director-General of the Customs in France." He then handed the document back to M. Beautte, who merely glanced at the signature, and replied with a courteous bow—

"*Monsieur le Directeur des Douanes*, I shall take care that the articles which you have done me the honor of purchasing shall be handed to you in Paris directly after your arrival." M. de Saint-Cricq, piqued by the man's cool daring and apparent defiance of his authority and professional skill, immediately ordered post-horses, and without the delay of a single hour set out with all speed on the road to Paris.

On reaching the frontier, the Director-General made himself known to the *employés* who came forward to examine his carriage—informed the chief officer of the incident which had just occurred, and begged of him to keep up the strictest surveillance along the whole of the frontier line, as he felt it to be a matter of the utmost importance to place some check upon the wholesale system of fraud which had for some years past been practised upon the revenue by the Geneva jewellers. He also promised a gratuity of fifty louis-d'ors to whichever of the *employés* should be so fortunate as to seize the prohibited jewels—a promise which had the effect of keeping every officer on the line wide awake, and in a state of full activity, during the three succeeding days.

In the meanwhile M. de Saint-Cricq reached Paris, alighted at his own residence, and after having embraced his wife and children, and passed a few moments in their society, retired to his dressing-room, for the purpose of laying aside his travelling costume. The first thing which arrested his attention when he entered the apartment was a very elegant looking casket, which stood upon the mantelpiece, and which he did not remember to have ever before seen. He approached to examine it; his name was on the lid; it was addressed in full to "M. le Comte de

Saint-Cricq, Director-General of Customs." He accordingly opened it without hesitation, and his surprise and dismay may be conceived when, on examining the contents, he recognized at once the beautiful trinkets he had so recently purchased in Geneva!

The count rung for his valet, and inquired from him whether he could throw any light upon this mysterious occurrence. The valet looked surprised, and replied, that on opening his master's portmanteau, the casket in question was one of the first articles which presented itself to his sight, and its elegant form and elaborate workmanship having led him to suppose it contained articles of value, he had carefully laid it aside upon the mantelpiece. The count, who had full confidence in his valet, and felt assured that he was in no way concerned in the matter, derived but little satisfaction from this account, which only served to throw a fresh veil of mystery over the transaction; and it was only some time afterwards, and after long investigation, that he succeeded in discovering the real facts of the case.

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Beutte, the jeweller, had a secret understanding with one of the servants of the hotel at which the Comte de Saint-Cricq lodged in Geneva. This man, taking advantage of the hurried preparations for the count's departure, contrived to slip the casket unperceived into one of his portmanteaus, and the ingenious jeweller had thus succeeded in making the Director-General of Customs one of the most successful *smugglers* in the kingdom!

THE TRUE HISTORY OF AGNES SOREL.

BY R. H. HORNE, AUTHOR OF "ORION," ETC.

Agnes Sorel was born in 1409, at the village of Fromenteau, in Touraine. Her father was the Seigneur de St. Gérard, a gentleman attached to the house of the Count de Clermont. At the age of fifteen, she was placed as maid of honor to Isabel of Lorraine, duchess of Anjou, and accompanied this princess when she went to Paris, in 1431.

At this period, Agnes Sorel was considered to be the most beautiful woman of her day. Her conversation and wit were equal to her beauty. In the "Histoire des Favorites" she is said to have been noble-minded, full of generosity, with sweetness of manners, and sincerity of heart. The same writer adds that every body fell in love with her, from the king to the humblest officers. Charles VII. became passionately attached to her; and in order to insure her constant presence at court, he placed her as maid of honor to the queen. The amour was conducted with secrecy; but the fact became manifest by the favors which the king lavished upon the relations of Agnes, while she herself lived in great magnificence amidst a very poor court. She was fond of splendor, and has been quaintly described by Monstrelet as "having enjoyed all the pleasures of life, in wearing rich clothes, furred robes, and golden chains of precious stones, and whatever else she desired." When she visited Paris, in attendance upon the queen, the splendor and expense of Agnes were so excessive that the people murmured greatly; whereupon the proud beauty exclaimed against the Parisians as churls.

During the time that the English were actually in possession of a great part of France, it was in vain that the queen (Mary of Anjou) endeavored to rouse her husband from his lethargy. That the king was not deficient in energy and physical courage, is evident from the manner in which he signaled himself on various occasions. At the siege of Montreuil in 1437, (according to the Chronicle de Charles VII. par M. Alain Chartier, Nevers, 1594,) he rushed to the assault, now thrusting with the lance, now assisting the artillery, now superintending the various military engines for heaving masses of stone or wood; but during the period above-mentioned he was lost to all sense of royal glory, and had given himself up entirely to hunting and all sorts of pleasures.

He was recalled by Agnes to a sense of what was due to his kingdom. She told him, one day, says Brantome, that when she was a girl, an astrologer had predicted that she would be loved by one of the most valiant kings of Christendom; that when His Majesty Charles VII. had done her this honor, she thought, of course, he was the valiant king who had been predicted; but now, finding he was so weak, and had so little care as to what became of himself and his affairs, she saw that she had made a mistake, and that this valiant prince could not be Charles, but the King of England. Saying these words, Agnes rose, and bowing reverentially to the king, asked leave to retire to the court of the English king, since the prophecy pointed at him. "Charles," she said, "was about to lose his crown, and Henry to unite it to his." By this rebuke the king was much affected. He gave up his hunting, left his gardens for the field of battle, and succeeded in driving the English out of France. This circumstance occasioned Francis I. to make the following verses, which, it is said, he wrote under a portrait of Agnes:—

"Plus de louange et d'honneur tu mérites,
La cause étant de France recouvrer,
Que ce que peut dedans un cloître ouvrir,
Close nonnain, ou bien dévol hermite."

The king lavished gifts and honors upon Agnes. He built a château for her at Loches; he gave her, besides the comté de Penthièvre, in Bretagne, the lordships of Roche Servière, of Issoudun, in Berri, and the Château de Beauté, at the extremity of the wood of Vincennes, that she might be,

as he said, "in deed and in name the Queen of Beauty." It is believed that she never made a bad use of her influence with the king for any political purposes or unkind private feelings; nevertheless, the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XI.) conceived an implacable jealousy against her, and carried his resentment so far, on one occasion, as to give her a blow.

She retired, in 1445, to Loches, and for nearly five years declined appearing at court; but the king's love for her still continued, and he took many journeys into Touraine to visit her. But eventually the queen, who had never forgotten her noble counsels to the king, which had roused him from his lethargy, persuaded her to return to court.

The queen appears to have felt no jealousy, but to have had a regard for her. It seems, also, that Agnes had become very popular, partly from her beauty and wit, partly because she was considered in a great measure, to have saved France, and partly because she distributed large sums in alms to the poor, and to repair decayed churches.

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After the taking of Rouen, and the entire expulsion of the English from France, the king took up his winter-quarters in the Abbey of Jumièges. Agnes hastened to the Château de Masnal la Belle, a league distant from this abbey, for the purpose of warning the king of a conspiracy. The king only laughed at the intelligence; but the death of Agnes Sorel, which immediately followed, gives some grounds for crediting the truth of the information which she communicated. At this place Agnes, still beautiful, and in perfect health, was suddenly attacked by a dysentery which carried her off. It is believed that she was poisoned. Some affirm that it was effected by direction of the Dauphin; others accuse Jacques Cœur, the king's goldsmith (as the master of the treasury was then called), and others attribute it to female jealousy.

The account given of her death by Monstrelet is to the following effect: Agnes was suddenly attacked by a dysentery which could not be cured. She lingered long, and employed the time in prayer and repentance; she often, as he relates, called upon Mary Magdalen, who had also been a sinner, and upon God and the blessed Virgin for aid. After receiving the sacrament, she desired the book of prayers to be brought her, in which she had written with her own hand the verses of St. Barnard, and these she repeated. She then made many gifts, which were put down in writing: and these, including alms and the payment of her servants, amounted to 60,000 crowns. The fair Agnes, the once proud beauty, perceiving her end approaching, and now feeling a disgust to life proportioned to the fulness of her past enjoyment of all its gayeties, vanities, and pleasures, said to the Lord de la Tremouille and others, and in the presence of all her damsels, that our insecure and worldly life was but a foul ordure. She then requested her confessor to give her absolution, according to a form she herself dictated, with which he complied. After this, she uttered a loud shriek, and gave up the ghost. She died on Monday, the 9th day of February, 1449, about six o'clock in the afternoon, in the fortieth year of her age.

This account, though bearing every appearance of probability, is yet open to some doubts, from the manifestation of a tendency, on the part of Monstrelet, to give a coloring to the event, and to the character of Agnes Sorel. He even attempts to throw a doubt upon her having been the king's mistress, treating the fact as a mere scandal. He says that the affection of the king was attributable to her good sense, her wit, her agreeable manners, and gayety, quite as much as to her beauty. This was, no doubt, the case; but it hardly helps the argument of the historian. Monstrelet finds it difficult, however, to dispose of the children that she had by the king: he admits that Agnes had a daughter which she said was the king's, but that he denied it. The compilation by Denys Codefroy takes the same view, but nearly the whole account is copied verbatim from Monstrelet, without acknowledgment.

The heart and intestines of Agnes were buried at Jumièges. Her body was placed in the centre of the choir of the collegiate church of the Château de Loches, which she had greatly enriched.

Her tomb was in existence at Loches, in 1792. It was of black marble. The figure of Agnes was in white marble; her head resting upon a lozenge, supported by angels, and two lambs were at her feet.

The writer of the life of Agnes Sorel in the "Biographie Universelle," having access to printed books and MSS. of French history which are not in the public libraries of this country, the following statements are taken from that work: the writer does not give his authorities.

The canons of the church pretended to be scandalized at having the tomb of Agnes placed in their choir, and begged permission of Louis XI. to have it removed. "I consent," replied the king, "provided you give up all you have received from her bounty."

The poets of the day were profuse in their praises of the memory of Agnes. One of the most memorable of these is a poem by Baïf, printed at Paris in 1573. In 1789 the library of the chapter of Loches possessed a manuscript containing nearly a thousand Latin sonnets in praise of Agnes, all acrostics, and made by a canon of that city.

A marble bust of her was long preserved at the Château de Chinon, and is now placed in the Muséum des Augustins.

Agnes Sorel had three daughters by Charles VII., who all received dowries, and were married at the expense of the crown. They received the title of daughters of France, the name given at that time to the natural daughters of the kings. An account of the noble families into which they married, together with the honors bestowed upon the brother of Agnes, will be found in Moreri's "Dictionnaire Historique."

PROSPECTS OF AFRICAN COLONIZATION.

Africa has never been propitious to European settlement or colonization, but quite the contrary. The last founded state of the Anglo-American Union, of about two years' growth, is alone, at this moment, worth more than all that has been effected by the European race in Africa in two-and-twenty centuries. The most respectable product of African colonization is a Cape boor, and this is certainly not a finished specimen of humanity. Assuredly, for the last three hundred years, Africa has done nothing for the nations of Europe but seduce them into crime, folly, and extravagance.

The Romans were the first European settlers in Africa; it was at their very door, and they held it for eight centuries. Now, there is not left in it hardly a trace of Roman civilization; certainly fewer, at all events, than the Arabs have left in Spain. The Vandal occupation of Mediterranean Africa lasted only half a century. We should not have known that Vandals had ever set their feet on the Continent but for the written records of civilized men. There is nothing Vandal there, unless Vandalism in the abstract. The Dutch came next, in order of time, in another portion of Africa, and we have already alluded to the indistinct "spoor" which they have left behind them after an occupation of a hundred and fifty years.

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The English have settled in two different quarters of the African continent, one of them within eight degrees of the equatorial line, and the other some thirty-four south of it. The first costs us civil establishments, forts, garrisons, and squadrons included (for out of Africa and its people comes the supposed necessity for the squadron), a good million a year. The most valuable article we get from tropical Africa is the oil of a certain palm, which contributes largely towards an excise duty of about a million and a half a year, levied on what has been justly called a second necessary of life—to wit, soap.

We have been in possession of the southern promontory of Africa for above fifty years. In this time, besides its conquest twice over from a European power, and in addition to fleets and armies, it has cost us, in mere self-defence against savages, three million pounds, while at this moment we are engaged in the same kind of defence, with the tolerable certainty of incurring another million. No one will venture to say that this sum alone does not far exceed the value of the fee simple and sovereignty of the southern promontory of Africa. What we get from it consists chiefly in some purgative aloes, a little indifferent wool, and a good deal of execrable wine, on the importation of which we pay a virtual bounty! As for *our subjects* in this part of the African continent, they amount to about two hundred thousand, and are composed of Anglo-Saxons, Dutch, Malays, Hottentots, Bushmen, Gaikas, Tambookies, Amagarkas, Zulas, and Amazulas, speaking a very Babel of African, Asiatic, and European tongues, perilous to delicate organic structures even to listen to.

Now for French African colonization. If we have not been very wise ourselves, our neighbors, who have never been eminently happy in their attempts at colonization, have been much less so. They have been in possession of an immense territory in Algeria for twenty years, and have now about fifty thousand colonists there, with an army which has generally not been less than one hundred thousand, so that every colonist requires two soldiers to keep his throat from being cut, and his property from being robbed or stolen. This is about ten times the regular army that protects twenty-eight millions of Anglo-Americans from nearly all the savages of North America. The local revenue of Algeria is half a million sterling; but the annual cost of the experiment to France amounts to eight times as much as the revenue; and it has been computed that the whole charge to the French nation, from first to last (it goes on at the same rate), has been sixty million pounds. This is without exception the most monstrous attempt at colonization that has ever been made by man. If war should unfortunately arise with any maritime power, the matter will be still worse. At least one hundred thousand of the flower of the French army will then be worse than lost to France. For, pent up as it will be in a narrow strip of eighty miles broad along the shore of the Mediterranean, it may be blockaded from the sea by any superior naval power; and assuredly will be so, from the side of the desert, by a native one. To hold Algeria is to cripple France.

What, then, is the cause of the fatality which has thus ever attended African colonization by Europeans? In tropical Africa, the heat and insalubrity, and consequently the total unfitness for European life, are causes quite sufficient to account for the failure; and the failure has been eminent with French, Dutch, English, and Danes. But this will not account for want of success in temperate Africa, whether beyond the northern or southern tropic. The climate of this last, especially, is very good; and that of the first being nearly the same as their own, ought not to be hurtful to the constitutions of southern Europeans.

Drought, and the intermixture of deserts and wastes of sand with fertile lands, after the manner of a chess-board, without the regularity, is, of course, unpropitious to colonization, but cannot prevent its advancement, as we see by the progress of our Australian colonies. These causes, however, combined with the character of the native or congenial inhabitants of the country, have been quite sufficient to prove insuperable obstacles to a prosperous colonization. A nomad and wandering population has in fact been generated, incapable either of advancement or amalgamation, having just a sufficient knowledge of the arts to be dangerous neighbors, not capable of being driven to a distance from the settlers, nor likely to be destroyed by gunpowder

or brandy. The lion and shepherd recede before the white man in southern Africa, but not the Caffir.

The inhabitant of northern Africa, whether Arabian or Numidian, is, in relation to an European colony, only a more formidable Caffir, from greater numbers and superior skill. Heretofore, a garrison of five thousand men at the most has been sufficient to protect the Cape colony, although six thousand miles distant from England. The territory of Algeria, of about the same extent, requires about twenty times that number, although within a day's sail of France. Arab and Numidian seem to be alike untamable both by position and by race. The Arabs (and it shows they were capable of better things) were a civilized and industrious people while in the fair regions of Spain; driven from it, they have degenerated into little more than predatory shepherds, or freebooters; but they are only the more formidable to civilized men on this very account.

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What, then, will be the fate of the French and English colonies in temperate Africa? We confess we can hardly venture to predict. Assuredly, neither north nor south Africa will ever give birth to a great or flourishing community, such as North America has done, and as Australia and New Zealand will certainly do. The Caffirs may possibly be driven to a distance, after a long course of trouble and expense; but the Arabs and Kabyles are as inexpugnable as the wandering tribes of Arabia Petræa or Tartary. With them, neither expulsion, nor extermination, nor amalgamation is practicable. Very likely France and England will get heartily tired of paying yearly millions for their unavailable deserts, and there is no knowing what they may be driven to do in such an extremity. At all events, we may safely assert that France would have saved sixty millions of pounds, and the interminable prospect of a proportional annual expenditure, had she confined herself to the town and fortress of Algiers; and England would have been richer and wiser, had she kept within the bounds of the original Dutch colony. The best thing we ourselves can do with our extra-tropical Africa, is to leave the colonists to govern, and also to defend themselves from all but enemies by sea: that the French, unfortunately, cannot do.

MY NOVEL:

OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

Continued from page 269.

BOOK V.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

"I hope, Pisistratus," said my father, "that you do not intend to be dull!"

"Heaven forbid, sir! what could make you ask such a question? *Intend!* No! if I am dull it is from innocence."

"A very long Discourse upon Knowledge!" said my father; "very long. I should cut it out!"

I looked upon my father as a Byzantian sage might have looked on a Vandal. "Cut it out!"

"Stops the action, sir!" said my father, dogmatically.

"Action! But a novel is not a drama."

"No, it is a great deal longer—twenty times as long, I dare say," replied Mr. Caxton with a sigh.

"Well, sir—well! I think my Discourse upon Knowledge has much to do with the subject—is vitally essential to the subject; does not stop the action—only explains and elucidates the action. And I am astonished, sir, that you, a scholar, and a cultivator of knowledge—"

"There—there!" cried my father, deprecatingly; "I yield—I yield. What better could I expect when I set up for a critic! What author ever lived that did not fly into a passion—even with his own father, if his father presumed to say—'Cut out!' *Pacem imploro*—"

Mrs. Caxton.—"My dear Austin, I am sure Pisistratus did not mean to offend you, and I have no doubt he will take your—"

Pisistratus, (hastily.)—"Advice *for the future*, certainly. I will quicken the action and—"

"Go on with the Novel," whispered Roland, looking up from his eternal account-book. "We have lost £200 by our barley!"

Therewith I plunged my pen into the ink, and my thoughts into the "Fair Shadowland."

CHAPTER II.

"Halt!" cried a voice; and not a little surprised was Leonard when the stranger who had accosted him the preceding evening got into the chaise.

"Well," said Richard, "I am not the sort of man you expected, eh! Take time to recover yourself." And with these words Richard drew forth a book from his pocket, threw himself back, and began to read. Leonard stole many a glance at the acute, hardy, handsome face of his companion, and gradually recognized a family likeness to poor John, in whom, despite age and infirmity, the traces of no common share of physical beauty were still evident. And, with that quick link in ideas which mathematical aptitude bestows, the young student at once conjectured that he saw before him his uncle Richard. He had the discretion, however, to leave that gentleman free to choose his own time for introducing himself, and silently revolved the new thoughts produced by the novelty of his situation. Mr. Richard read with notable quickness—sometimes cutting the leaves of the book with his penknife, sometimes tearing them open with his forefinger, sometimes skipping whole pages altogether. Thus he galloped to the end of the volume—flung it aside—lighted his cigar, and began to talk.

He put many questions to Leonard relative to his rearing, and especially to the mode by which he had acquired his education; and Leonard, confirmed in the idea that he was replying to a kinsman, answered frankly.

Richard did not think it strange that Leonard should have acquired so much instruction with so little direct tuition. Richard Avenel himself had been tutor to himself. He had lived too long with our go-ahead brethren, who stride the world on the other side the Atlantic with the seven-leagued boots of the Giant-killer, not to have caught their glorious fever for reading. But it was for a reading wholly different from that which was familiar to Leonard. The books he read must be new; to read old books would have seemed to him going back in the world. He fancied that new books necessarily contained new ideas—a common mistake—and our lucky adventurer was the man of his day.

Tired with talking, he at length chucked the book he had run through to Leonard, and, taking out a pocket-book and pencil, amused himself with calculations on some detail of his business, after which he fell into an absorbed train of thought—part pecuniary, part ambitious.

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Leonard found the book interesting; it was one of the numerous works, half-statistic, half-declamatory, relating to the condition of the working-classes, which peculiarly distinguish our century, and ought to bind together rich and poor, by proving the grave attention which modern society bestows upon all that can affect the welfare of the last.

"Dull stuff—theory—clap-trap," said Richard, rousing himself from his reverie at last: "it can't interest you."

"All books interest me, I think," said Leonard, "and this especially; for it relates to the working-class, and I am one of them."

"You were yesterday, but you mayn't be to-morrow," answered Richard good-humoredly, and patting him on the shoulder. "You see, my lad, that it is the middle class which ought to govern the country. What the book says about the ignorance of country magistrates is very good; but the man writes pretty considerable trash when he wants to regulate the number of hours a free-born boy should work at a factory—only ten hours a-day—pooh! and so lose two to the nation! Labor is wealth: and if we could get men to work twenty-four hours a-day, we should be just twice as rich. If the march of civilization is to proceed," continued Richard, loftily, "men, and boys too, must not lie a-bed doing nothing *all night*, sir." Then with a complacent tone—"We shall get to the twenty-four hours at last; and, by gad, we must, or we shan't flog the Europeans as we do now."

On arriving at the inn at which Richard had first made acquaintance with Mr. Dale, the coach by which he had intended to perform the rest of the journey was found to be full. Richard continued to perform the journey in post chaises, not without some grumbling at the expense, and incessant orders to the postboys to make the best of the way. "Slow country this, in spite of all its brag," said he—"very slow. Time is money—they know that in the States; for why, they are all men of business there. Always slow in a country where a parcel of lazy idle lords, and dukes, and baronets, seem to think 'time is pleasure.'"

Towards evening the chaise approached the confines of a very large town, and Richard began to grow fidgety. His easy cavalier air was abandoned. He withdrew his legs from the window, out of which they had been luxuriously dangling; pulled down his waistcoat; buckled more tightly his stock: it was clear that he was resuming the decorous dignity that belongs to state. He was like a monarch who, after travelling happy and incognito, returns to his capital. Leonard divined at once, that they were nearing their journey's end.

Humble foot-passengers now looked at the chaise, and touched their hats. Richard returned the salutation with a nod—a nod less gracious than condescending. The chaise turned rapidly to the left, and stopped before a smart lodge, very new, very white, adorned with two Doric columns in stucco, and flanked by a large pair of gates. "Hollo!" cried the postboy, and cracked his whip.

Two children were playing before the lodge, and some clothes were hanging out to dry on the shrubs and pales round the neat little building.

"Hang those brats! they are actually playing," growled Dick. "As I live, the jade has been washing again! Stop, boy." During this soliloquy, a good-looking young woman had rushed from the door—slapped the children, as catching sight of the chaise, they ran towards the house—opened the gates, and, dropping a curtsey to the ground, seemed to wish that she could drop into it altogether, so frightened and so trembling seemed she to shrink from the wrathful face which the

master now put out of the window.

"Did I tell you, or did I not," said Dick, "that I would not have these horrid disreputable clubs of yours playing just before my lodge gates?"

"Please, sir—"

"Don't answer me. And did I tell you, or did I not, that the next time I saw you making a drying-ground of my lilacs, you should go out, neck and crop—"

"Oh, please, sir—"

"You leave my lodge next Saturday: drive on, boy. The ingratitude and insolence of those common people are disgraceful to human nature," muttered Richard, with an accent of the bitterest misanthropy.

The chaise wheeled along the smoothest and freshest of gravel roads, and through fields of the finest land, in the highest state of cultivation. Rapid as was Leonard's survey, his rural eye detected the signs of a master in the art agronomical. Hitherto he had considered the Squire's model farm as the nearest approach to good husbandry he had seen: for Jackeymo's finer skill was developed rather on the minute scale of market-gardening than what can fairly be called husbandry. But the Squire's farm was degraded by many old fashioned notions, and concessions to the whim of the eye, which would not be found in model farms now-a-days,—large tangled hedgerows, which, though they constitute one of the beauties most picturesque in old England, make sad deductions from produce; great trees, overshadowing the corn, and harboring the birds; little patches of rough sward left to waste; and angles of woodland running into fields, exposing them to rabbits, and blocking out the sun. These and such like blots on a gentleman's agriculture, common-sense and Giacomo had made clear to the acute comprehension of Leonard. No such faults were perceptible in Richard Avenel's domain. The fields lay in broad divisions, the hedges were clipped and narrowed into their proper destination of mere boundaries. Not a blade of wheat withered under the cold shade of a tree; not a yard of land lay waste; not a weed was to be seen, not a thistle to waft its baleful seed through the air: some young plantations were placed, not where the artist would put them, but just where the farmer wanted a fence from the wind. Was there no beauty in this? Yes, there was beauty of its kind—beauty at once recognizable to the initiated—beauty of use and profit—beauty that could bear a monstrous high rent. And Leonard uttered a cry of admiration which thrilled through the heart of Richard Avenel.

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"This *is* farming!" said the villager.

"Well, I guess it is," answered Richard, all his ill-humor vanishing. "You should have seen the land when I bought it. But we new men, as they call us—(damn their impertinence)—are the new blood of this country."

Richard Avenel never said any thing more true. Long may the new blood circulate through the veins of the mighty giantess; but let the grand heart be the same as it has beat for proud ages.

The chaise now passed through a pretty shrubbery, and the house came into gradual view—a house with a portico—all the offices carefully thrust out of sight.

The postboy dismounted, and rang the bell.

"I almost think they are going to keep me waiting," said Mr. Richard, well-nigh in the very words of Louis XIV.

But that fear was not realized—the door opened; a well-fed servant out of livery presented himself. There was no hearty welcoming smile on his face, but he opened the chaise-door with demure and taciturn respect.

"Where's George? why does not he come to the door?" asked Richard, descending from the chaise slowly, and leaning on the servant's outstretched arm with as much precaution as if he had had the gout.

Fortunately, George here came into sight, settling himself hastily into his livery coat.

"See to the things, both of you," said Richard, as he paid the postboy.

Leonard stood on the gravel sweep, gazing at the square white house.

"Handsome elevation—classical, I take it—eh?" said Richard, joining him. "But you should see the offices."

He then, with familiar kindness, took Leonard by the arm, and drew him within. He showed him the hall, with a carved mahogany stand for hats; he showed him the drawing-room, and pointed out its beauties—though it was summer the drawing-room looked cold, as will look rooms newly furnished, with walls newly papered, in houses newly built. The furniture was handsome, and suited to the rank of a rich trader. There was no pretence about it, and therefore no vulgarity, which is more than can be said for the houses of many an honorable Mrs. Somebody in Mayfair, with rooms twelve feet square, chokeful of buhl, that would have had its proper place in the Tuileries. Then Richard showed him the library, with mahogany book-cases and plate glass, and the fashionable authors handsomely bound. Your new men are much better friends to living authors than your old families who live in the country, and at most subscribe to a book-club. Then Richard took him up-stairs, and led him through the bedrooms—all very clean and comfortable,

and with every modern convenience; and, pausing in a very pretty single gentleman's chamber, said, "This is your den. And now, can you guess who I am?"

"No one but my Uncle Richard could be so kind," answered Leonard.

But the compliment did not flatter Richard. He was extremely disconcerted and disappointed. He had hoped that he should be taken for a lord at least, forgetful of all that he had said in disparagement of lords.

"Pish!" said he at last, biting his lip—"so you don't think that I look like a gentleman! Come, now, speak honestly."

Leonard wonderingly saw he had given pain, and with the good breeding which comes instinctively from good nature, replied—"I judged you by your heart, sir, and your likeness to my grandfather—otherwise I should never have presumed to fancy we could be relations."

"Hum!" answered Richard. "You can just wash your hands, and then come down to dinner; you will hear the gong in ten minutes. There's the bell—ring for what you want."

With that, he turned on his heel; and, descending the stairs, gave a look into the dining-room, and admired the plated salver on the sideboard, and the king's pattern spoons and forks on the table. Then he walked to the looking-glass over the mantel-piece; and, wishing to survey the whole effect of his form, mounted a chair. He was just getting into an attitude which he thought imposing, when the butler entered, and being London bred, had the discretion to try to escape unseen; but Richard caught sight of him in the looking-glass, and colored up to the temples.

"Jarvis," said he mildly—"Jarvis, put me in mind to have these inexpressibles altered."

CHAPTER III.

Apropos of the inexpressibles, Mr. Richard did not forget to provide his nephew with a much larger wardrobe than could have been thrust into Dr. Riccabocca's knapsack. There was a very good tailor in the town, and the clothes were very well made. And, but for an air more ingenuous, and a cheek that, despite study and night vigils, retained much of the sunburnt bloom of the rustic, Leonard Fairfield might now have almost passed, without disparaging comment, by the bow-window at White's. Richard burst into an immoderate fit of laughter when he first saw the watch which the poor Italian had bestowed upon Leonard; but, to atone for the laughter, he made him a present of a very pretty substitute, and bade him "lock up his turnip." Leonard was more hurt by the jeer at his old patron's gift than pleased by his uncle's. But Richard Avenel had no conception of sentiment. It was not for many days that Leonard could reconcile himself to his uncle's manner. Not that the peasant could pretend to judge of its mere conventional defects; but there is an ill breeding to which, whatever our rank and nurture, we are almost equally sensitive—the ill breeding that comes from want of consideration for others. Now, the Squire was as homely in his way as Richard Avenel, but the Squire's bluntness rarely hurt the feelings: and when it did so, the Squire perceived and hastened to repair his blunder. But Mr. Richard, whether kind or cross, was always wounding you in some little delicate fibre—not from malice, but from the absence of any little delicate fibres of his own. He was really, in many respects, a most excellent man, and certainly a very valuable citizen. But his merits wanted the fine tints and fluent curves that constitute beauty of character. He was honest, but sharp in his practice, and with a keen eye to his interests. He was just, but as a matter of business. He made no allowances, and did not leave to his justice the large margin of tenderness and mercy. He was generous, but rather from an idea of what was due to himself than with much thought of the pleasure he gave to others; and he even regarded generosity as a capital put out to interest. He expected a great deal of gratitude in return, and, when he obliged a man, considered that he had bought a slave. Every needy voter knew where to come, if he wanted relief or a loan; but woe to him if he had ventured to express hesitation when Mr. Avenel told him how he must vote.

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In this town Richard had settled after his return from America, in which country he had enriched himself—first, by spirit and industry—lastly, by bold speculation and good luck. He invested his fortune in business—became a partner in a large brewery—soon bought out his associates—and then took a principal share in a flourishing corn-mill. He prospered rapidly—bought a property of some two or three hundred acres, built a house, and resolved to enjoy himself, and make a figure. He had now become the leading man of the town, and the boast to Audley Egerton that he could return one of the members, perhaps both, was by no means an exaggerated estimate of his power. Nor was his proposition, according to his own views, so unprincipled as it appeared to the statesman. He had taken a great dislike to both the sitting members—a dislike natural to a sensible man of modern politics, who had something to lose. For Mr. Slappe, the active member—who was head-over-ears in debt—was one of the furious democrats rare before the Reform Bill—and whose opinions were held dangerous even by the mass of a liberal constituency; while Mr. Sleekie, the gentleman member, who laid by £5000 every year from his dividends in the Funds, was one of those men whom Richard justly pronounced to be "humbugs"—men who curry favor with the extreme party by voting for measures sure not to be carried; while, if there were the least probability of coming to a decision that would lower the money market, Mr. Sleekie was seized with a well-timed influenza. Those politicians are common enough now. Propose to march to the Millennium, and they are your men. Ask them to march a quarter of a mile, and they fall to feeling their pockets, and trembling for fear of the footpads. They are never so joyful as when there is no chance of a victory. Did they beat the Minister, they would be carried out of the house

in a fit.

Richard Avenel—despising both these gentlemen, and not taking kindly to the Whigs since the great Whig leaders were Lords—looked with a friendly eye to the Government as it then existed, and especially to Audley Egerton, the enlightened representative of commerce. But in giving Audley and his colleagues the benefit of his influence, through conscience, he thought it all fair and right to have a *quid pro quo*, and, as he had so frankly confessed, it was his whim to rise up "Sir Richard." For this worthy citizen abused the aristocracy much on the same principle as the fair Olivia depreciated Squire Thornhill—he had a sneaking affection for what he abused. The society of Screwstown was, like most provincial capitals, composed of two classes—the commercial and the exclusive. These last dwelt chiefly apart, around the ruins of an old abbey; they affected its antiquity in their pedigrees, and had much of its ruin in their finances. Widows of rural thanes in the neighborhood—genteel spinsters—officers retired on half-pay—younger sons of rich squires, who had now become old bachelors—in short, a very respectable, proud, aristocratic set—who thought more of themselves than do all the Gowers and Howards, Courtenays and Seymours, put together. It had early been the ambition of Richard Avenel to be admitted into this sublime coterie; and, strange to say, he had partially succeeded. He was never more happy than when he was asked to their card-parties, and never more unhappy than when he was actually there. Various circumstances combined to raise Mr. Avenel into this elevated society. First, he was unmarried, still very handsome, and in that society there was a large proportion of unwedded females. Secondly, he was the only rich trader in Screwstown who kept a good cook, and professed to give dinners, and the half-pay captains and colonels swallowed the host for the sake of the venison. Thirdly, and principally, all these exclusives abhorred the two sitting members, and "idem nolle idem velle de republica, ea firma amicitia est;" that is, congeniality in politics pieces porcelain and crockery together better than the best diamond cement. The sturdy Richard Avenel—who valued himself on American independence—held these ladies and gentlemen in an awe that was truly Brahminical. Whether it was that, in England, all notions, even of liberty, are mixed up historically, traditionally, socially, with that fine and subtle element of aristocracy which, like the press, is the air we breathe; or whether Richard imagined that he really became magnetically imbued with the virtues of these silver pennies and gold seven-shilling pieces, distinct from the vulgar coinage in popular use, it is hard to say. But the truth must be told—Richard Avenel was a notable tuft-hunter. He had a great longing to marry out of this society; but he had not yet seen any one sufficiently high-born and high-bred to satisfy his aspirations. In the mean while, he had convinced himself that his way would be smooth could he offer to make his ultimate choice "My Lady;" and he felt that it would be a proud hour in his life when he could walk before stiff Colonel Pompley to the sound of "Sir Richard." Still, however disappointed at the ill success of his bluff diplomacy with Mr. Egerton, and however yet cherishing the most vindictive resentment against that individual—he did not, as many would have done, throw up his political convictions out of personal spite. He resolved still to favor the ungrateful and undeserving administration; and as Audley Egerton had acted on the representations of the mayor and deputies, and shaped his bill to meet their views, so Avenel and the Government rose together in the popular estimation of the citizens of Screwstown.

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But, duly to appreciate the value of Richard Avenel, and in just counterpoise to all his foibles, one ought to have seen what he had effected for the town. Well might he boast of "new blood;" he had done as much for the town as he had for his fields. His energy, his quick comprehension of public utility, backed by his wealth, and bold, bullying, imperious character, had sped the work of civilization as if with the celerity and force of a steam-engine.

If the town were so well paved and so well lighted—if half-a-dozen squalid lanes had been transformed into a stately street—if half the town no longer depended on tanks for their water—if the poor-rates were reduced one-third,—praise to the brisk new blood which Richard Avenel had infused into vestry and corporation. And his example itself was so contagious! "There was not a plate-glass window in the town when I came into it," said Richard Avenel; "and now look down the High Street!" He took the credit to himself, and justly; for, though his own business did not require windows of plate-glass, he had awakened the spirit of enterprise which adorns a whole city.

Mr. Avenel did not present Leonard to his friends for more than a fortnight. He allowed him to wear off his rust. He then gave a grand dinner, at which his nephew was formally introduced, and, to his great wrath and disappointment, never opened his lips. How could he, poor youth, when Miss Clarina Mowbray only talked upon high life; till proud Colonel Pompley went in state through the history of the siege of Seringapatam.

CHAPTER IV.

While Leonard accustoms himself gradually to the splendors that surround him, and often turns with a sigh to the remembrance of his mother's cottage and the sparkling fount in the Italian's flowery garden, we will make with thee, O reader, a rapid flight to the metropolis, and drop ourselves amidst the gay groups that loiter along the dusty ground, or loll over the roadside palings of Hyde Park. The season is still at its height; but the short day of fashionable London life, which commences two hours after noon, is in its decline. The crowd in Rotten Row begins to thin. Near the statue of Achilles, and apart from all other loungers, a gentleman, with one hand thrust into his waistcoat, and the other resting on his cane, gazed listlessly on the horsemen and carriages in the brilliant ring. He was still in the prime of life, at the age when man is usually the most social—when the acquaintances of youth have ripened into friendship, and a personage of

some rank and fortune has become a well-known feature in the mobile face of society. But though, when his contemporaries were boys scarce at college, this gentleman had blazed foremost amongst the princes of fashion, and though he had all the qualities of nature and circumstance which either retain fashion to the last, or exchange its false celebrity for a graver repute, he stood as a stranger in that throng of his countrymen. Beauties whirled by to the toilet—statesmen passed on to the senate—dandies took flight to the clubs; and neither nods, nor becks, nor wreathed smiles, said to the solitary spectator, "Follow us—thou art one of our set." Now and then, some middle-aged beau, nearing the post of the loiterer, turned round to look again; but the second glance seemed to dissipate the recognition of the first, and the beau silently continued his way.

"By the tombs of my fathers!" said the solitary to himself, "I know now what a dead man might feel if he came to life again, and took a peep at the living."

Time passed on—the evening shades descended fast. Our stranger in London had well-nigh the Park to himself. He seemed to breathe more freely as he saw that the space was so clear.

"There's oxygen in the atmosphere now," said he, half aloud; "and I can walk without breathing in the gaseous fumes of the multitude. O those chemists—what dolts they are! They tell us crowds taint the air, but they never guess why! Pah, it is not the lungs that poison the element—it is the reek of bad hearts. When a periwig-pated fellow breathes on me, I swallow a mouthful of care. *Allons!* my friend Nero; now for a stroll." He touched with his cane a large Newfoundland dog, who lay stretched near his feet; a dog and man went slow through the growing twilight, and over the brown dry turf. At length our solitary paused, and threw himself on a bench under a tree. "Half-past eight!" said he, looking at his watch—"one may smoke one's cigar without shocking the world."

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He took out his cigar-case, struck a light, and in another moment reclined at length on the bench—seemed absorbed in regarding the smoke, that scarce colored ere it vanished into air.

"It is the most barefaced lie in the world, my Nero," said he, addressing his dog, "this boasted liberty of man! Now here am I, a free-born Englishman, a citizen of the world, caring—I often say to myself—caring not a jot for Kaisar or Mob; and yet I no more dare smoke this cigar in the Park at half-past six, when all the world is abroad, than I dare pick my Lord Chancellor's pocket, or hit the Archbishop of Canterbury a thump on the nose. Yet no law in England forbids me my cigar, Nero! What is law at half-past eight, was not crime at six and a-half! Britannia says, 'Man, thou art free,' and she lies like a commonplace woman. O Nero, Nero! you enviable dog!—you serve but from liking. No thought of the world costs you one wag of your tail. Your big heart and true instinct suffice you for reason and law. You would want nothing to your felicity, if in these moments of ennui you would but smoke a cigar. Try it, Nero!—try it!" And, rising from his incumbent posture, he sought to force the end of the weed between the teeth of the dog.

While thus gravely engaged, two figures had approached the place. The one was a man who seemed weak and sickly. His threadbare coat was buttoned to the chin, but hung large on his shrunken breast. The other was a girl of about fourteen, on whose arm he leant heavily. Her cheek was wan, and there was a patient sad look on her face, which seemed so settled that you would think she could never have known the mirthfulness of childhood.

"Pray rest here, papa," said the child softly; and she pointed to the bench, without taking heed of its pre-occupant, who now, indeed, confined to one corner of the seat, was almost hidden by the shadow of a tree.

The man sat down with a feeble sigh; and then, observing the stranger, raised his hat, and said in that tone of voice which betrays the usages of polished society, "Forgive me, if I intrude on you, sir."

The stranger looked up from his dog, and seeing that the girl was standing, rose at once, as if to make room for her on the bench.

But still the girl did not heed him. She hung over her father, and wiped his brow tenderly with a little kerchief which she took from her own neck for the purpose.

Nero, delighted to escape the cigar, had taken to some unwieldy curvets and gambols, to vent the excitement into which he had been thrown; and now returning, approached the bench with a low look of surprise, and sniffed at the intruders on his master's privacy.

"Come here, sir," said the master. "You need not fear him," he added, addressing himself to the girl.

But the girl, without turning round to him, cried in a voice rather of anguish than alarm, "He has fainted! Father! father!"

The stranger kicked aside his dog, which was in the way, and loosened the poor man's stiff military stock. While thus charitably engaged, the moon broke out, and the light fell full on the pale care-worn face of the unconscious sufferer.

"This face seems not unfamiliar to me, though sadly changed," said the stranger to himself; and bending towards the girl, who had sunk on her knees and was chafing her father's hands, he asked, "My child, what is your father's name?"

The child continued her task, too absorbed to answer.

The stranger put his hand on her shoulder, and repeated the question.

"Digby," answered the child, almost unconsciously; and as she spoke, the man's senses began to return. In a few minutes more he had sufficiently recovered to falter forth his thanks to the stranger. But the latter took his hand, and said, in a voice at once tremulous and soothing, "Is it possible that I see once more an old brother in arms? Algernon Digby, I do not forget you; but it seems England has forgotten!"

A hectic flush spread over the soldier's face, and he looked away from the speaker as he answered—

"My name is Digby, it is true, sir; but I do not think we have met before. Come, Helen, I am well now—we will go home."

"Try and play with that great dog, my child," said the stranger—"I want to talk with your father."

The child bowed her submissive head, and moved away; but she did not play with the dog.

"I must re-introduce myself, formally, I see," quoth the stranger. "You were in the same regiment with myself, and my name is L'Estrange."

"My lord," said the soldier, rising, "forgive me that—"

"I don't think that it was the fashion to call me 'my lord' at the mess-table. Come, what has happened to you?—on half pay?"

Mr. Digby shook his head mournfully.

"Digby, old fellow, can you lend me £100?" said Lord L'Estrange, clapping his *ci-devant* brother officer on the shoulder, and in a tone of voice that seemed like a boy's—so impudent was it and devil-me-carish. "No! Well, that's lucky, for I can lend it to you."

Mr. Digby burst into tears.

Lord L'Estrange did not seem to observe the emotion. "We were both sad extravagant fellows in our day," said he, "and I dare say I borrowed of you pretty freely."

"Me! Oh, Lord L'Estrange?"

"You have married since then, and reformed, I suppose. Tell me, old friend, all about it."

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Mr. Digby, who by this time had succeeded in restoring some calm to his shattered nerves, now rose, and said in brief sentences, but clear firm tones,—

"My Lord, it is idle to talk of me—useless to help me. I am fast dying. But, my child there, my only child, (he paused an instant, and went on rapidly.) I have relations in a distant country, if I could but get to them—I think they would at least provide for her. This has been for weeks my hope, my dream, my prayer. I cannot afford the journey except by your help. I have begged without shame for myself; shall I be ashamed, then, to beg for her?"

"Digby," said L'Estrange with some grave alteration of manner, "talk neither of dying, nor begging. You were nearer death when the balls whistled round you at Waterloo. If soldier meets soldier and says, 'Friend, thy purse,' it is not begging, but brotherhood. Ashamed! By the soul of Belisarius! if I needed money, I would stand at a crossing with my Waterloo medal over my breast, and say to each sleek citizen I had helped to save from the sword of the Frenchman, 'It is your shame if I starve.' Now, lean upon me; I see you should be at home—which way?"

The poor soldier pointed his hand towards Oxford Street, and reluctantly accepted the proffered arm.

"And when you return from your relations, you will call on me? What!—hesitate? Come, promise."

"I will."

"On your honor."

"If I live, on my honor."

"I am staying at present at Knightsbridge, with my father; but you will always hear of my address at No. — Grosvenor Square, Mr. Egerton's. So you have a long journey before you?"

"Very long."

"Do not fatigue yourself—travel slowly. Ho, you foolish child!—I see you are jealous of me. Your father has another arm to spare you."

Thus talking, and getting but short answers, Lord L'Estrange continued to exhibit those whimsical peculiarities of character, which had obtained for him the repute of heartlessness in the world. Perhaps the reader may think the world was not in the right. But if ever the world does judge rightly of the character of a man who does not live for the world, nor talk of the world, nor feel with the world, it will be centuries after the soul of Harley L'Estrange has done with this planet.

CHAPTER V.

Lord L'Estrange parted company with Mr. Digby at the entrance of Oxford Street. The father and child there took a cabriolet. Mr. Digby directed the driver to go down the Edgeware Road. He refused to tell L'Estrange his address, and this with such evident pain, from the sores of pride, that L'Estrange could not press the point. Reminding the soldier of his promise to call, Harley thrust a pocket-book into his hand, and walked off hastily towards Grosvenor Square.

He reached Audley Egerton's door just as that gentleman was getting out of his carriage; and the two friends entered the house together.

"Does the nation take a nap to-night?" asked L'Estrange. "Poor old lady! She hears so much of her affairs, that she may well boast of her constitution: it must be of iron."

"The House is still sitting," answered Audley seriously, and with small heed of his friend's witticism. "But it is not a Government motion, and the division will be late, so I came home; and if I had not found you here, I should have gone into the park to look for you."

"Yes—one always knows where to find me at this hour, 9 o'clock P.M.—cigar—Hyde Park. There is not a man in England so regular in his habits."

Here the friends reached a drawing-room in which the member of Parliament seldom sat, for his private apartments were all on the ground floor.

"But it is the strangest whim of yours, Harley," said he.

"What?"

"To affect detestation of ground-floors."

"Affect! O sophisticated man, of the earth, earthy! Affect!—nothing less natural to the human soul than a ground-floor. We are quite far enough from heaven, mount as many stairs as we will, without grovelling by preference."

"According to that symbolical view of the case," said Audley, "you should lodge in an attic."

"So I would, but that I abhor new slippers. As for hair-brushes, I am indifferent!"

"What have slippers and hair-brushes to do with attics?"

"Try! Make your bed in an attic, and the next morning you will have neither slippers nor hair-brushes!"

"What shall I have done with them?"

"Shied them at the cats!"

"What odd things you do say, Harley!"

"Odd! By Apollo and his nine spinsters! there is no human being who has so little imagination as a distinguished Member of Parliament. Answer me this, thou solemn right honorable—Hast thou climbed to the heights of august contemplation? Hast thou gazed on the stars with the rapt eye of song? Hast thou dreamed of a love known to the angels, or sought to seize in the Infinite the mystery of life?"

"Not I indeed, my poor Harley."

"Then no wonder, poor Audley, that you cannot conjecture why he who makes his bed in an attic, disturbed by base catterwauls, shies his slippers at cats. Bring a chair into the balcony. Nero spoiled my cigar to-night. I am going to smoke now. You never smoke. You can look on the shrubs in the Square."

Audley slightly shrugged his shoulders, but he followed his friend's counsel and example, and brought his chair into the balcony. Nero came too, but at sight and smell of the cigar prudently retreated, and took refuge under the table.

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"Audley Egerton, I want something from Government."

"I am delighted to hear it."

"There was a cornet in my regiment, who would have done better not to have come into it. We were, for the most part of us, puppies and fops."

"You all fought well, however."

"Puppies and fops do fight well. Vanity and valor generally go together. Cæsar, who scratched his head with due care of his scanty curls, and, even in dying, thought of the folds in his toga; Walter Raleigh, who could not walk twenty yards, because of the gems in his shoes; Alcibiades, who lounged into the Agora with doves in his bosom, and an apple in his hand; Murat, bedizened in gold lace and furs; and Demetrius, the City-Taker, who made himself up like a French *Marquise*,—were all pretty good fellows at fighting. A slovenly hero like Cromwell is a paradox in nature, and a marvel in history. But to return to my cornet. We were rich; he was poor. When the pot of clay swims down the stream with the brass-pots, it is sure of a smash. Men said Digby was stingy; I saw he was extravagant. But every one, I fear, would be rather thought stingy than poor. *Bref.*—

I left the army, and saw him no more till to-night. There was never shabby poor gentleman on the stage more awfully shabby, more pathetically gentleman. But, look ye, this man has fought for England. It was no child's play at Waterloo, let me tell you, Mr. Egerton; and, but for such men, you would be at best a *sous-prefet*, and your Parliament a Provincial Assembly. You must do something for Digby. What shall it be?"

"Why, really, my dear Harley, this man was no great friend of yours—eh?"

"If he were, he would not want the Government to help him—he would not be ashamed of taking money from me."

"That is all very fine, Harley; but there are so many poor officers, and so little to give. It is the most difficult thing in the world that which you ask me. Indeed, I know nothing can be done: he has his half-pay?"

"I think not; or, if he has it, no doubt it all goes on his debts. That's nothing to us: the man and his child are starving."

"But if it is his own fault—if he has been imprudent?"

"Ah—well, well; where the devil is Nero?"

"I am so sorry I can't oblige you. If it were any thing else—"

"There is something else. My valet—I can't turn him adrift—excellent fellow, but gets drunk now and then. Will you find him a place in the Stamp Office?"

"With pleasure."

"No, now I think of it—the man knows my ways: I must keep him. But my old wine-merchant—civil man, never dunned—is a bankrupt. I am under great obligations to him, and he has a very pretty daughter. Do you think you could thrust him into some small place in the colonies, or make him a King's Messenger, or something of the sort?"

"If you very much wish it, no doubt I can."

"My dear Audley, I am but feeling my way: the fact is, I want something for myself."

"Ah, that indeed gives me pleasure!" cried Egerton, with animation.

"The mission to Florence will soon be vacant—I know it privately. The place would quite suit me. Pleasant city; the best figs in Italy—very little to do. You could sound Lord —— on the subject."

"I will answer beforehand. Lord —— would be enchanted to secure to the public service a man so accomplished as yourself, and the son of a peer like Lord Lansmere."

Harley L'Estrange sprang to his feet, and flung his cigar in the face of a stately policeman who was looking up at the balcony.

"Infamous and bloodless official!" cried Harley L'Estrange; "so you could provide for a pimple-nosed lackey—for a wine-merchant who has been poisoning the king's subjects with white-lead or sloe-juice—for an idle sybarite, who would complain of a crumpled rose-leaf; and nothing, in all the vast patronage of England, for a broken down soldier, whose dauntless breast was her rampart!"

"Harley," said the member of Parliament, with his calm, sensible smile, "this would be a very good clap-trap at a small theatre; but there is nothing in which Parliament demands such rigid economy as the military branch of the public service; and no man for whom it is so hard to effect what we must plainly call a job, as a subaltern officer, who has done nothing more than his duty—and all military men do that. Still, as you take it so earnestly, I will use what interest I can at the War Office, and get him, perhaps, the mastership of a barrack."

"You had better; for if you do not, I swear I will turn radical, and come down to your own city to oppose you, with Hunt and Cobbett to canvass for me."

"I should be very glad to see you come into Parliament, even as a radical, and at my expense," said Audley, with great kindness. "But the air is growing cold, and you are not accustomed to our climate. Nay, if you are too poetic for catarrhs and rheums, I'm not—come in."

CHAPTER VI.

Lord L'Estrange threw himself on a sofa, and leant his cheek on his hand thoughtfully. Audley Egerton sat near him, with his arms folded, and gazed on his friend's face with a soft expression of aspect, which was very unusual to the firm outline of his handsome features. The two men were as dissimilar in person as the reader will have divined that they were in character. All about Egerton was so rigid, all about L'Estrange so easy. In every posture of Harley there was the unconscious grace of a child. The very fashion of his garments showed his abhorrence of restraint. His clothes were wide and loose, his neckcloth tied carelessly, left his throat half bare. You could see that he had lived much in warm and southern lands, and contracted a contempt for conventionalities; there was as little in his dress as in his talk of the formal precision of the north. He was three or four years younger than Audley, but he looked at least twelve years younger. In fact, he was one of those men to whom old age seems impossible—voice, look, figure, had all the

charm of youth; and, perhaps, it was from this gracious youthfulness—at all events, it was characteristic of the kind of love he inspired—that neither his parents, nor the few friends admitted into his intimacy, ever called him, in their habitual intercourse, by the name of his title. He was not L'Estrange with them, he was Harley; and by that familiar baptismal I will usually designate him. He was not one of those men whom author or reader wish to view at a distance, and remember as "my lord"—it was so rarely that he remembered it himself. For the rest, it had been said of him by a shrewd wit—"He is so natural, that every one calls him affected." Harley L'Estrange was not so critically handsome as Audley Egerton; to a commonplace observer he was, at best, rather good-looking than otherwise. But women said that he had a beautiful countenance, and they were not wrong. He wore his hair, which was of a fair chestnut, long, and in loose curls; and instead of the Englishman's whiskers, indulged in the foreigner's moustache. His complexion was delicate, though not effeminate; it was rather the delicacy of a student than of a woman. But in his clear gray eye there was wonderful vigor of life. A skilful physiologist, looking only into that eye, would have recognized rare stamina of constitution—a nature so rich that, while easily disturbed, it would require all the effects of time, or all the fell combinations of passion and grief, to exhaust it. Even now, though so thoughtful, and even so sad, the rays of that eye were as concentrated and steadfast as the light of the diamond.

"You were only, then, in jest," said Audley, after a long silence, "when you spoke of this mission to Florence. You have still no idea of entering into public life.

"None."

"I had hoped better things when I got your promise to pass one season in London. But, indeed, you have kept your promise to the ear to break it to the spirit. I could not presuppose that you would shun all society, and be as much of a hermit here as under the vines of Como."

"I have sat in the Strangers' Gallery, and heard your great speakers; I have been in the pit of the opera, and seen your fine ladies; I have walked your streets, I have lounged in your parks, and I say that I can't fall in love with a faded dowager, because she fills up her wrinkles with rouge."

"Of what dowager do you speak?" asked the matter-of-fact Audley.

"She has a great many titles. Some people call her fashion, you busy men, politics: it is all one—tricked out and artificial. I mean London life. No, I can't fall in love with her, fawning old harridan!"

"I wish you could fall in love with something."

"I wish I could, with all my heart."

"But you are so *blasé*."

"On the contrary, I am so fresh. Look out of the window—what do you see?"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing—"

"Nothing but houses and dusty lilacs, my coachman dozing on his box, and two women in pattens crossing the kennel."

"I see none of that where I lie on the sofa. I see but the stars. And I feel for them as I did when I was a schoolboy at Eton. It is you who are *blasé*, not I—enough of this. You do not forget my commission, with respect to the exile who has married into your brother's family?"

"No; but here you set me a task more difficult than that of saddling your cornet on the War Office."

"I know it is difficult, for the counter influence is vigilant and strong; but, on the other hand, the enemy is so damnable a traitor that one must have the Fates and the household gods on one's side."

"Nevertheless," said the practical Audley, bending over a book on the table, "I think that the best plan would be to attempt a compromise with the traitor."

"To judge of others by myself," answered Harley with spirit, "it were less bitter to put up with wrong than to palter with it for compensation. And such wrong! Compromise with the open foe—that may be done with honor; but with the perjured friend—that were to forgive the perjury."

"You are too vindictive," said Egerton; "there may be excuses for the friend, which palliate even _"

"Hush! Audley, hush! or I shall think the world has indeed corrupted you. Excuse for the friend who deceives, who betrays! No, such is the true outlaw of Humanity; and the Furies surround him even while he sleeps in the temple."

The man of the world lifted his eye slowly on the animated face of one still natural enough for the passions. He then once more returned to his book, and said, after a pause, "It is time you should marry, Harley."

"No," answered L'Estrange, with a smile at this sudden turn in the conversation—"not time yet; for my chief objection to that change in life is, that all the women now-a-days are too old for me,

or I am too young for them; a few, indeed, are so infantine that one is ashamed to be their toy; but most are so knowing that one is a fool to be their dupe. The first, if they condescend to love you, love you as the biggest doll they have yet dandled, and for a doll's good qualities—your pretty blue eyes, and your exquisite millinery. The last, if they prudently accept you, do so on algebraical principles; you are but the X or the Y that represents a certain aggregate of goods matrimonial—pedigree, title, rent-roll, diamonds, pin-money, opera-box. They cast you up with the help of mamma, and you wake some morning to find that *plus* wife *minus* affection equals—the Devil!"

"Nonsense," said Audley, with his quiet grave laugh. "I grant that it is often the misfortune of a man in your station to be married rather for what he has, than for what he is; but you are tolerably penetrating, and not likely to be deceived in the character of the woman you court."

"Of the woman I *court*?—No! But of the woman I *marry*, very likely indeed. Woman is a changeable thing, as our Virgil informed us at school; but her change *par excellence* is from the fairy you woo to the brownie you wed. It is not that she has been a hypocrite, it is that she is a transmigration. You marry a girl for her accomplishments. She paints charmingly, or plays like St. Cecilia. Clap a ring on her finger, and she never draws again—except perhaps your caricature on the back of a letter, and never opens a piano after the honeymoon. You marry her for her sweet temper; and next year, her nerves are so shattered that you can't contradict her but you are whirled into a storm of hysterics. You marry her because she declares she hates balls and likes quiet; and ten to one but what she becomes a patroness at Almacks, or a lady in waiting."

"Yet most men marry, and most men survive the operation."

"If it were only necessary to live, that would be a consolatory and encouraging reflection. But to live with peace, to live with dignity, to live with freedom, to live in harmony with your thoughts, your habits, your aspirations—and this in the perpetual companionship of a person to whom you have given the power to wound your peace, to assail your dignity, to cripple your freedom, to jar on each thought and each habit, and bring you down to the meanest details of earth, when you invite her, poor soul, to soar to the spheres—that makes the to be, or not to be, which is the question."

"If I were you, Harley, I would do as I have heard the author of *Sandford and Merton* did—choose out a child, and educate her yourself after your own heart."

"You have hit it," answered Harley, seriously. "That has long been my idea—a very vague one, I confess. But I fear I shall be an old man before I find even the child."

"Ah," he continued, yet more earnestly, while the whole character of his varying countenance changed again—"ah! if indeed I could discover what I seek—one who with the heart of a child has the mind of a woman; one who beholds in nature the variety, the charm, the never feverish, ever healthful excitement that others vainly seek in the bastard sentimentalities of a life false with artificial forms; one who can comprehend, as by intuition, the rich poetry with which creation is clothed—poetry so clear to the child when enraptured with the flower, or when wondering at the star? If on me such exquisite companionship were bestowed—why, then"—he paused, sighed deeply, and, covering his face with his hand, resumed in faltering accents,—

"But once—but once only, did such vision of the Beautiful made human rise before me—amidst 'golden exhalations of the dawn.' It beggared my life in vanishing. You know only—you only—how—how"—

He bowed his head, and the tears forced themselves through his clenched fingers.

"So long ago!" said Audley, sharing his friend's emotion. "Years so long and so weary, yet still thus tenacious of a mere boyish memory."

"Away with it, then!" cried Harley, springing to his feet, and with a laugh of strange merriment. "Your carriage still waits; set me home before you go to the House."

Then laying his hand lightly on his friend's shoulder, he said, "Is it for you, Audley Egerton, to speak sneeringly of boyish memories? What else is it that binds us together? What else warms my heart when I meet you? What else draws your thoughts from blue-books and beer-bills, to waste them on a vagrant like me? Shake hands. Oh, friend of my boyhood! recollect the oars that we plied and the bats that we wielded in the old time, or the murmured talk on the moss-grown bank, as we sat together, building in the summer air castles mightier than Windsor. Ah! they are strong ties, those boyish memories, believe me! I remember as if it were yesterday my translation of that lovely passage in *Perseus*, beginning—let me see—ah!—

"Quum primum pavido custos mihi purpura cessit,"

that passage on friendship which gushes out so livingly from the stern heart of the satirist. And when old ——— complimented me on my verses, my eye sought yours. Verily, I now say as then,

"Nescio quod, certe est quod me tibi temperet astrum."^[8]

Audley turned away his head as he returned the grasp of his friend's hand; and while Harley, with his light elastic footstep, descended the stairs, Egerton lingered behind, and there was no trace of the worldly man upon his countenance when he took his place in the carriage by his

companion's side.

Two hours afterwards, weary cries of "Question, question!" "Divide, divide!" sank into reluctant silence as Audley Egerton rose to conclude the debate—the man of men to speak late at night, and to impatient benches: a man who would be heard; whom a Bedlam broke loose would not have roared down; with a voice clear and sound as a bell, and a form as firmly set on the ground as a church-tower. And while, on the dullest of dull questions, Audley Egerton thus, not too lively himself, enforced attention, where was Harley L'Estrange? Standing alone by the river at Richmond, and murmuring low fantastic thoughts as he gazed on the moonlit tide.

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When Audley left him at home, he had joined his parents, made them gay with his careless gayety, seen the old-fashioned folks retire to rest, and then—while they, perhaps, deemed him once more the hero of ball-rooms and the cynosure of clubs—he drove slowly through the soft summer night, amidst the perfumes of many a garden and many a gleaming chestnut grove, with no other aim before him than to reach the loveliest margin of England's loveliest river, at the hour the moon was fullest and the song of the nightingale most sweet. And so eccentric a humorist was this man, that I believe, as he there loitered—no one near to cry "How affected!" or "How romantic!"—he enjoyed himself more than if he had been exchanging the politest "how-d'ye-do's" in the hottest of London drawing-rooms, or betting his hundreds on the odd trick with Lord de R— for his partner.

FOOTNOTES:

[8] "What was the star I know not, but certainly some star it was that attuned me unto thee."

From the London Examiner.

A GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

There is one country which is not represented at the Great Exhibition, one power which refused to send any specimens of its produce, lest the having done so should be considered as a tribute to the commercial greatness of England, and lest exhibitors and exhibited should incur contamination by contact with specimens of the world's industry. One is not sorry that this should be the case, and that the felon power of Europe should have thus passed judgment on itself, and of its own accord placed itself in Coventry.

The country we allude to is Naples. The horror which the king entertains of any thing constitutional since his Majesty took the oath to his own constitution, and since he hanged those who committed the same crime without afterwards perjuring themselves after the royal example, has induced him to prohibit the sending of any specimens to London. Naples, to be sure, has little to exhibit. Industry in that country, so blessed by nature, has been crushed and annihilated by the hand of tyranny. Sulphur and other volcanic products, wine which science has never enabled to bear exportation, silk in its *brut* state, with some coarse fabrics of cloth and linen, and hats in imitation of Tuscany, compose all the industry of one of the finest countries in Europe. No marvel, therefore, it should have shrunk upon any pretence from occupying a booth at the Great Exhibition.

A very different place in that great show is held by Piedmont, which has furnished a large assortment of raw materials and manufactured articles. On the other hand, Florence and Venice are far, we fear, from even keeping up a shadow of their old reputation. The country of Benvenuto Cellini has lost the gift of the arts with that of freedom; and the manufactures with which Venice used to pay for the merchandise of the East are no more. Strange to say, however, Milan supplies one of the most interesting and perfect compartments of the Exhibition, that of small sculptures, in which the youth of the region are so skilled as to distance all competition.

The United States must be held to have furnished far less valuable specimens of either art or nature than might have been expected; and this will be the more evident, as its stall occupies the great compartment of the Exhibition adjoining the eastern entrance, and first meeting the eye. France and Germany, especially North Germany, hold their ground well. One thing, however, seems certain, and the more remarkable as it was not altogether expected, which is, that England is not inferior to her competitors in any department. That her machinery, and the results of her science and skill in working in metals should distance all competition, might have been looked for. But what will greatly astonish people, is her very signal success in so many departments of the ornamental: and whilst of natural productions her various colonies have supplied specimens the most novel and most startling, the produce of the looms as well as of the mines of Indostan offer among the most novel and interesting sights that the curious could flock to see.

In a general way it is not yet possible to guess what effect the Exhibition is likely to have. So many persons will crowd to it with widely different views, that it is extremely difficult to sum up its probable impression on the whole. But we believe that those most gratified will be scientific persons, who can see and compare for the first time all raw materials and all finished productions gathered together under the same roof. It is, indeed, as a creator of new combinations and of

new ideas, that the Great Exhibition must in any permanent sense be chiefly valuable; for it is hardly conceivable but that many most startling inventions in art manufacture must ultimately spring from it. But these will be silent enjoyments, and for a long time secret profits. Those on whose fertile minds the good seed of new ideas may fall, will silently cherish and allow them to germ in the shade, and years may elapse ere we see the growth or the fruit. What meanwhile we may count upon hearing most of for the moment will be the enjoyment of the curious at the view of the Koh-i-noor, and the other mere sight-wonders of the Exhibition.

Let us add that not the least pleasure of this kind is the view which each race of the human family will be enabled to take of the other. The crowds now brought together are essentially, the greater part of them, of the middle and artisan class, although it may be generally of those already successful and enriched. This is a kind of people that would never have come amongst us but upon an occasion such as the present, and whom to see and be seen by, cannot but be productive of large, friendly, humane, cosmopolitan results.

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From Leigh Hunt's Journal.

DR. DAVID STRAUSS IN WEIMAR.

The Visitor's Book of the Elephant Hotel in Weimar contains, under the date of the 12th August, a rather remarkable autograph, which the curious collector would do well to buy, if possible, or, if not possible, then to beg or steal. Perhaps, among the many distinguished names which the long series of *Fremdenbücher* kept at Weimar during the last fifty years must necessarily exhibit, there are few to which an earnest, thinking man would attach the same profound, though somewhat painful degree of interest. It is the name of "*Dr. David Strauss, aus Ludwigsburg,*" written by himself.

"How!" you exclaim in a mingled tone of surprise and incredulity, "Dr. Strauss in Weimar? David Strauss among the pilgrims to the tomb of the poets?"

It does sound apocryphal—*mythical*, if you will. One would almost as soon expect to hear of the late Dr. Jordan Faust himself paying a visit to the ghost of Goethe. Nevertheless, and in spite of all that learned critics, a thousand years hence, may advance and prove to the contrary, a veritable fact it is, Strauss actually has been among us—has been seen here in the body during several days by several witnesses, the present writer being one.

It is my intention here briefly to record the impression which I still retain of my transient intercourse with this celebrated man. Such a record can scarce be considered as a breach of confidence, an invasion of the sacred domains of private life: the author of the "*Leben Jesu*" is a public, I had almost said, an historical character.

Up to his arrival in Weimar, my relation to Strauss had been merely of that mystic, invisible, and impersonal description, which usually subsists between a gifted writer and his readers. But even before I knew the language, and, by consequence, before I could read the works of Strauss, I had heard much and often of the young Tubingen theologian, who, at the age of twenty-seven years, with all the moral courage of a Luther, all the critical skill, and more than all the learning of a Lessing, had arisen and *implicitly* declared to the whole German nation, and to the world at large, that their belief rested on a false basis (in his opinion).

Though educated in a country where every man reads and reverences his Bible, I had likewise arrived at that, in every sense, *critical* period, which is, I suppose, common to all men of an inquiring disposition. I, too, had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge—had become as a god in my own conceit, knowing good from evil. I had passed through the French and English schools of skepticism, with my orthodoxy, if not intact, at least not vitally injured. To study Strauss, therefore, seemed a mere matter of course. Well; I read his celebrated work. It contained nothing absolutely new, either in assertion or opinion. I had met with the same or similar elsewhere. And yet the very same *wooden* arguments I had so often smiled at in the writings of the French and English free-thinkers, seemed here to annihilate me. In vain I said to myself, "they are still wooden!" Strauss had so sheathed and bound them with his triple fold of *brass*. In other words, had so supported and confirmed them with his unheard-of array of learning, logic, and science; that nothing, I thought, could resist them. It seemed as if the world-old, hereditary feud between faith and reason were here to be terminated for ever. As I read, the solid earth seemed to be giving way beneath me; and when I at length closed the ominous volume, I could have almost cried out with the chorus in Faust: "Woe! woe! thou hast shattered the lovely world!"

It is unusual, I believe, to speak out these bosom secrets in this way; but I thought it necessary to give you this, by no means exaggerated description of my first spiritual encounter with the author of the *Leben Jesu*, in order that you might have some idea of the feelings with which, on the third morning after his arrival in Weimar, I received and read the following whimsical note:

Weimar, 15th August.

"A. S. requests the pleasure of Mr. M—'s company to-day, at two o'clock, to soup and Strauss."

How busily my fancy was employed the whole of that forenoon, I need not stop here to tell. Enough, that of all the various pictures she then drew for me, not one resembled the pale, the slightly made, and, but for a partial stoop, the somewhat tall, half-lay, half-clerical figure in spectacles, to whom I was presented on arriving at my friend's apartments. This was Strauss himself, whose portrait I may as well go on and finish here at once as well as I can, and so have done with externals.

Judging from appearance, Strauss's age might be any where between forty and fifty. But for his light brown, glossy hair, I should have said nearer the latter than the former. I have since ascertained, however, that he is, or was then, exactly forty-one years of age. His head is the very contrary of massive,—as, indeed, his whole figure is the opposite of robust or muscular. But it—the head—is of a purely classical form, having none of those bumps and extravagant protuberances, which phrenologists delight in. His profile, in particular, might be called truly Grecian, were it not for the thin and somewhat pinched lips, which give it an almost ascetical character. Strange enough, too, this same character of ascetism, or something akin to it, seems likewise indicated by a peculiar expression in his otherwise fine, dark-brown eyes. It is not a squint, as at first sight it appears, but a frequent turning-upward of the eye-balls, like a Methodist at his devotions, which, in Strauss's case, is of course involuntary. Perhaps it is to conceal this slight blemish that he wears spectacles, for his large and lustrous eyes did not else appear to need them. I have said that Strauss was slightly made; and, in fact, this is so much the case as to suggest the idea of a consumptive habit. Nor do his narrow shoulders and hollow breast, together with a certain swinging serpentine gait when he walks, seem to contradict the supposition. I have little more to add to this feeble sketch of Strauss's outward man; for it would, I suppose, be too trifling a circumstance to mention that I had seldom seen a more *thorough-bred* hand and foot than his!

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My entrance had interrupted a conversation, which Strauss presently resumed, and which proved to be on the eternal topic of politics. His voice was strong and deep, but he spoke (and it seemed to be a habit with him) in a subdued tone, and with a very decided Wurtemberg accent. I was surprised at some of the high-Tory opinions to which he gave utterance. I had not expected to find the author of the *Leben Jesu* on the Conservative side of any question. It seemed inconsistent. But I recollected that the man was now on the wrong side of forty; and I could not help thinking that if, instead of publishing his destructive book at the age of twenty-seven, he had waited with it till now, he might possibly have postponed it altogether. At table, our talk was of the usual commonplace description; and it may be worth while observing, that even Strauss could be commonplace with as good a grace as any. Our host and he had, it seems, been fellow-students together, and, of course, there was no want of anecdotes and reminiscences of those early days, all of which appeared to give him exquisite pleasure. In particular, I remember that he spoke with much fervor of the fine mountain scenery in the neighborhood of Heidelberg; and when a friendly discussion arose amongst us as to whether the mountains or the ocean were the sublimer spectacle, Strauss argued warmly in favor of the former. Some one (myself, I believe) happening to say that, like Goethe and Schiller, they were both *superlative*, and not to be *compared*—"Bravo!" cried Strauss, and good humoredly gave up his position. The conversation now naturally turned upon Goethe, and upon all the localities in and about Weimar, connected with his memory. Like a pious pilgrim, as he was, Strauss, as I found, had already been to all these places, with the exception of the garden-house and garden. It was proposed to conduct him thither immediately.

The extreme and almost primitive simplicity of the house in which Goethe had spent some of the happiest days of his life, seemed to astonish Strauss. He made few remarks to that effect, however, but there was no end to his eager questionings. He touched the walls, the doors, the locks—whatever it might be supposed Goethe had touched. He peeped into every corner, scrutinized even the minutest details; and all this with the utmost outward composure, so that, if I had not closely watched him, it might have escaped my notice! In the garden, I showed him Goethe's favorite walk, and some oaks and firs planted by the poet's own hand. He gathered an oak-leaf, and put it in his pocket-book. He did the same by the flower of a hollyhock, the only kind of flower remaining, which plant I knew for certain dated its existence from the time of Goethe. The pocket-book was already full of such relics. From this time forth, therefore, let no man say that Strauss is devoid of veneration! Man was made for adoration. He cannot help it. Pity, only, that he sometimes mistakes the object of it.

In the mean while Strauss and I had somehow drawn nearer to each other, and had begun to hold little dialogues apart together. We talked of England, where he had never been,—of English literature, which he knew chiefly through the medium of translation. Shakspeare of course was duly discussed,—for, like all educated Germans, Strauss was an enthusiast about Shakspeare. He asked me if I had read Gervinus's new work, and was evidently pleased with the way in which I spoke of it. By-and-by I ventured to allude to the *Leben Jesu*. It was not without considerable hesitation. He seemed, I think, to enjoy my embarrassment,—and told me he had seen several specimens of an English translation of the *Leben Jesu*, which a young lady, a Miss Brabant, was preparing for publication! There was something *Mephistophelian* in the smile with which he told me this. Such a work, he continued, was, however, not likely to succeed in England: for there was Hennel, who had published an amazingly clever work of the same kind in London, and yet the British public seemed to have made a point of completely *ignoring* it. The work had, however, been translated into German, and he (Strauss himself) had written a preface to it. As I now perceived that the subject was any thing but a delicate one with Strauss, I determined upon accepting a proposal he had made me to accompany him on the morrow to Doornburg and Jena.

There were inconsistencies in his system, which I had the vanity to think I might convince him of, and a *tête-à-tête* like the one in prospect was just what I wanted.

We returned to S—'s for tea, with the addition to our party of a distinguished philologist of this town, whose presence seemed to call forth all the intellectual energies of Strauss, so that, in the course of the evening, I had more than one occasion to admire the variety and depth of the man's attainments. It is impossible to recollect every thing, but what especially excited my attention was, that in a very learned discussion concerning the comparative merits of the ancient and modern drama, Strauss suggested the character and fate of Tiberius as the best subject for a tragedy in the whole compass of history. I was struck, too, and with reason, I think, with a new and flagrant instance of the conservative tendency which his mind seems of late to have fallen into. In talking of Horace, whose works, and particularly whose odes, he appeared to have at his fingers' ends, he defended the elder state of the texts with amazing pertinacity, treating with contempt every change and suggestion of such, which the sacrilegious commentators of our times have ventured upon. Such opinions in the mouth of the author of the *Leben Jesu* sounded strange enough, and again I could not help saying to myself, "Why the deuce did he publish that destructive work of his twenty-seventh year?"

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The following day, being prevented by pressing engagements from leaving town, I prevailed upon Strauss to put off his journey for a day longer. I saw little of him in the mean time, and had therefore leisure to bring into some kind of order and method a series of objections which I had noted down during a second and more critical perusal of the *Leben Jesu*. On mature reflection, it had occurred to me that, after all, the Christian religion had, in the course of eighteen centuries, survived far worse things than even Strauss's book. This idea now gave me courage to look this Goliath in the face, and, though I was but a youth (so to speak), and he a "man of war," to go up against him, if occasion offered, even with my "scrap" and "sling," and my "five smooth stones out of the brook."

Next morning, then, in pursuance of our plan, Strauss and I started with the first train for Apolda, whence we went on foot across the fields to Doornburg. There we breakfasted in Goethe's room, saw the poet's handwriting on the wall, walked along his favorite terrace-walk, where I, for the time as much of a hero-worshipper as Strauss himself, recited aloud the beautiful song, *Da droben auf jenem Berge*, &c., which Goethe is said to have composed on this very spot. I expected Strauss to be moved almost to tears, instead of which he burst out in a most uncontrollable fit of laughter, in which I as uncontrollably joined when he told me the cause, which was this:—In Munich or Ludwigsburg, I forget which, there was once a house of public entertainment, called from its sign "The Lamb's Wool," as its proprietor was called "The Lamb's Wool landlord." This landlord had, it seems, been one of his own best customers, in consequence of which he soon became bankrupt, which sad event a poet of the same town, most probably another of the landlord's best customers, commemorated in a few stanzas entitled, *Des Lamswollswirthes Klage lied* (The Host of the Lamb's Wool's Lament), a parody on the above song of Goethe's, and suggested, doubtless, by these two lines—

"Ich bin *herunter gekommen*,
Und weiss doch selber nicht wie!"^[9]

Nothing could exceed the humor with which Strauss told me this droll anecdote, and, for my part, I feel that I shall never again be able to recite Goethe's pathetic song with becoming gravity.

From Doornburg we walked to Jena, where we arrived to dinner. It rained torrents, but Strauss was not to be balked of what he came for. We trudged like *Schwärmer* (enthusiasts), as he said, through mud and rain, to all the Goethe and Schiller relics, the library, the observatory, and, last of all, the Princess's garden, where the statue of the eagle with its three poetical inscriptions long detained us. Returned to our inn and about to take a final leave of Strauss; now, I thought, or never, was the time to fulfil the object for which I had accompanied him thus far. All day, hitherto, our talk had been of the poets—Greek, Roman, English, and German, and so much erudition, taste, and feeling, I had rarely found united. His mind seemed to have fed on poetry and nothing else; and I know not how it was, but I could not till now resolve to speak the word which I knew would disenchant him. Now, however, the probability that we should never see each other again on this side eternity gave a solemn, perhaps superstitious, turn to my thoughts. As he sat there in silence before me, like the sphinx of which he had spoken so mysteriously in descanting that morning on the master piece of Sophocles, I felt that now I must speak out, or else look to be devoured. I at once entered on the subject, therefore, and delivered myself of all the objections I had so elaborately arranged and prepared. His answer was evasive; and the topic was changed into an argument.

Strauss was to leave with the diligence at eight o'clock for Rudolstadt. I cordially shook hands with him, bade God bless him, and, hiring a conveyance, drove directly back to Weimar. On the way home, I conceived the plan of a poem, which, if it were completed, I would insert here. It will probably never be completed. Instead of it, therefore, I will communicate something far more interesting—a copy of verses written by Strauss himself, on returning from his pilgrimage to the tomb of the poets; and with which I conclude what I had to say regarding Dr. David Strauss in Weimar.

[Dr. Strauss, as a poet, being almost a *lusus naturæ*, according to English ideas of him, we have thought it right to translate this poem. Here, accordingly, is the best English version possible to us in the little time allowed by an inexorable printer:—]

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On pilgrim staff I homeward come,
Way worn, but still with pleasure warmed;
At the great prophet's holy tomb,
The pious rites I have performed.

I, in his garden's shady walk,
Recalled the prints of footsteps lost:
And from the tree his care had raised,
I plucked a greeting from his ghost.

I saw in letters and in poems,
His honored hand's laborious toil;
And many loving recollections,
Inquiry won me for my spoil.

Through every chamber, small and homely,
With holy reverence did I roam,
Where oft the gods in radiant concourse
Came thronging to their loved one's home.

By the bed stood I where the poet
In placid sleep his eyes reposed,
Till summoned to a nobler being
For the last time their lids he closed.

In reading of the holy places,
Henceforth have I a doubled zeal,
I have a being in the writing,
For all of it I know and feel.

FOOTNOTES:

- [9] To explain this joke to the un-Germanized reader, it will be necessary to inform him that the title of Goethe's poem is "The Shepherd's Lament," wherein a shepherd, leaving his native hills, gives a lingering look up at the familiar mountain, and sings regretfully

"I have to the valley descended,
And how I cannot tell."

Herunter kommen, means also to decline, *to fail*, and upon this turns the joke.

From Eliza Cook's Journal

GREAT MEN'S WIVES.

Probably, greatness does not conform with domesticity. The literary man is wrapped up in his books, and the wife does not brook a divided affection. He lives in the past or the future, and his mind can with difficulty be brought to condescend to the carking cares of the present—perhaps not even to its quiet daily life. His lofty meditations are disturbed by the puling infant, or it may be, by a call for house-rent, or the amount of the chandler's bill. Or, take the leader of some great political or social movement; or the commander of armies, at whose nod ten thousand swords are unsheathed, and the air made blatant with the discharge of artillery; can you expect such a person to subside into the quiet, husband-life, like any common, ordinary man, and condescend to inquire into the state of the children's teething, Johnny's progress at school, and the thousand little domestic attentions which constitute a wife's happiness?

We shall not, however, discuss the question of whether happiness in marriage be compatible with genius, or not, but proceed to set forth a few traits of the wives of great men.

We shall not dwell on Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, whose name has become familiar to us almost as a proverb. But she was not without her uses, for she taught her great husband at least the virtue of patience. Many of the great Greeks and Romans, like Socrates, were unhappy in their wives. Possibly, however, we have heard only of the bad ones among them; for the life of good wives is rarely made matter of comment by the biographer, either in ancient or modern times.

The advent of Christianity placed woman in a greatly improved position, as regarded marriage. Repudiation, as among the Greeks and Romans, was no longer permitted; the new religion enforced the unity and indissolubility of marriage; it became a sacrament, dispensed at the altar, where woman had formerly been a victim, but was now become an idol. The conjugal union was made a religious contract; the family was constituted by the priest; the wife was elevated to the function of Educator of the Family—the *alma mater*; and thus, through her instrumentality, was the regeneration of the world secured.

But it did not follow that all women were good, or that all were happy. Life is but a tangled yarn at the best; there are blanks and prizes drawn by women still, and not unfrequently "great men" have proved the greatest of blanks to them. Henry the Eighth was not, perhaps, entitled to the appellation of a great man, though he was an author, for which the Pope conferred on him the title, still retained by our monarchs, of "Defender of the Faith." The history of his six wives is well known. Nor was the married life of Peter the Great, and his three wives, of a more creditable complexion.

LUTHER married Catharine de Bora, an escaped nun—a remarkably handsome woman. In his letters to his friends, he spoke of her as "My rib Kitty, my loved Kitty, my Empress Kitty." A year after his marriage, when struggling with poverty, he said, in one of these letters, "Catharine, my dear rib, salutes you. She is quite well, thank God; gentle, obedient, and kind, in all things; quite beyond my hopes. I would not exchange my poverty with her, for all the riches of Cræsus without her." A dozen years after, he said, "Catharine, thou hast a pious man, who loves thee; thou art a very empress!" Yet Luther had his little troubles in connection with his married life. Catharine was fond of small-talk, and, when Luther was busily engaged in solving the difficulties of the Bible, she would interrupt him with such questions as—whether the king of France was richer than his cousin the emperor of Germany? if the Italian women were more beautiful than the German? if Rome was as big as Wittenberg? and so on. To escape these little inquiries, Luther saw no other way than to lock himself up in his study, with a quantity of bread and cheese, and there hold to his work. But Catharine still pursued him. One day, when he was thus locked up, laboring at his translation of the twenty-second Psalm, the door was assailed by the wife. No answer was given. More knocking followed, accompanied by Catharine's voice, shouting—"if you don't open the door, I will go fetch the locksmith." The Doctor entreated his wife not to interrupt his labors. "Open! open!" repeated Catharine. The doctor obeyed. "I was afraid," said she, on entering, "that something had vexed you, locked up in this room alone." To which Luther replied, "the only thing that vexes me now is yourself." But Luther, doubtless, entertained a steady, though sober affection for his wife; and in his will, in which he left her sole executrix, bequeathing to her all his property, he speaks of her as "always a gentle, pious, and faithful wife to me, and that has loved me tenderly. Whatever," he adds, "may happen to her after my death, I have, I say, full confidence that she will ever conduct herself as a good mother towards her children, and will conscientiously share with them whatever she possesses."

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The great Genevese Reformer, CALVIN, proceeded in his search for a wife in a matter-of-fact way. He wrote to his friends, describing to them what sort of an article he wanted, and they looked up a proper person for him. Writing to Farel, one of his correspondents, on this subject, he said,—"I beseech you ever to bear in mind what I seek for in a wife. I am not one of your mad kind of lovers, who dote even upon faults, when once they are taken by beauty of person. The only beauty that entices me is, that she be chaste, obedient, humble, economical, patient; and that there be hopes that she will be solicitous about my health. If, therefore, you think it expedient that I should marry, bestir yourself, lest somebody else anticipate you. But, if you think otherwise, let us drop the subject altogether." A rich young German lady, of noble birth, was proposed; but Calvin objected, on the ground of the high birth. Another was proposed to him, but another failure resulted. At last a widow, with a considerable family of children, Odelette de Bures, the relict of a Strasburg Anabaptist, whom he had converted, was discovered, suited to his notions, and he married her. Nothing is said about their wedded life, and, therefore, we presume it went on in the quiet, jog-trot way. At her death, he did not shed a tear; and he spoke of the event only as an ordinary spectator would have done.

The brothers CORNEILLE married the two sisters Lampèrière; and the love of the whole family was cemented by the double union. They lived in contiguous houses, which opened into each other, and there they lived in a community of taste and sentiment. They worked together, and shared each other's fame; the sisters, happy in the love and admiration of their husbands, and in each other's sympathy. The poet Racine was greatly blessed in his wife; she was pious, good, sweet-tempered, and made his life happy. And yet she had no taste for poetry, scarcely knowing what verse was; and knew little of her husband's great tragedies except by name. She had an utter indifference for money. One day, Racine brought from Versailles a purse of a thousand golden louis; and running to his wife, embraced her: "Congratulate me," said he, "here is a purse of a thousand louis that the king has presented to me!" She complained to him of one of the children, who would not learn his lessons for two days together. "Let us talk of that another time," said he, "to-day we give ourselves up to joy." She again reverted to the disobedient child, and requested the parent to reprimand him; when Boileau (at whose house she was on a visit) lost patience, and cried, "what insensibility! Can't you think of a purse of a thousand louis?" Yet these two characters, though so opposite, consorted admirably, and they lived long and happily together.

To please his friends, LA FONTAINE married Mary Hericat, the daughter of a lieutenant-general. It was a marriage of convenience, and the two preferred living separate,—he at Paris, she in the country. Once a year La Fontaine paid her a visit, in the month of September. If he did not see her, he returned home as happy as he had gone. He went some other day. Once, when he visited her house, he was told she was quite well, and he returned to Paris, and told his friends he had not seen his wife, because he understood she was in very good health. It was a state of indifference on both sides. Yet the wife was a woman of virtue, beauty, and intelligence; and La Fontaine himself was a man of otherwise irreproachable character. There were many such marriages of indifference in France in those days. Boileau and Racine both tried to bring the married pair together, but without success; and, in course of time La Fontaine almost forgot that he was married.

MOLIERE was extremely unhappy in his marriage. He espoused an actress, and she proved a coquette. He became extremely jealous, and, perhaps, he had reason. Yet he loved her passionately, and bore long with her frailties. He thus himself describes her: "She has small eyes, but they are full of fire, brilliant, and the most penetrating in the world. She has a large mouth, but one can discern beauties in it that one does not see in other mouths. Her figure is not large, but easy and well-proportioned. She affects a *nonchalance* in her speech and carriage; but there is grace in her every act, and an indescribable charm about her, by which she never fails to work her way to the heart. Her mental gifts are exquisite; her conversation is charming, and, if she be capricious more than any other can be, all sits gracefully on the beautiful,—one bears any thing from the beautiful." She was an excellent actress, and was run after by the town. Moliere, her husband, was neglected by her, and suffered agonies of torture. He strove against his passion as long as he could. At last, his patience was exhausted, and a separation took place.

We know nothing of the married life of SHAKSPEARE; indeed, we know but little of any portion of that great man's life. But we know that he married young, and we know the name of his wife, Anne Hathawaye, the daughter of a yeoman, in the neighborhood of Stratford-on-Avon. He was little more than eighteen when he married her, and she was twenty-six. The marriage was hastened by circumstances which need not be explained here. He seems to have gone alone to London, leaving her with her little family of children at Stratford-on-Avon, (for her name does not once appear in his married life;) and yet she survived him seven years. In his will he left her only his "second-best bed." Judging from his sonnets one would be disposed to infer that Shakspeare's life was not more chaste than that of his age; for we find him, in one of these, excusing his friend for robbing him of his mistress,—a married woman. One could almost wish, with Mr. Hallam, that Shakspeare had not written many of those sonnets, beautiful in language and imagery though they unquestionably are.

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MILTON was three times married,—the first time very unhappily. Mary Powell was the daughter of a royalist cavalier of Oxfordshire, and Milton was a zealous republican. He was, moreover, a studious man, whereas his wife was possessed by a love of gayety and pleasure. They had only been married a month, when she grew tired of the studious habits and philosophical seclusion of the republican poet, and requested his permission to return to her father's house. She went, but refused to return to him, preferring the dissipated society of the brawling cavaliers who surrounded her. He beseeched her to come back, but she persistently refused, treating his messengers with contumely and contempt. He bore this for a long time; but at last he grew angry, and repudiated her. He bethought himself of the social mischiefs resulting from ill-assorted marriages like his own; and, full of the subject, he composed and published his celebrated treatise on divorce. On public grounds he pleaded his own cause in this work, which contains, perhaps, the finest passages that are to be found in his prose writings. He proceeded to solicit the hand of another young and beautiful lady, the daughter of Dr. Dawes; but his wife, hearing of this, became repentant, and, returning to him, fell upon her knees, and entreated his forgiveness. Milton, like his own Adam, was "fondly overcome with female charms," and consented. Four children were born to them, but the wife died in child-bed of the fifth infant. It is to Milton's honor, that he behaved to his deceased wife's relatives with great generosity, when, a short time after, they became involved in ruin in the progress of the civil wars. His second wife, Catharine Woodcock, also died in child-bed, only a year after marriage. He seems to have loved her fondly, and most readers will remember his beautiful sonnet, consecrated to her memory.

With his third wife he seems to have lived happily; the young wife devoted herself to his necessities—for he was now blind—"in darkness, and with dangers compassed round, and solitude."

DR. RICHARD HOOKER, was very unfortunate in his wife. He was betrayed into marrying her by his extraordinary simplicity and ignorance of the world. The circumstances connected with the marriage were these: Having been appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross, he went up to London from Oxford, and proceeded to the house set apart for the reception of the preachers. He was very wet and weary on his arrival, and experienced much kindness from the housekeeper. She persuaded him that he was a man of very tender constitution, and urged that he ought, above all things, to have a wife, to nurse and take care of him. She professed to be able to furnish him with such, if he thought fit to marry. Hooker authorized her to select a wife for him, and the artful woman presented her own daughter—"a silly, clownish woman, and withal a mere Xantippe." Hooker, who had promised to marry whomsoever she should select, thought himself bound to marry her, and he did so. They led a most uncomfortable life, but he resigned himself as he best could, lamenting that "saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life." When Cranmer and Sandys went to see him at his rectory in Buckinghamshire, they found him reading Horace and tending sheep, in the absence of the servant. When they were conversing with him in the house, his wife would break in upon them, and call him away to rock the cradle and perform other menial offices. The guests were glad to get away. This unfortunate wife was long a thorn in his side.

The famous Earl of ROCHESTER appears in very favorable light in his letters to his wife: they are remarkably tender, affectionate, and gentle. In one of them, he says: "'Tis not an easy thing to be entirely happy; but to be kind is very easy, and that is the greatest measure of happiness. I say not this to put you in mind of being kind to me—you have practised that so long, that I have a joyful confidence you will never forget it—but to show that I myself have a sense of what the method of my life seemed so utterly to contradict."

DRYDEN married Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. The match added little to

his wealth, and less to his happiness. It was an altogether unhappy union. On one occasion, his wife wished to be a book, that she might enjoy more of his company. Dryden's reply was: "Be an almanac, then, my dear, that I may change you once a year." In his writings afterwards, he constantly inveighed against matrimony.

ADDISON also "married discord in a noble wife." He was tutor to the young Earl of Warwick, and aspired to the hand of the Dowager Countess. She married him, and treated him like a lacquey. She never saw in him more than her son's tutor. SWIFT (his contemporary) cruelly flirted with two admirable women; he heartlessly killed one of them, and secretly married the other, but never publicly recognized her; she, too, shortly after died.

STERNE treated his wife with such severity, that she abandoned him, and took retreat in a convent with her daughter; she never saw him after. Who would have suspected this from the author of "Lefevre" and "The Sentimental Journey?" FARQUHAR, the play-writer, married, early in life, a woman who deceived him by pretending to be possessed of a fortune, and he sunk, a victim to disappointment and over-exertion, in his thirtieth year, leaving behind him "two helpless girls;" his widow died in the utmost indigence.

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These are rather unhappy instances of the wives of great men; but there are others of a happier kind. Indeed we hear but little of the happy unions: it is the brawling, rocky brook that is the most noisy: the slow, deep waters are dump. Every one will remember the wife of Lord WILLIAM RUSSELL, whose conduct by the side of her husband, on his trial, stands out as one of the most beautiful pictures in all history. How devotedly her husband loved her need not be said: when he had taken his final farewell, all he could say was: "The bitterness of death is now past!" She lived many years after the execution of her husband, and a delightful collection of her letters has since been published.

BUNYAN speaks with the greatest tenderness of his wife, who helped to lead him into the paths of peace. He says: "My mercy was to light upon a wife, whose father and mother were counted godly: this woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be (not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon betwixt us both); yet this she had for her part, 'The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven,' and 'The Practice of Piety,' which her father had left her when he died." And the perusal of these books, together with his good wife's kindly influence, at last implanted in him strong desires to reform his vicious life, in which he eventually succeeded.

PARNELL and STEELE were both happy in their wives. The former married a young woman of beauty and merit, but she lived only a few years, and his grief at his loss so preyed on his mind, that he never recovered his wonted spirits and health. STEELE'S letters to his wife, both before and after his marriage, are imbued with the most tender feeling, and exhibit his affection for her in the most beautiful light. YOUNG, the poet, like Dryden and Addison, married into a noble house, espousing the daughter of the Earl of Litchfield; but he was happier than they. It was out of the melancholy produced by her death that his famous "Night Thoughts" took their rise.

When JOHNSON married Mrs. Porter, her age was twice his own; yet the union proved a happy one. It was not a love-match, but it was one of inclination and of reciprocal esteem. Johnson was any thing but graceful or attractive, yet he possessed admirable qualities. Mrs. Porter was rather ungainly; but Johnson was very shortsighted, and could not detect personal faults. In his eyes, she was beautiful; and, in an affectionate epitaph which he devoted to her, he painted her in glowing colors. Indeed, his writings contain many proofs of the lively and sincere affection which he entertained for her.

While such have been the wives of a few of the great men of past times, it must be stated that, probably, the greatest of them all led a single life. The greatest of the philosophers were bachelors, such as Bacon, Newton, Gassendi, Galileo, Descartes, Bayle, Locke, Leibnitz, Hume, Gibbon; and many poets also as Pope, Goldsmith, and Thompson. Bacon says that wife and children are "impediments to great enterprises;" and that "certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried, or childless men, which, both in affection and reason, have married and endowed the public." But these were the words of a bachelor, and, perhaps, not strictly correct. The great men of more recent times have generally been married; and, at another time, we shall probably complete this paper by a brief account of the more distinguished of their wives.

A LEGEND OF ST. MARY'S.

BY ALICE CAREY.

One night, when bitterer winds than ours
On hill-sides and in valleys low,
Built sepulchres for the dead flowers,
And buried them in sheets of snow,—

When over ledges dark and cold,
The sweet moon rising high and higher,
Tipped with a dimly burning gold

St. Mary's old cathedral spire,—
 The lamp of the confessional,
 (God grant it did not burn in vain,)
 After the solemn midnight bell,
 Streamed redly through the lattice-pane.

And kneeling at the father's feet,
 Whose long and venerable hairs,
 Now whiter than the mountain sleet,
 Could not have numbered half his prayers,

Was one—I cannot picture true
 The cherub beauty of his guise;
 Lilies, and waves of deepest blue,
 Were something like his hands and eyes!

Like yellow mosses on the rocks,
 Dashed with the ocean's milk-white spray,
 The softness of his golden locks
 About his cheek and forehead lay.

Father, thy tresses, silver-sleet,
 Ne'er swept above a form so fair;
 Surely the flowers beneath his feet
 Have been a rosary of prayer!

We know not, and we cannot know,
 Why swam those meek blue eyes with tears;
 But surely guilt, or guiltless wo,
 Had bowed him earthward more than years.

All the long summer that was gone,
 A cottage maid, the village pride,
 Fainter and fainter smiles had worn,
 And on that very night she died!

As soft the yellow moonbeams streamed
 Across her bosom, snowy fair,
 She said, (the watchers thought she dreamed,)
 "'Tis like the shadow of his hair!"

And they could hear, who nearest came,
 The cross to sign and hope to lend,
 The murmur of another name
 Than that of mother, brother, friend.

An hour—and St. Mary's spires,
 Like spikes of flame, no longer glow—
 No longer the confessional fires
 Shine redly on the drifted snow.

An hour—and the saints had claimed
 That cottage maid, the village pride;
 And he, whose name in death she named,
 Was darkly weeping by her side.

White as a spray-wreath lay her brow
 Beneath the midnight of her hair,
 But all those passionate kisses now
 Wake not the faintest crimson there!

Pride, honor, manhood, cannot check
 The vehemence of love's despair—
 No soft hand steals about his neck,
 Or bathes its beauty in his hair!

Almost upon the cabin walls
 Wherein the sweet young maiden died,
 The shadow of a castle falls,
 Where for her young lord waits a bride!

With clear blue eyes and flaxen hair,
 In her high turret still she sits;
 But, ah! what scorn her ripe lips wear—
 What shadow to her bosom flits!

From that low cabin tapers flash,
And, by the shimmering light they spread,
She sees beneath its mountain ash,
Leafless, but all with berries red,

Impatient of the unclasped rein,
A courser that should not be there—
The silver whiteness of his mane
Streaming like moonlight on the air!

Oh, love! thou art avenged too well—
The young heart, broken and betrayed,
Where thou didst meekly, sweetly dwell,
For all its sufferings is repaid.

Not the proud beauty, nor the frown
Of her who shares the living years
From her the winding-sheet wraps down,
Can ever buy away the tears!

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

MARY KINGSFORD.

FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

Towards the close of 1836, I was hurriedly dispatched to Liverpool for the purpose of securing the person of one Charles James Marshall, a collecting clerk, who, it was suddenly discovered, had absconded with a considerable sum of money belonging to his employers. I was too late—Charles James Marshall having sailed in one of the American liners the day before my arrival in the northern commercial capital. This fact well ascertained, I immediately set out on my return to London. Winter had come upon us unusually early; the weather was bitterly cold; and a piercing wind caused the snow, which had been falling heavily for several hours, to gyrate in fierce, blinding eddies, and heaped it up here and there into large and dangerous drifts. The obstruction offered by the rapidly-congealing snow greatly delayed our progress between Liverpool and Birmingham; and at a few miles only distant from the latter city, the leading engine ran off the line. Fortunately, the rate at which we were travelling was a very slow one, and no accident of moment occurred. Having no luggage to care for, I walked on to Birmingham, where I found the parliamentary train just on the point of starting, and with some hesitation, on account of the severity of the weather, I took my seat in one of the then very much exposed and uncomfortable carriages. We travelled steadily and safely, though slowly along, and reached Rugby Station in the afternoon, where we were to remain, the guard told us, till a fast down-train had passed. All of us hurried as quickly as we could to the large room at this station, where blazing fires and other appliances soon thawed the half-frozen bodies, and loosened the tongues of the numerous and motley passengers. After recovering the use of my benumbed limbs and faculties, I had leisure to look around and survey the miscellaneous assemblage about me.

Two persons had travelled in the same compartment with me from Birmingham, whose exterior, as disclosed by the dim light of the railway carriage, created some surprise that such finely-attired, fashionable gentlemen should stoop to journey by the plebeian penny-a-mile train. I could now observe them in a clearer light, and surprise at their apparent condescension vanished at once. To an eye less experienced than mine in the artifices and expedients familiar to a certain class of "swells," they might perhaps have passed muster for what they assumed to be, especially amidst the varied crowd of a "parliamentary;" but their copper finery could not for a moment impose upon me. The watch-chains were, I saw, mosaic; the watches, so frequently displayed, gilt; eye-glasses the same; the coats, fur-collared and cuffed, were ill-fitting and second-hand; ditto of the varnished boots and renovated velvet waistcoats; while the luxuriant moustaches and whiskers, and flowing wigs, were unmistakably mere *pieces d'occasion*—assumed and diversified at pleasure. They were both apparently about fifty years of age; one of them perhaps one or two years less than that. I watched them narrowly, the more so from their making themselves ostentatiously attentive to a young woman—girl rather she seemed—of a remarkably graceful figure, but whose face I had not yet obtained a glimpse of. They made boisterous way for her to the fire, and were profuse and noisy in their offers of refreshment—all of which, I observed, were peremptorily declined. She was dressed in deep, unexpensive mourning; and from her timid gestures and averted head, whenever either of the fellows addressed her, was, it was evident, terrified as well as annoyed by their rude and insolent notice. I quietly drew near to the side of the fire-place, at which she stood, and with some difficulty obtained a sight of her features. I was struck with extreme surprise—not so much at her singular beauty, as from an instantaneous conviction that she was known to me, or at least that I had seen her frequently before, but where or when I could not at all call to mind. Again I looked, and my first impression was confirmed. At this moment the elder of the two men I have partially described placed his hand, with a rude familiarity, upon the girl's shoulder, proffering at the same time a glass of hot brandy and water

for her acceptance. She turned sharply and indignantly away from the fellow; and looking round as if for protection, caught my eagerly-fixed gaze.

"Mr. Waters!" she said impulsively. "Oh I am so glad!"

"Yes," I answered, "that is certainly my name; but I scarcely remember—Stand back, fellow!" I angrily continued, as her tormentor, emboldened by the spirits he had drank, pressed with a jeering grin upon his face, towards her, still tendering the brandy and water. "Stand back!" He replied by a curse and a threat. The next moment his flowing wig was whirling across the room, and he standing with his bullet-head bare but for a few locks of iron-gray, in an attitude of speechless rage and confusion, increased by the peals of laughter which greeted his ludicrous, unwigged aspect. He quickly put himself in a fighting attitude, and, backed by his companion, challenged me to battle. This was quite out of the question; and I was somewhat at a loss how to proceed, when the bell announcing the instant departure of the train rang out, my furious antagonist gathered up and adjusted his wig, and we all sallied forth to take our places—the young woman holding fast by my arm, and in a low, nervous voice, begging me not to leave her. I watched the two fellows take their seats, and then led her to the hindmost carriage, which we had to ourselves as far as the next station.

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"Are Mrs. Waters and Emily quite well?" said the young woman, coloring and lowering her eyes beneath my earnest gaze, which she seemed for a moment to misinterpret.

"Quite—entirely so," I almost stammered. "You know us, then?"

"Surely I do," she replied, reassured by my manner. "But you, it seems," she presently added with a winning smile, "have quite forgotten little Mary Kingsford."

"Mary Kingsford!" I exclaimed almost with a shout. "Why, so it is! But what a transformation a few years have effected!"

"Do you think so! Not *pretty* Mary Kingsford now, then?" she added with a light, pleasant laugh.

"You know what I mean, you vain creature!" I rejoined; for I was overjoyed at meeting with the gentle, well-remembered playmate of my own eldest girl. We were old familiar friends—almost father and daughter—in an instant.

Little Mary Kingsford, I should state, was, when I left Yorkshire, one of the prettiest, most engaging children I had ever seen; and a petted favorite not only with us, but of every other family in the neighborhood. She was the only child of Philip and Mary Kingsford—a humble, worthy, and much-respected couple. The father was gardener to Sir Pyott Dalzell, and her mother eked out his wages to a respectable maintenance by keeping a cheap children's school. The change which a few years had wrought in the beautiful child was quite sufficient to account for my imperfect recognition of her; but the instant her name was mentioned, I at once recognised the rare comeliness which had charmed us all in her childhood. The soft brown eyes were the same, though now revealing profounder depths, and emitting a more pensive expression; the hair, though deepened in color, was still golden; her complexion, lit up as it now was by a sweet blush, was brilliant as ever; whilst her child-person had become matured and developed into womanly symmetry and grace. The brilliancy of color vanished from her cheek as I glanced meaningly at her mourning dress.

"Yes," she murmured in a sad quivering voice—"yes, father is gone! It will be six months next Thursday, that he died! Mother is well," she continued more cheerfully, after a pause: "in health, but poorly off; and I—and I," she added with a faint effort at a smile, "am going to London to seek my fortune!"

"To seek your fortune!"

"Yes; you know my cousin, Sophy Clark? In one of her letters, she said she often saw you."

I nodded without speaking. I knew little of Sophia Clarke, except that she was the somewhat gay, coquettish shopwoman of a highly-respectable confectioner in the Strand, whom I shall call by the name of Morris.

"I am to be Sophy's assistant," continued Mary Kingsford; "not of course at first at such good wages as she gets. So lucky for me, is it not, since I *must* go to service? And so kind, too, of Sophy, to interest herself for me!"

"Well, it may be so. But surely I have heard—my wife at least has—that you and Richard Westlake were engaged? Excuse me, I was not aware the subject was a painful or unpleasant one."

"Richard's father," she replied with some spirit, "has higher views for his son. It is all off between us now," she added; "and perhaps it is for the best that it should be so."

I could have rightly interpreted these words without the aid of the partially-expressed sigh which followed them. The perilous position of so attractive, so inexperienced, so guileless a young creature, amidst the temptations and vanities of London, so painfully impressed and preoccupied me, that I scarcely uttered another word till the rapidly-diminishing rate of the train announced that we neared a station, after which it was probable we should have no farther opportunity for private conversation.

"Those men—those fellows at Rugby—where did you meet with them?" I inquired.

"Thirty or forty miles below Birmingham, where they entered the car in which I was seated. At Birmingham I managed to avoid them."

Little more passed between us till we reached London. Sophia Clark received her cousin at the Euston station, and was profuse of felicitations and compliments upon her arrival and personal appearance. After receiving a promise from Mary Kingsford to call and take tea with my wife and her old playmate, on the following Sunday, I handed the two young women into a cab in waiting, and they drove off. I had not moved away from the spot when a voice, a few paces behind me, which I thought I recognised, called out; "Quick, coachee, or you'll lose sight of them!" As I turned quickly round, another cab drove smartly off, which I followed at a run. I found, on reaching Lower Seymour Street, that I was not mistaken as to the owner of the voice, nor of his purpose. The fellow I had unwigged at Rugby thrust his body half out of the cab window, and pointing to the vehicle which contained the two girls, called out to the driver "to mind and make no mistake." The man nodded intelligence, and lashed his horse into a faster pace. Nothing that I might do could prevent the fellows from ascertaining Mary Kingsford's place of abode; and as that was all that, for the present at least, need be apprehended, I desisted from pursuit, and bent my steps homewards.

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Mary Kingsford kept her appointment on the Sunday, and in reply to our questioning, said she liked her situation very well. Mr. and Mrs. Morris were exceedingly kind to her; so was Sophia. "Her cousin," she added in reply to a look which I could not repress, "was perhaps a little gay and free of manner, but the best-hearted creature in the world." The two fellows who had followed them had, I found, already twice visited the shop; but their attentions appeared now to be exclusively directed towards Sophia Clarke, whose vanity they not a little gratified. The names they gave were Hartley and Simpson. So entirely guileless and unsophisticated was the gentle country maiden, that I saw she scarcely comprehended the hints and warnings which I threw out. At parting, however, she made me a serious promise that she would instantly apply to me should any difficulty or perplexity overtake her.

I often called in at the confectioner's, and was gratified to find that Mary's modest propriety of behavior, in a somewhat difficult position, had gained her the good will of her employers, who invariably spoke of her with kindness and respect. Nevertheless, the care of a London life, with its incessant employment and late hours, soon, I perceived, began to tell upon her health and spirits; and it was consequently with pleasure I heard from my wife that she had seen a passage in a letter from Mary's mother, to the effect that the elder Westlake was betraying symptoms of yielding to the angry and passionate expostulations of his only son, relative to the engagement with Mary Kingsford. The blush with which she presented the letter was, I was told, eloquent.

One evening, on passing Morris's shop, I observed Hartley and Simpson there. They were swallowing custards and other confectionary with much gusto; and, from their new and costly habiliments, seemed to be in surprisingly good case. They were smiling at the cousins with rude confidence; and Sophia Clarke, I was grieved to see, repaid their insulting impertinence by her most elaborate graces. I passed on; and presently meeting with a brother-detective, who, it struck me, might know something of the two gentlemen, I turned back with him, and pointed them out. A glance sufficed him.

"Hartley and Simpson you say?" he remarked after we had walked away to some distance: "those are only two of their numerous *aliases*. I cannot, however, say that I am as yet on very familiar terms with them; but as I am especially directed to cultivate their acquaintance, there is no doubt we shall be more intimate with each other before long. Gamblers, blacklegs, swindlers, I already know them to be; and I would take odds they are not unfrequently something more, especially when fortune and the bones run cross with them."

"They appear in high feather just now," I said.

"Yes; they are connected, I suspect, with the gang who cleaned out young Garslade last week in Jermyn Street. I'd lay a trifle," he added as I turned to leave him, "that one or both of them will wear the Queen's livery, gray, turned up with yellow, before many weeks are past. Good-by."

About a fortnight after this conversation, with my wife I paid a visit to Astley's, for the gratification of our youngsters, who had long been promised a sight of the equestrian marvels at that celebrated amphitheatre. It was the latter end of February; and when we came out, we found the weather changed; dark and sleety, with a sharp, nipping wind. I had to call at Scotland-Yard; my wife and children consequently proceeded home in a cab without me; and after assisting to quell a slight disturbance originating in a gin-palace close by, I went on my way over Westminster Bridge. The inclement weather had cleared the streets and thoroughfares in a surprisingly short time; so that, excepting myself, no foot-passenger was visible on the bridge till I had about halfcrossed it, when a female figure, closely muffled up about the head, and sobbing bitterly, passed rapidly by on the opposite side. I turned and gazed after the retreating figure; it was a youthful, symmetrical one; and after a few moments' hesitation, I determined to follow at a distance, and as unobservedly as I could. On the woman sped, without pause or hesitation, till she reached Astley's, where I observed her stop suddenly, and toss her arms in the air with a gesture of desperation. I quickened my steps, which she observing, uttered a slight scream, and darted swiftly off again, moaning as she ran. The momentary glimpse I had obtained of her features, suggested a frightful apprehension, and I followed at my utmost speed. She turned at the first cross-street, and I should soon have overtaken her, but that in darting round the corner where she disappeared, I ran butt against a stout, elderly gentleman, who was hurrying smartly along out of the weather. With the suddenness of the shock and the slipperiness of the pavement, down

we both reeled; and by the time we regained our feet, and growled savagely at each other, the young woman, whoever she was, had disappeared, and more than half an hour's eager search after her proved fruitless. At last I bethought me of hiding at one corner of Westminster Bridge. I had watched impatiently for about twenty minutes, when I observed the object of my pursuit stealing timidly and furtively towards the bridge on the opposite side of the way. As she came nearly abreast of where I stood, I darted forward; she saw, without recognizing me, and uttered an exclamation of terror, flew down towards the river, where a number of pieces of balk and other timber were fastened together, forming a kind of loose raft. I followed with haste, for I saw that it was indeed Mary Kingsford and loudly called to her to stop. She did not seem to hear me, and in a few moments the unhappy girl had gained the end of the timber raft. One instant she paused, with clasped hands, upon the brink, and in another had thrown herself into the dark and moaning river. On reaching the spot where she had disappeared, I could not at first see her in consequence of the dark mourning dress she had on. Presently I caught sight of her, still upborne by her spread clothes, but already carried by the swift current beyond my reach. The only chance was to crawl along a piece of round timber which projected farther into the river and by the end of which she must pass. This I effected with some difficulty; and laying myself out at full length, vainly endeavored with outstretched, straining arms, to grasp her dress. There was nothing left for it but to plunge in after her. I will confess that I hesitated to do so. I was encumbered with a heavy dress, which there was no time to put off, and moreover, like most inland men, I was but an indifferent swimmer. My indecision quickly vanished. The wretched girl, though gradually sinking, had not yet uttered a cry or appeared to struggle; but when the chilling waters reached her lips, she seemed to suddenly revive to a consciousness of the horror of her fate; she fought wildly with the engulfing tide, and shrieked for help. Before one could count ten, I grasped her by the arm, and lifted her head above the surface of the river. As I did so, I felt as if suddenly encased and weighed down by leaden garments, so quickly had my thick clothing and high boots sucked in the water. Vainly, thus burdened and impeded, did I endeavor to regain the raft; the strong tide bore us outwards, and I glared round, in inexpressible dismay, for some means of extrication from the frightful peril in which I found myself involved. Happily, right in the direction the tide was drifting us, a large barge lay moored by a chain-cable. I seized and twined one arm firmly round it, and thus partially secure, hallooed with renewed power for assistance. It soon came; a passer had witnessed the flight of the girl, and my pursuit, and was already hastening with others to our assistance. A wherry was unmoored; guided by my voice, they soon reached us; and but a brief interval elapsed before we were safely housed in an adjoining tavern.

A change of dress, with which the landlord kindly supplied me, a blazing fire, and a couple of glasses of hot brandy and water, soon restored warmth and vigor to my chilled and partially benumbed limbs; but more than two hours elapsed before Mary, who had swallowed a good deal of water, was in a condition to be removed. I had just sent for a cab, when two police officers, well known to me, entered the room with official briskness. Mary screamed, staggered towards me, and clinging to my arm, besought me with frantic earnestness to save her.

"What *is* the meaning of this?" I exclaimed, addressing one of the police officers.

"Merely," said he, "that the young woman that's clinging so tight to you has been committing an audacious robbery"—

"No—no—no!" broke in the terrified girl.

"Oh! of course you'll say so," continued the officer. "All I know is, that the diamond brooch was found snugly hid away in her own box. But come, we have been after you for the last three hours; so you had better come along at once."

"Save me!—save me!" she sobbed, tightening her grasp upon my arm and looking with beseeching agony in my face.

"Be comforted," I whispered; "you shall go home with me. Calm yourself, Miss Kingsford," I added in a louder tone: "I no more believe you have stolen a diamond brooch than that I have."

"Bless you!—bless you!" she gasped in the intervals of her convulsive sobs.

"There is some wretched misapprehension in this business, I am quite sure," I continued; "but at all events I shall bail her—for this night at least."

"Bail her! That is hardly regular."

"No; but you will tell the superintendent that Mary Kingsford is in my custody, and that I answer for appearance to-morrow."

The men hesitated; but I stood too well at head-quarters for them to do more than hesitate; and the cab I had ordered being just then announced, I passed with Mary out of the room as quickly as I could, for I feared her senses were again leaving her. The air revived her somewhat, and I lifted her into the cab, placing myself beside her. She appeared to listen in fearful doubt whether I should be allowed to take her with me; and it was not till the wheels had made a score of revolutions that her fears vanished; then throwing herself upon my neck in an ecstasy of gratitude, she burst into tears, and continued till we reached home crying on my bosom like a broken-hearted child. She had, I found, been there about ten o'clock to seek me, and being told that I was gone to Astley's, had started off to find me there.

She still slept, or at least she had not risen when I left home the following morning to endeavor to

get at the bottom of the strange accusation preferred against her. I first saw the superintendent, who, after hearing what I had to say, quite approved of all I had done, and intrusted the case entirely to my care. I next saw Mr. and Mrs. Morris and Sophia Clarke, and then waited upon the prosecutor, a youngish gentleman by the name of Saville, lodging in Essex Street, Strand. One or two things I heard, made necessary a visit to other officers of police, incidentally, as I found, mixed up with the affair. By the time all this was done, and an effectual watch had been placed upon Mr. Augustus Saville's movements, evening had fallen, and I wended my way homewards, both to obtain a little rest, and to hear Mary Kingsford's version of the story.

The result of my inquiries may be thus summed up. Ten days before. Sophia Clarke told her cousin that she had orders for Covent-Garden Theatre; and as it was not one of their busy nights, she thought they might obtain leave to go. Mary expressed her doubt of this, as both Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who were strict and somewhat fanatical Dissenters, disapproved of play-going, especially for young women. Nevertheless Sophia asked, informed Mary that the required permission had been readily accorded, and off they went in high spirits; Mary especially, who had never been to a theatre in her life before. When there they were joined by Hartley and Simpson, much to Mary's annoyance and vexation, especially as she saw that her cousin expected them. She had, in fact, accepted the orders from them. At the conclusion of the entertainments, they all four came out together, when suddenly there arose a hustling and confusion, accompanied with loud outcries, and a violent swaying to and fro of the crowd. The disturbance was, however, soon quelled; and Mary and her cousin had reached the outer door, when two police-officers seized Hartley and his friend, and insisted upon their going with them. A scuffle ensued; but other officers being at hand, the two men were secured, and carried off. The cousins, terribly frightened, called a coach, and were very glad to find themselves safe at home again. And now it came out that Mr. and Mrs. Morris had been told that they were going to spend the evening at *my* house, and had no idea they were going to the play! Vexed as Mary was at the deception, she was too kindly tempered to refuse to keep her cousin's secret; especially knowing as she did that the discovery of the deceit Sophia had practised would in all probability be followed by her immediate discharge. Hartley and his friend swaggered on the following afternoon into the shop, and whispered Sophia that their arrest by the police had arisen from a strange mistake, for which the most ample apologies had been offered and accepted. After this matters went on as usual, except that Mary perceived a growing insolence and familiarity in Hartley's manner towards her. His language was frequently quite unintelligible, and once he asked her plainly "if she did not mean that he should go *shares* in the prize she had lately found?" Upon Mary replying that she did not comprehend him, his look became absolutely ferocious, and he exclaimed; "Oh, that's your game, is it? But don't try it on with me, my good girl, I advise you." So violent did he become, that Mr. Morris was attracted by the noise, and ultimately bundled him, neck and heels, out of the shop. She had not seen either him or his companion since.

On the evening of the previous day, a gentleman whom she never remembered to have seen before, entered the shop, took a seat, and helped himself to a tart. She observed that after a while he looked at her very earnestly, and at length approaching quite close, said, "You were at Covent-Garden Theatre last Tuesday evening week?" Mary was struck, as she said, all of a heap, for both Mr. and Mrs. Morris were in the shop, and heard the question.

"Oh no, no! you mistake," she said hurriedly, and feeling at the same time her cheeks kindle into flame.

"Nay, but you were though," rejoined the gentleman. And then lowering his voice to a whisper, he said, "And let me advise you, if you would avoid exposure and consign punishment, to restore me the diamond brooch you robbed me of on that evening."

Mary screamed with terror, and a regular scene ensued. She was obliged to confess she had told a falsehood in denying she was at the theatre on the night in question, and Mr. Morris after that seemed inclined to believe any thing of her. The gentleman persisted in his charge; but at the same time vehemently iterating his assurance that all he wanted was his property; and it was ultimately decided that Mary's boxes, as well as her person should be searched. This was done; and to her utter consternation the brooch was found concealed, they said, in a black silk reticule. Denials, asseverations, were in vain. Mr. Saville identified the brooch, but once more offered to be content with its restoration. This Mr. Morris, a just, stern man, would not consent to, and he went out to summon a police-officer. Before he returned, Mary, by the advice of both her cousin and Mrs. Morris, had fled the house, and hurried in a state of distraction to find me, with what result the reader already knows.

"It is a wretched business," I observed to my wife, as soon as Mary Kingsford had retired to rest, at about nine o'clock in the evening. "Like you, I have no doubt of the poor girl's perfect innocence; but how to establish it by satisfactory evidence is another matter. I must take her to Bow Street the day after to-morrow."

"Good God, how dreadful! Can nothing be done? What does the prosecutor say the brooch is worth?"

"His uncle, he says, gave a hundred and twenty guineas for it. But that signifies little, for were its worth only a hundred and twenty farthings, compromise is, you know, out of the question."

"I did not mean that. Can you show it me? I am a pretty good judge of the value of jewels."

"Yes, you can see it." I took it out of the desk in which I had locked it up, and placed it before her.

It was a splendid emerald, encircled by large brilliants.

My wife twisted and turned it about, holding it in all sorts of lights, and at last said, "I do not believe that either the emerald or the brilliants are real—that the brooch is, in fact, worth twenty shillings intrinsically."

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"Do you say so?" I exclaimed, as I jumped up from my chair, for my wife's words gave color and consistence to a dim and faint suspicion which had crossed my mind. "Then this Saville is a manifest liar, and perhaps confederate with—But give me my hat: I will ascertain this point at once."

I hurried to a jeweller's shop, and found that my wife's opinion was correct. Apart from the workmanship, which was very fine, the brooch was valueless. Conjectures, suspicions, hopes, fears, chased each other with bewildering rapidity through my brain, and in order to collect and arrange my thoughts, I stepped out of the whirl of the streets into Dolly's Chop-house, and decided, over a quiet glass of negus, upon my plan of operations.

The next morning there appeared at the top of the second column of the "Times" an earnest appeal, worded with careful obscurity, so that only the person to whom it was addressed should easily understand it, to the individual who had lost or been robbed of a false stone and brilliants at the theatre, to communicate with a certain person—whose address I gave—without delay, in order to save the reputation, perhaps the life, of an innocent person.

I was at the address I had given by nine o'clock. Several hours passed without bringing any one, and I was beginning to despair, when a gentleman of the name of Bagshawe was announced: I fairly leaped for joy, for this was beyond my hopes.

A gentleman presently entered, of about thirty years of age, of a distinguished, though somewhat dissipated aspect.

"This brooch is yours?" said I, exhibiting it without delay or preface.

"It is; and I am here to know what your singular advertisement means."

I briefly explained the situation of affairs.

"The rascals!" he broke in, almost before I had finished. "I will briefly explain it all. A fellow of the name of Hartley, at least that was the name he gave, robbed me, I was pretty sure, of this brooch. I pointed him out to the police, and he was taken into custody; but nothing being found upon him, he was discharged."

"Not entirely, Mr. Bagshawe, on that account. You refused, when arrived at the station-house, to state what you had been robbed of; and you, moreover, said, in presence of the culprit, that you were to embark with your regiment for India the next day. That regiment, I have ascertained, did embark, as you said it would."

"True; but I had leave of absence, and shall take the overland route. The truth is, that during the walk to the station-house, I had leisure to reflect, that if I made a formal charge, it would lead to awkward disclosures. This brooch is an imitation of one presented me by a valued relative. Losses at play—since, for this unfortunate young woman's sake, I *must* out with it—obliged me to part with the original; and I wore this, in order to conceal the fact from my relative's knowledge."

"This will, sir," I replied, "prove, with a little management, quite sufficient for all purposes. You have no objection to accompany me to the superintendent?"

"Not in the least: only I wish the devil had the brooch, as well as the fellow that stole it."

About half-past five o'clock on the same evening, the street-door was quietly opened by the landlord of the house in which Mr. Saville lodged, and I walked into the front room on the first floor, where I found the gentleman I sought languidly reclining on a sofa. He gathered himself smartly up at my appearance, and looked keenly in my face. He did not appear to like what he read there.

"I did not expect to see you to-day," he said, at last.

"No, perhaps not: but I have news for you. Mr. Bagshawe, the owner of the hundred-and-twenty guinea brooch your deceased uncle gave you, did *not* sail for India, and—"

The wretched cur, before I could conclude, was on his knees, begging for mercy with disgusting abjectness. I could have spurned the scoundrel where he crawled.

"Come, sir!" I cried, "let us have no snivelling or humbug: mercy is not in my power, as you ought to know. Strive to deserve it. We want Hartley and Simpson, and cannot find them: you must aid us."

"Oh yes; to be sure I will," eagerly rejoined the rascal. "I will go for them at once," he added, with a kind of hesitating assurance.

"Nonsense! *Send* for them, you mean. Do so, and I will wait their arrival."

His note was despatched by a sure hand; and meanwhile I arranged the details of the expected meeting. I, and a friend, whom I momentarily expected, would ensconce ourselves behind a large screen in the room, while Mr. Augustus Saville would run playfully over the charming plot with

his two friends, so that we might be able to fully appreciate its merits. Mr. Saville agreed. I rang the bell, an officer appeared, and we took our posts in readiness. We had scarcely done so, when the street-bell rang, and Saville announced the arrival of his confederates. There was a twinkle in the fellow's green eyes which I thought I understood. "Do not try that on, Mr. Augustus Saville," I quietly remarked: "we are but two here, certainly, but there are half-a-dozen in waiting below."

No more was said, and in another minute the friends met. It was a boisterously jolly meeting, as far as shaking hands and mutual felicitations on each other's good looks and health went. Saville was, I thought, the most obstreperously gay of all three.

"And yet, now I look at you, Saville, closely," said Hartley, "you don't look quite the thing. Have you seen a ghost?" [Pg 423]

"No; but this cursed brooch affair worries me."

"Nonsense!—humbug!—it's all right: we are all embarked in the same boat. It's a regular three-handed game. I priggid it; Simmy here whipped it into pretty Mary's reticule, which she, I suppose, never looked into till the row came; and *you* claimed it—a regular merry-go-round, eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Quite so, Mr. Hartley," said I, suddenly facing him, and at the same time stamping on the floor; "as you say, a delightful merry-go-round; and here, you perceive, I added, as the officers crowded into the room, are more gentlemen to join in it."

I must not stain the paper with the curses, imprecations, blasphemies, which for a brief space resounded through the apartment. The rascals were safely and separately locked up a quarter of an hour afterwards; and before a month had passed away, all three were transported. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that they believed the brooch to be genuine, and of great value.

Mary Kingsford did not need to return to her employ. Westlake the elder withdrew his veto upon his son's choice, and the wedding was celebrated in the following May with great rejoicing; Mary's old playmate officiating as bridesmaid, and I as bride's-father. The still young couple have now a rather numerous family, and a home blessed with affection, peace, and competence. It was some time, however, before Mary recovered from the shock of her London adventure; and I am pretty sure that the disagreeable reminiscences inseparately connected in her mind with the metropolis will prevent at least *one* person from being present at the World's Great Fair.

Historical Review of the Month.

THE UNITED STATES.

Our record of home affairs for the past month presents several points of more than usual interest. Two different movements, both of which originated in the Southern States, kept awake the public curiosity for three or four weeks past, though at the time these sheets are going through the press both appear to be rapidly subsiding.

Soon after the withdrawal of the Government prosecution against Gen. Henderson, Lopez, Gen. Quitman, and the other persons arraigned for trial as having been engaged in getting up a hostile expedition against Cuba, rumors of a second attempt being in preparation, began to be circulated through the country. Little attention was at first paid to these rumors, but the matter soon assumed a more definite shape, and the Southern newspapers began to notice the congregation of suspicious persons at different points on or near the coast. From the intelligence which the Government received, it became evident that an extensive expedition, was on foot, the object of which was the invasion of Cuba. The United States officers were ordered to be on the watch, for the purpose of obtaining more particular intelligence of its movements.

Two or three thousand men had collected in the neighborhood of Jacksonville, Florida, which had been selected as the principal rendezvous of the expedition. These men awaited the arrival of a steamer from New-York, which had been chartered by parties there. The Government, however, had already received intelligence of their plans, and instructions were at once sent to the United States Marshal at New-York, to prevent the departure of the steamer. This officer, accompanied by a police force, sailed down the bay in search of the suspected craft. In the mean time it was found that the steamer Cleopatra, a large boat, formerly employed on the Sound as a passenger boat, was the vessel indicated. She was then lying at one of the piers on the North River, and was immediately seized and placed under the supervision of the United States authorities. She was alleged to be bound to Galveston, Texas. A large quantity of coal was found on board, and a great number of water casks, and but few arms or ammunition of any kind. A file of marines from the Navy Yard was placed on board, and all communication with the shore forbidden. No final disposition has yet been made of the vessel, though orders were received to deliver her cargo to any person who may establish his ownership to the articles found on board.

At the same time, notice was received by the Marshal that a number of Germans and others had assembled at South Amboy for the purpose of embarking on some secret expedition, and one of the Deputy Marshals was sent there for the purpose of procuring information. Disguising himself as a German emigrant, he obtained sufficient evidence to warrant the arrest of the following six

persons: William T. Rogers, Jr., John L. O'Sullivan, Capt. Lewis, of the steamboat Creole, a member of the former expedition; Major Louis Schlesinger, one of the Hungarian refugees; Pedro Sanchez Yznaga, a Cuban refugee; and Dr. Daniel H. Burtnett. Each of the parties was held to bail in the sum of \$3,000, to appear for examination.

The movement must have been of considerable magnitude, but there was evidently a want of concert among its members, which may have led to its abandonment. From what could be ascertained, it was not the intention of the leaders to organize the expedition in this country, but to sail to some point beyond the limits of the United States, and there concentrate their forces for the invasion.

The South Carolina State Rights Convention assembled at Charleston on the 5th of May. The Hon. J. P. Richardson, Ex-Governor of the State, was appointed President. Forty district associations were represented, and 431 Delegates took their seats. The President, in his opening address, reviewed the present position of the South, and considered that, under existing circumstances, Southern institutions could not exist twenty years. He discussed at some length the want of affinity between the two sections of the Union, and expressed his conviction that those whom God and Nature have put asunder should not be joined together. On the second day, a letter from the Hon. Langdon Cheves was read, excusing his non-attendance. He deprecated separate State action, believing that one State cannot stand alone in the midst of her sister States.

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A committee of twenty-one was appointed to prepare resolutions and an address, which were adopted, after considerable discussion. The following are the resolutions, which embody the sentiments of the Convention:

1. *Resolved*, That in the opinion of this meeting the State of South Carolina cannot submit to the wrongs and aggressions which have been perpetrated by the Federal Government and the Northern States, without dishonor and ruin; and that it is necessary for her to relieve herself therefrom, whether with or without the co-operation of other Southern States.
2. *Resolved*, That concert of action with one or more of our sister States of the South, whether through the proposed Southern Congress, or in any other manner, is an object worth many sacrifices, but not the sacrifice involved in submission.
3. *Resolved*, That we hold the right of secession to be essential to the sovereignty and freedom of the States of this confederacy; and that the denial of that right would furnish to an injured State the strongest additional cause for its exercise.
4. *Resolved*, That this meeting looks with confidence and hope to the Convention of the People, to exert the sovereign power of the State in defence of its rights, at the earliest practicable period and in the most effectual manner, and to the Legislature, to adopt the most speedy and effectual measures toward the same end.

Mr. Barnwell and two other members of the Committee presented a minority Report, referring the whole matter to the action of the Legislature. Judge Butler, U. S. Senator, also recommended a postponement of any decisive step. The original Report, however, was adopted, and the Convention adjourned *sine die*. The subject has occasioned but little excitement out of South Carolina, and it is not anticipated that any other State will pursue a similar course.

The Mexican Government has made a formal complaint to the President of the United States, in relation to the Indian outrages along the frontier, which the United States were bound to suppress, according to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. It is believed that a demand of a million of dollars will be made for damages which the Indians have already caused; besides which, Mexico refuses to ratify the Tchuantepec Treaty, unless these provisions are fulfilled. At the last session of Congress, the appropriation asked by the War Department for this purpose, was not made; besides which, the troops most serviceable for such a warfare have been disbanded.

An order has been issued by the President, that the tracts of land in Iowa, occupied by General Ujhazy and the other Hungarian exiles, shall be withheld from sale until the end of the next session of Congress, with a view to making application to that body for a grant of the lands.

The Massachusetts Legislature, after a struggle of four months, succeeded in electing a U. S. Senator on the 24th of April. Charles Sumner, Esq., the Free Soil Candidate, was chosen on that day, by 193 votes, precisely the number necessary for election. The Boston Board of Aldermen, who had passed a resolution refusing the use of Faneuil Hall for a public address by Daniel Webster, have since then retracted the step and concurred with the Common Council in inviting Mr. Webster to address the citizens of Boston. Faneuil Hall, hereafter, is to be granted on all occasions, at the application of one hundred voters. Before leaving Boston, Mr. Webster delivered a speech to the citizens of Boston, from the steps of the Revere House.

The Legislature of New-York adjourned on the 17th of April. The question of the enlargement of the Erie Canal was before the Senate, when twelve of the Democratic members of that body resigned their seats in order to prevent the passage of the bill, by leaving the senate without a quorum. The usual annual appropriations had not been voted, and the Government was thus placed without the means of sustaining its operations. An extra session of the Legislature has been called by Governor Hunt, for the 10th of June. Elections have been ordered, in the mean time, to fill the vacancies caused by the resignation of the Senators. The Members of the

Assembly, of both parties, published manifestoes in relation to the question.

The Atlantic Coast and the Lakes have been visited this spring with a succession of tremendous gales, which have done an immense amount of damage in various quarters. A storm arose along the Northeastern coast, on the 15th of April, and at noon on the following day the tide was higher at Boston than had ever been known before. On the principal wharves of the city the water was three or four feet deep, and the streets were so flooded that a large boat could be rowed around the Custom House. An immense amount of damage was done to private property, and many lives were lost. The railroad tracks all around the city were submerged, and in many places torn up and washed away. All along the coast, from New Bedford to Portland, the gale raged with nearly equal violence, causing much injury to the shipping. The loss of property is estimated at more than one million of dollars.

On the night of the 17th of April, the third day of the storm, the light-house on Minot's Ledge, at the entrance of Boston harbor, was carried away, and the two men in it at the time drowned. Mr. Bennett, the keeper, who had been to Boston, was prevented from returning to it by the rough sea, and thus escaped. It was formed of wrought iron bars, riveted into the rock, and rising to the height of sixty feet, having chambers in the upper part for the keeper and his assistants. The light-house had been severely tested in the late equinoctial storm, and was considered secure.

His Excellency, President Fillmore, accompanied by the Hon. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State; Hon. William A. Graham, Secretary of the Navy; Hon. J. J. Crittenden, Attorney General; and Hon. N. K. Hall, Postmaster General, left Washington on the 12th of May, in order to be present at the opening of the Erie Railroad from New-York to Dunkirk. They were received with great enthusiasm on the way; at Baltimore and Wilmington they were officially welcomed, and were met at the latter place by the Mayor and Common Council of Philadelphia, who escorted them to that city.

Here the people turned out to give them a public reception, and speeches were made by the President and Mr. Webster. On their way to New-York they were met at Amboy by the Erie Railroad Company's steamer and conveyed to the city, saluted on the way by national salutes from the forts in the harbor, and the military companies of the city, who were drawn up on the Battery, to receive the distinguished visitors. The ceremonies of welcome were performed in Castle Garden, where the President and Secretaries were welcomed by Mayor Kingsland. Eloquent speeches were made in return by the President, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Crittenden. A military procession more than a mile in length, was then formed, and marched through the principal streets, which were thronged with spectators. Flags were waving from every point, and as the day was remarkably bright and warm, the spectacle was one of unusual life and animation.

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The Company's boat left New-York at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 14th, having on board the President and Secretaries, all the principal State officers except Governor Hunt, the officers of the Erie Railroad Company, a large representation from the State Senate and Assembly, and both boards of the Common Council of the city, besides a number of other distinguished persons. At Piermont, three special trains received the company, 600 in all, and the grand march of 450 miles, through what was lately the wilderness of the State, from the Hudson to Lake Erie, commenced. All along the line of the road the people turned out *en masse*, cannons were fired and bells rung as the trains passed, and triumphal arches erected over the road. Brief addresses were made at the principal stations by the President, Mr. Webster, Mr. Seward, Mr. Crittenden, and other distinguished guests. The trains stopped at Elmira for the night, and proceeded next day to Dunkirk, which they reached in the afternoon. Here the crowning celebration was made. All the country, far and near, arose to hail the completion of the greatest railroad enterprise in the world. After the meeting, a grand barbecue was held: two oxen and ten sheep were roasted whole, and the company regaled on a magnificent scale. The day following this opening excursion, the regular passenger trains commenced running from New-York to Dunkirk. The distance between the Ocean and Lake Erie is now but a summer's day.

In the Connecticut Legislature the Democratic candidate for Governor, Mr. Seymour, was elected by a majority of one vote. The Legislature of Rhode Island, on the 10th of May, restored to Ex-Gov. Dorr, (well-known as the leader of "Dorr's Rebellion,") all the rights and privileges of a citizen.

M. Bois Le Comte, the French Minister at Washington, who has been recalled by his Government, took leave of the President on the 2d of May, and will shortly return to France.

Jenny Lind reached New-York in the beginning of May, after a triumphant tour of five months in the South and West. She commenced a series of farewell concerts on the 7th. She was received with as full a house and scarcely less enthusiasm than on the night of her first appearance in America. The Firemen of the city, in return for her donation of \$3000 to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, have presented her with a resolution of thanks inclosed in a gold box, and a copy of Audubon's Birds of America in a rosewood case.

A fire occurred at Santa Fe, New Mexico, on the 22d of April, which destroyed the finest hotel in the place. Col. Sumner, who is to take command of the United States military force in the Department, carries with him a large amount of seeds, grains, improved stock, farming utensils, and apparatus for developing the capacity of the soil. It is designed to make the United States troops in New Mexico support themselves as far as possible. The Apache Indians have been very troublesome, but a treaty of amity has been effected with their principal chief, Chacon. The Mexican citizens are well satisfied with the establishment of the Territorial Government.

The California mails of March 15th and April 1st have been received. The steamers which sailed from San Francisco on those days took away more than \$3,500,000 in gold dust for the Atlantic States. The news is generally of a very favorable character. The severe drought which had prevailed through the whole winter, terminated on the 17th of March, when a succession of heavy showers commenced, the effect of which had been to revive business of all kinds. The miners in the dry diggings had a sufficiency of water to wash out their piles of dirt, and the gold dust, flowing into the centres of trades, soon dissipated the dulness which had fallen upon business of all kinds. Agricultural prospects have also brightened, and the crops of California will this year be an important feature of her products. The odious tax of \$20 per month on all foreign miners has been repealed, and the Mexicans and Chilians who were last year driven out of the country will probably return.

The Legislature still continues in session, and since its futile attempt to elect a United States Senator, has gone vigorously to work. The sale of lottery tickets has been prohibited; the sum of \$200,000 appropriated for the pay of persons engaged in military operations against the Indians, and the State Treasurer authorized to obtain a loan of \$500,000. The District Court of Sacramento has given a decision sustaining the suitors of claims on all lands on which the city is located. A fugitive slave case—the first in California—has been settled at San Francisco. The owner of a slave, who had employed him in the mines for three or four months, was about to return with him to the Atlantic States. But as the slave preferred remaining, a writ of habeas corpus was procured and a hearing had before the Court, which decided that the negro was at liberty to stay and could not be removed against his will.

A fire broke out in a bowling alley in Nevada City, on the 12th of March, and spread so rapidly that before it could be subdued, the largest and best portion of the city was in ashes. One hundred and twenty-eight houses were destroyed, and the entire loss is estimated at \$300,000.

Accounts from all parts of the gold region give flattering accounts of the golden harvest for the present year. The richest locality appears to be the district lying between Feather River and the American Fork, embracing the Yuba and its tributaries. The northern mines, on Trinity, Scott's and Klamath Rivers, continue to attract attention. On the Mokelumne River, gold is found in large quantities on the sides and summits of the hills. A placer of the precious metal has also been discovered by the Mexicans near San Diego. The operations in quartz mining promise to be very profitable. A vein near Nevada City has been sold for \$130,000. Later accounts from the Gold Bluff are more encouraging. The top sand was washed away during a severe gale, and the heavy substratum, being washed, was found to yield from three to eight ounces to each pailful. Messrs. Moffat & Co., who obtained the Government contract for assaying gold, received deposits of gold dust amounting to \$100,000 in two hours after opening their office. The operations of the office had such an effect that the bankers of San Francisco were compelled to raise the price of gold dust to \$17 per ounce, in order to have any share in the trade.

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Professor Forest Shepard, of New-Haven, who has been prosecuting geological explorations in different parts of California, has discovered a remarkable valley in the Coast Range, north of Napa Valley. It is an immense chasm, 1000 feet deep, in the bottom of which was a large number of boiling springs and jets of steam, with here and there a fountain of hot water, similar to the geysers of Iceland. There are more than two hundred in all, within a compass of half a mile square. The soil of the valley was so warm that, although it was in the middle of winter, flowers were in full bloom and a luxuriant vegetation springing on all sides. It is Professor Shepard's intention to claim a portion of the valley, build a house thereon, and plant tropical trees in the warm soil.

The Hon. Samuel R. Thurston, Delegate to Congress from Oregon Territory, died on the 9th ult., on board the steamer California, bound from Panama to San Francisco. His remains were taken to Acapulco for interment.

Our news from Oregon is to the 22d of March. A discovery has been made by Capt. George Drew, of a vein of coal on the Cowlitz River, eighteen miles from its junction with the Columbia, and about one mile from the main Cowlitz. The vein is two feet thick and about half a mile in width, fifteen feet above high water mark and about forty feet below the surface of the bluff mountain. Governor Ogden, of the Hudson's Bay Company, at Vancouver, sent a boat and crew to bring a quantity away, that it may be fairly tested.

EUROPE.

The Grand Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, in the Crystal Palace at LONDON, was opened on Thursday, May 1, with appropriate and imposing ceremonies. Just before twelve o'clock, which was the hour appointed for the arrival of the Queen, the rain that had been falling at intervals during the day ceased altogether, and the sun shone forth from a cloudless sky. On the appearance of the Royal cortège, the utmost enthusiasm was manifested by the people who thronged the vicinity of the Palace, and, in the midst of the cheers of the multitude, and the flourish of military music, the Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, was ushered into the interior of the building. She was welcomed by the vast assemblage with repeated and universal cheers, ladies waved their handkerchiefs, gentlemen their hats, and the whole scene presented a spectacle of unrivalled splendor. After she had ascended the throne, which was a raised platform surmounted with a blue canopy ornamented with feathers, the National Anthem was sung by an immense choir under direction of Sir Henry Bishop. When the music had ceased, Prince Albert presented to the Queen the report of the

proceedings of the Commissioners, to which she replied in a short speech. The Archbishop of Canterbury then offered the prayer of inauguration, at the close of which the Hallelujah Chorus was sung. A procession was now formed, composed of the architect, contractors, and officials engaged in the construction of the Crystal Palace, the Foreign Commissioners, the Royal Commissioners, Foreign Ambassadors, and the members of the Royal Family. After making the circuit of the building in the procession, the Queen resumed her seat on the platform, and announced by a herald that the Exhibition was opened. A flourish of trumpets and a discharge of artillery proclaimed the fact to the thronging multitudes on the outside. The Queen, attended by the Court, then withdrew from the building; the choir again struck up the strain of the National Anthem; the barriers, which had confined the spectators within certain limits, were removed; and the whole mass of visitors poured over every part of the magnificent edifice, eager to gratify a highly excited curiosity.

The number of exhibitors, whose productions are now displayed in the Crystal Palace, is about 15,000. One-half of these are British subjects. The remainder represent the industry of more than forty other nations, comprising nearly every civilized country on the globe. The Exhibition is divided into four classes; 1. Raw Materials; 2. Machinery; 3. Manufactures; 4. Sculpture and the Fine Arts. A further division is made, according to the geographical position of the countries represented, those which lie within the warmer latitudes being placed near the centre of the building, and the colder countries at the extremities. The Crystal Palace, which was commenced on the 26th of September, and has accordingly been completed in the short space of seven months, occupies an extent of about 18 acres, measuring 1,851 feet in length, and 556 in breadth, and affords a frontage for the exhibition of goods amounting in the aggregate to over 10 miles. It can accommodate at one time 40,000 visitors.

An interesting debate took place in the BRITISH House of Commons on the 3d of April, upon a motion by Mr. Herries for the repeal of the Income Tax. In an elaborate speech supporting his motion, Mr. Herries maintained that the Income Tax was proposed by Sir Robert Peel in order to meet a peculiar emergency occasioned by the maladministration of the Whigs prior to 1841. He presented a minute calculation for the purpose of showing that two-sevenths of the tax might be remitted without damage to the financial interests of the nation, and that the remission of £1,560,000 would be a greater relief than the removal of the window-tax. In reply to Mr. Herries, the Chancellor of the Exchequer contended that the measures contemplated in the motion were of the most disastrous tendency, and recommended the House to vote an Income Tax for three years. On a division of the House, Mr. Herries' motion was lost by a majority of 48.

The subject of Colonial Expenditures has elicited a warm debate in the House of Commons. Sir William Molesworth argued in favor of giving the means of local self-government to all colonies which are not military stations nor convict settlements. The colonies cost the United Kingdom the enormous sum of £4,000,000 sterling. He believed the military force maintained in the various colonies might be cut down to less than half the present establishment without injury to the Government. Under proper regulations, 17,000 men would be sufficient for the colonial garrisons, instead of 45,000. For colonial services the troops should be paid by the colonies—for Imperial purposes, by the General Government. He contended that in the North American colonies, the expenditure for military affairs should be reduced £400,000 per annum, and in the West Indies £250,000. From the Australian colonies nearly the whole military force might be withdrawn to advantage. Unless the military operations were discontinued in South Africa, the war would cost £1,000,000 more than the value of the colony. In conclusion, he estimated that the adoption of his measures would save the Government at least £1,800,000 in military and civil expenditure. The views of Sir William Molesworth were ably sustained by other members, while, on the contrary, Lord John Russell declared they were of a ruinous tendency, and earnestly protested against their adoption. If the plan were carried into effect, the glory of the British nation would be destroyed. She could no longer maintain her proud position before the world. The integrity of her empire would be annihilated, and she would be exposed to the attack of foreign powers. The debate was finally adjourned without a division.

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The latest intelligence concerning Miss Talbot, whose relation to the Roman Catholic controversy has produced such a general excitement in England, is her decision to accept of a proposal of marriage from Lord Edward Howard, a Catholic nobleman of wealth and character. Application was made by the friends of the parties for the consent of the Lord Chancellor, which was given without hesitation.

The British Government has presented a memorial to the Courts of Berlin and Vienna, on the subject of admitting non-German territories into the Confederation, and insisting on a strict adherence to the Treaty of Vienna.

A new cabinet has been formed in FRANCE, consisting of Baroche, Rouher, Fould, Leon-Faucher, Buffet, Chasseloup Laubat, de Crouseilhes, Randon and Maque. The most prominent of these ministers are Baroche, Fould, and Leon-Faucher. They are all taken from the minority of the Assembly, and their choice will increase the difference between the President and that body. Baroche and Fould were members of the ministry which was obliged to retire in January last, before the opposition of the Assembly. Leon-Faucher labors under the stigma of having used the telegraph for electioneering purposes, for which he was condemned by the vote of the constituent assembly. Buffet was minister of commerce and agriculture in the administration of O'Dillon-Barrot. He is inclined to free trade sentiments, agreeing for the most part with Leon-Faucher in his commercial views. De Crouseilhes is a legitimist. He is an ex-peer of France, but has been more distinguished for his private worth than his political ability. Chasseloup Laubat

has been in official employment since 1828, though he is still under fifty years of age. The best debater in the new ministry is undoubtedly Baroche, whose sagacity and mental vigor cannot be mistaken.

The political condition of France is still the subject of much speculation, but no definite conclusions can be arrived at in the present fluctuations of parties. Every thing shows the uncertainty which pervades the public mind. The President has renounced the hope of improving his political prospects, by obtaining a revision of the constitution. This could not be carried without a majority of three-fourths of the Assembly, while at least nearly 190 of the most strenuous republicans are decidedly opposed to the measure. The government is now sustained by the legitimists, who perceive no immediate hope of the accomplishment of their favorite plans. The partisans of Cavaignac are in favor of the speedy resignation of the President. In their opinion, this is necessary, in order to anticipate the general election, and thus prevent the difficulties that would ensue by the dissolution of the Assembly, without an established executive. Others, on the contrary, are in favor of extending the Presidential term for the period of ten years. A reconciliation was about to take place, according to the general rumor, between the President and General Changarnier. The government has demanded of the cabinet at London the expulsion of Ledru Rollin and other active politicians among the French refugees. With the present facilities of communication between London and Paris, their influence was believed to be adverse to the policy of the French government, and to increase the difficulties of the existing crisis.

An insurrection, headed by the Duke of Saldanha, has been attempted in Cienra, PORTUGAL. The insurgents were about five thousand in number, and displayed considerable determination. Their leader is a man of great energy, and has had no small experience in political disturbances. He belongs to the reactionary party. The King, who commands the army in person, has occupied the fortress of Santarem, and the chances of the insurgents appear desperate, although they are said to have some friends in the royal army. The garrison at Oporto have declared for Saldanha, and the inhabitants of that city are generally on his side. He had decided to abandon the contest, and embark for England, but was recalled by the insurgents.

The King of NAPLES has prohibited his subjects from taking part in the Exhibition of the World's Fair, and from being present at it as visitors. The King of Sardinia proposes to visit England during the Exhibition.

The Emperor of RUSSIA has appointed a Committee of manufacturers and scientific men, under the Presidency of the Director General of Public Works to visit the Exhibition, and also to examine the principal manufacturing establishments of France. He has also given permission to his subjects who may attend the exhibition, to pass through France on complying with certain conditions.

The city of DRONTHEIM has again suffered from a popular outbreak, although not from political causes. The military and burgher guard were compelled to interfere, and several arrests took place. The difficulty originated in the prohibition of the sale of fish by the peasantry, in compliance with the demands of the licensed fishermen.

A misunderstanding of a serious nature has occurred between the Emperor of AUSTRIA and the Sultan of TURKEY. This has resulted in the withdrawal of the Austrian minister from Constantinople. The Sultan is charged with refusing to comply with the demands of the Emperor in regard to Kossuth and the other Hungarian prisoners. He declines detaining them after the expiration of the year during which he had promised to hold them in custody. An additional offence is his presentation of a claim upon the Austrian treasury for the expenses of the detention.

At our last dates from TURKEY, the Bosnian insurrection had been conducted with great activity, although it has probably been suppressed by Omer Pasha. A sanguinary engagement between the Sultan's troops and a body of fifteen thousand insurgents has taken place in the vicinity of Jaicza, in which several hundred of the combatants on both sides were killed or mortally wounded. The conflict terminated in favor of the rebels.

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Recent Deaths.

CAPTAIN J. D. CUNNINGHAM, of the Bengal Engineers, author of the *History of the Sikhs*, died in India on the twenty-eight of February, in consequence, it is said, of his removal from the political agency of Bhopaul, where his services and abilities had been highly valued. The act of the "Company" fell with peculiar hardship upon an officer who had passed twenty years of honorable and uninterrupted service in every climate of India, and whose error (if any were committed by the publication in question) was certainly not of a character demanding censure so grave. It will be recollected that the book threw some new light on the conduct of Lord Hardinge at Sobraon, and that the writer was dismissed on the charge of having, "without authority," published documents officially intrusted to his charge. The friends of Captain Cunningham aver that he had formerly asked permission, and he construed the reply to be an expression of indifference on the part of the directors. It was never pretended that an unworthy motive had influenced him, or that he had acted on any other than a desire (however mistaken) to promote the welfare of the

government to which he was attached. It is understood that Captain Cunningham's health broke soon after this painful misunderstanding, and that its effects pursued him to his death. He was a son of Allan Cunningham, had distinguished himself greatly in all his Indian employments, and had not completed his fortieth year.

The *Glasgow Citizen* calls attention to the death of Mr. JOHN HENNING, the well-known Paisley artist, whose studies from the Elgin marbles and cartoons after Raphad obtained so much distinction for himself, and contributed so largely to the diffusion of a general taste for the fine arts amongst his countrymen. Mr. Henning was a self-taught sculptor, and devoted twelve years of his life, under great difficulties, to the restoration of the Greek marbles brought over by Lord Elgin. His copies of these on a reduced scale are so well known and esteemed as to render eulogium on their merits here unnecessary. Many busts of his contemporaries remain to testify further to the excellence of his hand. He was one of the men whom his native town "delighted to honor."

PADRE ROZAVEN, one of the most famous of modern Jesuits, and distinguished by divers polemical treatises, as well as by a long residence and religious warfare in Russia, has just died in Rome in his eighty-second year.

PRINCE WITGENSTEIN, Minister of the Royal House of Prussia, died on the 11th April, at Berlin, at the age of eighty-one. He had been in the service of the state fifty-six years, and had filled the post in which he died since 1819.

HENRY BICKERSTETH, LORD LANGDALE, late Master of the Rolls, died on Good Friday, at Tunbridge Wells, to which place he had lately repaired for the benefit of his health—impaired by long-continued mental labor, resulting in a paralytic stroke, which took place shortly before his death. He was born on the eighteenth of June, 1783, in the county of Westmoreland, where his father was possessed of a small property. Originally destined for the medical profession (of which his father was a member), in which he had completed his studies, he visited the Continent with the family of the late Earl of Oxford, by whose advice he was induced to embark on the career of the bar. He entered Caius College, Cambridge, where he took his degrees as senior wrangler in 1808. Three years afterwards he was called to the bar, and engaged at once in the duties of his profession. He rapidly rose to great eminence in the Equity Courts, to which he confined his practice. On the nineteenth of January, 1836, he was appointed to succeed Lord Cottenham as Master of the Rolls, and was at the same time called to the House of Peers. But a few months had elapsed after his accession to the mastership of the rolls when Lord Langdale delivered in the House of Lords his remarkable speech on the administration of justice in the Court of Chancery, and on the appellate jurisdiction of their lordships' house, and to the opinions expressed in that speech, and in favor of the division of the duties of the Great Seal, he constantly adhered. On the resignation of Lord Cottenham last year, the Great Seal was more than once tendered to Lord Langdale by the head of the present administration; but though he consented to act as first commissioner, and sat for a short time in the Lord Chancellor's court, and in the House of Lords, in that capacity, the intense application to which the state of the Court of Chancery had condemned him forbade a further stretch of his powers.

GENERAL E. J. ROBERTS, for many years conspicuous as an editor and a politician in the state of New York, died at the age of fifty-five, a few weeks ago, at Detroit. He formerly edited *The Craftsman*, at Rochester, and in 1830 was editor of a journal of that title in Albany. He removed to Michigan in 1834, and filled very important offices in that state. He was a member of the state senate at the time of his death.

From Stockholm is announced the death, at the age of seventy-one, of the distinguished botanist and geologist, M. GOREAN-WAHLENBERG, Professor at the University of Upsal, and director of the botanical garden in the same institution. M. Wahlenberg is stated to have spent thirty out of his seventy-one years in scientific jounies through the different countries of Europe; and the results of these travels he has recorded in a variety of learned works. He left his rich collection and numerous library to the University of Upsal; in which he was a student,—and to which he was attached in various capacities during upwards of forty-three years.

We lack room for notices of the lives of Archbishop ECLESTON, of Baltimore; General BRADY, of the United States Army; and Mr. PHILIP HONE, three eminent persons who have died since our last publication.

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E. E. MARCY, M.D., AUTHOR OF THE "HOMŒOPATHIC THEORY AND PRACTICE."

Dr. Marcy is one of the thousand or more physicians of the old school who have become homœopathists. With professional eminence, and a liberal fortune, he joined the converts to the doctrine of Hahnemann, and at once took rank among the most distinguished physicians of the new practice. Homœopathy is one of the grand facts of this age. It is no longer laughed at, but has reached that condition which enables it to challenge a respectful consideration from all who would not themselves be subjects of ridicule. Of educated and thoughtful men, in our large cities, it is contended that more than one-half are of its supporters. In Great Britain we see that Archbishop Whately, the Chevalier Bunsen, and Dr. Scott of Owen's College, constitute a trio of its literary adherents. Cobden, Leslie, and Wilson, are examples of its parliamentary partizans. Radetzky, Pulzsky, and General Farquharson, rank among its numerous military defenders. Leaf, Sugden, and Forbes, are three of its great London merchants. The Duke of Hamilton, the Earls of Wilton, Shrewsbury, Erne, and Denbigh, and Lords Robert Grosvenor, Newport, and Kinnaird, may serve for its guard of honor. Queen Adelaide was one of its numerous royal and noble patients, and the Duchess of Kent is the patroness of a great fair to be held for the benefit of some of its institutions in London during this present month of June—in the very heyday of the exhibition season. In France, Guizot, Changarnier, Comte, Lamartine, and some forty members of the Academy, are among its advocates. Here in New-York, it is sufficient to say of the character of the society in which it is received, that it includes Bryant, who has been among the most active of its lay teachers.

It is clear that homœopathy not only spreads apace, but that it also spreads in all sorts of good directions, through the present fabric of society. And this fact certainly conveys the idea that there must be some sort of truth in homœopathy; whether pure or mixed, whether negative or affirmative, whether critical of something old, or declaratory of something new.

Dr. Marcy is one of the leaders of the sect. He is the son of an eminent lawyer, who for more than twenty years has been in the legislature of Massachusetts; he was graduated at Amherst College, took his degree of Doctor in Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and for ten years devoted himself with great success to medicine and surgery in Hartford: in surgery, on several occasions, commanding the applause of both European and American academies. As a chemist, also, he greatly distinguished himself; and it is not too much to say, that in the application of chemistry to the arts, he has been more fortunate than any other American. At length, while travelling in Europe, he became a convert to the theory, *similia similibus curantur*, and renouncing his earlier notions, gave himself up to the study of it. He published, six months ago, in

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a volume of six hundred pages, *The Homœopathic Theory and Practice of Medicine*, of which a second edition is now in press; and he is industriously occupied, when not attending to the general business of his profession, with a voluminous work on *Animal Chemistry*.

It is admitted by the most wise and profoundly learned physicians of the allopathic practice, that the laws of that practice are for the most part vague and uncertain. The cumulative experiences of many ages have shown indeed that certain substances have certain effects in certain conditions of the human organism; but the processes by which these effects are induced are unknown, or not so established as justly to be regarded as a part of science. Facts have been observed, and hypotheses have been formed, but there has been no demonstrative generalization, really no philosophy of disease and cure; and while in almost every other department, investigation and reflection have led by a steady and sure advance to the establishment of positive and immutable principles, medicine has made, except in a few specialities, no advance at all, unless the theory here disclosed shall prove a solution of its secrets. Of these specialities, the most important has been the discovery of the homœopathic law in the isolated case of smallpox. Every body knows how difficult and slow was the reception of the principle of inoculation—of *similia similibus curantur*—in this disease; but it was received at last universally; and then arose Hahnemann, to claim for every disorder of the human system the application of the same principle. Right or wrong, the father of homœopathy gave us a system, perfect in its parts, universal in its fitness, and eminently beautiful in its simplicity. It has been half a century before the world, and though all the universities have parleyed and made truce with other innovations and asserted heresies, and opened against this their heaviest and best plied artillery, it is not to be denied that homœopathy has made more rapid, diffusive, and pervading advances, than were ever before made by any doctrine of equal importance, either in morals or physics.

We cannot but admit that we have been accustomed to regard the theories of Hahnemann with distrust, and that the principle of the attenuation of drugs, etc., viewed as it was by us through the media of prejudiced and satirical opposition, seemed to be trivial and absurd. We heard frequently of remarkable cures by Hahnemann's disciples, and even witnessed the benefits of their treatment, but so perfectly had the sharp ridicule of the allopathists warped our judgment and moulded our feelings, that we felt a sort of humiliation in confessing an advantage from an "infinitesimal dose." We could never forget the keen and brilliant wit with which our friend Holmes, for example, assailed a system which threatened to take away his practice and patients, deprive him of his income, and consign his professional erudition and ingenious speculation to oblivion. But the work of Dr. Marcy displayed these matters to us in an entirely different light, and guarded by walls of truths and arguments quite impenetrable by the most finely pointed or most powerful satire. His well-known abilities, great learning, and long successful experience as an allopathist, gave us assurance that his conversion to the school of Hahnemann could have been induced only by inherent elements of extraordinary force and vitality in its principles, and we looked to him confidently, when we understood that he was preparing for the press an exhibition and vindication of homœopathy, for such a work as should at least screen the layman who accepted its doctrines from the reproach of fanatical or credulous weakness. We were not disappointed. He has given us a simple and powerful appeal to the common sense upon the whole subject. In language terse, direct, and perspicuous, and with such bravery as belongs to the consciousness of a championship for truth, he displays every branch of his law, with its antagonism, and leads his readers captive to an assenting conclusion.

Dr. Marcy's work is the first by an American on the Homœopathic Theory and Practice of Medicine; it is at least a very able and attractive piece of philosophical speculation; and to those who are still disposed to think with little respect of the Hahnemannic peculiarities, we specially commend, before they venture another jest upon the subject, or endure any more needless nausea and torture, or sacrifice another constitution or life upon the altar of prejudice, the reading of his capital chapters on Allopathy, Homœopathy, and the Attenuation of Drugs and Repetition of Doses.

The London *Leader* demands attention to the scholarship of the homœopathic physicians, to their respectability as thinkers and as men, and to the character of their writings; and surveying the extraordinary and steady advances of the homœopathic sect, urges that every thing, which has at any time won for itself a broad footing in the world, must have been possessed by some spirit of truth. Every thoughtful person knows that no system stands fast in virtue of the errors about it. It is the amount of truth it contains, however little and overlaid that may be, which enables an institution or a doctrine to keep its ground. The extent and quality of that ground, taken together with the length of time it is kept, constitute a measure of the quantity of truth by which a militant institute is inspired and sustained.



Ladies' Fashions for the Season.

In Paris and London the chief novelties have been preparations for the London season. Head-dress is particularly rich, by no means lacking lively colors, and ornamented with gold, silver, and beads. We only speak here of fancy head-dress; for diamonds are always very much admired for a rare and *recherchée parure*. Never have they been so well set as at the present day, both as regards elegance, lightness, and convenience. Thus, each night a lady may change the disposition of her brilliants: to-day she may form them into a band, like a diadem; to-morrow, a row of pins for the body of her dress; another time she can place them on a velvet necklace, and so forth.

Fancy head-dresses are made of lace, blond, silk, gold, or silver. Flowers of all kinds are also worn, and above all foliage of velvet and satin, deep shaded, enriched with white or gold beads, and gold or silver fruit. We have also seen a *coiffure* of gold blond, forming a small point at the top of the head, and ornamented on each side with a branch of green foliage and golden fruit in little flexible bunches.

Ball dresses have nearly all two skirts, which are ornamented with a profusion of flounces, trimmed with ribbons or flowers, which follow the shade of the first or upper skirt; or they are used to raise it at the sides, or on one side only. We have also seen a dress of white net with two skirts, the first (the under) trimmed with two net flounces at the extremity with two gathers through the middle, and satin ribbon. On each of these flounces was a trimming of Brussels application lace, with a gather of ribbon at the top, of the same width as those of the extremity. The second skirt was trimmed at the bottom with two gathers of ribbon, and one lace flounce with a ribbon gathering at the top; the body was an intermixture of gathered ribbons and lace flounces.

Capotes will be more in vogue than bonnets, their style allowing spangling, for which bonnets are not suited. We have seen capotes of taffeta, and ribbon applied like flounces as ornaments to the crown; these ribbons are cut into teeth or plain, but with a narrow border of much brighter shade. We have also seen very pretty capotes covered with net, made of very lively colored taffeta. The tops of all these bonnets are widened more than they are high; however, they are drawn near the bottom, and are quite closed.

Dresses, it is certain, will be open in front and heart-shaped to the bottom of the waist. Low square-fronted chemisettes suit this kind of bodice, with breast-plates of embroidery and lace. At concerts, many dresses are seen either with flounces or apron-shaped fronts; that is to say, the front breadth has a much richer pattern, and different from the other breadths of the skirt. This pattern is generally an immense bouquet, whose branches entwine to the top, diminishing in size; or there are two large columns of stripes, which form undulating wreaths.

Dresses of white or other ground of taffeta warped will be the fashion this spring for walking; however, we must wait for Longchamps, at the latter end of April, to decide the question.

In the illustration on the following page is a lace cap, trimmed with flowers without foliage; African velvet dress; body with Spanish basks or skirts cut out into teeth, trimmed with a small white lace, having at the top a small gathering of ribbon; the body trimmed with lace facing, edged with a gathering of ribbon; black velvet ribbon round the neck, fastened with a diamond buckle; bracelets the same. Bonnet of pink taffeta, very plain; and plain dress of Valencias, with festooned teeth. Small felt bonnet, with bunch of ribbons; Nacaret velvet dress; trowsers of cambric muslin, with embroideries; gaiters of black cloth, and mousquetaire pardessus, trimmed

with gimp or lace, put on flat.



Mantelets will certainly enjoy more than their usual vogue this season, and from what we have seen of the new forms, we must own they are very superior to any that have before appeared; the novelty of the forms, and the taste displayed in the garnitures even of those intended for common use, show that the progress of *la mode* is quite as great as any other sort of progress in this most progressing age. First, then, for the mantelets in plain walking dress; they are for the most part composed of black taffeta; several are embroidered in sentache, and bordered with deep flounces of taffeta; others are trimmed with fringe of a new and very light kind, and a number, perhaps indeed the majority, are finished with lace.

The materials for robes, in plain morning negligé, are silks of a quiet kind, and some slight woollen materials, as coustil de laine, balzerine, striped Valencias; some in very small, others in large stripes; corded muslins, and jaconet muslins, flowered in a variety of patterns. We cannot yet say any thing positively respecting plain white muslins for morning dress, but we have reason to believe they will not be much adopted.

Taffeta has resumed all its vogue for robes; it is adopted both for public promenade, half dress, and evening robes. Some of the most elegant mantelets are of white taffeta.

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