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September, 1851, by Various**

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4, NO. 2, SEPTEMBER, 1851 \*\*\*

## **THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE**

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### **Of Literature, Art, and Science.**

**Vol. IV. NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1851. No. II.**

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

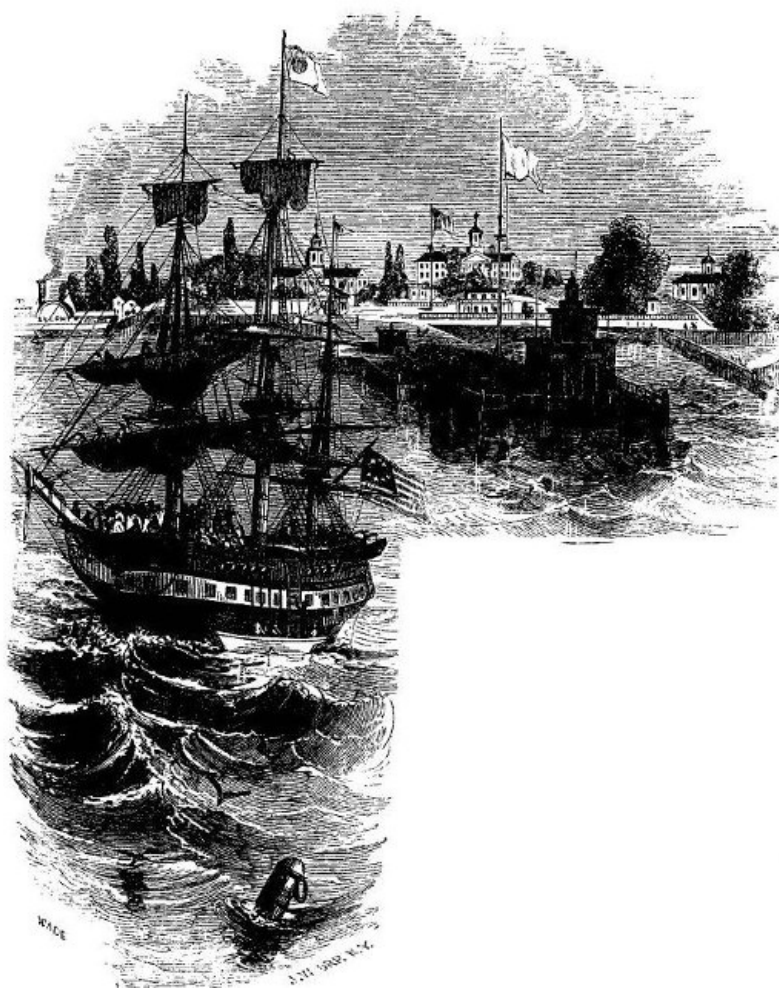
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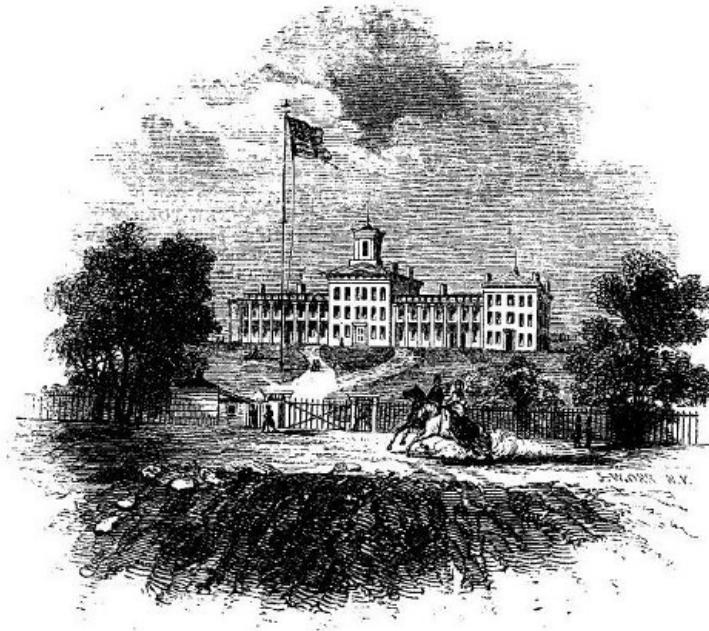
## INSTITUTIONS FOR SAILORS, IN NEW-YORK.



**HEALTH-OFFICER BOARDING AN IMMIGRANT SHIP,  
QUARANTINE, STATEN ISLAND.**

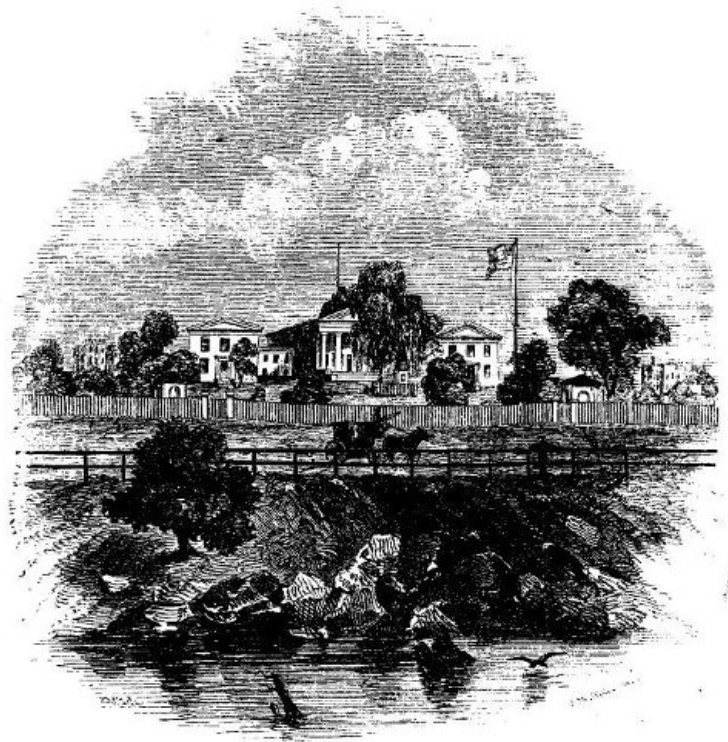
The maritime commerce of New-York has increased so rapidly that it has continually outgrown the space appropriated for its accommodation, so that the docks, wharves, warehouses, and landings, have been found wholly inadequate to the reception of the business which has poured in upon them. But the benevolent institutions of the "Empire City," designed to meliorate the condition of sea-faring men, have been fully equal to the exigencies of this improvident class of laborers, and are among the noblest and best conducted of the many charitable institutions in this great and growing metropolis of the New World. Commerce is the life and soul of New-York, and the most selfish motives should lead to the establishment of suitable retreats and hospitals for the benefit of the class of men without whose labors its wheels could not revolve; but it is not to those who are most benefited by the labors of seamen that they are indebted for the existence of safe havens of retreat, where they may cast anchor in repose, where they can no longer follow their dangerous and storm-tost business. Seamen are the only class who have asylums provided expressly for their use, either in sickness or old age. The nation provides no hospital like that of Greenwich, where the tars who are disabled in the public service find a home and an honorable support, but it lays a capitation tax on all the seamen in the navy for the creation of a fund, out of which the Naval Asylum, the Wallabout Hospital, &c., for the disabled, invalid, and superannuated of the navy have, at their own cost, not altogether disagreeable homes. New-York, however, from the munificence of private individuals and the creation of a fund from a tax on seamen, can boast of excellent institutions for the ample and comfortable accommodation of all the sick and infirm sailors who have earned a right of admission by sailing from this port. In this respect there is no other city in the world that can equal New-York.

The quarantine ground of the port of New-York, which is on the north-eastern point of Staten Island, five and a half miles from the Battery, is admirably located for the purposes of purification, and liberally endowed with all the necessary means for the cure of the sick and the prevention of the spread of disease. The ground appropriated for the purposes of a lazaretto has a frontage on the bay of about fourteen hundred feet, and extends back twelve hundred feet. It is inclosed by a high brick wall, and includes suitable hospitals for the accommodation of the sick, houses for the resident physician, and offices for the numerous persons employed about the grounds. The largest hospital, appropriated for fever patients, is that nearest the water. It is constructed of brick, is three stories high, and one hundred and thirty-six feet long by twenty-eight feet wide. The building on the rising ground next above this is intended for convalescents. It is built of brick, three stories high, fifty feet long, and forty-five feet high, with two wings sixty-six by twenty-six feet each. Higher up, beyond this, is the small-pox hospital, which generally has the largest number of patients. It is but two stories, eighty feet long and twenty-eight feet wide; like the other hospitals, it is built of brick, and has open galleries on the outside, in front, and rear. The quarantine hospitals, although forming no unimportant part of the maritime institutions of New-York, do not properly come under the head of those denominated benevolent, as they are merely sanitary and for the purpose of preventing the spread of contagious diseases.



### THE SEAMEN'S RETREAT.

The Seamen's Retreat is also on Staten Island, a mile below the quarantine ground, built upon a natural terrace, about one hundred feet above the water, and fronting the Narrows. The location is one of exceeding beauty, being surrounded by sylvan scenery of unsurpassed loveliness, and commanding a prospect of great extent, which embraces the city, the shore of New Jersey, the Palisades, Long Island, and the highlands of Neversink and Sandy Hook. The Hospital is a noble building, constructed of rough granite, three stories high, and surrounded by piazzas, upon which the patients may inhale the pure air, and beguile their confinement by watching the ever-changing panorama presented by the bay, with its countless ships and steamers. The Retreat is intended solely for sick but not disabled seamen. It is supported by a fund derived from a state capitation tax, levied upon all seamen sailing from this port, and is the only establishment of the kind in the United States, or, we believe, in the world. Seamen are the only class who are compelled by the law of the state to contribute to a fund to form a provision for them in case of sickness. The income for the support of the Retreat is ample, and the most liberal provision is allowed for all whose necessities compel them to seek admission. On the grounds are houses for the residence of the physician and keeper.



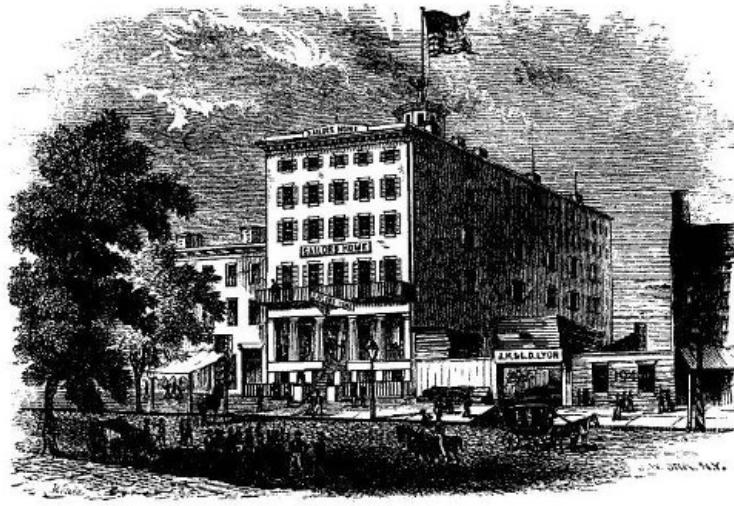
### SAILOR'S SNUG HARBOR.

This noble Charity is situated on the north side of Staten Island, about three miles from the Quarantine, and commands a magnificent view, with the city in the distance. It is surrounded with elegant villas, pretty cottages, and well cultivated farms, and is in the midst of the loveliest rural scenery that the neighborhood of New-York can boast of. The grounds belonging to the institution comprise about one hundred and sixty acres of land, which is inclosed by a handsome iron fence that cost, a few years since, thirty-five thousand dollars. The principal building is constructed of brick and faced with white marble, with a marble portico. The corner-stone was laid in 1831, and the institution opened for the reception of its inmates in 1833. The centre building is sixty-five by one hundred feet, with two wings fifty-one by one hundred feet, connected with the main building by corridors. There are two handsome houses for the residences of the governor of the institution, and the physician, and numerous offices and outhouses.

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This noble institution owes its existence to Captain James Randall, who, in the year 1801, bequeathed a piece of land in the upper part of the city, for the foundation of a retreat for worn-out seamen, who had sailed from the port of New-York; it was called most appropriately the SNUG HARBOR, and many a poor mariner has since found safe moorings there, when no longer able to follow his perilous calling. The benevolent-hearted sailor who founded this noble charity could hardly have dreamed that the small property which he bequeathed for that purpose, could ever increase to the magnificent sum which it is now valued at. The income from the estate in the year 1806 was but a little more than four thousand dollars; it is now thirty-seven thousand dollars, and will be, next year, when the leases of the property have to be renewed, at least sixty thousand dollars a year, an income abundantly large to support even in luxurious comfort the worn-out tars who may be compelled by misfortune to seek this magnificent asylum. The trustees of the Snug Harbor are about to build extensive additions to the present accommodations for its inmates, and among the new buildings will be a hospital for the insane. There is no chapel attached to the Snug Harbor, but there is a regular chaplain who performs religious services every Sunday in the large hall in the centre building.

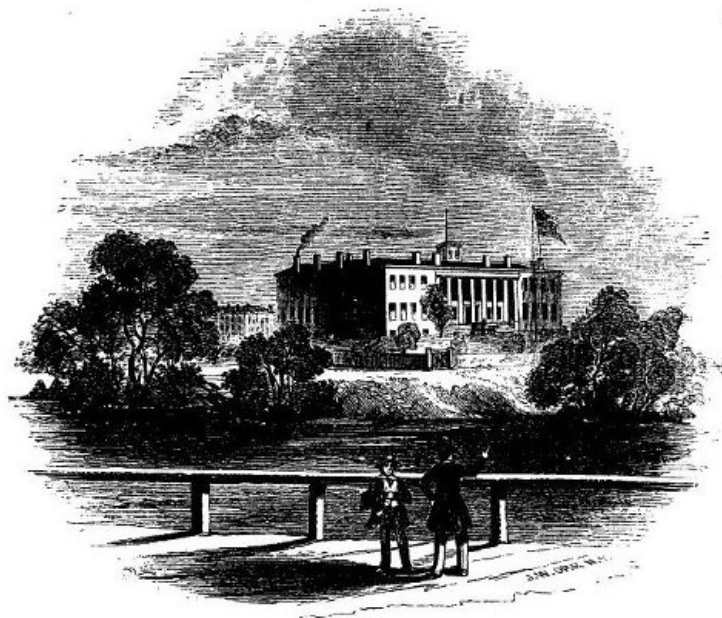
In front of the principal edifice a plain monument of white marble has been erected by the trustees in memory of Captain Randall, the founder of the institution, which is chiefly remarkable for the omission, in the inscription, of any information respecting the birth or death of the person in whose honor it was erected.



### THE SAILOR'S HOME.

It is somewhat remarkable that New-York has originated every system for bettering the temporal and spiritual condition of seamen, that now exists, and furnished the models of the various institutions for the benefit of sea-faring men which have been successfully copied in other maritime cities of the new and the old world. It was here that the first chapel was built for the exclusive use of sailors and their families, the Mariner's chapel in Roosevelt-street; and it was here, too, that the first Home was erected for the residence, while on shore, of homeless sailors. The corner-stone of the Home in Cherry-street was laid with appropriate ceremonies on the 14th of October, 1841, just twenty-two years from the day on which the corner-stone of the Mariner's chapel was laid in Roosevelt-street. The building is a well constructed house of brick with a granite basement, plain and substantial, without any pretensions to architectural ornamentation. It is six stories high, fifty feet front, and one hundred and sixty feet deep. It contains one hundred and thirty sleeping-rooms, a dining-room one hundred by twenty-five feet, and a spacious reading-room, in which are a well selected library, and a museum of natural curiosities; there are also suitable apartments for the overseer and officers. About five hundred boarders can be accommodated in the Home, but it is not often filled. The Sailor's Home was built by the Seaman's Friend Society, and is intended to furnish sailors with a comfortable and orderly home, where they will not be subject to the rapacities of unprincipled landlords, nor the temptations which usually beset this useful but improvident class of men when they are on shore.

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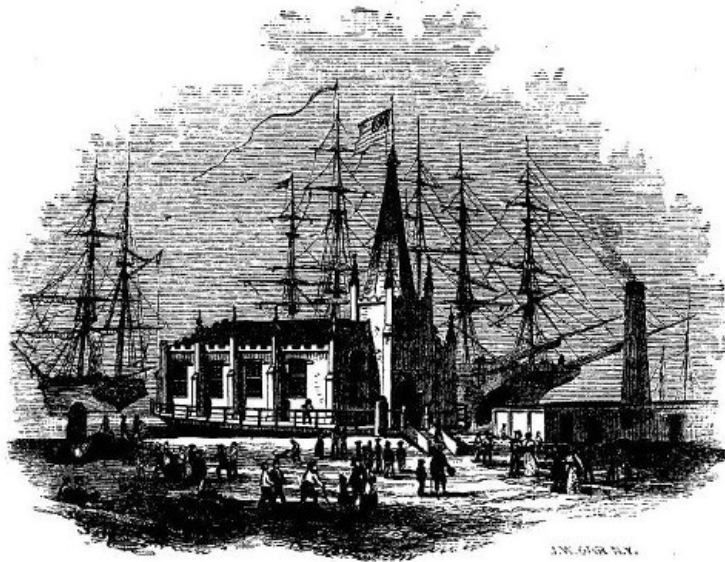
### U.S. MARINE HOSPITAL, BROOKLYN.

The Marine Hospital at the Wallabout, Brooklyn, near the Navy Yard, belongs to the government of the United States, and is intended for the use of the sailors and officers of the navy, and none others. It was built from a fund called the hospital fund, which is created by a payment of twenty cents a month by all the officers and seamen of the navy. The Hospital stands on high ground, on one of the healthiest and pleasantest spots in the vicinity of New-York, commands a superb view of the East River as it sweeps toward the Sound, and overlooks both Brooklyn and New-York. The buildings constituting the Hospital are two fine large airy edifices constructed of white marble, with galleries and piazzas, and surrounded by well-kept grounds which abound with choice fruit trees, and every requisite for the health and comfort of the invalids. The patients remain there only while under treatment for disease. Our government has no asylum for the support of the

sailors or soldiers who lose their health or limbs in its service, like the hospitals of Greenwich and Chelsea, and, in this respect at least, we are behind the government of Great Britain, which makes ample and generous provision for all classes and grades of public servants.

As New-York was the first maritime city that built a chapel expressly for seamen, so it was the first to build a floating church, for although there had been previously in London and Liverpool old hulks fitted up as chapels, and moored in the docks for the use of sailors, there had never been an actual church edifice put afloat before the FLOATING CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR, which now lies moored at the foot of Pike-street, in the East River. This novel edifice was finished and consecrated in February, 1844. It is under the charge of the Young Men's Church Missionary Society of the City of New-York, by whom it was built, and has been under the pastoral care of the Rev. B. C. C. Parker, of the Episcopal church, from its consecration to the present time. It is seventy feet long, and thirty feet wide, and will comfortably seat five hundred persons. It has an end gallery, in which is an organ. A beautiful baptismal font of white marble, in the shape of a capstan, surmounted by a seashell, chiselled from the same block with the shaft—the gift of St. Mark's church in the Bowery, New-York—stands in front of the chancel rail. The top of the communion-table is a marble slab, and the Ten Commandments are placed on the panels on each side in the recess over it. An anchor in gold, painted on the back-ground between these panels, rests upon the Bible and prayer-book. The roof, at the apex, is twenty-six feet high, and eleven feet at the eaves. The edifice is built on a broad deck, seventy-six by thirty-six feet, covering two boats of eighty tons each, placed ten feet apart. The spire contains a bell, and the top of the flag-staff is about seventy feet from the deck. Divine service is regularly performed on Sundays, commencing in the morning at half-past ten, and in the afternoon at three o'clock. Both the boats on which the edifice rests are well coppered, and protected from injury by booms placed around them.

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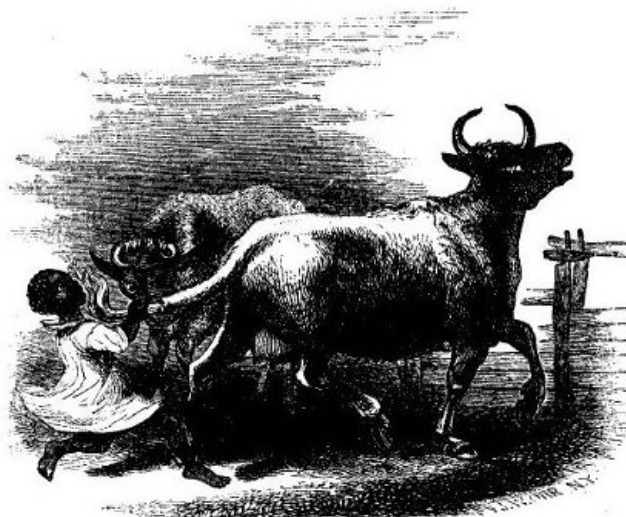


**THE FLOATING CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR.**

A similar floating church has been built and moored near Rector-street, in the North River, near which is another floating chapel, formed of an old hulk, after the manner of the first floating chapels in London. In addition to these houses of worship for seamen, there is a large and handsome church for sailors near the "Home," in Cherry-street, under the charge of the Baptists, and a small seamen's chapel in Brooklyn, near the Catharine Ferry. To complete this system of benevolent enterprises for the benefit of sailors, there is a Seaman's Savings Bank in Wall-street, a very handsome structure of brown free-stone, in the third story of which are the offices of the Seaman's Friend Society.

In Franklin Square, which, at the time of Washington's last visit to New-York, bore about the same relation to the heart of the city that Union Square and Grammercy Park now do, being the Ultima Thule of fashion, and the very focus of gentility and aristocracy, there is the Sailor's Home for colored seamen, which has been most respectably conducted on the principle of the "Home" in Cherry-street, and under the supervision of, although not belonging to, the Seaman's Friend Society. The Colored Home consists of two respectable three-story brick buildings, and is next door to the old Walton House, which is the last remnant of ante-revolutionary splendor remaining in the commercial metropolis of the Union, which once abounded in stately old mansions full of historical mementoes of the days when we acknowledged to kingly authority.

The principle of compelling men, when they have means, to lay up a trifle against the exigencies of a rainy day, has worked well, as we have seen, when applied to the most improvident of all the laboring classes, and we are not sure but the same principle applied to other classes would not prove equally beneficial. If the law should require every author, or merchant, or broker, or editor, to pay a monthly stipend to provide houses of refuge for the needy of their class, it would be only carrying out the principle of government which has been applied to seamen, and might save many a poor wretch from committing suicide to avoid the fate of a pauper.

**A CUB OF THE BARN-YARD**

We remember no book of its class altogether more delightful than the "Swallow Barn" of JOHN P. KENNEDY. In Irving's "Bracebridge Hall" we have exquisite sketches of English homes, such sketches as could be drawn only by that graceful and genial humorist, but Bracebridge Hall is not in our own country, and we scarcely feel "at our own" in it, as we do in every scene to which we are introduced by the author of "Swallow Barn," the best painter of manners who has ever tried his hand at their delineation in America. The love of nature, the fine appreciation of a country life, the delicate and quiet humor, and hearty joy in every one's enjoyment, which those who know Mr. Kennedy personally will recognize as principal elements of his own character, are reflected in the pages of the book, and with its other good qualities make it one of the most charming compositions in the literature of the present time.

Mr. Putnam in a few days will publish a new edition of "Swallow Barn," profusely illustrated by Mr. Strother, an artist who seems perfectly at home in the Old Dominion, as if—which may be the case—all his life had been spent there. Some of these we shall transfer to our own pages, but first we copy in full Mr. Kennedy's "Word in Advance to the Reader":

"Swallow Barn was written twenty years ago, and was published in a small edition, which was soon exhausted. From that date it has disappeared from the bookstores, being carelessly consigned by the author to that oblivion which is common to books and men—out of sight, out of mind. Upon a recent reviewal of it, after an interval sufficiently long to obliterate the partialities with which one is apt to regard his own productions, I have thought it was worthy of more attention than I had bestowed upon it, and was, at least, entitled to the benefit of a second edition. In truth, its republication has been so often advised by friends, and its original reception was so prosperous, that I have almost felt it to be a duty once more to set it afloat upon the waters, for the behoof of that good-natured company of idle readers who are always ready to embark on a pleasure excursion in any light craft that offers. I have, therefore, taken these volumes in hand, and given them a somewhat critical revisal. Twenty years work sufficient change upon the mind of an author to render him, perhaps more than others, a fastidious critic of his own book. If the physiologists are right, he is not the same person after that lapse of time; and all that his present and former self may claim in common, are those properties which belong to his mental consciousness, of which his aspiration after fame is one. The present self may, therefore, be expected to examine more rigorously the work of that former and younger person, for whom he is held responsible. This weighty consideration will be sufficient to account for the few differences which may be found between this and the first edition. Some quaintness of the vocabulary has been got rid of—some dialogue has been stripped of its redundancy—some few thoughts have been added—and others retrenched. I shall be happy to think that the reader will agree with me that these are improvements:—I mean the reader who may happen to belong to that small and choice corps who read these volumes long ago—a little troop of friends of both sexes, to whom I have reason to be grateful for that modicum of good opinion which cheered my first authorship. Health and joy to them all—as many as are now alive! I owe them a thanksgiving for their early benevolence.

"Swallow Barn exhibits a picture of country life in Virginia, as it existed in the first quarter of the present century. Between that period and the present day, time and what is called "the progress," have made many innovations there, as they have done every where else. The Old Dominion is losing somewhat of the raciness of her

once peculiar, and—speaking in reference to the locality described in these volumes—insulated cast of manners. The mellow, bland, and sunny luxuriance of her home society—its good fellowship, its hearty and constitutional *companionableness*, the thriftless gayety of the people, their dogged but amiable invincibility of opinion, and that overflowing hospitality which knew no ebb—these traits, though far from being impaired, are modified at the present day by circumstances which have been gradually attaining a marked influence over social life as well as political relation. An observer cannot fail to note that the manners of our country have been tending towards a uniformity which is visibly effacing all local differences. The old states, especially, are losing their original distinctive habits and modes of life, and in the same degree, I fear, are losing their exclusive American character. A traveller may detect but few sectional or provincial varieties in the general observances and customs of society, in comparison with what were observable in the past generations, and the pride, or rather the vanity, of the present day is leading us into a very notable assimilation with foreign usages. The country now apes the city in what is supposed to be the elegancies of life, and the city is inclined to value and adopt the fashions it is able to import across the Atlantic, and thus the whole surface of society is exhibiting the traces of a process by which it is likely to be rubbed down, in time, to one level, and varnished with the same gloss. It may thus finally arrive at a comfortable insipidity of character which may not be willingly reckoned as altogether a due compensation for the loss of that rough but pleasant flavor which belonged to it in its earlier era. There is much good sense in that opinion which ascribes a wholesome influence to those homebred customs, which are said to strengthen local attachments and expand them into love of country. What belonged to us as characteristically American, seems already to be dissolving into a mixture which affects us unpleasantly as a plain and cosmopolitan substitute for the old warmth and salient vivacity of our ancestors. We no longer present in our pictures of domestic life so much as an earnest lover of our nationality might desire of what abroad is called the "red bird's wing"—something which belongs to us and to no one else. The fruitfulness of modern invention in the arts of life, the general fusion of thought through the medium of an extra-territorial literature, which from its easy domestication among us is scarcely regarded as foreign, the convenience and comfort of European customs which have been incorporated into our scheme of living,—all these, aided and diffused by our extraordinary facilities of travel and circulation, have made sad work, even in the present generation, with those old *nationalisms* that were so agreeable to the contemplation of an admirer of the picturesque in character and manners.



THE "SWALLOW BARN."

"Looking myself somewhat hopelessly upon this onward gliding of the stream, I am not willing to allow these sketches of mine entirely to pass away. They have already begun to assume the tints of a relic of the past, and may, in another generation, become archæological, and sink into the chapter of antiquities. Presenting, as I make bold to say, a faithful picture of the people, the modes of life, and the scenery of a region full of attraction, and exhibiting the lights and shades of its society with the truthfulness of a painter who has studied his subject on the spot, they may reasonably claim their accuracy of delineation to be set off as an extenuation for any want of skill or defect of finish which a fair criticism may charge against the artist. Like some sign-post painters, I profess to make a strong likeness, even if it should be thought to be *hard*,—and what better workmen might call a daub,—as to which I must leave my reader to judge for himself when he has read this book. The outward public award on this point was kind, and bestowed quite as much praise as I could have desired—much more than I expected—when the former edition appeared. But "the progress" has brought out many competitors



since that day, and has, perhaps, rendered the public taste more scrupulous. A book then was not so perilous an offering as it is now in the great swarm of authorships. We run more risk, just now, of being left alone—unread—untalked of—though not, happily, unpuffed by newspapers, who are favorites with the publisher, and owe him courtesies.

"I wish it to be noted that Swallow Barn is not a novel. I confess this in advance, although I may lose by it. It was begun on the plan of a series of detached sketches linked together by the hooks and eyes of a traveller's notes; and although the narrative does run into some by-paths of personal adventure, it has still preserved its desultory, sketchy character to the last. It is, therefore, utterly unartistic in plot and structure, and may be described as variously and interchangeably partaking of the complexion of a book of travels, a diary, a collection of letters, a drama, and a history,—and this, serial or compact, as the reader may choose to compute it. Our old friend Polonius had nearly hit it in his rigmarole of 'pastoral-comical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral'—which, saving 'the tragical,' may well make up my schedule: and so I leave it to the 'censure' of my new reader."



**VIRGINIA MILL-BOYS RACING.**

Here the history of the book is admirably told. The work itself, so full of truthful and effective pictures, offers numerous passages for quotation, but though we have nothing better to give our readers, we shall limit our extracts to a few scenes illustrated by Mr. Strother's pencil. We present first the old barn itself.

"Beyond the bridge, at some distance, stands a prominent object in the perspective of this picture,—the most venerable appendage to the establishment—a huge barn with an immense roof hanging almost to the ground, and thatched a foot thick with sunburnt straw, which reaches below the eaves in ragged flakes. It has a singularly drowsy and decrepit aspect. The yard around it is strewed knee-deep with litter, from the midst of which arises a long rack resembling a chevaux de frise, which is ordinarily filled with fodder. This is the customary lounge of half a score of oxen and as many cows, who sustain an imperturbable companionship with a sickly wagon, whose parched tongue and drooping swingle-trees, as it stands in the sun, give it a most forlorn and invalid character; whilst some sociable carts under the sheds, with their shafts perched against the walls, suggest the idea of a set of gossiping cronies taking their ease in a tavern porch. Now and then a clownish hobble-de-hoy colt, with long fetlocks and disordered mane, and a thousand burs in his tail, stalks through this company. But as it is forbidden ground to all his tribe, he is likely very soon to encounter a shower of corn-cobs from some of the negro men; upon which contingency he makes a rapid retreat across the bars which imperfectly guard the entrance to the yard, and with an uncouth display of his heels bounds towards the brook, where he stops and looks back with a saucy defiance; and after affecting to drink for a moment, gallops away with a braggart whinny to the fields."

The life led by the young negroes on the plantations of Virginia is generally easy, and of course utterly free from the cares which beset their youthful masters, compelled to pore over "miserable books." [Pg 154]

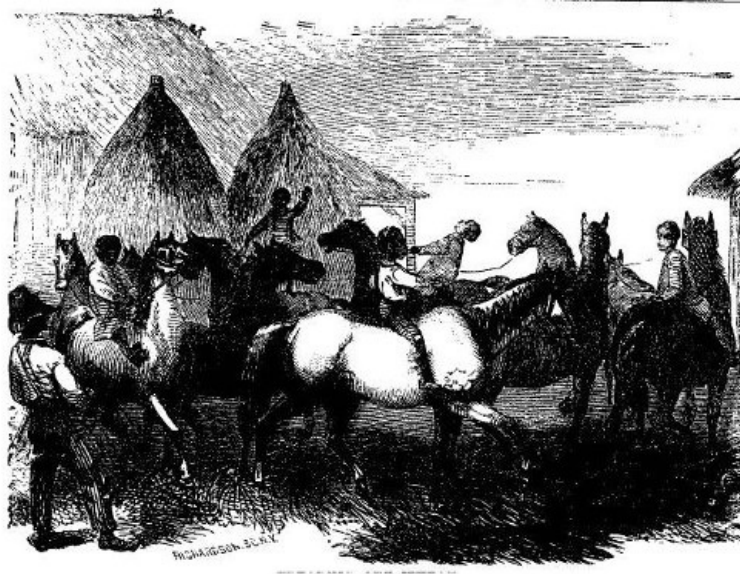
"There is a numerous herd of little negroes about the estate; and these sometimes afford us a new diversion. A few mornings since we encountered a horde of them, who were darting about the bushes like untamed monkeys. They are afraid of me because I am a stranger, and take to their heels as soon as they see me. If I ever chance to get near enough to speak to one of them, he stares at me with a suspicious gaze, and, after a moment, makes off at full speed, very much frightened, towards the cabins at some distance from the house. They are almost all clad in a long coarse shirt which reaches below the knee, without any other

garment. But one of the group we met on the morning I speak of, was oddly decked in a pair of ragged trowsers, conspicuous for their ample dimensions in the seat. These had evidently belonged to some grown-up person, but were cut short in the legs to make them fit the wearer. A piece of twine across the shoulder of this grotesque imp, served for suspenders, and kept his habiliments from falling about his feet. Ned ordered this crew to prepare for a foot-race, and proposed a reward of a piece of money to the winner. They were to run from a given point, about a hundred paces distant, to the margin of the brook. Our whole suite of dogs were in attendance, and seemed to understand our pastime. At the word, away went the bevy, accompanied by every dog of the pack, the negroes shouting and the dogs yelling in unison. The shirts ran with prodigious speed, their speed exposing their bare, black, and meager shanks to the scandal of all beholders; and the strange baboon in trowsers struggled close in their rear, with ludicrous earnestness, holding up his redundant and troublesome apparel with his hand. In a moment they reached the brook with unchecked speed, and, as the banks were muddy, and the dogs had become entangled with the racers in their path, two or three were precipitated into the water. This only increased the merriment, and they continued the contest in this new element by floundering, kicking, and splashing about, like a brood of ducks in their first descent upon a pool. These young negroes have wonderfully flat noses, and the most oddly disproportioned mouths, which were now opened to their full dimensions, so as to display their white teeth in striking contrast with their complexions. They are a strange pack of antic and careless animals, and furnish the liveliest picture that is to be found in nature of that race of swart fairies, which, in the old time, were supposed to play their pranks in the forest at moonlight. Ned stood by, enjoying this scene like an amateur—encouraging the negroes in their gambols, and hallooing to the dogs, that by a kindred instinct entered tumultuously into the sport and kept up the confusion. It was difficult to decide the contest. So the money was thrown into the air, and as it fell to ground, there was another rush, in which the hero of the trowsers succeeded in getting the small coin from the ground in his teeth, somewhat to the prejudice of his finery.



**DRILLING THE NEGRO BOYS.**

"Rip asserts a special pre-eminence over these young serfs, and has drilled them into a kind of local militia. He sometimes has them all marshalled in the yard, and entertains us with a review. They have an old watering-pot for a drum, and a dingy pocket handkerchief for a standard, under which they are arrayed in military order, and parade over the grounds with a riotous clamor."

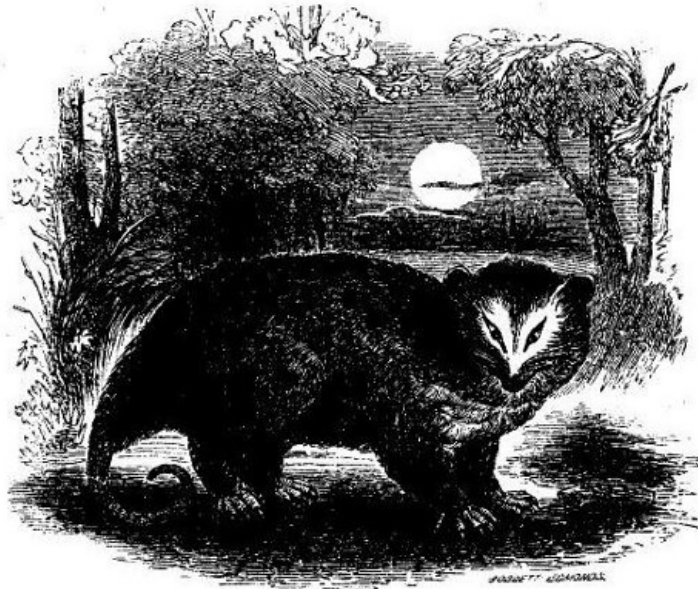


### TREADING OUT WHEAT.

The farmers of Virginia are scarcely as far advanced in the application of science as the more active-minded Yankees, and among the ancient customs which still obtain among them is that of treading out grain with cattle. At Swallow Barn the operation is described:

"Within the farm-yard a party of negroes were engaged in treading out grain. About a dozen horses were kept at full trot around a circle of some ten or fifteen paces diameter, which was strewn with wheat in the sheaf. These were managed by some five or six little blacks, who rode like monkey caricaturists of the games of the circus, and who mingled with the labors of the place that comic air of deviltry which communicated to the whole employment something of the complexion of a pastime."

We hope this edition of *Swallow Barn* will be so well received that the author will give us all his other works in the same attractive style. *Horse-shoe Robinson*, *Rob of the Bowl*, *Quodlibet*, and all the rest, except the *Life of Wirt*, are now out of print, and all have been greeted on their first appearance with an approval that should satisfy a more ambitious writer than Mr. Kennedy.





## GEORGE H. BOKER.

Mr. Boker is one of the youngest of American authors. He is a native of Philadelphia, and was born, we believe, in the year 1824. After the usual preparatory studies in the city of his birth, he entered the college at Princeton, New Jersey, of which he is a graduate. In addition to the collegiate course, however, he devoted much time to the study of Anglo-Saxon, and to the perusal of the early masters of English literature, whose influence is discernible in all his earlier poems. Soon after leaving college he made a visit to France and England, but was obliged to return after having been but a short time abroad, owing to the critical state of his health. He was at that time suffering under a pulmonary disease which threatened to be fatal, but all symptoms of which, fortunately, have since disappeared. On his return he took up his residence in Philadelphia, which continues to be his home. Three or four years since he was married to an accomplished lady of that city.

Mr. Boker first appeared as an author at the commencement of the year 1848, when a volume of his poems, under the title of *The Lesson of Life*, was published in Philadelphia. The publication of a volume was no light ordeal to a young poet whose name was unknown, and who, we believe, had never before seen himself in print. The lack of self-observation and self-criticism, which can only be acquired when the author's thoughts have taken the matter-of-fact garb of type, would of itself be sufficient to obscure much real promise. In spite of these disadvantages, the book contained much that gave the reader the impression of a mind of genuine and original power. We remember being puzzled at its seeming incongruity, the bold, mature, and masculine character of its thought being so strikingly at variance with its frequent crudities of expression. It seemed to us the work of a man in the prime of life, whose poetic feeling had taken a sudden growth, and moved somewhat unskilfully in the unaccustomed trammels of words, rather than the first essay of a brain glowing with the fresh inspiration of youth.

No one saw the author's imperfections sooner than himself; and before the year had closed, his tragedy of *Calaynos* was published—a work so far in advance of what he had hitherto accomplished, so full, not only of promise for the future, but of actual performance, that it took his most confident friends by surprise. To write a five act tragedy is also a bold undertaking; but there is an old French proverb which, says, "if you would shoot lions, don't begin by aiming at hares," and we believe there are fewer failures from attempting too much than from being content with too little. The success of *Calaynos* showed that the author had not aimed beyond his reach. The book attracted considerable attention, and its merits as a vigorous and original play, were very generally recognized. Although written with no view to its representation on the stage, it did not escape the notice of actors and managers, and a copy happening to fall into the hands of Mr. Phelps, a distinguished English tragedian, it was first performed under his direction at the Theatre Royal, Saddler's Wells, Mr. Phelps himself taking the part of Calaynos. Its success as an acting play was most decided, and after keeping the stage at Saddler's Wells twenty or thirty nights, it went the round of the provinces. It has already been performed more than a hundred times in different parts of Great Britain.

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*Calaynos* gives evidence of true dramatic genius. The characters are distinct and clearly drawn, and their individualities carefully preserved through all the movements of the plot, which is natural and naturally developed. The passion on which the action hinges, is the prejudice of blood between the Spanish and Moorish families of Spain. The interest of the plot, while it never loses

sight of the hero, is shared in the first three acts by the other personages of the story, but concentrates at the close on Calaynos, whose outbursts of love and grief and revenge are drawn with striking power and eloquence. The play is enlivened with many humorous passages, wherein the author shows his mastery of this element, so necessary to the complete dramatist.

Mr. Boker's next publication was the tragedy of *Anne Boleyn*, which appeared in February, 1850. In this work he touched on more familiar ground, and in some instances, in his treatment of historical characters, came in conflict with the opinions or prejudices of the critics. The necessity of adhering to history in the arrangement of the plot and selection of the dramatis personæ, imposed some restraint on the author's mind, and hence, while *Anne Boleyn* exhibits a calmer and more secure strength, and a riper artistic knowledge than *Calaynos*, it lacks the fire and passionate fervor of some passages of the latter. We should not forget, however, that the Thames has a colder and sadder sun than the Guadalquivir. Objections have been made to Mr. Boker's King Henry, especially to his complaint of the torments of his conscience, and his moralizing over Norris's ingratitude. But those who cavil at these points seem to forget that however vile and heartless King Henry appears to them, he is a very different man to himself. The author's idea—and it is true to human nature—evidently is, that a criminal is not always guilty to his own mind. This marked insensibility of King Henry to his own false and corrupt nature is a subtle stroke of art.

The language of the tragedy is strong, terse, and full of point, approaching the sturdy Saxon idiom of the early English dramatists. We might quote many passages in support of our opinion, as, for instance, the scene between the Queen and her brother, Lord Rochford; between the Queen and King Henry; Wyatt and Rochford, and King Henry and Jane Seymour. Two or three brief extracts we cannot avoid giving. Wyatt and Rochford are in "The Safety," the thieves' quarter of London—the St. Giles of that day. Wyatt speaks:

"I oft have thought the watchful eye of God  
Upon this place ne'er rested; or that hell  
Had raised so black a smoke of densest sin  
That the All-Beautiful, appalled, shrunk back  
From its fierce ugliness. I tell you, friend,  
When the great treason, which shall surely come  
To burst in shards law-bound society,  
Gives the first shudder, ere it grinds to dust  
Thrones, ranks, and fortunes, and most cunning law—  
When the great temple of our social state  
Staggers and throbs, and totters back to chaos—  
Let men look here, here in this fiery mass  
Of aged crime and primal ignorance,  
For the hot heart of all the mystery!—  
Here, on this howling sea, let fall the scourge,  
Or pour the oil of mercy!

*Rochford.* Pour the oil—  
In God's name, pour the blessed oil! The scourge,  
Bloody and fierce, has fallen for ages past  
Upon the forward crests within its reach;  
Yet made no more impression on the mass  
Than Persia's whips upon the Hellespont!"

Wyatt's soliloquy on beholding Queen Anne led forth to execution is full of a rare and subtle beauty, both of thought and expression:

"O Anne, Anne!  
The world may banish all regard for thee,  
Mewing thy fame in frigid chronicles,  
But every memory that haunts my mind  
Shall cluster round thee still. *I'll hide thy name  
Under the coverture of even lines,  
I'll hint it darkly in familiar songs,  
I'll mix each melancholy thought of thee  
Through all my numbers: so that heedless men  
Shall hold my love for thee within their hearts,  
Not knowing of the treasure.*"

The last scene, preceding the death of Anne Boleyn, is simple and almost homely in its entire want of poetic imagery; yet nothing could be more profoundly touching, and—in the highest sense of the word—tragic. The same tears which blur for us the lines of Browning's *Blot on the 'Scutcheon*, and the last words of Shelley's *Beatrice Cenci*, suffuse our eyes at this parting address of Anne Boleyn to her maidens, beside her on the scaffold:

"And ye, my damsels,  
Who whilst I lived did ever show yourselves  
So diligent in service, and are now  
To be here present in my latest hour

Of mortal agony—as in good times  
 Ye were most trustworthy, even so in this,  
 My miserable death, ye leave me not.  
 As a poor recompense for your rich love,  
 I pray you to take comfort for my loss—  
 And yet forget me not. To the king's grace,  
 And to the happier one whom you may serve  
 In place of me, be faithful as to me.  
 Learn from this scene, the triumph of my fate,  
 To hold your honors far above your lives.  
 When you are praying to the martyred Christ,  
 Remember me who, as my weakness could,  
 Faltered afar behind His shining steps,  
 And died for truth, forgiving all mankind.  
 The Lord have pity on my helpless soul!"

Since the publication of *Anne Boleyn*, Mr. Boker has written two plays, *The Betrothal*, and *All the World a Mask*, both of which have been produced on the stage in Philadelphia with the most entire success. *Calaynos* was also played for a number of nights, Mr. Murdoch taking the principal part. *The Betrothal* was performed in New-York and Baltimore, with equal success. It is admirably adapted for an acting play. The plot is not tragic, though the closing scenes have a tragic air. The dialogue is more varied than in *Anne Boleyn* or *Calaynos*—now sparkling and full of point, now pithy, shrewd, and pregnant with worldly wisdom, and now tender, graceful, and poetic. *All the World a Mask* is a comedy of modern life. We have not seen it represented, and it has not yet been published; yet no one familiar with the fine healthy humor displayed in portions of *Calaynos* and *The Betrothal* can doubt the author's ability to sustain himself through a five-act comedy.

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In addition to these plays, Mr. Boker has published from time to time, in the literary magazines, lyrics and ballads that would of themselves entitle him to rank among our most worthy poets. It is rare that a dramatic author possesses lyric genius, and *vice versa*, yet the true lyric inspiration is no less perceptible in Mr. Boker's *Song of the Earth* and *Vision of the Goblet*, than the true dramatic faculty in his *Anne Boleyn*.

There is a fresh, manly strength in his poetry, which may sometimes jar the melody a little, but never allows his verse to flag. The life which informs it was inhaled in the open air; it is sincere and earnest, and touched with that fine enthusiasm which is the heart's-blood of lyric poetry. Take, for instance, this glorious Bacchic, from the *Vision of the Goblet*:

"Joy! joy! with Bacchus and his satyr train,  
 In triumph throbs our merry Grecian earth;  
 Joy! joy! the golden time has come again,  
 A god shall bless the vine's illustrious birth!  
 Io, io, Bacche!

"O breezes, speed across the mellow lands,  
 And breathe his coming to the joyous vine;  
 Let all the vineyards wave their leafy hands  
 Upon the hills to greet this pomp divine!  
 Io, io, Bacche!

"O peaceful triumph, victory without tear,  
 Or human cry, or drop of conquered blood!  
 Save dew-beads bright, that on the vine appear,  
 The choral shouts, the trampled grape's red flood!  
 Io, io, Bacche!

"Shout, Hellas, shout! the lord of joy is come,  
 Bearing the mortal Lethe in his hands,  
 To wake the wailing lips of Sorrow dumb,  
 To bind sad Memory's eyes with rosy bands:  
 Io, io, Bacche!"

In the *Song of the Earth*, which shows a higher exercise of the poetic faculty than any thing else Mr. Boker has written, he has enriched the language with a new form of versification. Except in this poem, we do not remember ever to have seen *dactylic* blank verse attempted in the English language. The majestic and resonant harmonies of the measure are strikingly adapted to the poet's theme. The concluding *Chorus of Stars*, rebuking the Earth for her pride as the dwelling-place of the human soul, is a splendid effort of the imagination. We know not where to find surpassed the sounding sweep of the rhythm in the final lines:

"Heir of eternity, Mother of Souls,  
 Let not thy knowledge betray thee to folly!  
 Knowledge is proud, self-sufficient, and lone,  
 Trusting, unguided, its steps in the darkness.  
 Thine is the wisdom that mankind may win,

Gleaned in the pathway between joy and sorrow;  
 Ours is the wisdom that hallows the child  
 Fresh from the touch of his awful Creator,  
 Dropped like a star on thy shadowy realm,  
 Falling in splendor, but falling to darken.  
 Ours is the simple religion of Faith,  
 Trusting alone in the God who o'errules us;  
 Thine are the complex misgivings of Doubt,  
 Wrested to form by imperious Reason.  
*Knowledge is restless, imperfect, and sad;  
 Faith is serene, and completed, and joyful.*  
 Bow in humility, bow thy proud forehead,  
 Circle thy form with a mantle of clouds,  
*Hide from the glittering cohorts of evening,  
 Wheeling in purity, singing in chorus:  
 Howl in the depths of thy lone, barren mountains,  
 Restlessly moan on the deserts of ocean,  
 Wail o'er thy fall in the desolate forests,  
 Lost star of Paradise, straying alone!"*

In the flush of youth, fortunate in all the relations of life, and with a fame already secured, there is perhaps no American author to whom the future promises more than to Mr. Boker. He has that faithful reverence for his art which makes harmless the breath of praise, more dangerous to the poet than that of censure, and there are yet many years before him ere his mind attains its full scope and stature. That all these promises may be fulfilled, to his own honor and that of American literature, is the earnest hope of

BAYARD TAYLOR.

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## HERR FLEISCHMANN

### ON THE INDUSTRIAL AND SOCIAL LIFE OF THE AMERICANS.

In the careful watch we keep of French, German, and other foreign literatures, for what will instruct or entertain the readers of the *International*, we are always sharp-sighted for any thing said of us or our institutions, whether it be in sympathy or in antipathy. So, for a recent number, we translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a very clever paper on our American Female Poets, and on other occasions have reviewed or done into English a great many compositions which evinced the feeling of continental Europe in regard to our character and movements. We shall continue in this habit, as there is scarcely any thing ever more amusing than "what the world says" of our concerns, even when it is in the least amiable temper.

Among the most interesting works published of late months in Germany, is FLEISCHMANN'S *Erwerbszweige der Vereinigten Staaten Nord-America's*, (or Branches of Industry in the United States.) The reader who anticipates from this title a mere mass of statistics relative to the industrial condition of our own country will find himself agreeably disappointed. Statistics are indeed there—lists of figures and relative annual arrays of products, sufficient to satisfy any one that Mr. Fleischmann has turned the several years during which he was connected with the Patent Office at Washington to good account. But in addition to this there is a mass of information and observation, which, though nearly connected with the subject, was yet hardly to be expected. It is doubtful whether the social and domestic peculiarities of others or of ourselves be most attractive, but to those who prefer the latter, and who have lived as many do under the impression that our own habits and ways of life present little that is marked or distinctive, this work will be found not only interesting, but even amusing. For among those practising branches of industry, he not only includes blacksmiths, coopers, architects, planters, and pin-makers, but also clergymen, actors, circus-riders, model-artists, midwives, and boarding-house keepers! The main object of the work being to inform his countrymen who propose emigration, of the true state of the most available branches of industry in this country, and prevent on their part undue anticipation or disappointment, even these items cannot be deemed out of place. Cherishing an enthusiastic admiration of our country, and better informed in all probability in the branches of which he treats than any foreigner who has before ventured upon the subject, it is not astonishing that he should have produced a work which not only fully answers the object intended, but in a faithful translation would doubtless be extensively read by our own countrymen.

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The reader will find in this book many *little* traits of our domestic life, which, commonplace though they be, are not unattractive when thus reflected back on us, mirror-like, from another land. Take for example the following account of confectioners:

"All men are more or less fond of sweet food and dainties, and the wealthier a people may be, and consequently in more fit condition to add such luxuries to the necessaries of life, the greater will be its consumption of sugar. If we compare the sugar consumption of England with that of Germany, we find the first consumes a

far greater quantity per head than the latter.

"And in this respect the Americans are in no wise behind the English, since they not only at least twice a day drink either tea or coffee, which they abundantly sweeten, enjoying therewith vast quantities of preserved fruits, and every variety of cakes, but they have universally a remarkable appetite for sweets, which from childhood up is nourished with all sorts of confectionery. And this appetite is very generally retained even to an advanced age, so that all the *cents* of the children, and many of the dollars of those more advanced in life, go to the *candy-shops* and *confectioneries*. Add to this the numerous balls, marriages, and other festive occasions, particularly the parties in private houses, at which pyramids, temples, and other architectural and artistic works, founded on rocks of candied sugar, and *bonsbons*, are never wanting, we can readily imagine that in this country the confectioner's trade is a flourishing and brilliant business.

"The Americans are, as is well known, universally a remarkably hospitable people, not only frequently entertaining guests in their homes, but also holding it as an established point of *bon ton*, to give one or two parties annually, to which *all* their friends are invited. The evening is then spent with music and dancing, concluded with an extremely elegant (*hochst elegant*) supper, at which the gentlemen wisely stick to the more substantial viands and champagne, but where abundance of sugar-work for the ladies is never wanting.

"And since no family will be surpassed by another, the most incredible extravagance not infrequently results from this unfortunate spirit of rivalry. Confectionery is often brought for a certain party expressly from France, fresh fruits from the West Indies, and the stairways and rooms are adorned with the most exquisite flowers which Europe can yield, while the guests are served on costly porcelain and massive plate. In a word, the greatest imaginable expense is lavished on these festive occasions, which prevail in every class of society, and in none—be their degree what it may—are sugared sweets wanting: the poorer confining themselves, it is true, to such dainties as are the production of the country, excepting indeed a few bottles of champagne, which latter is absolutely indispensable.

"I have deemed it necessary to touch upon these extravagances of American life, that I might show that while on the one hand an expert confectioner may readily find employment during the season, on the other that mere skill and industry are by no means sufficient of themselves to support an establishment grounded on credit.

"Nearly all the small shopkeepers, fruit-dealers, and bar-keepers, sell candy and sugar-cakes, which they either prepare themselves or obtain from confectioners who not only carry on a wholesale business, *but even send large quantities of their products to the country dealers*. In Philadelphia, warm cakes are carried about for sale in the streets,<sup>[1]</sup> the bearers thereof announcing their presence by the sound of a bell. French confectioners have already done much in this country toward improving the public taste, and excellent *bonsbons à la française* are now actually manufactured here, though we must admit that in the country there is a great consumption of confectionery and cakes by no means of a very good quality. In these regions a taste for '*horses*' (which are of cake greatly resembling gingerbread and made in the form of a horse) universally predominates, and not only children but even adults select these as a favorite dainty. It is no unusual spectacle to behold in the northern states an entire court—judge, jury, and lawyers—regaling themselves during an important trial on horse-cakes!"

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Whether Herr Fleischmann received this legal anecdote on hearsay, or whether his German soul was actually startled by stumbling upon such an extraordinary legal spectacle, we will not here inquire. In Germany the favorite dainty in this line is a *pretzel*, or carnival cake, in the form of a two-headed serpent, which antiquaries declare to be of oriental origin, and to conceal divers horrific mysteries of deeply metaphysical import. From the solemnity of tone with which Herr Fleischmann imparts this horse-cake story, we are half inclined to suspect that he inferred that a great ethical mystery, in some way connected with the administration of justice in America, might thus be conveyed.

Under the head of spirit distilleries our author enters into a *naïf* and enthusiastic defence of good brandy, but still highly approves of the American custom of substituting coffee for grog in merchant vessels, on which he remarks that it is not allowed to soldiers or sailors to bring spirits into the forts or ships. "But they are so extravagantly fond of liquor as to invent every imaginable method of evading the regulation. I have been told," he says, "by persons of the highest credibility that during the night whisky is not unfrequently brought to the vicinity of military stations, and that the sentinels, after filling the barrels of their muskets therewith, bring it into the 'watch-room,' and divide the *loading* with their comrades."

After remarking the melancholy fact, which the strictest examination would, we fear confirm, in a still higher degree, that the sewing-girls employed in our umbrella factories, tailor establishments, &c., are very inadequately paid, he makes a statement which is, however,



glaringly false, that among these poor girls corruption of manners prevails to a degree unknown in any country of Europe, save indeed "merry England." Without being familiar with such statistics, we are on the contrary firmly convinced that though females in these employments are *not* so well paid even as in Germany, there is no country on the face of the earth—most certainly not in Bavaria, Austria, or Prussia, where the standard of morals is in this respect so high as in our own. There are a thousand correlative facts in the state of society in our country which confirm our assertion. This opinion of our author's is, however, slightly at variance, as far as appearance is concerned, with a part of the following good advice to the more beautiful portion of his fair young countrywomen, who propose repairing to this country for the sake of catching husbands:

"And I deem this a fit place to give them a warning, which I have before often repeated, namely, that these lovely beings, when they forsake their homes, also leave behind them their fantastic national dress. In this country long dresses are worn—and not merely frocks which barely reach the knee, as is usual in several parts of Germany. The same may be applied to their head-dresses, which are not unfrequently so eccentric as to give their wearers the appearance of having escaped from a lunatic asylum. On which account, I beg my *ladies*, or any women who design emigrating to this land of equality, to buy themselves French bonnets, [2] or a similar style of head covering, but in no instance to run bareheaded about the streets, which is here remarkably unpopular, since neither widow, wife, nor maiden, ever appears in the public way without hat or bonnet. And I moreover beg of them, on their first arrival in the populous cities, to restrain their manifestations of affection to the house, where walls are the only witnesses, *and not to permit their lovers, fiancées, or husbands, to clasp them about the waist, and lead them in this close embrace about the streets*, since this would be for Americans a scandalous spectacle. I will not assert that the American is incapable of tender feeling, but he at least observes decency in the public streets, and *apropos* of this, I would further remark, that in this country the wife or maiden invariably walks by the side of her male companion, and never follows after him in *Indian file*—that is, like geese returning from pasture."

In his chapter on hat-makers, we are informed that neither French, Germans, nor English, can in this country compete with the Americans in the manufacture of hats; and that he was informed by a very intelligent manufacturer that the work of Germans by no means suited our market, and further, that within a few years past the use of caps has increased at least two thirds, though these are by no means so well adapted to carry papers, &c., as hats, in which Americans are accustomed to convey their archives.

Of boarding-houses:

"These extremely convenient establishments, in which lodging, food, and all things requisite, are provided, may be found in all the cities in the United States; but we first learn to duly appreciate their value, when, on returning to Germany, we find ourselves obliged either to lodge in a hotel, or for a short stay in a place hire and perhaps furnish rooms for ourselves.

"These communistic institutions, where one person or family takes care of several, give the *boarder* all the conveniences of a hotel, united to the advantages of dwelling in a private family. He has opportunities of entering such society as is adapted to his habits and tastes, in addition to which he has what may be termed a *chez soi*—he feels that he is 'in house.'<sup>[3]</sup>

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"Such boarding-houses are generally kept by widows or old maids, and even ladies of the highest families take refuge in this branch of industry, to maintain respectably themselves and families.

"Fashionable houses of this sort are splendidly furnished, and supplied with excellent dishes and attendance. In these the price is naturally high, since for a room, without fuel, from six to twelve dollars a week is generally paid. Rooms in the upper part of the house are of course cheaper. The parlor is common to all the persons in the house—they meet there, before and after meals, pass the evening with reading, music, &c., receive visits, and live in all respects as if at home.

"The Americans are of a very accommodating disposition—particularly the men, who, from a regard for the lady of the house, are easily contented. The ladies, on the contrary, very frequently indulge in little feuds, produced by the *ennui* resulting from a want of domestic employment, and living in common; but all are on the whole very circumspect, are careful to live *in Christian love and unity* with one another, and never offend external propriety.

"It is not requisite in America to take a license from the police to establish a boarding-house, unless a bar-room be therewith connected. The person undertaking such an enterprise rents a house, makes it known in newspapers or among friends, or simply placards on the door 'Boarding'—and the establishment is opened without further ceremony. Particular introductions and recommendations are requisite to be received in a boarding-house of higher rank."

There is even yet a lingering prejudice prevailing in this country in favor of certain musical instruments of European manufacture, which this work is well adapted to dissipate, since the author appears to be in this particular an excellent judge. Take for example his chapter on pianos:

"The favorite musical instrument of the American ladies is the piano, and in every family with the slightest pretensions to education or refinement a piano may certainly be found, upon which, of an evening, the young 'Miss' plays to her parents the pieces which she has learned, or accompanies them with her voice. If the stranger will walk of an evening through the streets of an American city, he can hear in almost every house a piano and the song of youthful voices, often very agreeable, though the latter are not unfrequently wanting in proper culture. Many of these amateurs have beyond doubt remarkable talent, and would in their art attain to a high degree of perfection if they had better opportunities to hear the best music, to study more industriously, and practice more than they do, but their domestic audiences are unfortunately easily pleased, in consequence of which their knowledge seldom extends beyond well known opera pieces and favorite popular airs.

"A few years since, pianos were generally imported from Germany, England, and France, but it was soon found that their construction and material were by no means adapted to withstand the changes of the American climate; and it was also found that the enormous profit cleared by the importers, might quite as well be retained in this country, and there are consequently, at present, in Boston, New-York, Philadelphia, and even Baltimore, excellent and extensive 'piano forte manufactories,' in which every portion of these instruments is constructed. For this purpose the best varieties of wood known are used, such as mahogany and rosewood, which, however, in America are obtainable at cheap rates. The cases are of the most solid construction possible, and the legs massive, (by which especially the firmest duration is insured) all constructed of the above-mentioned material, which is quickly and accurately cut into the requisite form by a machine.... By means of these and other improvements, but particularly by means of the material, are the American pianos not only far more durable than the imported, but also infinitely less subject to loss of tone.

"The American pianos are invariably of a table form, in order to adapt them to small rooms. Their tone is sweet and rich, and has been pronounced clear, full and pleasing, by the best European performers. The pianos of Stottart (Stoddard) and Nunn, in New-York, of Laud and Mayer, in Philadelphia, and especially of Chickering, in Boston, enjoy a high reputation. This latter enterprising individual spares no expense to secure the best improvements, and apply them to his instruments. Other excellent manufactories also abound, among which are many German proprietors, who, however, all follow the American style of construction.

"Previous to the year 1847, about sixty-four patents for improvements in pianos were taken out.... The average price of a splendid 'Chickering,' of 7-1/2 octaves, is from \$350 to \$400. I have purchased of Stoddard in New-York an excellent and handsome instrument for \$250; since which time (A. D. 1848) the price for the same has sunk fifty dollars. Instruments of a lighter construction may be bought for one hundred and fifty dollars; nor will it be long ere the best pianos may be had for a price ranging from \$180 to \$200. There are in America men whose exclusive business it is to tune pianos, for which they generally receive one dollar....

"While on the subject of music, I may be permitted to speak of an outcast class of minstrels, namely, the harp girls; who, after having wandered through Germany, or even England, or having been turned out of the same, find their way to the United States. Especially in New Orleans are they at home, and there sing, in the coffee-houses and bar-rooms, most blackguard (*zotenhaften lieder*) songs, in the English language, learned either *at home or in England*—partly to the delight and partly to the disgust of the mixed companies there assembled. Germany can in truth take but little pride in such representatives of her nationality. She is already too little appreciated in America to render it necessary that such females should still further degrade her—females, for whom the American (who invariably holds in high respect the sex) entertains an unconquerable disgust. Apropos of those, I may mention the so-called 'broom girls,' who sell a sort of little brooms or fly-brushes, singing therewith fearful songs; and finally, the innumerable organ and tambourine players, who frequently have with them a child which dances like an ape to the sound of their horrible music."

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From the practical and common-sense-like manner in which the subject is treated, the following chapter on boarding-schools will probably prove interesting to every American reader:

"Would not any one imagine that a nation like the German, which is universally recognized as the best educated and most erudite, which has written and effected so much for the cause of education, would naturally be the one to supply the world with accomplished teachers? Is there in the civilized world another nation where so many men have made it the entire business of a life, passed in the most zealous

and deeply grounded studies of all languages, living and dead, or who have so fully succeeded in teaching even foreigners their own language? Certainly not. 'Whence comes it then,' any one may reasonably inquire, 'that these learned men, who appear to be, in every respect, so peculiarly adapted to teach, have not long since conducted the education of the whole world? Or why is it, that in North America at least, where a widely spread German element throws open so vast a field to their exertions, they have not the direction of every private school?'

"Incomprehensible as this may appear at a first glance, it is still explicable in a few words. The American seeks, for the education of his children, *practical men, who are not only adapted to and skilled in their vocation, but also familiar with the world—its progress and requirements*—men not only capable of teaching their pupils the rules of grammar and syntax, but who are also qualified to impart the peculiarities and precepts of life in the world at large—men of prepossessing manner and appearance, and whose habits are adapted to the requirements of refined society. This it is, in a few words, that the American requires. And now, I ask—how many old and young teachers are there in Germany thus qualified?

"I here speak, of course, in a general way; for I well know that there are in Germany many teachers and learned men, who could more than fulfil all of these requirements of the American parent, but their number is unfortunately limited; and I deem it important that I speak freely and fully on this subject, since many a learned German, whose acquirements and scientific knowledge would insure him an independent and respectable station at home, nevertheless frequently finds himself compelled by the pressure of circumstances to seek America, in the hope of there opening a school, or at least finding employment as teacher, and there too frequently, in addition to the bitterest disappointment, discovers too late that he is fit for no other practical employment which will yield him his daily bread.

"As a proof, however, that most of these so called pedagogues must in America be necessarily deceived in their expectations, I take the liberty of adding yet a few words.

"The American requires before all, as far as the moral qualifications of the teacher are concerned, a firm religious tendency—a requirement for which the scion of 'Young Germany,' fresh from his university career, has but little taste; since his recollections of that life are yet too fresh upon him to admit of a willing submission to such rules,—and I advise any one who proposes to follow such a course to become a farmer's man, rather than a hypocrite or sham-saint....

"If we proceed in our examination of private schools in America, we find that the majority are for the education of girls. Upon which the question arises—Are German ladies generally adapted to the superintendence of such establishments?—a question which I must either answer with No, or modify with the admission that if there be any schools managed by German ladies, I am ignorant of their existence. The cause for the negative being essentially the same as with the male scholars.

"No man can better appreciate the worth of German women than myself. I acknowledge perfectly their virtues and excellencies—their domestic sphere is their world, inhabited by their children and ruled by their husbands, whose faithful, true-hearted, modest, obedient companions they are. To be independent and free is not in their nature; they are not so adapted either by origin or manner of life; nor does their education embrace any thing cosmopolitan. Born and brought up in a province, or court city, they have never cast a glance beyond its limits or boundaries, or those of the nearest town, and all that lies beyond is to them unknown and uninteresting. Thus they generally lead, according to ancient custom, (*nach altem brauch*) an almost vegetable life; and nothing save the dictates of fashion can ever disturb in the slightest degree the equanimity of their quiet souls. They do not in the least interest themselves in the progress of industry, literature, science, or politics, even in Germany—much less for that of foreign countries; but are content with learning in which section of the place they inhabit this or that necessary article may be best or most cheaply purchased; what late foreign romance is current in the circulating library; and what are the latest changes in bonnets, caps, chemisettes, or dresses, in the kingdom of fashion—whose sovereign they all obey. In politics they rest under the perpetual conviction that all goes on in the old way, and pass their leisure hours in coteries and parties, where knittings exclude all *spirituelle* entertainment. In the lower grades of the middle class, they grow up with an unchangeable feeling of social inferiority, and shudder at every free glance into life, as if guilty of unheard of arrogance and presumption.

"And how is it possible that a woman who has grown up in such social relations should, despite the fullest possession of all imaginable virtues and acquirements, be capable of teaching high-minded and independent girls? The American maiden regards most household employments as work requiring but little intelligence, and for which even negroes are as well qualified. She believes that she can better

occupy the time necessary to the acquisition of subordinate acquirements, and prefers reading, music, and art, to knitting stockings, and similar soul-killing business. She recognizes, moreover, no distinction in rank, but strives to acquire as many accomplishments and as refined manners as any other person. In short, she strives to become a *lady*, and regards it as no extraordinary assumption, particularly when education or natural advantages adapt her thereto, to consider herself quite as good as any other woman in the republic. Nor does she forget that the time will come when, as mother, the first development of her child's mind will become a duty, and she remembers also that he will be a republican whose sphere of action is without limit, if his ability correspond only to the effort. Moreover, the American maidens are materially very *wide awake*, (*sehr auf gewacht*), particularly in the large cities, where they enjoy excellent opportunities for instruction, and are proportionally highly educated.

"The American woman or girl highly esteems the *elegant* and *noble*, striving ever to form herself after this pattern, on which account French female teachers are universally preferred, even when very imperfectly qualified. The revolutions in France have driven forth many well educated persons to America, who have been compelled to seek by teaching a livelihood. Louis Philippe himself was once among the number. In addition to the fact that no nation surpasses the French in personal accomplishments, they have for Americans the further recommendation that their nation has played an important part in modern history. The American is impressed in favor of France, because she aided him in freeing his country from the yoke of England; and this inclination manifests itself continually in language.

"And when the American boy glances over his school-books, he sees France represented in pictures as the *polite* nation, and reads in history that she aided his country in the war of freedom, and that Lafayette was the *friend* of Washington; while the same work represents the German as a merely agricultural race, portrayed in the caricature of an Altenburger peasant and his wife, in their fantastic national dress. From the same book he also learns that a German prince sold his subjects for so many pounds per head to aid England to subdue his country. Such contrasts cannot but awake in the child's mind deeply-rooted prejudices, far from favorable to the German race.

"And since there has been for years an emigration to America of Germans who were very generally poor and uneducated—people speaking a revolting dialect, employed in the lowest offices, and not unfrequently much resembling the pictures in the geographies, the prejudice formed in early youth has been thus strengthened, that the Germans are a rough, uncultivated race, industrious and domestic, it is true, but yet very little improved by civilization—of all which the native Pennsylvania Germans afford unfortunately striking examples. The well-educated American, of course, knows better how to appreciate the true value of the Germans; he is aware of the value of their contributions to literature, science, art, and music; only in politics, and in the practical application of knowledge, he places (and not without justice) but little confidence in them.

"But the personal appearance and bearing of many Germans, who are in themselves truly worthy of respect, often induce the well-educated and refined American to place in the back ground their otherwise estimable qualities. There is often something rough and harsh about the German, and his domestic habits are not invariably in unison with his erudition and excellent education, but frequently destroy the good impression which the latter might produce; moreover, their '*geselliges Leben*,' (social jovial life) as Germans term it, with its accompaniments of pipe and mug, are in the highest degree revolting to an American. And further, it is taken ill of the German that he considers that regard for the sex, entertained by the American, as carried somewhat too far, and allows himself to form on this point a too hasty, and not seldom unfavorable judgment, without seeking to examine more accurately this domestic characteristic. Many Germans find it impossible to enter into the spirit of American life, customs, and manners, while on religious subjects it appears impossible for either to adopt the same views: so that there is apparently almost no point in common between them."

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After stating that many educated Germans might succeed as teachers in this country, could they dispense with national peculiarities, and a description of the manner of establishing schools, in which he pays a high compliment to the general appearance of such institutions in our country, he adds:

"The superintendent of such an establishment must entirely renounce all visits to bar-rooms and coffee-houses. He must learn to impart to his system of instruction the elements of novelty and attractiveness, and especially learn to make friends of the children. It is utterly impossible in this country to manage a school by the mere force of power and authority, and the teacher attempting this, soon experiences a revolution by which indeed he is not exactly *driven forth*, but left *alone* on his *cathedra*."

With this extract we close, regretting that we have been obliged to leave untranslated many more

practical and not less interesting items. We consider the entire work as the best possible answer which can be given to the question, 'Why has America done so little for England's fair?' No one who contemplates in it the immense range of our manufactories—our incredible combinations of excellence and cheapness, and the almost superhuman rapidity of our progress in every branch of industrial and social life, will entertain for an instant the slightest regret that we have not done more to increase the profits of John Bull's raree-show.

### FOOTNOTES:

- [1] Muffins?—*International*.
- [2] *Pariser-tracht*—French dress—is the epithet usually applied in Germany to our ordinary style of costume, in contradistinction to the *Bauern-tracht*, or peasant's costume, which is so frequently seen among German immigrants.
- [3] *Zu hause*—at house, at home. In this sentence the reader finds a striking exemplification of the saying, that neither in French nor German is there a word for *home*.

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## IN THE HAREM.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

BY R. H. STODDARD.

The scent of burning sandal-wood  
Perfumes the air in vain;  
A sweeter odor fills my sense,  
A fiercer fire my brain!

O press your burning lips to mine!—  
For mine will never part,  
Until my heart has rifled all  
The sweetness of your heart!

The lutes are playing on the lawn,  
The moon is shining bright,  
But we like stars are melting now  
In clouds of soft delight!

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## TO THE CICADA.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

BY H. J. CRATE.

Cicada sits upon a sprig,  
And makes his song resound;  
For he is happy when a twig  
Lifts him above the ground.

And so am I, when lifted up  
On hopes delusive wing;  
I laugh, and quaff the flowing cup,  
I love, I write, I sing!

Should clouds or cares obscure our sky,  
And all be gloom around,  
My merry little friend and I  
Soon tumble to the ground.

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## TRICKS ON TRAVELLERS AT WATERLOO.

M. Leon Gozlan, one of the most esteemed magazinists in France, has lately paid a flying visit to the scene of his country's most glorious disasters, Waterloo, and has given a characteristic account of what he saw and heard there. We quote a part of it, in which he describes a knavish

practice of which great numbers are every year made victims. M. Gozlan has just passed through the Brussels *faubourg* Louisa, and is oppressed with most melancholy reflections, when his coachman addresses him—

"Sir," exclaimed my conductor, suddenly interrupting my meditations, "excuse me if I am troublesome, but before arriving at Mont-Saint-Jean I wish to warn you of a knavish trade you have probably never heard of at Paris."

"A knavish trade unknown at Paris?" I replied, incredulously; "that is rather surprising. But come, tell me what is this new species of industry."

"You can easily suppose," pursued my loquacious coachman, "that after the battle of Waterloo there remained on the field a large quantity of cannon-balls, buttons, small brass eagles, and broken weapons. Well, for the last thirty-four years, the country people have been carrying on a famous business in these articles."

"It seems to me, however, my friend," I observed, "that a sale continued for so long a period, must have left very little to be disposed of at present."

"True, sir; and this is precisely what I would guard you against. Those who obtain a subsistence by such means, purchase the goods new at a manufactory, in shares, and then bury in different parts of the field, and for a wide space around, pieces of imperial brass eagles, thousands of metal buttons, and heaps of iron balls. This crop is allowed to rest in the earth until summer, for few strangers visit Waterloo in winter; and when the fine weather arrives, they dig up their relics, to which a sojourn of eight months in a damp soil gives an appearance of age, deceiving the keenest observer, and awakening the admiration of pilgrims."

"But this is a shameful deceit."

"True again, sir; but the country is very poor about here; and after all, perhaps," added the philosophic driver, "no great harm is done. This year the harvest of brass eagles has been very fair."

We entered the forest of Soignies by a narrow and naturally covered alley, the two sides crowned with the most luxuriant foliage. Poplars, elms, and plane-trees appeared to be striving which should attain the highest elevation. One peculiarity I could not avoid remarking in the midst of this solemn and beautiful abode of nature, and that was the perfect stillness prevailing around. The air itself seemed without palpitation, and during a ride of nearly two hours through this sylvan gallery, not even the note of a bird broke on the solitude. A forest without feathered songsters appeared unnatural, and the only possible reason that could be imagined for such a circumstance might be, that since the formidable day of Waterloo, they had quitted these shades, never to return, frightened away by the roar of the cannon and the dismal noise of war. What melancholy is impressed upon the beautiful forest of Soignies! I cannot overcome the idea, that since Providence destined it should become the mute spectator of the great event in its vicinity, it has retained the mysterious memory in the folding of its leaves and the depths of its shades. Destiny designs the theatre for grand actions. An army of one hundred thousand men perished there. Such was the irrevocable decree.

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"Do you think," I inquired of the coachman, wishing to change the current of my thoughts, "there are persons so unscrupulous as to speculate on the curiosity of tourists to Waterloo in the manner you have described?"

"Ah, sir," he replied, "I have not told you half the tricks they practice on the credulous. It would indeed fatigue you if I mentioned all of them, but if you will permit me, I will relate an instance I witnessed myself one day. I was conducting from Waterloo to Brussels a French artist and a Prussian tourist. The Prussian supported on his knee some object very carefully enveloped in a handkerchief, and which he seemed to value greatly. When we had arrived about midway on the road, he inquired of the Frenchman whether he had brought away with him any souvenir of his pilgrimage to Waterloo.

"In good faith no," replied the other; and yet I was on the point of making a certain acquisition, but the exorbitant price demanded prevented me: one hundred francs, besides the trouble of carrying off such an article."

"What could it have been?" demanded the Prussian, curiously.

"You must not feel offended if I tell you," returned the artist; "it was the skull of a Prussian colonel, a magnificent one! And what rendered it more valuable, it was pierced by three holes, made by the balls of Waterloo. One was in the forehead, the others were through the temples. I should have had no objection to secure this, if I could have afforded it, and have had a lamp made of the skull of a Prussian officer killed by the French. And you, sir?" he continued, looking at the packet carried by his fellow-traveller, "pray what luck have you had?"

"I," replied the Prussian, with an uneasy movement, and looking greatly confused, "I am astonished at the wonderful resemblance of what has happened to both of us,

for I purchased this morning the skull of a French colonel killed by a Prussian at Waterloo.'

"You, sir?"

"Y—e—s," stammered the Prussian, 'and I thought of having it made into a cup to drink the health of Blucher at each anniversary of our victory.'

"And is the skull pierced by three bullets?' demanded the Frenchman, his suspicions becoming awakened.

"With a look of consternation the Prussian hastily unrolled the handkerchief, and examined the contents. The skull bore the same marks indicated by his travelling companion! It was the identical relic that was French when offered to an Englishman or Prussian, and had become Prussian or English when offered to a Frenchman.

"This, sir," added Jehu, smacking his whip, "you will admit, is worse than selling false brass buttons and the Emperor's eagles."

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## STUDIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,

BY PHILARÈTE CHASLES.

We have frequently been interested by the clever contributions of M. PHILARÈTE CHASLES to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. They are chiefly on English and American literature, and among them are specimens of acute and genial criticism. M. Chasles has just published in Paris a collection of these papers, and we translate for *The International* a review of it which appears in a late number of the French journal, the *Illustration*. Says the writer, M. Hipolyte Babou:

Books are becoming scarce. To be sure, volume upon volume is published every day, but a book that is a book is a *rara avis*, and if any one should inquire whose fault it is, we reply that it is the fault of the press, constantly requiring the first-fruits of a writer's meditations. The journalist has displaced the author. The fugitive page rules the great world of literature. Wit, talent, genius, science, have not time to consolidate their thoughts, before they are disseminated. They are like the folds of the birchen bark, thrown off as soon as formed, to give place to new ones. And these in their turn fall, and are scattered. But, when we wish it, we can collect our literary leaves. How many handsome volumes are made up of weekly and monthly pages! The binder runs his needle through a collection, and the book is made.

What kind of book? Ah, truly, it is not the venerable work of past days, which took ten years to print and bring to perfection, establishing at once a literary fame. It is simply a series of articles written by steam, printed by steam, and some bright morning bound up under a common title. But what is the story and the attraction of such works? Bless you! there is no story. The attraction is in the style (when there is any) and in the variety of subjects, which generally produces a variety of impressions.

For an ordinary reader, to whom continued attention produces headache, there is nothing more agreeable than those album-pages, or fragments of mosaic. Thinking and serious minds turn rather towards works of consecutive reflection, or whose details contribute to the beauty of some whole. Variety is the wind to the weather-cock; and unity is the inflexible pivot which every weather-cock requires to keep it from being blown away. Thoughtful minds prefer unity above every thing. And yet they are only heavier weather-cocks, which turn round with a grating.

Nervous and discursive reader! logical and phlegmatic reader! here is a book which will suit you both. M. Philarète Chasles has just published expressly for you his *Studies upon the Literature and Manners of the Anglo-Americans in the Nineteenth Century*. It is a work by compartments, any of them interesting to the superficial reader, and forming at the same time a perfect whole.

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Under the influence of a spirit of order, which professors by their vocation are very apt to possess in an eminent degree, the author has composed his work, not of articles written for journals, but by detailing articles a work whose plan he had before considered. The general design, to which he is obedient, is clearly developed, page by page, in his curious studies upon the Anglo-Americans.

It is a vile term—that of Anglo-American—a pedantic term—and rather surprising from the pen of Chasles. For, professor as he is, he despises pedantry as the plague. There is nothing doctoral in his literary costume; and if he has any pretension, it resembles in no particular the grave assumptions of the cathedrants of the university. It would be a mortification to him to belong to the school of the Sorbonne. He is a member of the free family of the College of France, where individual genius has triumphed more than once over the sterile routine of tradition.

Before filling the chair of professor, the author of *Etudes* had written much in journals and reviews. He writes still, and is always welcome to the public. For, it may be remarked without malice, he has always had a larger audience of readers than of listeners. And that it is so is rather complimentary than otherwise. How is it, indeed, that the intellectual humorist succeeds better

as an author than as a teacher? What does he need to insure, if he wishes it, the enthusiastic admiration of the young public whom he instructs? Has he not at command those vivid flashings of the imagination which, by an electric sympathy, might bring down about him thunders of applause? Is he fearful that his gesture and his voice would not become his thought? Does he disdain to have recourse, hap-hazard, to the little artifices of eloquence? It is very easy to gain popularity by a juggle, when it cannot be done by the force of true oratory. Be enthusiastic of your merits. Mingle with the swellings of poetry a certain dogmatism of opinion—call to your aid assurance, impudence, and all the insipidities of the *style printanier*—fire, as it were, pistol-shots into the audience, and continue the fire by a brilliant musketry of little fulminating phrases—the victory is yours, unless you are essentially an ass. For youth—verdant youth—will always be carried away by the expression, true or false, of feeling.

M. Philarète Chasles is said to want in some degree that great constituent of humanity—passion. He is one of those refined and delicate writers who employ all their genius to ridicule the mind, and all their reason to drive to shipwreck upon the beautiful waters of poesie the most charming flotillas of the imagination. He belongs to the breed of sharp railers, whose skepticism points an epigram. In a word, there is no reverse side for his admiration on any question—a habit of judging quite common among many writers, genuine and charlatan.

But this is not saying that the author of *Etudes* does not feel deeply the irresistible attraction of the beau ideal; or that we are treating of one of those representatives of pompous and stupid criticism, who are so justly despised by the poets. Certainly not. On the contrary, M. Chasles combines a vigorous hate of ornate folly and vulgarity with a profound disgust towards tame or extravagant conventionalism. The academic style has no fascination for him. He likes elbow-room in the discussion of art, and if he finds himself confined by the close-fitting coat of the professor, he rips it asunder, stretching out his arms in a fit of restlessness. A protective literature regards him among its most resolute adversaries. No custom-houses in literature for him, and particularly no excisemen, who, under pretext of contraband, drive their brutal gauge-rods into the free productions of human intelligence.

M. Philarète Chasles is a literary disciple of Cobden. He would not only lower the barriers between province and province, but wholly abolish them between nation and nation. His imagination carries him as a balloon beyond the tops of custom-houses; and after visiting the shores of England and America, he returns to France with some curious samples of foreign literature. By this come-and-go policy of importation and exportation, he has created, or at least developed, a noble spirit of commerce, which may be termed international criticism.

This commerce is particularly useful for us who are always ready to proclaim ourselves in every thing and to every one the first nation of the globe. It is an auspicious time therefore to become acquainted with the weaknesses of our character without losing its force. The glory of the past obliges us to think of the glory of the future, which can be easily lost to us if ambition does not come in time to animate our courage. To deny that there are rivals is no way to conquer them. It is a great deal better to study them attentively, and to consider beforehand the perils of the combat. We are indeed the heroes of genius, but if we misapprehend the tactics, we say it frankly, we shall be beaten.

The author of the *Etudes* wishes to spare us such a humiliation, by telling us of the enemy as he is; and in this sense his work is truly patriotic, and cannot be unacceptable to any.

Many writers have instituted a relation between us and the Latins and Greeks. M. Chasles thinks that to remember the glorious dead of the south is to engender contempt for the living. It is not then towards the south that he directs his attention. The Saxon race, beyond the British Sea and the Atlantic, preoccupies him. The nations in progress are those most hopeful for new and immortal productions of the muse. The rest of the world is given to an incurable imitation. And M. Chasles is right in bringing us into the presence of the English and the Americans. He is sufficiently conversant with their language to fulfil the delicate functions of interpreter.

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I know writers who, on account of studying foreign literature, so bear the imprints of it in their works, that one would say in reading them, that he had before him French translations of Italian or German, or English, or Spanish. The literary temperament of M. Chasles, however, is not changed, notwithstanding his migrations. The author of *Etudes* thinks in French, writes in French, and what is more, in French inherited from a Gaul. He preserves in his mind the brightness of his native sky, whether he wanders in the fogs of London, or is becoming a victim of ennui among the vapors of New-York. His pen seems to strike out sparks as he writes. He is active and bold, strong and light, independent and courteous. Nothing stops him. He runs oftener than he walks, and leaps over an obstacle that he may not lose time in going round it. Indeed, every thing is accomplished well by the intelligence that judges as it travels. Reflection itself is rapid, and logic hastens the step and smooths the way. A light and tripping foot belongs especially to criticism. If it raises a little brilliant dust in the road, it is no matter, it soon falls again. M. Chasles has no taste for old truths; he prefers much some kind of paradox which is now a truth and now a lie. It is for this reason that foreigners reproach him with being superficial. Very well! let him be so. He is a true Frenchman, for he touches only the flower of ideas, and, for a Frenchman, the flower and the surface are all one.

It is not just, however, to regard this reproach as wholly merited, although (originating beyond the British Sea) it is reproduced among us by those would-be grave men who are dull writers. M. Chasles often allies lightness of expression with great profundity of thought. His style cuts as a blade of steel. He has eloquence, gayety, irony, caprice, and all in a perfect measure. No style



resembles less the childish dashes of persons of wit, and who possess nothing else—who play the mountebank by a hundred tricks to astonish the gaping crowd—a light style, if you please, but empty as it is light.

The *Etudes* of M. Chasles are not of that superficial character adopted by many. The admiration of ninnies is not his desire. The object that he pursues continues ever a serious one, although a thousand graces ornament the way. He has vivacity without losing precision—two characteristics of good writing seldom found together. If he indulges in digressions, they are not perceptible until the reappearance of his subject shows us how gracefully he has departed from it. He passes rapidly over what is known, while with an especial care he dwells on what is unknown. Thus, in the history of American literature he does not amuse himself long with the popular names of Fenimore Cooper and Franklin. What could he say new respecting these two great ornaments of American science and literature? His instinct of observation and criticism suggested to him the works less known of Gouverneur Morris and Hermann Melville. Between these two writers, of whom one was the contemporary of Washington, and the other still living in some corner of Massachusetts, are ranged according to their date the productions of the writers of the great American nation.

Gouverneur Morris was of a noble spirit. His *Mémoires* represent to us, with a full and attractive fidelity, the opinion which the young and tranquil republic of the United States entertained at the close of the eighteenth century, of the men and the events of our French Revolution. He was far from misunderstanding the abuses of our ancient society, but he deplored that it was necessary for violence to abolish them. A sensible and polished observer, he criticised them without passion, and with a benevolent irony. Let us hear him tell of a conversation he had, at Madame de la Suze's, with one of the most brilliant leaders of the gay world that had just perished. In a few lines, he presents an admirable sketch of the personage:

'The rest of our party were playing at cards, and quite absorbed in the game, when M. de Boufflers, in want of something better to do, spoke to me of America. The carelessness with which he heard me proved that he did not pay the least attention to what he had asked me.

—"But how could you defend your country from invasion without fleets and armies?"

"Nothing could be more difficult," replied Morris, "than to subjugate a nation composed of kings, and who, if looked upon contemptuously, would respond: '*I am a man; are you any thing more?*'"

"Very well," said M. de Boufflers. "But how would you like it, if I should say to one of those citizen-kings: Monsieur, the king, make me a pair of boots!"

"My compatriot," said Morris, "would not hesitate to reply: 'With great pleasure, sir. It is my duty and my vocation to make boots, and I could wish that every one would do his duty in this world.'"

M. de Boufflers looked up to the ceiling as if in search of a solution of this enigma, and Morris contemplated him, as much surprised as if, in the forests of the New World, he had heard a humming-bird reason of the affairs of the Republic. And it was thus with all that class of men—the same elegance—the same luxury—the same prattle—the same heedlessness. All these courtiers of the last hour resembled precisely M. de Boufflers. The same day, indeed, of the taking of the Bastille, Morris traced two lines upon the tablettes:

"It is very well that the court should appear to believe that all is tranquil; but to-morrow, perhaps, when the citadelle is in flames, they will agree that there has been some noise in Paris."

Some time before, the grave and gentle American had met Madame de Staël at Madame de Tesse's; the daughter of Necker conversed with him in another style than that of M. de Boufflers. However, quite serious as Corinne certainly was, the dignity of the compatriot of Washington surprised and diverted her.

"Monsieur," she said, after a moment's conversation, "you have a very imposing air."

"I know it, Madame," replied Morris.

The English literature constantly serves M. Chasles, to bring into relief the character of American literature. And thus, he opposes the peaceful inspirations of the work-girls of Lowell with the passionate dithyrambs of Ebenezer Elliott, the blacksmith of Sheffield—a chapter full of just remarks upon what Chasles calls the poetry of vengeance.

The girls of Lowell—the Lucindas, the Alleghanias, the Tancredas, the Velledas—who, after a day's labor, pass into the street in silken dresses, with gold watches shining at their zone, and their beautiful faces shaded by parasols—those Massachusetts weavers, who have even instituted an academy among themselves—do not in their innocent verses, invoke the vengeful muses. They know nothing of that terrible Nemesis, with cheeks hollow and ghastly, armed hands, and eyes red with poverty and weeping, to whom the poor workers of British factories send up the cry of famine and despair. If the female operatives of Lowell read the work of M. Philarète Chasles, they will find there an encouragement to cultivate the smiling thoughts of poetry. He, no more than

George Sand, notwithstanding her sympathies for the working classes, either loves or encourages the irritable singers of social sufferings.

"What," he exclaims, "has become of the glorious Apollo of the Greek? Where is the sunny ideal of the hellenistic heavens? Where the sacred sorrows of Christian perfection? Poetry is no more a garden of roses; it is a wild field of thorns, wherein he who walks leaves tracks of blood. At the entrance of this Parnassus stands Poverty, whom Virgil places *in faucibus orci*. Her complaints are in the midst of curses. She holds in her hand a skull, with strings of iron, and she sweeps them as a lyre with golden chords. Behind her are Crabbe, the Juvenal of the hospitals; Ebenezer Elliott, the singer of hunger; Cooper, the poet of suicide, and the author of *Ernest*, followed by a miserable train of children, whom manufacturers have famished, and young women whom excessive labor has demoralized and prostituted in the morning of their life. Mournful choir, to which these poets worthily respond."

It is not very pleasant, to be sure, for a reader to pass from some agreeable representation to a frightful array of evils. The spectacle but too true of social infirmities troubles the sleep of the happy, and awakes with a start the drowsy hate of the unhappy. But there is no reason why he who suffers, should not utter his complaint. The Bible itself is not a stranger to vehement protestations against the apparent injustice of destiny. When Job arose from the ashes, surely it was not to sing to the passers-by some touching idylle in the style of Ruth and Naomi. He accused heaven and life, he cursed his friends, and his mother, without troubling himself to know whether his sorrows reached the lovers' palm-groves, or disturbed the wooings of the daughters of Idumea. The Sheffield blacksmith, among flaming furnaces, cannot sing the voluptuous sweets of existence. He strikes the anvil with a ring, and exclaims in a rough voice, amid smoke and fire:

"Accursed be the muse of necessity and suffering! Who wishes her acquaintance? The poor, so despised! Write not their frightful history. Pride and vanity despise your labors. Who is he, I pray you, that artizan who uses the pen? What right has he to do so? Absurd rhymers, let him retire and pare his nails—and renounce a species of industry for which he was never made. You are accustomed only to oaths, and you are only a rough worker in poetry."

M. Chasles does not deny the right of artizans to employ the pen. Ignoble or noble—a serf or a lord—whether he is called Burns, or Chasles of Orleans—whether he is a porter, a laborer, or even a drunkard, from the moment that there is seen upon his brow the radiant sign of genius, he is known. To wonder that an artizan is a poet, is to think it marvellous that beauty should bloom upon the cheek of a village maid. The gift is natural, and not acquired; and the mechanic who writes either prose or poetry must be judged with as much severity as if he were a king. It is not astonishing, therefore, that the author of the *Etudes* judges severely the blacksmith of Sheffield. But the latter seems to have anticipated the severity of the critic, when he says with an accent of the most mournful bitterness:

"Do not read me, ye who love elegance and grace. Alight not, ye butterflies, among thorns—nor upon rocks burning in the sun and beaten by the rains—you may tarnish the gauze of your beautiful wings. But you who honor truth, follow me. I will bring you wild flowers, gathered from the precipice, amid howling tempests."

While we inhale the perfume of the *flowers of the heath*, we can honor truth, without being *foolish flies*, and without renouncing the love of the *elegant and graceful*. Not less did M. Chasles write to the *Journal des Débats*, a little before the revolution, in those generous words which we are happy to see again in his book:

"It is for you, politicians, to find a remedy for the evils of society. The interests of the masses are in your hands—those who have not enough to eat, and too much work. The verses of famished workmen, which we cannot sing, we weep over. The muse of Cooper, of Elliott, and of Crabbe, is not a muse, but a fury. You are reminded, that in accumulating wealth in one direction, you are increasing poverty in another; and that the poverty which complains at first avenges itself afterward."

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I do not know whether these words were prophetic, but I see in them a noble sentiment, unfortunately too rare among those who love elegance and grace. Let us be elegant, if we can; gracious, if we know how. But, besides those desirable qualities of the old French society, let us show in the light of heaven that living active charity which only can strengthen by purifying the existence of the new order of society. The grandchildren of Boufflers, we expose ourselves no more to ridicule in saying: "Monsieur le roi, faites-moi une paire de souliers." The king will make the shoes if it is his vocation. The grandchildren of Boufflers should do their duty—that is to say: contribute with all their mind to find out, according to the expression of Chasles, efficacious remedies for social evils. When workmen are more happy, they will write less poetry, or at least they will write more calmly. See the American spinners of Lowell. Ah! Lucinda or Tancreda has never lifted up her voice to heaven with the despair of Elliott. An amorous complaint suffices her; a sonnet, or a love-sigh, breathed by the light of the stars, consoles her for the labors of the day. American society works first; when it has conquered an independence, it sings. All Americans do not accept the saying of one of their journalists: "Political and practical life is sufficient for man. Imagination is a peril—arts a misfortune." So far from proscribing the arts and imagination, Cooper, Irving, Audubon, and many others are among those who have magnified the literature of their country. But the greater part, with that fruitful wisdom which characterizes them, applaud

the advice of Channing:

"I made a resolution of presenting a gift to my country in the form of an epic. But I had prudence enough to postpone it until I should have a fortune. I then commenced to make my business known, after which I retired into solitude with my imagination."

In Europe it is just the contrary. We ask the imagination to make our business known, and we retire into solitude with our fortune or our poverty. Which course avails the more for our glory? Which for our repose?

The conclusion of the work of M. Chasles is, that our literature, our manners, our nationality even, will some day disappear before the rising glory of the great Western Republic, but I can declare without emotion that I have no fear of my country. America offers us examples; we also have some to offer her. The future of the United States is developed day by day in a manner that astonishes Europe. But notwithstanding the *patriotes de clocher*, and French *humanitaires* who suppress the very word native country, I believe in the higher destinies of France.

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## A PHANTASY.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

BY R. H. STODDARD.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean."

The light of the summer noon  
Bursts in a flood through the blind;  
But few are the rays of joy  
That shine in my darkened mind.

My heart is stirred to a storm,  
And its passions intense and proud  
Feed on themselves, like fires  
Pent in a thunder-cloud!

I think of the days of youth,  
And the fountains of love defiled,  
Till I hide my face in my hands,  
And weep like a little child!

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## THE TIMES OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Sir Francis Palgrave's *History of Normandy and of England*, of which the first volume has just appeared in London, is unquestionably a very important work, illustrating a period of which comparatively little has been known, and of which a knowledge is eminently necessary to the student of British institutions and manners. The subject has been partially handled by French authors—by Thierry, Guizot, Michelet, and in a desultory manner by M. Barante—but not one of these has shown the very intimate relation that exists between the history of Normandy and of England. That intermixture of the histories of the countries may indeed be inferred from old English works, such as Camden, Fortescue, Hale, Britton, Bracton, Fleta, Spelman, Somner, Chief Baron Gilbert, Daines Barrington, and others, and from labors of Bede, William of Malmesbury, Geoffrey of Monmouth, and all the older chroniclers. But not one of these writers, in all their varied labors, has undertaken to show how the histories of the two countries act and react on each other, or how, represented in the popular mind by the epithets Norman and Saxon, French and English, they have been for a thousand years or more running against each other a perpetual race of rivalry and emulation. A worthy Picard lawyer indeed, of the name of Gaillard, who abandoned the law for literature about a century ago, wrote a work called *The Rivalry between France and England*, in eleven volumes; but who, in 1851, unless specially dedicated to historical studies, would read a French history on the subject of the rivalry between the two nations, written between 1771 and 1777, especially when it extends to eleven volumes? Independently of this, any French history on such subject is sure to be tinged with prejudice, passion, and vanity. It is true that the judicious Sharon Turner, in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, Henry Wheaton, in his *History of the Northmen*, and M. Capefigue, give us more or less insight into Norman history; but none of these authors attempt to show the general relations of mediæval history, or that absolute need of uniting Norman to English history, which it is the chief aim of Sir Francis Palgrave to demonstrate. As deputy keeper of the public records of England, this learned historian has had the best possible opportunities of investigation, and he tells us in his preface that he has devoted to the work a full quarter of a century.

The style of Sir Francis Palgrave is generally heavy, and his work will therefore be more prized by students than by the mere lovers of literature. His manner and spirit and the character of his performance may be most satisfactorily exhibited in a few specimen paragraphs, however, and we proceed to quote, first, from an introductory dissertation, some remarks on the arts, architecture, and civilization of Rome. He says:

"Roman taste gave the fashion to the garment, Roman skill the models for the instruments of war. We have been told to seek in the forests of Germany the origin of the feudal system and the conception of the Gothic aisle. We shall discover neither there. Architecture is the costume of society, and throughout European Christendom that costume was patterned from Rome. Unapt and unskilful pupils, she taught the Ostrogothic workman to plan the palace of Theodoric; the Frank, to decorate the hall of Charlemagne; the Lombard, to vault the *duomo*; the Norman, to design the cathedral. Above all, Rome imparted to our European civilization her luxury, her grandeur, her richness, her splendor, her exaltation of human reason, her spirit of free inquiry, her ready mutability, her unwearied activity, her expansive and devouring energy, her hardness of heart, her intellectual pride, her fierceness, her insatiate cruelty, that unrelenting cruelty which expels all other races out of the very pale of humanity; whilst our direction of thought, our literature, our languages, concur in uniting the dominions, kingdoms, states, principalities, and powers, composing our civilized commonwealth in the Old Continent and the New, with the terrible people through whom that civilized commonwealth wields the thunderbolts of the dreadful monarchy, diverse from all others which preceded amongst mankind."

The following is our author's view of the real and the ideal Charlemagne:—

"It seems Charlemagne's fate that he should always be in danger of shading into a mythic monarch—not a man of flesh and blood, but a personified theory. Turpin's Carolus Magnus, the Charlemagne of Roncesvalles; Ariosto's *Sacra Corona*, surrounded by Palatines and Doze-Piers, are scarcely more unlike the real rough, tough, shaggy, old monarch, than the conventional portraiture by which his real features have been supplanted.

"It is an insuperable source of fallacy in human observation as well as in human judgment, that we never can sufficiently disjoin our own individuality from our estimates of moral nature. Admiring ourselves in others, we ascribe to those whom we love or admire the qualities we value in ourselves. We each see the landscape through our own stripe of the rainbow. A favorite hero by long-established prescription, few historical characters have been more disguised by fond adornment than Charlemagne. Each generation or school has endeavored to exhibit him as a normal model of excellence: Courtly Mezeray invests the son of Pepin with the taste of Louis Quatorze; the polished Abbé Velly bestows upon the Frankish emperor the abstract perfection of a dramatic hero; Boulainvilliers, the champion of the noblesse, worships the founder of hereditary feudality; Mably discovers in the capitulars the maxims of popular liberty; Montesquieu, the perfect philosophy of legislation. But, generally speaking, Charlemagne's historical aspect is derived from his patronage of literature. This notion of his literary character colors his political character, so that in the assumption of the imperial authority, we are fain to consider him as a true romanticist—such as in our own days we have seen upon the throne—seeking to appease hungry desires by playing with poetic fancies, to satisfy hard nature with pleasant words, to give substance and body to a dream.

"All these prestiges will vanish if we render to Charlemagne his well deserved encomium:—he was a great warrior, a great statesman, fitted for his own age. It is a very ambiguous praise to say that a man is in advance of his age; if so, he is out of his place; he lives in a foreign country. Equally so, if he lives in the past. No innovator so bold, so reckless, and so crude, as he who makes the attempt (which never succeeds) to effect a resurrection of antiquity."

The practical character of Charlemagne is thus sketched:—

"We may put by the book, and study Charlemagne's achievements on the borders of the Rhine; better than in the book may the traveller see Charlemagne's genuine character pictured upon the lovely unfolding landscape: the huge domminsters, the fortresses of religion; the yellow sunny rocks studded with the vine; the mulberry and the peach, ripening in the ruddy orchards; the succulent potherbs and worts which stock the Bauer's garden,—these are the monuments and memorials of Charlemagne's mind. The first health pledged when the flask is opened at Johannisberg should be the monarch's name who gave the song-inspiring vintage. Charlemagne's superiority and ability consisted chiefly in seeking and seizing the immediate advantages, whatever they might be which he could confer upon others or obtain for himself. He was a man of forethought, ready contrivance, and useful talent. He would employ every expedient, grasp every opportunity, and provide for each day as it was passing by.

"The educational movement resulting from Charlemagne's genius was practical.

Two main objects had he therein upon his conscience and his mind. The first, was the support of the Christian Faith; his seven liberal sciences circled round theology, the centre of the intellectual system. No argument was needed as to the obligation of uniting sacred and secular learning, because the idea of disuniting them never was entertained. His other object in patronizing learning and instruction was the benefit of the State. He sought to train good men of business; judges well qualified, ready penmen in his chancery; and this sage desire expanded into a wide instructional field. Charlemagne's exertions for promoting the study of the Greek language—his Greek professorships at Osnaburgh or Saltzburgh—have been praised, doubted, discussed, as something very paradoxical; whereas, his motives were plain, and his machinery simple. Greek was, to all intents and purposes, the current language of an opulent and powerful nation, required for the transaction of public affairs. A close parallel, necessitated by the same causes, exists in the capital of Charlemagne's successors. The Oriental Academy at Vienna is constituted to afford a supply of individuals qualified for the diplomatic intercourse, arising out of the vicinity and relations of the Austrian and Ottoman dominions, without any reference to the promotion of philology. We find the same at home. If the Persian language be taught at Haileybury, it is to fit the future Writer of his Indian office. He may study Ferduzi or Hafiz, if he pleases, but the cultivation of literature is not the intent with which the learning is bestowed."

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Here is the manner in which Sir Francis Palgrave contrasts and compares the two emperors, Charlemagne and Napoleon:—

"Napoleon sought the creation of an anti-christian imperial pontificate—the caliphate of positive civilization; his aspiration was the establishment of absolute dominion, corporeal and intellectual; mastery over body and soul; faith respected only as an influential and venerable delusion; the aiding powers of religion accepted until she should be chilled out, and the unfed flame expire, and positive philosophy complete her task of emancipating the matured intellect from the remaining swathing bands which had been needful during the infancy of human society. And the theories of Charlemagne and Napoleon, though irreconcilably antagonistic, in their conception, would, were either fully developed, become identical in their result, notwithstanding their contrarieties. They start in opposite directions, but, circling round their courses, would—were it permitted that they should persevere continuously and consistently—meet at the same point of convergence, and attain the same end.

"Moreover, the territorial empires of Napoleon and Charlemagne had their organically fatal characteristics in common. Each founder attempted to accomplish political impossibilities—to conjoin communities unsusceptible of amalgamation; to harmonize the discordant elements which could only be kept together by external force, whilst their internal forces sprung them asunder—a unity without internal union. But even as the wonderful agencies revealed to modern chemistry effect, in a short hour, the progresses which nature silently elaborates during a long growth of time, so in like manner did the energies of civilization effect in three years that dissolution for which, in the analogous precedent, seven generations were required."

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## **THE DECORATIVE ARTS IN AMERICA.**

The growth of the fine arts, commonly so called, in this country, has been a fruitful subject of congratulatory observation in the last dozen years. The opera in that time has gained a permanent home here, and our sculptors and painters have gone out into the old fields of art, and claimed equality with their masters—an equality which Italy, Germany, France, and even England, slowly and reluctantly in some cases, but in the presence of the works of Powers, Crawford, Greenough, Leutze, and others, have, at length, confessed. In painting, as everybody knows, with few exceptions our best works have never been seen abroad, and the advance of design here is therefore to be studied only in our own exhibitions, hung with the productions of Durand, Huntington, Elliott, and the crowd of young painters coming forward every season to claim the approval of the people. The general taste keeps pace with every achievement. We hear that the Art-Union was never visited so much as this year; and private galleries, and those of every dealer in works of art, are thronged. The existence in our principal cities, under the control of men of cultivation, of stores for the sale of works in the fine arts, is a fact eminently significant. That of Williams & Stevens, in Broadway, for example, could be sustained only by a community in which there is a refinement of taste such as a few years ago could be found only in limited circles in this country. Beginning with efforts to introduce the finest forms and combinations in looking-glass and picture frames, the proprietors of this establishment have made it a great market-house for artists, and the display upon its walls and in its windows is frequently more attractive to the connoisseur than the exhibitions of the Academies or the Art-Unions. And it is astonishing how many of the best works of the European engravers—works which may justly be called copies of the master-pieces of contemporary foreign art—are sold

here, to adorn houses from which the tawdry ornaments in vogue a few years ago have been discarded. The same observations may be made in regard to furniture. The graceful styles and high finish to be seen at many of our stores, and in our recently furnished houses, illustrate a progress in elegance, luxury, and taste, not dreamed of by the last generation. And in all these things it is observable that the advance is in cheapness as well as in beauty. In this respect indeed we have scarcely kept pace with the French and English, but the cost at which a man of taste and a little tact can now furnish a house, so that it shall illustrate not only his own refinement but the condition of the best civilization of the time, is astonishingly small, compared with what it was a few years ago. The fine engraving, with its appropriate frame, to be bought for thirty dollars, is to be much preferred before the portrait or indeed before any painting whatever that is purchasable for a hundred dollars; and though silver is unquestionably silver, the imitation table furniture, of the most classical shapes, that is sold now for a fifth of the cost of the coinable metal, looks quite as well upon a salver. The arts by which beauty is made familiar in the homes of all classes of people are of all arts most deserving of encouragement, and it is among the happiest of omens that they are receiving so much attention—far more attention now than they have ever before received in America. We shall hereafter attempt a more particular exhibition of this subject.

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## A VISIT TO THE LATE DR. JOHN LINGARD.

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WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY REV. J. C. RICHMOND.

Noticing in the journals some brief but very just remarks upon the character of the eminent Roman Catholic historian of England, who died July 17th, at the good old age of more than four-score years, I am induced to think that an account of a visit which I had the honor to make this celebrated scholar, may not be altogether without interest for your readers.

March 12, 1850, having a leisure day at Lancaster, and having already visited John of Gaunt's castle, in company with several of those genial spirits who afford me an unusually delightful social remembrance of the dingy buildings and narrow crooked streets of that famous old town, one of them happened to mention the name of Dr. Lingard. I instantly inquired after him with interest, and, observing my enthusiasm, Mr. T. J.— proposed a drive to his residence at Hornby, a village some twelve or thirteen miles distant. I of course gladly acceded to the proposal, and we were soon on our way, with a fleet horse, over the absolutely perfect English turnpike road—for the roads in England are always passable, and not "*improved*," like some of those around New-York, in so continued a manner as to be useless.

After a fine rural drive, crossing the river Loon, and through Lonsdale, we came within sight of an old church and castle. I took the church to be that of the historian, but found, to my surprise, that the famous old sage was placed in entire seclusion, and ministered to a very few, and those very poor, sheep, in a little chapel, or room, under his own roof. In this remote and by no means picturesque village, at an antiquated house, we knocked, and were told by the aged domestic that the venerable historian had been very feeble of late, and had gone out, on this fine day in the spring, for a walk. After many inquiries among the villagers, by whom he was as well known as beloved, I proposed to take the line of the new railway, and, after quite a walk, met a feeble old man, with a scholar's face, a bright twinkling black eye, supporting his steps on a staff, and wrapped up with all the care which an aged and faithful housekeeper could bestow upon a long-tried and most indulgent master. I pronounced his name, and gave him my own; stated that I was a presbyter in the holy (though not Roman) Catholic church, that I had long admired his integrity and faithfulness as an historian, and that it was by no means the least of my happy days in England that I was now permitted to speak to him face to face. The kind and gentle old man seemed truly astonished that any one who had come so far, and seen so much, should care for seeing *him*, and rewarded my enthusiasm with a hearty grasp of the hand that had wielded so admired a pen. We then walked on together towards his house, and you will not blame me for saying, that I was proud to offer the support of my arm to this fine octogenarian, who had not suffered the spirit of the priest to becloud the candor of the historian. We conversed with the greatest freedom upon our points of difference, and he repeated to me, personally, *his entire disbelief in the fable of the nag's head ordination*. He seemed to be only *historically* aware of a disruption between us, for the benevolence of his heart would acknowledge no actual difference.

I cannot refrain from quoting a somewhat amusing illustration of his infinite and childlike simplicity of character, combined with an utter ignorance of those rudiments of modern science which would be much more familiar to our district school-boys than to many men educated in those classic homes of ancient learning, the English universities. Some posts had been set in the ground, and were bound together, for strength, by iron wires; and the venerable sage said, "I suppose this is the Electric Telegraph." I was obliged to insist with a kind of explanatory and playful pertinacity, that this supposition must be incorrect, because electricity could not be conducted, unless the wires were at least continued *through* the thick posts, instead of being wound *around* them. At his house, we found the study not very well supplied with books, for the aged scholar had now almost ceased to peruse these. At my request he wrote out very slowly, but

in a wonderfully distinct hand for eighty, his own name and the date, "John Lingard, Hornby, March 12, 1850;" and voluntarily added a Latin punning inscription, which he had made the evening before, which he humorously proposed to have engraved upon the new Menai bridge. In this he had spoken of the *builder of the bridge*, the celebrated Stephens, as *Pontifex Maximus*. I need not say that I shall preserve these papers among the most precious of my English mementos. I was sorry I could have no hopes that the branch which he gave me from the tree that he had transplanted with his own hands from the battle-field of Cannæ to the quiet of his garden at Hornby, would ever flourish in America. After many hospitable invitations, which other engagements obliged us to decline, and many modest expressions of the gratitude which he seemed deeply to feel for the pains that I had taken to come so far to visit him, we bade farewell to the candid priest, who began, as he told me, an essay to defend his Church against the aspersions of Hume, and had ended by producing a voluminous as well as luminous history.

[For another part of this magazine we have compiled a more full and accurate account of the life of the deceased scholar than has hitherto appeared in this country. See *Recent Deaths, post*, 285-6.]

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## PRIVATE LIFE OF JOHN C. CALHOUN.

[Pg 173]

### ADDRESSED TO HER BROTHER, AND COMMUNICATED TO THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE,

BY MISS M. BATES.

The funeral rites of the lamented Calhoun have been performed. So deeply has the mournful pageant impressed me, so vividly have memories of the past been recalled, that I am incapable of thinking or writing on any other theme. My heart prompts me to garner up my recollections of this illustrious statesman. I can better preserve these invaluable memories by committing them to paper, and as you enjoyed but one brief interview with Mr. Calhoun, these pages shall be addressed to you.

An eloquent member of the House of Representatives, from your state, has compared this southern luminary to that remarkable constellation the Southern Cross. A few years since, in sailing to a West Indian island, I had a perilous voyage, but have ever felt that the sight of that Southern Cross, which had long haunted my imagination, almost repaid me for its excitement and suffering. And thus do I regard an acquaintance with this intellectual star as one great compensation for a separation from my early home. It would have been a loss not to have seen that poetic group, which greets the traveller as he sails southward, but how much greater the loss, never to have beheld that unique luminary which has set to rise no more upon our visible horizon.

Mr. Calhoun's public character is so well known to you that I shall speak of him principally in his private relations, and shall refer to his opinions only as expressed in conversation—for it was in the repose of his happy home, in the tranquillity of domestic life, and in the freedom of social intercourse, that I knew him.

While the clarion-notes of his fame resound among the distant hills and valleys of our land, while those who in political strife crossed lances with this champion of the south nobly acknowledge his valor and his honor, while Carolina chants a requiem for her departed dead, may not one who knows his moral elevation, and who has witnessed his domestic virtues, have the consolation of adding an unaffected tribute to his memory? While his devoted constituents, with impressive symbols and mournful pageants, perform funereal rites, erect for him the costly marble, weave for him the brilliant chaplet, be it mine to scatter over his honored tomb simple but ever green leaflets. While in glowing colors the orator portrays him on his peerless career in the political arena, be it mine to delineate the daily beauty of his life.

In Mr. Calhoun were united the simple habits of the Spartan lawgiver, the inflexible principles of the Roman senator, the courteous bearing and indulgent kindness of the American host, husband, and father. This was indeed a rare union. Life with him was solemn and earnest, and yet all about him was cheerful. I never heard him utter a jest; there was an unvarying dignity and gravity in his manner; and yet the playful child regarded him fearlessly and lovingly. Few men indulge their families in as free, confidential, and familiar intercourse as did this great statesman. Indeed, to those who had an opportunity of observing him in his own house, it was evident that his cheerful and happy home had attractions for him superior to those which any other place could offer. Here was a retreat from the cares, the observation, and the homage of the world. In few homes could the transient visitor feel more at ease than did the guest at Fort Hill. Those who knew Mr. Calhoun only by his senatorial speeches may suppose that his heart and mind were all engrossed in the nation's councils, but there were moments when his courtesy, his minute kindnesses, made you forget the statesman. The choicest fruits were selected for his guest; and I remember seeing him at his daughter's wedding take the ornaments from a cake and send them to a little child. Many such graceful attentions, offered in an unostentatious manner to all about him, illustrated the kindness and noble simplicity of his nature. His family could not but exult in his intellectual greatness, his rare endowments, and his lofty career, yet they seemed to lose sight of all these in

their love for him. I had once the pleasure of travelling with his eldest son, who related to me many interesting facts and traits of his life. He said he had never heard him speak impatiently to any member of his family. He mentioned that as he was leaving that morning for his home in Alabama, a younger brother said, "Come soon again, and see us, brother A—, for do you not see that father is growing old, and is not father the dearest, best old man in the world!"

Like Cincinnatus, he enjoyed rural life and occupation. It was his habit, when at home, to go over his grounds every day. I remember his returning one morning from a walk about his plantation, delighted with the fine specimens of corn and rice which he brought in for us to admire. That morning—the trifling incident shows his consideration and kindness of feeling, as well as his tact and power of adaptation—seeing an article of needlework in the hands of sister A—, who was then a stranger there, he examined it, spoke of the beauty of the coloring, the variety of the shade, and by thus showing an interest in her, at once made her at ease in his presence.

His eldest daughter always accompanied him to Washington, and in the absence of his wife, who was often detained by family cares at Fort Hill, this daughter was his solace amid arduous duties, and his confidant in perplexing cases. Like the gifted De Staël, she loved her father with enthusiastic devotion. Richly endowed by nature, improved by constant companionship with the great man, her mind was in harmony with his, and he took pleasure in counselling with her. She said, "Of course, I do not understand as he does, for I am comparatively a stranger to the world, yet he likes my unsophisticated opinion, and I frankly tell him my views on any subject about which he inquires of me."

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Between himself and his younger daughter there was a peculiar and most tender union. As by the state of her health she was deprived of many enjoyments, her indulgent parents endeavored to compensate for every loss by their affection and devotion. As reading was her favorite occupation, she was allowed to go to the letter-bag when it came from the office, and select the papers she preferred. On one occasion, she had taken two papers, containing news of importance, which her father was anxious to see, but he would allow no one to disturb her until she had finished their perusal.

In his social as well as in his domestic relations he was irreproachable. No shadow rested on his pure fame, no blot on his escutcheon. In his business transactions he was punctual and scrupulously exact. He was honorable as well as honest. Young men who were reared in his vicinity, with their eyes ever on him, say that in all respects, in small as well as in great things, his conduct was so exemplary that he might well be esteemed a model.

His profound love for his own family, his cordial interest in his friends, his kindness and justice in every transaction, were not small virtues in such a personage.

He was anti-Byronic. I never heard him ridicule or satirize a human being. Indeed, he might have been thought deficient in a sense of the ludicrous, had he not by the unvarying propriety of his own conduct proved his exquisite perception of its opposites. When he differed in opinion from those with whom he conversed, he seemed to endeavor by a respectful manner, to compensate for the disagreement. He employed reason rather than contradiction, and so earnestly would he urge an opinion and so fully present an argument, that his opponent could not avoid feeling complimented rather than mortified. He paid a tribute to the understandings of others by the force of his own reasoning, and by his readiness to admit every argument which he could, although advanced in opposition to one he himself had just expressed.

On one occasion I declined taking a glass of wine at his table. He kindly said, "I think you carry that a little too far. It is well to give up every thing intoxicating, but not these light wines." I replied that wine was renounced by many, for the sake of consistency, and for the benefit of those who could not afford wine. He acknowledged the correctness of the principle, adding, "I do not know how temperance societies can take any other ground," and then defined his views of temperance, entered on a course of interesting argument, and stated facts and statistics. Of course, were all men like Mr. Calhoun temperance societies would be superfluous. Perhaps he could not be aware of the temptations which assail many men—he was so purely intellectual, so free from self-indulgence. Materiality with him was held subject to his higher nature. He did not even indulge himself in a cigar. Few spent as little time and exhausted as little energy in mere amusements. Domestic and social enjoyments were his pleasures—kind and benevolent acts were his recreations.

He always seemed willing to converse on any subject which was interesting to those about him. Returning one evening from Fort Hill, I remarked to a friend, "I have never been more convinced of Mr. Calhoun's genius than to-day, while he talked to us of a flower." His versatile conversation evinced his universal knowledge, his quick perception, and his faculty of adaptation. A shower one day compelled him to take shelter in the shed of a blacksmith, who was charmed by his familiar conversation and the knowledge he exhibited of the mechanic arts. A naval officer was once asked, after a visit to Fort Hill, how he liked Mr. Calhoun. "Not at all," says he—"I never like a man who knows more about my profession than I do myself." A clergyman wished to converse with him on subjects of a religious nature, and after the interview remarked that he was astonished to find him better informed than himself on those very points wherein he had expected to give him information. I have understood that Mr. Calhoun avoided an expression of opinion with regard to different sects and creeds, or what is called religious controversy; and once, when urged to give his views in relation to a disputed point, he replied, "That is a subject to which I have never given my attention."



Mr. Calhoun was unostentatious and ever averse to display. He did not appear to talk for the sake of exhibition, but from the overflowing of his earnest nature. Whether in the Senate or in conversation with a single listener, his language was choice, his style fervid, his manner impressive. Never can I forget his gentle earnestness when endeavoring to explain his views on some controverted subject, and observing that my mind could hardly keep pace with his rapid reasoning, he would occasionally pause and say, in his kind manner, "Do you see?"

He did not seek to know the opinion of others with regard to himself. Anonymous letters he never read, and his daughters and nieces often snatched from the flames letters of adulation as well as censure which he had not read. Although he respected the opinions of his fellow-men, he did not seek office or worldly honor. A few years since, one to whom he ever spoke freely, remarked to him that some believed that he was making efforts to obtain the presidency. At that moment he had taken off his glasses, and was wiping them, and thus he replied: "M—, I think when a man is too old to see clearly through his glasses, he is too old to think of the presidency." And recently he said to her, "They may impute what motives they please to me, but I do not seek office." So much did he respect his country, that he might have been gratified by the free gift of the people; so much did he love his country, that he might have rejoiced at an opportunity to serve it, but would he have swerved one iota from his convictions to secure a kingdom? Who that knew him believes it?

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It has been said by that brilliant satirist Horace Walpole, that every man has his price. I never did believe so evil a thing; I have been too conversant with the great and good to believe this libel; and I doubt not there are others beside Mr. Calhoun who value truth and honor above all price or office.

Highly as our great statesman regarded appreciation, yet he could endure to be misrepresented. While his glorious eye would light with more brilliant lustre at the greeting of friendship or the earnest expression of confidence, he rose superior to abuse or censure. I believe it was ever thus while in health. The last winter, dying in the Senate chamber, his feeble frame could ill repel the piercing shafts of his antagonists. The ebbing currents in his pulses were accelerated. He could not desert his post, though the contest raged fiercely, but his great soul was wounded. He loved his country, he loved the Union, and it was a great grief to him in his last hours to be misunderstood and misrepresented. Still, he was consoled by the thought that in the end he would be appreciated. Some one remarked to him that he was a very unpopular man. He replied, "I am, among politicians, but not among the people, and you will know this when I am dead."

Though Mr. Calhoun acknowledged, in his own winning way, the involuntary tributes of friendship and admiration, he courteously declined, whenever he could with propriety, public testimonies of homage which were offered to him. His wife shared with him this unostentatious spirit, preferring the voice of friendship to the acclamations of the multitude. I have heard some of his family say that they coveted nothing, not even the presidency, for him. They, with many of us who knew him, felt that even the first gift of a great nation could not add one gem to his crown—that crown of genius and virtue, whose glorious beauty no mortal power could illumine with new effulgence.

His sincerity was perfect. What he thought he said. He was no diplomatist. Some of his theories might seem paradoxical, but a paradox is not necessarily a contradiction. He has been accused of inconsistency. Those who thus accuse him do him grievous wrong.

Nothing is more inconsistent than to persist in a uniform belief when changing circumstances demand its modification. How absurd to preserve a law which in the progress of society has become null and obsolete! for instance, granting to a criminal "the benefit of clergy." "Nothing," says a distinguished English writer, "is so revolutionary as to attempt to keep all things fixed, when, by the very laws of nature, all things are perpetually changing. Nothing is more arrogant than for a fallible being to refuse to open his mind to conviction." When Mr. Calhoun altered his opinion, consistency itself required the change.

However some of his political sentiments might have differed from those of many of the great and good of the age, he was sincere in them, and believed what he asserted with all the earnestness of an enthusiastic nature, with all the faith of a close and independent thinker, and with all the confidence of one who draws his conclusions from general principles and not from individual facts. Time will test the truth of his convictions. It has been said that he was sectional in his feelings, but surely his heart was large enough to embrace the whole country. It has often been said that he wished to sever the Union, but he loved the Union, nor could he brook the thought of disunion if by any means unity could be preserved. Because he foresaw and frankly said that certain effects must result from certain causes, does this prove that he desired these effects? In his very last speech he speaks of disunion as a "great disaster." But he was not a man to cry "peace, peace, when there was no peace." Although like Cassandra he might not be believed, he would raise his warning voice; he was not a man to hide himself when a hydra had sprung up which threatened to devastate our fair and fertile land from its northern borders to its southern shores. And while he called on the south for union, did he not warn the conservative party at the north that this monster was not to be tampered with? And did he not call on them to unite, and arise in their strength, and destroy it?

And how could he, with his wise philosophy, his knowledge of human nature, and universal benevolence, view with indifference that unreflecting and wild (or should I not say *savage*) philanthropy, which in order to sustain abstract principles loses sight of the happiness and welfare of every class of human beings? How often did he entreat that discussion on those

subjects, beyond the right of legislation, should be prevented, that angry words and ungenerous recrimination should cease! Did he not foresee that such discussions would serve to develop every element of evil in all the sections of the country—a country with such capacities for good? Did he unwisely fear that the ancient fable of Cadmus would be realized—that dragon-teeth, recklessly scattered, would spring up armed? And did he not know that the southern heart could not remain insensible to reproach and aggression?

"Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni:  
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol jungit, ab urbe."

And, ah, how earnestly did he plead for peace, and truth, and justice! As far as I understood him, he wished to benefit by his policy in affairs both the south and the north. I remember, in speaking to me of free trade, he expressed the opinion that the course he recommended would benefit the north as well as the south. This he did not merely assert, but sustained with frequent argument. In his conversation there was a remarkable blending of fact and theory, of a knowledge of the past and an insight into the future.

Mr. Calhoun was a philanthropist in the most liberal sense of the word. He desired for man the utmost happiness, the greatest good, and the highest elevation. If he differed from lovers of the race in other parts of the world, with regard to the means of obtaining these results, it was not because he failed to study the subject; not because he lacked opportunities of observation and of obtaining facts; nor because he indulged in selfish prejudices. From every quarter he gleaned accessible information, and with conscientious earnestness he brought his wonderful powers of generalization to bear on the subject of human happiness and advancement—his pure unselfish heart aiding his powerful mind.

The good of the least of God's creatures was not beneath his regard; but he did not believe that the least was equal to the greatest; he did not think the happiness or elevation of any class could be secured by a sentiment so unphilosophical. The attempt to reduce all to a level, to put all minds in uniform, to give all the same employment, he viewed as chimerical. He said that in every civilized society there must be division of labor, and he believed the slaves at the south more happy, more free from suffering and crime, than any corresponding class in any country. He had no aristocratic pride, but he desired for himself and others the highest possible elevation. He respected the artisan, the mechanic, and agriculturist, and considered each of these occupations as affording scope for native talent. He believed the African to be most happy and useful under the guidance of an Anglo-Saxon; he is averse to hard labor and responsible effort; he likes personal service, and identifies himself with those he serves.

Mr. Calhoun spoke of the great inconsistency of English denunciations of American slavery, and said that to every man, woman, and child in England, two hundred and fifty persons were tributary. Although colonial possessions and individual possessions are by many regarded as different, he considered them involved in the same general principle. In considering the rights of man the great question is not, Has a master a right to hold a slave? but, Has one human being a right to hold another subordinate? The rights of man may be invaded, and the idol Liberty cast down, by those who are loudest in their philanthropic denunciations respecting slavery. Is there as much cruelty in holding slaves, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, as in selling into bondage a whole nation?<sup>[4]</sup> Let the brave chiefs of the Rohillas answer from the battle-field. Let cries reply from the burning cities of Rohilcund. Let the princesses of Oude speak from their prisons.

Close observation, prompted by a kindly heart, had brought Mr. Calhoun to the opinion that the Africans in this country were happier in existing circumstances than they would be in any other; that they were improving in their condition, and that any attempt to change it, at least at present, would not only be an evil to the country but fraught with suffering to them. A state of freedom, so called, would be to them a state of care and disaster. To abolish slavery now would be to abolish the slave. The race would share the doom of the Indians. Although here nominally slaves, as a general thing they enjoy more freedom than any where else; for is not that freedom, where one is happiest and best, and where there is a correspondence between the situation and the desires, the condition and the capacities? May we not say with the angel Abdiel:

"Unjustly thou depravest it with the name  
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,  
Or Nature. God and Nature bid the same,  
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,  
To serve the unwise."

Mr. Calhoun found the local attachment of the slaves so strong, their relation to their owners so satisfying to their natures, and the southern climate so congenial to them, that he did not believe any change of place or state would benefit them.

These, as nearly as I can recollect, were his opinions on the subject of slavery, and were expressed to me in several conversations. Sentiments similar to these are entertained by many high-minded and benevolent slave-holders. That this institution, like every other, is liable to abuse, is admitted, but every planter must answer, not for the institution—for which he is no more accountable than for the fall of Adam—but for his individual discharge of duty. If, through his selfishness, or indolence, or false indulgence, or severity, his servants suffer, then to his

Master in heaven he must give account. But those who obey the divine mandate, "Give unto your servants that which is just and equal," need not fear. In the endeavor to perform their duty in the responsible sphere in which they were placed by no act of their own, they can repose even in the midst of the wild storm which threatens devastation to our fertile land; they can look away from the judgment of the world, nor will they, even if all the powers of earth bid them, adopt a policy which will ruin themselves, their children, and the dependent race in their midst; they will not cast a people they are bound to protect on the tender mercies of the cruel. In their conservative measures they are, and must be, supported at the north, by men of liberal and philosophical minds, of extended views, and benevolent hearts. But I have said far more on this subject than I intended, and will add only that those who do not, from personal observation, know this institution in its best estate, cannot easily understand the softened features it often wears, nor the high virtues exhibited by the master, and the confiding, dependent attachment of the servant. Often is the southern planter as a patriarch in olden times. Those who are striving to sever his household know not what they do.

Well may we who live in these troubled times exclaim with Madame Roland, the martyr of the false principles of her murderers, "O Liberté! O Liberté! que de crimes on commet en ton nom!" This she said, turning to the statue of liberty beside the scaffold. Liberty unrestrained degenerates into license. There may be political freedom without social liberty. Says Lamartine, speaking of the inhabitants of Malta, "Ils sont esclaves de la loi immuable de la force que Dieu leur fait; nous sommes esclaves des lois variables et capricieuses que nous nous faisons."

A few years' residence on this soil might teach even a Wilberforce to turn in his philanthropy to other and wider fields of action.

Of Mr. Calhoun's character as a master much might be said, for all who knew him admit that it was exemplary. But we need not multiply examples to prove his unaffected goodness, and I will repeat only a circumstance or two, which, by way of illustrating some subjects discussed, he incidentally mentioned to me. One related to a free negro, formerly a slave in Carolina, but then living in one of our northern cities, who came to him in Washington, begging him to intercede for his return to Carolina. He represented his condition as deplorable, said that he could not support himself and family by his trade, (he was a shoemaker,) and that not being able to obtain sufficient food or fuel in that cold climate, they were almost frozen. "When I told him," said Mr. Calhoun, "that I would do all I could for him, he seized both my hands in his and expressed fervent gratitude." At another time, speaking of a family whom his son designed to take to Alabama, he told me that the mother of the family came to him and said she would prefer to stay with her master and mistress on the plantation, even if all her children went with master A. Mr. Calhoun added, "I could not think of her remaining without either of her children; and as she chose to stay, we retained her youngest son, a boy of twelve years."

Mr. Calhoun required very little of any one, doing more for others than he asked of them. He seemed to act upon the principle that the strong should bear the burthens of the weak. In sickness he feared to give trouble, and unless his friends insisted, would have little done for him. "Energetic as he was," said a near relative, "he would lie patiently all day, asking for nothing." His sensibility was of the most unselfish nature. Some months before his death, and after he left Fort Hill the last time, he said he felt that death was near, much nearer than he was willing to have his family know, and added that he wished to give all the time he could spare from public duty to preparation for death. While suffering from increasing illness at Washington, still, as he hoped to return again to his family, he was unwilling, though they anxiously awaited his summons, that they should be alarmed, saying he could not bear to see their grief. No doubt his conscientious spirit felt that his country at that critical moment demanded his best energies, and that he should be unnerved by the presence of his nearest friends; and loving his own family as he did, and so beloved as he was by them, he serenely awaited the approach of the king of Terrors, and suffered his last sorrow far from his home, cheered only by one watcher from his household.

There was a beautiful adaptation in his bearing—a just appreciation of what was due to others, and a nice sense of propriety. I have had opportunities to compare his manners with those of other great men. His kind and unaffected interest was expressed in a way peculiarly dignified and refined. Some men appear to think they atone for a low estimate of our sex by flattery. Not so with Mr. Calhoun. He paid the highest compliment which could be paid to woman, by recognizing in her a soul—a soul capable of understanding and appreciating. Of his desire for her improvement and elevation he gave substantial proofs. Although Fort Hill was five miles from the female academy he never suffered an examination to pass without honoring it with his presence. He came not for the sake of form, but he exhibited an interest in the exercises, and was heard to comment upon them afterwards in a manner which showed that he had given them attention. He never reminded you that his hours were more precious than yours. The question may be asked how could he, amid his great and stern duties, find time for attention to those things from which so many men excuse themselves on the plea of business. But he wasted no time, and by gathering up its fragments, he had enough and to spare. I have before said that his kind acts were his recreations.

Were I asked wherein lay the charm which won the hearts of all who came within his circle, I could not at once reply. It was perhaps his perfect *abandon*, his sincerity, his confidential manner, his childlike simplicity, in union with his majestic intelligence, and his self-renunciation—the crowning virtue of his life: these imparted the vivid enjoyment and the delightful repose which his friends felt in his presence. It was often not so much what he said as his manner of

saying it, that was so impressive. Never can I forget an incident which occurred at the time when a war with England, on account of Oregon, seemed impending. He arrived in Charleston during the excitement on that subject. He was asked in the drawing-room if he thought there would be a war. He waived an answer, saying that for some time he had been absent from home and had received no official documents; but as he passed with us from the drawing-room to the street door, he said to me in his rapid, earnest manner, "I anticipate a severe seven months' campaign. I have never known our country in such a state." War has a terror for me, and I said, "Oh, Mr. Calhoun, do not let a war arise. Do all you can to prevent it." He replied, "I will do all, in honor, I can do," and paused. A thousand thoughts seemed to pass over his face, his soul was in his eyes, and bending a little forward, as if bowed by a sense of his responsibility and insufficiency, he added, speaking slowly and with emphasis and with the deepest solemnity, as if questioning with himself, "*But what can one man do?*" I see him now. No painting or sculpture could remind me so truly of him as does my faithful memory. But I will not dwell on the subject, for I fear I can never by words convey to the mind of another the impression which I received of his sincerity, and of his devotion to his country and to the cause of humanity. How he redeemed his pledge to do all that he, in honor, could do, his efforts in the settlement of the Oregon question truly show. When next I saw him I told him how much I was delighted with his Oregon speech. In his kindest manner he replied, "I am glad I can say any thing to please you."

The last time I saw Mr. Calhoun, you, my brother, were with me. You remember that his kind wife took us to his room, and that you remarked the cheerfulness and affability with which he received us, although his feeble health had obliged him to refuse almost every one that day. We shall see him no more, but his memory will linger with us.

To you I would commend him as an example. Read his letter to a young law-student. As you are so soon to enter the profession of law, such a model as Mr. Calhoun may be studied with advantage. While I would never wish any one to lose his own individuality, or to descend to imitation, I believe that one gifted mind leaves its impress on another; while I would not deify or canonize a mortal, I would render homage to one who united such moral attainments to so rare a combination of intellectual gifts; while it is degrading to ourselves and injurious to others to lavish unmerited and extravagant praise, it is a loss not to appreciate a character like his, for it ennobles our own nature to contemplate the true and the beautiful.

Although it is said that our country is in danger from its ideas of equality, and its want of reverence and esteem for age, and wisdom, and office, and talents, and attainments, and virtues—and this feature of the American character is so strongly impressed that Mar Yohannah, the Nestorian bishop, said in my presence, in his peculiar English, "Yes, I know this nation glory in its republicanism, but I am afraid it will become republican to God"—yet it is a cheering omen when a man like Mr. Calhoun is so beloved and revered. I think every one who was favored with a personal acquaintance with him will admit that I have not been guilty of exaggeration, and "will delight to do him honor."

The question naturally arises, to what are we to ascribe the formation of such a character? There must have been causes for such effects. Whence came his temperance, his self-denial, his incorruptible integrity, his fidelity in every duty, his love for mankind, his indefatigable efforts for the good of others, and his superiority to those things which the natural heart most craves? Mr. Calhoun's childhood was spent among the glorious works of nature, and was sheltered from the temptations which abound in promiscuous society. He was the son of pious parents, and by them he was taught the Bible, and from that source undoubtedly his native gifts were perfected. I have understood that from early life he was an advocate for the doctrines of the Bible, as understood by orthodox Christians. I have been told by relatives of his who were on the most intimate terms with him, that for some time before his death his mind had seemed to be much occupied with religious subjects, and that he too often expressed confidence in the providence of God to leave any doubt as to his trust in Him. An eminent clergyman, now deceased, said in conversation with another, that he had often conversed with Mr. Calhoun on the subject of religion, and had no doubt as to his piety. I have remarked his reverential air in church, and have known him apparently much disturbed by any inattention in others. He never united with any church, and it is my opinion, formed not without some reason, that he was prevented, not by disregard to any Christian ordinances, but from personal and conscientious scruples with respect to his qualifications. He was a man who weighed every thing with mathematical precision.

Although open as day on topics of general interest, he was reserved in respect to himself. I do not recollect ever to have heard him speak egotistically, for his mind seemed always engrossed by some great thought, and he appears, even at the close of life, to lose all personal solitudes in his anxiety for his country. In one of his last letters he says, "But I must close. This may be my last communication to you. My end is probably near, perhaps very near. Before I reach it, I have but one serious wish to gratify—it is to see my country quieted under some arrangement (alas, I know not what!) that will be satisfactory to all and safe to the south." His country's peace, and quietness, and safety, he did not see; he perished in the storm; and there are many who knew and loved him who cherish the hope that he is removed to a higher sphere of action—that his noble spirit has meekly entered into the presence of its author, and that in the starry courts above he will receive an inheritance "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

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When I saw the elaborate preparations which were made here in Charleston for his funeral, knowing his simple tastes and habits, and his benevolence, I was at first pained, and I thought he would not have sanctioned so much display. I feared too that solemnity would be lost in pageantry. But it was not so. There was nothing to jar upon the feelings of the most sensitive. All

was in perfect and mournful harmony. Silently and reverently his sorrowing countrymen bore his remains from the steamer where they had reposed, under a canopy wearing its thirty stars, and when the hearse, so funereal with mournful drapery and sable plumes, entered the grounds of the citadel, deep silence brooded over the vast multitude; noiselessly were heads uncovered, banners dropped—not a sound but that of the tramp of horses was heard; statue-like was that phalanx, with every eye uplifted, to the sacred sarcophagus. If there was too much of show, it was redeemed by the spirit that prompted it: the symbols, significant and expressive, as they were, faintly shadowed forth the deep and universal grief; the mournful pageantry, the tolling bell, the muffled drum, the closed and shrouded stores and houses, gave external signs of wo, but more impressive and affecting was the peaceful sadness which brooded over the metropolis while it awaited the relics of the patriot, and the deep silence which pervaded the vast procession that followed to the City Hall, the subdued bearing of the crowd who resorted thither, and the solemnity expressed on every face—for these told that the great heart of the city and commonwealth wept in hushed and sincere sorrow over "the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle."

One day and night the illustrious dead reposed in state in the draped and darkened Hall. An entrance was formed by the arching palmetto, that classic tree, under whose branches Dudon the crusader was placed, when slain in Palestine. On that tree—"altissima palma"—his comrades placed his trophies. With a spirit as sad as that of the crusaders when under the verdant foliage of the palm they mourned the noble Dudon, did those who loved our champion pass beneath that arch, dark with funereal gloom. The sarcophagus was within a magnificent catafalque; the canopy rested on Corinthian columns; the bier was apparently supported by six urns, while three pearl-colored eagles surmounted the canopy, holding in their beaks the swinging crape. Invisible lamps cast moonlight beams over the radiated upper surface of the canopy. Through the day numbers resorted to this hallowed spot, and at night vigils were held where the dead reposed. When morning came the chosen guards carried the remains of the great leader to the church. The funeral car was not allowed to bear these sacred remains to the tomb, but they were borne by sons of the state, with uncovered heads. Well might those who saw all these things feel that Carolina would never be wanting to herself. The body was placed upon the bier, surrounded by significant offerings, pure flowers and laurel-wreaths. A velvet pall, revealing in silver lines the arms of the state, the palmetto, covered the sarcophagus. Above it was a coronet woven of laurel-leaves, like that which crowned Tasso. Then, in that church, where columns, arches, and galleries were shrouded in the drapery of wo, the funeral rites were performed—the mighty dead was placed in his narrow tomb.

Peerless statesman, illustrious counsellor, devoted patriot, generous friend, indulgent husband and father, thy humble, noble heart is still in death; thy life was yielded up at the post of duty; thou hast perished like a sentinel on guard, a watchman in his tower. "Thou wast slain in thy high places." Clouds gathered thick and fast about thy country's horizon, and even thy eagle eye failed in its mournful gaze to penetrate the gloom which hides its future from mortal eye. Thy work is finished—peacefully rest with thine own! Thy memory is enshrined in the hearts of those for whom thy heart ceased its beating. Thy grave is with us—

"Yet spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,  
For like thine own eagle that soared to the sun,  
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee  
A name which before thee few mortals have won."

In reviewing the character of Mr. Calhoun, we find a rare combination of mental and moral qualities—a union of contrasts. He had genius with common sense, the power of generalization with the habit of abstraction, rapidity of thought with application and industry. His mind was suggestive and logical, imaginative and practical. His noble ideal was embodied in his daily life. He was at once discursive and profound; he could soar like the eagle, or hover on unwearied wings around a minute circle. He meekly bore his lofty endowments; his childlike simplicity imparted a charm to his transcendent intellect; he united dignity with humility, sincerity with courtesy, decision with gentleness, stern inflexibility with winning urbanity, and keen sensibility with perfect self-command. He was indulgent to others, denying to himself; he was energetic in health, and patient in sickness; he combined strict temperance with social habits; he was reserved in communicating his personal feelings, but his heart was open on subjects of general interest; he prized the regard of his fellow-beings, but was superior to worldly pomps and flatteries; he honored his peers, but was not swayed by their opinions. Equal to the greatest, he did not despise the least of men. He did not neglect one duty to perform another. In the Senate he was altogether a senator, in private and domestic life he was as though he had never entered the halls of the nation, and had never borne an illustrious part in the councils of his country.

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#### FOOTNOTES:

[4] *Vide* Macaulay's article on Warren Hastings, in the Edinburgh Review.

BY REV. J. R. MORELL,

Translator of Fourier "On the Passions," &c.

The history of literatures, like that of nations, has presented its varieties as well as its curiosities, and both alike furnish similar though not identical features.

1st. Families and clans are traceable equally in each development, and the movements both of literatures and races have displayed a corresponding monotony and eccentricity, convergence and divergence, in proportion as they have progressed along the beaten track of opinion or performed outpost duty as the corps of guides.

2d. Not only is this family likeness obvious in the general characteristics of ethnography and authorship, but the laws of lineage and the hereditary transmission of qualities are as strongly marked in one case as in the other. Letters as well as races have their hereditary sceptres and coronets; but whereas, in the latter case the fleshly heir of the great of other days may chance to be unworthy of his sires, the spiritual sonship of the patrician writer is stereotyped upon each line and lineament of his nature.

3d. Nor is the connection between words and peoples confined to a law of analogy running through them both, but they have reacted upon and moulded each other in a manner curious to relate, and races and letters have mutually made and unmade each other.

4th. The Indo-Germanic people have left monuments of their sinewy energy in the psycho-physical characteristics of affiliated races and tongues, and individual family likenesses may be readily traced between groups of thinkers and dreamers on the banks of the Ganges, in the Academy, and at Weimar. Again the mystical semitic world, groaning beneath the weight of an overwrought ideal, and lacking the ballast of science and patient thought, has ever and anon given birth to prodigies and monsters of cabalistic or Gnostic extravagance.

5th. To follow the currents of peoples and tongues, the great subdivisions of the Teutonic and Romance tribes and literatures, their virtues and vices have stamped its present physical and moral character on the face of modern Europe. The Teutonic, representing strength and depth in word and work, has been the stronghold of emancipation in life and thought, yet tinctured with the savageness and chaos of unpolished and disordered nature. The Romance, fettered by the rhythm of Latinity, has yet possessed that voluptuous wealth of the ideal and that graceful tracery of thought and wit which have been denied to the other. The antagonism of the Catholic and Protestant mind is the result of this contrast, which has, moreover, been pictured in the tertian fevers of French revolution and in the mystical skepticism of modern Germany.

As certain races, so also certain families of writers, have in thought transcended the bounds of the existing and actual, and thrown out from their brain an ideal past, present, or future, beyond the horizon, and free from the flaws of their experience. Thus, whilst the followers of Tao-tse were in China seeking for the drug of immortality, the Greek and Roman poets and historians were dreaming of a golden age that cast its radiance over the past, or of that fabled Atlantis and those sweet Islands of the Blest in the far west—dreams and fables that have been somewhat justified by modern discovery. Again sacred voices mingled with these aspirations, and the semitic bards and seers pronounced in their oracles an Eden for the past and a millenium for the future of man.

Nor were these views confined to the old world, for the followers of Columbus found, among the cannibals of the gulf, the traditions of a fountain of eternal youth, and later travellers were regaled with gorgeous stories of El Dorado and his empire—traditions and stories that seemed to point, however obscurely, to the Sitzbath and Californian riches.

There has likewise been a class of writers broad-cast through the nations who have sought to mend the present and make the future by holding the mirror to contemporaneous deformity, or painting the perspective of an earthly elysium with the rainbow tints of hope. Negatively or positively, directly or indirectly, these men had, in common, faith in the regeneration of humanity. Utopias are the familiar homes of such minds, either because they have a cast in their eyes, or because they are more clairvoyants than the vulgar herd. In the spring-time of our race, a Plato reflected on the poetical extravagancies of his day, and refracted the rays of golden fancy in the enchanted land of his Republic. The Hebrew seers in like manner, whilst they apply no measured castigations to the money-changers who converted the temple of God into a den of thieves, love to soar in sublimest rhapsody above the valley of dry bones and the shadow of death cast around them, and to indulge in visions of a vernal future, when earth should smile in the sunshine of infinite love, when the wolf should dwell with the lamb and the leopard lie down with the kid, and a little child should lead them. Affiliated members of this extensive and venerable company of cynics and seers have ever and anon in the current of ages lifted a frowning brow above the troubled waters round about them, and with the same breath that swept like a tempest over the wintry waste, their cradle and their home, have given utterance to strains of harmony that told of summer skies to come. Tracing the tides of the children of men in their eccentric ebbings and floodings, a little crew of rovers may be ever seen ploughing the world of waters, true to their principle of keeping aloof from the gulf-stream. Europe has been the chief nursery of these rovers, whose voices, though few and far between, have risen above the storms of evil

passions howling about them, and have echoed through the ages. Thus a Rabelais could laugh the knell of monkery, and with his stentor voice, rich booming from the classic world of Nature, that had slept during the dark ages, could crack the babel of spiritual usurpation, and restore the balance of power between the seen and the unseen. A Cervantes in like manner could, in the fulness of time, inflict death-wounds with a stroke of his pen on a superannuated chivalry, and thus, by negatively giving a *coup de grâce* to the past, pave the way for an age of prose. Later in the day a Swift appears, in the heart of a rotten age, himself infected with the leprosy, yet he smites the idols of his time, of Stuart progeny, Lust and Lucre, and converts his fables into a house of correction for a nation's vices. The Tale of a Tub contains a stream of lustral water, and Gulliver is no mean adept at the photographic art. The Dean hath taught us how the "positive" fictions of a madman's brain may indirectly be a school to the nations at all times and in all seasons.

Poesy has mixed its plaintive strains in the lamentations and oracles of insane or inspired reformers, and the aberration or illumination of a kindred spirit breaks forth in the wizard words of a prophet or a bard. Some favored scions of the royal priesthood and chosen generation of whom we speak seem to mingle these various and heterogeneous ingredients, the cynic's lash with the seer's lamp, mathematical squares and compasses with the conjurations of the diviner. Their proportions, both harmonious and deformed, bespeak their consanguinity with an extensive family, whose branches are scattered through broad lands, and are not confined to a single variety of the human race, though the quality and quantity of their *esprit de corps* may be especially predicated of the Caucasian race.

There are sovereign natures that bespeak the choice blood of rival and remote races mingling in their veins, and which may claim kinsmanship in opposite and conflicting clans of teachers. We have Indo-Germanic minds, whose massive substance is relieved by the arabesque of the Semitic style of thought, and which, though stamped with the characteristic mould of their parentage, fling aside much of its speciality, and stand forth as magnates in the universal aristocracy of humanity.

An example of a rich nature cast in this mould has been presented of late years in France, in the person of Charles Fourier. Though indelibly French, he is still more human, and though Teutonic elements enter largely as component parts of his frame, and the Romance genius has cast its sunshine tints over his canvas, yet has he bravely shaken off the chains of generic and specific modes of thought and sight, and the priestly hieroglyphs and geometry of Egypt are seen to blend with Persian dualism and the prophetic wand of Hebrew seers in his pages. Nay, the mantle of Mohammed might seem to have fallen on his capacious shoulders, to judge from the strangely glorious flights of his fancy, and the tangible solids of his elysium. Thus the nations would appear to have converged towards and centred in this brain, and to have dropped in their pearls or their paste, as the case might be. Exaggerating the mathematical precision of French thought, it is yet tempered in a manner somewhat uncommon, by the most wholesale picture-writing on which man ever yet ventured. The flaming double-edged critic's sword is sometimes changed in his hands, after a manner wonderful to relate, into an Esculapian staff, which farther suffers a frequent conversion into Mercurian caduceus and Bacchanile Thyrsus, and at another time assumes the proportions of Midas's wand. Never was such a many-faced Janus seen in the flesh as this man, who exceeds Proteus and Hindoo avatars in multiplicity combined with unity.

The bitter laugh still curls our lips, elicited by his merciless satire, when the tears of pity come coursing down our cheeks, as he touches with magic finger the most godlike fibres of the soul. Luxuriance, bordering on levity, follows fast a sense of justice and of truth, that might have put a Brutus and an Aristides to the blush. National contrasts, harmonies, and deformities, all seem reflected in this representative man.

Yet it would be a very partial view that represented Fourier as nothing better than an expletive particle added to the genealogical list of idea-mongers, or a mosaic of valuable relics in earth's cabinet of curiosities. Though his pen inflicts wounds both broad and deep, yet a balm is ever at hand. Not satisfied with performing amputations for the good of the body corporate, he is a professor of the healing art, and affects to have discovered an elixir that shall wipe away all tears, by causing pain and sorrow to flee away. I do not profess to judge of the merits of the case, but one feature distinguishes Fourier from critics, reformers, and prophets, who are gathered to their fathers. He is a *scientific* explorer, and the plans that he has designed for the future structure of humanity, from the high order of architecture and mechanics which they exhibit, discriminate him from the vulgar herd as an originator, and place him in the category either of eminent scientific adventurers or inventors. Daring and caution shake hands at every page, and seem exhausted by his pen. The Archimedian lever found a resting-place in his brain, and sundry of his thoughts seem not inapt to upheave the world.

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If Laplace deserves credit as the creator of a *Mechanique Celeste*, Fourier has equal claims to gratitude as the first and only propounder of a rigidly scientific system of mental mechanics. Though Pythagoras might smile complacently at his harmonies and sacred numbers, and Plato clap his hands on seeing so worthy a disciple of his Republic, yet the fiery Frenchman is but too apt to run counter to the past, and give a slap in the face to the wisdom of the fore-world. Though hope and faith ever brighten his pages, we could wish at times for a larger infusion of charity, to neutralize the gall in which his pen was dipped. Yet he nobly vindicates his claim as a reformer by the lash he applies with no measured hand to injustice, falseness, and hypocrisy, under whatever guise they may appear.

## REMINISCENCES OF PARIS, FROM 1817 TO 1848.

On the original publication of this work, in German, at Berlin, we gave in the *International* some account of it; and we avail ourselves of the notice in the *Athenæum* of an English translation of it which has just appeared in London, to give some of its best passages. In the capital of a nation which, above all others, has been wont to project its gravest interests into the circles of fashion and gayety, the period included between 1817 and 1848 must have been rich indeed in matter for observation of all kinds, by the foreigner admitted to its saloons. With Waterloo at one end of the line, and the overthrow of Louis Philippe at the other, what a world of change lies between!—what unexpected turns of fortune, each throwing some new tint on the chameleon-play of social existence! We may not expect a lady's eye to see more than its outward features. But these alone, in such a scene and period, are themselves enough to give some permanent historical value, as well as a present attraction to the survey, if only taken with common feminine intelligence.

It is true that the retrospect is not actually so rich as the above dates would imply.—Connected notices of what might be seen in Parisian circles do not extend beyond the first seven years of the period in question. Afterwards, there is nearly a total hiatus, except in the two departments of music and painting—anecdotes of which are continued almost to the close of the Orleans dynasty. Of the persons and events which otherwise filled the scene from 1828 downwards, the *Reminiscences* are wholly silent, or only introduce one or two figures by anticipation while dwelling on the period of the Restoration. The volume ends, indeed, with a story, in which some of the very latest exhibitions of somnambulism serve to introduce a Spanish romance, founded, it may be, on a basis of fact, but evidently dressed up for effect by one not well enough acquainted with the Spain of this century to give to the composition a probable air. But here the display in the Parisian saloon is merely an occasional overture to the melo-drama that follows; and we learn next to nothing of the new faces and new fashions which the writer may have seen during the second half of the term included in her title. What is now published, therefore, can only be taken as a fragment—destined, perhaps, to be further completed at some future time.

The work appears anonymously; and it might be uncourteous to pry into the condition of the writer, beyond what it has pleased herself to reveal. This is to the effect that she came to Paris, unmarried, and hardly out of her teens, from some part of Germany, in the second year of the Restoration, and, at first, was chiefly conversant with the circles of the *haute finance*. We afterwards hear of her marriage, of journeyings and absences, and see her in contact with various circles, but, above all, with painters and musicians; intimate also with Henriette, the daughter of the celebrated Jewish philosopher, Mendelssohn. She left Paris, she further says, before the explosion of 1848. More of her personal history she does not tell—and we shall not take the liberty of guessing.

Her notes are penned without any attempt at order; and make no pretence to dive far beneath the surface of what she saw in the world. They contain such light, lady-like reflections as one may fancy taken down without effort from the kaleidoscope of Paris life, in its balls, *soirées*, and promenades; and such anecdotes of notable things and persons as were current in ordinary company—many of which are well known, having been already reported by others. Here and there a graphic trait, or a remark above the level of commonplace, gives token of more lively intelligence, but the general character of the reminiscence is merely gossiping—just on the ordinary level of such observations and ideas as prevail in the common talk of the saloons. It is only when she touches on the fine arts, especially on music, that the lady displays decidedly clever notions of her own. Gleanings of this easy kind, from any lesser field than Paris, might hardly have been worth preserving; here, the abundance of matter is so great, that even the most careless hand returns from that strange harvest with some gatherings of value.

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Among these we shall dip here and there, without attempting more order in selection than the author herself has observed in arranging her notes. Each may be read by and for itself without any disadvantage whatever.

In no respect, perhaps, does the Paris of to-day differ more from that of thirty years since than in the article of domestic comfort. After praising Madame Thuret, one of the financial *lionnes* of the Restoration, for her attention to neatness, the lady adds:—

In Paris generally there was a marked contrast to this; as well as to the Parisian cleanliness of present times. In those days, even the dwellings of people of competent means, there was not a trace of comfort. I have a lively recollection of what happened when one of the younger partners of M. Thuret gave a ball soon after his marriage. Although the youth was rich, and had married a wealthy young lady, the young couple, according to the Parisian custom of the time, lived with their parents; who, rich as they were, desiring to be richer still, had let out their splendid hotel up to the fourth story. In this fourth story the whole family lived together. After the Parisian finery, I was not less struck with the Parisian filth of those days; and, in truth, I should vainly try to paint my amazement on finding myself compelled, while ascending the staircase, which was actually plastered with dirt, to hold up my dress as high as possible in order to appear tolerably clean in the ball-room.

But if modern Paris has improved in this respect, it has, on the other hand, we are told, lost far



more in the chapter of manners. The generation born during the first Revolution still preserved some of the older style of social bearing; but, in the present descendants, we may now vainly seek for any of the graces that once gave to France her European credit for politeness.

The French, after lording it over the capitals of Europe for so many years, were impatient to the last degree of the retribution which the allied armies brought to their own doors in 1816. Even a returning *émigré* could not restrain his rage on finding that—

foreigners held the fortresses, and that he had to submit his passport for a *visa* to Prussian, Russian, or English authorities; and he lost all command of himself at the idea of the prostration of the *grande gloire Française*.... The same wrath at the occupation of France by foreign troops—an occupation which lasted for hardly three years—whereas the French had ravaged Germany for full twenty, from the siege of Mentz to the battle of Leipsic, was then felt in Paris by all classes. Every little theatre on the Boulevards played some piece referring to it in all the *refrains* urging the foreigners to be off at once; all the print-shops were full of caricatures of the English and Russians. The German soldiers, by-the-by, were, without exception, called Prussians. At that time there was less hatred expressed towards the Russians; in the theatres even the people would point with curiosity to Lostopchin, the author of the conflagration at Moscow. The hatred of the Russians grew much more decided under Nicholas. Alexander, on the contrary, was personally popular. Strictly speaking, the Prussians were detested; while the English, on the contrary, served as a perpetual butt for ridicule and wit. Their language, gestures, dress, afforded a complete series of dramas and caricatures.

This soreness of France under a very light application of her own Continental system, brings to mind an anecdote from the papers of the time, which is worth preserving:—

When the Prussian army entered Paris, one of its officers made particular interest to be quartered in a certain hotel in the Faubourg St Germain, the residence of a widow lady of rank. On taking possession of his billet, the Colonel at once haughtily refused the apartments offered him; and, after a survey of the premises, insisted on having the best suite on the first floor, then occupied by the lady of the house herself. She protested and entreated in vain—the Colonel was harsh and peremptory,—the lady had to abandon her sitting-room, boudoir, and bed-room, and content herself with the chambers intended for the officer. From these, however, she was as rudely dislodged on the next day, the Colonel demanding them for his orderly, and the lady had at last to creep into a servant's garret. This was not all. On first taking possession of his rooms the officer had summoned the *maitre d'hotel*, and commanded a rich dinner of twelve covers for the entertainment of a party of his comrades. They came—the cellar had to yield its choicest wines; the house was filled with bacchanalian uproar. The orgy was repeated both on the next day and on the next following. On the morning afterwards the officer presented himself before the lady of the house. "You are perhaps somewhat annoyed by my proceedings in your hotel?" "Certainly," was the reply, "I think I have cause to complain of the manner in which the law of the strongest has been used here, in defiance of the commonest regard due to my sex and age. I have been roughly expelled from every habitable room in my own house, and thrust into a garret; my servants have been maltreated; with my plate and provisions and the best of my cellar, you have forced them to wait on the riotous feasting of your comrades. I have appealed to your generosity, to your courtesy, but in vain. I protest against such conduct. It is unworthy of a soldier." "Madam," replied the Prussian, "what you say is perfectly true. Such conduct is brutal and unbecoming. I have the honor to inform you that what you have justly complained of for the last three days is but a faint copy of the manner in which your son daily behaved himself in my mother's house in Berlin *for more than six months* after the Battle of Jena. From me you shall have no further annoyance. I shall now retire to an inn. The hotel is entirely at your own disposal." The lady blushed, and was silent.

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We can hardly choose amiss among the portrait sketches. Here is the Princess of Chimay, once celebrated as the fair Spanish Cabarus—or Madame Tallien of the "18th Brumaire." After giving up a name which she had no legal right to bear, she married the Count Caraman before he succeeded to a princely title. In 1818, this heroine—

was some forty years old. Her age was partly open to positive proof, as in '94 she was known to have just reached her twentieth year—it was partly shown by a fulness of person, rather tending to corpulence, which betrayed the retreat of her younger bloom; but still you would rarely find another beauty so well preserved, or a general appearance equally imposing. Tall, full, gorgeous, she reminded you of the historical beauties of antiquity. Such a figure you might imagine as an Ariadne, Dido, or Cleopatra. With a perfect bust, arms, and shoulders; white as an animated statue, regular features, beaming eyes, pearly teeth, hair raven black—hearing, speech, motion, still ravishingly perfect. Her costume, too, had a certain Grecian character.

Among the painters, Gérard was the lady's chosen intimate. When she first knew him, he had

already been long famous and rich; but he seems to have taken pleasure in recalling the struggles of his early career. It was, in many respects, a strange one:—

His father was a Frenchman, who belonged to the domestic establishment of the Cardinal de Bernis, then ambassador at Rome. His mother, whose name was Tortoni, was the daughter of a plain Roman citizen. In 1782, Gérard's parents, with their three boys, of whom François, the eldest, was now twelve, returned to France, where the father died in 1789. A year afterwards the widow went back with her children to her own country, but had to return to France once more, for the preservation of a small income important in her narrow circumstances. On this occasion, besides her sons, she came back with her little brother Tortoni and his infant sister, some years younger than her eldest son François. Thus there was in the house an aunt younger than her nephew.

The family found it hard enough to live at all in Paris: and when François's great talent for drawing revealed itself, the household means were further pinched to provide him with paper and pencils. Under all obstacles, however, his powers soon grew evident: he got at last an introduction to David, and became his pupil:—

Gérard was created the perfect opposite, both physically and morally, of David. David was tall, with distorted features, rough, furious, cruel. Gérard was small, with a pleasing, regular physiognomy, delicate, soft, generous.... He would often tell how he was forced in those days (during the reign of terror) to deceive his master David, in order to preserve his own life. David, who in his zeal for reforming the world had become one of the most active members of the Committee of Safety, was incessantly busied in providing that bloody tribunal with familiars. Every one belonging to him, who desired his own preservation, was forced either to adopt republicanism in David's sense, or to evade it by some kind of deception. Gérard, although in perfect health, escaped the honor designed him by feigning sickness; and went about in public on crutches, which, however, he threw down the instant he knew himself safe from observation. Gérard's mother had died in 1792. Her brother, the painter's uncle, now a grown youth, took up the queer fancy of showing the Parisians the excellent manner in which the Romans are skilled in making confectioner's ices. The success of the *Café Tortoni*, on the *Boulevard des Italiens*, has now been for some fifty years known to all Europe. One of the children (Gérard) was dead, the youngest provided for elsewhere; and thus, after his mother's death, the young painter of two-and-twenty was left alone with his aunt, Mlle. Tortoni, who was but two years his junior. She became his wife. When relating the above, she would add, with *naïveté*, "At that time my nephew was in a manner forced to marry me, unless he chose to turn me out into the street. We were poor, but contented. Gérard's talent, as yet little known, and destitute of suitable means for its exercise, supported us, however, barely; and I continued to sew, darn, cook, carry water, and cut wood for our little household, as I had been wont to do before, when assisting his mother, my sister. In those days there was no marrying in the church, no priest, no banns. A few days after the death of my sister, we appeared in our poor work-a-day clothes, before the *maire*. He joined our hands, and then we became a couple."

Some months were passed in this obscure poverty, until calmer times prevailed in Paris. Isabey had somehow become aware of the young painter's talent, and now urged him to exhibit a picture at the first Exhibition. Gérard produced the sketch of his *Bélisaire*,<sup>[5]</sup> but declared he had no means to paint it on a grand scale. Isabey hereupon assisted him; and, after the picture was finished and exhibited with success, procured him a purchaser, at the price of 100 Louis d'or.

"On the receipt of this sum," Madame Gérard went on, "we were nearly losing our wits for joy. We were ravished, like mere children, by the glitter of the shining gold, which we kept again and again rolling through our fingers. We, who until now could not even afford to buy a common candlestick, so that we had to cut a hole in our poor wooden table to stick the rushlight in,—we now had a hundred louis!" By degrees Gérard advanced to a high European name; but those only who knew him personally could have any idea of his amiable, refined nature, of his pleasant conversation, of the various acquirements and highly intellectual peculiarities of this eminent man, who took up with equal clearness many of the most dissimilar sciences. You forgot time with him, or gladly gave him up the whole night, as he seldom made his appearance in company at his own house before ten.

Before leaving the grim figure of the old Revolution for more modern sketches, we must correct the lady's statement of its victims, in which she quite exceeds the utmost latitude of feminine gossip. "*Two millions of heads*" she assigns as the food of the devouring guillotine—a number transcendent, even for lady rhetoric. It is some *five hundred* times more than the largest estimate of those even who have done their best to aggravate the tale of its horrors. The Convention, when grown Anti-Jacobin, and anxious, of course, to justify its destruction of Robespierre and his fellows, it published lists of the sufferers, could not bring the number of the guillotined up to a full *two* thousand. Montgaillard, who complains that the returns were incomplete, may be taken as the author of the most extreme calculation on this subject: he does not get beyond a total of *four* thousand victims, including those who perished by *fusillades* and *noyades*. Even an

anonymous lady cannot be suffered to pass with such a terrific exaggeration unquestioned. In 1823, she was present at an opening of the Chambers by "Louis the Desired," now grown fatter, it seems, than was desirable for such an operation. Indeed—

he could no longer walk; on this account the session was held in the Louvre; and the manner in which he suddenly pushed out on his low rolling chair, from beneath a curtain, which was quickly drawn back, as it is done on the stage, and as rapidly closed again, had an effect at once painful and ludicrous. Both these feelings were increased by the shrill piping treble which came squeaking forth from this unlucky corpulent body.... His brother, the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles the Tenth, was tall and thin, and had retained to his advanced age that habit of shuffling about with his legs, which teachers and governors had vainly tried to cure him of while young. He could not keep his body still for a single instant. His protruded head, his mouth always open, would of themselves have seemed to indicate mere stupidity rather than cunning, had not this impression been contradicted, partly by the vivacity of his eyes, and partly by his too notorious habit of intriguing. This idiotic air of poking forward the head, with the mouth always open—but aggravated by quite lifeless and almost totally closed eyes—was apparent in a still higher degree in his eldest son, the Duke of Angoulême. In the face of his wife there were still visible some traces, if not of a former beauty, at least of something characteristic and noble. In spite of her withered, lean figure, her gait was firm and majestic; but the terrorists of the Revolution had heaped misery of every kind in double and three-fold measure on this unhappy daughter of Louis the Sixteenth, and their cannibal severity had broken her heart for ever.... The Duchess of Berri, a Neapolitan princess, wife of the youngest son of the Count d'Artois, was young, but had been ill-treated by nature in her outward appearance. She was short, thin, with hair blonde almost to whiteness, and a kind of reddish fairness of complexion. In her irregular features, in her eyes which all but squinted, no kind of expression could be detected—not even that of frivolity, which she was accused of.... To both these ladies the rigorously-prescribed court-dress, as worn in open day, without candlelight, was very unbecoming. It consisted of a short white satin dress, called *jupe*, which means a dress without a train; the front breadth richly embroidered with gold, with a cut-out body, and short sleeves, leaving the neck and arms bare,—the effect of which was absolutely pitiable on the superannuated, yellow, and withered Duchess of Angoulême. Around the waist a golden ceinture held up a colored velvet skirt, with an enormous train, but no body. In front, this kind of outer dress, called *manteau de cour*, was open, and trimmed all round with broad lace. The head was decorated, or rather disfigured, by a thick upright plume of tall white ostrich feathers, to which were attached behind two long ends of blonde lace, called *barbes*, which hung down the back. On the forehead a closely-fitting jewelled diadem was worn, and diamond ornaments on the neck and arms, according to the usual fashion.

From such court scarecrows let us turn to keep a last corner for a figure of more modern and genial appearance—though this, too, was saddening, and is now, like the rest, grown a mere shadow. The lady saw much of the musician Chopin after 1832, and speaks of him with warm affection, and with a fine feeling of his genius:—

He was a delicate, graceful figure, in the highest degree attractive—the whole man a mere breath—rather a spiritual than a bodily substance,—all harmony, like his playing. His way of speaking, too, was like the character of his art—soft, fluctuating, murmuring. The son of a French father and of a Polish mother, in him the Romance and Slavonic dialects were combined, as it were, in one perfect harmony. He seemed, indeed, hardly to touch the piano; you might have fancied he would do quite as well without as with the instrument: you thought no more of the mechanism,—but listened to flute-like murmurs, and dreamed of hearing Æolian harps stirred by the ethereal breathings of the wind; and with all this—in his whole wide sphere of talents given to him alone—always obliging, modest, unexacting! He was no pianoforte player of the modern sort: he had fashioned his art quite alone in his own way, and it was something indescribable. In private rooms as well as in concerts, he would steal quietly, unaffectedly, to the piano; was content with any kind of seat; showed at once, by his simple dress and natural demeanor, that he abhorred every kind of grimace and quackery; and began, without any prelude, his performance. How feeling it was—how full of soul!... When I first knew him, though far from strong, he still enjoyed good health; he was very gay, even satirical, but always with moderation and good taste. He possessed an inconceivable comic gift of mimicry, and in private circles of friends he diffused the utmost cheerfulness both by his genius and his good spirits.... Hallé has now the best tradition of his manner.

We pause, not for want of matter, but for want of room. Besides its lively sketches, the book contains some materials of a tragic interest—to which we may return.

#### FOOTNOTES:

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## THE LAST JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

A writer in the July number of *Bentley's Miscellany* describes some official experiences in Egypt during the reign of Mehemet Ali, and among various curious incidents has the following of Boghos Bey, the prime minister of the Pacha, who then played a no inconsiderable part on the stage of European diplomacy, more particularly as relating to the, at that period, all-engrossing "Eastern Question."

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"By birth an Armenian, in early life Boghos Bey was dragoman or interpreter to Mr. Wherry, then English consul at Smyrna; but he gave up that appointment, to accompany, in a similar capacity, the Turkish army, which, during the occupation of Egypt by the French, was sent to co-operate at Alexandria with Sir Ralph Abercrombie's British force. At the close of the war, on the expulsion of the French, he remained in Egypt, where he attached himself to the rising fortunes of Mehemet Ali, with whom he successively occupied the post of interpreter, secretary, and finally that of prime minister, when his master—from the Albanian adventurer—became the self-elected successor of the Pharaohs and Ptolomies.

"On one occasion, Boghos having got into disgrace, Mehemet Ali ordered his prime minister to be placed in a sack and thrown into the Nile. It was supposed that this cruel sentence had been duly carried into effect. However, the British consul in Egypt at that time, managed to get something else smuggled into the sack, whilst he smuggled old Boghos into his own residence, where the latter long remained concealed, until, on one occasion, the financial accounts got so entangled, that Mehemet Ali expressed to the British consul his regret that Boghos Bey was no longer there to unravel the complicated web of difficulties in which he found himself entangled: whereupon old Boghos was produced, pardoned, reinstated in his office, acquired more influence than ever, and was, at the time referred to, the very 'Joseph' of the land."

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## THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA: BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK."

Mr. Justice Haliburton obtained some notoriety and a certain degree of popularity by his broad caricatures of common life in New England. These books did not display very eminent ability even for the rather low and mean field in which the author found congenial occupation, but the old jokes transplanted into our republican soil had a seeming freshness in the eyes of buyers of cheap books, and they were profitable to paper-makers and printers, until the patience of the public could tolerate no more of their monotonous vulgarity. Judge Haliburton has since essayed a more serious vein, and being wholly without originality, has fallen into the old track of depreciation, sneering, and vituperation, in the expectation that any form of attack upon the people of the United States would sell, at least in England. The unfortunate gentleman was mistaken, as the following very kind review of his book, which we transfer to *The International* from *The Athenæum* of July 26, will show.

"THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA. *By the Author of 'Sam Slick,' &c.* This is a vulgar and violent political pamphlet, which will fill no small part of the admirers of 'Sam Slick' with alarm and astonishment. The 'English in America' are in these two volumes set forth principally as a parcel of uncouth, disingenuous, and repulsive Puritans, who emigrated to America in the early part of the seventeenth century for the sake of an easier indulgence in disloyalty and schism. Confining himself almost wholly to the events which took place in the colony of Massachusetts, Judge Haliburton has thought it worth while to write a book, half declamation and half treatise, against Democracy and Dissent,—which seem to him to be the two giant evils that oppress mankind. It is no part of our function to discuss the abstract merits of either of these questions; but it is perfectly within our province to point out the errors and faults of those writers who imagine that they can serve a party purpose by making a convenient and derogatory use of literature.

"In the first place, then, we say that the volumes before us are essentially unfair. The 'English in America' have not really and truly been *such* English as are there described,—nor has their career been such as is there narrated,—nor generally are the actual facts of the case logically and impartially stated in these volumes. Judge Haliburton colors and distorts almost every event and circumstance to which he refers; and there is a coarseness and rancor in the manner in which he speaks of nearly all persons and parties who differ from him in opinion, which has surprised and shocked us. There was no occasion whatever for all this vehemence. In the first place, the facts connected with the early history of the British settlements in America are too well known to permit any attempt at systematic and unscrupulous disparagement of the early Puritan colonists to be in any important degree

successful. In the next place, the questions which Judge Haliburton professes to consider have been for all practical purposes discussed and decided long ago. In the last place, we are quite sure that no writer on questions of colonial policy could more effectually cut himself off from all sympathy and influence than by the adoption of an excited and menacing tone.

"We find in the introductory chapter to these volumes a statement to the effect that one of the chief objects in writing them has been to inform Englishmen that Democracy did not appear for the first time in America during the War of Independence; and that the peculiar form of religion that prevailed at an early period in the New England States exerted a very powerful influence over their politics and modes of government. Surely there is nothing new in all this. There is no great discovery here which required for its introduction the expenditure of so much labor and vehemence. We had imagined that the great orations of Burke on Conciliation with America had exhausted long ago not only all the facts but most of the philosophy which is contained in the general view now revived by the author of 'Sam Slick.' There are a sentence or two in one of the most famous passages of perhaps the greatest of these orations which seem to anticipate the present volumes most completely. 'All Protestantism,' said Burke more than seventy years ago, 'even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principle of resistance; it is the dissidence of dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. This religion, under a variety of denominations, agreeing in nothing but in the communication of the spirit of liberty, is predominant in most of the northern provinces; where the Church of England, notwithstanding its legal rights, is in reality no more than a sort of private sect, not composing, most probably, the tenth of the people. The colonists left England when this spirit was high, and in the emigrants was the highest of all; and even that stream of foreigners which has been constantly flowing into these colonies has for the greatest part been composed of dissenters from the establishments of their several countries, and have brought with them a temper and character far from alien to that of the people with whom they mixed.' The speech of Burke in which these sentences occur ought surely to have passed for something in the estimation of Judge Haliburton before he committed himself to the task of writing this book.

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"We are quite sensible that as far as the mere composition is concerned there is very great merit in its publication. The style is vigorous and lively—and not unfrequently the animation rises into eloquence. The narrative parts of the volumes are in general exceedingly well written; and we must not omit to say, that during those short intervals when the author permits himself to lose sight of his extreme opinions he rarely fails to delight the reader with a page or two distinguished by acute observation and good sense.

"Still, the faults of the book are of the most serious kind. It is incomplete in plan: for it is neither a regular narrative, nor a treatise, nor a commentary, nor a history, nor an article for a review—but something of all five. As we have said, it is written in a tone highly excited and partial; and it has the misfortune to appear before the world as the exponent of seemingly a new, but in reality of an old and familiar, doctrine, by employing examples and reasonings of which very few people indeed will not be able to detect at once either the sophistry or the incompleteness.

"We forbear to enter into any general discussion on the well-worn topics of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritan settlements. The verdict of an impartial age has been long ago pronounced on these questions: and we may well deplore the unsound judgment of any writer of the deserved eminence of Judge Haliburton who gratuitously brings upon himself an imputation of outrageous eccentricity by attempting to unsettle, on his own single authority, conclusions so well and so long established....

"There is a great deal said in these volumes in disparagement of the early New Englanders. They are stigmatized as turbulent, schismatic, dishonest, revolutionary, bigoted, cruel, and so on. These are old charges, which have been several times placed in their true light; and it is needless again to undertake a defence and to enter into explanations which are familiar to most educated persons. We are not the indiscriminate admirers of the policy pursued by the first colonists of Massachusetts Bay; but the course which they adopted, the communities which they built up, and the form of liberty which they introduced into the New World can be adequately understood only when surveyed from a comprehensive and impartial point of view. It is at best a shallow criticism which contents itself with the discovery that the settlers were religious zealots, and had no particular respect for either kings or bishops.

... "We close these volumes. We regret that the author has been so ill-advised as to publish them at all. They are well written, as we have said—and in some respects possess great merit; but truth compels us to add, that they are very unworthy of the author and of the great questions they profess to elucidate and discuss."

# A FEW QUESTIONS FROM A WORN-OUT LORNETTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

BY A. OAKLEY HALL.

I trust I am not *now* impertinent, however much so I may have been heretofore. I have seen and observed a great deal. My observations have engendered experiences. My experiences have some point to them. And altogether, I think I am entitled to ask a few questions of those whom I have sometimes overlooked, but now address myself to most immediately. I am proud to say that I never belonged to but one mistress. I was of too much value to be exchanged, lost, lightly parted with, or—I feel prouder as I say it—*sold*. Moreover, I was a *gage d'amour*. That fascinating Dr. —!

But though curious, I will be discreet. This sole mistress of mine gave me plenty to do. Many thanks to her for it, since it has given me an insight into much that is wonderful. I am certain she preferred opera to the drama. I saw more of the stage at the first, and more of the audience at the last. I have found much in both to puzzle me. Some things I have solved. As for that which remains, I had hoped to determine for myself, but an unlucky fall from a nail has spoiled my sight. I have been now two months imprisoned in an *escrutoire*. Others must answer my questions.

In the first place, I want to know why theatres and opera houses have such curious odors when empty? I have often perceived this fact when our carriage came announced the last of all. And why are the lights turned out when the audience have half-way reached the front doors? What becomes of the bills which are left behind? Do the rag-pickers ever break in? Where do the musicians go to through that little door in the stage? And why does the kettle drummer always glance around the house upon entering with such an air of satisfaction? As if any one cared for *him*! Why does the leader always stop to take a pinch of snuff, while the audience are breathing in their boots and gaiters to catch the first note of the new opera? Why does the fat man with the violoncello always saw upon two strings, and leave the two in the middle to such a contemptuous silence and exile? Why do the front-bench people get up ten minutes before the performances are over, and rush from the house as if the floor was on fire, while the galleries make twice as much noise by crying "hush!" and always stay to hear the speech (if there is any), although they have not paid as much by half as they who ran away? Why does the lover, rushing upon the stage to the embrace of his mistress, stop half way to bow to the ladies in the boxes? And why doesn't the aforesaid mistress box his ears for his impoliteness? And why did she say, just before he came, "Here comes my Alonzo! Hark! I hear his step," when every door upon the stage was shut, and nothing was heard but the confused trampling behind her, which might have been the galloping of donkeys? And why did this same lady wait for him by the side of a rosewood table, covered with satin damask, and ornamented with a Wellington inkstand—and she dressed in a robe of shot-silk, with laces and feathers—while he was dressed as a valiant knight of the sixteenth century should be? And now I think of it, why did *Mr. Anderson*, in the play of "Gisippus," visit the Roman centurion in a brick house, entered through a mahogany door, with a brass plate upon it? Why do the peasantry of Europe always dress with the most expensive ribbons about their legs and arms when they come out to dance at the wedding, or to drink from pewter mugs to the health of the bride? And why do they stand like mutes at a funeral, whilst two people in their midst are plotting some horrible murder? Why do the Italian banditti wear such steeple-crowned hats when they creep through small holes, or kneel for concealment behind rocks which only cover their foreheads? Why do the soldiers in *Fra Diavolo* stand and sing, "We must away, 'tis duty calls," while they sit at a table drinking punch, and seem in no more hurry to go than if they were paid for drinking? Why do the chamois-hunters in "Amilie" continue so urgent about going to the mountains away, after the prey, before the dawning of the day, when it is evident from the very nature of things that they couldn't be spared for such a severe service on any contingency?

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Why does the lover always sing tenor in an opera? What connection is there between villany and a bass voice? What's the necessity of a *prima donna* singing towards the ceiling when she addresses a chorus behind her? By what right does the head man in the chorus do all the gesticulating, while his fellows stand like militia-men? Who ever saw an excited basso bid a "minion away," without trying to throw his fist behind him? Why does Ernani's mistress wear such splendid diamonds, and not sell them to give him release from persecution? I have seen a sentimental young lady swear to share the poverty and disgrace of her lover, when she was fool enough to lay aside most precious jewels and dresses, which would have purchased affluence, and then robe herself in calico! Now, why did he permit *that*?

Why do stage heroines venture out into the woods in November in white silk dresses? Are there never any snakes about? And why are theatrical forests always green in the middle of winter? What kind of thermometers do managers have? Why is it that three or four stout men, with loaded pistols, allow themselves to be beaten off the stage by a slim man with a small stick? In my opinion—and I don't care who hears it—Richard the Third (whom I understand to be a natural son of one Shakespeare) was a great numskull to allow Richmond to beat him with the two dozen lanky-looking scoundrels who come in during the last scene!

Why do the fairies shake so convulsively when they soar through the air over the stage? Are

stage-fairies all over the world such unequal highflyers? Who made gaiter-boots for Juno and her attendant goddesses, in the many classical plays I have witnessed? Did the Egyptians and Persians know how to make cotton-cloth a yard wide—I have measured their costumes too often behind the footlights not to know the exact measurement.

Why do people always cough in the theatre after a severe storm of thunder and lightning, and hold their handkerchiefs to their noses at such times? Why does the moon, in every opera wherein she condescends to show herself, stand still for half an hour immediately over a chimney? What is the necessity of a man dying for love, and singing himself to death like a swan, when he has strength enough of body and mind to pick up three or four pounds of *bouquets*? And why does he give them up to the spasmodic lady in white muslin, whom he has been abusing for half an hour, and declaring, in most emphatic terms, that they part from that time forward for ever? What wonderful hair-invigorator do some actors use in order to grow themselves a fine pair of bushy whiskers in fifteen minutes? How is it possible for a noble lord to have travelled over thousands of miles, to have encountered unheard-of perils, in order to return and marry the miller's maid, and yet to preserve, through years of absence, the same trousers, vest, coat, and hat, in which he first won her affections? Mentioning hats, why does the rich landholder, in modern comedy, sometimes go without a hat, when all his servants talk to him with *their* hats upon their heads? Is there any forcible, necessary, or (to put it stronger) *absolute*, connection between a queen in distress and large quantities of pearls strung about the hair?

These are but a twentieth part of the inquiries which crowd into my questioning-box. I know they are disjointed,—as I soon shall be. But I will see what can be done for me, as things here stand, before I venture to again pile "whys" upon "wherefores."

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## FRAGMENTS:

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### FROM "THE STORY OF A SOUL," AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

BY H. W. PARKER.

#### A TOUR DE FORCE.

I felt myself alone—alone as one  
Who leapt in joy from starry rock to rock  
Across creations stream, and joyed to know  
Himself alone in starry solitudes,  
Communing with his soul and God; and clomb  
The heights of glory, there amazed to see  
The wilderness of worlds, and feel the want  
Of other hearts to share excess of bliss.  
Alone!—it startled me with such a fear—  
A daring fear, as only spirits can have.  
At once I would be every where—on all  
The peopled globes where'er myself had been;  
My lonely being would I spread through all.  
I thought, with the velocity of thought  
Which disembodied souls alone may know—  
I thought, I willed, myself in thousand places  
In quick and successive instants, quick as one;  
And so around again, and still around,  
Without an interval. Soon as a flash,  
A thousand selves were scattered o'er the deep  
Of distant space; and, urging on my soul,  
Around and on, with energy immortal,  
And swifter still, at last I seemed to grow  
Ubiquitous—a multipresence dread,  
A loneliness enlarged, more awful yet—  
Until, in thought's extreme rapidity,  
The distant selves were blended into one,  
And space was gone! The universe was lost  
In me—in nothingness.

Soon it returned  
And stood resplendent; space again became  
A mode of thought, as thought resumed its calm,  
And motion ceased with will. I found myself  
Far off in outer coasts of light....

MEMORY.

.... The vision changed; for still  
The cherub Fancy sports beyond the grave,  
Led by the hand of Reason. Once again,  
My memory rose, a painted canvas, framed  
In golden mouldings of immortal joy.  
But now the perfect copy of a life,  
With all the colors glorified, began  
To melt in slow dissolving views of truth.  
From out the crowded scene of mortal deeds,  
A group enraged, colossal in its shapes:  
Self—a dead giant, hideous and deformed,  
Lay, slain with lightning, while, upon his head,  
Stood holy Love, her eyes upturned to Heaven,  
Her hands extended o'er the kneeling forms  
Of Faith and Hope....

#### MUSIC.

Nor were the splendors silent all. To spirits  
'Tis ever one to see, to hear, to feel—  
The music of the spheres is therefore truth,  
And, now, no more I heard the noise confused  
Of humming stars and murmuring moons, in tones  
Discordant; but as in the focal point  
Of whispering rooms, so here I found at last  
The centre where the perfect chords combine—  
Where the full harmonies of rolling worlds  
Are poring evermore in billowy seas  
Of sounds, that break in thundered syllables  
Unutterable to men. A naked soul  
Within the central court of space, to me  
The trill of myriad stars, the heavy boom  
Of giant suns that slowly came and went,  
The whistlings, sweet and far, of lesser orbs,  
And the low thunder of more distant deeps,  
Ever commingling, grew to eloquence  
No mortal brain may bear. The universe  
Had found a voice....

#### HEAVEN.

"Look to thy God." I flamed at Him with will intense,  
And soon a sea of light and love arose  
And bathed my soul, and filled the empty space  
With overflowing glory. All was heaven;  
And all the joy, the splendor, I had known  
In space, to this was but the prelude harsh  
Of brazen instruments, before the song  
Of some incarnate seraph, breathes and rolls  
A flood of fulness o'er a tranced world.  
Enough to say, whate'er we wish of scene,  
Society, occupation, pleasure—  
Whenever wished, is ours; and this is Heaven;  
This is the prize of earthly self-denial.  
Freedom, the boundless freedom of the pure—  
This the reward of holy self-restraint.

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## A STORY WITHOUT A NAME. <sup>[6]</sup>

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

We must now turn once more to Sir Philip Hastings as he sat in his lonely room in prison. Books had been allowed him, paper, pen, and ink, and all that could aid to pass the time; but Sir Philip had matter for study in his own mind, and the books had remained unopened for several days. Hour after hour, since his interview with Secretary Vernon, and day after day he had paced that room to and fro, till the sound of his incessant footfall was a burthen to those below. His hair had



grown very white, the wrinkles on his brow had deepened and become many, and his head was bowed as if age had pressed it down. As he walked, his eye beneath his shaggy eyebrow was generally bent upon the floor, but when any accidental circumstance caused him to raise it—a distant sound from without, or some thought passing through his own mind—there was that curious gleam in it which I have mentioned when describing him in boyhood, but now heightened and rendered somewhat more wild and mysterious. At those moments the expression of his eyes amounted almost to fierceness, and yet there was something grand, and fixed, and calm about the brow which seemed to contradict the impatient, irritable look.

At the moment I now speak of there was an open letter on the table, written in his daughter's hand, and after having walked up and down for more than one hour, he sat down as if to answer it. We must look over his shoulder and see what he writes, as it may in some degree tend to show the state of his mind, although it was never sent.

"MY CHILD" (it was so he addressed the dear girl who had once been the joy of his heart): "The news which has been communicated to you by Marlow has been communicated also to me, but has given small relief. The world is a prison, and it is not very satisfactory to leave one dungeon to go into a larger.

"Nevertheless, I am desirous of returning to my own house. Your mother is very ill, with nobody to attend upon her but yourself—at least no kindred. This situation does not please me. Can I be satisfied that she will be well and properly cared for? Will a daughter who has betrayed her father show more piety towards a mother? Who is there that man can trust?"

He was going on in the same strain, and his thoughts becoming more excited, his language more stern and bitter every moment, when suddenly he paused, read over the lines he had written with a gleaming eye, and then bent his head, and fell into thought. No one can tell, no pen can describe the bitter agony of his heart at that moment. Had he yielded to the impulse—had he spoken ever so vehemently and fiercely, it would have been happier for him and for all. But men will see without knowing it in passing through the world, conventional notions which they adopt as principles. They fancy them original thoughts, springing from their own convictions, when in reality they are bents—biases given to their minds by the minds of other men. The result is very frequently painful, even where the tendency of the views received is good. Thus a shrub forced out of its natural direction may take a more graceful or beautiful form, but there is ever a danger that the flow of the sap may be stopped, or some of the branches injured by the process.

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"No," said Sir Philip Hastings, at length, with a false sense of dignity thus acquired, "no, it is beneath me to reproach her. Punish her I might, and perhaps I ought; for the deed itself is an offence to society and to human nature more than to me. To punish her would have been a duty, even if my own heart's blood had flowed at the same time, in those ancient days of purer laws and higher principles; but I will not reproach without punishing. I will be silent. I will say nothing. I will leave her to her own conscience," and tearing the letter he had commenced to atoms, he resumed his bitter walk about the room.

It is a terrible and dangerous thing to go on pondering for long solitary hours on any one subject of deep interest. It is dangerous even in the open air, under the broad, ever-varying sky, with the birds upon the bough, and the breeze amongst the trees, and a thousand objects in bright nature to breathe harmonies to the human heart. It is dangerous in the midst of crowds and gay scenes of active life so to shut the spirit up with one solitary idea, which, like the fabled dragon's egg, is hatched into a monster by long looking at it. But within the walls of a prison, with nothing to divert the attention, with nothing to solicit or compel the mind even occasionally to seek some other course, with no object in external nature, with the companionship of no fellow being, to appeal to our senses or to awake our sympathies, the result is almost invariable. An innocent man—a man who has no one strong passion, or dark, all-absorbing subject of contemplation, but who seeks for and receives every mode of relief from the monotony of life that circumstances can afford, may endure perfect solitude for years and live sane, but whoever condemns a criminal—a man loaded with a great offence—to solitary confinement, condemns him to insanity—a punishment far more cruel than death or the rack. Hour after hour again, day after day, Sir Philip Hastings continued to beat the floor of the prison with untiring feet. At the end of the third day, however, he received formal notice that he would be brought into court on the following morning, that the indictment against him would be read, and that the attorney-general would enter a *nolle prosequi*. Some of these forms were perhaps unnecessary, but it was the object of the government at that time to make as strong an impression on the public mind as possible without any unnecessary effusion of blood.

The effect upon the mind of Sir Philip Hastings, however, was not salutary. The presence of the judges, the crowd in the court, the act of standing in the prisoners' dock, even the brief speech of the lawyer commending the lenity and moderation of government, while he moved the recording of the *nolle prosequi*, all irritated and excited the prisoner. His irritation was shown in his own peculiar way, however; a smile, bitter and contemptuous curled his lip. His eye seemed to search out those who gazed at him most and stare them down, and when he was at length set at liberty, he turned away from the dock and walked out of the court without saying a word to any one. The governor of the jail followed him, asking civilly if he would not return to his house for a moment, take some refreshment, and arrange for the removal of his baggage. It seemed as if Sir Philip answered at all with a great effort; but in the end he replied laconically, "No, I will send."

Two hours after he did send, and towards evening set out in a hired carriage for his own house. He slept a night upon the road, and the following day reached the Court towards evening. By that

time, however, a strange change had come over him. Pursuing the course of those thoughts which I have faintly displayed, he had waged war with his own mind—he had struggled to banish all traces of anger and indignation from his thoughts—in short, fearing from the sensations experienced within, that he would do or say something contrary to the rigid rule he had imposed upon himself, he had striven to lay out a scheme of conduct which would guard against such a result. The end of this self-tutoring was satisfactory to him. He had fancied he had conquered himself, but he was very much mistaken. It was only the outer man he had subdued, but not the inner.

When the carriage drew up at his own door, and Sir Philip alighted, Emily flew out to meet him. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed his cheek, and her heart beat with joy and affection.

For an instant Sir Philip remained grave and stern, did not repel her, but did not return her embrace. The next instant, however, his whole manner changed. A sort of cunning double-meaning look came into his eyes. He smiled, which was very unusual with him, assumed a sort of sportiveness, which was not natural, called her "dainty Mistress Emily," and asked after the health of "his good wife."

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His coldness and his sternness might not have shocked Emily at all, but his apparent levity pained and struck her with terror. A cold sort of shudder passed over her, and unclasping her arms from his neck, she replied, "I grieve to say mamma is very ill, and although the news of your safety cheered her much, she has since made no progress, but rather fallen back."

"Doubtless the news cheered you too very much, my sweet lady," said Sir Philip in an affected tone, and without waiting for reply, he walked on and ascended to his wife's room.

Emily returned to the drawing-room and fell into one of her profound fits of meditation; but this time they were all sad and tending to sadness. There Sir Philip found her when he came down an hour after. She had not moved, she had not ordered lights, although the sun was down and the twilight somewhat murky. She did not move when he entered, but remained with her head leaning on her hand, and her eyes fixed on the table near which she sat. Sir Philip gazed at her gloomily, and said to himself, "Her heart smites her. Ha, ha, beautiful deceitful thing. Have you put the canker worm in your own bosom? Great crimes deserve great punishments. God of heaven! keep me from such thoughts. No, no, I will never avenge myself on the plea of avenging society. My own cause must not mingle with such vindications."

"Emily," he said in a loud voice, which startled her suddenly from her reverie, "Emily, your mother is very ill."

"Worse? worse?" cried Emily with a look of eager alarm; "I will fly to her at once. Oh, sir, send for the surgeon."

"Stay," said Sir Philip, "she is no worse than when you left her, except insomuch as a dying person becomes much worse every minute. Your mother wishes much to see Mrs. Hazleton, who has not been with her for two days, she says. Sit down and write that lady a note asking her to come here to-morrow, and I will send it by a groom."

Emily obeyed, though with infinite reluctance; for she had remarked that the visits of Mrs. Hazleton always left her mother neither improved in temper nor in health.

The groom was dispatched, and returned with a reply from Mrs. Hazleton to the effect that she would be there early on the following day. During his absence, Sir Philip had been but little with his daughter. Hardly had the note been written when he retired to his own small room, and there remained shut up during the greater part of the evening. Emily quietly stole into her mother's room soon after her father left her, fearing not a little that Lady Hastings might have remarked the strange change which had come upon her husband during his absence. But such was not the case. She found her mother calmer and gentler than she had been during the last week or ten days. Her husband's liberation, and the certainty that all charge against him was at an end, had afforded her great satisfaction; and although she was still evidently very ill, yet she conversed cheerfully with her daughter for nearly an hour.

"As I found you had not told your father the hopes that Mr. Marlow held out when he went away, I spoke to him on the subject," she said. "He is a strange cynic, my good husband, and seemed to care very little about the matter. He doubt's Marlow's success too, I think, but all that he said was, that if it pleased me, that was enough for him. Mrs. Hazleton will be delighted to hear the news."

Emily doubted the fact, but she did not express her doubt, merely telling her mother she had written to Mrs. Hazleton, and that the servant had been sent with the note.

"She has not been over for two days," said Lady Hastings. "I cannot think what has kept her away."

"Some accidental circumstance, I dare say," said Emily, "but there can be no doubt she will be here to-morrow early."

They neither of them knew that on the preceding night but one Mrs. Hazleton had received a visit from John Ayliffe, which, notwithstanding all her self-command and assumed indifference, had disturbed her greatly.

Mrs. Hazleton nevertheless was, as Emily anticipated, very early at the house of Sir Philip Hastings. She first made a point of seeing that gentleman himself; and though her manner was, as usual, calm and lady-like, yet every word and every look expressed the greatest satisfaction at seeing him once more in his home and at liberty. To Emily also she was all tenderness and sweetness; but Emily, on her part, shrunk from her with a feeling of dread and suspicion that she could not repress, and hardly could conceal. She had not indeed read any of the papers which Marlow had left with her, for he had not told her to read them; but he had directed her thoughts aright, and had led her to conclusions in regard to Mrs. Hazleton which were very painful, but no less just.

That lady remarked a change in Emily's manner—she had seen something of it before;—but it now struck her more forcibly, and though she took no notice of it whatever, it was not a thing to be forgotten or forgiven; for to those who are engaged in doing ill there cannot be a greater offence than to be suspected, and Mrs. Hazleton was convinced that Emily did suspect her.

After a brief interview with father and daughter, their fair guest glided quietly up to the room of Lady Hastings, and seated herself by her bed-side. She took the sick lady's hand in hers—that white, emaciated hand, once so beautiful and rosy-tipped, and said how delighted she was to see her looking a great deal better.

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"Do you think so really?" said Lady Hastings; "I feel dreadfully weak and exhausted, dear Mrs. Hazleton, and sometimes think I shall never recover."

"Oh don't say so," replied Mrs. Hazleton; "your husband's return has evidently done you great good: the chief part of your malady has been mental. Anxiety of mind is often the cause of severe sickness, which passes away as soon as it is removed. One great source of uneasiness is now gone, and the only other that remains—I mean this unfortunate engagement of dear Emily to Mr. Marlow—may doubtless, with a little firmness and decision upon your part, be remedied also."

Mrs. Hazleton was very skillful in forcing the subject with which she wished to deal, into a conversation to which it had no reference; and having thus introduced the topic on which she loved to dwell, she went on to handle it with her usual skill, suggesting every thing that could irritate the invalid against Marlow, and render the idea of his marriage with Emily obnoxious in her eyes.

Even when Lady Hastings, moved by some feelings of gratitude and satisfaction by the intelligence of Marlow's efforts to recover her husband's property, communicated the hopes she entertained to her visitor, Mrs. Hazleton contrived to turn the very expectations to Marlow's disadvantage, saying, "If such should indeed be the result, this engagement will be still more unfortunate. With such vast property as dear Emily will then possess, with her beauty, with her accomplishments, with her graces, the hand of a prince would be hardly too much to expect for her; and to see her throw herself away upon a mere country gentleman—a Mr. Marlow—all very well in his way, but a nobody, is indeed sad; and I would certainly prevent it, if I were you, while I had power."

"But how can I prevent it?" asked Lady Hastings; "my husband and Emily are both resolute in such things. I have no power, dear Mrs. Hastings."

"You are mistaken, my sweet friend," replied her companion; "the power will indeed soon go from you if these hopes which have been held out do not prove fallacious. You are mistress of this house—of this very fine property. If I understand rightly, neither your husband nor your daughter have at present any thing but what they derive from you. This position may soon be altered if your husband be reinstated in the Hastings estates."

"But you would not, Mrs. Hazleton, surely you would not have me use such power ungenerously?" said Lady Hastings.

Mrs. Hazleton saw that she had gone a little too far—or rather perhaps that she had suggested that which was repugnant to the character of her hearer's mind; for in regard to money matters no one was ever more generous or careless of self than Lady Hastings. What was her's was her husband's and her child's—she knew no difference—she made no distinction.

It took Mrs. Hazleton some time to undo what she had done, but she found the means at length. She touched the weak point, the failing of character. A little stratagem, a slight device to win her own way by an indirect method, was quite within the limits of Lady Hastings' principles; and after dwelling some time upon a recapitulation of all the objections against the marriage with Marlow, which could suggest themselves to an ambitious mind, she quietly and in an easy suggestive tone, sketched out a plan, which both to herself and her hearer, seemed certain of success.

Lady Hastings caught at the plan eagerly, and determined to follow it in all the details, which will be seen hereafter.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I feel very ill indeed this morning," said Lady Hastings, addressing her maid about eleven o'clock. "I feel as if I were dying. Call my husband and my daughter to me."

"Lord, my lady," said the maid, "had I not better send for the doctor too? You do not look as if you were dying at all. You look a good deal better, I think, my lady."

"Do I?" said Lady Hastings in a hesitating tone. But she did not want the doctor to be sent for immediately, and repeated her order to call her husband and her daughter.

Emily was with her in an instant, but Sir Philip Hastings was some where absent in the grounds, and nearly half an hour elapsed before he was found. When he entered he gazed in his wife's face with some surprise—more surprise indeed than alarm; for he knew that she was nervous and hypochondriacal, and as the maid had said, she did not look as if she were dying at all. There was no sharpening of the features—no falling in of the temples—none of that pale ashy color, or rather that leaden grayness, which precedes dissolution. He sat down, however, by her bed-side, gazing at her with an inquiring look, while Emily stood on the other side of the bed, and the maid at the end; and after speaking a few kind but somewhat rambling words, he was sending for some restoratives, saying "I think, my dear, you alarm yourself without cause."

"I do not indeed, Philip," replied Lady Hastings. "I am sure I shall die, and that before very long—but do not send for any thing. I would rather not take it. It will do me more good a great deal to speak what I have upon my mind—what is weighing me down—what is killing me."

"I am sorry to hear there is any thing," said Sir Philip, whose thoughts, intensely busy with other things, were not yet fully recalled to the scene before him.

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"Oh, Philip, how can you say so?" said Lady Hastings, "when you know there is. You need not go," she continued, speaking to the maid, who was drawing back as if to quit the room, "I wish to speak to my husband and my daughter before some one who will remember what I say."

Sir Philip however quietly rose, opened the door, and motioned to the girl to quit the room, for such public exhibitions were quite contrary to his notions of domestic economy. "Now, my dear," he said, "what is it you wish to tell me? If there be any thing that you wish done, I will do it if it is in my power."

"It is in your power, Philip," replied Lady Hastings; "you know and Emily knows quite well that her engagement to Mr. Marlow was against my consent, and I must say the greatest shock I ever received in my life. I have never been well since, and every day I see more and more reason to object. It is in the power of either of you, or both, to relieve my mind in this respect—to break off this unhappy engagement, and at least to let me die in peace, with the thought that my daughter has not cast herself away. It is in your power, Philip, to—"

"Stay a moment," said her husband, "it is not in my power."

"Why, are you not her father?" asked Lady Hastings, interrupting him. "Are you not her lawful guardian? Have you not the disposal of her hand?"

"It is not in my power," repeated Sir Philip coldly, "to break my plighted word, to violate my honor, or to live under a load of shame and dishonor."

"Why in such a matter as this," said Lady Hastings, "there is no such disgrace. You can very well say you have thought better of it."

"In which case I should tell a lie," said Sir Philip dryly.

"It is a thing done every day," argued Lady Hastings.

"I am not a man to do any thing because there are others who do it every day," answered her husband. "Men lie, and cheat, and swindle, and steal, and betray their friends, and relations, and parents, but I can find no reason therein for doing the same. It is not in my power, I repeat. I cannot be a scoundrel, whatever other men may be, and violate my plighted word, or withdraw from my most solemn engagements. Moreover, when Marlow heard of the misfortunes which have befallen us, and learned that Emily would not have one-fourth part of that which she had at one time a right to expect, he showed no inclination to withdraw from his word, even when there was a good excuse, and I will never withdraw from mine, so help me God."

Thus speaking he turned his eyes towards the ground again and fell into a deep reverie.

While this conversation had been passing, Emily had sunk upon her knees, trembling in every limb, and hid her face in the coverings of the bed. To her, Lady Hastings now turned. Whether it was that remorse and some degree of shame affected her, when she saw the terrible agitation of her child, I cannot tell, but she paused for a moment as if in hesitation.

She spoke at length, saying "Emily, my child, to you I must appeal, as your father is so obdurate."

Emily made no answer, however, but remained weeping, and Lady Hastings becoming somewhat irritated, went on in a sharper tone. "What! will not my own child listen to the voice of a dying mother?" she asked rather petulantly than sorrowfully, although she tried hard to make her tone gravely reproachful; "will she not pay any attention to her mother's last request?"

"Oh, my mother," answered Emily, raising her head, and speaking more vehemently than was customary with her, "ask me any thing that is just; ask me any thing that is reasonable; but do not ask me to do what is wrong and what is unjust. I have made a promise—do not ask me to break it. There is no circumstance changed which could give even an excuse for such a breach of faith. Marlow has only shown himself more true, more faithful, more sincere. Should I be more false, more faithless, more ungenerous than he thought me? Oh no! it is impossible—quite impossible," and she hid her streaming eyes in the bed-clothes again, clasping her hands tightly

together over her forehead.

Her father, with his arms crossed upon his chest, had kept his eyes fixed upon her while she spoke with a look of doubt and inquiry. Well might he doubt—well might he doubt his own suspicions. There was a truth, a candor, a straightforwardness, in that glowing face which gave the contradiction, plain and clear, to every foul, dishonest charge which had been fabricated against his child. It was impossible in fact that she could have so spoken and so looked, unless she had so felt. The best actress that ever lived could not have performed that part. There would have been something too much or too little, something approaching the exaggerated or the tame. With Emily there was nothing. What she said seemed but the sudden outburst of her heart, pressed for a reply; and as soon as it was spoken she sunk down again in silence, weeping bitterly under the conflict of two strong but equally amiable feelings.

For a moment the sight seemed to rouse Sir Philip Hastings. "She should not, if she would," he said; "voluntarily, and knowing what she did, she consented to the promise I have made, and she neither can nor shall retract. To Marlow, indeed, I may have a few words to say, and he shall once more have the opportunity of acting as he pleases; but Emily is bound as well as myself, and by that bond we must abide."

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"What have you to say to Marlow?" asked Lady Hastings in a tone of commonplace curiosity, which did not at all indicate a sense of that terrible situation in which she assumed she was placed.

"That matters not," answered Sir Philip. "It will rest between him and me at his return. How he may act I know not—what he may think I know not; but he shall be a partaker of my thoughts and the master of his own actions. Do not let us pursue this painful subject further. If you feel yourself ill, my love, let us send for further medical help. I do hope and believe that you are not so ill as you imagine; but if you are so there is more need that the physician should be here, and that we should quit topics too painful for discussion, where discussion is altogether useless."

"Well, then, mark me," said Lady Hastings with an air of assumed melancholy dignity, which being quite unnatural to her, bordered somewhat on the burlesque; "mark me, Philip—mark me, Emily! your wife, your mother, makes it her last dying request—her last dying injunction, that you break off this marriage. You may or you may not give me the consolation on this sick bed of knowing that my request will be complied with; but I do not think that either of you will be careless, will be remorseless enough to carry out this engagement after I am gone. I will not threaten, Emily—I will not even attempt to take away from you the wealth for which this young man doubtless seeks you—I will not attempt to deter you by bequeathing you my curse if you do not comply with my injunctions; but I tell you, if you do not make me this promise before I die, you have embittered your mother's last moments, and—"

"Oh, forbear, forbear," cried Emily, starting up. "For God's sake, dear mother, forbear," and clasping her hands wildly over her eyes, she rushed frantically out of the room.

Sir Philip Hastings remained for nearly half an hour longer, and then descended the stairs and passed through the drawing-room. Emily was seated there with her handkerchief upon her eyes, and her whole frame heaving from the agonized sobs which rose from her bosom. Sir Philip paused and gazed at her for a moment or two, but Emily did not say a word, and seemed indeed totally unconscious of his presence. Some movements of compassion, some feeling of sympathy, some doubts of his preconceptions might pass through the bosom of Sir Philip Hastings; but the dark seeds of suspicion had been sown in his bosom—had germinated, grown up, and strengthened—had received confirmation strong and strange, and he murmured to himself as he stood and gazed at her, "Is it anger or sorrow? Is it passion or pain? All this is strange enough. I do not understand it. Her resolution is taken, and taken rightly. Why should she grieve? Why should she be thus moved, when she knows she is doing that which is just, and honest, and faithful?"

He measured a cloud by an ell wand. He gauged her heart, her sensibilities, her mind, by the rigid metre of his own, and he found that the one could not comprehend the other. Turning hastily away after he had finished his contemplation, without proffering one word of consolation or support, he walked away into his library, and ringing a bell, ordered his horse to be saddled directly. While that was being done, he wrote a hasty note to Mr. Short, the surgeon, and when the horse was brought round gave it to a groom to deliver. Then mounting on horseback, he rode away at a quick pace, without having taken any further notice of his daughter.

Emily remained for about half an hour after his departure, exactly in the same position in which he had left her. She noticed nothing that was passing around her; she heard not a horse stop at the door; and when her own maid entered the room and said,—"Doctor Short has come, ma'am, and is with my lady. Sir Philip sent Peter for him; but Peter luckily met him just down beyond the park gates;" Emily hardly seemed to hear her.

A few minutes after, Mr. Short descended quietly from the room of Lady Hastings, and looked into the drawing-room as he passed. Seeing the beautiful girl seated there in that attitude of despondency, he approached her quietly, saying, "Do not, my dear mistress Emily, suffer yourself to be alarmed without cause. I see no reason for the least apprehension. My good lady, your mother is nervous and excited, but there are no very dangerous symptoms about her—certainly none that should cause immediate alarm; and I think upon the whole, that the disease is more mental than corporeal."

Emily had raised her eyes when he had just begun to speak, and she shook her head mournfully at his last, words, saying, "I can do nothing to remedy it, Mr. Short—I would at any personal sacrifice, but this involves more—I can do nothing."

"But I have done my best," said Mr. Short with a kindly smile; for he was an old and confidential friend of the whole family, and upon Emily herself had attended from her childhood, during all the little sicknesses of early life. "I asked your excellent mother what had so much excited her, and she told me all that has passed this morning. I think, my dear young lady, I have quieted her a good deal."

"How? how?" exclaimed Emily eagerly. "Oh tell me how, Mr. Short, and I will bless you!"

The good old surgeon seated himself beside her and took her hand in his. "I have only time to speak two words," he said, "but I think they will give you comfort. Your mother explained to me that there had been a little discussion this morning when she thought herself dying—though that was all nonsense—and it must have been very painful to you, my dear Mistress Emily. She told me what it was about too, and seemed half sorry already for what she had said. So, as I guessed how matters went—for I know that the dear lady is fond of titles and rank, and all that, and saw she had a great deal mistaken Mr. Marlow's position—I just ventured to tell her that he is the heir of the old Earl of Launceston—that is to say, if the Earl does not marry again, and he is seventy-three, with a wife still living. She had never heard any thing about it, and it seemed to comfort her amazingly. Nevertheless she is in a sad nervous state, and somewhat weak. I do not altogether like that cough she has either; and so, my dear young lady, I will send her over a draught to-night, of which you must give her a tablespoonful every three hours. Give it to her with your own hands; for it is rather strong, and servants are apt to make mistakes. But I think if you go to her now, you will find her in a very different humor from that which she was in this morning. Good bye, good bye. Don't be cast down, Mistress Emily. All will go well yet."

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## CHAPTER XL.

From the house of Sir Philip Hastings Mr. Short rode quickly on to the cottage of Mistress Best, which he had visited once before in the morning. The case of John Ayliffe, however, was becoming more and more urgent every moment, and at each visit the surgeon saw a change in the countenance of the young man which indicated that a greater change still was coming. He had had a choice of evils to deal with; for during the first day after the accident there had been so much fever that he had feared to give any thing to sustain the young man's strength. But long indulgence in stimulating liquors had had its usual effect in weakening the powers of the constitution, and rendering it liable to give way suddenly even where the corporeal powers seemed at their height. Wine had become to John Ayliffe what water is to most men, and he could not bear up without it. Exhaustion had succeeded rapidly to the temporary excitement of fever, and mortification had begun to show itself on the injured limb. Wine had become necessary, and it was administered in frequent and large doses; but as a stimulant it had lost its effect upon the unhappy young man, and when the surgeon returned to the cottage on this occasion, he saw not only that all hope was at an end, but that the end could not be very far distant.

Good Mr. Dixwell was seated by John Ayliffe's side, and looked up to the surgeon with an anxious eye. Mr. Short felt his patient's pulse with a very grave face. It was rapid, but exceedingly feeble—went on for twenty or thirty beats as fast as it could go—then stopped altogether for an instant or two, and then began to beat again as quickly as before.

Mr. Short poured out a tumbler full of port wine, raised John Ayliffe a little, and made him drink it down. After a few minutes he felt his pulse again, and found it somewhat stronger. The sick man looked earnestly in his face as if he wished to ask some question; but he remained silent for several minutes.

At length he said, "Tell me the truth, Short. Am not I dying?"

The surgeon hesitated, but Mr. Dixwell raised his eyes, saying, "Tell him the truth, tell him the truth, my good friend. He is better prepared to bear it than he was yesterday."

"I fear you are sinking, Sir John," said the surgeon.

"I do not feel so much pain in my leg," said the young man.

"That is because mortification has set in," replied Mr. Short.

"Then there is no hope," said John Ayliffe.

The surgeon was silent; and after a moment John Ayliffe said, "God's will be done."

Mr. Dixwell pressed his hand kindly with tears in his eyes; for they were the Christian words he had longed to hear, but hardly hoped for.

There was a long and somewhat sad pause, and then the dying man once more turned his look upon the surgeon, asking, "How long do you think it will be?"

"Three or four hours," replied Mr. Short. "By stimulants, as long as you can take them, it may be protracted a little longer, but not much."

"Every moment is of consequence," said the clergyman. "There is much preparation still needful

—much to be acknowledged and repented of—much to be atoned for. What can be done, my good friend to protract the time?"

"Give small quantities of wine very frequently," answered the surgeon, "and perhaps some aqua vitæ—but very little—very little, or you may hurry the catastrophe."

"Well, well," said John Ayliffe, "you can come again, but perhaps by that time I shall be gone. You will find money enough in my pockets, Short, to pay your bill—there is plenty there, and mind you send the rest to my mother."

The surgeon stared, and said to himself, "he is wandering;" but John Ayliffe immediately added, "Don't let that rascal Shanks have it, but send it to my mother;" and saying "Very well, Sir John," he took his leave and departed.

"And now, my dear young friend," said Mr. Dixwell, the moment the surgeon was gone, "there is no time to be lost. You have the power of making full atonement for the great offence you have committed to one of your fellow creatures. If you sincerely repent, as I trust you do, Christ has made atonement for your offences towards God. But you must show your penitence by letting your last acts in this life be just and right. Let me go to Sir Philip Hastings."

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"I would rather see his daughter, or his wife," said John Ayliffe: "he is so stern, and hard, and gloomy. He will never speak comfort or forgiveness."

"You are mistaken—I can assure you, you are mistaken," answered the clergyman. "I will take upon me to promise that he shall not say one hard word, and grant you full forgiveness."

"Well, well," said the young man, "if it must be he, so be it—but mind to have pen and ink to write it all down—that pen won't write. You know you tried it this morning."

"I will bring one with me," said Mr. Dixwell, rising eager to be gone on his good errand; but John Ayliffe stopped him, saying, "Stay, stay—remember you are not to tell him any thing about it till he is quite away from his own house. I don't choose to have all the people talking of it, and perhaps coming down to stare at me."

Mr. Dixwell was willing to make any terms in order to have what he wished accomplished, and giving Mrs. Best directions to let the patient have some port wine every half hour, he hurried away to the Court.

On inquiring for Sir Philip, the servant said that his master had ridden out.

"Do you know where he is gone, and how long he will be absent?" asked Mr. Dixwell.

"He is gone, I believe, to call at Doctor Juke's, to consult about my lady," replied the man; "and as that is hard upon twenty miles, he can't be back for two or three hours."

"That is most unfortunate," exclaimed the clergyman. "Is your lady up?"

The servant replied in the negative, adding the information that she was very ill.

"Then I must see Mistress Emily," said Mr. Dixwell, walking into the house. "Call her to me as quickly as you can."

The man obeyed, and Emily was with the clergyman in a few moments, while the servant remained in the hall looking out through the open door.

After remaining in conversation with Mr. Dixwell for a few minutes, Emily hurried back to her room, and came down again dressed for walking. She and Mr. Dixwell went out together, and the servant saw them take their way down the road in the direction of Jenny Best's cottage: but when they had gone a couple of hundred yards, the clergyman turned off towards his own house, walking at a very quick pace, while Emily proceeded slowly on her way.

When at a short distance from the cottage, the beautiful girl stopped, and waited till she was rejoined by Mr. Dixwell, who came up very soon, out of breath at the quickness of his pace. "I have ordered the wine down directly," he said, "and I trust we shall be able to keep him up till he has told his story his own way. Now, my dear young lady, follow me;" and walking on he entered the cottage.

Emily was a good deal agitated. Every memory connected with John Ayliffe was painful to her. It seemed as if nothing but misfortune, sorrow, and anxiety, had attended her ever since she first saw him, and all connected themselves more or less with him. The strange sort of mysterious feeling of sympathy which she had experienced when first she beheld him, and which had seemed explained to her when she learned their near relationship, had given place day by day to stronger and stronger personal dislike, and she could not now even come to visit him on his death-bed with the clergyman without feeling a mixture of repugnance and dread which she struggled with not very successfully.

They passed, however, through the outer into the inner room where Mistress Best was sitting with the dying man, reading to him the New Testament. But as soon as Mr. Dixwell, who had led the way, entered, the good woman stopped, and John Ayliffe turned his head faintly towards the door.

"Ah, this is very kind of you," he said when he saw Emily, "I can tell you all better than any one

else."

"Sir Philip is absent," said Mr. Dixwell, "and will not be home for several hours."

"Hours!" repeated John Ayliffe. "My time is reduced to minutes!"

Emily approached quietly, and Mrs. Best quitted the room and shut the door. Mr. Dixwell drew the table nearer to the bed, spread some writing paper which he had brought with him upon it, and dipped a pen in the ink, as a hint that no time was to be lost in proceeding.

"Well, well," said John Ayliffe with a sigh, "I won't delay, though it is very hard to have to tell such a story. Mistress Emily, I have done you and your family great wrong and great harm, and I am very, very sorry for it, especially for what I have done against you."

"Then I forgive you from all my heart," cried Emily, who had been inexpressibly shocked at the terrible change which the young man's appearance presented. She had never seen death, nor was aware of the terrible shadow which the dark banner of the great Conqueror often casts before it.

"Thank you, thank you," replied John Ayliffe; "but you must not suppose, Mistress Emily, that all the evil I have done was out of my own head. Others prompted me to a great deal; although I was ready enough to follow their guidance, I must confess. The two principal persons were Shanks the lawyer, and Mrs. Hazleton—Oh, that woman is, I believe, the devil incarnate."

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"Hush, hush," said Mr. Dixwell, "I cannot put such words as those down, nor should you speak them. You had better begin in order too, and tell all from the commencement, but calmly and in a Christian spirit, remembering that this is your own confession, and not an accusation of others."

"Well, I will try," said the young man faintly, lifting his hand from the bed-clothes, as if to put it to his head in the act of thought. But he was too weak, and he fell back again, and fixing his eyes on a spot in the wall opposite the foot of the bed, he continued in a sort of dreamy commemorative way as follows: "I loved you—yes, I loved you very much—I feel it now more than ever—I loved you more than you ever knew—more than I myself knew then. (Emily bent her head and hid her eyes with her hands.) It was not," he proceeded to say, "that you were more beautiful than any of the rest—although that was true too—but there was somehow a look about you, an air when you moved, a manner when you spoke, that made it seem as if you were of a different race from the rest—something higher, brighter, better, and as if your nobler nature shone out like a gleam on all you did—I cannot help thinking that if you could have loved me in return, mine would have been a different fate, a different end, a different and brighter hope even now—"

"You are wandering from the subject, my friend," said Mr. Dixwell. "Time is short."

"I am not altogether wandering," said John Ayliffe, "but I feel faint. Give me some more wine." When he had got it, he continued thus: "I found you could not love me—I said in my heart that you would not love me; and my love turned into hate—at least I thought so—and I determined you should rue the day that you had refused me. Long before that, however, Shanks the lawyer had put it into my head that I could take your father's property and title from him, and I resolved some day to try, little knowing all that it would lead me into step by step. I had heard my mother say a hundred times that she had been as good as married to your uncle who was drowned, and that if right had been done I ought to have had the property. So I set to work with Shanks to see what could be done. Sometimes he led, sometimes I led; for he was a coward, and wanted to do all by cunning, and I was bold enough, and thought every thing was to be done by daring. We had both of us got dipped so deep in there was no going back. I tore one leaf out of the parish register myself, to make it seem that your grandfather had caused the record of my mother's marriage to be destroyed—but that was no marriage at all—they never were married—and that's the truth. I did a great number of other very evil things, and then suddenly Mrs. Hazleton came in to help us; and whenever there was any thing particularly shrewd and keen to be devised, especially if there was a spice of malice in it towards Sir Philip or yourself, Mrs. Hazleton planned it for us—not telling us exactly to do this thing or that, but asking if it could not be done, or if it would be very wrong to do it. But I'll tell you them all in order—all that we did."

He went on to relate a great many particulars with which the reader is already acquainted. He told the whole villainous schemes which had been concocted between himself, the attorney, and Mrs. Hazleton, and which had been in part, or as a whole, executed to the ruin of Sir Philip Hastings' fortune and peace. The good clergyman took down his words with a rapid hand, as he spoke, though it was somewhat difficult; for the voice became more and more faint and low.

"There is no use in trying now," said John Ayliffe in conclusion, "when I am going before God who has seen and known it all. There is no use in trying to conceal any thing. I was as ready to do evil as they were to prompt me, and I did it with a willing heart, though sometimes I was a little frightened at what I was doing, especially in the night when I could not sleep. I am sorry enough for it now—I repent from my whole heart; and now tell me—tell me, can you forgive me?"

"As far as I am concerned, I forgive you entirely," said Emily, with the tears in her eyes, "and I trust that your repentance will be fully accepted. As to my father, I am sure that he will forgive you also, and I think I may take upon myself to say, that he will either come or send to you this night to express his forgiveness."

"No, no, no," said the young man with a great effort. "He must not come—he must not send. I have made the atonement that he (pointing to Mr. Dixwell) required, and I have but one favor to



ask. Pray, pray grant it to me. It is but this. That you will not tell any one of this confession so long as I am still living. He has got it all down. It can't be needed for a few hours, and in a few, a very few, I shall be gone. Mr. Dixwell will tell you when it is all over. Then tell what you like; but I would rather not die with more shame upon my head if I can help it."

The good clergyman was about to reason with him upon the differences between healthful shame, and real shame, and false shame, but Emily gently interposed, saying, "It does not matter, my dear sir; a few hours can make no difference."

Then rising, she once more repeated the words of forgiveness, and added, "I will now go and pray for you, my poor cousin—I will pray that your repentance may be sincere and true—that it may be accepted for Christ's sake, and that God may comfort you and support you even at the very last."

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Mr. Dixwell rose too, and telling John Ayliffe that he would return in a few minutes, accompanied Emily back towards her house. They parted, however, at the gates of the garden; and while Emily threaded her way through innumerable gravelled walks, the clergyman went back to the cottage, and once more resumed his place by the side of the dying man.

## CHAPTER XLI.

Sir Philip Hastings returned to his own house earlier than had been expected, bringing with him the physician he had gone to seek, and whom—contrary to the ordinary course of events—he had found at once. They both went up to Lady Hastings's room where the physician, according to the usual practice of medical men in consultation, approved of all that his predecessor had done, yet ordered some insignificant changes in the medicines in order to prove that he had not come there for nothing. He took the same view of the case that Mr. Short had taken, declaring that there was no immediate danger; but at the same time he inquired particularly how that lady rested in the night, whether she started in her sleep, was long watchful, and whether she breathed freely during slumber.

The maid's account was not very distinct in regard to several of these points; but she acknowledged that it was her young lady who usually sat up with Lady Hastings till three or four o'clock in the morning.

Sir Philip immediately directed Emily to be summoned, but the maid informed him she had gone out about an hour and a half before, and had not then returned.

When the physician took his leave and departed, Sir Philip summoned the butler to his presence, and inquired, with an eager yet gloomy tone, if he knew where Mistress Emily had gone.

"I really do not, Sir Philip," replied the man. "She went out with Mr. Dixwell, but they parted a little way down the road, and my young lady went on as if she were going to farmer Wallop's or Jenny Best's."

At the latter name Sir Philip started as if a serpent had stung him, and he waved to the man to quit the room. As soon as he was alone he commenced pacing up and down in more agitation than he usually displayed, and once or twice words broke from him which gave some indications of what was passing in his mind.

"Too clear, too clear," he said, and then after a pause exclaimed, holding up his hands; "so young, and so deceitful! Marlow must be told of this, and then must act as he thinks fit—it were better she were dead—far better! What is the cold, dull corruption of the grave, the mere rotting of the flesh, and the mouldering of the bones, to this corruption of the spirit, this foul dissolution of the whole moral nature?"

He then began to pace up and down more vehemently than before, fixing his eyes upon the ground, and seeming to think profoundly, with a quivering lip and knitted brow. "Hard, hard task for a father," he said—"God of heaven that I should ever dream of such a thing!—yet it might be a duty. What can Marlow be doing during this long unexplained absence? France—can he have discovered all this and quitted her, seeking, in charity, to make the breach as little painful as possible? Perhaps, after all," he continued, after a few moments' thought, "the man may have been mistaken when he told me that he believed that this young scoundrel was lying ill of a fall at this woman's cottage; yet at the best it was bad enough to quit a sick mother's bed-side for long hours, when I too was absent. Can she have done it to show her spleen at this foolish opposition to her marriage?"

There is no character so difficult to deal with—there is none which is such a constant hell to its possessor—as that of a moody man. Sir Philip had been moody, as I have endeavored to show, from his very earliest years; but all the evils of that sort of disposition had increased upon him rapidly during the latter part of his life. Unaware, like all the rest of mankind, of the faults of his own character, he had rather encouraged than struggled against its many great defects. Because he was stern and harsh, he fancied himself just, and forgot that it is not enough for justice to judge rightly of that which is placed clearly and truly before it, and did not remember, or at all events apply the principle, that an accurate search for truth, and an unprejudiced suspension of opinion till truth has been obtained, are necessary steps to justice. Suspicion—always a part and parcel of the character of the moody man—had of late years obtained a strong hold upon him, and unfortunately it had so happened that event after event had occurred to turn his suspicion against his own guiltless child. The very lights and shades of her character, which he could in no

degree comprehend, from his own nature being destitute of all such impulsiveness, had not only puzzled him, but laid the foundation of doubts. Then the little incident which I have related in a preceding part of this work, regarding the Italian singing-master—Emily's resolute but unexplained determination to take no more lessons from that man, had set his moody mind to ponder and to doubt still more. The too successful schemes and suggestions of Mrs. Hazleton had given point and vigor to his suspicions, and the betrayal of his private conversation to the government had seemed a climax to the whole, so that he almost believed his fair sweet child a fiend concealed beneath the form of an angel.

It was in vain that he asked himself, What could be her motives? He had an answer ready, that her motives had always been a mystery to him, even in her lightest acts. "There are some people," he thought, "who act without motives—in whom the devil himself seems to have implanted an impulse to do evil without any cause or object, for the mere pleasure of doing wrong."

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On the present occasion he had accidentally heard from the farmer, who was the next neighbor of Jenny Best, that he was quite certain Sir John Hastings, as he called him, was lying ill from a fall at that good woman's cottage. His horse had been found at a great distance on a wild common, with the bridle broken, and every appearance of having fallen over in rearing. Blood and other marks of an accident had been discovered on the road. Mr. Short, the surgeon, was seen to pay several visits every day to the old woman's house, and yet maintained the most profound secrecy in regard to his patient. The farmer argued that the surgeon would not be so attentive unless that patient was a person of some importance, and it was clear he was not one of Jenny Best's own family, for every member of it had been well and active after the surgeon's visits had been commenced.

All these considerations, together with the absence of John Ayliffe from his residence, had led the good farmer to a right conclusion, and he had stated the fact broadly to Sir Philip Hastings.

Sir Philip, on his part, had made no particular inquiries, for the very name of John Ayliffe was hateful to him; but when he heard that his daughter had gone forth alone to that very cottage, and had remained there for a considerable time in the same place with the man whom he abhorred, and remembered that the tale which had been boldly put forth of her having visited him in secret, the very blood, as it flowed through his heart, seemed turned into fire, and his brain reeled with anguish and indignation.

Presently the hall door was heard to open, and there was a light step in the passage. Sir Philip darted forth from his room, and met his daughter coming in with a sad and anxious face, and as he thought with traces of tears upon her eyelids.

"Where have you been?" asked her father in a stern low tone.

"I have been to Jenny Best's down the lane, my father," replied Emily, startled by his look and manner, but still speaking the plain truth, as she always did. "Is my mother worse?"

Without a word of reply Sir Philip turned away into his room again and closed the door.

Alarmed by her father's demeanor, Emily hurried up at once to Lady Hastings's room, but found her certainly more cheerful and apparently better.

The assurance given by the physician that there was no immediate danger, nor any very unfavorable symptom, had been in a certain degree a relief to Lady Hastings herself; for, although she had undoubtedly been acting a part when in the morning she had declared herself dying, yet, as very often happens with those who deceive, she had so far partially deceived herself as to believe that she was in reality very ill. She was surprised at Emily's sudden appearance and alarmed look, but her daughter did not think it right to tell her the strange demeanor of Sir Philip, but sitting down as calmly as she could by her mother's side, talked to her for several minutes on indifferent subjects. It was evident to Emily that, although her father's tone was so harsh, her mother viewed her more kindly than in the morning, and the information which had been given her by the surgeon accounted for the change. The conduct of Sir Philip, however, seemed not to be explained, and Emily could hardly prevent herself from falling into one of those reveries which have often been mentioned before. She struggled against the tendency, however, for some time, till at length she was relieved by the announcement that Mistress Hazleton was below, but when Lady Hastings gave her maid directions to bring her friend up, Emily could refrain no longer from uttering at least one word of warning.

"Give me two minutes more, dear mamma," she said, in a low voice. "I have something very particular to say to you—let Mrs. Hazleton wait but for two minutes."

"Well," said Lady Hastings, languidly; and then turning to the maid she added, "Tell dear Mrs. Hazleton that I will receive her in five minutes, and when I ring my bell, bring her up."

As soon as the maid had retired Emily sank upon her knees by her mother's bed-side, and kissed her hand, saying, "I have one great favor to ask, dear mother, and I beseech you to grant it."

"Well, my child," answered Lady Hastings, thinking she was going to petition for a recall of her injunction against the marriage with Marlow, "I have but one object in life, my dear Emily, and that is your happiness. I am willing to make any sacrifice of personal feelings for that object. What is it you desire?"

"It is merely this," replied Emily, "that you would not put any trust or confidence whatever in Mrs. Hazleton. That you would doubt her representations, and confide nothing to her, for a short time at least."

Lady Hastings looked perfectly aghast. "What do you mean, Emily?" she said. "What can you mean? Put no trust in Mrs. Hazleton, my oldest and dearest friend?"

"She is not your friend," replied Emily, earnestly, "nor my friend, nor my father's friend, but the enemy of every one in this house. I have long had doubts—Marlow changed those doubts into suspicions, and this day I have accidentally received proof positive of her cruel machinations against my father, yourself, and me. This justifies me in speaking as I now do, otherwise I should have remained silent still."

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"But explain, explain, my child," said Lady Hastings. "What has she done? What are these proofs you talk of? I cannot comprehend at all unless you explain."

"There would be no time, even if I were not bound by a promise," replied Emily; "but all I ask is that you suspend all trust and confidence in Mrs. Hazleton for one short day—perhaps it may be sooner; but I promise you that at the end of that time, if not before, good Mr. Dixwell shall explain every thing to you, and place in your hands a paper which will render all Mrs. Hazleton's conduct for the last two years perfectly clear and distinct."

"But do tell me something, at least, Emily," urged her mother. "I hate to wait in suspense. You used to be very fond of Mrs. Hazleton and she of you. When did these suspicions of her first begin, and how?"

"Do you not remember a visit I made to her some time ago," replied Emily, "when I remained with her for several days? Then I first learned to doubt her. She then plotted and contrived to induce me to do what would have been the most repugnant to your feelings and my father's, as well as to my own. But moreover she came into my room one night walking in her sleep, and all her bitter hatred showed itself then."

"Good gracious! What did she say? What did she do?" exclaimed Lady Hastings, now thoroughly forgetting herself in the curiosity Emily's words excited.

Her daughter related all that had occurred on the occasion of Mrs. Hazleton's sleeping visit to her room, and repeated her words as nearly as she could recollect them.

"But why, my dearest child, did you not tell us all this before?" asked Lady Hastings.

"Because the words were spoken in sleep," answered Emily, "and excited at the time but a vague doubt. Sleep is full of delusions; and though I thought the dream must be a strange one which could prompt such feelings, yet still it might all be a troublous dream. It was not till afterwards, when I saw cause to believe that Mrs. Hazleton wished to influence me in a way which I thought wrong, that I began to suspect the words that had come unconsciously from the depths of her secret heart. Since then suspicion has increased every day, and now has ripened into certainty. I tell you, dear mother, that good Mr. Dixwell, whom you know and can trust, has the information as well as myself. But we are both bound to be silent as to the particulars for some hours more. I could not let Mrs. Hazleton be with you again, however—remembering, as I do, that seldom has she crossed this threshold or we crossed hers, without some evil befalling us—and not say as much as I have said, to give you the only hint in my power of facts which, if you knew them fully, you could judge of much better than myself. Believe me, dear mother, that as soon as I am permitted—and a very few hours will set me free—I will fly at once to tell you all, and leave you and my father to decide and act as your own good judgment shall direct."

"You had better tell me first, Emily," replied Lady Hastings; "a woman can always best understand the secrets of a woman's heart. I wish you had not made any promise of secrecy; but as you have, so it must be. Has Marlow had any share in this discovery?" she added, with some slight jealousy of his influence over her daughter's mind.

"Not in the least with that which I have made to-day," replied Emily; "but I need not at all conceal from you that he has long suspected Mrs. Hazleton of evil feelings and evil acts towards our whole family; and that he believes that he has discovered almost to a certainty that Mrs. Hazleton aided greatly in all the wrong and injury that has been done my father. The object of his going to France was solely to trace out the whole threads of the intrigue, and he went, not doubting in the least that he should succeed in restoring to my parents all that has been unjustly taken from them. That such a restoration must take place, I now know; but what he has learned or what he has done I cannot tell you, for I am not aware. I am sure, however, that if he brings all he hopes about, it will be his greatest joy to have aided to right you even in a small degree."

"I do believe he is a very excellent and amiable young man," said Lady Hastings thoughtfully.

She seemed as if she were on the point of saying something farther on the subject of Marlow's merits; but then checked herself, and added, "But now indeed, Emily, I think I ought to send for Mrs. Hazleton."

"But you promise me, dear mother," urged Emily eagerly, "that you will put no faith in any thing she tells you, and will not confide in her in any way till you have heard the whole?"

"That I certainly will take care to avoid, my dear," replied Lady Hastings. "After what you have

told me, it would be madness to put any confidence in her—especially when a few short hours will reveal all. You are sure, Emily, that it will not be longer!"

"Perfectly certain, my dear mother," answered her daughter. "I would not have promised to refrain from speaking, had I not been certain that the time for such painful concealment must be very short."

"Well, then, my dear child, ring the bell," said Lady Hastings. "I will be very guarded merely on your assurances, for I am sure that you are always candid and sincere whatever your poor father may think."

Emily rung the bell, and retired to her own room, repeating mournfully to herself, "whatever my poor father may think!—Well, well," she added, "the time will soon come when he will be undeceived, and do his child justice. Alas, that it should ever have been otherwise!"

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She found relief in tears; and while she wept in solitude Lady Hastings prepared to receive Mrs. Hazleton with cold dignity. She had fully resolved when Emily left her to be as silent as possible in regard to every thing that had occurred that day, not to allude directly or indirectly to the warning which had been given her, and to leave Mrs. Hazleton to attribute her unwonted reserve to caprice or any thing else she pleased. But the resolutions of Lady Hastings were very fragile commodities when she fell into the hands of artful people who knew her character, and one was then approaching not easily frustrated in her designs.

### FOOTNOTES:

- [6] 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.

Continued from page 41.

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## NEWSPAPER POETS: CHARLES WELDON.

Some of the best poetry in America makes its appearance in the newspapers, without pretension, and often without the names of its authors. It is enough for them to write, and publish, whoever will may take the fame. This indifference to public opinion does not arise from any want of autorial vanity perhaps, but in most cases from that modesty which an acquaintance with and self-measurement by the best standards never fails to produce in sincere lovers of art.

Recently a series of noticeable poems has from time to time appeared in the *Tribune*, without any name or clue to their authorship except the enigmatical initials O. O. They are by Mr. Charles Weldon; he is still a young man, and the poems below, we have been told, are the first that he wrote. Their niceties of rhythm in many cases would reflect credit on the recognized masters of the poetic art. In this respect they are remarkable; but perhaps their greatest charm is a certain kind of subtle but masculine thought. They embody what most men feel, but lack words to express; strange facts of impression and consciousness, half-formed philosophies, and those glimpses of truth which are revealed to the mind in certain moods, as stray rays of the moon on a cloudy night. In this respect they resemble the best pieces of Emerson, who seems to be a favorite with Mr. Weldon. In others they remind us of the simplicity of "In Memoriam." By this we intend a compliment rather than a charge of imitation. Mr. Weldon's thoughts are too peculiar to come from any one but himself, and too original to be cast in other moulds. We shall watch his progress with interest, and are mistaken if he does not do something worthy to be long remembered.

Mysterious interpreter,  
Dear Aid that God has given to me!  
Instruct me, for I meanly err;  
Inform me, for I dimly see.

I know thee not: How can I know?—  
I sought thee long, and lately found,  
Wearing the sable weeds of wo,  
A figure cast upon the ground.

*Thou* wert that figure. Face to face  
We have not stood: I dare not see  
Thy features. We did once embrace,  
And all my being went to thee.

Henceforward never more apart  
We wander. All thy steps are mine.  
Thou hast my brain: thou hast my heart:  
Thou hast my soul. And I am thine.

...\*...\*...\*...\*

The Sun has his appointed place,  
He never rests, and never tires;  
And ever in serenest space  
Burn the celestial, upper fires.

They shine into the soul of man—  
Good works of God, but not the best—  
And he adores them as he can,  
Cherishing a suppremer guest.

He does not know the alphabet  
Of angel-language, who aspires  
Against the sky his tube to set,  
And spell them into worlds, those fires.

...\*...\*...\*...\*

The Petrel, bird of storms, is found  
Five hundred leagues from any ground:  
He dwells upon the ocean-wave;  
He screams above the sailor's grave.

How many tens of centuries  
Ere mankind built their theories,  
Skimming the foamy tracks of whales,  
Did he outride the stoutest gales,

Upon three thousand miles of sea  
From land to land perpetually  
Rolling; and not a wave could stay,  
From day to night, from night to day,

Without an anthem? Where are gone  
The anthem, and the sea-bird's moan?  
Where is the splendor of the morn  
That rose on seas, ere man was born?

Where are the roses of the years,  
Ere Mother Eve knew mother's cares?  
Where is the clang of Tubal-Cain's  
First brass, and where are Jubal's strains?

Where is the rainbow Noah saw  
And heard a law, or thought a law?  
The rainbow fades, the beauty lives;  
The creature falls, the race survives.

...\*...\*...\*...\*

They tell us that the brain is mind,  
Or the mind enters through the brain,  
Even as light that is confined  
And colored by the window pane.

The act is fashioned by the head,  
And thus man does or cannot do;  
Through the red glass the light is red.  
Through the blue glass the light is blue.

They do not urge their world-machine  
To sounder progress, nor explain  
The difficulties that were seen  
And felt before—pray what *is* brain?

All undiscoverable, how  
Can they resolve the Whence or Why  
Man grew to being in the Now,  
Or what is his Futurity.

...\*...\*...\*...\*

Down the world's steep, dread abysmal,  
Icy as Spitzbergen's coast,  
Through the night hours, long and dismal,  
Ghost is calling unto ghost;

Crushed is every fairer promise,  
And the good is taken from us;  
Sorrow adds to former sorrow,  
And, with every new to-morrow,  
Some expected joy is lost.

But I will not shrink nor murmur.  
Though a spectre leads me on;  
Now I set my footsteps firmer,  
Face me now, thou skeleton!  
Trance me with thy fleshless eyeholes—  
But I move to other viols  
Than the rattling of thy bones,  
As we tread the crazy stones,  
For I see the risen sun.

With my face behind my shadow  
Thrown before the risen sun,  
Life I follow o'er the meadow,  
And an angel thrusts me on.  
Every little flower below me  
Seems to see me, seems to know me;  
Every bird and cloud above me  
Seems (or do I dream?) to love me,  
While the Angel thrusts me on.

Where the turf is softest, greenest,  
Does that Angel thrust me on;  
Where the landscape lies serenest  
In the journey of the sun.  
I shall pass through golden portals  
With him, to the wise Immortals,  
And behold the saints and sages  
Who outshone their several ages,  
For an Angel thrust them on.

...\*...\*...\*...\*

The poem of the Universe  
Nor rhythm has, nor rhyme;  
Some god recites the wondrous song,  
A stanza at a time.

Great deeds he is foredoomed to do,  
With Freedom's flag unfurled,  
Who hears the echo of that song,  
As it goes down the world.

Great words he is compelled to speak,  
Who understands the song;  
He rises up like fifty men—  
Fifty good men and strong.

A stanza for each century!  
Now, heed it, all who can,  
Who hears it, he, and only he,  
Is the elected man.

...\*...\*...\*...\*

The frost upon the window pane  
Makes crystal pictures in the night;  
The Earth, old mother, wears again  
Her garment of the shining white.  
We fly across the frozen snow  
With bounding blood that will not pause.  
Oh Heaven! we are far below—  
Oh Earth! above thee, with thy laws.

The happy horses toss their bells;  
The sleigh goes on into the far  
And far away. (A whisper tells  
Of flight to where the angels are.)  
Glide forward. As a star that slips  
Through space, we know a large desire;  
And though our steeds are urged by whips,

We haste as they were urged by fire.

Dash forward, Let us know no rest—  
But on, and on, and ever on,  
Until the palace of the West  
We enter, with the sinking sun.  
And forward still, until the East  
Releases the aspiring day;  
And forward till the hours have ceased,  
Oh Earth! now art thou far away.

...\*...\*...\*...\*

The mountains truly have a glorious roughness;  
I do not hear the pyramids are smooth;  
The ocean grandly foams into abruptness;  
Does God peal thunder down a well-oiled groove?  
Thou, with a poet's roughness, friend, would'st quarrel;  
Staggering o'er the ridges of ploughed speech,  
You move uneasily. Well, the apparel  
Of verse is trivial. Try the sense to reach.

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## THE COUNT MONTE-LEONE: OR, THE SPY IN SOCIETY. [7]

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

### XX.—THE GOOD AND THE BAD ANGEL.

The Count of Monte-Leone was cast down on receiving from the minister an order to leave France. So many interests bound him to his country; not that he cherished still the hope of being loved by Aminta, and of one day giving her his name. His ruin had dissipated all his bright dreams of future happiness. But he resided in the same place as the marquise; he breathed the same air that she breathed. To live near her thus, without seeing her, without telling her of that love which consumed his soul, was indeed cruel—it was a bitter sorrow to him every hour and every moment. But to remove himself from her and France was to die. And then, his political work—that work, his life and glory—that work which he loved because it avenged him of kings in avenging his father, the victim of a king—in which he believed he saw the regeneration of the world—that great work, in fine, of which the confidence of almost all the *Ventes* of Europe rendered him in some way the master and arbiter—it was necessary to renounce at the very moment of accomplishment. He must abandon his associates, his brothers, who relied in the hour of danger on his devotion and energy, and on the firm and bold will with which he had often controlled chance, and by which he had produced safety from apparent shipwreck. Had the Count been denounced? was the plan for the completion of which he and his friends toiled known? He told Taddeo, Von Apsbery, and d'Harcourt, of the order he had received, and they had consulted about it. Their plans, as it will be seen, though difficult, were susceptible of penetration. The house of the false Matheus as yet appeared unsuspected, and that was a great point. It was the holy ark in which were deposited the archives of the association, and the names of the agents, and if it were violated, all was lost. The expulsion from France of the Count might be the signal of the persecutions about to be begun against Carbonarism. At once, by means of a spontaneity which was one of the characteristics of the association, all the *Vente* of Paris were informed of the measures adopted against Count Monte-Leone. The mighty serpent then coiled up its innumerable rings and then its federal union apparently ceased in the whole capital. The orders were transmitted, received, and executed the very night after the decree of the minister had been signified to Monte-Leone. The friends during the night could not fancy why the order had been given. Monte-Leone seemed, as it were, struck by a new idea and said: "Perhaps it has no political motive, but has been dictated by private vengeance." He then paused, for he saw Taddeo's eyes fixed on him. He continued—"I have a few hours left to ascertain it, and will do so, not for my own sake, for whatever motive it may have, it will not trouble me less, but for your sake, my friends, who will remain here to defend the breach and to receive the enemy's attack."

It was then resolved that up to the time of Monte-Leone's departure, he should not again visit Matheus's house, nor receive the adieus of his friends even at his hotel. All this took place on the night after the interview of the stranger and M. H—, and on the day Louis XVIII. received the visit of the Prince de Maulear. In relation to private revenge the Count could think of no one except the beautiful and passionate Duchess of Palma, who had loved him so devotedly that she wished even to die for him. This passionate woman he had driven to despair. For some time, though, calmness and resignation seemed to occupy her once desolate heart. The Count rarely visited her, but occasionally went to her hotel. Every time he did so, he found her more reasonable and calm. The Duchess evidently avoided all allusion to their old relations. She inquired calmly after his affairs, his pleasures, and his friends. When her mind recurred to the

past, as a skiff drifts towards the river it has left, an effort of will was required again to push it into the wide stream of worldliness and indifference. The Count, however, was a delicate and acute observer, and sounded the abyss of her mind through the flowers which grew across its brink. The Count then went to his hotel at the *Champs Elysées*, to clear up his suspicions, and to ascertain if his expulsion had not been caused by the Duchess of Palma. Monte-Leone was ushered in and found her with a few visitors. The features of the Duchess evidently became flushed at the sound of Monte-Leone's name. This, however, was but a flash of light in the dark, and the pale and beautiful face of La Felina soon became cold and passionless. "I expected you, Signor," said she, "when I learned from the Duke the unpleasant event which has occurred. I did not think you would leave the city without seeing me."

"Signora," said the Count, "you were right. But you are mistaken in calling the terrible blow, the almost humiliating attack to which I have been subjected, a disagreeable event."

"Certainly," said La Felina, "it is a catastrophe, and I can understand how severe it must be. We will talk of it by and by, however, when we are *alone*."

The last words of the Duchess were a dismissal to those in the room, and a few moments after they left. When the ambassadress had seen the last visitor leave, she rang the bell by her side. A footman came, to whom she said, "Remember I am at home to no one, not even to the Duke, if he take it into his head to ask for me. Now," said she to the Count, who was surprised at the precautions she had taken, "we are now alone, and can talk together safely. You tell me you are ordered to leave France?"

"At once, without the assignment of any reason."

"Have you not seen the Minister and asked an explanation?"

"I did not think it dignified to do so. Besides, my legal protector in France, the Duke of Palma, the Neapolitan ambassador, alone can defend me. I am, too, unwilling to ask justice, even, far less a favor, from his excellency."

"You are right," said the Duchess. "You would not have been successful, for at the instance of the Duke himself have you been ordered away."

The reply of the Duchess was clear and precise. The Count had every reason to suspect she had participated in the affair, but wished to be sure of it.

"And has not the Duchess discovered why the Duke has done so?"

"Certainly," said La Felina. "The Duke has little confidence in me, not deigning to initiate me in the mysteries of diplomacy. This is not the case, though, with the secretaries. Now," said she kindly, "you must know that nothing which relates to you is uninteresting and I therefore sought to discover why such a stern course had been adopted."

"Indeed."

"Your Neapolitan enemies, or perhaps your *friends*, have caused this. The court of Naples had, by means of the Duke of Palma, pointed you out to that of France as maintaining communications with Italy, which endangered the peace of the country. You are accused of being engaged in a plot to control from Paris the insurrectionary movements of the two Sicilies. You may," said she, "be innocent of those crimes, but you have left terrible recollections behind you in Naples, and your name will long continue a standard of revolt and sedition."

"The court of Naples," said the Count, "does me honor by believing me thus powerful and formidable. I do not see, however, the use of bringing so dangerous a person to Italy."

The Duchess said, "At home, it will be able to watch you more closely than at a distance. I trust, however, we will be able to defeat their plans and keep you here."

"What say you?" said the Count.

"I say that I am willing to abandon many schemes, but will not be diverted from being useful to you—from defending you against your enemies—nor cease to be what I once was, a secret providence, an *Ægis* against danger. You know I learned this long ago, and am happy to be again able to assume the part."

The Count did not know what to think, and his face expressed doubt and incredulity.

"Well, well," said she bitterly, "you suspect, you doubt me, and do not think me generous enough to return good for evil. So be it; judge me by my actions rather than my words. The former will soon convince you of my devotion."

"What devotion, Signora, do you speak of?" said the Count with curiosity.

"Plainly speaking, of the most sublime of all devotion—of making you happy at the expense of myself. I wish to retain you here in France, where the happiness of which I speak exists, to keep you by her who loves you and by whom you are loved."

"What say you?" said the Count, "would you do so?"

"I will try," said Felina. "I have been forced to adopt strange and extreme means," added she, with a smile. "You know serious cases require violent remedies, and I had no choice."



"Felina," said the Count, with emotion, "I have just committed an offence against you, for which I blush, and which my frankness alone can excuse. When you were busy in my behalf I fancied you the cause of my troubles."

"That is very natural, and I am not at all surprised," said the Duchess. "People in this world are not apt to repay evil with good. I, however, do not wish to appear to you to be better than I am. Perhaps I am less deserving than you think. Time, it is said, cures the greatest mortifications, and dissipates the deepest passions. Three months ago I did not think it possible that I could have acted thus on your behalf. Then I was but a poor despised woman, passionate and deserted. Now I am your friend, sincere and devoted."

"You are an angel," said the Count, with a deep transport of gratitude.

"An angel," said the Duchess. "Then there are only good angels. But," continued she, as if she were unwilling to suffer the Count to think on what she had said, "let us descend from heaven, where you give me so excellent a resting place, to earth. Speak to me of your plans and of her you love."

"Of her I love!" said the Count, with hesitation.

"Certainly; have not all your old hopes returned? Has not the death of the Marquis revived your old passion?"

"Felina," said the Count, "should I talk to you of such matters?"

"Why not? am I not the first to mention them? You must, from my *sang-froid*, see that I can now listen to your confessions and hear all your tender sentiments. The French proverb says: *'Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute*;<sup>[8]</sup> I have already taken that. Treat me as a sister, but as a sister you love, and let me at least have the satisfaction of knowing that my self-denial has made you happy."

"Happy!" said the Count, relapsing into sad thoughts, "may I always be happy, as you seem to wish me! I do not know that I may not hope some day for her to share my fate. She once refused my hand. I do not know but that her heart at last listens to mine; but that which Count Monte-Leone, amid all his luxury, once could offer, the poor and exiled Italian does not now propose."

"Really," said Felina, "I am predestined to make you happy. By a single word I am about to dissipate the clouds around you, and light up your brow and heart with joy."

"That is impossible," said the Count. "I henceforth have nothing, and have lost even hope."

"The present," said the Duchess, "is less sombre than you think it. You are yet rich, almost as you ever were."

The features of the Count expressed the greatest astonishment.

"Listen to me," said the Duchess. "Yesterday one of my Neapolitan friends came to see me. He spoke of you, and I did not conceal the interest with which you had inspired me. He told me he had a confidential letter for Count Monte-Leone from his banker, Antonio Lamberti. The man is not so bad as he is thought to be; for, forced to give way before the burden of his obligations, he only pretended to fail. United by friendship, and especially by political opinions, with you, he has saved your fortune, and will send you the income until he can arrange his affairs and send you the capital."

"Can this be true?" said the Count, beside himself.

"All this can be effected only on certain conditions, that you will answer the letter of Lamberti, which now should be at your hotel."

Monte-Leone could not repress his joy. "Rich," said he; "yet rich! Fortune has now its value for *her* sake."

Scarcely had he uttered the last word when the face of the Duchess changed its expression. Her eyes glared with madness, and a mortal pallor covered her face.

"Excuse me," said the Count, as he saw this change. This was however but a flash, and by her powerful self-control M<sup>me</sup>. de Palma became calm and smiling. She said "convalescents sometimes have relapses. Time is indispensable for a radical cure. The storm has passed, and the old nature reappears but for a moment, and gives place to the new but true friend, who rejoices with you at your unanticipated good fortune. It will secure your happiness."

"My friend," added she, reaching out her hand to Monte-Leone, "you must be impatient to ascertain if what I have said is true. Go home, and you will find my prediction correct."

"Felina," said the Count, "if your hopes are not realized, if you be not again my good star, I shall not be less grateful to you."

"Gratitude is cold, indeed," said Felina. "I ask your friendship."

"It is all yours," said the Count.

"Well, go now," said the Duchess, with a smile.

She was right, for when he reached his hotel, his old and faithful Giacomo, who, since his master's misfortune, had discharged his servants, and now performed all his functions, with the addition of those of valet, factotum, and cook, was busy with preparations for the departure of Monte-Leone. The old man gave him a letter, saying that it had been brought during his absence. The Count opened it, and read as follows:

"COUNT MONTE-LEONE: You will lose nothing by Antonio Lamberti. He is not a person to destroy one of our great association. You will find within a check for fifty thousand livres, drawn in your favor by one of the first houses in Naples, on the house of Casimer Périer of Paris. This is the interest at five per cent. on the million deposited by you with Antonio Lamberti. Every year the same sum will be paid down, and before six months you will receive security for your principal. One condition only is interposed on the return of your fortune. This is indispensable—that you maintain the most profound secrecy in relation to your new resources, and attribute them to any other than the real cause. The least indiscretion on your part will awake attention in relation to means employed to save from the wreck of Antonio Lamberti your own fortune."

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This letter was signed, *A Brother of the Venta of Castel-à-Mare*.

Count Monte-Leone, though master of himself in adversity, could not repress his joy as he read this saving letter. As he had said at the house of La Felina, it was not for himself but for another that he rejoiced at this return of prosperity.

"A fine time, indeed, to be laughing," said Giacomo, ill-tempered as possible, "when we are being driven from the country as if we were spotted with plague. Only think, a Monte-Leone expelled, when his ancestor, Andrea Monte-Leone, Viceroy of Sicily, received royal honors in every town he passed through. You, however, have no shame. No, Signor," added he, as he saw Monte-Leone smiling. "Had I been in your place, I would have picked a quarrel and killed the damned minister who has forced us to resume our wandering gipsy life. Besides we are ruined gipsies. At my age to begin my wanderings, to be badly lodged, badly fed, like the servant of a pedler. If I were only twenty I would undertake a game of dagger-play with my minister."

"That is very fine, Giacomo," said Monte-Leone, "but the dagger is not the fashion in France. As for your apprehensions of the future, you may get rid of them by leaving me."

The wrath of the old man disappeared at these words of his master, and great tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks.

"Leave you! I leave you, when you are lost and ruined, Count?" said the good man. "Your father would not have spoken thus to me."

"Come, come, old boy, you know well enough I cannot get on without you. If you did not scold me every day, if you did not bark everlastingly at me, like those old servants to whom age gives impunity—if I did not hear every morning and night your magisterial reprimands, I would have fancied I missed some luxury. Be easy, however, Giacomo. You saw me happy just now because my sky began to grow bright, because our fortune is about to change, because we are nearer good fortune than you thought."

Full of these happy ideas, and anxious to take advantage of the few hours yet under his control, in case his departure should be enforced, the Count went to the hotel of the Prince. His heart beat violently when he was shown into the saloon of the Marquise, and he was glad that her not being in the room enabled him to repress his agitation. Aminta came in soon after. When Monte-Leone was announced, she felt almost as he had done.

She spoke first, but with a voice full of agitation. "We had almost despaired of seeing you, Count, for the Prince told me you were about to go. You have however neglected us for so long a time that we knew not whether we might expect you to bid us adieu."

The fact was, that since the news of his ruin the Count had not called to see Aminta. He felt that every interview made his departure more painful and the wreck of his hopes more terrible.

"Madame," said he, without replying immediately to her kind reproach, "you are not mistaken, for an exile comes to bid you farewell. That exile, however, will bear away a perpetual memory of your kindness."

"You will see *our* country," said the Marquise, with an effort.

"I shall see my country, but not that which made it dear to me."

"You will find many friends there," said the Marquise, becoming more and more troubled.

"Friends are like swallows, Signora, they love the summer, but leave when winter comes."

"You must have thought the Prince and myself were like them," said Aminta, "and that winter was come. You have not been for a long time to see us."

"Ah, Signora, had I known—had I guessed—such a sympathy would have made me wish for misfortune."

"No, Count, not so. It should, however, aid you to bear it."

"There are misfortunes," said the Count, "which often disturb the strongest mind and destroy the greatest courage."

"Ah, Signor, should the loss of a fortune cause such regret?"

"But what if the loss of fortune," continued the Count, "involved that of the only blessing dreamed of—if this loss deprived you even of the right to be happy—then, Signora, do you understand, what would be the effect of such a loss?"

The future fate of the Count was thus exhibited to Aminta. She saw at once that this noble and energetic man, born to command, must be proscribed, wandering, and wretched. The idea was too much for her heart, already crushed by the idea of a separation which became every moment more painful to her, and she therefore formed in her mind a generous resolution.

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"Signor," said she, "there are hearts which are attracted rather than alienated by misfortune, and sentiments which they would conceal from the happy, they confess to those who suffer."

Monte-Leone, perfectly overcome, fell at the Marquise's feet. He was about to confess the unexpected good fortune which had befallen him. He, however, forgot all, and covered the hand which the Marquise abandoned to him with kisses. The Prince de Maulear entered, and appeared surprised but not offended by what he saw. "Do not disturb yourself, dear Count,—I know the meaning of all that, and expected it. But if, however, you are making an exhibition of your despair and misery, you have lost your time; for you will not go. The King places a high estimate on you, and will not forget you. He told me so."

## XXI.—THE SECRET PANEL.

Three hours after the revelation made to M. H—— by his mysterious visitor in the cabinet of the chief of the political police, a man about fifty years of age rang at the door of a room on the second story of a furnished house in Jacob-street. He looked like a substantial citizen with a property of fifty thousand francs—or an income of 2,500 francs at five per cent. The mulberry frock of this man, over a vest of yellow silk, spotted with snuff, and a cravat of white mousseline, with gloves of sea-green, and pantaloons of brown cloth twisted like a cork-screw around his legs, an ivory-headed cane, and all the *et cetera*, might appropriately belong to a shopkeeper, retired from business, living in some *thebaide* of the streets d'Enfer or Vaugirard, and sustaining their intellects by the leaders of "The White Flag" of Martainville, and by witnessing once a year some chef-d'œuvre of Picard at the Odeon.

We will make no conjectures about the social position of this gentleman,—he will hereafter explain himself. Almost before the bell he rang had ceased to sound, the door was opened by another person. The latter was tall, dark and athletic, so that we would really have taken him for the lover of Mlle. Celestine Crepineau, had he worn the magnificent moustache and voluminous whiskers of the bear-hunter, which the lady admired so much. His costume, too, was different from that of the Spaniard. He wore a blue frock over his chest, at the bottom hole of which was a bit of red ribbon, not a little discolored.

"Ah! M. Morisseau," said the inmate of the room, "you are welcome, but late. The dinner is cold. And," added he in a low tone, "the dinner of a *brigand of the Loire*, as they call such fragments of the imperial guard as myself, must be hot, it being too small to eat in any other way."

"I think it always excellent, Monsieur *Rhinoceros*," said Morisseau.

"Permit me," said the brigand of the Loire,—for so the man called himself—"My name is not Rhinoceros. A certain African animal has that beautiful name, as I have often told you during the many games of *dominoes* we have played together at the *Café Lemblin*, whither you are attracted by my company. My name is *Rinoccio—Paolo Rinoccio*, born in Corsica, as my foreign accent tells you. I am the countryman of *him*." He made a military salute. "I served ten years beneath the Eagles. You, too, adore our Emperor. Each Buonapartist has a hand for his brother," continued he, shaking that of Morisseau. "Already thinking alike, eight days ago, over M. Lemblin's cognac, we swore eternal friendship. You, therefore, deigned to visit the warrior in his tent, in Jacob-street, to share the bread and soup of the soldier, and drink to the return of *him* of Austerlitz."

"M. Rhinoceros,—no, no, Rhino,—damn the name," said the Corsican's guest, "it is indeed an honor for me to sit at the table of so brave a man—for that reason, I accepted your invitation."

"Sit down, then, and let us drink to the health of the little corporal."

As he spoke he filled two glasses and emptied his own. M. Morisseau simply moistened his lips. "The Emperor," he said, on receiving his part of the soup, "the Emperor, M. Rhino, was my god."

"And that of France," said the Corsican.

"He was my god and my best customer; I had the honor to be his furrier."

"His what?"

"His furrier. I furnished his majesty's robes—not only his own, but those of all the kings he made. You know the Emperor used to make a king a year, and he used to insist that all his brothers and friends should reign only in my robes. I had the honor, therefore, of wrapping up the august forms of Kings Louis, Joseph, Jerome, Bernadotte and Murat, without particularizing the sovereign princes, grand dukes, and grand judges, who to please *him* dealt with me."

"To *his* health," said the Corsican, and he emptied the second glass. "You never served, Monsieur

Morisseau?"

"Yes," said the furrier, "I marched beneath the imperial eagles. I belonged to the glorious army of the *Sambre* and *Meuse*. I even now suffer in my *femur*."

"From a ball?"

"No, from the rheumatism, contracted during a forced march during the winter of '93. Having been surprised during the night by the enemy, I had not time to dress myself comfortably, and was compelled to march fifteen leagues barefooted, and in my drawers. That, by the bye, was the usual uniform of our army. Those who were best dressed only wore shoes and pantaloons. To dress thus, though, something more than our pay was necessary, which we never got."

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"You were then discharged?"

"Yes, for my rheumatism became very severe. But for it I might now be a general. I asked a pension as having been wounded in service. It was, however, refused me—a great injustice."

"The soup is gone. It is a very indigestible food, and we must therefore attack the enemy in his strong-holds. Two glasses of vin de Beaume will settle him."

"But," said Morisseau, as he saw his host filling up his glass, "my head is very weak, and I have not gotten drunk since I left the service."

"So be it, dear Morisseau. I will go for the second service, which the restorateur leaves in the kitchen. Excuse my having no servant, but two old soldiers like us can do without attendants."

Rinoccio went into the next room. When Morisseau was alone he took a little vial from his pocket, opened it, and poured a few drops into the Corsican's glass, the third portion of the contents of which he had swallowed. Scarcely had he replaced the vial when the Corsican entered, having a plate on which were two large pork chops, with a gravy of *cornichons*. "The second entry will make a man drink like a fish," said the Corsican.

"Let us drink, then," said Morisseau, knocking his glass against his host's.

"Let us drink," said the latter; and Morisseau's eyes glared as he saw him bear the glass to his lips. His joy, however, was short. "Let us drink something better than this," said the Corsican, who, as he spoke, threw away the contents of his glass. "I have some champagne given me by my General, one of the old guard, and I shall never find a more suitable occasion to uncork it." He took from a shelf near the table a long wire-fastened bottle, covered with a venerable dust.

Morisseau was not yet in despair, for he relied for an opportunity to use his vial on the third service. Paolo dexterously uncorked the bottle, and poured out a glass of perfumed wine to the imperial furrier, who, when he had knocked his glass against the Corsican's, drank it down, while the latter, just when he got it to his mouth, saw a fragment of cork on its brim. He took it out with his knife, lifted up the glass, and said: "To the Emperor. May he whom the enemies call the Corsican Ogre, soon eat up the Prussians, Austrians, and beggarly Cossacks. May he cut them into cat's-meat. May he cut off the *ailles de Pigeon* of all the *Voltigeurs de Louis XVI*. restored by the Bourbons. May he—"

Rinoccio paused in his speech, for his guest looked pale and disturbed, and seemed about to go to sleep.

"*Per Bacco!*" said M. Morisseau, at once speaking the purest Italian, "what did that devil give me to drink?"

"Probably," said the Corsican, in the same tongue, "what you would have given me, had I not taken care to empty in the fireplace the glass into which you had poured some narcotic or other."

"Christ!" said the furrier, "the beggar saw me!"

"Perfectly, Signor Pignana."

"He knows me," said the false furrier, attempting to rise.

The Corsican, however, pushed him back, and Pignana sank stupidly on his seat.

"Curse you, Stenio, you shall pay for this!..."

"Ah, ah," said the Corsican, "so two played at the same game. Funny! and we were both good actors. I do not ask you," continued he, ironically, "why you came hither, and why you consented to share my frugal meal, for I know already, and will tell you. You met me in Paris, my presence annoyed you and your friends, and I know why. You watched and pursued me to find where I lived, and you succeeded. You joined me at the Café Lemblin, and we neither seemed to recognize each other. I asked you to dine, and you accepted my invitation, for with the drug you have you intended to put me to sleep, and expected then to be able to examine all my plans. You would have failed, Signor Pignana, for I do not live in this house. I took this room only for your especial benefit, and intend to give it up to-morrow. Do not, therefore, be disturbed, my good fellow; but go to sleep, and digest your dinner."

"But I will not go to sleep," said Signor Pignana, attempting again to rise, "I will not go to sleep here, in the house of a man I think capable of any thing."

"Not exactly that," said the Corsican, "but I am capable of much."

"What do you wish to do with me?" said Pignana, articulating with great pain, for his tongue began to grow heavy and his ideas confused.

"That you must not know; but do not be afraid, your life and health being dear to me. I would not deprive the Carbonari of so skilful an agent, who is so daring and prudent as you are. Lest, however, you should be uneasy and your sleep be troubled, I will tell you what I mean, and you will yourself admire my plan."

Half stupid with sleep and terror, Pignana glared at Stenio Salvatori.

"Here," said he, lifting up Pignana from the floor and placing him on a kind of sofa, "lie there, and then you can both sleep better and hear me more at your ease. You will for twelve hours have the most pleasant dreams imaginable. A glass will make you sleep twelve hours—a bottle for eternity." Pignana made a gesture expressive of the greatest terror. "Do not be so uneasy," said Stenio, "and remember you have had only a glass. To-morrow, at six o'clock, you will wake up, with a slight headache, but in other respects perfectly well. Then the master of the house will come to ask after you. If you are generous, you will give him something to drink your health. Otherwise you will thank him and go, for all has been paid for. You see I do things genteelly, and know how to receive my friends. You will then leave this house, and go about your usual business, and will never mention this matter."

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"Eh? who will prevent me?" muttered Pignana.

"Oh, you will take care not to do so. For if you own that you have been duped, your confederates will think you a fool, and dismiss you without wages. Now this would be bad—just on the eve of their success. If you tell them how long you have slept, they will think you an idiot, for I never saw any one take to champagne so kindly as you did just now, my dear Pignana. Now, adieu, for I must go. Be still," said he, pushing Pignana down with all his strength. "No, no, do not take the trouble to go with me—you are too kind. Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep, my dear fellow." He left the room, and sleep took possession of its prey. Pignana felt his ideas grow gradually more confused, and his real life pass away. A few minutes after Stenio's departure, M. Pignana was sound asleep. Stenio then slowly opened the door of the room, and glided like a shadow over the floor to the sleeper, into whose pockets he placed his hand. "Nothing here—not here. The devil, can it be that it is not about him!" A smile of triumph, however, soon appeared on his lips, for he had found what he wanted. He discovered a kind of pocket in the waistcoat of the false tradesman, and felt in it. "Here it is!" said he. Pignana moved. Stenio paused, and then took from the sleeper's pocket a door-key. He then left, and did not return....

While the events recorded above were transpiring, about eight o'clock on the evening, in Jacobstreet, Mlle. Celestine Crepineau waited as Desdemona might have done for Othello, singing the melancholy romance of "The Willow." This was to console her for the prolonged absence of the bear-hunter, who had not been during the whole day in her lodge. The finger of Celestine furtively wiped away the tears which dripped down her long aquiline nose. Hope now and then arose in her heart, but that hope was betrayed. A man with a stern voice asked for Dr. Matheus, and went to his room. Seven times hope was enkindled in her heart only to be disappointed. She became angry, and as she could not confess to that passion in relation to the bear-hunter, and must have some pretext, she vented her temper on the Doctor's visitors. "How soon will this be over?" said she. "All Paris has come this evening to see my handsome lodger. What brings all these *savans* hither? They will keep me awake until late hours, and then Mr. Nuñez will say maliciously in the morning, 'Your eyes, Mlle. Celestine, are very heavy this morning. What have you been dreaming?' Then he will take liberties altogether inconvenient to a person of my sex."

The seven blows on the knocker had announced the union of eight persons, including Von Apsberg, in the ground-floor parlor, the apartment through which the unfortunate Pignana used to go and come. Two of the Doctor's friends were d'Harcourt and Taddeo Rovero. The others we will tell by and by.

"Gentlemen," said Von Apsberg, when they were in council, "our meeting should, as usual, be presided over by Count Monte-Leone. Since, however, the order of expulsion, of which he was notified and which almost immediately was revoked, for some unknown reason, it seemed best that he should not be present. Monte-Leone is the head of the great brotherhood of Carbonarism. We therefore propose to render a succinct account of its situation in Europe, and particularly in France. Its position is peculiar, and we cannot deny that its existence is threatened on all sides. Secret and shrewd spies have penetrated in Germany the secret labors of our three societies, *The Tugendbund* at Berlin, *The Burschenschaft* and *The Teutonia* at Vienna and Leipsic. Their chiefs, Johan and Plischer, have been arrested."

"Death to spies!" said Matheus's seven hearers.

"This is not all," continued Matheus. "The plans of Count Labisbel have failed in Spain, and the Italian *vente* have been discovered by a shrewd police. The prisons of Naples, Venice, and Milan are already filled with our brethren."

There was consternation on every face.

"We are assured," said Matheus, "that the informations on which these arrests have been made have come from Paris. Now, this information could only have been obtained from our secret

papers, as we alone in France correspond with the supreme venta of Europe. To these papers none have access but four brothers, Monte-Leone, Rovero, d'Harcourt, and myself. We inform you of these facts in obedience to our articles of association, that you may place us four on trial."

These words were uttered with deep excitement. The three persons present of the four mentioned by Von Apsberg sat still, and the others rose.

"On my honor and conscience," said General A—, "I declare that such an idea is unworthy of you and us." The banker F—, Count de Ch—, a Peer of France, Ober the merchant, the lawyer B—, and professor C—, said the same. They then gave their hands affectionately to the three friends, who acknowledged their salute.

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"Let the denunciation come whence it may, our brothers yet are victims of it. They suffer for us," said Taddeo, "and we will act for them."

"Yes," said Von Apsberg, "we will act, and decidedly, for time presses us, and we must anticipate our enemies unless we would be anticipated. Let all opinions centre, then, without hesitation, on the one principle which is the basis and keystone of Carbonarism, viz., '*That might is not right—that the kings of Europe reign either by virtue of a convention or by virtue of arms. The Bourbons in France reign by virtue of the allied sovereigns. We therefore declare that the Carbonari have associated to restore to all the nations of the continent, and to France especially, the free exercise of the right to choose the government which suits them best. We all swear to maintain this principle!*'"

"We swear," said the Carbonari.

"Gentlemen," said Von Apsberg, "the time of action will be fixed by Count Monte-Leone at a meeting to take place January 25th, 1820, in the masonic lodge of *The Friends of Truth*. Until then let each one individually contribute to do all he can towards the reconstruction of our new edifice from the ruins of the old."

"I take charge of the army," said General A—, "the regiments in garrison at Befort are ours, and the others will follow their example."

"I take charge of the colleges," said professor C—.

The lawyer B— said, "We have many friends in the bar."

Count Ch— said, "And in the chamber of peers."

The banker F— added, "There will be no scarcity of money."

The last who spoke was the merchant Ober, who said, "The influence of trade is on our side."

Von Apsberg said, "We will not meet again till the twenty-fifth of January, 1820. The supreme *vente*, composed of the Count, Rovero, the Viscount, and myself, will communicate only with the five central *ventas* of Paris, the representative of which you are. Be active, then, in the *ventas* which depend on you, members of which are ignorant of your identity. Make yourself known to but one member of each venta, and communicate with Count Monte-Leone only in that brilliant society to which the high position of him and of yourselves gives access, and where the government will least suspect the existence of treason. Confide the rolls of our *ventas*, and of our new associates to him alone, for it is his duty to deposit them among our archives. Now, brethren of right and duty, confide alone in Monte-Leone, the soul of honor and of prudence. To all others, silence or death."

"Silence or death," repeated his seven associates, and their voices sounded like the chorus of a solemn hymn....

A few minutes after the room was deserted. The Carbonari had gone, and Matheus returned to his laboratory. The door of the library was then opened gently, and two men were seen concealed behind the secret panel. They were H—, the chief of the political police, and the bear-hunter, the brigand of the Loire, or Stenio Salvatori.

"I have them," said M. H—.

"Not yet," said Stenio, "but thanks to our associate, Count Monte-Leone, by whose aid I have brought you hither...."

The door was shut without noise....

The next day, when he awoke, Pignana found the key of the room in his pocket.

## BOOK II.

### PART II.—I. CLOUDS IN THE HORIZON.

A month had rolled by since the Carbonari had met at the house of Von Apsberg. They were as prudent as possible. There was no meeting of the members of this vast society, yet such were the advantages of its mechanism, that communication and intercourse was never interrupted for a day. All action emanated from the high *venta*, which was known only to the presidents of the seven central *ventas*, through whom its instructions were communicated by means of *agents* to

the secondary ventas; a few men were thus enabled to discipline ten thousand. Count Monte-Leone was the soul of all this enterprise, and on him all the threads of this huge net united. The Count, the invisible providence of this invisible world, alone could give it external life and utter the *fiat lux* of eternity. More pleasant and delightful ideas had possession of the Count. The future occupied him with a force and intensity he thought most contradictory to his political duties. Since Aminta had unveiled her heart to him, she had, as it were, returned to her usual bearing. The life of Monte-Leone, though, was entirely changed. The happiness he had long desired was about to dawn on him. In a few months he would be the husband of that Aminta he had so much loved and so regretted. The Count was received almost as a son by the Prince, and as a husband by Aminta. Taddeo looked on him entirely as a brother, and began to realize the happiest dream of his life—the marriage he had so desired. Gladly availing himself of the liberty accorded him, of coming familiarly to the hotel of the Prince de Maulear, the Count was perfectly happy. He passed the whole day there, and when night came mingled most unwillingly with society. The order of expulsion which he had received, and which had been so mysteriously revoked, added to the interest which had been entertained for him by all Paris. The opposition was especially attentive to him, for he was esteemed a decided enemy of the French Government, and of all monarchies. This ostracism which he had escaped, attracted the attention to him, for which the people of Paris were already prepared, by the history of his Neapolitan adventures. In 1850 he would have been called the lion of the day, and the greatest curiosity would have been paid to all his adventures. So great was the attention excited by the account of Monte-Leone's loss of fortune, that people were surprised to see him resume his usual mode of life, keep possession of his hotel, indulge in the same expenses of carriages, attendants, etc. He altered nothing, not even the luxury of his house, from what had been its condition before the papers and he himself had announced that the failure of Lamberti made him entirely poor, and forced him to sell his diamonds and other personal property to be able to live, as cheaply as possible.

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The Count, who had been forced to conceal the manner in which his property had been restored, told his friends, Taddeo, d'Harcourt and Von Apsberg, that certain important funds had been recovered from the general wreck; and they, delighted with his good fortune, did not fail to congratulate him. The world was more curious; the enemies of the Count especially, who were ultra-monarchists, were numerous, active, and malicious. They wrote to Naples, and ascertained that the ruin of Monte-Leone was total, acquiring also certainty that he had no funds in any European bank, and no property. They therefore made an outcry of astonishment when they saw all the external appearance of opulence in the possession of one they knew without the means of so splendid and imposing an establishment. The Count knew nothing of this, and continued his old life. It is, all know, true that rumors of this kind reach their object last of all, when they are calculated to be injurious.

One of the dominant ideas which actuated us in the preparation of this history, we can here dwell upon, and we ask leave to do so briefly. There exists in French society, polished and elegant as it is, a hideous monster known to all, though no one disturbs it. Its ravages are great; almost incalculable. It saps reputations, poisons, dishonors, and defiles the splendor of the most estimable fame. This minotaurus, which devours so many innocent persons, is especially fearful, because its blows are terrible. It presents itself under the mildest and gentlest forms, and is received every where in the city. We find it in our rooms, in the interior of our families, in the palaces of the opulent, and the garrets of the poor. It has no name, being a mere figure of speech, a very word. It is composed of but one phrase, and is called—THEY SAY. "Do you know such a one?" is often asked, and the person is pointed out.

"No; but they say his morals are very bad. He has had strange adventures, and his family is very unhappy."

"Are you sure?"

"No, I know nothing about it. But they say so."

"This young woman, so beautiful, so brilliant, so much admired—Do you know her?"

"No. *They say* that it is not difficult to please her, and that more than one has done so."

"But she appears so decent, so reserved."

"Certainly; but *they say*—"

"Do not trust that gentleman who has such credit and is thought so rich. Be on your guard—"

"Bah! his fortune is immense: see what an establishment he has."

"Yes! But *they say* he is very much involved."

"Do you know the fact?"

"Not I. *They say* though—"

This *they say* is heard in every relation of life. It is deadly mortal, and not to be grasped. It goes hither and thither, strikes and kills manly honor, female virtue, without either sex being ever conscious of the injury done. Each as he reads these lines will remember cases illustrating the truth of what we say. The Count suffered from the influence of the evil we mention; and as all were ignorant whence his fortune came, each one adopted a thousand conjectures and suspicions, which, as is always the case, were most malicious. This is the way of the world. Now

the consequences of this *they say* are plain. By its means they had dared to attack a reputation which hitherto had been considered unassailable. This *they say* came in the end. The Marquise de Maulear was the only person who knew whence came the resources of Monte-Leone; and after he had confided to her, the charming woman had said, "It was very wrong in you not to tell me previously of your good fortune. For instance, when I thought you a fugitive and ruined, I suffered you to read my heart. Had you told me this before, you would not have seen within it."

"Do not make me regret my misery which procured me such exquisite pleasure as knowing that you loved me."

In the long and pleasant conversations of the Count and Marquise, he was frequently embarrassed in relation to the duties imposed on him as chief of the *Carbonari*. Aminta never dared to speak to him in relation to that subject, though she was more anxious about it. On this point alone the Count was impenetrable, avoiding with care all that related to his political plans, and giving the Marquise no information about them.

One day Aminta, the Prince de Maulear, the Countess of Grandmesnil, and Taddeo, were in the drawing-room. The Countess did not love the young Marquise, whom she looked on as the indirect cause of her nephew's death. Neither did she love the Count, whose attentions to Aminta were by no means to her taste. The old lady was aware of Monte-Leone's opinions, and lost no opportunity to open all her batteries on liberals, jacobins and foreigners, who sought to make France the receptacle of the trouble and contests of which it had already drunk so deeply. The Countess said—

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"You know the news, brother?" The Prince de Maulear was then playing a game of chess with Monte-Leone. "We have now, thank God and M. Angles, one miserable Jacobin the less to deal with."

"Check to your king!" said the Prince to Monte-Leone.

"To be sure," said she, following out the tenor of her own thoughts, "it would be check to the King, if the opinions of those persons were to triumph. M. Angles, however, watches over them and us."

For an instant the Count neglected his game. He as well as Taddeo heard what she had said, and both seemed anxious to hear her out.

"May I venture to inquire, Countess," said the Count, holding his piece in his hand, and hesitating to place it on the board, "who is the terrible Jacobin from whom the world is delivered?"

"One of the most dangerous alive, Count," said the old lady, with an air of triumph. "The man, it is said, had his connections established through the whole army."

"Check to your king," said the Prince, who was weary of the delay.

"True," said the Count, with visible abstraction; and he played his game so badly that the Prince won it without difficulty. The latter said:

"Check-mate—victory—victory!"

"Yes, brother," said the Countess, "a great victory. For the Jacobin is a general. General B—, one of those vile Buonapartists, to whom, at a time like this, a regiment should never have been trusted."

The Count and Taddeo grew pale when they heard the General's name. He was one of the seven chiefs of ventas at the house of Von Apsberg.

"Why was the General arrested?" said the Prince.

"Oh, some plot. The Jacobins and Buonapartists are always at that business. The details are not yet known. It is certain, however, that he was arrested this morning at his hotel. I heard so at the Duchess de Feltre's, whom I visited to-day."

"Strange!" said the Prince; "on the day before yesterday he gave a ball. Were you not there, Count?" said he to Monte-Leone.

"Yes," said the Count; "I was one of the last to leave. It was then two o'clock in the morning."

"At noon his generalship was in the Conciergerie. A bad business for him, for the government has decided to use the greatest severity against all conspirators. Happily, the police is very expert, and it is said of every three conspirators one is a spy. A thing very satisfactory to society, but decidedly unfortunate for the plotters."

"I think," said the Count, indignantly, "that the conspirators are calumniated. They are bound by such oaths, and are so devoted to their opinions, that there can be but few traitors among them."

"My dear Count," said the Prince, "the spirit of Monte-Leone of Castle del Uovo is yet visible, and you do not seem to have recovered from your old disease. When you speak of conspirators you seem to defend your friends. I hope, however, for your sake, and for the sake of those who love you," said he, pointing to Aminta, "that you have renounced for ever your old enterprises. His Majesty, Louis XVIII., the other day spoke highly of you, relying much on your devotion, and he cannot have to do with an ingrate."



"Ah!" said Taddeo, with stupefaction, as he looked at his associate, "the King of France relies on the devotion of Monte-Leone!"

"I know not why," said the Count, not a little moved by this *brevet* of royalism. "I confess, though, that I shall be surprised to give any chagrin or uneasiness to my friends."

These words were in a manner wrung from the Count by the paleness and agitation of Aminta since the commencement of the conversation. This new declaration increased Taddeo's surprise.

"Well, well," said the Prince, "there is pardon for every sin. We know, and we look on you as a wandering sheep returned to the fold. See, however, what are the consequences of a bad reputation. An insurrection breaks out in Italy, and you are at once thought to be its accomplice in France. You are about to be expelled from the country and treated as an enemy, when we acquire a certainty. What do I say? when the King of France and his ministers swear by you alone!"

This series of praises in relation to his royalty evidently increased the bad humor of the Count, as well as the astonishment of Taddeo. Monte-Leone was about to reply, even though he destroyed his influence with the Prince and Marquise. He was about to repel the fanciful compliments to his loyalty, when the Countess of Grandmesnil folded up her work. This was the usual signal for dispersion, and all were about to leave, when the Marquise said to Monte-Leone, "Count, will you remain here a few moments? I wish to speak to you of the charity in which you were kind enough to unite with me."

The Count went anxiously to Aminta's side.

The Prince said, with a smile, "No one ever refuses to speak with a pretty woman. That is even the weak side of our ministers. Talk, then, with my daughter-in-law, and neither the Countess nor I will trouble you." He then took the Countess's arm, and led her from the room. Taddeo remained, for his interest with the Count was too grave to permit him to leave thus. Aminta said but a few words to Monte-Leone. The deep emotion of the young woman, however, gave them a serious character. "Listen," said she. "I do not know what is about to happen, but your agitation, and that of Taddeo, when the Countess spoke of General B——, did not escape me. A painful presentiment assures me that you are involved in some secret plot, and that new dangers menace you. In the name of all that is dear to you, in the name of your love to me, I conjure you to abandon those ideas, or I shall die of terror and despair." She then, without speaking a word more, kissed her brother, and retired. The Count stood as if he were struck with a thunderbolt. Taddeo took his hand, and said, "Come, come," wresting the Count from the painful thoughts Aminta had called up. "Come, the arrest of General B—— may ruin all." They entered Monte-Leone's carriage, and drove to the Duke d'Harcourt. They hoped to find the Vicomte, and take him to Matheus, for the opinion of each of the four was necessary in considering the best means of warding off the peril which menaced the association. D'Harcourt was in, but Monte-Leone and Taddeo had not expected the spectacle which awaited them. The Vicomte had one of those sudden attacks, forerunners of the cruel disease which had devastated his family. The pleasures of the winter, in which the imprudent young man madly indulged, and perhaps also the cares and anxieties of his political relations, the nocturnal ventas he was often obliged to attend, had severely shaken his already feeble health, and caused a cough, every utterance of which sounded to his father like a funeral knell. The Count and Taddeo found him in bed. Von Apsberg was by his side, and opposite the doctor was the charming Marie, glancing alternately from the doctor to the patient. The Duke leaned on the fireplace, and gently scolded René for his folly and imprudence. The arrival of the two friends produced a cessation to this, but the Duke continued: "Come, gentlemen, and assist me to produce some effect on your friend; for, unassisted, even I cannot. Tell him that such an exposure of his life, in folly and dissipation, is a double crime, when his health is so dear to an old man who has no other son." Tears came into the Duke's eyes as he spoke, which Marie kissed away.

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"Now, René," said she, "you see how unhappy you make us all. Promise, then, to be more reasonable."

"Father," said René, giving the Duke his hand, "I will promise you to do the impossible thing, to be prudent. Besides, you have a powerful auxiliary in my friend Monte-Leone, who has committed not a few follies in his time. He has however begun a new life, and will soon be entirely converted by Hymen."

"What," said Marie, "is the Count about to be married?"

"Mademoiselle," said the Count, "your brother is indiscreet, and you can never take half that he says as literal."

"Then," said Marie, "you are in love—that is about the half of his statement." And Marie blushed.

Von Apsberg said, as he remarked the embarrassment of the young girl, "Our patient needs the warmth and mildness of the south. Magnetism with the Vicomte will be powerless, and he must avoid cold and dampness. He must also be prudent, and that is the greatest difficulty. I however rely on his promise and his devotion to us. Adieu, Messieurs," said he, bowing to Taddeo and Monte-Leone. "Do not make him talk, or suffer him to sit up too long." The Duke left, accompanied by Marie, whose last look seemed to recommend her brother to the doctor. Perhaps, though, this glance had another signification, for the eyes of young women mean a great deal. As soon as the four associates were alone, the Count told Matheus of the arrest.

Von Apsberg thought: "The General cannot be in danger. Only one evidence of his participation could have been found, and that Monte-Leone gave me on the day before yesterday. I am sure I placed it in the secret drawer of my laboratory, the key of which I alone keep."

"What proof do you mean?" asked d'Harcourt, whose memory was troubled by illness.

"A proof," said Monte-Leone, "which would be overwhelming in the case of the General and a number of our brethren—the roll of the *venta* over which he presides. This roll he has signed. He gave it to me at two in the morning of the day before yesterday, and I gave it to Von Apsberg on the next day."

"Then it matters not. Though the General has been arrested, the mystery of *ventas* has not been penetrated. I am assured that skilful and incessant espionage hovers around us, and the time for action should be no longer delayed."

"But," said the Count, to whom this idea recalled what the Marquise had said, "we should not raise a flag we cannot defend. The forces the General controlled are indispensable to our success."

"To replace soldiers," said Von Apsberg, "we shall have opinion on our side. Our various *ventas* will be valiant soldiers, and will be encouraged when they see themselves so much more numerous than they expect."

"Do not let us be hasty," said Monte-Leone. "The six chiefs of the principal *ventas*, like the brave General, must give me the lists of *ventas*, and only when we are sure of their number will we act."

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His three friends then adopted Monte-Leone's opinion, and they separated, mutually recommending prudence to each other. There remained, however, a species of surprise, and an injurious impression in relation to Monte-Leone's hesitation. He had usually been the most decided of the four.

When Von Apsberg returned home, he went to his laboratory, and opened the bureau in which the papers of the association were kept. He satisfied himself that the lists of the various *ventas* were safe. He breathed freely and slept soundly, without any trouble on account of the arrest of the General. On the next day, however, a letter, hastily written with a pencil, was brought him by a man who at once disappeared. It was from General A—, and was as follows:

"The list of our associates, certified by myself, is in the possession of the prefect of police. I saw it myself, and I am ruined."

Von Apsberg uttered a cry of terror. He was utterly confounded.

## II.—THEY SAY.

The arrest of General A— produced a double effect in Paris. The city began to have confidence in the vigilant police, which sought for and arrested the enemies of order every where and in every rank, while the chiefs of the great association of Carbonarism trembled when they saw the government on the track of their plans and projects. They then asked on all sides what could have been the motive of the incarceration of the General, and how they had discovered the criminal, or rather the criminals, for the principal associates of the *venta* over which the General presided, were arrested after their chief. Still other arrests were subsequently made. Nothing, however, transpired, either in relation to the offence of which the General was accused, or the secret means by which the police had acquired information of them. The police acted prudently and with great skill, for the General and his associates were but a small part of an immense plot. Time and secret service alone would give the government a clue to follow all the secret labyrinths of this vast plot, which menaced France and Europe. A conspiracy and military plot was talked of, and the trial of the affair was understood to be postponed until time should throw more light on the matter. The authorities were not in a hurry, they needed other aims, and waited patiently to procure them. Thus passed a month; and as in Paris every thing is soon forgotten, people paid no attention to General A— and his imprisonment. Public attention, however, was reattracted to this mysterious affair. The entertainments, concerts, and receptions of the court, made the city joyous. The gold of countless visitors from foreign nations gave activity to commerce, and there was an universal spirit of rivalry in luxury and opulence. Then the Duchess de Berri gave those charming balls, of which those who were admitted even now talk of.

The mystery of the note written to Von Apsberg by General A—, in which he assured him he had seen the list of the *venta*, he had himself certified to in the hands of the prefect of police, remained impenetrable to the supreme *venta*, for Von Apsberg had the list the Count had given him. The General was in close confinement, and no intercourse could be had with him. The six other chiefs of the *ventas* were ignorant of this incident of the arrest of their confederate. The four brothers of the central *venta* had resolved not to suffer the circumstance to transpire, because the Count fancied this circumstance would chill their zeal, and make them uneasy about the new lists. On these lists, as we have said, the decision of the time of action was made to depend, as it would reveal to the four chiefs the exact number of their confederates in Paris. According to the statutes of carbonarism, the signatures of the brethren were sacred engagements, which made it indispensable for them to give their aid to the undertaking when the hour and day should be appointed. The lists were, then, a kind of declaration of war against the

government, in which they must either conquer or die. This is the prudence of all bad causes. Persons thus involved have no confidence that their associates will keep their oaths, and put remorse and repentance out of the question by allowing no alternative between ruin and safety. The Vicomte d'Harcourt, but slightly recovered from his indisposition, seldom left his father's house, and participated but slightly in the pleasures of the season. Taddeo, whose devotion to the Neapolitan ambassadress constantly increased, visited her every day, and went nowhere else. Though aware that she was constantly anxious to speak of the Count, he did not despair of being able some day to touch her heart. So great were his attentions, that in society he was looked on as the *cicisbéo* of the Duchess. The Duke of Palma, devoted to his opera-loves, seemed not at all offended at the frequent visits of Taddeo Rovero, whose attentions did not at all shock his Italian ideas. Von Apsberg lived more retired than ever, and rarely left his laboratory except when he went to the Duke d'Harcourt's. There the intelligent doctor was kindly received by all the family, Marie included, and his fair patient's health seemed visibly to improve, as those flowers which have been too long neglected always do when attended to by a skilful horticulturist. Monte-Leone devoted to the society of Paris, of which he was passionately fond, all the hours which he passed away from the Marquise. This, however, was a duty, for there only could he meet the Carbonari who belonged to the upper class without giving rise to suspicion. The trial of General A— was soon to take place, and the preparations for it had already been begun. Revelations or anxious inquiries might destroy the association. Concert was required to avoid this, and Count Monte-Leone gave this information to MM. C—, the lawyer B—, the baron de Ch—, the banker F—, and the rich merchant Ober, who was perhaps from his extended commercial relations, the most important of the Carbonari.

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A great dinner was given by the banker F— to enable the chiefs to confer with Monte-Leone. But in addition to these personages, and in order that public attention should not be fixed on them alone, F— had invited the *élite* of the capital, several peers of France, some illustrious soldiers, many deputies, and several women famous for their rank and beauty. Insensibly conversation assumed a political tone, as at that time every thing did. Monte-Leone, whom the abuses of the French government and the *camarilla* of the Tuilleries made most indignant, gave vent to his opinions and complained bitterly of the acts of the ministry. He compassionated the people, whose liberties were being swept away, and reprobated the censorship of the liberty of the press and of freedom of speech—the only resource of the oppressed and the only means of reaching the oppressors. The master of the house, M. F—, agreed with the Count in the liberal opinions he had expressed. Led on by the example, B— and C— testified their sympathy with what the Count had said, and their wish to see a change in the fortune of a country where the institutions satisfied neither the wants nor the rights of the oppressed. This discussion, which had been provoked by the Count, was so bold and so decided that many of the guests looked on with terror, fearing they would be compromised by the expression of such revolutionary ideas. Just then many of the guests of M. F—, taking him aside from the table, asked anxiously if he was satisfied of the discretion of all the persons present, and also of their honor. M. F— energetically repelled such fears, saying: "The people whom I receive are not all friends of the government. Nothing, however, said here will be repeated, for the minister of police has no representative at my table." The words of their host in a degree satisfied some of the most timid. It was then said openly that amid the most eminent persons met with in society were found individuals in the secret pay of M. Angles, and that many ruined and extravagant nobleman did not hesitate to exist in this manner. People said that in the drawing-room of M. F— Monte-Leone had determined to defy the government, and they looked on his conduct under existing circumstances as most imprudent.

During the evening, and when all were engaged, the chiefs of *ventas* took occasion, one by one, to isolate themselves from company and gave the Count the rolls. It was then agreed, also, that the last of these documents being complete, notice should be given without delay, and during the trial of the General, of the day for the commencement of the insurrectionary movement by which Carbonarism was to be revealed to France and to Europe. The terrible plan, however, was foiled by various events which attacked the society unexpectedly.

Four days after the dinner of M. F—, he, the lawyer B—, the baron Ch—, who had taken so decided a part in the discussion provoked by Monte-Leone, and who, on that very evening, had given him the fatal lists of his associates, were arrested. The first was taken in his office, the second just as he left his cabinet, and the third on his way to the opera. The capital was amazed at this news. All the other guests of F— began to examine their consciences, and sought to recall whether or not they had given utterance to any governmental heresy at the fatal dinner, and whether they had not uttered something rash. They were doubtful if any opinion at all might not expose them to the resentment and vigilance of an adroit and secret police. It seemed beyond a doubt that the remarks of the persons who had been arrested had provoked this rigorous action, and that some ear in the pay of the police had heard their dangerous conversation, and noted the violent expression of their opinions. The conduct of all the guests was then passed in review, and the public and private life of each examined. Their domestic history and life were inquired into, and their weak points, habits, errors, and tastes, were scrutinized.

No rank, family, sex, or social position, was neglected, and not even intrigues, life, nor money, were considered sufficient to shield the informer. All were anxious to tear away the mask from the common enemy, to crush the serpent, who, sliding stealthily into society, gnawed its very heart and lacerated that bosom which sheltered it.

The arrest of General A— then recurred to the memory of all. This event had taken place after a

ball which the General had given. It was after an entertainment given by F— that he, too, had lost his liberty. On this occasion two other important men had shared the fate of the rich banker, and, like him, they had both been energetic, violent, and pitiless denouncers of a ministry which defied public opinion and outraged the nation. People then remembered that Count Monte-Leone had provoked the conversation—that he had gone farther than any one else on the dangerous ground—and that his daring had surpassed that of the master of the house and his guests. All expected he would be arrested also. This fear was especially well founded, as Monte-Leone concealed neither his liberal opinions nor his revolutionary doctrines, and in fact every thing in his previous conduct pointed him out as one of the persons to whom the attention of the police would especially be directed. People were, therefore, amazed to see Monte-Leone preserve his liberty, and that one of the four speakers who had been most imprudent enjoyed entire impunity. Astonishment, however, was not all, for strange reports were soon circulated, and rumors were heard in every direction. The impunity of the Count became the universal subject of conversation. His private life was taken in hand, and his whole career, as it were, extended on the anatomical table of moral anatomy. The scalpel of public opinion, it is well known, pitilessly dissects every subject it wishes thoroughly to understand. The *THEY SAY*, that terrible creature to which we have already referred, began to play its part. It was heard every where. "*THEY SAY* Count Monte-Leone cannot be a stranger to what is passing. He was seen to talk to General A— on the night of the ball for a long time."

"What! Count Monte-Leone?—a man of his rank?"

"Ah, these Italian noblemen are all suspicious."

"He—a liberal—a revolutionist!"

"Listen to me. People often change their opinions in this world, especially when fortune disappears, and want of money and care supervene. *They say* he is completely ruined, yet he is still very luxurious in his mode of life."

"True—that is strange."

"Oh, no, not at all. *They say* the strong box of the police enables him to maintain his style."

"That may be."

"*They say*, also, that the order to leave France given by the minister was but a trick to divert suspicion and keep him here usefully."

"Do you think so? Then he is a villain, and should be avoided. He is a—"

"Oh, I know nothing of it—but *they say* so."

*They* did say so, but when that awful rumor was first pronounced *they* did not. These words were produced by the terror which the events of the day produced on the mind of every friend, even of the three imprisoned Carbonari. Perhaps some malevolent spirit disseminated them. This rumor was circulated from house to house, like a drop of oil, which though first scarcely perceptible, sullies the fairest fabrics utterly. A trifling fault is thus made to do the part of an atrocious crime. At first the rumor was whispered. It then grew bolder, and finally fortified itself by a thousand corroborations furnished by chance or gossip. Every person who detailed it added to its incidents and arguments. Within one month after the dinner all Paris heard of the terrible offence against society attributed to Count Monte-Leone. As is always the case, however, the three friends of the Count were the last to hear of this slander. Every one who was aware of their intimacy took care not to speak to them of the rumor, for no one wished to involve himself by repeating a story entirely unsubstantiated, and the origin of which was unknown. The consequence was that the three persons who could have refuted the calumny were entirely ignorant of the stigma attached to their friend. Monte-Leone had no more suspicion than his friends had in relation to the horrible fable.

The other chiefs of the principal *ventas*, who might have told him what was said, terrified at the fate of their associates, lived apart, refused to see any one, and thus heard none of the imputations against the high-priest of Carbonarism. Then commenced a series of mistakes, surprises, and mortifications, in which Monte-Leone would see no insult. His life, however, became an enigma, the explanation of which he could not divine. Certain rooms under various pretexts were closed to him. Often persons who once had been most anxious to secure his attendance at their entertainments pretended to forget him. The world did not dare, however, to brave an enemy whose secret power it was ignorant of, but it exhibited a certain coldness and oblivion which deeply wounded him. His most intimate acquaintances avoided him with studied care, and when they accepted his hand did so with a marked expression of annoyance. An immense void existed around him. His hotel was a solitude, and the houses of others were shut to him. The Count at first thought he found a motive for this in the apprehension all entertained of his affiliation with some secret association. When he saw that the police paid no attention to him, he was compelled to seek some other reason for his public proscription. What this cause was he did not divine and could not ask, for a position of this kind is such that an honorable man thinks it beneath him to ask for an explanation of merely natural occurrences. Wounded, disgusted, and grieved by the strange existence created for him, Monte-Leone felt himself at once a prey to the distrust which ostracism of this kind creates in the bosom of all who are subject to it. The world thought that by avoiding society Count Monte-Leone confessed the justice of its allegations. He became every day more attentive to the charming woman he adored, and who only waited the

time when the proprieties of society would permit her to make him her husband. In her affection he found a consolation for all the external chagrin which annoyed him, for a mute terror had taken possession of the Carbonari since the occurrence of the many arrests, the motives of which were as yet wrapped in such impenetrable mystery. An event which was altogether unexpected made his position yet more complicated. He was one evening in one of the few houses to which he was yet invited. This was the house of M. L—, where the Marquis de Maulear had lost such immense sums to the Englishman who subsequently ruined him. M. L—, either more prudent or circumspect than others, had not listened to the reports which were circulated about Monte-Leone, and had invited him to his magnificent hotel in the Rue d'Antin.

Monte-Leone had avoided the crowd, and walked down the long avenue of exotic flowers and camelias, then almost unknown in Paris. He came upon a boudoir where several men were speaking. The Count was about to go back, when his name struck on his ear. "Yes, gentlemen," said one of the speakers, in a most indignant tone, "you may well be astonished at my presence here, while my family is in tears, and my prospects blasted and made desperate. Only eight days since I came to Paris, and am here to find Count Monte-Leone, my challenge to whom, to deliver which I have sought him every where, should be as solemn as the vengeance I will exact."

No sooner had the Count heard these words than he rushed into the boudoir, and stood face to face with the speaker, who was a young man of twenty-eight or thirty, wearing the uniform of the royal navy. His countenance was mild and noble, but bore an expression of perfect fury when he saw Monte-Leone.

"Monsieur," said the Count, "you will not have to look farther for the person of whom you have dared to speak thus. I am thankful that I am here to spare you farther trouble in looking for me, though why you do so I cannot conceive."

"He was listening to us," said the young man to his friends, in a tone of the deepest contempt. "Well, after all, that is right enough."

"Chance," said the Count, resuming his *sang-froid* and control over himself, which he always maintained in such emergencies, "led me within sound of your voice. You and I also should be glad that this is the case, for it seems to me a ball is a bad place for such an explanation as you seem to wish."

"All places are good," said the naval officer, in a most insolent tone, "to tell you what I think of you. To repeat to you the epithet you have overheard, and which I am willing yet again to declare to all in these rooms."

"Sir," said Monte-Leone, with the same calmness, "will you tell me first to whom I speak?"

"My name is A—, and I am a lieutenant of the royal navy. My father is the person whom your infamous denunciations have caused to be imprisoned in the Conciergerie!"

"What!" said the Count, "are you the son of General A—?"

"What influences me I cannot and will not tell you; for then it would be out of the question for me to meet you."

"Gentlemen," said the Count, speaking to those who witnessed this scene, to which the attention of many others had now been called, "this young man is mad. I, more than any person, have pitied his father, and I wish to give General A— a new proof of my sympathy, by granting his son a delay until to-morrow, to enable him to repair the incredible injury he has done me. Here is my card," said he, placing it on a table, "and I shall wait until to-morrow for an explanation of the unintelligible conduct of Lieutenant A—."

As soon as the Count had finished he left the boudoir, and the Lieutenant's friends kept possession of him, taking him out of the hotel. On the next day Monte-Leone received the following note:

"COUNT—Instead of making an apology to you, I maintain all I said. You are a coward and a scoundrel, and you know why. I repeat, that if my voice articulated or my hand traced, why I speak thus, it would be impossible for me to kill you and avenge myself. Do not therefore ask me to make an explanation of what you know perfectly well. If you are unmoved by what I now say, and if I do not bring you out, I will have recourse to other means. I will await you and your witnesses to-day at two o'clock, at the *bois de Bologne*, behind Longchamp. I have selected this hour in order that I might previously see my father.

"GUSTAVE A—,

"Lieutenant, Royal Navy."

"All hell is let loose against me," said the Count, as he perused this letter. "Why can I not penetrate the awful mystery which enshrouds me!"

Taking a pen, he wrote the following words, which he gave to the bearer of the challenge:

"I will be at the *bois de Bologne* at two o'clock."

[7] Entered according to the 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.

Continued from page 54.

[8] *Anglice*. Only the first step is troublesome.—TR.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## POULAILLER, THE ROBBER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No one was more weatherwise than Roussart, and no one turned his foreknowledge to such good

account. He had been seen frequently to keep the sea in such fearful tempests, that all agreed that he must have been food for fishes if he had not entered into some agreement with Satan. When the stoutest hearts quailed, and ordinary men considered it suicidal to venture out, Roussart was to be seen braving the tumult of winds and waves, and always returned to the harbor safe and sound.

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

Things had arrived at this point, when it was rumored that the gallant fisherman, Jacques Poulailler, had touched the heart of *La belle Isabeau*. Soon their approaching marriage became the topic of the village; and, finally, one Sunday, after mass, the bans were first published by the vicar. The lads of the village, congregated on the shore, were congratulating Poulailler on the auspicious event, when Roussart suddenly appeared among them.

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

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

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

"That seems sure," replied Poulailler.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

regiment was lying near the frontier, which our hero contrived to cross, and then declared war against society at large.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



violently, and a man, apparently beside himself, rushed in with a handful of gold, which he cast upon the floor.

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

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

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

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

"But who are you?" cried the husband and wife;—"who are you, and by what right is it that you thus dispose of the goods of another?" [Pg 220]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But who is this Monseigneur?" inquired Pierre.

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

"Who is he, fairest?"

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

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

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

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

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

in who win.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When the stable-servants were all safe in their beds, Poulailier quitted his painful hiding-place, where the power of his muscles and sinews had been so severely tested, and mounted into the hay-loft, where he remained concealed three nights and four days, sustaining himself on cakes of chocolate. No one loved good cheer better than he, or indulged more in the pleasures of the table; but he made himself a slave to nothing, save the inordinate desire of other men's goods, and patiently contented himself with what would keep body and soul together till he was enabled to make his grand *coup*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

William of Deloraine, good at need—

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

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

—neck-verse at Hairibee,

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

Poulailier was quite as much the pet of the petticoats as either of these hempen heroes. With a fine person and accomplished manners, he came, saw, and overcame, in more instances than that of the fair daughter of the Baron von Kirbergen; but, unlike John Sheppard or Claude Du Val, Poulailier was cruel. Villains as they were, John and Claude behaved well, after their fashion, to those whom they robbed, and to the unhappy women with whom they associated. In their case, the "ladies" did their utmost to save them, and men were not wanting who endeavored to obtain a remission of their sentence. But Poulailier owed his fall to a woman whom he had ruined, ill-treated, and scorned. The ruin and ill-treatment she bore, as the women, poor things, will bear such atrocities; but the scorn roused all the fury which the poets, Latin and English, have written of; and his cruelties were so flagrant, that he could find no man to say, "God bless him."

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

She wrote to him whom she had loved so long and truly, to implore that they might once more meet before they parted in peace for ever. Poulailier, too happy to be freed on such terms, accepted her invitation, and was received so warmly that he half repented his villainous conduct,

and felt a return of his youthful affection. A splendid supper gave zest to their animated conversation; but towards the end of it, Poulailler observed a sudden change in his companion, who manifested evident symptoms of suffering. Poulailler anxiously inquired the cause.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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From Hogg's Instructor.

## THE LATE D. M. MOIR.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

Pleasant and joyous was the circle wont to assemble now and then (not *every* night, as the public then fondly dreamed) in Ambrose's, some twenty-five years ago: not a constellation in all our bright sky, at present, half so brilliant. There sat John Wilson, "lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye," his hair somewhat thicker, and his eye rather brighter, and his complexion as fresh, and his talk as powerful, as now. There Lockhart appeared, with his sharp face, *adunco naso*, keen poignant talk, and absence of all enthusiasm. There Maginn rollicked and roared, little expecting that he was ever destined to stand a bankrupt and ruined man over Bunyan's dust, and cry, "Sleep on, thou Prince of Dreamers!" There De Quincey bowed and smiled, while interposing his mild but terrible and unanswerable "buts," and winding the subtle way of his talk through all subjects, human, infernal, and divine. There appeared the tall military form of old Syme, alias Timothy Tickler, with his pithy monosyllables, and determined *nil admirari* bearing. There the

Ettrick Shepherd told his interminable stories, and drank his interminable tumblers. There sat sometimes, though seldom, a young man of erect port, mild gray eye, high head, rich quivering lips, and air of simple dignity, often forgetting to fill or empty his glass, but never forgetting to look reverently to the "Professor," curiously and admiringly to De Quincey, and affectionately to all: it was Thomas Aird. There occasionally might be seen Macnish of Glasgow, with his broad fun; Doubleday of Newcastle, then a rising litterateur; Leitch, the ventriloquist, (not professionally so, and yet not much inferior, we believe, to the famous Duncan Macmillan); and even a stray Cockney or two who did not belong to the Cockney school. There, too, the "Director-general of the Fine Arts," old Bridges, (uncle to our talented friend, William Bridges, Esq. of London,) was often a guest, with his keen black eye, finely-formed features, rough, ready talk, and a certain smack audible on his lips when he spoke of a beautiful picture, a "leading article" in "Maga," or of some of the queer adventures (*quorum pars fuit*) of Christopher North. And there, last, not least, was frequently seen the fine fair-haired head of Delta, the elegant poet, the amiable man, and the author of one of the quaintest and most delightful of our Scottish tales, "Mansie Wauch."

That brilliant circle was dissolved long ere we knew any of its members. We question if it was ever equalled, except thrice: once by the Scriblerus Club, composed of Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Bolingbroke; again by the "Literary Club," with its Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Beauclerk, Gibbon, and Fox: and more recently by the "Round-table," with its Hazlitt, Hunt, Lamb, and their minor companions. It is now, we need not say, entirely dissolved, although most of its members are yet alive, and although its doings and sayings have been of late imitated in certain symposia, reminding us, in comparison with the past, of the shadowy feasts of the dead beside real human entertainments. The "nights" of the North are diviner than the "days."

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From this constellation, we mean, at present, to cut out one "bright, particular star," and to discourse of him. This is Delta, the delightful. We have not the happiness of Dr. Moir's acquaintance, nor did we ever see him, save once. It was at the great Edinburgh Philosophic Feed of 1846, when Macaulay, Whately, and other lions, young and old, roared, on the whole, rather feebly, and in vulgar falsetto, over their liberal provender. Delta, too, was a speaker, and his speech had two merits, at least, modesty and brevity, and contrasted thus well with Whately's egotistical rigmarole, Macaulay's labored paradox, and Maclagan's inane bluster. He was, we understood afterwards, in poor health at the time, and did not do justice to himself. But we have been long familiar with his poems in "Blackwood" and the "Dumfries Herald," to which he occasionally contributed. We remember well when, next to a paper by North, or a poem by Aird, we looked eagerly for one by Delta in each new number of "Ebony;" and we now cheerfully proceed to say a few words about his true and exquisite genius.

We may call Delta the male Mrs. Hemans. Like her, he loved principally the tender, the soft, and the beautiful. Like her, he excelled in fugitive verses, and seldom attempted, and still more seldom succeeded, in the long or the labored poem. Like her, he tried a great variety of styles and measures. Like her, he ever sought to interweave a sweet and strong moral with his strains, and to bend them all in by a graceful curve around the Cross. But, unlike her, his tone was uniformly glad and genial, and he exhibited none of that morbid melancholy which lies often like a dark funeral edge around her most beautiful poems: and this, because he was a *masculine* shape of the same elegant genus.

Delta's principal powers were cultured sensibility, fine fancy, good taste, and an easy, graceful style and versification. He sympathized with all the "outward forms of sky and earth, with all that was lovely, and pure, and of a good report" in the heart and the history of humanity, and particularly with Scottish scenery, and Scottish character and manners. His poetry was less a distinct power or vein, than the general result and radiance of all his faculties. These exhaled out of them a fine genial enthusiasm, which expressed itself in song. We do not think, with Carlyle, that it is the same with *all* high poets. *He* says—"Poetry, except in such cases as that of Keats, where the whole consists in a weak-eyed maudlin sensibility, and a certain vague tunefulness of nature, is no separate faculty, no organ which can be superadded to the rest, or disjoined from them, but rather the result of their general harmony and completion." Now, 1st, Carlyle is here grossly unjust to Keats. Had the author of Hyperion nothing but maudlin sensibility? If ever man was devoured, body and soul, by that passion for, and perception of, the beauty and glory of the universe, which is the essence of poetry, it was poor Keats. He was poetry incarnate—the wine of the gods poured into a frail earthy vessel, which split around it. Nor has Burns, of whom Carlyle is here writing, left any thing to be compared, in ideal qualities, in depth, and massiveness, and almost Miltonic magnificence, with the descriptions of Saturn, and the Palace of the Sun, and the Senate of the Gods in "Hyperion." Burns was the finest lyrist of his or any age; but Keats, had he lived, would have been one of the first of *epic* poets. 2dly, We do not very well comprehend what Carlyle means by the words "no organ, which can be superadded to, or disjoined from the rest." If he means that no culture can add, or want of it take away, poetic faculty, he is clearly right. But, if he means that nature never confers a poetic vein distinct from, and superior to, the surrounding faculties of the man, we must remind him of certain stubborn facts. Gay and Fontaine were "fable-trees," Goldsmith was an "inspired idiot." Godwin's powerful philosophic and descriptive genius seemed scarcely connected with the man; he had to *write* himself *into* it, and his friends could hardly believe him the author of his own works! Even Byron was but a common man, except at his desk, or "on his stool" as he himself called it. He had to *call* his evil spirit from the vasty deep, and to lash himself very often into inspiration by a whip of "Gin-twist." And James Hogg was little else than a *haverer*, till he sat down to write poetry, when the "faery queen" herself seemed to be speaking from within him. Nay, 3dly, we are convinced that many

men, of extraordinary powers otherwise, have in them a vein of poetry as distinct from the rest as the bag of honey in the bee is from his sting, his antennæ, and his wings, and which requires some special circumstance or excitement to develop it. Thus it was, we think, with Burke, Burns, and Carlyle himself. All these had poetry in them, and have expressed it; but any of them might have *avoided*, in a great measure, its expression, and might have solely shone in other spheres. For example, Burke has written several works full, indeed, of talent, but without a single gleam of that real imagination which other of his writings display. What a contrast between his "Thoughts on the Present Discontents," or his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," (an essay containing not one sublime, and not two beautiful sentences in it all,) and the "rare and regal" rhetorical and poetic glories of his "Essay on the French Revolution," or his "Letters on a Regicide Peace!" Burns might have been a philosopher of the Dugald Stewart school, as acute and artificially eloquent as any of them, had he gone to Edinburgh College instead of going to Irvine School. Carlyle might have been a prime-minister of a somewhat original and salvage sort, had it been so ordered. None of the three were so essentially poetical, that all their thoughts were "twin-born with poetry," and rushed into the reflection of metaphor, as the morning beams into the embrace and reflection of the lake. All were *stung* into poetry: Burke by political zeal and personal disappointment, Burns by love, and Carlyle by that white central heat of dissatisfaction with the world and the things of the world, which his temperament has compelled him to express, but which his Scottish common sense has taught him the wisdom of expressing in earnest masquerade and systematic metaphor. But, 4thly, there is a class of poets who have possessed more than the full complement of human faculties, who have added to these extensive accomplishments and acquirements, and yet who have been so constituted, that imaginative utterance has been as essential to their thoughts as language itself. Such were Dante, Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, &c., and such are Wilson, Bailey, Aird, and Yendys. These are "nothing, if not poetical." All their powers and acquisitions turn instinctively toward poetic expression, whether in verse or prose. And near them, although on a somewhat lower plane, stood Delta.

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Poetry, with Delta, was rather the natural outflow of his whole soul and culture combined, than an art or science. His poetry was founded on feelings, not on principles. Indeed, we fancy that little true poetry, in any age, has been systematic. It is generally the work of sudden enthusiasm, wild and rapid ecstasy acting upon a nature *prefitted* for receiving the afflatus, whether by gift or by accomplishment, or by both united. Even the most thoroughly furnished have been as dependent on moods and happy hours as the least. The wind of inspiration bloweth where it listeth. Witness Milton and Coleridge, both of whom were masters of the theory of their art, nay, who had studied it scientifically, and with a profound knowledge of cognate sciences, and yet both of whom could only build up the lofty rhyme at certain seasons, and in certain circumstances, and who frequently perpetrated sheer dulness and drivel. The poetry of Homer, of Eschylus, of Lucretius, of Byron, of Shelley, of Festus—in short, the most of powerful poetry—has owed a vast deal more to excitement and enthusiasm than to study or elaborate culture. The rhapsodists were the first, have been the best, and shall be the last of the poets. And with what principles of poetic art were the bards of Israel conversant? And what systems of psychology or æsthetics had Shakspeare studied? And in what college were trained the framers of the ballad-poetry of the world—the lovers who soothed with song their burning hearts—the shepherds who sang amid their green wildernesses—the ploughmen who modulated to verse the motion of their steers—the kings of the early time who shouted war-poetry from their chariots—the Berserkars whose long hair curled and shook as though life were in it, to the music of their wild melodies—and the "men of sturt and strife," the rough Macpherson-like heroes, whose spirits sprang away from the midst of flood and flame, from the gallows or the scaffold, on whirlwinds of extempore music and poetry? Poetry, with them, was the irresistible expression of passion and of imagination, and hence its power; and to nothing still, but the same rod, can its living waters flow amain. Certain fantastic fribbles of the present day may talk of "principles of art," and "principles of versification," and the necessity of studying poetry as a science, and may exhaust the resources of midnight darkness in expressing their bedrivelled notions; but *our* principle is this—"Give us a gifted intellect, and warm true heart, and stir these with the fiery rod of passion and enthusiasm, and the result will be genuine, and high, and lasting poetry, as certainly as that light follows the sun."

It may, perhaps, be objected, besides, that Delta has left no large or great poem. Now, here we trace the presence of another prevalent fallacy. Largeness is frequently confounded with greatness. But, because Milton's Paradise Lost is both large and great, it does not follow that every great poem must be large, any more than that every large poem must be great. Pollok's Course of Time is a large and a clever, but scarcely a great poem. Hamlet and Faust may be read each in an hour, and yet both are great poems. Heraud's Judgment of the Flood is a vast folio in size, but a very second-rate poem in substance. Thomas Aird's Devil's Dream covers only four pages, yet who ever read it without the impression "this is a great effort of genius." Lalla Rookh was originally a quarto, but, although brilliant in the extreme, it can hardly be called a poem at all. Burns's Vision of Liberty contains, in the space of thirty-two lines, we hesitate not to say, all the elements of a great poem. Although Delta's poems be not large, it is not a necessary corollary that they are inferior productions. And if none of them, perhaps, fill up the whole measure of the term "great," many of them are beautiful, all are genuine, and some, such as Casa Wappy, are exquisite.

Health is one eminent quality in this pleasing writer. Free originally from morbid tendencies, he has nursed and cherished this happy tone of mind by perusing chiefly healthy authors. He has acted on the principle that the whole should be kept from the sick. He has dipped but sparingly

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into the pages of Byron and Shelley, whereas Wordsworth, Wilson, Southey, and Scott, are the gods of his idolatry. Scott is transcendently clear. Indeed, we think that he gives to him, *as a poet*, a place beyond his just deserts. His ease, simplicity, romantic interest, and Border fire, have blinded him to his faults, his fatal facility of verse, his looseness of construction, and his sad want of deep thought and original sentiment. To name him beside or above Wordsworth, the great consecrated bard of his period, is certainly a heresy of no small order. One or two of Wordsworth's little poems, or of his sonnets, are, we venture to say, in genuine poetical depth and beauty, superior to Scott's *five* larger poems put together. *They* are long, lively, rambling, shallow, and blue, glittering streams. Wordsworth's ballads are deep and clear as those mountain pools over which bends the rowan, and on which smiles the autumn sky, as on the fittest reflector of its own bright profundity and solemn clearness.

Well did Christopher North characterize Delta as the poet of the spring. He was the darling of that darling season. In all his poetry there leaped and frolicked "vernal delight and joy." He had in some of his verses admirably, and on purpose, expressed the many feelings or images which then throng around the heart, like a cluster of bees settling at once upon flower—the sense of absolute newness, blended with a faint, rich thrill of recollection—the fresh bubbling out of the blood from the heart-springs—the return of the reveries of childhood or youth—the intolerance of the fireside—the thirst after nature renewed within the soul—the strange glory shed upon the earth, all red and bare though it yet be—the attention excited by every thing, "even by the noise of the fly upon the sunny wall, or the slightest murmur of creeping waters"—the springing up of the sun from his winter declinature—the softer and warmer lustre of the stars—and the new emphasis with which men pronounce the words "hope" and "love." To crown a spring evening, there sometimes appears in the west the planet Venus, bright yellow-green, shivering as with ecstasy in the orange or purple sky, and rounding off the whole scene into the perfection of beauty. The Scottish poet of spring did not forget this element of its glory, but sung a hymn to that fair star of morn and eve worthy of its serene, yet tremulous splendor.

Delta was eminently a national writer. He did not gad abroad in search of the sublime or strange, but cultivated the art of staying at home. The scenery of his own neighborhood, the traditions or the histories of his own country, the skies and stars of Scotland, the wild or beautiful legends which glimmer through the mist of its past—these were "the haunt and the main region of his song," and hence, in part, the sweetness and the strength of his strains. Indeed, it is remarkable that nearly all our Scottish poets have been national and descriptive. Scotland has produced no real epic, few powerful tragedies, few meditative poems of a high rank, but what a mass of poetry describing its own scenery and manners, and recording its own traditions. King James the Sixth, Gawin Douglas, Davie Lyndsay, Ramsay, Fergusson, Ross of the "Faithful Shepherdess," Burns, Beattie, Sir Walter Scott, Wilson, Aird, Delta, and twenty more, have been all more or less national in their subject, or language, or both. We attribute this, in a great measure, to the extreme peculiarity of Scottish manners, *as they were*, and to the extreme and romantic beauty of Scottish scenery. The poetic minds, in a tame country like England, are thrown out upon foreign topics, or thrown in upon themselves; whereas, in Scotland, they are arrested and detained within the circle of their own manners and mountains. "Paint *us* first," the hills seem to cry aloud. A reason, too, why we have had few good tragedies or meditative poems, may be found in our national narrowness of creed, and in our strong prejudice against dramatic entertainments. As it is, we have only Douglas, and three or four good plays of Miss Baillie's, to balance Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and all that galaxy—not to speak of the multitudes who have followed—and only the "Grave," the "Minstrel," and the "Course of Time," to compare with the works of George Herbert, Giles Fletcher, Quarles, Milton, Young, Cowper, and Wordsworth.

We find in Delta little meditative power or tendency. His muse had no "speculation" in her eye. Whether from caution, or from want of the peculiar faculty, he never approached those awful abysses of thought which are now attracting so many poets—attracting them, partly from a desire to look down into their darkness, and partly from a passion for those strange and shivering flowers which grow around their sides. Leigh Hunt, in his late autobiography, when speaking of Blanco White, seems to blame all religious speculation, as alike hopeless and useless. But, in the present day, unless there be religious speculation, there can, with men of mind, be little religion—no creed—nor even an approximation toward one. Would Mr. Hunt destroy that link, which in every age has bound us to the infinite and eternal? Would he bring us back to mere brute worship, and brute belief? Because we cannot at present form an infallible creed, should we beware of seeking to form a creed at all? Because we cannot see all the stars, must we never raise our eyes, or our telescopes, to the midnight heavens? Because HE has been able to reach no consistent and influential faith, ought all men to abandon the task? So far from agreeing with this dogmatic denunciation, we hold that it argues on the part of its author—revered and beloved though he be—a certain shallowness and levity of spirit—that its tendency is to crush a principle of aspiration in the human mind, which may be likened to an outspringing angel pinion, and that it indirectly questions the use and the truth of all revelation. We honor, we must say, Blanco White, in his noble struggles, and in his divine despair, more than Leigh Hunt, in his denial that such struggles are wiser than a maniac's trying to leap to the sun, and in the ignoble conceptions of man's position and destiny which his words imply. And, notwithstanding his chilling criticism, so unlike his wont, we believe still, with Coleridge, that not Wordsworth, nor Milton, have written a sonnet, embodying a thought so new and magnificent, in language so sweet and musical, and perfectly fitted to the thought, like the silvery new moon sheathed in a transparent fleecy cloud, as that of Blanco White's beginning with "Mysterious Night."

Delta, we have already said, gained reputation, in prose, as well as in verse. His *Mansie Wauch*,

*Tailor in Dalkeith*, is one of the most delightful books in the language. It is partly, it is true, imitated from Galt; but, while not inferior to him in humor, it has infused a far deeper vein of poetry into the conception of common Scottish life. Honor to thee, honest Mansie! Thou art worth twenty Alton Lockes, the metaphysical tailor (certainly one of the absurdest creations, and surrounded by the most asinine story of the age, although redeemed by some glorious scenes, and *one* character, Sandy Mackay, who is just Thomas Carlyle *humanized*). But better than thee still, is thy 'prentice, Mungo Glen, with decline in his lungs, poetry in his heart, and on his lips one of the sweetest laments in the language! Many years have elapsed since we read thy life, but our laughter at thy adventures, and our tears at the death of thy poor 'prentice, seem as fresh as those of yesterday!

Why did Delta only open, and never dig out, this new and rich vein? He alone seemed adequate to follow, however far off, in the steps of the Great Wizard. Aird seemed to have exhausted his tale-writing faculty, exquisite as it was. Wilson's tales, with all their power, lack repose; they are too troubled, tearful, monotonous, and tempestuous. Galt, Miss Ferrier, the authoress of the *Odd Volume*, Macnish, &c., are dead....

We had not the pleasure of hearing Delta's recent lectures. They were, chatty, conversational, lively, full of information, although neither very eloquent, nor very profound. He knew too well the position in which he stood, and the provender which his audience required! Nor, we confess, did we expect to meet in them with a comprehensive or final *vidimus* of the poetry of the last fifty years. His Edinburgh eye has been too much dazzled and overpowered by the near orbs of Walter Scott and Wilson, to do justice to remoter luminaries. Nor was criticism exactly Delta's forte. He had not enough of subtlety—perhaps not enough of profound native instinct—and, perhaps, *some* will think, not enough of bad blood. But his criticism must, we doubt not, be always sincere in feeling, candid in spirit, and manly in language. Still, we repeat, that his power and mission were in the description of the woods and streams, the feelings and customs, the beauties and peculiarities, of 'dear Auld Scotland.'

It may, perhaps, be necessary to add, that the name Delta was applied to Dr. Moir, from his signature in "Black wood," which was always  $\Delta$ ; that he was a physician in Musselburgh, and the author of some excellent treatises on subjects connected with his own profession; and that while an accomplished litterateur and beautiful poet, he never neglected his peculiar duties, but stood as high in the medical as in the literary world.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE DESERTED MANSION.

A few years ago, a picture appeared in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which peculiarly impressed my imagination; it represented an ancient ruinous dwelling, surrounded by dilapidated gardens, set in sombre woods. The venerable trees, the moat filled with nettles and rubbish, the broken fences, green stagnant waters, the gabled, turreted, many-windowed, mouldering mansion, a perfect medley of chaotic architecture. The *visible silence*, the spirit of supreme desolation brooding over the precincts, filled my mind with involuntary sadness; while fancy conjured up strange, wild tales of other days, in connection with the scene. I could not shake off the belief that reality was portrayed on the canvas; and writing an account of the various pictures to a friend who resided in the country, I dwelt on this particular one, and my singular impressions respecting it. When I next received a letter from my friend, she remarked how unaccountable my fancies were; fancies which were, however, based on the foundation of truth.

She went on to say, that reading my letter to Mrs. L—, an octogenarian in wonderful preservation, that lady informed her of the locality of my deserted mansion, and also of its history; the picture being actually painted for Mrs. L—'s son; and the tale attached to it, which my friend eventually gave me in the old lady's own words, was as follows:

"Fifty years ago, the mansion of St. Elan's Wood was reckoned ancient, but it was a healthful, vigorous age, interesting and picturesque. Then, emerald turf lined the sides of the moat, and blooming flowers clustered within its sloping shelter; white drapery fluttered within the quaint latticed windows, and delicate climbers festooned them without; terraced walks and thick hollow hedges were in trim order, fountains sparkled in the sunshine, and blushing roses bent over and kissed the clear rejoicing waters.

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"Fifty years ago, joyous laughter resounded amid the greenwood glades, and buoyant footsteps pressed the greensward; for the master of St. Elan's had brought home a bride, and friends and relatives hastened thither to offer congratulations, and to share the hospitalities of the festive season.

"Lady St. Elan was a very young wife; a soft-eyed, timid creature; her mother had died during her daughter's infancy, and her father (an officer of high rank in the army) being abroad, a lady whom we shall call Sabina, by whom she had been educated, accompanied her beloved pupil, now Lady St. Elan, to this new home. The death of Lady St. Elan's father, and the birth of a daughter, eventually mingled rejoicing and mourning together, while great anxiety was felt for the young mother, whose recovery was extremely tedious. The visits of eminent physicians, who



were sent for from great distances, evinced the fears which were still entertained, even when the invalid roamed once more in the pleasant garden and woods around. Alas! it was not for the poor lady's bodily health they feared; the hereditary mental malady of her family on the maternal side, but which had slumbered for two generations, again darkly shadowed forth its dread approaches. Slight, indeed, had been the warning as yet, subtle the demonstrations of the deadly enemy, but enough to alarm the watchful husband, who was well acquainted with the facts. But the alarm passed away, the physicians came no more, and apparent health and strength, both mental and physical, were fully restored to the patient, while the sweet babe really deserved the epithets lavished on it by the delighted mother of the 'divinest baby in the world.'

"During the temporary absence of her husband, on affairs of urgent business, Lady St. Elan requested Sabina to share her chamber at night, on the plea of timidity and loneliness; this wish was cheerfully complied with, and two or three days passed pleasantly away.

"St. Elan was expected to return home on the following morning, and when the friends retired to rest on the previous night, Sabina withdrew the window curtains, to gaze upon the glorious landscape which stretched far away, all bathed in silver radiance, and she soon fell into a tranquil slumber, communing with holy thoughts and prayerful aspirations. She was suddenly awakened by a curious kind of sound in the room, accompanied by a half-stifled jeering laugh. She knew not how long sleep had lulled her in oblivion, but when Sabina turned round to see from whence the sound proceeded, imagine her horror and dismay at beholding Lady St. Elan standing near the door, sharpening a large knife on her slipper, looking wildly round now and then, muttering and jibing.

"'Not sharp enough yet—not sharp enough yet,' she exclaimed, intently pursuing her occupation.

"Sabina felt instinctively, that this was no practical *joke*; she knew instinctively the dread reality—by the maniac's eye—by the tone of voice—and she sprang from the bed, darting towards the door. It was locked. Lady St. Elan looked cunningly up, muttering—

"'So you thought I was so silly, did you? But I double-locked it, and threw the key out of the window; and perhaps you may spy out in the moonshine you're so fond of admiring,' pointing to an open casement, at an immense height from the ground—for this apartment was at the summit of a turret, commanding an extensive view, chosen for that reason, as well as for its seclusion and repose, being so far distant from the rest of the household.

"Sabina was not afflicted with weak nerves, and as the full danger of her position flashed across her mind, she remembered to have heard that the human eye possesses extraordinary power to quell and keep in abeyance all unruly passions thus terrifically displayed. She was also aware, that in a contest where mere bodily energy was concerned, her powers must prove utterly inadequate and unavailing, when brought into competition with those of the unfortunate lady during a continuance of the paroxysm. Sabina feigned a calmness which she was far from feeling at that trying moment, and though her voice trembled, yet she said cheerfully, and with a careless air—

"'I think your knife will soon be sharp enough, Lady St. Elan; what do you want it for?'

"'What do I want it for?' mimicked the mad woman; 'why what should I want it for, Sabina, but to cut your throat with?'

"'Well, that is an odd fancy,' exclaimed Sabina, endeavoring not to scream or to faint: 'but you had better sit down, for the knife is not sharp enough for that job—there—there's a chair. Now give me your attention while you sharpen, and I'll sit opposite to you; for I have had such an extraordinary dream, and I want you to listen to it.'

"The lady looked maliciously sly, as much as to say, 'You shall not cheat me, if I *do* listen.' But she sat down, and Sabina opposite to her, who began pouring forth a farrago of nonsense, which she pretended to have dreamt. Lady St. Elan had always been much addicted to perusing works of romantic fiction, and this taste for the marvellous was, probably, the means of saving Sabina's life, who, during that long and awful night, never flagged for one moment, continuing her repetition of marvels in the *Arabian Night's* style. The maniac sat perfectly still, with the knife in one hand, the slipper in the other, and her large eyes intently fixed on the narrator. Oh, those weary, weary hours! When, at length, repeated signals and knocks were heard at the chamber-door, as the morning sun arose, Sabina had presence of mind not to notice them, as her terrible companion appeared not to do so; but she continued her sing-song, monotonous strain, until the barrier was fairly burst open, and St. Elan himself, who had just returned, alarmed at the portentous murmurs within, and accompanied by several domestics, came to the rescue.

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"Had Sabina moved, or screamed for help, or appeared to recognize the aid which was at hand, ere it could have reached her, the knife might have been sheathed in her heart. This knife was a foreign one of quaint workmanship, usually hanging up in St. Elan's dressing-room; and the premeditation evinced in thus secreting it was a mystery not to be solved. Sabina's hair which was black as the raven's wing, when she retired to rest on that fearful night, had changed to the similitude of extreme age when they found her in the morning. Lady St. Elan never recovered this sudden and total overthrow of reason, but died—alas! it was rumored, by her own hand—within two years afterwards. The infant heiress was entrusted to the guidance of her mother's friend and governess; she became an orphan at an early age, and on completing her twenty-first year was uncontrolled mistress of the fortune and estates of her ancestors.

"But long ere that period arrived, a serious question had arisen in Sabina's mind respecting the duty and expediency of informing Mary St. Elan what her true position was, and gently imparting the sad knowledge of that visitation overshadowing the destinies of her race. It was true that in her individual case the catastrophe might be warded off, while, on the other hand, there was lurking, threatening danger; but a high religious principle seemed to demand a sacrifice, or self-immolation, in order to prevent the possibility of a perpetuation of the direful malady.

"Sabina felt assured that were her noble-hearted pupil once to learn the facts, there would be no hesitation on her part in strictly adhering to the prescribed line of right; it was a bitter task for Sabina to undertake, but she did not shrink from performing it when her resolution became matured, and her scruples settled into decision, formed on the solid basis of duty to God and man. Sabina afterwards learnt that the sacrifice demanded of Mary St. Elan was far more heroic than she had contemplated; and when that sweet young creature devoted herself to a life of celibacy, Sabina did not know, that engrossed by 'first love,' of which so much has been said and sung, Mary St. Elan bade adieu to life's hope and happiness.

"With a woman's delicate perception and depth of pity, Sabina gained that knowledge; and with honor unspeakable she silently read the treasured secrets of the gentle heart thus fatally wounded—the evil from which she had sedulously striven to guard her pupil, had not been successfully averted—Mary St. Elan had already given away her guileless heart. But her sorrows were not doomed to last; for soon after that period when the law pronounced her free from control respecting her worldly affairs, the last of the St. Elans passed peacefully away to a better world, bequeathing the mansion house and estate of St. Elan's Wood to Sabina and her heirs. In Sabina's estimation, however, this munificent gift was the 'price of blood:' as but for *her* instrumentality, the fatal knowledge would not have been imparted; but for *her* the ancestral woods and pleasant home might have descended to children's children in the St. Elan's line,—tainted, indeed, and doomed; but now the race was extinct.

"There were many persons who laughed at Sabina's sensitive feelings on this subject, which they could not understand; and even well-meaning, pious folk, thought that she carried her strict notions, too far. Yet Sabina remained immovable; nor would she ever consent that the wealth thus left should be enjoyed by her or hers.

"Thus the deserted mansion still remains unclaimed, though it will not be long ere it is appropriated to the useful and beneficent purpose specified in Mary St. Elan's will—namely, failing Sabina and her issue, to be converted into a lunatic asylum—a kind of lunatic alms-house for decayed gentlewomen, who, with the requisite qualifications, will here find refuge from the double storms of life assailing them, poor souls! both from within and without."

"But what became of Sabina, and what interest has your son in this picture?" asked my friend of old Mrs. L—, as that venerable lady concluded her narration; "for if none live to claim the property, why does it still remain thus?"

"Your justifiable curiosity shall be gratified, my dear," responded the kindly dame. "Look at my hair—it did not turn white from age: I retired to rest one night with glossy braids, black as the raven's wing, and they found me in the morning as you now behold me! Yes, it is even so; and you no longer wonder that Sabina's son desired to possess this identical painting; my pilgrimage is drawing towards its close—protracted as it has been beyond the allotted age of man—but, according to the tenor of the afore-named will, the mansion and estate of St. Elan must remain as they now stand until I am no more; while the accumulated funds will amply endow the excellent charity. Were my son less honorable or scrupulous, he might, of course, claim the property on my decease; but respect for his mother's memory, with firm adherence to her principles, will keep him, with God's blessing, from yielding to temptation. He is not a rich man, but with proud humility he may gaze on this memorial picture, and hand it down to posterity with the traditionary lore attached; and may none of our descendants ever lament the use which will be made, nor covet the possession, of this deserted mansion."

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**From Hogg's Instructor.**

## **ILLUSTRATIONS OF MOTIVES.**

Certain it is, that in the universe there can be but one infallible Judge of motives. None but its Maker can see into the secret springs, and clearly comprehend the motions, of the mind. Nevertheless, "the will for the deed" is an old understanding among mankind, in virtue of that inward life whose world and workings they know to extend so far beyond the visible. It is, indeed, the privilege, and in some sense a necessity of human reason, to inquire after, at least, obvious motives, since the smallest acquaintance with character or history cannot be formed without taking them into account. Thus, in the biographies of notable men, in the histories of nations, and in the gossip which constitutes the current history of most neighborhoods, and is relished alike by the denizens of court and hamlet, nobody is satisfied with knowing merely what was done, for the demand invariably follows, Why they did it? That query is often necessary to legal, and always to moral justice. It must be, so to speak, a most mechanical and surface life, whose daily doings the beholder can fully explain, independent of any reference to inward feelings, unuttered memories, or concealed hopes. How many deeds and whole courses of action, chameleon-like,

utterly change their complexions, according to the light of attributed motives! Through that medium, the patriot of one party becomes the heartless and designing knave of another; and the fanatical revolutionists of their own generation turn to fearless reformers with the next. Many an act, on the details of which most historians are agreed, is held up by one to the world's praise, and by another to universal censure. Henri Quatre, says the first, conformed to Catholicism rather than continue a civil war in his kingdom; while a second remarks of the same monarch, that he sacrificed his faith for a crown. When Frederick-William of Prussia was just at the hottest of that persecution of his celebrated son, for which, together with his love of tall soldiers, he is best known to the world, the grand dispute amongst his favorite guards at Potsdam was, whether the kicks, cuffs, and imprisonments, which the old king bestowed so liberally on his heir-apparent, were intended to prevent young Fritz turning an infidel, or arose from his father's fears that he might be a greater man than himself! On no subject are mankind more apt to differ, probably because there are few on which observation affords so much inferential and so little direct evidence.

Approaching the innermost circles of private life, we find that the views entertained of motives exercise a still greater influence in determining our estimation of kindred, friends, or lovers. Volpone, in Ben Jonson's play, even had he been capable of it, could have no cause for gratitude to his numerous friends for all their gifts and attentions, knowing so perfectly as he did, that they came but in expectation of a legacy; and many a well-portioned dame has seen cause for applying to her most attentive suitor those lines of a homely Scottish song—

"My lad is sae muckle in love wi' my siller,  
He canna hae love to spare for me."

There is a strange difference of opinion existing at times between the principals and the spectators of these particular affairs. Few, it has been said, can penetrate the motives of others in matters regarding themselves. Yet most people are wonderfully sharp-sighted where their neighbors are concerned; and the world—as every one of us is apt to call that fraction of society in which we live, and move, and have our associations—though generally not over charitable, is rarely wrong in its conclusions.

He was a keen observer of life who remarked that the rapid changes to which most of human friendships and enmities are liable, could be no matter of surprise to one who took note of the motives from which they generally originate. Poor and unsubstantial enough these doubtless are, in many a case. There have been friendships that owed their growth solely to showers of flattery, and bitter enmities have spontaneously sprung up in the soil of envy. It was said of Goldsmith, that he could never hear a brother poet, or, indeed, any citizen of the world of letters, praised, without entertaining a temporary aversion to that individual, and a similar effect was always produced by the smallest sign of increasing literary consequence. A report that M— had been taken particular notice of by such a nobleman of those patronizing times, or that his works had been admired in some segment of the fashionable circle, was sufficient to make the author of the "Deserted Village" find all manner of faults with him and his, till time, or his habitual good nature, wiped the circumstance out of Goldsmith's remembrance.

This reminds one of Madame de Montespan, a belle of that order which reigned most triumphantly at the court of Louis XIV., who never could forgive her rival, even when disgraced and dead, because she had once got a ride in the royal carriage. It is curious that the learned and the fair, far as their general pursuits, and visibilities, too, are known to be apart, should, according to common report, approximate so nearly in their motives to enmity or friendship. George Colman used to say, that, if one had any interest in getting up a quarrel between either two fine ladies or two literary men, he had nothing to do but to praise the one energetically to the other, and the higher his enthusiasm rose, the fiercer would be the war.

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It was asserted of both the elder and younger Scaliger, that they never applauded any scholar with all their might, but one who was manifestly inferior to themselves; and of Madame de Maintenon, that she never honored any one with her special friendship who was not, in some considerable point, beneath her. There is still a large class of characters, in all whose attachments a something to despise seems the indispensable ingredient. The perpetual triumph of being always "king of the company" has a binding attraction for such minds. It confers a kind of dictatorship to have the advantage of one's friends. Nothing else can explain the amount of patronage and befriending generally lavished on the most worthless members of families or societies; and the half-grudge, half-surveillance, which, under the covert of mere mouth-honor, often surrounds great or successful abilities.

A strange motive to enmity is illustrated in the life of General Loudoun, one of the Scotch Jacobites, who, on the defeat of his party, entered the Austrian service, and rose to the rank of field-marshal in the wars of Maria Theresa. He had taken the town of Seidlitz from the Prussians. It was a great stroke in favor of the empress queen, and might have been rewarded with a coronet, but, in his haste to send her majesty the intelligence, Loudoun transmitted it through her husband, the Emperor Francis, who had a private interest in the matter, having long carried on a speculation of his own in victualling not only his wife's troops, but those of her Prussian enemy. King Maria, as she was styled by her Hungarian subjects, had also some special reasons for allowing him to have neither hand nor voice in her concerns—a fact which the marshal had never learned, or forgotten; and her majesty was so indignant at receiving the news through such a channel, that, though she struck a medal to commemorate the taking of Seidlitz, Loudoun was rewarded only with her peculiar aversion throughout the remaining seventeen years of her reign,

for which the good wishes of that imperial speculator in forage and flour afforded but poor consolation.

Of all the important steps of human life, that by which two are made one appears to be taken from the greatest variety of motives. Doubtless, from the beginning it was not so; but manifold and heterogeneous are those which have been alleged for it in the civilized world. Goethe said he married to attain popular respectability. Wilkes, once called the Patriot, when suing his wife, who chanced to have been an heiress, for the remains of her property, declared that he had wedded at twenty-two, solely to please his friends; and Wycherly the poet, in his very last days, worshipped and endowed with all his worldly goods, as the English service hath it, a girl whom poverty had made unscrupulous, in order to be revenged on his relations.

Princes of old were in the habit of marrying to cement treaties, which were generally broken as soon after as possible; and simple citizens are still addicted to the same method of amending their fortunes and families. There was an original motive to double blessedness set forth in the advice of a veteran sportsman in one of the border counties. His niece was the heiress of broad lands, which happened to adjoin an estate belonging to a younger brother of the turf; and the senior gentleman, when dilating to her on the exploits they had performed together by wood and wold, wound up with the following sage counsel—"Maria, take my advice, and marry young Beechwood, and you'll see this county hunted in style."

The numbers who, by their own account, have wedded to benefit society, in one shape or another, would furnish a strong argument against the accredited selfishness of mankind, could they only be believed. The general good of their country was the standing excuse of classic times, and philosophers have occasionally reproduced it in our own. Most people seem to think some apology necessary, but none are so ingenious in showing cause why they should enter the holy state, as those with whom it is the second experiment. The pleas of the widowed for casting off their weeds are generally prudent, and often singularly commendable. Domestic policy or parental affection supply the greater part of them; and the want of protectors and step-mothers felt by families of all sizes is truly marvellous, considering the usual consequences of their instalment.

It is to be admired, as the speakers of old English would say, for what noble things men will give themselves credit in the way of motives, and how little resemblance their actions bear to them. Montaigne was accustomed to tell of a servant belonging to the Archbishop of Paris, who, being detected in privately selling his master's best wine, insisted that it was done out of pure love to his grace, lest the sight of so large a stock in his cellar might tempt him to drink more than was commendable for a bishop. A guardian care of their neighbors' well-being, somewhat similar, is declared by all the disturbers of our daily paths. Tale-bearers and remarkers, of every variety, have the best interests of their friends at heart; and what troublesome things some people can do from a sense of duty is matter of universal experience. Great public criminals, tyrants, and persecutors in old times, and the abusers of power in all ages, have, especially in the fall of their authority, laid claim to most exalted motives. Patriotism, philanthropy, and religion itself, have been quoted as their inspirers. The ill-famed Judge Jeffries said, his judicial crimes were perpetrated to maintain the majesty of the law. Robespierre affirmed that he had lived in defence of virtue and his country. But perhaps the most charitable interpretation that ever man gave to the motives of another, is to be found in the funeral sermon of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and father of George III. The preacher, after several judicious remarks on the virtues of the royal deceased, concludes, "That in the extreme to which these were carried, they appeared like vices; for so great was his generosity, that he ruined half the tradesmen in London; and so extraordinary his condescension, that he kept all sorts of bad company."

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It is strange, that while motives abstractly virtuous have produced large additions to the sum of mortal ills, little of private, and still less of public, good has sprung, even casually, from those that are evil in themselves. "If either the accounts of history, or the daily reports of life, are to be at all credited," said one who had learned and thought much on this subject, "the greatest amount of crime and folly has been committed from motives of religion and love, as men, for the most part, know them; while those of avarice, revenge, and fear, have originated the most extraordinary actions and important events."

The sins of revenge have usually a leaven of what Bacon calls "wild justice" in them. Those of avarice are, from their very nature, notorious; but perhaps no motive has ever prompted men to such varied and singular actions as that of fear. The working of fear was singularly exhibited in the conduct of a certain Marquis of Montferrat, who lived at the period of the famous Italian wars, waged between Charles V. of Germany and Francis I. of France. The marquis was an Alpine feudatory of the former, and served him long and faithfully, till a German astrologer of high repute in those days assured him, from the stars, that the emperor would be eventually overthrown, and all his partisans utterly ruined. To avoid his probable share in that prediction, the marquis turned traitor to his friend and sovereign, for Charles had trusted him beyond most men; but the next year, the emperor was completely victorious, by both sea and land. The marquis had fallen, fighting in vain for Francis, and his fief was bestowed on a loyal vassal of the emperor.

Divines and philosophers have had many controversies concerning motives. A great dispute on this subject is said to have engaged the learned of Alexandria, about the accession of the emperor Julian, whom, says a biographer, "some of his subjects named the Apostate, and some the Philosopher." The controversy occupied not only the Christian Platonists, for whose numbers

that city was so celebrated, but also the Pagan wisdom, then shedding its last rays under favor of the new emperor. Yet neither Christians nor Pagans could entirely agree with each other, and such a division of opinion had never been heard, even in Alexandria. Things were in this state, says the tradition, when there arrived in the capital of Egypt a Persian, whose fame had long preceded him. He had been one of the Magi, at the base of the Caucasus, till the Parthians laid waste his country, when he left it, and travelled over the world in search of knowledge, and, in both east and west, they called him Kosro the Wise. Scarce was the distinguished stranger fairly within their gates when the chiefs of the parties determined to hear his opinion on matter; and a deputation, consisting of a Christian bishop, a Jewish rabbi, a Platonist teacher, and a priest of Isis, waited on the Persian one morning, when he sat in the portico of a long-deserted temple, which some forgotten Egyptian had built to Time, the instructor. The rabbi and the priest were for actions. The Platonist and the bishop were motive men, but in the manner of those times, for even philosophy has its fashions, the four had agreed that each should propose a question to Kosro, as his own wisdom dictated. Accordingly, after some preparatory compliments, touching the extent of his fame and travels, the Platonist, who was always notable for circumlocution, opened the business by inquiring what he considered the chief movers of mankind.

"Gain and vanity," replied Kosro.

"Which is strongest?" interposed the rabbi, in whom the faculty of beating about in argument was scarcely less developed.

"Gain was the first," said the Persian. "Its worship succeeded the reign of Ormuz, which western poets call the golden age, and I know not when it was; but, in later ages, vanity has become the most powerful, for every where I have seen men do that for glory which they would not do for gain; and many even sacrifice gain to glory, as they think it."

"But, wise Kosro," demanded the priest, impatient with what he considered a needless digression, "tell us your opinion—Should men be judged by their motives or their actions?"

"Motives," said Kosro, "are the province of divine, and actions of human, judgment. Nevertheless, because of the relation between them it is well to take note of the former when they become visible in our light, yet not to search too narrowly after them, but take deeds for their value; seeing, first, that the inward labyrinth is beyond our exploring; secondly, that most men act from mingled motives; and, thirdly, that if, after the thought of a western poet, there were a crystal pane set in each man's bosom, it would mightily change the estimation of many."

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And the bishop made answer—"Kosro, thou hast seen the truth; man must at times perceive, but God alone can judge of, motives."

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**From Sharpe's London Journal.**

## **THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.**

**FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEX. DUMAS, BY MISS STRICKLAND.**

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

He regulated his time in the following manner:—in summer he rose at five, and in winter at six o'clock every morning, and as soon as the duties of the toilette were ended, entered his cabinet, in which the greatest order was observed. He found there a cambric handkerchief folded, and a packet of new pens. He only used these pens in signing his name, and never made use of them again. As soon as he concluded this business, he descended into the garden, where, notwithstanding the report of a conspiracy which had existed two years against his life and government, he walked alone with no other guards than the sentinels always stationed before the palace of Alexander. At five he returned, to dine alone, and after his solitary meal was lulled to sleep by the melancholy airs played by the military band of the guard regiment on duty. The selection of the music was always made by himself, and he seemed to sink to repose, and to awake, with the same sombre dispositions and feelings which had been his companions throughout the day.

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

attachment, which formed at once the happiness and misery of a delicate and sensitive woman.

At this period of her life, the Empress at five-and-forty retained her fine shape and noble carriage, while her countenance showed the remains of considerable beauty, more impaired by sorrow than time. Calumny itself had never dared to aim her envenomed shafts at one so eminently chaste and good. Her presence demanded the respect due to virtue, still more than the homage proper to her elevated rank. She resembled indeed more an angel exiled from heaven, than the imperial consort of a Prince who ruled a large portion of the earth.

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

In the month of June, no visible alteration was observed in his appearance, and he quitted St. Petersburg, after a service had been chanted, to bring down a blessing from above on his journey. He was accompanied by the Empress, his faithful coachman, Ivan, and some officers belonging to the staff of General Diebitch. He stopped at Warsaw a few days, in order to celebrate the birthday of his brother, the Grand-Duke Constantine, and arrived at Tangaroff in the end of August 1825. Both the illustrious travellers found their health benefitted by the change of scene and climate. Alexander took a great liking to Tangaroff, a small town on the borders of the sea of Azof, comprizing a thousand ill-built houses, of which a sixth-part alone are of brick and stone, while the remainder resemble wooden cages covered with dirt. The streets are large, but then they have no pavement, and are alternately loaded with dust, or inundated with mud. The dust rises in clouds, which conceals alike man and beast under a thick veil, and penetrates every where the carefully closed jalousies with which the houses are guarded, and covers the garments of their inhabitants. The food, the water, are loaded with it; and the last cannot be drunk till previously boiled with salt of tartar, which precipitates it; a precaution absolutely necessary to free it from this disagreeable and dangerous deposit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Emperor instantly gave his consent. Upon the fifteenth, at five o'clock in the morning, a humble village priest approached the imperial bed to receive the confession of his expiring sovereign.—"My father, God must be merciful to kings," were the first words the Emperor addressed to the minister of religion; "indeed they require it so much more than other men." In this sentence all the trials and temptations of the despotic ruler of a great people—his territorial ambition, his jealousy, his political ruses, his distrusts and over-confidences, seem to be briefly comprehended. Then, apparently perceiving some timidity in the spiritual confessor his destiny had provided for him, he added, "My father, treat me like an erring man, not as an Emperor." The priest drew near the bed, received the confession of his august penitent, and administered to him the last sacraments. Then having been informed of the Emperor's pertinacity in rejecting medicine, he urged him to give up this fatal obstinacy, remarking, "that he feared God would consider it absolutely suicidal." His admonitions made a deep impression upon the mind of the prince, who recalled Sir Andrew Wyllie, and, giving him his hand, bade him do what he pleased with him. Wyllie took advantage of this absolute surrender, to apply twenty leeches to the head of the Emperor; but the application was too late, the burning fever continually increased, and the sufferer was given over. The intelligence filled the dying chamber with weeping domestics, who tenderly loved their master.

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

Two hours after he had made his peace with God, Alexander experienced more severe pain than he had yet felt. "Kings," said he, "suffer more than others." He had called one of his attendants to listen to this remark with the air of one communicating a secret. He stopped, and then, as if recalling something he had forgotten, said in a whisper, "they have committed an infamous action." What did he mean by these words? Was he suspicious that his days had been shortened by poison? or did he allude, with the last accents he uttered, to the barbarous assassination of the Emperor Paul? Eternity can alone reveal the secret thoughts of Alexander I. of Russia.

During the night, the dying prince lost consciousness. At two o'clock in the morning, Count Diebitch came to the Empress, to inform her that an old man, named Alexandrowitz, had saved many Tartars in the same malady. A ray of hope entered the heart of the imperial consort at this information, and Sir Andrew Wyllie ordered him to be sent for in haste. This interval was passed by the Empress in prayer, yet she still kept her eyes fixed upon those of her husband, watching with intense attention the beams of life and light fading in their unconscious gaze. At nine in the

morning, the old man was brought into the imperial chamber almost by force. The rank of the patient, perhaps, inspiring him with some fear respecting the consequences that might follow his prescriptions, caused his extreme unwillingness. He approached the bed, looked at his dying sovereign, and shook his head. He was questioned respecting this doubtful sign. "It is too late to give him medicine; besides, those I have cured were not sick of the same malady."

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

On the sixteenth of November, according to the usual method of measuring time, but on the first of December, if we follow the Russian calendar, at fifty minutes after ten in the morning, Alexander Paulowitz, Emperor of all the Russias, expired. The Empress, bending over him, felt the departure of his last breath. She uttered a bitter cry, sank upon her knees, and prayed. After some minutes passed in communion with heaven, she rose, closed the eyes of her deceased lord, composed his features, kissed his cold and livid hands, and once more knelt and prayed. The physicians entreated her to leave the chamber of death, and the pious Empress consented to withdraw to her own.<sup>[9]</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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The faults of Alexander are comprised in his infidelity to a beautiful, accomplished, and affectionate wife. He respected her even while wounding her delicate feelings by his criminal attachments to other women. After many years of mental pain, the injured Elizabeth gave him the choice of giving her up, or banishing an imperious mistress, by whom the Emperor had a numerous family.

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

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

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

Some days after the death of his natural daughter, the Emperor Alexander entered the house of an English officer to whom he was much attached. He was in deep mourning and appeared very unhappy. "I have just followed to the grave," said he, "as a private person the remains of my poor child, and I cannot yet forgive the unnatural woman who deserted the death-bed of her daughter. Besides, my sin, which I never repented of, has found me out, and the vengeance of God has fallen upon its fruits. Yes, I deserted the best and most amiable of wives, the object of my first affection, for women who neither possessed her beauty nor merit. I have preferred to the Empress even this unnatural mother, whom I now regard with loathing and horror. My wife shall never again have cause to reproach my broken faith."

Devotion and his strict adherence to his promise balm'd the wound, which, however, only death could heal. To the secret agony which through life had haunted the bosom of the son was added that of the father, and the return of Alexander to the paths of virtue and religion originated in the loss of this beloved daughter, smitten, he considered, for his sins.

The friendship of this prince for Madam Krudener had nothing criminal in its nature, though it furnished a theme for scandal to those who are apt to doubt the purity of Platonic attachments between individuals of opposite sexes.

In regard to this Emperor's political career, full of ambition and stratagem, we can only re-echo his dying words to his confessor:—"God must be merciful to kings?" His career, however varied by losses on the field or humiliated by treaties, ended triumphantly with the laurels of war and the olives of peace, and he bore to his far northern empire the keys of Paris as a trophy of his arms. His moderation demands the praise of posterity, and excited the admiration of the French nation at large.<sup>[10]</sup> His immoral conduct as a man and a husband was afterwards effaced by his sincere repentance, and he died in the arms of the most faithful and affectionate of wives, who

could not long survive her irreparable loss. His death was deeply lamented by his subjects, who, if they did not enrol his name among the greatest of their rulers, never have hesitated to denote him as the best and most merciful sovereign who ever sat upon the Russian throne.

### FOOTNOTES:

- [9] The autopsy exhibited the same appearance generally discovered in those subjects whose death has been caused by the fever of the country: the brain was watery, the veins of the head were gorged, and the liver was soft. No signs of poison were discovered; the death of the Emperor was in the course of nature.
- [10] The French authorities would have removed the trophies of Napoleon's victories, and the commemoration of the Russian share in the disastrous days of Jena and Austerlitz. The Emperor Alexander magnanimously replied, "No, let them remain: it is sufficient that I have passed over the bridge with my army!" A noble and generous reply. Few princes have effaced public wrongs so completely, or used their opportunity of making reprisals so mercifully. (See Chateaubriand's Autobiography.)

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## FALLEN GENIUS.

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BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

No tears for him!—he saw by faith sublime  
Through the wan shimmer of life's wasted flame,  
Across the green hills of the future time,  
The golden breaking of the morn of fame.

Faded by the diviner life, and worn,  
The dust has fallen away, and ye but see  
The ruins of the house wherein were borne  
The birth-pangs of an immortality.

His great life from the wondrous life to be,  
Clasped the bright splendors that no sorrow mars,  
As some pale, shifting column of the sea,  
Mirrors the awful beauty of the stars.

What was Love's lily pressure, what the light  
Of its pleased smile, that a chance breath may chill?  
His soul was mated with the winds of night,  
And wandered through the universe at will.

Oft in his heart its stormy passion woke,  
Yet from its bent his soul no more was stirred,  
Than is the broad green bosom of the oak  
By the light flutter of the summer bird.

His loves were of forbidden realms, unwrought  
In poet's rhyme, the music of his themes,  
Hovering about the watch-fires of his thought,  
On the dim borders of the land of dreams.

For while his hand with daring energy  
Fed the slow fire that, burning, must consume,  
The ravishing joys of unheard harmony  
Beat like a living pulse within the tomb.

Pillars of fire that wander through life's night,  
Children of genius! ye are doomed to be,  
In the embrace of your far-reaching light,  
Locking the radiance of eternity.

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From the London Times.

## COPENHAGEN.

A more stately city than Copenhagen can scarcely be imagined. The streets, wide and long, filled with spacious and lofty houses of unspotted whiteness, and built with great regularity, remind one somewhat of Bath, but that the ground is level; many of them all but equal, in breadth, to the

Irishman's test of street architecture—Sackville-street, Dublin. But large squares break up their continuous lines, and the eye rests on fine statues, noble palaces, and splendid buildings devoted to the arts, to amusement, to justice, or to the purposes of religion in every quarter of the city. Copenhagen is but a creation of the last century, and, after a little time spent there, a large portion of it gives the idea that it was built all of a sudden, by some Danish Grissell and Peto, according to contract. Surrounded by a deep foss, by ramparts and intrenchments, defended by formidable forts and batteries, filled with the halls of kings, with churches, museums, and castles, it combines the appearance of a new cut made by the royal commissioners through some old London rookery, with the air of an old feudal town. The moat prohibits any considerable extension. Seen under a bright cold sky, the blanched fronts of the houses, the white walls of the public edifices, the regularity of the streets, conveyed an impression of cleanliness, which could only be destroyed when one happened to look down at his feet, or ceased to keep guard over his nose. The paving is of the style which may be called Titanic, and was never intended for any foot garb less defensive than a *sabot* or a *caliga*. The drainage is superficial,—that is, all the liquid refuse of the city runs, or rather walks very leisurely, along grooves in the pavement aforesaid, which are covered over by boards in various stages of decomposition. In summer, the city must be worse than Berlin (which, by the by, it very much resembles in many respects). In spring time, after rain, my own experience tells me it suggests forcible reminiscences of the antique odors of Fleet Ditch. One thing which soon strikes the stranger is the apparent want of shops. But they are to be found by those who want them. Nearly every trader carries on his business very modestly in his front parlor, and makes a moderate display of his stock in the ordinary window, so that the illusory and enchanting department of trade is quite gone. A Danish gentleman can walk out with his wife without the least fear that he will fall a victim to "a stupendous sacrifice," or be immolated on the altar of "an imperative necessity to clear out in a week."

Moving through these streets is a quiet, soberly-attired population. Bigger than most foreigners, and with great roundness of muscle and size of bone, your Dane wants the dapper air of the Frenchman, or the solemnity of the Spaniard, while he is not so bearded or so dirty as the German. But then he smokes prodigiously, dresses moderately in the English style, is addicted to jewelry in excess, and has a habit of plodding along, straight in the middle of the road, with his head down, which must be a matter of considerable annoyance to the native cabman. He is, however, amazingly polite. He not only takes off his hat to every one he knows, but gives any lady-acquaintance the trouble of recognizing him, by bowing to her before she has made up her mind whether the individual is known or not. Another of his peculiarities is, that he always has a dog. I should say, more correctly, there is always a dog following him,—for I have seen an animal, which seemed to be bound by the closest ties to a particular gentleman, placidly leave him at the corner of a street, and set off on an independent walk by itself. These dogs are, in fact, a feature of the place by themselves. In number they can only be excelled by the canine scavengers of Cairo or Constantinople, and in mongrelness and ugliness by no place in the world—not even in Tuum before the potato rot. They get up little extemporaneous hunts through the squares, the trail being generally the remnant of an old rat, carried away by the foremost, and dash between your legs from unexpected apertures in walls and houses, so as to cause very unpleasant consequences to the nervous or feeble sojourner. On seeking for an explanation of their great abundance, I was informed that they were kept to kill rats. But this is a mere delusion. These dogs are far too wise to lose their health by keeping late hours in pursuit of vermin. No, they retire as soon as darkness sets in, and with darkness, out come the rats in the most perfect security. Such rats! they are as big as kittens, and their squeaking under the wooden planks of the gutters as you walk home is perfectly amazing. The celebrated dog Billy would have died in a week of violent exercise in any one street in Copenhagen, giving him his usual allowance of murder. I must say that, in the matters of paving, dogs, rats, sewers, water, and lights, Copenhagen is rather behind the rest of the world. As to the lights, they are sparingly placed, and as yet gas is not used. With a laudable economy, the oil-wicks are extinguished when the moon shines, and the result is, that sometimes an envious cloud leaves the whole city in Cimmerian darkness for the rest of the night, in consequence of five minutes' moonshine in the early part, as, once put out, they are not again relumed.

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In the crowd you meet many pale, sorrow-stricken women in mourning, and now and then a poor soldier limps before you, with recent bandages on his stump, or hobbles along limpingly, with perhaps a sabre-cut across the face, or an empty coat-sleeve dangling from his shoulder; and then you remember all the horrors the late war must have caused Denmark, when, out of her small population, 90,000 men were under arms in the field. It can scarcely atone for this sight to meet dashing hussars, with their red coats and sheepskin calpacs; heavy dragoons in light-blue and dark-green; jagers in smart frocks of olive-green, decorated with stars and ribands, and swaggering along in all the pride of having smelt powder and done their duty. They are numerous enough, indeed every third man is a soldier; but one of these sad widows or orphans is an antidote to the glories of these fine heroes, scarcely less powerful than that of the spectacle of their mutilated and mangled comrades. This war has roused the national spirit of Denmark; it has caused her to make a powerful effort to shake off all connection with Germany, or dependence on her Germanic subjects, but it has cost her £5,000,000 of money, and it has left many a home desolate for ever.

# THE SHADOW OF LUCY HUTCHINSON.

There are some books that leave upon the mind a strange impression, one of the most delightful reading can produce—a haunting of the memory, it may be, by one form or by several, strangely real, having a positive personal presence and identity, yet always preserving an immaterial existence, and occupying a "removed ground," from which they never stir to mingle with the realities of recollection. These shadows hold their place apart, as some rare dreams do, claiming from us an indescribable tenderness.

The "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson" is such a book. In many passages it is tedious—a record of petty strategies of partisan warfare—and, more dreary still, of factious jealousies and polemical hatreds. The absolute truth of the book is fatal, in one direction to our hero-worship. The leaders of the Great Rebellion, in such minute details, appear as mere schemers, as rival agents at a borough election; and the most fervent in professions of religious zeal are as bitter in their revenges as the heroes of a hundred scalps; but there arises out of the book, and is evermore associated with it, the calm quiet shadow of a woman of exquisite purity, of wondrous constancy, of untiring affection—Lucy Hutchinson, its writer.

John Hutchinson is at Richmond, lodging at the house of his music-master. He is twenty-two years of age. The village is full of "good company," for the young Princes are being educated in the palace, and many "ingenious persons entertained themselves at that place." The music-master's house is the resort of the king's musicians; "and divers of the gentlemen and ladies that were affected with music came thither to hear." There was a little girl "tabled" in the same house with John Hutchinson, who was taking lessons of the lutanist—a charming child, full of vivacity and intelligence. She told John she had an elder sister—a studious and retiring person—who was gone with her mother, Lady Apsley, into Wiltshire—and Lucy was going to be married, she thought. The little girl ever talked of Lucy—and the gentlemen talked of Lucy—and one day a song was sung which Lucy had written—and John and the vivacious child walked, another day, to Lady Apsley's house, and there, in a closet, were Lucy's Latin books. Mr. Hutchinson grew in love with Lucy's image; and when the talk was more rife that she was about to be married—and some said that she was indeed married—he became unhappy—and "began to believe there was some magic in the place, which enchanted men out of their right senses; but the sick heart could not be chid nor advised into health." At length Lucy and her mother came home; and Lucy was not married. Then John and Lucy wandered by the pleasant banks of the Thames, in that spring-time of 1638, and a "mutual friendship" grew up between them. Lucy now talked to him of her early life; how she had been born in the Tower of London, of which her late father, Sir John Apsley, was the governor; how her mother was the benefactress of the prisoners, and delighted to mitigate the hard fortune of the noble and the learned, and especially Sir Walter Raleigh, by every needful help to his studies and amusements; how she herself grew serious amongst these scenes, and delighted in nothing but reading, and would never practise her lute or harpsichords, and absolutely hated her needle. John was of a like serious temper. Their fate was determined.

The spring is far advanced into summer. On a certain day the friends on both sides meet to conclude the terms of the marriage. Lucy is not to be seen. She has taken the small-pox. She is very near death. At length John is permitted to speak to his betrothed. Tremblingly and mournfully she comes into his presence. She is "the most deformed person that could be seen." Who could tell the result in words so touching as Lucy's own? "He was nothing troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her. But God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her; though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered to be as well as before."

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They were married on the 3d of July, 1638.

In the autumn of 1641, John and Lucy Hutchinson are living in their own house of Owthorpe, in Nottinghamshire. They have two sons. They are "peaceful and happy." John has dedicated two years since his marriage to the study of "school divinity." He has convinced himself of "the great point of predestination." This faith has not, as his wife records, produced a "carelessness of life in him," but "a more strict and holy walking." He applies himself, in his house at Owthorpe, "to understand the things then in dispute" between the King and Parliament. He is satisfied of the righteousness of the Parliament's cause; but he then "contents himself with praying for peace." In another year the King has set up his standard in Nottingham; the battle of Edgehill has been fought; all hope of peace is at an end. John Hutchinson is forced out of his quiet habitation by the suspicions of his royalist neighbors. He is marked as a Roundhead. Lucy does not like the name. "It was very ill applied to Mr. Hutchinson, who having naturally a very fine thick-set head of hair, kept it clean and handsome, so that it was a great ornament to him; although the godly of those days, when he embraced their party, would not allow him to be religious because his hair is not in their cut." The divinity student now becomes a lieutenant-colonel. He raises a company of "very honest godly men." The Earl of Chesterfield is plundering the houses of the Puritans in the vale of Belvoir, near Owthorpe; and the young colonel has apprehensions for the safety of his family. In the depth of winter, a troop of horse arrive one night at the lonely house where Lucy and her children abide. They are hastily summoned to prepare for an instant journey. They are to ride to Nottingham before sunrise, for the soldiers are not strong enough to march in the day. Lucy is henceforth to be the companion of her husband in his perilous office—his friend, his comforter—a ministering angel amongst the fierce and dangerous spirits, whom he sways by a remarkable union of courage and gentleness.

Let us look at the shadow of Lucy Hutchinson. She tranquilly sits in one of the upper chambers of the old and ruinous castle of which her husband is appointed governor. It is a summer evening of 1643. In that tower, built upon the top of the rock, tradition says that Queen Isabel received her paramour Mortimer; and at the base of the rock are still shown Mortimer's Well, and Mortimer's Hole, as Lady Hutchinson saw them two centuries ago. She looks out of the narrow windows by which her chamber is lighted. There is the Trent, peacefully flowing on one side, amid flat meadows. On the other is the town of Nottingham. The governor has made the ruinous castle a strong fortress, with which he can defy the Cavaliers should they occupy the town beneath. Opposite the towers is the old church of St. Nicholas, whose steeple commands the platform of the castle. The Governor has sent away his horse, and many of his foot, to guard the roads by which the enemy could approach Nottingham. There is no appearance of danger. The reveille is beat. Those who have been watching all night lounge into the town. It is in the possession of the Cavaliers. The scene is changed. The din of ordnance rouses Lucy from her calm gaze upon the windings of the Trent. For five days and nights there is firing without intermission. Within the walls of the castle there are not more than eighty men. The musketeers on St. Nicholas steeple pick off the cannoniers at their guns.

Now and then, as the assailants are beaten from the walls, they leave a wounded man behind, and he is dragged into the castle. On the sixth day, after that terrible period of watchfulness, relief arrives. The Cavaliers are driven from the town with much slaughter, and the castle is filled with prisoners. Lucy has been idle during those six days of peril. There was a task to be performed,—a fitting one for woman's tenderness. Within the castle was a dungeon called the Lion's Den, into which the prisoners were cast; and as they were brought up from the town, two of the fanatical ministers of the garrison reviled and maltreated them. Lucy reads the commands of her Master after another fashion. As the prisoners are carried bleeding to the Lion's Den, she implores that they should be brought in to her, and she binds up and dresses their wounds. And now the two ministers mutter—and their souls abhor to see this favor done to the enemies of God—and they teach the soldiers to mutter. But Lucy says, "I have done nothing but my duty. These are our enemies, but they are our fellow-creatures. Am I to be upbraided for these poor humanities?" And then she breathes a thanksgiving to Heaven that her mother had taught her this humble surgery. There is a tear in John's eye as he gazes on this scene. That night the Cavalier officers sup with him, rather as guests than as prisoners.

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In the vale of Belvoir, about seven miles from Belvoir Castle, is the little village of Owthorpe. When Colonel Hutchinson returned to the house of his fathers, after the war was ended, he found it plundered of all its movables—a mere ruin. In a few years it is a fit dwelling for Lucy to enjoy a lifelong rest, after the terrible storms of her early married days. There is no accusing spirit to disturb their repose. John looks back upon that solemn moment when he signed the warrant for the great tragedy enacted before Whitehall without remorse. He had prayed for "an enlightened conscience," and he had carried out his most serious convictions. He took no part in the despotic acts that followed the destruction of the monarchy. He had no affection for the fanatics who held religion to be incompatible with innocent pleasures and tasteful pursuits. At Owthorpe, then, he lived the true life of an English gentleman. He built—he planted—he adorned his house with works of art—he was the first magistrate—the benefactor of the poor. The earnest man who daily expounded the Scriptures to his household was no ascetic. There was hospitality within those walls—with music and revelry. The Puritans looked gloomily and suspiciously upon the dwellers at Owthorpe. The Cavaliers could not forgive the soldier who had held Nottingham Castle against all assaults.

The Restoration comes. The royalist connexions of Lucy Hutchinson have a long struggle to save her husband's life; but he is finally included in the Act of Oblivion. He is once more at Owthorpe, without the compromise of his principles. He has done with political strife for ever.

On the 31st of October 1663, there is a coach waiting before the hall of Owthorpe. That hall is filled with tenants and laborers. Their benefactor cheerfully bids them farewell; but his wife and children are weeping bitterly. That coach is soon on its way to London with the husband and wife, and their eldest son and daughter. At the end of the fourth day's journey, at the gates of that fortress within which she had been born, Lucy Hutchinson is parted from him whose good and evil fortunes she had shared for a quarter of a century.

About a mile from Deal stands Sandown Castle. In 1664, Colonel Hutchinson is a prisoner within its walls. It was a ruinous place, not weatherproof. The tide washed the dilapidated fortress; the windows were unglazed; cold, and damp, and dreary was the room where the proud heart bore up against physical evils. For even here there was happiness. Lucy is not permitted to share his prison; but she may visit him daily. In the town of Deal abides that faithful wife. She is with him at the first hour of the morning; she remains till the latest of night. In sunshine or in storm, she is pacing along that rugged beach, to console and be consoled.

Eleven months have thus passed, when Lucy is persuaded by her husband to go to Owthorpe to see her children.

"When the time of her departure came, she left with a very sad and ill-presaging heart." In a few weeks John Hutchinson is laid in the family vault in that Vale of Belvoir.

Lucy Hutchinson sits in holy resignation in the old sacred home. She has a task to work out. She has to tell her husband's history, for the instruction of her children:—"I that am under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women, while I am studying which way to moderate my woe, and, if it were possible, to augment my love, can, for the present, find out

none more just to your dear father, nor consolatory to myself, than the preservation of his memory."

So rests her shadow, ever, in our poor remembrance.

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From Eliza Cook's Journal.

## THE WIVES OF SOUTHEY, COLERIDGE, AND LOVELL.

Southey, Coleridge, and Lovell, three poets, married three sisters, the Misses Fricker of Bristol. They were all alike poor when they married. Southey's aunt shut her door in his face when she found he was resolved on marrying in such circumstances; and he, postponing entry upon the married life, though he had contracted the responsibility of husband, parted from his wife at the church door, and set out on a six months' visit to Portugal, preparatory to entering on the study of the legal profession. Southey committed his maiden wife to the care of Mr. Cottle's sisters during his absence. "Should I perish by shipwreck," he wrote from Falmouth to Mr. Cottle, "or by any other casualty, I have relations whose prejudice will yield to the anguish of affection, and who will love, cherish, and give all possible consolation to my widow." With these words Southey set sail for Portugal, and his wife, who had persuaded him to go, and cried when he was going, though she would not then have permitted him to stay, meekly retired to her place of refuge, wearing her wedding-ring round her neck.

Southey returned to England, and commenced the study of the law, but after a year's drudgery gave it up. His wife joined him in a second visit to Portugal, and on his return he commenced the laborious literary career which he pursued till his death. He enjoyed on the whole a happy married life; took pleasure in his home and his family; loving his children and his wife Edith dearly. This is one of his own pictures:—"Glance into the little room where sits the gray-haired man, 'working hard and getting little—a bare maintenance, and hardly that; writing poems and history for posterity with his whole heart and soul; one daily progressing in learning, not so learned as he is poor, not so poor as proud, not so proud as happy.'" Great men have invited him to London, and he is now answering the invitation. The thought of the journey plagues him. "Oh dear, oh dear!" he writes, "there is such a comfort in one's old coat and old shoes, one's own chair and own fireside, one's own writing-desk and own library—with a little girl climbing up to my neck and saying, 'Don't go to London, papa, you must stay with Edith'—and a little boy whom I have taught to speak the language of cats, dogs, cuckoos, jackasses, &c., before he can articulate a word of his own—there is such a comfort in all these things, that *transportation* to London seems a heavier punishment than any sins of mine deserve." But a sad calamity fell upon him in his old age. His dear Edith was suddenly bereft of reason. "Forty years," he writes to Grosvenor Bedford from York, "has she been the life of my life—and I have left her this day in a lunatic asylum." In the same letter he expresses the resignation of a Christian and the confident courage of a man. "God, who has visited me with this affliction," he says, "has given me strength to bear it, and will, *I know*, support me to the end, whatever that may be. To-morrow I return to my poor children. I have much to be thankful for under this visitation. For the first time in my life (he was sixty years old) I am so far beforehand with the world that my means are provided for the whole of next year, and that I can meet this expenditure, considerable in itself, without any difficulty."

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Mrs. Southey, after two years' absence, returned to Keswick, the family home, and closed her pitiable existence there. Southey was now a broken-down man. "There is no one," he mournfully writes, "to partake with me the recollections of the best and happiest portion of my life; and for that reason, were there no other, such recollections must henceforth be purely painful, except when I collect them with the prospects of futurity." Two years after, however, Southey married again: the marriage was one of respect on the part of Caroline Bowles, the gifted authoress, who was his choice, and probably of convenience and friendship on the part of Southey. We have heard that the union greatly tended to his comfort, and that his wife tenderly soothed and cheered his declining years.

Southey, in addition to maintaining his own wife and family at Keswick by his literary labors, had the families of his two sisters-in-law occasionally thrown upon his hands. He was not two-and-twenty when Mr. Lovell, who married his wife's sister, fell ill of fever, died, and left his widow and child without the slightest provision. Robert Southey took mother and child at once to his humble hearth, and there the former found happiness until his death. Coleridge, not sufficiently instructed by a genius to which his contemporaries did homage, in a wayward and unpardonable mood withdrew himself from the consolations of home; and in their hour of desertion his wife and children were saved half the knowledge of their hardships by finding a second husband and another father in the sanctuary provided for them by Robert Southey.

Coleridge was unpunctual, unbusiness-like, improvident, and dreamy, to the full extent to which poets are said proverbially to be. When he married—his pantisocratic Owenite scheme having just been exploded, and his lectures at Bristol having proved a failure—he retired with Sara Fricker, his wife, to a cottage at Clevedon, near Bristol. Though the cottage was a poor one, consisting of little more than four bare walls, for which he paid only £5 annual rental, he and his wife made it pretty snug with the aid of the funds supplied by their constant friend, Mr. Cottle,

the Bristol bookseller. Coleridge decorated this cottage with all the graces that his imagination and fancy could throw around it. It is alluded to in many of his poems:—

"Low was our pretty cot! our tallest rose  
Peep'd at the chamber window. We could hear  
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,  
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air  
Our myrtles blossom'd, and across the porch  
Thick jasmines twin'd: the little landscape round  
Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.  
It was a spot which you might aptly call  
The valley of seclusion."

But his loved young wife was not forgotten; for again he sings:—

"My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclin'd  
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is  
To sit beside our cot—our cot o'ergrown  
With white-flowered jasmine, and the broad leav'd myrtle  
(Meet emblems they of innocence and love!)  
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,  
Slow saddening round, and mark the star of eve,  
Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be!)  
Shine opposite."

Here their first child was born—Hartley, the dreamer—on whom the happy parent shed tears of joy:—

"But when I saw it on its mother's arm,  
And hanging at her bosom (she the while  
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile,)  
Then I was thrill'd and melted, and most warm  
Impress'd a father's kiss; and all beguil'd  
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,  
I seem'd to see an angel's form appear—  
'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild!  
So for the mother's sake the child was dear,  
And dearer was the mother for the child."

But writing poetry, reading Hartley and Condillac, would not make the poet's pot boil at all briskly, and so he had to go a little nearer to the world, and went back to Bristol. Coleridge, however, wanted application, and could scarcely be induced to work, even though the prospect of liberal remuneration was offered to him. Hence, a few years after marriage, in July, 1796, we find him thus groaning in the spirit to a friend: "It is my duty and business to thank God for all his dispensations, and to believe them the best possible; but, indeed, I think I should have been more thankful if He had made me a journeyman shoemaker, instead of an author, by trade. I have left my friends, I have left plenty," &c. "So I am forced to write for bread! with the nights of poetic enthusiasm, when every minute I am hearing a groan from my wife—groans, and complaints, and sickness! The present hour I am in a quickset of embarrassments, and whichever way I turn, a thorn runs into me! The future is a cloud and thick darkness! Poverty, perhaps, and the thin faces of them that want bread looking up to me," &c. This was not the kind of spirit to make a wife happy—very different indeed from the manly, courageous, and self-helping Southey—and the poor wife suffered much. Whatever Coleridge touched failed: his fourpenny paper, the *Watchman*, was an abortion; and the verses he wrote for a London paper did little for him. He next preached for a short time among the Unitarians, deriving a very precarious living from that source; when at length the Messrs. Wedgwood, struck by his great talents, granted him an annuity of £150 to enable him to devote himself to study. Then he went to Germany, leaving his wife and little family to the hospitality of Southey; and returned and settled down to the precarious life of a writer for the newspapers: his eloquent conversation producing unbounded admiration, but very little "grist." He was often distressed for money, wasting what he had by indulgence in opium, to which he was at one time a fearful victim. The great and unquestionable genius of Coleridge was expended chiefly on projections. He was a man who was capable of greatly adorning the literature of his time, and of creating an altogether new era in its history; but he could not or would not work, and his life was passed in dreamy idleness, in self-inflicted poverty, often in poignant misery, in gloomy regrets, and in unfulfilled designs. We fear the life of Mrs. Coleridge was not a happy one, good and affectionate though she was as a wife and mother.

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**MY NOVEL: OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.** <sup>[111]</sup>

**BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.**

**CHAPTER XIII.**

Leonard and Helen settled themselves in two little chambers in a small lane. The neighborhood was dull enough—the accommodation humble; but their landlady had a smile. That was the reason, perhaps, why Helen chose the lodgings; a smile is not always found on the face of a landlady when the lodger is poor. And out of their windows they caught sight of a green tree, an elm, that grew up fair and tall in a carpenter's yard at the rear. That tree was like another smile to the place. They saw the birds come and go to its shelter; and they even heard, when a breeze arose, the pleasant murmur of its boughs.

Leonard went the same evening to Captain Digby's old lodgings, but he could learn there no intelligence of friends or protectors for Helen. The people were rude and sturdy, and said that the Captain still owed them £1 17s. The claim, however, seemed very disputable; and was stoutly denied by Helen. The next morning Leonard set off in search of Dr. Morgan. He thought his best plan was to inquire the address of the Doctor at the nearest chemist's, and the chemist civilly looked into the *Court Guide*, and referred him to a house in Bulstrode-street, Manchester Square. To this street Leonard contrived to find his way, much marvelling at the meanness of London. Screwstone seemed to him the handsomest town of the two.

A shabby man-servant opened the door, and Leonard remarked that the narrow passage was choked with boxes, trunks, and various articles of furniture. He was shown into a small room, containing a very large round table, whereon were sundry works on homœopathy, Parry's *Cymbrian Plutarch*, Davies' *Celtic Researches*, and a Sunday newspaper. An engraved portrait of the illustrious Hahnemann occupied the place of honor over the chimney-piece. In a few minutes the door to an inner room opened, and Dr. Morgan appeared, and said politely, "Come in, sir."

The Doctor seated himself at a desk, looked hastily at Leonard, and then at a great chronometer lying on the table. "My time's short, sir—going abroad; and now that I am going, patients flock to me. Too late. London will repent its apathy. Let it!"

The Doctor paused majestically, and, not remarking on Leonard's face the consternation he had anticipated, he repeated peevishly—"I am going abroad, sir, but I will make a synopsis of your case, and leave it to my successor. Hum! Hair chestnut; eyes—what color? Look this way—blue,—dark blue. Hem! Constitution nervous. What are the symptoms?"

"Sir," began Leonard, "a little girl—"

*Dr. Morgan*, (impatiently)—"Little girl! Never mind the history of your sufferings; stick to the symptoms—stick to the symptoms."

*Leonard*.—"You mistake me, Doctor; I have nothing the matter with me. A little girl—"

*Dr. Morgan*.—"Girl again! I understand it! it is she who is ill. Shall I go to her? she must describe her own symptoms—I can't judge from your talk. You'll be telling me she has consumption, or dyspepsia, or some such disease that don't exist: mere allopathic inventions—symptoms, sir, symptoms."

*Leonard*, (forcing his way)—"You attended her poor father, Captain Digby, when he was taken ill in the coach with you. He is dead, and his child is an orphan."

*Dr. Morgan*, (fumbling in his medical pocket-book.)—"Orphan! nothing for orphans, especially if [Pg 244] inconsolable, like *aconite* and *chamomilla*."<sup>[12]</sup>

With some difficulty Leonard succeeded in bringing Helen to the recollection of the homœopathist, stating how he came in charge of her, and why he sought Dr. Morgan.

The Doctor was much moved.

"But really," said he after a pause, "I don't see how I can help the poor child. I know nothing of her relations. This Lord Les—whatever his name is—I know of no lords in London. I knew lords, and physicked them too, when I was a blundering allopathist. There was the Earl of Lansmere—has had many a blue pill from me, sinner that I was. His son was wiser; never would take physic. Very clever boy was Lord L'Estrange—I don't know if he was as good as he was clever—"

"Lord L'Estrange!—that name begins with Les—"

"Stuff! He's always abroad—shows his sense. I'm going abroad too. No development for science in this horrid city; full of prejudices, sir, and given up to the most barbarous allopathical and phlebotomical propensities. I am going to the land of Hahnemann, sir—sold my good-will, lease, and furniture, and have bought in on the Rhine. Natural life there, sir—homœopathy needs nature; dine at one o'clock, get up at four—tea little known, and science appreciated. But I forget. Cott! what can I do for the orphan?"

"Well, sir," said Leonard rising, "Heaven will give me strength to support her."

The doctor looked at the young man attentively. "And yet," said he in a gentler voice, "you, young man, are, by your account, a perfect stranger to her, or were so when you undertook to bring her to London. You have a good heart—always keep it. Very healthy thing, sir, a good heart—that is, when not carried to excess. But you have friends of your own in town?"

*Leonard*.—"Not yet, sir; I hope to make them."

*Doctor*.—"Bless me, you do? How? I can't make any."



Leonard colored and hung his head. He longed to say "Authors find friends in their readers—I am going to be an author." But he felt that the reply would savor of presumption, and held his tongue.

The Doctor continued to examine him, and with friendly interest. "You say you walked up to London—was that from choice or economy?"

*Leonard.*—"Both, sir."

*Doctor.*—"Sit down again and let us talk. I can give you a quarter of an hour, and I'll see if I can help either of you, provided you tell all the symptoms—I mean all the particulars."

Then with that peculiar adroitness which belongs to experience in the medical profession, Dr. Morgan, who was really an acute and able man, proceeded to put his questions, and soon extracted from Leonard the boy's history and hopes. But when the Doctor, in admiration at a simplicity which contrasted so evident an intelligence, finally asked him his name and connections, and Leonard told them, the homœopathist actually started. "Leonard Fairfield, grandson of my old friend, John Avenel of Lansmere! I must shake you by the hand. Brought up by Mrs. Fairfield!—Ah, now I look, strong family likeness—very strong!"

The tears stood in the Doctor's eyes. "Poor Nora!" said he.

"Nora! Did you know my aunt?"

"Your aunt! Ah—ah! yes—yes! Poor Norah!—she died almost in these arms—so young, so beautiful. I remember it as of yesterday."

The Doctor brushed his hand across his eyes, and swallowed a globule; and, before the boy knew what he was about, had in his benevolence thrust another between Leonard's quivering lips.

A knock was heard at the door.

"Ha! that's my great patient," cried the Doctor, recovering his self-possession—"must see him. A chronic case—excellent patient—tic, sir, tic. Puzzling and interesting. If I could take that tic with me, I should ask nothing more from Heaven. Call again on Monday; I may have something to tell you then as to yourself. The little girl can't stay with you—wrong and nonsensical. I will see after her. Leave me your address—write it here. I think I know a lady who will take charge of her. Good-bye. Monday next, ten o'clock."

With this, the Doctor thrust out Leonard, and ushered in his grand patient, whom he was very anxious to take with him to the banks of the Rhine.

Leonard had now only to discover the nobleman whose name had been so vaguely uttered by poor Captain Digby. He had again recourse to the *Court Guide*; and finding the address of two or three lords the first syllables of whose titles seemed similar to that repeated to him, and all living pretty near to each other, in the regions of May Fair, he ascertained his way to that quarter, and, exercising his mother-wit, inquired at the neighboring shops as to the personal appearance of these noblemen. Out of consideration for his rusticity, he got very civil and clear answers; but none of the lords in question corresponded with the description given by Helen. One was old, another was exceedingly corpulent, a third was bed-ridden—none of them was known to keep a great dog. It is needless to say that the name of L'Estrange (no habitant of London) was not in the *Court Guide*. And Dr. Morgan's assertion that that person was always abroad, unluckily dismissed from Leonard's mind the name the homœopathist had so casually mentioned. But Helen was not disappointed when her young protector returned late in the day and told her of his ill success. Poor child! she was so pleased in her heart not to be separated from her new brother; and Leonard was touched to how she had contrived, in his absence, to give a certain comfort and cheerful grace to the bare room devoted to himself. She had arranged his few books and papers so neatly, near the window, in sight of the one green elm. She had coaxed the smiling landlady out of one or two extra articles of furniture, especially a walnut-tree bureau, and some odds and ends of ribbon—with which last she had looped up the curtains. Even the old rush-bottom chairs had a strange air of elegance, from the mode in which they were placed. The fairies had given sweet Helen the art that adorns a home, and brings out a smile from the dingiest corner of hut and attic.

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Leonard wondered and praised. He kissed his blushing ministrant gratefully, and they sat down in joy to their abstemious meal, when suddenly his face was overclouded—there shot through him the remembrance of Dr. Morgan's words—"The little girl can't stay with you—wrong and nonsensical. I think I know a lady who will take charge of her."

"Ah," cried Leonard, sorrowfully, "how could I forget?" And he told Helen what grieved him. Helen at first exclaimed that she would not go. Leonard, rejoiced, then began to talk as usual of his great prospects; and, hastily finishing his meal, as if there were no time to lose, sat down at once to his papers. Then Helen contemplated him sadly, as he bent over his delighted work. And when, lifting his radiant eyes from his MS. he exclaimed, "No, no, you shall *not* go. *This* must succeed, and we shall live together in some pretty cottage, where we can see more than one tree"—*then* Helen sighed, and did not answer this time, "No, I will not go."

Shortly after she stole from the room, and into her own; and there, kneeling down, she prayed, and her prayer was somewhat this—"Guard me against my own selfish heart. May I never be a burden to him who has shielded me."

Perhaps, as the Creator looks down on this world, whose wondrous beauty beams on us more and more, in proportion as our science would take it from poetry into law—perhaps He beholds nothing so beautiful as the pure heart of a simple loving child.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Leonard went out the next day with his precious MSS. He had read sufficient of modern literature to know the names of the principal London publishers; and to these he took his way with a bold step, though a beating heart.

That day he was out longer than the last; and when he returned, and came into the little room, Helen uttered a cry, for she scarcely recognised him. There was on his face so deep, so concentrated a despondency. He sat down listlessly, and did not kiss her this time, as she stole towards him. He felt so humbled. He was a king deposed. *He* take charge of another life! He!

She coaxed him at last into communicating his day's chronicle. The reader beforehand knows too well what it must be, to need detailed repetition. Most of the publishers had absolutely refused to look at his MSS.; one or two had good-naturedly glanced over and returned them at once, with a civil word or two of flat rejection. One publisher alone—himself a man of letters, and who in youth had gone through the same bitter process of dis-illusion that now awaited the village genius—volunteered some kindly though stern explanation and counsel to the unhappy boy. This gentleman read a portion of Leonard's principal poem with attention, and even with frank admiration. He could appreciate the rare promise that it manifested. He sympathized with the boy's history, and even with his hopes; and then he said, in bidding him farewell—

"If I publish this poem for you, speaking as a trader, I shall be a considerable loser. Did I publish all that I admire, out of sympathy with the author, I should be a ruined man. But suppose that, impressed as I really am with the evidence of no common poetic gifts in this MS., I publish it, not as a trader, but a lover of literature, I shall in reality, I fear, render you a great disservice, and perhaps unfit your whole life for the exertions on which you must rely for independence."

"How, sir?" cried Leonard—"Not that I would ask you to injure yourself for me," he added with proud tears in his eyes.

"How, my young friend? I will explain. There is enough talent in these verses to induce very flattering reviews in some of the literary journals. You will read these, find yourself proclaimed a poet, will cry 'I am on the road to fame.' You will come to me, 'And my poem, how does it sell?' I shall point to some groaning shelf, and say, 'not twenty copies!' The journals may praise, but the public will not buy it. 'But you will have got a name,' you say. Yes, a name as a poet just sufficiently known to make every man in practical business disinclined to give fair trial to your talents in a single department of positive life;—none like to employ poets;—a name that will not put a penny in your purse—worse still, that will operate as a barrier against every escape into the ways whereby men get to fortune. But, having once tasted praise, you will continue to sigh for it: you will perhaps never again get a publisher to bring forth a poem, but you will hanker round the purlieu of the muses, scribble for periodicals, fall at last into a bookseller's drudge. Profits will be so precarious and uncertain, that to avoid debt may be impossible; then, you who now seem so ingenuous and so proud, will sink deeper still into the literary mendicant—begging, borrowing—"

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"Never—never—never!" cried Leonard, veiling his face with his hands.

"Such would have been my career," continued the publisher. "But I luckily had a rich relative, a trader, whose calling I despised as a boy, who kindly forgave my folly, bound me as an apprentice, and here I am; and now I can afford to write books as well as sell them."

"Young man, you must have respectable relations—go by their advice and counsel; cling fast to some positive calling. Be any thing in this city rather than poet by profession."

"And how, sir, have there ever been poets? Had *they* other callings?"

"Read their biography, and then envy them!"

Leonard was silent a moment; but, lifting his head, answered loud and quickly,—"*I have* read their biography. True, their lot poverty—perhaps hunger. Sir, I envy them!"

"Poverty and hunger are small evils," answered the bookseller, with a grave kind smile. "There are worse,—debt and degradation, and—despair."

"No, sir, no—you exaggerate; these last are not the lot of all poets."

"Right, for most of our greatest poets had some private means of their own. And for others, why, all who have put into a lottery have not drawn blanks. But who could advise another man to set his whole hope of fortune on the chance of a prize in a lottery? And such a lottery!" groaned the publisher, glancing towards sheets and reams of dead authors lying like lead upon his shelves.

Leonard clutched his MSS. to his heart, and hurried away.

"Yes," he muttered, as Helen clung to him and tried to console—"yes, you were right: London is very vast, very strong, and very cruel;" and his head sank lower and lower yet upon his bosom.

The door was flung widely open, and in, unannounced, walked Dr Morgan.

The child turned to him, and at the sight of his face she remembered her father; and the tears that, for Leonard's sake, she had been trying to suppress, found way.

The good Doctor soon gained all the confidence of these two young hearts. And, after listening to Leonard's story of his paradise lost in a day, he patted him on the shoulder and said, "Well, you will call on me on Monday, and we will see. Meanwhile, borrow these of me,"—and he tried to slip three sovereigns into the boy's hand. Leonard was indignant. The bookseller's warning flashed on him. Mendicancy! Oh no, he had not yet come to that! He was almost rude and savage in his rejection; and the Doctor did not like him the less for it.

"You are an obstinate mule," said the homœopathist, reluctantly putting up his sovereigns. "Will you work at something practical and prosy, and let the poetry rest awhile?"

"Yes," said Leonard doggedly, "I will work."

"Very well, then. I know an honest bookseller, and he shall give you some employment; and meanwhile, at all events, you will be among books, and that will be some comfort."

Leonard's eyes brightened—"A great comfort, sir." He pressed the hand he had before put aside to his grateful heart.

"But," resumed the Doctor seriously, "you really feel a strong predisposition to make verses?"

"I did, sir."

"Very bad symptom indeed, and must be stopped before a relapse! Here, I have cured three prophets and ten poets with this novel specific."

While thus speaking, he had got out his book and a globule. "*Agaricus muscarius* dissolved in a tumbler of distilled water—tea-spoonful whenever the fit comes on. Sir, it would have cured Milton himself."

"And now for you, my child," turning to Helen—"I have found a lady who will be very kind to you. Not a menial situation. She wants some one to read to her and tend on her—she is old and has no children. She wants a companion, and prefers a girl of your age to one older. Will this suit you?"

Leonard walked away.

Helen got close to the Doctor's ear, and whispered, "No, I cannot leave *him* now—he is so sad."

"Cott!" grunted the Doctor, "you two must have been reading *Paul and Virginia*. If I could but stay in England, I would try what *ignatia* would do in this case—interesting experiment! Listen to me—little girl; and go out of the room, you, sir."

Leonard, averting his face, obeyed. Helen made an involuntary step after him—the Doctor detained and drew her on his knee.

"What is your Christian name?—I forget."

"Helen."

"Helen, listen. In a year or two you will be a young woman, and it would be very wrong then to live alone with that young man. Meanwhile, you have no right to cripple all his energies. He must not have you leaning on his right arm—you would weigh it down. I am going away, and when I am gone there will be no one to help you, if you reject the friend I offer you. Do as I tell you, for a little girl so peculiarly susceptible (a thorough *pulsatilla* constitution) cannot be obstinate and egotistical."

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"Let me see him cared for and happy, sir," said she firmly, "and I will go where you wish."

"He shall be so; and to-morrow, while he is out, I will come and fetch you. Nothing so painful as leave-taking—shakes the nervous system, and is a mere waste of the animal economy."

Helen sobbed aloud; then, writhing from the Doctor, she exclaimed, "But he may know where I am? We may see each other sometimes? Ah, sir, it was at my father's grave that we first met, and I think Heaven sent him to me. Do not part us for ever."

"I should have a heart of stone if I did," cried the Doctor vehemently, "and Miss Starke shall let him come and visit you once a week. I'll give her something to make her. She is naturally indifferent to others. I will alter her whole constitution, and melt her into sympathy—with *rhododendron* and *arsenic*!"

## CHAPTER XV.

Before he went, the Doctor wrote a line to Mr. Prickett, bookseller, Holborn, and told Leonard to take it, the next morning, as addressed. "I will call on Prickett myself to-night, and prepare him for your visit. And I hope and trust you will only have to stay there a few days."

He then turned the conversation, to communicate his plans for Helen. Miss Starke lived at Highgate—a worthy woman, stiff and prim, as old maids sometimes are. But just the place for a little girl like Helen, and Leonard should certainly be allowed to call and see her.

Leonard listened and made no opposition; now that his day-dream was dispelled, he had no right

to pretend to be Helen's protector. He could have bade her share his wealth and his fame; his penury and his drudgery—no.

It was a very sorrowful evening—that between the adventurer and the child. They sat up late, till their candle had burned down to the socket; neither did they talk much; but his hand clasped hers all the time, and her head pillowed itself on his shoulder. I fear, when they parted, it was not for sleep.

And when Leonard went forth the next morning, Helen stood at the street door, watching him depart—slowly, slowly. No doubt, in that humble lane there were many sad hearts; but no heart so heavy as that of the still quiet child, when the form she had watched was to be seen no more, and, still standing on the desolate threshold, she gazed into space—and all was vacant.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Prickett was a believer in homœopathy, and declared, to the indignation of all the apothecaries round Holborn, that he had been cured of a chronic rheumatism by Dr. Morgan. The good Doctor had, as he promised, seen Mr. Prickett when he left Leonard, and asked him as a favor to find some light occupation for the boy, that would serve as an excuse for a modest weekly salary. "It will not be for long," said the Doctor; "his relations are respectable and well off. I will write to his grandparents, and in a few days I hope to relieve you of the charge. Of course, if you don't want him, I will repay what he costs meanwhile."

Mr. Prickett, thus prepared for Leonard, received him very graciously, and, after a few questions, said Leonard was just the person he wanted to assist him in cataloguing his books, and offered him most handsomely £1 a-week for the task.

Plunged at once into a world of books vaster than he had ever before won admission to, that old divine dream of knowledge, out of which poetry had sprung, returned to the village student at the very sight of the venerable volumes. The collection of Mr. Prickett was, however, in reality by no means large; but it comprised not only the ordinary standard works, but several curious and rare ones. And Leonard paused in making the catalogue, and took many a hasty snatch of the contents of each tome, as it passed through his hands. The bookseller, who was an enthusiast for old books, was pleased to see a kindred feeling (which his shop-boy had never exhibited) in his new assistant; and he talked about rare editions and scarce copies, and initiated Leonard in many of the mysteries of the bibliographer.

Nothing could be more dark and dingy than the shop. There was a booth outside, containing cheap books and odd volumes, round which there was always an attentive group; within, a gas-lamp burned night and day.

But time passed quickly to Leonard. He missed not the green fields, he forgot his disappointments, he ceased to remember even Helen. O strange passion of knowledge! nothing like thee for strength and devotion.

Mr. Prickett was a bachelor, and asked Leonard to dine with him on a cold shoulder of mutton. During dinner the shop-boy kept the shop, and Mr. Prickett was really pleasant as well as loquacious. He took a liking to Leonard—and Leonard told him his adventures with the publishers, at which Mr. Prickett rubbed his hands and laughed as at a capital joke. "Oh give up poetry, and stick to a shop," cried he; "and, to cure you for ever of the mad whim to be an author, I'll just lend you the *Life and Works of Chatterton*. You may take it home with you and read before you go to bed. You'll come back quite a new man to-morrow."

Not till night, when the shop was closed, did Leonard return to his lodging. And when he entered the room, he was struck to the soul by the silence, by the void. Helen was gone!

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There was a rose-tree in its pot on the table at which he wrote, and by it a scrap of paper, on which was written—

"Dear, dear Brother Leonard, God bless you. I will let you know when we can meet again. Take care of this rose, Brother, and don't forget poor

HELEN."

Over the word "forget" there was a big round blistered spot that nearly effaced the word.

Leonard leant his face on his hands, and for the first time in his life he felt what solitude really is. He could not stay long in the room. He walked out again, and wandered objectless to and fro the streets. He passed that stiller and humbler neighborhood, he mixed with the throng that swarmed in the more populous thoroughfares. Hundreds and thousands passed him by, and still—still such solitude.

He came back, lighted his candle, and resolutely drew forth the "Chatterton" which the bookseller had lent him. It was an old edition in one thick volume. It had evidently belonged to some contemporary of the Poet's—apparently an inhabitant of Bristol—some one who had gathered up many anecdotes respecting Chatterton's habits, and who appeared even to have seen him, nay, been in his company; for the book was interleaved, and the leaves covered with notes and remarks in a stiff clear hand—all evincing personal knowledge of the mournful immortal dead. At first, Leonard read with an effort; then the strange and fierce spell of that

dread life seized upon him—seized with pain, and gloom, and terror—this boy dying by his own hand, about the age Leonard had attained himself. This wondrous boy, of a genius beyond all comparison—the greatest that ever yet was developed and extinguished at the age of eighteen—self-taught—self-struggling—self-immolated. Nothing in literature like that life and that death!

With intense interest Leonard perused the tale of the brilliant imposture, which had been so harshly and so absurdly construed into the crime of a forgery, and which was (if not wholly innocent) so akin to the literary devices always in other cases viewed with indulgence, and exhibiting, in this, intellectual qualities in themselves so amazing—such patience, such forethought, such labor, such courage, such ingenuity—the qualities that, well directed, make men great, not only in books, but action. And, turning from the history of the imposture to the poems themselves, the young reader bent before their beauty, literally awed and breathless. How had this strange Bristol boy tamed and mastered his rude and motley materials into a music that comprehended every tune and key, from the simplest to the sublimest? He turned back to the biography—he read on—he saw the proud, daring, mournful spirit, alone in the Great City like himself. He followed its dismal career, he saw it falling with bruised and soiled wings into the mire. He turned again to the later works, wrung forth as tasks for bread,—the satires without moral grandeur, the politics without honest faith. He shuddered and sickened as he read. True, even here his poet mind appreciated (what perhaps only poets can) the divine fire that burned fitfully through that meaner and more sordid fuel—he still traced in those crude, hasty, bitter offerings to dire Necessity, the hand of the young giant who had built up the stately verse of Rowley. But, alas! how different from that "mighty line." How all serenity and joy had fled from these later exercises of art degraded into journey-work. Then rapidly came on the catastrophe—the closed doors—the poison—the suicide—the manuscripts torn by the hands of despairing wrath, and strewed round the corpse upon the funeral floors. It was terrible! The spectre of the Titan boy, (as described in the notes written on the margin,) with his haughty brow, his cynic smile, his lustrous eyes, haunted all the night the baffled and solitary child of song.

## CHAPTER XVII.

It will often happen that what ought to turn the human mind from some peculiar tendency produces the opposite effect. One would think that the perusal in the newspaper of some crime and capital punishment would warn away all who had ever meditated the crime, or dreaded the chance of detection. Yet it is well known to us that many a criminal is made by pondering over the fate of some predecessor in guilt. There is a fascination in the Dark and Forbidden, which, strange to say, is only lost in fiction. No man is more inclined to murder his nephews, or stifle his wife, after reading Richard the Third or Othello. It is the *reality* that is necessary to constitute the danger of contagion. Now, it was this reality in the fate, and life, and crowning suicide of Chatterton, that forced itself upon Leonard's thoughts, and sat there like a visible evil thing, gathering evil like cloud around it. There was much in the dead poet's character, his trials, and his doom, that stood out to Leonard like a bold and colossal shadow of himself and his fate. Alas! the bookseller, in one respect, had said truly. Leonard came back to him the next day a new man, and it seemed even to himself as if he had lost a good angel in losing Helen. "Oh that she had been by my side," thought he. "Oh that I could have felt the touch of her confiding hand—that, looking up from the scathed and dreary ruin of this life, that had sublimely lifted itself from the plain, and sought to tower aloft from a deluge, her mild look had spoken to me of innocent, humble, unambitious childhood! Ah! If indeed I were still necessary to her—still the sole guardian and protector—then could I say to myself, 'Thou must not despair and die! Thou hast her to live and to strive for.' But no, no! Only this vast and terrible London—the solitude of the dreary garret, and those lustrous eyes glaring alike through the throng and through the solitude."

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

On the following Monday, Dr. Morgan's shabby man-servant opened the door to a young man in whom he did not at first remember a former visitor. A few days before, embrowned with healthful travel—serene light in his eye, simple trust in his careless lip—Leonard Fairfield had stood at that threshold. Now again he stood there pale and haggard, with a cheek already hollowed into those deep anxious lines that speak of working thoughts and sleepless nights; and a settled sullen gloom resting heavily on his whole aspect.

"I call by appointment," said the boy testily, as the servant stood irresolute. The man gave way. "Master is just called out to a patient; please to wait, sir;" and he showed him into the little parlor. In a few moments two other patients were admitted. These were women, and they began talking very loud. They disturbed Leonard's unsocial thoughts. He saw that the door into the Doctor's receiving-room was half open, and, ignorant of the etiquette which holds such *penetralia* as sacred, he walked in to escape from the gossips. He threw himself into the Doctor's own well-worn chair, and muttered to himself, "Why did he tell me to come? What new can he think of for me? And if a favor, should I take it? He has given me the means of bread by work: that is all I have a right to ask from him, from any man—all I should accept."

While thus soliloquizing, his eye fell on a letter lying open on the table. He started. He recognized the handwriting—the same as the letter which had enclosed £50 to his mother—the letter of his grandparents. He saw his own name: he saw something more—words that made his heart stand still, and his blood seem like ice in his veins. As he thus stood aghast, a hand was laid on the letter, and a voice, in an angry growl, muttered, "How dare you come into my room, and be

reading my letters? Er—r—r!"

Leonard placed his own hand on the Doctor's firmly, and said in a fierce tone, "This letter relates to me—belongs to me—crushes me. I have seen enough to know that. I demand to read all—learn all."

The Doctor looked round, and seeing the door into the waiting-room still open, kicked it to with his foot, and then said, under his breath, "What have you read? Tell me the truth."

"Two lines only, and I am called—I am called"—Leonard's frame shook from head to foot, and the veins on his forehead swelled like cords. He could not complete the sentence. It seemed as if an ocean was rolling up through his brain, and roaring in his ears. The Doctor saw, at a glance, that there was physical danger in his state, and hastily and soothingly answered,—*"Sit down, sit down—calm yourself—you shall know all—read all—drink this water;"* and he poured into a tumbler of the pure liquid a drop or two from a tiny phial.

Leonard obeyed mechanically, for indeed he was no longer able to stand. He closed his eyes, and for a minute or two life seemed to pass from him; then he recovered, and saw the good Doctor's gaze fixed on him with great compassion. He silently stretched forth his hand towards the letter. "Wait a few moments," said the physician judiciously, "and hear me meanwhile. It is very unfortunate you should have seen a letter never meant for your eye, and containing allusions to a secret you were never to have known. But, if I tell you more, will you promise me, on your word of honor, that you will hold the confidence sacred from Mrs. Fairfield, the Avenels—from all? I myself am pledged to conceal a secret, which I can only share with you on the same condition."

"There is nothing," announced Leonard indistinctly, and with a bitter smile on his lip,—*"nothing, it seems, that I should be proud to boast of. Yes, I promise—the letter, the letter!"*

The Doctor placed it in Leonard's right hand, and quietly slipped to the wrist of the left his forefinger and thumb, as physicians are said to do when a victim is stretched on the rack. "Pulse decreasing," he muttered; "wonderful thing, *Aconite!*" Meanwhile Leonard read as follows, faults in spelling and all:—

"Dr. MORGAN—Sir: I received your favur duly, and am glad to hear that the pore boy is safe and Well. But he has been behaving ill, and ungrateful to my good son Richard, who is a credit to the whole Family, and has made himself a Gentleman, and Was very kind and good to the boy, not knowing who and What he is—God forbid! I don't want never to see him again—the boy. Pore John was ill and Restless for days afterwards.—John is a pore cretur now, and has had paralytiks. And he Talked of nothing but Nora—the boy's eyes were so like his Mother's. I cannot, cannot see the Child of Shame. He can't cum here—for our Lord's sake, sir, don't ask it—he can't, so Respectable as we've always been!—and such disgrace! Base born—base born. Keep him where he is, bind him prentis, I'll pay anything for That. You says, sir, he's clever, and quick at learning; so did Parson Dale, and wanted him to go to Collidge, and make a Figur—then all would cum out. It would be my death, sir; I could not sleep in my grave, sir. Nora that we were all so proud of. Sinful creturs that we are! Nora's good name that we've saved now, gone, gone. And Richard, who is so grand, and who was so fond of pore, pore Nora! He would not hold up his Head again. Don't let him make a Figur in the world—let him be a tradesman, as we were afore him—any trade he Takes to—and not cross us no more while he lives. Then I shall pray for him, and wish him happy. And have not we had enuff of bringing up children to be above their birth? Nora, that I used to say was like the first lady o' the land—oh, but we were rightly punished! So now, sir, I leave all to you, and will pay all you want for the boy. And be Sure that the secret's kep. For we have never heard from the father, and, at least, no one knows that Nora has a living son but I and my daughter Jane, and Parson Dale and you—and you Two are good Gentlemen—and Jane will keep her word, and I am old, and shall be in my grave Soon, but I hope it won't be while pore John needs me. What could he do without me? And if *that* got wind, it would kill me straght, sir. Pore John is a helpless cretur, God bless him. So no more from your servant in all dooty,

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"M. AVENEL."

Leonard laid down this letter very calmly, and, except by a slight heaving at his breast, and a death-like whiteness of his lips, the emotions he felt were undetected. And it is a proof how much exquisite goodness there was in his heart that the first words he spoke were, "Thank Heaven!"

The Doctor did not expect that thanksgiving, and he was so startled that he exclaimed, "For what?"

"I have nothing to pity or excuse in the woman I knew and honored as a mother. I am not her son—her—"

He stopped short.

"No; but don't be hard on your true mother—poor Nora!"

Leonard staggered, and then burst into a sudden paroxysm of tears.

"Oh, my own mother!—my dead mother! Thou for whom I felt so mysterious a love—thou, from whom I took this poet soul—pardon me, pardon me! Hard on thee! Would that thou wert living yet, that I might comfort thee! What thou must have suffered!"

These words were sobbed forth in broken gasps from the depth of his heart. Then he caught up

the letter again, and his thoughts were changed as his eyes fell upon the writer's shame and fear, as it were, of his very existence. All his native haughtiness returned to him. His crest rose, his tears dried.—"Tell her," he said, with a stern unfaltering voice—"tell Mrs. Avenel that she is obeyed—that I will never seek her roof, never cross her path, never disgrace her wealthy son. But tell her, also, that I will choose my own way in life—that I will not take from her a bribe for concealment. Tell her that I am nameless, and will yet make a name."

A name! Was this but an idle boast, or was it one of those flashes of conviction which are never belied, lighting up our future for one lurid instant, and then fading into darkness?

"I do not doubt it, my prave poy," said Dr. Morgan, growing exceedingly Welsh in his excitement; "and perhaps you may find a father, who—"

"Father—who is he—what is he? He lives then! But he has deserted me—he must have betrayed her? I need him not. The law gives me no father."

The last words were said with a return of bitter anguish; then in a calmer tone, he resumed, "But I should know who he is—as another one whose path I may not cross."

Dr. Morgan looked embarrassed, and paused in deliberation. "Nay," said he at length, "as you know so much, it is surely best that you should know all."

The Doctor then proceeded to detail, with some circumlocution, what we will here repeat from his account more succinctly.

Nora Avenel, while yet very young, left her native village, or rather the house of Lady Lansmere, by whom she had been educated and brought up, in order to accept the place of governess or companion in London. One evening she suddenly presented herself at her father's house, and at the first sight of her mother's face she fell down insensible. She was carried to bed. Dr. Morgan (then the chief medical practitioner of the town) was sent for. That night Leonard came into the world, and his mother died. She never recovered her senses, never spoke intelligibly from the time she entered the house. "And never therefore named your father," said Dr. Morgan. "We know not who he was."

"And how," cried Leonard, fiercely,—"how have they dared to slander this dead mother? How knew they that I—was—was—was not the child of wedlock?"

"There was no wedding-ring on Nora's finger—never any rumor of her marriage—her strange and sudden appearance at her father's house—her emotions on entrance, so unlike those natural to a wife returning to a parent's home: these are all the evidence against her. But Mr. Avenel deemed them strong, and so did I. You have a right to think we judged too harshly—perhaps we did."

"And no inquiries were ever made?" said Leonard mournfully, and after long silence—"no inquiries to learn who was the father of the motherless child?"

"Inquiries!—Mrs. Avenel would have died first. Your grandmother's nature is very rigid. Had she come from princes, from Cadwallader himself," said the Welshman, "she could not more have shrunk from the thought of dishonor. Even over her dead child, the child she had loved the best, she thought but how to save that child's name and memory from suspicion. There was luckily no servant in the house, only Mark Fairfield and his wife (Nora's sister): they had arrived the same day on a visit.

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"Mrs. Fairfield was nursing her own infant, two or three months old; she took charge of you; Nora was buried, and the secret kept. None out of the family knew of it, but myself and the curate of the town—Mr. Dale. The day after your birth, Mrs. Fairfield, to prevent discovery, moved to a village at some distance. There her child died; and when she returned to Hazeldean, where her husband was settled, you passed as the son she had lost. Mark, I know, was a father to you, for he had loved Nora; they had been children together."

"And she came to London—London is strong and cruel," muttered Leonard. "She was friendless and deceived. I see all—I desire to know no more. This father, he must indeed have been like those whom I have read of in books. To love, to wrong her—*that* I can conceive; but then to leave, to abandon; no visit to her grave—no remorse—no search for his own child. Well, well; Mrs. Avenel was right. Let us think of *him* no more."

The man-servant knocked at the door, and then put in his head. "Sir, the ladies are getting very impatient, and say they'll go."

"Sir," said Leonard, with a strange calm return to the things about him, "I ask your pardon for taking up your time so long. I go now. I will never mention to my moth—I mean to Mrs. Fairfield—what I have learned, nor to any one. I will work my way somehow. If Mr. Prickett will keep me, I will stay with him at present; but I repeat, I cannot take Mrs. Avenel's money and be bound apprentice. Sir, you have been good and patient with me—Heaven reward you."

The Doctor was too moved to answer. He wrung Leonard's hand, and in another minute the door closed upon the nameless boy. He stood alone in the streets of London; and the sun flashed on him, red and menacing, like the eye of a foe!

Leonard did not appear at the shop of Mr. Prickett that day. Needless it is to say where he wandered—what he suffered—what thought—what felt. All within was storm. Late at night he returned to his solitary lodging. On his table, neglected since the morning, was Helen's rose-tree. It looked parched and fading. His heart smote him: he watered the poor plant—perhaps with his tears.

Meanwhile Dr. Morgan, after some debate with himself whether or not to apprise Mrs. Avenel of Leonard's discovery and message, resolved to spare her an uneasiness and alarm that might be dangerous to her health, and unnecessary in itself. He replied shortly, that she need not fear Leonard's coming to her house—that he was disinclined to bind himself an apprentice, but that he was provided for at present; and in a few weeks, when Dr. Morgan heard more of him through the tradesman by whom he was employed, the Doctor would write to her from Germany. He then went to Mr. Prickett's—told the willing bookseller to keep the young man for the present—to be kind to him, watch over his habits and conduct, and report to the Doctor in his new home, on the Rhine, what avocation he thought Leonard would be best suited for, and most inclined to adopt. The charitable Welshman divided with the bookseller the salary given to Leonard, and left a quarter of his moiety in advance. It is true that he knew he should be repaid on applying to Mrs. Avenel; but, being a man of independent spirit himself, he so sympathized with Leonard's present feelings, that he felt as if he should degrade the boy did he maintain him, even secretly, out of Mrs. Avenel's money—money intended not to raise, but keep him down in life. At the worst, it was a sum the doctor could afford, and he had brought the boy into the world.

Having thus, as he thought, safely provided for his two young charges, Helen and Leonard, the Doctor then gave himself up to his final preparations for departure. He left a short note for Leonard with Mr. Prickett, containing some brief advice, some kind cheering; a postscript to the effect that he had not communicated to Mrs. Avenel the information Leonard had acquired, and that it were best to leave her in that ignorance; and six small powders to be dissolved in water, and a tea-spoonful every fourth hour—"Sovereign against rage and sombre thoughts," wrote the Doctor. By the evening of the next day Dr. Morgan, accompanied by his pet patient with the chronic tic, whom he had talked into exile, was on the steamboat on his way to Ostend.

Leonard resumed his life at Mr. Prickett's; but the change in him did not escape the bookseller. All his ingenious simplicity had deserted him. He was very distant, and very taciturn; he seemed to have grown much older. I shall not attempt to analyze metaphysically this change. By the help of such words as Leonard may himself occasionally let fall, the reader will dive into the boy's heart, and see how there the change had worked, and is working still. The happy dreamy peasant-genius, gazing on glory with inebriate, undazzled eyes, is no more. It is a man, suddenly cut off from the old household holy ties—conscious of great powers, and confronted on all sides by barriers of iron—alone with hard reality, and scornful London; and if he catches a glimpse of the lost Helicon, he sees, where he saw the muse, a pale melancholy spirit veiling its face in shame—the ghost of the mournful mother, whose child has no name, not even the humblest, among the family of men.

On the second evening after Dr. Morgan's departure, as Leonard was just about to leave the shop, a customer stepped in with a book in his hand which he had snatched from the shop-boy, who was removing the volumes for the night from the booth without.

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"Mr. Prickett, Mr. Prickett!" said the customer, "I am ashamed of you. You presume to put upon this work, in two volumes, the sum of eight shillings."

Mr. Prickett stepped forth from the Cimmerian gloom of some recess, and cried, "What! Mr. Burley, is that you? But for your voice I should not have known you."

"Man is like a book, Mr. Prickett; the commonalty only look to his binding. I am better bound, it is very true."

Leonard glanced towards the speaker, who now stood under the gas-lamp, and thought he recognized his face. He looked again; yes, it was the perch-fisher whom he had met on the banks of the Brent, and who had warned him of the lost fish and the broken line.

*Mr. Burley* (continuing).—"But 'The Art of Thinking,'—you charge eight shillings for 'The Art of Thinking?'"

*Mr. Prickett*.—"Cheap enough, Mr. Burley. A very clean copy."

*Mr. Burley*.—"Usurer! I sold it to you for three shillings. It is more than 150 per cent. you propose to gain from my 'Art of Thinking.'"

*Mr. Prickett*, (stuttering and taken aback).—"You sold it to me! Ah! now I remember. But it was more than three shillings I gave. You forget—two glasses of brandy and water."

*Mr. Burley*.—"Hospitality, sir, is not to be priced. If you sell your hospitality, you are not worthy to possess my 'Art of Thinking.' I resume it. There are three shillings, and a shilling more for interest. No—on second thoughts, instead of that shilling, I will return your hospitality; and the first time you come my way you shall have two glasses of brandy and water."

Mr. Prickett did not look pleased, but he made no objection; and Mr. Burley put the book into his pocket, and turned to examine the shelves. He bought an old jest-book, a stray volume of the Comedies of Destouches—paid for them—put them also into his pocket, and was sauntering out, when he perceived Leonard, who was now standing at the doorway.



"Hem! who is that?" he asked, whispering to Mr. Prickett.

"A young assistant of mine, and very clever."

Mr. Burley scanned Leonard from top to toe.

"We have met before, sir. But you look as if you had returned to the Brent, and had been fishing for my perch."

"Possibly, sir," answered Leonard. "But my line is tough, and is not yet broken, though the fish drags it amongst the weeds, and buries itself in the mud."

He lifted his hat, bowed slightly, and walked on.

"He *is* clever," said Mr. Burley to the bookseller: "he understands allegory."

*Mr. Prickett.*—"Poor youth! He came to town with the idea of turning author: you know what *that* is, Mr. Burley."

*Mr. Burley*, (with an air of superb dignity.)—"Bibliopole, yes! An author is a being between gods and men, who ought to be lodged in a palace, and entertained at the public charge on ortolans and tokay. He should be kept lapped in down, and curtained with silken awnings from the cares of life—have nothing to do but to write books upon tables of cedar, and fish for perch from a gilded galley. And that's what will come to pass when the ages lose their barbarism, and know their benefactors. Meanwhile, sir, I invite you to my rooms, and will regale you upon brandy and water as long as I can pay for it; and when I cannot, you shall regale me."

Mr. Prickett muttered, "A very bad bargain, indeed," as Mr. Burley, with his chin in the air, stepped into the street.

## CHAPTER XX.

At first Leonard had always returned home through the crowded thoroughfares—the contact of numbers had animated his spirits. But the last two days, since the discovery of his birth, he had taken his way down the comparatively unpeopled path of the New Road. He had just gained that part of this outskirt in which the statuaries and tomb-makers exhibit their gloomy wares—furniture alike for gardens and for graves—and, pausing, contemplated a column, on which was placed an urn half covered with a funeral mantle, when his shoulder was lightly tapped, and, turning quickly, he saw Mr. Burley standing behind him.

"Excuse me, sir, but you understand perch-fishing; and since we find ourselves on the same road, I should like to be better acquainted with you. I hear you once wished to be an author. I am one."

Leonard had never before, to his knowledge, seen an author, and a mournful smile passed his lips as he surveyed the perch-fisher. Mr. Burley was indeed very differently attired since the first interview by the brooklet. He looked less like an author, but more perhaps like a perch-fisher. He had a new white hat, stuck on one side of his head—a new green overcoat—new gray trousers, and new boots. In his hand was a whalebone stick, with a silver handle. Nothing could be more fragrant, devil-me-carish, and to use a slang word, *tigrish*, than his whole air. Yet, vulgar as was his costume, he did not himself seem vulgar, but rather eccentric, lawless, something out of the pale of convention. His face looked more pale and more puffed than before, the tip of his nose redder; but the spark in his eye was of livelier light, and there was self-enjoyment in the corners of his sensual humorous lip.

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"You are an author, sir," repeated Leonard. "Well, and what is the report of your calling? Yonder column props an urn. The column is tall, and the urn is graceful. But it looks out of place by the roadside: what say you?"

*Mr. Burley.*—"It would look better in the churchyard."

*Leonard.*—"So I was thinking. And you are an author!"

*Mr. Burley.*—"Ah, I said you had a quick sense of allegory. And so you think an author looks better in a churchyard, when you see him but as a muffled urn under the moonshine, than standing beneath the gas-lamp, in a white hat, and with a red tip to his nose. Abstractedly, you are right. But, with your leave, the author would rather be where he is. Let us walk on." The two men felt an interest in each other, and they walked some yards in silence.

"To return to the urn," said Mr. Burley, "you think of fame and churchyards. Natural enough, before illusion dies; but I think of the moment, of existence—and I laugh at fame. Fame, sir—not worth a glass of cold without! And as for a glass of warm, with sugar—and five shillings in one's pocket to spend as one pleases—what is there in Westminster Abbey to compare with it?"

"Talk on, sir—I should like to hear you talk. Let me listen and hold my tongue." Leonard pulled his hat over his brows, and gave up his moody, questioning, turbulent mind to his new acquaintance.

And John Burley talked on. A dangerous and a fascinating talk it was—the talk of a great intellect fallen. A serpent trailing its length on the ground, and showing bright, shifting, glorious hues as it grovelled. A serpent, yet without the serpent's guile. If John Burley deceived and tempted, he meant it not—he crawled and glittered alike honestly. No dove could be more simple.

Laughing at fame, he yet dwelt with an elegant enthusiasm on the joy of composition. "What do I care what men without are to say and think of the words that gush forth on my page?" cried he. "If you think of the public, of urns, and laurels, while you write, you are no genius; you are not fit to be an author. I write because it rejoices me, because it is my nature. Written, I care no more what becomes of it than the lark for the effect that the song has on the peasant it wakes to the plough. The poet, like the lark, sings 'from his watch-tower in the skies.' Is this true?"

"Yes, very true."

"What can rob us of this joy! The bookseller will not buy, the public will not read. Let them sleep at the foot of the ladder of the angels—we climb it all the same. And then one settles down into such good-tempered Lucianic contempt for men. One wants so little from them, when one knows what one's self is worth, and what they are. They are just worth the coin one can extract from them in order to live. Our life—*that* is worth so much to us. And then their joys, so vulgar to them, we can make them golden and kingly. Do you suppose Burns drinking at the ale-house, with his boors around him, was drinking, like them, only beer and whisky? No, he was drinking nectar—he was imbibing his own ambrosial thoughts—shaking with the laughter of the gods. The coarse human liquid was just needed to unlock his spirit from the clay—take it from jerkin and corduroys, and wrap it in the 'singing-ropes' that floated wide in the skies: the beer or the whisky was needed but for that, and then it changed at once into the drink of Hebe. But come, you have not known this life—you have not seen it. Come, give me this night. I have moneys about me—I will fling them abroad as liberally as Alexander himself, when he left to his share but hope. Come!"

"Whither?"

"To my throne. On that throne last sate Edmund Kean—mighty mime. I am his successor. We will see whether in truth these wild sons of genius, who are cited but 'to point a moral and adorn a tale,' were objects of compassion. Sober-suited cits to lament over a Savage and a Morland—a Porson and a Burns!—"

"Or a Chatterton," said Leonard, gloomily.

"Chatterton was an impostor in all things; he feigned excesses that he never knew. *He a bacchanalian—a royster! He!—No. We will talk of him. Come!*"

Leonard went.

## CHAPTER XXI.

The Room! And the smoke-reek, and the gas-glare of it. The whitewash of the walls, and the prints thereon of the actors in their mime-ropes, and stage postures; actors as far back as their own lost Augustan era, when the stage was a real living influence on the manners and the age. There was Betterton in wig and gown—as Cato, moralising on the soul's eternity, and halting between Plato and the dagger. There was Woodward as "The Fine Gentleman," with the inimitable rakehell air in which the heroes of Wycherly and Congreve and Farquhar live again. There was jovial Quin as Falstaff, with round buckler and "fair round belly." There was Colley Cibber in brocade—taking snuff as with "his Lord," the thumb and forefinger raised in air—and looking at you for applause. There was Macklin as Shylock, with knife in hand; and Kemble, in the solemn weeds of the Dane; and Kean in the place of honor over the chimneypiece.

When we are suddenly taken from practical life, with its real workday men, and presented to the portraits of those sole heroes of a World—Phantastic and Phantasmal, in the garments wherein they did "strut and fret their hour upon the stage," verily there is something in the sight that moves an inner sense within ourselves—for all of us have an inner sense of some existence, apart from the one that wears away our days: an existence that, afar from St. James's and St. Giles's, the Law Courts and Exchange, goes its way in terror or mirth, in smiles or in tears, through a vague magic land of the poets. There, see those actors! They are the men who lived it—to whom our world was the false one, to whom the Imaginary was the Actual. And did Shakspeare himself, in his life, ever hearken to the applause that thundered round the Personators of his airy images? Vague children of the most transient of the arts, fleet shadows of running waters, though thrown down from the steadfast stars, were ye not happier than we who live in the Real? How strange you must feel in the great circuit that ye now take through eternity! No prompt-books, no lamps, no acting Congreve and Shakspeare there! For what parts in the skies have your studies on the earth fitted you? Your ultimate destinies are very puzzling. Hail to your effigies, and pass we on!

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There, too, on the whitewashed walls, were admitted the portraits of ruder rivals in the arena of fame—yet they, too, had known an applause warmer than his age gave to Shakespeare; the champions of the ring—Cribb, and Molyneux, and Dutch Sam. Interspersed with these was an old print of Newmarket in the early part of the last century, and sundry engravings from Hogarth. But poets, oh! they were there, too: poets who might be supposed to have been sufficiently good fellows to be at home with such companions. Shakspeare, of course, with his placid forehead; Ben Jonson, with his heavy scowl; Burns and Byron cheek by jowl. But the strangest of all these heterogeneous specimens of graphic art was a full-length print of William Pitt!—William Pitt, the austere and imperious. What the deuce did he do there amongst prize-fighters, and actors, and poets? It seemed an insult to his grand memory. Nevertheless there he was, very erect, and with a look of ineffable disgust in his upturned nostrils. The portraits on the sordid walls were very like the crambo in the minds of ordinary men—very like the motley pictures of the FAMOUS hung

up in your parlour, O my Public! Actors and prize-fighters, poets and statesmen, all without congruity and fitness, all whom you have been to see or to hear for a moment, and whose names have stared out in your newspapers, O my Public!

And the company? Indescribable! Comedians from small theatres, out of employ: pale haggard-looking boys, probably the sons of worthy traders, trying their best to break their fathers' hearts; here and there the marked features of a Jew. Now and then you might see the curious puzzled face of some greenhorn about town, or perhaps a Cantab; and men of grave age, and gray-haired, were there, and amongst them a wondrous proportion of carbuncled faces and bottle noses. And when John Burley entered there was a shout, that made William Pitt shake in his frame. Such stamping and hallooing, and such hurrahs for "Burly John." And the gentleman who had filled the great high leathern chair in his absence gave it up to John Burley; and Leonard, with his grave observant eye, and lip half sad and half scornful, placed himself by the side of his introducer. There was a nameless expectant stir through the assembly, as when some great singer advances to the lamps, and begins "*Di tanti palpiti*." Time flies. Look at the Dutch clock over the door. Half-an-hour! John Burley begins to warm. A yet quicker light begins to break from his eye; his voice has a mellow luscious roll in it.

"He will be grand to-night," whispered a thin man who looked like a tailor, seated on the other side of Leonard.

Time flies—an hour! Look again at the Dutch clock, John Burley *is* grand, he is in his zenith, at his culminating point. What magnificent drollery!—what luxuriant humor! How the Rabelais shakes in his easy chair! Under the rush and the roar of this fun, (what word else shall describe it,) the man's intellect is as clear as a gold sand under a river. Such wit, and such truth, and, at times, such a flood of quick eloquence. All now are listeners, silent, save in applause. And Leonard listened too. Not, as he would some nights ago, in innocent unquestioning delight. No; his mind has passed through great sorrow, great passion, and it comes out unsettled, inquiring, eager, brooding over joy itself as over a problem. And the drink circulates, and faces change; and there are gabbling and babbling; and Burley's head sinks in his bosom, and he is silent. And up starts a wild, dissolute, bacchanalian glee for seven voices. And the smoke-reek grows denser and thicker, and the gas-light looks dizzy through the haze. And John Burley's eyes reel.

Look again at the Dutch clock. Two hours have gone. John Burley has broken out again from his silence, his voice thick and husky, and his laugh cracked; and he talks, O ye gods! such rubbish and ribaldry; and the listeners roar aloud, and think it finer than before. And Leonard, who had hitherto been measuring himself, in his mind, against the giant, and saying inly, "He soars out of my reach," finds the giant shrink smaller and smaller, and saith to himself, "He is but of man's common standard after all."

Look again at the Dutch clock. Three hour have passed. Is John Burley now of man's common standard? Man himself seems to have vanished from the scene; his soul stolen from him, his form gone away with the fumes of the smoke, and the nauseous steam from that fiery bowl. And Leonard looked round, and saw but the swine of Circe—some on the floor, some staggering against the walls, some hugging each other on the tables, some fighting, some bawling, some weeping. The divine spark had fled from the human face; the beast is everywhere growing more and more out of the thing that had been man. And John Burley, still unconquered, but clean lost to his senses, fancies himself a preacher, and drawls forth the most lugubrious sermon upon the brevity of life that mortal ever heard, accompanied with unctuous sobs; and now and then, in the midst of balderdash, gleams out a gorgeous sentence, that Jeremy Taylor might have envied; drivelling away again into a cadence below the rhetoric of a Muggletonian. And the waiters choked up the doorway, listening and laughing, and prepared to call cabs and coaches; and suddenly some one turned off the gas light, and all was dark as pitch—howls and laughter as of the damned, ringing through the Pandemonium. Out from the black atmosphere stept the boy-poet; and the still stars rushed on his sight, as they looked over the grimy roof-tops.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

Well, Leonard, this is the first time thou hast shown that thou hast in thee the iron out of which true manhood is forged and shaped. Thou hast *the power to resist*. Forth, unebriate, unpolluted, he came from the orgy, as yon star above him came from the cloud.

He had a latch key to his lodging. He let himself in, and walked noiselessly up the creaking wooden stair. It was dawn. He passed on to his window, and threw it open. The green elm-tree from the carpenter's yard looked as fresh and fair as if rooted in solitudes, leagues away from the smoke of Babylon.

—"Nature, Nature!" murmured Leonard, "I hear thy voice now. This stills—this strengthens. But the struggle is very dread. Here, despair of life—there, faith in life. Nature thinks of neither, and lives serenely on."

By-and-by a bird slid softly from the heart of the tree, and dropped on the ground below out of sight. But Leonard heard its carol. It awoke its companions—wings began to glance in the air, and the clouds grew red toward the east.

Leonard sighed and left the window. On the table, near Helen's rose-tree, which bent over wistfully, lay a letter. He had not observed it before. It was in Helen's hand. He took it to the light, and read it by the pure healthful gleams of morn:—

"Oh, my dear brother Leonard, will this find you well, and (more happy I dare not say, but) less sad than when we parted? I write kneeling, so that it seems to me as if I wrote and prayed at the same time. You may come and see me to-morrow evening, Leonard. Do come, do—we shall walk together in this pretty garden; and there is an arbor all covered with jessamine and honeysuckle, from which we can look down on London. I have looked from it so many times—so many—trying if I can guess the roofs in our poor little street; and fancying that I do see the dear elm-tree. Miss Starke is very kind to me; and I think, after I have seen you, that I shall be happy here—that is, if you are happy. Your own grateful sister,

"HELEN.

"Ivy Lodge.

"P. S.—Any one will direct you to our house; it lies to the left, near the top of the hill, a little way down a lane that is overhung on one side with chestnut trees and lilies. I shall be watching for you at the gate."

Leonard's brow softened, he looked again like his former self. Up from the dark sea at his heart smiled the meek face of a child, and the waves lay still as at the charm of a spirit.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

"And what is Mr. Burley, and what has he written?" asked Leonard of Mr. Prickett when he returned to the shop. Let us reply to that question in our own words, for we know more about Mr. Burley than Mr. Prickett does.

John Burley was the only son of a poor clergyman, in a village near Ealing, who had scraped and saved and pinched, to send his son to an excellent provincial school in a northern country, and thence to college. At the latter, during his first year, young Burley was remarked by the undergraduates for his thick shoes and coarse linen, and remarkable to the authorities for his assiduity and learning. The highest hopes were entertained of him by the tutors and examiners. At the beginning of the second year his high animal spirits, before kept down by study, broke out. Reading had become easy to him. He knocked off his tasks with a facile stroke, as it were. He gave up his leisure hours to symposia by no means Socratical. He fell into an idle hard-drinking set. He got into all kinds of scrapes. The authorities were at first kind and forbearing in their admonitions, for they respected his abilities, and still hoped he might become an honor to the university. But at last he went drunk into a formal examination, and sent in papers after the manner of Aristophanes, containing capital jokes upon the Dons and Bigwigs themselves. The offence was the greater, and seemed the more premeditated, for being clothed in Greek. John Burley was expelled. He went home to his father's a miserable man, for with all his follies he had a good heart. Removed from ill example, his life for a year was blameless. He got admitted as usher into the school in which he had received instruction as a pupil. This school was in a large town. John Burley became member of a club formed among the tradesmen, and spent three evenings a week there. His astonishing convivial and conversational powers began to declare themselves. He grew the oracle of the club; and from being the most sober peaceful assembly in which grave fathers of a family ever smoked a pipe or sipped a glass, it grew under Mr. Burley's auspices the parent of revels as frolicking and frantic as those out of which the old Greek Goat Song ever tipsily rose. This would not do. There was a great riot in the streets one night, and the next morning the usher was dismissed. Fortunately for John Burley's conscience, his father had died before this happened—died believing in the reform of his son. During his ushership Mr. Burley had scraped acquaintance with the editor of the county newspaper, and given him some capital political articles; for Burley was like Parr and Porson, a notable politician. The editor furnished him with letters to the journalists in London, and John came to the metropolis and got employed on a very respectable newspaper. At college he had known Audley Egerton, though but slightly; that gentleman was then just rising into repute in Parliament. Burley sympathized with some questions on which Audley had distinguished himself, and wrote a very good article thereon—an article so good that Egerton inquired into the authorship, found out Burley, and resolved in his own mind to provide for him whenever he himself came into office. But Burley was a man whom it was impossible to provide for. He soon lost his connection with the newspaper. First, he was so irregular that he could never be depended upon. Secondly, he had strange honest eccentric twists of thinking, that could coalesce with the thoughts of no party in the long run. An article of his, inadvertently admitted, had horrified all the proprietors, staff, and readers of the paper. It was diametrically opposite to the principles the paper advocated, and compared its pet politician to Catiline. Then John Burley shut himself up and wrote books. He wrote two or three books, very clever, but not at all to the popular taste—abstract and learned, full of whims that were *caviare* to the multitude, and larded with Greek. Nevertheless, they obtained for him a little money, and among literary men some reputation.

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Now Audley Egerton came into power, and got him, though with great difficulty—for there were many prejudices against this scampish harum-scarum son of the Muses—a place in a public office. He kept it about a month, and then voluntarily resigned it. "My crust of bread and liberty!" quoth John Burley, and he vanished into a garret. From that time to the present he lived—Heaven knows how. Literature is a business, like everything else; John Burley grew more and more incapable of business. "He could not do task-work," he said; he wrote when the whim seized him, or when the last penny was in his pouch, or when he was actually in the spunging-house or the Fleet—migrations which occurred to him, on an average, twice a year. He could generally sell

what he had positively written, but no one would engage him beforehand. Magazines and other periodicals were very glad to have his articles, on the condition that they were anonymous; and his style was not necessarily detected, for he could vary it with the facility of a practised pen. Audley Egerton continued his best supporter, for there were certain questions on which no one wrote with such force as John Burley—questions connected with the metaphysics of politics, such as law reform and economical science. And Audley Egerton was the only man John Burley put himself out of the way to serve, and for whom he would give up a drinking-bout and do *task-work*; for John Burley was grateful by nature, and he felt that Egerton had really tried to befriend him. Indeed, it was true, as he had stated to Leonard by the Brent, that, even after he had resigned his desk in the London office, he had had the offer of an appointment in Jamaica, and a place in India from the Minister. But probably there were other charms than those exercised by the one-eyed perch, that kept him to the neighborhood of London. With all his grave faults of character and conduct, John Burley was not without the fine qualities of a large nature. He was most resolutely his own enemy, it is true, but he could hardly be said to be any one else's. Even when he criticised some more fortunate writer, he was good-humored in his very satire; he had no bile, no envy. And as for freedom from malignant personalities, he might have been a model to all critics. I must except politics, however, for in these he could be rabid and savage. He had a passion for independence, which, though pushed to excess, was not without grandeur. No lick-platter, no parasite, no toadeater, no literary beggar, no hunter after patronage and subscriptions; even in his dealings with Audley Egerton, he insisted on naming the price for his labors. He took a price, because, as the papers required by Audley demanded much reading and detail, which was not at all to his taste, he considered himself entitled fairly to something more than the editor of the journal, wherein the papers appeared, was in the habit of giving. But he assessed this extra price himself, and as he would have done to a bookseller. And, when in debt and in prison, though he knew a line to Egerton would have extricated him, he never wrote that line. He would depend alone on his pen, dipped it hastily in the ink, and scrawled himself free. The most debased point about him was certainly the incorrigible vice of drinking, and with it the usual concomitant of that vice—the love of low company. To be King of the Bohemians—to dazzle by his wild humor, and sometimes to exalt, by his fanciful eloquence, the rude gross nature that gathered round him—this was a royalty that repaid him for all sacrifice of solid dignity; a foolscap crown that he would not have changed for an emperor's diadem. Indeed, to appreciate rightly the talents of John Burley, it was necessary to hear him talk on such occasions. As a writer, after all, he was only capable now of unequal desultory efforts. But as a talker, in his own wild way, he was original and matchless. And the gift of talk is one of the most dangerous gifts a man can possess for his own sake—the applause is so immediate, and gained with so little labor. Lower, and lower, and lower, had sunk John Burley, not only in the opinion of all who knew his name, but in the habitual exercise of his talents. And this seemed wilfully—from choice. He would write for some unstamped journal of the populace, out of the pale of the law, for pence, when he could have got pounds from journals of high repute. He was very fond of scribbling off penny ballads, and then standing in the street to hear them sung. He actually once made himself the poet of an advertising tailor, and enjoyed it excessively. But that did not last long, for John Burley was a Pittite—not a Tory, he used to say, but a Pittite. And if you had heard him talk of Pitt, you would never have known what to make of that great statesman. He treated him as the German commentators do Shakspeare, and invested him with all imaginary meanings and objects, that would have turned the grand practical man into a sybil. Well, he was a Pittite; the tailor a fanatic for Thelwall and Cobbett. Mr. Burley wrote a poem, wherein Britannia appeared to the tailor, complimented him highly on the art he exhibited in adorning the persons of her sons; and, bestowing upon him a gigantic mantle, said that he, and he alone, might be enabled to fit it to the shoulders of living men. The rest of the poem was occupied in Mr. Snip's unavailing attempts to adjust this mantle to the eminent politicians of the day, when, just as he had sunk down in despair, Britannia reappeared to him, and consoled him with the information that he had done all mortal man could do, and that she had only desired to convince pigmies that no human art could adjust to *their* proportions the mantle of William Pitt. *Sic itur ad astra*. She went back to the stars, mantle and all. Mr. Snip was exceedingly indignant at this allegorical effusion, and with wrathful shears cut the tie between himself and his poet.

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Thus, then, the reader has, we trust, a pretty good idea of John Burley—a specimen of his genus, not very common in any age, and now happily almost extinct, since authors of all degrees share in the general improvement in order, economy, and sober decorum, which has obtained in the national manners. Mr. Prickett, though entering into less historical detail than we have done, conveyed to Leonard a tolerably accurate notion of the man, representing him as a person of great powers and learning, who had thoroughly thrown himself away.

Leonard did not, however, see how much Mr. Burley himself was to be blamed for his waste of life; he could not conceive a man of genius voluntarily seating himself at the lowest step in the social ladder. He rather supposed he had been thrust down there by Necessity.

And when Mr. Prickett, concluding, said, "Well, I should think Burley would cure you of the desire to be an author even more than Chatterton," the young man answered gloomily, "Perhaps," and turned to the book-shelves.

With Mr. Prickett's consent, Leonard was released earlier than usual from his task, and a little before sunset he took his way to Highgate. He was fortunately directed to take the new road by the Regent's Park, and so on through a very green and smiling country. The walk, the freshness of the air, the songs of the birds, and, above all, when he had got half-way, the solitude of the road, served to rouse him from his stern and sombre meditations. And when he came into the

lane overhung with chestnut trees, and suddenly caught sight of Helen's watchful and then brightening face, as she stood by the wicket, and under the shadow of cool murmurous boughs, the blood rushed gayly through his veins, and his heart beat loud and gratefully.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

She drew him into the garden with such true childlike joy!

Now behold them seated in the arbor—a perfect bower of sweets and blossoms; the wilderness of roof-tops and spires stretching below, broad and far; London seen dim and silent, as in a dream.

She took his hat from his brows gently, and looked him in the face with tearful penetrating eyes.

She did not say, "You have changed."—She said, "Why, why did I leave you?" and then turned away.

"Never mind me, Helen. I am man, and rudely born—speak of yourself. This lady is kind to you, then?"

"Does she not let me see you? Oh! very kind—and look here."

Helen pointed to fruits and cakes set out on the table. "A feast, brother."

And she began to press her hospitality with pretty winning ways, more playful than was usual for her, and talking very fast, and with forced but silvery laughter.

By degrees she stole him from his gloom and reserve; and, though he could not reveal to her the cause of his bitterest sorrow, he owned that he had suffered much. He would not have owned *that* to another living being. And then, quickly turning from this brief confession, with assurances that the worst was over, he sought to amuse her by speaking of his new acquaintance with the perch-fisher. But when he spoke of this man with a kind of reluctant admiration, mixed with compassionate yet gloomy interest, and drew a grotesque though subdued sketch of the wild scene in which he had been spectator, Helen grew alarmed and grave.

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"Oh, brother, do not go there again—do not see more of this bad man."

"Bad!—no! Hopeless and unhappy, he has stooped to stimulants and oblivion;—but you cannot understand these things, my pretty preacher."

"Yes I do, Leonard. What is the difference between being good and bad? The good do not yield to temptations, and the bad do."

The definition was so simple and so wise that Leonard was more struck with it than he might have been by the most elaborate sermon by Parson Dale.

"I have often murmured to myself since I lost you, 'Helen was my good angel;'—say on. For my heart is dark to myself, and while you speak light seems to dawn on it."

This praise so confused Helen that she was long before she could obey the command annexed to it. But, by little and little, words came to both more frankly. And then he told her the sad tale of Chatterton, and waited, anxious to hear her comments.

"Well," he said, seeing that she remained silent, "how can *I* hope, when this mighty genius labored and despaired? What did he want, save birth and fortune, and friends, and human justice."

"Did he pray to God?" said Helen, drying her tears.

Again Leonard was startled. In reading the life of Chatterton, he had not much noted the scepticism, assumed or real, of the ill-fated aspirer to earthly immortality. At Helen's question, that scepticism struck him forcibly.

"Why do you ask that, Helen?"

"Because, when we pray often, we grow so very, very patient," answered the child. "Perhaps, had he been patient a few months more all would have been won by him, as it will be by you, brother; for you pray, and you will be patient."

Leonard bowed his head in deep thought, and this time the thought was not gloomy. Then out from that awful life there glowed another passage, which before he had not heeded duly, but regarded rather as one of the darkest mysteries in the fate of Chatterton.

At the very time the despairing poet had locked himself up in his garret, to dismiss his soul from its earthly ordeal, his genius had just found its way into the light of renown. Good and learned and powerful men were preparing to serve and save him. Another year,—nay, perchance, another month—and he might have stood acknowledged and sublime in the foremost front of his age.

"Oh Helen!" cried Leonard, raising his brows from which the cloud had passed,— "Why, indeed, did you leave me?"

Helen started in her turn as he repeated this regret, and in her turn grew thoughtful. At length she asked him if he had written for the box which had belonged to her father, and been left at the inn.

And Leonard, though a little chafed at what he thought a childish interruption to themes of graver interest, owned with self-reproach that he had forgotten to do so. Should he not write now to order the box to be sent to her at Miss Starke's.

"No; let it be sent to you. Take care of it. I should like to know that something of mine is with you; and perhaps I may not stay here long."

"Not stay here? That you must, my dear Helen—at least as long as Miss Starke will keep you, and is kind. By-and-by, (added Leonard, with something of his former sanguine tone) I may yet make my way, and we shall have our cottage to ourselves. But—Oh Helen!—I forgot—you wounded me; you left your money with me. I only found it in my drawers the other day. Fie!—I have brought it back."

"It was not mine—it is yours. We were to share together—you paid all; and how can I want it here, too?"

But Leonard was obstinate; and as Helen mournfully received back all that of fortune her father had bequeathed to her, a tall female figure stood at the entrance of the harbor, and said, that scattered all sentiment to the winds—"Young man, it is time to go."

## CHAPTER XXV.

"Already!" said Helen, with faltering accents, as she crept to Miss Starke's side, while Leonard rose and bowed. "I am very grateful to you, Madam," said he, with the grace that comes from all refinement of idea, "for allowing me to see Miss Helen. Do not let me abuse your kindness." Miss Starke seemed struck with his look and manner, and made a stiff half curtsy.

A form more rigid than Miss Starke's it was hard to conceive. She was like the grim white woman in the nursery ballads. Yet, apparently, there was a good nature in allowing the stranger to enter her trim garden, and providing for him and her little charge those fruit and cakes which belied her aspect. "May I go with him to the gate?" whispered Helen, as Leonard had already passed up the path.

"You may, child; but do not loiter. And then come back, and lock up the cakes and cherries, or Patty will get at them."

Helen ran after Leonard.

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"Write to me, brother—write to me; and do not, do not be friends with this man who took you to that wicked, wicked place."

"Oh, Helen, I go from you strong enough to brave worse dangers than that," said Leonard almost gaily.

They kissed each other at the little wicket gate, and parted.

Leonard walked home under the summer moonlight, and on entering his chamber, looked first at his rose-tree. The leaves of yesterday's flowers lay strewn round it; but the tree had put forth new buds.

"Nature ever restores," said the young man. He paused a moment, and added, "It is that Nature is very patient?"

His sleep that night was not broken by the fearful dreams he had lately known. He rose refreshed, and went his way to his day's work—not stealing along the less crowded paths, but with a firm step, through the throng of men. Be bold, adventurer—thou hast more to suffer! Wilt thou sink? I look into thy heart, and I cannot answer.

### FOOTNOTES:

[11] Continued from page 97.

[12] It may be necessary to observe, that homœopathy professes to deal with our moral affections as well as our physical maladies, and has a globule for every sorrow.

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From Sharpe's Magazine.

## EGYPT UNDER ABBAS PASHA.

BY BAYLE ST. JOHN.

When the late Mohammed Ali heard at length of the taking of Acre by his troops under Ibrahim, he exclaimed, "That place," adding an energetic but somewhat unsavory expression, "that place has cost me," not the lives of so many thousand men, but, "so many thousand cantars of gunpowder." These words illustrate pretty forcibly the narrow and selfish views of that

celebrated but overrated man. We do not believe, indeed, that during the whole period of his sway in Egypt, the thought ever crossed his mind that he was bound to govern for any other purpose than his own personal aggrandisement, or that he was to regard in the slightest degree the feelings, the comfort, the property or the lives of his people.

The system which arose from this wretchedly egotistical state of mind was to a certain extent successful. Although great schemes of conquest, which even a more magnanimous species of selfishness might have carried out, were destined to end in comparative shame and disgrace, yet a somewhat brilliant *de facto* sovereignty was erected and maintained to the termination of the old man's life; and he died regretting only that he had not been allowed to march to Constantinople. To the end of his days he was rolling in wealth, and possessed of arbitrary power in dominions of great extent, where he was not the less arbitrary because he was compelled to acknowledge a superior, and to send a tribute, instead of a fleet and an army, to the shores of the Bosphorus. The provinces which he called his own, lay sleeping in a death-like tranquillity; and because he could ride through the streets without a guard, his flatterers told him that he had secured the fear, respect and love of the people. For he had many flatterers, this ancient of days;—not merely his own minions, whose business it was, but European gentlemen, who affected to be awe-struck in his presence, and gathered and treasured up and repeated his wise sayings, his profound observations, and, save the mark! his wit; but they never could impress on any impartial hearer the belief in any of these things. His sayings and observations were sometimes very foolish, sometimes distinguished by respectable common-sense; and his wit consisted in prefacing a very silly or impertinent remark with a peculiar grunt. Whenever, therefore, his courtiers, being in a narrative mood, began to tell how on a certain occasion the pasha said, "Hunk!" &c., a crowd of admirers were ready to smile, and one or two disinterested lookers-on were compelled to smile likewise, though, perhaps, for a very different reason.

Nothing is easier than to surround a man who has sufficient talents to fight or wheedle himself into a position of authority with a halo of false reputation; but it is rather more difficult to impress a character on the civilization of a country, and, now-a-days, to found an enduring dynasty. We shall not here recapitulate the enormous blunders of Mohammed Ali, in political and economical questions, nor explain how these blunders arose from a selfish desire to make what is vulgarly called a "splash," nor waste an anathema on his crafty cruelty and abominable tyranny. We wish merely to remind the reader that his period of power having come to a close, little good had been done, except, perhaps, improving the method of transacting public business.

Well, there were plenty of people to succeed him. The pasha had a large family of children and grandchildren, to whom he had behaved sometimes with indulgence, but generally with unreasoning and perverse severity. There was scarcely a member of his family with whom he had not had many little quarrels, and who did not avoid his presence as they did the plague. Even the favorite Ibrahim could not bear to live in the same city as his presumed father; and the rest would have been little less startled by the last summons of all, than they were by an occasional order to appear in the presence of the angry and savage old man. One feeling, however, was pretty general amongst them,—they regarded the pasha as a wonderfully important personage, and themselves consequently, being his children, as little less wonderful and important. Their hopes were in the uncertainty of life; and very many of them, in their own minds, had arranged what they would do in case they came to be viceroy—how they would make the money spin, and what mighty devices they would put in practice, to emulate and surpass the splendors of "Effendina"—"Our Lord," *par excellence*.

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It must be confessed that Abbas Pasha alone had the good sense to take up a position of his own. Whether he was as crafty and politic as some pretend before his elevation to power, it is difficult to decide; but the plan, at that time generally ascribed to him, of forming what was called a Turkish or bigoted party—a party of discontented great folks, and fanatical Ulemas—a party which should appeal to the religious prejudices of the good Caireens, and oppose itself to the inroad of European adventurers and improvements,—this plan, if distinctly formed, was certainly a very sagacious one. Let us be frank: Europeans have done more harm than good in Egypt; that is to say, whenever they have appeared, except as mere commercial men, bringing the goods of their own countries, and anxious to take away the surplus of the luxuriant crops of the valley of the Nile. As political advisers, partly, perhaps, because men undertook to advise who were fit only for the counting-house, partly because their own interests were concerned, their intermeddling has been most pernicious. Even the benefits, for some such there are, which have been conferred by their wisdom, have been mingled with an immense amount of misery. There is one fact which has attained an almost mythological dignity, from its notoriety, and the admirable manner in which it symbolises European meddling in Egypt. An English merchant, who ought to have known the manners of the country, advised the construction of the Mahmoudiyeh Canal. It has been most useful to commerce; but twenty thousand people were starved or worked to death within six weeks, in order to complete it. Fifty illustrations of the same kind might be given; but we wish merely to have our meaning understood, when we say that, if Abbas Pasha or his party ever contemplated, as there is reason to suppose they did, the utter destruction of foreign influence, the total change of a system, under which French and English measures alternated like whig and tory administrations, we must candidly admit they had some very good grounds to go upon.

The creation of the party was a long and laborious work; very likely it was brought and kept together more by mutual discontents, ambitious hopes, and straightforward bigotry, than by any very Machiavellian policy. Probably Abbas Pasha really liked ram-fighting, and was a pigeon-



fancier, and did not assume these tastes, as the elder Brutus played the fool, in order to accomplish his ends. But, however this may be, he certainly occupied a more respectable position than his uncle Ibrahim, whose whole ideas of the duties of government were getting money and playing at soldiers; and than any of the other members of this most obese and heavy-headed family. Even if it be true that he meditated a revolt against the broken-down conqueror of Syria, and was only withheld by fear of the European powers, this fact gives an impression of his energy, and by no means derogates from his character in this country. The Saids and the Ahmeds, the Ismains and the Mustaphas, would, each and all of them, strike a blow and rid the country of their beloved relations, if the little word *impossible* did not stare them in the face. As it is, they are in perpetual feud with the head of the family, and there is no end to their bickerings, heart-burnings, jealousies, and hatreds. Abbas is haughty and overbearing to them; they as insolent as they may be to him. Be sure that, on all sides, direful causes of affront have been given; but probably Abbas has been provoked by unbecoming pretensions. What else could be expected from a set of ignorant, debauched adventurers, who have got a temporary footing in the country, and actually talk with the pride of an ancient respectable line of hereditary princes of their rights, and their expectations, and their rank, and so forth! Abbas, of course, has not the same natural influence over this unruly brotherhood as had the ruthless old man, and his more savage immediate successor; and probably, in attempting to exert his rightful authority, has been betrayed into undignified squabbles. It is certain that many members of his family have fled or retired to Constantinople; among others, Mohammed Ali Bey, and the notorious Hazlet Hanem. Some remarks have been made on this subject, to the effect that Abbas is frightening away his dutiful relations by his violent and unreasonable conduct; but if Egypt never loses two of its natives whom it can worse spare than these, it will be fortunate. Without further inquiry than into their character, one would be inclined to admire and respect the man who had quarrelled with them. Mohammed Ali is a debauched worthless lad; and Madame Nazlet cannot have justice done to her without details into which our pen is not at liberty to enter.

It is a sad thing, certainly, to view the breaking up of a large family; but it would be a sadder thing to witness vice unpunished, and harmony arising out of the reckless indulgence of unbridled passions. Abbas Pasha himself, if report speaks true, has little in his private life to plead for lenity in judging of his public character. His taste leads him to the most trifling amusements. Just as of old, when he was the supposed head of a kind of Conservative Turkish party, when he was Governor of Cairo, and silently nourishing his ambitious schemes, he spends time and money in the undignified, though not inelegant, and certainly innocent, occupation of a pigeon-fancier. Near the new palace which he is building (none of these Turkish princes seem to care about living where their fathers lived before them) rises a magnificent square tower, entirely devoted to the loyal winged favorites of his Highness the Viceroy, who is reported to be quite learned in this department of natural history. Another of his tastes, for which Englishmen will have more sympathy, is for horses; and the public will remember his bold challenge to the Jockey Club. In what way he passes the remainder of his leisure hours we do not inquire; but we give him, in common with his relatives, the advantage of an excuse that has before been urged in their favor—namely, that of an infamous education.

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Abbas Pasha has not exactly carried out the views which were attributed to him before he reached his present elevation. He has not, for example, done all that his fanatical anti-Frank friends could expect in shaking off foreign influence. He began, it is true, by getting rid, in rather a hasty and shabby manner, of many Europeans, chiefly English, in his employ; and showed a disposition entirely to put a stop to that enormous blunder of the Barrage. His first, and very wise impulse, was either to destroy the works altogether, or, abandoning them, simply allow the river to work its own majestic will. But a clamor was raised on all sides! After throwing so many millions of dollars into the river, why should not a few millions more be thrown? I believe the French, who have a fondness for this undertaking because it was suggested by or through Napoleon—the Osiris of his day is parent of all wonderful inventions—I believe, I say, that France made it almost a national question; and so this work, which already impedes the navigation of one of the finest rivers in the world, and which, if successful, would only achieve an object that one quarter of the expense in the establishment of steam-engines at various points for raising water would effectually accomplish, is allowed to drag on slowly towards its conclusion. We must give Abbas credit for the courageous good sense which suggested to him that the first loss was the best; and yet we must not withhold from him some praise for yielding to the influence of friendly persuasion, and refraining from carrying out his own opinion, however well founded, when he was told that, by doing so, he would incur the risk of being accused of treason to his grandfather's fame. The old man had fondly believed that his Barrage would join the Pyramids that look down upon it in that restricted category of the "Wonders of the World," and might well be supposed to lie uneasily in his grave if all the piles which he had caused to be driven, all the mighty walls, and piers, and arches, which he had caused to be raised with a disregard of expense and human labor worthy of Cheops, were allowed to sink and lie forgotten in the slimy bed of the Nile.

This was the first point on which it appeared that Abbas Pasha was not disposed to act up fully to his presumed plan of destroying European influence altogether; but, on many occasions, he early showed a disposition to temporize between his prejudices and his interest. We cannot here enter into details of minor importance, but, coming down to a recent period, we may mention another instance of a similar nature. For many years before his death, Mohammed Ali had held out hopes that he would construct, or allow to be constructed, a railway from Cairo to Suez. This was preëminently an English project—not likely to be unuseful to the country at large, it is true, but calculated chiefly to promote the more expeditious and comfortable transit of passengers to and

from India. The Pasha, however, deceived by an excess of cunning, really entertained no intention of performing his promise. With great want of sagacity, he confounded the proposed stations on the line of railway, which he might have held in his own hands if he chose, with the counters which he was told had formed the nuclei of the British power in India. He believed the English had some sinister designs upon his country, and were engaged in all sorts of schemes for introducing themselves into it. The same policy which made him refuse to deepen the entrance of the port of Alexandria, lest a British fleet might come in, made him unwilling to throw a railway across the Desert of Suez, even if he kept the whole management in his own hands. The recommendations, he saw, came all from one country: the objections, nearly all, from another. France was opposed to the railway because it had another darling Neapolitan project in hand—namely, the cutting of the Isthmus of Suez, which was much talked of once, but which now nobody mentions but to laugh at. The difficulties of execution, immense as they were found to be by the Austrian commission, were not the most decisive objections. The real ones were contained in an answer to the very appropriate question—*Cui bono?* However, the railway was shelved for a time. It has lately come again upon the tapis; and although it is now proposed to lay down a line in the first instance between Alexandria and Cairo, to compensate for the water communication which M. Moujel is spoiling by his Barrage, yet there is every probability of proper extensions and branches being made in due time.

If, indeed, the project be really a serious one. Many say, in spite of the official manner in which the announcement has been made, that it is only a *ruse*, a piece of policy in order to propitiate English influence, and that as soon as certain manœuvres shall have been successful or otherwise, nothing more will be said about the railway. There is no answering for the diplomacy of Eastern courts; but this explanation seems a little too Machiavellian. I have no doubt the promise has been made, in part, because it is thought to be agreeable to the English; but I can hardly imagine Abbas Pasha is so foolish as not to know that if he coaxes Lord Palmerston with a sugar-plum, and when his lordship opens his mouth, puts a finger in instead, Lord Palmerston will bite pretty sharply.

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Be these things as they may, it seems admitted on all hands that Abbas Pasha has now completely thrown overboard the party which he courted so assiduously as heir-apparent, and is seeking foreign, especially English, support. All this is fair enough provided he does not fall into the old error of sacrificing the natives entirely to strangers, as did his great predecessor, and provided he do not allow himself to be persuaded by flatterers—and he has flatterers; what man in power has not?—to engage in grand undertakings for the purpose of emulating the renown of the old Pharaohs. Egypt wants neither a resuscitation of old times, nor a hasty imitation of the new. She has to find out the form of its own civilization: and modern improvements, as they have been hitherto introduced, will only weigh her down into despair.

But it is said that Abbas Pasha has no views at all about the progress of the arts, and manufactures, and commerce; no thought of the amelioration of the country; but that in endeavoring to gain the good-will of Europe, he wants to serve some ambitious projects of his own. There may be something in this. Not that it is probable he intends to play the old game over again and throw off the yoke of Stamboul; but there is certainly a very arduous struggle now carrying on, both by open and underhand means, between Egypt and the Porte. There is an infinity of points of difference between the vassal and his lord; but the gist of the matter is, that the former wishes to preserve all the privileges, to be treated with the same indulgence, to be left with the same freedom of action, as his grandfather; he wishes to remain, in fact, a vassal little more than in name, free to indulge any arbitrary whims; whilst the latter is attempting, with some reason,—with great reason indeed, but perhaps in too precipitate a manner, and actuated by feelings that resemble private grudge,—to reduce Egypt to the same subjection as the rest of the Ottoman Empire.

The discussion is a serious one, and much may be said on both sides; but it must be accorded at once in favor of the Porte, that the Viceroy of Egypt is not to be considered as an independent sovereign merely paying tribute to a superior power, but as an officer of the Empire. Certainly, he holds a distinguished position; and his case is an exceptional one; but very imprudent would be any who should advise him to take the same ground as Mohammed Ali, even after his defeat and expulsion from Syria, was allowed to assume. He has been levying troops, and is said even to have victualled his fleet to give more weight to his negotiations; but it is not probable he will draw the sword when, by giving way a little, he may establish a character for moderation, and be left undisturbed in a position sufficiently splendid to satisfy a very respectable ambition.

On the other hand, it is hoped that no undue heat, no petty jealousy, no minor considerations of self-love—excited and encouraged by the numerous runagates from Egypt, as Artin Bey and his fellows—will finally govern the councils of Constantinople. Many missions have passed from this country to the Porte with the object of warding off the blows that are being aimed at the authority of Abbas Pasha. Probably they ask too much, as is always done in such cases; but, if reports speak true, they have been answered with an asperity which seems calculated rather to provoke a quarrel than to lead to a satisfactory settlement. The great question now is about the Tanzamat promulgated by the Porte, which may be briefly described as a well-intended attempt to introduce some kind of order into the administration of the empire, to substitute certain rules in place of arbitrary will, and generally to control the actions of what are called the great men in their relations with those who, we suppose, may be described as the little men. Such a scheme, even if imperfect in its details and difficult to be applied, must command our sympathies. The provinces of the Turkish empire—and Egypt is at least as great in degree as the remainder—have

been too long the sport of caprice; and if it be the secret object of Abbas Pasha utterly to prevent the introduction of this new system—to refuse it even a fair trial—he will most certainly, whatever may be the effect of obstinate passive resistance, receive no countenance or support from England.

It is said, however, that he merely desires—and such is the purport of his remonstrances—that certain modifications, adapted to the peculiar situation of Egypt, shall be made. The Porte is the best judge as to how far these modifications are compatible with the spirit of its decree; and as the communications that have taken place have been chiefly verbal, we will not take upon ourselves to say whether they are even suggested by any peculiar necessity. The negotiations are in progress; and all we can say is, that unless Abbas Pasha be considered too dangerous a subject, and his removal be desired, it will be better to make up by amenity of procedure for the inexorable requirements of principle.

There was one great grievance in Mohammed Ali's time, namely, the existence of the *ferdeh*, or tax of one-twelfth upon income of all kinds, down to that of the poorest fellah. This was a great outrage on legality. It was opposed to all the constitutions of the Turkish empire; and it was understood that, after the Syrian affair, it should be voluntarily done away with by the Pasha. But an easy source of revenue is not easily given up; and, in spite of all remonstrances, the tax was maintained. There was no burden to which the people objected more than this. They paid,—but they murmured somewhat loudly; and even in the coffee-houses many were sometimes bold enough to say the *ferdeh* was illegal. On one occasion, when Ibrahim Pasha was in Cairo, not long before his father's death, there was the semblance of a riot on the subject; but the stick and the halter were brought into play, and the conviction produced that, legal or not legal, the tax must be paid. Abbas Pasha himself for some time allowed this copious fountain to gush into his treasury; but it now suited the policy of the Porte to return vigorously to the charge in favor of legality; and towards the end of last year the *ferdeh* was finally abolished to the infinite delight of the whole population. The long-wished-for event was celebrated by illuminations in Alexandria and Cairo; and the general joy might have risen to something like enthusiasm had not a fresh, though temporary, cause of discontent accompanied the boon.

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This was the conscription, which nearly drove Egypt into a revolt last winter. In old times, when soldiers were wanted, men were pounced upon suddenly wherever they could be found, and marched off, leaving great grief behind; but before any dangerous excitement could be got up. This was justly considered a barbarous and inartificial method; and when, for what purposes remains a mystery, a certain levy of men was required, it was determined to proceed with regularity, and to make each district furnish its quota according to the number of inhabitants. The idea, at first sight, seems both fair and wise; and if the people could have been got to acquiesce in the necessity of their supplying soldiers in any proportion at all, would have worked very well. But as nobody in Egypt wants to shoulder a musket, as everybody has the utmost hatred and abhorrence of military service, arising partly from constitutional want of energy, but chiefly from the knowledge that the soldier is ill-paid<sup>[13]</sup> and ill-fed, and rarely, if ever, returns—we never met but one old discharged campaigner in the country—it is not surprising if the public announcement of the intentions of Government produced the greatest possible perturbation. The first impulse of the whole adult population, except those who could boast of some very undoubted claim of exemption, was to fly to the mountains; and every defile, every cavern, every catacomb, every quarry in the Libyan and Arabian chains, were soon tenanted by people running away from enlistment. Wherever we went in our excursions, we became accustomed to see lines of human beings perched like crows on the summit of seemingly inaccessible cliffs, on the look-out for the enemy in the shape of the Sheikh-el-Beled; for the task of catching and forwarding the prescribed number of "strong active young men" devolved on the civil authority, aided sometimes by that estimable rural police, the Arnaut irregular cavalry. On many occasions we surprised these poor people in their retreats; and once, when they mistook us for recruiters, were assailed with slings diverted from their original purpose, namely, that of frightening the sparrows away from the crops. Accounts reached us at several places that blood had been shed; and the affair in various ways rendered our journey somewhat melancholy. Now we came upon a large town, as Geneh, seemingly deserted by its whole population, with closed shops and silent streets; then we met a party of recruits, chained neck and neck, going to their destination; and anon we saw a crowd of women, driven to despair by the loss of son, or husband, or brother, tossing up their arms, tearing their garments, and invoking curses on their oppressors. Public opinion in all despotic countries finds utterance through the weaker sex; they dare to say what would perhaps bring condign punishment on the men; they nearly made a revolt once in Cairo under Mohammed Ali, and on the present occasion they expressed their mind pretty freely. Some of the more noisy brought a good beating on themselves from some irascible Sheikh; but in general their anathemas were received with a kind of sheepish deprecating good-humor. It was difficult to ascertain how many recruits were at last got together, but, as near as I could gather, the number ordered was one in about every 180 souls.

The sight of so much unhappiness naturally excited great indignation and disgust; but not so much perhaps on reflection as the permanent misery and ill-treatment of a great proportion of the population. Abbas Pasha has taken the old system as he found it, and, with the exception of the abolition of the *ferdeh*, has done nothing to alleviate the condition of the fellah. It is especially on the lands of the great men, the pashas and the beys, that these poor serfs are worst off. Their profession is that of agricultural laborers, but it must not be supposed that they have freedom to carry their services to what master they will. They belong to the land as much as do the palm-trees; and the nature of their occupation, their hours of labor, and their pay, are

regulated by their lord and master in a perfectly arbitrary way. At Randa, opposite Sheikh Abadeh, we found a sugar estate occupying 1,300 men, and endeavored to ascertain in as exact a manner as possible how they were treated. We found that, in the first place, they were, of course, forced to work, both on the land and in the factory, at a nominal pay of twenty-five paras, or three-halfpence a head, and that some of them were in active employment nearly eighteen hours a day. Now it *is* possible for a man to exist on such wages in that part of Egypt, even with a family; and as bare existence is considered in most countries an adequate reward for unintelligent labor, there seemed not so much reason to complain. But then came the question, how was the payment made? The answer in substance was, the men are paid twenty-five paras a day, but they never get the money; they receive what is called its value in the refuse molasses; but this only when it can be of little service to them, when the owner of the estate has glutted the market, and they can only sell at a loss of forty or fifty per cent. They would be only too happy to receive fifteen paras in hard cash; as it is, some of them necessarily eke out their living by stealing, and others by the produce of little plots of land, which they cultivate at night when they should be reposing after the fatigues of the day. The women and children assist them, when the latter are not pressed into what is called the service of the state; that is, compelled to dig canals, and perform other light work for which they receive neither pay nor food. Their parents bring them food, or some charitable person flings them a morsel of coarse bread, otherwise they would perish.

Such is pretty nearly the state of things in the private possessions of all the descendants of Mohammed Ali. In fairness, however, we must remind the reader that Abbas Pasha is only answerable for acquiescing in customs handed down. He has not established any new pernicious regulation that we have heard of; and even if he remain perfectly quiescent and leave things to go their own gait, King Log is better than King Stork. The mischievous activity of Mohammed Ali is not to be regretted; and if, by the influence of Constantinople prudently exercised, some little check is gradually put upon the caprices and violence of the proprietors who call themselves princes—and it is for the interest of Abbas Pasha that this should be the case—Egypt, though not possessed of all the happiness she wants, might not be very discontented, and would have no reason to look back with regret on the time of the old pasha. According to all accounts, some classes of the agricultural laborers are gradually enriching themselves in spite of the burdens which they bear; and, although wealth is timid to show itself, a great amelioration in the state of the country may soon be perceptible.

#### FOOTNOTES:

- [13] Soldiers will often stop a European in a by-place and beg. They get about twenty paras (a penny farthing) a day.

#### From Household Words.

### THE JEWS IN CHINA.

There is a quaintness in the notion of a Jewish colony surrounded by Chinese; the fixed among the fixed. The fact that such a colony exists, or has existed when found, ought to be especially remarked, for to ethnologists and others it may prove a valuable opportunity for speculation. Jews in China, what will they be like? Will the Jew stand out from the surrounding uniformity of Chinese life, like the one tree of the desert (for which, see Panorama of Overland Mail, and hear lecture upon same); or will he become non-entity, like among like, adding nothing to the first idea—silence in a calm? In the Jewish synagogue in Kai-foung-fou, concerning which we have presently to speak, there are Chinese inscriptions. The first placed there in 1444, by a literary Jew, is intended to prove the close analogy between Jewish and Chinese points of doctrine. "The author," it says, "of the law of Yse-lo-ye (Israel) is Ha-vou-lo-han (Abraham). His law was translated by tradition to Nichè (Moses). He received his book on Mt. Sinai. His book has fifty-four sections. The doctrine which is therein contained is much like that of the Kings," (which are sacred volumes of the Chinese). The author of the inscription repeats many passages to prove that in their worship to heaven, their ceremonies, their behavior to the old and young, their patriarchal character, their prayers, and their mode of honoring dead ancestors, the Jews resemble the Chinese.

The author of a second inscription, a grand mandarin in his own time, speaks to the same purpose. "From the time of Han," says this gentleman, whose name is Too-tang, "from the time of Han, the Jews fixed themselves in China; and in the twentieth year of the cycle 65, (which is, by interpretation, 1163,) they offered to the Emperor Hiao-tsong a tribute of cloth from India. He received them well, and permitted them to live in Kai-foung-fou. They formed then sixty-six families. They built a synagogue where they placed their Kings, or Divine Scriptures." This mandarin concludes with an eulogium of Jewish virtue, after the approved manner of epitaphs.

The Jews emphatically cultivated agriculture, commerce, were faithful in the armies, upright as magistrates, and rigid in observance of their ceremonies. One only wants to wind up with the scrap, "Affliction sore, long time they bore;" but affliction on the part of the Chinese, at any rate,

they certainly did not bear; they were more than tolerated, they were understood; ceremony-men to ceremony-men were ceremoniously polite to one another. The Jews and Chinese even intermarried; on their first introduction by way of Persia to the Chinese Empire, they had settled here and there in sundry Chinese cities; but by the marriage with Chinese disciples of Confucius or Mahomet, the Jewish colonies were melted down into the pure Chinese metal; and when this history begins, nothing is known of any synagogue in China, save the synagogue at Kai-foung-fou, which is a city in the heart of the Flowery Land, the capital of the central province of Honan; and for an account of which we are indebted to Father Ricci, one of the Jesuit Missionaries.

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Father Ricci died in the year 1610, at Peking, which was his station. Father Ricci, at Peking, first heard of the Jewish synagogue at Kai-foung-fou, and the information startled him exceedingly. The young Jew who enlightened Father Ricci on the subject told him that there were then at Kai-foung-fou barely a dozen Jewish families, and that for five or six hundred years they had preserved in their synagogue a very ancient copy of the Pentateuch. The father produced a Hebrew Bible, and the young man recognized the characters, although he could not read them, for he knew no language but Chinese. Four years after this, Father Ricci (whose business at Peking would not permit him to go gadding) had an opportunity of sending off to Kai-foung-fou a Chinese Jesuit, with a letter written in Chinese, to the chief of the synagogue. He explained to the rabbi his own reverence for the books of the Old Testament, and informed him of its fulfilled predictions, and the advent of a Messiah. The rabbi shook his head at that, saying, "that so it could not be, because they had yet to expect the Messiah for ten thousand years." The good natured rabbi nevertheless did homage to Father Ricci's great abilities. He was an old man, and saw none about him fit to guide his people; he therefore besought the learned Jesuit to come to Kai-foung-fou, and undertake the guidance of the synagogue, under one only condition, a true Chinese-Jewish one, that he would pledge himself to abstinence from all forbidden meats. However, that was very much as if Dr. Jones of Bettws-y-Coed should offer his practice to Sir B. Brodie of London. Father Ricci had a larger work in hand, and so he stopped at Peking.

In 1613, Father Aleni (such an uncommonly wise man, that the Chinese called him the Confucius of Europe) was directed to proceed to Kai-foung-fou and make investigation. Father Aleni, being well up in his Hebrew, was a promising man to send on such an errand, but he found the rabbi dead, and the Jews, though they let him see the synagogue, would not produce their books. The particulars of nothing having been done on this occasion are to be found related by Father Trigaut, in choice Latin, and choicer Italian, (*de Exped. Sinicâ, lib. 1., cap. 2, p. 118,*) and by Father Samedo (*Relatione della China, part 1., cap. 30, p. 193.*)

A residence was established by the Jesuits in Kai-foung-fou. Now, thought those who thought at all upon such matters, we shall have something done. If we can only compare our Old Testament texts with an ancient exemplar, that will be no small gain. A certain father Gozani went zealously into the whole subject, entered the synagogue, copied the inscriptions, and transmitted them to Rome.

The Jews told Father Gozani that in a temple at Peking was a large volume, wherein were inscribed the sacred books of foreigners resident in China. That volume was sought afterwards by Europeans at Peking, but not found. Certainly such a volume does exist among the Chinese records. The Jews, however, told Father Gozani not only about what existed in Peking, but all about themselves at Kai-foung-fou. The Father wrote a letter, dated 1704, containing what he learned in this manner. It appears that by that application of "soft sawder" which is or ought to be well understood by men of the world and Jesuits, the Father gratified the Jews, so that they paid him voluntary visits. He returned their visits by a call upon them at their synagogue, where, he says—"I had a long conversation with them; and they showed me their inscriptions; some of which are in Chinese, and others in their own tongue. I saw also their *Kims*, or religious books, and they suffered me to enter even the most secret place of their synagogue, to which they can have no access themselves. That place is reserved for their *Chian-Kiao*; that is to say, chief of the synagogue, who never approaches it but with the most profound respect.

"There were thirteen tabernacles placed upon tables, each of which was surrounded by small curtains. The sacred *Kim* of Moses (the Pentateuch) was shut up in each of these tabernacles, twelve of which represented the Twelve Tribes of Israel; and the thirteenth, Moses. The books were written on long pieces of parchment, and folded up on rollers. I obtained leave from the chief of the synagogue to draw the curtains of one of these tabernacles, and to unroll one of the books, which appeared to me to be written in a hand exceedingly neat and distinct. One of these books had been luckily saved from the great inundation of the river *Hoang-ho*, which overflowed the city of Kai-foung-fou, the capital of the province. As the letters of the book have been wetted, and on that account are almost effaced, the Jews have been at great pains to get a dozen copies made, which they carefully preserve in the twelve tabernacles above mentioned.

"There are to be seen also in two other places of the synagogue, coffers, in which are shut up with great care several other little books, containing different divisions of the Pentateuch of Moses, which they call *Ta-Kim*, and other parts of their law. They use these books when they pray; they showed me some of them, which appeared to be written in Hebrew. They were partly new and partly old, and half torn. They, however, bestow as much attention on guarding them as if they were gold or silver.

"In the middle of the synagogue stands a magnificent chair, raised very high, and ornamented with a beautiful embroidered cushion. This is the chair of Moses, in which every Saturday, and days of great solemnity, they place their Pentateuch, and read some portions of it. There also may

be seen a *Van-sui-pai*, or painting, on which is inscribed the Emperor's name; but they have neither statues nor images. This synagogue fronts the west, and when they address their prayers to the Supreme Being, they turn towards that quarter, and adore him under the name of *Tien*, *Cham-Tien*, *Cham-ti*, and *Kao-van-voe-tche*; that is to say, *Creator of all things*; and lastly, of *Van-voe-tchu-tcai*, *Governor of the Universe*. They told me that they had taken these names from the Chinese books, and that they used them to express the Supreme Being and First Cause.

"In going out from the synagogue, I observed a hall, which I had the curiosity to enter, but I found nothing remarkable in it, except a great number of censers. They told me that in this hall they honored their *Chim-gins*, or the great men of their law. The largest of these censers, which is intended for the Patriarch Abraham, stands in the middle of the hall, after which come those of Isaac, and Jacob, and his twelve branches, or the Twelve Tribes of Israel; next are those of Moses, Aaron, Joshua, Esdras, and several other illustrious persons, both male and female.

"After quitting this apartment, they conducted us to the Hall of Strangers, in order to give us an entertainment. As the titles of the books of the Old Testament were printed in Hebrew at the end of my Bible, I showed them to *Cham-Kiao*, or chief of the synagogue; he immediately read them, though they were badly printed, and he told me that they were the names of their *Chin-Kim*, or Pentateuch. I then took my Bible, and the *Cham-Kiao* took his *Beresith* (thus they name the Book of Genesis); we compared the descendants of Adam, until Noah, with the age of each, and we found the most perfect conformity between both. We afterwards ran over the names and chronology in Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, which compose the Pentateuch, or five Books of Moses. The chief of the synagogue told me that they named these five books *Beresith*, *Veelesemoth*, *Vaiiora*, *Vaiedabber*, and *Haddebarim*, and that they divided them into fifty-three volumes; *viz.*, Genesis into twelve, Exodus into eleven, and the three following books into ten volumes each, which they call *Kuen*. Some of these they opened, and presented to me to read; but it was to no purpose, as I was unacquainted with the Hebrew language.

"Having interrogated them respecting the titles of the other books of the Bible, the chief of the synagogue replied, that they were in possession of some of them, but that they wanted a great many, and of others they had no knowledge. Some of his assistants added, that they had lost several books in the inundation of the Hoang-ho, of which I have spoken."

Father Gozani has spoken of the inundation, but we have not, and so we will do so now. Previously, however, we may call attention to the distinct adoption of the Chinese "Hall of Ancestors" among these Jews, and of a place for showing hospitality to strangers as an appendage to their place of worship. It is in this way that, without violating their own opinions, they became assimilated more completely to their neighbors. Father Gozani also notes that their accounts of sacred history were grossly disfigured with Talmudical legends, or other stories of that class—a fact not to be lost sight of by the speculator. The Jews, in the time of Father Gozani, composed seven families—Phao, Kin, Che, Kao, The-Man, Li, Ngai—including in all about one thousand souls. They intermarried with each other, and had their own fashion of hair-cutting. These seven families of Kai-foung-fou were the remains of seventy who had of old established themselves in that capital. Now for the inundation. That event took place in the year 1642, and it occurred as follows:—Li-cong-tse, a rebel, with a big army, besieged the city. The inhabitants, after defending themselves for six months, still refused to succumb, because they expected rescue from the Emperor. The Emperor did come, a vastly clever fellow, who determined to destroy the enemy by a great master-stroke. "I'll drown every man-jack!" he said, and broke the dikes that confined the Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, a league distant from the city. Out poured the stream and drowned the besiegers, and besieged the city in its turn, knocked down its walls, and destroyed thirty thousand of its inmates. The Emperor, a cockney sportsman on the largest scale, shot at the pigeon and killed the crow. It was in this inundation that the number of the Jews was thinned; diluted by the waters of the river, their Pentateuch was damaged and some other portions of their scripture altogether lost.

Before passing down from Father Gozani, we must extract his rough picture of the Jewish synagogue, as it existed in his day. He says of the Jews—

"They have no other synagogue but this, in the capital of the province of Ho-Nan. I perceived in it no altar, nor any other furniture, but the chair of Moses, with a censer, a long table, and large chandeliers, in which were placed candles made of tallow. This synagogue has some resemblance to our European churches; it is divided into three aisles; that in the middle is occupied by the table of incense, the chair of Moses, the painting, and the tabernacles already mentioned, in which are preserved the thirteen copies of the Pentateuch. These tabernacles are constructed in the form of an arch, and the middle aisle is like the choir of the synagogue; the two others are set apart as places of prayer, and for the adoration of the Supreme Being. Within the building there is a passage which runs quite round.

"As there formerly were, and still are, among them Bachelors and *Kien-sens*, which is a degree different from that of a Bachelor, I took the liberty of asking them if they rendered homage to Confucius; they replied that they honored him in the same manner as the rest of the literati, and that they assisted them in solemn ceremonies, which are performed in halls dedicated to their great men. They added, that in spring and autumn they practised certain rites in honor of their ancestors, according to the manner of Chinese, in the hall next to their synagogue; that they did not present them the flesh of hogs, but of other animals; that in other ceremonies they were contented with offering them porcelain dishes filled with dainties and sweetmeats, which they

accompanied with perfumes and profound reverences or prostrations. I asked them, likewise, if in their houses or Hall of Ancestors, they had tablets in honor of their departed relations; they replied that they used neither tablets, images, nor any thing else, but only a few censers. We must, however, except their mandarins, for whom alone they place in the Hall of Ancestors a tablet inscribed with their name and rank."

Father Gozani adds, that "these Jews, in their inscriptions, call their law the Law of Israel, *Yselals-Kiao*, which they name also *Kon-Kiao*, Ancient Law; *Tien-Kiao*, Law of God, and *Tien-Kin-Kiao*, to signify that they abstain from blood, and cut the nerves and veins of the animals they kill, in order that the blood may flow more easily from them."

This custom gives to the Jews in China, at the present day, the name of Cut-Nerves. To the present day our story now descends; for, after the time of Father Gozani, blank follows in the way of action. Father Etienne, who meditated a work upon the Sacred Scriptures in reply to the *Critici Sacri*, was eager to push on investigations. From the letters of Father Gozani, and from those which Father Domingo and Gambil wrote upon it, material was obtained for the memoir published under the direction of M. L. Aimé Martin, in which he remarks that the detail would be regarded with the more curiosity, as it had been often demanded, and as Father du Halde had contented himself with merely promising it in his great work, "Description de la Chine." So we have fairly got out of the past into the present, where our story thus runs on.

In the year 1815, the Chinese Jews endeavored unsuccessfully to communicate with Europe by means of a Hebrew letter addressed to London, which seems not to have been delivered. Last year the Jewish Society of London determined, however, to communicate with them. Miss Cooks, an energetic and devoted Jewess, placed her purse in the hands of the Society; nothing impeded fresh research; the English bishop at Hong Kong co-operated, Dr. Medhurst was consulted, and two Chinese Christians were at length appointed to proceed to Kai-foung-fou. The elder of these two was a bachelor; the younger was a student from the Missionaries' College at Batavia; but the junior was named to head the enterprise, because he had previously displayed zeal and ability, and also because he could write English fluently, and would journalize in that language. His journals, therefore, could be laid before Miss Cooks, uninjured by translation.

Our heroes—for so we will call the two adventurers—set out from Shanghae, on the 15th of last November, by boat to Toing-kiang-tou. In a car, drawn by mules, they were then jolted along, following the track of the Hoang-ho, rising at three o'clock on winter mornings, to save time—a proceeding which involves almost supererogatory self-denial. Population near the Yellow River they found rare and unhealthy. Localities which figure in the geographical charts of the empire as principal places, or as towns of the second class, are but huge piles of rubbish, surrounded by crumbling walls. Here and there a gate, with its inscription half-effaced, informs the traveller that he is entering a mighty town.

Perseverance, and a mule car, brought the travellers to Kai-foung-fou. They found there many Mahometans, openly exercising right of conscience, and flying their religion on a flag displayed over their gate. These Mahometans are, for the most part, hotel-keepers, and with one of them our heroes lodged. Of him they began asking about Cut-Nerves. Mine host of the Crescent said there were still some Jews in Kai-foung-fou, and offered himself as a cicerone to their synagogue. Thither they went. They found its outer wall in ruins; briars and dirt filled the grand entrance; "the pillars of the building, the inscribed marbles, the stone balustrade, before the peristyle of the temple, the ornamental sculpture—all were cracked, broken, and overturned." Under the wings of the synagogue, the chapels built in honor of the patriarchs—nestled together, cold and naked, sleeping on the bare stones, those objects of our European interest, "the Jews in China." Poor and miserable as they are, they had begun to sell the stones of their temple for bread, and a portion of land within their sacred inclosure had been already sold to an adjacent temple of the Buddhists.

Still, there were the cylinders inclosing the sacred rolls of the Old Testament, which, luckily, had not proved eatable. In number, these rolls were about a dozen, each thirty feet long by three feet wide. They are of white sheep-skin, inscribed with very small Hebrew characters.

For fifty years these poor Jews have been without the guidance of a rabbi, and there is not one left who can read a word of Hebrew. In a dozen years, probably, the last trace of the Jews in China will expire. The travellers gave money to the mournful congregation in the synagogue, and received leave to copy the inscriptions, about which the Jesuits had previously informed us. Moreover, they obtained, and have brought home, eight Hebrew manuscripts; six contain portions of the Old Testament, namely, of Exodus, chapters 1-6, and 38-40; of Leviticus, chapters 19, 20; of Numbers, chapters 13, 14, 15; of Deuteronomy, chapters 11-16, and chapter 32; with portions of the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and Prophets. The other two manuscripts are of the Jewish Liturgy. The leaves of these manuscripts "are of a species of card-board, on which the words, as it were, are engraved with a point; the binding is in silk, and bears evident marks of being of foreign origin. Two Israelitish merchants, to whom these books were shown at Shanghae, spoke of having seen similar ones at Aken, and the presence here and there upon the margins of Persian words, interspersed with Hebrew annotations, seemed to indicate that the books came originally from some western country of Asia, perhaps Persia, or some of the high provinces of India, where Persic has from time immemorial been the language used among people of education. Although the annotations mentioned are numerous, and apparently referring to different epochs, no trace of any Chinese character is to be discovered, nor any of those marks or signs which immediately betray Chinese origin. No date exists by which the age can be

determined."

We hope the statement is correct which tells us that these manuscripts are to be deposited in the British Museum. Fac-similes are at the same time promised, printed in Hebrew, accompanied with a plan of the synagogue, made on the spot by the Chinese travellers, and the journal of our junior hero, written in English and Chinese. The journal in English would not be a very ponderous affair, the entire expedition having occupied only two months—the residence at Kai-foung-fou, five days. We may usefully remember how the good Chinese, rising so fearfully betimes, did justice to the generosity and zeal of their patroness. Are there not men of might at work upon investigations for the public, who, at their ordinary rate, might have come to abandon this business in forty years, after eliminating fifty pounds of blue-book?

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## ***Authors and Books.***

LUDWIG FUERBACH, the last great philosopher of Young Germany, whose doctrines have been complacently declared as "more utterly irreconcilable with pietism or orthodox Christianity than those of any of his predecessors," has at length published his course of lectures "On the Existence of Religion," delivered at Heidelberg, from the month of December 1848 to March 1849. With regard to the apparent apathy with which he has regarded the great political events of these latter days, and the reproach that he has taken no active part therein—in which he forms a somewhat unfavorable contrast with Fichte and other great thinkers of the last generation—he remarks: "It will not appear strange that these lectures have not before been published; for what could, at the present day, be more seasonable than a remembrance of the year 1848? And by this souvenir I would also remark, that these lectures have been my only public intimations of activity during the so-called time of the Revolution. My own share in all the political and unpolitical deeds and movements of those times, was merely that of a critical beholder and listener, for the very simple reason that I could take no part in aimless, and consequently headless (silly) undertakings, having foreseen, or at least felt, from the very beginning of the whole movement, that such would be its result. A well-known Frenchman lately put me the question, Why I took no active part in the revolution of 1848? I replied, Mr. Taillandier,<sup>[14]</sup> if another revolution should break forth, and I take an active part therein, then may you, to the terror of your God-believing soul, be certain that this would be an overpowering revolution, bringing with it the judgment-day of monarchy and hierarchy. This revolution I should, alas! never survive. But I now also take an active part in a great revolution, but one whose true effects and results will be first developed in the course of centuries. For you know, Mr. Taillandier, according to my theory—which recognizes no Gods, and, consequently, no miracles in the sphere of politics—according to my theory, of which you know and understand nothing, though you assume to pass judgment on me instead of studying me, if TIME and SPACE are the fundamental conditions of all being and existence, of all thought and action, of all prosperity and success. Not that believers in God were wanting to the parliament, as some one humorously asserted in the Bavarian State council-chamber—the majority, at least, were believers, and the good Lord always sides with the majority—but because it had no comprehension of place or time, on which account it came to such a disgraceful and resultless end."

This, certainly, will appear to most readers to be, despite its bitterness, a lame and weak apology for neutrality, though we imagine that but little good could result from the intensest activity, when directed by such principles. Taillandier has also, in his own unassuming way, done, for so young a man, a full share of work "in the great revolution, whose true effects and results will be first developed in the course of centuries." [Pg 269]

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AUGUST KOPISCH, well known as the collector and translator of *Agrumi*—a choice selection of Italian Popular Songs—has recently published by Ernest and Korn of Berlin, a *Description and Explanation of the Monument to Frederic the Second*. A far more elegant work on the same subject, with no less than twenty excellent views of the monument, taken from as many points, appears from Decker, to which we may add another by Kohlheim, illustrated with a selection of ancient and modern poems relative to the memory of "Old Fritz."

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We observe from a prospectus recently sent forth by the publisher, J. G. Muller, in Gotha, that the *Janus*, a well known and ably edited quarterly, devoted to medical literature, history, biographies, and statistics, the publication of which was suspended in 1848, on account of the political difficulties which then agitated Germany, is again to make its appearance, under the editorial charge of Doctors Bretschneider, Henschel, Hensinger, and Thierfelder, who will be aided in their efforts by many learned correspondents and contributors in different countries. Like most revived publications, it will be published in a style superior to its original, and to judge from the type and paper of the prospectus, which is given as a specimen of that with which the work is to be issued, its appearance will be truly exquisite.



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FRANZ KUGLER the great historian and critic of Art, has made his appearance in a small *brochure* of thirty pages, entitled, *Three Articles upon Theatrical Affairs*,—which, however, appears to have met with but little admiration, if we may judge from the hard knock which a reviewer gives it with the word—"Unpractical as the suggestions are, which we find allied to these observations, they would still give us no occasion for remark, had not Herr Kugler made them a pretence for political discussion." Apropos of Kugler we may observe that a very excellent work entitled *Denkmaler der Kunst* (Souvenirs of Art), consisting of very neatly engraved and very extensive illustrations of Art in all ages and nations, intended specially as a companion work to the Berlin professor's *History*, has just been published for the first time in a compact form by Ebner and Seubert of Stuttgart. Among its authors or contributors we see the names of Dr. Ernst Guhl, Jos. Caspar, and Professor Voit of Munich.

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The conclusion of the late JOHANN VON MULLER'S *History of the Swiss Confederation* has just appeared from the hands of MM. VULLIEMIN and MONNARD. The work was commenced in 1786; when Von Muller died it was brought down to the year 1489; and it has since been continued by four other authors in succession. Robert Glutz-Blotzheim took up the narrative where Von Muller stopped, and continued it to 1516; after his death, John Jacob Hottinger described the progress of the reformation in the German cantons; but on coming to the part which the French cantons took in this great movement, it was decided to employ a native of that part of the Confederation, and the work was accordingly given to Louis Vulliemin, who completed the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He was followed by E. Monnard, Professor in the University of Bonn, who carried it as far as the second peace of Paris, in 1815. Both he and M. Vulliemin had already translated into French the volumes of their German predecessors. Their own volumes are now being translated into German, and the entire performance will soon be printed in both languages.

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An interesting contribution to the religious and metaphysical history of Germany in the last generation will be found in the *Autobiography* of BRETSCHNEIDER, now being published in parts, by his son-in-law Horst. It is described as a faithful as well as interesting narrative of the life of its deceased author and subject, who must fill a prominent place in the history of that great theological development of which his country has recently been the scene. He was a rationalist, but without aiming at the rejection or annihilation of the Christian supernaturalism. The sense of dependence on God, which was the foundation of Schleiermacher's theory, he regarded as stupid mysticism, and the general tendency of the more recent philosophy as obscure, abstruse, scholastic, and useless. He was a vigorous and unsparing controversialist, and the greater part of his writings are of that character.

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DR. WURTH, the dramatist and theatrical director, has published a play "with choruses, dances, and melodramas (?) entitled *The Gipsy Queen of Hungary in the year 1849*."

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Those of our Philadelphia friends, who are conversant with foreign literature, will do well to patronise Herr CHRISTERN, who has recently opened an establishment of French, German, and Italian works at No. 232 Chesnut-st. Mr. Christern has been for several years the superintendant of the extensive bookstore of Kaiser, the eminent bibliographer in Berlin. We are happy thus to recommend Herr Christern as a scholar, well acquainted with something more than the mere titles of his wares.

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Among "divers diversities," we note that the passion for Slavonic literature, which has received such an impetus during the last two years, has induced HERR SIEGFRIED KAPPER to write, after ancient Servian legends and heroic lyrics, a poem entitled *Lazar der Serbencar*. A new edition of CLEMENS BRENTANO'S *History of the brave Kasperl and fair Annerl*, has also been published at Berlin by the "United Bookselling Establishment," with an illustration. GLASSBRENNER, the humorist, (who is, however, we believe, not identical with his Rabelæesian pen-brother BRENNGLASER,) publishes by Simion of Berlin a third edition of his poems, while the more recent numbers of *Die Grenzboten*, the *Monatschrift* and the *Europa* are rich in a variety of articles surpassing in general interest any thing of the kind which we have for a long time witnessed in German periodical literature. It is to be wished that our own literati and miscellaneous intellectual purveyors would make a far more extended use of these German monthlies than they have hitherto done. Except the *International*, the *Tribune* is almost the only periodical in the country that makes any considerable use of the German literary journals.

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IMRESI, *die Ungarischen Flüchtlinge in d. Türkei*, (Imresi, or the Hungarian Refugees in Turkey), being a collection of data relative to the history of the emigration of 1849, from the journal of an exile, returned from Turkey, translated from the Hungarian, with additions by VASFI, has just appeared at Leipzig. "The *data* alluded to in this article," remarks a German review, "principally concern the personal history of the Hungarian exiles in Turkey. In point of time it reaches to their departure from Widdin to Shumla. Many articles are added drawn from newspapers and private sources, relative to their adventures, to the fortune of those who have emigrated to America, and to the influence of England in these matters. A certain chapter on Turkish manners and customs, containing nothing which has not been already better described by other writers, might as well have been omitted."

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THORWALDSEN'S *Jugend* (or The Youth of Thorwaldsen) is the title of a work composed from the correspondence, manuscripts and notes of the illustrious artist, written originally in Danish by Hans Wachenhufen, and translated by J. M. Thiele, (if we mistake not, the eminent theologian). "The style and execution is somewhat stiff and dry, which may, however, be partly the fault of the translator, who appears to have deemed it his duty to condense as much as possible; and has in consequence apparently detracted in a degree from the easy, confidential tone with which it is inspired. Nor is the translation entirely free from errors and provincial expressions."

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Among the most exquisite works recently published in Germany we observe a second greatly augmented and improved edition of *Alte und neue Kinderlieder Fabeln, Sprüche und Rathseln*, or, Old and New Songs, Fables, Sayings, and Riddles for Children, with illustrations by W. von Kaulbach, C. v. Aeideck, G. König, A. Kreling, E. Neureuther, the humorous and popular Graf. v. Poeci, L. Richter, C. H. Schmolze, M. v. Schwind, Stauber, &c. We have been thus particular in mentioning these names, that those who have not as yet seen the work may form some idea of the excellence of its illustrations. The only objection indeed which we have to find is, that the text (despite its title) is too far subordinate to the illustrations. A work of this description should at least have comprised a *majority* of those songs heard in every Germany nursery, and which are given with such *naïve* truthfulness in *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. In several instances these old songs were evidently the sources whence the spirit of the illustration was derived, which illustration is here applied to a limited scrap of the original; as for instance, in the exquisitely spirited and droll picture of *das bucklig's Mannlein*, or the hump-backed dwarf, by *Schwind*, which is far more applicable to the droll, demi, diabolical popular ballad of that name, than to the old scrap of verse which it over-illustrates. But as an album of admirable designs the work is unrivalled. The engraving of the mother and child illustrating the ballad of *Schlof Kindlein* is truly beautiful, conceived in a spirit of naïve fantasie, peculiarly applicable to the odd yet childlike song. *Das Glocklein im Hersen*, in which Christ is represented as opening the gate of Heaven to a child, by W. Kaulbach, in its pious, gentle beauty, almost transcends praise. Our notice already exceeds limit, yet we cannot leave this gem-book without specially and further commending The Toy-dealer of Nuremberg, a masterpiece of domestic life, by L. Richter, and *Es staig eim Herr zu Rosse*, or A Rider mounting his Horse, by Schwind, which forcibly recall the romantic etchings of Albert Durer.

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A convention of Slavic scholars, under the auspices of the Servian literary society of *Matica Ilirska*, in Agram, will probably soon be held, to consider the possibility of combining the different Slavic dialects into one language. This will be extremely difficult, if not impossible, on account of the degree of cultivation which the languages of the Slavic stock have attained.

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A translation of JOHN MILTON'S *Areopagitica*, a Speech for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing, to the Parliament of England, in 1644, has recently been executed by Dr. RICHARD RÖPELL, Professor of History at the University of Breslau, and published by Veit and Co. of Berlin.

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"In every revolution, good or bad, there are blind fanatics and selfish intriguers ready to take part, and loafers and vagabonds (*Bummler und Gamins*) willing to raise their voices." This is the remark of a German medical critic on a recent hydropathically insane composition, entitled *The Sin-register of the Medical Art of Healing*. In this work the *servum pecus* of allopathic physicians are richly abused, partly with biblical quotations and partly with original anathemas. Another on the same subject and in the same curious style, is entitled, *Gustav Schwab, the noble bard of Suabia*, by GOTTLOB WASSERMAN (or Praise-God Water-man). In this work the anti-Sangrado author proves to his own satisfaction, that the *noble bard* came to his death in consequence of having been imprudently bled, on one occasion, some six months previous to his death.

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At the end of June an eighth edition of OSCAR VON REDUITZ'S *Amaranth*, was announced, and it has already been succeeded by a ninth. Many of the poems in this collection are in Uhland's romantic vein, and abound in the artistic spirit. To this we may add a *Mahrchen* in verse, (or Child's Tale,) a beautiful fantasie of birds, brooks, leaves, and sunshine, reminding us at times of *The Story without an End*, at others of Sara Coleridge's *Phantasmion*. But as it is one of those gilded fascinations which invariably charm on a first perusal, we leave to some more accurate reader the task of judging more critically as to its literary merit.

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A translation of Shakspeare's Plays into the Swedish language by HAGBERG, Professor of Greek in the University of Lund, is now in course of publication. Of this twelve volumes have appeared; and although the first edition consisted of no less than two thousand copies, the whole have been sold off, and a second edition is in preparation.

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The lectures of NEANDER, *On Church History*, etc., are soon to appear, in fifteen volumes, edited by Professor JULIUS MULLER, of Halle. The Interpretation of the Gospel of St. John, will form the first part of the work.

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German books and pamphlets on the Crystal Palace and the Great Exhibition, are already in the market, or have indeed been extant for some time. *Der Krystall Palast im Hyde Park*, is among the last in this line.

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M. POUSSIN, recently the minister of France to this country, has in preparation a volume for popular circulation on the comparative merits of the French and American constitutions.

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The Prussian minister VON RADOWITZ has published a second series of his *Dialogues on Church and State*, of which the first series appeared in 1846.

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BARON DUDEVANT, husband of GEORGE SAND, the French papers lately declared had died in an obscure apartment in Paris; but it appears, on the contrary, that he is still living, in true baronial style, at his chateau on the Garonne. A correspondent of the *Tribune* says, "he never reads his wife's romances, and that his decease was believed in Paris, for several literary gentlemen of eminence are said to have laid their hands and fortunes at the feet of the large-hearted woman" who was supposed to be a widow.

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AUGUSTE COMTE has just published the first volume of a new work, his *Systeme de Politique Positive*. In his great work, *Philosophie Positive*, he was forced by his method to proceed objectively—from the world up to man; he now proceeds subjectively—from man to the world. This system of Positive Polity he calls a Treatise of Sociology, instituting the Religion of Humanity.

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EMILE DE GIRARDIN announces a new pamphlet, the title of which sets one thinking, *La Révolution Légale par la Présidence d'un Ouvrier*. (The Revolution Legal through the Presidency of a Workman.)

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LAMARTINE has published the first volume of *The History of the Restoration of the Monarchy in France*. It is intended as a sequel to his History of the Girondins, and this initial volume comprises the closing days of the Empire, the last great struggle of Napoleon with the combined armies in 1814, and the abdication at Fontainebleau. The tone throughout is derived from the partizan feelings of the present time. Its characteristic is an elaborate and determined depreciation of the emperor. The author's apparent ambition is to be striking, and he sometimes is successful: to be just or wise is scarcely in his nature. For ourselves, we are so well acquainted

with the life of Napoleon—with the workings of that most powerful practical intelligence that God has yet suffered to exist among mankind—that we are not in any way affected by these efforts of a hungry rhetorician to disparage him. In his new book, as in his *Girondins*, M. Lamartine has not chosen to give us any authorities. What he says as to facts may be true, but we have only his word for it; and long ago, before M. Lamartine became a great man in affairs, we learned from his *Pilgrimage to the Holy Land*, that his word is of very little value. We confess an admiration for parts of his *Elvire* and for some of his minor poems, but it is the youthful poet we admire, not the author of the sickly sentimentalism in his recent romantic memoirs, far less the historian, who to get himself out of difficulties induced by early extravagancies can play marketable tricks with the most awful shade that moves in the twilight of men's memories about the world.

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MICHELET, driven from his chair in the University, is publishing in the *Evénement* his new work, *Légendes de la Démocratie*. The preface is remarkable for its naïveté. "This book," he says, "is the true *Légendes d'Or* (golden legend)—free from all alloy, and in it will be found nothing but the truth.—Nay more, every one who reads it will become a wiser and a better man." A happy author, to have such faith in his book!

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M. GUIZOT'S *History of the Representative Form of Government*, is prepared from a course of lectures delivered by the author in the reign of Louis the Eighteenth. The preface contains frequent allusions to the politics of the day, and the eminent author refers in it to his attempts to reconcile authority with liberty. M. Guizot's style is clear, but destitute of warmth or ornament, and his works have reputation chiefly for their judicial carefulness and honesty—qualities not so common in France as to be reasonably neglected there.

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M. PROUDHON, the socialist "philosopher," has written, in the prison, in which it has been deemed necessary to shut him up, a new work, entitled *General Idea of Revolution in the Nineteenth Century*. Among the topics of which it treats are the Reaction of Revolutions, the Sufficient Reason of Revolution in the Nineteenth Century, the Principle of Association, the Principle of Authority, Organization of Economical Forces, and Dissolution of Government under an Economical Organization. The elements of every revolutionary history, according to Proudhon, are the previous régime which the revolution seeks to abolish, and which, by the instinct of self-preservation, may become a counter-revolution; the parties which, according to their different prejudices and interests, endeavor to turn it to their own advantage; and the revolution itself.

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DR. BUSHNAN, of Edinburgh, under the title of *Miss Martineau and her Master*, has published a temperate but conclusive refutation of the *Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development*, by Miss MARTINEAU and Mr. GEORGE ATKINSON. The shallow performance in which these persons displayed their atheism was treated by the learned with contempt. Douglass Jerrold said the sum of their doctrine was contained in the formula, "There is no God, and Miss Martineau is his prophet," and those who considered the *Letters* more seriously, for the most part expressed surprise and pity—never any one an apprehension that such wretched stuff could unsettle a conviction of the feeblest, or confirm a doubt of the most skeptical.

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ISAAC TAYLOR, whose "Natural History of Enthusiasm," has been much read in this country, has in press *Wesley and Methodism*.

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Not long ago it was stated that a Mr. SIMONIDES had discovered at the foot of Mount Athos a great number of important Greek MSS. We ventured to express some doubts on the subject, and we now perceive that Mr. RHANGABE, Professor of Archaiology in the University of Athens, has published a critical examination of these pretended discoveries, in which he proves very satisfactorily that every manuscript of an ancient work which Mr. Simonides has allowed others to examine, and every work which he has published, has turned out to be a modern fabrication. A more real discovery has been made by persons engaged in removing the earth for the foundations of a house near the Acropolis. Fragments of inscriptions, and several relics of sculpture and architecture, have been dug up, and it is thought they prove that the senate house, metroon, and other buildings in which the Athenian archives were preserved, stood in the vicinity. Apropos of M. Simonides, in a letter from Constantinople it is alleged that from the examination of ancient manuscripts in different Greek convents, he has discovered an indication that the original of the *Acts of the Apostles* is buried in an island in the Sea of Marmora, and that he has caused an application to be made to the Turkish government for leave to search after it,

which, it is said, is opposed by the Greek Patriarch, from fear that the discovery of the important document may lead to new schisms in the church!

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We mentioned in a recent number of the *International* the discovery and publication of a supposed MS. work by Origen. In the June number of the *Quarterly* it is carefully reviewed, and in several of the theological journals it has received the attention due to a work of its pretensions. We see now that the Chevalier BUNSEN has in the press of the Longmans *Five Letters to Archdeacon Hare, on Hypolitus, Presbyter of the Church of Rome, author of the recently discovered book ascribed to Origen, and the bearing of this work on the leading Questions of Ecclesiastical History and Polity.*

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Dr. CROLY has just published a new volume of poems, under the title of *Scenes from Scripture*. The greater part of them had previously appeared in annuals, &c. C. B. CAYLEY has given to the world a new version of the *Divine Comedy*, in the original terza rhyme; EDMUND PEEL, a poet of Mr. Robert Montgomery's class, has published *The Fair Island*, descriptive of the Isle of Wight; ROBERT MONTGOMERY himself has nearly ready his some-time promised *Poetical Works*, for the first time collected into one volume, similar to the octavo editions of Southey, Wordsworth, &c., including some original minor poems, and a general preface, (only the printing being in the style of Wordsworth.)

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The first of the old historians to be edited in the light of the modern discoveries in Assyria, is *Herodotus*, to appear in a new English version, translated from the text of Gaisford, and edited by Rev. GEORGE RAWLINSON, assisted by Col. RAWLINSON and Sir J. G. WILKINSON, with copious notes, illustrating the history and geography by Herodotus, from the most recent sources of information, and embodying the chief results, historical and ethnographical, which have been arrived at in the progress of cuneiform and hieroglyphical discovery. This edition will be printed for Mr. Murray in four octavo volumes. The translation has been undertaken from a conviction of the inadequacy of any existing version to the wants of the time. The unfaithfulness of Beloe, and the unpleasantness of his style, render his version insufficient in an age which dislikes affectation and requires accuracy; while the only others which exist are at once too close to the original to be perused with pleasure by the general reader, and defective in respect of scholarship.

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SIR JAMES STEPHEN, whose brilliant contributions to the Edinburgh Review are familiar through Mr. Hart's Philadelphia edition, has nearly ready *Lectures on the History of France*, and *The History of France*, compiled, translated and abridged from the works of De Sismondi, and of other recent French authors, and illustrated with historical maps and chronological and other tables.

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J. S. BUCKINGHAM, the author of fifty volumes of *Travels*, (of which eight large octavos are about our own unfortunate country,) has at length succeeded in his long contest with the East India Company for indemnification for his losses as an oriental journalist. The bill before parliament for restitution has been withdrawn, the court of directors and the government having agreed to settle upon him a pension of four hundred pounds per annum.

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We perceive that the British government has bestowed a pension of five hundred dollars a year on Mrs. JAMESON. We think of no Englishwoman who is more deserving of such distinction. Mrs. Jameson has spent a pretty long life in the most judicious exercise of her literary abilities, and as a critic of art she is unquestionably superior to any woman who has ever written on the subject. One of her most popular works, the *Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second*, will be issued in a splendid edition, with all the original portraits, in a few weeks, by the Appletons of this city.

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SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON has published *Critical Discussions in Philosophy, Literature, and Education with University Reform*, chiefly from the Edinburgh Review, but now corrected, vindicated, and enlarged.

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Several new books of *Travels* have lately appeared or are in press in London. Among them are

*Eight Years in Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor, from 1842 to 1850*, by F. A. NEALE, late of the Consular service; *A Naturalist's Sojourn in America*, by P. H. GOSSE; a *Journal of a Boat Voyage through Rupert's Land, and along the Central Arctic Coasts of America*, in Search of the Discovery Ships under command of Sir John Franklin, with an Appendix on the Physical Geography of North America, by Sir JOHN RICHARDSON, C. B., F. R. S., &c.; the *Personal Narrative of an Englishman Domesticated in Abyssinia*, by MANSFIELD PARKINS; *Contrasts of Foreign and English Society*, or, records and recollections of a residence in various parts of the Continent and of England, by Mrs. AUSTIN; *Narrative of Travels to Nineveh, in 1850*, by Hon. FREDERICK WALPOLE, R. N. author of "Four Years in the Pacific;" *Recollections of Manilla and the Philippines, in 1848-50*, by ROBERT MACMICKING; *Recollections of a Ramble from Sidney to Southampton, via Panama, the West Indies, the United States, and Niagara*, (anonymous.)

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J. J. GARTH WILKINSON has just published in London *The Human Body and its Connection with Man, illustrated by the Principal Organs*, and it is dedicated to Mr. Henry James of New-York, the author of *Moralism and Christianity*. "My dear James," says the author, "this book is indebted to you for its appearance, for without you it would neither have been conceived nor executed. I dedicate it to you as a feeble tribute of friendship and gratitude that would gladly seek a better mode of expressing themselves. It may remind you of happy hours that we have spent together, and seem to continue some of the tones of our long correspondence. *Valeat quantum!* It could not lay its head upon the shelf without a last thought of affection directed to its foster parent. That prosperity may live with you and yours, and your great commonwealth, is the prayer of, my dear James, your faithful friend," &c.

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Of new novels the most noticeable appear to be *The Lady and the Priest*, by Mrs. Maberly; *The Tutor's Ward*; *Clare Abbey*, by author of "The Discipline of Life;" *Marion Wethers*, by Miss Jewsbury; *Castle Deloraine, or the Ruined Peer*, by Miss PRISCILLA SMITH; and *Quakerism, or the Story of My Life*, a splenetic attack on the society of Friends.

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The recent work of Dr. GREGORY on Animal Magnetism has attracted much attention, and from some intimations in the papers we suspect it is to be criticised in *Letters on the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions, with an Account of Mesmerism*, by Dr. HERBERT MAYO, F.R.S., to be published by Blackwood.

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Two new works on the *Apocalypse* are to be added to the immense number already printed, for New-York publishers. We not long ago undertook to ascertain how many expositions of the great mystery had been written in this country, and paused at the sixty-fifth title-page. One of the forthcoming works is an ingenious composition by the Rev. Mr. James of the western part of this state, and the other (to be published by Mr. Dodd) is by a clergyman in Connecticut. Longmans advertise in London *The Spiritual Exposition of the Apocalypse*, as derived from the writings of Swedenborg, and illustrated and confirmed by ancient and modern authorities, by the Rev. Augustus Clissold, of Exeter College; and the Rivingtons have in press a *Commentary on the Apocalypse* by the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, of Trinity College. England indeed is quite as prolific of such works as the United States.

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MR. JOHN FINCHMAN, "master shipwright of her Majesty's Dockyard, at Portsmouth," has published a *History of Naval Architecture*, which is praised as a just exposition of the progress and supremacy of English ship-building. Our Mr. Collins could have furnished him, as illustrations for an additional and very interesting chapter, drawings of the *Pacific* and the *Baltic*, which would perhaps make the work a "just exposition of the supremacy" of American ship-building, of which this Mr. Finchman seems never to have been informed.

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Of collections of Letters on Affairs, that to be published immediately by Mr. Murray, under the title of the *Grenville Papers*, promises to be among the most important. It will comprise the Private Correspondence of Richard Grenville, Earl Temple, and his Brother, the Right Honorable George Grenville, and their friends and cotemporaries—formerly preserved at Stowe and now for the first time made public, and it is given out that it will contain material for the formation of a pretty conclusive judgment as to the authorship of Junius.

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Among books that will bear a republication, if written with even average ability and fairness, is *The Present State of the Republic of the Rio de la Plata (Buenos Ayres)*, its Geography, Resources, Statistics, Commerce, Debt, etc. described, with the History of the Conquest of the Country by the Spaniards, by Sir WOODBINE PARISH, F.R.S. Formerly British Consul General and Chargé d' Affaires in that country.

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LORD MAHON'S *History of England, from, the Peace of Utrecht*, volumes 5 and 6—the First Years of the American War: 1763 to 1780—was to appear in August.

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A new book has just appeared in London on the Pitcairn's Islanders.

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An advertisement of the works of Archbishop WHATELEY contains thirty-six titles. He appears to be one of the most voluminous writers among the bishops, as well as one of the most sensible and learned.

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MR. MACAULEY has at length completed two more volumes of his *History of England*, and they will be published the coming autumn by Longmans.

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The *Poems of Edith May*, from the press of E. H. Butler of Philadelphia, will be one of the most beautiful of the illustrated books of the season. Mr. Butler is an artist in book-making, and he has never published anything more elegant. The lady who writes under the pseudonym of "Edith May" is a genuine poet, and the volume will be popular.

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WILLIAM WARE, one of those delightful authors whose names are always uttered by appreciating readers in tones of affection, has just published (Phillips, Sampson, & Co., of Boston,) *Sketches of European Capitals*. The work includes his views of Ancient Rome, St. Peters and the Vatican, Florence, Naples, the Italians of Middle Italy, and London, and in his preface he tells us that "the volume comes into existence, like so many others now-a-days, as a convenient way of disposing of matter previously used in the form of lectures;" and adds, modestly, "It is a volume of light reading for the summer roadside, and though, like the flowers of that season, perishing with them, one may be permitted to hope that, like some of them, at least it may exhale a not unpleasing fragrance while it lasts." Such a fate awaits no book by the author of *Probus* and *Zenobia*, of whom this performance is by no means unworthy.

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The HARPERS have in press *Drayton, a Tale of American Life*, in which is traced the career of a young American from the workshop to places of trust and honor; and a friend, who has read the manuscript, speaks in warm terms of the frequent beauty of the style, the warmth of the coloring, the animation of the narrative, and the general progress and development of the story. The author is THOMAS H. SHREVE, for the last ten or twelve years one of the editors of the *Louisville Daily Journal*, and for twenty years well and most favorably known by frequent and elegant contributions to western literature. *Drayton*, we are advised, is not one of those easy pieces of writing which are known as very hard reading, but has engaged the attention of the author, at periods of comparative leisure, for several years past. Within a few months it has been entirely recast and rewritten; and, if our correspondent be not very partial in his judgment of the merits of the work, the public will find in its patriotic and democratic pages a mine of poetry and fine reflection.

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A few words more of *American Reviews*. The subject is important; a great periodical in which the best intelligence of the country shall have expression, is necessary, for many purposes, and never was more necessary than now. The *Princeton Review*, the *Christian Review*, the *Biblical Repository*, the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, the *Church Review*, *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, and several others, are in large degrees devoted to particular religious interests, and though for the most part conducted with much learning and discretion, do not altogether serve the purpose for which an American Review of Literature and Affairs is demanded. The *North American*, as we have before intimated, has no character; it occasionally

has good articles, but it has no principles; it is sectional, which is pardonable, but displays neither the knowledge nor the tact necessary to a sectional organ. The mineral riches of our lake region, plans for connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific, the Cuban question, our relations with other republics, the extraordinary phenomena of Mormonism, the efforts of certain American women to unsex themselves, and numerous other subjects of present interest in this country, have been amply discussed in British and other European Reviews during the last year, but not one of them has been mentioned in the work to which, from its pretensions, readers would naturally look for its most masterly exposition. It may be said that the *North American* is devoted to philosophy, learning, and literature rather than to affairs: we have heard this defence, even in the face of its elaborate papers on Hungary and Austria; but let us see how it occupies such a ground: the bright and especial intellectual boast and glory of New England is Jonathan Edwards, of whom Dr. Chalmers says that he was "the greatest of theologians," Sir James Mackintosh that "in power of subtle argument he was perhaps unmatched, certainly was unsurpassed among men," Dugald Stewart that "he cannot be answered," and Robert Hall that he was the "mightiest of mankind:" such a character was undoubtedly worthy of its criticism, but in the half century of its existence the *North American* has never once noticed him! We have an illustration much more pertinent, especially in as far as the present editor of the *Review* is concerned: The late Hartley Coleridge was a man of peculiar and very interesting qualities, and it may be admitted that he possessed considerable genius; but a pretence that his life was as remarkable or that his abilities as displayed in his writings were as eminent as those of Edgar A. Poe, who died about the same time, would be simply ridiculous; yet we believe every quarterly and nearly every monthly Review published in Great Britain has had its article on Hartley Coleridge, while even the name of Edgar A. Poe has never appeared in our self-styled "great national journal." And Maria Brooks, admitted by Southey, Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, Fitz Greene Halleck, and many other masters of literary art, to have been the greatest poet of her sex who ever wrote in any language or in any age, though she was born and educated in the shadow of the college in which more than one of the editors of the *North American* have been professors, was never once honored with its recognition.

We do not know that it will strike others so, but it seems to us that John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun, Hugh S. Legaré, R. H. Wilde, J. J. Audubon, Mathew L. Davis, Albert Gallatin, Henry Inman, Chancellor Kent, Dr. Judson, Dr. Jarvis, Dr. Morton, Dr. Troost, M. M. Noah, Mrs. Osgood, and many other Americans who have recently completed variously illustrious lives, and so come before the world for a final judgment, are subjects quite as deserving and appropriate for the *North American Review*, as those which it has been accustomed to pick up in the byways of the literary world abroad; and we cannot understand why the facts connected with our own development and destiny, facts which engross and baffle the attention of the profoundest thinkers in the older nations, should give place in the only Review we possess, to such foreign, antiquated, and altogether unimportant topics as continually occupy its pages.

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MR. JAMES W. WARD, of Cincinnati, a short time ago delivered before one of the literary institutions of Ohio, a poem on *Woman*, which has been noticed in terms of high commendation. A correspondent who heard it says it was devoted in about equal parts to the foibles and the virtues of the sex, the former of which it laid bare with a most trenchant blade, while the latter it portrayed with elegance of diction, and an evident love for all that is pure, elevated, and beautiful in woman's proper character. The slave of fashion, the politician in petticoats, and the "bloomer" in br— pettiloons, the female "progressive," the scold, the slattern, and the butterfly, were all held up to merited rebuke: then came "the true woman," whose character as sister, wife, mother, friend, and "comforter," was dwelt on long and fondly, and portrayed in the language of true poetry and manly devotion. Mr. Ward is not much known out of the literary circles of the West, but several of his short poems have had a wide circulation in this country and in England.

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A volume entitled *Novellettes of the Musicians*, has been published by Cornish, Lamport, & Co., with Mrs. ELLET'S name on the title-page as its author, but most of its contents are translated from the German, and the rest are hardly worth claiming. Yet the book altogether is entertaining, and is handsomely executed, with several striking portraits.

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The Rev. Mr. HUNTINGTON, once a village doctor, then a congregational minister, next an Episcopal clergyman, and now a Catholic priest, made his mark a year or two ago in the novel of *Alice or the Mysteries*, in which there was displayed a great deal of talent as well as a very peculiar morality. He has just added to his works (by Putnam) a tale called *Alban*, in which a hero somewhat like himself is conducted through various pursuits into the faith, and by pleasantly related vicissitudes to a good condition. The scene is in New-York and New-Haven, and of Roman Catholic novels we know of scarcely one more readable. Mr. Huntington perhaps gives us a reflection of his experience in this advice addressed to one of his characters:

"That is why I turn to literature with such predilection," said the young man, greatly excited by Mr. De Groot's way of talking. "Letters," resumed Mr. De Groot,



after a long glance around his endless book-shelves, "are a pursuit that surpasses every other, in enjoyment, and nearly every other in dignity. We must have our own literary men. We can't afford to let other nations write our books for us. That were worse than policy which would hire them to fight our battles. There is a thought and there is a sentiment which belongs to *us*, and which we are in a manner bound to elicit. But—I am sorry to interpose so many *but*s, young sir—you are to consider that you must live. You cannot live by literature. It is difficult any where, but in this country it is impossible. As pride distinguishes the Spaniard, revenge the Italian, lust the Saxon, and sanguinary violence (they say) the Celt, so pecuniary injustice is our national trait, we steal the author's right in every book we publish, native or foreign. Now, Atherton, you can't live by a craft where people hold themselves at liberty to *steal* what you have produced."

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We mentioned a month or two ago the intention of Mr. Russell, of Charleston, to publish the *Poetical Writings* of WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, and we are pleased to see in the *Southern Literary Gazette* the announcement that they will appear in two handsome duodecimos of from three to four hundred pages each. The publisher remarks very justly in his advertisement that "the works of Mr. Simms recommended themselves peculiarly to the South, as illustrating its history, its traditions and legends, its scenery and its sentiments." In the North they will be welcomed by the author's numerous friends, and by all lovers of poetry, for their manly tone, imagination, and frequent elaborate elegance.

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DR. TYNG has added to the *Memoir of the late Rev. Edward Bickersteth*, by the Rev. T. R. BIRKS, an introductory chapter, and the work has been published in two volumes, by the Harpers. Mr. Bickersteth was one of the most excellent and most interesting men in the English church, and this well-written memoir will have a place among standard religious biographies.

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The *Home Book of the Picturesque*, to be published by Mr. Putnam, will be upon the whole the most beautiful souvenir volume of the year. The engravings are from pictures of the Bay of New York, by H. Beckwith; the Clove, Cattskill, by Durand; the Alleghanies, North Carolina, by Richards; Snow Scene on the Housatonic, by Gignoux; Cattskill Scenery, by Kensett; Schroom Lake, by Cole; West Rock, New Haven, by Church; Adirondach Mountains, by Durand; the Juniatta, Pennsylvania, by Talbot; Cascade Bridge on the Erie Railroad, by Talbot; the Rondout, by Huntington; Church at West Point, by Weir; Wa-wa-yanda Lake, by Cropsey, &c., and these are illustrated with letter-press by Miss Cooper, Fenimore Cooper, Irving, Bryant, Willis, Bayard Taylor, Magoon, Bethune, and one or two persons quite unworthy of the association to which the publisher admits them. The *Book of Home Beauty*, also to be issued by Mr. Putnam, we judge from a few proofs of Mr. Martin's pictures which we have seen, will be a much more attractive volume than any "Book of Beauty" ever published abroad. The text of this is all from the pen of Mrs. Kirkland.

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The *Popular Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature*, by the Rev. Dr. KITTO, has been republished in a fine large octavo, with numerous illustrations by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, of Boston. We have had frequent occasion to praise the abilities, learning, and excellent taste of Dr. Kitto, who is one of the most attractive writers and most judicious editors engaged in the illustration of the Scriptures. We think the present work will become the most common of all the Bible Dictionaries, as it probably is the best.

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Mr. Redfield has reprinted in a style quite equal to that of the original London edition, the second series of *Episodes of Insect Life*, by ACHETA DOMESTICA. This volume relates to insect life in the summer, and is as entertaining as a romance. We have never read a more attractive book in natural history.

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MR. POMEROY JONES, of Westmoreland, in this state, has in press at Utica, a *History of Oneida County*, in the preparation of which he has been engaged several years, and the professors of Hamilton College have in preparation a Natural History of the County, embracing its Geology, Botany, Zoology, &c.

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A volume of *Poems* by MRS. REBECCA S. NICHOLS, of Cincinnati, will, we understand, be issued for the next holidays. Mrs. N. has some warm admirers, and this volume is to contain her best productions. We hope its success may equal its deserts.

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The fine, thoughtful *Essays Written in the Intervals of Business*, have been reprinted by A. D. F. Randolph, of this city.

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The Rev. ISAAC LEESER, one of the Jewish ministers of Philadelphia, whom we have long known as a scholar and man of talents, is engaged on a new translation of the Old Testament, on the basis of the common English version, carefully corrected and improved according to the best Jewish authorities. It is intended by Mr. Leeser so to render the Hebrew text that but few explanatory notes will be needed, and he reasonably hopes that his edition will be commonly adopted by the Jews of this country. Dr. KENRICK, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Philadelphia, has just published (by Dunigan & Brother, New-York,) *The Epistles and the Apocalypse*, from the Vulgate, having previously given to the public a translation of the Gospels; and Dr. Alexander of Princeton, and several other men of learning, have lately been occupied with new versions of particular portions of the sacred volume. It is well known, too, that a society, composed for the most part of members of one of the largest and most respectable denominations of Christians, has been established mainly for the purpose of publishing a revised version of the Bible, but it is not probable that this society will ever accomplish any thing more than an increased "contempt for God's word and commandment." The specimens we have of its scholarship might justify some merriment if they were connected with something less venerable and sacred.

For ourselves we are content with the Bible as it is, and cannot help a feeling of regret that any who profess to be governed by its wisdom are disposed to treat it with so little reverence. Undoubtedly there are some slight verbal inaccuracies in the common version, but they are understood, or may be easily explained in notes: we want here no innovations, no improvements, no progress, except in the observance of the good we understand. Nevertheless, we see with pleasure all the studies with which really learned men illustrate their convictions of the significance of the original. For the chief portion of mankind, in this night in which we live, the sun does not shine with its original splendor, but it is reflected on us by the moon, and we care not how many thousand stars reflect it also according to their capacity.

A new version, by which it is *not proposed to displace the common one*, is to appear from the press of Mr. Colby, in this city, and the high reputation of its author for learning and judgment, is a sufficient assurance that what he does at all he will do in a very masterly manner. The Rev. Dr. Conant, Professor of Biblical Literature in the University of Rochester, says in a letter to his publisher:

"It has long been a favorite object with me to furnish a translation of the Holy Scriptures for unlearned readers, which should accurately express the meaning of the original by the aids of modern scholarship in the style and manner of the early English versions. The translation is intended, therefore, for the benefit of the common reader of the Scriptures, to aid him in more clearly understanding them wherever our common version is for any reason obscure. In other words, it is to do directly by a translation what has long been attempted by the awkward and circuitous method of a commentary; viz. to make the Scriptures plain to the unlearned reader. I should for many reasons regard it as undesirable, and it certainly is impracticable, to supplant the common version to any extent as the received version for the church and the people, or the common English Bible and common standard of appeal for those who use only the English language."

Dr. Conant will preserve as nearly as may be the manner of the old translations, endeavoring only to combine the fidelity and exactness of modern scholarship with the simplicity and strength of the common version. To such an effort, by such a man, we see no objections. The reputation most at stake is that of Dr. Conant himself, and those who know him do not fear that that will suffer. It will at least be interesting to mark the differences between his renderings and those of King James's translators.

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Mr. Putnam publishes for the coming holidays a new impression of the *Memorial*, which is incomparably the most interesting literary miscellany ever printed as a gift-book in this country. The proceeds of the sale, it is known, are to be appropriated for the erection of a monument to the late Mrs. Osgood, in Mount Auburn Cemetery. The book is made up of original articles by Nathaniel Hawthorne, Chancellor Walworth, N. P. Willis, Bishop Doane, G. P. R. James, S. G. Goodrich, John Neal, W. G. Simms, Richard B. Kimball, George P. Morris, Dr. Mayo, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Oakes Smith, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Lynch, and indeed all the best and most brilliant writers of the time; and it is beautifully illustrated.

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The well-known private library of the late Rev. Dr. SAMUEL FARMER JARVIS is to be sold in this city, by Messrs. Lyman & Rawdon, about the beginning of October. In several departments of sacred and classical literature it is one of the finest collections in America, and it will probably attract large numbers of buyers, especially from among the lovers of mediæval scholarship and theology.

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MR. MITCHELL'S new book, the *Diary of a Dreamer*, is in press by Charles Scribner, and the same publisher will issue for the holidays an edition of the *Reveries of a Bachelor*, admirably illustrated by Darley, who seems indeed never to have done better than in some of his designs for it.

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MR. LONGFELLOW has in the press of Ticknor, Reed and Fields, of Boston, a new poem, entitled *The Golden Legend*. It is the longest of his poetical works, making some 350 pages, and will soon be given to the public.

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There is this year a very remarkable number of new books illustrative of the applications of science to mechanics. Every man seems determined to master the learning which can be turned to account in his vocation, and the booksellers are quite willing to aid them. We suppose the most generally and importantly useful work of this kind ever printed is Appleton's *Dictionary of Machinery, Mechanics, Engine Work, and Engineering*, just completed in two very large compactly printed and profusely illustrated octavo volumes. In this great work are gathered the best results of the study and experiment of the workers of the world. It is a cyclopaedia of inventions, in which one may be sure of finding described the best processes yet discovered for doing every thing that is to be done by means of mechanics. The benefits conferred on the country by this publication must be very great; its general circulation would mark a new period in our physical advancement, and to a degree influence our civilization, since there is no country in the world in which every resource is so readily applied to purposes of comfort and culture. If knowledge is power, as, misquoting Lord Bacon, it is every day asserted, the truth is most conspicuous in the range of those arts and occupations illustrated by these incomparable volumes, which should be in the house of every man who has already provided himself with the Bible and Shakspeare. The Appletons also publish a *Mechanics' Magazine*, edited in a very admirable manner, and we understand it is largely sold.

Next to the Appletons, we believe the largest publisher in this line is Henry C. Baird, of Philadelphia, who has now in press a *Handbook of Locomotive Engineers*, by SEPTIMUS NORRIS, of the celebrated house, Norris & Brother, engine manufactures; *The Practical Metal Worker's Assistant*, by M. HOLTZAPFEL, illustrated with many engravings, and enlarged by the addition of American matters; SCOTT'S *Cotton Spinner*, thoroughly revised by an American editor; a new edition of Mr. OVERMAN'S important book on *Iron*; *The Practical Model Calculator*, for the engineer, machinest, manufacturer, &c., by Mr. BYRNE, (to be issued in twelve semi-monthly numbers); a *Treatise on the American Steam-Engine*, by the same author; and several other books of this class.

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The Appletons will publish in a few weeks *The Women of Early Christianity*, one of that series of splendidly illustrated volumes composed of *Our Saviour and his Apostles*, *The Women of the Bible*, &c.

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BRAITHWAITE'S *Retrospect of Practical Medicine*, in consequence of an arrangement just entered into, will hereafter be published by Stringer & Townsend, who will issue it with promptness, correctness, and general mechanical excellence.

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James Munroe & Co. of Boston are proceeding regularly with Mr. HUDSON'S excellent edition of Shakspeare, and they have lately issued among several handsome volumes an edition of the works of George Herbert. They have in press *The Philippics of Demosthenes*, with notes critical and explanatory, by Professor M. J. Smead; *The Camel Hunt*, a narrative of personal adventures, by Joseph Warren Fabius; *Companions of my Solitude*, by the author of "Friends in Council," &c., &c.; *The Greek Girl*, and other poems, by James W. Simmons; *Epitaphs*, taken from Copp's Hill Burying Ground in Boston, by Thomas Bridgman; and *Domestic Pets*, their habits and management, with illustrative anecdotes, by Mrs. Loudon.

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The second and concluding volume of the *Life of Calvin*, by Dr. HENRY, has just been issued by Carter & Brothers, and it is quite equal in every respect to the first volume. Such a careful history was well-deserved of a Christian whom even Voltaire admitted to be one in the list of the world's twenty greatest men, and it was especially needed for the vindication of one who had in so extraordinary a degree been a subject of partisan hatred and calumny.

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DR. WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS of this city has just published a volume of *Lectures on the Lord's Prayer*, (Gould & Lincoln, Boston,) which we shall notice more appropriately hereafter. At present we can only remark that it is a work of extraordinary merit, worthy of an author whose abilities and virtues render his name illustrious.

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The Rev. Dr. WAINWRIGHT has in the press of the Appletons a work descriptive of his Travels in Egypt. It will appear in a large and luxuriously embellished volume, some time before Christmas.

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The third, fourth, and fifth volumes of the *Works of John Adams* have been issued by Little and Brown, and the fifth and sixth volumes of the *Works of Alexander Hamilton*, by C. S. Francis.

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Mr. FREDERIC SAUNDERS is publishing in the *New-York Recorder* a series of papers under the title of *Bookcraft* which will make a volume not unworthy of D'Israeli.

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M. W. DODD has published a new edition of CRUDEN's great *Concordance of the Bible*, a book which every body knows is perfect in its kind.

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Jewett & Co. have in press the works of the Rev. LYMAN BEECHER, D.D. which they will publish in some half-dozen octavo volumes.

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The approaching Trade Sales will be the largest ever held in New-York.

#### FOOTNOTES:

- [14] René Taillandier, Professor of Belles Lettres at the College of Montpellier, declared by the *Allgemeine Zeitung* to be more familiar with German politics and literature than any other Frenchman living.

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### ***The Fine Arts.***

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POWERS, in a letter to a friend in this city, says with satirical humor, of his favorite work, "Eve is an old-fashioned body, and not so well formed and attractive as are her granddaughters,—at least some of them. She wears her hair in a natural and most primitive manner, drawn back from the temples, and hanging loose behind, thus exposing those very ugly features in women. *Her waist is quite too large for our modern notions of beauty*, and her feet, they are so very broad and large! And did ever one see such long toes! they have never been wedged into form by the nice and pretty little shoes worn by her lovely descendents. But Eve is very stiff and unyielding in her disposition: *she will not allow her waist to be reduced by bandaging, because she is far more comfortable as she is*, and besides, she has *some regard for her health, which might suffer from such restraints upon her lungs, heart, liver, &c., &c.* I could never prevail upon her to wear modern shoes, for she dreads corns, which, she says, are neither convenient nor ornamental. But some allowance ought to be made for these crude notions of hers,—founded as they are in the prejudices and absurdities of *primitive* days. Taking all these things into consideration, I think it best that she should not be exhibited, as it might subject me to censure, and severe criticisms, and these, too, without pecuniary reward."

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After the death of WORDSWORTH, a committee was formed among his friends for the purpose of setting up a tablet to his memory in Grassmere Church, where he is buried. The work intrusted to Mr. Thomas Woolner, has been completed. Surmounted by a band of laurel leaves is the inscription, written by Professor Keble; under which the poet's head is sculptured in relief. The likeness to the man has received praise from persons whose verdict is final; the intellectual likeness to the poet will be more widely appreciated, and recognized with cordial admiration. The meditative lines of the face, the thoughtful forehead and eye, the compressed, sensitive mouth, are rendered with refined intelligence. In two narrow spaces at each side of the head, are introduced the crocus and celandine, and the snowdrop and violet, treated with a rare union of natural beauty and sculpturesque method and subordination. Throughout, the delicately studied execution shows that the work has been a labor of love.

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LEUTZE'S great historical picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware before the Battle of Trenton, has been received in this city by Messrs. Goupil & Co. and will soon be exhibited to the public. These publishers will give us a large and fine engraving of it.

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GREENOUGH'S noble group for the capitol, upon which he has been engaged nearly twenty years, is so nearly finished that it may be expected in the United States before the end of November. The subject is a contrast of the Anglo-Saxon with the Indian. The group is composed of an American Hunter, in the act of seizing an Indian who was about to tomahawk a mother and her infant. The white man has approached the savage from behind, and, having seized him by the arms, and pressed him with bending knees to the ground, stands frowning above his subjugated foe, who, with his head thrown back, gazes upward at his conqueror with surprise and terror. At their feet a woman, pressing a child to her bosom, sinks in alarm and agony. The effect is very imposing, having something of the dignity and grandeur which belong to the works of Michael Angelo. In Italy the work has much increased Greenough's previous great reputation.

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A monument is to be erected at Dresden to the composer VON WEBER. To defray the expenses, performances are to be given at the various theatres in Germany, and the proceeds formed into a fund for that purpose. Large sums are expected from this source, as also from private contributions throughout Europe. The monument is to be surmounted by a statue of the composer, by Rietschel, who was an intimate friend of his. It will be of bronze, eight feet high, and placed on a pedestal of the same metal, ornamented with bas-reliefs. The site chosen for its erection is immediately opposite the principal entrance to the Royal Theatre of Dresden.

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The distinguished painter CORNELIUS has been solicited by the Belgian Academy of Art to send the grand cartoons on which he is employed, to the great Belgian Exhibition. Cornelius, however, fears to risk these drawings, the work of ten years, on a journey of such length, since their loss could not be replaced. They already fill two large halls, and will remain a lasting monument of the painter's genius, even if the Cathedral, in which they are to appear as frescoes, should not be erected during his life.

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The publication of a work entitled *The Twelve Virgins of Raphael*, has been commenced in Paris. It will be in twelve numbers, each containing an engraving and letter-press description and history.

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A sculptor of Paris has received orders from the Greek Government to execute marble busts of Admirals de Rigny and Codrington, to be placed in the Salle where the Senate holds its sittings.

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## ***Historical Review of the Month.***

[Pg 280]

### **THE UNITED STATES.**

The August elections, though in general not very warmly contested, have attracted much attention. We have attempted, in the following carefully prepared table, to exhibit the results, as well as the character of the next Congress at large—a task somewhat difficult on account of the

**XXXII CONGRESS—SENATE.**

*Commenced March 4, 1851, and ends March 4, 1852.*

	<i>Term Expires.</i>
ALABAMA.	
JEREMIAH CLEMENS,	1853
William R. King, S. R.	1855
ARKANSAS.	
Wm. K. Sebastian, S. R.,	1853
SOLOM BORLAND.	1855
CALIFORNIA.	
WM. M. GWINN,	1855
Elean Heydenfeldt, L. R.[A]	1857
CONNECTICUT.	
<i>Truman Smith,</i>	1855
A vacancy.	1857
DELAWARE.	
<i>Presley Spruance,</i>	1855
James A. Bayard, L. R.	1857
FLORIDA.	
JACKSON MORTON,[B]	1855
STEPHEN R. MALLORY.[A]	1857
GEORGIA.	
<i>John McP. Berrien,</i> S. R.,[C]	1853
WM. C. DAWSON,[B]	1855
INDIANA.	
James Whitcomb, L. R.,	1855
JESSE D. BRIGHT.	1857
ILLINOIS.	
Stephen A. Douglas,	1853
James Shields, L. R.	1855
IOWA.	
George W. Jones, L. R.,	1853
Augustus C. Dodge, L. R.	1855
KENTUCKY.	
<i>Joseph R. Underwood,</i>	1853
<i>Henry Clay.</i>	1855
LOUISIANA.	
SOL. W. DOWNS,	1853
Pierre Soulé, S. R.	1855
MAINE.	
James W. Bradbury,	1853
Hannibal Hamlin, F. S.	1857
MARYLAND.	
<i>James A. Pierce,</i>	1855
<i>Thomas G. Pratt.</i>	1857
MASSACHUSETTS.	
<i>John Davis,</i>	1853
Charles Sumner, F. S.	1857
MISSISSIPPI.	
HENRY S. FOOTE,	1853
Jefferson Davis, S. R.	1857
MICHIGAN.	
ALPHEUS FELCH,	1853
Lewis Cass.	1857
MISSOURI.	
David R. Atchison, S. R.,	1855
HEN. S. GEYER.[B]	1857
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
John P. Hale, F. S.,	1853
MOSES HARRIS, jr.	1855
NEW-YORK.	
<i>William H. Seward,</i>	1855
<i>Hamilton Fish.</i>	1857

NEW JERSEY.	
<i>Jacob W. Miller,</i>	1853
ROBERT F. STOCKTON.	1857
NORTH CAROLINA.	
<i>Willie P. Mangum,</i>	1853
<i>George E. Badger.</i>	1855
OHIO.	
Salmon P. Chase, F. S.,	1855
<i>B. Franklin Wade.</i>	1857
PENNSYLVANIA.	
<i>James Cooper,</i>	1853
RICHARD BRODHEAD, jr.	1857
RHODE ISLAND.	
<i>John H. Clarke,</i>	1853
Charles T. Jarves, L. R.	1857
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
R. Barnwell Rhett (Sec.),	1853
A. P. Butler, S. R.	1855
TENNESSEE.	
<i>John Bell,</i>	1853
A vacancy.	1857
TEXAS.	
Sam Houston,	1853
Thomas J. Rusk.	1857
VERMONT.	
<i>William Upham,</i>	1853
<i>Solomon Foote.</i>	1857
VIRGINIA.	
Robert M. T. Hunter,	1853
James M. Mason.	1857
WISCONSIN.	
Isaac P. Walker,	1855
Henry Dodge.	1857

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

#### ALABAMA.

1. John Bragg, S. R.,
2. JAMES ABERCROMBIE,[B]
3. Sampson W. Harris, S. R.,
4. WM. R. SMITH,
5. GEO. S. HOUSTON,
6. W. R. W. COBB,
7. ALEX WHITE.[B]

#### ARKANSAS.

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#### CALIFORNIA.

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#### CONNECTICUT.

1. *Charles Chapman,*
2. C. M. INGERSOLL,[B]
3. Chauncey F. Cleveland, F. S.,
4. O. S. SEYMOUR.[B]

#### DELAWARE.

1. George Read Riddle, L. R.

#### FLORIDA.

*Edward C. Cabell, L. R.*

#### GEORGIA.

1. ---,
2. ---,
3. ---,
4. ---,
5. ---,
6. ---,

7. —,
8. —.

#### ILLINOIS.

1. Wm. H. Bissell, L. R.,
2. Willis Allen, L. R.,
3. O. R. Ficklin, L. R.,
4. R. S. Maloney, F. S.,
5. Wm. A. Richardson, L. R.,
6. T. Campbell, F. S.,
7. *Richard Yates.*

#### INDIANA.

1. James Lockhart,
2. Cyrus L. Dunham, L. R.,
3. John L. Robinson,
4. *Samuel W. Parker,*
5. Thomas H. Hendricks, L. R.,
6. Willis A. Gorman,
7. John G. Davis, F. S.,
8. Daniel Mace, F. S.,
9. Graham N. Fitch,
10. *Samuel Brenton.*

#### IOWA.

1. Lincoln Clark, L. R.,
2. Bernhardt Henn, L. R.

#### KENTUCKY.

1. LINN BOYD,
2. *Ben. Edward Grey, L. R.,*
3. *Presley Ewing,*
4. *William T. Ward,*
5. James N. Stone (rep.),
6. *Addison White,*
7. *Humphrey Marshall,*
8. John C. Breckenridge, L. R.,
9. John C. Mason,
10. Richard H. Stanton.

#### LOUISIANA.

1. —,
2. —,
3. —,
4. —.

#### MAINE.

1. Moses McDonald, L. R.,
2. John Appleton,[A]
3. *Robert Goodenow,*
4. Charles Andrews, F. S.,
5. Ephraim K. Smart, F. S.,
6. *Israel Washburn, jr.,*
7. THOMAS J. D. FULLER.

#### MARYLAND.

1. —,
2. —,
3. —,
4. —,
5. —,
6. —.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

1. *William Appleton,*
2. Robert Rantoul, jr., F. S.,
3. *James H. Duncan,*
4. *B. Thompson,*
5. *Charles Allen, F. S.,*
6. George T. Davis,
7. John Z. Goodrich,
8. Horace Mann, F. S.,
9. *Oron Fowler,*
10. *Zeno Scudder.*



MICHIGAN.

1. *Ebenezer J. Penniman, F. S.,*
2. Charles E. Stuart, L. R.,
3. *James L. Conger, F. S.*

MISSISSIPPI.

1. —,
2. —,
3. —,
4. —.

MISSOURI.

1. *John F. Darby,*
2. *Gilchrist Porter,*
3. *John G. Miller,*
4. Willard P. Hall, Anti-Benton,
5. John S. Phelps, Benton.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

1. *Amos Tuck,*
2. CHARLES H. PEASLEE,
3. *Jared Perkins,*
4. Harry Hibbard, L. R.

NEW JERSEY.

1. Nathan T. Stratten,
2. Charles D. Skelton, L. R.,
3. ISAAC WILDRICK,
4. George H. Brown,
5. Rodman M. Price, L. R.

NEW-YORK.

1. John G. Floyd, F. S.,
2. *Obadiah Bowne,*
3. Emanuel B. Hart, L. R.,
4. *J. H. Hobart Haws,*
5. *George Briggs,*
6. *James Brooks,*
7. Abraham P. Stevens, L. R.,
8. Gilbert Dean, F. S.,
9. William Murray, F. S.,
10. *Marius Schoonmaker,*
11. Josiah Sutherland, F. S.,
12. David L. Seymour, L. R.,
13. *John L. Schoolcraft,*
14. *John H. Boyd,*
15. Joseph Russell, F. S.,
16. *John Wells,*
17. Alexander H. Buel, F. S.,
18. Preston King, F. S.,
19. Willard Ives, F. S.,
20. Timothy Jenkins, F. S.,
21. William W. Snow, F. S.,
22. *Henry Bennett,*
23. Leander Babcock, F. S.,
24. Daniel T. Jones, F. S.,
25. Thomas Y. How, Jr., F. S.,
26. *Henry S. Walbridge,*
27. *William A. Sacket,*
28. *Ab. M. Schermerhorn,*
29. *Jerediah Horsford,*
30. Reuben Robie, F. S.,
31. *Frederick S. Martin,*
32. *Solomon G. Haven,*
33. *Aug. P. Hascall,*
34. *Lorenzo Burrows.*

NORTH CAROLINA.

1. *Thomas L. Clingman,[C]*
2. *Joseph P. Caldwell, L. R.,*
3. *Alfred Dackery,*
4. *James T. Morehead,*
5. Abraham W. Venable, S. R., L. R.,
6. John R. J. Daniel, S. R.,
7. WILLIAM S. ASHE,

8. *Edward Stanley*,
9. *David Outlaw*.

OHIO.

1. David T. Disney, L. R.,
2. *Lewis D. Campbell*, L. R.,
3. *Hiram Bell*,
4. *Benjamin Stanton*,
5. Alfred P. Edgerton,
6. Frederick Green,
7. *Nelson Barrere*,
8. *John L. Taylor*, L. R.,
9. Edson B. Olds, L. R.,
10. Charles Sweetser,
11. George H. Busby,
12. *John Welsh*,
13. James M. Gaylord,
14. *Alexander Harper*,
15. *William F. Hunter*,
16. *John Johnson*, Md. L. R.,
17. Joseph Cable, L. R.,
18. David K. Cartter,
19. *Eben Newton*, F. S.,
20. Josh R. Giddings, F. S.,
21. N. S. Townshend, F. S., L. R.

PENNSYLVANIA.

1. Thomas B. Florence, L. R.,[A]
2. *Joseph R. Chandler*,
3. *Henry D. Moore*, L. R.,
4. John Robbins, jr., L. R.,
5. John McNair,
6. Thomas Ross,
7. John A. Morrison, L. R.,
8. *Thaddeus Stevens*,
9. J. Glancy Jones,
10. Milo M. Dimmick,
11. *Henry M. Fuller*,[A]
12. Galusha A. Grow, F. S.,
13. James Gamble,
14. *T. M. Bibighaus*,
15. William H. Kurtz,
16. J. X. McLanahan,
17. Andrew Parker,
18. John L. Dawson,
19. *Joseph H. Kuhns*,
20. *John Allison*,
21. *Thomas M. Howe*,
22. *John W. Howe*,
23. Carlton B. Curtis, L. R.,
24. Alfred Gilmore, L. R.

RHODE ISLAND.

1. *George G. King*,
2. Benj. B. Thurston, F. S.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

1. Daniel Wallace,
2. James L. Orr,
3. Jos. A. Woodard,
4. John McQueen,
5. Armistead Burt,
6. William Aiken,
7. William F. Colcock.

TENNESSEE.

1. Andrew Johnson, L. R.,
2. *Albert G. Watkins*, L. R.,
3. *Josiah M. Anderson*, L. R.,
4. John H. Savage, S. R., L. R.,
5. GEORGE W. JONES, L. R.,
6. William H. Polk, L. R.,
7. *Meredith P. Gentry*, L. R.,
8. *William Cullom*,
9. Isham G. Harris, S. R., L. R.,

10. Frederick P. Stanton, L. R.,
11. *Christopher H. Williams*, L. R.

TEXAS.

1. —,
2. —.

VERMONT.

1. *Ahiman L. Miner*,
2. *William Hebard*,
3. *James Meacham*,
4. Thos. Bartlett, jr., F. S.

VIRGINIA.

1. —,
2. —,
3. —,
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5. —,
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9. —,
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11. —,
12. —,
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14. —,
15. —.

NEBRASKA.

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OREGON.

1. Joseph Lane, Ind. L. R.

WISCONSIN.

1. Charles Durkee, F. S.,
2. Ben. C. Eastman, L. R.,
3. James D. Doty, Md., F. S., L. R.

MINNESOTA.

1. H. H. Sibley, Ind.

NEW MEXICO.

—.

UTAH.

—.

Democrats, in Roman; Whigs, in *italics*; "Union"-men in SMALL-CAPITALS.

[A] Seats contested. Whig Unionists marked with a [B]; Whig Southern Rights with a [C]; F. S., Free Soil; L. R., Land Reform.

So far as heard from, the Delegations from thirteen States are Democratic; six are Whig; four tied. Arkansas and Texas to hear from, and elections are to be held in the six remaining States.

### THE ELECTIONS FOR STATE OFFICERS.

ALABAMA.—Hon. HENRY W. COLLIER, a Southern Rights Democrat, is re-elected Governor of this State.

TENNESSEE.—Gen. WILLIAM B. CAMPBELL, Union Whig, is elected Governor of this State over the late Democratic incumbent, Gen. William Trowsdale.

KENTUCKY.—Lazarus W. Powell (Democrat), it is reported is elected Governor; a John B. Thompson, (Whig) Lieut. Governor; and Rev. Robert J. Breckenridge, (Whig) Superintendent of Public Instruction. Not much of a party contest for the remaining State Officers. One Congressional District (the 5th) in doubt as we go to press, the friends of Clement S. Hill (Whig) hoping that he is elected, but Stone has made gains enough to secure his election.

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### RECAPITULATION OF CONGRESS.

<i>States.</i>	SENATE.			HOUSE.		
	<i>Dem.</i>	<i>Whig.</i>	<i>Vac.</i>	<i>Dem.</i>	<i>Whig.</i>	<i>Vac.</i>
Alabama	2	0	0	5	2	0
Arkansas	2	0	0	0	0	1
California	2	0	0	0	0	2
Connecticut	1	0	1	3	1	0
Delaware	1	1	0	1	0	0
Florida	1	1	0	0	1	0
Georgia	0	2	0	0	0	8
Illinois	2	0	0	6	1	0
Indiana	2	0	0	8	2	0
Iowa	2	0	0	2	0	0
Kentucky	0	2	0	5	5	0
Louisiana	2	0	0	0	0	4
Maine	2	0	0	5	2	0
Maryland	0	2	0	0	0	6
Massachusetts	1	1	0	3	7	0
Michigan	2	0	0	1	2	0
Mississippi	2	0	0	0	0	4
Missouri	1	1	0	2	3	0
New Hampshire	2	0	0	2	2	0
New Jersey	1	1	0	4	1	0
New York	0	2	0	17	17	0
North Carolina	0	2	0	3	6	0
Ohio	1	1	0	11	10	0
Pennsylvania	1	1	0	15	9	0
Rhode Island	1	1	0	1	1	0
South Carolina	2	0	0	7	0	0
Tennessee	0	1	1	6	5	0
Texas	2	0	0	0	0	2
Vermont	0	2	0	1	3	0
Virginia	2	0	0	0	0	15
Wisconsin	2	0	0	3	0	0
Total,	39	21	2	111	80	42

In New-York, the Democratic party will meet in convention on the 10th of this present month of September, to prepare for approaching elections, and, on the following day, the United Whig party will hold its annual convention in the same city—the State Central Committee of both sections of it having united in a call for that purpose.

The Convention of Virginia, which has been sitting at Richmond during the last eight months, have at length agreed upon the form of a new Constitution for that State, and brought its session to a close. The Constitution has yet to be submitted to a vote of the people, but of its acceptance no doubt appears to be entertained. It is to be voted for on the 23d of October.

The President of the United States, accompanied by the Secretaries of War and Interior, has been received with much enthusiasm in various places in eastern Virginia, through which he passed on his way to the White Sulphur Springs. The Secretary of State has been passing a few weeks among the lakes and mountains of New Hampshire, where he will remain probably till October; and the Secretary of the Treasury has been detained by ill health at his residence in Ohio.

Reports from the various agricultural districts of the Union indicate that the wheat harvest of 1851 will be the heaviest ever raised. In New-York, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, the yield is very large, and the wheat excellent. In the Northern and Central Illinois, heavy rains have destroyed a portion of the crop, but in the Southern portion of the State it will be abundant. In Ohio, advices from all quarters of the State show that the wheat crop of the present season will be the largest ever grown in the State. In Iowa, the yield is indifferent. Of corn there will probably be an average crop. Potatoes in several parts of the country have suffered from the rot.

The cholera prevails to some extent in the valley of the Mississippi, and other parts of the Southern and Western States. Among the Sioux Indians it has been very fatal. The treaty just formed with the Sioux Indians, secures to the United States all the land in the entire valley of the Minnesota, and the eastern tributaries of the Sioux, estimated at 21,000,000 of acres.

From Texas, we learn that there has been great excitement at Rio Grande, in consequence of the Mexicans refusing to surrender a fugitive slave. It is said that 2,000 slaves have made their escape into Mexico.

There have been several arrivals from California, and by every one evidence has been furnished of a very unfortunate condition of affairs. Dissatisfied with the manner in which justice is executed, or perhaps with a view to the complete overthrow of the government, large numbers of men have associated themselves at San Francisco and elsewhere, and assumed all the functions

of a magistracy, treating the constituted authorities with contempt, and, in secret assemblies, deciding questions of life and of all the highest interests of society. By their directions, several persons accused of crimes have been murdered, and all the officers of the law have been set at defiance. In other respects, the news from California and other parts of the Pacific coast is without remarkable features; the general prosperity continues in mining, agriculture, and trade; and such is the energy of the inhabitants of that city, that San Francisco has nearly recovered from the effects of the disastrous fires with which it has been visited. The arrival at New-York, on the 13th of August, of the steamer Prometheus, in 29 days from San Francisco, by the new route of Lake Nicaragua and the river San Juan, establishes the practicability and advantages of this route. The shortest trip ever made by the Panama route, it is said, was in 31 days.

### **CUBA.**

The people of the United States have been kept in a state of excitement during a portion of the last month by reports of a revolution in the Island of Cuba. It is not yet possible to discover very clearly, what are the facts, but it is certain, that there were insurrectionary movements commencing about the 4th of July, in several parts of the Island; that they were badly planned, and inefficiently executed, and that the whole attempt, having caused the ruin of a vast number of persons, is at an end, and has resulted in the firmer establishment of the Spanish authority.

### **BRITISH AMERICA.**

The Provincial Government persists in its refusal to concede the navigation of the St. Lawrence to foreign vessels till it obtains an equivalent from the United States. A motion against removing the Executive Government to Quebec, until after the expiration of four years from the time of its removal to Toronto, has been negatived the House of Commons by a vote of 48 to 12. It is believed that the removal will be decided on during the present season.

### **MEXICO.**

The financial embarrassments of the government and people engross the general attention, and though it has been believed that a scheme of administration for augmenting the revenue would be successful, yet the country is so unsettled, and the dissatisfaction with the government so common, and the spirit of revolution so diffused, that only confusion and accelerated ruin can very reasonably be predicted of the country. Insurrectionary movements by parties having in view the recall and dictatorship of Santa Anna, have been put down in Chiapos and Tobasco.

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### **SOUTH AMERICA.**

In Buenos Ayres Rosas had been disturbed by the disaffection of General Urquiza. Rosas was making active preparations to oppose hostile attacks. The fortieth Anniversary of the Independence of Venezuela was celebrated at Caraccas with great enthusiasm. Venezuela remains perfectly tranquil. The insurrection in the Southern Provinces of New-Grenada has not yet been quelled, and the troops of the Government have suffered a defeat.

### **EUROPE AND ASIA.**

We are compelled to abridge our notices of foreign events to a mere statement of dates. In ENGLAND the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill finally passed the House of Lords on the 28th of July, and receiving the royal signature became a law. Little other business of importance was accomplished before the prorogation of Parliament, which took place on the 8th of August. In FRANCE the motion for a revision of the constitution was rejected in the Assembly at Paris on Saturday, July 19. Out of 736 members, in the Assembly, 724 were present and voted—446 in favor of the revision and 278 against it; but as a majority of three quarters was required to carry the motion, it failed. On the 31st of July the Assembly elected a Committee of Permanence, consisting of twenty-five of the most dignified of its members, to sit during the vacation, which it was decided should last from the 10th of August to the 4th of November. From RUSSIA we have news of an important victory of the Turkomans over the Russian troops in the harbor of Astrabad, and the Russians have also suffered an extraordinary and most important defeat in the Caucasus. In ITALY every thing is calm, but the oppressions of the ecclesiastical government are more and more intolerable and outrageous. The Pope has returned from his residence at Castel Gandolfo to Rome. The rebellion in the southern provinces of CHINA appears to be still unchecked.

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### ***Recent Deaths.***

The Rev. STEPHEN OLIN, D.D. president of the Wesleyan University, died at Middletown on the 16th of August. He was a native of Vermont, and was educated at Middlebury College. He entered the itinerant ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1824, uniting himself with the South Carolina conference. His next two years were spent in Charleston. His labors proved too severe, and in 1826 he became what is called in the Methodist Church a supernumerary, with permission

to travel for the benefit of his health. He was a local preacher for the same reason until 1828, but in 1829 resumed his itinerant labors. In 1832 he was again compelled to relinquish the labors the itinerancy imposed, and was appointed by the Georgia conference a professor in Franklin College. In 1833 he was elected president of Randolph College, Macon, Geo., which position he held until elected President of the Wesleyan University. In 1837 he travelled in Europe and the East, and on his return published an account of his Travels, in two volumes, which were very popular.

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Baron de Ledebur, the celebrated Russian botanist, died at Munich on the 23d of July, aged sixty-five. At the early age of nineteen he was appointed Professor of Botany in the University of Dorpat, and in 1820 he obtained the botanical chair in the University of St. Petersburg. In 1821 he was elected member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, and by order of the Emperor Alexander undertook to compile the *Russian Flora*. To collect materials for this great work he spent sixteen years in visiting different parts of the vast Empire of Russia, and went as far as the frontiers of China and into Siberia. In 1848 the state of his health obliged him to take up his residence at Munich. There he labored at his *Flora*, and had the satisfaction of completing it two months before his death.

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Edward Quillinan, son-in-law to Wordsworth, and known in the select rather than in the wide world of letters, as a poet, a scholar, a contributor to more than one literary publication, and the author of one or two separate works, died in July.

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Harriet Lee, the celebrated writer of the "Canterbury Tales," was the youngest sister of Sophia Lee, the author of *The Recess*, and of many popular dramas and novels. These ladies were daughters of John Lee, who had been bred to the law, but became an actor of much repute at Covent Garden Theatre, and ended his life as manager of the Bath Theatre. Sophia Lee, the elder daughter, who was born more than one hundred years ago (her sister Harriet, the subject of this notice, being a few years her junior), produced, in 1780, a comedy, entitled, "The Chapter of Accidents," which was performed with considerable success. The profits enabled the two sisters to open a school at Bath, which they carried on for many years with high credit and prosperity. In 1782 Sophia Lee brought out her most popular novel, *The Recess*, which was followed by other tales, and by *Almayda*, *Queen of Grenada*, a tragedy, in which Mrs. Siddons acted. Soon after, Harriet Lee published the first five volumes of her *Canterbury Tales*. Two of the stories, *The Young Lady's Tale*, and the *The Clergyman's Tale*, were written by her sister Sophia; the rest by herself. One of these Canterbury Tales, by Harriet Lee, named *Kruitznor*, became afterwards famous for having formed the subject and the plot of Byron's gloomy tragedy of *Werner*. Harriet Lee's other principal works were the *Error of Innocence*, a novel; the *Mysterious Marriage*, a play; *Clara Lennox*, a novel; and a *New Peerage*, begun in 1787. The last days of the sisters were passed near Bristol, where Sophia died in 1824, and Harriet on the first of August, 1851.

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Dr. Julius, the author of an able work on the Prisons and Criminal Law in the United States, died about the end of July, in London. Dr. Julius was editor of the Berlin *Zeitungshalle* during the revolution of 1848, and was greatly respected for his talents and courage. Kinkel pronounced a touching *oraison funebre* over his grave.

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Rev Azariah Smith, M.D., missionary of A.B.C.F.M. to the Armenians, died at Aintab, Syria, in the early part of June, in the 35th year of his age.

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General Henry A. S. Dearborn, of Roxbury, died suddenly at Portland, Me., on the twenty-ninth of July. He was a native of New-Hampshire, and was born March 3d, 1783, and removed with his father to the county of Kennebec in Maine in 1784. His father having been twice elected to Congress from the Kennebec district, prior to 1801, and on the accession of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency, appointed Secretary of War, his son Henry was taken to Washington, and educated at the College of William and Mary in Virginia. In 1806 he established himself in the profession of law, in which he continued but few years, the excitements of public life having more attractions for him than the quiet pursuit of that profession. He took a prominent part in the politics, of the country, filled many important public stations, among which was the collectorship of Boston, in which he succeeded his father in 1812, and remained many years. He also distinguished himself in literature, and by efforts for the promotion of public improvements. He was a member of the Convention of Massachusetts for revising the constitution of that state, in 1821, a member of the

Governor's Council in 1831, member of Congress in 1832, Adjutant-General of Massachusetts in 1835, and at the time of his death Mayor of Roxbury. He was a man of fine manners, cultivated mind, and liberal views. While he held the office of Collector of Boston, he improved the favorable opportunity to collect statistics relative to the commerce of the country, and particularly that to countries connected with the Mediterranean, which he embodied in a valuable work, entitled *The Commerce and Navigation of the Black Sea*, in three volumes octavo. In 1839 he published a series of letters *To the Secretary of the State of Massachusetts, on the Internal Improvements and the Commerce of the West*, containing extremely valuable information on those subjects. He recently published a life of the *Apostle Elliot*, to aid in the construction of a monument in Roxbury to the memory of that celebrated missionary, and among his other published writings is a *Life of Commodore Bainbridge*. He left in MS. a work on Architecture, another on Flowers, and an extended Memoir of his Father, embodying all his journal in his expedition through Maine to Canada, his imprisonment in Quebec, and a vast deal of other Revolutionary matter. He was constantly throwing off essays in various periodicals, to promote the interests of society. Among other claims upon public gratitude, was his untiring zeal in the cause of horticultural and agricultural improvements. Few did more than he to elevate this important branch of industry. As a politician he was most prominent for his connection with the Native American party, by which he was nominated for the Vice Presidency of the United States.

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In another part of this magazine we have given a sketch of the late Dr. MOIR, from the pen of Mr. Gilfillan. The deceased physician and litterateur died at Dumfries, on the 6th of July, in the fifty-third year of his age, having left his home in Musselburg, near Edinburgh, to visit in Dumfries his friend, Mr. Aird. Of the poems of "Delta," Professor Wilson says: "Delicacy and grace characterize his happiest composition; some of them are beautiful, in a cheerful spirit that has only to look on nature to be happy, and others breathe to simplest and purest pathos." Similar praise was given him by Lord Jeffrey. We do not think so highly of his abilities. In verse, Dr. Moir had the fatal gift of facility, and he cultivated it at the ordinary penalty. His poetry is not made to survive him. He was a man, however, of varied accomplishments; and is the author, besides his considerable body of verse, of a prose narrative, *Mansie Wauch, Tailor of Dalkieth*, a very excellent book of *Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine*, being a View of the Progress of the *Healing Art among the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabians*, and of *Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the past Half Century, in Six Lectures*, a work which has the sketchy character and incompleteness common to its class. The *Legend of G n vi ve, with other Tales and Poems*, and *Domestic Verses*, are the two poetical volumes of his which have been published in a collected form.

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General Sir Roger H. Sheaffe, Bart., died on the 17th July, at Edinburgh, at the advanced age of 88 years. He entered the army in 1778. In 1798 he became a lieut. colonel, and the next year served in Holland. He served in the expedition to the Baltic in 1801 under Sir Hyde Parker and Lord Nelson. He also served in North America, and, in 1812, the Americans having invaded Upper Canada, at Queenston, when General Brock, commanding in the province, fell in an effort to oppose the enemy, they posted themselves on a woody height above Queenston. Major-General Sheaffe, upon whom the command devolved, assembled some regular troops and militia, with a few Indians, and on the same day attacked and completely defeated the Americans, their general delivering his sword to Major-General Sheaffe, and surrendering the surviving troops on the field of battle, their number far exceeding the assailants. For these brilliant services Sir Roger Sheaffe was created a baronet of the United Kingdom.

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Louis Jacques Maude Daguerre, whose name is for ever associated with the photographic process, of which he was the discoverer, died on the tenth of July, in Paris, in the sixty-second year of his age. He was a man of extreme modesty and great personal worth, and was devoted to art. He was favorably known to the world before the announcement of his discovery of the Daguerreotype. His attempts to improve panoramic painting, and the production of dioramic effects, were crowned with the most eminent success. Among his pictures, which attracted much attention at the time of their exhibition were, The Midnight Mass, Land-slip in the Valley of Goldau, The Temple of Solomon, and The Cathedral of Sainte Marie de Montreal. In these the alternate effects of night and day, and storm and sunshine, were beautifully produced. To these effects of light were added others, from the decomposition of form, by means of which, for example, in The Midnight Mass, figures appeared where the spectators had just beheld seats, altars, &c., and again, as in The Valley of Goldau, in which rocks tumbling from the mountains replaced the prospect of a smiling valley. The methods adopted in these pictures were published at the same time with the process of the Daguerreotype, by order of the French Government, who awarded an annual pension of ten thousand francs to Daguerre and M. Niepce, jr., whose father had contributed towards the discovery of the Daguerreotype. Daguerre was led to experiments on chemical changes by solar radiations, with the hope of being able to apply the phenomena to the production of effects in his dioramic paintings. As the question of the part taken by him in the process to which he has given his name, has been discussed sometimes to his disadvantage, it appears important that his position should be correctly determined. In 1802, Wedgwood, of

Etruria, the celebrated potter, made the first recorded experiments in photography; and these, with some additional ones by Sir Humphrey Davy, were published in the journals of the royal institution. In 1814, Mr. Joseph Nicephore Niepce was engaged in experiments to determine the possibility of fixing the images obtained in the camera obscura; but there does not appear any evidence of publication of any kind previously to 1827, when Niepce was in England. He there wrote several letters to Mr. Bauer, the microscopic observer, which are preserved and printed in Hunt's *Researches on Light*. He also sent specimens of results obtained to the Royal Society, and furnished some to the cabinets of the curious, a few of which are yet in existence. These were pictures on metallic plates covered with a fine film of resin. In 1824 Daguerre commenced his researches, starting at that point at which Wedgwood left the process. He soon abandoned the employment of the nitrate and chloride of silver, and proceeded with his inquiry, using plates of metal and glass to receive his sensitive coatings. In 1829 M. Vincent Chevalier brought Niepce and Daguerre together, when they entered into partnership to prosecute the subject in common. For a long time they appear to have used the resinous surfaces only, when the contrast between the resin and the metal plates not being sufficiently great to give a good picture, endeavors were made to blacken that part of the plate from which the resin was removed in the process of *heliography* (sun-drawing), as it was most happily called. Amongst other materials, iodine was employed; and Daguerre certainly was the first to notice the property possessed by the iodine coating of changing under the influence of the sun's rays. The following letter from Niepce to Daguerre is on this subject:

"81, LOUP DE VARENNES, June 23, 1831.

"*Sir, and dear Partner:* I had long expected to hear from you with too much impatience not to receive and read with the greatest pleasure your letters of the tenth and twenty-first of last May. I shall confine myself in this reply to yours of the twenty-first, because, having been engaged ever since it reached me in your experiments on iodine, I hasten to communicate to you the results which I have obtained. I had given my attention to similar researches previous to our connection, but without hope of success, from the impossibility, or nearly so, in my opinion, of fixing in any durable manner the images received on iodine, even supposing the difficulty surmounted of replacing the lights and shadows in their natural order. My results in this respect have been entirely similar to those which the oxide of silver gave me; and promptitude of operation was the sole advantage which these substances appeared to offer. Nevertheless, last year, after you left this, I subjected iodine to new trials, but by a different mode of application. I informed you of the results, and your answer, not at all encouraging, decided me to carry these experiments no farther. It appears that you have since viewed the question under a less desperate aspect, and I do not hesitate to reply to the appeal which you have made.

"J. N. NIEPCE."

From this and other letters it is evident that Niepce had used iodine, and abandoned it on account of the difficulty of reversing the lights and shadows. Daguerre employed it also, and, as it appears, with far more promise of success than any obtained by M. Niepce. On the fifth of July, 1833, Niepce died; in 1837 Daguerre and Isodore Niepce, the son and heir of Nicephore Niepce, entered into a definite agreement; and in a letter written on the first November, 1837, to Daguerre, Isodore Niepce says, "What a difference, also, between the method which you employ and the one by which I toil on! While I require almost a whole day to make one design, you ask only four minutes! What an enormous advantage! It is so great, indeed, that no person, knowing both methods, would employ the old one." From this time it is established, that although both Niepce and Daguerre used iodine, the latter alone employed it with any degree of success, and the discovery of the use of mercurial vapor to produce the positive image clearly belongs to Daguerre. In January, 1839, the Daguerreotype pictures were first shown to the scientific and artistic public of Paris. The sensation they created was great, and the highest hopes of its utility were entertained. On the 15th June, M. Duchatel, Minister of the Interior, presented a bill to the Chamber of Deputies relative to the purchase of the process of M. Daguerre for fixing the images of the camera. A commission appointed by the Chamber, consisting of Arago, Etienne, Carl, Vatout, de Beaumont, Toursorier, Delessert (François), Combarel de Leyval, and Vitet, made their report on the third of July, and a special commission was appointed by the Chamber of Peers, composed of the following peers: Barons Athalin, Besson, Gay Lussac, the Marquis de Laplace, Vicomte Simeon, Baron Thenard, and the Comte de Noe, who reported favorably on the thirtieth July, 1839, and recommended unanimously that the "bill be adopted simply and without alteration." On the nineteenth of August the secret was for the first time publicly announced in the Institute by M. Arago, the English patent having been completed a few days before, in open defiance and contradiction of the statement of M. Duchatel to the Chamber of Deputies, who used these words, "Unfortunately for the authors of this beautiful discovery, it is impossible for them to bring their labor into the market, and thus indemnify themselves for the sacrifices incurred by so many attempts so long fruitless. This invention does not admit of being secured by patent." In conclusion, the Minister of the Interior said, "You will concur in a sentiment which has already awakened universal sympathy; you will never suffer us to leave to foreign nations the glory of endowing the world of science and of art with one of the most wonderful discoveries that honor our native land." Daguerre never did much towards the improvement of his process. The high degree of sensibility which has been attained has been due to the experiments of others.





**M. DAGUERRE.**

Daguerre is said to have been always averse to sitting for his own picture, and there are but few photographs of him in existence. The one from which our engraving is copied was taken by Mr. Meade, of this city, and first appeared in the *Daguerrean Journal*, a monthly periodical conducted with marked ability by S. D. Humphrey and L. L. Hill, who are distinguished for their improvements upon Daguerre's process. We can refer to no more striking illustration of the advance of the beautiful art which the deceased discovered, than the existence of such a work, with more than two thousand subscribers among those who are occupied in the production of Daguerreotypes in this country.

The Rev. John Lingard, D. D., one of the most deservedly eminent scholars and writers of the Roman Catholic church in England, and one of the most distinguished historians of the time, died at Hornby, in Lancashire, on the 17th of July, at the advanced age of 81 years, and his remains were buried at Ushaw College, Durham, with which he was once officially connected. The deceased priest has left a reputation that will probably survive that of any of the persons of his sect who have been brought into notice by the recent agitations in England. His career as a controversial writer commenced while he was a young man, and was continued through a large portion of his laborious life. He was an unknown priest at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when, in 1804, he issued from the local press in that town his *History of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, a work which constituted the first and most efficient effort to attract popular attention to those ecclesiastical institutions of the Saxons, which are now familiar objects of study and speculation. In 1805 he published *Catholic Loyalty Vindicated*. The next year, the bishop of Durham, in a charge to his clergy, having attacked the Roman Catholics, Mr. Lingard answered him, in *Remarks on a Charge*. This brought on a sharp controversy, in which several persons of ability took part, and Mr. Lingard published a *General Vindication of the Remarks, with Replies to the Reverend T. Le Mesurier, G. S. Faber, and others* (1808). These two pamphlets were followed, on the same subject, by *Documents to ascertain the Sentiments of British Catholics in former Ages* (1812); a *Review of certain Anti-Catholic Publications* (1813); and *Strictures on Doctor Marsh's Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome* (1815). In the last of these publications, Mr. Lingard asserted that the church of England was modern, compared with that of Rome; an assertion which so much irritated the late Doctor Kipling, that he was absurd enough to threaten the author with a process in Westminster-hall, if he did not prove the truth of what he had stated. In 1809 Mr. Lingard published the *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church* in an enlarged edition. Doctor Lingard is principally known in foreign countries as the author of a *History of England till the Revolution of 1688*, of which ten editions have appeared and which has been translated into several languages. Although the object of this work is the vindication of the Roman Catholic church and clergy in England from the alleged misrepresentations of Protestant writers, yet it is allowed to be written in a candid and dispassionate tone. As a historian, the author is acute and perspicuous, judicious in the selection and arrangement of his materials, and clear and interesting in his narrative. He wrote from original sources, which he examined with care and diligence, and on many points gave new and more correct views of manners, events and characters. In 1826, he published a *Vindication, &c.*, in reply to two articles in the *Edinburgh Review* (Nos. 83 and 87, written by Dr. Allen), charging him with inaccuracy and misrepresentation. A more favorable notice of the *History* appeared in No. 105 of the same *Review*.

The editions of his *History*, an English version of the Gospels, and other learned publications, in pamphlet form, consumed the time unoccupied by religious duty, or by converse with the

neighbors and friends, who continually courted his society.

For the last forty years Dr. Lingard held the small and retired preferment belonging to the Roman Catholic Church in the village of Hornby, and there the historian resided, near to Hornby Castle, the seat of his attached and constant friend, Mr. Pudsey Dawson. After a lingering illness, he closed in this retirement his mortal career.

Dr. Lingard's residence was a small unpretending building, with three windows, connected with a little chapel built by himself, where, till last autumn, he regularly officiated. A door of communication opened into it from his house, the lower window of which lighted the room where he usually sat, and where he wrote the History of England. His garden consisted of a long strip, taken off a small grass field of about half an acre in extent. Here he passed much of his time, in the indulgence of his taste for rural occupations.

The private virtues of Dr. Lingard were as remarkable as his public talents. His whole habits of life were charmingly simple; his nature was kind, his disposition most affectionate. Always they were agreeable and profitable hours passed in his society, his mind was so richly stored, his knowledge so varied, his fund of anecdote so inexhaustible: a pleasantry and good humor pervaded his conversation at all times. He never sought controversy in visits among his friends. When questioned on the matters of his own faith, he would speak freely; those warmly attached to the Established Church or other creeds, widely differing from him in religious principles, never felt restraint in his society, or anticipated any sharpness or acrimony. In personal appearance he was rather above the middle height, and of slender frame; and though he had reached to full four-score years, his dark brown hair was but slightly tinged with gray: his small dark twinkling eye was singularly expressive, and his countenance bright and animated. The annexed portrait is from the miniature taken in 1849, by Mr. Scaife, and engraved for the last edition of the History of England.

It has been reported, though on doubtful authority, that very high positions in the Roman Catholic Church were more than once offered to Dr. Lingard. There is, it is believed, little or no truth in this; but those who knew his simple habits, and his love of retirement, would not be surprised at his preferring, even to the purple, his peaceful residence in the loveliest locality of the loveliest of England's northern valleys.



**REV. JOHN LINGARD, D. D.**



**MARSHAL SEBASTIANI.**

Horace François della Porta Sebastiana, Marshal of France, and for some time Minister of Foreign Affairs under Louis Phillippe, died in Paris on the 14th of July. He was born in Corsica, in 1775, and having entered the French service in 1792, rose rapidly through the different ranks to that of colonel. Colonel Sebastiani took an active part in the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, and, in 1802, the First Consul sent him on a mission to the Levant. After having brought about a reconciliation of the differences between the court of Sweden and the regency of Tripoli, and compelled the Pacha to acknowledge the Italian republic and salute its flag, he repaired to Alexandria, and had an interview with General Stewart, in order to insist on the terms of the treaty of Amiens for the evacuation of Alexandria. To this demand the English general replied that he had not received any orders from his court. M. Sebastiani went therefore to Cairo, and in conferences with the pacha offered to open a communication with the beys; but the offer was not accepted, the orders of the Porte being to make it a war of extermination. He afterwards went to St. Jean d'Acre, with the object of settling with the pacha a treaty of commerce, and found him pacifically inclined. In November he set out on his return to France, having accomplished all the objects of his mission. He was, after his arrival, employed on various services, and, among the rest in a diplomatic mission to Germany. He distinguished himself in the campaign of 1804, was wounded at the battle of Austerlitz, and obtained the rank of general of division. Napoleon entertained a high opinion of his diplomatic talents, and named him, in 1806, ambassador to the Ottoman Porte—a mission which he filled for some years, with much ability. He established at Constantinople a printing-office for the Turkish and Arabic languages, and by this means contributed not a little to the French influence in that country. The English having forced the passage of the Dardanelles, and menaced Constantinople, Sebastiani immediately organized a plan of defence, marked out the batteries, and prepared for the most vigorous resistance; but the inhabitants broke out into insurrection, and he was obliged to depart for France. He was subsequently sent to Spain, where he distinguished himself on numerous occasions; and he served in the Russian-German war under Murat. July 15, 1812, he was surprised by the Russians at Drissa, but he recovered his character by his exertions at the battle of Borodino. On the invasion of France, he had a command in Champagne, and defended Chalons. April 10, M. Sebastiani sent to M. Talleyrand his adhesion to the provisional government, and, June 1, received from the king the cross of St. Louis. On the return of Napoleon, in 1815, he was elected deputy of the lower chamber, and after the second abdication of Napoleon was one of the commissioners to treat for peace with the allies. In 1819 he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, by the island of Corsica. His lucid and manly eloquence was employed to throw light over all the great questions of finance, war, foreign politics, and domestic administration, and he evinced at once the talents of an orator and the knowledge of a statesman. After the revolution of 1830, General Sebastiani received the port-folio of the marine in the Guizot ministry, and in November that of foreign affairs under Laffitte, which he retained under Périer. He received the baton of Marshal from Louis Phillippe, and had retired from active political life, when, in 1847, the assassination of his daughter, the Duchess de Praslin, by her husband, affected him so much that he never recovered from the blow.



There are few changes to notice in the modes de Paris. Every thing at this season is, of course, made in an airy style, and of very light materiel. We copy two of the most graceful costumes in the recent books of patterns.

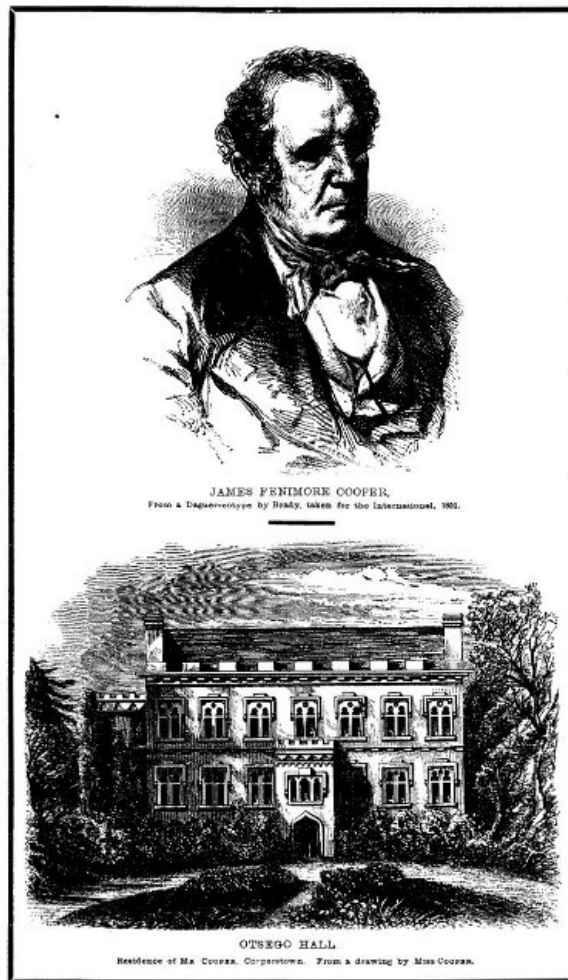
I. *Morning Dress* of white muslin, with flounces, ornamented with needlework. Many dresses intended for *négligé* morning costume in the country consists of a skirt of checkered or striped silk, printed muslin, or some other light material. For morning *négligé* a variety of very pretty caps have appeared; they are of worked muslin, and are trimmed with ribbon and fine Valenciennes.

II. *Visiting Dress* of glace or rich silk, with three flounces, embroidered. Mantelet of a splendid black lace, lined with pink silk, and richly trimmed with a deep fall of black lace, which also encircles the open sleeve. Bonnets of white *paille de riz*, decorated in the interior with red and white flounces.

*Coiffures* are extremely simple in form. A wreath of ivy leaves intermixed with small clusters of jewelry, and attached at the back with a long lappet of gold lace, fastened by *nœuds* of pearls and emeralds, has a fine effect. Head-dresses of blonde are extremely becoming, forming three points. These are fashionable for concerts, &c. They are placed backward on the head, the points at the side being attached with a profusion of flowers, the centre one falling over the back comb. Another style is of a lappet of white blonde, and another of plain pink tulle; the lappet of blonde being fastened just over the shoulder, and a little backward, with a bunch of grapes—the pink one, which is very wide, covering the bosom like a veil, and drooping as low as the waist.

Fashionable colors are of all light mixtures, such as gray, lilac, fawn, mauve, green, and peach color—white, pink, and blue predominating for evening toilette.

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