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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Of Literature, Art, and Science.

Vol. IV. NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1851. No. IV.

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

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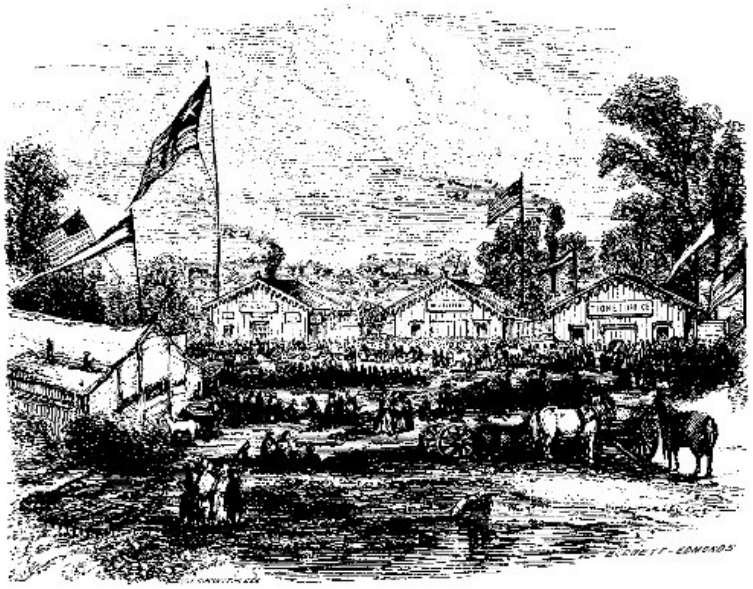
THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF THE NEW-YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT ROCHESTER.



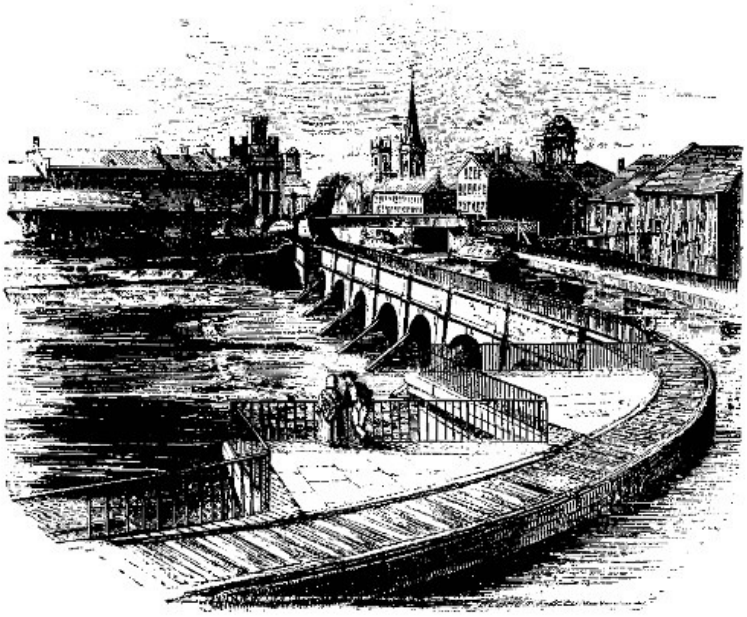
EXTERIOR OF THE FAIR.

This is an age of Exhibitions. From the humble collection of cattle and counter-panes, swine and "garden sauce," at the central village of some secluded County, up to the stupendous "World's Fair" at London, wherein all nations and all arts are represented, "Industrial Expositions," as the French more accurately term them, are the order of the day. And this is well—nay, it is inspiring. It proves the growth and diffusion of a wider and deeper consciousness of the importance and dignity of Labor as an element of national strength and social progress. That corn and cloth are essential to the comfortable subsistence of the human family, and of every portion of it, was always plain enough; but the truth is much broader than that. Not food alone, but knowledge, virtue, power, depend upon the subtle skill of the artificer's fingers, the sturdy might of the husbandman's arm. Let these fail, through the blighting influence of despotism, licentiousness, superstition, or slavery, and the national greatness is cankered at the root, and its preservation overtasks the ability of Phocion, of Hannibal, of Cato. A nation flourishes or withers with the development and vigor of its Industry. It may prosper and be strong without statesmen, warriors, or jurists; it fades and falls with the decline of its arts and its agriculture. Wisely, therefore, do rulers, nobles, field marshals and archbishops, unite in rendering the highest honors to eminence in the domain of Industry, dimly perceiving that it is mightier and more enduring than their petty and fragile potencies. The empire of Napoleon, though so lately at its zenith, has utterly passed away, while that of Fulton is still in its youth.

A State Agricultural Society, numbering among its members some thousands of her foremost citizens, mainly but not wholly farmers, is one of the most commendable institutions of this great [Pg 434] and growing commonwealth. Aided liberally by the State government, it holds an Annual Fair at some one of the chief towns of the interior, generally on the line of the Erie Canal, whereby the collection of stock and other articles for exhibition is facilitated, and the cost thereof materially lessened. Poughkeepsie, Albany, Saratoga Springs, Utica, Syracuse (twice), Auburn, Rochester (twice), and Buffalo, are the points at which these Fairs have been held within the last ten years. Recently, the railroads have transported cattle, &c., for exhibition, either at half-price, or entirely without charge, while the State's bounty and the liberal receipts for admission to the grounds have enabled the managers to stimulate competition by a very extensive award of premiums, so that almost every recurrence of the State Fair witnesses a larger and still more extensive display of choice animals. Whether the improvement in quality keeps pace with the increase in number is a point to be maturely considered.

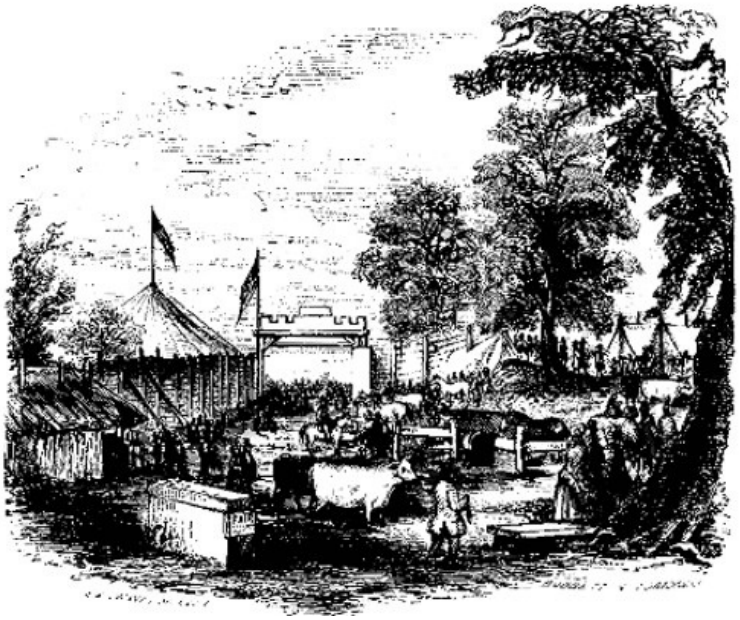
The Fair of this year was held at Rochester, in a large open field about a mile south of the city, and of course near the Genesee river. Gigantic stumps scattered through it, attested how recently this whole region was covered with the primeval forest. Probably fifty thousand persons now live within sight of the Rochester steeples, though not a human being inhabited this then dense and swampy wilderness forty years ago. And here, almost wholly from a region which had less than

five thousand white inhabitants in 1810, not fewer than one hundred thousand persons, two-thirds of them adult males, were drawn together expressly to witness this exhibition. The number who entered the gates on Thursday alone exceeded seventy-five thousand, while the attendance on the two preceding days and on Friday, of persons who were not present on Thursday, must have exceeded twenty-five thousand. Of course, many came with no definite purpose, no previous preparation to observe and learn, and so carried home nothing more than they brought there, save the head-ache, generated by their irregularities and excesses while absent; but thousands came qualified and resolved to profit by the practical lessons spread before them, and doubtless went away richly recompensed for the time and money expended in visiting the Fair. This Annual Exhibition is as yet the Farmers' University; they will in time have a better, but until then they do well to make the most of that which already welcomes them to its cheap, ready and practical inculcations.



ROCHESTER.

The President of the State Society for this year is Mr. John Delafield, long a master spirit among our Wall-street financiers, and for some years President of the Phenix bank. He was finally swamped by the rascality of the State of Illinois in virtually repudiating her public debt, whereby Mr. Delafield, who had long acted as her financial agent in New-York, and had staked his fortune [Pg 435] on her integrity, was reduced from affluence to need. Nothing daunted by this reverse, he promptly transferred his energies from finance to agriculture, taking hold of a large farm in Seneca County, near the beautiful village of Geneva; and on this farm he soon proved himself one of the best practical agriculturists in our State. Before he had been five years on the soil, he was already teaching hundreds of life-long cultivators, by the quiet force of his successful example, how to double the product of their lands and more than double their annual profits. His enlightened and admirable husbandry has finally called him to the post he now occupies—one not inferior in true dignity and opportunity for usefulness to that of Governor of the State. And this is a fair specimen of the elasticity of the American character and its capacity for adapting itself to any and every change of circumstances.

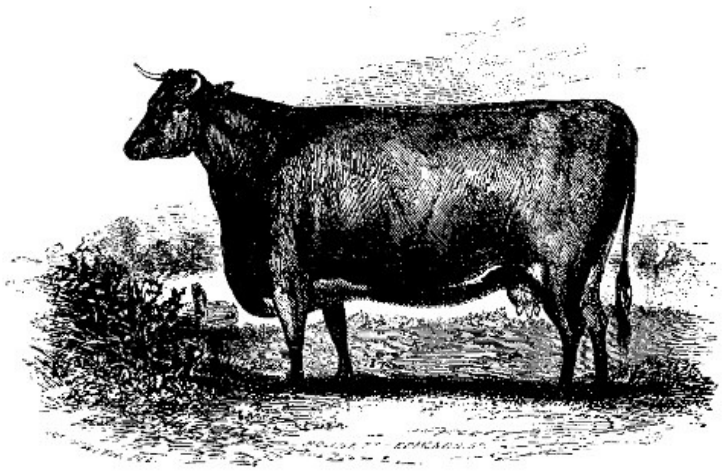


INTERIOR OF THE FAIR.

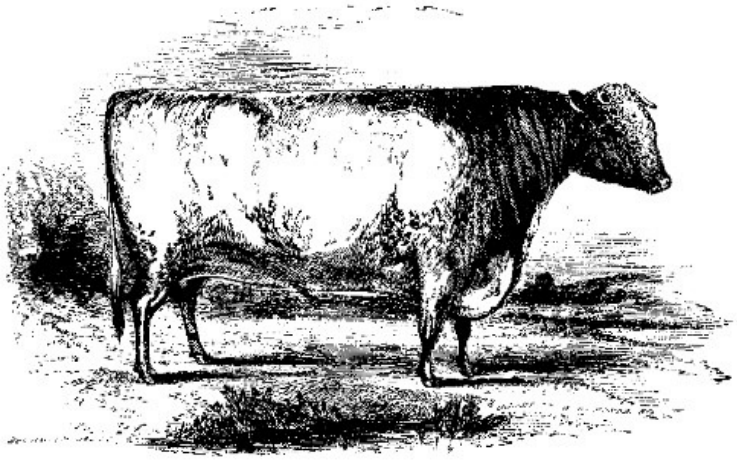
The Annual Address at this Fair was delivered by the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, now U. S. Senator

from Illinois, and a very probable "Democratic" candidate for next President of the United States. It was an able and well enunciated discourse, devoted mainly to political economy as affecting agriculture, taking the "free trade" view of this important and difficult subject, and evidently addressed quite as much to southern politicians as to New-York farmers; but it embodied many practical suggestions of decided force and value. This address has already received a very wide circulation.

A public entertainment was proffered on Thursday evening to the officers of the State Society, on behalf of the city of Rochester, which was attended by ex-President Tyler, Gov. Washington Hunt, ex-Governor and ex-Secretary Marcy, Gen. Wool, Governor Wright of Indiana, &c. &c. Senator Douglas arrived in the train just before the gathering broke up. The presence of ladies, and the absence of liquors, were the most commendable features of this festivity, which was convened at an absurdly late hour, and characterized by an afflictive amount of dull speaking. Such an entertainment is very well on an occasion like this, merely as a means of enabling the congregated thousands to see and hear the celebrities convened with them; but it should be given in the afternoon or beginning of the evening, should cost very little (the speaking being dog-cheap and the eatables no object), and should in nearly all respects be just what the Rochester festival was not. As an exercise in false hospitality, however, and a beacon for future adventurers in the same line, this entertainment had considerable merit. [Pg 436]



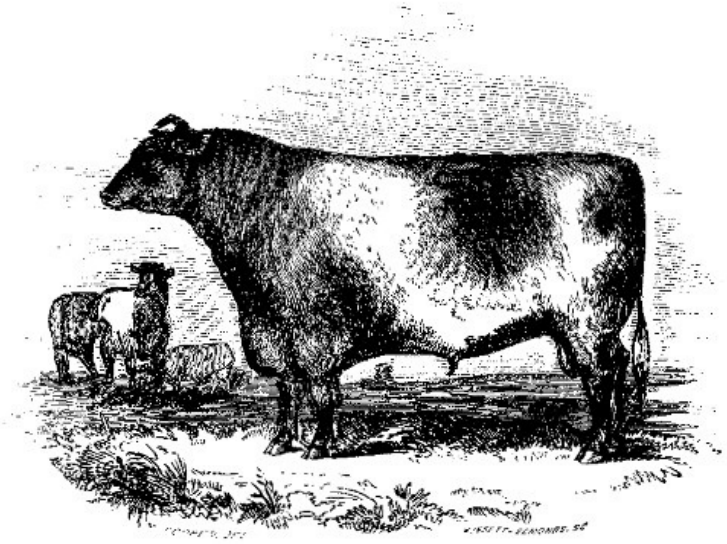
AZALIA.
The best Short-Horned Durham Cow over Three Years Old: Owned by Lewis G. Morris.



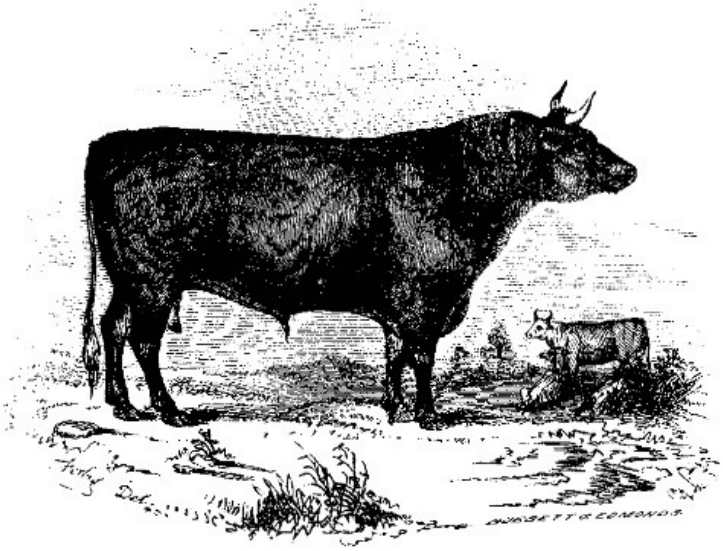
LORD ERYHOLM.
The best Two Year Old Short-Horned Durham Bull: Owned by Lewis G. Morris.

Neat Cattle stood first in intrinsic value among the classes of articles exhibited at the Fair. Probably not less than One Thousand of these were shown on this occasion, including imported bulls and cows, working-oxen, fat steers, blood-heifers, calves, &c. &c. Of these we could not now say whether the Durham or Devonshire breed predominated, but the former had certainly no such marked ascendency as at former Fairs. Our impression from the statements of disinterested breeders was and is, that where cattle are bred mainly for the market, a larger weight of flesh may be obtained at an early age from the Durham than from any rival breed, though not of the finest quality; while for milk or butter the Devon is, and perhaps one or two other breeds are, [Pg 437] preferable. But this is merely the inference of one, who has no experience in the premises, from a comparison of the statements of intelligent breeders of widely differing preferences. Probably each of the half-dozen best breeds is better adapted to certain localities and purposes than any other; and intelligent farmers assert, that we still need some breeds not yet introduced in this country, especially the small Black Cattle of the Scottish Highlands, which, from their hardiness, excellence of flesh, small cost for wintering, &c., are specially adapted to our own rugged upland districts, particularly that which half covers the north-eastern quarter of our State. The subject is

one of the deepest interest to agriculturists, and is destined to receive a thorough investigation at their hands.



EARL SEAHAM.
The best Short-Horned Durham Bull over Three Years Old: Owned by J. M. Sherwood and A. Stevens.



DEVON.
The best Devon Bull over Three Years Old: Owned by W. P. and C. S. Wainwright.

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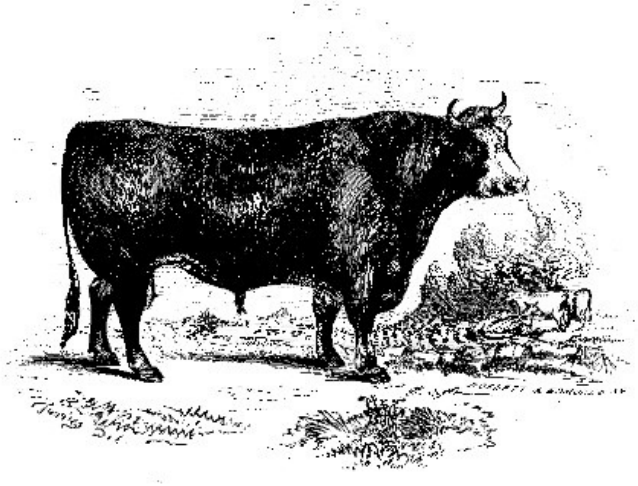
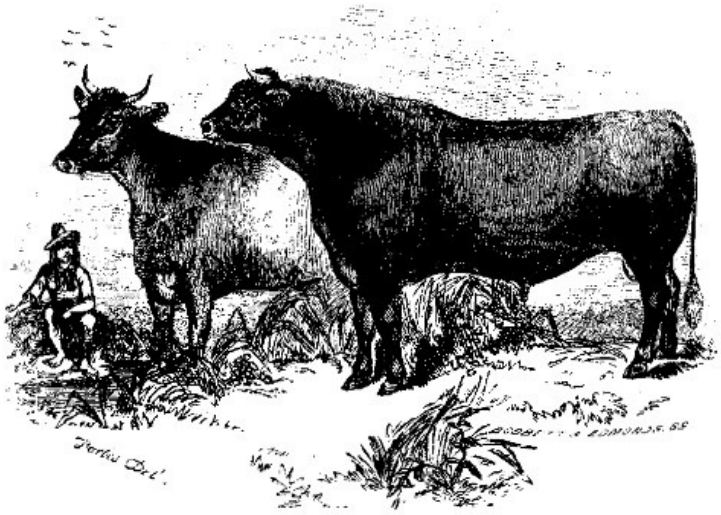
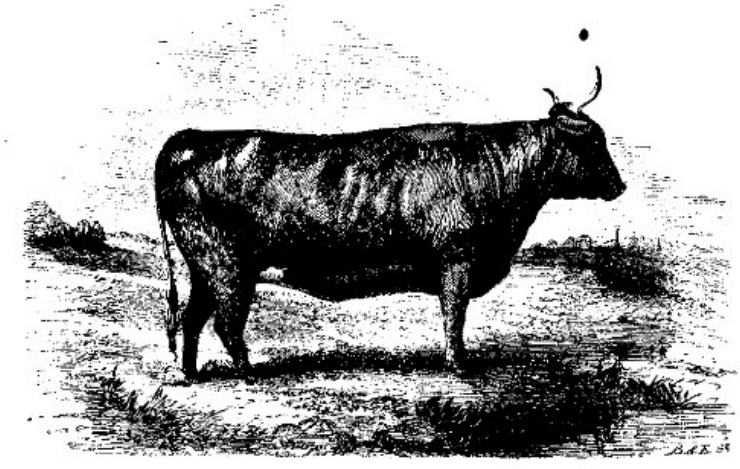


TROMP.
The best Hereford Bull, over Three Years Old: Owned by Allen Ayrault.

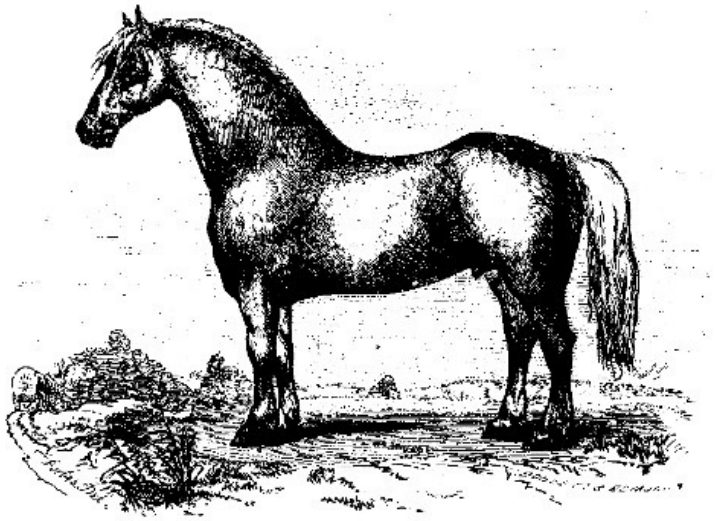


KOSSUTH AND BRISKA.
Best Foreign (Hungarian) Cattle, over Two Years Old:
Owned by Roswell L. Colt.

Of Horses, the number exhibited was of course much smaller—perhaps two hundred in all—embracing many animals of rare spirit, symmetry, and beauty. Some Canadian horses, and a few specimens of a famous Vermont breed (the Morgan) were among them. Our attention was not specially drawn in this direction, and we will leave the merits of the rival competitors to the awards of the judges. [Pg 439]



DEVON HEIFER.
Best three-fourth bred Devon Heifer: owned by George Shaeffer.



OLD CLYDE.
Best Foreign Horse: owned by Jane Ward, Markham, Canada West.

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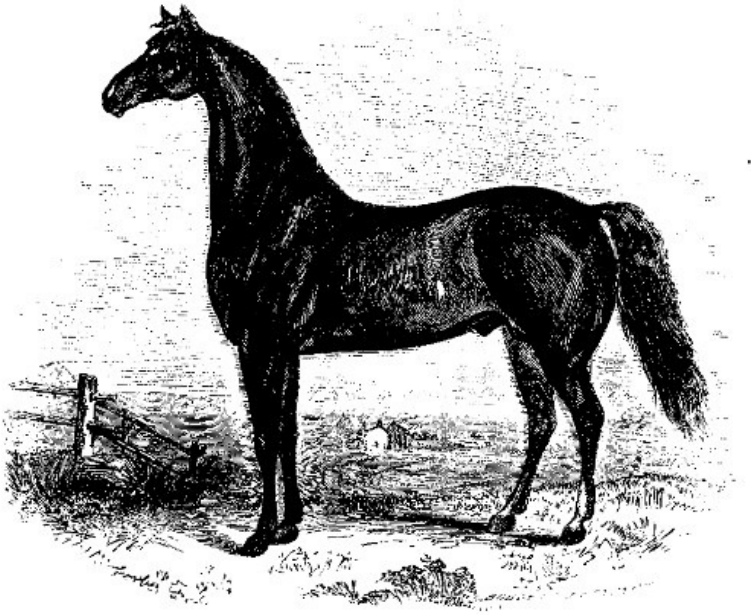
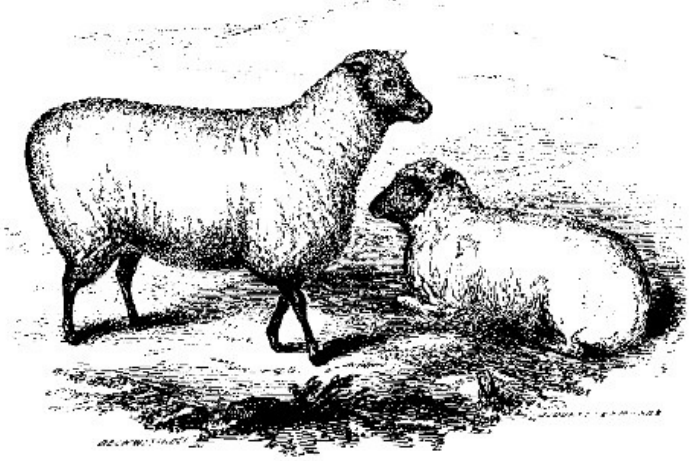


CONSTERNATION.
Best thorough-bred horse over four years old: owned by John B. Burnet.



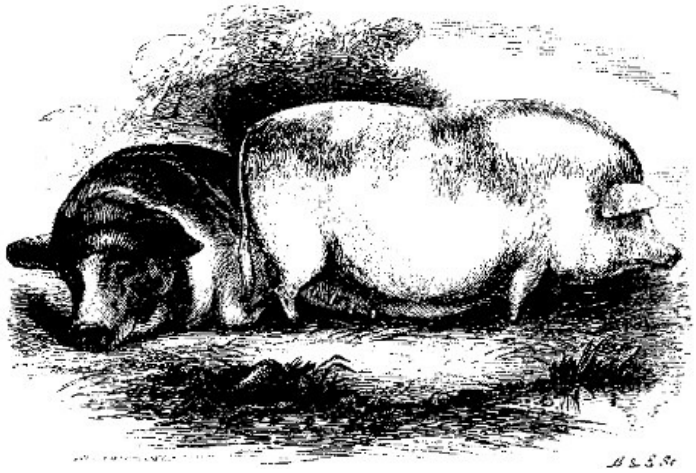
SOUTH DOWN SHEEP.
Best Middle-Wooled Ewe, over Two Years Old: Owned by Lewis G. Morris.

Of Sheep, there were a large number present—at a rough guess, Two Thousand—embracing specimens of widely contrasted varieties. The fine-wooled Saxonies and Merioes were largely represented; so were coarse-wooled but fine-fleshed Bakewells and Southdowns. For three or four years past, the annual product of wool, especially of the finer qualities, has been unequal to the demand, causing a gradual appreciation of prices, until a standard has this year been reached above the value of the staple. Speculators, who had observed the gradual rise through two or three seasons, rushed in to purchase this year's clip, at prices which cannot be maintained, and the farmers have received some hundreds of thousands of dollars more for their wool than the buyers can ever sell it for. This has naturally reacted on the price of sheep, whereof choice [Pg 441] specimens for breeding have been sold for sums scarcely exceeded during the celebrated Merino fever of 1816-18. *Bona fide* sales for $100 each and over have certainly been made; and it is confidently asserted that picked animals from the flocks of a famous Vermont breeder were sold, to improve Ohio flocks, at the late Fair of that State—a buck for $1,000, and six ewes for $300 each. These reports, whether veritable or somewhat inflated, indicate a tendency of the times. Where sheep are grown mainly for the wool, it is as absurd to keep those of inferior grades, as to plant apple-trees without grafting and grow two or three bushels of walnut-sized, vinegar-flavored fruit on a tree which might as well have borne ten bushels of Spitzenbergs or Greenings. But there is room also for improvement and profit in the breeding of sheep other than the fine-wooled species. The famous roast-mutton of England ought to be more than rivaled among us; for we have a better climate and far better sheep-walks than the English in the rugged mountain districts of New-England, of Pennsylvania, and of our own State. The breeding of large, fine-fleshed sheep of the choicest varieties, on the lines of all the railroads communicating with the great cities, is one of the undertakings which promise largest and surest returns to our farmers, and it is yet in its infancy. A hundred thousand of such sheep would be taken annually by New-York and Philadelphia at largely remunerating prices. Thousands of acres of sterile, scantily timbered land on the Delaware and its branches might be profitably transformed into extensive sheep-walks, while they must otherwise remain useless and unimproved for ages. These lands may now be bought for a song, and are morally certain to be far higher within the next dozen years.

LONG-WOOLED SHEEP.
Best long-wooled buck and ewe over two years old:
owned by J. McDonald and Wm. Rathbone.

Of Swine there were a good many exhibited at the Fair, but we did not waste much time upon them. The Hog Crop once stood high among the products of the older States, but it has gradually fallen off since the settlement of the great West, and the cheapening of intercommunication between that section and the East, and is destined to sink still lower. Pork can be made on the prairies and among the nutwood forests and corn-bearing intervales of the West for half the cost of making it in New-England; no Yankee can afford to feed his hogs with corn, much less potatoes, as his grandfather freely did. Only on a dairy farm can any considerable quantity of pork be profitably made east of the Ohio; and he who keeps but a pig or two to eat up the refuse of the kitchen cares little (perhaps too little) for the breed of his porkers. So let them pass.

"Fancy" Fowls are among the hobbies of our day, as was abundantly evinced at the State Fair. Coops piled on coops, and in rows twenty rods long, of Chinese, Dorking, and other breeds of the most popular domestic bird, monopolized a large share of attention; while geese, ducks, turkies, &c., were liberally and creditably represented. The "Hen Convention," which was a pet topic of Boston waggery a year or two since, might have been easily and properly held at Rochester. Many of these choice barn-yard fowls were scarcely inferior in size while doubtless superior in flavor to the ordinary turky, while the farmer who opens the spring with a hundred of them may half feed [Pg 442] his family and at the same time quite keep down his store-bill with their daily products. Small economies steadily pursued are the source of thrift and competence to many a cultivator of flinty and ungenial acres; few farmers can afford to disregard them. If thrice the present number of fowls were kept among us, their care and food would scarcely be missed, while their product would greatly increase the aggregate not only of thrift but of comfort.



J. DELAFIELD'S CHINESE HOGS.

"Floral Hall" was the name of a temporary though spacious structure of scantling and rough boards, in which were exhibited, in addition to a profusion of the flowers of the season, a display of Fruits and Vegetables whereof Rochester might well be proud. This city seems the natural centre of the finest fruit-growing district on the American continent—yes, in the whole world. Its high latitude secures the richest flavors, while the harsh northern winds, which elsewhere prove so baneful, are here softened by passing over lake Erie or Ontario, and a climate thus produced, which, for fruit, has no rival. Large delicious grapes of innumerable varieties; excellent peaches; delicate, juicy, luscious pears; quinces that really tempt the eye, though not the palate; and a profusion of fair, fragrant, golden, mammoth apples,—these were among the products of the immediate vicinity of Rochester exhibited in bounteous profusion. In the department of Vegetables also there were beets and turnips of gigantic size; several squashes weighing about one hundred and thirty pounds each; with egg-plants, potatoes, tomatoes, and other edibles, which were all that palate could desire. The fertility of western New-York is proverbial; but it was never more triumphantly set forth than in the fruit and vegetables exhibited at the State Fair.

Of butter, cheese, honey, (obtained without destroying the bees,) maple-sugar &c., the display was much better than we have remarked on any former occasion. And in this connection the rock salt from our own State works around Syracuse deserves honorable mention. New-York salt has been treated with systematic injustice by western consumers. In order to save a shilling or two on the barrel, they buy the inferior article produced by boiling instead of the far better obtained by solar evaporation; then they endeavor to make a New-York standard bushel of fifty six pounds do the work of a measured bushel of Turks Island weighing eighty pounds; and because the laws regulating the preservation and decomposition of animal substances will not thus be swindled, they pronounce the New-York salt impure and worthless. Now there is no purer, no better salt than the New-York solar; but, even of this, fifty-six pounds will not do the work of eighty. Buy the best quality, (and even this is dog cheap,) use the proper quantity, and no salt in the world will preserve meats better than this. The New-York solar salt exhibited at Rochester could not be surpassed, and that which had been *ground* has no superior in its adaptation to the table.

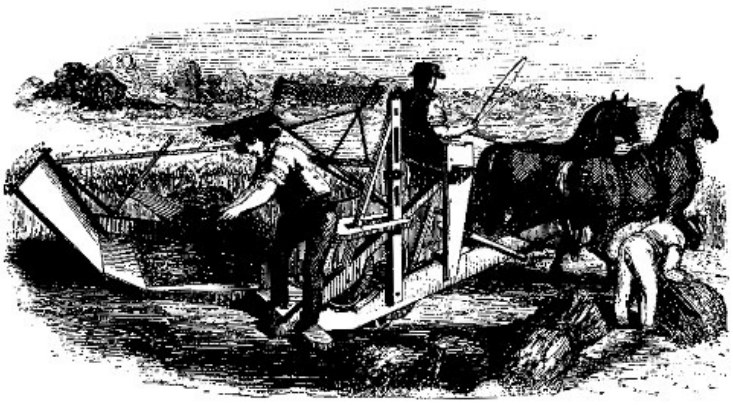
There were many tasteful Counterpanes and other products of female skill and industry exhibited, but the perpetual crowd in the 'halls' devoted to manufactures allowed no opportunity for their critical examination. Of stoves and ranges, heating and (let us be thankful for it, even at this late day) ventilating apparatus and arrangements, there was a supply; and so of daguerreotypes, trunks, harness, &c. &c. Nothing, however, arrested our attention in this hall but the specimens of Flax-Cotton and its various proportions exhibited by E. G. Roberts, assignee of Claussen's patents for the United States. We saw one intelligent influential citizen converted from skepticism to enthusiasm for flax-cotton by his first earnest examination. It *will* go inevitably. A cotton fibre scarcely distinguishable from Sea Island may be produced from flax by Claussen's process for six cents per pound; and a machine for breaking out the fibre from the unrotted stalk was exhibited by Mr. Clemmons of Springfield, Massachusetts, which is calculated materially to expedite the flax-cotton revolution. This machine renders the entire fibre, with hardly a loss of two per cent. as 'swingle-tow,' straight and wholly separated from the woody substance or 'shives,' at a cost which can hardly equal one cent per pound of dressed flax. Its operation is very simple, and any man who has seen it work a day may manage it. Its entire cost is from $125 to $200, according to size. It will be a shame to American agricultural enterprise if flax-cotton and linen are not both among our country's extensive and important products within the next three years. [Pg 443]

The department of Agricultural Machinery and Implements was decidedly the most interesting of any. No other can at all equal it in the rapidity and universality of progress from year to year. Of Plows, there cannot have been less than two hundred on the ground, exhibiting a great variety of novel excellence. One with two shares, contrived to cut two furrows at once, seemed the most useful of any recently invented. The upper share cuts and turns the sward to the depth of five inches, which is immediately buried seven inches deep by the earth turned up by the deeper share. Since it is impossible to induce one farmer in twenty to subsoil, this, as the next best thing, ought to be universally adopted.

Seed-Sowers, Corn-Planters, Reapers, Fanning-Mills, Straw-Cutters, &c., &c., were abundant, and evinced many improvements on the best of former years. A Mower with which a man, boy, and span of horses, will cut and spread ten acres per day of grass, however heavy, on tolerably level land—both cutting and spreading better than the hand-impelled scythe and stick will do—was among the new inventions; also two threshers and cleaners, each of them warranted to thresh and nearly clean, by the labor of four men, a boy, and two horses, over one hundred bushels of wheat or two hundred bushels of oats per day. The testimony of candid citizens who had used them, and the evidence of our own senses, left no doubt on our mind of the correctness of these assertions. But we do not write to commend any article, but to call attention to the great and cheering truth which underlies them all. Agriculture is a noble art, involving the knowledge of almost all the practical sciences—chemistry, geology, climatology, mechanics, &c. It is not merely progressive, but rapidly progressing, so that fifty days' labor on the same soil produce far more grain or hay now than they did half a century ago. And every year is increasing and rendering more palpable the pressing need of a Practical College, wherein Agriculture, Mechanics, and the sciences auxiliary thereto shall be ably and thoroughly taught to thousands and tens of thousands of our countrymen, who shall in turn become the disseminators of the truths thus inculcated to the youth of every county and township in the country.

And thus shall Agriculture be rendered what it should be—not only the most essential but the most intellectual and attractive among the industrial avocations of mankind.

Horace Greeley



THE VIRGINIA REAPER. Exhibited at the Crystal Palace, and the New-York State Agricultural Fair, by Cyrus H. McCormick.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

[Pg 444]

Of the large number of young men in this country who write verses, we scarcely know of one who has a more unquestionable right to the title of poet than William Ross Wallace, who has just published, in a very handsome volume, a collection of his writings, under the title of *Meditations in America*. Mr. Wallace has written other things which in their day have been sufficiently familiar to the public; in what we have to say of his capacities we shall confine ourselves to the pieces which he has himself here selected as the truest exponents of his genius, and without giving them indiscriminate praise shall hope to find in them evidences of peculiar and remarkable powers, combined with a spirit eminently susceptible to the influences of nature and of ideal and moral beauty.

Mr. Wallace is a western man, and was born in Lexington, Kentucky, in the year 1819. His father was a Presbyterian minister, of good family, and marked abilities, who died soon after, leaving the future poet to the care of a mother whose chief ambition in regard to him was that he should be so trained as to be capable of the most elevated positions in society. After the usual preparatory studies, he went first to the Bloomington College, and afterwards to the South Hanover College, in Indiana, and upon graduating at the latter institution studied the law in his native city. When about twenty-two years of age, having already acquired considerable reputation in literature, by various contributions to western and southern periodicals, he came to the Atlantic states, and with the exception of a few months passed in Philadelphia, and a year and a half in Europe, he has since resided in New-York, occupied in the practice of his profession and in the pursuits of literature. Of his numerous poetical compositions, this is the first collection, and the only volume, except *Alban, a Romance*, intended to illustrate the influence of certain prejudices of society and principles of law on individual character and destiny, which was published in 1848.

His works generally are distinguished for a sensuous richness of style, earnestness of temper, and much freedom of speculation. Throughout the *Meditations in America* we perceive that he is most

at home in the serious and stately rhythms and solemn fancies of such pieces as the hymn "To a Wind Going Seaward," "The Mounds of America," "The Chant of a Soul," &c.; but he occasionally writes in livelier and less peculiar measures.

The late Mr. Poe in his *Marginalia* refers to the following as one of the finest things in American literature; it is certainly very characteristic.

THE CHANT OF A SOUL.

My youth has gone—the glory, the delight
That gave new moons unto the night,
And put in every wind a tone
And presence that was not its own.
I can no more create,
What time the Autumn blows her solemn tromp,
And goes with golden pomp
Through our unmeasurable woods:
I can no more create, sitting in youthful state
Above the mighty floods,
And peopling glen, and wave, and air, [Pg 445]
With shapes that are immortal. Then
The earth and heaven were fair,
While only less than gods seem'd all my fellow-men.
  Oh! the delight, the gladness,
The sense yet love of madness,
The glorious choral exultations,
The far-off sounding of the banded nations,
The wings of angels at melodious sweeps
Upon the mountain's hazy steeps,—
The very dead astir within their coffin'd deeps;
The dreamy veil that wrapp'd the star and sod—
A swathe of purple, gold, and amethyst;
And, luminous behind the billowy mist,
Something that look'd to my young eyes like GOD.
  Too late I learn I have not lived aright,
And hence the loss of that delight
Which put a moon into the moonless night
I mingled in the human maze;
I sought their horrid shrine;
I knelt before the impure blaze;
I made their idols mine.
I lost mine early love—that love of balms
Most musical with solemn psalms
Sounding beneath the tall and graceful palms.
  Who lives aright?
Answer me, all ye pyramids and piles
That look like calmest power in your still might.
Ye also do I ask, O continents and isles!
Blind though with blood ye be,
Your tongues, though torn with pain, I know are free.
Then speak, all ancient masses! speak
From patient obelisk to idle peak!
There is a heaving of the plains,
A trailing of a shroud,
A clash of bolts and chains—
A low, sad voice, that comes upon me like a cloud,
    "Oh, misery, oh, misery!"—
Thou poor old Earth! no more, no more
Shall I draw speech from thee,
Nor dare thy crypts of legendary lore:
Let silence learn no tongue; let night fold every shore.
  Yet I have something left—the will,
That Mont Blanc of the soul, is towering still.
And I can bear the pain,
The storm, the old heroic chain;
And with a smile
Pluck wisdom from my torture, and give back
A love to Fate from this my mountain-rack.
I do believe the sad alone are wise;
I do believe the wrong'd alone can know
Why lives the world, why spread the burden'd skies,
And so from torture into godship grow.
Plainer and plainer beams this truth, the more
I hear the slow, dull dripping of my gore;
And now, arising from yon deep,

'Tis plain as a white statue on a tall, dark steep.
  Oh, suffering bards! oh spirits black
With storm on many a mountain-rack
Our early splendor's gone.
Like stars into a cloud withdrawn—
Like music laid asleep
In dried-up fountains—like a stricken dawn
Where sudden tempests sweep.
I hear the bolts around us falling,
And cloud to cloud forever calling:
Yet WE must nor despair nor weep.
Did WE this evil bring?
Or from our fellows did the torture spring?
Titans! forgive, forgive!
Oh, know ye not 'tis victory but to live?
Therefore I say, rejoice with harp and voice!
I know not what our fate may be:
I only know that he who hath a time
Must also have eternity:
One billow proves and gives a whole wide sea.
On this I build my trust,
And not on mountain-dust,
Or murmuring woods, or starlit clime,
Or ocean with melodious chime,
Or sunset glories in the western sky:
Enough, I *am*, and shall not choose to die.
No matter what my future fate may be:
To live is in itself a majesty!
Oh! there I may again create
Fair worlds as in my youthful state;
Or Wo may build for me a fiery tomb
Like Farinata's in the nether gloom:
Even then I will not lose the name of man
By idle moan or coward groan,
But say, "It was so written in the mighty plan!"

The next poem is in a vein of lofty contemplation, and the rhetoric is eminently appropriate and well sustained. It is one of the most striking pieces in the book.

THE MOUNDS OF AMERICA.

  Come to the mounds of death with me. They stretch
From deep to deep, sad, venerable, vast,
Graves of gone empires—gone without a sighn,
Like clouds from heaven. They stretch'd from deep to deep
Before the Roman smote his mailéd hand
On the gold portals of the dreaming East;
Before the Pleiad, in white trance of song,
Beyond her choir of stars went wandering.
  The great old Trees, rank'd on these hills of death,
Have melancholy hymns about all this;
And when the moon walks her inheritance
With slow, imperial pace, the Trees look up
And chant in solemn cadence. Come and hear.
  "Oh patient Moon! go not behind a cloud,
But listen to our words. We, too, are old,
Though not so old as thou. The ancient towns,
The cities throned far apart like queens,
The shadowy domes, the realms majestical,
Slept in thy younger beams. In every leaf
We hold their dust, a king in every trunk.
We, too, are very old: the wind that wails
In our broad branches, from swart Ethiop come
But now, wail'd in our branches long ago,
Then come from darken'd Calvary. The Hills
Lean'd ghastly at the tale that wan Wind told;
The Streams crept shuddering through the tremulous dark;
The Torrent of the North, from morn till eve,
On his steep ledge hung pausing; and o'er all
Such silence fell, we heard the conscious Rills
Drip slowly in the caves of central Earth.
So were the continents by His crownéd grief
Together bound, before that Genoese
Flamed on the dim Atlantic: so have we,
Whose aspect faced the scene, unchallenged right

Of language unto all, while memory holds.
"O patient Moon! go not behind a cloud,
But hear our words. We know that thou didst see
The whole that we could utter—thou that wert
A worship unto realms beyond the flood—
But we are very lonesome on these mounds,
And speech doth make the burden of sad thought
Endurable; while these, the people new,
That take our land, may haply learn from us
What wonder went before them; for no word
E'er came from thee, so beautiful, so lone.
Throned in thy still domain, superbly calm
And silent as a god.
Here empires rose and died;
Their very dust, beyond the Atlantic borne
In the pale navies of the charter'd wind,
Stains the white Alp. Here the proud city ranged
Spire after spire, like star ranged after star
Along the dim empyrean, till the air
Went mad with splendor, and the dwellers cried,
"Our walls have married Time!"—Gone are the marts,
The insolent citadels, the fearful gates,
The pictured domes that curved like starry skies;
Gone are their very names! The royal Ghost
Cannot discern the old imperial haunts,
But goes about perplexéd like a mist
Between a ruin and the awful stars.
Nations are laid beneath our feet. The bard
Who stood in Song's prevailing light, as stands
The apocalyptic angel in the sun,
And rained melodious fire on all the realms;
The prophet pale, who shuddered in his gloom,
As the white cataract shudders in its mist;
The hero shattering an old kingdom down
With one clear trumpet's will: the Boy, the Sage,
Subject and Lord, the Beautiful, the Wise—
Gone, gone to nothingness.
The years glide on,
The pitiless years! and all alike shall fail,
State after State rear'd by the solemn sea,
Or where the Hudson goes unchallenged past
The ancient warder of the Palisades,
Or where, rejoicing o'er the enormous cloud,
Beam the blue Alleghanies—all shall fail:
The Ages chant their dirges on the peaks;
The palls are ready in the peopled vales;
And nations fill one common sepulchre.
Nor goes the Earth on her dark way alone.
Each star in yonder vault doth hold the dead
In its funereal deeps: Arcturus broods
Over vast sepulchres that had grown old
Before the earth was made: the universe
Itself is but one mighty cemetery
Rolling around its central, solemn sun.

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"O patient Moon! go not behind a cloud,
But listen to our words. We, too, must die—
And thou!—the vassal stars shall fail to hear
Thy queenly voice over the azure fields
Calling at sunset. They shall fade. The Earth
Shall look and miss their sweet, familiar eyes,
And, crouching, die beneath the feet of God.
Then come the glories, then the nobler times,
For which the Orbs travail'd in sorrow; then
The mystery shall be clear, the burden gone;
And surely men shall know why nations came
Transfigured for the pangs; why not a spot
Of this wide world but hath a tale of wo;
Why all this glorious universe is Death's.
"Go, Moon! and tell the stars, and tell the suns,
Impatient of the wo, the strength of him
Who doth consent to death; and tell the climes
That meet thy mournful eyes, one after one,
Through all the lapses of the lonesome night,
The pathos of repose, the might of Death!"
The voice is hush'd; the great old wood is still:

The Moon, like one in meditation, walks
Behind a cloud. We, too, have them for thought,
While, as a sun, GOD takes the West of Time
And smites the pyramid of Eternity.
The shadow lengthens over many worlds
Doom'd to the dark mausoleum and mound.

We do not remember any poem on Mahomet finer than the following:

EL AMIN.

Who is this that comes from Hara? not in kingly pomp and pride,
But a great, free son of Nature, lion-souled and eagle-eyed!

Who is this before whose presence idols tumble to the sod?
While he cries out—"Allah Akbar! and there is no god but God!"
Wandering in the solemn desert, he has wondered like a child
Not as yet too proud to wonder, at the sun, and star, and wild.

"Oh, thou moon! who made thy brightness? Stars! who hung you there on
high?
Answer! so my soul may worship: I must worship or die!"

Then there fell the brooding silence that precedes the thunder's roll;
And the old Arabian Whirlwind called another Arab soul.

Who is this that comes from Hara? not in kingly pomp and pride,
But a great, free son of Nature, lion-souled and eagle-eyed!

He has stood and seen Mount Hara to the Awful Presence nod;
He has heard from cloud and lightning—"Know there is no god but God!"

Call ye this man an imposter? He was called "The Faithful," when,
A boy, he wandered o'er the deserts, by the wild-eyed Arab men.

He was always called "The Faithful." Truth he knew was Allah's breath;
But the Lie went darkly gnashing through the corridors of Death.

"He was fierce!" Yes! fierce at falsehood—fierce at hideous bits of wood,
That the Koreish taught the people made the sun and solitude.

But his heart was also gentle, and Affection's graceful palm,
Waving in his tropic spirit, to the weary brought a balm.

"Precepts?" "Have on each compassion:" "Lead the stranger to your door:"
"In your dealings keep up justice:" "Give a tenth unto the poor."

"Yet ambitious!" Yes! ambitious—while he heard the calm and sweet
Aiden-voices sing—to trample troubled Hell beneath his feet.

"Islam?" Yes! "Submit to Heaven!" "Prophet?" To the East thou art!
What are prophets but the trumpets blown by God to stir the heart?

And the great heart of the desert stirred unto that solemn strain,
Rolling from the trump at Hara over Error's troubled main.

And a hundred dusky millions honor still El Amin's rod—
Daily chanting—"Allah Akbar! know there is no god but God!"

Call him then no more "Impostor." Mecca is the Choral Gate
Where, till Zion's noon shall take them, nations in her morning wait.

Mr. Wallace has published a few songs. They have not the stately movement of his other pieces, and the one which follows needs the application of the file; but it is, like the others, very spirited:

AVELINE.

——The sunny eyes of the maiden fair
Give answer better than voice or pen
That as he loves he is loved again.—C. C. LEEDS.

Love me dearly, love me dearly with your heart and with your eyes;
Whisper all your sweet emotions, as they gushing, blushing rise;
Throw your soft white arms about me;
Say you cannot live without me:
Say, you are my Aveline; say, that you are only mine,
That you cannot live without me, young and rosy Aveline!

Love me dearly, dearly, dearly: speak you love-words silver-clearly,
So I may not doubt thus early of your fondness, of your truth.
Press, oh! press your throbbing bosom closely, warmly to my own:
Fix your kindled eyes on mine—say you live for me alone,
While I fix my eyes on thine,
Lovely, trusting, artless, plighted; plighted, rosy Aveline!

Love me dearly; love me dearly: radiant dawn upon my gloom:
Ravish me with Beauty's bloom:—
Tell me "Life has yet a glory: 'tis not all an idle story!"
As a gladdened vale in noonlight; as a weary lake in moonlight,
Let me in thy love recline:
Show me life has yet a splendor in my tender Aveline.

Love me dearly, dearly, dearly with your heart and with your eyes:
Whisper all your sweet emotions as they gushing, blushing rise.
Throw your soft white arms around me; say you *lived not* till you found me—
Say it, say it, Aveline! whisper you are only mine;
That you cannot live without me, as you throw your arms about me,
That you *cannot* live without me, artless, rosy Aveline!

Our limits will not permit us to quote any of the remaining poems of this volume in full, and we conclude our extracts with a few passages penciled while in a hasty reading. In the piece entitled The Kings of Sorrow, the poet sings:

Was He not sad amid the grief and strife, the Lord of light and life,
Whose torture made humanity divine, upon that woful hill of Palestine?
Then is it not far better thus to be, thoughtful, and brave, and melancholy,
Than given up to idle revelry, amid the unreligious brood of folly?
For our sorrow is a worship, worship true, and pure, and calm,
Sounding from the choir of duty like a high, heroic psalm,
In its very darkness bearing to the bleeding heart a balm.
Brothers, we must have no wailing: do we agonize alone?
Look at all the pallid millions; hear a universal moan,
From the mumbling, low-browed Bushman to a Lytton on his throne.
Nor shall we have coward faltering: Brothers! we must be sublime
By due labor at the forges blazing in the cave of Time;
Knowing life was made for duty, and that only cowards prate
Of a search for Happy Valley and the hard decrees of fate:
Seeing through this night of mourning all the future as a star,
And a joy at last appearing on the centuries afar,
When the meaning of the sorrow, when the mystery shall be plain,
When the Earth shall see her rivers roll through Paradise again.
O! the vision gives to sorrow something white and purple-plumed:
Even the hurricane of Evil comes a hurricane perfumed.

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In the same:

... The Storm is silent while we speak;
The awe-struck Cloud hath paused above the peak;
The far Volcano statlier waves on high
His smoking censer to the solemn sky;
And see, the troubled Ocean folds his hands
With a great patience on the yellow sands.

In Rest:

So rest! and Rest shall slay your many woes;
Motion is god-like—god-like is repose,
A mountain-stillness, of majestic might,
Whose peaks are glorious with the quiet light
Of suns when Day is at his solemn close.
Nor deem that slumber must ignoble be.
Jove labored lustily once in airy fields;
And over the cloudy lea
He planted many a budding shoot
Whose liberal nature daily, nightly yields
A store of starry fruit.
His labor done, the weary god went back
Up the long mountain track
To his great house; there he did wile away
With lightest thought a well-won holiday;
For all the Powers crooned softly an old tune
Wishing their Sire might sleep
Through all the sultry noon
And cold blue night;
And very soon

They heard the awful Thunderer breathing low and deep.
And in the hush that dropped adown the spheres,
And in the quiet of the awe-struck space,
The worlds learned worship at the birth of years:
They looked upon their Lord's calm, kingly face.
And bade Religion come and kiss each starry place.

In the same:

See what a languid glory binds
The long dim chambers of the darkling West,
While far below yon azure river winds
Like a blue vein on sleeping Beauty's breast.

In The Gods of Old:

Not realmless sit the ancient gods
  Upon their mountain-thrones
In that old glorious Grecian Heaven
  Of regal zones.
A languor o'er their stately forms
  May lie,
And a sorrow on their wide white brows,
  King-dwellers of the sky!
But theirs is still that large imperial throng
  Of starry thoughts and firm but quiet wills,
That murmured past the blind old King of Song,
  When staring round him on the Thunderer's hills.

In the same:

  ... Still Love, sublime, shall wrap
His awful eyebrows in Olympian shrouds.
  Or take along the Heaven's dark wilderness
His thunder-chase behind the hunted clouds.
And mortal eyes upturned shall behold
Apollo's robe of gold
Sweep through the long blue corridor of the sky
That, kindling, speaks its Deity:
And He, the Ruler of the Sunless Land
  Of restless ghosts, shall fitfully illume
With smouldering fires, that stir in caverned eyes,
  Hell's mournful House of Gloom.

In the Hymn to a Wind, Going Seaward:

Move on! Move on,
Wind of the wide wild West! Tell thou to all
The Isles, tell thou to all the Continents
The grandeur of my land! Speak of its vales
Where Independence wears a pastoral wreath
Amid the holy quiet of his flock;
And of its mountains with their cloudy beards
Tossed by the breath of centuries; and speak
Of its tall cataracts that roll their bass
  Amid the choral of the midnight storms;
And of its rivers lingering through the plains
So long, that they seem made to measure time;
And of its lakes that mock the haughty sea;
And of its caves where banished gods might find
Night large enough to hide their crownless heads;
And of its sunsets broad and glorious there
O'er Prairies spread like endless oceans on—
And on—and on—over the far dim leagues
Till vision shudders o'er immensity.

In the same:

——Troubled France
Shall listen to thy calm deep voice, and learn
That Freedom must be calm if she would fix
Her mountain moveless in a heaving world.

In a Chant to the East:

Still! Oh still!
  Despite of passion, sin, and ill,

Despite of all this weary world hath brought,
  An angel band from Zion's holy hill
Walks gently through the open gate of Thought.
Oh, still! Oh, still!
Despite of passion, sin, and ill,
One in red vesture comes in sorrow's time—
One crowned with thorns from that far Orient clime,
Who pitying looks on me
And gently asks, "Poor man, what aileth thee?"

In the same:

The nations must forever turn to thee,
  Feeling thy lustrous presence from afar;
And feed upon thy splendor as a sea
  Feeds on the shining shadow of a star.

In Wordsworth:

And many a brook shall murmur in my verse;
And many an ocean join his cloudy bass;
And many a mountain tower aloft, whereon
The black storm crouches, with his deep-red eyes
Glaring upon the valleys stretch'd below;
And many a green wood rock the small, bright birds
To musical sleep beneath the large, full moon;
And many a star shall lift on high her cup
Of luminous cold chrysolite, set in gold
Chased subtilely over by angelic art;
To catch the odorous dews which poets drink
In their wide wanderings; and many a sun
Shall press the pale lips of the timorous morn
Couch'd in the bridal east: and over all
Will brood the visible presence of the One
To whom my life has been a solemn chant.

In the Last Words of Washington:

There is an awful stillness in the sky,
When after wondrous deeds and light supreme,
A star goes out in golden prophecy.
There is an awful stillness in the world,
When after wondrous deeds and light supreme,
Sceptres refused and forehead crowned with truth,
A Hero dies, with all the future clear
Before him, and his voice made jubilant
By coming glories, and his nation hushed,
As though they heard the farewell of a god.
A great man is to earth as God to Heaven.

In Greenwood Cemetery:

O, ye whose mouldering frames were brought and placed
By pious hands within these flowery slopes
And gentle hills, where are ye dwelling now?
For man is more than element! The soul
Lives in the body as the sunbeam lives
In trees or flowers that were but clay without.
Then where are ye, lost sunbeams of the mind?
Are ye where great Orion towers and holds
Eternity on his stupendous front?
Or where pale Neptune in the distant space
Shows us how far, in his creative mood,
With pomp of silence and concentred brows,
The Almighty walked? Or haply ye have gone
Where other matter roundeth into shapes
Of bright beatitude: Or do ye know
Aught of dull space or time, and its dark load
Of aching weariness?

Mr. Wallace is somewhat too much of a rhetorician, and he has a few defects of manner which, from this frequent repetition, he seems to regard as beauties. Peculiar phrases, of doubtful propriety, but which have a musical roll, occur in many of his poems, so that they become very prominent; this fault, however, belongs chiefly to his earlier pieces; the extracts we have given, we think will amply vindicate to the most critical judgments, the praise here awarded to him as a poet of singular and unusual powers, original, earnest, and in a remarkable degree *national*. It can scarcely be said of any of our bards that they have caught their inspiration more directly from

observation and experience, or that their effusions, whatever the distinction they have in art, are more genuine in feeling.

AMERICA AS ABUSED BY A GERMAN.

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Having made it a point to faithfully report all that is said of our country by foreign travellers or journalists, we deem it a duty to lay before our readers not only the more agreeable accounts given by those who have impartially examined our institutions and manners, but also the more prejudiced relations of those who, urged by interest or ill-nature, have sketched simply the darker and more irregular outlines. And we are the more induced to follow this course since we are fully convinced that it is productive of equal good with the former. We have—particularly to English eyes—appeared as a people who eagerly devour all that is said to our discredit, and at the same time fiercely repudiate the slightest insinuation that we in any thing fall short of perfection. As regards the latter, we shall content ourselves with remarking, that even the disposition to deny the existence of imperfection among us, redounds far more to our credit, than the complacent exaltation of our weaker points to virtues; while as to the former, we are certain that a higher feeling than mere nervous, sensitive vanity, induces in us the desire

"To see ourselves as others see us,"

since there is no nation which more readily avails itself of the remarks of others, even when by far too bitter or unjust to improve. True to our national character of youthfulness, we are ever ready to act on every hint. We are, *par excellence*, a *learning* nation. Send even the *young* Englishman on his continental tour, and the chances are ten to one that he returns with every prejudice strengthened, and his vanity increased. But the American—ductile as wax, evinces himself even at an advanced period of life, susceptible of improvement, yet firm in its retention. That we earnestly strive in every respect to improve is evident from many "little things" which foreigners ridicule. For instance, the habitual use of "fine language," and the attempt to clothe even our ordinary trains of thought in an elegant garb, which has been time and again cruelly ridiculed by Yankee goaders, is to a reflecting mind suggestive of commendation, from the very fact, that an attempt at least is made *to improve*. Better a thousand times the impulse to progress, even through the whirlwinds of hyperbole and inflated expression, than the heavy miasma of a patois, the lightest breath of which at once proclaims the cockney or provincial.

For the entertainment of those who are willing to live, laugh, and learn, we are induced to give our readers a few extracts from a recently published work, by a German, entitled, *Skizzen aus den Vereinigten Staaten von Nord Amerika: Von* Dr. A. Kirsten, (or, *Sketches of the United States of North America*, by Dr. A. Kirsten,) a work in which the author, after exhausting all the three-penny thunder of ignorant abuse, coolly informs his readers, that he has by no means represented things in their worst light. The American public at large are not aware that among the rulers of Germany, emigration to America is sternly yet anxiously discouraged. Rejoiced as they are to behold our country a receptacle for the sweepings of their prisons and *Fuchthaüser*, or houses of correction, they still gaze with an alarmed glance at the almost incredible "forth-wandering" which has at times depopulated entire villages, and borne with it an amount of wealth, which, trifling as it may appear to us, is in a land of economy and poverty of immense importance. The reader who judges of Germany by Great Britain and Ireland, is mistaken. That emigration which is to the government of the latter countries health and safety, brings to the former death and destruction. As a proof of this, we need only point to the tone of all the German papers which are in any manner connected with the interests of their respective courts. In all we find the old song: Depreciation of America, as far as applicable to the prevention of emigration. To accomplish this end, writers are hired and poets feed; remedies against emigration are proposed by political economists, and where possible, even clergymen are induced to persuade their flocks to nibble still in the ancient stubble, or among the same old barren rocks.

Dr. Kirsten, it would appear, is either a natural and habitual grumbler, or a paid hireling. If the former, we can only pity—if the latter, despise him. Could our voice be heard by his patrons, we would, however, advise them to employ a better grumbler—one who can wield lance and sword against his foes, instead of mops and muddy water. A weaker lancer, or more impotent and impudent abuser, has rarely appeared, even among our earlier English decriers.

Like many other weak-minded individuals, the Herr Doctor appears to have started under the fullest conviction that our country was, if not a true "*Schlaraffen Land*," or *Pays de Cocagne*, or Mahomet's Paradise, in which pigeons ready roasted fly to the mouth, at least a realized *Icarie*, or perfected Fourier-dom. All the books which he had read, relative to America, described it in glowing colors, and inclined his mind favorably toward it. Such was his faith in these books, or also so great his fear, that these glorious dreams might be dissipated, that he did not even ascertain or confirm their truth by the personal experience of those who had been there, and we are informed naively enough in the preface, that previous to his departure he had but once had an opportunity of conversing with an educated German, who had resided for a long time in America. Such weak heedlessness as this does not, to our ears at least, savor of the characteristic prudence and deliberation of the German, and strongly confirms us in the belief, that the doctor wandered [Pg 449] forth well knowing what he was about—in other words, that he went his way with his opinions already cut and dried.

"After an eight weeks' voyage I arrived in New-York. It was at the end of August. Even in the vicinity of the Gulf Stream a terrible heat oppressed us, which increased as we approached land; but it was in that city that I became aware of what the heat in America really was. Many visits which I was obliged to make, caused during the day a cruel exhaustion, while at night I found no refreshment in slumber, partly because the heat was hardly diminished, and partly from the musquitoes, and to me unaccustomed alarms of fire, which were nightly repeated, from which I found that life in America was by no means so agreeable as I had been led to infer from books and popular report."

From the single, mysterious, educated German with whom the doctor had conferred previous to his departure, he had learned that, in the United States, any thing like marked distinction of class, rank, or caste, did not exist; and that this was particularly the case among Germans living there. "The educated and refined knew how to draw into their society the less gifted, and it was really singular to observe in how short a time the latter rose to a higher degree of culture. People actually destitute of knowledge and manners, in fact could not be found. Moreover, I there anticipated a southern climate, for which I had some years longed."

How miserably the poor doctor was disappointed in these moderate and reasonable anticipations, appears from the following lamentable account:

"Ere long I, indeed, became acquainted with many Germans, who received me in the kindest manner, and of whom recollections will ever be dear to me. But this was not the case with the Americans, as I had been led to anticipate, nor indeed with the Germans, generally. Among these I found neither connection nor unity, and they mostly led a life such as I had in Germany never met with, while nothing like social cultivation, in a higher sense, was to be found. Led into the society of those who by day were devoted to business, but in the evening scattered themselves, here and there, without a point of union, I found myself in the noisy, but pleasure-wanting city, forlorn and unwell. Many, to whom I complained of what I missed in New-York, thought that it might be found in Philadelphia."

But even in Philadelphia our pilgrim found not the promised Paradise, where there was no distinction of rank or family, and where the more educated and refined would eagerly adopt him, the lowly brother, into their Icarian circle. Neither did he discover the golden tropical region—the southern heaven—for which his soul had longed for years. Alas! no. "After a residence of four weeks in New-York, I repaired to Philadelphia, and there found that among the Germans, things were the same as in New-York—*in fact, there was even less unity among them*." But although the doctor did not discover any Germans inspired with the sublime spirit of harmony, he certainly appears to have met with several who had acquired the American virtue of common sense.

"A German who had been for a long time resident in the United States asserted that he had, as yet, met with no fellow-countryman, who had been in the beginning satisfied with America. Others were of the opinion, that I would first be pleased with the country when I had found a profitable employment. *And some others, that I would never be satisfied.*"

And so the doctor, ever dependent on others for happiness, looked here and there, like the pilgrim after Aden, or the hero of the Morning Watch, for the ideal of his dreams. The so-called entirely German towns in Pennsylvania were German only in name. The heat disgusted him with the south —the cold with the north. After residing nine months in Poughkeepsie, he returned to New-York, and there remained for some time, occupied, as it would appear, solely with acquiring information. This residence at an end, he returned to Germany.

We pass over the first chapters of his work, devoted to an ordinary account of the climate, animals, and plants of the country, to a more interesting picture, namely—its inhabitants. From this we learn that the American is cold, dry, and monosyllabic, in his demeanor and conversation. During his return to Germany he was delayed for a period of something less than nine days at Falmouth, England, where, during his daily walks, he experienced that in comparison with us the English are amiable, communicative, and agreeable. Indeed, he found that when, during a promenade in America, strangers returned his greetings, these polite individuals were invariably Britons, "which proves that while in more recent times, the English have assumed or approached the customs of other nations, the Americans have remained true to the character and being of the earlier emigrants, and are at present totally distinct from the English of to-day.

"This is especially shown by the demeanor of Americans towards foreigners, and nearly as much so by their conduct to one another. Regard them where we will, they are ever the same. In the larger or the smaller towns, in the streets or in the country, every one goes his own way without troubling himself about others, and without saluting those with whom he is unacquainted. Never do we see neighbors associating with each other; and neighborly friendship is here unknown. If acquaintances meet, they nod to each other, or the one murmurs, '*How do you do?*' while the [Pg 450] other replies, '*Very well*,' without delaying an instant, unless business affairs require a conversation. This concluded, they depart without a word, unless, indeed, as an exception, they wish each other good morning, or evening. Nor are they less distant in hotels, or during journeys in railroad cars and steamboats."—"Continued conversations, in which several take part, are extremely rare. Any one speaking frequently to a stranger, at table or during a journey, runs the risk not merely of being regarded as impertinent, but as entertaining dishonest views; and, indeed, one should invariably be on his guard against Americans who manifest much friendliness, since, in this manner, pickpockets are accustomed to make their advances.

"In a corresponding degree this coldness of disposition is manifested towards more intimate acquaintances. Never do we observe among friends a deep and heart-inspired, or even a confiding

relationship. Nay, this is not even to be found among members of the same family. The son or the daughter, who has not for several days seen his or her parents, returns and enters the room without a greeting, or without any signs of joy being manifested by either. Or else the salutation is given and returned in such a manner that scarcely a glance passes between the parties. The direst calamities are imparted and listened to with an apathy evincing no signs of emotion, and a great disaster, occurring on a railroad or steamboat, in the United States, excites in Germany more attention and sympathy than in the former country, even when friends and perhaps relatives have thereby suffered. Even the loss of a member of the family is hardly manifested by the survivors."

In a recent English work we were indeed complimented for our *patience*, but it was reserved for Doctor Kirsten to discover in us, this degree of iron-hearted, immovable, *nil admirarism*. But when he goes on to assert that "in the most deadly peril—in such moments as those which precede the anticipated explosion of a steamboat boiler, even their ladies preserve the same repose and equanimity," so that any expression from a stranger is coldly listened to, without producing evident impression, *our* surprise is changed to wonder, and we are tempted to inquire, Can it be possible, that we are such Spartans—endowed with such superior human stoicism?

"This coldness of the American is legibly impressed on his features. In both sexes we frequently meet with pretty, and occasionally beautiful, faces; but seldom, however, do we perceive in either, aught cheerful or attractive. In place thereof we observe, even in the fairest, a certain earnestness, verging towards coldness. From the great majority of faces we should judge that no emotion could be made to express itself upon them, and such is truly the case.

"That the nearest acquaintances address each other with *Sir* and *Master*, or *Miss* and *Mistress*, and that husband and wife, parents and children, yes, even the children themselves employ these titles to each other, has undoubtedly much to do with their marked and cold demeanor. But this must have a deeper ground than that merely caused by the use of distant forms of salutation.

"And yet, the Americans are by no means of a bad disposition, since they are neither crafty and treacherous, nor revengeful, nor even prone to distrust; on the contrary, quite peaceable, and by the better classes, there is much charity for apparent misery; seldom does one suffering with bodily ailments leave the house of a wealthy man without being munificently aided; the which charity is silently extended to him, without a sign of emotion. Those who are capable of work—no matter what the cause of their sufferings may be, seldom receive alms, for the Americans go upon the principle that work is not disgraceful, and without reflecting that the applicant may not have been accustomed to work, refuse in any manner to aid him. If any man want work, he can apply to the overseers of the poor, who are obliged to receive him in a poor-house, and maintain him until he find such. Much is done at the state's expense for the aged, sick, and insane."

After this our doctor lets fall a few flattering drops of commendation by way of admitting that this iron immobility of the American is not without its good points, but fearing that he has spoken too favorably, he brings up the chapter by remarking that—

"The here-mentioned good traits in the American character can, however, by no means overbalance or destroy the evil impression which their coldness produces, but merely soften it."

From our appearance and deportment he proceeds to a bold, hasty, and remarkably superficial criticism of education in America. The father of a family in America, we are informed, is occupied with business from morning to night, and leaves all care for the education and training of his children to the mother, who is, however, generally quite incapable to fulfil such duty. No teacher dare correct a child, for fear of incurring legal punishment, in consequence of which they grow up destitute of decency, order, or obedience. Some few, indeed, find their way eventually into academies and colleges, which are not so badly managed; but, as for school-boys, since there is no one to insure their regular attendance at school, they play truant *à discrétion*. As for the children of the lower and middle classes, they pass their boyhood in idleness, and grow up in ignorance, until at a later period they enter into business, when they are compelled to perfect themselves in the arts of reading and writing, yet they quickly acquire the business spirit of their fathers. [Pg 451]

"The education of the girls is, however, of an entirely different nature. On them the mothers expend much care and trouble, which is, however, of the most perverted kind, since it is in its nature entirely external. Before all, do they seek to give them an air of decency and culture, which is, nevertheless, more apparent than real. In accordance with the republican spirit of striving after equality, every mother—no matter how poor, or how low her rank may be—desires to bring her daughter up in such a manner that she may be inferior in respectability and external culture to no one." "In fact, the daughters of the poorest workman bear themselves like those of the richest merchant. In their mien we see a pride flashing forth, which can hardly be surpassed by that of the haughtiest daughters of the highest German nobility. And that their daughters may in every respect equal those of others, we see poor men lavishing upon them their last penny; and while the boys run in the streets, covered with ragged and dirty fragments of clothing, the sisters wear bonnets with veils, bearing parasols, and while at school, short dresses and drawers."

After this fearful announcement, we are informed, that the poor girls profit as little in school as their unhappy brothers, and that no regard is paid to their future destiny.

"Even after the maiden has left school, her mother instructs her in no feminine employment, not even in domestic affairs, and least of all, in cookery. While the former lives, and the daughter remains unmarried, she (the mother,) attends to housekeeping, as far as the word can be taken in the German sense, while her daughter passes the time in reading, more frequently with bedecking herself, but generally in idleness. When the daughter, however, marries, we may well imagine how

a house is managed in such hands. The principal business henceforth is self-adornment and housekeeping. All imaginable care is bestowed upon these branches, but none whatever on any other. Cookery is of the lowest grade; nearly every day sees the same dishes, and those, also, which are prepared with the least trouble. Very frequently, indeed, the husbands are obliged to prepare their meals before and after their business hours. Knitting and spinning, either in town or country, is unknown; only manufactured or woven stockings are worn, and shirts are generally purchased ready-made in the shops." "Washing is the only work which they undertake, and this is done by young ladies of wealthy family. This takes place every Monday, for there are very few families who own linen sufficient for more than a single week's wear.

"So long as the father lives, his daughters stick to him, useless as they are, and heavy as the burden may be to him. It is *his* business to see where the money comes from wherewith to nourish and decently clothe them: on this account the servant girls in America generally consist of Irish, Germans, and blacks. Even these, taking pattern from their mistresses, refuse to perform duties which are expected from every housemaid in Germany—for examples, boot-brushing, clothes-cleaning, and the bringing of water across the way, as well as street and step-cleaning; for which reason we often see respectable men performing these duties."

From this terrible plague of daughters, and daughterly extravagance, the doctor finds that poorer men in America are by no means as well off as would be imagined from their high wages. "The father with many daughters, so far from advancing in wealth, generally falls behind. Fearing the cost of a family, many men remain unmarried, and in no country in the world are there so many old maids as in the United States." From which the author finds that dreadful instances of immorality and infanticide result.

Filial duty, he asserts, is unknown. When the son proposes emigration to another place, or the undertaking of a new business, he announces it to his father "perhaps the evening before; while the daughters act in like manner as regards marriage, or, it may be, mention it to him for the first time after it has really taken place—from which the custom results that parents give their children no part of their property before death. Nothing is known of a true family life, in which parents are intimately allied to children, or brothers and sisters to each other." We spare our readers the sneer at those writers who have praised the Americans in their domestic relations, with which this veracious, high-minded, and unprejudiced chapter concludes.

In science and art, we are sunk, it seems, almost beneath contempt; the former being cultivated only so far as it is conducive to money-making. The professions of Divinity, Law, and Medicine, are badly and superficially taught and acquired. "There are, indeed," says the doctor, "in New-York and Philadelphia, institutions where the student has opportunities of becoming, if he will, an excellent physician; but these are far from being well patronized."

As regards general education, he asserts that, though a few professors in our colleges are highly educated men, this cannot be said of their pupils, since the latter set no value on knowledge not directly profitable, "and the backward condition of ancient languages, natural science, even geography, history and statistics, save as applicable to their own country, is really a matter of wonder."

But in the fine arts, it appears, we are sunk so far beneath contempt that we really wonder that the doctor should have found it, in this particular, worth while to abuse us. "There are but two monuments in all America worthy of mention, and both are in Baltimore. Philadelphia and New-York have nothing of the kind to show, though each city possesses two public squares or parks [Pg 452] planted with trees, which are well adapted to receive such works of art, and where the eye sadly misses them." "Public and private collections of statues and pictures are altogether wanting, and the walls of the rich are generally devoid of paintings and copper-plate engravings. What they have generally consists of family portraits, or those of Washington and other presidents. But to dazzle the eye, we find in the possession of the wealthy, the most worthless pictures in expensive gold frames. Of late years a public gallery has been established in New-York for the sale of such productions. As far however as the works of native artists are concerned, we find among them none inspired by high art; on the contrary, they are generally, to the last degree, mediocre affairs, or mere daubs (*wahre Kleckserеien*) not worth hanging up; the better however are exaggerated and unnatural both in subject and color. This is also the case with most of the copper-plate engravings exposed for sale in the French shop-windows, and which appear almost as if manufactured in Paris expressly for the American taste. The inferior appreciation of art in the Americans and their delight in extravagance is particularly shown in the political caricatures, which are entirely deficient in all refined wit, consisting either of stupid allusions to eminent men or party leaders, or direct and clumsy exaggerations."

By way of amends for all this abuse, our author admits that we excel in all practical arts and labor-saving inventions. "But in proportion to the backward state of the fine arts, is the advance which the Americans have made in all pertaining to mechanics, and technical art. Particular attention is paid to the supplanting of hand labor by machinery. Even the most trifling apparatus or tool is constructed with regard to practical use, and it only needs a more careful observation of this to convince us that in all such matters they have the advantage of Germany.

"It is often truly startling to see how simply and usefully those articles used in business are constructed—for example, the one-horse cars (*drays or trucks?*) and hand-carts, employed in conveying merchandise to and from stores. As a proof how far the Americans have advanced in mechanic arts, we may mention that high houses, of wood or brick, several stories high and entire, are transported on rollers to places several feet distant. Occasionally, to add a story, the house is

raised by screws into the air and the building substructed. In either case the family remains quietly dwelling therein."

But alas, even these few rays of commendatory comfort vanish in the dark, after reflection, that it is precisely this ingenuity and enterprise in business and practical matters which unfits us for all the kinder and more social duties, and renders us insensible to every soothing and refining influence. No allowance for past events, unavoidable circumstances, or our possible future destiny, appears to cross the doctor's mind. All is dark and desolate. True, every man of high and low degree—the laborer and shop-man—the lawyer and clergyman, pause in the street to study any mechanical novelty which meets their eye—but ere they do this the doctor is mindful to suggest *that they pass picture shop-windows without deigning to glance therein*. The professions are studied like trades, and in matters of criminal law our condition is truly deplorable. It happened not many months since, he informs us, that the publisher of a slanderous New-York paper, was castigated by a lady, with a hunting whip, in Broadway, at noon. The said lady had been (according to custom) unjustly and cruelly abused in the journal referred to. So great was her irritation that she actually followed the editor along the streets, lashing him continually. But the *finale* of this startling incident consists of the fact that the lady, on pleading guilty, was fined six cents.

There is an obscurity attached to his manner of narrating this anecdote, which leaves the opinion of the author a little uncertain. Six cents would in some parts of Germany be a serious fine, worthy of appeal, mercy, and abatement. In different parts of Suabia and even Baden, notices may be seen posted up, in which the commission of certain local offences is prohibited by fines ranging from four to twelve cents. On the whole, as a zealous defender of the purity and dignity of woman, when unjustly assailed, we are inclined to think that the author sides with *the* LADY.

But we need not follow the doctor further in his career of discontent and prejudice. Before concluding, we would however caution the reader against supposing that he expresses views in any degree accordant with the feelings and opinions of his countrymen. The best, the most numerous, the most impartial, and we may add, by far the most favorable works on America, are from German pens. In confirmation of our assertion that his work is unfavorably regarded at home we may adduce the fact that it has been severely handled by excellent reviewers among them; take for example the following, from the Leipzig *Central Blatt*. After favorably noticing the late excellent work of QUENTIN on the United States, he proceeds to say of the doctor's *Sketches*, that

"HERR KIRSTEN seems to desire to be that for North America, which *Nicolai* of noted memory was in his own time for Italy. Already, on arrival, we find him in ill temper, caused by the excessive heat, which ill-humor is aggravated by his being obliged to make many calls by day, and *the musquitoes and alarms of fire which disturbed his slumbers during the night*. In other places he was no better pleased. [Pg 453]

"The Germans were disagreeable on account of their want of unity, the Americans from their coldness—in short, he missed home life—could not accustom himself to the new country, and returned after a sojourn of less than two years to Germany. In 'sketches,' resulting from such circumstances, we naturally encounter only the darker side of American life. Much may indeed be true of what he asserts regarding the natural capabilities, climate, soil, and inhabitants of the land, the manners and customs of the latter, their common and party spirit, education of children, and the condition of science and art; but particulars are either too hastily generalized, or else the better points, as for example, the characteristic traits of the people, their extraordinary progress in physical and mental culture, and the excellent management of the country, are either entirely omitted or receive by far too slight notice. His narrow-minded and ill-natured disposition to find fault is also shown by his reproaching the Americans with faults which they share in common with every nation in America, *ourselves included*, as, for example, excesses committed by political partisans. Still, the book may not be entirely without value, at least to those who see every thing on the other side of the water only in a rosy light, and believe that the German emigrant as soon as his foot touches shore, enters a state of undisturbed happiness."

So much for the critical doctor's popularity at home. In conclusion, we may remark that our main object in this notice, in addition to amusing our readers, has been to prove by this exception, and the displeasure which it excites in Germany, the rule, that by the writers of that country our own has been almost invariably well spoken of. And we have deemed these remarks the more requisite, lest some reader might casually infer that Dr. Kirsten expressed the views and sentiments of any considerable number of his countrymen.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE MR. COOPER.—HIS LAST DAYS.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL.

BY JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D., LL. D.

NEW-YORK, *October 1st, 1851.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I readily comply with your wish that I should furnish you with such reminiscences of

the late Mr. Cooper as occur to me, although the pressure of professional engagements absolutely forbids such details as I would gladly record. For nearly thirty years I have been the occasional medical adviser, and always the ardent personal friend of the illustrious deceased; but our intercourse has been so fragmentary, owing to the distance we have lived apart, and the busy lives we have both led, that the impressions which now throng upon and impress me are desultory and varied, though endearing. I first knew Mr. Cooper in 1823. He at that time was recognized as the author of "Precaution," of "the Spy," and of "the Pioneers." The two last-named works had attracted especial notice by their widely extended circulation, and the novelty of their character in American literature. He was often to be seen at that period in conversation at the City Hotel in Broadway, near Old Trinity, where many of our most renowned naval and military men convened. He was the original projector of a literary and social association called the "Bread and Cheese Club," whose place of rendezvous was at Washington Hall. They met weekly, in the evening, and furnished the occasion of much intellectual gratification and genial pleasure. That most adhesive friend, the poet Halleck, Chancellor Kent, G. C. Verplanck, Wiley, the publisher of Mr. Cooper's works, Dekay, the naturalist, C. A. Davis (Jack Downing), Charles King, now President of Columbia College, J. Depeyster Ogden, J. W. Jarvis, the painter, John and William Duer, and many others, were of the confederacy. Washington Irving, at the period of the formation of this circle of friends, was in England, occupied with his inimitable "Sketch Book." I had the honor of an early admittance to the Club. In balloting for membership the bread declared an affirmative; and two ballots of cheese against an individual proclaimed non-admittance.

From the meetings of this society Mr. Cooper was rarely absent. When presiding officer of the evening, he attracted especial consideration from the richness of his anecdotes, his wide American knowledge, and his courteous behavior. These meetings were often signally characterized by the number of invited guests of high reputation who gathered thither for recreative purposes, both of mind and body; jurists of acknowledged eminence, governors of different States, senators, members of the House of Representatives, literary men of foreign distinction, and authors of repute in our own land. It was gratifying to observe the dexterity with which Mr. Cooper would cope with some eastern friend who contributed to our delight with a "Boston notion," or with Trelawny, the associate of Byron, descanting on Greece and the "Younger Son," or with any guests of the Club, however dissimilar their habits or character; accommodating his conversation and manners with the most marvellous facility. The New-York attachments of Mr. Cooper were ever dominant. I witnessed a demonstration of the early enthusiasm and patriotic activity of our late friend in his efforts, with many of our leading citizens, in getting up the Grand Castle Garden Ball, given in honor of Lafayette. The arrival of the "Nation's Guest" at New-York, in 1824, was the occasion of the most joyful demonstrations, and the celebration was a splendid spectacle; it brought together celebrities from many remote parts of the Union. Mr. Cooper must have undergone extraordinary fatigue during the day and following night; but nearly as he was [Pg 454] exhausted, he exhibited, when the public festivals were brought to a close, that astonishing readiness and skill in literary execution for which he was always so remarkable. Adjourning near daybreak to the office of his friend Mr. Charles King, he wrote out more quickly than any other hand could copy, the very long and masterly report which next day appeared in Mr. King's paper—a report which conveyed to tens of thousands who had not been present, no inconsiderable portion of the enjoyment they had felt who were the immediate participants in this famous festival. The manly bearing, keen intelligence, and thoroughly honorable instincts of Mr. Cooper, united as they were with this gift of writing—soon most effectively exhibited in his literary labors, now constantly increasing—excited my highest expectations of his career as an author, and my sincere esteem for the man. There was a fresh promise, a vigorous impulse, and especially an American enthusiasm about him, that seemed to indicate not only individual fame, but national honor. Since that period I have followed his brilliant course with no less admiration than delight.

It was to me a cause of deep regret that soon after his return from Europe, crowned with a distinct and noble reputation, he became involved in a series of law-suits, growing out of libels, and originating partly in his own imprudence, and partly in the reckless severity of the press. But these are but temporary considerations in the retrospect of his achievements; and if I mistake not, in these difficulties he in every instance succeeded in gaining the verdict of the jury. It was a task insurmountable to overcome a *fact* as stated by Mr. Cooper. Associated as he was in my own mind with the earliest triumphs of American letters, I think of him as the creator of the genuine nautical and forest romances of "Long Tom Coffin" and "Leatherstocking;" as the illustrator of our country's scenes and characters to the Europeans; and not as the critic of our republican inconsistencies, or as a litigant with caustic editors.

It is well known that for a long period Mr. Cooper, at occasional times only, visited New-York city. His residence for many years was an elegant and quiet mansion on the southern borders of Otsego Lake. Here—in his beautiful retreat, embellished by the substantial fruits of his labors, and displaying everywhere his exquisite taste, his mind, ever intent on congenial tasks, which, alas! are left unfinished, surrounded by a devoted and highly cultivated family, and maintaining the same clearness of perception, serene firmness, and integrity of tone, which distinguished him in the meridian of his life—were his mental employments prosecuted. He lived chiefly in rural seclusion, and with habits of methodical industry. When visiting the city he mingled cordially with his old friends; and it was on the last occasion of this kind, at the beginning of April, that he consulted me with some earnestness in regard to his health. He complained of the impaired tone of the digestive organs, great torpor of the liver, weakness of muscular activity, and feebleness in walking. Such suggestions were offered for his relief as the indications of disease warranted. He left the city for his country residence, and I was gratified shortly after to learn from him of his better condition.

During July and August I maintained a correspondence with him on the subject of his increasing physical infirmities, and frankly expressed to him the necessity of such remedial measures as seemed clearly necessary. Though occasionally relieved of my anxieties by the kind communications of his excellent friend and attending physician, Dr. Johnson, I was not without solicitude, both from his own statements as well as those of Dr. Johnson himself, that his disorder was on the increase; certain symptoms were indeed mitigated, but the radical features of his illness had not been removed. A letter which I soon received induced me forthwith to repair to Cooperstown, and on the 27th of August I saw Mr. Cooper at his own dwelling. My reception was cordial. With his family about him he related with great clearness the particulars of his sufferings, and the means of relief to which he was subjected. Dr. Johnson was in consultation. I at once was struck with the heroic firmness of the sufferer, under an accumulation of depressing symptoms. His physical aspect was much altered from that noble freshness he was wont to bear; his complexion was pallid; his interior extremities greatly enlarged by serous effusion; his debility so extreme as to require an assistant for change of position in bed; his pulse sixty-four. There could be no doubt that the long continued hepatic obstruction had led to confirmed dropsy, which, indeed, betrayed itself in several other parts of the body. Yet was he patient and collected. That powerful intellect still held empire with commanding force, clearness, and vigor. I explained to him the nature of his malady; its natural termination when uncontrolled; dwelt upon the favorable condition and yet regular action of the heart, and other vital functions, and the urgent necessity of endeavoring still more to fulfil certain indications, in order to overcome the force of particular tendencies in the disorder. I frankly assured him that within the limits of a week a change in the complaint was indispensable to lessen our forebodings of its ungovernable nature.

He listened with fixed attention; and now and then threw out suggestions of cure such as are not unfrequent with cultivated minds.

The great characteristics of his intellect were now even more conspicuous than before. Not a murmur escaped his lips; conviction of his extreme illness wrought no alteration of features; he [Pg 455] gave no expression of despondency; his tone and his manner were equally dignified, cordial, and natural. It was his happiness to be blessed with a family around him whose greatest gratification was to supply his every want, and a daughter for a companion in his pursuits, who was his intelligent amanuensis and correspondent as well as indefatigable nurse.[1]

I forbear enlarging on matters too professional for present detail. During the night after my arrival he sustained an attack of severe fainting, which convinced me still further of his great personal weakness. An ennobling philosophy, however, gave him support, and in the morning he had again been refreshed by a sleep of some few hours' duration. I renewed to him and to his family the hopes and the discouragements in his case. Never was information of so grave a cast received by any individual in a calmer spirit. He said little as to his prospects of recovery. Upon my taking leave of him, however, shortly after, in the morning, I am convinced from his manner that he shared my apprehensions of a fatal termination of his disorder. Nature, however strong in her gifted child, had now her healthful rights largely invaded. His constitutional buoyancy and determination, by leading him to slight that distant and thorough attention demanded by primary symptoms, doubtless contributed to their subsequent aggravation.

I shall say but a few words more on this agonizing topic. The letters which I received, after my return home, communicated at times some cheering facts of renovation, but on the whole, discouraging demonstrations of augmenting illness, and lessened hope, were their prominent characteristics. A letter to me from his son-in-law, of the 14th of September, announced: "Mr. Cooper died, apparently without much pain, to-day at half-past one, P.M., leaving his family, although prepared by his gradual failure, in deep affliction. He would have been sixty-two years old to-morrow."

A life of such uniform and unparalleled excellence and service, a career so brilliant and honorable, closed in a befitting manner, and was crowned by a death of quiet resignation. Conscious of his approaching dissolution, his intelligence seemed to glow with increased fulness as his prostrated frame yielded by degrees to the last summons. It is familiarly known to his most intimate friends, that for some considerable period prior to his fatal illness, he appropriated liberal portions of his time to the investigation of scriptural truths, and that his convictions were ripe in Christian doctrines. With assurances of happiness in the future, he graciously yielded up his spirit to the disposal of its Creator. His death, which must thus have been the beginning of a serene and more blessed life to him, is universally regarded as a national loss.

Will you allow me to add a few words to this letter, already perhaps of undue extent. It has been my gratification during a life of some duration to have become personally acquainted with many eminent characters in the different walks of professional and literary avocation. I never knew an individual more thoroughly imbued with higher principles of action than Mr. Cooper: he acted upon principles, and fully comprehended the principles upon which he acted. Casual observers could scarcely, at times, understand and appreciate his motives or conduct. An independence of character worthy of the highest respect, and a natural boldness of temper which led him to a frank, emphatic, and intrepid utterance of his thoughts and sentiments, were uncongenial to that large class of people, who, from the want of moral courage, or a feeble physical temperament, habitually conform to public opinion, and endeavor to conciliate the world. Mr. Cooper was one of the most genuine Americans in his tone of mind, in manly self-reliance, in sympathy with the scenery, the history, and the constitution of his country, which it has ever been my lot to know. His genius was American, fresh, vigorous, independent, and devoted to native subjects. The opposition he met with on his return from Europe, in consequence of his patriotic, though,

perhaps, injudicious attempts to point out the faults and duties of his countrymen, threw him reluctantly on the defensive, and sometimes gave an antagonistic manner to his intercourse; but, whoever, recognizing his intellectual superiority, and respecting his integrity of purpose, met him candidly, in an open, cordial and generous spirit, soon found in Mr. Cooper an honest man, and a thorough patriot.

How strongly is impressed upon my memory his personal appearance, so often witnessed during his rambles in Broadway and amidst the haunts of this busy population. His phrenological development might challenge comparison with that of the most favored of mortals. His manly figure, high, prominent brow, clear and fine gray eye, and royal bearing, revealed the man of will and intelligence. His intellectual hardihood was remarkable. He worked upon a novel with the patient industry of a man of business, and set down every fact of costume, action, expression, local feature, and detail of maritime operations or woodland experience, with a kind of consciousness and precision that produced a Flemish exactitude of detail, while in portraying action, he seemed to catch by virtue of an eagle glance and an heroic temperament, the very spirit of his occasion and convey it to the reader's nerves and heart, as well as to his understanding. Herein Mr. Cooper was a man of unquestionable originality. As to his literary services, some idea may be formed of the consideration in which they are held by the almost countless editions of many of his works in his own country, and their circulation abroad by translations into almost every living tongue. [Pg 456]

I may add a word or two on the extent of his sympathies with humanity. What a love he cherished for superior talents in every ennobling pursuit in life—how deep an interest he felt in the fortunes of his scientific and literary friends—what gratification he enjoyed in the physical inquiries of Dekay and Le Conte, the muse of Halleck and of Bryant, the painting of Cole, the sculpture of Greenough! Dunlap, were he speaking, might tell you of his gratuities to the unfortunate playwright and the dramatic performer. With the mere accumulators of money—those golden calves whose hearts are as devoid of emotion as their brains of the faculty of cogitation—he held no congenial communion at any time: they could not participate in the fruition of his pastime; and he felt in himself an innate superiority in the gifts with which nature had endowed him. He was ever vigilant, a keen observer of men and things; and in conversation frank and emphatic. It was a gratifying spectacle to encounter him with old Col. Trumbull, the historical painter, descanting on the many excellencies of Cole's pencil, in the delineation of American forest-scenery—a theme the richest in the world for Mr. Cooper's contemplation. A Shylock with his money-bags never glutted over his possessions with a happier feeling than did these two eminent individuals—the venerable Colonel with his patrician dignity, and Cooper with his somewhat aristocratic bearing, yet democratic sentiment; the one fruitful with the glories of the past, the other big with the stirring events of his country's progress, in the refinement of arts, and national power. Trumbull was one of the many old men I knew who delighted in Cooper's writings, and who in conversation dwelt upon his captivating genius.

To his future biographer Mr. Cooper has left the pleasing duty rightly to estimate the breadth and depth of his powerful intellect—psychologically to investigate the development and functions of that cerebral organ, which for so many years, with such rapid succession and variety, poured out the creations of poetic thought and descriptive illustration—to determine the value of his capacious mind by the influence which, in the dawn of American literature, it has exercised, in rearing the intellectual fabric of his country's greatness—and to unfold the secret springs of those disinterested acts of charity to the poor and needy, which signalized his conduct as a professor of religious truth, and a true exampler of the Christian graces. He has unquestionably done more to make known to the transatlantic world his country, her scenery, her characteristics, her aboriginal inhabitants, her history, than all preceding writers. His death may well be pronounced a national calamity. By common consent he long occupied an enviable place—the highest rank in American literature. To adopt the quaint phraseology of old Thomas Fuller, the felling of so mighty an oak must needs cause the increase of much underwood. Who will fill the void occasioned by his too early departure from among us, time alone must determine. With much consideration, I remain,

Dear sir, yours most truly,
JOHN W. FRANCIS.

PUBLIC HONORS TO THE MEMORY OF MR. COOPER.

In the last number of the *International* we were able merely to announce the death of our great countryman Mr. Cooper. The following account of proceedings in reference to the event is compiled mainly from the *Evening Post*.

A meeting of literary men, and others, was held at the City Hall in New-York, on the 25th of September, for the purpose of taking the necessary measures for rendering fit honors to the memory of the deceased author. Rufus W. Griswold, calling the meeting to order, said it had been convened to do justice to the memory of the most illustrious American who had died in the present century. Since the design of such a meeting had first been formed, a consultation among Mr. Cooper's friends had been held, and it had been determined that the present should be only a preparatory meeting, for the making of such arrangements as should be thought necessary for a more suitable demonstration of respect for that eminent person, whose name, more completely than that of any of his cotemporaries and countrymen, had filled the world.

On motion of Judge Duer, Washington Irving was elected President of the meeting. On motion of Joseph Blunt, Fitz Greene Halleck and Rufus W. Griswold were appointed Secretaries.

Mr. Blunt said, that as it had been thought proper to consider this occasion as merely preliminary,

and for the purpose of making arrangements to do honor to the distinguished author who has left us, he would move that a committee of five be appointed by the chair, to report what measures should be adopted, by the literary gentlemen of this city and of the country, so far as they may see fit to join them, for the purpose of rendering appropriate honors to the memory of the late J. Fenimore Cooper.

The motion was adopted, and the chair appointed the following gentlemen members of the committee: Judge Duer, Richard B. Kimball, Dr. Francis, Fitz Greene Halleck, and George Bancroft; to whom Washington Irving and Rufus W. Griswold were subsequently added. The meeting then adjourned.

This committee afterwards met and appointed as a General Committee to carry out the designs of the meeting: Washington Irving, James K. Paulding, John W. Francis, Gulian C. Verplanck, Charles King, Richard B. Kimball, Rufus W. Griswold, Lewis Gaylord Clarke, Francis L. Hawks, John A. Dix, [Pg 457] George Bancroft, Fitz Greene Halleck, John Duer, William C. Bryant, George P. Morris, Charles Anthon, Samuel Osgood, J. M. Wainright, and William W. Campbell.

R. W. Griswold, Donald G. Mitchell, Parke Godwin, C. F. Briggs, and Starbuck Mayo were appointed a Committee of Correspondence.

Besides letters from many of the gentlemen present, others had been received from some twenty of the most eminent literary men of the United States, all expressing the warmest sympathy in the proposal to do every possible honor to the memory of Mr. Cooper. We copy from these the following:

From Washington Irving.

SUNNYSIDE, Thursday, Sept. 18, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR:—The death of Fenimore Cooper, though anticipated, is an event of deep and public concern, and calls for the highest expression of public sensibility. To me it comes with something of a shock; for it seems but the other day that I saw him at our common literary resort at Putnam's, in full vigor of mind and body, a very "castle of a man," and apparently destined to outlive me, who am several years his senior. He has left a space in our literature which will not easily be supplied....

I shall not fail to attend the proposed meeting on Wednesday next. Very respectfully, your friend and servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Rev. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

From William C. Bryant.

ROCHESTER, Friday, Sept. 19, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am sorry that the arrangements for my journey to the West are such that I cannot be present at the meeting which is about to be held to do honor to the memory of Mr. Cooper, on losing whom not only the country, but the civilized world and the age in which we live, have lost one of their most illustrious ornaments. It is melancholy to think that it is only until such men are in their graves that full justice is done to their merit. I shall be most happy to concur in any step which may be taken to express, in a public manner, our respect for the character of one to whom we were too sparing of public distinctions in his lifetime, and beg that I may be included in the proceedings of the occasion as if I were present. I am, very respectfully yours,

WM. C. BRYANT.

Rev. R. W. GRISWOLD.

From Bishop Doane.

RIVERSIDE, Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR:—...I beg you to say, generally, in your discretion, that I yield to no one who will be present, in my estimate of the distinguished talents and admirable services of Mr. Cooper, or in my readiness to do the highest honor to his illustrious memory. His name must ever find a place among the "household words" of all our hearts; a name as beautiful for its blamelessness of life, as it is eminent for its attainments in letters, which has subordinated to the higher interests of patriotism and piety, the fervors of fancy and the fascinations of romance. Very faithfully, your friend and servant,

G. W. DOANE.

Rev. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

From Mr. Bancroft.

NEWPORT, R. I., Thursday, Sept. 18, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR:—I heartily sympathize with the design of a public tribute to the genius,

manly character, and great career of the illustrious man whose loss we deplore. Others have combined very high merit as authors, with professional pursuits. Mr. Cooper was, of those who have gone from among us, the first to devote himself exclusively to letters. We must admire the noble courage with which he entered on a course which none before him had tried; the glory which he justly won was reflected on his country, of whose literary independence he was the pioneer, and deserves the grateful recognition of all who survive him.

By the time proposed for the meeting, I fear I shall not be able to return to New-York; but you may use my name in any manner that shall strongly express my delight in the writings of our departed friend, my thorough respect for his many virtues, and my sense of that surpassing ability which has made his own name and the names of the creations of his fancy, household words throughout the civilized world. I remain, dear sir, very truly yours,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

Rev. R. W. Griswold.

From John P. Kennedy.

Baltimore, October, 1851.

Dear Sir:—Your invitation reached me too late to enable me to participate in the meeting which has just been held at the City Hall in your city, to render appropriate honors to the memory of Mr. Cooper.

I rejoice to see what has been done and what you propose to do. It is due to the eminent merits of Fenimore Cooper, that there should be an impressive public recognition of the loss which our country has sustained in his death. He stood confessedly at the head of a most attractive and popular department of our literature, in which his extraordinary success had raised him up a fame that became national. The country claimed it as its own. This fame was acknowledged and appreciated not only wherever the English tongue is the medium of thought, but every where amongst the most civilized nations of Europe.

Our literature, in the lifetime of the present generation, has grown to a maturity which has given it a distinction and honorable place in that aggregate which forms national character. No man has done more in his sphere to elevate and dignify that character than Fenimore Cooper: no man is more worthy than he, for such services, of the highest honors appropriate to a literary benefactor. His genius has contributed a rich fund to the instruction and delight of his countrymen, which will long be preserved amongst the choicest treasures of American letters, and will equally induce to render our national literature attractive to other nations. We owe a memorial and a monument to the man who has achieved this. This work is the peculiar privilege of the distinguished scholars of New-York, and I have no doubt will be warmly applauded, and if need be, assisted, by every scholar and friend of letters in the Union.

With the best wishes for the success of this enterprise, I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

Rev. Rufus W. Griswold.

From C. J. Ingersoll. [Pg 458]

Fonthill, Philadelphia, September, 30th, 1851.

Dear Sir:—Your favor, inviting me to a meeting of the friends of Fenimore Cooper, did not reach me till this morning, owing probably to irregularity of the post-office. Otherwise I should have tried to attend the proposed meeting, not only as a friend of Mr. Cooper, but as one among those of his countrymen who consider his memory a national trust for honored preservation.

In my opinion of Fenimore Cooper as a novelist he is entitled to one merit to which few if any one of his cotemporary European romance writers can lay claim, to wit, originality. Leatherstocking is an original character, and entirely American, which is probably one of the reasons why Cooper was more appreciated in Continental Europe than even Scott, whose magnificent fancy embellished every thing, but whose genius, I think, originated nothing. And then, in my estimate of Mr. Cooper's superior merits, was manly independence—a rare American virtue. For the less free Englishman or Frenchman, politically, there was a freeness in the expression as well as adoption of his own views of men and things. And a third kindred merit of Cooper was high-minded and gentlemanly abstinence from self-applause. No distinguished or applauded man ever was less apt to talk of himself and his performances. Unlike too many modern poets, novelists, and other writers, apt to become debauchees, drunkards, blackguards and the like (as if, as some think, genius and vice go together), Mr. Cooper was a gentleman remarkable for good plain sense, correct deportment, striking probity and propriety, and withal

unostentatiously devout. Not meaning to disparage any one in order by odious comparisons to extol him, I deem his Naval History a more valuable and enduring historical work than many others, both English and American, of contemporaneous publication and much wider dissemination. In short, if the gentlemen whose names I have seen in the public journals with yours, proposing some concentrated eulogium, should determine to appoint a suitable person, with time to prepare it, I believe that Fenimore Cooper may be made the subject of illustration in very many and most striking lights, justly reflecting him, and with excellent influence on his country.

I do not recollect, from what I read lately in the newspapers, precisely what you and the other gentlemen associated with you in this proceeding propose to do, or whether any thing is to take place. But if so, whatever and wherever it may be, I beg you to use this answer to your invitation, and any services I can render, as cordial contributions, which I shall be proud and happy to make. I am very respectfully your humble servant,

C. J. INGERSOLL.

Rev. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

From G. P. R. James.

STOCKBRIDGE, Mass., 23d September, 1851.

DEAR DOCTOR GRISWOLD:—I regret extremely that it will not be in my power to be present at the meeting to testify respect for the memory of Mr. Cooper. I grieve sincerely that so eminent a man is lost to the country and the world; and though unacquainted with him personally, I need hardly tell you how highly his abilities as an author, and his character, were appreciated by yours faithfully,

G. P. R. JAMES.

From Mr. Everett.

CAMBRIDGE, 23d September, 1851.

DEAR SIR:—I received this afternoon your favor of the 17th, inviting me to attend and participate in the meeting to be held in your City Hall, for the purpose of doing honor to the memory of the late Mr. Fenimore Cooper.

I sincerely regret that I cannot be with you. The state of the weather puts it out of my power to make the journey. The object of the meeting has my entire sympathy. The works of Mr. Cooper have adorned and elevated our literature. There is nothing more purely American, in the highest sense of the word, than several of them. In his department he is *facile princeps*. He wrote too much to write every thing equally well; but his abundance flowed out of a full, original mind, and his rapidity and variety bespoke a resolute and manly consciousness of power. If among his works there were some which, had he been longer spared to us, he would himself, on reconsideration, have desired to recal, there are many more which the latest posterity "will not willingly let die."

With much about him that was intensely national, we have but one other writer (Mr. Irving), as widely known abroad. Many of Cooper's novels were not only read at every fireside in England, but were translated into every language of the European continent.

He owed a part of his inspiration to the magnificent nature which surrounded him; to the lakes, and forests, and Indian traditions, and border-life of your great state. It would have been as difficult to create Leatherstocking anywhere out of New-York, or some state closely resembling it, as to create Don Quixotte out of Spain. To have trained and possessed Fenimore Cooper will be—is already—with justice, one of your greatest boasts. But we cannot let you monopolize the care of his memory. We have all rejoiced in his genius; we have all felt the fascination of his pen; we all deplore his loss. You must allow us all to join you in doing honor to the name of our great American novelist. I remain, dear sir, with great respect, very truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

Rev. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

Letters of similar import were received from Richard H. Dana, George Ticknor, William H. Prescott, John Neal, and many other eminent men, all approving the design to render the highest honors to the illustrious deceased.

At the meeting of the New-York Historical Society, on the evening of Tuesday, the 7th of October, after the transaction of the regular business, the following resolutions were moved by Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, and seconded by Mr. George Bancroft:—

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from this life our illustrious associate and countryman, JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, while his fame was in its fulness, and his intelligence was still unclouded by age or any infirmity, therefore:

Resolved, That this society has heard of the death of James Fenimore Cooper with profound regret:

That it recognizes in him an eminent subject and a masterly illustrator of our history:

That, in his contributions to our literature he displayed eminent genius and a truly national spirit:

That, in his personal character, he was honorable, brave, sincere, and generous, as respectable for unaffected virtue as he was distinguished for great capacities:

That this society, appreciating the loss which, however heavily it has fallen upon this country and the literary world, has fallen most heavily upon his family, instructs its officers to convey to his family, assurances of respectful sympathy and condolence. [Pg 459]

Dr. John W. Francis addressed the society in a very interesting speech, in support of these resolutions. Among the great men of letters, he said, whom our country has produced, there were none greater than Mr. Cooper. I knew him for a period of thirty years, and during all that time I never knew any thing of his character that was not in the highest degree praiseworthy. He was a man of great decision of character, and a fair expositor of his own thoughts on every occasion—a thorough American, for I never knew a man who was more entirely so in heart and principle. He was able, with his vast knowledge, and a powerful physical structure, to complete whatever he attempted. He had studied the history of this country with a large philosophy, and understood our people and their character better than any other writer of the age. He was not only perfectly acquainted with our general history, but was thoroughly conversant with that of every state, county, village, lake, and river. And with his vast knowledge he was no less remarkable for ability as a historian than for his intrepidity of personal character. I could not, said Dr. Francis, allow this opportunity to pass without paying my tribute to the merits of this truly great man.

Mr. George Bancroft next addressed the society. My friend, he said, has spoken of the illustrious deceased as an American—I say that he was an embodiment of the American feeling, and truly illustrated American greatness. We were endeavoring to hold up our heads before the world, and to claim a character and an intellect of our own, when Cooper appeared with his powerful genius to support our pretensions. He came forth imbued with American life, and feeling, and sentiment. Another like Cooper cannot appear, for he was peculiarly suited to his time, which was that of an invading civilization. The fame and honor which he gained, were not obtained by obsequious deference to public opinion, but simply by his great ability and manly character. Great as he was in the department of romantic fiction, he was not less deserving of praise in that of history. In Lionel Lincoln he has described the battle of Bunker Hill better than it is described in any other work.

In his naval history of the United States he has left us the most masterly composition of which any nation could boast on a similar subject. Mr. Bancroft proceeded in a masterly analysis of some of Mr. Cooper's characters, and ended with an impressive assertion of the purity of his contributions to our literature, the eminence of his genius, and the dignity of his personal character.

Dr. Hawks spoke with his customary eloquence of the personal character of Mr. Cooper, his indefectible integrity, his devotion to the best interests of his country, and his religious spirit. He approved the resolutions which had been offered to the society.

The Rev. Samuel Osgood said:

It must seem presumptuous in me, Mr. President, to try to add any thing to the tribute which has been paid to the memory of Cooper, by gentlemen so peculiarly qualified from their experience and position to speak of the man and his services. But all professions have their own point of view, and I may be allowed to say a few words upon the relation of our great novelist to the historical associations and moral standards of our nation. I cannot claim more than a passing acquaintance with the deceased, and it belongs to friends more favored to interpret the asperities and illustrate the amenities which are likely to mark the character of a man so decided in his make and habit. With his position as an interpreter of American history and a delineator of American character, we are in this society most closely concerned. None in this presence, I am sure, will rebuke me for speaking of the novelist as among the most important agents of popular education, powerful either for good or ill.

Is it not true, Sir, that the romance is the prose epic of modern society, and that we now look to its pages for the most graphic portraitures of men, manners, and events? Social and political life is too complex now for the stately march of the heroic poem, and this age of print needs not the carefully measured verse to make sentences musical to the ear, or to save them from being mutilated by circulation. The romance is now the chosen form of imaginative literature, and its gifted masters are educators of the popular ideal. What epic poem of our times begins to compare in influence over the common mind with the stories of Scott and Cooper? Our novelist loved most to treat of scenes and characters distinctively national, and his name stands indelibly written on our fairest lakes and rivers, our grandest seas and mountains, our annals of early sacrifice and daring. With some of his criticisms

on society, and some of his views of political and historical questions, I have personally little sympathy. But, when it is asked, in the impartial standard of critical justice, what influence has he exerted over the moral tone of American literature, or to what aim has he wielded the fascinating pen of romance, there can be but one reply. With him, fancy has always walked hand in hand with purity, and the ideal of true manhood, which is everywhere most prominent in his works, is one of which we may well be proud as a nation and as men.

The element of will, perhaps more strongly than intellectual analysis, or exquisite sensibility, or high imagination, is the distinguished characteristic of his heroes, and in this his portraitures are good types of what is strongest in the practical American mind. His model man, whether forester, sailor, servant, or gentleman, is always bent on bringing some especial thing to pass, and the progress from the plan to the achievement is described with military or naval exactness. Yet he never overlooks any of the essential traits of a noble manhood, and loves to show how much of enterprise, courage, compassion, and reverence, it combines with practical judgment and religious principle.

It has seemed to me that his stories of the seas and the forests are fitted to act more than ever upon the strong hearts in training for the new spheres of triumph which are now so wonderfully opening upon our people. Who does not wish that his noted hero of the backwoods might be known in every loghouse along our extending frontier, and teach the rough pioneer always to temper daring by humanity? Who can ever forget that favorite character, as dear to the reader as to the author—that paladin of the forest, that lion-heart of the wilderness, Leatherstocking, fearless towards man—gentle towards woman—a rough-cast [Pg 460] gentleman of as true a heart as ever beat under the red cross of the crusader. The very qualities needed in those old times of frontier strife are now needed for new emergencies in our more peaceful border life, and our future depends vastly upon the characters that give edge to the advancing mass of our population now crowding towards the rocky mountains and the Pacific coast. It is well that this story-teller of the forest has been so true to the best traits of our nature, and in so many points is a moralist too. As a romancer of the sea, Cooper's genius may perhaps be but beginning to show its influence, as a new age of commercial greatness is opening upon our nation.

Mr. Cooper did not shrink from battle scenes and had no particular dread of gunpowder, yet his best laurels upon the ocean have been won in describing feats of seamanship and traits of manhood that need no bloody conflict for their display, and may be exemplified in fleets as peaceful and beneficent as ever spread their sails to the breezes to bear kindly products to friendly nations. As we sit here this evening under the influence of the hour, the images of many a famous exploit on the water seems to come out from his well-remembered pages and mingle themselves with recent scenes of marine achievement. Has not the "Water Witch" herself reappeared of late in our own bay, and laden not with contraband goods, but a freight of stout-hearted gentlemen, borne the palm as "Skimmer of the Seas," from all competitors in presence of the royalty and nobility of England? And the Old Ironsides, has not she come back again, more iron-ribbed than ever—not to fight over the old battles which our naval chronicler was so fond of rehearsing, but under the name of the Baltic or (better omen) the Pacific, to win a victory more honorable and encouraging than ever was carried by the thundering broadsides of the noble old Constitution! The commanders and pilots so celebrated by the novelist, have they not successors indomitable as they? and just now our ship-news brings good tidings of their achievements, as they tell us of the Flying Cloud that has made light of the storms of the fearful southern cape, and of the return of the adventurous fleet that has stood so well the hug of the Polar icebergs, and shown how nobly a crew may hunt for men on the seas with a Red Rover's daring and a Christian's mercy.

It is well that the most gifted romancer of the sea is an American, and that he is helping us to enact the romance of history so soon to be fact. The empire of the waters, which in turn has belonged to Tyre, Venice, and England, seems waiting to come to America, and no part of the world now so justly claims its possession as that state in which Cooper had his home. Who does not welcome the promise of the new age of powerful commerce and mental blessing? Who does not feel grateful to any man who gives any good word or work to the emancipation of the sailor from his worst enemies, and to the freedom of the seas from all the violence that stains its benignant waters? While proud of our fleet ships, let us not forget elements in their equipment more important than oak and iron. In this age of merchandise, let us adorn peace with something of the old manhood that took from warfare some of its horrors. Did time allow, I might try to illustrate the power of an attractive literature in keeping alive national associations and moulding national character, but I am content to leave these few fragmentary words with the society as my poor tribute to a writer who charmed many hours of my boyhood, and who has won regard anew as the entertaining and instructive beguiler of some recent days of rural recreation. May we not sincerely say that he has so used the treasures of our national scenery and history as to elevate the true ideal of true manhood, and

quicken the nation's memory in many respects auspiciously for the nation's hopes?

It is understood that a public discourse on the life and genius of Mr. Cooper will be delivered by one of the most eminent of his contemporaries, at Tripler Hall, early in December, and that measures will be adopted to secure the erection of a suitable monument to his memory in one of the public squares or parks of the city. On this subject Mr. Washington Irving has written the following letter:

SUNNYSIDE, October, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR:—My occupations in the country prevent my attendance in town at the meeting of the committee, but I am anxious to know what is doing. I signified at our first meeting what I thought the best monument to the memory of Mr. Cooper—a statue. It is the simplest, purest, and most satisfactory—perpetuating the likeness of the person. I understand there is an excellent bust of Mr. Cooper extant, made when he was in Italy. He was there in his prime; and it might furnish the model for a noble statue. Judge Duer suggested that his monument should be placed at Washington, perhaps in the Smithsonian Institute. I was rather for New-York, as he belonged to this State, and the scenes of several of his best works were laid in it. Besides, the seat of government may be changed, and then Washington would lose its importance; whereas New-York must always be a great and growing metropolis —the place of arrival and departure for this part of the world—the great resort of strangers from abroad, and of our own people from all parts of the Union. One of our beautiful squares would be a fine situation for a statue. However, I am perhaps a little too local in my notions on this matter. Cooper emphatically belongs to the nation, and his monument should be placed where it would be most in public view. Judge Duer's idea therefore may be the best. There will be a question of what material the statue (if a statue is determined on) should be made. White marble is the most beautiful, but how would it stand our climate in the open air? Bronze stands all weathers and all climates, but does not give so clearly the expression of the countenance, when regarded from a little distance.

These are all suggestions scrawled in haste, which I should have made if able to attend the meeting of the committee. I wish you would drop me a line to let me know what is done or doing.

Yours very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The Rev. RUFUS GRISWOLD.

The plan thus recommended by Mr. Irving will undoubtedly be approved by the committee and the public, and there is little doubt that it will soon be carried into execution.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] The accomplished authoress of "Rural Hours."—*Ed. International.*

THE LONDON TIMES ON AMERICAN INTERCOMMUNICATION.

[Pg 461]

We are by no means confident that the Mexican War, with all its victories, was more serviceable to our reputation in Europe, than the single victory of Mr. Stevens, in his yacht America, off the Isle of Wight. This triumph has been celebrated in a dinner at the Astor House, but the city might have well afforded to welcome the returning owner of the America with an illumination, or the fathers, in council assembled, might have voted him a statue. Mr. Collins and Mr. Stevens have together managed to deprive England of the "trident of the seas," and as soon as it was transferred there began a shower of honors, which continues still, from the *Times* down to the very meanest of its imitators. From that time the Americans have had all the "solid triumphs" in the Great Exhibition. We have been regarded as a wonderful people, and our institutions as the most interesting study that is offered for contemporary statesmen and philosophers. We copy below a specimen of the leaders with which the *Times* has honored us, and commend it to our readers, not more for its tone than for the valuable information contained in it:—

LOCOMOTION BY RIVER AND RAILWAY IN THE UNITED STATES.

England has been so dazzled by the splendor of her own achievements in the creation of a new art of transport by land and water within the last thirty years, as to become in a measure insensible to all that has been accomplished in the same interval and in the same department of the arts elsewhere, improvements less brilliant, indeed, intrinsically, than the stupendous system of inland transport, which we lately noticed in these columns, and having a lustre mitigated to our view by distance, yet presenting in many respects circumstances and conditions which

may well excite profound and general interest, and even challenge a respectful comparison with the greatest of those advances in the art of locomotion of which we are most justly proud.

It will not, therefore, be without utility and interest, after the detailed notice which we have lately given of our own advances in the adaptation of steam to locomotion, to direct attention to the progress in the same department which has been simultaneously made in other and distant countries, and first, and above all, by our friends and countrymen in the other hemisphere.

The inland transport of the United States is distributed mainly between the rivers, the canals, and the railways, a comparatively small fraction of it being executed on common roads. Provided with a system of natural water communication on a scale of magnitude without any parallel in the world, it might have been expected that the "sparse" population of this recently settled country might have continued for a long period of time satisfied with such an apparatus of transport. It is, however, the character of man, but above all of the Anglo-Saxon man, never to rest satisfied with the gifts of nature, however munificent they be, until he has rendered them ten times more fruitful by the application of his skill and industry, and we find accordingly that the population of America has not only made the prodigious natural streams which intersect its vast territory over so many thousands of miles, literally swarm with steamboats, but they have, besides, constructed a system of canal navigation, which may boldly challenge comparison with any thing of the same kind existing in the oldest, wealthiest, and most civilized States of Europe.

It appears from the official statistics that, on the 1st of January, 1843, the extent of canals in actual operation amounted to 4,333 miles and that there were then in progress 2,359 miles, a considerable portion of which has since been completed, so that it is probable that the actual extent of artificial water communication now in use in the United States considerably exceeds 5,000 miles. The average cost of executing this prodigious system of artificial water communication was at the rate of 6,432*l.* per mile, so that 5,000 miles would have absorbed a capital of above 32,000,000*l.*

This extent of canal transport, compared with the population, exhibits in a striking point of view the activity and enterprise which characterize the American people. In the United States there is a mile of canal navigation for every 5,000 inhabitants, while in England the proportion is 1 to every 9,000 inhabitants, and France 1 to every 13,000. The ratio, therefore, of this instrument of intercommunication in the United States is greater than in the United Kingdom, in proportion to the population, as 9 to 5, and greater than in France in the ratio of 13 to 5.

The extent to which the American people have fertilized, so to speak, the natural powers of those vast collections of water which surround and intersect their territory, is not less remarkable than their enterprise in constructing artificial lines of water communication. Besides the internal communication supplied by the rivers, properly so called, a vast apparatus of liquid transport is derived from the geographical character of their extensive coast, stretching over a space of more than 4,000 miles, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the delta of the Mississippi, indented and serrated with natural harbors and sheltered bays, fringed with islands forming sounds, throwing out capes and promontories which inclose arms of the sea in which the waters are free from the roll of the ocean, and which, for all the purposes of navigation, have the character of rivers and lakes. The lines of communication formed by the vast and numerous rivers are, moreover, completed in the interior by chains of lakes presenting the most extensive bodies of fresh water in the known world.

Whatever question may be raised on the conflicting claims for the invention of steam navigation, it is an incontestable fact that the first steamboat practically applied for any useful purpose was placed on the Hudson, to ply between New-York and Albany, in 1808; and, from that time to the present that river has been the theatre of the most remarkable series of experiments of locomotion on water ever recorded in the history of man. The Hudson is navigable by steamers of the largest class as high as Albany, a distance of nearly 150 miles from New-York. The steam navigation upon this river is entitled to attention, not only because of the immense traffic of which it is the vehicle, but because it forms a sort of model for all the [Pg 462] rivers of the Atlantic States. Two classes of steamers work upon it—one appropriated to the swift transport of passengers, and the other to the towing of the vast traffic which is maintained between the city of New-York and the interior of the State of that name, into the heart of which the Hudson penetrates.

The passenger steamers present a curious contrast to the sea-going steamers with which we are familiar. Not having to encounter the agitated surface of the ocean, they are supplied with neither rigging nor sails, are built exclusively with a view to speed, are slender and weak in their structure, with great length in proportion to their beam, and have but small draught of water. The position and form of the machinery are peculiar. The engines are placed on deck in a comparatively elevated situation. It is but rarely that two engines are used. A single engine placed

in the centre of the deck drives a crank constructed on the axle of the enormous paddle-wheels, the magnitude of which, and the velocity imparted to them, enable them to perform the office of fly-wheels. These vessels, which are of great magnitude, are splendidly fitted up for the accommodation of passengers, and have been within the last ten or twelve years undergoing a gradual augmentation of magnitude, to which it would seem to be difficult to set a limit.

In the following table, which we borrow from the work on *Railway Economy*, from which we have already derived so large a portion of our information, are given the dimensions and the details of fourteen of the principal steamers plying on the Hudson in the year 1838:—

Names.	Length of deck.	Breadth of beam.	Draught.	Diameter of wheels.	Length of paddles.	Depth of paddles.	Number of engines.	Diameter of cylinder.	Length of stroke.	Number of revolutions.	Part of stroke at which steam is cut off.
	ft.	ft.	ft.	ft.	ft.	ft.		in.	ft.		
Dewit Clinton	230	28	5·5	21	13·7	36	1	65	10	29	·75
Champlain	180	27	5·5	22	15	34	2	44	10	27·5	·50
Erie	180	27	5·5	22	15	34	2	44	10	27·5	·50
North America	200	30	5	21	13	30	2	44·5	8	24	·50
Independence	148	26	—	—	—	—	1	44	10	—	—
Albany	212	26	—	24·5	14	30	1	65	—	19	—
Swallow	233	22·5	3·75	24	11	30	1	46	—	27	—
Rochester	200	25	3·75	23·5	10	24	1	43	10	28	—
Utica	200	21	3·5	22	9·5	24	1	39	10	—	—
Providence	180	27	9	—	—	—	1	65	10	—	—
Lexington	207	21	—	23	9	30	1	48	11	24	—
Narraganset	210	26	5	25	11	30	1	60	12	20	·50
Massachusetts	200	29·5	8·5	22	10	28	2	44	8	26	—
Rhode Island	210	26	6·5	24	11	30	1	60	11	21	—
Averages	200	26	5·6	24·8	11	30	—	50·8	10	24·8	—

The changes more recently made all have a tendency to increase the magnitude and power of those vessels—to diminish their draught of water—and to increase the play of the expansive principle. Vessels of the largest class now draw only as much water as the smallest drew a few years ago, four feet five inches being regarded as the *maximum*.

It appears from the following table that the average length of these prodigious floating hotels is above 300 feet; some of them approaching 400. In the passenger accommodation afforded by them no water communication in any country can compete. Nothing can exceed the splendor and luxury with which they are fitted up, furnished, and decorated. Silk, velvet, the most costly carpetings and upholstery, vast mirrors, gilding, and carving, are profusely displayed in their decoration. Even the engine-room in some of them is lined with mirrors. In the Alida, for example, the end of the engine-room is one vast mirror, in which the movements of the brilliant and highly-finished machinery are reflected. All the largest class are capable of running from twenty to twenty-two miles an hour, and average nearly twenty miles without difficulty.

In the annexed table are exhibited the details of ten of the most recently constructed passenger vessels:—

	DIMENSIONS OF VESSEL.				ENGINE.			PADDLE-WHEEL.		
Names.	Length.	Breadth.	Depth of Hold.	Tonnage.	Diameter of cylinder.	Length of stroke.	Number of strokes.	Diameter.	Length of bucket.	Depth of bucket.
	ft.	ft.	ft.		in.	ft.		ft.	ft.	in.
Isaac Newton	333	40·4	10·0		81	12	18-1/2	39·0	12·4	32
Bay State	300	39·0	13·2		76	12	21-1/2	38·0	10·3	32
Empire State	304	39·0	13·6		76	12	21-1/2	38·0	10·3	32
Oregon	308	35·0	—		72	11	18	34·0	11·0	28
Hendrick Hudson	320	35·0	9·6	1,050	72	11	22	33·0	11·0	33
C. Vanderbilt	300	35·0	11·0	1,075	72	12	21	35·0	9·0	33

Connecticut	300	37·0	11·0	72	13	21	35·0	11·6	36
Commodore	280	33·0	10·6	65	11	22	31·6	9·0	33
New-York	276	35·0	10·6	76	15	18	44·6	12·0	36
Alida	286	28·0	9·6	56	12	24-1/2	32·0	10·0	32
Averages	310	35·8	11·0	71·8	12·1	20·8	35·0	10·8	37

It may be observed, in relation to the navigation of those eastern rivers (for we do not here speak of the Mississippi and its tributaries), that the occurrence of explosions is almost unheard of. During the last ten years not a single catastrophe of this kind has been recorded, although cylindrical boilers ten feet in diameter, composed of plating 5-16ths of an inch thick, are commonly used with steam of 50lb. pressure.

Previously to 1844 the lowest fare from New-York to Albany, a distance of 145 miles, was 4s. 4d.; at present the fare is 2s. 2d.—and for an additional sum of the same amount the passenger can command the luxury of a separate cabin. When the splendor and magnitude of the accommodation is considered, the magnificence of the furniture and accessories, and the luxuriousness of the table, it will be admitted that no similar example of cheap locomotion can be found in any part of the globe. Passengers may there be transported in a floating palace, surrounded with all the conveniences and luxuries of the most splendid hotel, at the average rate of twenty miles an hour, for less than *one-sixth of a penny per mile*! It is not an uncommon occurrence during the warm season to meet persons on board these boats who have lodged themselves there permanently, in preference to hotels on the banks of the river. Their daily expenses in the boat are as follows:

Fare	2*s.*	2*d.*
Separate bedroom	2	2
Breakfast, dinner, and supper	6	6
Total daily expense for board, lodging, attendance, and travelling 150 miles, at 20 miles an hour	10	10

Such accommodation is, on the whole, more economical than a hotel. The bedroom is as luxuriously furnished as the handsomest chamber in an hotel or private house, and is much more spacious than the room similarly designated in the largest packet ships.

The other class of steamers, used for towing the commerce of the river, corresponds to the goods trains on railways. No spectacle can be more remarkable than this class of locomotive machines, dragging their enormous load up the Hudson. They may be seen in the midst of this vast stream, surrounded by a cluster of twenty or thirty loaded craft of various magnitudes. Three or four tiers are [Pg 463] lashed to them at each side, and as many more at their bow and at their stern. The steamer is almost lost to the eye in the midst of this crowd of vessels which cling around it, and the moving mass is seen to proceed up the river, no apparent agent of propulsion being visible, for the steamer and its propellers are literally buried in the midst of the cluster which clings to it and floats round and near it.

As this *water-goods train*, for so it may be called, ascends the river, it drops off its load, vessel by vessel, at the towns which it passes. One or two are left at Newburgh, another at Poughkeepsie, two or three more at Hudson, one or two at Fishkill, and, finally, the tug arrives with a residuum of some half-dozen vessels at Albany.

The steam navigation of the Mississippi and the other western rivers is conducted in a manner entirely different from that of the Hudson. Every one must be familiar with the lamentable accidents which happen from time to time, and the loss of life from explosion which continually takes place on those rivers. Such catastrophes, instead of diminishing with the improvement of art, seem rather to have increased. Engineers have done literally nothing to check the evil.

In a Mississippi steamboat the cabins and saloons are erected on a flooring six or eight feet above the deck, upon which and under them the engines are placed, which are of the coarsest and most inartificial structure. They are invariably worked with high-pressure steam, and in order to obtain that effect which in the Hudson steamers is due to a vacuum, the steam is worked at an extraordinary pressure. We have ourselves actually witnessed boilers of this kind, on the western rivers, working under a full pressure of 120lb. per square inch above the atmosphere, and we have been assured that this pressure has been recently considerably increased, so that it is not unfrequent now to find them working with a bursting pressure of 200lb. per square inch!

As might naturally be expected, the chief theatre of railway enterprise in America is the Atlantic States. The Mississippi and its tributaries have served the purposes of commerce and intercommunication to the comparatively thinly scattered population of the Western States so efficiently that many years will probably

elapse, notwithstanding the extraordinary enterprise of the people, before any considerable extent of railway communication will be established in this part of the States. Nevertheless, the traveller in these distant regions encounters occasionally detached examples of railways even in the valley of the Mississippi. In the State of Mississippi there are five short lines, ten or twelve in Louisiana, and a limited number scattered over Florida, Alabama, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio. These, however, are generally detached and single lines, unconnected with the vast network which we shall presently notice. To the traveller in these wild regions the aspect of such artificial agents of transport in the midst of a country, a great portion of which is still in the state of native forest, is most remarkable, and strongly characteristic of the irrepressible spirit of enterprise of its people. Travelling in the back woods of Mississippi, through native forests, where till within a few years human foot never trod, through solitudes, the silence of which was never broken, even by the red man, we have been sometimes filled with wonder to find ourselves transported by an engine constructed at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and driven by an artisan from Liverpool, at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It is not easy to describe the impression produced by the juxtaposition of these refinements of art and science with the wildness of the country, where one sees the frightened deer start from its lair at the snorting of the ponderous machine and the appearance of the snakelike train which follows it.

The first American railway was opened for passengers on the last day of 1829. According to the reports collected and given in detail in the work already quoted, it appears that in 1849, after an interval of just twenty years, there were in actual operation 6,565 miles of railway in the States. The cost of construction and plant of this system of railways appears by the same authority to have been 53,386,885*l.*, being at the average rate of 8,129*l.* per mile.

The reports collected in Dr. Lardner's work come up to the middle of 1849. We have, however, before us documents which supply data to a more recent period, and have computed from them the following table, exhibiting the number of miles of railway in actual operation in the United States, the capital expended in their construction and plant, and the length of the lines which are in process of construction, but not yet completed:—

	Railways in operation. Miles.	Cost of Building and Plant. £	Projected and in progress. Miles.	Cost per Mile. £
Eastern States, including Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut	2,845	23,100,987	567	8,123
Atlantic States, including New-York, the Jerseys, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland	3,503	27,952,500	2,020	7,979
Southern States, including Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, and Alabama	2,103	8,253,130	1,283	3,919
Western States, including Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin	1,835	7,338,290	5,762	3,999
Totals and averages	10,289	66,653,907	9,632	6,478

It must be admitted that the results here exhibited present a somewhat astonishing spectacle. It appears from this statement that there are in actual operation in the United States 10,289 miles of railway, and that there are 9,632 projected and in process of execution. So that when a few years more shall have rolled away, this extraordinary people will actually have 20,000 miles of iron road in operation.

It appears from the above report, compared with the previous report quoted from Dr. Lardner, that the average cost of construction has been diminished as the operations progressed. According to Dr. Lardner, the average cost of construction of the 6,500 miles of railway in operation in 1849 was 8,129*l.* per mile whereas, it appears from the preceding table that the actual cost of 10,289 miles now in operation has been at the average rate of 6,478*l.* per mile. On examining the analysis of the distribution of these railways among the States, it appears that this discordance of the two statements is apparent rather than real, and proceeds from the fact that the railways opened since Dr. Lardner's report, being chiefly in the southern and western States, are cheaply constructed lines, in which the landed proprietors have given to a great extent their gratuitous co-operation, and in which the plant and working stock is of very small amount, so that their average cost per mile is a little under 4,000*l.*—the average cost per mile in the eastern and northern States corresponding almost to a fraction with Dr. Lardner's estimate. It is also worthy of observation that the distribution of this network of railways is extremely unequal, not only in quantity, but in its capability, as indicated by its expense of construction. Thus, in the populous and wealthy States of Massachusetts, New-Jersey, and New-York, the proportion of railways to surface is considerable, while in the southern and western States it is trifling. In the following table is given the number of miles of surface for each mile of railway in some of the principal States:

[Pg 464]

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Square miles of surface for each mile of railway.

Massachusetts	7
New-Jersey	22
New-York	28
Maryland	31
Ohio	58
Georgia	76

When it is considered that the railways in this country have cost upon an average about 40,000*l.* per mile, the comparatively low cost of the American railways will doubtless appear extraordinary.

This circumstance, however, is explained partly by the general character of the country, partly by the mode of constructing the railways, and partly by the manner of working them. With certain exceptions, few in number, the tracts of country over which these lines are carried, is nearly a dead level. Of earthwork there is but little; of works of art, such as viaducts and tunnels, commonly none. Where the railways are carried over streams or rivers, bridges are constructed in a rude but substantial manner of timber supplied from the roadside forest, at no greater cost than that of hewing it. The station houses, booking offices, and other buildings, are likewise slight and cheaply constructed of timber. On some of the best lines in the more populous States the timber bridges are constructed with stone pillars and abutments, supporting arches of trusswork, the cost of such bridges varying from 46s. per foot, for 60 feet span, to 6*l.* 10s. per foot for 200 feet span, for a single line, the cost on a double line being 50 per cent. more.

When the railways strike the course of rivers such as the Hudson, Delaware, or Susquehanna—too wide to be crossed by bridges—the traffic is carried by steam ferries. The management of these ferries is deserving of notice. It is generally so arranged that the time of crossing them corresponds with a meal of the passengers. A platform is constructed level with the line of railway and carried to the water's edge. Upon this platform rails are laid by which the wagons which bear the passengers' luggage and other matters of light and rapid transport are rolled directly upon the upper deck of the ferry boat, the passengers meanwhile going under a covered way to the lower deck. The whole operation is accomplished in five minutes. While the boat is crossing the spacious river the passengers are supplied with their breakfasts, dinner, or supper, as the case may be. On arriving at the opposite bank the upper deck comes in contact with a like platform, bearing a railway upon which the luggage wagons are rolled; the passengers ascend, as they descended, under a covered way, and, resuming their places in the railway carriages, the train proceeds.

But the prudent Americans have availed themselves of other sources of economy by adopting a mode of construction adapted to the expected traffic. Formed to carry a limited commerce the railways are generally single lines, sidings being provided at convenient situations. Collision is impossible, for the first train that arrives at a siding must enter it and remain there until the following train arrives. This arrangement would be attended with inconvenience with a crowded traffic like that of many lines on the English railways, but even on the principal American lines the trains seldom pass in each direction more than twice a day, and their time and place of meeting is perfectly regulated. In the structure of the roads, also, principles have been adopted which have been attended with great economy compared with the English lines. The engineers, for example, do not impose on themselves the difficult and expensive condition of excluding all curves but those of large radius, and all gradients exceeding a certain small limit of steepness. Curves of 500 feet radius, and even less, are frequent, and acclivities rising at the rate of 1 foot in 100 are considered a moderate ascent, while there are not less than 50 lines laid down with gradients varying from 1 in 100 to 1 in 75, nevertheless these lines are worked with facility by locomotives, without the expedient, even, of assistant or stationary engines. The consequences of this have been to reduce in an immense proportion the cost of earthwork, bridges, and viaducts, even in parts of the country where the character of the surface is least favorable. But the chief source of economy has arisen from the structure of the line itself. In many cases where the traffic is lightest the rails consist of flat bars of iron, 2-1/2 inches broad and 6-10ths of an inch thick, nailed and spiked to planks of timber laid longitudinally on the road in parallel lines, so as to form what are called continuous bearings. Some of the most profitable American railways, and those of which the maintenance has proved least expensive, have been constructed in this manner. The road structure, however, varies according to the traffic. Rails are sometimes laid weighing only from 25lb. to 30lb. per yard. In some cases of great traffic they are supported on transverse sleepers of wood like the European railways, but in consequence of the comparative cheapness of wood and the high price of iron, the strength necessary

for the road is mostly obtained by reducing the distance between the sleepers so as to supersede the necessity of giving greater weight to the rails.

The same observance of the principles of economy is maintained with regard to their locomotive stock. The engines are strongly built, safe and powerful, but are destitute of much of that elegance of exterior and beauty of workmanship which has excited so much admiration, in the machines exhibited in the Crystal Palace. The fuel is generally wood, but on certain lines near the coal districts coal is used. The use of coke is nowhere resorted to. Its expense would make it inadmissible, and [Pg 465] in a country so thinly inhabited the smoke proceeding from coal is not objected to. The ordinary speed, stoppages included, is from 14 to 16 miles an hour. Independently of other considerations, the light structure of many of the roads would not allow a greater velocity without danger; nevertheless we have frequently travelled on some of the better constructed lines at the ordinary speed of the English railways, say 30 miles an hour and upwards.

Notwithstanding the apparently feeble and unsubstantial structure of many of the lines, accidents to passenger trains are scarcely ever heard of. It appears by returns now before us that of 9,355,474 passengers booked in 1850 on the crowded railways of Massachusetts, each passenger making an average trip of 18 miles, there were only 15 who sustained accidents fatal to life or limb. It follows from this, by the common principles explained by us in a former article, that when a passenger travels one mile on these railways the chances against an accident producing personal injury, even of the slightest kind, are 11,226,568 to 1, and of course in a journey of 100 miles the chances against such accident are 112,266 to 1. We have shown in a former article that the chances against accident on an English railway, under like circumstances, are 85,125 to 1. The American railways are, therefore, safer than the English in the ratio of 112 to 85.

The great line of communication is established, 400 miles in length, between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, on the left bank of the Ohio, composed partly of railway and partly of canal. The section from Philadelphia to Columbia (82 miles) is railway; the line is then continued by canal for 172 miles to Holidaysburg; it is then carried by railway 37 miles to Johnstown, whence it is continued 104 miles further to Pittsburg by canal. The traffic on this mixed line of transport is conducted so as to avoid the expense and inconvenience of transhipment of goods and passengers at the successive points where the railway and canals unite. The merchandise is loaded and the passengers accommodated in the boats adapted to the canals at the dépôt in Market-street, Philadelphia. These boats, which are of considerable magnitude and length, are divided into segments by partitions made transversely and at right angles to their length, so that such boat can be, as it were, broken into three or more pieces. These several pieces are placed each on two railway trucks, which support it at the ends, a proper body being provided for the trucks adapted to the form of the bottom and keel of the boat. In this manner the boat is carried in pieces, with its load, along the railway. On arriving at the canal the pieces are united so as to form a continuous boat, which being launched, the transport is continued on the water. On arriving again at the railway the boat is once more resolved into its segments, which, as before, are transferred to the railway trucks and transported to the next canal station by locomotive engines. Between the dépôt in Market-street and the locomotive station which is situated in the suburbs of Philadelphia the segments of the boat are drawn by horses on railways conducted through the streets. At the locomotive station the trucks are formed into a continuous train and delivered over to the locomotive engine. As the body of the truck rests upon a pivot, under which it is supported by wheels, it is capable of revolving, and no difficulty is found in turning the shortest curves, and these enormous vehicles, with their contents of merchandise and passengers, are seen daily issuing from the gates of the dépôt in Market-street, and turning with facility the corners at the entrance of each successive street.

By a comparison of the returns published by Dr. Lardner, in his work already quoted, with the more recent results which we have already given, it will appear that within the last two years not less than 3,700 miles of railway have been opened for traffic in the United States. Among these are included several of the most important lines, among which are more especially to be noticed the great artery of railway communication extending across the State of New York to the shores of Lake Erie, the longest line which any single company has yet constructed in the United States, its length being 467 miles. The total cost of this line, including the working stock, has been 4,500,000*l.* sterling, being at the average rate of 9,642*l.* per mile—a rate of expense about 50 per cent. above the average cost of American railways taken collectively. This is explained by the fact that the line itself is one constructed for a large traffic between New York and the interior, and therefore built to meet a heavy traffic. Although it is but just opened, its average receipts have amounted to 11,000*l.* per week, which have given a net profit of 6-1/2 per cent. on the capital, the working expenses being taken at 50 per cent. of the gross receipts. One of the great lines in a forward state, and likely to be opened by the close of the present year, connects New York with Albany, following the valley of the Hudson. It will no doubt create surprise, considering the immense facility of

water transport afforded by this river, that a railway should be constructed on its bank, but it must be remembered that for a considerable interval during the winter the navigation of the Hudson is suspended from the frost.

A great line of railway, which will intersect the States from south to north, connecting the port of Mobile on the Gulf of Mexico with Lake Michigan and the lead mines of Galena on the Upper Mississippi, is also in progress of construction, large grants of land being conceded to the company by the Federal Government. This line will probably be opened in 1854.

It is difficult to obtain authentic reports from which the movement of the traffic on the American railways can be ascertained with precision. Dr. Lardner, however, obtained the necessary statistical data relating to nearly 1,200 miles of railway in the States of New England and New York, from which he was enabled to collect all the circumstances attending the working of these lines, the principal of which are collected in the following table:—

Tabular analysis of the average daily movement of the traffic on 28 of the principal railways in the States of New England and New York.

Passenger Traffic.—	Number booked	23,981
	Mileage	437,350
	Receipts	£2,723
	Mileage of trains	8,091
Goods Traffic.—	Tons booked	6,547
	Mileage	248,351
	Receipts	£1,860
	Mileage of trains	4,560

Total length of the above railways in the State of New York	490 miles
Ditto, in the States of New England	670 "
Total	1,160 miles.

Average cost of construction and stock in the State of New York	£7,010
Ditto, in the States of New England	£10,800
General average	£9,200

	Receipts	Expenses.	Profits.
Total average receipts, expenses, and	£	£	£
profits per day in the State of New York	1,654	684	970
Ditto, States of New England	3,040	1,505	1,535
Totals	4,694	2,189	2,505

	Per mile of railway per day. £	Per mile run by trains.	Per cent. per annum on capital.
Receipts	4,05	7s. 5d.	16,1
Expenses	1,89	3s. 5-1/2d.	7,5
Profits	2,16	2s.11-1/2d.	8,6

Expense per cent. of receipts	46,8
Average receipts for passengers booked	27,0d.
Average distance travelled per passenger	18,2 miles
Average receipts per passenger per mile	1,47d.
Average number of passengers per train	54,0
Total average receipts per passenger train per mile	7s.
Average receipts per ton of goods booked	6s. 8-1/2d.
Average distance carried per ton	38,0 miles
Average receipts per ton per mile	1s. 8d.
Average number of tons per train	54,5
Total average receipts per goods per mile	8,2s.

The railways, of whose traffic we have here given a synopsis, are those of the most active and profitable description in the United States. It would, therefore, be a great error to infer from the results here exhibited general conclusions as to the financial condition of the American railways. It appears, on the other hand, from a more complete analysis, that the dividends on the American lines, exclusive of those contained in the preceding analysis, are in general small, and in many instances nothing. It is, therefore, probable that in the aggregate the average profits on the total amount of capital invested in the American railways does not exceed, if it indeed equal, the average profits obtained on the capital invested in English railways, which we have in a former article shown to produce little more

than 3 per cent.

The extraordinary extent of railway constructed at so early a period in the United States has been by some ascribed to the absence of a sufficient extent of communication by common roads. Although this cause has operated to some extent in certain districts it is by no means so general as has been supposed. In the year 1838 the United States' mails circulated over a length of way amounting on the whole to 136,218 miles, of which two-thirds were land transport, including railways as well as common roads. Of the latter there must have been about 80,000 miles in operation, of which, however, a considerable portion was bridle-roads. The price of transport in the stage coaches was, upon an average, 3.25d. per passenger per mile, the average price by railway being about 1.47d. per mile.

Of the entire extent of railway constructed in the United States, by far the greater portion, as has been already explained, consists of single lines, constructed in a light and cheap manner, which in England would be regarded as merely serving temporary purposes; while, on the contrary, the entire extent of the English system consists, not only of double lines, but of railways constructed in the most solid, permanent, and expensive manner, adapted to the purposes of an immense traffic. If a comparison were to be instituted at all between the two systems, its basis ought to be the capital expended, and the traffic served by them, in which case the result would be somewhat different from that obtained by the mere consideration of the length of the lines. It is not, however, the same in reference to the canals, in which it must be admitted America far exceeds all other countries in proportion to her population.

The American railways have been generally constructed by joint stock companies, which, however, the State controls much more stringently than in England. In some cases a major limit to the dividends is imposed by the statute of incorporation, in some the dividends are allowed to augment, but when they exceed a certain limit the surplus is divided with the State; in some the privilege granted to the companies is only for a limited period, in some a sort of periodical revision and restriction of the tariff is reserved to the State. Nothing can be more simple, expeditious, and cheap than the means of obtaining an act for the establishment of a railway company in America. A public meeting is held at which the project is discussed and adopted, a deputation is appointed to apply to the Legislature, which grants the act without expense, delay, or official difficulty. The principle of competition is not brought into play as in France, nor is there any investigation as to the expediency of the project with reference to future profit or loss as in England. No other guarantee or security is required from the company than the payment by the shareholders of a certain amount, constituting the first call. In some States the non-payment of a call is followed by the confiscation of the previous payments, in others a fine is imposed on the shareholders, in others the share is sold, and if the produce be less than the price at which it was delivered the surplus can be recovered from the shareholder by process of law. In all cases the act creating the companies fix a time within which the works must be completed, under pain of forfeiture. The traffic in shares before the definite constitution of the company is prohibited.

Although the State itself has rarely undertaken the execution of railways, it holds out in most cases inducements in different forms to the enterprise of companies. In some cases the State takes a great number of shares, which is generally accompanied by a loan made to the company, consisting in State Stock delivered at par, which the company negotiate at its own risk. This loan is often converted into a subvention.

The great extent of railway communication in America in proportion to its population must necessarily excite much admiration. If we take the present population of the United States at 24,000,000, and the railways in operation at 10,000 miles, it will follow that in round numbers there is one mile of railway for every 2,400 inhabitants. Now, in the United Kingdom there are at present in operation 6,500 miles of railway, and if we take the population at 30,000,000, it will appear that there is a mile of railway for every 4,615 inhabitants. It appears, therefore, that in proportion to the population the length of railways in the United States is greater than in the United Kingdom in the ratio of 46 to 24.

On the American railways passengers are not differently classed or received at different rates of fare as on those of Europe. There is but one class and one fare. The only distinction observable arises from color. The colored population, whether emancipated or not, are generally excluded from the vehicles provided for the whites. Such travellers are but few, and are usually accommodated either in the luggage van or in the carriage with the guard or conductor. But little merchandise is transported, the cost of transport being greater than goods in general are capable of paying; nevertheless, a tariff regulated by weight alone, without distinction of classes, is fixed for merchandise.

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Although Cuba is not yet *annexed* to the United States, its local proximity here suggests some notice of a line of railway which traverses that island, forming a

communication between the city of Havana and the centre of the island. This is an excellently constructed road, and capitally worked by British engines, British engineers, and British coals. The impressions produced in passing along this line of railway, though different from those already noticed in the forests of the far west, is not less remarkable. We are here transported at 30 miles an hour by an engine from Newcastle, driven by an engineer from Manchester, and propelled by fuel from Liverpool, through fields yellow with pineapples, through groves of plantain and cocoa-nut, and along roads inclosed by hedge-rows of ripe oranges.

To what extent this extraordinary rapidity of advancement made by the United States in its inland communications is observable in other departments will be seen by the following table, exhibiting a comparative statement of those *data*, derived from official sources, which indicate the social and commercial condition of a people through a period which forms but a small stage in the life of a nation:

	1793.	1851.
Population	3,939,325	24,267,488
Imports	£6,739,130	£38,723,545
Exports	£5,675,869	£32,367,000
Tonnage	520,704	3,535,451
Lighthouses, beacons, and lightships	7	373
Cost of their maintenance	£2,600	£115,000
Revenue	£1,230,000	£9,516,000
National expenditure	£1,637,000	£8,555,000
Post offices	209	21,551
Post roads (miles)	5,642	178,670
Revenue of Post-office	£22,800	£1,207,000
Expenses of Post-office	£15,650	£1,130,000
Mileage of mails	——	46,541,423
Canals (miles)	0	5,000
Railways (miles)	0	10,287
Electric telegraph (miles)	0	15,000
Public libraries (volumes)	75,000	2,201,623
School libraries (volumes)	0	2,000,000

If they were not founded on the most incontestable statistical data, the results assigned to the above table would appear to belong to fable rather than history. In an interval of little more than half a century it appears that this extraordinary people have increased above 500 per cent. in numbers; their national revenue has augmented nearly 700 per cent., while their public expenditure has increased little more than 400 per cent. The prodigious extension of their commerce is indicated by an increase of nearly 500 per cent. in their imports and exports and 600 per cent. in their shipping. The increased activity of their internal communications is expounded by the number of their post offices, which has been increased more than a hundred-fold, the extent of their post roads, which has been increased thirty-six-fold, and the cost of their post-office, which has been augmented in a seventy-two-fold ratio. The augmentation of their machinery of public instruction is indicated by the extent of their public libraries, which have increased in a thirty-two-fold ratio, and by the creation of school libraries, amounting to 2,000,000 volumes. They have completed a system of canal navigation, which, placed in a continuous line, would extend from London to Calcutta, and a system of railways which, continuously extended, would stretch from London to Van Diemen's Land, and have provided locomotive machinery by which that distance would be travelled over in three weeks, at the cost of 1-1/2d. per mile. They have created a system of inland navigation, the aggregate tonnage of which is probably not inferior in amount to the collective inland tonnage of all the other countries in the world, and they possess many hundreds of river steamers, which impart to the roads of water the marvellous celerity of roads of iron. They have, in fine, constructed lines of electric telegraph which, laid continuously, would extend over a space longer by 3,000 miles than the distance from the north to the south pole, and have provided apparatus of transmission by which a message of 300 words despatched under such circumstances from the north pole might be delivered *in writing* at the south pole in one minute, and by which, consequently, an answer of equal length might be sent back to the north pole in an equal interval.

These are social and commercial phenomena for which it would be vain to seek a parallel in the past history of the human race.

THE LAST EARTHQUAKE IN EUROPE.

A correspondent of the *Athenæum* gives the following account—the best we have yet seen—of the recent earthquake at Amalfi, in the kingdom of Naples:—

> "I have, however, seen several persons from Malfi; and from their narratives will endeavor to give you some idea of this awful visitation. The morning of the 14th of August was very sultry, and a leaden atmosphere prevailed. It was remarked that an unusual silence appeared to extend over the animal world. The hum of insects ceased—the feathered tribes were mute—not a breath of wind moved the arid vegetation. About half-past two o'clock the town of Malfi rocked for about six seconds, and nearly every building fell in. The number of edifices actually levelled with the earth is 163—of those partially destroyed 98, and slightly damaged 180. Five monastic establishments were destroyed, and seven churches including the cathedral. The awful event occurred at a time when most of the inhabitants of a better condition were at dinner; and the result is, that out of the whole population only a few peasants laboring in the fields escaped. More than 700 dead bodies have already been dug out of the ruins, and it is supposed that not less than 800 are yet entombed. A college accommodating 65 boys and their teachers is no longer traceable. But the melancholy event does not end here. The adjoining village of Ascoli has also suffered:—32 houses laving fallen in, and the church being levelled with the ground. More than 200 persons perished there. Another small town, Barile, has actually disappeared; and a lake has arisen from the bowels of the earth, the waters being warm and brackish.
>
> "I proceed to give a few anecdotes, as narrated by persons who have arrived in Naples from the scene of horror:—'I was travelling,' says one, 'within a mile of Malfi when I observed three cars drawn by oxen. In a moment the two most distant fell into the earth; from the third I observed a man and a boy descend and run into a vineyard which skirted the road. Shortly after, I think about three seconds, the third car was swallowed up. We stopped our carriage, and proceeded to the spot where the man and boy stood. The former I found stupified—he was both deaf and dumb; the boy appeared to be out of his mind, and spoke wildly, but eventually recovered. The poor man still remains speechless.' Another informant says:—'Malfi, and all around present a singular and melancholy appearance: houses levelled or partially fallen in—here and there the ground broken up—large gaps displaying volcanic action—people wandering about stupified—men searching in the ruins—women weeping—children here and there crying for their parents, and some wretched examples of humanity carrying off articles of furniture. The authorities are nowhere to be found.' A third person states:—'I am from Malfi, and was near a monastery when the earthquake occurred. A peasant told me that the water in a neighboring well was quite hot,—a few moments after I saw the building fall. I fell on the ground, and saw nothing more. I thought that I had had a fit.' [Pg 468]
>
> "The town of Malfi—or, Amalfi—is 150 miles from Naples, and about the centre of the boot. It is difficult, therefore, to gain information. The government, I should add, sent a company of sappers and miners to assist the afflicted *nine days after the earthquake*!—and a medical commission is to set off to-morrow. In conclusion, I may observe, that Vesuvius has for a long time been singularly quiet. The shock of the earthquake was felt slightly, though sensibly, from Naples round to Sorrento. I have just heard that the shocks have not ceased in the district of Malfi; and it is supposed that volcanic agency is still active. Indeed, my informant anticipates that an eruption will take place; and probably some extraordinary phenomena may appear in this neighborhood. The volcanic action appears to have taken the direction of Sicily, as reports have arrived stating that the shocks were felt in that direction far more strongly than in that of Naples. I shall send you further particulars as soon as I can do so with certainty."

MR. JEFFERSON ON THE STUDY OF THE ANGLO-SAXON LANGUAGE.

The trustees of the University of Virginia have had printed a few copies of *An Essay towards facilitating Instruction in the Anglo-Saxon and Modern Dialects of the English Language*: *By* Thomas Jefferson. The MS. has been preserved in the library of their University ever since Mr. Jefferson's death. It is a very characteristic production, and is printed in a thin quarto volume, prefaced by the following letter from Mr. Jefferson to Herbert Croft, LL.B., of London:

Monticello, *Oct. 30th, 1798*.

> Sir; The copy of your printed letter on the English and German languages, which you have been so kind as to send me, has come to hand; and I pray you to accept of my thanks for this mark of your attention. I have perused it with singular pleasure, and, having long been sensible of the importance of a knowledge of the Northern

languages to the understanding of English, I see it, in this letter, proved and specifically exemplified by your collations of the English and German. I shall look with impatience for the publication of your "English and German Dictionary." Johnson, besides the want of precision in his definitions, and of accurate distinction in passing from one shade of meaning to another of the same word, is most objectionable in his derivations. From a want probably of intimacy with our own language while in the Anglo-Saxon form and type, and of its kindred languages of the North, he has a constant leaning towards Greek and Latin for English etymon. Even Skinner has a little of this, who, when he has given the true Northern parentage of a word, often tells you from what Greek and Latin source it might be derived by those who have that kind of partiality. He is, however, on the whole, our best etymologist, unless we ascend a step higher to the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary; and he has set the good example of collating the English word with its kindred word in the several Northern dialects, which often assist in ascertaining its true meaning.

Your idea is an excellent one, in producing authorities for the meanings of words, "to select the prominent passages in our best writers, to make your dictionary a general index to English literature, and thus to intersperse with verdure and flowers the barren deserts of Philology." And I believe with you that "wisdom, morality, religion, thus thrown down, as if without intention, before the reader, in quotations, may often produce more effect than the very passages in the books themselves;"—"that the cowardly suicide, in search of a strong word for his dying letter, might light on a passage which would excite him to blush at his want of fortitude, and to forego his purpose;"—"and that a dictionary with examples at the words may, in regard to every branch of knowledge, produce more real effect than the whole collection of books which it quotes." I have sometimes myself used Johnson as a Repertory, to find favorite passages which I wished to recollect, but too rarely with success.

I was led to set a due value on the study of the Northern languages, and especially of our Anglo-Saxon, while I was a student of the law, by being obliged to recur to that source for explanation of a multitude of law-terms. A preface to Fortescue on Monarchies, written by Fortescue Aland, and afterwards premised to his volume of Reports, developes the advantages to be derived to the English student generally, and particularly the student of law, from an acquaintance with the Anglo-Saxon; and mentions the books to which the learner may have recourse for acquiring the language. I accordingly devoted some time to its study, but my busy life has not permitted me to indulge in a pursuit to which I felt great attraction. While engaged in it, however, some ideas occurred for facilitating the study by simplifying its grammar, by reducing the infinite diversities of its unfixed orthography to single and settled forms, indicating at the same time the pronunciation of the word by its correspondence with the characters and powers of the English alphabet. Some of these ideas I noted at the time on the blank leaves of my Elstob's Anglo-Saxon Grammar: but there I have left them, and must leave them, unpursued, although I still think them sound and useful. Among the works which I proposed for the Anglo-Saxon student, you will find such literal and verbal translations of the Anglo-Saxon writers recommended, as you have given us of the German in your printed letter. Thinking that I cannot submit those ideas to a better judge than yourself, and that if you find them of any value you may put them to some use, either as hints in your dictionary, or in some other way, I will copy them as a sequel to this letter, and commit them without reserve to your better knowledge of the subject. Adding my sincere wishes for the speedy publication of your valuable dictionary, I tender you the assurance of my high respect and consideration.

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THOMAS JEFFERSON."

Of the Essay itself we have room for only the initial paragraph, which is as follows:

"The importance of the Anglo-Saxon dialect towards a perfect understanding of the English language seems not to have been duly estimated by those charged with the education of youth; and yet it is unquestionably the basis of our present tongue. It was a full-formed language; its frame and construction, its declension of nouns and verbs, and its syntax were peculiar to the Northern languages, and fundamentally different from those of the South. It was the language of all England, properly so called, from the Saxon possession of that country in the sixth century to the time of Henry III. in the thirteenth, and was spoken pure and unmixed with any other. Although the Romans had been in possession of that country for nearly five centuries from the time of Julius Cæsar, yet it was a military possession chiefly, by their soldiery alone, and with dispositions intermutually jealous and unamicable. They seemed to have aimed at no lasting settlements there, and to have had little familiar mixture with the native Britons. In this state of connection there would probably be little incorporation of the Roman into the native language, and on their subsequent evacuation of the island its traces would soon be lost altogether. And had it been otherwise, these innovations would have been carried with the natives themselves when driven into Wales by the invasion and entire occupation of the rest of the Southern portion of the island by the Anglo-Saxons. The language of

these last became that of the country from that time forth, for nearly seven centuries; and so little attention was paid among them to the Latin, that it was known to a few individuals only as a matter of science, and without any chance of transfusion into the vulgar language. We may safely repeat the affirmation, therefore, that the pure Anglo-Saxon constitutes at this day the basis of our language. That it was sufficiently copious for the purposes of society in the existing condition of arts and manners, reason alone would satisfy us from the necessity of the case. Its copiousness, too, was much favored by the latitude it allowed of combining primitive words so as to produce any modification of idea desired. In this characteristic it was equal to the Greek, but it is more specially proved by the actual fact of the books they have left us in the various branches of history, geography, religion, law, and poetry. And although since the Norman conquest it has received vast additions and embellishments from the Latin, Greek, French, and Italian languages, yet these are but engraftments on its idiomatic stem; its original structure and syntax remain the same, and can be but imperfectly understood by the mere Latin scholar. Hence the necessity of making the Anglo-Saxon a regular branch of academic education. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was assiduously cultivated by a host of learned men. The names of Lambard, Parker, Spelman, Wheeloc, Wilkins, Gibson, Hickes, Thwaites, Somner, Benson, Mareschal, Elstob, deserve to be ever remembered with gratitude for the Anglo-Saxon works which they have given us through the press, the only certain means of preserving and promulgating them."

THE OBELISKS OF EGYPT.

In the last number of the *International* we gave an interesting article from the London *Times* respecting "Cleopatra's Needle." The subject of its removal has since been largely discussed in England, and Mr. Tucker, a civil engineer, has been sent out to Alexandria to "report on the condition and site of the obelisk," and Lord Edward Russell has been appointed to the Vengeance to proceed to Egypt for the purpose of bringing it to England. On the publication of these facts Mr. Nathaniel Gould writes to the *Times* as follows:

How far a "man-of-war" is a proper vessel for this purpose may be seen hereafter. The Premier is, however, ready enough to appropriate some little *éclat* to a member of his own family. I stated that, so far as I could make out, the bringing the obelisk of Luxor to Paris had cost the French Government 40,000*l.*; but it is stated by Mr. Gliddon, late United States Consul at Cairo, that it actually cost France 2,000,000f., or 80,000*l.*! Private offers have been made to bring the Needle to England for from 7,000*l.* to 12,500*l.* within a twelvemonth; it remains to be seen what it will cost when brought on Government account.

Notwithstanding that so much has of late appeared upon the subject of Egyptian obelisks, but little has been given of value to the public touching the nature, origin, inscriptions, numbers, and localities of these curious and interesting objects. Perhaps, Sir, you may not think it out of the way to give room for such information as I have got together in my researches, while contemplating the removal of the obelisk from Alexandria. Obelisks are of Egyptian invention, and are purely historical records, placed in pairs before public buildings, stating when, by whom, and for what purpose the building was erected, and the divinity or divinities to whom it was dedicated.

We read that the ancient Hebrews set up stones to record signal events, and such stones are called by Strabo "books of history;" but, as they were uninscribed, the Egyptian monoliths are much more so. The Celts, too, have left similar stones in every country in which they settled, as our own islands sufficiently prove, whether in those of the Channel or of Ireland and Scotland. The Scandinavian nations have in more recent periods left similar records, some of them inscribed with Runic characters, which, like the hieroglyphics of Egypt, are now translated. [Pg 470]

Egyptian obelisks are all of very nearly similar proportions, however they may differ in height; the width of the base is usually about one-tenth of the length of the shaft, up to the finish or pyramidion, which, again, is one-tenth of the length of the shaft. The image of gold set up by king Nebuchadnezzar agrees with these proportions—viz., sixty cubits high and six cubits wide. They are generally cut out of granite, though there are two small ones in the British Museum of basalt, and one at Philoe of sandstone. The pyramidions of several appear to be rough and unfinished, leading some persons to suppose that they were surmounted with a cap of bronze, or of rays. Bonom writes, that Abd El Latief saw bronze coverings on those of Luxor and that of Materiah in the 13th century; with such a belief it is not improbable that the obelisk of Arles, in France, found and re-erected to the glory of the Great Louis, was surmounted with a gilt sun. The temples of Egypt may be considered not only as monuments of the intelligence and ancient civilization of mankind, as vignettes in the great book of history, but also as possessing a peculiar interest, as belonging to a people intimately connected with sacred records.

As regards the original sites of the obelisks, none are found on the west bank of the Nile, neither are any pyramids found on the eastern bank of Egypt Proper; this caused Bonomi to think that obelisks were intended as decorations to the temples of the living, symbolized by the rising sun, and pyramids decorations of the temples of the dead, symbolized by its setting. The greater number of obelisks are engraven on the four faces; some are engraven on one face only, and some have never been inscribed. Some of the faces are engraven in one column, some in two, and some in three columns. In some instances the side or lateral columns have been additions in after times, in different and inferior styles of engraving; and in some instances the name of the king, within the oval or cartouche, has been erased and another substituted. The inscriptions are hieroglyphic or sacred writing, which have been unintelligible till within the last few years. The French occupation of Egypt commenced that discovery, which has been perfected by the key of Young and the alphabet of Champollion—though mainly perhaps indebted to the Rosetta Stone, found in 1799, engraven in three characters, hieroglyphic, Demotic and Greek. The more ancient inscriptions are beautifully cut, and as fresh as if just from the tool, and are curiously caved inwardly, and exquisitely polished.

It would take too much of your space and of my time to give a history of the progress of this wonderful discovery, by which we now know more of the Egyptian history before the time of Abraham than of England before Alfred the Great, or of France before Charlemagne. Some of these monuments are considered to date as far back as 2,000 years before the Christian era. It is sufficiently evident, from the small number that are known to exist, that they were a most costly production, requiring a long time for their completion, and the most elaborate skill of the most perfect sculptors to execute. Bonomi, to whose indefatigable research, and clear and positive style of writing, and condensation of his knowledge I am indebted, out of his papers read before the Royal Society of Literature (of which I am a member), gives us an account of all the known obelisks.

The number of Egyptian obelisks now standing is 30; of which there are remaining in Egypt, 8; in Italy, 14; in Constantinople, 2; in France, 2; in England, 4. The loftiest is that of the "Lateran," at Rome, which is 105 feet, though 4 feet were cut from its broken base, to enable it to stand when re-erected. The shortest is the minor "Florentine," which is 5 feet 10 inches. The number of prostrate obelisks known is 12, viz.: at Alexandria, 1; in the ruins of Saan, or Tanais, 9; at Carnack, 2; all in Egypt, and all colossal, and of the 18th and 20th dynasties. Thus it seems that, like the cedars of Lebanon, there are more in other parts of the world than in the country of their original location.

The 12 obelisks at Rome were conveyed thither by the Cæsars to adorn the eternal city; that of the Lateran was brought by Constantine from Heliopolis to Alexandria, and from Alexandria by Constantius, and placed in the "Circus Maximus." It was brought from Alexandria in an immense galley. When the barbarians sacked Rome they overthrew all the obelisks, which were broken in their fall; this was in three pieces, and the base so destroyed that when raised by Fontana in 1588, by order of Sixtus V., above 4 feet were cut from its base; it is now 105 feet 7 inches in shaft. It is sculptured on all four sides, and the same subject on each. There are three columns—the inner the most ancient and best cut. The obelisk of the Piazza del Popolo was brought from Heliopolis by Augustus, and, like the preceding, was broken in three pieces, and required above three feet to be cut off its damaged base. This, too, was re-erected by order of Sixtus V., in 1589. Its height, as now shortened, is 87 feet 5 inches. It is sculptured on all four sides in three columns of different age and excellence. The obelisk of "Piazza Rotunda" was re-erected by Clement XI., A. D., 1711. It is 19 feet 9 inches shaft. It has only one column of hieroglyphics, with the name of Rameses on each. Those of Materiah and the Hippodrome at Constantinople also have but one centre column engraved. So much for some of those at Rome. Of the four in England, two small ones, of basalt, are in the British Museum; they are only 8 feet 1 inch in height. That at Alnwick Castle was found in the Thebaid, and presented to Lord Prudhoe by the Pacha in 1838, and got to England by Bonomi. It is of red granite, 7 feet 3 inches in height, and 9-3/4 inches at the base. It is inscribed on one face only. That at Corfe Castle was brought over for Mr. Bankes by the celebrated Belzoni. It is of granite, and 22 feet in height.

Mr. Gould proceeds to repeat the particulars respecting Cleopatra's Needle, which were contained in the October number of this magazine. Signor Tisvanni D'Athanasi also writes to the *Times*, proposing to undertake the removal of this obelisk, and says:

"Every body knows that from the time of the Romans up to the present century the only colossal objects which have been transported from Egypt, with the exception of the obelisk of Luxor, are the two sphynxes which are now at St Petersburgh, and which were found and sent to Alexandria through my means."

DR. LATHAM ON THE MOSKITO KINGDOM.

The last portion of Dr. ROBERT G. LATHAM'S learned work on the Ethnology of the British Colonies and Dependencies, treats of American ethnology, a branch of the subject which, though extensively investigated, is greatly in want of systematic arrangement. Some of Dr. Latham's views are novel. The following sketch of the Nicaraguan Indians is interesting at the present moment for political reasons:—

> "The Moskito Indians are no subjects of England, any more than the Tahitians are of France, or the Sandwich Islanders of America, France, and England conjointly. The Moskito coast is a Protectorate, and the Moskito Indians are the subjects of a native king. The present reigning monarch was educated under English auspices at Jamaica, and, upon attaining his majority, crowned at Grey Town. I believe that his name is that of the grandfather of our late gracious majesty. King George, then, King of the Moskitos, has a territory extending from the neighborhood of Truxillo to the lower part of the River San Juan; a territory whereof, inconveniently for Great Britain, the United States, and the commerce of the world at large, the limits and definition are far from being universally recognized. Nicaragua has claims, and the Isthmus canal suffers accordingly. The King of the Moskito coast, and the Emperor of the Brazil, are the only resident sovereigns of the New World. The subjects of the former are, really, the aborigines of the whole line of coast between Nicaragua and Honduras—there being no Indians remaining in the former republic, and but few in the latter. Of these, too—the Nicaraguans—we have no definite ethnological information. Mr. Squier speaks of them as occupants of the islands of the lakes of the interior. Colonel Galindo also mentions them; but I infer, from his account, that their original language is lost, and that Spanish is their present tongue; just as it is said to be that of the aborigines of St. Salvador and Costa Rica. This makes it difficult to fix them. And the difficulty is increased when we resort to history, tradition, and archæology. History makes them Mexicans—Asteks from the kingdom of Montezuma, and colonists of the Peninsula, just as the Ph[oe]nicians were of Carthage. Archæology goes the same way. A detailed description of Mr. Squier's discoveries is an accession to ethnology which is anxiously expected. At any rate, stone ruins and carved decorations have been found; so that what Mr. Stephenson has written about Yucatan and Guatemala, may be repeated in the case of Nicaragua. Be it so. The difficulty will be but increased, since whatever facts make Nicaragua Mexican, isolate the Moskitos. They are now in contact with Spaniards and Englishmen—populations whose civilization differs from their own; and populations who are evidently intrusive and of recent origin. Precisely the same would be the case if the Nicaraguans were made Mexican. The civilization would be of another sort; the population which introduced it would be equally intrusive; and the only difference would be a difference of stage and degree—a little earlier in the way of time, and a little less contrast in the way of skill and industry. But the evidence in favor of the Mexican origin of the Nicaraguans is doubtful; and so is the fact of their having wholly lost their native tongue; and until one of these two opinions be proved, it will be well to suspend our judgment as to the isolation of the Moskitos. If, indeed, either of them be true, their ethnological position will be a difficult question. With nothing in Honduras to compare them with—with nothing tangible, or with an apparently incompatible affinity in Nicaragua—with only very general miscellaneous affinities in Guatemala—their ethnological affinities are as peculiar as their political constitution. Nevertheless, isolated as their language is, it has undoubtedly general affinities with those of America at large; and this is all that it is safe to say at present. But it is safe to say this. We have plenty of data for their tongue, in a grammar of Mr. Henderson's, published at New-York, 1846. The chief fact in the history of the Moskitos is that they were never subject to the Spaniards. Each continent affords a specimen of this isolated freedom—the independence of some exceptional and impracticable tribes, as compared with the universal empire of some encroaching European power. The Circassians in Caucasus, the Tshuktshi Koriaks in North-Eastern Asia, and the Kaffres in Africa, show this. Their relations with the buccaneers were, probably, of an amicable description. So they were with the negroes—maroon and imported. And this, perhaps, has determined their *differentiæ*. They are intertropical American aborigines, who have become partially European, without becoming Spanish. Their physical conformation is that of the South rather than the North American; and, here it must be remembered, that we are passing from one moiety of the new hemisphere to the other. With a skin which is olive-colored rather than red, they have small limbs and undersized frames; whilst their habits are, *mutatis mutandis*, those of the intertropical African. This means, that the exuberance of soil, and the heat of the climate, make them agriculturists rather than shepherds, and idlers rather than agriculturists, since the least possible amount of exertion gives them roots and fruits, whilst it is only those wants which are compatible with indolence that they care to satisfy. They presume rather than improve upon the warmth of their suns, and the fertility of the soil. When they get liquor, they get drunk; when they work hardest, they cut mahogany. Canoes and harpoons represent the native industry. Wulasha is the name of their evil spirit, and Liwaia that of a water-dog. I cannot but think that there is much intermixture amongst

them. At the same time, the data for ascertaining the amount are wanting. Their greatest intercourse has, probably, been with the negro; their next greatest with the Englishman. Of the population of the interior we know next to nothing. Here their neighbors are Spaniards. They are frontagers to the river San Juan. This gives them their value in politics. They are the only well known extant Indians between Guatemala and Veragua. This gives them their value in ethnology. The populations to which they were most immediately allied have disappeared from history. This isolates them; so that there is no class to which they can be subordinated. At the same time, they are quite as like the nearest known tribes as the American ethnologist is prepared to expect. What they were in their truly natural state, when, unmodified by either Englishman or Spaniard, Black or Indian, they represented the indigenous civilization (such as it was) of their coast, is uncertain." [Pg 472]

GOLD-QUARTZ AND SOCIETY.

The Burns Ranch Union Mining Company in California have published a prospectus—we suppose to facilitate the sale of their stock—and the writer indulges in some speculations respecting the influence of the discovery that the chief mineral riches of the new state are in mines, instead of the sands of rivers, thus:

> It appears to be the destiny of America to carry on the greatness of the future, and that Providence—which shapes the ends of nations as well as of persons, at a time when it was most needful for the prosecution of her mission, when war and the expedients of political strategy are out of vogue, and the people is most powerful of which the individual civilization, energy, ambition, and resources are greatest—that Providence, at this crisis, has opened the veins of the Continent, slumbering so many thousand years, in order that we might derive from them all that remained necessary for investing the United States with the leadership of the world.
>
> The first intelligence of the discovery of gold in California fell upon the general mind like news of a great and peculiar revolution. It was at once—even before the statements on the subject assumed a definite or certain form—it was at once felt that a new hour was signally on the dial-plate of history. Immediately, those immense fortunes which were acquired by the Portuguese and Spaniards nearly four centuries ago—fortunes which, in the decline of nations, have still remained in families as the sign and substance of the only nobility and power which mankind at large acknowledge—those astonishing fortunes which raised the enterprising poor man to the dignity and happiness of the most elevated classes in society, were recalled, and made suggestive of like successes to new and more hardy adventurers. The reports came with increased volume; every ship confirmed the rumors brought by its predecessor, and new intelligence, that, in its turn, tasked the popular credulity; and it came soon to be understood that we had found a land literally flowing with gold and silver, as that promised to the earlier favorites of Heaven did with milk and honey. As many as were free from controlling engagements, and had means with which to do so, started for our El Dorado, making haste, in fear that the wealth of the country would quickly be exhausted—not dreaming, even yet, that there was any thing to be acquired but flakes and scales and scattered masses of ore, which would be exhausted by the first hunters who should scour the rivers and turn the surface soil.
>
> But at length the geologists began to apprehend, what experience soon confirmed, that, extraordinary as were the amounts of gold found in drifts of gravel, and deposits that had been left in the beds of streams, these were merely the signs of far greater riches—merely indexes of the presence of rocks and hills, and underlayers of plains, impregnated with gold, in quantities that the processes of nature could never disclose, and that would reward only the scientific efforts of miners having all the mechanical appliances which the laborious experiments of other nations had invented. The fact of the existence of veins of gold in vast quartz formations, and ribs of gold in hills, was as startling almost as the first news of the presence of the precious metal in the country. This at once changed the prospect, and from a game of chance, elevated the pursuit of gold in California to a grand industrial purpose, requiring an energy and sagacity that invest it with the highest dignity, and to such energy and sagacity promising, with absolute certainty, rewards that make it worthy of the greatest ambition.
>
> Now, men of character and capital—the class of men whose speculating spirit is held in subjection by the most exact reason—began to turn to the subject their investigations, and to connect with it their plans. This will account for the fact that has so much astonished the world, which had supposed our Pacific colony to be composed of the reckless, profligate and desperate only—the fact, that when California made her constitution of government, it shot at once in unquestionable wisdom directly and far in advance of all the states on the Atlantic, presenting to mankind the very highest type of a free government that had ever been conceived. The demonstration that California was a *mine*, like other mines in all but its

surpassing richness, elevated it from a scene of gambling to one for the orderly pursuit of riches, and by the splendor of its promises, drew to it the most sagacious and most heroical intelligences of the time.

Astonishing as are the present and prospective results of the discovery in California, however, we are not to suppose that there is any possibility of a decline in the value of the precious metals. In absolute material civilization, the world in the last three-quarters of a century has advanced more than it had in any previous three full centuries; and the supply of gold, for currency and the thousand other objects for which it was demanded, was becoming alarmingly insufficient, so that the addition of more than thirty per cent. to the total annual product of the world, which we are led by the officially-stated results thus far to expect from California, will merely preserve the historical and necessary proportion and standard value.

INEDITED LETTER OF DR. FRANKLIN.

The following characteristic and interesting letter by Dr. Franklin is first printed in the *International*. Captain Falconer, to whom it is addressed, took Dr. Franklin to France when he was appointed commissioner, and proceeded thence with his ship to London. The letter is directed *To Captain Nathaniel Falconer, at the Pennsylvania Coffee-house, Birchin Lane, London*, and the autograph is in the collection of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia:

PASSY, July 28, 1783.

DEAR FRIEND:—I received your favor of the 18th. Captain Barney brought us the dispatches we so long expected. Mr. Deane as you observe is lost. Dr. Bancroft is I believe steady to the interest of his country, and will make an agreeable passenger if you can take him. You desire to know something of the state of affairs here. Every thing goes well with respect to this court and the other friendly powers; what England is doing or means to do, or why the definitive treaty is so long delayed, I know perhaps less than you do; as, being in that country, you may have opportunities of hearing more than I can. For myself, I am at present as hearty and well as I have been these many years; and as happy as a man can be where every body strives to make him so. The French are an amiable people to live with; they love me, and I love them. Yet I do not feel myself at home, and I wish to die in my own country. Barney will sail this week with our dispatches. A good voyage to you, my friend, and may God ever bless you.

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B. FRANKLIN.

CAPTAIN FALCONER.

A BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

FROM A FORTHCOMING VOLUME OF POEMS BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around."—COLERIDGE.

O, whither sail you, Sir John Franklin?
Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.
To know if between the land and the pole
I may find a broad sea-way.

I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
As you would live and thrive;
For between the land and the frozen pole
No man may sail alive.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men:—
Half England is wrong, if he is right;
Bear off to westward then.

O, whither sail you, brave Englishman?
Cried the little Esquimaux.
Between the land and the polar star
My goodly vessels go.

Come down, if you would journey there,
The little Indian said;
And change your cloth for fur clothing,

Your vessel for a sled.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And the crew laughed with him too:—
A sailor to change from ship to sled,
I ween, were something new!

All through the long, long polar day,
The vessels westward sped;
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,
The ice gave way and fled.

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And with many a surly roar;
But it murmured and threatened on every side,
And closed where he sailed before.

Ho! see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea?
Bethink ye what the whaler said,
Think of the little Indian's sled!
The crew laughed out in glee.

Sir John, Sir John, 'tis bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the north,
The very sunbeams freeze.

Bright summer goes, dark winter comes—
We cannot rule the year;
But long ere summer's sun goes down,
On yonder sea we'll steer.

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,
And floundered down the gale;
The ships were staid, the yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail.

The summer's gone, the winter's come,
We sail not on yonder sea:
Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin?
A silent man was he.

The summer goes, the winter comes—
We cannot rule the year:
I ween, we cannot rule the ways,
Sir John, wherein we'd steer.

The cruel ice came floating on,
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dashed no more;
'Twas ice around, behind, before—
My God! there is no sea!

What think you of the whaler now?
What of the Esquimaux?
A sled were better than a ship,
To cruise through ice and snow.

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,
The northern light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,
And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
And on the decks was laid;
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

Sir John, the night is black and long,
The hissing wind is bleak,
The hard, green ice is strong as death:—
I prithee, Captain, speak!

The night is neither bright nor short,
The singing breeze is cold,
The ice is not so strong as hope—
The heart of man is bold!

What hope can scale this icy wall,
High over the main flag-staff?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down with a patient, settled stare,
Look down on us and laugh.

The summer went, the winter came—
We could not rule the year;
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer.

The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around;
But the hard, green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

Hark! heard you not the noise of guns?
And there, and there again?
'Tis some uneasy iceberg's roar,
As he turns in the frozen main.

Hurra! hurra! the Esquimaux
Across the ice-fields steal:
God give them grace for their charity!
Ye pray for the silly seal.

Sir John, where are the English fields,
And where are the English trees,
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass, and the waving grain.

Oh! when shall I see my orphan child?
My Mary waits for me.
Oh! when shall I see my old mother
And pray at her trembling knee?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
Think not such thoughts again.
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek;
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

Oh! think you, good Sir John Franklin,
We'll ever see the land?
'Twas cruel to send us here to starve,
Without a helping hand.

'Twas cruel, Sir John, to send us here,
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:
I ween, the Lords of the Admiralty
Had rather send than come.

Oh! whether we starve to death alone,
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done—
The open ocean danced in the sun—
We passed the Northern Sea!

REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

[Pg 474]

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. LAHARPE FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M.D.

It seems to me as if it had been but yesterday, and yet it happened in the beginning of the year 1788. We were at table with one of our colleagues of the Academy, a respectable and lively gentleman. The company was numerous, and selected from all ranks: nobles, judges, professional men, academicians, &c. We had enjoyed ourselves as is customary at a well-loaded table. At the desert, the *malvasier* and Cape wine exalted the pleasure and increased in a good company that kind of liberty which does not remain within precise limits.

People in the world had then arrived at the point where it was allowed to say every thing, if it was the object to excite laughter. Chamfort had read to us some of his blasphemous and unchaste tales, and the noble ladies heard them without even taking for refuge to the fan. Then followed a whole volley of mockery on religion. One mentioned a tirade from the Pucelle; the other reminded us of those philosophical stanzas of Diderot, wherein he says: "With the intestines of the last priest tie up the throat of the last king;" and all clapped approbation. Another rises, holds up the full tumbler, and cries: "Yes, gentlemen, I am just as certain that there is no God, as I am certain that Homer was a fool!" and really, he was of the one as certain as he was of the other: we had just spoken of Homer and of God, and there were guests present, too, who had said something good of the one and of the other.

The conversation now became more serious. We spoke with astonishment of the revolution Voltaire had effected, and we agreed that it is the most distinguished foundation of his fame. He had given the term to his half-century; he had written in such a manner, that he is read in the anteroom as well as in the hall.

One of the guests told us with great laughter, that his hairdresser, as he powdered him, said, "You see, sir, though I am only a miserable fellow, I yet have not more religion than others." We concluded that the revolution would soon be completed, and that superstition and fanaticism must absolutely yield to philosophy; we calculated the probability of the time, and who of this company may have the happiness to live to see the reign of reason. The older ones were sorry that they could not flatter themselves to see this; those younger rejoiced with the hope that they shall live to the time, and we particularly congratulated the Academy for having introduced the great work, and that they have been the chief source, the centre, the mainspring of freedom of thought.

One of the guests had taken no part in this gay conversation, and had even scattered a few jokes in regard to our beautiful enthusiasm. It was M. Cazotte, an agreeable and original gentleman; but who, unfortunately, was prepossessed by the idle imaginations of those who believe in a higher inspiration. He took the word, and said, in the most serious manner: "Sirs, rejoice; you all will be witnesses of that great and sublime revolution for which you wish so much. You are aware that I make some pretensions to prophecy. I repeat it to you, you will all see it!"

"For this a man needs no prophetic gifts," was answered him.

"This is true," he replied, "but probably a little more for what I have to tell you yet. Do you know what will arise from this revolution (where, namely, reason will triumph in opposition to religion)? what her immediate consequence, her undeniable and acknowledged effects will be?"

"Let us see," said Condorcet, with his affected look of simplicity, "a philosopher is not sorry to meet a prophet."

"You, M. Condorcet," continued M. Cazotte, "you will be stretched out upon the floor of a dungeon, there to yield up your ghost. You will die of poison, which you will swallow to save yourself from the hangman—of the poison which the good luck of the times, which then will be, will have compelled you always to have carried with you."

This at first excited great astonishment, but we soon remembered that the good Cazotte occasionally dreamed waking, and we all laughed heartily.

"M. Cazotte," said one of the guests, "the tale you relate to us here is not as merry as your 'Devil in Love' (a romance which Cazotte had written). What kind of a devil has given you the dungeon, the poison, and the hangman?—what has this in common with philosophy, and with the reign of Reason?"

"This is just what I told you," replied Cazotte. "In the name of philosophy, in the name of humanity, of liberty, of reason, it shall be that you shall take such an end; and then reason will still reign, for she will have temples; yes, at the same time there will be no temples in all France, but temples of Reason."

"Truly," said Chamfort, with a scornful smile, "you will not be one of the priests in these temples?"

"This I hope," replied Cazotte, "but you, M. de Chamfort, who will be one of them—and very worthy you are to be one—you will open your veins with twenty-two incisions of the razor—and yet you will only die a few months afterwards."

They look at each other, and continue to laugh. Cazotte continues:

"You, M. Vicq d'Azyr, you will not open your veins yourself; but afterwards you will get them opened six times in one day, and during the night you will die."

"You, M. Nicolli, you will die on the scaffold."

"You, M. Bailly, on the scaffold!" [Pg 475]

"You, M. Malesherbes—you, on the scaffold!"

"God be thanked," exclaimed M. Roucher, "it appears M. Cazotte has it to do only with the Academy; he has just started a terrible butchery among them; I—thanks to heaven—"

Cazotte interrupted him: "you?—you, too, will die on the scaffold."

"Ha! this is a bet," they exclaimed from all sides; "he has sworn to extirpate everything!"

Cazotte.—"No, it is not I that has sworn it."

"Then we must be put under the yokes of the Turks and Tartars?—and yet—"

Cazotte.—"Nothing less: I have told you already; you will then be only under the reign of philosophy and reason; those who shall treat you in this manner, will all be philosophers, will always carry on the same kind of conversation which you have peddled out for the last hour, will repeat all your maxims; they will, like you, cite verses from Diderot and the Pucelle."

It was whispered into one another's ear: "You all see that he has lost his reason—(for he remains very serious while he is talking)—Do you not see that he is joking?—and you know that he mixes something mysterious into all his jokes." "Yes," said Chamfort, "but I must confess his mysteries are not agreeable, they are too scaffoldish! And when shall all this occur?"

Cazotte.—"Six years will not expire, before all I told you will be fulfilled."

"There are many wonders." This time it was I (namely Laharpe) who took the word, "and of me you say nothing?"

"With you," replied Cazotte, "a wonder will take place, which will at least be as extraordinary; you will then be a Christian!"

Here was a universal exclamation. "Now I am easy," cried Chamfort, "if we don't perish until Laharpe is a Christian, we shall be immortal!"

"We, of the female sex," then said the Duchess de Grammont, "we are lucky that we shall be counted as nothing with the revolutions. When I say nothing, I do not mean to say as if we would not mingle ourselves a little into them; but it is assumed that nobody will, on that account, loath at us or at our sex."

Cazotte.—"Your sex will this time not protect you, and you may ever so much desire not to mingle into anything; you will be treated just like men, and no distinction will be made!"

Duchess.—"But what do you tell us here, M. Cazotte? You preach to us the end of the world!"

Cazotte.—"That I do not know; but what I do know, is, that you, Madame Duchess, will be led to the scaffold, you, and many other ladies, and on the public cart, with your hands tied on your back!"

Duchess.—"In this case, I hope I shall have a black trimmed coach?"

Cazotte.—"No, madam! Nobler ladies than you, shall, like you, be drawn on that same cart, with the hands tied on the back!"

Duchess.—"Nobler ladies? How? the princesses by birth?"

Cazotte.-"Nobler yet!"

Now was observed a visible excitement in the whole company, and the master of the table took on a dark appearance; they began to see that the joke had been carried too far.

Madame de Grammont, to scatter the clouds which the last answer had occasioned, contented herself by saying in a facetious tone: "You shall see that he will not even allow me the comfort of a father confessor!"

Cazotte.—"No, madam! you will not get one; neither you nor any one else! The last one executed, who, out of mercy, will have received a father confessor"—here he stopped a moment—

Duchess.—"Well, who will be the fortunate one, when this fortunate preference will be granted?"

Cazotte.—"It will be the only preference that he shall yet keep; and this will be the king of France!"

Now the host arose from the table, and all with him. He went to Cazotte, and said with an excited voice, "My dear M. Cazotte, this lamentable jest has lasted long. You carry it too far, and within a degree where you place the company in which you are, and yourself, into danger."

Cazotte answered not, and made himself ready to go away, when madame Grammont, who always tried to prevent the matter from being taken seriously, and exerted herself to restore the gaiety of the company, went to him, and said: "Now, M. Prophet! you have told us all our fortunes, but you say nothing of your own fate?"

He was silent and cast down his eyes; then he said: "Have you, madame, read, in Josephus, the history of the siege of Jerusalem?"

Duchess.—"Certainly! who has not read it? but you seem to think that I have not!"

Cazotte.—"Well, madame, during the siege a man went round the city, upon the walls, for seven days, in the face of the besiegers and the besieged, and cried continually, with a mournful voice, 'Wo unto Jerusalem! Wo unto Jerusalem!' but on the seventh day he cried, 'Wo unto me!' and at that moment he was dashed to pieces by an immense stone, which the machines of the enemy had thrown."

After these words, M. Cazotte bowed himself, and went away.

In relation to the above extraordinary prediction, a certain M.... has inserted the following article in the public journals of Paris: "That he well knew this M. Cazotte, and has often heard from him the announcement of the great oppression which was to come over France, and this at a time [Pg 476] when not the least of it was suspected. The attachment to the monarchy was the reason why, on the second of September, 1792, he was brought to the abbey, and was saved from the hands of the bloodthirsty rabble only through the heroic courage of his daughter, who mitigated the raging populace. This same rabble which wanted to destroy him, led him to his house in triumph. All his friends came to congratulate him, that he had escaped death. A certain M. D... who visited him after the terrible days, said to him: "Now, you are saved!"—"I believe it not," answered Cazotte; "in three days I shall be guillotined!"—"How can this be?" replied M. D... Cazotte continued: "Yes, my friend, in three days I will die on the scaffold!" As he said this he was very much affected, and added: "Shortly before your arrival, I saw a gend'armes enter, who fetched me by order of Petion; I was under the necessity of following him: I appeared before the mayor of Paris, who ordered me to the *Conciergerie*, and thence I came before the revolutionary tribunal. You see, therefore (by this vision, namely, which Cazotte had seen), my friend, that my hour has arrived; and I am so much convinced of this, that I am arranging my papers. Here are papers for which I care very much, which you will deliver to my wife; I entreat you to give them to her, and to comfort her.""

M. D... declared this all folly, and left him with the conviction, that his reason had suffered by the sight of the scenes of terror from which he had escaped.

The next day he came again; but he learned that a gensd'arme had taken M. Cazotte to the Municipality. M. D... went to Petion; arrived at the mayoralty, he heard that his friend had just been taken to prison; he hurried thither; but he was informed that he could not speak to him, he would be tried before the revolutionary tribunal. Soon after this, he heard that his friend had been condemned and executed.

GREENWOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BY MAUNSELL B. FIELD.

I would that I were dreaming,
Where lovely flowers are gleaming,
And the tall green grass is streaming
O'er the gone—for ever gone.

MOTHERWELL.

The evening glories of a summer sky
Brimming the heart with yearnings to be blest;
The wood-bird's wailing as he soars on high
Winging his weary way to distant nest;
The murmuring billows as they kiss the strand,
Bearing dim memories of stranger land;

The sad mysterious voices of the night,
Bathing the soul in reverie and love;
The low wind, whispering of its former might
To the tall trees that sigh the hills above,
Like angel-tones that roll from sphere to sphere
And dimly echo to the faithful ear;

The flitting shadows glancing o'er the sail
Of some proud ship that's dreaming on the sea;
The lighthouse fires that fitful glow and pale;
The far-off strains of martial minstrelsy;
Wechawken's hoary head o'er hill and dell,
Gloomy and proud, a giant sentinel;

Such the soft charms, thou Paradise of Death!
My languid spirit hath erewhile confest,
When wearied with the city's tainted breath,
Fever'd and faint I've sought thy shades of rest,

Where all combines in heaven, and earth, and sea,
To image life, death, immortality!—

Here where the dusky savage twanged his bow
In the old time at startled doe or fawn,
Raised the shrill war-whoop at the approach of foe,
His wild eye flashing with revenge and scorn;
Here where the Indian maiden told her love
To the soft sighing spirits of the grove.

Here, where the bloody fiend of frantic war
Flapped its red wings o'er hill-top and o'er plain—
Where the sharp musket ring, and cannon roar,
Crashed o'er the valley, thundered o'er the main,
No sound is heard, save the sweet symphony
Of Nature's all-pervading harmony.

Here the pale willow, drooping o'er the wave,
Dips its long tresses in the silvery flood;
Here the blue violet, blooming o'er the grave,
Distils its fragrance to the enamored wood,
While the complaining turtle's mournful woe
Steals on the ear in murmurs soft and low.

Here its cold shaft the polished marble rears;
Here, eloquent of grief, the sculptured urn
Bares its white bosom to the dewy tears,
Dropt pure from heaven, far purer to return!
Here the grim granite's sempeternal pile
In monumental grandeur stands the while.

Where the still stars with gentlest radiance shine
On forest green and flower-enamelled vale,
Two simple columns circled by one vine,
Tell to the traveller's eye the tender tale
Of constancy in life and death—and love,
Not e'en the horrors of the tomb could move.

Here strained, and struggling with the unequal might
Of sea and tempest, the poor foundering bark,
And the snapp'd cable, chiselled on yon height,
Where calmly sleeps the wave-tossed pilot mark;
Hope, with her anchor, pointing to the sky,
Triumphant hails the spirit flight on high!

Hark! how the solemn spirit dirge ascends
In floating cadence on the evening air,
Where with clasped hands the weeping angel bends
In human grief o'er her that's buried there;
The gentle maid, in festive garments hurled
From life's gay glitter to the gloomy world!

Thy childish laughter lingers on mine ear,
Thy fairy form still floats before mine eye;
Still is the music of thy footsteps near,
Visioned to sense by tenderest memory;
Thy soul too pure for purest mortal love,
Enraptured seraphs snatched to realms above!

Here where the sparkling fountain flings its spray
In sportive freedom, frolicksome and wild,
Mocking the wood-nymphs with its gladsome lay,
Serenely sleeps the dark-eyed forest child—
Her kinsman's glory and her nation's pride!
A chieftain's daughter and a warrior's bride!

Oft shall the pale face, pensive o'er thy mound,
Weep for the white man's shame, the red man's wrong;
Oft from spring warblers, o'er this hallowed ground,
Shall gush the tenderest melody of song,
For the poor pilgrim to that distant shore,
Her fathers loved, their sons shall see no more!

Pause, weary wanderer, pause! In yon lone glade
Where silence reigns in deep funereal gloom,
Where the pale moonbeams struggle through the shade,
Open the portals of "The Stranger's Tomb!"

No holier symbol taught since time began
The sacred sympathy of man for man!

Dear Greenwood! when the solemn heights I tread,
And catch the gray old ocean's sullen roar,
Chanting the dirge of the mighty dead,
Over whose graves the oblivious billows pour,
A tearful prayer is gushing from my breast,
"Here in thy peaceful bosom may I rest!—

"Rest till the signal calls the ransomed throng
With shouts their Saviour and their God to greet;
Rest till the harp, the trumpet, and the song
Summon the dead, Death's conqueror to meet;
And love, imperfect, man's best gift below,
In heaven eternal rapture shall bestow!"

AN AUGUST REVERIE.

[Pg 477]

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

BY A. OAKLEY HALL.

I have "laid" the tiniest ghost of my professional duties. I shook off city dust twenty hours ago, and my lungs are rejoicing this August morning with the glorious breezes that sweep from the summits of the "Trimountains" of Waywayanda lake—that stretches its ten miles expanse before my freshened vision.

Waywayanda lake?

A Quere. Shall I play geographer to those who are learned in the nomenclature of snobbism? Who allow innkeepers and railroad guides to assassinate Aboriginal terms in order that petty pride may exult in petty fame? No! But if snobbism has a curiosity, I refer it to the first landscape painter of its vicinage: or the nearest fisherman amateur: or the Recorder of New-York: or sportsman Herbert and the pages of his "Warwick Woodlands;" a list of references worthy of the spot.

And as I gaze and breathe I feel as if the waters before me had bubbled from the fountains of rejuvenescence for which Ponce de Leon so enthusiastically searched in the everglades of Florida; and as if, too, I had just emerged from their embraces.

My pocket almanac says that I am living in the dogdays. Perhaps so. But "Sirius" hath no power around these mountains and primeval solitudes. Were the fiercest theological controversialist at my elbow, he would be as cool as an Esquimaux.

I feel at peace with all things. My friend M. says the conscience lieth in the stomach. Perhaps so; and perhaps I owe my quietude of spirit to the influence of as comforting a breakfast as ever blessed the palate of a scientific egg-breaker.

Shall I join forces with the laughing beauties who are handling maces in the billiard room of the inn hard by? Shall I challenge my "Lady Gay Spanker" of last night's acquaintance to a game of bowling? Shall I tempt the unsophisticated pickerel of the lake under the shadow of yonder frowning precipice, with glittering bait? Shall I clamber the mountain side and feast my vision with an almost boundless view—rich expanses of farm land stretching away for miles and miles, and edging themselves in the blue haze of the horizon where the distant Catskill peaks rise solitary in their sublimity?

It is very comfortable here. Is there always poetry in motion? How far distant are the confines of dreamland: that magical kingdom where the tired soul satiates itself in the intoxications of fancy?

I had just carefully deposited upon a velvety tuft of grass Ik Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor." I had arrived at the conclusion that its pages should be part and parcel of the landscape about. Surely there is a unison between them both. There are always certain places where only certain melodies can be sung to the proper harmony of the heart-strings. Who ever learned "Thanatopsis" on the summit of the Catskills, and afterwards forgot a line of it? Now I have seen these same "Reveries" of the said bachelor upon many a centre-table: in the lap of many a town beauty, half cushioned in the velvet of a drawing room sofa: but the latter half of the volume never looked so inviting as it does here just in the middle of one of nature's lexicons. May the page of it never be blurred.

Reveries of a Bachelor!

'Tis a sugared pill of a title. Its morals are sad will o' wisps. And if the definition "that happiness consists in the search after it" be true, it is so when the definition settles itself on the mind of a bachelor. Hath *he* reveries half so sweet for morsels under the tongues of memory and fancy as those which come nigh to the brain of the married man? As sure as the lesser is always included in the greater: as certain as the maxim *de minimis lex non curat*: the reveries of the first are but

bound up in the reveries of the last; one is a *pleasing* romance, the other its enchanting sequel.

What is that yonder? There is a merry-faced form in the distant haze, shaking a dreamy negative with his head. A head whose reality is miles and miles away, airing its brow of single blessedness in foreign travel.

Let us argue the point: he smiles as if willing. Man socially is at least a three volumed work: however much longer the James-like pen of destiny may extend him. Volume first—bachelor. Volume second—husband. Volume third—father. There *may* be a dozen more—there *should* be none less.

You have been a bachelor: you are a husband and a father. You always had, perhaps, a bump of self-esteem attractive to the digits of Fowler. You never believed half so well of yourself as when one morning at your business you were first asked concerning the well being of your *family*. At the moment, you were in a fog, like the young attorney upon the first question of his first examination: next, memory rallied and your face brightened; your stature increased as you replied. You felt you were going up in the social numeration table of life. Two years ago you were a unit: you next counted your importance by tens over the parson's shoulder; when your child was born you felt that the leap to hundreds in the scale was far from enough and should have been higher.

Before the publication of your third volume—the father—you had been measurably blind. Your mental sight was afflicted with amaurosis. Like the philosopher of old you are now tempted to grasp every one by the hand and cry "Eureka." How indignantly you take down "Malthus" from your upper library shelf and bury him on the lowest among the books of possible reference. Your [Pg 478] political views upon education are cured of their jaundice. You pray of Sundays in the service for the widow and the orphan with a double unction. You walk the streets with a new mantle of comfort. The little beggar child whose importunities of the last wet day at the street crossings excited your petulance, upon the next wet day invites your sympathies. You stop and talk to her, nor perceive until you have ascertained where her hard-hearted parents live, and that she is uncommonly bright for the child of poverty and wretchedness, and that you have a half dollar unappropriated—nor perceive until these are found out, I say, that your umbrella has been dripping upon the skirts of your favorite coat, and that you have stood with one foot in a puddle. How this would have annoyed you years ago. But now—? How unconcernedly of the curious looks from pedestrians around do you stop the careless nurse in Broadway, who has allowed her infant charge to fall asleep in a painful attitude, and lay "it" tenderly and comfortably in position. You recall to mind with much remorse the execrations of five years ago, when the moanings of a dying babe in the next apartment to your own at the hotel disturbed your rest; and you wonder whether the mother still thinks of the little grave and the white slab which a sympathetic fancy *now* brings up before you.

You are at your business: the lamps are lighting: in the suggestions of profit by an hour or longer at the desk you recognize an unholy temptation. Now, as often before, through all the turmoils of business memory suggests the lines of Willis:

> "I sadden when thou smilest to my smile,
> Child of my love! I tremble to believe
> That o'er the mirror of thine eye of blue
> The shadow of my soul must always pass—
> That soul which from its conflicts with the world
> Comes *ever* to thy guarded cradle home,
> And careless of the staining dust it brings,
> Asks for its idol!"

And you dwell on them. You bless the author first, and truly think how cruelly unjust are they who can call into torturing question the loyalty as husband and father of him whose soul could plan and whose pen could write such holy lines. And then you think deeper of the sentiments. And then the profit-tempter hides himself in the farthest corner of the money-drawer; and you begin to think your clerk a very clever manager: and wonder if *his* remaining will not do as well—poor fellow, he's *only* a bachelor. And then you decide that he will, and so yourself, "careless of the staining dust" your coming brings, fly to "the guarded cradle home."

You have been in Italy. Or you have studied the pictures in the *Louvre*. But the hours which you passed before the canvas whereon was embodied Madonna and child never seemed so agreeable in their realization as they now appear in the glass of memory, as you see the child of your love in the arms of your life companion whose eyes, always bright to yours, and brighter still at your coming after absence, grow brightest when they are lifted from the slumbering innocence beneath them. Men call you rough in your bearing, perhaps. What would they say to see how gently your arms receive the sleeping burthen and transfer it softly to its snowy couch? Your step abroad is heavy and impetuous: how noiselessly it falls upon the floor—*now!* And how the modulated voice accords with every present thought!

You cannot give the child a sweeter sleep by watching over him so intently: and yet you choose to stay. Moments are not so precious to you that at this one household shrine they will become valueless in some most chastened heart-worship! Your infant does not when awake understand the language which your affection addresses: and yet you look with rapture to the future, when the now inquiring eye will become one of understanding; when the cautiously put forth arms will clasp in loving confidence; when the fond endearing name now half intelligibly and doubtingly lisped forth will be uttered in the boldness of love.

The shadowy form in the distant cloud over the lake has been listening intently. It listens still; and the face of it bends towards me as if to say, there's a hidden truth and mysterious sympathy in all you say; and yet the language soundeth strangely in these bachelor ears—

Bachelor ears!

Listless and deaf, as yet, to all the sweeter human music of our nature. Deafer yet to the clarion call of emulation in the race of life and struggles for power, rank, and fame. Deafest of all to that which spurreth on man to be a king of kings among the great men of his race.

You are a father, then, I say; and working in your mental toil by night and day, in the severest and darkest frowning of all professions. But in the crowded senate-room, and in the close committee-chamber; and in the court-room among the multitudes of faces all about, (some of these anticipating in their changing features defeat and disgrace,) there is a *something* which overrides all agitation: clears the heavy brain, and oils the tongue with every pungency of rhetoric.

What is that "something?"

Were I home and in my library the downturned leaf of the duodecimo biography in the left corner of the first shelf would tell it you at a glance. The biography of Lord Erskine; marked at the page which speaks of his dauntless legal debut in the Sandwich case, when not the necessity of speaking in a crowded court-room from the obscure back benches: when not the sarcastic eyes of a hundred (etiquette-ly termed) brethren; when not the awful presence of Lord Mansfield nor his rebuking interruption at a critical sentence frightened the self-possession of the enthusiastic [Pg 479] advocate, or stopped the current of his eloquent invective. The biography, which goes on to tell how, when the speech was ended, all the attorneys in the room flocked around the debutant with retainers—needed, more than all the smiles and congratulations to be drawn from earnest heart-wells: and how the advocate replied—(when some one, timid of the judge, asked how the barrister had the courage to stand the rebuking interruption, and never to quail with embarrassment before it)—*I felt my little children tugging at my gown and crying, now is the time, father, to get us bread*.

How eloquent!

How worthy of a father's heart! And in the reference, the dullest mind cannot fail to read the "something" which, to every father in a like position, nerves the will, disarms all agitation, clears the heavy brain, and oils the tongue with every pungency of rhetoric.

—The shadowy form turns closer towards me as my reverie yet chains me to the lake side, where the mountain breezes still are freshening all the August air.—

You have a purpose now in life, which, like the messenger of the king, that every morning knocked at his bedroom door to say, "Oh king, remember all this day that you are mortal," hourly brings to mind the bright reward of every toil and every aspiration. Besides a physical frame there is a mental constitution hinging on your own. There's a long life far beyond your own brief years of breath to provide for. Your name is to be perpetuated. In the very evening of your life there is to be a star that is now in its morning of existence, which will cheer and enliven. You feel all this as in some sad hour of the sickly night; you pace your room with the little sufferer wrestling with disease, and you feel that in the future will be found ample rewards for all your present bitter draughts of anxiety.

Wrestling with disease!

The thought is ugly to the mental sight. I pause to brush its cobweb from my August Reverie as an idle vaporish thing. But the shadowy form, in the edge of the distant cloud, over the far off waters of the lake, hisses the words back into my brain. And then it comes nearer. And then the atmosphere grows more dreamy and hazy about. And I half feel the mountain breezes, and half miss them from off my temples. And next I feel my thoughts less concentrate, as the shadowy form I know so well seems to be looking under my half-closed lids, and dwelling on the words I brushed like cob-webs—"wrestling with disease."

And I think of the still chamber, with the blue edge of the bracket, as it is rimmed with the faintest glimmer of the turned-down gas. And I see the half-closed shutters. And the tumbler with its significant spoon on the mantel. And the pale watcher by the ghostly curtains of the bed. And I am bending silently and almost pulseless over the sleeping boy, upon whose face each minute the fever-flushes play like summer lightning under a satin cloud.

And days go by. There is a strange hush in the household, with a horridly sensitive jarring from the vehicles in the street, which never, never were before so noisy, neither have the thronging passengers from the pavements ever gossipped so discordantly, as they go under the windows of the silent house. There's a strange echo of infantile prattle by the niches on the landings of the stairs, and from the couches, and behind the curtains; but the substantive music, whence the conjured-up echo came, is nowhere found. Then the echo itself becomes but an illusion. And Memory is strangely and impassionately chid for its creation.

I pass into a little room scarcely wide enough to wheel a sofa within. It seems as boundless in its desolation as an untenanted temple-ruin. There are mournful spirits in the little atmosphere which sting me to the heart—not to be torn away. The little cotton-dog, and morocco-ball, and jingling-bells, and coral-toys, so strangely scattered all about, are prodigious ruins to the sight. There's a gleeful laugh, a cunning smile, an artless waving of the hands, which should be here as tenants of the room. All gone! all gone into that hushed and silent chamber where yet the patient-watcher is

by the snowy curtains; and the sickly blue still edges the rim of the bracket light, and the fever-flushes still play about the wasted cheek.

How long to last? What next to come? And the shadowy form no longer can peep under the all-closed eyelids, but enters its whisperings through the delicate passages of the ear into the brain, which tortures in a maze of bitter conjecture and horrid contemplation. And my reverie becomes a painful nightmare dream.

But the mountain-breezes, and the uprising-to-meridian sun, are merciful. The shadowy form my reverie hinged itself upon is blown away. The open eyes once more glance upon the glassy waters of the lake close by the shore, and onward to the dancing ripples far away. And a merry prattling voice, from out of loving arms, is coming nearer and nearer over the velvety lawn—a voice so full of spirit, and life, and health, and sparkling innocence of care, that in a moment the frightful nightmare-dream is quite forgotten.

More—

My reverie turns itself into a lesson of bright reality; a present study of budding mind; a jealous watch of care encroaching upon innocence; a kindly outpouring of the father's manly heart upon the shrine of his idol.

Could such a reverie better end?

HEROINES OF HISTORY—LAURA.

[Pg 480]

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE BY MARY E. HEWITT.

Laura, rendered immortal by the love and lyre of Petrarch, was the daughter of Audibert de Noves, who was of the *haute noblesse* of Avignon. He died in the infancy of Laura, leaving her a dowry of one thousand gold crowns, (about fifty thousand dollars,) a magnificent portion for those times. She was married at the age of eighteen to Hugh de Sade, a young noble only a few years older than his bride, but not distinguished by any advantages either of person or mind. The marriage contract is dated in January, 1325, two years before her first meeting with Petrarch; and in it her mother, the Lady Ermessende, and her brother, John de Noves, stipulate to pay the dower left by her father; and also to bestow on the bride two magnificent dresses for state occasions; one of green, embroidered with violets; the other of crimson, trimmed with feathers. In all the portraits of Laura now extant, she is represented in one of these two dresses, and they are frequently alluded to by Petrarch. He tells us expressly that when he first met her at matins in the church of Saint Claire, she was habited in a robe of green spotted with violets. Mention is also made of a coronal of silver with which she wreathed her hair; of her necklaces and ornaments of pearls. Diamonds are not once alluded to because the art of cutting them had not then been invented. From all which it appears that Laura was opulent, and moved in the first class of society. It was customary for women of rank in those times to dress with extreme simplicity on ordinary occasions, but with the most gorgeous splendor when they appeared in public.

There are some beautiful descriptions of Laura surrounded by her young female companions, divested of all her splendid apparel, in a simple white robe and a few flowers in her hair, but still preëminent over all by her superior loveliness.

She was in person a fair, Madonna-like beauty, with soft dark eyes, and a profusion of pale golden hair parted on her brow, and falling in rich curls over her neck. The general character of her beauty must have been pensive, soft, unobtrusive, and even somewhat languid. This softness and repose must nave been far removed from insipidity, for Petrarch dwells on the rare and varying expression of her loveliness, the lightning of her smile, and the tender magic of her voice, which was felt in the inmost heart. He dwells on the celestial grace of her figure and movements, and describes the beauty of her hand and the loveliness of her mouth. She had a habit of veiling her eyes with her hand, and her looks were generally bent on the earth.

In a portrait of Laura, in the Laurentinian library at Florence, the eyes have this characteristic downcast look.

Laura was distinguished, then, by her rank and fortune, but more by her loveliness, her sweetness, and the untainted purity of her life and manners in the midst of a society noted for its licentiousness. Now she is known as the subject of Petrarch's verses, as the woman who inspired an immortal passion, and, kindling into living fire the dormant sensibility of the poet, gave origin to the most beautiful and refined, the most passionate, and yet the most delicate amatory poetry that exists in the world.

Petrarch was twenty-three years of age when he first felt the power of a violent and inextinguishable passion. At six in the morning on the sixth of April, A. D. 1327, (he often fondly records the exact year, day and hour,) on the occasion of the festival of Easter, he visited the church of Saint Claire at Avignon, and beheld, for the first time, Laura de Sade. She was just

twenty years of age, and in the bloom of beauty—a beauty so touching and heavenly, so irradiated by purity and smiling innocence, and so adorned by gentleness and modesty, that the first sight stamped the image in the poet's heart, never thereafter to be erased.

Petrarch beheld the loveliness and sweetness of the young beauty, and was transfixed. He sought acquaintance with her, and while the manners of the times prevented his entering her house, he enjoyed many opportunities of meeting her in society, and of conversing with her. He would have declared his love, but her reserve enforced silence. "She opened my breast and took my heart into her hand, saying 'speak no word of this,'" he writes. Yet the reverence inspired by her modesty and dignity was not always sufficient to restrain her lover. Being alone with her on one occasion, and she appearing more gracious than usual, Petrarch tremblingly and fearfully confessed his passion; but she, with altered looks, replied, "I am not the person you take me for!" Her displeasure froze the very heart of the poet, so that he fled from her presence in grief and dismay.

No attentions on his part could make any impression on her steady and virtuous mind. While love and youth drove him on, she remained impregnable and firm; and when she found that he still rushed wildly forward, she preferred forsaking to following him to the precipice down which he would have hurried her. Meanwhile, as he gazed on her angelic countenance, and saw purity painted on it, his love grew spotless as herself. Love transforms the true lover into a resemblance of the object of his passion. In a town, which was the asylum of vice, calumny never breathed a taint upon Laura's name: her actions, her words, the very expression of her countenance, and her slightest gestures were replete with a modest reserve combined with sweetness, and won the applause of all. [Pg 481]

Francesco Petrarch was of Florentine extraction, and the son of a notary, who, being held in great esteem by his fellow-citizens, had filled several public offices.

When the Ghibelines were banished Florence, in 1302, Petraccolo was included in the number of exiles; his property was confiscated, and he retired with his wife, Eletta Canigiani, whom he had lately married, to the town of Arrezzo, in Tuscany. And here on the night of the 20th of July, 1304, Petrarch first saw the light. When the child was seven months old his mother was permitted to return from banishment, and she established herself at a country house belonging to her husband near Ancisa, a small town fifteen miles from Florence. The infant who, at his birth, it was supposed would not survive, was exposed to imminent peril during this journey. In fording a rapid stream, the man who had charge of him carried him, wrapped in swaddling clothes, at the end of a stick; he fell from his horse, and the babe slipped from the fastenings into the water; but he was saved, for how could Petrarch die until he had seen his Laura?

The youth of Petrarch was obscure in point of fortune, but it was attended by all the happiness that springs from family concord, and the excellent character of his parents. At the age of fifteen he was sent to study in the university of Montpellier, then frequented by a vast concourse of students. His father intended his son to pursue the study of the law, as the profession best suited to ensure his reputation and fortune; but to this pursuit Francesco was invincibly repugnant. He was soon after sent to Bologna, where, as at Montpellier, he continued to display great taste for literature, much to his father's dissatisfaction.

At Bologna, Petrarch made considerable progress in the study of the law, moved thereto, doubtless, by the entreaties of his excellent parent.

After three years spent at Bologna, Petrarch was recalled to France by the death of his father. Soon after his mother died also, and he and his brother were left entirely to their own guidance, with very slender means, and those diminished by the dishonesty of those whom his father named as trustees to their fortune. Under these circumstances Petrarch entirely abandoned the profession of the law, as it occurred to both him and his brother that the clerical profession was their best resource in a city where the priesthood reigned supreme. They resided at Avignon, and became the favorites and companions of the ecclesiastical and lay nobles who formed the papal court. His talents and accomplishments were of course the cause of this distinction; besides that his personal advantages were such as to prepossess every one in his favor. He was so handsome as frequently to attract observation when he passed along the streets. When, to the utmost simplicity and singleness of mind, were added splendid talents, the charm of poetry, so highly valued in the country of the Troubadours, an affectionate and generous disposition, vivacious and pleasing manners, an engaging and attractive exterior; we cannot wonder that Petrarch was the darling of his age, the associate of its greatest men, and the man whom princes delighted to honor.

The passion of Petrarch for Laura was purified and exalted at the same time. She filled him with noble aspirations, and divided him from the common herd. He felt that her influence made him superior to vulgar ambition, and rendered him wise, true, and great. She saved him in the dangerous period of youth, and gave a worthy aim to all his endeavors. The manners of his age permitted one solace; a Platonic attachment was the fashion of the day. The Troubadours had each a lady to adore, to wait upon, and to celebrate in song; without its being supposed that she made him any return beyond a gracious acceptance of his devoirs, and allowing him to make her the heroine of his verses. Petrarch endeavored to merge the living passion of his soul into this airy and unsubstantial devotion. Laura permitted the homage: she perceived his merit and was proud of his admiration; she felt the truth of his affection, and indulged the wish of preserving it and her own honor at the same time. Without her inflexibility, this had been a dangerous experiment: but she always kept her lover distant from her; rewarding his reserve with smiles, and repressing by frowns all the overflowings of his heart.

By her resolute severity, she incurred the danger of ceasing to be the object of his attachment, and of losing the gift of an immortal name, which he has conferred upon her. But Petrarch's constancy was proof against hopelessness and time. He had too fervent an admiration of her qualities ever to change: he controlled the vivacity of his feelings, and they became deeper rooted. "Untouched by my prayers," he says, "unvanquished by my arguments, unmoved by my flattery, she remained faithful to her sex's honor; she resisted her own young heart, and mine, and a thousand, thousand things, which must have conquered any other. She remained unshaken. A woman taught me the duty of a man! to persuade me to keep the path of virtue, her conduct was at once an example and a reproach."

But whether, in this long conflict, Laura preserved her heart untouched, as well as her virtue immaculate; whether she shared the love she inspired; or whether she escaped from the captivating assiduities and intoxicating homage of her lover, "fancy free;" whether coldness, or prudence, or pride, or virtue, or the mere heartless love of admiration, or a mixture of all together, [Pg 482] dictated her conduct, is at least as well worth inquiry as the color of her eyes, or the form of her nose, upon which we have pages of grave discussion. She might have been *coquette par instinct*, if not *par calent*; she might have felt, with feminine *tacte*, that to preserve her influence over Petrarch, it was necessary to preserve his respect. She was evidently proud of her conquest: she had else been more or less than woman; and at every hazard, but that of self-respect, she was resolved to retain him. If Petrarch absented himself for a few days, he was generally better treated on his return. If he avoided her, then her eye followed him with a softer expression. When he looked pale from sickness of heart and agitation of spirits, Laura would address him with a few words of pitying tenderness. When he presumed on this benignity, he was again repulsed with frowns. He flew to solitude,—solitude! Never let the proud and torn heart, wrung with the sense of injury, and sick with unrequited passion, seek that worst resource against pain, for there grief grows by contemplating itself, and every feeling is sharpened by collision. Petrarch sought to "mitigate the fever of his heart" amid the shades of Vaucluse, a spot so gloomy, and so solitary, that his very servants forsook him; and Vaucluse, its fountains, its forests, and its hanging cliffs, reflected only the image of Laura.

He passed several years thus, cut off from society; his books were his great resource; he was never without one in his hand. Often he remained in silence from morning till night, wandering among the hills when the sun was yet low; and taking refuge, during the heat of the day, in his shady garden. At night, after performing his clerical duties (for he was canon of Lombes), he rambled among the hills; often entering, at midnight, the cavern, whose gloom, even during the day, struck his soul with awe. "Fool that I was!" he exclaims in after life, "not to have remembered the first school-boy lesson—that solitude is the nurse of love!"

While living at Vaucluse, Petrarch, invited to Rome by the Roman Senate, repaired thither to receive the laurel crown of poesy. The ceremony was performed in the Capitol with great solemnity, in presence of all the nobles and high-born ladies of the city. Leaving Rome soon after his coronation, he repaired to Parma, where Clement VI. rewarded him for subsequent political services by naming him prior of Migliarino in the diocese of Pisa.

Petrarch returned to Avignon. The sight of Laura gave fresh energy to a passion which had survived the lapse of fifteen years. She was no longer the blooming girl who had first charmed him. The cares of life had dimmed her beauty. She was the mother of many children, and had been afflicted at various times by illness. Her home was not happy. Her husband, without loving or appreciating her, was ill-tempered and jealous. Petrarch acknowledged that if her personal charms had been her sole attraction he had already ceased to love her. But his passion was nourished by sympathy and esteem; and, above all, by that mysterious tyranny of love, which, while it exists, the mind of man seems to have no power of resisting, though in feebler minds it sometimes vanishes like a dream. Petrarch was also changed in personal appearance. His hair was sprinkled with gray, and lines of care and sorrow trenched his face. On both sides the tenderness of affection began to replace, in him the violence of passion, in her the coyness and severity she had found necessary to check his pursuit. The jealousy of her husband opposed obstacles to their seeing each other. They met as they could in public walks and assemblies. Laura sang to him, and a soothing familiarity grew up between them as her fears became allayed, and he looked forward to the time when they might sit together and converse without dread.

At length he resolved to leave Laura and Avignon forever; and instead of plunging into solitude, to seek the wiser resource of travel and society. Laura saw him depart with regret. When he went to take leave of her, he found her surrounded by a circle of her ladies. Her mien was dejected; a cloud overcast her face, whose expression seemed to say, "Who takes my faithful friend from me?" Petrarch was struck to the heart by a sad presentiment: the emotion was mutual; they both seemed to feel that they should never meet again.

Petrarch departed. The plague, which had been extending its ravages over Asia, entered Europe. It spread far and wide: nearly one half the population of the world became its prey. Petrarch saw thousands die around him, and he trembled for his friends. He heard that it was at Avignon. A thousand sad presentiments haunted his mind. At last the fatal truth reached him, Laura was dead! By a singular coincidence, she died on the anniversary of the day when he first saw her. She was taken ill on the third of April, and languished but three days. As soon as the symptoms of the plague declared themselves, she prepared to die: she made her will, which is dated on the third of April, and received the sacraments of the church. On the sixth she died, surrounded by her friends and the noble ladies of Avignon, who braved the dangers of infection to attend on one so lovely and so beloved. On the evening of the same day on which she died, she was interred in the chapel of the Cross which her husband had lately built in the church of the Minor Friars at Avignon.

Her tomb was discovered and opened in 1533, in the presence of Francis the First, whose celebrated stanzas on the occasion are well known. [Pg 483]

Of the fame which, even in her lifetime, love and poetical adoration of Petrarch had thrown around his Laura, a curious instance is given which will characterize the manners of the age. When Charles of Luxembourg (afterwards Emperor) was at Avignon, a grand fête was given, in his honor, at which all the noblesse were present. He desired that Petrarch's Laura should be pointed out to him; and when she was introduced, he made a sign with his hand that the other ladies present should fall back; then going up to Laura, and for a moment contemplating her with interest, he kissed her respectively on the forehead and on the eyelids.

Petrarch survived her twenty-six years, dying in 1374. He was found lifeless one morning in his study, his hand resting on a book.

THE KING AND OUTLAW.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Robin Hood was a gentleman,
An outlaw bold was he;
He lost his Earldom and his land,
And took to the greenwood tree.

The king had just come home from war
With the Soldan over sea;
And Robin dwelt in merry Sherwood,
And lived by archerie.

Five bucks as fat as fat could be,
Were bleeding on the ground,
When up there came a hunter bright,
With a horn and leashéd hound.

"Who's this, who's this, i' th' merry greenwood?
Who's this with horn and hound?
We'll hang him, an' he pay not down
For his life a thousand pound.

"Come hither, hither, Friar John,
And count your rosarie,
And shrive this sinful gentleman,
Under the greenwood tree!"

"Stand back, stand back, thou wicked Friar,
Nor dare to stop my way;
I'll tear your cowl and cassock off,
And hurl your beads away!"

"Nay! hold your hands, my merry man!
I like his gallant mood;
Sir Hunter pray you take a staff,
And play with Robin Hood."

They played an hour with quarter staffs,
A good long hour or more,
And Robin Hood was beat at the game,
That never was beat before.

"Hold off, hold off," he said at length,
And wiped the blood away;
"Thou art a noble gentleman,
Come dine with me to-day."

"With the quarter staff, as a yeoman might,
For love I played with thee;
Now draw thy sword, as fits a knight,
And play awhile with me."

They fought an hour with rapiers keen,
A weary hour or more,
And Robin Hood began to fail,
That never failed before.

But still he fought as best he might,
In the summer's burning heat,

Till he sank at last with loss of blood,
And fell at the Stranger's feet.

He brought him water from the spring,
And took him by the hand;
"Rise up!" he said, "my good old Earl,
The best man in the land!

"Rise up, rise up, Earl Huntington,
No longer Robin Hood;
I will be king in London town,
And you in green Sherwood!"

SAINT ESCARPACIO'S BONES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE.

Upon a fine May morning in the year 1585, a Spanish vessel lay at anchor in the Port of St. Jago, in the island of Cuba. She was about to sail for Cadiz, the passengers were on board, and the sailors at their several stations, awaiting the word of command. The captain, a small, tight-built, shrewd-looking man, with the voice and manner of a naval officer, which, indeed, he had formerly been, was brave and experienced, and although somewhat wild and daring, he was a good fellow at heart, but now and then violent and headstrong to a fault, in short, Captain Perez was the terror of his men.

He was walking the deck with rapid strides, and exhibiting the greatest impatience, now stopping to observe the direction of the wind, and casting a glance at the shore, then resuming his walk with a preliminary stamp of disappointment and vexation; no one, in the meanwhile, daring to ask why he delayed getting under way.

At length strains of church music at a distance are heard on board the vessel, and all eyes are directed to the shore. A long procession of monks, holding crosses and lighted wax tapers, and singing, is seen approaching the beach opposite the vessel. The procession moves slowly and solemnly to the cadence of the music. Between two rows of monks dressed in deep black is a coffin richly decorated with all the symbols of the Catholic faith, and covered with garlands and chaplets, and, what is singular, the coffin is carried with difficulty by six stout negroes. Four venerable Jesuits support the corners of the pall, and, immediately behind the coffin, walks alone, with a grave and dignified step, the Right Reverend Father Antonio, superior of the Jesuit missionaries of the island of Cuba. An immense crowd of citizens, the garrison of the island, and the military and civil authorities, piously form the escort.

Suddenly the singing ceases, the procession halts, the coffin is placed on elevated supporters. Father Antonio approaches it, and, kissing the pall with reverence, exclaims, with a solemnity befitting the occasion,

"Adieu! Saint Escarpacio, thou worthy model of our order, adieu! In separating myself from thy holy remains, I fulfil thy last wishes; may they piously repose in our happy Spain, and may thy saintly vows and aspirations be thus accomplished. But before their departure from our shores, we conjure thee, holy saint, to look down from thy holy place of rest in heaven, and deign to bless this people, and us, thy mourning friends on earth."

The whole assembly then knelt upon the ground, after which the negroes, resuming their heavy burden, carried it on board a boat, closely followed by Father Antonio. With vigorous rowing the boat soon reached the vessel's side, and the coffin was hoisted on board. [Pg 484]

"You are very late, reverend father," said Captain Perez, "and you know *wind and tide wait for no man*. I ought to have been far on my way long before this hour."

"We could not get ready sooner, my son," the holy father replied, "but fear not, God will reward you for the delay, and these precious remains will speed you on your voyage. I hope you have made your own private cabin, as you promised, worthy of their reception?"

"Yes, certainly, I have."

"You must not for a moment lose sight of the coffin."

"Make yourself easy on that point, holy father; I shall watch over it as if it were my own. Hollo there forward, bear a hand aft," the captain cried.

Four sailors place themselves at the corners of the coffin, but they can hardly raise it from the deck; two more are called, and the six, bending under its weight, succeed in carrying it down into the cabin, followed by the Captain and by Father Antonio.

When the coffin was properly bestowed, the reverend father addressed Captain Perez in the most earnest and solemn manner:

"I hope you will be found worthy of the great confidence and trust I now repose in you. These precious remains should occupy your every moment, and you will sacredly and faithfully account to me for their safety—the smallest negligence will cost you dear. On your arrival at Cadiz, you will deliver the coffin to none other than Father Hieronimo, and not to him even, unless he shall first place in your hands a letter from me—you understand my instructions and commands? Now depart, and may God speed you on your way."

Father Antonio then came upon deck, and bestowed his benediction upon the vessel, and upon all it contained; after which, descending to the boat, he was rowed to the shore. As he placed himself at the head of the procession, the singing recommenced, the anchor was weighed, and, to the sound of music, the cheering of the people, and the roar of cannon, the vessel moved slowly on her destined voyage.

When fairly at sea, the wind was favorable, and all went well. The second evening out, Captain Perez was alone in his private cabin, and in a contemplative mood, when the feeble light of the single lamp glancing across the coffin, as the vessel rocked from side to side, attracted his attention, and led him to think about the singularity of its great weight.

"It is very strange," he said musingly, "six stout fellows to carry a man's dry bones!—it cannot be possible. But what does the coffin contain if it does not contain the saint's bones? Father Antonio was very, *very* particular. I should really like to know what there is in the coffin. It took a good half dozen strong healthy negroes, and then as many sailors, to carry it: what can there be in the coffin? Why, after all, I *can* know if I please. I have but to take out a few screws, it can be done without the slightest noise, and I am alone, and the cabin door is easily fastened."

Suiting the action to his soliloquy, he bolted the door of the cabin, took from his tool-chest a screw-driver, and, after a moment's indecision, began cautiously to loosen one of the screws in the lid of the coffin, his hands all the while trembling violently.

"If," thought he, "I am committing a heinous sin, if the saint should start up, and if, in his anger, he should in some appalling manner punish my sacrilegious meddling with his bones?"

A cold sweat overspread his bronzed visage, and he stood still a moment, hesitating as to whether he should go on. But curiosity conquered, and he rallied his energies with the reflection, that if he opened the coffin, Saint Escarpacio himself well knew it was only to find out what made his bones so heavy; there could be no impiety in that—quite the contrary. His conscience was by this time somewhat fortified, his superstitious fears gradually grew fainter, and keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon the lid of the coffin—to be sure the saint did not stir—he slowly and silently took out the first screw. He then stopped short: the saint showed no signs of anger.

"I knew it," said Perez, going to work more boldly upon the second screw, "I knew there was nothing sinful in opening the coffin, for the sin lies in the intention."

All the screws were soon drawn out, and to gratify his curiosity it only remained to raise the coffin lid, and here his heart beat violently—but courage—Perez did raise the lid, *and, and, he saw—no saint, but hay—the hay is carefully removed—then strips of linen—they are removed—then hay again, but no saint, nothing like the bone of a saint—but a wooden box*.

"Well, that is odd," thought Perez, "and what can there be in it? I must open the box, but how? there is no key, what is to be done? Shall I force the lock, or break the cover of the box? Either attempt would make a noise, which the passengers or sailors might hear, but what is to be done? Good Saint Escarpacio, take pity on me, and direct me how to open the box," whispered Perez, and there was perhaps a little irony in the supplication.

In feeling among the hay surrounding the box, Perez found a key at one of its corners secured by a small iron chain.

"Ah! ha! I have it at last" Perez cried, "*the key, the key*," and quickly putting it into the key-hole, he opened the Box—and he saw—what? *Leathern bags filled to the top* according to the beautifully written tickets, with GOLD PISTOLES—SILVER CROWNS, closely ranged in shining piles—all in the most perfect order. "But what is this? a letter? I must read it," exclaimed the excited Perez—"*by your leave, gentle wax*," and he tears the letter open. It began thus: *[Pg 485]*

"Father Antonio, of Cuba, to the reverend fathers in Cadiz, greeting.

"As agreed between us, Most Reverend Fathers, I send you THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND LIVRES, in the name, and under the semblance of Father Escarpacio, whose bones I am supposed to be sending to Spain. The annexed memorandum of accounts will show that this sum comprises the whole of our little gleanings and savings up to this time, for the benefit of our Holy Order. You will pardon I am sure this innocent artifice on our part, Most Reverend Fathers, as it will prove a safeguard to the treasure, and avoid awakening the avarice and cupidity of the person to whom I am obliged to intrust it. (Signed) ANTONIO, of Cuba."

"Three hundred thousand livres! there are, then, three hundred thousand livres," exclaimed Perez in amazement, as he realized that this immense sum lay in real gold and silver coin before his eyes. "Oh, reverend, right reverend and worthy fellows of the crafty Ignatius! you are indeed cunning foxes! a hundred to one your trick was not discovered, for who but a Jesuit could have imagined it, and who could have guessed that the coffin contained *money*? And so these bags of gold are your *holy remains*, and I too, old sea shark as I am, to be humbugged like a land lubber, with your procession and your mummery—but I am deceived no longer, my eyes are opened; and by my patron saint, trick for trick my pious masters—bones you shall have, and burn me for a

heretic, if you get any thing better than bones;" and he began to untie and examine the contents of the money-bags. "Let me consider" said he, "I want some bones, and where the devil shall I find them?"

He was on his knees, his body bent over the box, with his hands in the open gold-bags. His agitated countenance expressed with energy the mingled emotions, of desire to keep the rich booty all to himself, and of fear that in some mysterious manner it might elude his grasp—but he must, he *must* have it.

"A lucky thought strikes me," said he; "what a fool I am to give myself any trouble about it. What says my bill of lading? '*Received from the Reverend Father Antonio, a coffin containing bones, said to be those of Saint Escarpacio.*' A coffin containing bones, said to be those, &c.—very good, and have I seen the bones, *said* to be delivered to me, and *said* to be the saint's bones? certainly not, and the coffin might contain—any thing else—*the said coffin containing*—what you please—how should I know? *said to be the bones of Saint Escarpacio*," &c. &c.

In short, Captain Perez began noiselessly and methodically to empty the box of its bags of gold and piles of silver, taking care to stow the treasure away in a chest, to which he alone had access. He then filled the box with whatever was at hand, bits of rusty iron, lead, stones, shells, old junk, hay, &c., substituting as nearly as possible pound for pound in weight if not in value, conscientiously adding some bones which were far removed from *canonisation*, and at last carefully screwing down the lid, the right reverend father Antonio himself, had he been on board, could not have discovered that the coffin had been touched by mortal hand.

In about a month the vessel arrived at the port of Cadiz. The quarantine for some unexplained reason was much shorter than usual, and had hardly expired, when a venerable Jesuit was the first person who stood before the captain, a few minutes only after he had taken possession of his lodgings on shore.

"I would speak with Captain Perez," said the Jesuit, gravely.

"I am he," the captain replied, somewhat disconcerted at the abruptness of the inquiry. Quickly recovering his presence of mind, however, he added, with perfect calmness, "You have probably come, holy father, to take charge of the precious remains intrusted to my care by Father Antonio, of Cuba?" The Jesuit bowed his head, in token of assent.

"And I have the honor of addressing Father Hieronimo?"

"You have," was the reply.

"You are no doubt the bearer of a letter for me, from Father Antonio?"

"Here it is," said Father Hieronimo, handing Captain Perez a letter.

"I beg a thousand pardons, holy father," the captain said, with much humility, "but I hope you will not take offence at these necessary precautions?"

"On the contrary they speak in your favor."

"I see all is right," said the captain, "and I will go myself and order the coffin brought on shore."

The captain went immediately on board, Father Hieronimo meanwhile placing himself at an open window whence he could over-look the vessel and watch every movement. The coffin was brought on shore by eight sailors, who, bending under its weight, slowly approach the captain's quarters.

"How heavy it is, how *very* heavy," said the Jesuit, rubbing his hands in exultation.

Captain Perez had of course accompanied the coffin from the vessel, and now that he was about to deliver it into Father Hieronimo's keeping, he said to him, in a solemn and impressive manner,

"I place in your hands, holy father, the precious remains intrusted to my care."

"I receive them with pious joy."

"The responsibility was great."

"It will henceforth be mine."

"It was a precious treasure." [Pg 486]

"Very precious."

"I have watched over it with vigilance."

"God will reward you."

"I hope so."

"From this hour every thing will prosper with you."

"Do you think so, holy father?"

"I am sure of it. I must now bid you adieu."

"You have forgotten, holy father, to give me a receipt; but if—"

"You are right," said the Jesuit, "it had escaped me." And he seated himself at a table on which lay writing materials, first sending a servant for his carriage.

The receipt spoke of the piety and zeal of Captain Perez in the most flattering terms; and, while the captain was reading it with becoming humility, the carriage drew up opposite to the coffin, which was soon resting upon the cushioned seats within the vehicle.

"I go immediately to Madrid," said Father Hieronimo. "You can no doubt imagine the impatience of the holy fathers to possess the sacred relics; they have waited so long. Once more adieu, believe me we shall never forget you."

With these words, and a parting benediction on Perez, Father Hieronimo stepped into the carriage, and, with his holy remains by his side, started at a brisk trot of his well-fed mules on the road to Madrid. When fairly out of sight and hearing of Captain Perez, the good father laughed aloud. "The captain, poor simple soul," said he, "suspects nothing."

And Perez, he too would have laughed aloud if he had dared; indeed he could with difficulty restrain himself in presence of his crew. "The crafty old fox," he said exultingly, "he has got his holy remains—ha! ha!—and he *suspects nothing*."

A day or two after the delivery of the coffin, Captain Perez sailed for Mexico.

After an interval of ten years, during which period, according to the Jesuit's prediction, prosperity had constantly waited upon Perez, he became weary of successful enterprise, and tired of the roving and laborious life he was leading. Worth a million, and a bachelor, he wisely resolved to give the remainder of his days to enjoyment. Seville was judiciously selected for his residence, where a magnificent mansion, extensive grounds, a well furnished cellar, good cooks, chosen friends, with all the other et ceteras which riches can bring, enabled him to pass his days and nights joyously. Captain Perez was indeed a *happy dog*.

One night he was at table, surrounded by his friends of both sexes. The cook had done his duty; there were excellent fruits from the tropics; there were wines in abundance and variety, and with songs and laughter the very windows rattled, when Perez, the jolly Perez, *half seas over*, begged a moment's silence.

"I say, my worthy friends, I have something to tell you better than all your singing. I must tell you a story that will make you split your sides—a real good one, about a capital trick I served them poor devils the Jesuits. You must know I was lying at anchor in Cuba, and—"

Suddenly the door of the apartment is thrown open with great violence, and a monk, clothed in deep black, enters, followed by a guard of *alguazils* armed to the teeth.

"Profane impious wretches!" he cried, in a voice of appalling harshness, "is it thus you do penance for your sins? Is it in riotous feasting and drunkenness you spend the holy season of Lent?" Then, turning to Captain Perez, he said, "Follow me to the palace of the Holy Inquisition. Before that tribunal you must answer for your sacrilegious conduct."

The guests were stupefied with fear, and Perez, now completely sobered, stared in affright at the monk.

"Do you recollect me, Captain Perez?" said the monk.

"No—but—it appears to me I have somewhere seen—"

"I am Father Antonio, of Cuba," cried the monk, fixing his eyes, sparkling with savage fury, upon Perez.

"And you are a member of the Holy Inquisition?" Perez faltered out in trembling accents.

"I am. Again I say, follow me on the instant."

Poor Captain Perez, or rather rich Captain Perez, at the early day in which he lived had, perhaps, never heard the avowal made by a man who, in speaking of honesty and dishonesty, declared *honesty to be the best policy, for*, said he, *I have tried both*.

That the captain was not born to be hanged is certain; and although from childhood a sojourner upon the ocean, it was not his destiny to be drowned. There is a tradition handed down, that had it not been for very considerable donations, under his hand and seal, to a religious community in Spain, a method of bidding adieu to this life more in accordance with the pious notions prevalent three hundred years ago, would certainly have been chosen for our hero. Indeed, there were not wanting many heretic-hating persons who affirmed that an *auto-da-fe* was got up expressly for the occasion. But we have ascertained beyond a doubt that he reformed in his manner of living, that he secured to the Holy Order the donations already mentioned, that the reverend fathers kindly took from his legal heirs all trouble in the division of his riches, and that he died in his bed at last, as a pious Catholic should die, and was buried in consecrated ground, with every rite and ceremony belonging to the community he had so munificently contributed to enrich.

DIRGE FOR AN INFANT.

[Pg 487]

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

He is dead and gone—a flower
Born and withered in an hour.
Coldly lies the death-frost now
On his little rounded brow;
And the seal of darkness lies
Ever on his shrouded eyes.
He will never feel again
Touch of human joy or pain;
Never will his once-bright eyes
Open with a glad surprise;
Nor the death-frost leave his brow—
All is over with him now.

Vacant now his cradle-bed,
As a nest from whence hath fled
Some dear little bird, whose wings
Rest from timid flutterings.
Thrown aside the childish rattle,
Hushed for aye the infant prattle—
Little broken words that could
By none else be understood
Save the childless one that weeps
O'er the grave where now he sleeps.
Closed his eyes, and cold his brow—
All is over with him now!

R. S. CHILTON.

THE CHIMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE. BY E.W. ELLSWORTH.

It was evening in New England,
  And the air was all in tune,
As I sat at an open window,
  In the emerald month of June.

From the maples by the roadway,
  The robins sang in pairs,
Listening and then responding,
  Each to the other's airs.

Sounds of calm that wrought the feeling
  Of the murmur of a shell,
Of the drip of a lifted bucket
  In a wide and quiet well.

And I thought of the airs of bargemen,
  Who tunefully recline,
As they float by Ehrenbreitstein,
  In the twilight of the Rhine.

And then of an eve in Venice,
  And the song of the gondolier,
From the far lagunes replying
  To the wingéd lion pier.

And then of the verse of Milton,
  And the music heard to rise,
Through the solemn night from angels
  Stationed in Paradise.

Thus I said it is with music,
  Wheresoe'er at random thrown,
It will seek its own responses,
  It is loth to die alone.

Thus I said the poet's music,
  Though a lovely native air,
May appeal unto a rhythm

That is native everywhere.

For although in scope of feeling,
Human hearts are far apart,
In the depths of every bosom,
Beats the universal heart;

Beats with wide accordant motion,
And the chimes among the towers
Of the grandest of God's temples
Seem as if they might be ours.

And we grow in such a seeming,
Till indeed we may control
To an echo, our communion
With the good and grand in soul.

As an echo in a valley
May revive a cadence there,
Of a bell that may be swaying
In a lofty Alpine air.

As a screen of tremulous metal,
From the rolling organ tone,
Rings out to a note of the music
That can never be its own.

As an earnest artist ponders
On a study nobly wrought,
Till his fingers gild his canvas
With a touch of the self-same thought.

But the sun had now descended
Far along his cloudy stairs,
And the night had come like the angels
To Abraham, unawares.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME.[2]

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Mrs. Hazleton fancied herself in high good luck; for just as she was passing through the door into the hall, Lady Hastings' maid crossed and made her a curtsey. Mrs. Hazleton beckoned her up, saying in a quiet, easy, every-day tone, "I suppose your lady is awake by this time?"

"No, madam," replied the maid, "she is asleep still. She did not take her nap as early as usual to-day; for Mistress Emily was with her, and my lady would not go to sleep till she went out to take a walk."

Mrs. Hazleton was somewhat alarmed at this intelligence; for she had not much confidence in her good friend's discretion. "How is Miss Emily?" she said in a tender tone. "She seemed very sad and low when last I saw her."

"She is just the same, Madam," replied the maid. "She did not seem very cheerful when she went out, and has been crying a good deal to-day."

Mrs. Hazleton was better satisfied, and paused for an instant to think; but the maid interrupted her cogitations by saying—"I think I may wake my lady now, if you please to come up, Madam."

"Oh, dear, no," replied Mrs. Hazleton. "Do not wake her. I will go in quietly and sit with her till she wakes naturally. It is a pity to deprive her of one moment's calm sleep. You needn't come, you needn't come. I will ring for you when your mistress wakes;" and she quietly ascended the stairs, though the maid offered some civil remonstrances to her undertaking the task of watching by her sleeping mistress.

The most careful affection could not have prompted greater precautions in opening the door of the sick lady's chamber, than those which were taken by Mrs. Hazleton. It was a good solid door, however, well seasoned, and well hung, and moved upon its hinges without noise. She closed it with the same care, and then with a soft tread glided up to the side of the bed.

Lady Hastings was sleeping profoundly and quietly; and as she lay in an attitude of easy grace, a shadow of her youthful beauty seemed to have returned, and all the traces of after cares and

anxiety were banished for the time. On the table, near the bed-head, stood the vial of medicine, with the glass and spoon; and Mrs. Hazleton eyed it for a moment or two without touching it. She saw that she had hit the color exactly; but the quantity in that vial, and the one she had with her, was somewhat different. She felt puzzled and doubtful. She asked herself—"Would the difference [Pg 488] be discovered when the time came for giving her the medicine?" and a certain degree of trepidation seized her. But she was bold, and said to herself—"They will never see it. They suspect nothing. They will never see it." She took the vial from her pocket, and held it for an instant or two in her hand. Again a doubt and hesitation took possession of her. She gazed at the sleeper with a haggard eye. The face was so calm, so sweet, so gentle in expression, that the pleasant look perhaps did move her a little with remorse. The voice within said again, and again, "Forbear!" She tried to deafen herself against it, or to fill the ear of conscience with delusive sounds. "She is dying," she said—"She will die—she cannot recover. It is but taking away a few short hours, in order to stop that fatal marriage, which shall never be. I am becoming a fool—a weak irresolute fool."

Just as she thus thought, Lady Hastings moved uneasily, as if to wake from her slumber. That moment was decisive. With a hurried hand, and quick as light, Mrs. Hazleton changed the two vials, and concealed the one which she had taken away.

Then it was, probably for the first time, that all the awful consequences of the deed, for time and for eternity, flashed upon her. The scales fell from her eyes: no longer passion, or mortified vanity, or irritated pride, or disappointed love, distorted the objects or concealed their forms. She stood there consciously a murderer. She trembled in every limb; and, unable to support herself, sunk down in the chair that stood near.

Had Lady Hastings slept on, Mrs. Hazleton would have been saved; for her impulse was immediately to reverse the very act she had done—all would have been saved—all to whom that act brought wretchedness. But the movement of the chair—the sound of the vial touching the marble table—the rustle of the thick silk—dispelled what remained of slumber, and Lady Hastings opened her eyes drowsily, and looked round. At the very moment she would have given worlds to recall it. The deed became irrevocable. The barrier of Fate fell: it was amongst the things done; it was written in the book of God as a great crime committed. Nothing remained but to insure, that the end she aimed at would be obtained; that the evil consequences, in this world at least, should be averted from herself. There was a terrible struggle to recover her self-command—a wrestling of the spirit—against the turbulent and fierce emotions which shook the body. She was still much agitated when Lady Hastings recognized her and began to speak; but her determination was taken to obtain the utmost that she could from the act she had committed—to have the full price of her crime. She was no Judas Iscariot, to be content with the thirty pieces of silver for the innocent blood, and then hang herself in despair. Oh no! She had sold her own soul, and she would have its price.

But yet, as I have said, the struggle was terrible, and lasted longer than usual with her.

"Dear me, my kind friend, is that you?" said Lady Hastings. "Have you been here long? I did not hear you come in."

Her words, and her tone, were gentle and affectionate. All the coldness and the sharpness of the preceding day seemed to have passed away, and to have been forgotten; but words and tone were equally jarring to the feelings of Mrs. Hazleton. The sharpest language, the most angry manner, would have been a relief to her. They would have afforded her some sort of strength—some sort of support.

It is painful enough to hear sweet music when we are very sad. I have known it rise almost to agony; but the tones of friendship and regard, of gentleness and tender kindness, to the ear of hatred and malice, must be more terrible still.

"I have been here but a moment," said Mrs. Hazleton, gloomily—almost peevishly. "I suppose it was my coming in woke you; but I am sure I made as little noise as possible."

"Why, what is the matter?" said Lady Hastings. "You look quite pale and agitated, and you speak quite crossly."

"Your sudden waking startled me," said Mrs. Hazleton; "and, besides, you looked so ill, my dear friend. I almost thought you were dead till you began to move."

There was malice in the sentence, simple as it seemed, and it had its effect. Nervous, hypochondriac, Lady Hastings was frightened at the mere sound, and her heart beat strangely at the very thought of being supposed dead. It seemed to her to augur that she was very ill; that she was much worse than her friends allowed her to believe; that they anticipated her speedy dissolution, and she remained silent and sad for several minutes, giving Mrs. Hazleton time to recover herself completely. She was a little piqued too at the abruptness of Mrs. Hazleton's manner. Neither the speech, nor the mode, nor the speaker, pleased her; and she replied at length —"Nevertheless, I feel a good deal better to-day. I have slept well for, I dare say, a couple of hours; and my dear child Emily has been with me all the morning. I must say she bears opposition and contradiction very sweetly."

She knew that would not please Mrs. Hazleton, and she laid some emphasis on the words by way of retaliation. It was petty, but it was quite in her character. "Now I think of it," she added, "you promised to tell me what you discovered in regard to Marlow's relationship to Lord Launceston. I find—but never mind. Tell me what you have found out." [Pg 489]

Mrs. Hazleton hesitated. The first impulse was to tell a lie—to assert that Marlow was not the old earl's heir; but there was something in Lady Hastings' manner which made her suspect that she had received more certain information, and she made up her mind to speak the truth.

"It is very true," she said; "Mr. Marlow is the old lord's nearest male relation, and heir to his title. I suspect," she added with a silly sounding laugh, "you have found this out yourself, my dear friend, and have made your peace with Emily, by withdrawing your opposition to her marriage."

Her heart was very bitter at that moment; for she really did suspect all that she said. The idea presented itself to her mind (producing a feeling of fierce disappointment), of all her efforts being rendered fruitless, her dark schemes frustrated, her cunning contrivances without effect, at the very moment when the crime, by which she proposed to insure success, was so far consummated as to be beyond recall. She was relieved on that score in a moment.

"Oh dear no," cried Lady Hastings. "I promised you, my dear friend, that I would say nothing till I saw you, and I have said nothing either to my husband or Emily. But I will of course now tell her all immediately, and I do confess it will give me greater satisfaction than any act of my whole life, to withdraw the opposition to her marriage which has made her so miserable, and to bid her be happy with the man of her own choice—an excellent good young man he is too. He has been laboring, I find, for the last fortnight or three weeks, night and day, in our service, and has detected the horrible conspiracy by which my husband was deprived of his rights and property. I shall tell Emily, with great joy, as soon as ever she comes back, that were it for nothing but this zeal in our cause, I would receive him joyfully as my son-in-law."

"You had better wait till to-morrow morning," said Mrs. Hazleton, in a cold but significant tone.

"Oh dear no," said Lady Hastings, somewhat petulantly, "I have waited quite long enough—perhaps too long. You surely would not have me protract my child's anxiety and sorrow unnecessarily. No, I will tell her the moment she returns. She read me part of a letter from Marlow to-day, which shows me that he has lost no time in seeking to serve us and make us happy, and I will lose no time in making my child and him happy also."

"As you please," replied Mrs. Hazleton; "I only thought that in this changeable world, there are so many unexpected things occurring between one day and another, it might be well for you to pause and consider a little—in order, I mean, that after-thought may not show you reason to withdraw your consent, as you now withdraw your objection."

"My consent once given, shall never be withdrawn," replied Lady Hastings, in a determined tone.

Mrs. Hazleton looked at the vial by the bedside, and then at her watch. "You had better avoid all agitation," she said, "and at all events before you speak with Emily, take a dose of the medicine, which Short tells me he has given you to soothe and calm your spirits—shall I give you one now?"

"No, I thank you," replied Lady Hastings, briefly; "not at present."

"Is it not the time?" said Mrs. Hazleton, looking at her watch again: "the good man told me you were to take it very regularly."

"But he told me," replied Lady Hastings, "that nobody was to give it to me but Emily, and she will be back at the right time, I am sure. What o'clock is it?"

"Past five," replied Mrs. Hazleton, advancing the hour a little.

"Then it wants three quarters of an hour to the time," said Lady Hastings, "and Emily has only gone to take a walk. We are expecting Marlow to-night, so she will not go far I am sure."

Mrs. Hazleton fell into profound thought. In proposing to give Lady Hastings the portion herself, she had deviated a little from her original plan. She had intended all along, that the mortal draught should be administered by the hand of Emily, and she had only been tempted to depart from that purpose by the fear of Lady Hastings withdrawing her opposition to her daughter's marriage with Marlow before the deed was fully accomplished. There was no help for it, however. She was obliged to take her chance of the result; and while she mused at that moment, vague notions—what shall I call them?—not exactly schemes or purposes, but rather dreams of turning suspicion upon Emily herself, of making men believe—suspect, even if they could not prove—that the daughter knowingly deprived the mother of life, crossed her imagination. She meditated rather longer than was quite decorous, and then suddenly recollecting herself she said, "By the way, has Emily yet condescended to particularize her astounding charges against your poor friend? I am really anxious to hear them, and although I confess that the matter has afforded me some amusement, it has brought painful feelings and doubts with it too. I have sometimes fancied, my dear friend, that there is a slight aberration in your poor Emily's mind, and I can account for her conduct in this instance by no other mode. You know her grandfather, Sir John, had moments when he was hardly sane. I have heard your own good father declare upon one occasion, that Sir John was as mad as a lunatic. Tell me then, has Emily brought forward any proofs, or alluded to these accusations since I saw you? You said she would explain all in a few hours."

"She has not as yet explained all," replied Lady Hastings, "but I cannot deny that she has alluded to the charges, and repeated them all distinctly. She said that the delay had been rather longer than she expected; but that as soon as Mr. Dixwell came, every thing should be told." [Pg 490]

"The suspense is unpleasant," said Mrs. Hazleton, somewhat sarcastically; "I trust the young lady does not play with the feelings of her lover as she does with those of her friends, otherwise I

should pity Marlow."

Lady Hastings was a good deal nettled. "I do not think he much deserves your pity," she replied; "and besides, I think he is quite satisfied with Emily's conduct, as I am also. I am quite confident she has good reason for what she says, my dear Madam—not that I mean to assert that the charges are true, by any means—she may be mistaken, you know—she may be misinformed—but that she brings them in good faith, and fully believes that she can prove them distinctly, I do not for a moment doubt. If she is wrong, nobody will be more grieved, or more ready to make atonement than herself; but whether she is right or wrong, remains to be proved."

"All that I have to request then is," said Mrs. Hazleton, "that you will be kind enough to let me know, immediately you are yourself informed, what are the specific charges, and upon what grounds they rest. That they must be false, I know; and therefore I shall give myself no uneasiness about them. All I regret is, that you should be troubled about what must be frivolous and absurd. Nevertheless, I must beg you to let me hear immediately."

"Sir Philip will do that," replied Lady Hastings, coldly. "If Emily is right in her views, the matter will require the intervention of a man. It will be too serious for a woman to deal with."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Hazleton, with an air of offended dignity. "Good morning, my dear Lady;" and she quitted the room.

She paused upon the broad staircase for two or three minutes, leaning upon the balustrade in deep thought; but when she descended to the hall, she asked a servant who stood there if Mistress Emily had returned. The man replied in the negative, and she then inquired for Sir Philip, asking to see him.

The servant said he was in his library, and proceeded to announce her. She followed him so closely as to enter the room almost at the same moment, and beheld Sir Philip Hastings, with his head leaning on his hand, sitting at the table and gazing earnestly down upon it. There was a book before him, but it was closed.

"I beg pardon for intruding, my dear sir," said Mrs. Hazleton, "but I wished to ask if you know where Emily is. I want to speak with her."

"I know nothing about her," said Sir Philip, abruptly; and then muttered to himself, "would I knew more."

"I thought I saw her in the fields as I came," said Mrs. Hazleton, "gathering flowers and herbs—she is fond of botany, I believe."

"I know not," said Sir Philip, recovering himself a little. "Pray be seated. Madam—I have not attended much to her studies lately."

"Thank you, I must go," said Mrs. Hazleton. "Perhaps I shall meet her as I drive along. Do not let me interrupt you, do not let me interrupt you;" and she quietly quitted the room.

"Gathering herbs!" said Sir Philip Hastings, "what new whim is this?"

CHAPTER XLVII.

Emily Hastings was not three hundred yards from the house when Mrs. Hazleton drove away from the house door. She had never been more than three hundred yards from it during that day. She had gathered no herbs, she had wandered through no fields; but, at her mother's earnest request, she had gone out to breathe the fresh air for half an hour, and had ascended through the gardens to a little terrace on the hill, where she had continued to walk up and down under the shade of some tall trees; had seen Mrs. Hazleton arrive, and saw her depart. The scene which the terrace commanded was very beautiful in itself, and the house below, the well-cultivated gardens, a fountain here and there, neat hedge-rows, and trim, well-ordered fields, gave the whole an air of home comfort, and peaceful affluence, such as few countries but England can display.

I have shown, or should have shown, that Emily was somewhat of an impressible character, and the brightness and the pleasant character of the scene had its usual effect in cheering. Certainly, to any one who had stood near her, looking over even that fair prospect, she herself would have been the loveliest object in it. Every year had brought out some new beauty in her face, and without diminishing one charm of extreme youth, had expanded her fair form into womanly richness. The contour of every limb was perfect: the whole in symmetry complete; and her movements, as she walked to and fro, upon the terrace, were all full of that easy, floating grace, which requires a combination of youth and health, and fine proportion, and a pure, high mind. If there was a defect it was that she was somewhat pale that day; for she had not slept at all during the preceding night from agitated feelings, and busy thoughts that would not rest. But the slight degree of languor, which watching and anxiety had given, was not without its own peculiar charm, and the liquid brightness of her eyes seemed but the more dazzling for the drooping of the eyelid, with its long sweeping fringe.

There was a mixture, too, strange as it may seem to say so, of sadness and cheerfulness, in the expression of her face that day—perhaps I should say an alternation of the two expressions; but the change from the one to the other was too rapid for distinctness; and the well of feelings from which the expressions flowed, was of very mingled waters. The scene of death and suffering which she had lately witnessed at the cottage, her father's wild and gloomy manner, her mother's [Pg 491]

sickness, the displeasure of one parent, however unjust, and the opposition of another, to her dearest wishes, however unreasonable, naturally produced anxiety and sadness. But then again, on the other hand, Marlow's letter had cheered and comforted her much; the prospect of seeing him so speedily, rejoiced her more than she had even anticipated, and the certainty that a few short hours would remove for ever all doubts as to her conduct, her thoughts and her feelings, from the mind of both her parents, and especially from that of her father, gave her strength and happy confidence.

Poor Emily! How lovely she looked as she walked along there with the ever varying expressions fluttering over her face, and her rich nut brown hair, free and uncovered, floating in curls on the sportive breath of the breeze.

When first she came out the general tone of her feelings was sad; but the bright hopes seemed to gain vigor in the open air, and her mind fixed more and more gladly on the theme of Marlow's letter. As it did so she extracted fresh motives of comfort from it. He had given her many details in regard to his late proceedings. He had openly and plainly spoken of the conduct of Mrs. Hazleton, and told her he could prove the facts which he asserted. He had not even hinted at an injunction to secrecy, and although her first impulse had been to wait for his arrival and let him explain the whole himself, yet, as it was now getting late in the day, and he had not come—as the obligation to secrecy, laid upon her by John Ayliffe, might not be removed till the following morning, and her mother was evidently anxious and uneasy for want of all explanations—Emily thought she might be fully justified in reading more of Marlow's letter to Lady Hastings than she had hitherto done, and showing her that she had asserted nothing without reasonable cause. The sight of Mrs. Hazleton's carriage arriving confirmed her in this intention. She knew that fair lady to possess very great influence over her mother's mind. She believed that influence to have been always exerted balefully, and she judged it better, much better, to cut it short at once, rather than suffer it to endure even for another day.

When she saw the carriage drive away, then, she returned rapidly to the house, went to her room to get Marlow's letter, and then proceeded to her mother's chamber.

"Mrs. Hazleton has been here, my love," said Lady Hastings, as soon as Emily approached, "and really, she has been very strange and disagreeable. She seems not to have the slightest consideration for me; but even in my weak state, says every thing that can agitate and annoy me."

"I trust, my dear mother, that you will see her no more," said Emily. "The full proofs of what I told you concerning her, I cannot yet give; but Marlow lays me under no injunction to secrecy, and I have brought his letter to read you the part in which he speaks of her. That will show you quite enough to convince you that Mrs. Hazleton should never be permitted within these doors again."

"Oh read it, pray read it, my dear," said Lady Hastings. "I am all anxiety to know the facts; for really one does not know how to behave to this woman, and I feel in a very awkward position towards her."

Emily sat down by the bedside and read, word for word, all that Marlow had written in reference to Mrs. Hazleton, which was interspersed, here and there, with many kindly and respectful expressions towards Lady Hastings and her husband, which he knew well would be gratifying to her whom he addressed. His statements were all clear and precise, and from them Lady Hastings learned he had obtained proof, from various different sources, that her seeming friend had knowingly and willingly supplied John Ayliffe with the means of carrying on his fraudulent suit against Sir Philip Hastings: that she had been his counsel and coöperator in all his proceedings, and had suggested many of the most criminal steps he had taken. The last passage which Emily read was remarkable: "To see into the dark abyss of that woman's heart, my dearest Emily," he said, "is more than I can pretend to do; but it is perfectly clear that she has been moved in all her proceedings for some years, by bitter personal hatred towards Sir Philip, Lady Hastings, and yourself. Mere self-interest—to which she is by no means insensible on ordinary occasions—has been sacrificed to the gratification of malice, and she has even gone so far as to place herself in a situation of considerable peril for the purpose of ruining your excellent father, and making your mother and yourself unhappy. What offence has been committed by any of your family to merit such persevering and ruthless hatred, I cannot tell. I only know that it must have been unintentional; but that it has not been the less bitterly revenged. Perhaps the disclosures which must be made as soon as I return, may give us some insight into the cause; but at present I can only tell you the result."

"My dear Emily," said Lady Hastings, "your father should know this immediately. He has been very sad and gloomy since his return. I really cannot tell what is the matter with him; but something weighs upon his spirits, evidently; but this news will give him relief, or, at all events, will divert his thoughts. It was very natural, my dear girl, that you should first tell your mother, but I really think [Pg 492] that we must now take him into our councils."

"I will go and ask him to come here, at once," said Emily. "I think my dear father has not understood me rightly lately, and has chilled me by cold looks and words when I would fain have spoken to him, and poured my whole thoughts into his bosom. Oh, I shall be glad to do any thing to regain his confidence; and although I know it must be regained in a very, very short space of time, yet I would gladly do any thing to prevent its being withheld from me even a moment longer."

She took a step towards the door as she spoke; but Lady Hastings, unhappily, called her back. "Stay, my Emily," she said. "Come hither, my dear child; I have something to say that will cheer

you and comfort you, and give you strength to meet any little crosses of your father's with patience and resignation. He has been sorely tried, and is much troubled. But I was going to say, dear Emily," and she threw her arms round her daughter's neck as she leaned over her, "that I have been thinking much of all that was said the other day, in regard to your marriage with Marlow. I see that your heart is set upon it, and that you can only be happy in a union with him. I know him to be a good and excellent young man; and after all that he has done to serve us, I must not interpose your wishes any longer; although, perhaps, I might have chosen differently for you had the choice rested with me. I give you, therefore, my full and free consent, Emily, and trust you will be as happy as you deserve, my dear girl. I think you might very well have made a higher alliance, but——"

"But none that would have made me half so happy," replied Emily, embracing her mother. "Oh, dear mother, if you could know the load you take from my heart, you would be amply repaid for any sacrifice of opinion you make to your child's happiness. I cannot conceive any situation more painful to be placed in than a conflict between two duties. My positive promise to Marlow, my obedience to you, are now reconciled, and I thank you a thousand thousand times for having thus relieved me from so terrible a struggle."

The tears rose in her eyes as she spoke, and Lady Hastings made her sit down by her bedside, saying—"Nay, my dear child, do not suffer yourself to be so much agitated. I did not know till the other day," she said, feeling some self-reproach at having been brought to play the part she had acted lately, "I did not know till the other day that you were really so much in love, my Emily. But I have known what such feelings are, and can sympathize with you. Indeed I should have yielded long ago if it had not been for the persuasions of that horrid Mrs. Hazleton. She always stood in the way of every thing I wanted to do, and would not even let me know the truth about your real feelings—pretending all the time to be my friend too!"

"She has been a friend to none of us, I fear," replied Emily, "and to me especially an enemy; although I cannot at all tell what I ever did to merit such pertinacious hatred as she seems to feel towards me."

"Do you know, my child," said Lady Hastings, with a meaning smile, "I have been sometimes inclined to think that she wished to marry Marlow herself?"

Emily started and looked aghast, and then that delicate feeling, that sensitiveness for the dignity of woman's nature, which none, I suspect, but woman's heart can clearly comprehend, caused her cheek to glow like a rose with shame at the very thought of a woman loving unloved, and seeking unsought. She felt, however, at once, that there might be—that there probably was—much truth in what her mother said, that she had touched the true point, and had discovered one at least of the causes of Mrs. Hazleton's strange conduct. Nevertheless, she answered, "Oh, dear mother, I hope it is not so. Sure I am that Marlow would never trifle with any woman's love, and I cannot think that Mrs. Hazleton would so degrade herself as even to dream of a man who never dreamt of her; besides, she is old enough to be his mother."

"Not quite, my child, not quite," replied Lady Hastings. "She is, I believe, younger than I am; and though old enough to be your mother, Emily, I could not have been Marlow's, unless I had married at ten years old. Besides, she is very beautiful, and she knows it, and may have thought that such beauty as hers, and her great wealth, might well make up for a small difference of years."

"Perhaps you are right," replied Emily, thoughtfully, as many a circumstance flashed upon her memory, which had seemed to her dark and mysterious in times past; but to which the cause suggested by her mother seemed now to afford a key. "But if it was me, only, she hated," added Emily, "why should she so persecute my father and yourself?"

"Perhaps," replied Lady Hastings, speaking with a clear-sighted wisdom which she seldom evinced, "perhaps because she knew that the most terrible blows are those which are aimed at us through those we love. Besides, one cannot tell what offence your father may have given. He is very plain spoken, and not accustomed to deal very tenderly. Now Mrs. Hazleton is not well pleased to hear plain truths, nor to bear with patience any sharpness or abruptness of manner. Moreover, my child, I have heard that it was old Sir John Hastings' wish, when we were all young and free, that your father should marry Mrs. Hazleton. But he preferred another, perhaps less worthy of him in every respect." [Pg 493]

"Oh, no, no," cried Emily, with eager affection. "More worthy of him a thousand times in all ways. More good—more kind—more beautiful."

"Nay, nay, flatterer," said Lady Hastings, with a smile. "I was well enough to look at once, Emily, and more to his taste. That is enough. My glass tells me clearly that I cannot compete with Mrs. Hazleton now. But it is growing dark, my dear, I must have lights."

"I will ring for them, and then go and seek my father," replied Emily.

She rang, and the maid appeared from the anteroom, just as Lady Hastings was saying that it was time to take her medicine. Emily took up the vial and the spoon, poured out the quantity prescribed, with a steady hand, very unlike that with which Mrs. Hazleton had held the same bottle an hour before, and having put the dose into a wine-glass, handed it to her mother.

"Bring lights," said Lady Hastings, addressing her maid; and the moment after, she raised the glass to her lips, and drank the contents.

"It tastes very odd, Emily," she said, "I think it must be spoiled by the heat of the room."

"Indeed," said Emily. "That is very strange. The last vial kept quite well. But Mr. Short will be here to-night, and we will make him send some more."

She paused for a moment or two, and then added, "Now, shall I go for my father?"

"No," said Lady Hastings, somewhat faintly; "wait till the girl comes back with the lights."

She was silent for a few moments, and then raised herself suddenly on her arm, saying in a tone of great alarm, "Emily, Emily! I feel very ill.—Good God, I feel very ill!"

Emily sprang to her side and threw her arm round her; but the next instant Lady Hastings uttered a fearful scream, like the cry of a sea-bird, and her head fell back upon her daughter's arm.

Emily rang the bell violently: ran to the door and shrieked loudly for aid; for she saw too well that her mother was dying.

The maid, several of the other servants, and Sir Philip Hastings himself, rushed into the room. Lights were brought: Mr. Short was sent for; but ere the servant had well passed the gates, Lady Hastings, after a few convulsive sobs, had yielded up her spirit.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

When the surgeon entered the room of Lady Hastings there was a profound silence. Sir Philip Hastings was standing by his wife's bedside, motionless as a statue; gazing with a knitted brow and fixed stony eye upon the features of her whom he had so well and constantly loved. Emily lay fainting upon the floor, with her head supported by one of the maids, while another tried to recall her to life. Two more servants were in the room, but they, like all the rest, remained silent in presence of the awful scene before them. The windows were not yet closed, and the faint, struggling, gray twilight came in, and mingled sombrely with the pale light of the wax candles, giving even a more deathlike hue to the face of the corpse, and throwing strange crossing lights and shades upon features which remained convulsed even after the agony of death was past.

"Good God! Sir Philip, what is this I hear?" exclaimed Mr. Short before he caught the whole particulars of the scene.

Sir Philip Hastings made no answer. He did not even seem to hear; and the surgeon advanced to the bedside, and gazed for an instant on the face of Lady Hastings. He took her hand in his. It was still warm; but when he put his fingers on her wrist, no pulse vibrated beneath his touch. The heart, too, was quite still: not a flutter indicated a lingering spark of vitality. The breath was gone; and though the surgeon sought on the dressing-table for a small mirror, and applied it to the lips, it remained undimmed. He shook his head sadly; but yet he made some efforts. Ho took a vial of essence from his pocket, and applied it to the nostrils; he opened a vein, and a few drops of blood issued from it, but stopped immediately; and several other experiments he tried, that not a lingering doubt might remain of death having taken possession completely.

At length he ceased, saying, "It is in vain. How did this happen? It is very strange. There was not an indication of such an event yesterday. She was decidedly better."

"And so she was this morning, sir," said Lady Hastings' maid; "she slept quite well too, sir, before Mrs. Hazleton came."

Sir Philip Hastings remained profoundly silent; but Mr. Short gave a sudden start at the name of Mrs. Hazleton, and asked the maid when that lady had left her mistress.

"Not half an hour before her death, sir," replied the maid; "and even for a little time after she was gone, my lady seemed quite well and cheerful with Mistress Emily."

"Were you with her when she was seized so suddenly?" asked the surgeon.

"No, sir," said the maid. "No one was with her but Mistress Emily. My lady had sent me away for lights; but just when I was coming up the stairs, I heard my young lady ringing the bell violently, and screaming for help, and in two minutes after I came in my lady was dead."

"I must hear the first symptoms," said Mr. Short, "and this dear young lady needs attending to. If I know her right, this shock will well nigh kill her."

He moved towards Emily as he spoke, but in passing across, his eye lighted upon the vial which was standing upon the table at the bedside, with the spoon and wine-glass which had been used in administering the medicine. Something in the appearance of the bottle seemed to strike him [Pg 494] suddenly, and he raised it sharply and held it to the candle. "Good God!" exclaimed Mr. Short; "Good God!" and his face turned as pale as death, and a fit of trembling seized upon him.

It was several moments before he uttered another word. He put his hand to his brow, and seemed to think deeply and anxiously. Then he examined the bottle again, took out the cork, held it to his nostrils, tasted a single drop poured upon the end of his finger, and shook his head sadly and solemnly. Every eye but those of the maid, who was supporting Emily's head, was now turned upon him. There was something in his manner so unusual, so strange, that even the attention of Sir Philip Hastings was attracted by it; and he looked gloomily at the surgeon for a moment, as if in a dreamy wonder at his proceedings.

At length, Mr. Short spoke again. "Can any body tell me," he said, "when Lady Hastings took a

dose of this stuff?"

No one remarked the irreverent term which he applied to the contents of the vial; for every one who listened to him would probably have given it the same name, had it been a mithridate; but the maid of the deceased lady replied at once, "Only a few minutes before she died, sir. I saw her take it myself."

"Who gave it to her?" demanded the surgeon, sternly.

"My young lady, sir," answered the maid, "just before I went for the lights, and I am sure she did not give her a drop too much of it; for she measured it out carefully in the spoon before she put it into the glass."

Mr. Short remained silent again, and Sir Philip Hastings spoke for the first time with a great effort.

"What is the matter, sir?" he asked, gloomily; "you seem confounded, thunder-struck. What has befallen to draw your eyes from that?" and he pointed to the bed of his dead wife.

"I am bound to say, Sir Philip," replied Mr. Short, "that it is my belief that the dose given to Lady Hastings from that bottle, has been the cause of her death. In a word, I believe it to be poison."

Sir Philip Hastings gazed in his face with a wild look of horror. His teeth chattered in his head, his whole frame shook visibly to the eyes of those around, but he uttered not a word, and it was the maid who answered, exclaiming in a shrill voice, "Oh, how horrible! How could you send my lady such stuff?"

"I never sent it to her, woman!" said Mr. Short, sternly; "if you had eyes you would see that it is not of the same color, nor has it the same taste of that which I sent. It is different in every respect; and if no other proof were wanting that which I sent Lady Hastings was harmless, it would be sufficient to say, that the last vial I brought was delivered to you yourself yesterday quite full, that Lady Hastings ought to have taken four or five doses of that medicine between that time and this, and——"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the maid, interrupting him, "she took it quite regularly. I saw Mistress Emily give her three doses myself."

"Well, did those hurt her?" asked Mr. Short, sharply.

"I can't say they did," replied the woman, "indeed she always seemed better a little while after taking them."

"Well that shows that this is not the same," said Mr. Short; "besides, this bottle has never come out of my surgery. I always choose mine perfectly clear and white, that I may be enabled to see if the medicine is at all troubled or not. This has a green tinge, and must have come from some common druggist's, and the stuff that it contains must be strictly analyzed."

As he spoke, Sir Philip Hastings strode up to him, grasped his hand, and wrung it hard, saying in a hollow husky tone, and pointing to the bottle, "What is it you mean? What is it all about? What is that?"

"Poison! Sir Philip," replied Mr. Short, moved by the feelings of the moment beyond all his ordinary prudence; "poison! and I very much fear that it has been administered to your poor lady intentionally."

"Gathering herbs!—gathering herbs!" screamed Sir Philip Hastings, like a madman; and tearing the hair out of his head, he rushed away from the room, and locked himself into his library.

No one could tell to what his words alluded, nor did they trouble themselves much to discover; for every one at once concluded that the shock of his wife's sudden death, and the discovery of its terrible cause, had driven him insane.

"Oh, do run after my master, sir," cried the maid; "he has gone into the library, I heard him bang the door."

"Has he got any arms there?" asked Mr. Short, "there used to be pistols at the Hall."

"No, sir, no," exclaimed one of the house-maids, "they are not there. They are in his dressing-room out yonder."

"Well, then, I will leave him alone for the present," said the surgeon; "here is one who demands more immediate care. Poor young lady! If she should discover, in her present state of grief, how her mother has died, and that her hand has been employed to produce such a catastrophe, it will destroy either her life or her intellect."

"But who could have done it, sir?" exclaimed Lady Hastings' maid.

"Never you mind that for the present," said Mr. Short; "I have my suspicions; but they are no more than suspicions at present. You stay with me here, and let the other woman carry your poor young lady to her room. I will be with her presently, and will give her what will do her good. One of you, as soon as possible, send me up a man-servant—a groom would be best." [Pg 495]

His orders were obeyed promptly; for he spoke with a tone of decision and command which the terrible circumstances of the moment enabled him to assume; although in ordinary circumstances

he was a man of mild and gentle character.

As soon as poor Emily was borne away to her own chamber, Mr. Short turned to the maid again, inquiring, "How long had Mistress Hazleton gone when your mistress was seized with these fatal convulsions?"

"About half an hour, sir," said the maid. "It couldn't have been longer. Mrs. Hazleton came when my lady was asleep, and went in alone, saying she would not disturb her."

"Ha!" cried the surgeon; "was she with her for any time alone?"

"All the time that she staid, sir," replied the maid; "for I did not like to go in, and Mistress Emily was walking on the terrace up the hill."

"I suppose then you cannot tell how long Mrs. Hazleton remained alone with your lady before she woke?"

"Yes, I can pretty nearly, sir," answered the maid, "for though Mrs. Hazleton told me not to come in with her, and said she would ring when my lady waked, I came after her into the anteroom, and sat there all the time. For about five minutes, or it might be ten, all was quiet enough; but at the end of that time I heard my lady and Mrs. Hazleton begin to speak."

"You heard no other sounds previously?" asked the surgeon.

"Nothing but the rustle of Mrs. Hazleton's gown, as she moved about once or twice," said the maid, "and of that I can't be rightly sure."

"You did not by chance look through the key-hole?" asked Mr. Short.

"No, that I didn't," said the maid, tossing her head, "I never did such a thing in my life."

"Well, well. Get me a sheet of paper," replied the surgeon, "and a pen and ink—oh, they are here are they?" But before he could sit down to write, a groom crept in through the half-open door, and received orders from the surgeon to saddle a horse instantly and return. Mr. Short then sat down and wrote as follows:

"Mr. Atkinson:—As you are high constable of Hartwell, I write as a justice of the peace for the county of ——, to authorize and require you to follow immediately the carriage of The Honorable Mistress Hazleton, to apprehend that lady and to keep her in your safe custody, taking care that her person be immediately searched by some proper person, and that any vials, bottles, powders, or other objects whatsoever bearing the appearance of drugs or medicines, or of having contained them, be carefully preserved, and marked for identification. I have not time or means to fill up a regular warrant; but I will justify you in, and be responsible for, whatever you may do to insure that Mrs. Hazleton has no means or opportunity allowed her of concealing or making away with any thing she has carried away from this house, where Lady Hastings has just deceased from the effects of poison. You had better take the fresh horse of the bearer, and lose not an instant in overtaking the carriage."

He then signed his name just as the groom returned; but ere he gave the man the paper he added in a postscript:

"You had better search the carriage minutely, and make any preliminary investigation that you may think fit before I arrive. The hints given above will be sufficient for your guidance."

"Take this paper immediately to Jenny Best's cottage," said Mr. Short to the groom. "Ask if Mr. Atkinson is there. Should he be so, give it to him, and let him take your horse if he requires it. Should you not find him there, seek for him either at the house of Mr. Dixwell, or at the farm close by. Should he be at neither of those places, follow him on to his house near Hartwell at full speed. Do you understand?"

"Oh, quite well, sir," said the groom, who was a shrewd, keen fellow; and he left the room without more words.

When he got down to the hall door, however, he thought he might as well know more of his errand, and read the paper which he had received with the butler and the footman. A brief consultation followed between them, and not a little horror and anger was excited by the information they had gained from the paper, for Lady Hastings had been well loved by her servants, and Mrs. Hazleton was but little loved by any of her inferiors in station.

"Go you on, John, as fast as possible," said the footman. "I'll get a horse and come after you as fast as possible with Harry; for this grand dame has three servants with her, and mayn't choose to be taken easily."

"Ay, come along, come along," said the groom; "we'll run her down, I'll warrant," and hurrying away he got to his horse's back.

In the mean time Mr. Short had proceeded to the room of poor Emily Hastings, whom he found recovering from her fainting fit, and sobbing in the bitterness of grief.

"Oh, Mr. Short," she said, "this is very terrible. There surely was something wrong about that medicine, for my poor mother was taken ill the moment she had swallowed it. She had had the same quantity three times to-day before; but she said that it tasted strange and unpleasant. It could not surely have been spoiled by keeping so short a time, and that could not have killed her

even if it had been so. Pray do examine it."

"I will, I will, my dear," replied Mr. Short kindly, "but I don't think the medicine I sent could spoil, and if it did it could have no evil effect. Now quiet yourself, my dear Mistress Emily; I am going to give you a draught which will soothe your nerves, and fit you better to bear all these terrible things." [Pg 496]

He then had recourse to the little store of medicines he usually carried in his pocket, and administered first a stimulant and then a somewhat powerful narcotic. For about ten minutes he remained seated by Emily's bedside with her own maid standing at the foot, and during that time the poor girl spoke once or twice, asking anxiously after her father, and expressing a great desire to go to him. Gradually, however, her eyelids began to droop, her sentences remained unfinished, and, in the end, she fell into a deep and profound sleep.

"She will not wake for six or eight hours," said Mr. Short, addressing the maid. "But when she does wake it would be better you should be with her, my good girl. If you like, therefore, you can go and take some rest in the meanwhile; but order yourself to be called at the end of five hours."

"If you are quite sure that she will remain asleep, sir," said the maid, "I will lie down, for I am sure sorrow wearies one more than work."

"She won't wake," said Mr. Short, "for six hours at least. I will now go and see Sir Philip," and descending the stairs, he knocked at the door of the library, thinking that probably he should find it locked. The stern voice of Sir Philip Hastings, however, said "Come in," in a wonderfully calm tone; and when the surgeon entered he found Sir Philip seated at the library table, and apparently reading a Greek book, the contents of which Mr. Short could not at all divine.

CHAPTER XLIX.

I must now follow the groom on his road, first to the cottage of good Jenny Best, where he learned that Mr. Atkinson had gone away some five minutes before, and then to the house of the neighboring farm, where he found the person he sought still seated on his horse, but talking to the tenant at the door.

"Here, Mr. Atkinson," cried the groom as he came up; "here's a note for you from Mr. Short the surgeon—a sort of warrant, I believe; for he's a justice of the peace, you know, as well as a surgeon. Read it quick, Mr. Atkinson, read it quick; for it won't keep hot long; and if that woman isn't caught I think I'll hang myself."

"Bring us a light, farmer," said Mr. Atkinson, "quickly. What is all this about, John?"

"Why, Madam Hazleton has poisoned my lady, and she's as dead as a door nail," said the groom, "that's all; and bad enough too. Zounds, I thought she'd do some mischief; she was always so hard upon her horses."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Atkinson, "you do not mean to say that she has certainly poisoned Lady Hastings?"

"Why, Mr. Short believes it, and every one believes it," answered the groom.

Mr. Atkinson might have endeavored to reduce the number comprised in the term "every body" to its just proportions; but before he could do so, the farmer returned with a light shaded from the wind by his hat; and the good high constable of Hartwell, bending over his saddle, read hurriedly Mr. Short's brief note.

"What's the matter? what's the matter?" cried the farmer; and great was his surprise and consternation to hear that Lady Hastings was dead, and that strong suspicion existed of her having been poisoned by Mrs. Hazleton. There is a stern, dogged love of justice, however, in the English peasant, which rises into energy and excitement; and the farmer was instantly heard calling for his horse.

"Zounds, I'll ride with you, Atkinson," he said. "This great dame has got so many servants, she may think fit to set the law at defiance; but she must be taught that high people cannot poison other people any more than low ones. But you go on; you go on. I'll catch you up, perhaps. If not, I'll come in time, don't you be afraid."

"I'm going along too," said the groom, "and two others are coming; so if her tall men show fight, I think we'll leather their jackets."

Away they went as fast as they could go, and to say truth, Mr. Atkinson was not at all sorry to have some assistance; for without ever committing any one act which could be characterized as criminal, unjust, or wrong, within the knowledge of her neighbors, Mrs. Hazleton had somehow impressed the minds of all who surrounded her with the conviction, that hers was a most daring and remorseless nature. The general world received their impression of her character—and often a false one, be it good or evil—by her greater and more important actions: the little circle that surrounds us forms a slower but more certain judgment from minute but often repeated traits.

On rode Mr. Atkinson and the groom, as fast as their horses could carry them. Wherever there was turf by the roadside they galloped; and at the rate of progression made by carriages in that day, they made sure they must be gaining very rapidly upon the object of their pursuit. When first they set out it was very dark; but at the end of twenty minutes, in which period they had ridden

somewhat more than four miles, the edge of the moon began to appear above the horizon, and her light showed them well nigh another mile on the road before them. Still no carriage was in sight, and the groom exclaimed, "Dang it, Mr. Atkinson, we must spur on, or she will get home before we catch her." [Pg 497]

It is impossible to run after any thing without feeling some of the eagerness of the fox-hound, and it is not to be denied that Mr. Atkinson shared in some degree in the impetuous spirit of the chase with the groom. He said nothing about it, indeed; but he made his spurs mark his horse's sides, and on they went up the opposite slope at a quicker pace than ever. From the top was a very considerable descent into the bottom of the valley, in which Hartwell is situated; but the moon had not yet risen high enough to illuminate more than half the scene, and darkness, doubly dark, seemed to have gathered over the low grounds beneath the eyes of the two horsemen.

Mr. Atkinson thought he perceived some large object below, moving on towards Hartwell; but he could not be sure of it till he had descended some way down the hill, when the carriage of Mrs. Hazleton, mounting a little rise into the moonlight, became plainly visible to the eye. The groom took off his cap and waved it, saying, "Tally ho!" but neither he nor his companion paused in their rapid course, but went thundering down at the risk of their necks, and of their horses' knees. The carriage moved slowly; the pursuers went very fast: and at the end of about four minutes they had reached and passed the two mounted men-servants, who, as customary in those days, rode behind the vehicle. Robberies on the highway were by no means uncommon; so that it was the custom for the attendants upon a carriage to travel armed, and Mrs. Hazleton's two men instantly laid their hands upon the holsters of their pistols, when those too rapid riders passed them at such a furious pace. Mr. Atkinson, however, was not a man to be easily frightened from anything he undertook, and wheeling his horse sharply when in a little advance of the coachman, he exclaimed, "In the King's name I command you to stop. I am James Atkinson, high constable of Hartwell. You know me, sir; and I command you in the King's name to stop!"

"Why, Master Atkinson, what is all this about?" cried the coachman. "There is nobody but Mrs. Hazleton here. Don't you know the carriage?"

"Quite well," replied Mr. Atkinson; "but you hear what I say, and will disobey at your peril. John, ride round to the other side, while I speak to the lady here."

Now Mrs. Hazleton had heard the whole of this conversation, and had there been sufficient light, Mr. Atkinson, whose eye was turned towards where she sat, would have seen her turn deadly pale. It might naturally be supposed that in any ordinary circumstances she would have directed her first attention to the side from which the sounds proceeded; but so far from that being the case, she instantly put her hand in her pocket, and was almost in the act of throwing something into the road, when John the groom presented himself at the window, and she stopped suddenly.

"What is it, Mr. Atkinson?" she exclaimed, turning to the other window, and speaking in a tone of high indignation. "Why do you presume to stop my carriage on the King's highway?"

"Because I am ordered, Madam, by lawful authority, so to do," replied Mr. Atkinson. "I am sorry, Madam, to tell you that you must consider yourself as a prisoner."

Mrs. Hazleton would fain have asked upon what charge; but she did not dare, and for a moment strength and courage failed her. It was but for a moment, however, and in the next she exclaimed in a loud and more imperious tone than ever, "This is a pretence for robbery or insult. Drive on, coachman. Mathew—Rogerson—clear the way!"

She reckoned wrongly, however, if she counted upon any great zeal in her servants. The two men hesitated; for the King's name was a tower of strength which they did not at all like to assail. Their mistress repeated her order in an angry tone, and one of them, with habitual deference to her commands, went so far as to cock the pistol which he now held in his hand; but at that moment the adverse party received an accession of strength which rendered all assistance hopeless. The other two servants of Sir Philip Hastings came down the hill at full speed, and a gentleman, followed by a servant, rode up from the side of Hartwell, and addressed Mr. Atkinson by his name.

"Ah, Mr. Marlow!" said Mr. Atkinson. "You come at a very melancholy moment, sir, and to witness a very unpleasant scene; but, nevertheless, I must require your assistance, sir, as this lady seems inclined to resist the law."

"What is the matter?" asked Marlow. "I hope there is no mistake here. If I see rightly this is Mrs. Hazleton's carriage. What is she charged with?"

"Murder, sir," replied Mr. Atkinson, who had been a little irritated by the lady's resistance, and spoke more plainly than he might otherwise have done. "The murder of Lady Hastings by poison."

It was spoken. She heard the words clearly and distinctly. She had been detected. Some small oversight—some accidental circumstance—some precaution forgotten—some accidental word, or gesture, had betrayed the dark secret, revealed the terrible crime. It was all known to men, as well as to God, and Mrs. Hazleton sunk back in the carriage overpowered by the agony of detection.

"Oh, ho; here come the other men," said Mr. Atkinson, as the two servants of Sir Philip Hastings rode up. "Now, coachman, drive on till I tell you to stop. You, John, keep close to the other window, and watch it well. I will take care of this one. The others come behind. Mr. Marlow, you had perhaps better ride with us for half a mile or so; for I must stop at the house of Widow Warmington, as I have orders to make a strict search." [Pg 498]

"Oh, take me to my own house—take me to my own house," said Mrs. Hazleton, in a faint tone.

"I dare not venture to do that, Madam," said Mr. Atkinson; "for we are nearly three miles distant, and accidents might happen by the way which would defeat the ends of justice. I must have a full search made at the very first place where I can procure lights. That will be at Mrs. Warmington's; but she is a friend of your own, Madam, and you will be received there with all kindness."

Mrs. Hazleton did not reply; and the carriage drove on, Mr. Atkinson keeping a keen watch upon one window, and the groom riding close to the other.

A few minutes brought them to the house of the shrewd widow, and the bell was rung sharply by one of the servants. A woman servant appeared in answer to the summons, and without asking whether her mistress was at home, or not, Atkinson took the candle from her hand, saying, "Lend me the light for a moment. I wish to light Mrs. Hazleton into the house. Now, Madam, will you please to descend.—John, dismount, and come round here; assist Mrs. Hazleton to alight, and come with us on her other side."

Mrs. Hazleton saw that she could not double or turn there. She withdrew her hand from her pocket where she had hitherto held it, resumed her forgotten air of dignity, and though, to say the truth, she would rather have met her "dearest foe in heaven," than have entered that house so escorted, she walked with a firm step and dauntless eye, with the high constable on one side, and the groom on the other.

"They shall not see me quail," she said to herself. "They shall not see me quail. I know the worst, and I can meet it—I have had my revenge."

In the mean time, the maid had run in haste to tell her mistress the marvels of the scene she had just witnessed, and Mrs. Warmington had gathered enough, without divining the whole, to rejoice her with anticipated triumph. The arrest of Shanks the attorney on a charge of conspiracy and forgery, had set going the hundred tongues of Rumor, few of which had spared the name of Mrs. Hazleton; and Mrs. Warmington, at the worst, suspected that her dear friend was implicated in the guilt of the attorney. That, however, was sufficient to give the widow considerable satisfaction, for she had not forgotten either some coldness and neglect with which Mrs. Hazleton had treated her for some time, or her impatient and insolent conduct that morning; and though upon the strength of her plumpness, and easy manners, people looked upon Mrs. Warmington as a very good natured person, yet fat people can be very vindictive sometimes.

"Good gracious me, my dear, what is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Warmington, as the prisoner was brought in, while Mr. Atkinson, speaking to those behind, exclaimed, "Let no one touch or approach the carriage till I return."

Mrs. Hazleton made no answer to her dear friend's questions, and the high constable, taking a little step forward, said, "I beg pardon, Mrs. Warmington, for intruding into your house; but I have been ordered to apprehend this lady, and to have her person and her carriage strictly searched, without giving the opportunity for the concealment or destruction of any thing. It seems to me that Mrs. Hazleton has something bulky in that left hand pocket. As I do not like to put my hand rudely upon a lady, may I ask you, Madam, to let me see what that pocket contains?"

Without the slightest hesitation, but with a good deal of curiosity, Mrs. Warmington advanced at once and took hold of the rich silk brocade of the prisoner's gown.

"Out, woman!" cried Mrs. Hazleton, with the fire flashing from her eyes; and she struck her.

But Mrs. Warmington did not quit her hold or her purpose. "Good gracious, what a termagant!" she exclaimed, and at once thrust her right hand into the pocket, and drew forth the vial which had been sent by the surgeon to Lady Hastings.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Warmington. "Why, this is the very bottle I saw you mixing stuff in this morning, when you seemed so angry and vexed at my coming into the still-room.—No, it isn't the same either; but it was one very like this, only darker in the color."

"Ha!" said Mr. Atkinson. "Madam, will you have the goodness to put a mark upon that bottle by which you can know it again?—Scratch it with a diamond or something."

"Oh, poor I have no diamonds," said Mrs. Warmington. "My dear, will you lend me that ring?"

Mrs. Hazleton gave her a withering glance, but made no reply; and Marlow pointed to two peculiar spots in the glass of the bottle, saying, "By those marks it will be known, so that it cannot be mistaken." His words were addressed to Mr. Atkinson; for he felt disgusted and sickened by the heartless and insulting tone of Mrs. Warmington towards her former friend.

At the sound of his voice—for she had not yet looked at him—Mrs. Hazleton started and looked round. It is not possible to tell the feelings which affected her heart at that moment, or to picture with the pen the varied expressions, all terrible, which swept over her beautiful countenance like a storm. She remembered how she had loved him. Perhaps at that moment she knew for the first [Pg 499] time how much she had loved him. She felt too, how strongly love and hate had been mingled together by the fiery alchemy of disappointment, as veins of incongruous metals have been mixed by the great convulsions of the early earth. She felt too, at that moment, that it was this love and this hate which had been the cause of her deepest crimes, and all their consequences—the awful situation in which she there stood, the lingering tortures of imprisonment, the agonies of trial, and the bitter consummation of the scaffold.

"Oh, Marlow, Marlow," she cried—in a tone for the first time sorrowful—"to see you mingling in these acts!"

"I have nothing to do with the present business, Mrs. Hazleton," replied Marlow, "but I am bound to say that in consequence of information I have procured, it would have been my duty to have caused your apprehension upon other charges, had not this, of which I know nothing, been preferred against you. All is discovered, madam; all is known. With a slight clue, at first, I have pursued the intricate labyrinth of your conduct for the last two years to its conclusion, and every thing has been made plain as day."

"You, Marlow, you?" cried Mrs. Hazleton, fixing her eyes steadfastly upon him, and then adding, as he bowed his head in token of assent, "but all is not known, even to you. You shall know all, however, before I die; and perhaps to know all may wring your heart, hard though it be. But what am I talking of?" she continued, her face becoming suddenly suffused with crimson, and her fine features convulsed with rage. "All is discovered, is it? And you have done it? What matters it to me, then, whose heart is wrung—or what becomes of you, or me, or any one? A drop more or less is nothing in the overflowing well. Why should I struggle longer? Why should I hide any thing? Why should I fly from this charge to meet another? I did it—I poisoned her—I put the drug by her bedside. It is all true—I did it all—I have had my revenge as far as it could be obtained, and now do with me what you like. But remember, Marlow, remember, if Emily Hastings marries you, she does it with a mother's curse upon her head—a curse that will fall upon her heart like a milldew, and wither it for ever—a curse that will dry up the source of all fond affections, blacken the brightest hours, and embitter the purest joys—a dying mother's curse! She knows it—she has heard it—it can never be recalled. I have put that beyond fate. Ha ha! It is upon you both; and if you venture to unite your unhappy destinies, may that curse cling to you and blast you for ever."

She spoke with all the vehemence of intense passion, breaking, for the first time in life, through strong habitual self-control; and when she had done, she cast herself into a chair, and covered her eyes with her hands.

She wept not; but her whole frame heaved and shivered, with the terrible emotion that tore her heart.

In the mean time, Marlow and Mrs. Warmington and the high constable spoke upon it, consulting what was to be done with her. The prison system of England was at that time as bad as it could be, and those who condemned and abhorred her the most, were anxious to spare her as long as possible the horrors of the jail. At length, after many difficulties, and a good deal of hesitation, Mr. Atkinson agreed, at the suggestion of Mrs. Warmington, to leave her in the house where she then was, under the charge of a constable to be sent for from Hartwell. There was a high upper room from which there was no possibility of escape, with an antechamber in which the constable could watch, and there he was determined to confine her till she could be brought before the magistrate on the following day.

"I must have her thoroughly searched in the first place," said Mr. Atkinson; "for she may have some more of the poison about her, and in her present state, after all she has confessed, she is just as likely to swallow it as not. However, Mr. Marlow, you had better, I think, ride on as fast as possible to see Sir Philip Hastings, and tell him what has occurred here. If I judge rightly, your presence will be very needful there."

"It will indeed," said Marlow, a sudden vague apprehension of he knew not what, seizing upon him; "God grant I have not tarried too long already;" and quitting the room, he sprang upon his horse's back again.

FOOTNOTES:

[2] Continued from page 327.

TWO SONNETS.

WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TRUTH.

For constant truth my aching spirit yearns,
And finds no comfort in a glorious cheat;
On the firm rock I wish to set my feet,
And look upon the star that changeless burns;
Yon gorgeous clouds that in the sunset glow,
With fire-wrought domes for angel-palace meet,
Beneath my gaze their surface beauties fleet;
With parting light how dull their splendors grow.
I cannot worship vapors, and the hue
That on the dove's neck flickers, as it veers,

Bewilders, but not charms me; whilst the blue
Of the clear sky gives comfort 'mid all fears,
And but to think on that unshadowed white,
The angels walk in, makes my dark path bright.

THE FUTURE.

Eternal sunshine withers; constant light
Would make the beauty of the world look wan;
The storm that sleeps with dark'ning terror on,
Leaves verdant freshness where it seemed to blight;
Most dreary is the land where comes no night,
For there the sun is chill, and slowly drawn
Round the horizon, spreads a sickly dawn,
No promise of a day more warm and bright.
Bless then the clouds and darkness, for we can
Discern with awe through them what angel faces
Watch and direct, and from their holy places
Smile with sublime benignity on man;
And dearly cherish sickness, pain, and sorrow,
As gloomy heralds of a bright to-morrow.

V.

THE COUNT MONTE-LEONE: OR, THE SPY IN SOCIETY.[3]

[Pg 500]

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

VIII.—THE GARRET.

Half demented, Monte-Leone left the Duke's Hotel. His existence had become a terrible dream, a hideous nightmare, every hour producing a new terror and surprise. D'Harcourt was gone. He went to find Von Apsberg. "He at least will speak. He will say something about this atrocious accusation. He will explain the meaning of the perfidious reply of the chief of police. If he repeated this atrocious calumny, if he persisted in thinking him guilty, his heart would be open to Monte-Leone's blows. He would at least crush and bury one of his enemies."

A new misfortune awaited him. The doctor was not to be found. The police had occupied the house at the time that the Vicomte was being arrested. The doctor had beyond a doubt been previously informed of their coming and escaped, but his papers were seized. All the archives and documents of Carbonarism fell into the hands of M. H——. One might have said some evil genius guided the police and led them in their various examinations into the invisible mines of their prey. Furniture, drawers, and all were examined. Count Monte-Leone, when he heard of the disappearance of the Doctor and of the seizure of his papers, felt an increase of rage. The discovery of the archives ruined for a long time, if not for ever, the prospects of the work to which Monte-Leone had consecrated his life. The flight of Matheus also deprived him of any means of extricating himself from the cloud of mystery which surrounded him, and made futile any hope of vengeance. Taddeo alone remained, and he was protected by the oath he had taken to the Marquise. One other deception yet awaited him. A devoted member of the Carbonari, on the next day, came to Monte-Leone's house and informed the Count that on the day after the Vicomte's arrest and the escape of Matheus, a similar course had been adopted against Rovero, who was indebted for his liberty only to information from Signor Pignana on the night before the coming of the police. A note from Aminta told Monte-Leone of the disappearance of Rovero. The Count was then completely at sea, and he was abandoned by all to a horrible imputation which he could neither avenge nor dispute. He could, therefore, only suffer and bide his time. Resignation, doubt, and delay, were terrible punishments to his energetic and imperative character. One hope remained, which, if realized, would enable him to contradict all the imputations on his honor. This was, that he would be able to share the fate of his comrades, not of Von Apsberg and Taddeo, who had escaped, but of those who languished in the cells of *la Force* and the *Conciergerie*. The Count knew that the police, from the perusal of the archives, must be aware of his position, and awaited hourly and daily his arrest. This did not take place, though he perpetually received anonymous letters of the most perplexing and embarrassing character, charging him, in the grossest terms of the language, with being a spy and a traitor to the association to which he had pledged his life and his honor. He resolved at last to play a desperate game—to exhibit an unheard of energy and power. He repudiated the disdainful impunity which apparently was inflicted on him intentionally. He surrendered himself to the police....

While Count Monte-Leone acted thus courageously, the following scene took place in a hotel whither our readers have been previously taken.

A man apparently about thirty years old sat pale and downcast at a table, writing with extreme rapidity. Occasionally he rested his weary head on his hand, and his eyes wandered across the sky

which he saw through a trap-window, so usual in that room of houses known as the garret.[4] He then glanced on the paper, and wrote down the inspirations he seemed to have evoked from the abode of angels. He was the occupant of a garret, which, though small, seemed so disguised by taste and luxury that the narrow abode appeared even luxurious. The table at which the writer sat was of Buhl, and was ornamented by vases of Sevres ware. The wooden bedstead was hidden by a silken coverlet, and a large arm-chair occupied a great portion of the room. On the small chimney-piece of varnished stone was a china vase filled with magnificent flowers from hot-houses, above which arose a superb camelia. A curtain of blue shut out the glare of the sun. It was easy to see that female taste had presided over the arrangements of this room. A beautiful woman really had done so. The inmate of the room was Doctor von Apsberg. The girl of whom we have spoken was Marie d'Harcourt.

On the day of René's arrest, a fortnight before the one we write of, the Doctor was alone when the secret panel was opened. Pignana suddenly appeared before the Doctor and told him that his house as well as the Doctor's was surrounded by suspicious looking people. Pignana therefore advised him to go at once. Von Apsberg was about to go to his bureau and take possession of his papers. The police did not allow him time to do so; they knocked at that very moment at the door and entered the house before Von Apsberg had time to leave. It will be remembered that the [Pg 501] studio of the Doctor in which the archives were kept, was in the third story of the house. Matheus was, therefore, forced to fly through the opening, into Pignana's house, and with his ear to the wall listened to the noise made by the police, with thankfulness for the secret passage. He heard a deep voice say, "If your Jacobin Doctor has escaped, you shall answer for it." This was said to Mlle. Crepineau. The good maiden swore the Doctor was absent, as she thought, or feigned to think. Another voice, with a deep southern accent, said the following words, which the young Doctor heard with surprise and fear:

"The one you seek is gone. If, though, you would find him, press that copper nail which you see on the third row of books. You will find the means of his escape into the next house."

A cry was heard from the interior of the room. A female voice thus spoke to the man who had just spoken: "Señor Muñez, it is abominable for you thus to betray the poor fellows. You are a bad and heartless man."

When the Doctor heard thus revealed the secret of his retreat, he had pushed through the inner door, and it was well he did, for it gave him time to leave the room. The door of the library offered but a feeble resistance, which was soon overcome, and Pignana's house was carefully entered and searched.

He at once conceived an idea of a plan of escape. He said to Pignana, "Not a word; but follow me." Von Apsberg, accompanied by Pignana, left the place where they were concealed, went into the yard, and proceeded to a shed which was separated from his house by a few badly joined planks. One of these he removed, passed through the opening, and stood in an outhouse where he remembered he had once made some anatomical inquiries.

"But you are going back," said Pignana, "you will again fall in the hands of the enemy."

"You would be a bad general, Pignana," said Von Apsberg; "this is a common *ruse de guerre*, and is known as a counter-march. These places have been explored by the enemy, and consequently they will return no more. While the agents are looking where we are not, we will return where they have been."

When night came, and at this time of the year it was at four o'clock, Pignana told his companion of his plan. He purposed to scale the wall of the yard by means of the trellices of the vines. When once on the other side they would be in the garden of the Duke d'Harcourt, from which the young physician expected to go to the hotel to obtain protection from the Vicomte. The execution of this plan was easy for one as thin as d'Harcourt, but was impracticable to a person with an abdomen like Pignana. As soon as night had come, the latter said to Von Apsberg, "Go through the air, Doctor, if you can. I intend to adopt a more earthly route—through the door of the house, even if, much to Mlle. Crepineau's terror, I have the audacity to assume the guise of the suicide, and terrify her into opening the door for me. Besides, I am but slightly compromised, and will extricate myself. Adieu, then, Doctor," said he, "and good luck to you amid the clouds!" Von Apsberg clasped his hand, hurried from his retreat, ascended the wall, passed it, and a few minutes after was in the Duke's garden. Taking advantage of the darkness he went to the hotel, every window of which, to his surprise, he found closed. He went without being seen to the door of the reception rooms on the ground floor. The window had not been shut since the arrest of the Vicomte. The Doctor entered it. At the back of this room was a boudoir à la Louis XIV., of rare elegance, and appropriated to Marie d'Harcourt. Amid the darkness he heard a strange sound of sighs and sobs. The Doctor drew near, expecting that there was some pain for him to soothe. "Who is there?" said the Duke d'Harcourt.

"It is I, my lord, Doctor Matheus."

"You here, sir!" said the Duke; "they told me that, like my unfortunate son, you were arrested; and for the same offence."

"What say you, sir?" said Von Apsberg, with deep distress; "René, dear René, arrested?"

"Yes, sir," said the old Duke; "arrested and torn from his father's arms. Yet the blow did not overwhelm me. This, though, will take place ere long, and the executioner's axe will strike father and son at once."

A footman appeared with lights, and the Doctor saw the whole family weeping. His head rested on Marie's shoulder, and the long white hair of the old man was mingled with the young girl's dark locks, and seemed like the silvery light of the moon resting on her brown hair. The Duke saw at a glance how the Doctor participated in all his sorrows, and how the fate of his son lacerated the heart of his visitor. He gave his hand to the Doctor.

"I forgive you," said he, "the part you have had in my son's error, when I remember how you love him, and the care you have taken of Marie."

"Alas! Monsieur," said Von Apsberg; "that duty I can discharge no longer. The fate of René must be mine, to-morrow, to-day, in a few moments—for I came to seek for concealment. If, though, he has lost his liberty; if all his plans are destroyed, why should I any longer contend against misfortune? Adieu, Duke! I will rejoin René, share his misfortune, and defend his life; if not against men, at least against the cruel disease which menaces his career."

As she heard these words, the cheeks of Marie d'Harcourt became pale as marble, and she said, in tones of deep distress, "Father, will you suffer him to go thus?"

Von Apsberg looked at her with trouble and surprise. [Pg 502]

"No, my child," said the Duke, "the Doctor will not leave us; and we will protect him." Von Apsberg then told the bold means by which he had entered the house.

"No one saw," said the Duke, "*how* you came hither?"

"No one."

"There is no suspicion?"

"None."

Assisted by Marie, the Duke contrived a plan for an impenetrable asylum for the Doctor. In the right wing of the hotel were many rooms intended for servants, and uninhabited; for, since the death of his other sons, the Duke had greatly reduced his household. In one of these rooms, carefully decked and furnished, by Marie's care, Doctor Matheus was fixed. The old secretary of the Duke d'Harcourt alone was in the secret, and this worthy man took charge of the food of the Doctor, who saw no one except Marie and her father. The young girl gradually became bolder, and touched with pity at the loneliness of the prisoner, obeyed the dictates of her own heart and went frequently to the young Doctor's room to be sure that he was in want of nothing. Like a consoling angel, she came with her celestial presence to adorn the captive's retreat, and restore something of happiness to his heart. Von Apsberg, who had been for some days left alone, had reflected deeply on his political opinions and on their consequences. The immense difference between all old principles and the innovating ideas of Carbonarism caused him to doubt the triumph of the latter; the great discouragement which Monte-Leone's *apparent treason* had produced, and the fate of his associates, produced a deep impression on him. Amid all these gloomy thoughts, one fresh and prominent idea reinvigorated his mind, and gave him ineffable joy.

Without wishing to analyze his feelings towards Marie, the Doctor was under their influence. He did not dream of ever possessing that aristocratic heart from which he was separated by rank, birth, and fortune. The heart of man, nevertheless, is so constituted, that the most honest and loyal man is never exempt from a shadow of egotism. Perhaps, therefore, in the Doctor's mind there was a feeble hope of approaching that class whose position he so envied. Let this be as it may, abandoning himself to the luxury of seeing always by his side this beautiful creature, whose health his care had already revived, the Doctor blessed his captivity, and lived in anxious expectation of the hours when Marie used to visit him. Von Apsberg possessed that Platonic heart which enabled him to look on Marie as a creature of pure poetry. He entertained so respectful a tenderness for the young girl, that he distrusted her no more than she did him.

On the day we found the Doctor writing in his retreat with such ardor, he was writing out a *regime* for his patient. He told her what to do, and, as if gifted with prescience, provided for her future life.

"If," said he, "I be discovered—if the future have in reserve for the heiress d'Harcourt"—and his heart felt as if a sharp iron had transfixed it—"if a noble marriage separate me from her; at least in this painful study of her health she will be able to contend against her family disease, and perhaps will be indebted to me for life, happy and unsuffering." The idea seemed too much for the strength of the young physician as he saw thus fade before him all hope of a union with Marie. Steps just then were heard outside his room just as he was concluding the sad *memoire* we have spoken of.

The Doctor, in obedience to the request of his host, answered no knock, and gave no evidence of life, except at a concerted signal known only to three persons—the Duke, his daughter, and D'Arbel. Therefore he listened. The person who advanced paused for a time before his door, and then left rapidly as it had come. Von Apsberg, however, by means of that lover's intuition, guessed who it was. The eyes of his heart pierced the opacity of the door, to enable him to admire the charming angel who had alighted at his door and flown away. Before this angel had disappeared from the long corridor which led to the Doctor's room, the door was opened, and he paused to glance at the young girl who was ready to escape. Marie returned to the Doctor, and advanced slowly towards him.

"Ah! Monsieur," said she to Matheus, "it is wrong in you not to keep your promise better. You

promised my father never to open the door without a signal—"

"Why then, Mademoiselle, did you not give the signal?"

"I did not come to see you," said Marie; "but I brought you books and flowers. I am so afraid you will grow weary in this little room, where you are always alone and sad."

As she spoke, the angel girl went to the Doctor's room, as she would have done to her brother's, without any hesitation or trouble. She was robed in innocence; and if her heart beat a little louder than usual then, the child attributed it entirely to the rapidity with which she had ascended the stairs. The Doctor took the books and flowers which she had placed at his door, and put them in the vase on the mantle. He was glad to be able to look away from Marie's face, for he felt that his countenance told all he thought.

"I took the most amusing books from my little library," said she. "One learned as you are, always immersed in study, may not approve of my choice. Perhaps though, Monsieur, as you read them you will think of your patient—"

"Ah! I do so always," said Von Apsberg. "I was thinking of you when you came." [Pg 503]

"You were writing," said Marie, as she looked at the sheet Von Apsberg pointed out to her.

"Ah! Mademoiselle, I wrote for you. You must follow one rule of conduct in relation to your health, when you are separated from your father—when you are married."

"Married!" said Mlle. d'Harcourt, and she grew pale. "I never thought of being married."

"But marry you must. You will marry rich; and, Mlle., a husband worthy of you. Ere long you will have many suitors."

"Monsieur," said the girl, "our house now is hung with mourning. The life of my brother is in danger, and my health, as you said, is frail and feeble. All this you know is altogether contradictory to what you say. As for myself," said she, with an emotion she experienced for the first time, "I am happy as I now am, and desire no other position, I must leave you, though," added she: "for now my father must have come from the prison where he obtained leave to visit my brother. I am anxious to hear from him. The Duke and myself will soon tell you about him."

Light as a vapor, rapid as a cloud, the young girl left the Doctor's room, to his eyes radiant with the lustre she left behind her.

IX.—THE CONCIERGERIE.

Eight days after the conversation between Von Apsberg and Marie, the Doctor heard a knock at his door. The latter was reading over for the twentieth time one of the books which had been brought him. This book was Telemachus, the poetical romance one might have fancied Homer himself had dreamed of, and which Virgil and Ovid had written—the book in which morals are enwrapped in so dense a covering of flowers, that a reader often refuses to glance at the serious part of the work, and pays attention only to the graceful superficies. Von Apsberg, however, read the book, not for its own sake, but for the sake of her who had given it to him. Marie had read every page, and her hands had turned over every leaf. This fact gave the history of the son of Ulysses an immense value in the eyes of the young Doctor, and made Telemachus, not Fenelon's, but Marie d'Harcourt's book. The knock at the Doctor's door was followed by the concerted signal. He opened it, and saw the Duke's old secretary. "Monsieur," said he, "as the Duke is absent, I am come to say that Mlle. Marie is ill. I know your care will be useful. She does not, though, send for you, being too feeble to come up stairs, and afraid to ask you to come down."

"Monsieur d'Arbel, let no one into the hotel; and tell Mlle. I will visit her.

"She will see you, Monsieur, in the window next to the drawing-room. I will send the servants out of the way, so that you can see Mlle. Marie without fear of discovery."

All the Secretary's arrangements were carried out, and a few minutes after Matheus waited on his fair patient. She was ill. Since her conversation with the Doctor, her health had really changed. Something mental seemed to influence it. Her complexion, sullied by the tears she had shed since her brother's arrest, was faded, and a flush was visible on her cheeks alone. These symptoms made the Doctor unhappy. He, therefore, approached Marie with great uneasiness.

She said: "How kind you are, Doctor, to risk your liberty: I could not otherwise have seen you. I have not strength enough."

"I will try soon to confer it on you, if God grants me power to attend to you."

"I shall die," said she with an anxious voice, which penetrated the Doctor's very heart, "if you cannot."

"For your sake," said Matheus, "I will defend my liberty by every means in my power, for I wish to restore your health, and preserve an existence indispensable to your father's happiness."

"How I suffer," said Marie, placing her hand on her snowy brow. "I have an intense pain, which passes from temple to temple, and gives me much suffering."

"Do you sleep well?" asked Matheus.

"No, no, for many days I have not slept, or if I have, phantoms have flitted across my slumbers." She blushed as she spoke. This the Doctor did not see, for he was searching out a remedy.

"Well," said he, "I think we must use a remedy which has hitherto succeeded. Magnetism will enable you to sleep, and perhaps will soothe your sufferings." Rising, then, he placed his hand on the patient's brow, as he had done a few months before when the Marquise had experienced such good effects from it. He placed his hands on the young girl's temples, and then made passes across her face, the result of which was that she sank softly to sleep. The state of somnambulism ensued, and Marie unfolded the condition of her heart to the young physician. While he was thus engaged the Duke entered.

"You here, Doctor?" said he; "how imprudent!"

"*She* was suffering," said the physician; "now she sleeps." The Duke thanked Von Apsberg for his care, but seemed to centre all his hope in the young Doctor, as the sailor devotes himself to the lord of storms and waves. Now, though, every word the Duke said seemed a reproach. He shuddered as he thought of the confessions of Mlle. d'Harcourt, and asked himself if he participated in her sentiments or had suffered her to divine his. All his delicacy and loyalty revolted from the idea that this confession would cost the unfortunate father the life of his daughter.[5] Von Apsberg saw that henceforth it would be impossible for him to remain longer at [Pg 504] the Duke's hotel, and that it would be criminal to remain with one the secret thoughts of whom he knew. He, therefore, made up his mind to speak to the Duke. Just then Marie, who had been for some time free from any magnetic influence, awoke calm and smiling. "How deliciously I have slept," said she; "how well I am!"

The Duke kissed her affectionately. He said, "All this you owe to the Doctor; and I thank heaven amid our misfortunes that he has been preserved to us. I am glad I have been able to rescue him from his persecutors, and preserve my daughter's health by means of his own watchful care."

Marie gave the Doctor her hand. The young girl did not remember what she had said while she slept. This slumber of the heart, however, could not last, and the young Doctor knew it. He resolved on the painful sacrifice which, but for the waking of his patient, he would at once have communicated to the Prince.

The reflections of the night confirmed the Doctor in the course he had resolved to adopt. On the next day he put on a long cloak, which disguised his stature, and went to the room of the Duke, after having also put on a wig which René often wore when he visited Matheus, and which the Duke had sent for to enable him in case of a surprise to leave unrecognized.

The distress of the Duke at the Vicomte's imprisonment increased every day. He had only once been able to reach his son, and had contrived to inspire the captive with hopes of liberty he was far from entertaining himself. The Vicomte was actively watched, and his most trifling actions were observed. Ever alone in the sad cell in which he had been confined, ennui and despair took possession of him, and his brilliant mind, to which mirth and activity had been indispensable, became downcast and miserable. Since the visit of his father, also, his delicate chest had begun to suffer. What the Doctor especially apprehended for his friend was the possibility of cold and dampness producing a dangerous irritation of the respiratory organs. This took place; for nothing could be more humid and icy than the cell of René. He had a dry and incessant cough. The keepers paid no attention to it, and the keeper of the Conciergerie treated it as a simple cold of no importance. The Vicomte was unwilling to inform his father of it lest he should be uneasy, and the mere indisposition rapidly became a serious and terrible disease. This was the state of things when Von Apsberg presented himself before the Duke. "What is the matter?" said the old man. "Are you discovered and forced to leave us?"

"Duke," said the Doctor, "let me first express my deepest thanks for your generous hospitality. Let me tell you how much your kindness has soothed the cruel suffering to which I have been subjected day and night for three weeks. I would, had it not been for your kindness, have weeks ago shared the captivity of René; and the hope I entertained of being of use to your daughter, alone prevented me from surrendering myself to despair at the prospect of a crushed and prospectless life, when I saw my brethren arrested in consequence of one whom I had always looked on as a devoted friend."

"Do not speak to me of that man," said the Duke in a terrible tone, "for my son, in my presence, charged him with having betrayed him."

"I have spoken to you of my gratitude," said the Doctor, "that you might not doubt it now at our separation."

"What danger now menaces you?" said the Duke, "why do you leave us?"

"To avoid being ungrateful," said Von Apsberg. "That you may never accuse your guest of selfishness, and that he may always deserve the esteem with which you honor him."

"What is the meaning of this mysterious language?"

"Grant me," said the young physician, with a trembling voice, "the boon of being permitted to keep the cause of my departure a secret. You would be as sorry to hear as I would be to tell you."

"No," said the old man, "I will not consent to this. You shall not quit the house which shelters you from your enemies: no, you shall not. Ah! sir," continued the Duke, "if you will not remain for your own sake do so for mine, for you alone have preserved the life of my daughter thus far." The

Doctor said, as he gave a paper to the Duke: "Here is the result of my study, in which I have traced out all the means known to science calculated to strengthen the health of your daughter, and to parry the dangers which menace her."

"Doctor," said the Duke, "do not distress me by leaving the hotel. Do not make me perpetually miserable, Doctor, I am already unfortunate enough."

"Well," said the young man, unable to resist his prayers any longer, "you shall know what forces me to go, and shall yourself judge of my duty." He fell at the Duke's feet, and told him all he had learned during Marie's slumber, his combats with himself, and his resolution.

"You are an honest man," said the Duke, with an expression of poignant grief, and lifting him up: "but I am a most unfortunate father."

D'Asbel just then came in with a letter.

"From my son," said the Duke, and he opened it. The features of the old man assumed, as he read, such an expression of terror, that Von Apsberg and the Secretary advanced towards him and sustained him, for he seemed ready to faint. "Read," said he, with a voice half indistinct, and he gave the Doctor the letter. It was as follows: [Pg 505]

"My Dear Father:—I can conceal no longer that I am dying. One man alone, who has often soothed me by his care and advice, can now save me. This is Von Apsberg. I cannot, though, ask him to accompany you, for he would endanger his own liberty. Come, then, dear father, to see me for the last time."

"Let us go, sir," said the Doctor. "Let us not delay a minute, for in an hour—it may be too late."

"But you expose your life, Doctor, by going among your enemies," said the Duke.

"But I will save his," said Von Apsberg. The Duke rushed into his arms.

Half an hour afterwards two men entered the Conciergerie. They were the Vicomte's father and an English doctor whom the Duke brought to see his son. The Director of the prison did not dare to refuse a father and physician permission to see a sick son and patient. With the turnkeys they passed an iron grate, beyond which was seen a vaulted passage, which, in the darkness, seemed interminable. On the inner side of the grate sat a morose looking man, whom nature seemed to have created exclusively to live in one of these earthly hells. His only duty was to open and shut the grate, to which he seemed as firmly attached as one of its own bars. His duty was not without danger, for in case of a mutiny, the Cerberus had orders to throw on the outside the heavy key he was intrusted with, and thus expose himself, without means of escape, to the rage of the criminals. They showed this man their pass. The key turned in the lock, and the grate permitted them to enter. It then swung to, filling the vaulted passage with its clash. Near this was a dark room, in which were several dark-browed jailers and gend'armes.

The Duke and the Doctor were minutely examined. One of them, whose features hidden by a dirty cap might recall one of the persons of this history, left the group, opened the grate, and disappeared rapidly, just as a new jailer guided the visitors to a long corridor in one of the cells, on opening which was the Vicomte D'Harcourt. On a miserable pallet, in a kind of dark cellar, into which the day seemed to penetrate reluctantly, through a grated window, was René D'Harcourt, the last hope of an illustrious house, without air or any of the attentions his situation demanded. The Duke wept to see him. René, with hollow cheeks, and eyes sparkling with a burning fever, arose with pain and extended his arms to his father, who embraced him tenderly.

Fifteen days had expanded his disease, the germs of which had long slept in his system. The bad air and icy dew, amid which he lived, the absence of constant and vigilant care, in such cases so indispensable, had, as it were, conspired against him. A violent and dry cough every moment burst from his chest, and at every access his strength seemed more and more feeble. Had he sooner informed his father of his condition, beyond doubt, some active remedy would have been used, not for pity's sake, for at that time little was shown to conspirators, but from fear of the liberal press, whose censure the administration dreaded. René, however, was too disdainful of the persons he called his executioners to ask any favors. The physician of the prison, as we have said, was satisfied with ordering a few trifling palliatives. The Vicomte was dying without his even being aware of it. When the turnkey had introduced the Duke and the Englishman he left, telling them that in a few minutes he would return. Then the Vicomte saw that a stranger was with his father. The latter approached, and taking the young man's hand pressed it to his heart with an affection which told the prisoner who visited him.

"Von Apsberg! Ah! father, I knew he would come."

"Be silent, dear René; be silent," said the Doctor, "for your sake and mine. Forget that I am your friend, and remember me only as a doctor. Tell me how you suffer. Speak quick, for time is precious. Tell me nothing—and do not exhaust yourself in describing—what is plain enough, I am sorry to say. I see, I read in your eyes, what is your condition."

To hide his tears Von Apsberg looked away. A father's heart though could not be deceived, and the Duke had seen the Doctor's tears. The old man said, "Save, Doctor, save my son."

Von Apsberg made an effort to surmount the grief which overcame him.

"We will save him," said he, calmly; "there is a remedy for such cases, which in a few hours will terminate the progress of the malady, and enable us to adopt other means. He took a card from

his pocket and wrote a prescription, which he ordered to be sent immediately to the nearest apothecary. He yet had the card in his hand when the door of the cell was violently thrown open, and several men accompanied by gend'armes rushed in and seized the Doctor.

"Arrest him," said an officer. "It is he, the German physician whom we have so long sought for. He has been recognized." Nothing could equal the effect of this scene. The Vicomte made useless attempts to leave his bed and assist his friend. The Duke was pale and agitated; and Von Apsberg, calm and resigned, gave himself up to the men who surrounded him. In anxiety for René he had forgotten himself.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you may do as you please with me, but, for heaven's sake, let me remain a few moments with this young man, and one of you hurry for this prescription I have written." [Pg 506]

"A paper," said the principal agent with joy, when he saw what Von Apsberg had in his hand. "It is, perhaps, a plan of escape. This must be taken to the Director for the *Procureur du Roi*. Another scheme, perhaps, of the Jacobin has come to light——" He put the paper in his huge pocket.

"Take this man away, said he to the gens d'armes, and do not let him speak a word to the prisoner." Rushing on Von Apsberg like famished wolves, they bore him away, and left the Duke alone with his son. The shock had done the prisoner much injury. He sunk back on his bed with a violent cough, and felt a mortal coldness glide over his frame and chill his blood.

"A doctor, a doctor," said the Duke, rushing towards the door. "A physician, for heaven's sake. My son is dying." The door did not close. The poor father leaning over his child pressed his lips to his burning brow, and then supported his head, from time to time attempting to warm his icy hands with his breath. He continued to call in heaven's name for a physician.

Half an hour after Von Apsberg's arrest, and while the Duke yet pressed his son's inanimate body, three men appeared in the room. They were the Director, Doctor, and Jailer of the prison.

"Monsieur," said the Duke to the Director, rising to his full stature, and with a tone of painful solemnity, "you are an accomplice in a great crime, and before the country and king, I, Duke d'Harcourt, peer of France, and grand cordon of the Saint Esprit, will accuse you."

"What mean you, sir?" said the Director, with a terror he could not conceal. "Of what do you complain?"

"That you have placed in a cell, without air and light, as if he were sentenced to death, a man against whom there is now a mere suspicion; for he has not been tried. I complain that you have wrested from me a physician I have brought hither to attend to my son—and that with horrible brutality you have taken possession of a prescription for a remedy which might have preserved him, and have by this means deprived him of life."

The Duke spoke but too truly, for a kind of suffocation took possession of the young man. His breast seemed oppressed, and every sign of death was visible.

The Director muttered some apology in defence of himself, but the Duke said, "Not another word here, sir; accomplish your task in peace; or at least, give me back the paper. It is the life of my son ——"

As the Director was about to go in person for it, the Doctor called him back and pointed to the patient over whose countenance death began to steal. He said, "It is too late!"

The Vicomte arose with difficulty and said, "Father, forgive me the wrong I have done. Forgive me, as I forgive others. No, no, not so; for there is one person I cannot forgive!" He looked around with an expression of intense hatred and contempt. "He has ruined and destroyed me, and all of us; he has delivered us to our enemies,—*that* man, hear all of you, is Count Monte-Leone!" His head sank on his breast, and his last breath mingled with the kisses of his father.

"I have no son!" said the old man in despair; and he sank by the side of the child God had taken away from him.

X.—THE CONFESSION.

As we have seen in a previous chapter, Count Monte-Leone went to the Prefect of Police to surrender himself to his enemies. The Count did not hesitate, for he preferred a sudden and cruel death to the intolerable life he now led. The Prefect was as civil as possible, and altogether different from what he would have been three days before to a person pointed out as one of the agents. The reason was, that after the energetic protestation of the Count in the presence of M. H —— at the Duke d'Harcourt's, grave doubts had arisen in the mind of the chief of the political police in relation to the services said to have been rendered by the Neapolitan. Making use then of the police itself, and causing the man who said he was an agent of the Count's to be watched, his conviction of the non-participation of Monte-Leone in the treachery became almost certain, and he began to tremble at the idea that he had been made a dupe in this affair, and at the probable consequences. The first of these was the fear of ridicule, that powerful instrument against a police; next, the just recrimination to which the Count might subject them as having slandered him; and the capital error of having left at liberty the most powerful of the Carbonari in Europe, under the belief that he was an ally of the Government—to which he was a mortal foe. All this crowd of faults H—— had committed in his blind confidence, and had led astray the police and all the agents. Thus uneasy, the Chief of Police saw that but one course of safety was left him. This

was both bold and adroit, for it foresaw danger and prepared a conductor to turn its thunders aside. H—— went to the Prefect and owned all. The first anger of the latter having passed away, the two chiefs saw with terror that they were equally compromised—the one for acting, and the other for suffering his subordinate to act. They, therefore, adopted the only course left them, Machiavelian it is true, but which extricated them from a great difficulty. This course was, to deny all participation in the malicious reports circulated in relation to the Count, but to suffer the public to imagine what it pleased, and attribute their inaction to carelessness for the result, or to the mystery necessary to be observed in police matters. Count Monte-Leone, too, since the arrest of his accomplices, and the discovery of his friends, was not greatly to be feared, especially as he [Pg 507] was now repelled by society as a double traitor.

Two things alone disturbed H——. The first was the course of the strange man who had used the Count's name to unveil so completely the plans of the conspiracy. He, however, was soon restored to confidence by remembering that he was now strictly carrying out this man's plans. Besides, in case of need, there were a thousand methods of securing this man's eternal silence. As for the pass in Monte-Leone's name, which might be a terrible arm in the possession of the Count in case he attacked the Government, H——learned much to his satisfaction, from Salvatori himself, that it had been destroyed. The Prefect, therefore, did not hesitate to receive the Count. "Sir," said the latter, "a horrible slander is circulated against me. In disregard of my character and name I have been charged with being one of your agents, and beg you to contradict this."

"The Prefect says your honor is above any such suspicion, and I should fear I injured you even by referring to so idle a tale."

"But one of your principal officers has given credit to this rumor by the perfidious reply he made a few days since, when the Vicomte d'Harcourt was arrested."

The Prefect rang his bell and sent for M. H——. When the latter arrived, he asked him, sternly, if he had seemed to believe that Count Monte-Leone had any participation in the acts of the Police.

H—— said, "The Count is in error, if he understood me thus. I did not believe that his self-accusation was true, for I could not realize that one so exalted in rank as the Count, could be guilty of conspiracy. I had no idea of insulting him, as he thinks. Were it not likely to give the affair too much gravity, I would every where repel it."

This amazed the Count. His mind, which seemed to give way beneath so many blows, had looked on this man's reply as an answer. The object of this perfidy yet escaped him; and reason and good sense could form no idea of the motive.

"You see, Count," said the Prefect, "all think you so far above the calumny of which you complain, that we would not dare even to defend you; the character of the department makes it impossible for us to mix in discussions about reputations."

"I have already asked this gentleman," and the Count pointed to M. H——, "to furnish a striking proof that I am not the creature they say I am. I now ask you the same favor." The two officials were annoyed. "I am as guilty as those you have arrested," continued he, "and demand a fate like that of my associates."

The Prefect said, "I never act except from the orders of a higher authority, and have none in relation to you. I prefer to think that your devotion to those you call your associates has caused you to exaggerate your complicity, and when that is proven you will find us just and stern to yourself, as we have been to them." The Prefect bowed and returned to his private office, and the Count left in indescribable agitation. He was deprived of his last justification, of one he wished to buy at the price of his life. His rage and despair had no limits. He was to experience a new shock in the death of Vicomte d'Harcourt, which was circulated through all Paris. He also heard that the Duke charged him with being the cause of his death, and with having denounced him.

We will now leave our hero for a few moments, to refer to a terrible event which at this crisis overwhelmed the Royal family and France with grief. This circumstance, yet enwrapped in mystery, was the death of the Duke de Berry. This Prince, the hope of France, expiring in the spring time of life beneath the dagger of a vulgar assassin; the obscurity which covered the details of the murder distressed all Europe. There was a general outcry against secret societies. The one, the chief members of which were now in prison, was especially thought guilty of having instigated the murder. The chiefs of the Carbonari *ventas* saw their chains grow heavier and their prisons become dungeons. Ober, the banker F——, General A——, and Von Apsberg, were not spared: their papers were examined, their past life scrutinized in search of some connection with this odious murder. The trial of the ruffian was anxiously waited for, in the hope that something would connect him with Carbonarism. Nothing, however, was found in the whole of the long and minute examination; and it soon became evident that the crime had been committed by a fanatic who was isolated, without adherents, instigators, or accomplices. Thus at least France thought of the result of the trial. This was the impression produced by the execution of Louvel.

The liberals, who had been for a time terrified by the reports circulated in relation to their partisans, began to regain their courage, and, fortified by their acquittal, complained of the calumnies circulated in relation to them. The first reproach cast on Government, and especially on the ministry of Decazes, was great injustice towards the Carbonari. The ministry was accused of having invented a conspiracy and conspirators—questions of political humanity were mooted—and true or imaginary tortures, to which the prisoners had been subject, were recounted. French generosity and pity became interested for the sake of victims who languished in chains. One voice,

though, was heard above all others, and spoke so distinctly, that it touched every heart and mind. It reached the very throne, and aroused one of those powerful influences which truth alone can. This voice was that of the Duke d'Harcourt—a king in virtue and feeling. His word was a law people of every shade of opinion listened to, in consequence of the admiration caused by his life [Pg 508] and conduct. The Duke, who was entitled to sympathy from the successive death of his sons, accused those who had taken the last from him of barbarity. He told of the death of the Vicomte while suspected of a crime which perhaps was imaginary; and in the sublime tones of his despair uttered loud charges against the fallen administration. The new one trembled before a unanimous sentiment, and sought to win popularity from clemency. This sentiment, which in Louis XVIII. was innate, his ministers echoed. One by one the prisons were opened and their sad inmates restored to life and light. The chief Carbonari were less fortunate than their followers. Their trial progressed, and though many abortive schemes were discovered, no act was found. There were ideas, utopias, and social paradoxes, but nothing positive. F——, B——, Ober and their associates, whose friends acted busily, were subjected to some months' imprisonment, which, added to their previous incarceration, seemed to their judges a sufficient punishment for their hopes, which, though criminal, had never been realized. General A—— was exiled, and Von Apsberg was detained for a long time in the conciergerie. He was ultimately released. As for Taddeo, all the inquiries of Aminta and of the Prince de Maulear, who loved him as a son, were vain. Every day increased their uneasiness on this account, bringing to light the disappointment of some hope. Thus a year passed....

Early in April, 1821, a man of about forty sat on a bench in a little garden attached to a modest country abode near Neuilly. The garden was on the Seine, which was the limit of a kind of town. The man of whom we speak was almost bent beneath the double weight of grief and suffering. His features were sharp and thin, his eyes sunken, and his hair, almost white, gave him the appearance of one far more advanced in age. In this person prematurely old and wretched, none would have recognized the brilliant and elegant Count Monte-Leone, who once had been so deservedly admired. A deep sorrow had crushed his strong constitution—months to him had become years—and he had suffered all that a mind, richly endowed as his was, could. Pursued by the atrocious slanders we refer to, he had given way beneath the blow. In vain had he striven for some time after his useless visit to the Prefect against them. The hideous monster which pursued him redoubled its attacks, and cries of reprobation burst from every lip. The relations and friends of the prisoners reproached him, and adversity seemed to have seized him with its iron claw. In vain did he protest and call for proof. All appealed to the circumstances. His many duels made people say in his favor only this, "*Brave as he is, he is a spy!*" Despair, then, took possession of him, and he fled from the world which cursed him, and hid himself. One reason alone restrained him from suicide. This was, that he knew another life depended on his, and clung to it as the ivy does to the oak. The Count lived that another might not die. This person was an angel rather than a woman. It was Aminta. Watching the unfortunate man as a mother watches a child, braving the public opinion which dishonored him she adored, Aminta rarely left the Count, whose tears fell on her heart like burning lava.

The Marquise had purchased an establishment near the house of Monte-Leone, with whom she passed all her time; for her visits made his desolate heart more serene. On the day we speak of, the Count sat in the garden, and old Giacomo advanced towards him, taking care to announce himself with a slight cough. "Monseigneur," said he, "it is I, your intendant. I am come to speak to you."

"I have no intendant," said the Count, "a miserable outlaw like myself can indulge in no such luxury. Do not call me Monseigneur; the title now is become an ironical insult."

"It, however, is your excellency's name, and *that* the slanderous villains cannot deprive you of."

"They have done more than that," said the Count, with a bitter smile; "they have destroyed my honor. You shall not call me thus any longer."

"Very well," said the good man, whom the Marquise had told not to thwart his master; "I will call Monseigneur, Count only. You are Monseigneur, for all that."

"Enough," said the Count, "go away, you fatigue me, you injure me."

"I injure you," said Giacomo, "when you know I would die for you?"

The Count looked around on the companion of all his life; he saw the tears the old man shed, and threw himself into his arms. "Ah! you love me in spite of all—"

"And so does *she*," said Giacomo, whose features became kindled with pleasure at this sudden exhibition of his master's love; "yes, that noble, true woman loves you dearly."

"Aminta!" said the Count, "ah! but for her you would have no master."

"Monseigneur,—no—Count!" said the old valet; "Madame la Marquise has come hither."

"Let her come—let her come—when she is with me, I pass my only happy hours."

"True," said Giacomo, "but she is not alone—"

"Who accompanies her? Who has come to see the informer? Who dares to brave the leprosy?"

The old man said, "The Prince de Maulear."

"The Prince! The Prince in my house! No, no! Tell him to go, that I see no one! I will see no one—"

"You will see me, Monsieur?" said the old nobleman, advancing with Aminta on his arm.

"What do you wish, sir?" said Monte-Leone; "if you insult me again, you are indeed cruel." [Pg 509]

"Monte-Leone," said Aminta, "the Prince is your friend. His words will be of service; I brought him hither."

The Count sank on his seat and was silent.

"Count," said the Prince, "had I not been confined at one of my estates for eight months by an obstinate *gout*, you would have seen me long since."

"Ah!" said the Count, with surprise.

"You would have seen me brought to you by repentance for the injury I did you. I gave way, Monte-Leone, to an indignant feeling I shall regret all my life. Reflection has enlightened me. The account I have heard from my daughter-in-law, the resources which you concealed, and especially your despair, the wasted condition of your health, the ravages of your misery, her love, her respect, have long told me how unjust I was to you."

The Count looked at the Prince with mingled astonishment and doubt. The Prince said, "As men of our rank are glad to confess their faults, and ask pardon for them, I beg you, sir, to forgive me." The Prince bowed to Monte-Leone, who seemed overcome by emotion.

Taking the Prince's hand he placed it on his heart and said, "Now, sir, feel this palpitation, and tell me whether the heart of a bad or guilty man ever beat thus with joy, at justice being done him."

From this day Monte-Leone enjoyed two of the greatest pleasures of life—a tender love, and a noble friendship....

A month after the first visit of the Prince de Maulear to the house at Neuilly, the following scene took place in a sad room of the *rue Casette* in the Faubourg St. Germain.

A sick woman lay on a bed, and a stern dark man sat beside her. "I tell you," said she, "I want a priest, and it is cruel for you to refuse me one."

"Bah! Signora, you are not sick enough for that. Why have a confidant in our affairs? Confession is of no use except to the dying!"

"I am very sick," said she, "and my strength every day decreases!"

"Well, let us come to terms, then, Duchess. You shall have a priest—but you do not intend to make your confession only to him, I know."

"Your old ideas again, Stenio!" said La Felina.

"They are not my ideas. Did you not say once when you were very sick, '*No, I will not die until I am completely avenged. I wish to know whence came the shaft which crushed him. I wish him to curse me as I have cursed him!*'"

"True!" said the Duchess, who, as she listened to the Italian, seemed lost in thought. "It is true, I said all that."

"Well, the time is come. You fear you are dying, and would not leave your work incomplete!"

"But if I tell all," said La Felina, "do you fear nothing for yourself?"

"That man is now but a shadow," said Salvatori, "and now in my strong hand I can grasp him, as he once grasped me, with his iron nerves, when he stabbed me. Besides, no one would believe him. *Is he not a spy?*"

The first words of the Italian, "*That man is but a shadow*," had arrested La Felina's attention. She said, "Is he much changed? is he very sick?" She could not restrain her accent.

"He? yes, indeed; he is dying. Public contempt has completely crushed the proud giant. We have effected that. Besides," continued he, "in order to make a suitable return for the touching interest you inspired me with just now, I must tell you I am going. You have made me rich, and if I were so unfortunate as to lose you—Ah, words never kill," added he, as he saw how terrified La Felina was —"I would not remain an hour in this accursed country."

"Very well," said she; "give me writing materials." She wrote a few lines with a trembling hand.

"To the Count," said she, giving them to Salvatori; "I expect him to-morrow."

"Very well," said the Italian, sternly. "This will kill him."

Scarcely had he left the room when La Felina rang her bell, and the servant who had always accompanied her entered. The Duchess drew her towards her, and placing her lips close to the ear of the woman, as if she was afraid some one would hear her, whispered a few words and sank back completely exhausted.

Such was the Duchess of Palma, the famous singer of San Carlo, whom we find dying in this unknown and obscure retreat. The hand of God, who does not always punish the soul of the criminal alone, but who sometimes strikes the living body, weighed heavily on her. The Duke, weary of the ties imposed by marriage on him, and becoming more and more infatuated with his

thin *danseuse*, sought for an opportunity to throw off his chains. He soon found one. Feigning to be jealous, the Duke, in consequence of some vague rumors, obtained the key of the bureau in which the Duchess kept the "confessions of the heart," as she called the detail of her brief amour with Monte-Leone. Having gotten possession of this paper, the Duke made a great noise, threatened her with a suit, and easily obtained the separation he desired so much. There was a general burst of indignation. The nobles who had been furious at the *mesalliance* of the Duke, were more so at the ingratitude of the guilty wife and low-born woman, who had usurped a rank and title of which she showed herself so unworthy. The Duchess disappeared suddenly from the world, which gladly rejected one it had so unwillingly received. La Felina took refuge in a small house in the retired quarter we have mentioned. For, like *Venus attached to her prey*, she would [Pg 510] not leave Paris, in which she could not divest herself of the idea that Monte-Leone, completely reinstated, would some day become Aminta's husband. Sickness had gradually enfeebled her, and Salvatori, who was master of her secrets, had established himself in her house. Taking advantage of her complicity, he had, by means of cunning and terror, became in a manner the master and tyrant, now that her health was gone, of one to whom he had been an abject slave. For this reason he had, as we have seen, treated her with such cruel disdain.

On the very day this scene took place, Monte-Leone received the following note: "A woman, whose handwriting you will recognize, has but a few hours to live. Come to see her for the sake of that pity she deserves. Do not resist the prayers of one who is on her death-bed." Below was the address of the Duchess.

The Count had long lost sight of La Felina; he knew she was separated from her husband, but was so indifferent that he had not even asked why. Always kind and generous, he thought duty required him to go, and on the next day at noon, rang at La Felina's door. Stenio had preceded him a few moments, and in the next room prepared to enjoy the scene. No sooner had the Count entered the bedroom than Salvatori thought he heard steps in a boudoir connected with it, and which opened on a back stairway. Uneasy at this noise, for which he could not account, he was yet unable to satisfy himself; for to do so, he would have been again obliged to cross the Duchess's room, and the Count was already with her.

When the Count and La Felina met, a cry of astonishment burst from the lips of each. They seemed to each other two spectres.

"Count," said the Duchess, in faint and broken voice, "the time is come when the truth must be told, ere the tongue on which it depends be cold in the grave. You are, therefore, about to hear the truth as the dying tell it who have lost all dread of men and their wrath."

"Speak out, Signora; my life has been so strange that nothing now can surprise me," said the Count.

"You will be astonished; for I am about to read the riddle, the mystery, which you have so long attempted to penetrate." The Count was attentive. "You have," said La Felina, "sought to know who was the secret enemy who deprived you of name and fame. I am about to tell you." The Count seemed surprised. "Do not interrupt me," said she. "This enemy has followed your steps and poisoned your life. Thus has it been effected: You were ruined, really ruined, but twice have fifty thousand francs been sent to you, and you have been made to believe that this was but a restoration of your fortune."

"Did it not come from Lamberti?" said the Count.

"No; bankrupts never pay. A forged letter from this banker insisted on silence in relation to this restoration, and thus the mysterious resources were created which awakened the suspicions of the world, and caused the report that you were an agent of the police to be believed."

The Count grew pale with horror.

"Wait," said La Felina. "A man, a devil, purchased by your enemy, in obedience to orders, went to the house of Matheus, your associate in Carbonarism. This devil opened the drawer in which the archives of the association were kept, and taking possession of the lists, substituted copies for the originals."

"Infamous," said Monte-Leone.

"This devil did more. He dared to procure you a pass as a 'Spy in Society.' This pass your friend Taddeo Rovero saw."

"My God, my God, can I hear aright?"

"This man did not think you were as yet sufficiently degraded in the eyes of the world and your brethren. Taking advantage of a visit you paid me, he went into your carriage with a cloak like yours over his shoulders, and was driven to the Prefecture of Police."

"This is hell itself," said the Count.

"Did I not say this man was a demon?" said La Felina, coldly. "All this evidence was accumulated against you. The French Government was deceived, and did not exert severity towards the powerful chief of the Carbonari, now become, as it believed, its agent. The world and public opinion did their work."

"Why was all this? what was the motive?"

"You had destroyed the happiness of your enemy, and in return the sacrifice of your honor was exacted; you had deserted one who adored you, and sought to marry another; to prevent this she disgraced you. Now, Count Monte-Leone," said La Felina, rising up, "is it necessary for me to name that woman? Do you know me?"

"Wretch!" said the Count, "are you not afraid that I will kill you?"

"Why?" said she, "am I not dying?"

"Well," said he, "you shall carry to the tomb one crime in addition to the offences you have revealed to me. With honor you destroyed my life." Taking a pistol from his bosom he placed it to his brow, and was about to fire—

At the last words of the Count a door was thrown open, and an arm seized Monte-Leone's hand. He looked around and saw the Duke D'Harcourt.

"Count," said he, "one person alone can restore you the honor of which you have been so rudely deprived. That person is the Duke D'Harcourt."

"The voice of the man, of the father," said he, and his eyes became suffused with tears, "who charged you publicly with having denounced his son, and surrendered him to the executioners, with having killed him.

"Ah! God himself sends you hither," said the Count, with an indescribable accent of hope. "Yes, yes; you have heard all, and will be believed. Monsieur," said he, with great animation, "have you not heard all? You know how I have been treated by those monsters. You will say so. Tell me that you will. I cast myself at your feet to implore you." [Pg 511]

"Count," said the Duke, lifting up Monte-Leone and embracing him, "I am the guilty man, for louder than any one I have uttered an anathema on the innocent. I have appealed to man and God for vengeance."

"Yes," said the Count, "and touched by the immensity of my sufferings God has led you hither."

"Yes, God," said the Duke, "and *she*;" pointing to La Felina, whose eyes brightened up with animation, strangely contrasted with the morbid palor of her face.

"*She?*" said the Count.

"Yes," said the Duke. "Stricken down by repentance, she besought me yesterday to come hither to hear her confession."

Scarcely had the Duke pronounced these words, than a cry of hatred, savage as that of the jackal, was heard in the next room.

"Save me, save me," said the Duchess, calling Monte-Leone to her, and sheltering herself behind his body, "*He* will murder me."

"*He?*" said the Duke and Count together.

"Whom do you refer to?" said Monte-Leone.

"To Stenio Salvatori, the accomplice in this tissue of crime."

The two noblemen rushed towards the room where the cry had been heard. A door leading to the stairway was open, and there was no one visible. When they returned, the invalid giving way to so severe a shock and exertion was dying. She had only strength to repeat the request she had urged on Stenio the day before. "A priest, for heaven's sake, a priest, that I may repeat to God what I have said to man."

The door opened and an ecclesiastic appeared.

"Quick, father, quick," said the Duchess. "Tell me that God, like man, will forgive me."

The priest stood for a few minutes in the middle of the room, apparently overpowered by emotion. He said, "One person must forgive you, Madame, and that person is the individual whose life you have made miserable, whom you have made use of to strike this innocent man;" and he pointed to the Count. "I, as well as the Duke, was in the adjoining room, and have heard all. That pardon I give you."

The Duchess said, "Then Rovero, too, forgives me;" before she had finished his name, Monte-Leone clasped Taddeo in his arms.

Two days after, a funeral portage proceeded to a place of eternal rest. Three men followed a body to the grave. They were Monte-Leone, the Duke d'Harcourt, and the Abbé Rovero. Love and friendship having been both betrayed, as he thought, Taddeo sought for consolation in religion. The Divinity, he knew, did not betray those who love him. A fugitive and an outlaw, he had sought refuge in a seminary, and subsequently had become a priest. Chance had assigned him to a church near La Felina's house, and he had been pointed out by the Duchess's confidential servant, as a priest worthy her mistress's confidence. Heaven had accomplished the rest.

All Paris, at that time, was filled with a strange report, and with amazement learned the truth in relation to Monte-Leone. A letter from the Duke d'Harcourt appeared in the journals of the day and unfolded this terrible drama. The Duke told Paris and all Europe, what he had overheard in

the Duchess's boudoir.

It said, if any voice should do justice to this injured man, it is that of a father who wrongfully accused him of being the death of a son. The moral reaction in favor of the Count was as sudden as the censure the world had heaped on him had been. The person who, next to Monte-Leone, enjoyed this complete reparation, was the adorable woman who had never doubted the honor of the man she loved.

The King sent for the Duke d'Harcourt; he understood and participated in the grief of an unfortunate father, for he, also, had lost the heir of his throne. When the old noble left the King he bore with him the pardon of René's young friend, the generous Von Apsberg. The Duke went to the conciergerie, and on the Doctor, in his gratitude, asking after Marie, the former said, "She is a patient who will give you a great deal of trouble, both her health and her heart being seriously affected. You will have two grave diseases to attend to, and the husband must assist the physician."

EPILOGUE.

A month after these events—on the first of May, that festival of sunlight, flowers, and universal rejoicings—two couples, followed by many friends and brilliant attendants, went from the small house on the banks of the Seine, to the village church of Neuilly. The Prince de Maulear, made young by happiness, had Marie d'Harcourt on his arm. The Duke escorted the Marquise, and the Count and Von Apsberg followed them. The priest stood at the foot of the altar. This priest, who made four persons happy, but who looked to heaven alone for his own happiness, was Taddeo Rovero.

The three fiery Carbonari gradually felt their revolutionary ardor grow dull. The reason is, these three men were now attached to the society they had sought to destroy, by strong ties. Two were bound to it by family bonds, and the other by religion. [Pg 512]

Carbonarism was not crushed in Europe, by the disasters of the French association. It slumbered for ten years, but awoke in 1830. The tree has grown, and the world now gathers its bitter fruits.

Stenio Salvatori received in Italy the punishment due his great crimes in France. His vile heart became the sheath of the stiletto of one of the brethren of the *Venta* of Castel la Marc.

Our old acquaintance, Mlle. Celestine Crepinean, touched by divine grace, repented of having made so bad a disposition of her pure and virgin love. Like Magdalen, she threw herself at the feet of her Savior, and lived to an advanced age, greatly to the edification of the faithful as dispenser of holy water at the church of Saint Thomas Aquinas.

END OF THE SPY IN SOCIETY.

FOOTNOTES:

[3] Concluded from page 327.

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

[4] *Mansarde* Gallice, from the inventor Mansard, uncle of another architect of the same name of the time of Louis XIV.

[5] It is one of the maxims of *magnetism*, that when once an entire sympathy between two minds is established equality ensues, and consequently neither can exert influence over the other.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A GHOST STORY OF NORMANDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HAMON AND CATAR; OR, THE TWO RACKS."

I.

On a fine summer evening, in 1846, I left my house, which was in the neighborhood of Honfleur, Normandy, to take a stroll. It was July. All the morning and all the afternoon the sun had been busily pouring down streams of radiance like streams of boiling water, and I had kept the house, and kept it closely shut up too, till the orb of day had gone some way down towards the sea, as if, like a fire-eater, or like a locomotive, to get a *drink* after its work.

My wife being asleep, I borrowed her parasol, for English life in France is very free and easy, and I was rather careful of my complexion. I lit a cigar, and starting, soon left the church of St.

Catharine behind. My business in the town was to post a letter, which I got safely done, and then passing down the fish-market, I found myself, ere long, at the foot of the Côte de Grace—a steep hill which rises abruptly from the town, and is scaleable at one part by a sandy zigzag.

My cigar was a bad one altogether—a bad one to look at and a bad one to blow. Of government manufacture, it cost five sous, and was not worth one. Its skin was as thick as an ass's hide, and no persuasion would make *it* draw. Like a false friend, it became quite hollow when I put the fire of trial to it; and only waxed hot and oily as it burnt on. It was a French regalia, and had nothing of French royalty about it but bad *smoke*. The tobacco had, I think, lost savor, as salt used to do, in passing through the monopolizing hands of the *Citoyen Roi*. In a word, my gorge rose at it.

I stood awhile at the foot of the zigzag, endeavoring to coax it into usefulness, for I was a family man, and had given many hostages to fortune, and dared not to be extravagant. I tried to doctor it by incisions, and by giving it draughts; but all was in vain. At last it began to unwind, and some loose ashes found their way to my eyes. I was about to throw it away in disgust, when a young Frenchman, who had passed me a moment before with a party (I knew him slightly and we had bowed), returned, and observing that my cigar seemed troublesome, asked me to try one of his.

His name was Le Brun. We had met occasionally on the pier, where in the quiet evenings I used to take refuge from the uproar of my sanctuary at home, and for awhile almost believed myself a lay bachelor lounging through France without a charming wife and eight children. He and I had succeeded well in chit-chat. The Browns, he was fond of saying, were a numerous race in England, but if he ever settled there he would be distinguished from them as THE Brown. He was vain of this play on his name, and I always laughed when he produced it. I had no hesitation, therefore, when he offered me a cigar: besides, I knew that he always smoked smuggled Cubas.

We gossiped for a few moments. At length I saw him glance at my wife's parasol, which was shielding me from the sun. He *said* nothing, but I felt my cheek burn with a sudden sort of shame, and immediately shut it up.

"Madame will return," he said, "and Monsieur attends her."

This was not the fact. Monsieur had to return, and Madame attended him. But the observation was put in the narrative form, and if my friend gave me information which I knew to be false, I was not bound to say so. I only bowed, therefore; and he added that he was forced to join his party, and bowed too; and so we separated.

He had scarcely left me, when I thought that if I had avowed my solitary state he might have asked me to join his party, which was evidently a merry one; and I internally execrated the parasol, which had been the means of preventing this. If by any accident I should meet him again, I resolved that he should not see me with *it*, and without the lady; so I deposited it at a little lace-maker's, and soon after began to ascend the Côte de Grace, not without hopes of meeting the party as they returned, perhaps from Val-à-Reine.

Between each wind of the zigzag path was a flight of wooden steps, by which the adventurous might ascend directly from the bottom of the hill. At the head of some of these flights of steps were rustic seats; they were generally on the outer edge of the path, but a few were placed far back, so that the hill immediately below was unseen.

I always climbed the Côte by the steps, as I used ever and anon to lie down on the green carpet which nature has spread over each of the short ascents. On the present occasion I had not mounted far before a pleasant piece of this turf-flooring near the top of one of the little hills seduced me from my toils. I sat down, took Shelley's "Revolt of Islam" from my pocket, finished my cigar, and in consequence of reading half a dozen stanzas from the poem—fell asleep. [Pg 513]

I woke suddenly, and as soon as I had my faculties about me, noticed that people were speaking, and in loud tones, close above me. Otherwise, all was still around. There was no wind among the little trees; a bee buzzed past me now and then, and insects hummed, but further off down the hill, and these voices sounded harsh and dissonant in the quiet air. I listened, at first mechanically. The conversation was carried on in French.

"It is time to end this," said a stern, disagreeable voice; "and I will not wait any longer, M. Raymond."

"But M. Gray," answered another and more pleasant voice, "you will think of my situation—my family. I have done all I could."

"I have thought too much of your family," replied Gray; "but I must also think of myself. Esther—your daughter—she does not speak with me, for example, as you said she should."

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the other.

"This Le Brun—she is all ears and eyes for him. She——"

"M. Gray!" said Raymond. His voice had been deprecating before—it was firm now. "You are so harsh to me; how can you expect kindness from her?"

"Why, sir, you promised to use your influence with her——"

"Promised, M. Gray!" Raymond burst in. "You did not think I should sell my daughter for a debt of the table? I do not think, monsieur, you expected me to *sell* my Esther, for example." And there was an emphasis on these last words which only a Frenchman could give.

"I did not say you promised that," replied the other; "but I am seeking for the money you owe me. I love your daughter; you know it; she does not smile, and I must wait. But my creditors will not wait. I owe money, and come to you for what you owe me."

The voice that said this was cold and stern. Suddenly, as I listened to it, it seemed familiar to me; but where I had heard it I could not remember. Raymond replied:

"And suppose I had not played with you and lost? What would you have done?"

"But my friends in England are so dilatory," was the evasive answer. "Still—if Mademoiselle Esther ——"

"Sacré!" cried Raymond, starting to his feet, and stamping on the path. Gray seemed to rise too. "You press me too far. What do I know of you, monsieur? You live here some few months—you play high—you—you——"

"Ah, well, monsieur," said Gray, icily, as he paused.

"My daughter, too," cried Raymond; "you use my debt to you as a means——." He stopped again in his sudden passion.

"Pardon me, monsieur," said Gray, sternly, "this is only a debt of honor;" and he laid a stress on the word which drove it home. "In England we cannot enforce a debt of honor."

"What do you do there when it is not paid?"

"First post the guilty man, and then shoot him," was the answer.

I felt inclined to start from my concealment and say that this was false. I recollected, however, just in time, that it was true.

"But this is folly," pursued Gray, "and we should not quarrel. I am not going to shoot Esther's father, for example."

The effect of this cordial and peaceful declaration was instantaneous. Glad apparently to drop his creditor in his friend at any price, Raymond answered kindly, and even proposed to give Gray a small sum on account of his debt, which he accepted. They then began to ascend the zigzag, and ere long their voices died away in the distance.

I had remained lying-to where I was all this while, and felt glad when they left the neighborhood. I never overheard a conversation with pleasure since I read how the Rev. Dr. Follett declared that his bamboo, and not his cloth, should protect him from Mr. Eavesdrop. Once, indeed, I had thought of retiring, but put it off so long that I thought I might just as well stay out the interview.

I knew Mr. Raymond by name. He was a banker, and reputed rich. He was also thought religious—for a Frenchman, even pious. He crossed himself at all the twopenny representations of the Divine agony. He never galloped past a crucifix, or calvaire, or burial-place. And yet he now showed himself a gambler, and apparently on the way to sell his daughter's hand to a man he did not know, for a gambling debt. The discovery made me feel sick. And yet I thought how many of my own parisioners, who wave their heads at the sacred name in the creed, and appear to men to worship, are as false as this man; packing away their religion like their best hat till next Sunday, when it seems as good to the next pew as ever.

But I felt more than an abstract discomfort at my discoveries. Le Brun's name had been mixed up with Esther Raymond's by this Gray. Now his Cuba cigar had bound me indissolubly to The Brown, and as long as he asked nothing but what cost nothing, I was his faithful well-wisher and friend. This was the time to show my friendship; and accordingly I sprang from my couch, put Shelley into my pocket, and resumed my ascent of the Côte.

I had gained the top, and, after looking across the water to Harfleur, which showed well in the soft light of the westering sun, was about to walk on, when I saw a party on the rude bench which is [Pg 514] set on the seaward side of the top of the Côte—Le Brun with them. I looked back across the Seine, and watched the lights and shades shift on the hills of the opposite shore, collecting my thoughts the while. Ere they were collected, however, he joined me.

"Ah! but madame is no longer with monsieur?" he said.

"No; she's at home now," I answered, thinking how I should best break ground, and almost inclined to leave him to his own courses now that it was time to act. Why should I meddle in these foreigners' affairs? What were they to me? I felt thus for a moment; Le Brun produced his cigar-case, and I did not feel so for another.

"I hope you liked my cigar; it is not French," he said. "Will you try another?"

"If you will try one of mine," I answered, ashamed to take without giving, and forgetting that my property consisted of none but the despised French article. The young gentleman took one of the great clown-like regalias with a slight shudder, and I saw him wince as he inhaled a mouthful of its rank produce, and, ere long, quietly drop the thing when he thought I was not looking, and substitute one of his own.

The flavor of his Cuba opened my heart to him, and ere long I broached the subject with which I had no earthly business.

"You know a certain M. Gray?" I asked. He started.

"Yes," he said; "that is him talking to mademoiselle. Shall I introduce you?"

"Not at present—no, I thank you," I answered. He looked up at me.

"Do you know him?" he asked. My eye had been bent on him for the last few seconds.

"I think I do," I said; "I am not sure."

"He came here with the Dowlasses; he is the son of an English milord, who allows him a thousand pounds a year."

"Why did he leave England, then?" I inquired.

"He was too gay, I believe."

"And left his debts unpaid, I suppose." He looked up at me again.

"If you do know him, or anything about him," he exclaimed, "pray tell me; I am particularly anxious about him."

"I know you must be, and so ought mademoiselle to be," I said. He blushed like a girl and was going to speak, but I continued: "If he is the man I think, never play at cards with him, M. le Brun; and, between us, separate his hat from those pink ribbons further than they are now."

His curiosity, his anxiety, was thoroughly aroused; but, as he began to speak, a lady's voice called him. It was Esther's.

"Will you join us?" he said. In another moment I was being introduced to the party.

I was at first surprised to find Gray and his dupe smoking and chatting as gayly as any of the party. I am a good wonderer, but always reason my surprises away. I soon did so now, reflecting that all men use their faces as masks, by which they lie without speaking falsehood. And, though I detest hypocrisy myself, I remembered that I often smiled when I could grind my teeth with rage—that is, if they were not false ones.

Le Brun had been summoned to rejoin the circle because a curious topic had been started. M. Raymond was proprietor of an estate near St. Sauveur, the house of which was reported to be haunted, and Esther had dared Gray to spend a night there.

"But I don't believe in ghosts," he recommenced, after the introduction. "It would only be to waste a night."

"Oh, there *is* a goblin though," replied the beautiful girl—"a male Amina; always walking into an occupied chamber, so that you're sure to see him. He does not, however, stop to be caught napping in the morning, like La Sonnambula."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," answered Gray. "You've called M. le Brun"—and he looked somewhat fiercely at my friend—"if he'll spend a night there, I will. I'm engaged to-night, and to-morrow night, so that he can go first. But I can't believe in your ghost, mademoiselle."

"Not if I acknowledge to have seen him myself?" she asked. There was a general movement among the listeners. "Well, I will accept for M. le Brun; he shall go to-night or to-morrow, and you the night after—eh, M. Frederic?"

Le Brun murmured something about obedience to her wishes; what, I did not hear. He evidently, however, did not like the scheme, and Gray saw it; but, in the general interest for Esther's tale, no one else did.

I do not give it here, for divers reasons. When she had done, it was found to be time to return. I would have left the party, but Raymond having seperated Le Brun from Esther, he joined himself to me, and I was unable to do so.

"What will Grace say?" thought I. "I hope she won't wait tea for me." I should have been somewhat crusty if, on an ordinary occasion, I had returned from a stroll and found that she and the rest had *not* waited. Le Brun asked me—as M. Raymond had already done—to stay all the evening with the party. That, however, I felt to be impossible, and said so.

"Well, for the present, then," he said. "What can you tell me of M. Gray?" he added.

"I expect my brother here to-morrow," I said, "when I will compare notes with him. Till then I should be cautious, as I may injure an innocent man. But do you be cautious too. How about this challenge? Shall you sleep in the haunted house? It is romantic nonsense—this of a spirit, you know. Mademoiselle has seen a clothes-horse, or a—a part of her dress in moonlight. I don't believe in ghosts myself at all." [Pg 515]

"Don't you?" said he, somewhat sadly. "I—the truth is, mon cher, I am afraid I do."

"You must go on now, though," I said, maliciously.

"Oh, yes—of course—go on," he answered; "but, monsieur——" he hesitated.

"What is it, my dear friend?" I said.

"I thought to ask a favor of you," he replied. "Will you accompany me to this house, monsieur? I

feel I ask much—but will you?"

"Much, my very dear sir!" I exclaimed, in the fullness of my heart—"not at all too much. I shall be happy to be of any use to you, and will sit and smoke those cigars of yours, and let the ghosts go to old ——." I stopped suddenly.

"And what," thought I, "will Grace say to *that*?" A sort of dampness rushed out upon my skin; I had forgotten her. My sentence remained unfinished, and I looked eagerly about me, as if to question the adjoining shrubs as to what on earth I was to do. My dear Grace was the light of my eyes, and the joy of my heart, I'm sure; the best wife, the most amiable of the sex, but yet she had a kind of will of her own, which was apt to get grafted, as it were, upon mine. She never opposed me positively in any thing, but somehow, if she did not like it, it was rarely done. I had just promised what I might not be able to perform; and yet I did not like to confess to this foreigner that my wife led me. "A plague upon his Cubas and him too," I thought. Still, what was to be done?

"If you cannot sleep there to-night," he said, noticing my uneasiness, "I will claim the night's grace ——"

"Grace!" I exclaimed; my wife before me in the word.

"Yes, she said to-night or to-morrow."

"Oh, to-night?—impossible!" I cried. "I have a very—an engagement to-night. I can not possibly make it to-night. Besides," I exclaimed, grasping at an idea like a drowner at a rope, or any thing saving, "mademoiselle may not give leave to share your danger with any one."

"I asked her," he said—I had noticed them exchange whispers—"and she will——"

"Bother!" I muttered; but instantly continued, with a smile, "if it is to be so I will be at your service to-morrow. Meanwhile, let me slip away now—that engagement, you know."

We were at the foot of the Côte de Grace by this time. He brought the party to a stand-still, and, after some difficulty, I was allowed to desert, Le Brun asking me to join him next day to dinner, to which I agreed. After I left the joyous set I walked away fiercely, like a man with a purpose, till they were out of sight; but, as I neared that sanctuary of the heart where the tea would be waiting for me, the fierceness of my pace abated, and, with hands in pockets and head depressed, I slackened my speed more and more, till at last, when I reached my garden-gate, I came to a stand-still.

Unhappily I am tall, and my children are all wonderfully quick. I had not stood at the gate three seconds before I was surrounded by my urchins, whooping, and getting among my legs, and hanging to my tails, and playing the wildest pranks off on me.

But suddenly I saw my wife leave the house and come down the garden without her bonnet to welcome me. Oh, how I wished that, just for once, she had been a shrew; I could have brazened out the matter then. But she smiled so sweetly at me!

"Well," she exclaimed, heartily, putting her hands in mine, "you have had a splendid afternoon for your walk! Have you enjoyed it?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "except for one thing."

"What's that?" she asked; "no accident I hope. You've never, surely, been among the orchards again; I'm sure the grass swarms with adders and snakes." And she looked so anxiously and tenderly up into my face that I was forced to stoop and——. But this is weakness. "What was it? I saw you took out that divine Shelley."

"Yes," I answered, jumping at any subject foreign to the one at my heart, "he *is* divine. I'll never deny it again; the very god of sleep."

"For shame!" she cried; "and I saw you took something else, too. But where is it?—the parasol, I mean?" I had forgotten it! I think I must have started and changed color, for she immediately proceeded: "Never mind, it's too late to go into the fields for it now. It will be quite destroyed, though, by the dew to-night—there's always so much in this weather. But, never mind—and yet how could you forget it?"

"Oh, it's all right," I replied, somewhat pettishly; "we'll get it in the morning. I left it in a shop at the foot of the Côte de Grace."

"Well, then, what was the drawback to your walk?"

"Oh! never mind it just now," I exclaimed. "Dear Grace, do let me have some tea; I'll tell you by-and-by." And I bustled among the children towards the house, she following in some surprise.

As soon as tea was over I dispatched the children into the garden and solemnly commenced my tale. Commenced? I plunged into it heels over head, as a timid bather plunges into the pool when he is the cynosure of the eyes of all swimmers in it, and by appearing on the brink in Nature's undress *uniform*, feels himself pledged to enter the liquid. Like him, too, when once in, I did not find the water so cold as I feared, after all. I had made my promise so strong by constantly referring to it, that Grace never even proposed my giving it up. My brother would arrive by to-morrow's boat, and so that the house would have a guardian she would not object—for once. I inwardly vowed not to put it in her power to refuse or grant such a favor again. [Pg 516]

II.

So on the morrow, at the appointed time, I was comfortably seated at M. le Brun's mahogany; and while, "for this occasion only," I played my old *rôle* of bachelor, I loosed the hymeneal reins, and actually told some ancient Cider-cellar stories—in French, too,—which produced explosion after explosion of laughter, though whether this was caused by the tales or the telling I cannot of course guess.

By-and-by evening came, and it was time to start. Le Brun and I hastened, therefore, to finish the bottles then in circulation; and, as soon as that was done, rose to walk to the haunted property. And now the skeptical blockheads who doubt every thing would say that what follows was the consequence of our libations. Let them say what they like, I only put it to *you*, if it is likely that a thorough-going Church and State rector would be influenced by a few bottles of *vin ordinaire* and a mere *thought* of cognac after all.

It was about nine o'clock when we arrived within sight of St. Sauveur. It was a lovely night. Beyond the little village in the distance loomed the hills, rising from the Eure, over which the moon was shining brilliantly. Presently my companion turned sharply off from the main road, and we began to ascend a narrow stony lane, so thickly fringed with bushes that the light was excluded; but ere long we came upon a cross-path nearly as narrow, but lighted by the rays of the bright moon; this we followed, till, in a few minutes, we arrived before a gate, which we pushed open, and advanced into a field.

Le Brun paused to light a fresh cigar from the smoking ruins of the last, and, as I walked on, I suddenly became reflective. "Your life, my dear and reverend sir," I ejaculated, "has just been like this evening's walk. Your school and college life were all bright and silvery as the highway flooded by the glorious beams, and so forth. Then came the stony lane of curateship, and then you gained a cross-lane, stony still, but lighted by the smiles of Grace, and the prospect of a reversion, which your father got you cheap, because the occupant was young. And then this youthful rector joined the Church of Rome, leaving the gate open for you; and so you stepped into your twelve hundred a year, of which you only need to sacrifice seventy for a hack to do the work. So that after a somewhat pleasant life you can enjoy yourself in foreign parts, and——"

"Halloa!" cried a voice behind.

I started. In a moment I remembered that I was upon haunted ground, and motioned to fly. I am no coward, but I hate a surprise, and thought that perhaps the hero of this enchanted ground was close beside me. Le Brun's voice, however, dissipated those fears. I had strolled from the right path in my dream, and he wished me to re-rejoin him. I did so, and we pursued our walk.

We soon arrived before the house. It was approachable at the rear by a road which led to St. Sauveur, after winding about the country some two or three miles more than necessary, as French roads are apt to do: but the main entrance was from the fields, as we had come. It was a shabby place, and looked in the staring moonlight as seedy as a bookseller's hack would look in the glare of an Almack's ball. The windows were mostly broken, and the portico, like its Greek model, was in ruins. Rude evergreens grew downward from the rails which had fixed them, when young, in the way they were to go, and were sprawling about the nominal garden, which was likewise overrun by weeds and plots of grass, and fallen shrubs and flowers. The moon never looked on a poorer spot, and yet there was an air about the tattered old house which seemed to indicate that it had been good-looking once; as we may see, despite the plaster-work among the wrinkles of some of our dowagers, that they were not altogether hideous, as they now are, in the days of the "Greatest Gentleman" in Europe.

We entered. It was too late and too dark in-doors to survey the mansion; so, as Le Brun had been directed to the habitable room, we struck a light, and ascended directly to it. It was handsomely furnished, and a basket containing that refreshment which we had looked forward to stood on the table. The windows were whole; still I thought it well to close the shutters, as I hate Midsummer nights' draughts as much as I love the "Midsummer Night's Dream." This done, I sank on a sofa; Le Brun drew some wine; we fell to at an early supper, and fared well.

When we had finished we lighted cigars, and our conversation grew frivolous. Le Brun was in the midst of a description of Esther, when I heard a groan, and said so. He pooh-poohed me, and, half annoyed at the interruption, proceeded. He had not got on very far before the groan was repeated. I started up.

"Pooh!—wind!" said my companion, retaining his seat and emitting his smoke.

"If so, it must be wind on the stomach, or wind in the lungs," I said. "Hark!"

I heard a faint noise. We both listened intently for some minutes, I standing. It was not repeated, however; so, growing tired, I said that I must have been mistaken, and sat down. Le Brun agreed with me, and resumed his description. I followed with a tale; he was reminded by it of another; [Pg 517] and so we continued, till our repeated potations, much speaking, and the late hour, made both of us prosy, and then we fell, as with one accord, asleep.

I must have slept for a considerable time, as, when I woke, I found that the lamp had burned very low, and looked the worse for having been kept up so late. I woke with a start, caused, as I imagined, by hearing the room-door suddenly opened. That was a sound which, as a father of a large family, I had got to know very well, especially about the smaller hours. I looked towards the door, but my eyes were dim with sleep, and it was not till Le Brun's boot was projected against my

shin that I became sufficiently awake to see if my idea was correct or no. It was.

Not only was the door open but a person was evidently standing on the threshold. In the sickly light his face was not visible; nothing, in fact, but an outline of him. I rose, and with as much steadiness of voice as I could command, requested the visitor to come in. He made a deep bow, set his hat modestly upon the floor, came across the room, and stood as if awaiting further orders.

I had, however, none to give him. I had not sufficient impudence to bid him sit down and help himself to wine, or what he liked; but I kicked Le Brun, in payment for his attack on me, and motioned to him to do the honors. He met the advance of my foot, however, in an unexpected way.

"Diable!" he cried, "Est-ce que——"

He stopped as if a gag had been thrust between his jaws; for our visitor, doubtless applying the epithet to himself, suddenly turned his back on us, walked to the door, picked up his hat, and, though I cried after him, as the Master of Ravenswood cried after his dead Lucia's ghost, to stop, paid no more heed than that virgin does to Mario, but retired quickly, his boots screaming as he trod upon them like veritable souls in pain. We made no motion to follow, but remained as if glued to our places, looking on each other from our semi-sleepy eyes in a somewhat foolish manner.

"He'll come back," said Le Brun. "Hush!"

The boots had stopped at the bottom of the stairs; we heard no sound.

"If he does, don't name Sathanas, for Heaven's sake," I said. "He doesn't like it. It may recall unpleasant things—seem personal, in fact——"

"Hush!" he exclaimed.

We listened. The screaming boots were remounting the stairs. The visitor had got over the personality, and was coming back. "What should be done? I am no coward; I've said so before; but I seriously thought of running to, shutting, fastening, and setting chairs against the door. But I did not move. The footsteps approached, and then began to recede again. This suspense of the interest—or, rather, dragging out of it—was most tormenting. What if he should go on walking all night? But the steps were ere long heard once more coming near the room, and once more the visitor stood at the door. But he did not enter now. He looked steadfastly towards us; beckoned slowly; then, turning, began to leave us again. I drew a long, well-satisfied breath as he disappeared and leaned back on the sofa.

"I trust he's gone for good now," I said.

"He beckoned. We must follow," said Le Brun.

"Follow! Pooh, pooh!" I exclaimed. "Let us sit still and be glad."

"Not I," was his brave response. "Be he man, or be he——"

"Hush!" I cried. "He may hear. He doesn't like the word——"

"I do not understand the impulse," said Le Brun; "but we must follow."

"I do not *feel* the impulse," I rejoined. "Still, if you do, and obey it, I will not desert you."

"Come," he answered. And with quick steps we chased the vocal boots down the corridor, and ere long saw the wearer of them, having descended the stairs, cross the hall, and wait at the door of the house.

The moon was still shining brightly, and its rays came through the broken windows on the ground-floor, and fell on the figure of the mysterious one. He was of middle height, and of broad and muscular build. He seemed more like an English farmer than a French ghost. His garments were seedy, and his hat was old; but his boots were like the boots of Thaddeus of Warsaw, the son of Miss Porter, who was so mortally offended when asked the name of the maker of his Bluchers, and they gleamed like boots of polished steel. All, however, did not seem right about the stranger. His head appeared awry, and his arms out of their places. But perhaps these blemishes were attributable to the moonlight, and not to the man; for he showed that he could turn his head and look at us, and use his arms to open the door. We followed him out into the air.

He led us through the field we had already traversed, but in a rather different direction. The night was chilly, and the long grass damp, and I began to grow weary of the adventure. Suddenly, however, our conductor stopped before what appeared to be a ruined cow-shed. He looked at it earnestly for a few moments, then at us, who kept a respectful distance; then, making an abrupt motion of his arm towards it, too rapid for us to understand, he seemed to me to spring into the air. Whether he did so or not, I cannot declare; but I know that when I rubbed my eyes, and looked round about for him, he was nowhere to be seen. We examined the spot, but he had left no traces. Boots, and hat, and all his trappery had gone with him. He had come like a dream, and vanished like a morning dream. [Pg 518]

We stood for a few moments uncertain what to do, and then it occurred to me that the room we had left was warm and comfortable, and this field cold and dreary; so I proposed to return, especially as, the stranger having vanished, there did not appear to be any business in hand. Le Brun agreed, and we did so, and, after talking awhile over our adventure, went to sleep over our talk; and I did not wake again till morning was staring into the chamber, as Le Brun threw open the shutters.

The conversation that took place is as well to be imagined as transcribed. Enough to say that I determined to have no share in Le Brun's narrative, but left him to heighten it for himself. I parted with him at my house, where I found Grace looking out for me; and he promised to return in the course of the morning to pay his respects to her.

To my surprise, however, when he came, he asked me for five minutes' conversation, and we went together into the field belonging to my house, which sloped down to the Seine. His countenance was *both* joyous and anxious, and I saw that he had something heavier on his mind than last night's frolic.

"I have spoken to you of M. Gray," he said, "and of Mademoiselle Raymond. I have learnt this morning that M. Gray has her father in his power."

"You learnt that from her?" I asked.

He blushed and did not answer.

I went on. I had compared notes with my brother about this Gray, and found my suspicions correct. I therefore told Le Brun what I had overheard on the zigzag, and he in reply told me that Raymond had accepted a bill for the amount of the debt to Gray.

"That's serious," I said. "But before we say more, monsieur, are you engaged to Mademoiselle Esther?"

He replied in the affirmative.

"Can you live—excuse the question—with her without dowry?"

He replied in the affirmative again.

"Then," I said, "though it may sound oddly from one of my cloth, you must either elope with her ——"

"But then M. Raymond?—But his family?"

"He must suffer for his folly; not you. And you are only going to marry one daughter, not all of them. The other alternative is—you must pay Raymond's acceptance, as he cannot."

"It would be ruin. I cannot, either," he replied.

"Then you must lose Esther."

"I will not. No. And yet if I was to shoot Gray——"

"Shoot?" I interrupted, with the virtuous horror of a man who has never been tempted to fight a duel—"and would you then outrage the laws of divine and human?"

"No; it wouldn't do to shoot him," he pursued. "But oh, monsieur, can you not suggest something to help me—to help us?"

A thought suddenly came into my head. "Gray is pledged to spend to-night in the haunted house, is he not?" I asked.

He answered that it was so.

"I believe the man to be an arrant coward," I went on. "To be sure, he shot a dear friend of mine in a duel, and behaved, as the world says, like a brave man before his witnesses. But he's a coward for all that, and we'll test it. I don't believe in our friend the Goblin Farmer; I don't believe we saw any body, or any spirit last night at all. Well, never mind beliefs; don't interrupt me. I think our eyes were made the fools of other senses, and that there's no such thing. Gray has to spend the night there—we'll go again to-night, that is, if my wife will let me, and perhaps get my brother to help us—eh? Suppose we give him a lesson." And I laughed.

He laughed too; and after a few more observations, he accompanied me into my drawing-room. Grace and James, with his wife Emma, were sitting talking there.

I have said that I am a lazy rector. During my curatehood, however, I had learned to preach sufficiently well for the parish where I worked. To be sure my congregation was neither large or wakeful, except in winter, when the church was like a Wenham ice depôt, and people could not sleep. But I was brief, and no faults were ever found in my time with brevity. My experience in exposition and appeal now stood me in good stead.

I introduced Le Brun, and then plunged into matters. I gave a brief account of Esther and her father. I eulogized Le Brun. After that I spoke of Gray, and reminded James of the life and times—the death, too, of John Finnis, whom he saved from being plucked alive in St. James's, only that he might be shot in Hampstead. These dispatched, I opened my plans, which were listened to with great interest; the only alteration proposed was that James should go to find the authorities (if there were any, which he doubted), and give notice of Gray's character to them; after which he was to return to my house, and stay there till Le Brun and I came back from our nocturnal expedition, as Grace and Emma feared to be left alone. Poor Emma, indeed, declared that this was the most romantic thing she had ever heard of, except one which happened in the village where she was born; but as neither James or I liked to hear her speak of her origin, we cut her narrative short.

The cresset moon was up in heaven—at least, Emma said it was—when we started. It seemed to me nearly full; but she was poetical. I told her that if it was a cresset, it was tilting up, and ought, therefore, to be pouring out oil, and not light, on the earth. We started, I repeat, and a short time after, in the language of a favorite novelist, two travellers might have been seen slowly wending on their way, bundle in hand, towards the haunted house. [Pg 519]

In another hour or so, when the wind had sunk into repose, and the birds had ceased their songs, and all things save the ever-watching stars were sleeping (as that favorite historian might go on, if he were telling this tale and not I), a tall and ecclesiastical form crept slowly from a place of concealment near the house, approached it, and gently knocked at the door. It was opened, and he entered cautiously. A few whispered sentences passed with some friend within, which being over, he proceeded, though with some hesitation, to mount the stairs and pace along the corridor.

My boots (for I was the ecclesiastic) creaked and crackled like mad boots. Onward I went, like the Ghost in Hamlet, only with very vocal buskins. I reached Gray's room and opened the door. A strange sight met my eyes through the green glass goggles which I wore over them.

Gray was pacing up and down, in evident fear. A quantity of half-burnt cigars, some bottles of wine, glasses, the lamp, and, above all, two pistols were on the table. As I opened the door, and the light fell on me, I feared that I should be discovered. But the gambler was afraid—and fear has no eyes. I advanced into the room, and solemnly waved to him to follow. He must have caught up a pistol ere he did so. I led the way.

It was my determination to lead him a long chase, and leave him in a ditch if possible, Le Brun being near at hand to cudgel him. He had readily understood my pantomime (I studied under Jones the player when in training for orders), for I found he followed me, though at a distance.

But all my plans were disconcerted. As I reached the stair-head I heard a noise, and stopped; so did Gray. It was as of some one forcing the house door. Directly afterwards I heard the loud cries of the real goblin's boots, and the sound of Le Brun in swift pursuit.

"Take care, monsieur," he cried up the stairs to me.

"By heaven they are robbers—murderers! Help! help!" roared Gray from behind; and as the real apparition came gliding up, he fired his pistol at it. The unexpected sound of the weapon, so close to my ear, too, stunned me for a moment; but I recovered myself directly, and flung myself on him, in fear lest he had his second pistol, too, and might fire at *me*. The real goblin continued to advance, and I felt Gray tremble with terror in my arms as *it* survived the shot.

An unwonted boldness came over me. I felt myself committed to be brave.

"Villain!" I muttered in his ear, "you would swindle my descendant out of all he has?"

"No—forgive me. I will not take a sou."

"His acceptance—where is it? Give it me." He shuddered.

"I will give it to you," he said.

I released him, and followed to the lamp-lighted chamber. The other apparition creaked after him, too, and at the door I gave it the precedence. It was well I did so. The sudden light seemed to make Gray bold, for snatching up the other pistol he levelled it at the Simon Pure, and before I could utter a word, fired. The shot must have passed clean through the breast of the Mysterious Stranger—he only bowed.

Gray was now in mortal fear.

"Give up that bill," I said in solemn, pedal tones. He drew it frantically from his pocket, and, leaping up, gave it to the mysterious one.

"Go to th——" he began, with a sort of ferocious recklessness. The next moment he was sprawling on the floor. The Goblin reached out his hand, and struck Gray, as it seemed, lightly with it. I would have raised him. I motioned to do so; but my original touched me on the shoulder, handed me the bill, and motioned to me to follow. I did not like his notes of hand—his signature by mark on Gray's face—I therefore at once obeyed. Le Brun had vanished.

The stranger led me by the old route till we were again close to the tottering cow-house. Here he paused, as on the last occasion, and was, perhaps, preparing to disappear again.

"One moment, sir," I said. "Be good enough to explain yourself more plainly than you did last night. However much I may admire your acting, and it has *beaucoup de l'Esprit* about it, family arrangements will prevent me from again assisting——"

He nodded as though he quite understood me, advanced to the side of the shed, stopped under a sort of window, and then, deliberately sitting down on the grass, began to pull off his boots. I gazed at him in amazement, and was about to address him again, when a little cloud sailed across the moon, and for a moment shaded all the place. As it passed away, and I looked to our mysterious visitant and my mysterious Original, no remains of him were to be seen—except the boots.

At this moment Le Brun joined me. I was the first (as before and as ever) to throw aside my natural fears, and I advanced to the spot. There were two highly polished Bluchers, side by side, as if they waited till the occupant of the cow-house was out of bed and shaved. I took one of them

up. Something inside chinked. I reversed it, and three Napoleons fell upon the turf.

I was wondering why a French farmer-ghost should choose a Blucher to deliver Napoleons into an Englishman's hands, when Le Brun, finding nothing in the other boot, suggested that it would be well to get Gray out of the neighborhood, and perhaps the three Napoleons might be useful to him. To this I agreed at once, though I was somewhat dissatisfied with the little fellow for the small share he had taken in the risks of the evening. [Pg 520]

I went to the room where the gambler was; he was evidently in mortal fear. I put down the Napoleons on the table, and then in those deep, pedal, and ecclesiastical notes, which have so often hymned my congregation to repose, informed him that friends of John Finnis were in the town, that he was proclaimed to the authorities, and that he had better leave the neighborhood for ever. With this I left him, joined Le Brun, and was soon on my way back to Honfleur.

"It was well I drew the shot from his pistols," said Le Brun, as we were parting. I did not then see any latent meaning in his words, nor would he ever afterwards answer any questions on the subject. I had forgotten to remove my ghostly dresses and decorations, and Grace and Emma both uttered gentle screams as I stalked into their presence. My tale was soon told, and we retired to rest.

Here the whole tale ends. As the events I recorded recede into the past, I begin almost to doubt the truth of them. But I have one living evidence—now I am glad to say not single—and Le Brun may fairly lay it to me that he has at this moment the most agreeable little lady in all Normandy for his wedded wife. I am not aware if Boots still visits the glimpses of the moon at St. Sauveur, for soon after these events I was obliged to return to my parish to put down the Popish fooleries which I found my hack had begun to introduce. If, however, he does, I only hope his reappearance will be as useful as in the above little narrative, but the Brown, the Gray—and the narrator have now done with him for ever.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CREBILLON, THE FRENCH ÆSCHYLUS.

About the year 1670, there lived at Dijon a certain notary, an original in his way, named Melchior Jolyot. His father was an innkeeper; but of a more ambitious nature than his sire, the son, so soon as he had succeeded in collecting a little money, purchased for himself the office of head clerk in the Chambres des Comptes of Dijon, with the title of Greffier of the same. During the following year, having long been desirous of a title of nobility, he acquired, at a very low price, a little abandoned and almost unknown fief, that of Crebillon, situated about a league and a half from the city.

His son, Prosper Jolyot, the future poet, was at that time a young man of about two-and-twenty years of age, a student at law, and then on the eve of being admitted as advocate at the French bar. From the first years of his sojourn in Paris, we find that he called himself Prosper Jolyot *de Crebillon*. About sixty years later, a worthy philosopher of Dijon, a certain Monsieur J. B. Michault, writes as follows to the President de Ruffey:—"Last Saturday (June 19th, 1762), our celebrated Crebillon was interred at St. Gervais. In his *billets de mort* they gave him the title of *ecuyer*; but what appears to me more surprising, is the circumstance of his son adopting that of *messire*."

Crebillon had then ended by cradling himself in a sort of imaginary nobility. In 1761, we find him writing to the President de Brosse: "I have ever taken so little thought respecting my own origin, that I have neglected certain very flattering elucidations on this point. M. de Ricard, máitre des comptes at Dijon, gave my father one day two titles he had found. Of these two titles, written in very indifferent Latin, the first concerned one Jolyot, chamberlain of Raoul, Duke of Burgundy; the second, a certain Jolyot, chamberlain of Philippe le Bon. Both of these titles are lost. I can also remember having heard it said in my youth by some old inhabitants of Nuits, my father's native place, that there formerly existed in those cantons a certain very powerful and noble family, named Jolyot."

O vanity of vanities! would it be believed that, under the democratic reign of the Encyclop[oe]dia, a man like Crebillon, ennobled by his own talents and genius, could have thus hugged himself in the possession of a vain and deceitful chimera! For truth compels us to own that, from the fifteenth to the end of the seventeenth century, the Jolyots were never any thing more or less than honest innkeepers, who sold their wine unadulterated, as it was procured from the black or golden grapes of the Burgundy hills.

Meanwhile Crebillon, finding that his titles of nobility were uncontested, pushed his aristocratic weakness so far as to affirm one day that his family bore on its shield an eagle, or, on a field, azure, holding in its beak a lily, proper, leaved and sustained, argent. All went, however, according to his wishes; his son allied himself by an unexpected marriage to one of the first families of England. The old tragic poet could then pass into the other world with the consoling reflection that he left behind him here below a name not only honored in the world of letters, but inscribed also in the golden muster-roll of the French nobility. But unfortunately for poor Crebillon's family tree, about a century after the creation of this mushroom nobility—which, like the majority of the nobilities of the eighteenth century, had its foundation in the sand—a certain

officious antiquary, who happened at the time to have nothing better to do, bethought himself one day of inquiring into the validity of his claim. He devoted to this strange occupation several years of precious time. By dint of shaking the dust from off the archives of Dijon and Nuits, and of [Pg 521] rummaging the minutes of the notaries of the department, he succeeded at length in ferreting out the genealogical tree of the Jolyot family. Some, the most glorious of its members, had been notaries, others had been innkeepers. Shade of Crebillon, pardon this impious archæologist, who thus, with ruthless hands, destroyed "at one fell swoop" the brilliant scaffolding of your vanity!

Prosper Jolyot de Crebillon was born at Dijon, on the 13th of February, 1674; like Corneille, Bossuet, and Voltaire, he studied at the Jesuits' college of his native town. It is well known that in all their seminaries, the Jesuits kept secret registers, wherein they inscribed, under the name of each pupil, certain notes in Latin upon his intellect and character. It was the Abbé d'Olivet who, it is said, inscribed the note referring to Crebillon:—"*Puer ingeniosus sed insignis nebulo.*" But it must be said that the collegiate establishments of the holy brotherhood housed certain pedagogues, who abused their right of pronouncing judgment on the scholars. Crebillon, after all, was but a lively, frolicksome child, free and unreserved to excess in manners and speech.

His father, notary and later *greffier en chef* of the "Chambre des Comptes" at Dijon, being above all things desirous that his family should become distinguished in the magistracy, destined his son to the law, saying that the best heritage he could leave him was his own example. Crebillon resigned himself to his father's wishes with a very good grace, and repaired to Paris, there to keep his terms. In the capital, he divided his time between study and the pleasures and amusements natural to his age. As soon as he was admitted as advocate, he entered the chambers of a procureur named Prieur, son of the Prieur celebrated by Scarron, an intimate friend of his father, who greeted him fraternally. One would have supposed that our future poet, who bore audacity on his countenance, and genius on his brow, would, like Achilles, have recognized his sex when they showed him arms; but far from this being the case, not only was it necessary to warn him that he *was* a poet, but even to impel him bodily, as it were, and despite himself, into the arena.

The writers and poets of France have ever railed in good set terms against procureurs, advocates, and all such common-place, every-day personages; and in general, we are bound to confess they have had right on their side. We must, however, render justice to one of them, the only one, perhaps, who ever showed a taste for poetry. The worthy man to whom, fortunately for himself, Crebillon had been confided, remarked at an early stage of their acquaintanceship, the romantic disposition of his pupil. Of the same country as Piron and Rameau, Crebillon possessed, like them, the same frank gayety and good-tempered heedlessness of character, which betrayed his Burgundian origin. Having at an early age inhaled the intoxicating perfumes of the Burgundian wines, his first essays in poetry were, as might be expected, certain *chansons à boire*, none of which, however, have descended to posterity. The worthy procureur, amazed at the degree of power shown even in these slight drinking-songs, earnestly advised him to become a poet by profession.

Crebillon was then twenty-seven years of age; he resisted, alleging that he did not believe he possessed the true creative genius; that every poet is in some sort a species of deity, holding chaos in one hand, and light and life in the other; and that, for his part, he possessed but a bad pen, destined to defend bad causes in worse style. But the procureur was not to be convinced; he had discovered that a spark of the creative fire already shone in the breast of Crebillon. "Do not deny yourself becoming a poet," he would frequently say to him; "it is written upon your brow; your looks have told me so a thousand times. There is but one man in all France capable of taking up the mantle of Racine, and that man is yourself."

Crebillon exclaimed against this opinion; but having been left alone for a few hours to transcribe a parliamentary petition, he recalled to mind the magic of the stage—the scenery, the speeches, the applause; a moment of inspiration seized him. When the procureur returned, his pupil extended his hand to him, exclaiming, enthusiastically, "You have pointed out the way for me, and I shall depart." "Do not be in a hurry," replied the procureur; "a *chef d'[oe]uvre* is not made in a week. Remain quietly where you are, as if you were still a procureur's clerk; eat my bread and drink my wine; when you have completed your work, you may then take your flight."

Crebillon accordingly remained in the procureur's office, and at the very desk on which he transcribed petitions, he composed the five long acts of a barbarous tragedy, entitled, "The Death of Brutus." The work finished, our good-natured procureur brought all his interest into play, in order to obtain a reading of the piece at the Comedie Française. After many applications, Crebillon was permitted to read his play: it was unanimously rejected. The poet was furious; he returned home to the procureur's, and casting down his manuscript at the good man's feet, exclaimed, in a voice of despair, "You have dishonored me!"

D'Alembert says, "Crebillon's fury burst upon the procureur's head; he regarded him almost in the light of an enemy who had advised him only for his own dishonor, swore to listen to him no more, and never to write another line of verse so long as he lived."

Crebillon, however, in his rage maligned the worthy procureur; he would not have found [Pg 522] elsewhere so hospitable a roof or as true a friend. He returned to the study of the law, but the decisive step had been taken; beneath the advocate's gown the poet had already peeped forth. And then, the procureur was never tired of predicting future triumphs. Crebillon ventured upon another tragedy, and chose for his subject the story of the Cretan king, Idomeneus. This time the comedians accepted his piece, and shortly afterwards played it. Its success was doubtful, but the author fancied he had received sufficient encouragement to continue his new career.

In his next piece, "Atrée," Crebillon, who had commenced as a school-boy, now raised himself, as it were, to the dignity of a master. The comedians learned their parts with enthusiasm. On the morning of the first representation, the procureur summoned the young poet to his bedside, for he was then stricken with a mortal disease: "My friend," said he, "I have a presentiment that this very evening you will be greeted by the critics of the nation as a son of the great Corneille. There are but a few days of life remaining for me; I have no longer strength to walk, but be assured that I shall be at my post this evening, in the pit of the Théâtre Française." True to his word, the good old man had himself carried to the theatre. The intelligent judges applauded certain passages of the tragedy, in which wonderful power, as well as many startling beauties, were perceptible; but at the catastrophe, when Atreus compels Thyestes to drink the blood of his son, there was a general exclamation of horror—(Gabrielle de Vergy, be it remarked, had not then eaten on the stage the heart of her lover). "The procureur," says D'Alembert, "would have left the theatre in sorrow, if he had awaited the judgment of the audience in order to fix his own. The pit appeared more terrified than interested; it beheld the curtain fall without uttering a sound either of approval or condemnation, and dispersed in that solemn and ominous silence which bodes no good for the future welfare of the piece. But the procureur judged better than the public, or rather, he anticipated its future judgment. The play over, he proceeded to the green-room to seek his pupil, who, still in a state of the greatest uncertainty as to his fate, was already almost resigned to a failure; he embraced Crebillon in a transport of admiration: 'I die content,' said he. 'I have made you a poet; and I leave a man to the nation!'"

And, in fact, at each representation of the piece, the public discovered fresh beauties, and abandoned itself with real pleasure to the terror which the poet inspired. A few days afterwards, the name of Crebillon became celebrated throughout Paris and the provinces, and all imagined that the spirit of the great Corneille had indeed revisited earth to animate the muse of the young Burgundian.

Crebillon's father was greatly irritated on finding that his son had, as they said then, abandoned Themis for Melpomene. In vain did the procureur plead his pupil's cause—in vain did Crebillon address to this true father a supplication in verse, to obtain pardon for him from his sire; the *greffier en chef* of Dijon was inexorable; to his son's entreaties he replied that he cursed him, and that he was about to make a new will. To complete, as it were, his downfall in the good opinion of this individual, who possessed such a blind infatuation for the law, Crebillon wrote him a letter, in which the following passage occurs: "I am about to get married, if you have no objection, to the most beautiful girl in Paris; you may believe me, sir, upon this point, for her beauty is all that she possesses."

To this his father replied: "Sir, your tragedies are not to my taste, your children will not be mine; commit as many follies as you please, I shall console myself with the reflection that I refused my consent to your marriage; and I would strongly advise you, sir, to depend more than ever on your pieces for support, for you are no longer a member of my family."

Crebillon, for all that, married, as he said, the most beautiful girl in Paris—the gentle and charming Charlotte Peaget, of whom Dufresny has spoken. She was the daughter of an apothecary, and it was while frequenting her father's shop that Crebillon became acquainted with her. There was nothing very romantic, it is true, in the match; but love spreads a charm over all that it comes in contact with. Thus, a short time before his marriage, Crebillon perceived his intended giving out some marshmallow and violets to a sick customer: "My dear Charlotte," said he, "we will go together, some of these days, among our Dijonnaise mountains, to collect violets and marshmallows for your father."

It was shortly after his marriage and removal to the Place Maubert, that he first evinced his strange mania for cats and dogs, and, above all, his singular passion for tobacco. He was, beyond contradiction, the greatest smoker of his day. It has been stated by some of the writers of the time, that he could not turn a single rhyme of a tragedy, save in an obscure and smoky chamber, surrounded by a noisy pack of dogs and cats; according to the same authorities, he would very frequently, also, in the middle of the day, close the shutters, and light candles. A thousand other extravagances have been attributed to Crebillon; but we ought to accept with caution the recitals of these anecdote-mongers, who were far too apt to imagine they were portraying a man, when in reality they were but drawing a ridiculous caricature.

When M. Melchior Jolyot learned that his son had, in defiance of his paternal prohibition, actually wedded the apothecary's daughter, his grief and rage knew no bounds. The worthy man believed in his recent nobility as firmly as he did in his religion, and his son's *mesalliance* nearly drove him [Pg 523] to despair: this time he actually carried his threat into execution, and made a formal will, by virtue of which he completely disinherited the poet.—Fortunately for Crebillon, his father, before bidding adieu to the world and his nobility, undertook a journey to Paris, curious, even in the midst of his rage, to judge for himself the merits and demerits of the theatrical tomfooleries, as he called them, of his silly boy, who had married the apothecary's daughter, and who, in place of gaining nobility and station in a procureur's office, had written a parcel of trash for actors to spout. We must say, however, that Crebillon could not have retained a better counsel to urge his claims before the paternal tribunal than his wife, the much maligned apothecary's daughter, one of the loveliest and most amiable women in Paris; and we may add, that this nobility of which his father thought so much—the nobility of the robe—which had not been acquired in a Dijonnaise family until after the lapse of three generations, was scarcely equal to the nobility of the pen, which Crebillon had acquired by the exercise of his own talents.

The old greffier, then, came to Paris for the purpose of witnessing one of the sad tomfooleries of

that unhappy profligate, who in better times had been his son. Fate so willed it that on that night "Atrée" should be performed. The old man was seized with mingled emotions of terror, grief, and admiration. That very evening, being resolved not to rest until he had seen his son, he called a coach on leaving the theatre, and drove straight to the Faubourg Saint Marceau, to the house which had been pointed out to him as the dwelling of Crebillon. No sooner had the doors opened than out rushed seven or eight dogs, who cast themselves upon the old greffier, uttering in every species of canine *patois* the loudest possible demonstrations of welcome. One word from Madame Crebillon, however, was sufficient to recall this unruly pack to order; yet the dogs, having no doubt instinctively discovered a family likeness, continued to gambol round the limbs of M. Melchior Jolyot, to the latter's no small confusion and alarm. Charlotte, who was alone, waiting supper for her husband, was much surprised at this unexpected visit. At first she imagined that it was some great personage who had come to offer the poet his patronage and protection; but after looking at her visitor two or three times, she suddenly exclaimed: "You are my husband's father, or at least you are one of the Jolyot family." The old greffier, though intending to have maintained his incognito until his son's return, could no longer resist the desire of abandoning himself to the delights of a reconciliation; he embraced his daughter-in-law tenderly, shedding tears of joy, and accusing himself all the while for his previous unnatural harshness: "Yes, yes," cried he, "yes, you are still my children—all that I have is yours!" then, after a moment's silence, he continued, in a tone of sadness: "But how does it happen that, with his great success, my son has condemned his wife to such a home and such a supper?"

"Condemned, did you say?" murmured Charlotte; "do not deceive yourself, we are quite happy here;" so saying she took her father-in-law by the hand, and led him into the adjoining room, to a cradle covered with white curtains. "Look!" said she, turning back the curtains with maternal solicitude.

The old man's heart melted outright at the sight of his grandchild.

"Are we not happy?" continued the mother. "What more do we require? We live on a little, and when we have no money, my father assists us."

They returned to the sitting-room.

"What wine is this?" said the old Burgundian, uncorking the bottle intended to form part of their frugal repast. "What!" he exclaimed, "my son fallen so low as this! The Crebillons have always drunk good wine."

At this instant, the dogs set up a tremendous barking: Crebillon was ascending the stairs. A few moments afterwards he entered the room escorted by a couple of dogs, which had followed him from the theatre.

"What! two more!" exclaimed the father; "this is really too much. Son," he continued, "I am come to entreat your pardon; in my anxiety to show myself your father, I had forgotten that my first duty was to love you."

Crebillon cast himself into his father's arms.

"But *parbleu*, Monsieur," continued the old notary, "I cannot forgive you for having so many dogs."

"You are right, father; but what would become of these poor animals were I not to take compassion upon them? It is not good for man to be alone, says the Scripture. No longer able to live with my fellow-creatures, I have surrounded myself with dogs. The dog is the solace and friend of the solitary man."

"But I should imagine you were not alone here," said the father, with a glance towards Charlotte, and the infant's cradle.

"Who knows?" said the young wife, with an expression of touching melancholy in her voice. "It is perhaps through a presentiment that he speaks thus. I much fear that I shall not live long. He has but one friend upon the earth, and that friend is myself. Now, when I shall be no more——"

"But you shall not die," interrupted Crebillon, taking her in his arms. "Could I exist without you?"

Madame Crebillon was not deceived in her presentiments: the poet, who, we know, lived to a patriarchal age, lived on in widowed solitude for upwards of fifty years.

Crebillon and his wife accompanied the old greffier back from Paris to Dijon, where, to the great surprise of the inhabitants, the father presented his son as "M. Jolyot de Crebillon, who has succeeded Messieurs Corneille and Racine in the honors of the French stage." Crebillon had the greatest possible difficulty in restraining the enthusiasm of his sire. He succeeded, however, at length, not through remonstrance, but by the insatiable ardor he displayed in diving into the paternal money-bags. After a sojourn of three months at Dijon, Crebillon returned to Paris; and well for him it was that he did so; a month longer, and the father would indubitably have quarrelled with him again, and would have remade his will, disinheriting this time, not the rebellious child, but the prodigal son. Crebillon, in fact, never possessed the art of keeping his money; and in this respect he but followed the example of all those who, in imagination, remove mountains of gold. [Pg 524]

Scarcely had he arrived in Paris when he was obliged to return to Dijon. The old greffier had died suddenly. The inheritance was a most difficult one to unravel. "I have come here," writes Crebillon to the elder of the brothers Pâris, "only to inherit law-suits." And, true enough, he allowed himself

to be drawn blindly into the various suits which arose in consequence of certain informalities in the old man's will, and which eventually caused almost the entire property to drop, bit by bit, into the pockets of the lawyers.

"I was a great blockhead," wrote Crebillon later; "I went about reciting passages from my tragedies to these lawyers, who feigned to pale with admiration; and this man[oe]uvre of theirs blinded me; I perceived not that all the while these cunning foxes were devouring my substance; but it is the fate of poets to be ever like La Fontaine's crow."

Out of this property he succeeded only in preserving the little fief of Crebillon, the income derived from which he gave up to his sisters. On his return to Paris, however, he changed altogether his style of living; he removed his penates to the neighborhood of the Luxembourg, and placed his establishment on quite a seignorial footing, as if he had become heir to a considerable property. This act of folly can scarcely be explained. The report, of course, was spread, that he had inherited property to a large amount. Most probably he wished, by acting thus, to save the family honor, or, to speak more correctly, the family vanity, by seeking to deceive the world as to the precise amount of the Jolyot estate.

True wisdom inhabits not the world in which we dwell. Crebillon sought all the superfluities of luxury. In vain did his wife endeavor to restrain him in his extravagances; in vain did she recal to his mind their frugal but happy meals, and the homely furniture of their little dwelling in the Place Maubert; "*so gay for all that on sunny days*."

"Well," he would reply, "if we must return there, I shall not complain. What matters if the wine be not so good, so that it is always your hand which pours it out."

Fortunately, that year was one of successive triumphs for Crebillon. The "Electre" carried off all suffrages, and astonished even criticism itself. In this piece the poet had softened down the harshness of his tints, and while still maintaining his "majestic" character, had kept closer to nature and humanity.

"Electre" was followed by "Rhadamiste," which was at the time extolled as a perfect *chef-d'[oe]uvre* of style and vigor. There is in this play, if we may be allowed the term, a certain rude nobility of expression, which is the true characteristic of Crebillon's genius. It was this tragedy which inspired Voltaire with the idea, that on the stage it is better to strike hard than true. The enthusiastic auditory admitted, that if Racine could paint love, Crebillon could depict hatred. Boileau, who was then dying, and who, could he have had his wish, would have desired that French literature might stop at his name, exclaimed, that this success was scandalous. "I have lived too long!" cried the old poet, in a violent rage. "To what a pack of Visigoths have I left the French stage a prey! The Pradons, whom we so often ridiculed, were eagles compared to these fellows." Boileau resembled in some respect old "Nestor" of the *Iliad*, when he said to the Greek kings—"I would advise you to listen to me, for I have formerly mixed with men who were your betters." The public, however, amply avenged Crebillon for the bitter judgment of Boileau; in eight days two editions of the "Rhadamiste" were exhausted. And this was not all: the piece having been played by command of the Regent before the court at Versailles, was applauded to the echo.

Despite these successes, Crebillon was not long in getting to the bottom of his purse. In the hope of deferring as long as he possibly could the evil hour when he should be obliged to return to his former humble style of living, he used every possible means to replenish his almost exhausted exchequer. He borrowed three thousand crowns from Baron Hoguer, who was the resource of literary men in the days of the Regency; and sold to a Jew usurer his author's rights upon a tragedy which was yet to be written. He had counted upon the success of "Xerxes;" but this tragedy proved an utter failure. Crebillon, however, was a man of strong mind. He returned home that evening with a calm, and even smiling countenance: "Well," eagerly exclaimed Madame Crebillon, who had been awaiting in anxiety the return of her husband. "Well," replied he, "they have damned my play; to-morrow we will return to our old habits again."

And, true to his word, on the following morning Crebillon returned to the Place Maubert, where he hired a little apartment near his father-in-law, who could still offer our poet and his wife, when hard pressed, a glass of his *vin ordinaire* and a share of his dinner. Out of all his rich furniture Crebillon selected but a dozen cats and dogs, whom he chose as the companions of his exile. To quote d'Alembert's words—"Like Alcibiades, in former days, he passed from Persian luxury to Spartan austerity, and, what in all probability Alcibiades was not, he was happier in the second state than he had been in the first." [Pg 525]

His wife was in retirement what she had been in the world. She never complained. Perhaps even she showed herself in a more charming light, as the kind and devoted companion of the hissed and penniless poet, than as the admired wife of the popular dramatist. Poor Madame Crebillon hid their poverty from her husband with touching delicacy; he almost fancied himself rich, such a magic charm did she contrive to cast over their humble dwelling. Like Midas, she appeared to possess the gift of changing whatever she touched into gold, that is to say, of giving life and light by her winning grace to every thing with which she came in contact. Blessed, thrice blessed is that man, be he poet or philosopher, who, like Crebillon, has felt and understood that amiability and a contented mind are in a wife treasures inexhaustible, compared to which mere mundane wealth fades into utter insignificance. No word of complaint or peevish expression ever passed Madame Crebillon's lips; she was proud of her poet's glory, and endeavored always to sustain him in his independent ideas; she would listen resignedly to all his dreams of future triumphs, and knew how to cast herself into his arms when he would declare that he desired nothing more from mankind. One day, however, when there was no money in the house, on seeing him return with a dog under

each arm, she ventured on a quiet remonstrance. "Take care, Monsieur de Crebillon," she said, with a smile, "we have already eight dogs and fifteen cats."

"Well, I know that," replied Crebillon; "but see how piteously these poor dogs look at us; could I leave them to die of hunger in the street?"

"But did it not strike you that they might possibly die of hunger here? I can fully understand and enter into your feelings of love and pity for these poor animals, but we must not convert the house into a hospital for foundling dogs."

"Why despair?" said Crebillon. "Providence never abandons genius and virtue. The report goes that I am to be of the Academy."

"I do not believe it," said Madame Crebillon. "Fontenelle and La Motte, who are but *beaux esprits*, will never permit a man like you to seat himself beside them, for if you were of the Academy, would you not be the king of it?"

Crebillon, however, began his canvass, but as his wife had foreseen, Fontenelle and La Motte succeeded in having him black-balled.

All these little literary thorns, however, only imparted greater charms to the calm felicity of Crebillon's domestic hearth; but we must now open the saddest page of our poet's hitherto peaceful and happy existence.

One evening, on his return from the Café Procope, the resort of all the wits and *litterateurs* of the eighteenth century, Crebillon found his wife in a state of great agitation, half-undressed, and pressing their sleeping infant to her bosom.

"Why, Charlotte, what is the matter?" he exclaimed.

"I am afraid," replied she, trembling, and looking towards the bed.

"What folly! you are like the children, you are frightened at shadows."

"Yes, I am frightened at shadows; just now, as I was undressing, I saw a spectre glide along at the foot of the bed. I was ready to sink to the earth with terror, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could muster strength enough to reach the child's cradle."

"Child yourself," said Crebillon, playfully; "you merely saw the shadow of the bed-curtains."

"No, no," cried the young wife, seizing the poet's hand—"it was Death! I recognized him; for it is not the first time that he has shown himself to me. Ah! *mon ami*, with what grief and terror shall I prepare to lie down in the cold earth! If you love me as I love you, do not leave me for an instant; help me to die, for if you are by my side at that hour, I shall fancy I am but dropping asleep."

Greatly shocked at what he heard, Crebillon took his child in his arms, and carried it back to its cradle. He returned to his wife, pressed her to his bosom, and sought vainly for words to relieve her apprehensions, and to lead back her thoughts into less sombre channels. He at length succeeded, but not without great difficulty, in persuading her to retire to rest; she scarcely closed an eye. Poor Crebillon sat in silence by the bedside of his wife praying fervently in his heart; for perhaps he believed in omens and presentiments even to a greater degree than did Charlotte. Finding, at length, that she had dropped asleep, he got into bed himself. When he awoke in the morning, he beheld Charlotte bending over him in a half-raised posture, as though she had been attentively regarding him as he slept. Terrified at the deadly paleness of her cheeks, and the unnatural brilliancy of her eyes, and sensitive and tender-hearted as a child, he was unable to restrain his tears. She cast herself passionately into his arms, and covered his cheeks with tears and kisses.

"'Tis all over now," she whispered, in a broken voice; "my heart beats too strongly to beat much longer, but I die contented and happy, for I see by your tears that you will not forget me." [Pg 526]

Crebillon rose hastily and ran to his father-in-law. "Alas!" said the poor apothecary, "her mother, who was as beautiful and as good as she, died young of a disease of the heart, and her child will go the same way."

All the most celebrated physicians of the day were called in, but before they could determine upon a method of treatment, the spirit of poor Charlotte had taken flight from its earthly tabernacle.

Crebillon, inconsolable at his loss, feared not the ridicule (for in the eighteenth century all such exhibitions of feeling were considered highly ridiculous) of lamenting his wife; he wept her loss during half a century—in other words, to his last hour.

During the space of two years he scarcely appeared once at the Théâtre Française. He had the air of a man of another age, so completely a stranger did he seem to all that was going on around him. One might say that he still lived with his divine Charlotte; he would speak to her unceasingly, as if her gentle presence was still making the wilderness of his solitary dwelling blossom like the rose. After fifteen years of mourning, some friends one day surprised him in his solitude, speaking aloud to his dear Charlotte, relating to her his projects for the future, and recalling their past days of happiness: "Ah, Charlotte," he exclaimed, "they all tell me of my glory, yet I think but of thee!"

The friends of Crebillon, uneasy respecting his future destiny, had advised him during the preceding year to present himself at court, where he was received and recognized as a man of genius. In the early days of his widowhood, he quitted Paris suddenly and took up his residence at

Versailles. But at Versailles he lived as he had done in Paris, immured in his chamber, and entirely engrossed with his own sombre and lugubrious thoughts and visions; in consequence of this, he was scarcely noticed; the king seeing before him a species of Danubian peasant, proud of his genius and his poverty, treated him with an almost disdainful coldness of manner. Crebillon did not at first comprehend his position at Versailles. He was a simple-minded philosopher, who had studied heroes and not men. At length, convinced that a poet at court is like a fish out of water, he returned to Paris to live more nobly with his heroes and his poverty. He retired to the Marais, to the Rue des Deux-Portes, taking with him only a bed, a table, two chairs, and an arm-chair, "in case," to use his own words, "an honest man should come to visit him."

Irritated at the rebuff he had met with at Versailles, ashamed of having solicited in vain the justice of the king, he believed henceforth only in liberty. "Liberty," said he, "is the most vivid sentiment engraven on my heart." Unintentionally, perhaps, he avenged himself in the first work he undertook after this event: the tragedy of "Cromwell,"—"an altar," as he said, "which I erect to liberty." According to D'Alembert, he read to his friends some scenes of this play, in which our British aversion for absolutism was painted with wild and startling energy; in consequence thereof, he received an order forbidding him to continue his piece. His Cromwell was a villain certainly, but a villain which would have told well upon the stage, from the degree of grandeur and heroic dignity with which the author had invested the character. From that day he had enemies; but indeed it might be said that he had had enemies from the evening of the first representation of his "Electre." Success here below has no other retinue.

Crebillon was now almost penniless. By degrees, without having foreseen such an occurrence, he began to hear his numerous creditors buzzing around him like a swarm of hornets. Not having any thing else to seize, they seized at the theatre his author's rights. The affair was brought before the courts, and led to a decree of parliament which ordained that the works of the intellect were not seizable, consequently Crebillon retained the income arising from the performance of his tragedies.

Some years now passed away without bringing any fresh successes. Compelled by the court party to discontinue "Cromwell," he gave "Semiramis," which, like "Xerxes," some time previously, was a failure. Under the impression that the public could not bring itself to relish "sombre horrors of human tempests," he sought to arm himself as it were against his own nature, to subdue and soften it. The tragedy of "Pyrrhus," which recalled the tender colors of Racine, cost him five years' labor. At that time, so strong in France was the empire of habit, that this tragedy, though utterly valueless as a work of art, and wanting both in style, relief, and expression, was received with enthusiasm. But Crebillon possessed too much good sense to be blinded by this spurious triumph. "It is," said he, when speaking of his work, "but the shadow of a tragedy."

"Pyrrhus" obtained, after all, but a transitory success. After a brief period, the public began to discover that it was a foreign plant, which under a new sky gave out but a factitious brilliancy. In despair at having wasted so much precious time in fruitless labor, and disgusted besides at the conduct of some shameless intriguers who frequented the literary cafés of the capital, singing his defeat in trashy verse, Crebillon now retired almost wholly from the world. He would visit the theatre, however, occasionally to chat with a few friends over the literary topics of the day; but at length even this recreation was abandoned, and he was seen in the world no more.

He lived now without any other friends than his heroes and his cats and dogs, devouring the novels of La Calprenède, and relating long-winded romances to himself. His son affirms having [Pg 527] seen fifteen dogs and as many cats barking and mewing at one time round his father, who would speak to them much more tenderly than he would to himself. According to Freron's account, Crebillon would pick up and carry home under his cloak all the wandering dogs he met with in the street, and give them shelter and hospitality. But in return for this, he would require from them an aptitude for certain exercises; when, at the termination of the prescribed period, the pupil was convicted of not having profited by the education he had received, the poet would take him under his cloak again, put him down at the corner of a street and fly from the spot with tears in his eyes.

On the death of La Motte, Crebillon was at length admitted into the Academy. As he was always an eccentric man, he wrote his "Discourse" of reception in verse, a thing which had never been done before. On pronouncing this line, which has not yet been forgotten—

Aucun fiel n'a jamais empoisonné ma plume—

he was enthusiastically applauded. From that day, but from that day only, Crebillon was recognized by his countrymen as a man of honor and virtue, as well as genius. It was rather late in the day, however; he had lost his wife, his son was mixing in the fashionable world, he was completely alone, and almost forgotten, expecting nothing more from the fickle public. More idle than a lazzarone, he passed years without writing a single line, though his ever-active imagination would still produce, mentally, tragedy after tragedy. As he possessed a wonderful memory, he would compose and rhyme off-hand the entire five acts of a piece without having occasion to put pen to paper. One evening, under the impression that he had produced a masterpiece, he invited certain of his brother Academicians to his house to hear his new play. When the party had assembled, he commenced, and declaimed the entire tragedy from beginning to end without stopping. Judging by the ominous silence with which the conclusion was received, that his audience was not over delighted with his play, he exclaimed, in a pet—

"You see, my friends, I was right in not putting my tragedy on paper."

"Why so?" asked Godoyn.

"Because, I should have had the trouble of throwing it into the fire. Now, I shall merely have to forget it, which is easier done."

When Crebillon seemed no longer formidable in the literary world, and all were agreed he was in the decline of his genius, the very men who had previously denied his power, now thought fit to combat Voltaire by exalting Crebillon, in the same way as they afterwards exalted Voltaire so soon as another star appeared on the literary horizon.

"With the intention of humbling the pride of Voltaire, they proceeded," says a writer of the time, "to seek out in his lonely retreat the now aged and forsaken Crebillon, who, mute and solitary for the last thirty years, was no longer a formidable enemy for them, but whom they flattered themselves they could oppose as a species of phantom to the illustrious writer by whom they were eclipsed; just as, in former days, the Leaguers drew an old cardinal from out the obscurity in which he lived, to give him the empty title of king, only that they themselves might reign under his name."

The literary world was then divided into two adverse parties—the Crebillonists, and the Voltairians. The first, being masters of all the avenues, succeeded for a length of time in blinding the public. Voltaire passed for a mere wit; Crebillon, for the sole heir of the sceptre of Corneille and Racine. It was this clique which invented the formula ever afterwards employed in the designation of these three poets—Corneille the great, Racine the tender, and Crebillon the tragic. One great advantage Crebillon possessed over Voltaire: he had written nothing for the last thirty years. His friends, or rather Voltaire's enemies, now began to give out that the author of "Rhadamiste" was engaged in putting the finishing hand to a tragedy, a veritable dramatic wonder, by name "Catilina." Madame de Pompadour herself, tired of Voltaire's importunate ambition, now went over with her forces to the camp of the Crebillonists. She received Crebillon at court, and recommended him to the particular care of Louis XV., who conferred a pension on him, and also appointed him to the office of censor royal.

"Catilina" was at length produced with great *éclat*. The court party, which was present in force at the first performance, doubtless contributed in a great measure to the success of the piece. The old poet, thus encouraged, set to work on a new play, the "Triumvirat," with fresh ardor; but as was Voltaire's lot in after years, it was soon perceptible that the poet was but the shadow of what he had been. Out of respect, however, for Crebillon's eighty-eight years, the tragedy was applauded, but in a few days the "Triumvirat" was played to empty benches. Crebillon had now but one thing left to do: to die, which, in fact, he did in the year 1762.

It cannot be denied that Crebillon was one of the remarkable men of his century. That untutored genius, so striking in the boldness and brilliancy of its creations, but which more frequently repels through its own native barbarity, was eminently the genius of Crebillon. But what, above all, characterizes the genius of the French nation—wit, grace, and polish—Crebillon never possessed; consequently, with all his vigor and all his force, he never succeeded in creating a living work. He has depicted human perversity with a proud and daring hand—he has shown the fratricide, the infanticide, the parricide, but he never succeeded in attaining the sublimity of the Greek drama. And yet J. J. Rousseau affirmed that of all the French tragic poets, Crebillon alone had recalled to him the grandeur of the Greeks. If so, it was only through the nudity of terror, for the "French Æschylus" was utterly wanting in what may be termed human and philosophical sentiment. [Pg 528]

There is a very beautiful portrait of Crebillon extant, by Latour. It would doubtless be supposed that the man, so terrible in his dramatic furies, was of a dark and sombre appearance. Far from it; Crebillon was of a fair complexion, and had an artless expression of countenance, and a pair of beautiful blue eyes. It must, however, be confessed, that by his method of borrowing the gestures of his heroes, coupled, moreover, with the habit he had acquired of contracting his eyebrows in the fervor of composition, Crebillon in the end became a little more the man of his works. He was, moreover, impatient and irritable, even with his favorite dogs and cats, and occasionally with his sweet-tempered and angelic wife, the ever cheerful partner alike of his joys and sorrows, who had so nobly resigned herself to the chances and changes of his good and ill-fortune; that loving companion of his hours of profusion and gaiety, when he aped the *grand seigneur*, as well as the devoted sharer of those days of poverty and neglect, when he retired from the world in disgust, to the old dwelling-house of the Place Maubert.

HABITS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

The principal part of the life of this great monarch was spent in camp, and in a constant struggle with a host of enemies. Yet even then, when the busy day scarcely afforded a vacant moment, that moment, if it came, was sure to be given to study. Let the young shopocracy of Glasgow never forget that Frederic had *very early* formed an attachment to reading, which neither the opposition of his father—who thought that the scholar would spoil the soldier—nor the schemes of ambition and conquest, which occupied him so much in after life, were able to destroy or weaken. When at last, therefore, he felt himself at liberty to sheathe the sword, he gave himself up to the cultivation and patronage of literature and the arts of peace, as eagerly as he had ever done to the pursuit of military renown. Even before his accession to the throne, and while yet but a young man, he had established in his residence at Rheimsberg nearly the same system of studious application and economy in the management of his time to which he ever afterwards continued to adhere. His relaxations even then were almost entirely of an intellectual character; and he had collected

around him a circle of literary associates, with whom it was his highest enjoyment to spend his hours in philosophic conversation, or in amusements not unfitted to adorn a life of philosophy. In a letter written to one of his friends, he says—"I become every day more covetous of my time; I render an account of it to myself, and lose none of it but with great regret. My mind is entirely turned toward philosophy; it has rendered me admirable services, and I am greatly indebted to it. I find myself happy, abundantly more tranquil than formerly; my soul is less subject to violent agitations; and I do nothing till I have considered what course of action I ought to adopt." Let young men contrast such conduct with the frivolities of other noble and royal persons, and be faithful to her whose ways are pleasantness, and whose paths are peace. I shall conclude this paper with a sketch of his doings for the ordinary four-and-twenty hours. Dr. Towers, who has written a history of his reign, informs us that it was his general custom to rise at five o'clock in the morning, and sometimes earlier. He commonly dressed his hair himself, and seldom employed more than two minutes for that purpose. His boots were put at the bedside, for he scarcely ever wore shoes. After he was dressed, the adjutant of the first battalion of his guards brought him a list of all the persons that had arrived at Potsdam, or departed from thence. When he had delivered his orders to this officer he retired into an inner cabinet, where he employed himself in private till seven o'clock. He then went into another apartment, where he drank coffee or chocolate, and here he found all the letters addressed to him from Potsdam and Berlin. Foreign letters were placed upon a separate table. After reading all these letters, he wrote hints or notes on the margin of those which his secretaries were to answer, and then returning into the inner cabinet carried with him such as he meant to write or dictate an answer to himself. Here he employed himself until nine o'clock. At ten the generals who were about his person attended. At eleven he mounted his horse and rode to the parade, when he reviewed and exercised his guards; and at the same hour, says Voltaire, all the colonels did the same throughout the provinces. He afterwards walked for some time in the garden with his generals. At one o'clock he sat down to dinner. He had no carver, but did the honors of the table like a private gentleman. His dinner-time did not much exceed an hour. He then retired into his private apartment, making low bows to his company. He remained in private till five o'clock, when his reader waited on him. His reading lasted about two hours, and this was succeeded by a concert upon the flute which lasted till nine. He supped at half-past nine with his favorite *literati*, and at twelve the king went to bed. —*Communication from David Vedder, in the Glasgow Citizen.*

THE OLD MAN'S DEATH.

[Pg 529]

A CHILD'S FIRST SIGHT OF SORROW.

From "Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West."[6]

BY ALICE CAREY.

Change is the order of nature; the old makes way for the new; over the perished growth of last year brighten the blossoms of this. What changes are to be counted, even in a little noiseless life like mine! How many graves have grown green; how many locks have grown gray; how many, lately young, and strong in hope and courage, are faltering and fainting; how many hands that reached eagerly for the roses are drawn back bleeding and full of thorns; and, saddest of all, how many hearts are broken! I remember when I had no sad memory, when I first made room in my bosom for the consciousness of death.

> We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
> We have learned to pause and fear;
> But where are the living founts whose flow
> Was a joy of heart to hear!

I remember the twilight, as though it were yesterday—grey, and dim, and cold, for it was late in October, when the shadow first came over my heart, that no subsequent sunshine has ever swept entirely away. From the window of our cottage home, streamed a column of light, in which I sat stringing the red berries of the brier rose.

I had heard of death, but regarded it only with that vague apprehension which I felt for the demons and witches that gather poison herbs under the new moon, in fairy forests, or strangle harmless travelers with wands of the willow, or with vines of the wild grape or ivy. I did not much like to think about them, and yet I felt safe from their influence.

There might be people, somewhere, that would die some time; I did'nt know, but it would not be myself, or any one I knew. They were so well and so strong, so full of joyous hopes, how could their feet falter, and their smiles grow dim, and their fainting hands lay away their work, and fold themselves together! No, no—it was not a thing to be believed.

Drifts of sunshine from that season of blissful ignorance often come back, as lightly

> As the winds of the May-time flow,
> And lift up the shadows brightly
> As the daffodil lifts the snow—

the shadows that have gathered with the years! It is pleasant to have them thus swept off—to find myself a child again—the crown of pale pain and sorrow that presses heavily now, unfelt, and the graves that lie lonesomely along my way, covered up with flowers—to feel my mother's dark locks fall upon my cheek, as she teaches me the lesson or the prayer—to see my father, now a sorrowful old man whose hair has thinned and whitened almost to the limit of three score years and ten, fresh and vigorous, strong for the race—and to see myself a little child, happy with a new hat and a pink ribbon, or even with the string of briar buds that I called coral. Now I tie it about my neck, and now around my forehead, and now twist it among my hair, as I have somewhere read great ladies do their pearls. The winds are blowing the last yellow leaves from the cherry tree—I know not why, but it makes me sad. I draw closer to the light of the window, and slyly peep within—all is quiet and cheerful; the logs on the hearth are ablaze; my father is mending a bridle-rein, which "Traveller," the favorite riding horse, snapt in two yesterday, when frightened at the elephant that (covered with a great white cloth), went by to be exhibited at the coming show,—my mother is hemming a ruffle, perhaps for me to wear to school next quarter—my brother is reading in a newspaper, I know not what, but I see, on one side, the picture of a bear: Let me listen—and flattening my cheek against the pane, I catch his words distinctly, for he reads loud and very clearly—it is an improbable story of a wild man who has recently been discovered in the woods of some far-away island—he seems to have been there a long time, for his nails are grown like claws, and his hair, in rough and matted strings, hangs to his knees; he makes a noise like something between the howl of a beast and a human cry, and, when pursued, runs with a nimbleness and swiftness that baffle the pursuers, though mounted on the fleetest of steeds, urged through brake and bush to their utmost speed. When first seen, he was sitting on the ground and cracking nuts with his teeth; his arms are corded with sinews that make it probable his strength is sufficient to strangle a dozen men; and yet on seeing human beings, he runs into the thick woods, lifting such a hideous scream, the while, as make his discoverers clasp their hands to their ears. It is suggested that this is not a solitary individual, become wild by isolation, but that a race exists, many of which are perhaps larger and of more terrible aspects; but whether they have any intelligible language, and whether they live in caverns of rocks or in trunks of hollow trees, remains for discovery by some future and more daring explorers.

My brother puts down the paper and looks at the picture of the bear. "I would not read such foolish stories," says my father, as he holds the bridle up to the light, to see that it is nearly mended; my mother breaks the thread which gathers the ruffle; she is gentle and loving, and does not like to hear even implied reproof, but she says nothing; little Harry, who is playing on the floor, upsets his block-house, and my father, clapping his hands together, exclaims, "This is the house that Jack built!" and adds, patting Harry on the head, "Where is my little boy? this is not he, this is a little carpenter; you must make your houses stronger, little carpenter!" But Harry insists that he is the veritable little Harry, and no carpenter, and hides his tearful eyes in the lap of my mother, who assures him that he is her own little boy, and soothes his childish grief by buttoning on his neck the ruffle she has just completed; and off he scampers again, building a new house, the roof of which he makes very steep, and calls it grandfather's house, at which all laugh heartily. [Pg 530]

While listening to the story of the wild man I am half afraid, but now, as the joyous laughter rings out, I am ashamed of my fears, and skipping forth, I sit down on a green ridge which cuts the door-yard diagonally, and where, I am told, there was once a fence. Did the rose-bushes and lilacs and flags that are in the garden, ever grow here? I think—no, it must have been a long while ago, if indeed the fence were ever here, for I can't conceive the possibility of such change, and then I fall to arranging my string of brier-buds into letters that will spell some name, now my own, and now that of some one I love. A dull strip of cloud, from which the hues of pink and red and gold have but lately faded out, hangs low in the west; below is a long reach of withering woods—the gray sprays of the beech clinging thickly still, and the gorgeous maples shooting up here and there like sparks of fire among the darkly magnificent oaks and silvery columned sycamores—the gray and murmurous twilight gives way to darker shadows and a deeper hush.

I hear, far away, the beating of quick hoof-strokes on the pavement; the horseman, I think to myself, is just coming down the hill through the thick woods beyond the bridge. I listen close, and presently a hollow rumbling sound indicates that I was right; and now I hear the strokes more faintly—he is climbing the hill that slopes directly away from me; but now again I hear distinctly—he has almost reached the hollow below me—the hollow that in summer is starry with dandelions and now is full of brown nettles and withered weeds—he will presently have passed—where can he be going, and what is his errand? I will rise up and watch. The cloud passes from the face of the moon, and the light streams full and broad on the horseman—he tightens his rein, and looks eagerly toward the house—surely I know him, the long red curls, streaming down his neck, and the straw hat, are not to be mistaken—it is Oliver Hillhouse, the miller, whom my grandfather, who lives in the steep-roofed house, has employed three years—longer than I can remember! He calls to me, and I laughingly bound forward, with an exclamation of delight, and put my arms about the slender neck of his horse, that is champing the bit and pawing the pavement, and I say, "Why do you not come in?"

He smiles, but there is something ominous in his smile, as he hands me a folded paper, saying, "Give this to your mother;" and, gathering up his reins, he rides hurriedly forward. In a moment I am in the house, for my errand, "Here mother is a paper which Oliver Hillhouse gave me for you." Her hand trembles as she receives it, and waiting timidly near, I watch her as she reads; the tears come, and without speaking a word she hands it to my father.

That night there came upon my soul the shadow of an awful fear; sorrowful moans and plaints disturbed my dreams that have never since been wholly forgot. How cold and spectral-like the

moonlight streamed across my pillow; how dismal the chirping of the cricket in the hearth; and how more than dismal the winds among the naked boughs that creaked against my window. For the first time in my life I could not sleep, and I longed for the light of the morning. At last it came, whitening up the East, and the stars faded away, and there came a flush of crimson and purple fire, which was presently pushed aside by the golden disk of the sun. Daylight without, but within there was thick darkness still.

I kept close about my mother, for in her presence I felt a shelter and protection that I found no where else.

"Be a good girl till I come back," she said, stooping and kissing my forehead; "mother is going away to-day, your poor grandfather is very sick."

"Let me go too," I said, clinging close to her hand. We were soon ready; little Harry pouted his lips and reached out his hands, and my father gave him his pocket-knife to play with; and the wind blowing the yellow curls over his eyes and forehead, he stood on the porch looking eagerly while my mother turned to see him again and again. We had before us a walk of perhaps two miles—northwardly along the turnpike nearly a mile, next, striking into a grass-grown road that crossed it, in an easternly direction nearly another mile, and then turning northwardly again, a narrow lane, bordered on each side by old and decaying cherry-trees, led us to the house, ancient fashioned, with high steep gables, narrow windows, and low, heavy chimneys of stone. In the rear was an old mill, with a plank sloping from the door-sill to the ground, by way of step, and a square open window in the gable, through which, with ropes and pulleys, the grain was drawn up.

This mill was an especial object of terror to me, and it was only when my aunt Carry led me by the hand, and the cheerful smile of Oliver Hillhouse lighted up the dusky interior, that I could be persuaded to enter it. In truth it was a lonesome sort of place, with dark lofts and curious binns, and ladders leading from place to place; and there were cats creeping stealthily along the beams in wait for mice or swallows, if, as sometimes happened, the clay nest should be loosened from the rafter, and the whole tumble ruinously down. I used to wonder that aunt Carry was not afraid in the old place, with its eternal rumble, and its great dusty wheel moving slowly round and round, [Pg 531] beneath the steady tread of the two sober horses that never gained a hair's breadth for their pains; but on the contrary, she seemed to like the mill, and never failed to show me through all its intricacies, on my visits. I have unraveled the mystery now, or rather, from the recollections I still retain, have apprehended what must have been clear to older eyes at the time.

A forest of oak and walnut stretched along this extremity of the farm, and on either side of the improvements (as the house and barn and mill were called) shot out two dark forks, completely cutting off the view, save toward the unfrequented road to the south, which was traversed mostly by persons coming to the mill, for my grandfather made the flour for all the neighbourhood round about, besides making corn-meal for Johny-cakes, and "chops" for the cows.

He was an old man now, with a tall, athletic frame, slightly bent, thin locks white as the snow, and deep blue eyes full of fire and intelligence, and after long years of uninterrupted health and useful labor, he was suddenly stricken down, with no prospect of recovery.

"I hope he is better," said my mother, hearing the rumbling of the mill-wheel. She might have known my grandfather would permit no interruption of the usual business on account of his illness—the neighbors, he said, could not do without bread because he was sick, nor need they all be idle, waiting for him to die. When the time drew near, he would call them to take his farewell and his blessing, but till then let them sew and spin, and prepare dinner just as usual, so they would please him best. He was a stern man—even his kindness was uncompromising and unbending, and I remember of his making toward me no manifestation of fondness, such as grandchildren usually receive, save once, when he gave me a bright red apple, without speaking a word till my timid thanks brought out his "Save your thanks for something better." The apple gave me no pleasure, and I even slipt into the mill to escape from his cold, forbidding presence.

Nevertheless, he was a good man, strictly honest, and upright in all his dealings, and respected, almost reverenced, by everybody. I remember once, when young Winters, the tenant of Deacon Granger's farm, who paid a great deal too much for his ground, as I have heard my father say, came to mill with some withered wheat, my grandfather filled up the sacks out of his own flour, while Tommy was in the house at dinner. That was a good deed, but Tommy Winters never suspected how his wheat happened to turn out so well.

As we drew near the house, it seemed to me more lonesome and desolate than it ever looked before. I wished I had staid at home with little Harry. So eagerly I noted every thing, that I remember to this day, that near a trough of water, in the lane, stood a little surly looking cow, of a red color, and with a white line running along her back. I had gone with aunt Carry often when she went to milk her, but, to-day she seemed not to have been milked. Near her was a black and white heifer, with sharp short horns, and a square board tied over her eyes; two horses, one of them gray, and the other sorrel, with a short tail, were reaching their long necks into the garden, and browsing from the currant bushes. As we approached they trotted forward a little, and one of them, half playfully, half angrily, bit the other on the shoulder, after which they returned quietly to their cropping of the bushes, heedless of the voice that from across the field was calling to them.

A flock of turkeys were sunning themselves about the door, for no one came to scare them away; some were black, and some speckled, some with heads erect and tails spread, and some nibbling the grass; and with a gabbling noise, and a staid and dignified march, they made way for us. The smoke arose from the chimney in blue, graceful curls, and drifted away to the woods; the dead

morning-glory vines had partly fallen from the windows, but the hands that tended them were grown careless, and they were suffered to remain blackened and void of beauty, as they were. Under these, the white curtain was partly put aside, and my grandmother, with the speckled handkerchief pinned across her bosom, and her pale face, a shade paler than usual, was looking out, and seeing us she came forth, and in answer to my mother's look of inquiry, shook her head, and silently led the way in. The room we entered had some home-made carpet, about the size of a large table-cloth, spread in the middle of the floor, the remainder of which was scoured very white; the ceiling was of walnut wood, and the side walls were white-washed—a table, an old-fashioned desk, and some wooden chairs, comprised the furniture. On one of the chairs was a leather cushion; this was set to one side, my grandmother neither offering it to my mother, nor sitting in it herself, while, by way of composing herself, I suppose, she took off the black ribbon with which her cap was trimmed. This was a more simple process than the reader may fancy, the trimming, consisting merely of a ribbon, always black, which she tied around her head after the cap was on, forming a bow and two ends just above the forehead. Aunt Carry, who was of what is termed an even disposition, received us with her usual cheerful demeanor, and then, re-seating herself comfortably near the fire, resumed her work, the netting of some white fringe.

I liked aunt Carry, for that she always took especial pains to entertain me, showing me her patchwork, taking me with her to the cowyard and dairy, as also to the mill, though in this last I fear she was a little selfish; however, that made no difference to me at the time, and I have always been sincerely grateful to her: children know more, and want more, and feel more, than people are apt to imagine. [Pg 532]

On this occasion she called me to her, and tried to teach me the mysteries of her netting, telling me I must get my father to buy me a little bureau, and then I could net fringe and make a nice cover for it. For a little time I thought I could, and arranged in my mind where it should be placed, and what should be put into it, and even went so far as to inquire how much fringe she thought would be necessary. I never attained to much proficiency in the netting of fringe, nor did I ever get the little bureau, and now it is quite reasonable to suppose I never shall.

Presently my father and mother were shown into an adjoining room, the interior of which I felt an irrepressible desire to see, and by stealth I obtained a glimpse of it before the door closed behind them. There was a dull brown and yellow carpet on the floor, and near the bed, on which was a blue and white coverlid, stood a high backed wooden chair, over which hung a towel, and on the bottom of which stood a pitcher, of an unique pattern. I know not how I saw this, but I did, and perfectly remember it, notwithstanding my attention was in a moment completely absorbed by the sick man's face, which was turned towards the opening door, pale, livid, and ghastly. I trembled, and was transfixed; the rings beneath the eyes, which had always been deeply marked, were now almost black, and the blue eyes within looked glassy and cold, and terrible. The expression of agony on the lips (for his disease was one of a most painful nature) gave place to a sort of smile, and the hand, twisted among the gray locks, was withdrawn and extended to welcome my parents, as the door closed. That was a fearful moment; I was near the dark steep edges of the grave; I felt, for the first time, that I was mortal too, and I was afraid.

Aunt Carry put away her work, and taking from a nail in the window-frame a brown muslin sun bonnet, which seemed to me of half a yard in depth, she tied it on my head, and then clapt her hands as she looked into my face, saying, "bopeep!" at which I half laughed and half cried, and making provision for herself in grandmother's bonnet, which hung on the opposite side of the window, and was similar to mine, except that it was perhaps a little larger, she took my hand and we proceeded to the mill. Oliver, who was very busy on our entrance, came forward, as aunt Carry said, by way of introduction, "A little visitor I've brought you," and arranged a seat on a bag of meal for us, and taking off his straw hat pushed the red curls from his low white forehead, and looked bewildered and anxious.

"It's quite warm for the season," said aunt Carry, by way of breaking silence, I suppose. The young man said "yes," abstractedly, and then asked if the rumble of the mill were not a disturbance to the sick room, to which aunt Carry answered, "No, my father says it is his music."

"A good old man," said Oliver, "he will not hear it much longer," and then, even more sadly, "every thing will be changed." Aunt Carry was silent, and he added, "I have been here a long time, and it will make me very sorry to go away, especially when such trouble is about you all."

"Oh, Oliver," said aunt Carra, "you don't mean to go away?" "I see no alternative," he replied; "I shall have nothing to do; if I had gone a year ago it would have been better." "Why?" asked aunt Carry; but I think she understood why, and Oliver did not answer directly, but said, "Almost the last thing your father said to me was, that you should never marry any who had not a house and twenty acres of land; if he has not, he will exact that promise of you, and I cannot ask you not to make it, nor would you refuse him if I did; I might have owned that long ago, but for my sister (she had lost her reason) and my lame brother, whom I must educate to be a school-master, because he never can work, and my blind mother; but God forgive me! I must not and do not complain; you will forget me, before long, Carry, and some body who is richer and better, will be to you all I once hoped to be, and perhaps more."

I did not understand the meaning of the conversation at the time, but I felt out of place some way, and so, going to another part of the mill, I watched the sifting of the flour through the snowy bolter, listening to the rumbling of the wheel. When I looked around I perceived that Oliver had taken my place on the meal bag, and that he had put his arm around the waist of aunt Carry in a way I did not much like.

Great sorrow, like a storm, sweeps us aside from ordinary feelings, and we give our hearts into kindly hands—so cold and hollow and meaningless seem the formulæ of the world. They had probably never spoken of love before, and now talked of it as calmly as they would have talked of any thing else; but they felt that hope was hopeless; at best, any union was deferred, perhaps, for long years; the future was full of uncertainties. At last their tones became very low, so low I could not hear what they said; but I saw that they looked very sorrowful, and that aunt Carry's hand lay in that of Oliver as though he were her brother.

"Why don't the flour come through?" I said, for the sifting had become thinner and lighter, and at length quite ceased. Oliver smiled, faintly, as he arose, and saying, "This will never buy the child a frock," poured a sack of wheat into the hopper, so that it nearly run over. Seeing no child but [Pg 533] myself, I supposed he meant to buy me a new frock, and at once resolved to put it in my little bureau, if he did.

"We have bothered Mr. Hillhouse long enough," said aunt Carry, taking my hand, "and will go to the house, shall we not?"

I wondered why she said "Mr. Hillhouse," for I had never heard her say so before; and Oliver seemed to wonder, too, for he said reproachfully, laying particular stress on his own name, "You don't bother Mr. Hillhouse, I am sure, but I must not insist on your remaining if you wish to go."

"I don't want to insist on my staying," said aunt Carry, "if you don't want to, and I see you don't," and lifting me out to the sloping plank, that bent beneath us, we descended.

"Carry," called a voice behind us; but she neither answered nor looked back, but seeming to feel a sudden and expressive fondness for me, took me up in her arms, though I was almost too heavy for her to lift, and kissing me over and over, said I was light as a feather, at which she laughed as though neither sorrowful nor lacking for employment.

This little passage I could never precisely explain, aside from the ground that "the course of true love never did run smooth." Half an hour after we returned to the house, Oliver presented himself at the door, saying, "Miss Caroline, shall I trouble you for a cup, to get a drink of water?" Carry accompanied him to the well, where they lingered some time, and when she returned her face was sunshiny and cheerful as usual.

The day went slowly by, dinner was prepared, and removed, scarcely tasted; aunt Carry wrought at her fringe, and grandmother moved softly about, preparing teas and cordials.

Towards sunset the sick man became easy, and expressed a wish that the door of his chamber might be opened, that he might watch our occupations and hear our talk. It was done accordingly, and he was left alone. My mother smiled, saying she hoped he might yet get well, but my father shook his head mournfully, and answered, "He wishes to go without our knowledge." He made amplest provision for his family always, and I believe had a kind nature, but he manifested no little fondnesses, nor did he wish caresses for himself. Contrary to the general tenor of his character, was a love of quiet jests, that remained to the last. Once, as Carry gave him some drink, he said, "You know my wishes about your future, I expect you to be mindful."

I stole to the door of his room in the hope that he would say something to me, but he did not, and I went nearer, close to the bed, and timidly took his hand in mine; how damp and cold it felt! yet he spoke not, and climbing upon the chair, I put back his thin locks, and kissed his forehead. "Child, you trouble me," he said, and these were the last words he ever spoke to me.

The sun sunk lower and lower, throwing a beam of light through the little window, quite across the carpet, and now it reached the sick man's room, climbed over the bed and up the wall; he turned his face away, and seemed to watch its glimmer upon the ceiling The atmosphere grew dense and dusky, but without clouds, and the orange light changed to a dull lurid red, and the dying and dead leaves dropt silently to the ground, for there was no wind, and the fowls flew into the trees, and the grey moths came from beneath the bushes and fluttered in the waning light. From the hollow tree by the mill came the bat, wheeling and flitting blindly about, and once or twice its wings struck the window of the sick man's chamber. The last sunlight faded off at length, and the rumbling of the mill-wheel was still: he has fallen asleep in listening to its music.

The next day came the funeral. What a desolate time it was! All down the lane were wagons and carriages and horses, for every body that knew my grandfather had come to pay him the last honors. "We can do him no further good," they said, "but it seemed right that we should come." Close by the gate waited the little brown wagon to bear the coffin to the grave, the wagon in which he was used to ride while living. The heads of the horses were drooping, and I thought they looked consciously sad.

The day was mild and the doors and windows of the old house stood all open, so that the people without could hear the words of the preacher. I remember nothing he said; I remember of hearing my mother sob, and of seeing my grandmother with her face buried in her hands, and of seeing aunt Carra sitting erect, her face pale but tearless, and Oliver near her, with his hands folded across his breast save once or twice, when he lifted them to brush away tears.

I did not cry, save from a frightened and strange feeling, but kept wishing that we were not so near the dead, and that it were another day. I tried to push the reality away with thoughts of pleasant things—in vain. I remember the hymn, and the very air in which it was sung.

"Ye fearful souls fresh courage take,

The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

Near the door blue flagstones were laid, bordered with a row of shrubberies and trees, with lilacs, and roses, and pears, and peach-trees, which my grandfather had planted long ago, and here, in the open air, the coffin was placed, and the white cloth removed, and folded over the lid. I remember how it shook and trembled as the gust came moaning from the woods, and died off over [Pg 534] the next hill, and that two or three withered leaves fell on the face of the dead, which Oliver gently removed and brushed aside a yellow winged butterfly that hovered near.

The friends hung over the unsmiling corpse till they were led weeping and one by one away; the hand of some one rested for a moment on the forehead, and then the white cloth was replaced, and the lid screwed down. The coffin was placed in the brown wagon, with a sheet folded about it, and the long train moved slowly to the burial-ground woods, where the words "dust to dust" were followed by the rattling of the earth, and the sunset light fell there a moment, and the dead leaves blew across the smoothly shapen mound.

When the will was read, Oliver found himself heir to a fortune—the mill and the homestead and half the farm—provided he married Carry, which I suppose he did, for though I do not remember the wedding, I have had an aunt Caroline Hillhouse almost as long as I can remember. The lunatic sister was sent to an asylum, where she sung songs about a faithless lover till death took her up and opened her eyes in heaven. The mother was brought home, and she and my grandmother lived at their ease, and sat in the corner, and told stories of ghosts, and witches, and marriages, and deaths, for long years. Peace to their memories! for they have both gone home; and the lame brother is teaching school, in his leisure playing the flute, and reading Shakspeare—all the book he reads.

Years have come and swept me away from my childhood, from its innocence and blessed unconsciousness of the dark, but often comes back the memory of its first sorrow!

Death is less terrible to me now.

FOOTNOTES:

[6] In press and soon to be published by J. S. Redfield.

MY NOVEL:

OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.[7]

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

Before a table in the apartments appropriated to him in his father's house at Knightsbridge, sat Lord L'Estrange, sorting or destroying letters and papers—an ordinary symptom of change of residence. There are certain trifles by which a shrewd observer may judge of a man's disposition. Thus, ranged on the table, with some elegance, but with soldier-like precision, were sundry little relics of former days, hallowed by some sentiment of memory, or perhaps endeared solely by custom; which, whether he was in Egypt, Italy, or England, always made part of the furniture of Harley's room. Even the small, old-fashioned, and somewhat inconvenient inkstand in which he dipped the pen as he labelled the letters he put aside, belonged to the writing-desk which had been his pride as a school-boy. Even the books that lay scattered round were not new works, not those to which we turn to satisfy the curiosity of an hour, or to distract our graver thoughts: they were chiefly either Latin or Italian poets, with many a pencil-mark on the margin; or books which, making severe demand on thought, require slow and frequent perusal, and become companions. Somehow or other, in remarking that even in dumb inanimate things the man was averse to change, and had the habit of attaching himself to whatever was connected with old associations, you might guess that he clung with pertinacity to affections more important, and you could better comprehend the freshness of his friendship for one so dissimilar in pursuits and character as Audley Egerton. An affection once admitted into the heart of Harley L'Estrange, seemed never to be questioned or reasoned with: it became tacitly fixed, as it were, into his own nature; and little less than a revolution of his whole system could dislodge or disturb it.

Lord L'Estrange's hand rested now upon a letter in a stiff legible Italian character; and instead of disposing of it at once, as he had done with the rest, he spread it before him, and re-read the contents. It was a letter from Riccabocca, received a few weeks since, and ran thus:—

"I thank you, my noble friend, for judging of me with faith in my honor, and respect for my reverses.

"No, and thrice no to all concessions, all overtures, all treaty with Giulio Franzini. I write the name, and my emotions choke me. I must pause and cool back into disdain. It is over. Pass from that subject. But you have alarmed me. This sister! I have not seen her since her childhood; and she was brought up under his influence —she can but work as his agent. She wish to learn my residence! it can be but for some hostile and malignant purpose. I may trust in you. I know that. You say I may trust equally in the discretion of your friend. Pardon me—my confidence is not so elastic. A word may give the clue to my retreat. But, if discovered, what harm can ensue? An English roof protects me from Austrian despotism; true; but not the brazen tower of Danaë could protect me from Italian craft. And were there nothing worse, it would be intolerable to me to live under the eyes of a relentless spy. Truly saith our proverb, 'He sleeps ill for whom the enemy wakes.' Look you, my friend, I have done with my old life—I wish to cast it from me as a snake its skin. I have denied myself all that exiles deem consolation. No pity for misfortune, no messages from sympathizing friendship, no news from a lost and bereaved country follow me to my hearth under the skies of the stranger. From all these I have voluntarily cut myself off. I am as dead to the life I once lived as if the Styx rolled between *it* and me. With that sternness which is admissible only to the afflicted, I have denied myself even the consolation of your visits. I have told you fairly and simply that [Pg 535] your presence would unsettle all my enforced and infirm philosophy, and remind me only of the past, which I seek to blot from remembrance. You have complied on the one condition, that whenever I really want your aid I will ask it; and, meanwhile, you have generously sought to obtain me justice from the cabinets of ministers and in the courts of kings. I did not refuse your heart this luxury; for I have a child—(Ah! I have taught that child already to revere your name, and in her prayers it is not forgotten.) But now that you are convinced that even your zeal is unavailing, I ask you to discontinue attempts that may but bring the spy upon my track, and involve me in new misfortunes. Believe me, O brilliant Englishman, that I am satisfied and contented with my lot. I am sure it would not be for my happiness to change it. 'Chi non ha provato il male non conosce il bene.' ('One does not know when one is well off till one has known misfortune.') You ask me how I live—I answer, *alla giornata*—to the day—not for the morrow, as I did once. I have accustomed myself to the calm existence of a village. I take interest in its details. There is my wife, good creature, sitting opposite to me, never asking what I write, or to whom, but ready to throw aside her work and talk the moment the pen is out of my hand. Talk—and what about? Heaven knows! But I would rather hear that talk, though on the affairs of a hamlet, than babble again with recreant nobles and blundering professors about commonwealths and constitutions. When I want to see how little those last influence the happiness of wise men, have I not Machiavel and Thucydides? Then, by-and-by, the Parson will drop in, and we argue. He never knows when he is beaten, so the argument is everlasting. On fine days I ramble out by a winding rill with my Violante, or stroll to my friend the Squire's, and see how healthful a thing is true pleasure; and on wet days I shut myself up, and mope, perhaps, till, hark! a gentle tap at the door, and in comes Violante, with her dark eyes that shine out through reproachful tears—reproachful that I should mourn alone, while she is under my roof—so she puts her arms round me, and in five minutes all is sunshine within. What care we for your English gray clouds without?

"Leave me, my dear Lord—leave me to this quiet happy passage towards old age, serener than the youth that I wasted so wildly: and guard well the secret on which my happiness depends.

"Now to yourself, before I close. Of that same *yourself* you speak too little, as of me too much. But I so well comprehend the profound melancholy that lies underneath the wild and fanciful humor with which you but suggest, as in sport, what you feel so in earnest. The laborious solitude of cities weighs on you. You are flying back to the *dolce far niente*—to friends few, but intimate; to life monotonous, but unrestrained; and even there the sense of loneliness will again seize upon you; and you do not seek, as I do, the annihilation of memory; your dead passions are turned to ghosts that haunt you, and unfit you for the living world. I see it all—I see it still, in your hurried fantastic lines, as I saw it when we two sat amidst the pines and beheld the blue lake stretched below. I troubled by the shadow of the Future, you disturbed by that of the Past.

"Well, but you say, half-seriously, half in jest, 'I *will* escape from this prison-house of memory; I will form new ties, like other men, and before it be too late; I *will* marry—aye, but I must love—there is the difficulty'—difficulty—yes, and heaven be thanked for it! Recall all the unhappy marriages that have come to your knowledge —pray have not eighteen out of twenty been marriages for love? It always has been so, and it always will. Because, whenever we love deeply, we exact so much and forgive so little. Be content to find some one with whom your hearth and your honor are safe. You will grow to love what never wounds your heart—you will soon grow

out of love with what must always disappoint your imagination. *Cospetto!* I wish my Jemima had a younger sister for you. Yet it was with a deep groan that I settled myself to a—Jemima.

"Now, I have written you a long letter, to prove how little I need of your compassion or your zeal. Once more let there be long silence between us. It is not easy for me to correspond with a man of your rank, and not incur the curious gossip of my still little pool of a world which the splash of a pebble can break into circles. I must take this over to a post-town some ten miles off, and drop it into the box by stealth.

"Adieu, dear and noble friend, gentlest heart and subtlest fancy that I have met in my walk through life. Adieu—write me word when you have abandoned a day-dream and found a Jemima.

ALPHONSO.

"*P. S.*—For heaven's sake caution and re-caution your friend the minister, not to drop a word to this woman that may betray my hiding-place."

"Is he really happy?" murmured Harley as he closed the letter; and he sank for a few moments into a reverie.

"This life in a village—this wife in a lady who puts down her work to talk about villagers—what a contrast to Audley's full existence. And I can never envy nor comprehend either—yet my own—what is it?"

He rose, and moved towards the window, from which a rustic stair descended to a green lawn—studded with larger trees than are often found in the grounds of a suburban residence. There were calm and coolness in the sight, and one could scarcely have supposed that London lay so near.

The door opened softly, and a lady past middle age, entered; and, approaching Harley, as he still [Pg 536] stood musing by the window, laid her hand on his shoulder. What character there is in a hand! Hers was a hand that Titian would have painted with elaborate care! Thin, white, and delicate—with the blue veins raised from the surface. Yet there was something more than mere patrician elegance in the form and texture. A true physiologist would have said at once, "there are intellect and pride in that hand, which seems to fix a hold where it rests; and, lying so lightly, yet will not be as lightly shaken off."

"Harley," said the lady—and Harley turned—"you do not deceive me by that smile," she continued sadly; "you were not smiling when I entered."

"It is rarely that we smile to ourselves, my dear mother; and I have done nothing lately so foolish as to cause me to smile *at* myself."

"My son," said Lady Lansmere, somewhat abruptly, but with great earnestness, "you come from a line of illustrious ancestors; and methinks they ask from their tombs why the last of their race has no aim and no object—no interest—no home in the land which they served, and which rewarded them with its honors."

"Mother," said the soldier simply, "when the land was in danger I served it as my forefathers served—and my answer would be the scars on my breast."

"Is it only in danger that a country is served—only in war that duty is fulfilled? Do you think that your father, in his plain manly life of country gentleman, does not fulfil, though obscurely, the objects for which aristocracy is created and wealth is bestowed?"

"Doubtless he does, ma'am—and better than his vagrant son ever can."

"Yet his vagrant son has received such gifts from nature—his youth was so rich in promise—his boyhood so glowed at the dream of glory?—"

"Ay," said Harley very softly, "it is possible—and all to be buried in a single grave!"

The Countess started, and withdrew her hand from Harley's shoulder.

Lady Lansmere's countenance was not one that much varied in expression. She had in this, as in her cast of feature, little resemblance to her son.

Her features were slightly aquiline—the eyebrows of that arch which gives a certain majesty to the aspect: the lines round the mouth were habitually rigid and compressed. Her face was that of one who had gone through great emotion and subdued it. There was something formal, and even ascetic, in the character of her beauty, which was still considerable;—in her air and in her dress. She might have suggested to you the idea of some Gothic baroness of old, half chatelaine, half abbess; you would see at a glance that she did not live in the light world round her, and disdained its fashion and its mode of thought; yet with all this rigidity it was still the face of the woman who has known human ties and human affections. And now, as she gazed long on Harley's quiet, saddened brow, it was the face of a mother.

"A single grave," she said, after a long pause. "And you were then but a boy, Harley! Can such a memory influence you even to this day? It is scarcely possible; it does not seem to me within the realities of man's life—though it might be of woman's."

"I believe," said Harley, half soliloquising, "that I have a great deal of the woman in me. Perhaps men who live much alone, and care not for men's objects, do grow tenacious of impressions, as your sex does. But oh," he cried aloud, and with a sudden change of countenance, "oh, the hardest and the coldest man would have felt as I do, had he known *her*—had he loved *her*. She was like no other woman I have ever met. Bright and glorious creature of another sphere! She descended on this earth, and darkened it when she passed away. It is no use striving. Mother, I have as much courage as our steel-clad fathers ever had. I have dared in battle and in deserts—against man and the wild beast—against the storm and the ocean—against the rude powers of Nature—dangers as dread as ever pilgrim or Crusader rejoiced to brave. But courage against that one memory! no, I have not!"

"Harley, Harley, you break my heart!" cried the Countess, clasping her hands.

"It is astonishing," continued her son, so wrapped in his own thoughts that he did not perhaps hear her outcry—"yea, verily, it is astonishing, that considering the thousands of women I have seen and spoken with, I never see a face like hers—never hear a voice so sweet. And all this universe of life cannot afford me one look and one tone that can restore me to man's privilege—love. Well, well, well, life has other things yet—Poetry and Art live still—still smiles the heaven, and still wave the trees. Leave me to happiness in my own way."

The Countess was about to reply, when the door was thrown hastily open, and Lord Lansmere walked in.

The Earl was some years older than the Countess, but his placid face showed less wear and tear; a benevolent, kindly face—without any evidence of commanding intellect, but with no lack of sense in its pleasant lines. His form not tall, but upright, and with an air of consequence—a little pompous, but good-humoredly so. The pomposity of the *Grand Seigneur*, who has lived much in provinces—whose will has been rarely disputed, and whose importance has been so felt and acknowledged as to react insensibly on himself; an excellent man: but when you glanced towards the high brow and dark eye of the Countess, you marvelled a little how the two had come [Pg 537] together, and, according to common report, lived so happily in the union.

"Ho, ho! my dear Harley," cried Lansmere, rubbing his hands with an appearance of much satisfaction, "I have just been paying a visit to the Duchess."

"What Duchess, my dear father?"

"Why, your mother's first cousin, to be sure—the Duchess of Knaresborough, whom, to oblige me, you condescended to call upon; and delighted I am to hear that you admire Lady Mary—"

"She is very high-bred, and rather-high-nosed," answered Harley. Then observing that his mother looked pained, and his father disconcerted, he added seriously, "But handsome certainly."

"Well, Harley," said the Earl, recovering himself, "the Duchess, taking advantage of our connection to speak freely, had intimated to me that Lady Mary has been no less struck with yourself; and to come to the point, since you allow that it is time you should think of marrying, I do not know a more desirable alliance. What do you say, Catherine?"

"The Duke is of a family that ranks in history before the Wars of the Roses," said Lady Lansmere, with an air of deference to her husband; "and there has never been one scandal in its annals, or one blot in its scutcheon. But I am sure my dear Lord must think that the Duchess should not have made the first overture—even to a friend and a kinsman?"

"Why, we are old-fashioned people," said the Earl rather embarrassed, "and the Duchess is a woman of the world."

"Let us hope," said the Countess mildly, "that her daughter is not."

"I would not marry Lady Mary, if all the rest of the female sex were turned into apes," said Lord L'Estrange, with deliberate fervor.

"Good Heavens!" cried the Earl, "what extraordinary language is this! And pray why, sir?"

Harley.—"I can't say—there is no why in these cases. But, my dear father, you are not keeping faith with me."

Lord Lansmere.—"How?"

Harley.—"You and my Lady here entreat me to marry—I promise to do my best to obey you; but on one condition—that I choose for myself, and take my time about it. Agreed on both sides. Whereon, off goes your Lordship—actually before noon, at an hour when no lady without a shudder could think of cold blonde and damp orange flowers—off goes your Lordship, I say, and commits poor Lady Mary and your unworthy son to a mutual admiration—which neither of us ever felt. Pardon me, my father—but this is grave. Again let me claim your promise—full choice for myself, and no reference to the Wars of the Roses. What war of the roses like that between Modesty and Love upon the cheek of the virgin!"

Lady Lansmere.—"Full choice for yourself, Harley;—so be it. But we, too, named a condition—Did we not, Lansmere?"

The *Earl* (puzzled).—"Eh—did we! Certainly we did."

Harley.—"What was it?"

Lady Lansmere.—"The son of Lord Lansmere can only marry the daughter of a gentleman."

The *Earl.*—"Of course—of course."

The blood rushed over Harley's fair face, and then as suddenly left it pale.

He walked away to the window—his mother followed him, and again laid her hand on his shoulder.

"You were cruel," said he gently and in a whisper, as he winced under the touch of the hand. Then turning to the Earl, who was gazing at him in blank surprise—(it never occurred to Lord Lansmere that there could be a doubt of his son's marrying beneath the rank modestly stated by the Countess)—Harley stretched forth his hand, and said, in his soft winning tone, "you have ever been most gracious to me, and most forbearing; it is but just that I should sacrifice the habits of an egotist, to gratify a wish which you so warmly entertain. I agree with you, too, that our race should not close in me—*Noblesse oblige*. But you know I was ever romantic; and I must love where I marry—or, if not love, I must feel that my wife is worthy of all the love I could once have bestowed. Now, as to the vague word 'gentleman' that my mother employs—word that means so differently on different lips—I confess that I have a prejudice against young ladies brought up in the 'excellent foppery of the world,' as the daughters of gentlemen of our rank mostly are. I crave, therefore, the most liberal interpretation of this word 'gentleman.' And so long as there be nothing mean or sordid in the birth, habits, and education of the father of this bride to be, I trust you will both agree to demand nothing more—neither titles nor pedigree."

"Titles, no—assuredly," said Lady Lansmere; "they do not make gentlemen."

"Certainly not," said the Earl. "Many of our best families are untitled."

"Titles—no," repeated Lady Lansmere; "but ancestors—yes."

"Ah, my mother," said Harley with his most sad and quiet smile, "it is fated that we shall never agree. The first of our race is ever the one we are most proud of; and pray, what ancestors had he? Beauty, virtue, modesty, intellect—if these are not nobility enough for a man, he is a slave to the dead."

With these words Harley took up his hat and made towards the door.

"You said yourself, '*Noblesse oblige*,'" said the Countess, following him to the threshold; "we have nothing more to add." [Pg 538]

Harley slightly shrugged his shoulders, kissed his mother's hand, whistled to Nero, who started up from a doze by the window, and went his way.

"Does he really go abroad next week?" said the Earl.

"So he says."

"I am afraid there is no chance for Lady Mary," resumed Lord Lansmere, with a slight but melancholy smile.

"She has not intellect enough to charm him. She is not worthy of Harley," said the proud mother.

"Between you and me," rejoined the Earl, rather timidly, "I don't see what good his intellect does him. He could not be more unsettled and useless if he were the merest dunce in the three kingdoms. And so ambitious as he was when a boy! Catherine, I sometimes fancy that you know what changed him."

"I! Nay, my dear Lord, it is a common change enough with the young, when of such fortunes; who find, when they enter life, that there is really little left for them to strive for. Had Harley been a poor man's son, it might have been different."

"I was born to the same fortunes as Harley," said the Earl, shrewdly, "and yet I flatter myself I am of some use to old England."

The Countess seized upon the occasion, complimented her Lord, and turned the subject.

CHAPTER XVII.

Harley spent his day in his usual desultory, lounging manner—dined in his quiet corner at his favorite club—Nero, not admitted into the club, patiently waited for him outside the door. The dinner over, dog and man, equally indifferent to the crowd, sauntered down that thoroughfare which, to the few who can comprehend the Poetry of London, has associations of glory and of woe sublime as any that the ruins of the dead elder world can furnish—thoroughfare that traverses what was once the courtyard of Whitehall, having to its left the site of the palace that lodged the royalty of Scotland—gains, through a narrow strait, that old isle of Thorney, in which Edward the Confessor received the ominous visit of the Conqueror—and, widening once more by the Abbey and the Hall of Westminster, then loses itself, like all memories of earthly grandeur, amidst humble passages and mean defiles.

Thus thought Harley L'Estrange—ever less amidst the actual world around him, than the images invoked by his own solitary soul—as he gained the bridge, and saw the dull lifeless craft sleeping on the "Silent Way," once loud and glittering with the gilded barks of the antique Seignorie of England.

It was on that bridge that Audley Egerton had appointed to meet L'Estrange, at an hour when he calculated he could best steal a respite from debate. For Harley, with his fastidious dislike to all the resorts of his equals, had declined to seek his friend in the crowded regions of Bellamy's.

Harley's eye, as he passed along the bridge, was attracted by a still form, seated on the stones in one of the nooks, with its face covered by its hands. "If I were a sculptor," said he to himself, "I should remember that image whenever I wished to convey the idea of *despondency*!" He lifted his looks and saw, a little before him in the midst of the causeway, the firm erect figure of Audley Egerton. The moonlight was full on the bronzed countenance of the strong public man,—with its lines of thought and care, and its vigorous but cold expression of intense self-control.

"And looking yonder," continued Harley's soliloquy, "I should remember that form, when I wished to hew out from the granite the idea of *Endurance*."

"So you are come, and punctually," said Egerton, linking his arm in Harley's.

Harley.—"Punctually, of course, for I respect your time, and I will not detain you long. I presume you will speak to-night."

Egerton.—"I have spoken."

Harley, (with interest.)—"And well, I hope."

Egerton.—"With effect, I suppose, for I have been loudly cheered, which does not always happen to me."

Harley.—"And that gave you pleasure?"

Egerton, (after a moment's thought.)—"No, not the least."

Harley.—"What, then, attaches you so much to this life—constant drudgery, constant warfare—the more pleasurable faculties dormant, all the harsher ones aroused, if even its rewards (and I take the best of those to be applause) do not please you?"

Egerton.—"What?—custom."

Harley.—"Martyr!"

Egerton.—"You say it. But turn to yourself; you have decided, then, to leave England next week."

Harley, (moodily.)—"Yes. This life in a capital, where all are so active, myself so objectless, preys on me like a low fever. Nothing here amuses me, nothing interests, nothing comforts and consoles. But I am resolved, before it be too late, to make one great struggle out of the Past, and into the natural world of men. In a word, I have resolved to marry."

Egerton.—"Whom?"

Harley, (seriously.)—"Upon my life, my dear fellow, you are a great philosopher. You have hit the exact question. You see I cannot marry a dream; and where out of dreams, shall I find this 'whom?'"

Egerton.—"You do not search for her."

Harley.—"Do we ever search for love? Does it not flash upon us when we least expect it? Is it not like the inspiration to the muse? What poet sits down and says, 'I will write a poem?' What man looks out and says, 'I will fall in love.' No! Happiness, as the great German tells us, 'falls suddenly from the bosom of the gods;' so does love." [Pg 539]

Egerton.—"You remember the old line in Horace: 'Life's tide flows away, while the boor sits on the margin and waits for the ford.'"

Harley.—"An idea which incidentally dropped from you some weeks ago, and which I had before half meditated, has since haunted me. If I could but find some child with sweet dispositions and fair intellect not yet formed, and train her up, according to my ideal. I am still young enough to wait a few years, and meanwhile I shall have gained what I so sadly want—an object in life."

Egerton.—"You are ever the child of romance. But what"—

Here the minister was interrupted by a messenger from the House of Commons, whom Audley had instructed to seek him on the bridge should his presence be required—

"Sir, the opposition are taking advantage of the thinness of the House to call for a division, Mr. —— is put up to speak for time, but they won't hear him."

Egerton turned hastily to Lord L'Estrange, "You see you must excuse me now. To-morrow I must go to Windsor for two days; but we shall meet on my return."

"It does not matter,"' answered Harley; "I stand out of the pale of your advice, O practical man of sense. And if," added Harley with affectionate and mournful sweetness—"If I worry you with complaints which you cannot understand, it is only because of old school-boy habits. I can have no trouble that I do not confide in you."

Egerton's hand trembled as it pressed his friend's; and, without a word, he hurried away abruptly. Harley remained motionless for some seconds, in deep and quiet reverie; then he called to his dog, and turned back towards Westminster.

He passed the nook in which had sat the still figure of Despondency. But the figure had now risen, and was leaning against the balustrade. The dog who had preceded his master paused by the solitary form, and sniffed it suspiciously.

"Nero, sir, come here," said Harley.

"Nero," that was the name by which Helen had said that her father's friend had called his dog. And the sound startled Leonard as he leant, sick at heart, against the stone, he lifted his head and looked wistfully, eagerly, into Harley's face. Those eyes, bright, clear, yet so strangely deep and absent, which Helen had described, met his own, and chained them. For L'Estrange halted also; the boy's countenance was not unfamiliar to him. He returned the inquiring look fixed on his own, and recognized the student by the book-stall.

"The dog is quite harmless, sir," said L'Estrange, with a smile.

"And you called him Nero?" said Leonard, still gazing on the stranger.

Harley mistook the drift of the question.

"Nero, sir; but he is free from the sanguinary propensities of his Roman namesake." Harley was about to pass on, when Leonard said falteringly,—

"Pardon me, but can it be possible that you are one whom I have sought in vain, on behalf of the child of Captain Digby?"

Harley stopped short. "Digby!" he exclaimed, "where is he? He should have found me easily. I gave him an address."

"Ah, Heaven be thanked," cried Leonard. "Helen is saved; she will not die;" and he burst into tears.

A very few moments, and a very few words sufficed to explain to Harley the state of his old fellow-soldier's orphan. And Harley himself soon stood in the young sufferer's room, supporting her burning temples on his breast, and whispering into ears that heard him, as in a happy dream, "Comfort, comfort; your father yet lives in me."

And then Helen, raising her eyes, said "But Leonard is my brother—more than brother—and he needs a father's care more than I do."

"Hush, hush, Helen. I need no one—nothing now!" cried Leonard; and his tears gushed over the little hand that clasped his own.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Harley L'Estrange was a man whom all things that belong to the romantic and poetic side of our human life deeply impressed. When he came to learn the tie between these two children of nature, standing side by side, alone amidst the storms of fate, his heart was more deeply moved than it had been for many years. In those dreary attics, overshadowed by the smoke and reek of the humble suburb—the workday world in its harshest and tritest forms below and around them—he recognized that divine poem which comes out from all union between the mind and the heart. Here, on the rough deal table, (the ink scarcely dry,) lay the writings of the young wrestler for fame and bread; there, on the other side the partition, on that mean pallet, lay the boy's sole comforter—the all that warmed his heart with living mortal affection. On one side the wall, the world of imagination; on the other this world of grief and of love. And in both, a spirit equally sublime—unselfish Devotion—"the something afar from the sphere of our sorrow."

He looked round the room into which he had followed Leonard, on quitting Helen's bedside. He noted the MSS. on the table, and, pointing to them, said gently, "And these are the labors by which you supported the soldier's orphan?—soldier yourself, in a hard battle!" [Pg 540]

"The battle was lost—I could not support her," replied Leonard mournfully.

"But you did not desert her. When Pandora's box was opened, they say Hope lingered last——"

"False, false," said Leonard; "a heathen's notion. There are deities that linger behind Hope;—Gratitude, Love, and Duty."

"Yours is no common nature," exclaimed Harley, admiringly, "but I must sound it more deeply hereafter; at present I hasten for the physician; I shall return with him. We must move that poor child from this low close air as soon as possible. Meanwhile, let me qualify your rejection of the old fable. Wherever Gratitude, Love, and Duty remain to man, believe me that Hope is there too, though she may be oft invisible, hidden behind the sheltering wings of the nobler deities."

Harley said this with that wondrous smile of his, which cast a brightness over the whole room—and went away.

Leonard stole softly towards the grimy window; and looking up towards the stars that shone pale over the roof-tops, he murmured, "O thou, the All-seeing and All-merciful!—how it comforts me now to think that though my dreams of knowledge may have sometimes obscured the Heaven, I never doubted that Thou wert there!—as luminous and everlasting, though behind the cloud!" So, for a few minutes, he prayed silently—then passed into Helen's room, and sat beside her motionless, for she slept. She woke just as Harley returned with a physician, and then Leonard,

returning to his own room, saw amongst his papers the letter he had written to Mr. Dale; and muttering, "I need not disgrace my calling—I need not be the mendicant now"—held the letter to the flame of the candle. And while he said this, and as the burning tinder dropped on the floor, the sharp hunger, unfelt during his late anxious emotion, gnawed at his entrails. Still even hunger could not reach that noble pride which had yielded to a sentiment nobler than itself—and he smiled as he repeated, "No mendicant!—the life that I was sworn to guard is saved. I can raise against Fate the front of the Man once more."

CHAPTER XIX.

A few days afterwards, and Helen, removed to a pure air, and under the advice of the first physicians, was out of all danger.

It was a pretty detached cottage, with its windows looking over the wild heaths of Norwood, to which Harley rode daily to watch the convalescence of his young charge—an object in life was already found. As she grew better and stronger, he coaxed her easily into talking, and listened to her with pleased surprise. The heart so infantine, and the sense so womanly, struck him much by its rare contrast and combination. Leonard, whom he had insisted on placing also in the cottage, had stayed there willingly till Helen's recovery was beyond question. Then he came to Lord L'Estrange, as the latter was about one day to leave the cottage, and said quietly, "Now, my Lord, that Helen is safe, and now that she will need me no more, I can no longer be a pensioner on your bounty. I return to London."

"You are my visitor—not my pensioner, foolish boy," said Harley, who had already noticed the pride which spoke in that farewell; "come into the garden, and let us talk."

Harley seated himself on a bench on the little lawn; Nero crouched at his feet; Leonard stood beside him.

"So," said Lord L'Estrange, "you would return to London!—What to do?"

"Fulfil my fate."

"And that?"

"I cannot guess. Fate is the Isis whose veil no mortal can ever raise."

"You should be born for great things," said Harley, abruptly. "I am sure that you write well. I have seen that you study with passion. Better than writing and better than study, you have a noble heart, and the proud desire of independence. Let me see your MSS., or any copies of what you have already printed. Do not hesitate—I ask but to be a reader. I don't pretend to be a patron; it is a word I hate."

Leonard's eyes sparkled through their sudden moisture. He brought out his portfolio, placed it on the bench beside Harley, and then went softly to the further part of the garden. Nero looked after him, and then rose and followed him slowly. The boy seated himself on the turf, and Nero rested his dull head on the loud heart of the poet.

Harley took up the various papers before him and read them through leisurely. Certainly he was no critic. He was not accustomed to analyse what pleased or displeased him; but his perceptions were quick, and his taste exquisite. As he read, his countenance, always so genuinely expressive, exhibited now doubt and now admiration. He was soon struck by the contrast in the boy's writings; between the pieces that sported with fancy, and those that grappled with thought. In the first, the young poet seemed so unconscious of his own individuality. His imagination, afar and aloft from the scenes of his suffering, ran riot amidst a paradise of happy golden creations. But in the last, the THINKER stood out alone and mournful, questioning, in troubled sorrow, the hard world on which he gazed. All in the thought was unsettled, tumultuous; all in the fancy, serene, and peaceful. The genius seemed divided into twain shapes; the one bathing its wings amidst the starry dews of heaven; the other wandering "melancholy, slow," amidst desolate and boundless sands. Harley gently laid down the paper and mused a little while. Then he rose and walked to Leonard, gazing on his countenance as he neared the boy, with a new and deeper interest. [Pg 541]

"I have read your papers," he said, "and recognize in them two men, belonging to two worlds, essentially distinct."

Leonard started, and murmured, "True, true!"

"I apprehend," resumed Harley, "that one of these men must either destroy the other, or that the two must become fused and harmonized into a single existence. Get your hat, mount my groom's horse, and come with me to London; we will converse by the way. Look you, I believe you and I agree in this, that the first object of every noble spirit is independence. It is towards this independence that I alone presume to assist you; and this is a service which the proudest man can receive without a blush."

Leonard lifted his eyes towards Harley's, and those eyes swam with grateful tears; but his heart was too full to answer.

"I am not one of those," said Harley, when they were on the road, "who think that because a young man writes poetry he is fit for nothing else, and that he must be a poet or a pauper. I have said that in you there seem to me to be two men, the man of the Ideal world, the man of the Actual. To each of these men I can offer a separate career. The first is perhaps the more tempting. It is the

interest of the state to draw into its service all the talent and industry it can obtain; and under his native state every citizen of a free country should be proud to take service. I have a friend who is a minister, and who is known to encourage talent—Audley Egerton. I have but to say to him, 'There is a young man who will well repay to the government whatever the government bestows on him' and you will rise to-morrow independent in means, and with fair occasions to attain to fortune and distinction. This is one offer, what say you to it?"

Leonard thought bitterly of his interview with Audley Egerton, and the minister's proffered crown-piece. He shook his head and replied—

"Oh, my lord, how have I deserved such kindness? Do with me what you will; but if I have the option, I would rather follow my own calling. This is not the ambition that inflames me."

"Hear, then, the other offer. I have a friend with whom I am less intimate than Egerton, and who has nothing in his gift to bestow. I speak of a man of letters—Henry Norreys—of whom you have doubtless heard, who, I should say, conceived an interest in you when he observed you reading at the book-stall. I have often heard him say, that literature as a profession is misunderstood, and that rightly followed, with the same pains and the same prudence which are brought to bear on other professions, a competence at least can be always ultimately obtained. But the way may be long and tedious—and it leads to no power but over thought; it rarely attains to wealth; and, though *reputation* may be certain, *Fame*, such as poets dream of, is the lot of few. What say you to this course?"

"My lord, I decide," said Leonard, firmly; and then his young face lighting up with enthusiasm, he exclaimed. "Yes, if, as you say, there be two men within me, I feel, that were I condemned wholly to the mechanical and practical world, one would indeed destroy the other. And the conqueror would be the ruder and the coarser. Let me pursue those ideas that, though they have but flitted across me vague and formless—have ever soared towards the sunlight. No matter whether or not they lead to fortune or to fame, at least they will lead me upward! Knowledge for itself I desire—what care I, if it be not power?"

"Enough," said Harley, with a pleased smile at his young companion's outburst. "As you decide so shall it be settled. And now permit me, if not impertinent, to ask you a few questions. Your name is Leonard Fairfield?"

The boy blushed deeply, and bowed his head as if in assent.

"Helen says you are self-taught; for the rest she refers me to you—thinking, perhaps, that I should esteem you less—rather than yet more highly—if she said you were, as I presume to conjecture, of humble birth."

"My birth," said Leonard, slowly, "is very—very—humble."

"The name of Fairfield is not unknown to me. There was one of that name who married into a family in Lansmere—married an Avenel—" continued Harley—and his voice quivered. "You change countenance. Oh, could your mother's name have been Avenel?"

"Yes," said Leonard, between his set teeth. Harley laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Then indeed I have a claim on you—then, indeed, we are friends. I have a right to serve any of that family."

Leonard looked at him in surprise—"For," continued Harley, recovering himself, "they always served my family; and my recollections of Lansmere, though boyish, are indelible." He spurred on his horse as the words closed—and again there was a long pause; but from that time Harley always spoke to Leonard in a soft voice, and often gazed on him with earnest and kindly eyes.

They reached a house in a central, though not fashionable street. A man-servant of a singularly grave and awful aspect opened the door; a man who had lived all his life with authors. Poor devil, he was indeed prematurely old! The care on his lip and the pomp on his brow—no mortal's pen can describe!

"Is Mr. Norreys at home?" asked Harley.

"He is at home—to his friends, my lord," answered the man, majestically; and he stalked across the hall with the step of a Dangeau ushering some Montmorenci to the presence of *Louis le Grand*. [Pg 542]

"Stay—show this gentleman into another room. I will go first into the library; wait for me, Leonard." The man nodded, and ushered Leonard into the dining-room. Then pausing before the door of the library, and listening an instant, as if fearful to disturb some mood of inspiration, opened it very softly. To his ineffable disgust, Harley pushed before, and entered abruptly. It was a large room, lined with books from the floor to the ceiling. Books were on all the tables—books were on all the chairs. Harley seated himself on a folio of Raleigh's History of the World, and cried —

"I have brought you a treasure!"

"What is it?" said Norreys, good-humoredly, looking up from his desk.

"A mind!"

"A mind!" echoed Norreys, vaguely. "Your own?"

"Pooh—I have none—I have only a heart and a fancy. Listen. You remember the boy we saw

reading at the book-stall. I have caught him for you, and you shall train him into a man. I have the warmest interest in his future—for I knew some of his family—and one of that family was very dear to me. As for money, he has not a shilling, and not a shilling would he accept gratis from you or me either. But he comes with bold heart to work—and work you must find him." Harley then rapidly told his friend of the two offers he had made to Leonard—and Leonard's choice.

"This promises very well; for letters a man must have a strong vocation as he should have for law —I will do all that you wish."

Harley rose with alertness—shook Norreys cordially by the hand—hurried out of the room, and returned with Leonard.

Mr. Norreys eyed the young man with attention. He was naturally rather severe than cordial in his manner to strangers—contrasting in this, as in most things, the poor vagabond Burley. But he was a good judge of the human countenance, and he liked Leonard's. After a pause he held out his hand.

"Sir," said he, "Lord L'Estrange tells me that you wish to enter literature as a calling, and no doubt to study it is an art. I may help you in this, and you meanwhile can help me. I want an amanuensis —I offer you that place. The salary will be proportioned to the services you will render me. I have a room in my house at your disposal. When I first came up to London, I made the same choice that I hear you have done. I have no cause, even in a worldly point of view, to repent my choice. It gave me an income larger than my wants. I trace my success to these maxims, which are applicable to all professions—1st, Never to trust to genius—for what can be obtained by labor; 2dly, Never to profess to teach what we have not studied to understand; 3dly, Never to engage our word to what we do not do our best to execute. With these rules literature, provided a man does not mistake his vocation for it, and will, under good advice, go through the preliminary discipline of natural powers, which all vocations require, is as good a calling as any other. Without them a shoeblack's is infinitely better."

"Possible enough," muttered Harley; "but there have been great writers who observed none of your maxims."

"Great writers, probably, but very unenviable men. My Lord, my Lord, don't corrupt the pupil you bring to me." Harley smiled and took his departure, and left Genius at school with Common Sense and Experience.

CHAPTER XX.

While Leonard Fairfield had been obscurely wrestling against poverty, neglect, hunger, and dread temptations, bright had been the opening day, and smooth the upward path, of Randal Leslie. Certainly no young man, able and ambitious, could enter life under fairer auspices; the connection and avowed favorite of a popular and energetic statesman, the brilliant writer of a political work, that had lifted him at once into a station of his own—received and courted in those highest circles, to which neither rank nor fortune alone suffices for a familiar passport—the circles above fashion itself—the circles of power—with every facility of augmenting information, and learning the world betimes through the talk of its acknowledged masters,—Randal had but to move straight onward, and success was sure. But his tortuous spirit delighted in scheme and intrigue for their own sake. In scheme and intrigue he saw shorter paths to fortune, if not to fame. His besetting sin was also his besetting weakness. He did not aspire—he *coveted*. Though in a far higher social position than Frank Hazeldean, despite the worldly prospects of his old school-fellow, he coveted the very things that kept Frank Hazeldean below him—coveted his idle gaieties, his careless pleasures, his very waste of youth. Thus, also, Randal less aspired to Audley Egerton's repute than he coveted Audley Egerton's wealth and pomp, his princely expenditure, and his Castle Rackrent in Grosvenor Square. It was the misfortune of his birth to be so near to both these fortunes—near to that of Leslie, as the future head of that fallen house,—near even to that of Hazeldean, since as we have seen before, if the Squire had had no son, Randal's descent from the Hazeldeans suggested himself as the one on whom these broad lands should devolve. Most young men, brought into intimate contact with Audley Egerton, would have felt for that personage a certain loyal and admiring, if not very affectionate, respect. For there was something grand in Egerton—something that commands and fascinates the young. His determined courage, his energetic will, his almost regal liberality, contrasting a simplicity in personal tastes and habits that was almost austere—his [Pg 543] rare and seemingly unconscious power of charming even the women most wearied of homage, and persuading even the men most obdurate to counsel—all served to invest the practical man with those spells which are usually confined to the ideal one. But indeed, Audley Egerton was an Ideal —the ideal of the Practical. Not the mere vulgar, plodding, red-tape machine of petty business, but the man of strong sense, inspired by inflexible energy, and guided to definite earthly objects. In a dissolute and corrupt form of government, under a decrepit monarchy, or a vitiated republic, Audley Egerton might have been a most dangerous citizen; for his ambition was so resolute, and his sight to its ends was so clear. But there is something in public life in England which compels the really ambitious man to honor, unless his eyes are jaundiced and oblique like Randal Leslie's. It is so necessary in England to be a gentleman. And thus Egerton was emphatically considered a *gentleman*. Without the least pride in other matters, with little apparent sensitiveness, touch him on the point of gentleman, and no one so sensitive and so proud. As Randal saw more of him, and watched his moods with the lynx eyes of the household spy, he could perceive that this hard mechanical man was subject to fits of melancholy, even of gloom, and though they did not last long, there was even in his habitual coldness an evidence of something comprest, latent, painful,

lying deep within his memory. This would have interested the kindly feelings of a grateful heart. But Randal detected and watched it only as a clue to some secret it might profit him to gain. For Randal Leslie hated Egerton; and hated him the more because with all his book knowledge and his conceit in his own talents, he could not despise his patron—because he had not yet succeeded in making his patron the mere tool or stepping-stone—because he thought that Egerton's keen eye saw through his wily heart, even while, as if in profound disdain, the minister helped the protégé. But this last suspicion was unsound. Egerton had not detected Leslie's corrupt and treacherous nature. He might have other reasons for keeping him at a certain distance, but he inquired too little into Randal's feelings towards himself to question the attachment, or doubt the sincerity of one who owed to him so much. But that which more than all embittered Randal's feelings towards Egerton, was the careful and deliberate frankness with which the latter had, more than once repeated, and enforced the odious announcement, that Randal had nothing to expect from the ministers—WILL, nothing to expect from that wealth which glared in the hungry eyes of the pauper heir to the Leslies of Rood. To whom, then, could Egerton mean to devise his fortune? To whom but Frank Hazeldean. Yet Audley took so little notice of his nephew—seemed so indifferent to him, that that supposition, however natural, seemed exposed to doubt. The astuteness of Randal was perplexed. Meanwhile, however, the less he himself could rely upon Egerton for fortune, the more he revolved the possible chances of ousting Frank from the inheritance of Hazeldean—in part, at least, if not wholly. To one less scheming, crafty, and remorseless than Randal Leslie with every day became more and more, such a project would have seemed the wildest delusion. But there was something fearful in the manner in which this young man sought to turn knowledge into power, and make the study of all weakness in others subservient to his own ends. He wormed himself thoroughly into Frank's confidence. He learned through Frank all the Squire's peculiarities of thought and temper, and thoroughly pondered over each word in the father's letters, which the son gradually got into the habit of showing to the perfidious eyes of his friend. Randal saw that the Squire had two characteristics which are very common amongst proprietors, and which might be invoked as antagonists to his warm fatherly love. First, the Squire was as fond of his estate as if it were a living thing, and part of his own flesh and blood; and in his lectures to Frank upon the sin of extravagance, the Squire always let out this foible:—"What was to become of the estate if it fell into the hands of a spendthrift? No man should make ducks and drakes of Hazeldean; let Frank beware of *that*," &c. Secondly, the Squire was not only fond of his lands, but he was jealous of them—that jealousy which even the tenderest father sometimes entertains towards their natural heirs. He could not bear the notion that Frank should count on his death; and he seldom closed an admonitory letter without repeating the information that Hazeldean was not entailed; that it was his to do with as he pleased through life and in death. Indirect menace of this nature rather wounded and galled than intimidated Frank; for the young man was extremely generous and high-spirited by nature, and was always more disposed to some indiscretion after such warnings to his self-interest, as if to show that those were the last kinds of appeal likely to influence him. By the help of such insights into the character of father and son, Randal thought he saw gleams of daylight illumining his own chance of the lands of Hazeldean. Meanwhile it appeared to him obvious that, come what might of it, his own interests could not lose, and might most probably gain, by whatever could alienate the Squire from his natural heir. Accordingly, though with consummate tact, he instigated Frank towards the very excesses most calculated to irritate the Squire, all the while appealing rather to give the counter advice, and never sharing in any of the follies to which he conducted his thoughtless friend. In this he worked chiefly through others, introducing Frank to every acquaintance most dangerous to youth, either from the wit that laughs at prudence, or the spurious magnificence that subsists so handsomely upon bills endorsed by friends of "great expectations." [Pg 544]

The minister and his protégé were seated at breakfast, the first reading the newspaper, the last glancing over his letters; for Randal had arrived to the dignity of receiving many letters—ay, and notes too, three-cornered, and fantastically embossed. Egerton uttered an exclamation, and laid down the paper. Randal looked up from his correspondence. The minister had sunk into one of his absent reveries.

After a long silence, observing that Egerton did not return to the newspaper, Randal said, "Ehem—sir, I have a note from Frank Hazeldean, who wants much to see me; his father has arrived in town unexpectedly."

"What brings him here?" asked Egerton, still abstractedly.

"Why, it seems that he has heard some vague reports of poor Frank's extravagance, and Frank is either afraid or ashamed to meet him."

"Ay—a very great fault extravagance in the young!—destroys independence; ruins or enslaves the future. Great fault—very! And what does youth want that it should be extravagant? Has it not every thing in itself merely because it *is*? Youth is youth—what needs it more?"

Egerton rose as he said this, and retired to his writing-table, and in his turn opened his correspondence. Randal took up the newspaper, and endeavored, but in vain, to conjecture what had excited the minister's exclamation, and the reverie that succeeded it.

Egerton suddenly and sharply turned round in his chair—"If you have done with the *Times*, have the goodness to place it here."

Randal had just obeyed, when a knock at the street-door was heard, and presently Lord L'Estrange came into the room, with somewhat a quicker step, and somewhat a gayer mien than usual.

Audley's hand, as if mechanically, fell upon the newspaper—fell upon that part of the columns devoted to births, deaths, and marriages. Randal stood by, and noted; then, bowing to L'Estrange, left the room.

"Audley," said L'Estrange, "I have had an adventure since I saw you—an adventure that reopened the Past, and may influence my future."

"How?"

"In the first place, I have met with a relation of—of—the Avenels."

"Indeed! Whom—Richard Avenel?"

"Richard—Richard—who is he? Oh, I remember; the wild lad who went off to America; but that was when I was a mere child."

"That Richard Avenel is now a rich thriving trader, and his marriage is in this newspaper—married to an honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. Well—in this country—who should plume himself on birth?"

"You did not say so always, Egerton," replied Harley, with a tone of mournful reproach.

"And I say so now, pertinently to a Mrs. M'Catchley, not to the heir of the L'Estranges. But no more of these—these Avenels."

"Yes, more of them. I tell you I have met a relation of theirs—a nephew of—of—

"Of Richard Avenel's?" interrupted Egerton; and then added in the slow, deliberate, argumentative tone in which he was wont to speak in public: "Richard Avenel the trader! I saw him once—a presuming and intolerable man!"

"The nephew has not those sins. He is full of promise, of modesty, yet of pride. And his countenance—oh, Egerton, he has *her* eyes."

Egerton made no answer. And Harley resumed—

"I had thought of placing him under your care. I knew you would provide for him."

"I will. Bring him hither," cried Egerton eagerly. "All that I can do to prove my—regard for a wish of yours."

Harley pressed his friend's hand warmly.

"I thank you from my heart; the Audley of my boyhood speaks now. But the young man has decided otherwise; and I do not blame him. Nay, I rejoice that he chooses a career in which, if he find hardship, he may escape dependence."

"And that career is—"

"Letters."

"Letters—Literature!" exclaimed the statesman. "Beggary! No, no, Harley, this is your absurd romance."

"It will not be beggary, and it is not my romance: it is the boy's. Leave him alone, he is in my care and my charge henceforth. He is of *her* blood, and I said that he had *her* eyes."

"But you are going abroad; let me know where he is; I will watch over him."

"And unsettle a right ambition for a wrong one? No—you shall know nothing of him till he can proclaim himself. I think that day will come."

Audley mused a moment, and then said, "Well, perhaps you are right. After all, as you say, independence is a great blessing, and my ambition has not rendered myself the better or the happier."

"Yet, my poor Audley, you ask me to be ambitious."

"I only wish you to be consoled," cried Egerton with passion.

"I will try to be so; and by the help of a milder remedy than yours. I said that my adventure might influence my future; it brought me acquainted not only with the young man I speak of, but the most winning, affectionate child—a girl."

"Is this child an Avenel too?"

"No, she is of gentle blood—a soldier's daughter; the daughter of that Captain Digby, on whose behalf I was a petitioner to your patronage. He is dead, and in dying, my name was on his lips. He meant me, doubtless, to be the guardian to his orphan. I shall be so. I have at last an object in life." [Pg 545]

"But can you seriously mean to take this child with you abroad?"

"Seriously, I do."

"And lodge her in your own house?"

"For a year or so while she is yet a child. Then, as she approaches youth, I shall place her

elsewhere."

"You may grow to love her. Is it clear that she will love you?—not mistake gratitude for love? It is a very hazardous experiment."

"So was William the Norman's—still he was William the Conqueror. Thou biddest me move on from the past, and be consoled, yet thou wouldst make me as inapt to progress as the mule in Slawkenbergius's tale, with thy cursed interlocutions, 'Stumbling, by St. Nicholas, every step. Why, at this rate, we shall be all night getting into—' *Happiness!* Listen," continued Harley, setting off, full pelt, into one of his wild whimsical humors. "One of the sons of the prophets in Israel, felling wood near the River Jordan, his hatchet forsook the helve, and fell to the bottom of the river; so he prayed to have it again, (it was but a small request, mark you;) and having a strong faith, he did not throw the hatchet after the helve, but the helve after the hatchet. Presently two great miracles were seen. Up springs the hatchet from the bottom of the water, and fixes itself to its old acquaintance, the helve. Now, had he wished to coach it to Heaven in a fiery chariot like Elias, be as rich as Job, strong as Samson, and beautiful as Absalom, would he have obtained it, do you think? In truth, my friend, I question it very much."

"I cannot comprehend what you mean. Sad stuff you are talking."

"I can't help that; Rabelais is to be blamed for it. I am quoting him, and it is to be found in his prologue to the chapters on the Moderation of Wishes. And apropos of 'moderate wishes in point of hatchet,' I want you to understand that I ask but little from Heaven. I fling but the helve after the hatchet that has sunk into the silent stream. I want the other half of the weapon that is buried fathom deep, and for want of which the thick woods darken round me by the Sacred River, and I can catch not a glimpse of the stars."

"In plain English," said Audley Egerton, "you want"—he stopped short, puzzled.

"I want my purpose and my will, and my old character, and the nature God gave me. I want the half of my soul which has fallen from me. I want such love as may replace to me the vanished affections. Reason not—I throw the helve after the hatchet."

CHAPTER XXI.

Randal Leslie, on leaving Audley, repaired to Frank's lodgings, and after being closeted with the young guardsman an hour or so, took his way to Limmer's hotel, and asked for Mr. Hazeldean. He was shown into the coffee-room, while the waiter went up stairs with his card, to see if the Squire was within, and disengaged. The *Times* newspaper lay sprawling on one of the tables, and Randal, leaning over it, looked with attention into the column containing births, deaths, and marriages. But in that long and miscellaneous list, he could not conjecture the name which had so excited Mr. Egerton's interest.

"Vexatious!" he muttered; "there is no knowledge which has power more useful than that of the secrets of men."

He turned as the waiter entered, and said that Mr. Hazeldean would be glad to see him.

As Randal entered the drawing-room, the Squire shaking hands with him, looked towards the door as if expecting some one else, and his honest face assumed a blank expression of disappointment when the door closed, and he found that Randal was unaccompanied.

"Well," said he bluntly, "I thought your old school-fellow, Frank, might have been with you."

"Have not you seen him yet, sir?"

"No, I came to town this morning; travelled outside the mail; sent to his barracks, but the young gentleman does not sleep there—has an apartment of his own; he never told me that. We are a plain family, the Hazeldeans—young sir; and I hate being kept in the dark, by my own son too."

Randal made no answer, but looked sorrowful. The Squire, who had never before seen his kinsman, had a vague idea that it was not quite polite to entertain a stranger, though a connection to himself, with his family troubles, and so resumed good-naturedly:

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance at last, Mr. Leslie. You know, I hope, that you have good Hazeldean blood in your veins?"

Randal, (smilingly).—"I am not likely to forget that; it is the boast of our pedigree."

Squire, (heartily.)—"Shake hands again on it, my boy. You don't want a friend, since my grandee of a half-brother has taken you up; but if ever you should, Hazeldean is not very far from Rood. Can't get on with your father at all, my lad—more's the pity, for I think I could have given him a hint or two as to the improvement of his property. If he would plant those ugly commons—larch and fir soon come into profit, sir; and there are some low lands about Rood that would take mighty kindly to draining."

Randal.—"My poor father lives a life so retired, and you cannot wonder at it. Fallen trees lie still, and so do fallen families."

Squire.—"Fallen families can get up again, which fallen trees can't."

Randal.—"Ah, sir, it often takes the energy of generations to repair the thriftlessness and [Pg 546]

extravagance of a single owner."

Squire, (his brow lowering.)—"That's very true. Frank *is* d——d extravagant; treats me very coolly, too—not coming; near three o'clock. By the by, I suppose he told you where I was, otherwise how did you find me out!"

Randal, (reluctantly.)—"Sir, he did; and, to speak frankly, I am not surprised that he has not yet appeared."

Squire.—"Eh?"

Randal.—"We have grown very intimate."

Squire.—"So he writes me word—and I am glad of it. Our member, Sir John, tells me you are a very clever fellow, and a very steady one. And Frank says that he wishes he had your prudence, if he can't have your talents. He has a good heart, Frank," added the father, relentingly. "But, zounds, sir, you say you are not surprised he has not come to welcome his own father?"

"My dear sir," said Randal, "you wrote word to Frank that you had heard from Sir John and others, of his goings-on, and that you were not satisfied with his replies to your letters."

"Well."

"And then you suddenly come up to town."

"Well."

"Well. And Frank is ashamed to meet you. For, as you say, he has been extravagant, and he has exceeded his allowance; and, knowing my respect for you, and my great affection for himself, he has asked me to prepare you to receive his confession and forgive him. I know I am taking a great liberty. I have no right to interfere between father and son; but pray—pray think I mean for the best."

"Humph!" said the Squire, recovering himself very slowly, and showing evident pain. "I knew already that Frank had spent more than he ought; but I think he should not have employed a third person to prepare me to forgive him. (Excuse me—no offence.) And if he wanted a third person, was not there his own mother? What the devil!—(firing up)—am I a tyrant—a bashaw—that my own son is afraid to speak to me? Gad, I'll give it him?"

"Pardon me, sir," said Randal, assuming at once that air of authority which superior intellect so well carries off and excuses. "But I strongly advise you not to express any anger at Frank's confidence in me. At present I have influence over him. Whatever you may think of his extravagance, I have saved him from many an indiscretion, and many a debt—a young man will listen to one of his own age so much more readily than even to the kindest friend of graver years. Indeed, sir, I speak for your sake as well as for Frank's. Let me keep this influence over him; and don't reproach him for the confidence he placed in me. Nay, let him rather think that I have softened any displeasure you might otherwise have felt."

There seemed so much good sense in what Randal said, and the kindness of it seemed so disinterested, that the Squire's native shrewdness was deceived.

"You are a fine young fellow," said he, "and I am very much obliged to you. Well, I suppose there is no putting old heads upon young shoulders; and I promise you I'll not say an angry word to Frank. I dare say, poor boy, he is very much afflicted, and I long to shake hands with him. So, set his mind at ease."

"Ah, sir," said Randal, with much apparent emotion, "your son may well love you; and it seems to be a hard matter for so kind a heart as yours to preserve the proper firmness with him."

"Oh, I can be firm enough," quoth the squire—"especially when I don't see him—handsome dog that he is—very like his mother—don't you think so?"

"I never saw his mother, sir."

"Gad! Not seen my Harry! No more you have; you must come and pay us a visit. We have your grandmother's picture, when she was a girl, with a crook in one hand and a bunch of lilies in the other. I suppose my half-brother will let you come?"

"To be sure, sir. Will you not call on him while you are in town?

"Not I. He would think I expected to get something from the Government. Tell him the ministers must go on a little better, if they want my vote for their member. But go. I see you are impatient to tell Frank that all's forgot and forgiven. Come and dine with him here at six, and let him bring his bills in his pocket. Oh, I shan't scold him."

"Why, as to that," said Randal, smiling, "I think (forgive me still) that you should not take it too easily; just as I think that you had better not blame him for his very natural and praiseworthy shame in approaching you, so I think, also, that you should do nothing that would tend to diminish that shame—it is such a check on him. And therefore, if you can contrive to affect to be angry with him for his extravagance, it will do good."

"You speak like a book, and I'll try my best."

"If you threaten, for instance, to take him out of the army, and settle him in the country, it would

have a very good effect."

"What! would he think it so great a punishment to come home and live with his parents?"

"I don't say that; but he is naturally so fond of London. At his age, and with his large inheritance, *that* is natural."

"Inheritance!" said the Squire, moodily—"inheritance! he is not thinking of that, I trust? Zounds, sir, I have as good a life as his own. Inheritance!—to be sure the Casino property is entailed on him; but, as for the rest, sir, I am no tenant for life. I could leave the Hazeldean lands to my ploughman, if I chose it. Inheritance, indeed!" [Pg 547]

"My dear sir, I did not mean to imply that Frank would entertain the unnatural and monstrous idea of calculating on your death; and all we have to do is to get him to sow his wild oats as soon as possible—marry, and settle down into the country. For it would be a thousand pities if his town habits and tastes grew permanent—a bad thing for the Hazeldean property, that. And," added Randal, laughing, "I feel an interest in the old place, since my grandmother comes of the stock. So, just force yourself to seem angry, and grumble a little when you pay the bills."

"Ah, ah, trust me," said the Squire, doggedly and with a very altered air, "I am much obliged to you for these hints, my young kinsman." And his stout hand trembled a little as he extended it to Randal.

Leaving Limmer's, Randal hastened to Frank's rooms in St. James's Street. "My dear fellow," said he, when he entered, "it is very fortunate that I persuaded you to let me break matters to your father. You might well say he was rather passionate; but I have contrived to soothe him. You need not fear that he will not pay your debts."

"I never feared that," said Frank changing color; "I only fear his anger. But, indeed, I feared his kindness still more. What a reckless hound I have been! However, it shall be a lesson to me. And my debts once paid, I will turn as economical as yourself."

"Quite right, Frank. And, indeed, I am a little afraid that when your father knows the total, he may execute a threat that would be very unpleasant to you."

"What's that?"

"Make you sell out, and give up London."

"The devil!" exclaimed Frank, with fervent emphasis; "that would be treating me like a child."

"Why, it *would* make you seem rather ridiculous to your set, which is not a very rural one. And you, who like London so much, and are so much the fashion."

"Don't talk of it," cried Frank, walking to and fro the room in great disorder.

"Perhaps on the whole, it might be well not to say all you owe, at once. If you named half the sum, your father would let you off with a lecture; and really I tremble at the effect of the total."

"But how shall I pay the other half?"

"Oh, you must save from your allowance; it is a very liberal one; and the tradesmen are not pressing."

"No—but the cursed bill-brokers"—

"Always renew to a young man of your expectations. And if I get into an office, I can always help you, my dear Frank."

"Ah, Randal, I am not so bad as to take advantage of your friendship," said Frank warmly. "But it seems to me mean, after all, and a sort of a lie, indeed, disguising the real state of my affairs. I should not have listened to the idea from any one else. But you are such a sensible, kind, honorable fellow."

"After epithets so flattering, I shrink from the responsibility of advice. But apart from your own interests, I should be glad to save your father the pain he would feel at knowing the whole extent of the scrape you have got into. And if it entailed on you the necessity to lay by—and give up hazard, and not be security for other men—why it would be the best thing that could happen. Really, too, it seems hard on Mr. Hazeldean, that he should be the only sufferer, and quite just that you should bear half your own burdens."

"So it is, Randal; that did not strike me before. I will take your counsel; and now I will go at once to Limmer's. My dear father! I hope he is looking well?"

"Oh, very. Such a contrast to the sallow Londoners! But I think you had better not go till dinner. He has asked me to meet you at six. I will call for you a little before, and we can go together. This will prevent a great deal of *gêne* and constraint. Good-bye till then.—Ha!—by the way, I think if I were you, I would not take the matter too seriously and penitentially. You see the best of fathers like to keep their sons under their thumb, as the saying is. And if you want at your age to preserve your independence, and not be hurried off and buried in the country, like a school-boy in disgrace, a little manliness of bearing would not be amiss. You can think over it."

The dinner at Limmer's went off very differently from what it ought to have done. Randal's words had sunk deep, and rankled sorely in the Squire's mind; and that impression imparted a certain

coldness to his manner which belied the hearty, forgiving, generous impulse with which he had come up to London, and which even Randal had not yet altogether whispered away. On the other hand, Frank, embarrassed both by the sense of disingenuousness, and a desire "not to take the thing too seriously," seemed to the Squire ungracious and thankless.

After dinner, the Squire began to hum and haw, and Frank to color up and shrink. Both felt discomposed by the presence of a third person; till, with an art and address worthy of a better cause, Randal himself broke the ice, and so contrived to remove the restraint he had before imposed, that at length each was heartily glad to have matters made clear and brief by his dexterity and tact.

Frank's debts were not in reality, large; and when he named the half of them—looking down in shame—the Squire, agreeably surprised, was about to express himself with a liberal heartiness that would have opened his son's excellent heart at once to him. But a warning look from Randal [Pg 548] checked the impulse; and the Squire thought it right, as he had promised, to affect an anger he did not feel, and let fall the unlucky threat, "that it was all very well once in a way to exceed his allowance; but if Frank did not, in future, show more sense than to be led away by a set of London sharks and coxcombs, he must cut the army, come home, and take to farming."

Frank imprudently exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I have no taste for farming. And after London, at my age, the country would be so horribly dull."

"Aha!" said the Squire, very grimly—and he thrust back into his pocket-book some extra bank-notes which his fingers had itched to add to those he had already counted out. "The country is terribly dull, is it? Money goes there not upon follies and vices, but upon employing honest laborers, and increasing the wealth of the nation. It does not please you to spend money in that way: it is a pity you should ever be plagued with such duties."

"My dear father—"

"Hold your tongue, you puppy. Oh, I dare say, if you were in my shoes, you would cut down the oaks, and mortgage the property—sell it, for what I know—all go on a cast of the dice! Aha, sir—very well, very well—the country is horribly dull, is it? Pray, stay in town."

"My dear Mr. Hazeldean," said Randal, blandly, and as if with the wish to turn off into a joke what threatened to be serious, "you must not interpret a hasty expression so literally. Why, you would make Frank as bad as Lord A——, who wrote word to his steward to cut down more timber; and when the steward replied, 'There are only three signposts left on the whole estate,' wrote back, '*They've* done growing, at all events—'down with them.' You ought to know Lord A——, sir; so witty; and Frank's particular friend."

"Your particular friend, Master Frank? Pretty friends!"—and the Squire buttoned up the pocket, to which he had transferred his note-book, with a determined air.

"But I'm his friend, too," said Randal, kindly; "and I preach to him properly, I can tell you." Then, as if delicately anxious to change the subject, he began to ask questions upon crops, and the experiment of bone manure. He spoke earnestly, and with *gusto*, yet with the deference of one listening to a great practical authority. Randal had spent the afternoon in cramming the subject from agricultural journals and Parliamentary reports; and, like all practised readers, had really learned in a few hours more than many a man, unaccustomed to study, could gain from books in a year. The Squire was surprised and pleased at the young scholar's information and taste for such subjects.

"But, to be sure," quoth he, with an angry look at poor Frank, "you have good Hazeldean blood in you, and know a bean from a turnip."

"Why, sir," said Randal, ingenuously, "I am training myself for public life; and what is a public man worth if he do not study the agriculture of his country?"

"Right—what is he worth? Put that question, with my compliments, to my half-brother. What stuff he did talk, the other night, on the malt tax, to be sure!"

"Mr. Egerton has had so many other things to think of, that we must excuse his want of information upon one topic, however important. With his strong sense, he must acquire that information, sooner or later; for he is fond of power; and, sir,—knowledge is power!"

"Very true;—very fine saying," quoth the poor Squire, unsuspiciously, as Randal's eye rested upon Mr. Hazeldean's open face, and then glanced towards Frank, who looked sad and bored.

"Yes," repeated Randal, "knowledge is power;" and he shook his head wisely, as he passed the bottle to his host.

Still, when the Squire, who meant to return to the Hall next morning, took leave of Frank, his heart warmed to his son; and still more for Frank's dejected looks. It was not Randal's policy to push estrangement too far at first, and in his own presence.

"Speak to poor Frank—kindly now, sir—do;" whispered he, observing the Squire's watery eyes, as he moved to the window.

The Squire rejoiced to obey—thrust out his hand to his son—"My dear boy," said he, "there, don't fret—pshaw!—it was but a trifle after all. Think no more of it."

Frank took the hand, and suddenly threw his arm round his father's broad shoulder.

"Oh, sir, you are too good—too good." His voice trembled so, that Randal took alarm, passed by him, and touched him meaningly.

The Squire pressed his son to his heart—heart so large, that it seemed to fill the whole width under his broadcloth.

"My dear Frank," said he, half blubbering, "it is not the money; but, you see, it so vexes your poor mother; you must be careful in future; and, zounds, boy, it will be all yours one day; only don't calculate on it; I could not bear *that*—I could not, indeed."

"Calculate!" cried Frank. "Oh, sir, can you think it!"

"I am so delighted that I had some slight hand in your complete reconciliation with Mr. Hazeldean," said Randal, as the young men walked from the hotel. "I saw that you were disheartened, and I told him to speak to you kindly."

"Did you? Ah, I am sorry he needed telling."

"I know his character so well already," said Randal, "that I flatter myself I can always keep things between you as they ought to be. What an excellent man!" [Pg 549]

"The best man in the world!" cried Frank, heartily; and then as his accent drooped, "yet I have deceived him. I have a great mind to go back—"

"And tell him to give you twice as much money as you had asked for. He would think you had only seemed so affectionate in order to take him in. No, no, Frank; save—lay by—economize; and then tell him that you have paid half your own debts. Something high-minded in that."

"So there is. Your heart is as good as your head. Good night."

"Are you going home so early? Have you no engagements?"

"None that I shall keep."

"Good night, then."

They parted, and Randal walked into one of the fashionable clubs. He neared a table, where three or four young men (younger sons, who lived in the most splendid style, heaven knew how) were still over their wine.

Leslie had little in common with these gentlemen; but he forced his nature to be agreeable to them, in consequence of a very excellent piece of worldly advice given to him by Audley Egerton. "Never let the dandies call you a prig," said the statesman. "Many a clever fellow fails through life, because the silly fellows, whom half a word well spoken could make his *claqueurs*, turn him into ridicule. Whatever you are, avoid the fault of most reading men: in a word, don't be a prig!"

"I have just left Hazeldean," said Randal—"what a good fellow he is!"

"Capital," said the honorable George Borrowwell. "Where is he?"

"Why, he is gone to his rooms. He has had a little scene with his father, a thorough, rough country squire. It would be an act of charity if you would go and keep him company, or take him with you to some place a little more lively than his own lodgings."

"What! the old gentleman has been teasing him?—a horrid shame! Why, Frank is not expensive, and he will be very rich—eh?"

"An immense property," said Randal, "and not a mortgage on it; an only son," he added, turning away.

Among these young gentlemen there was a kindly and most benevolent whisper, and presently they all rose, and walked away towards Frank's lodgings.

"The wedge is in the tree," said Randal to himself, "and there is a gap already between the bark and the wood."

CHAPTER XXII.

Harley L'Estrange is seated beside Helen at the lattice-window in the cottage at Norwood. The bloom of reviving health is on the child's face, and she is listening with a smile, for Harley is speaking of Leonard with praise, and of Leonard's future with hope. "And thus," he continued, "secure from his former trials, happy in his occupation, and pursuing the career he has chosen, we must be content, my dear child, to leave him."

"Leave him!" exclaimed Helen, and the rose on her cheek faded.

Harley was not displeased to see her emotion. He would have been disappointed in her heart if it had been less susceptible to affection.

"It is hard on you, Helen," said he, "to separate you from one who has been to you as a brother. Do not hate me for doing so. But I consider myself your guardian, and your home as yet must be mine. We are going from this land of cloud and mist, going as into the world of summer. Well, that does

not content you. You weep, my child; you mourn your own friend, but do not forget your father's. I am alone, and often sad, Helen; will you not comfort me? You press my hand, but you must learn to smile on me also. You are born to be the Comforter. Comforters are not egotists; they are always cheerful when they console."

The voice of Harley was so sweet, and his words went so home to the child's heart, that she looked up and smiled in his face as he kissed her ingenuous brow. But then she thought of Leonard, and felt so solitary—so bereft—that tears burst forth again. Before these were dried, Leonard himself entered, and obeying an irresistible impulse, she sprang to his arms, and, leaning her head on his shoulder, sobbed out, "I am going from you, brother—do not grieve—do not miss me."

Harley was much moved: he folded his arms, and contemplated them both silently—and his own eyes were moist, "This heart," thought he, "will be worth the winning!"

He drew aside Leonard, and whispered, "Soothe but encourage and support her. I leave you together; come to me in the garden later."

It was nearly an hour before Leonard joined Harley.

"She was not weeping when you left her?" asked L'Estrange.

"No; she has more fortitude than we might suppose. Heaven knows how that fortitude has supported mine. I have promised to write to her often."

Harley took two strides across the lawn, and then, coming back to Leonard, said, "Keep your promise, and write often for the first year. I would then ask you to let the correspondence drop gradually."

"Drop!—Ah, my lord!"

"Look you, my young friend, I wish to lead this fair mind wholly from the sorrows of the Past. I wish Helen to enter, not abruptly, but step by step, into a new life. You love each other now as do two children—as brother and sister. But later, if encouraged, would the love be the same? And is it not better for both of you, that youth should open upon the world with youth's natural affections free and unforestalled?" [Pg 550]

"True! and she is so above me," said Leonard, mournfully.

"No one is above him who succeeds in your ambition, Leonard. It is not *that*, believe me!"

Leonard shook his head.

"Perhaps," said Harley, with a smile, "I rather feel that you are above me. For what vantage-ground is so high as youth? Perhaps I may become jealous of you. It is well that she should learn to like one who is to be henceforth her guardian and protector. Yet, how can she like me as she ought, if her heart is to be full of you?"

The boy bowed his head; and Harley hastened to change the subject, and speak of letters and of glory. His words were eloquent, and his voice kindling; for he had been an enthusiast for fame in his boyhood; and in Leonard's his own seemed to him to revive. But the poet's heart gave back no echo—suddenly it seemed void and desolate. Yet when Leonard walked back by the moonlight, he muttered to himself, "Strange—strange—so mere a child, this cannot be love! Still what else to love is there left to me?"

And so he paused upon the bridge where he had so often stood with Helen, and on which he had found the protector that had given to her a home—to himself a career. And life seemed very long, and fame but a dreary phantom. Courage, still, Leonard! These are the sorrows of the heart that teach thee more than all the precepts of sage and critic.

Another day, and Helen had left the shores of England, with her fanciful and dreaming guardian. Years will pass before our tale reopens. Life in all the forms we have seen it travels on. And the Squire farms and hunts; and the Parson preaches and chides and soothes. And Riccabocca reads his Machiavelli, and sighs and smiles as he moralizes on Men and States. And Violante's dark eyes grow deeper and more spiritual in their lustre; and her beauty takes thought from solitary dreams. And Mr. Richard Avenel has his house in London, and the honorable Mrs. Avenel her opera box; and hard and dire is their struggle into fashion, and hotly does the new man, scorning the aristocracy, to pant become aristocrat. And Audley Egerton goes from the office to the Parliament, and drudges, and debates, and helps to govern the empire in which the sun never sets. Poor Sun, how tired he must be—but none more tired than the Government! And Randal Leslie has an excellent place in the bureau of a minister, and is looking to the time when he shall resign it to come into Parliament, and on that large arena turn knowledge into power. And meanwhile, he is much where he was with Audley Egerton; but he has established intimacy with the Squire, and visited Hazeldean twice, and examined the house and the map of the property—and very nearly fallen a second time into the Ha-ha, and the Squire believes that Randal Leslie alone can keep Frank out of mischief, and has spoken rough words to his Harry about Frank's continued extravagance. And Frank does continue to pursue pleasure, and is very miserable, and horribly in debt. And Madame di Negra has gone from London to Paris, and taken a tour into Switzerland, and come back to London again, and has grown very intimate with Randal Leslie; and Randal has introduced Frank to her; and Frank thinks her the loveliest woman in the world, and grossly slandered by certain evil tongues. And the brother of Madame di Negra is expected in England at least; and what with his repute for beauty and for wealth, people anticipate a sensation; and

Leonard, and Harley, and Helen? Patience—they will all reappear.

FOOTNOTES:

[7] Continued from page 386.

FRAGMENTS FROM A VOLUME OF POEMS

BY THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

[Just Published in London.]

NOTHING ALONE.

All round and through the spaces of creation
No hiding-place of the least air, or earth,
Or sea, invisible, untrod, unrained on,
Contains a thing alone. Not e'en the bird,
That can go up the labyrinthine winds
Between its pinions, and pursues the summer,—
Not even the great serpent of the billows,
Who winds him thrice around this planet's waist,—
Is by itself in joy or suffering.

LOVE.

O that sweet influence of thoughts and looks!
That change of being, which, to one who lives,
Is nothing less divine than divine life
To the unmade! Love? Do I love? I walk
Within the brilliance of another's thought,
As in a glory.

INNOCENT WELCOME TO EVIL.

How thou art like the daisy in Noah's meadow,
On which the foremost drop of rain fell warm
And soft at evening; so the little flower
Wrapped up its leaves, and shut the treacherous water
Close to the golden welcome of its breast,—
Delighting in the touch of that which led
The shower of oceans, in whose billowy drops
Tritons and lions of the sea were warring.

THE IMPARTIAL BANQUET.

The unfashionable worm,
Respectless of crown-illumined brow,
To cheek's bewitchment, or the sceptred clench,
With no more eyes than Love, creeps courtier-like,
On his thin belly, to his food,—no matter
How clad or nicknamed it might strut above,
What age or sex,—it is his dinner-time.

ARGUMENT FOR MERCY.

I have a plea,
As dewy piteous as the gentle ghost's
That sits alone upon a forest-grave
Thinking of no revenge: I have a mandate,
As magical and potent as e'er ran
Silently through a battle's myriad veins,
Undid their fingers from the hanging steel,
And drew them up in prayer: I AM A WOMAN.
O motherly-remembered be the name,
And, with the thought of loves and sisters, sweet
And comforting!

INTERCESSION BETWEEN A FATHER AND A SON.

There stands before you
The youth and golden top of your existence,
Another life of yours: for, think your morning
Not lost, but given, passed from your hand to his
The same except in place. Be then to him
As was the former tenant of your age,
When you were in the prologue of your time,
And he lay hid in you unconsciously
Under his life. And thou, my younger master,
Remember there's a kind of God in him;
And, after heaven, the next of thy religion.
Thy second fears of God, thy first of man,
Are his, who was creation's delegate,
And made this world for thee in making thee.

Authors and Books.

[Pg 551]

Carl Immerman's *Theater-Briefe* (Letters on the Theatre), says a German critic, "is interesting not only as a history of a German theatre, but as an excellent addition to the literature of æsthetic criticism. This work refers more especially to the years 1833-37, during which time, as is well known, Immerman attempted to establish in Düsseldorf an *ideal* theatre, somewhat in the style of that at Weimar." We have frequently, in conversation with a gentleman who held an appointment in this Düsseldorf *Ideal Theatre*, received amusing and interesting accounts of Immerman's style of management. That his plan did not succeed is undoubtedly for the sake of Art to be regretted; yet we can by no means unconditionally approve of the ideas upon which Immerman based his theories. He was certainly right in endeavoring to form a unity of style in dramatic representations; but how he could have deemed such an unity possible, when grounded upon such diametrically opposed æsthetic bases as those of Shakespeare and Calderon, is to us unintelligible. The remarks on the most convenient and practical style of executing certain pieces —for example, Hamlet—are worthy of attention, as also a few explanations relative to Immerman's own dramatic conceptions.

Kohl, whose innumerable and well-known books of travel have caused him to be cited even in book-making Germany as an instance of *Ausserordentlichen Fruchtbarkeit*, or extraordinary fertility, has published, through Kuntze of Dresden, yet another work, entitled *Sketches of Nature and Popular Life*, which is however said to be inferior to the average of his works—principally, we imagine, from his falling into the besetting sin of German writers since the late revolutions, namely, of talking politics when he should have quoted poetry. We should not be surprised to find some day a treatise on qualitative chemistry, commencing with an analysis of the Prussian constitution, or an anatomical work, concluding with a dissection of Germany in general. Kohl possesses, however, great faculties of observation, is an accurate describer, and has, perhaps, done as much as any man of the age towards making different countries acquainted with each other.

The friends of the Italian language and literature, will do well to cast an occasional kindly glance on *L'Eco d'Italia* (The Echo of Italy), an excellent weekly paper published by Signor Secchi de Casali, in this city, at number 289 Broadway. Many admirable poems find their way from time to time into this periodical, while its foreign correspondence is of a high order of merit.

The Polish authoress Narcisa Zwichowska, well known to all who are acquainted with the literature of that country, has received from the Russian authorities an order to enter a convent, and no longer to occupy herself with literature, but with labors of a manual kind, which are more becoming to women. She is to receive from the treasury a silver ruble, or about sixty-two and a half cents a day for her support.

Cooking is no doubt a great science, and its chief prophet is undeniably Eugene Baron Baerst. This gentleman, who is well known in Germany and elsewhere for his gallant services in Spain, in the army of Don Carlos, has just brought out a work in two volumes, of some six hundred and fifty pages each, entitled *Gastrosophie, oder die Lehre von den Freuden der Tafel* (Gastrosophy, or the Doctrine of the Delights of the Table). In this he evinces a thoroughness of knowledge and a fire of enthusiasm well calculated to astonish the reader, who has probably not before been aware of the grandeur of the subjects discussed. He begins with the very elements of his theme. "The man," he

exclaims in his preface, "who undertakes to write a cook-book, must begin by teaching the mason how to build a fire-place, so as not merely to produce heat from above or below, but from both at once; he must teach the butcher how to cut his meat, and above all the baker how to make bread, and especially the *semmel* (a sort of small loaves with caraway or anise seed, much liked in Germany), which are often very like leather and perfectly indigestible. It is true that in Psalm CIV. verse 15, we are told that bread strengthens the heart of man, but the semmel sort does no such thing; and when Linguet affirms,—and it is one of the greatest paradoxes I know of,—that bread is a noxious article of food, he must be thinking of just that kind. Further, it is necessary to instruct the gardener, the vegetable woman, the cattle dealer and feeder, and a hundred other people down to the scullion, who must learn to chop the spinage very fine and rub and tie it well, and also not to wash the salad, &c. And this is all the more necessary, because bad workmen,—and their name is legion,—love no sort of instruction, but fancy that they already know every thing better than anybody else." To this extensive and thankless work of instruction, the Baron declares that he has devoted himself, and that the iron will necessary to its accomplishment is his. The iron health is however wanting, and accordingly he can do nothing better for "the fatherland's artists in eating" than the present work. At the last advices, the valiant Baron was dangerously ill. [Pg 552]

Works on natural history and philosophy seldom possess much interest for the uninitiated in "the physically practical." An exception to this may however be found in the beautiful *Schmetterlingsbuch*, or *Butterfly book*, recently published by Hoffman of Stuttgart, containing eleven hundred colored illustrations of these "winged flowers," as the Chinese poetically term them. Equally attractive to every lover of exquisite works of scientific art, is the recent American *Pomology*, edited by Dr. Brinckle of Philadelphia, and published by Hoffy of that city. This, we state on the authority of the Philadelphia Art-Union Reporter, is the most splendid work of the kind ever published in this country or Europe, with a single exception, which was issued under royal patronage.

A valuable and useful book in these times is Stein's *Geschichte der socialen Bewegung in Frankreich von 1789 bis auf unsere Tage* (History of the Social Movement in France from 1789 to our day). It is in three volumes, published at Leipzig. The *Socialismus und Communismus* of the same author has given him a wide reputation for impartiality and thoroughness, which the present work must confirm and extend. We do not coincide in all his views, historical or critical, but cordially recommend him to the study of all who desire to inform themselves as to one of the most important phases of modern history.

An interesting work entitled *Die Macht des Kleinen*, or *The power of the Little, as shown in the formation of the crust of our earth-ball*, has recently been translated from the Dutch of *Schwartzkopt*, by Dr. Schleiden of Leipzig. This book treats entirely of the works and wonders effected by that "invisible brotherhood" of architects, the *animalculæ*, and shows how greatly the organic world is indebted to coral insects, *foraminiferæ*, polypi, and other cryptic beings, for its existence and progress. The illustrations are truly admirable.

Among the recent publications at Halle, is a heavy octavo by Dr. J. H. Krause, on the *History of Education, Instruction and Culture among the Greeks, Etruscans and Romans*. It is drawn from the original sources, and is the result of a most studious and thorough investigation of the subject.

A very intelligent young priest, by name Joseph Lutz, has recently published by Laupp of Tübingen, a *Handbook of Catholic Pulpit Eloquence*. This work will be found highly interesting to those desirous of investigating the history and theories of modern eloquence. We were already aware that in New-England smoking and whistling are regarded as vices, but first learned from the prospectus of this work that, according to Theremin, eloquence is a *virtue*!

A collection of the popular songs of Southern Russia is now being published at Moscow by Mr. Maksimowitsch, who for twenty years has been in the Ukraine, engaged in taking down and preserving these interesting products of the early life of his people in that region. This is not the first contribution of the kind that he has made to Russian literature; in 1827 he published the *Songs of Little Russia*, consisting of one hundred and thirty pieces for male and female voices; in 1834 the *Popular Songs of the Ukraine*, consisting of one hundred and thirteen songs for men; and in the same year the *Voices of Ukraine Song*, twenty-five pieces with music. The present work is called by way of distinction *Collectaneum of Ukraine Popular Songs*; it is to be in six parts, containing about two thousand national poems. Each part is to be accompanied with explanatory

notes, and the last volume will contain an essay on Russian popular poetry in general, as well as on that of the Ukraine in particular. One volume has already appeared; it is in two divisions: the first of Ukraine *Dumy*, the second of cradle songs and lullabys. The *Dumy* are a particular sort of poems peculiar to the Ukraine. They are in a most irregular measure, varying from four to twelve syllables, with the cadence varying in each line. The only requirement is that they should rhyme, and frequently several successive lines are made to do so. These poems are the production of the *Vandurists*, or bards of the country, who are even yet found on the southern shore of the Dnieper. These singers, usually blind old men, chant their *Dumy* and their songs to the people, accompanying themselves with both hands on the many-stringed *vandura*. The *Dumy* flourished most in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There are some existing composed by Mazeppa after the battle of Pultowa, and one or two other poets have left a *Dumy* of the eighteenth, but they are not equal to those of more primitive times. Since then there have been no new compositions in the way of popular songs and ballads, but the older works have been repeated with variations and to new melodies. The most frequent subjects of these ballads were, of course, historic personages and warlike deeds; but often they sung of domestic matters and feelings, winding up with a moral for the benefit of the young. In this volume of Mr. Maksimowitsch, are twenty *Dumy*; their subjects are such as these: Fight of the Cossack with the Tartar, the Three Brothers, On the Victory of Gorgsun (1648). He reckons the number in existence at thirty. Of these he publishes, four have not before been known.

A new edition of Hogarth's Works is in process of republication at Göttingen in a diminished size. There are to be twelve parts at fifty cents each; the third part has been published. [Pg 553]

Of Dr. Andree's great work on *America*, whose commencement we noticed some months since, the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth parts have just reached us. The German savan continues to justify the high encomiums we passed upon the earlier portions of his work. He has used with the utmost industry and conscientiousness all the best sources of information on every subject he treats. Gallatin, Morton and Squier he frequently quotes as authorities. These four parts are devoted to the conclusion of the essay on the origin and history of the American race. In this he calls attention to the fact that all the developments of American civilization took place on high plain lands and not in the rich vallies of the great rivers—a fact by the way which confirms Mr. Carey's theory of the first settlement and culture of land, though to this Dr. Andree does not refer. He then treats of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the Bermudas and the United States. The leading facts in the geography, history, the sources of population, the political constitution, the geological structure, soil, climate, industry, resources, and prospects of these countries are given with admirable succinctness, thoroughness and justice. As a book of ordinary reference, none could be more convenient or reliable. The most difficult questions are considered with a genuine German cosmopolitan impartiality of judgment. The predominant influence in the formation of the American democratic institutions Dr. Andree considers to be English, or more strictly speaking Teutonic. Other races and nations have contributed to the mass of the people, but only the Teutonic has laid the foundation and built the structure of the state. It is a great blessing in the history of the continent that the French did not succeed in their plans of colonization, for they would everywhere have founded not democratic but feudal institutions. The slavery question he treats more in the interest of the south than in the spirit of the abolitionists, whose course he condemns with considerable plainness of expression. On the mode of finally solving this question, he offers no speculations, but contents himself with showing the great difficulties attending colonization and emancipation upon the soil. The former he thinks impossible, the latter can only produce war between the two races, in which the latter must be exterminated. This mode of viewing this subject we can testify is frequent among well-educated Germans. The statistics relating to the United States, Dr. Andree has collected in a most lucid manner; we do not know where they are better or more conveniently arranged. Products, imports, exports, debt of federal and state governments, taxation, shipping, railroads, canals, schools, are all given; nothing escapes the vigilance of this most exemplary ethnographer. His style is no less clear and vivid in these four parts than in those preceding. The remainder will follow regularly. The work may be found at Westermann's, corner of Broadway and Reade street, by whose house in Brunswick, Germany, it is published.

M. Alexander Duval has a long article in the *Journal des Débats* entitled, *Studies upon German Love*, taking his text from Bettina von Arnim's famous correspondence with Goethe, and from the *Book of Love*, in which the same sentimentalist has recorded her relations with the unfortunate Günderode. M. Duval finds that in his intercourse with Bettina, Goethe played a part which was honorable neither to his mind nor his heart. In the *Book of Love*, says M. Duval, there is a little of every thing—of physics, of metaphysics, of poetry, of natural history, of biographical anecdotes, the history of the first kiss, of the second kiss, and of the third kiss received by Mlle. Bettina, mixed up with apostrophes to the stars, to the ocean, to the mountains, and above all, to the moon, which she loves so much that she never leaves it in peace. In fact, she has such a passion for whatever is lunatic, that the moon above is not sufficient, and she invents another, an interior and metaphysical moon, which enlightens the world of our thoughts. About this she writes to Goethe:

"When thou art about to go to sleep, confide thyself to the inward moon, sleep in the light of the moon of thy own nature." French literature was never disgraced by a girl's making a god of its most illustrious representative, and his allowing the silly incense to be burned for years upon his altars; but the evil is getting into France as well. Rousseau did not dare to publish his confessions, but Lamartine has had the courage, and has served up to the public his own letters and the portraits of his mistresses. Madame Sand's *Memoirs* are also advertised; another step that way and Germany need no longer envy the country of Montesquieu and Voltaire, of good sense and action.

Readable and instructive is HASE'S *Neue Propheten* (New Prophets), just published in Germany. The new prophets are Joan d'Arc, Savonarola, and the Anabaptists of Münster. They are treated historically and philosophically, in a style whose simplicity, animation, and clearness, differ most gratefully from the crabbed and long-winded sentences of the earlier German writers, in the study of whom we dug our way into some imperfect acquaintance with that rich and flexible tongue. The book is worthy of translation.

A new book on a subject which has latterly become prominent among the themes of European observation and thought is called *Südslavische Wanderwagen im Sommer 1850* (Wandering in Southern Slavonia in the Summer of 1850). It is a series of vivid and interesting pictures of one of the most remarkable races and regions of Europe. [Pg 554]

A singular work has recently been published by Decker of Berlin, entitled *Monasticus Irenæus, von Jerusalem, nach Bethlehem* (or Irenæus Monasticus: a public message to the noble Lady Ida, Countess of Hahn-Hahn: for the profit and piety of all newly converted Catholics.) In this work we find much talent, deep learning, and abundance of Schleiermachian philosophy; but remark on the other hand the following weak points: Firstly, that the author cuts down a gnat with a scimitar, or in other words overrates the talent and abilities of his adversary; and, secondly, that he affects to assume the tone and style in which her work was written, even in the title. (The reader will remember that the work of the Countess was entitled "*From Jerusalem*," and bore the motto, "SOLI DEO GLORIA.") In other respects also is this work, if not decidedly wrong, at least quite indifferent.

LAMARTINE'S History of the Restoration is reviewed at length in the *Journal des Débats*, by M. Cuvillier-Fleury. It is a very severe piece of criticism. Lamartine is charged with injustice, confusion, and even a systematic perversion of the truth, especially toward Napoleon. The account of the Emperor's last days at Fontainebleau, is pronounced a tragi-comedy, full of grimaces, of explosions, of puerile hesitations, of impossible exaggerations. Men and facts are judged without reflection, by prejudice, by blind passion, by a sort of fated and involuntary partiality. The method of the book runs into declamation, turgidity, and redundancy; he does not narrate, he discourses or expounds; he falls into mere gossip or is lost in analysis; instead of portraits he paints miniatures, and does not conceive an historical picture without a fancy vignette. His descriptive lyricism, instead of imparting a grandeur to his subject, diminishes it; instead of refining it, renders it petty. Besides, in his overstrained and exaggerated style, he is guilty of writing bad French; M. Cuvillier-Fleury quotes several striking examples of this. The article concludes by saying that the historian writes without ballast, and goes at the impulse of every breeze which swells his sails, and with no other care than the inspiration of the moment. His subject carries him off by all the perspectives it opens to his imagination or his memory. He is like a ship moving out of port with streamers floating from every mast, its poop crowned with flowers, and every sail set, but without a rudder. In spite of all criticism, however, this history has a large sale in France: the first edition is already exhausted. The practice of pirating, usual at Brussels and Leipzic, with reference to French works of importance, has been prevented, in this case, by the preparation of cheap editions for Belgium and Germany, which were issued there cotemporaneously with the publication at Paris.

The second part of the third volume of HUMBOLDT'S *Kosmos* is nearly completed, and will soon appear. A fourth volume is to be added, in which the geological studies of the venerable author will be set forth. He is now nearly eighty-one years old, and is as vigorous and youthful in feeling as ever. The first part of the third volume of *Kosmos* appeared in German and English several months ago.

A History of Polish Literature, from the remotest antiquity to 1830, is now being published at Warsaw, by Mr. MACIEJOWKI, a writer thoroughly acquainted with the subject. Three parts of the

first volume have appeared, bringing the history down to the first half of the seventeenth century. One more part will complete the volume, and three volumes will complete the work.

The study of Russian archæology and history is prosecuted in that country with a degree of activity and thoroughness that other nations are not aware of, and publications of importance are made constantly. Within the present year the fifth part of the complete collection of *Russian Chronicles* has appeared, the fourth of the collection of public documents relating to the history of Western Russia, and the beginning of a new collection of foreign historians of Russia.

A curious contrast of light and shade is exhibited in the titles of two works recently published in Vienna. SIEGFRIED WEISS (or *white*) puts forth a book, *On the present state and trade policy of Germany*, while in the next paragraph of the same list N. SCHWARTZ (or *black*) appears as the author of *The situation of Austria as regards her trade policy*. This latter we should judge to be an excellent illustration of the old phrase, "*nomen et omen!*"

Periodical literature is making its way into Asia. A literary monthly has made its appearance at Tiflis, in the Georgian language. It will discuss Georgian literature, furnish translations from foreign tongues, and treat of the arts and sciences, and of agriculture. What oriental students will find most interesting in this magazine, will be its specimens of the popular literature of the country. A new Armenian periodical has also been commenced in the Trans-Caucasian country.

A German version of HAWTHORNE'S *Scarlet Letter* has been executed by one DU BOIS, and published by Velliagen & Klasing of Nielefeld.

OTTO HUBNER, the industrious German economist, is about to publish at Leipsic a collection of the tariffs of all nations.

A work on Freemasonic medals has been published by Dr. MERZDORF, superintendent of the Grand Ducal Library of Oldenburg: with plates. [Pg 555]

The German Universities are well off for teachers. In the twenty-seven institutions of the kind at the last summer term, there were engaged 1586 teachers, viz.: 816 ordinary, 330 extraordinary, and 37 honorary professors, with 403 private tutors, exclusive of 134 masters of languages, gymnastics, fencing and dancing. Münster has the fewest teachers, numbering only 18, Olmütz 22, Innsbruck, 26, Gratz 22, Berne and Basle each 33, Rostock, 38; on the other hand Berlin has 167, Munich 102, Leipzic and Göttingen each 100, Prague 92, Bonn 90, Breslau 84, Heidelberg 81, Tübingen 77, Halle 75, Jena 74. The whole number of students in the last term was 16,074; Berlin counting 2199, Munich 1817, Prague 1204, Bonn 1026, Leipzic 846, Breslau 831, Tübingen 768, Göttingen 691, Würzburg 684, Halle 646, Heidelberg 624, Gratz 611, Jena 434, Giessen 409, Freiburg 403, Erlangen 402, Olmütz 396, Königsberg 332, Münster 323, Marburg 272, Innsbruck 257, Greifswald 208, Zürich 201, Berne 184, Rostock 122, Kiel 119, Basel 65.

Among the last poetical issues of the German press we notice *Poetis che Schriften*, by A. HENSEL (Vienna, 2 vols.), are exaggerated, almost insane expression of Austrian loyalty running through sonnets, lyrics, ballads and romances; *Friedrichsehre* (Honor to Frederick), by an anonymous author (Posen), a new wreath for the weather-beaten old brows of Frederick the Great; *Erwachen* (Waking), seven poems by Hugo le Juge (Berlin), a book with talent in it; *Lebensfrühling*, by Paul Eslin (Liepsic), the second edition of a collection of neat and pleasing poems for children.

The Russian government has published some book-making statistics of Poland in 1850. In the course of the year, 359 manuscript works were submitted to the censorship, being 19 more than in 1849. Almost all were scientific, the greater part treating of theology, jurisprudence, and medicine; 327 were licensed to be printed, 4 rejected, and 15 returned to their authors for

modification; upon 13 no decision has been given. In 1850, there were imported into the kingdom 15,986 works, in 58,141 volumes; this was 749 works less, and 1,027 volumes more than in 1849.

A new work on Russia is appearing at Paris with the title of *Etudes sur les Forces Productives de la Russie*. Its author is Mr. L. DE TEGOBORSKI, a Russian privy councillor. The first volume, a stout octavo, has been issued. It treats of the geographical situation and extent of Russia, the climate, fertility and configuration of the soil; population; productions of the earth and their gross value; vegetable, animal and mineral productions; agriculture; raising of domestic animals. The whole work will consist of three volumes; the second is in press.

Notices in the later numbers of the *Europa*, of KARL QUENTIN in America, and *The Art Journal*, are not without interest. The Grenzboten also contains interesting articles on THOMAS MOORE, and OERSTED.

Of Ritter's great work, the *History of Philosophy*, of which only earlier volumes have appeared in English, a tenth volume is shortly to be published.

A new and compendious history of philosophy has been published at Leipzic in two octavo volumes, called *Das Buch der Weltweisheit*. It gives in the most succinct form a statement of the doctrines of the leading philosophical thinkers of all times, and is designed for the cultivated among the German people. Men of other nations are however not forbidden to derive from it what advantage they can.

DE FLOTTE, whose election to the French Assembly made such a stir a year since, has lately published a thick volume entitled *De la Souveraineté du Peuple*. It is a series of essays in which he discusses with great penetration and remarkable power of abstract thought, the spirit, ends, and present results of the great general revolution, of which all the special revolutions that have hitherto occurred, are merely incidents and phases. De Flotte considers that humanity is advancing toward liberty absolute and universal, in politics, religion, industry, and every department of life. "One thing," he says, "has ever astonished me; this is that some men presume to accuse the revolution of denying tradition, because they think only of one age, or of one dynasty, while we think of all sovereigns and of all ages; they oppose, with a curious good faith, the history of a single epoch or a single party, to the history of all epochs and of all men. Strange ignorance and singular forgetfulness! Why do they fail to do in space, what they do in time, in geography what they do in history? Why do they not deny the existence of negroes and of the Chinese because none of them come to France? The reason is that life in space strikes the bodily eye, while life in time strikes the eye of the mind, and theirs is blinded!"

In France, 78,000 francs have been voted by the National Assembly for excavations at Nineveh. Mr. LAYARD, without further means for the prosecution of his researches there, is in England, and we are sorry to learn, in ill health. His new book, *Fresh Discoveries in Nineveh*, will soon be published by Mr. Putnam. Dr. H. WEISSENBORN has printed in Stuttgart, *Nineveh and its Territory, in respect to the latest excavations in the valley of the Tigris*. Some specimens of the exhumed sculptures of Nineveh have been sent to New-York by Rev. D. W. Marsh, of the American mission at Mosul. [Pg 556]

A second series of EUGENE SUE's *Mystères du Peuple* is announced as about to commence at Paris. This is an attempt to set forth the history of the French people, or working classes, the form of a modern story being merely a frame in which to set the author's pictures of former times. The first series completes the history of the early Gauls and of Roman domination; the second will treat of feudalism and of the introduction of modern social castes and distinctions. Sue has published a preamble in the form of an address to his readers, in which he draws the outline of the subject he is about to treat, and establishes his main historical positions by reference to a great variety of learned authorities.

The same author is now publishing in *La Presse* a new novel called *Fernand Duplessis, or Memoirs of a Husband*. We have seen some eight or ten numbers of it; so far it is comparatively free from the clap-trap romance machinery in which French writers in general, and Sue in particular, are

apt to indulge, while it is otherwise less unobjectionable than the mass of his stories.

The historian MICHELET has published a new part of his *Revolution Française*. It is devoted to the Girondists. The conclusions of the author are that these unfortunate politicians of a terrible epoch were personally innocent, that they never thought of dismembering France, and had no understanding with the enemy, but that the policy they pursued in the early part of '93, was blind and impotent, and if followed out could only have resulted in the destruction of the republic, and the triumph of the royalists. The whole is treated in the Micheletian manner, in distinct chapters, each elucidating some mind.

A work *On the Fabrication of Porcelain in China, with its History from Antiquity to the present Day*, that is to say, from 583 to 1821, has just been translated from Chinese into French by STANISLAS JULIEN, and published at Paris. It puts the European manufacturer perfectly in possession of the secrets of Chinese workmen, their methods, and the substances they employ. M. Julien has previously translated a Chinese essay on education of silkworms, and the culture of the mulberry. He is one of the most learned sinologues in Europe.

A French archæeologist, M. FELIX DE VERNEILH, has published an elaborate essay on the Cologne Cathedral, in which he denies to Germany the credit of inventing the purest model of the pointed arch, and demonstrates that this Cathedral was not planned at the beginning of the most brilliant period of Christian art, but was the climax thereof, and that instead of having served as the archetype in construction of other edifices, it shows the influence of them, and especially of the Cathedral of Amiens.

An interesting and instructive little work has been published at Paris on the Workingmen's Associations of that city and country. It is by M. ANDRÉ COCHUT, one of the editors of *Le National*. It gives the history of each of the more important of these establishments, with their mode of organization, number of members, and pecuniary and social results. The title is *Les Associations Ouvrières; Histoire et Théorie des Centatives de Reorganisation Industrielle depuis la Révolution de 1848*.

A complete edition of the works of GEORGE SAND is now publishing at Paris, in parts, with illustrations by Tony Johannot. It is to be elegant, yet cheap, the whole only costing about $5. There will be some six hundred illustrations. The first part contains *La Mare au Diable* and *André*, with a new preface to the former, in which the author contradicts the notion that it was intended by her as the beginning of a new order of literature, or was attempted as a new style of writing. Other authors are to follow in the same manner.

The new volume of THIER's *History of the Consulate and the Empire* is regarded as the most able and most interesting of the series. There is to be one other volume.

ALEXANDER DUMAS has written the following letter to the *Presse*:

> "Sir,—I understand that a publisher who at second hand is the owner of a book of mine called "The History of Louis Philippe," intends to issue the work under the title of "Mysteries of a Royal Family." I have written the history of Louis Philippe, just as I have written the histories of Louis XIV., and Louis XV., and Louis XVI., the history of the revolution, and the history of the empire. I have sold this series of historical works to a single publisher, M. Dufour. I never had the intention to provoke the scandal indicated by the title with which I am threatened in substitution for the one that I had given to the work. In the life of Louis Philippe and the royal family there is nothing mysterious. A fatal obstinacy in a course leading to an abyss: there's for the king. For the queen there is goodness, self-sacrifice, charity, religion, virtue. For the deceased royal prince and his living brothers, there is courage, loyalty, gallantry, intelligence, patriotism. You see in all this there is nothing mysterious. If he persists in giving to my book a title which I regard as infamous, the courts of justice shall decide between me and the publisher. May God keep me from invoking aught but historical truth with regard to

a man who touched my hand when a king, and my heart, when an exile.

"Alex. Dumas."

Conduct of this sort—the changing of titles, in violation of the wishes of authors, or any change in a book, by a publisher—is atrocious crime, for the punishment of which a revival of the whipping-post would not be inappropriate. There have been many such cases in this country, and to some of them we may hereafter call particular attention. [Pg 557]

One of the most truly successful of the younger living French writers is Alfred de Musset. His works are principally poetic and dramatic. He originated a style of pieces called *Caprices*, which have become exceedingly popular not only from their own point and spirit, but from the incomparable manner in which they are rendered on the stage of the *Théâtre Français*. M. de Musset's reputation has been achieved since the revolution of July. The last number of the *Grenzboten* devotes a long leading article to the discussion of his works and his position in the world of letters. We translate the following paragraph: "We find in him an elegance of language, a truth of views, even though they be true only for him individually, a sensibility to all the problems of the soul and heart, and a freedom from the usual French prejudices, which lay a strong claim to our attention. He never falls into that shallow pathos with which Victor Hugo in his 'greatest moments' sometimes covers an intolerable triviality; phrases never run away with him as they do so often with the king of the romanticists, whose profoundest monologues not seldom turn out to be empty jingle. In clearness, delicacy and grace, he can be compared, among the modern romanticists, with only Prosper Merimée and Charles de Bernard. They also resemble him in the fear of being led away by general modes of expression and reflection. They strive only for *individual* truth; but he differs from them in the breadth and multiformity of his perspectives, and in a singular power of assimilation which is based on extensive reading. In fact, the combinations of his wit and fancy often go so into the distant and boundless, that we think we are reading a German author." The critic then compares De Musset with Byron; the latter is more original and spontaneous, the former richer and more comprehensive. The questions Byron discusses have forced themselves upon him; those of De Musset are of his own invention. For the rest he has been greatly influenced by Heine and Hoffmann, as well as by the Faust of Goethe. The more important of his works are: *Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie* (1830); *Un Spectacle dans un Fauteuil* (1833); *Poésies Nouvelles* (1835-40); the same (1840-49); *Les Comédies Injouables*, a collection of small dramatic pieces (1838); *Louis, ou il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, *Les deux Martiesses*, *Emmeline*, *Le Seuet de Javatte*, *Le Fils de Titien*, *Les Adventures de Laagon*, *La Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle*; romances published between 1830-40. De Musset is still a young man. A good deal has been said at sundry times about his admission to the French Academy, but the vacancies have been filled without him.

The London *Leader* announces an abridged translation of Auguste Comte's six volumes of *Positive Philosophy*, to appear as soon as is compatible with the exigencies of so important an undertaking. The *Leader* says: "a very competent mind has long been engaged upon the task; and the growing desire in the public to hear more about this *Bacon* of the nineteenth century, renders such a publication necessary." But we do not believe in the competence of any one who proposes an *abridgment* of Comte: the idea is absurd. In this country, we believe, two full translations of the great Frenchman are in progress—one by Professor Gillespie, of which the Harpers have published the first volume, and another by one of the wisest and profoundest scholars of the time —a personal friend of Comte, thoroughly familiar with his system, and master of a style admirably suited for philosophical discussion.

Jules Janin has published a new romance called *Gaîté Champêtre*. The preface has reached us in the feuilleton of the *Journal des Débats*. It is in the usual elaborate, learned, and fanciful, but most readable style of the author. He defends his calling as a mere man of letters, a student of form and style, in short an artist.

We mentioned not long ago (*International*, vol. iii. p. 214,) the pleasant letters of Ferdinand Hiller to a German Gazette, respecting his experiences among authors and artists in Paris. We see that Herr Hiller has been engaged by Mr. Lumley as musical director to Her Majesty's Theatre in London and the Italian Opera in Paris. He has filled the appointments of director to the Conservatoire and Maître de Chapelle, at Cologne, for some considerable time. His post at the Conservatoire is to be occupied by M. Liszt. He will be an important accession to society as well as to the theatres in those cities.

Dr. R. G. Latham, whose important works on *The Varieties of Man*, *The English Language*, *the*

Ethnology of the British Empire, &c., are familiar to scholars, and have proved their author the most profound and sagacious writer, in a wide and difficult field of science, now living, has in press an edition of the *Germania* of Tacitus, in which his philological acquisitions and his skill in conjectural history will have ample room for display.

Mr. James T. Fields was a passenger in the steamer Pacific, which left New-York on the 11th ult. for Liverpool. Mr. Fields will pass the coming winter in France and Italy.

We hear of four new histories of the war with Mexico, one of which will be in three large volumes, by an accomplished officer who served under General Scott.

Mr. Horace Mann is engaged on a work illustrating his ideas of the character, condition, and proper sphere of woman. He does not quite agree with Abby Kelly. [Pg 558]

The old charge that

> "Garth did not write his own Dispensary,"

has been revived with exquisite absurdity in the case of General Morris and the song of "Woodman, Spare that Tree!" We have not seen the original accusation which appeared in an obscure sheet in Boston, but we give place with pleasure to the letter of the poet. We can imagine nothing less "apt and of great credit," as Iago defines the requisites of a judicious calumny, than this figment. The characteristics of Morris's style are exceedingly marked, and are altogether different from those of Woodworth, who was an excellent songwriter and a most worthy man, but was as little like Morris in his literary manner as two men can be who write in the same age and country. There are among our living poets few fairer and purer literary reputations than that of General Morris; few that, in a covetous mood, one would be more disposed to envy. It lives not in the tumult of reckless criticism and the noisy dogmatism of friendly reviews, but in the sympathy and enjoyment of thousands of refined and feeling hearts. His calm, delicate, and simple genius has won its way quietly to an apprecient admiration that no assaults can disturb, and it may now look down upon most of its contemporaries without jealousy and without fear. It will shine in its clear brightness when many clamorous notorieties of the day are quenched in night and silence. The charge of the Boston editor is a mere buffoonery. He could not expect that so ridiculous a fabrication would be believed by any body. It is a device of common-place, stupid malice, designed only to annoy a very amiable man. Had we been of counsel with the poet we should have advised him to take no notice of the foolish slander; but as he has seen fit to write a very interesting note on the subject, we are happy to preserve it here. The gentleman to whom the note is addressed gives the following account of the circumstances:

> "Some two or three months ago, the editor of the Boston Sunday News, took General Morris's literary character to task, and charged him with having obtained the famous song of 'Woodman Spare that Tree,' from the late Samuel Woodworth. In a word, he charged that the General was not the author of a celebrated poem, which has long been before the world in his name.
>
> "As the editor in question was a friend of mine, and as I knew that he had done General Morris great injustice, I wrote him a long letter, in which I attempted to set him right, and thus induce him if possible to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. In other words, I hoped he would correct his misstatements. Instead of complying with my expressed hope, he thanked me for my letter—very kindly published it; but, in the very same paper, repeated his original charge. In common justice to General Morris, I beg leave to remark, in closing this note, that I have known him intimately and well the last thirty years, and that I never knew a poet or author in any department of literature who was more strictly original. He is incapable of the petty conduct attributed to him, and would scorn to wear honors that belong to another. A more honorable, high-minded gentleman never lived."
>
> Home Journal Office, New-York, *September 22, 1851*.
>
> To John Smith, Jr., of Arkansas: *My Dear Sir*:—I thank you sincerely for your kind defence of me against the unfounded aspersions of an editor of a Boston paper. Your course was precisely what was to be expected from a just man, and a contemporary who has known me from my boyhood. The editor alluded to, charges me with a crime that I abhor. It is substantially as follows: "*That the ballad of 'Woodman, spare that tree,' was not written by me, but by the late Samuel Woodworth, who, while in a state intoxication, sold it to me, in a public bar-room, for a paltry sum*." A more infamous charge was never made, and the whole story,

from beginning to end, without any qualification whatever, is an unmitigated *falsehood*. The history of the song in question is simply this: In the autumn of 1837, Russell, the vocalist, applied to me for an original ballad, and I wrote him "*Woodman, spare that tree*," and handed it to him with a letter which he afterwards read at his concerts, and published in the newspapers of the day. It also accompanied the first edition of the music. Mr. Woodworth never saw or heard of the song until after it appeared in print. I am not indebted to any human being, dead or alive, for a single word, thought, or suggestion, embodied in that song. It is entirely original and entirely my composition, and this is also true of *all* the productions I have ever claimed to be the author of, with the exception of the play of "Brier Cliff," which is founded upon a novel by Mrs. Thayer, and the opera of the "Maid of Saxony," dramatized from a story by Miss Edgeworth. In both instances I duly acknowledged my indebtedness to the authors from whom I derived my materials for those pieces. The attack upon Mr. Woodworth is also shameful in the extreme, and is in keeping with the whole affair. A more pure and honorable man never drew the breath of life, and it is due to his memory to say that he was not less remarkable for his habits of *temperance*, than for his many excellent qualities of head and heart. I do not think that he was ever intoxicated in the whole course of his life, and he was too upright a man to lend himself to such a bare-faced imposition as I am charged with practising through his agency. If he were alive to answer for himself, he would spurn, as I do, these malicious fabrications. The whole of the charges made against me are *untrue in every particular*, and what motive any one can have for circulating such vile slanders in private life, or for proclaiming them from the house-tops of the press, baffles my ingenuity to determine. Those who know me will doubtless consider this vindication of myself entirely unnecessary. If I were to follow my own inclinations I should not notice the scandalous libel; but, as you justly remarked, "a slander well hoed grows like the devil," and as my silence might possibly be misunderstood, I deem it a duty I owe myself to contradict the infamous and malicious aspersions of the Boston editor, and to declare, in the language of Sheridan, that "there is not one word of truth in all *that gentleman* has uttered." In conclusion, I would say, that my defamer has either been imposed upon, or that he is one of those lawless bravos of our profession who really imagine, because they are "permitted to print they are privileged to insult." Again, thanking you for your courtesy and kind interposition in my behalf, I remain, my dear sir, yours very cordially.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

PROFESSOR TORREY, of Vermont University, has published the fourth volume of his translation of Neander's *History of the Christian Religion*—a work which must have rank with the great historical compositions of Niebuhr and Grote, which have or will have superseded all modern histories of the two chief empires of antiquity. The volumes of Professor Torrey's very able translation of Neander's History are regularly republished in rival editions in England, and so he loses half the reward to which his service is entitled. Puthes, of Hamburg, advertises the eleventh part (making half of another volume), which Neander left in MS. This will, of course, be reproduced by Professor Torrey. [Pg 559]

Another translation of the *Divine Comedy* has been made in England. It is by a Mr. C. B. CAYLEY, and is in the original ternary rhyme. From a hasty examination of it we incline to prefer it to Wright's or Carey's; but we have seen no version of DANTE that in all respects satisfies us so well as that of Dr. THOMAS W. PARSONS, of Boston, of which some ten cantos were published a few years ago, and of which the remainder is understood to be completed for the press. Speaking of Dante, reminds us of the fact that Mr. Richard Henry Wilde's elaborate memoir of the great Italian has not yet been printed. Mr. Wilde wrote to us not long before his death that he had been occupying himself in leisure hours with the revision of some of its chapters, and we have no doubt that the work is completed. If so, for the honor of the lamented author, and for the honor of American criticism, it should be given to the public.

From a forthcoming volume by ALICE CAREY, *Recollections of Our Neighborhood in the West,* (to be published early in December by J. S. Redfield,) we copy a specimen chapter, under the title of "The Old Man's Death," into another part of this magazine. It has no particular excellence to distinguish it from the rest of the work; indeed it is rather below than above the average of Miss Carey's recent compositions; but we may safely challenge to it the scrutiny of critics capable of appreciating the finest capacities for the illustration of pastoral life. If we look at the entire catalogue of female writers of prose fiction in this country we shall find no one who approaches Alice Carey in the best characteristics of genius. Like all genuine authors she has peculiarities; her hand is detected as unerringly as that of Poe or Hawthorne; as much as they she is apart from others and above others; and her sketches of country life must, we think, be admitted to be

superior even to those delightful tales of Miss Mitford, which, in a similar line, are generally acknowledged to be equal to any thing done in England. It is the fault of our literary women that they are commonly careless and superficial, and that in stories, when they attempt this sort of writing, they are for the most part but feeble copyists, without individuality, and without naturalness. We can point to very few exceptions to this rule, but among such exceptions Alice Carey is eminent. The book which is announced by Mr. Redfield is without the tinsel, or sickly sentiment, or impudent smartness, which distinguish some contemporary publications by women, but it will establish for her an enviable reputation as an original and most graphic delineator of at least one class in American society—the middle class, in the rural neighborhoods, with whom rest, in our own as in other countries, the real distinctions of national character, and the best elements of national greatness.

Mr. Henry Ingalls, a writer of considerable abilities, displayed chiefly in anonymous compositions on questions in law, writes to a friend in New-York from Paris, that he has devoted two years to the investigation of pretended miracles in modern Europe; that the number of alleged miracles in the Roman Catholic church of which he has exact historical materials, is over one thousand; that the analyses of these will be amply suggestive of the character of the rest; and that his work on the subject, to make three or four large and closely printed volumes, will conclusively show complicity on the part of the highest authorities of the church, in "the frauds that are now most notorious and most generally acknowledged."

Mr. Ingalls is of opinion that his work will be eminently curious in literary, philosophical, and religious points of view, and that it cannot fail of usefulness, especially in illustrating the silly credulity which has obtained in such poor juggleries as have lately been practiced by the Smiths, Davises, Fishes, Harrises, and other imposters and mountebanks of this country.

Among the new works in press by the Appletons is a new novel entitled *Adrian, or the Clouds of the Mind*—the joint production of Mr. G. P. R. James and Mr. Maunsell B. Field. Such partnerships in literature were common in the days of Elizabeth, and in our own country we have instances in the production of *Yamoyden*, by Sands and Eastburn, &c. Mr. Field is not yet a veteran, but he is a writer of fine talents and much cultivation. Among the original papers in the present number of the *International* is a poem from his hand, under the title of *Greenwood*.

The first volume of a *History of the German Reformed Church*, by the late Rev. Dr. Lewis Mayer, has been published in Philadelphia; and Professor Schaff, of Mercersburg, has printed in German the first volume of a *History of the Christian Church, from its Establishment to the Present Time*. Dr. Murdock, the well-known translator of Mosheim's History, has published a translation of the celebrated Syriac version of the New Testament, called the *Peshito*.

Professor Hackett, of the Newton Theological Institution, has added to his claims of distinction in sacred learning by a very able *Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles*, (published by John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston). It is much praised by the best critics. The last *Bibliotheca Sacra* complains that there is a decline of activity in this department, and that in theology and biblical criticism no important works are now in progress.

Mr. Melville's new novel, *The Whale*, will be published in a few days, simultaneously, by the Harpers and by Bentley of London. [Pg 560]

Mr. Henry William Herbert, with the general character of whose works our readers must be familiar, will publish immediately (through Charles Scribner), *The Captains of the Old World, from the Persian to the Punic Wars*. The volume embraces critical sketches of Miltiades, Themistocles, Pausanias, Xenophon, Epaminondas, Alexander, and Hannibal, as compared with modern generals —not *lives* but strategetical accounts of their campaigns, reviewed and described according to the rules and views of modern military science—the armature and mode of fighting in all the various nations—the fields of battle, from personal observation or the best modern travels—with the modern names of ancient places, so that the routes of the armies can be followed on any ordinary map. The causes of the success or failure of this or that action are shown in a military point of view, and the characters of the men are epigrammatically contrasted with those of the men of the late French and English wars, involving incidental notices and critiques of modern fields. The work is of course spirited and well proportioned, and as Mr. Herbert is confessedly one of the best critics of ancient manners and history, it will scarcely need any reviewer's endorsement to insure

for it an immediate and very great popularity.

A new edition of *St. Leger, or the Threads of Life*, by Mr. KIMBALL, has just been published by Putnam, who, we understand, has now in press a sequel to that remarkable and eminently successful novel. Mr. Kimball's abilities as a writer of tales are not as well illustrated in this performance as in several shorter stories, which will soon be collected and reissued with fit designs by Darley. In these we think he has exhibited a very unusual degree of pathos and dramatic skill, so that scarcely any compositions of their class in American literature have such a power upon the feelings or are likely to have a more permanent fame. Mr. Kimball is one of the small number among our young writers who do not disdain elaborately to *finish* what they choose to submit for public criticism.

A new edition of Mr. JUDD's remarkable novel of *Margaret* has just been published, in two volumes, by Phillips & Sampson, of Boston, and the same house has nearly ready *Memoirs of Sarah Margaret Fuller*, in two volumes, edited by William H. Channing and Ralph Waldo Emerson. It will probably embrace a large selection of her inedited writings.

The Rev. Dr. TEFFT, of Cincinnati, has published (John Ball, Philadelphia and New-Orleans,) a very interesting and judicious work under the title of *Hungary and Kossuth, or an American Exposition of the Hungarian Revolution*. Dr. Tefft appears to have studied the subject well and to have made as much of it as was warranted by his materials.

Mr. GREELEY has just published in a handsome volume (De Witt & Davenport) his *Glances at Europe*, consisting of the letters written for the *Tribune* during his half year abroad. We frequently entirely disagree with the author in matters of social philosophy, but we have the most perfect confidence in the honesty of his searching after truth, and in these letters, which were written under very apparent disadvantages, and are here put forward modestly, we are inclined to believe there is for the mass of readers more that is new in fact and sensible in observation than is contained in any other volume by an American on Europe. Even when writing of art, Mr. Greeley never fails at least to entertain.

Mr. JOHN L. WHEELER, late the treasurer of the state of North Carolina, has in the press of Lippencott, Grambo, & Co., of Philadelphia, *Historical Sketches* of that State, from 1584 to 1851, from original records, official documents, and traditional statements. It will be in two large octavo volumes. Dr. Hawks has for some time had in preparation a work on the same subject.

One of those wrongs for which there is no sufficient remedy in law, has been perpetrated by Derby, Miller & Co., of Auburn, in getting up a life of Dr. Judson, to anticipate that by the widow of the great missionary and deprive her of the best part of the profits to which she is entitled. Their excuse is, "A public character is public property, and we will do with one as we please."

MRS. H. C. CONANT, (wife of the learned Professor Conant of the university of Rochester), has published (through Lewis Colby) *The Epistle of St. Paul to the Philippians, practically Explained by* Dr. AUGUSTUS NEANDER. Mrs. Conant, as we have before had occasion to observe, is one of the most able and accomplished women of this country, and this version of Neander is worthy of her.

A small volume entitled *Musings and Mutterings by an Invalid*, has been published by John S. Taylor. The style is rather careless, sometimes, but the work appears to be informed with a genuine earnestness, and to be underlaid with a vein of good sense that contrasts strongly with much of the desultory literature brought out in similar forms.

Dr. LARDNER's *Handbooks of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy* have been republished by Blanchard & Lea, of Philadelphia (12mo., pp. 749); carefully revised; various errors which had

escaped the attention of the author corrected; occasional omissions supplied; and a series of questions and practical examples appended to each subject. The volume contains treatises on mechanics; hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, and sound, and optics.

The Fine Arts.

The London *Art Journal* for October praises Mr. BURT's engraving of Anne Page, issued this year by the *American Art-Union*, and thus refers to the principal engravings announced for 1852:

> The prospectus of this society for the present year announces a large engraving by Jones, from Woodville's picture of "American News;" a small etching of this work accompanies the "Bulletin," to which reference has just been made. The composition is clever, but we must warn our friends on the other side of the Atlantic, that it is not by the circulation of such works as this, a feeling for true Art will be generated among their countrymen. The subject is common-place, without a shadow of refinement to elevate its character; it is, we dare say, national, and may, therefore, be popular; but they to whom is intrusted the direction of a vast machine like the American Art-Union, should take especial care that all its operations should tend to refine the taste and advance the intelligence of the community. Our own Mulready, Wilkie, and Webster, have, we know, immortalized their names by a somewhat analogous class of works, in which, nevertheless, we see humor without vulgarity, and truth without affectation.

The Philadelphia Art-Union issues this year two very beautiful engravings from the well-known masterpieces of Huntington, *Mercy's Dream* and *Christiana and her Children*, from the celebrated collection of the late Edward C. Carey,—an appreciating patron by whose well-directed liberality the arts, especially painting and engraving, had more advantage than has been conferred by any other individual in this country. *Mercy's Dream* has been engraved by A. H. Ritchie of this city, and *Christiana and her Children* by Andrews & Wagstaff of Boston, each on surfaces of sixteen by twenty-two inches; and we know of no more perfect examples of combined mezzotint, stipple, and line engraving. The management may well be praised for such an exercise of judgment as secures to the subscribers of the Art-Union two such beautiful works.

A recent visit to Philadelphia afforded us an opportunity to visit its public galleries. Among the additions lately made to that of the Art-Union is one of the finest compositions of Mr. Cropsey, in which the characteristics of the scenery of Italy are combined with remarkable effect. From a bold and vigorously executed foreground, marked by chesnut and cypress tress, the eye is attracted by groves and streams, and convents and palaces, and ruined temples and aqueducts, reposing under such a sky as bends over that land alone, away to shining and sleeping waters that seem to reach close to the gates of paradise. *The Coast of Greece*, by Paul Weber of Philadelphia, is in the grand and imposing style of Achenbach. There is a breadth and massiveness and solemn grandeur in this picture which clearly indicate that the artist, who has hitherto given his attention altogether to landscapes, has in such efforts his true vocation. *Hagar and Ishmael in the Desert*, by A. Woodside, is a cabinet picture which would be regarded as good beside any of the many great productions which illustrate the same subject. In color and composition it is excellent. Mr. Woodside is the painter of a large and attractive picture, *The Introduction of Christianity into Britain*, which was among the prizes of the last distribution of the American Art-Union. *Lager Beer*, by C. Schnessele, is a genre picture, illustrative of German character in Philadelphia at the present day. The scene is an interior of a large beer saloon, by gaslight, in which a dozen or fifteen persons with brimming cups are gathered round a table where a trio are singing songs of the fatherland. The drawing, grouping, light and shade, are highly effective. Mr. Schnessele is a Frenchman, a pupil of Delaroche, and has been in the United States about three years. His works exhibit that skill in detail and general execution which is a result of a cultivation very rare among American painters. *Waiting the Ferry*, by W. T. Van Starkenburgh, is a landscape with cattle and human figures, with some of the best qualities conspicuous in Backhuysen's works of a similar character. *Cattskill Creek*, by G. N. T. Van Starkenburgh,—a brother of the last mentioned painter,—is full of the beauty of that condition of nature which soothes the restless spirit of man, when

> She glides
> Into his darker musings, with a mild
> And healing sympathy, that steals away
> Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

Mr. Winner has some vigorous heads of old men, and other artists whom our limits will not suffer us to mention particularly are represented by various creditable works.

As the plan of the Philadelphia Art-Union is essentially different from that of any other in this country, we quote from a circular in its last "Reporter" an explanatory paragraph:

> "The distinguishing and most important feature in our plan, is that which gives the annual prize-holders the right of selecting their prizes from among the productions of American Art in any part of the United States. This plan was adopted as the one

which would best secure the object for which we have been incorporated, viz., "The Promotion of the Arts of Design in the United States." It is evident that the distribution of fifty prize certificates among our members, as was the case at our last annual distribution, with which the prize-holders themselves could purchase their own pictures any where in the United States, is preferable to any plan which empowers a committee, composed of a limited number of managers, with the entire right to control the funds involved in the purchase, and make the selection of such a number of pictures. In the one case, individual taste, and local predilection for [Pg 562] some particular style of art, or certain class of artists, may influence the decision of a mere picture-buying committee in the selection and purchase of the whole number of the prizes; but in the other case, the various taste of a large number of prize-holders, residing in different sections of our vast country, is made to bear upon Art, and, consequently, there must ensue a diffusion of knowledge upon a subject wherein those persons themselves are the interested parties. Should a subscriber to the Art-Union of Philadelphia, residing in St. Louis, be allotted a prize certificate of one hundred dollars, he has the option to order or select his picture in that city, and thereby encourage the Fine Arts at home, just the same as if that Art-Union were located where he lived, and with just as much advantage to the artist as though it were the result of that progress in art, in his vicinity, which should cause the production of such a picture. And there can be no doubt of the judicious selection on the part of such a subscriber. No man with a hundred dollars to spend for a picture, would be likely to make such a purchase without having some knowledge on the subject himself, or without consulting persons of acknowledged taste in the matter; thereby insuring more general satisfaction to all concerned, than would a picture of the same value awarded by chance from the selection of a committee located in another part of the country. No committee, no matter how great its judgment, or how well performed its duties, could effect a more satisfactory arrangement; for in our case the prize-holder and the artist are the contracting parties, without the intervention of the Art-Union, or the payment of any commission on either side. Another argument in favor of the Art-Union of Philadelphia is the fact, that by this plan the Managers are merely the agents who collect the means which are necessary to promote and foster the Arts of Design in our rapidly progressing country, while the prize-holders themselves actually become the persons who make the disbursements. Thus giving to the people at large the means to exercise a public and universal taste in the expenditure of a large sum—the aggregate of small contributions—large as the liberality of our countrymen, by their generous subscription, may assist us in accumulating."

The *Western-Art Union* of Cincinnati has lately published a large and excellent engraving by Booth, of *the Trapper's Last Shot*, and for the coming year, it will give in the same style, *The Committee of Congress Drafting the Declaration of Independence*, from a painting by Rothermel—Mr. Jefferson represented reading the Declaration to the other members of the committee before it was reported to the Congress. For prizes of the next distribution the Union will have a bust of Washington, and one of Franklin, in marble, by Powers, and a beautiful medallion in relief by Palmer, and two pictures are engaged or purchased from Whittridge, two from Rothermel, two from McConkey, one from Read, one from Mrs. Spencer, one from Ranney, and one from Terry, besides others from Sontag, Duncanson, Eaton, and Griswold, and other western painters.

Mr. Healy has finished his large picture of *Daniel Webster replying to Robert Y. Hayne, in the Senate of the United States*, and it has been some time on exhibition at the rooms of the National Academy of Design. The canvas is twenty-six feet in length by fifteen in breadth, and embraces one hundred and thirty figures. Many persons not senators are introduced, and it is difficult to conceive a reason for this, in the cases of several of them, who were not then, if they were ever, at Washington. The picture has good points, but on the whole we believe it is admitted to be a failure—so far as the fit presentation of the illustrious orator is concerned, a most complete and melancholy failure. Engravings of it however, if well executed, may perhaps compete with Messrs. Anthony's immense piece of mezzotint, studded with copies of Daguerreotypes, which has been published under the title of Mr. Clay's last Appearance in the Senate.

The illustrations of the life of Martin Luther published at Hamburg, from the pencil of Gustav König, of which the fourth series has just appeared, continue to receive the praise which has been bestowed on the previous series. The first, which came out in 1847, consisted of fifteen engravings, the second in 1848 of ten engravings, the third in 1849 of ten, and the fourth, which concludes the work, has thirteen. The accompanying letter-press is furnished by Professor Gelzer, and though very elaborate, is spoken of as only partially successful. The illustrations on the other hand are said by competent judges to leave nothing to be desired, and as far as the earlier series are concerned, we can almost agree with even so unbalanced commendation. Mr. König has every where taken care to give faithful portraits of the personages represented, which adds to the value

of his work, for foreign readers especially. At the same time his compositions are undeniably most spirited and effective.

The long expected work of Leutze, *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, is now at the Stuyvesant Institute, and it appears generally to have given the most perfect satisfaction to the critics; to be regarded indeed as the best picture yet given to the world in illustration of American history. Our readers will remember that we have already given in the *International* a particular description of it, from a German writer who saw it at Düsseldorf: so that it is unnecessary here to enter further into details on the subject. We are pleased to learn that Messrs. Goupil, who own it, intend to have this work engraved in line by Girardet in the highest style, and upon a plate of the largest size ever used. The print will indeed cover a surface equal to that of the famous one of Cardinal Richelieu, which some of our readers will not fail to remember.

Noctes Amicæ.

[Pg 563]

The "figure we cut" in the Crystal Palace was for a long time a subject of sneers by amiable foreign critics, and a cause of ingenuous shame by too sensitive young gentlemen in white gloves, who went over from New-York and Boston to see society and the show. We remember that Mr. Greeley was said to be making himself appear excessively ridiculous by writing home that we should come out very well notwithstanding we had no Kohinoor, and but little to boast of in the way of fancy articles in general. An excellent neighbor of ours down Broadway, who left London before the tide turned, sent a letter to the *Evening Post*, we believe, of the regret felt by the "respectable Americans in Europe" that we had been so weak as to enter into this competition at all. But see what the *Times* has said of the matter since the first of October:

> "One point that strikes us forcibly on a survey of the last few months is, the extraordinary contrast which the attractive and the useful features of the display present. It will be remembered that the American department was at first regarded as the poorest and least interesting of all foreign countries. Of late it has justly assumed a position of the first importance, as having brought to the aid of our distressed agriculturists a machine which, if it realizes the anticipations of competent judges, *will amply remunerate England for all her outlay connected with the Great Exhibition*. The reaping machine from the United States is the most valuable contribution from abroad to the stock of our previous knowledge that we have yet discovered."

Again:

> "It seems to us that the great event of 1851 will hereafter be found blemished by a *grand oversight*. Attracted by the novelty and splendid success of the occasion, we have certainly yielded more admiration to the grand and the beautiful than to the unostentatious, the practical, and the useful. The captivating luxuries which are adapted to the few have entered more largely into our imaginations and our hearts, than those objects which are adapted to supply the homely comforts and the unpretending wants of the many. We have thought more of gold and silver work—of silks, satins, and velvets—of rich brocades, splendid carpets, glowing tapestry, and all that tends to embellish and adorn life, than of the vast and still unexplored fields which the necessities of the humbler classes all over the world are constantly opening up to us. France has thus been enabled to run quietly away with fifty-six out of about one hundred and sixty of our great medals, while to the department of American "notions" we owe the most confessed and the most important contribution to our industrial system."

Again:

> "Well worthy of notice is the Maynard primer, a substitution for the percussion-cap, which is simply a coil of paper, at intervals in which spots of detonating powder are placed. The action of the doghead carries out from the chamber in which it is contained this cheap and self-acting substitute for the ordinary gun apparatus, which is a vast economy in expense as well as in time. In its character the invention is one which admits of being easily adapted to every description of firearms at present commonly in use, and that at a trifling cost."

In the same pleasant way are noticed our Mr. Hobbs, his locks, and a score or so of similarly ingenious productions; and as for Mr. Palmer's *leg*, it is declared the chief astonisher contributed by all the world—so perfect, indeed, that some of the journals recommend a general cutting off of natural understandings in order to adopt the always comfortable and well-conditioned substitute introduced by our countryman.

A considerable number of shameless women and feeble-minded men met in convention—a sort of

caldron of sickly sentimentalism, brazen atheism, and whatever is most ridiculous and disgusting in the diseases of society,—at Worcester in Massachusetts, on the 14th of October, and continued in session three days. A Mrs. Rose (who, we understand, generally makes the leading speeches of the Tom Paine birth-night festivals in New-York), and Abby Kelley Foster, and William L. Garrison, were among the principal actors. The main propositions before this convention, so far as they can be ascertained from the newspaper reports, involve the setting aside of the laws of God as they are revealed in the Bible; the laws of custom in all savage and civilized, pagan and Christian communities, in every age; and the laws of analogy—vindicating the existing order of society—in every grade of animated nature. Complaints have been made that persons of character, like the Rev. H. W. Beecher of Brooklyn, in some way sanctioned the mummery by writing letters to its managers. Such eccentricities may be pardonable, but the public will be sure to remember them.

A female, probably a cheap dress maker, named Dexter, has been lecturing in London on the "Bloomer costume;" and it appears to have been assumed by her, as well as in many English journals, that this ridiculous and indecent dress is common in American cities, where, as of course our readers know, if it is ever seen, it is on the persons of an abandoned class, or on those of vulgar women whose inordinate love of notoriety is apt to display itself in ways that induce their exclusion from respectable society. *Punch* has some very clever caricatures of "Bloomerism," but it would surprise the conductor of that sprightly paper to learn, that, except persons who walk our St. Giles's at late hours, scarcely any New-Yorker has ever seen such a dress. [Pg 564]

There have never been remarked so many sudden deaths and suicides in Paris and in the suburbs, as within the last few weeks. The following is one of the most extraordinary cases of suicide:

> "The body of a young man was found floating in the Seine, near St. Cloud. The corpse appeared to have remained some days in the water. The deceased appeared to have been about 25 years of age, and to have belonged to the higher class of society. His features were handsome, his hair brown, and his beard long and black. His linen was of the finest quality, and his other clothing made in the latest fashion. A small glass bottle, corked and sealed, was suspended from his neck, in which was a paper writing, containing the following words:—"I am about to die! young, it is true! and if my body be discovered a complaint may perhaps be made. This I do not wish. An angel appeared to me in a dream, who said to me, 'I am the Genius of France. Royal blood circulates in your veins; but before you occupy the sovereign power, which parties are disputing in France, you must go to see the Eternal Sovereign of all things.... God! ... die. Let the waters of the Seine swallow your body. Fear not, you shall revive when the hour of your triumph shall have struck! I have spoken!' and the angel disappeared. I have accomplished his desire. But I leave this writing in case the celestial envoy may have deceived me. I pray the Attorney-General to prosecute him,
>
> "THE FUTURE KING OF FRANCE."

The body has not been claimed, and the police authorities have instituted an inquiry to discover his family.

The following clever and extraordinary story is told in the Paris *Droit*:

> "A commercial traveller, whose business frequently called him from Orleans to Paris, M. Edmund D——, was accustomed to go to an hotel, with the landlord of which he was acquainted. Liking, like almost all persons of his profession, to talk and joke, he was the favorite of everybody in the hotel. A few days ago he arrived, and was received with pleasure by all, but it was observed that he was much less gay than usual. The stories that he told, instead of being interesting as formerly, were of a lugubrious character. On Thursday evening, after supper, he invited the people of the hotel to go to his chamber to take coffee, and he promised to tell them a tale full of dramatic incident. On entering the room, his guests saw on the bed, near which he seated himself, a pair of pistols. 'My story,' said he, 'has a sad *dénouement*, and I require the pistols to make it clearly understood.' As he had always been accustomed, in telling his tales, to indulge expressive pantomime, and to take up anything which lay handy, calculated to add to the effect, no surprise was felt at his having prepared pistols. He began by narrating the loves of a young girl and a young man. They had both, he said, promised, under the most solemn oaths, inviolable fidelity. The young man, whose profession obliged him to travel, once made a long absence. Whilst he was away, he received a legacy, and on his return hastened to place it at her feet. But on presenting himself before her he learned that, in compliance with the wishes of her family, she had just married a wealthy merchant. The young man thereupon took a terrible resolution. 'He purchased a pair of pistols, like these,' he continued, taking one in each hand, 'then

he assembled his friends in his chamber, and, after some conversation, placed one under his chin, in this way, as I do, saying in a joke that it would be a real pleasure to blow out his brains. And at the same moment he pulled the trigger.' Here the man discharged the pistol, and his head was shattered to pieces. Pieces of the bone and portions of the brain fell on the horrified spectators. The unfortunate man had told his own story."

We find in the *Evening Post* the following notice of the citation of Mr. G. P. R. James in the courts, under the head of "Brown Linen against Law Calf:"

"Immediately previous to the sort of intermittent equinoctial which has recently prevailed, the full bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, presided over by Chief Justice Shaw, were at session at Lenox, in the county of Berkshire. Among the cases that were brought up for adjudication, was an action of *trespass quare clausum fregit*, brought by a farmer against a number of individuals, who in common with many others, had, at a time last winter, when the public highway was rendered impassible by ice and snow, made a temporary road over the farmer's grounds without leave or license first had and obtained. Mr. Sumner, of Barrington, the leading counsel of the county, appeared for the defence, and in enforceing his views, took occasion to read from Macaulay's late History of England, several passages to illustrate the state of land communication in that county, at the time of which he writes. From that author it appears that upon one occasion, worthy Mr. Pepys, our friend of the 'naif' diary, while travelling somewhere (we think in Lincolnshire, but have not the book before us for reference), got his '*belle voiture*', as Cardinal Richelieu used to call his antediluvian vehicle, stuck in the mud so that it could not be extricated, and Mr. Sumner went on to argue, that by the common law, Mr. Pepys then was, and anybody now is, justified, in cases of necessity, in passing over private domains without becoming liable to the owner in damages. Mr. Porter, recently District Attorney, was for the plaintiff, and, in answering that part of his adversary's argument, to which we have above alluded, claimed the indulgence of the court to state, that a certain author had been quoted upon the other side, who had hardly as yet been recognized as authority in a court of justice, upon a mere law question, at least; that such being the case, he claimed the liberty to read from another writer, the late historiographer royal of Great Britain, a gentleman whose statements were certainly entitled to overrule the others in a question of that sort; and thereupon Mr. Porter commenced reading the first chapter of Mr. G. P. R. James's new novel of 'The Fate,' in which he so indignantly denounces the falsity of Macaulay's picture of the social condition of England two centuries ago. This created no little merriment, both on the bench and among the gentlemen of the robe, all admitting that it was the first time within their knowledge, that the black linen and the brown paper had usurped the place of the consecrated law calf, before an American tribunal at least."

A French critic has just revealed a portrait of the favorite of Lamartine and numerous other writers on the Revolution—St. Just, from which it appears that he was the author of a long poem entitled *Orgaut*. The opinion which the historians have caused the public to form of this man was, that he was a fanatic—implacable, but sincere—a ruthless minister of the guillotine, but deeming wholesale slaughter indispensable for securing, what he conscientiously considered, the welfare of the people. He was, we might imagine, something like the gloomy inquisitors of old, who thought it was doing God service to burn heretics at the stake.

A correspondent of the *Athenæum* observes, that "To justify this opinion, one would have expected to have found in a poem written by him when the warm and generous sentiments of youth were in all their freshness, burning aspirations for what it was the fashion of his time to call *vertu*, and lavish protestations of devotedness to his country and the people. But instead of that, the work is, it appears, from beginning to end, full of the grossest obscenity—it is the delirium of a brain maddened with voluptuousness—it is coarser and more abominable than the 'Pucelle' of Voltaire, and is not relieved, as that is, by sparkling wit and graces of style. In a moral point of view, it is atrocious—in a literary point of view, wretched. The discovery of such a production will be a sad blow to the stern fanatics of these days, who look on the blood-stained men of the Revolution with admiration and awe —who make them the martyred saints of their calendar—and whose hope by day and dream by night is to have the opportunity of imitating them. Of the whole band St. Just has hitherto been considered the purest—he has always been accepted as the very personification of 'virtue' in its most sublime form. Even the immaculate Maximilien Robespierre himself has never had the honor of having admitted that he approached him in moral grandeur. And now, behold! this 'virtuous' angel is proved to have been a debauched and loathsome-minded wretch! But, to be sure, that was before he began cutting off heads, and wholesale murders on the political scaffold redeem a multitude of sins."

A few days ago the French President received a gift of the most rich bouquets from the market women of Paris, and at the same time an application for permission to visit him at the palace. This was granted, and full three hundred of the flower of the female merchants in fruit and vegetables of the faubourgs, dressed in their utmost finery, were received by the officers in attendance, and ushered through the saloons of the Elysee.

The London *Times* correspondent says:

> "After admiring the furniture, paintings, &c., they were conducted to the gardens, where they enjoyed themselves for some time. Refreshments were then laid out in the dining-room, and they were invited to partake of the President's hospitality. The champagne was passing round pretty freely when the President entered. They received him with acclamations of '*Vive Napoléon!*' The President, after the usual salutations, took a glass of wine, and proposed the toast, '*A la santé des dames de la Halle de Paris!*' which was responded to in a becoming manner; and '*La santé de Napoléon!*' was in turn proposed by an elderly matron, and loudly cheered. The ladies were particularly pleased at finding the bouquets presented yesterday arranged in the dining-room. Louis Napoleon chatted for some time with his visitors, and expressed, in warm terms, the pleasure he felt at seeing them under his roof. The ladies requested that one of their companions—the most distinguished for personal attractions, as for youth—should be allowed to embrace him in the name of the others. *Such* a request no man could hesitate to grant, and the fair one who was deputed to bestow the general salute advanced, blushing and trembling, to perform the duty. Louis Napoleon went through the pleasing ceremony with much credit to himself, and apparently to the great satisfaction of those present. In a short time the visitors asked permission to retire, after again thanking the President for the honor he did them. Before separating they united in one last and loud acclamation of '*Vive Napoléon.*'"

Johnson J. Hooper, the author of *Captain Simon Suggs*, and several other works similar to that famous performance in humor and in the characteristics of southern life, is editor of *The Chambers Tribune*, published somewhere in Alabama. Few papers have as much of the quality which is commonly described by the word "spicy." In a late number we have an election anecdote which will serve as a specimen. The hero is Colonel A. Q. Nicks, of Talladega. We quote:

> "The Colonel had incurred, somehow, the enmity of a certain preacher—one who had once been ejected from his church and subsequently restored. The parson, besides, was no favorite with his neighbors. Well, when Nicks was nominated, parson Slashem 'norated' it publicly that when Nicks should be elected, his (the parson's) land would be for sale, and himself ready to emigrate. Well, the Colonel went round the county a time or two, and found he was 'bound to go;' and shortly after arriving at that highly satisfactory conclusion, espying the parson in a crowd he was addressing, sung out to him: 'I say, brother Slashem, begin to fix up your *muniments*—draw your deeds—I am going to represent these people, *certain*! But before you leave, let me give you thanks for declaring your intention as soon as you did; for on that account I am getting all of your church and the most part of your neighbors!' The parson has not been heard of since."

In a late number of Mr. Charles Dickens's *Household Words*, there is an amusing and suggestive paper on Nursery Rhymes, wherein the ferocious morals embalmed in jog-trot verse are indicated, for the reflective consideration of all parents. A terrible case is made out against these lisping moralists: slaughter, cruelty, bigotry, injustice, wanton delight in terrible accidents and awful punishments for trivial offences, ferocity of every kind—such a mass of "shocking notions" as would people our nurseries with demons, were it not for the happy indifference of children to anything but the rhyme, rhythm, and quaint image. [Pg 566]

In France, we have the *Univers* regretting that Luther was not burnt, and that the church has not still the power to use the stake; and in England we have the *Rambler*, a journal which is considered the organ of the moderate party, as distinct from that of the *Tablet*, boldly expressing wishes and hopes of an even more debatable character. The creed of the king of Naples is authoritatively declared to be that of every Catholic. In a late number it is said—

> "Believe us not, Protestants of England and Ireland, for an instant, when you see us pouring forth our liberalisms. When you hear a Catholic orator at some Catholic assemblage declaring solemnly that 'this is the most humiliating day in his life, when he is called upon to defend once more the glorious principle of religious freedom'—(especially if he says any thing about the Emancipation Act and the 'toleration' it *conceded* to Catholics)—be not too simple in your credulity. These are

brave words, but they mean nothing; no, nothing more than the promises of a parliamentary candidate to his constituents on the hustings. *He is not talking Catholicism, but nonsense and Protestantism*; and he will no more act on these notions in different circumstances, than *you* now act on them yourselves in your treatment of him. You ask, if he were lord in the land, and you were in a minority, if not in numbers yet in power, what would he do to you? That, we say, would entirely depend upon circumstances. If it would benefit the cause of Catholicism, he would tolerate you: if expedient he would imprison you, banish you, fine you; possibly, *he might even hang you*. But be assured of one thing: he would never tolerate you for the sake of the 'glorious principles of civil and religious liberty.'"

Again, it is said—

> "Why are we so anxious to make the church wear the garb of the world? Why do we stoop, and bow, and cringe before that enemy whom we are sent to conquer and *annihilate*? Why are we ashamed of the deeds of our more consistent forefathers, *who did only what they were bound to do by the first principles of Catholicism*?... Shall I foster that damnable doctrine, that Socinianism, and Calvinism, and Anglicanism, and Judaism, are not every one of them mortal sins, like murder and adultery? Shall I lend my countenance to this unhappy persuasion of my brother, that he is not flying in the face of Almighty God every day that he remains a Protestant? Shall I hold out hopes to him that I will not meddle with his creed if he will not meddle with mine? Shall I lead him to think that religion is a matter for private opinion, and tempt him to forget *that he has no more right to his religious views than he has to my purse, or my house, or my life-blood*? No! Catholicism is the most intolerant of creeds. It is intolerance itself, for it is truth itself. We might as rationally maintain that a sane man has a right to believe that two and two do not make four, as this theory of religious liberty. Its impiety is only equalled by its absurdity."

We refer above to the *Univers*, the organ of the Roman Catholic party in France. The editor of that print, at a dinner recently given for Bishop Hughes, at the Astor House, was complimented in a toast by our excellent collector, Maxwell, who, of course, endorses the following choice paragraph:

> "A heretic," observes the editor of the *Univers*, "examined and convicted by the church, used to be delivered over to the secular power, and punished with death. Nothing has ever appeared to us more natural, or more necessary. More than 100,000 persons perished in consequence of the heresy of Wicliff; a still greater number by that of John Huss; it would not be possible to calculate the bloodshed caused by the heresy of Luther, and *it is not yet over*. After three centuries we are at the eve of a recommencement. The prompt repression of the disciples of Luther, and a crusade against Protestantism, would have spared Europe three centuries of discord and of catastrophes in which France and civilization may perish. It was under the influence of such reflections that I wrote the phrase which has so excited the virtuous indignation of the Red journals. Here it is:—'For my part, I avow frankly my regret is not only that they did not sooner burn John Huss, but that they did not equally burn Luther; and I regret, further, that there had not been at the same time some prince sufficiently pious and politic to have made a crusade against the Protestants.' Well, this paragraph might have been better penned; but as I have the happiness to belong to those who care little about mere forms of expression, I will not revoke it. I accept it as it is, and with a certain satisfaction at finding myself faithful to my opinions. That which I wrote in 1838 I still believe. Let the Red philanthropists print their declaration in any sort of type they please, and as often as they please. Let them add their commentaries, and place all to my account. The day that I cancel it, they will be justified in holding the opinion of me which I hold of them."

Far be it from us to meddle with the quarrels of the theologians—even by reprinting any attack an adversary makes on the worst of them. We merely copy these paragraphs from famous defenders of the Catholic Church, as an act of justice to her, against those slandering Protestants who say she has changed—she, the infallible and ever consistent!

The "leading journal of the world" occasionally indulges in a pleasantry, as in this example:

> "A surgical operation under the influence of chloroform has just terminated fatally, to the regret of the public, to whom the patient was well known. One of the brown bears in the Zoological Garden suffering from cataract of the eye, an eminent surgeon and a party of *gelehrter* assembled to undertake his cure. Bruin was tempted to the bars of his den by the offer of some bread, and then secured by ropes and a muzzle. After a stout resistance, chloroform was administered. In a state of insensibility the cataract was removed, and the bonds untied, but the patient showed no signs of life! Feathers to the nose, cold buckets of water, and bleeding produced no effect. Poor Bruin had gone whither the great tortoise, two ostriches, and the African lion have preceded him, for the managers of the Berlin

gardens are decidedly unlucky. With the trifling drawback of the death of the subject, the operation was skilfully and successfully performed."

We find the following anecdote as related by Baron OLDHAUSEN: it conveys an admirable lesson:

"Charles XII., of Sweden, condemned a soldier, and stood at a distance from the place of execution. The fellow, when he heard this, was in hopes of a pardon, but being assured that he was mistaken, replied with a loud voice, 'My tongue is still free, and I will use it at my pleasure.' He did so, and charged the king, with much insolence, and as loud as he could speak, with injustice and barbarity, and appealed to God for revenge. The king, not hearing him distinctly, inquired what the soldier had been saying. A general officer, unwilling to sharpen his resentment against the poor man, told his majesty he had only repeated with great earnestness, 'That God loves the merciful, and teaches the mighty to moderate their anger.' The king was touched by these words, and sent his pardon to the criminal. A courtier, however, in an opposite interest, availed himself of this occasion and repeated to the king exactly the licentious expressions which the fellow uttered, adding gravely, that 'men of quality ought never to misrepresent facts to their sovereign.' The king for some moments stood pausing, and then turned to the courtier, saying, with reproving looks, 'This is the first time I have been betrayed to my advantage; but the lie of your enemy gave me more pleasure than your truth has done.'"

A report is current in Europe that an expedition is to be sent from France into the sea of Japan. It is said that it will consist of a frigate, a corvette, and a steamer, under the orders of a Rear-Admiral who has long navigated in the Pacific Ocean and the Chinese seas. "This expedition will", it is added, "be at once military, commercial, and scientific, and has for object to open to European commerce states which have been closed against it since the sixteenth century." Notwithstanding the sanction which the principle involved received a few years ago, from an illustrious American, we cannot regard the proposed expedition otherwise than as an act of the most shameless villainy by a nation. The Japanese are a peculiar race, and our readers who have seen a series of articles on the subject of their civilization and polity in late numbers of the *Tribune*, will not be disposed to think the people of Japan inferior to those of France, just now, in any of the best elements of a state. We, as well as the Japanese themselves, understand perfectly well that the opening of their ports to the Europeans and Americans, would be followed by the demoralization and overthrow of their empire.

Mr. CARLYLE, in the following brief composition, of which the original was shown us a few days ago, furnishes a model for autograph writers.

"George W. C——, of Philadelphia, wants my autograph, and here gets it: much good may it do him.

T. CARLYLE.

LONDON, *November 2, 1850*."

The following on the silence of wives under conjugal infelicity, is as sententious and as true as any thing in La Bruyère:

"However much a woman may detest her husband, the grievance is too irremediable for her to find any comfort in talking about it; there is never any consolation in complaining of great troubles—silence and forgetfulness are the only anodynes. Women have generally a Spartan fortitude in the matter of husbands: if they have made an unblessed choice, it is a secret they instinctively conceal from the world, cloaking their sufferings under every imaginable color and pretence. They apparently feel that to blame their husbands is to blame themselves at second-hand."

We published in the *International* some time ago a sketch, pleasantly written, of the eccentric Lord Chancellor Thurlow, and his terrible swearing. The following from the Manchester *Courier*, shows that the great lawyer has a worthy follower in Baron Platt:

"At the recent assizes at Liverpool, a stabbing case from Manchester was heard before Baron Platt, who, in summing up to the jury, used these words: 'One of the witnesses tells you that he said to the prisoner, 'If you use your knife you are a d

——d coward;' I say also,' continued the learned judge, apparently in deep thought, 'that he was a d——d coward, and any man is a d——d coward who will use a knife.'"

The printers of London are endeavoring to establish, in imitation of the *Printers' Library* in New-York, a literary institution to be called "The Printers' Athenæum," and have received considerable encouragement from compositors, and the trades connected with printing, as typefounders, bookbinders, engravers, letter-press and copper-plate printers, &c., the members of which are eligible. The object is to combine the social advantages of a club with the mental improvement of a literary and scientific institution, and to adapt them for the position and circumstances of the working classes. All persons engaged in the production of a newspaper, or book, such as editors, authors, reporters, readers, &c., although strictly not belonging to the profession, are competent to become members, and persons not so connected will be permitted to join the society on their being proposed by a member. It is expected that the Athenæum will be opened before the commencement of the ensuing year.

A MADRID correspondent writes to one of the London journals:

> "The infant princess to whom the Duchess of Montpensier has just given birth has received the names of Maria Amalia Luisa Enriqueta Felipa Antonia Fernanda Cristina Isabel Adelaida Jesusa Josefa Joaquina Ana Francisca de Asis Justa Rufina Francisca de Paula Ramona Elena Carolina Bibiana Polonia Gaspara Melchora Baltasara Augustina Sabina."

Doubtless there was an extra charge for the christening.

Historical Review of the Month.

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An increasing activity is observable in whatever points to the next Presidential election, and several eminent persons have recently defined their relations to the most exciting and important questions to be affected in that contest. Among others, ex-Vice President Dallas, ex-Secretary of the Navy Paulding, and Mr. Henry Clay, have written letters on the state of the nation as respects the slavery question. Meantime, the people of South Carolina have repudiated the doctrine and policy of secession by electing only two members in the whole state favorable to their views in the Convention called for the consideration of that subject; Georgia and Mississippi have given overwhelming majorities on the same side; and Pennsylvania appears to have asserted not less unquestionably her attachment to the Union and the Compromise, in electing Mr. Bigler governor.

The affairs of the several states are without special significance except in the matter of elections, of which we have indicated the general results as altogether favorable to the Union and the enforcement of the laws of Congress. Returns, however, are at the time when we go to press so imperfect, that we attempt no particular details respecting candidates or majorities. In Pennsylvania and Ohio, as in the Southern States, the democrats have a perfect ascendency; in Maryland the whigs have been successful; in California it appears to be doubtful as to the Governor, but the democrats have a control in the Legislature.

The most important news from California relates to the movement for dividing the state, and making that part of it lying south of the thirty-seventh degree of north latitude a separate commonwealth. If this project should be carried into effect, slavery would, no doubt, be introduced into Southern California; but there is not much prospect of its being successful. A convention of delegates from the southern counties, to be held at Los Angelos, Santa Barbara, or Monterey, is called for the purpose of interchanging sentiments on the subject, so that the Legislature may take the matter into consideration. The accounts from the mining districts continue to be favorable; improvements are in successful progress in various gold-bearing districts; and the yield of the precious metal is such as to reward the enterprise and industry of the miner. San Francisco and Sacramento have again been disgraced by the conduct of scoundrel bands usurping the functions of government and putting to death such persons as were obnoxious to their prejudices or guilty of offences which the law officers might have punished.

From the Mormon City at Salt Lake, intelligence is received of continued prosperity. Mr. Bernheisel, last year agent for the territory in this city to obtain a library for Utah, is chosen territorial delegate to Congress.

After a protracted contest for Provisional Bishop of the diocese of New-York, Dr. Creighton, of Tarrytown, has been elected to that office. He is a native of this city, and graduated in Columbia College in 1812, afterwards officiated in Grace Church, was next appointed Rector of St. Mark's, Bowery, whence he was called to Tarrytown, where he now resides.

Louis Kossuth, having been set at liberty by the Turkish government, will very soon arrive in the United States, where extraordinary demonstrations of respect will be offered to him in several of

the principal cities. About nine months ago Kossuth committed to the care of Mr. Frank Taylor, a young American visiting Broussa, the MS. of an address to the people of this country, which was published in a translation, at New-York, on the 18th of October—having been withheld until that time lest its earlier appearance should affect injuriously the interests of its author in Europe. The friends of liberty will rejoice that Kossuth is free, and in a land of liberty; but it is not improbable that future events will demonstrate, that the Austrian government was not altogether unreasonable in protesting against his enlargement. Kossuth and Mazzini are scarcely less terrible to tyrants, as writers, than as the leaders of armies and the masters of cabinets.

Although extraordinary prosperity in a state may sometimes lead to arrogance and injustice, the position of this country toward several European powers who intimate an intention of compelling a certain policy on our part in regard to Spain, must insure a triumphant consideration of the *Union*, in which we have a strength that may laugh their leagues to scorn. The details of an arrangement between Spain, France, and Great Britain, are not yet perfectly understood in the United States, but it is generally known that some plan has been adopted which will be likely to draw from the Secretary of State a sequel to his letter to Mr. Hulseman, the Austrian *chargé d'Affaires*, whose experiences were made known a year ago.

The vessels of the American exploring expedition in search of Sir John Franklin returned—the *Advance* on the 30th of September, and the *Rescue*, which had separated from her on the banks of Newfoundland, a few days after. It is probable that a full account of this heroic enterprise, so honorable to its authors and to all engaged in it, will soon be given to the public, by Dr. Kane, or one of the other officers; and as any such brief statement as we could present of its history would be unsatisfactory, we shall not now go further into details than to say no traces of Sir John Franklin, except such as we have already noticed, were discovered, and that the crews came home after a year's absence in excellent health. The nearly simultaneous return of the British expedition has caused considerable discussion in England. It appears to be felt very generally that it is not justifiable to abandon the pursuit until the fate of Sir John Franklin has been demonstrated by actual observation. Such satisfaction is due to science and to humanity. Proposals are now, we believe, before the Admiralty, for sending into the Arctic seas one or more steamers, with which alone the search can be advantageously prosecuted further.

A New-York ship, the Flying Cloud, made the passage round the Horn to San Francisco in ninety days—shorter than any voyage on record. Her fastest day's run was 374 miles, beating the fleetest of Collins's steamers by fifty miles. In three successive days she made 992 miles. At this rate she would cross the Atlantic in less than nine days. [Pg 569]

Discouraging accounts have been received respecting the whale fleet in the North Pacific Ocean. After wintering in the gulf of Anadir, the fleet attempted to pass into the Arctic Ocean, when it became surrounded with fields of ice, by which not less than eight vessels are known to have been destroyed, and it was supposed that upwards of sixty others had experienced the same fate. Some of the crews of the lost ships reached the main land, but afterwards got into difficulty with the natives and in consequence many of them were killed. The whale fishing, during the season, is said to have been an entire failure, and a number of vessels were on their return to the northwest coast, in the hope of retrieving their ill fortune.

Several disastrous "accidents" have recently happened in various parts of the country. On the 21st September, the steamer James Jackson, exploded near Shawneetown in Illinois, killing and wounding 35. On the 26th September, the Brilliant exploded near Bayou Sara, killing a yet larger number; and many such events of less importance, but probably involving more or less criminality, have occurred on steamboats and railroads in various parts of the country. The most destructive fire since the completion of our last number was one at Buffalo, commencing on the 25th September, and continuing until 200 buildings, on more than 30 acres, were destroyed, and an immense number of poor families were made homeless. The fire extended over the meanest part of the town, but the loss is estimated at $300,000. For several days a destructive gale prevailed along the eastern coast, producing an immense loss of life; a large number of dead bodies were taken from the holds of vessels. Great excitement has prevailed in Gloucester, Newburyport and other towns, a large portion of whose populations were exposed to the fury of the storm. Further east, on the coast of Nova-Scotia, the remains of sixty persons, lost during the storm, are said to have been buried in one grave. No less than 160 vessels, of all kinds, are reported to have been wrecked.

The Grand Jury sitting at Philadelphia have found bills of indictment against four white men and twenty-seven negroes, for treason, in participating in the outrage at Christiana, in the state of Pennsylvania. At Syracuse on the 1st of October an attempt was made to rescue a slave, but he was captured and his abettors arrested and conveyed to Auburn for examination.

The jury in the case of Margaret Garrity, who was tried at Newark for the murder of a man named Drum, who seduced her under a promise of marriage, and afterwards deserted her for another, rendered a verdict of not guilty, on the ground of insanity, on the 13th ult. This disgraceful proceeding had precedents in New Jersey, and it appears to have excited but little of the indignation which it deserved. Margaret Garrity murdered her paramour under extraordinary circumstances, which, doubtless, would have had proper weight with the pardoning power. It is evidently absurd to say, that she, more than any murderess, was insane, and the jury were altogether unjustifiable in rendering a verdict which is unsupported by evidence; and of an assumption of the authority of the Governor of the State, in setting at liberty a criminal for whose conduct there appeared to be merely some sort of extenuation or excuse in the conduct of her victim. It would be as well to have no juries as juries so ignorant or reckless of their obligations.

A general council of the once grand confederacy of the Five Nations of Indians, the Mohawks, Onondagas, Oneidas, Cayugas, Senecas, and Tuscaroras—was held at Tonawanda on Friday, September 19th, to celebrate the funeral rites of their last Grand Sachem, John Blacksmith, deceased, and of electing a Grand Sachem in his place, electing Chiefs, &c. Ely S. Parker (Do-ne-ha-ga-wa), was proclaimed Grand Sachem of the Six Nations. He was invested with the silver medal presented by Washington to the celebrated war-chief Red Jacket, and worn by him until his death.

The new Canadian Ministry, so far as formed, is as follows: Inspector-General, Mr. Hincks; President of the Council, Dr. Rolph; Postmaster-General, Malcolm Cameron; Commissioner of Crown Lands, William Morris; Attorney-General for Canada West, W. B. Richards; Attorney-General for Canada East, Mr. Drummond; Provincial Secretary, Mr. Morin. Three appointments are yet to be made. The government will be eminently liberal.

A revolution set on foot in Northern Mexico promises to be successful. The chief causes alleged by the conspirators are the enormous duties upon imports, and too severe punishment for smuggling, the excessive authority of the Central Government over the individual States, the quartering of regular troops upon citizens, the mal-administration of the national finances, the bad system of military government inherited from the Spanish establishment, and the want of a system of public education. The insurgents declare that they lay aside all idea of secession or annexation, yet it is not impossible that the movement will soon have such an end. The revolution commenced at Camargo, where the insurgents attacked the Mexicans, and came off victorious, having taken the town by storm, with a loss on the side of the Mexicans of 60. The Government troops were intrenched in a church with artillery. The revolutionists are commanded by Carvajal, who has also with him two companies of Texans. At our last dates, the 9th of September, they had taken the town of Reynosa, meeting but little resistance. One field-piece and a quantity of other arms fell into their hands. General Canales, the Governor of Tamaulipas, was approaching Metamoras, and General Avalajos was on the way to meet him, whether as friend or foe is uncertain. It was supposed that Canales would assume the chief command of the revolutionists.

From New Grenada we learn that General Herrara has entirely subdued the revolt lately undertaken, and that the country is quiet. A revolt has broken out in Chili (a country remarkable in South America for the stability of its affairs), and in several towns the troops had declared in favor of a new man for the Presidency: the disorganizers were sweeping all before them, and the country was in a most excited condition. From Montevideo the latest intelligence is so confused that we can arrive at no definite conclusion, except that the domestic war is prosecuted with unusual savageness. An insurrection has broken out in the states of San Salvador and Guatemala. General Carrera, with a force of 1,500 men, had attacked the enemy in San Salvador, who mustered 4,000 strong, and defeated them with a loss of four men killed. He then evacuated the country. [Pg 570]

From Great Britain we have no political news of importance. The royal family were still in the north. The whig politicians appear to be agitating new schemes of parliamentary reform, and several distinguished persons have recently made addresses to their constituents. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is before his county as a protectionist candidate for the House of Commons, with fair prospects. The submarine telegraph to France has been completed. The great cable which was intended to reach the whole distance proved too short by half a mile, owing to the irregularity of the line in which it was laid down. It was pieced out with a coil of wire coated with gutta percha. This will, however, have to be taken up and supplied with cable. The connection is complete with France, and messages are sent across with perfect success. Mr. Lawrence, the American minister, having gone to Ireland, for the purpose of seeing the scenery of the country, has been embarrassed with honors; public addresses have been presented to him, banquets given to him, railway directors and commissioners of harbors have attended him in his journeys, a steamboat was specially fitted up to carry him down the Shannon, and in every way such demonstrations of interest and honor were offered as were suitable for a people's reception of a messenger from the home of their children. The visit of Mr. Lawrence promises some happy results in directing attention to projects for a steam communication directly with the United States. The differences between the government of Calcutta and the court of Hyderabad, have been arranged for the present without any actual confiscation of the Nizam's territory. A considerable sum has been lodged in the hands of the Resident, and security offered for the partial liquidation of the remainder. Moolraj, the ex-Dewan of Mooltan, expired on the 11th August, while on his journey to the fortress of Allahabad, and the Vizier Yar Mohammed Khan, of Herat, died on the 4th of June. The eldest son of the latter, Seyd Mahommed Khan, has succeeded to the throne of Herat. Dost Mohammed is resolved to oppose him, and, for that purpose, has placed his son, Hyder Khan, at the head of a large army, with orders to invade Herat. The Admiralty have advertised for tenders for a monthly mail line of screw-steamers to and from England and the west coast of Africa. The ports to be touched at are Goree, Bathurst, Sierra Leone, Monrovia (Liberia), Cape Coast Castle, Accra, Whydah Badagry, Lagos, Bonny, Old Calabar, Cameroons, and Fernando Po. The whole range of the slave coast will thus be included; and it is understood that the object of the line, which, in the first instance, of course will carry scarcely any passengers or letters, is to promote the extinction of that traffic, not only by cultivating commerce with the natives, but by the rapid and regular information it will convey from point to point. Of the Caffre war, we have intelligence by an arrival at Boston direct from the Cape of Good Hope, later than has been received by way of England. There appeared to be some prospect of the war being brought to a close; reinforcements of troops had arrived, and Sir Harry Smith, the Governor, was in excellent spirits. In the mean time, however, the Caffres and Hottentots continued making sad havoc on the settlements, and the people were suffering from a lack of provisions, and cattle and stock were starving to death.

Efficient measures however had in England been taken for their relief.

From France, in the recess of the Assembly, there is no news of general importance. The persecution of the press, by which more than one ruler of that country has heretofore lost his place, is persevered in, and a large number of editors (including two sons of Victor Hugo) have been imprisoned and fined. All foreigners intending to reside permanently in Paris, or exercise any calling there, must henceforth present themselves personally to the authorities, and obtain permission to remain. This new and stringent police-regulation is, it is said, to be extended to every department of France. Such fear of foreigners contrasts strangely with the unsuspicious welcome which they receive in America and England. The President is evidently not willing his "subjects" should know what the world says of his administration.

The Government of Naples has caused to be published a formal reply to Mr. Gladstone's letters to Lord Palmerston in respect to its unjustifiable severity to political prisoners, particularly the ex-minister Poerio. It mainly consists of an exposure of some inaccuracies of detail on the part of Mr. Gladstone, such as an exaggeration of the number of political prisoners at present confined in Naples, the alleged innocence of Poerio, the unhealthy state of the prisons, &c.; but it does not do away with the charge of savage severity in the punishment of Poerio and his fellow-prisoners, which formed the main accusation advanced by Mr. Gladstone against the Neapolitan Government, and it is not likely in any considerable degree to affect the opinion of the world on the subject. The Papal Court has addressed a note to the French Government, complaining of the toleration, by the latter, of incendiary writings against Italian states. The note observes that if the French journals were not to publish these writings, the demagogues would be at a loss for organs of circulation, because the English newspapers are much less read in Italy. The Emperor of Austria has been making a tour through his Italian provinces, in which he has been received with "respectful silence" in streets deserted by all except the military and ungoverned children.

From a diplomatic correspondence between the representatives of Austria and Turkey, in regard to the liberation of Kossuth and his companions, it is very evident that Austria feels very keenly the discomfiture she has sustained, and that she will be very likely to resent this disregard of her wishes, by seeking cause of war with Turkey. She is stirring up rebellion in the Bosnian provinces, and concentrating her troops upon that frontier, to take advantage of any contingency that may arise. The authorities in Hungary have been absurd enough to evince the spleen of the Austrians in hanging effigies of Kossuth and his associates, condemned for treason *in contumace*.

In Portugal vigorous preparations were being made for elections, in which it was expected that Saldanha's friends would generally be defeated. At the Cape de Verde Islands a terrible disease, described as a black plague, was very fatal.

The differences between the governments of Turkey and Egypt are still unsettled, and the fate of the Egyptian railroad therefore remains doubtful.

Scientific Discoveries and Proceedings of Learned Societies.

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Some recently received numbers of the *Nordische Biene* contain interesting information concerning the organization and labors of the Russian Geographical Society. This body, like the Geographical and Statistical Society organized a few weeks since in New-York, is modelled upon the general plan of the Royal Geographical Society in London. It is, however, far from being so universal in its aims; in fact, its members confine their investigations to the Russian empire, and to tribes and countries contiguous therewith. The annual meeting is held on April 5th. At the last, two prizes were given; one of these was a gold medal offered by Prince Constantine, the other a money prize for the best statistical work. The medal was awarded to Lieutenant-Colonel Buckhardt Lemm, for a series of astronomical observations, determining the latitude and longitude of some four hundred places in Russia and the neighboring regions in Asia, as far as Mesched in Persia. These determinations are of particular value for the geography of inner Asia. The statistical prize was awarded to a Mr. Woronoff for a historical and statistical survey of the educational establishments in the district of St. Petersburg from 1715 to 1828. It is in fact a history of the development of mental culture in that most important part of the empire. The annual report, giving a survey of the Society's doings, was interesting. A special object of attention is the publication of maps of the separate governments or provinces. The Society had also caused an expedition to be sent to the Ural, under Colonel Hoffmann. The triangulation of the country about Mount Ararat had been completed. A map of Asia Minor had been prepared by Col. Bolotoff, and sent to Paris to be engraved; a map of the Caspian sea, and the countries surrounding it, was nearly completed by Mr. Chanykoff; the same savan was still at work on a map of Asia between 35° and 40° north latitude, and 61° and 81° east longitude; two astronomers were engaged in that region making observations to assist in its completion. Another map of Kokand and Bokhara was also forthcoming, and the Society had employed Messrs Butakoff and Chanykoff to prepare a complete atlas of Asia between 33° and 56° north latitude and 65° and 100° east longitude. A Russian nobleman had given 12,000 rubles to pay for making and publishing a Russian translation of Ritter's geography, but the society had determined not to undertake so immense a work (it is some 15,000 printed pages), and had determined only to take up those countries which have an immediate interest for Russia, using along with Ritter a great body of materials to which he had not access. These countries are Southern Siberia, Northern China, Turan, Korassan, Afghanistan

and Persia. In Ritter's work these occupy 4,500 pages. No doubt the labors of the Society will greatly enrich geographical science.

The Society have in hand an expedition to the peninsula of Kamschatka, in which they have been greatly assisted by the contributions of private persons. They also promise a classification of a vast collection of objects they have received bearing upon the ethnography of Russia.

We learn from the last Number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that the French government has lately made a literary acquisition of no ordinary interest and value. A French gentleman of the name of Perret has been engaged for six years in exploring THE CATACOMBS UNDER ROME, and copying, with the most minute and scrupulous fidelity, the remains of ancient art which are hidden in those extraordinary chambers. Under the authority of the papal government, and assisted by M. Savinien Petit, an accomplished French artist, M. Perret has explored the whole of the sixty catacombs together with the connecting galleries. Burying himself for five years in this subterranean city, he has thoroughly examined every part of it, in spite of difficulties and perils of the gravest character: for example, the refusal of his guides to accompany him; dangers resulting from the intricacy of the passages, from the necessity for clearing a way through galleries choked up with earth which fell in from above almost as fast as it was removed; hazards arising from the difficulty of damming up streams of water which ran in upon them from above, and from the foulness of the air and consequent difficulty of breathing and preserving light in the lower chambers;—all these, and many other perils, have been overcome by the honorable perseverance of M. Perret, and he has returned to France with a collection of drawings which extends to 360 sheets in large folio; of which 154 sheets contain representations of frescoes, 65 of monuments, 23 of paintings on glass (medallions inserted in the walls and at the bottoms of vases) containing 86 subjects, 41 drawings of lamps, vases, rings, and instruments of martyrdom to the number of more than 100 subjects, and finally 90 contain copies of more than 500 sepulchral inscriptions. Of the 154 drawings of frescoes two-thirds are inedited, and a considerable number have been only lately discovered. Amongst the latter are the paintings on the celebrated wells of Platonia, said to have been the place of interment, for a certain period, of St. Peter and St. Paul. This spot was ornamented with frescoes by order of Pope Damasus, about A.D. 365, and has ever since remained closed up. Upon opening the empty tomb, by permission of the Roman government, M. Perret discovered fresco paintings representing the Saviour and the Apostles, and two coffins [tombeaux] of Parian marble. On the return of M. Perret to France, the minister of the interior (M. Leon Faucher) entered into treaty with him for the acquisition of his collection for the nation. The purchase has been arranged, and the necessary amount, upwards of 7,500*l.*, obtained by a special vote of the National Assembly. The drawings will be published by the French government in a style commensurate with their high importance, both as works of art and as invaluable monuments of Christian antiquity.

A Dr. JECKER has left the Paris *Academy of Sciences* $40,000 to found an annual prize in organic chemistry.

Recent Deaths.

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The celebrated Mrs. SHERWOOD, the most popular and universally known female writer of the last generation, died on the 22d of September, at Twickenham, in England. She was a daughter of Dr. George Butt, chaplain to George III., vicar of Kidderminster, and rector of Stanford, in the county of Worcester. Dr. Butt was the representative of the family of Sir William De Butts, well known as physician to Henry VIII., and mentioned as such by Shakspeare. Mary Martha Butt, afterwards Mrs. Sherwood, was born at Stanford, Worcestershire, on the 6th of May, 1775. In 1803 she married her cousin, Henry Sherwood, of the 53d regiment of foot. In 1805 she accompanied her husband to India, where, in consequence of her zealous labors in the cause of religion amongst the soldiers and natives dwelling around her, Henry Martyn and the Right Rev. Daniel Corrie, D.D., late Bishop of Madras, became acquainted with her, and the intimacy which then commenced also remained unbroken until death. Her principal works were that favorite tale of *Little Henry and his Bearer*, *The Lady of the Manor*, *The Church Catechism*, *The Nun*, *Henry Milner*, *The Fairchild Family*, and more recently, *The Golden Garland of Inestimable Delights*. In some of her later compositions, she evinced a tendency to the doctrine of the Universalists, which lessened her popularity. The great number of her books prevents an enumeration of even the most popular of them. Mrs. Sherwood's husband, Captain Sherwood, expired, after a most trying illness, at Twickenham, on the 6th of December, 1849; the fatigue she went through, in devoted attention to him, and the bereavement she experienced at the severance by fate of a union of nearly half a century, were the ultimate causes of her own demise. Though she was of advanced age, her mental faculties never failed her, and she preserved a religious cheerfulness of mind to the last. She expired, surrounded by her family, leaving one son, the Rev. Henry Martyn Sherwood, Rector of Broughton-Hacket, and Vicar of White Ladies Aston, Worcestershire, and two daughters. The elder daughter is the wife of a clergyman, and mother of a numerous family. The younger has always resided with her parent; she has of late years ably assisted in her mother's writings, and

bids fair to sustain well her reputation. She has been, we are informed, intrusted, by her mother's especial desire, with the papers containing the records of Mrs. Sherwood's life, which is intended soon for publication. The editions of Mrs. Sherwood's writings have been numerous. The best is that of the Harpers, in ten or twelve volumes.

Rev. James H. Hotchkiss, died at Prattsburgh, Steuben county, New-York, on September 2d, aged seventy years. He was the author of a *History of the Churches in Western New-York*, published in a large octavo volume, about two years ago, and had just preached his half-century sermon. He was the son of Rev. Beriah Hotchkiss, the pioneer missionary of large sections of the State of New-York. The son graduated at Williams College, 1800; studied theology with Dr. Porter, of Catskill, was ordained by an Association, installed at East Bloomfield in 1802, removed to Prattsburgh in 1809, and there labored twenty-one years. The *Genesee Evangelist* gives the following sketch of his character:

"He had a mind of a strong, masculine order, well disciplined by various reading, and remarkably stored with general knowledge. The doctrinal views of the good old orthodox New England stamp, which he imbibed at first, he maintained strenuously to the last; and left a distinct impression of them wherever he had an opportunity to inculcate them. His labors, through the half-century, were 'abundant,' and indefatigable; and to him, more than to any other one man probably, is the Genesee country indebted for its present literary, moral and religious character. Under his ministry there were many religious revivals, and some signal ones, especially in Prattsburgh. The years 1819 and 1825 were eminently signalized in this way. He had the happiness of closing his life in the scenes of his greatest usefulness."

Brigadier-General Henry Whiting, of the Quartermaster's Department, died at St Louis, Mo., on the 16th of September. He arrived at St Louis, as we learn from the *Republican* of the 17th, on Sunday, the 14th, from a tour of official duty in Texas, being in his usual health. On Tuesday afternoon, while in his room at the Planter's House, he was, without any premonition whatever, stricken dead instantaneously. The cause of his death, in all probability, was an affection of the heart. His remains were taken to Jefferson Barracks on the 17th, for interment.

Gen. Whiting, who was among the oldest officers of the army, was a native of Lancaster, in Massachusetts, a son of Gen. John Whiting, also a native of that place. He was not only an accomplished officer in the department in which he has spent a large portion of his life, but he made extensive scientific and literary attainments, and was a gentleman of great private worth. In hours stolen from official duties, he was for many years a large contributor to the literature of the country. His articles which from time to time appeared in the *North-American Review*, were of an eminently practical and useful character, and highly creditable to his scholarship and sound judgment. The biographical sketch of the late President Taylor, in a recent number, confined chiefly to his military life, and embracing a graphic description of the extraordinary successes in Mexico, was from Gen. Whiting's pen. He published a few years ago an important collection of the *General Orders of Washington*. He was deserving of praise also as a poet and as a dramatic author.

Commodore Lewis Warrington, of the United States navy, died in Washington, on the 12th October, after a painful illness. He was a native of Virginia, and was born in November, 1782. From a sketch of his life in the *Herald*, it appears that he entered the navy on the 6th of January, 1800, and soon after joined the frigate Chesapeake, then lying at Norfolk. In this ship he remained on the West India station until May, 1801, when he returned to the United States and joined the frigate President, under Commodore Dale, and soon blockaded Tripoli until 1802, when he again returned to the United States, and joined the frigate New-York, which sailed, and remained on the [Pg 573] Mediterranean station until 1803. On his return from the Mediterranean he was ordered to the Vixen, and again joined the squadron which had lately left, where he remained during the attack on the gun-boats and batteries of Tripoli, in which the Vixen always took part. In November, 1804, he was made acting lieutenant; and in July, 1805, he joined the brig Siren, a junior lieutenant. In March, 1806, he joined the Enterprise, as first lieutenant, and did not return to the United States until July, 1807—an absence of four years. After his return in 1807 he was ordered to the command of a gun-boat on the Norfolk station, then under the command of Commodore Decatur. This was a position calculated to damp the ardor of the young officer, as it was so far below several he had filled. He, however, maintained his usual bearing for two years, when he was again ordered to the Siren as first lieutenant. On the return of this vessel from Europe, whither she went with dispatches, Lieut. Warrington was ordered to the Essex, as her first lieutenant, in September of the same year. In the Essex he cruised on the American coast, and again carried out dispatches for the government, returning in 1812. He was then ordered to the frigate Congress as her first lieutenant, and sailed, on the declaration of war, with the squadron under Commodore Rodgers, to intercept the British West India fleet, which was only avoided by the latter in consequence of a heavy fog, which continued for fourteen days. He remained in the Congress until 1813, when he became first lieutenant of the frigate United States, in which he remained until his promotion to the rank of master commandant, soon after which he took command of the sloop-of-war Peacock.

While cruising in the Peacock, in latitude 27 deg. 40 min., he encountered the British brig-of-war Epervier. His own letter to the Secretary of the Navy, descriptive of that encounter, is as follows:

At Sea, April 29, 1814.

SIR:—I have the honor to inform you that we have this morning captured, after an action of forty-two minutes, his Britannic Majesty's brig Epervier, rating and mounting eighteen thirty-two pound cannonades, with one hundred and twenty-eight men, of whom eleven were killed and fifteen wounded, according to the best information we could obtain. Among the latter is her first lieutenant, who has lost an arm, and received a severe splinter wound in the hip. Not a man in the Peacock was killed, and only two wounded, neither dangerously. The fate of the Epervier would have been decided in much less time, but for the circumstance of our foreyard having been totally disabled by two round-shot in the starboard quarter, from her first broadside, which entirely deprived us of the use of our fore-topsails, and compelled us to keep the ship large throughout the remainder of the action. This, with a few topmast and topgallant backstays cut away, and a few shot through our sails, is the only injury the Peacock has sustained. Not a round-shot touched our hull, and our masts and spars are as sound as ever. When the enemy struck he had five feet of water in his hold; his maintopmast was over the side; his mainboom shot away; his foremast cut nearly away, and tottering; his forerigging and stays shot away; his bowsprit badly wounded, and forty-five shot-holes in his hull, twenty of which were within a foot of his water-line, above and below. By great exertions we got her in sailing order just as night came on. In fifteen minutes after the enemy struck, the Peacock was ready for another action, in every respect, except the foreyard, which was sent down, fished, and we had the foresail set again in forty-five minutes—such was the spirit and activity of our gallant crew. The Epervier had under convoy an English hermaphrodite brig, a Russian, and a Spanish ship, which all hauled their wind, and stood to the E. N. E. I had determined upon pursuing the former, but found that it would not be prudent to leave our prize in her then crippled state, and the more particularly so as we found she had on board one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in specie. Every officer, seaman, and marine did his duty, which is the highest compliment I can pay them.

I am, &c.,
L. WARRINGTON.

Capt. Warrington brought his prize safely home, and was received with great honor, because of his success in the encounter. In the early part of the year 1815, he sailed in the squadron under Commodore Decatur, for a cruise in the Indian Ocean. The Peacock and Hornet were obliged to separate in chasing, and did not again meet until they arrived at Tristan d'Acunha, the place appointed for rendezvous. After leaving that place, the Peacock met with a British line-of-battle ship, from which she escaped, and gained the Straits of Sunda, where she captured four vessels, one of which was a brig of fourteen guns, belonging to the East India Company's service. From this vessel Captain Warrington first heard of the ratification of peace. He then returned to the United States. While in command of the Peacock, Capt. Warrington captured nineteen vessels, three of which were given up to prisoners, and sixteen destroyed.

Since the close of the war, Commodore Warrington has filled many responsible stations in the service for a long time, having been on shore-duty for twenty-eight years. He was appointed one of the Board of Naval Commissioners, and subsequently held the post of chief of the Bureau of Ordnance in the Navy Department, which post he held at the time of his death. His whole career of service extended through a period of more than fifty-one years, during all of which time he was respected, and held as one of the most prominent officers of the United States navy. At the time of his death there was but one older officer in service.

JOHN KIDD, M.D., of the University of Oxford, died suddenly early in September. He was formerly Professor of Chemistry, and since 1822 Regius Professor of Medicine. Dr. Kidd did good service in his time, as his publications testify, in various departments of mineralogical, chemical, and geological research, and about ten years ago he put forth some observations on medical reform. Dr. Kidd was one of the eminent men selected under the Earl of Bridgewater's will to write one of the well-known "Bridgewater Treatises." The subject was, *On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man*. Together with the Regius Professorship of Medicine, to which the mastership of Ewelme Hospital, in the county of Oxford, is attached, Dr. Kidd held the office of librarian to the Radcliffe Library.

THE EARL OF DONOUGHMORE died on the 12th of September, at Palmerstown House, county of Dublin, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was lord-lieutenant of the county of Tipperary, and had a seat in the House of Lords as a British peer with the title of Viscount Hutchinson, of Knocklofty, but will be better remembered in history as the gallant Colonel Hutchinson, who was one of the parties implicated in the celebrated escape of Lavalette, in the year 1815, shortly after the restoration of the Bourbons. He is succeeded in his extensive estates in the south of Ireland by

Viscount Suirdale, his lordship's son by his first wife, the daughter of the Lord Mountjoy, who lost his life in the royal service during the Irish rebellion of 1798. [Pg 574]

William Nicol, F.R.S.E., died in Edinburgh on the 2nd of September, in his eighty-third year. Mr. Nicol commenced his career as assistant to the late Dr. Moyes, the eminent blind lecturer on natural philosophy. Dr. Moyes, at his death, bequeathed his apparatus to Mr. Nicol, who then lectured on the same subject. His contributions to the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* were various and valuable; the more important being his description of his successful repetition of Döbereiner's celebrated experiment of igniting spongy platina by a stream of cold hydrogen gas; and his method of preparing fossil woods for microscopic investigation, which led to his discovery of the structural difference between the arucarian and coniferous woods, by far the most important in fossil botany. But the most valuable contribution to physical science, with which his name will ever be associated, was his invention of the single image prism of calcareous spar, known to the scientific world as Nicol's prism.

The Rev. G. G. Freeman, the well-known English missionary, died on the 8th of September at the baths of Homburg, in Germany, of an attack of rheumatic fever. Mr. Freeman had only a little while before returned home from a visit to the mission stations in South Africa, and his latest important labor was the writing of a volume, in which the social, spiritual, and political condition of South Africa was depicted. Mr. Freeman was fifty-seven years of age. He was born in London, educated at Hoxton Academy, and after many years of successful devotion to his profession in England, he proceeded in 1827 to Madagascar, under the direction of the London Missionary Society, and for nine years labored there with eminent energy and success. The share he had in translating the Scriptures, in preparing school-books, and in superintending the mission schools, cannot be recited in this brief sketch, but was such as greatly facilitated the progress of the Christian religion, till, in 1835, the queen proscribed Christianity, and virtually expelled the missionaries from the island. Mr. Freeman then went to the Cape of Good Hope, where he became much interested in South African missions, but the ill health of his wife compelled his return to England, where he arrived about the end of 1836. New duties and labors now awaited him; he had to confer with the directors, and to visit the constituents of the London Missionary Society in all parts of the kingdom. The want of an Institution for the education of the daughters of missionaries having been strongly felt, he took a leading part in the establishment of a school for that purpose in the village of Walthamstow, where he had become connected with the congregational church. In 1841, the loss of health having obliged the Rev. William Ellis to relinquish his official connection with the London Missionary Society, he was appointed foreign secretary, and appeared at the annual meeting of that year in that capacity, and shared with Dr. Tidman the labor of reading the report. How faithfully he fulfilled the duties of that office at home, and at what risk of health and life he sought, in a late voyage to the Mauritius, and journey throughout Southern Africa, to inform himself and the Society of the true state of affairs, both in Madagascar and Caffraria, his publications will show.

James Richardson, the enterprising African traveller, died on the 4th of March last, at a small village called Ungurutua, six days distant from Kouka, the capital of Bornou. Early in January, he and the companions of his mission, Drs. Barth and Overweg, arrived at the immense plain of Damergou, when, after remaining a few days, they separated, Dr. Barth proceeding to Kanu, Dr. Overweg to Guber, and Mr. Richardson taking the direct route to Kouka, by Zinde. There it would seem his strength began to give way, and before he had arrived twelve days' distance from Kouka, he became seriously ill, suffering much from the oppressive heat of the sun. Having reached a large town called Kangarras, he halted three days, and feeling himself refreshed he renewed his journey. After two days, during which his weakness greatly increased, he arrived at the Waddy Mallaha. Leaving this place on the 3d of March, he reached in two hours the village of Ungurutua, when he became so weak that he was unable to proceed. In the evening he took a little food and tried to sleep—but became very restless, and left his tent supported by his servant. He then took some tea and threw himself again on his bed, but did not sleep. His attendants having made some coffee, he asked for a cup, but had no strength to hold it. He repeated several times, "I have no strength;" and after having pronounced the name of his wife, sighed deeply, and expired without a struggle about two hours after midnight. Early in the morning, the body wrapped in linen, and covered with a carpet, was borne to a grave four feet deep, under the shade of a large tree, close to the village, followed by all the principal Sheichs and people of the district.

Those who have read—and very few persons of middle age in this country have not read—the interesting and somewhat apocryphal narrative of Captain Riley's shipwreck on the coast of Africa and long experience of suffering as a slave among the Arabs, will remember the amiable British Consul of Mogadore, in Barbary, Mr. William Willshire. While Capt. Riley, Mr. Robbins, and others of the crew of the "Commerce" (which was the name of the American ship that was wrecked), were in the midst of the great desert, in utter helplessness, Mr. Willshire heard of some of them, and came to their relief with money and provisions, and paid, himself, the price of their ransom, redeeming them from an otherwise perpetual captivity. He took the afflicted and worn-out

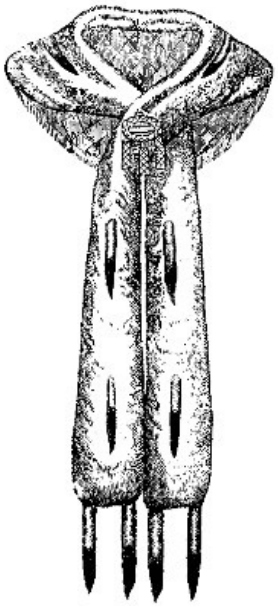
Americans to his own house at Mogadore, made them, after long suffering and privation, enjoy the luxuries of a bed and the comforts of a home, his wife and daughters uniting with him to alleviate their sufferings, and he afterwards supplied them with the necessary money and provided them the means of a return to their own country. Riley, in the latter part of his life, settled in Ohio, where the name of *Willshire* has been given to the town in which he lived, and we believe our government made some demonstration of the general feeling of gratefulness with which the American people regarded Mr. Willshire's noble conduct in this case. Mr. Willshire was a model for consuls, and was kept constantly in service by his government. Several years ago he was appointed to Adrianople, where he died suddenly, at an advanced age, on the 4th of August. [Pg 575]

The Paris papers announce the death at the age of seventy-six, of M. J. R. Dubois,—director successively of the *Gaîté*, the *Porte-Saint-Martin*, and the *Opéra*, under the Restoration,—and author of a great variety of pieces played in the different theatres of Paris thirty or forty years ago.

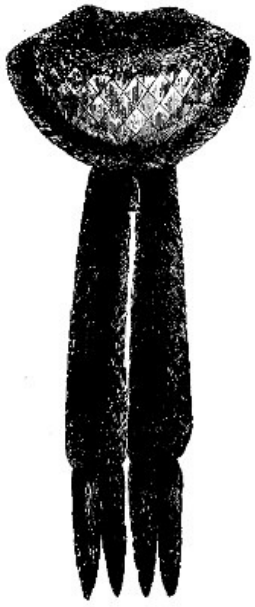
Gustav Carlin, the author of several historical essays, and a novel founded on Mexican legends, died in Berlin on the 15th of September, aged sixty-nine. He resided several years in New-York, we believe as a political correspondent of some German newspaper.

Ladies' Autumn Fashions.

The light dresses of the summer, with unimportant apparent changes, were retained this year later than usual, but at length the more sober colors and heavier material of the autumn have taken their places. There are indications that furs will be much worn this season, and there are a variety of new patterns. We select—



I. *The Palatine Royale in Ermine*, for illustration and description. The palatine royale is a fur victorine of novel form, and it may fairly claim precedence as being the first article of winter costume prepared in anticipation of the approaching change of season. The addition of a hood, which is lined with quilted silk, and bound with a band of ermine, not only adds to its warmth, but renders it exceedingly convenient for the opera and theatres. This hood, we may mention, can be fixed on and removed at pleasure; an obvious advantage, which no lady will fail to appreciate. To the lower part of the hood is attached a large white silk tassel. We must direct particular attention to the new fastening attached to the palatine royale. This fastening is formed of an India-rubber band and steel clasp, by means of which the palatine will fit comfortably to the throat of any lady. The band and clasp being in the inside are not visible, and on the outside there is an elegant fancy ornament of white silk, of the description which the French call a brandebourg.



II. *A Palatine in Sable*, has the same form and make as that just described, except that our engraving shows the back of one made of sable instead of ermine. The hood is lined with brown sable-colored silk, and the tassel and brandebourg are of silk of the same color. We need scarcely mention that the color employed for lining the hood, and for the silk ornaments, is wholly optional, and may be determined by the taste of the wearer. [Pg 576]

The first figure in the above engraving, displays a very handsome *Walking Dress*. It is of steel-color *poult de soie*, trimmed in a very novel and elegant style with bouillonnées of ribbon. The ribbon employed for these bouillonnées is steel color, figured and edged with lilac. The bouillonnées, which are disposed as side-trimmings on the skirt of the dress, are set on in rows obliquely, and graduated in length, the lowest now being about a quarter of a yard long. The corsage is a pardessus of the same material as the dress; the basque slit up at each side, and the pardessus edged all round with ribbon bouillonnée. The sleeves are demi-long, and loose at the ends, and slit up on the outside of the arm. Loose under-sleeves of muslin, edged with a double frill of needlework. The pardessus has under-fronts of white cambric or coutil, thus presenting precisely the effect of a gentleman's waistcoat. This gilet corsage, as it is termed by the French dressmakers, has recently been gaining rapid favor among the Parisian belles. That which our illustration represents has a row of buttons up the front, and a pocket at each side. It is open at the upper part, showing a chemisette of lace. Bonnet of fancy straw and crinoline in alternate rows, lined with drawn white silk, and trimmed with white ribbon. On one side, a white knotted feather. Undertrimming, bouquets of white and lilac flowers, mixed with white tulle. Over this dress may be worn a rich India cashmere shawl.

In the second figure we have an example of the heavy and large plaided silks, and generally our latest Parisian plates, like this, exhibit the use of deep fringes. Flounces of ribbon are in vogue to a degree, but are not likely to be much worn.

It will be seen by the first figure on this page that the European ladies are approximating to the styles of gentlemen in the upper parts of their costume, as American women seem disposed to imitation in the matter of inexpressibles. Attempts to introduce the style of dress worn by the lower orders of women in Northern Europe have failed as decidedly in England as in this country.

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