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VOL. IV, NO. 19, DEC 1851 ***

**HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**

VOLUME IV.

DECEMBER, 1851, TO MAY, 1852.

**NEW YORK:
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ADVERTISEMENT.

The Fourth Volume of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE is completed by the issue of the present number. The Publishers embrace the opportunity of renewing the expression of their thanks to the public and the press, for the extraordinary degree of favor with which its successive Numbers have been received. Although it has but just reached the close of its second year, its regular circulation is believed to be at least twice as great as that of any similar work ever issued in any part of the world.

The Magazine will be continued in the same general style, and upon the same plan, as heretofore. Its leading purpose is to furnish, at the lowest price, and in the best form, the greatest possible amount of the useful and entertaining literary productions of the present age. While it is by no means indifferent to the highest departments of culture, it seeks primarily to place before the great masses of the people, in every section of the country, and in every walk of life, the most attractive and instructive selections from the current literature of the day. No degree of labor or expense will be spared upon any department. The most gifted and popular authors of the country write constantly for its pages; the pictorial illustrations by which every Number is embellished are of the best style, and by the most distinguished artists; the selections for its pages are made from the widest range and with the greatest care; and nothing will be left undone, either in providing material, or in its outward dress, which will tend in any degree to make it more worthy the remarkable favor with which it has been received.

The Magazine will contain regularly as hitherto:

First.—One or more original articles upon some topic of general interest, written by some popular writer, and illustrated by from fifteen to thirty wood engravings, executed in the highest style of art:

Second.—Copious selections from the current periodical literature of the day, with tales of the most distinguished authors, such as DICKENS, BULWER, LEVER, and others—chosen always for their literary merit, popular interest, and general utility:

Third.—A Monthly Record of the events of the day, foreign and domestic, prepared with care, and with entire freedom from prejudice and partiality of every kind:

Fourth.—Critical Notices of the Books of the day, written with ability, candor, and spirit, and designed to give the public a clear and reliable estimate of the important works constantly issuing from the press:

Fifth.—A Monthly Summary of European Intelligence concerning Books, Authors, and whatever else has interest and importance for the cultivated reader:

Sixth.—An Editor's Table, in which some of the leading topics of the day will be discussed with ability and independence:

Seventh.—An Editor's Easy Chair, or Drawer, which will be devoted to literary and general gossip, memoranda of the topics talked about in social circles, graphic sketches of the most interesting minor matters of the day, anecdotes of literary men, sentences of interest from papers not worth reprinting at length, and generally an agreeable and entertaining collection of literary miscellany.

The Publishers trust that it is not necessary for them to reiterate their assurances that nothing shall ever be admitted to the pages of the Magazine in the slightest degree offensive to delicacy or to any moral sentiment. They will seek steadily to exert upon the public a healthy moral influence, and to improve the character, as well as please the taste, of their readers. They will aim to make their Magazine the most complete repertory of whatever is both useful and agreeable in the current literary productions of the day.

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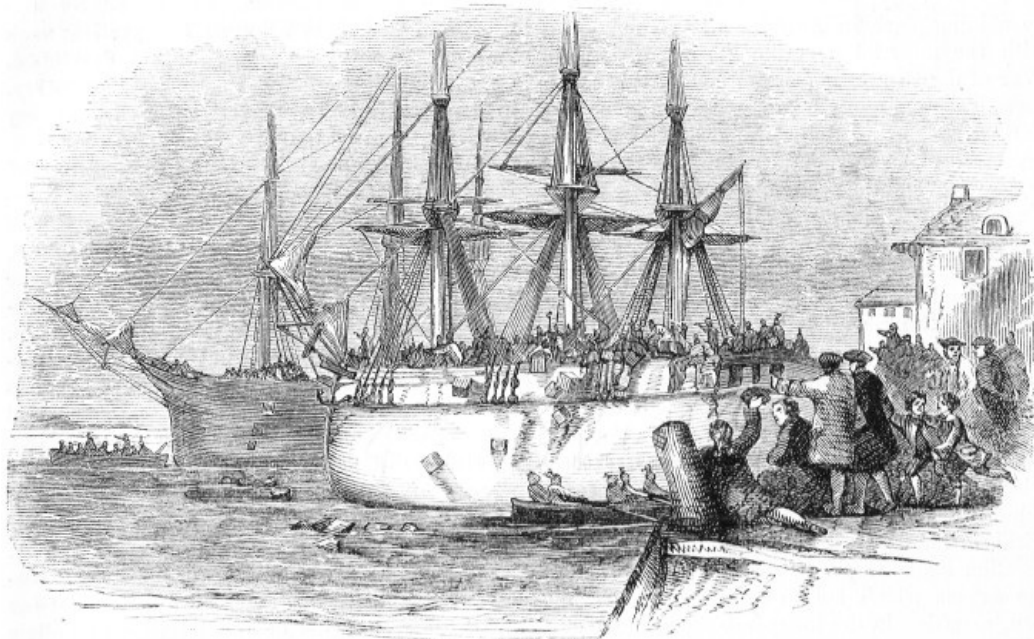
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CASTING TEA OVERBOARD IN BOSTON HARBOR.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY. ^[1]

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

Revolutions which dismember and overturn empires, disrupt political systems, and change not only the forms of civil government, but frequently the entire character of society, are often incited by causes so remote, and apparently inconsiderable and inadequate, that the superficial observer would never detect them, or would laugh incredulously if presented to his consideration as things of moment. Yet, like the little spring of a watch, coiled unseen within the dark recess of its chamber, the influences of such remote causes operating upon certain combinations, give motion, power, and value to latent energies, and form the *primum mobile* of the whole machinery of wonderful events which produce revolutions.

As a general rule, revolutions in states are the results of isolated rebellions; and rebellions have their birth in desires to cast off evils inflicted by actual oppressions. These evils generally consist of the interferences of rulers with the physical well-being of the governed; and very few of the political changes in empires which so prominently mark the course of human history, have had a higher incentive to resistance than the maintenance of creature comforts. Abridgment of personal liberty in the exercise of natural rights, excessive taxation, and extortion of public officers, whereby individual competence and consequent ease have not been attainable, these have generally been the chief counts in the indictment, when the people have arisen in their might and arraigned their rulers at the bar of the world's judgment.

The American Revolution, which succeeded local rebellions in the various provinces, was an exception to a general rule. History furnishes no parallel example of a people free, prosperous, and happy, rising from the couch of ease to gird on the panoply of war, with a certainty of encountering perhaps years of privation and distress, to combat the intangible *principle* of despotism. The taxes of which the English colonies in America complained, and which were the ostensible cause of dissatisfaction, were almost nominal, and only in the smallest degree affected the general prosperity of the people. But the method employed in levying those slight taxes, and the prerogatives assumed by the king and his ministers, plainly revealed the *principles* of tyranny, and were the causes which produced the quarrel. In these assumptions the kernel of

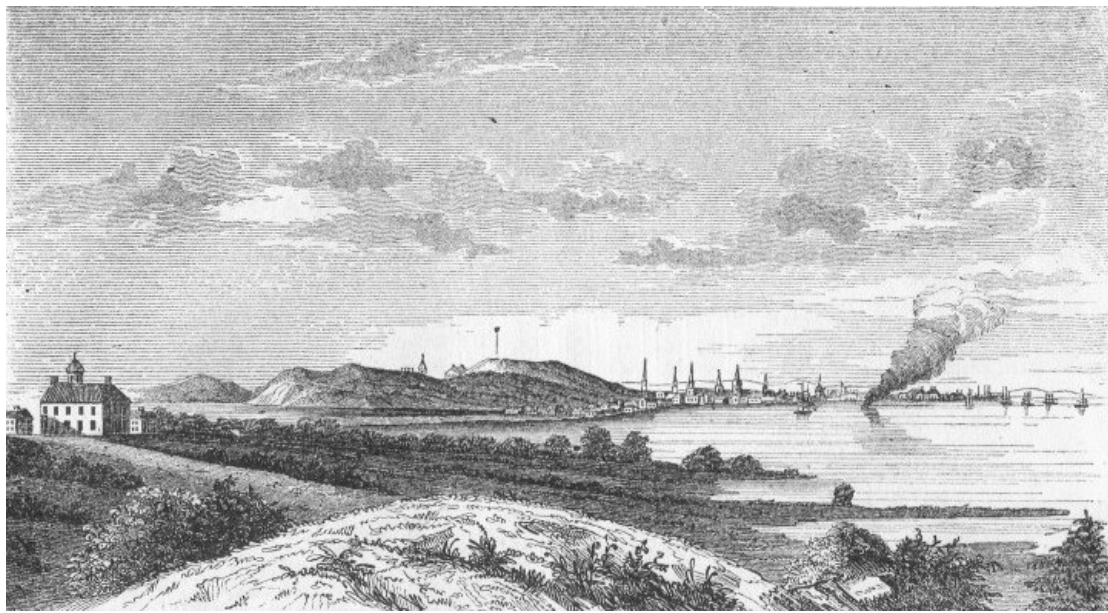
despotism was very apparent, and the sagacious Americans, accustomed to vigorous and independent thought, and a free interchange of opinions, foresaw the speedy springing of that germ into the bulk and vigor of an umbrageous tree, that would overshadow the land and bear the bitter fruit of tyrannous misrule. Foreseeing this, they resolved neither to water it kindly, nor generously dig about its roots and open them to the genial influences of the blessed sun and the dews; but, on the contrary, to eradicate it. Tyranny had no abiding-place in America when the quarrel with the imperial government began, and the War of the Revolution, in its inception and progress, was eminently a war of principle.

How little could the wisest political seer have perceived of an elemental cause of a revolution in America, and the dismemberment of the British Empire, in two pounds and two ounces of TEA, which, a little less than two centuries ago, the East India Company sent as a present to Charles the Second of England! Little did the "merrie monarch" think, while sitting with Nell Gwynn, the Earl of Rochester, and a few other favorites, in his private parlor at Whitehall, and that new beverage gave pleasure to his sated taste, that events connected with the use of the herb would shake the throne of England, albeit a Guelph, a wiser and more virtuous monarch than any Stuart, should sit thereon. Yet it was even so; and TEA, within a hundred years after that viceregal corporation made its gift to royalty, became one of the causes which led to rebellion and revolution, resulting in the independence of the Anglo-American colonies, and the founding of our Republic.

When the first exuberant feelings of joy, which filled the hearts of the Americans when intelligence of the repeal of the Stamp Act reached them, had subsided, and sober judgment analyzed the Declaratory act of William Pitt which accompanied the Repeal Bill, they perceived small cause for congratulation. They knew Pitt to be a friend—an earnest and sincere friend of the colonists. He had labored shoulder to shoulder with Barrè, Conway, Burke, and others, to effect the repeal, and had recently declared boldly in the House of Commons, "I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest." Yet he saw hesitation; he saw *pride* standing in the place of *righteousness*, and he allowed *expediency* to usurp the place of *principle*, in order to accomplish a great good. He introduced the Declaratory Act, which was a sort of salvo to the national honor, that a majority of votes might be secured for the Repeal Bill. That act affirmed that Parliament possessed the power *to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever*; clearly implying the right to impose taxes to any extent, and in any manner that ministers might think proper. That temporizing measure was unworthy of the great statesman, and had not the colonists possessed too many proofs of his friendship to doubt his constancy, they would now have placed him in the category of the enemies of America. They plainly perceived that no actual concession had been made, and that the passage of the Repeal Bill was only a truce in the systematic endeavors of ministers to hold absolute control over the Americans. The loud acclamations of joy and the glad expressions of loyalty to the king, which rung throughout America in the spring and early summer of 1766, died away into low whispers before autumn, and as winter approached, and other schemes for taxation, such as a new clause in the mutiny act developed, were evolved from the ministerial laboratory, loud murmurings went over the sea from every English colony in the New World.

Much good was anticipated by the exercise of the enlightened policy of the Rockingham ministry, under whose auspices the Stamp Act had been repealed, when it was suddenly dissolved, and William Pitt, who was now elevated to the peerage, became prime minister. Had not physical infirmities borne heavily upon Lord Chatham, all would have been well; but while he was tortured by gout, and lay swathed in flannels at his country-seat at Hayes, weaker heads controlled the affairs of state. Charles Townshend, Pitt's Chancellor of the Exchequer, a vain, truckling statesman, coalesced with Grenville, the father of the Stamp Act, in the production of another scheme for deriving a revenue from America. Too honest to be governed by expediency, Grenville had already proposed levying a direct tax upon the Americans of two millions of dollars per annum, allowing them to raise that sum in their own way. Townshend had the sagacity to perceive that such a measure would meet with no favor; but in May, 1767, he attempted to accomplish the same result by introducing a bill providing for the imposition of a duty upon glass, paper, painters' colors, and TEA imported from Great Britain into America. This was only another form of taxation, and judicious men in Parliament viewed the proposition with deep concern. Burke and others denounced it in the Commons; and Shelburne in the House of Lords warned ministers to have a care how they proceeded in the matter, for he clearly foresaw insurrection, perhaps a revolution as a consequence. But the voice of prudence, uttering words of prophecy, was disregarded; Townshend's bill was passed, and became a law at the close of June, by receiving the royal signature. Other acts, equally obnoxious to the Americans, soon became laws by the sanction of the king, and the principles of despotism, concealed behind the honest-featured Declaratory Act, were displayed in all their deformity.

During the summer and autumn, John Dickenson sent forth his powerful *Letters of a Pennsylvania Farmer*. Written in a simple manner, they were easily understood. They laid bare the evident designs of the ministry; proved the unconstitutionality of the late acts of Parliament, and taught the people the necessity of united resistance to the slow but certain approaches of oppression.



BOSTON IN 1770-74.

Boston, "the ringleader in rebellion," soon took the initiative step in revolutionary movements, and during 1768, tumults occurred, which caused Governor Bernard to call for troops to awe the people. General Thomas Gage, then commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, ordered two regiments from Halifax. Borne by a fleet which blockaded the harbor in September, they landed upon Long Wharf, in Boston, on Sunday morning, and while the people were desirous of worshipping quietly in their meeting-houses, these soldiers marched to the Common with charged muskets, fixed bayonets, drums beating, and colors flying, with all the pomp and insolence of victorious troops entering a vanquished city. It was a great blunder, and Governor Bernard soon perceived it.

A convention of delegates from every town but one in Massachusetts was in session, when the fleet arrived in Nantasket roads. They were not alarmed by the approach of cannon and bayonets, but deliberated coolly, and denounced firmly the current measures of government. Guided by their advice, the select-men of Boston refused to furnish quarters for the troops, and they were obliged to encamp on the open Common, where insults were daily bandied between the military hirelings and the people. The inhabitants of Boston, and of the whole province felt insulted—ay, degraded—and every feeling of patriotism and manhood rebelled. The alternative was plain before them—*submission or the bayonet!*

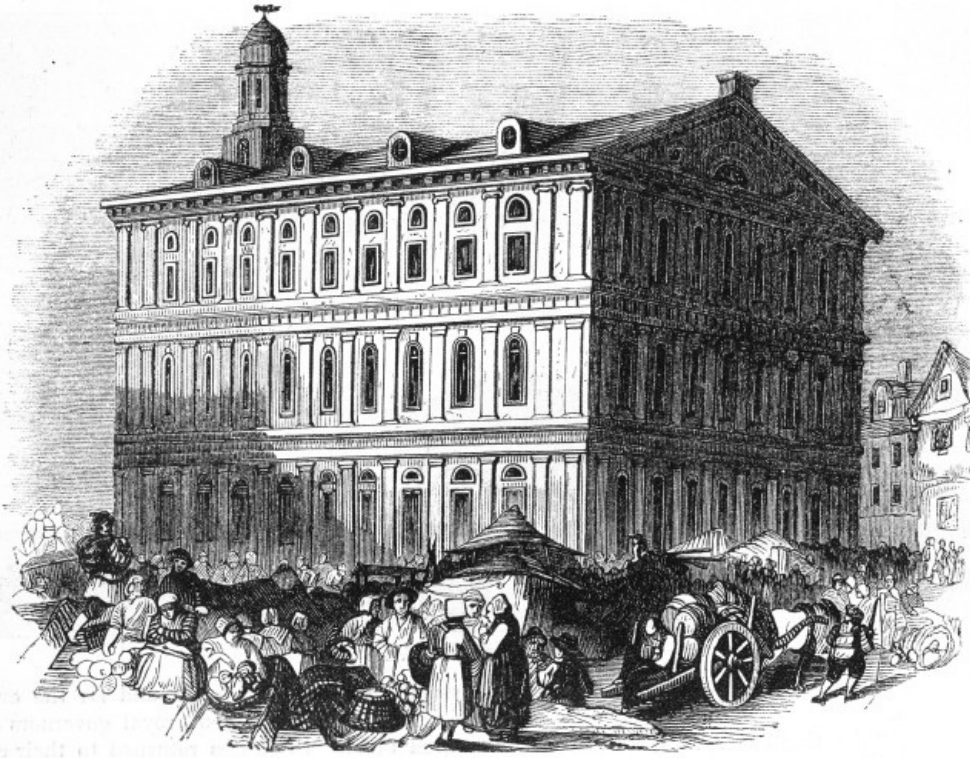
Great indignation prevailed from the Penobscot to the St. Mary's, and the cause of Boston became the common cause of all the colonists. They resented the insult as if offered to themselves; and hatred of royal rule became a fixed emotion in the hearts of thousands. Legislative assemblies spoke out freely, and for the crime of being thus independent, royal governors dissolved them. Delegates returned to their constituents, each an eloquent crusader against oppression; and in every village and hamlet men congregated to consult upon the public good, and to determine upon a remedy for the monster evil now sitting like an incubus upon the peace and prosperity of the land.

As a countervailing measure, merchants in the various coast towns entered into an agreement to cease importing from Great Britain, every thing but a few articles of common necessity (and especially those things enumerated in the impost bill), from the first of January, 1769, to the first of January, 1770, unless the obnoxious act should be sooner repealed. The people every where seconded this movement by earnest co-operation, and Provincial legislatures commended the scheme. An agreement, presented in the Virginia House of Burgesses by Washington, was signed by every member; and in all the colonies the people entered at once upon a course of self-denial. For more than a year this powerful engine of retaliation waged war upon British commerce in a constitutional way, before ministers would listen to petitions and remonstrances; and it was not until virtual rebellion in the British capital, born of commercial distress, menaced the ministry, that the expostulations of the Americans were noticed, except with sneers.

In America meetings were frequently held, and men thus encouraged each other by mutual conference. Nor did *men*, alone, preach and practice self-denial; American *women*, the wives and daughters of patriots, cast their influence into the scale of patriotism, and by cheering voices and noble examples, became efficient co-workers. And when, in Boston, cupidity overcame patriotism, and the defection of a few merchants who loved gold more than liberty, aroused the friends of the non-importation leagues, and assembled them in general council in Faneuil Hall, there to declare that they would "totally abstain from the use of TEA," and other proscribed articles, the women of that city, fired with zeal for the general good, spoke out publicly and decidedly upon the subject. Early in February, 1770, the mistresses of three hundred families subscribed their names to a league, binding themselves not to use any more TEA until the impost clause in the Revenue Act should be repealed. Their daughters speedily followed their patriotic example, and three days afterward, a multitude of young ladies in Boston and vicinity, signed the following pledge:

"We, the daughters of those patriots who have, and do now appear for the public interest, and in

that principally regard their posterity—as such, do with pleasure engage with them in denying ourselves the drinking of foreign TEA, in hopes to frustrate a plan which tends to deprive a whole community of all that is valuable in life."



FANEUIL HALL.

From that time, TEA was a proscribed article in Boston, and opposition to the form of oppression was strongly manifested by the unanimity with which the pleasant beverage was discarded. Nor did the ladies of Boston bear this honor alone, but in Salem, Newport, Norwich, New York, Philadelphia, Annapolis, Williamsburg, Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah, the women sipped "the balsamic hyperion," made from the dried leaves of the raspberry plant, and discarded "the poisonous bohea." The newspapers of the day abounded with notices of social gatherings where foreign tea was entirely discarded.

About this time Lord North succeeded Townshend as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was an honest man, a statesman of good parts, and a sincere friend to English liberty. He doubtless desired to discharge his duty faithfully, yet in dealing with the Americans, he utterly misunderstood their character and temper, and could not perceive the justice of their demands. This was the minister who mismanaged the affairs of Great Britain throughout the whole of our war for independence, and by his pertinacity in attempts to tax the colonies, and in opposing them in their efforts to maintain their rights, he finally drove them to rebellion, and protracted the war until reconciliation was out of the question.

Early in 1770, the British merchants, the most influential class in the realm, were driven by the non-importation agreements to become the friends of the colonists, and to join with them in petitions and remonstrances. The London merchants suffered more from the operations of the new Revenue Laws, than the Americans. They had early foreseen the consequences of an attempt to tax the colonists; and when Townshend's scheme was first proposed, they offered to pay an equivalent sum into the Treasury, rather than risk the loss of the rapidly-increasing American trade. Now, that anticipated loss was actual, and was bearing heavily upon them. It also affected the national exchequer. In one year, exports to America had decreased in amount to the value of almost four millions of dollars; and within three years (1767 to 1770), the government revenue from America decreased from five hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum, to one hundred and fifty thousand. These facts awakened the people; these figures alarmed the government; and early in March, Lord North asked leave to bring in a bill, in the House of Commons, for repealing the duties upon glass, paper, and painters' colors, but retaining the duty of three-pence upon TEA. This impost was very small—avowedly a "pepper-corn rent," retained to save the national honor, about which ministers prated so loudly. The friends of America—the *true* friends of English liberty and "national honor"—asked for a repeal of the whole act; the stubborn king, and the short-sighted ministry would not consent to make the concession. North's bill became a law in April, and he fondly imagined that the insignificant three-pence a pound, upon a single article of luxury, would now be overlooked by the colonists. How egregiously he misapprehended their character!

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When intelligence of this act reached America, the scheme found no admirers. The people had never complained of the *amount* of the taxes levied by impost; it was trifling. They asserted that Great Britain had *no right to tax them at all*, without their consent. It was for a *great principle* they were contending; and they regarded the retention of the duty of three-pence upon the single article of TEA, as much a violation of the constitutional rights of the colonists, as if there had been laid an impost a hundred-fold greater, upon a score of articles. This was the issue, and no partial

concessions would be considered.

The non-importation agreements began to be disregarded by many merchants, and six months before this repeal bill became a law, they had agreed, in several places, to import every thing but TEA, and that powerful lever of opposition had now almost ceased to work. TEA being an article of luxury, the resolutions to discard that were generally adhered to, and concerning TEA, alone, the quarrel was continued.



For two years very little occurred to disturb the tranquillity of New England. Thomas Hutchinson, a man of fair abilities, but possessed of very little prudence or sound judgment, succeeded Bernard as Governor of Massachusetts. New men, zealous and capable, were coming forth from among the people, to do battle for right and freedom. Poor Otis, whose eloquent voice had often stirred up the fires of rebellion in the hearts of the Bostonians, when *Writs of Assistance*, and the *Stamp Act*, elicited his denunciations, and who, with prophetic voice, had told his brethren in Great Britain, "Our fathers were a *good* people, we have been a *free* people, and if you will not let us be so any longer, we shall be a *great* people," was now under a cloud. But his colleagues, some of them very young, were growing strong and experienced. John Adams, then six-and-thirty, and rapidly rising in public estimation, occupied the seat of Otis in the General Assembly. John Hancock, one of the wealthiest merchants of Boston; Samuel Adams, a Puritan of great experience and tried integrity; Joseph Warren, a young physician, full of energy and hope, who afterward fell on Breed's Hill; Josiah Quincy, a polished

orator, though almost a stripling; Thomas Cushing, James Warren, Dr. Samuel Church, Robert Treat Paine—these became the popular leaders, and fostered "the child independence," which John Adams said, was born when Otis denounced the Writs of Assistance, and the populace sympathized. These were the men who, at private meetings, concerted plans for public action; and with them, Hutchinson soon quarreled. They issued a circular, declaring the rights of the colonies, and enumerating their grievances. Hutchinson denounced it as seditious and traitorous; and while the public mind was excited by the quarrel, Dr. Franklin, who was agent for the colony in England, transmitted to the Speaker of the Assembly several private letters, written by the governor to members of Parliament, in which he spoke disrespectfully of the Americans, and recommended the adoption of coercive measures to abridge "what are called English liberties." These revelations raised a furious storm, and the people were with difficulty restrained from inflicting personal violence upon the governor. All classes, from the men in legislative council to the plainest citizen, felt a disgust that could not be concealed, and a breach was opened between ruler and people that grew wider every day.

The Earl of Hillsborough, who had been Secretary of State for the Colonies during the past few years of excitement, was now succeeded by Lord Dartmouth, a personal friend to Dr. Franklin, a sagacious statesman, and a man sincerely disposed to do justice to the colonies. Had his councils prevailed, the duty upon tea would have been taken off, and all cause for discontent on the part of the colonies, removed. But North's blindness, countenanced by ignorant or wicked advisers, prevailed in the cabinet, and the olive-branch of peace and reconciliation, constantly held out by the Americans while declaring their rights, was spurned.

At the beginning of 1773, the East India Company, feeling the effects of the non-importation agreements and the colonial contraband trade, opened the way for reconciliation, while endeavoring to benefit themselves. Already seventeen millions of pounds of tea had accumulated in their warehouses in England, and the demand for it in America was daily diminishing. To open anew an extensive market so suddenly closed, the Company offered to allow government to retain six-pence upon the pound as an exportation tariff, if they would take off the duty of three-pence. Ministers had now a fair opportunity, not only to conciliate the colonies in an honorable way, but to procure, without expense, double the amount of revenue. But the ministry, deluded by false views of national honor, would not listen to the proposition, but stupidly favored the East India Company, while persisting in unrighteousness toward the Americans. A bill was passed in May, to allow the Company to export tea to America on their own account, without paying export duty, while the impost of three-pence was continued. The mother country thus taught the colonists to regard her as a voluntary oppressor.



EARL OF DARTMOUTH.



HANCOCK'S HOUSE.

While the bill for allowing the East India Company to export tea to America on their own account, was under consideration in Parliament, Dr. Franklin, Arthur Lee, and others, apprised the colonists of the movement; and when, a few weeks afterward, several large vessels laden with the plant, were out upon the Atlantic, bound for American ports, the people here were actively preparing to prevent the landing of the cargoes. The Company had appointed consignees in various seaport towns, and these being generally known to the people, were warned to resign their commissions, or hold them at their peril.

In Boston the most active measures were taken to prevent the landing of the tea. The consignees were all friends of government;

two of them were Governor Hutchinson's sons, and a third (Richard Clarke, father-in-law of John Singleton Copley, the eminent painter), was his nephew. Their neighbors expostulated with them, but in vain; and as the time for the expected arrival of two or three tea-ships approached, the public mind became feverish. On the first of November several of the leading "Sons of Liberty," as the patriots were called, met at the house of John Hancock, on Beacon-street, facing the Common, to consult upon the public good, touching the expected tea ships. A public meeting was decided upon, and on the morning of the third the following placard was posted in many places within the city:

"TO THE FREEMEN OF THIS AND THE NEIGHBORING TOWNS.

Gentlemen.—You are desired to meet at the Liberty Tree this day at twelve o'clock at noon, then and there to hear the persons to whom the TEA shipped by the East India Company is consigned, make a public resignation of their offices as consignees, upon oath; and also swear that they will reship any teas that may be consigned to them by the said Company, by the first vessel sailing to London.

O. C. Sec'y.

"Boston, Nov. 3, 1773.

"☞ Show me the man that dare take this down!"

The consignees were summoned at an early hour in the morning, to appear under Liberty Tree (a huge elm, which stood at the present junction of Washington and Essex streets), and resign their commissions. They treated the summons with contempt, and refused to comply. At the appointed hour the town-crier proclaimed the meeting, and the church-bells of the city also gave the annunciation. Timid men remained at home, but about five hundred people assembled near the tree, from the top of which floated the New England flag. No definite action was taken, and at three o'clock the meeting had dispersed.

On the 5th, another meeting was held, over which John Hancock presided. Several short but vehement speeches were made, in which were uttered many seditious sentiments; eight resistance resolutions adopted by the Philadelphians were agreed too; and a committee was appointed to wait upon the consignees, who, it was known, were then at Clarke's store, on King-street, and request them to resign. Again those gentlemen refused compliance, and when the committee reported to the meeting, it was voted that the answer of the consignees was "unsatisfactory and highly affrontive." This meeting also adjourned without deciding upon any definite course for future action.

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The excitement in Boston now hourly increased. Grave citizens congregated at the corners of the streets to interchange sentiments, and all seemed to have a presentiment that the sanguinary scenes of the 5th of March, 1770, when blood flowed in the streets of Boston, were about to be reproduced.

The troops introduced by Bernard had been removed from the city, and there was no legal power but that of the civil authorities, to suppress disorder. On the 12th, the captain-general of the province issued an order for the Governor's Guards, of which John Hancock was colonel, to stand in readiness to assist the civil magistrate in preserving order. This corps, being strongly imbued with the sentiments of their commander, utterly disregarded the requisition. Business was, in a measure, suspended, and general uneasiness prevailed.

On the 18th, another meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, and a committee was again appointed to wait upon the consignees and request them to resign. Again they refused, and that evening the house of Richard Clarke, on School-street, was surrounded by an unruly crowd. A pistol was fired from the house, but without serious effect other than exciting the mob to deeds of violence; the windows were demolished, and the family menaced with personal injury. Better counsels than those of anger soon prevailed, and at midnight the town was quiet. The meeting, in the mean while, had received the report of the committee in

silence, and adjourned without uttering a word. This silence was ominous of evil to the friends of government. The consignees were alarmed, for it was evident that the people were determined to *talk* only, no more, but henceforth to *act*. The governor, also, properly interpreted their silence as a calm before a storm, and he called his council together at the Province House, to consult upon measures for preserving the peace of the city. During their session the frightened consignees presented a petition to the council, asking leave to resign their commissions into the hands of the governor and his advisers, and praying them to adopt measures for the safe landing of the teas. The council, equally fearful of the popular vengeance, refused the prayer of their petition, and the consignees withdrew, for safety, to Castle William, a strong fortress at the entrance of the harbor, then garrisoned by a portion of the troops who had been encamped on Boston Common. The flight of the consignees allayed the excitement for a few days.



PROVINCE HOUSE.

On Sunday evening, the 28th of November, the *Dartmouth*, Captain Hall, one of the East India Company's ships, arrived in the harbor. The next morning the following handbill was posted in every part of the city:

"Friends! Brethren! Countrymen!—That worst of plagues, the detested TEA shipped for this port, by the East India Company, is now arrived in the harbor. The hour of destruction, or manly opposition to the machinations of tyranny, stares you in the face; every friend to his country, to himself, and to posterity, is now called upon to meet at Faneuil Hall, at nine o'clock THIS DAY (at which time the bells will ring), to make united and successful resistance to this last, worst, and most destructive measure of administration.

"Boston, Nov. 29th, 1773."



THE "OLD SOUTH."

A large concourse assembled in and around Faneuil Hall at the appointed hour, too large to be admitted within its walls, and they adjourned to the Old South Meeting House, on the corner of the present Washington and Milk streets. Hancock, the Adamses, Warren, Quincy, and other popular leaders and influential citizens were there. Firmness marked all the proceedings, and within that sanctuary of religion they made resolves of gravest import. It was agreed that no TEA should be landed within the precincts of Boston; that no duty should be paid; and that it should be sent back in the same bottom. They also voted that Mr. Roch, the owner of the *Dartmouth*, "be directed not to enter the tea at his peril; and that Captain Hall be informed, and at his peril, not to suffer any of the tea to be landed." They ordered the ship to be moored at Griffin's wharf, near the present Liverpool dock, and appointed a guard of twenty-five men to watch her.

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When the meeting was about to adjourn, a letter was received from the consignees, offering to store the tea until they could write to England and obtain instructions from the owners. The people had resolved that not a chest should be landed, and the offer was at once rejected. The sheriff, who was present, then stepped upon the back of a pew, and read a proclamation by the governor, ordering the assembly to disperse. It was received with hisses. Another resolution was then adopted, ordering two other tea vessels, then hourly

expected, to be moored at Griffin's wharf; and, after solemnly pledging themselves to carry their several resolutions into effect at all hazards, and thanking the people in attendance from the neighboring towns for their sympathy, they adjourned.

Every thing relating to the TEA movement was now in the hands of the Boston Committee of Correspondence. A large volunteer guard was enrolled, and every necessary preparation was made to support the resistance resolutions of the 29th. A fortnight elapsed without any special public occurrence, when, on the afternoon of the 13th of December, intelligence went through the town that the *Eleanor*, Captain James Bruce, and the *Beaver*, Captain Hezekiah Coffin, ships of the East India Company, laden with tea, had entered the harbor. They were moored at Griffin's wharf by the volunteer guard, and that night there were many sleepless eyes in Boston. The Sons of Liberty convened at an early hour in the evening, and expresses were sent to the neighboring towns with the intelligence. Early the next morning the following placard appeared:

"Friends! Brethren! Countrymen!—The perfidious arts of your restless enemies to render ineffectual the resolutions of the body of the people, demand your assembling at the Old South Meeting House precisely at two o'clock this day, at which time the bells

will ring."

The "Old South" was crowded at the appointed hour, yet perfect order prevailed. It was resolved to order Mr. Roch to apply immediately for a clearance for his ship, and send her to sea. The owner was in a dilemma, for the governor had taken measures, since the arrival of the *Dartmouth*, to prevent her sailing out of the harbor. Admiral Montague, who happened to be in Boston, was directed to fit out two armed vessels, and station them at the entrance to the harbor, to act in concert with Colonel Leslie, the commander of the garrison at the Castle. Leslie had already received written orders from the governor not to allow any vessel to pass the guns of the fort, outward, without a permit, signed by himself. Of course Mr. Roch could do nothing.

As no effort had yet been made to land the tea, the meeting adjourned, to assemble again on the 16th, at the same place. These several popular assemblies attracted great attention in the other colonies; and from New York and Philadelphia in particular, letters, expressive of the strongest sympathy and encouragement, were received by the Committee of Correspondence. At the appointed hour on the 16th, the "Old South" was again crowded, and the streets near were filled with a multitude, eager to participate in the proceedings. They had flocked in from the neighboring towns by hundreds. So great a gathering of people had never before occurred in Boston. Samuel Phillips Savage, of Weston, was chosen Moderator, or Chairman, and around him sat many men who, two years afterward, were the recognized leaders of the Revolution in Massachusetts. When the preliminary business was closed, and the meeting was about to appoint committees for more vigorous action than had hitherto been directed, the youthful Josiah Quincy arose, and with words almost of prophecy, uttered with impassioned cadence, he harangued the multitude. "It is not, Mr. Moderator," he said, "the spirit that vapors within these walls that must stand us in stead. The exertions of this day will call forth events which will make a very different spirit necessary for our salvation. Whoever supposes that shouts and hosannas will terminate the trials of this day, entertains a childish fancy. We must be grossly ignorant of the importance and the value of the prize for which we contend: we must be equally ignorant of the power of those who have combined against us; we must be blind to that malice, inveteracy, and insatiable revenge, which actuates our enemies, public and private, abroad and in our bosoms, to hope that we shall end this controversy without the sharpest conflicts—to flatter ourselves that popular resolves, popular harangues, popular acclamations, and popular vapor will vanquish our foes. Let us consider the issue. Let us look to the end. Let us weigh and consider before we advance to those measures which must bring on the most trying and terrible struggle this country ever saw." This gifted young patriot did not live to see the struggle he so confidently anticipated; for, when blood was flowing, in the first conflicts at Lexington and Concord, eighteen month's afterward, he was dying with consumption, on ship-board, almost within sight of his native land.

The people, in the "Old South," were greatly agitated when Quincy closed his harangue. It was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. The question was immediately proposed to the meeting, "Will you abide by your former resolutions with respect to not suffering the TEA to be landed?" The vast assembly within, as with one voice, replied affirmatively, and when the purport was known without, the multitude there responded in accordance. The meeting now awaited the return of Mr. Roch, who had been to the governor to request a permit for his vessel to leave the harbor. Hutchinson, alarmed at the stormy aspect of affairs, had taken counsel of his fears, and withdrawn from the city to his country-house at Milton, a few miles from Boston. It was sunset when Roch returned and informed the meeting that the governor refused to grant a permit, until a clearance should be exhibited. As a clearance had already been refused by the collector of the port, until the cargo should be landed, it was evident that government officers had concerted to resist the demands of the people. Like a sea lashed by a storm, that meeting swayed with excitement, and eagerly demanded from the leaders some indication for immediate action. Night was fast approaching, and as the twilight deepened, a call was made for candles. At that moment, a person in the gallery, disguised in the garb of a Mohawk Indian, gave a war-whoop, which was answered from without. That signal, like the notes of a trumpet before the battle-charge, fired the assemblage, and as another voice in the gallery shouted, "Boston harbor a tea-pot to-night! Hurrah for Griffin's wharf!" a motion to adjourn was carried, and the multitude rushed to the street. "To Griffin's wharf! to Griffin's wharf!" again shouted several voices, while a dozen men, disguised as Indians, were seen speeding over Fort Hill, in that direction. The populace followed, and in a few minutes the scene of excitement was transferred from the "Old South" to the water side.

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No doubt the vigilant patriots had arranged this movement, in anticipation of the refusal of the governor to allow the *Dartmouth* to depart; for concert of action marked all the operations at the wharf. The number of persons disguised as Indians, was fifteen or twenty, and these, with others who joined them, appeared to recognize Lendall Pitts, a mechanic of Boston, as their leader. Under his directions, about sixty persons boarded the three tea-ships, brought the chests upon deck, broke them open, and cast their contents into the water. The *Dartmouth* was boarded first; the *Eleanor* and *Beaver* were next entered; and within the space of two hours, the contents of three hundred and forty-two chests of tea were cast into the waters of the harbor. During the occurrence very little excitement was manifested among the multitude upon the wharf; and as soon as the work of destruction was completed, the active party marched in perfect order back into the town, preceded by a drum and fife, dispersed to their homes, and Boston, untarnished by actual mob or riot, was never more tranquil than on that bright and frosty December night.

A British squadron was not more than a quarter of a mile from Griffin's wharf, where this event occurred, and British troops were near, yet the

whole proceeding was uninterrupted. The newspapers of the day doubtless gave the correct interpretation to this apathy. Something far more serious had been anticipated, if an attempt should be made to land the tea; and the owners of the vessels, as well as the public authorities, civil and military, doubtless thanked the *rioters*, in their secret thoughts, for thus extricating them from a serious dilemma. They would doubtless have been worsted in an attempt forcibly to land the tea; now, the vessels were saved from destruction; no blood was spilt; the courage of the civil and military officers remained unimpeached; the "*national honor*" was not compromised, and the Bostonians, having carried their resolutions into effect, were satisfied. The East India Company alone, which was the actual loser, had cause for complaint.

It may be asked, Who were the men actively engaged in this high-handed measure? Were they an ignorant rabble, with no higher motives than the gratification of a mobocratic spirit? By no means. While some of them were doubtless governed, in a measure, by such a motive, the greater portion were young men and lads who belonged to the respectable part of the community, and of the fifty-nine participators whose names have been preserved, some of them held honorable stations in after life; some battled nobly in defense of liberty in the

Continental Army of the Revolution which speedily followed, and almost all of them, according to traditionary testimony, were entitled to the respect due to good citizens. Only one, of all that band, as far as is known, is yet among the living, and he has survived almost a half century beyond the allotted period of human life. When the present century dawned, he had almost reached the goal of three score and ten years; and now, at the age of *one hundred and fifteen years*, DAVID KINNISON, of Chicago, Illinois, holds the eminent position of the *last survivor of the Boston Tea Party!* When the writer, in 1848, procured the portrait and autograph of the aged patriot, he was living among strangers and ignorant of the earthly existence of one of all his twenty-two children. A daughter survives, and having been made acquainted of the existence of her father, by the publication of this portrait in the "Field-Book," she hastened to him, and is now smoothing the pillow of the patriarch as he is gradually passing into the long and peaceful slumber of the grave.



David Kinnison

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The life of another actor was spared, until within ten years, and his portrait, also, is preserved. GEORGE ROBERT TWELVES HEWES, was supposed to be the latest survivor, until the name of David Kinnison was made public. Soon not one of all that party will be among the living.



GEORGE ROBERT TWELVES HEWES.

Before closing this article let us advert to the *effect* produced by the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor, for to effects alone are causes indebted for importance.

The events of the 16th of December produced a deep sensation throughout the British realm. They struck a sympathetic chord in every colony which afterward rebelled; and even Canada, Halifax, and the West Indies, had no serious voice of censure for the Bostonians. But the ministerial party here, and the public in England, amazed at the audacity of the Americans in opposing royal authority, and in destroying private property, called loudly for punishment; and even the friends of the colonists in Parliament were, for a moment, silent, for they could not fully excuse the lawless act. Another and a powerful party was now made a principal in the quarrel; the East India Company whose property had been destroyed, was now directly interested in the question of taxation. That huge monopoly which had controlled the commerce of the Indies for more than a century and a half, was then almost at the zenith of

its power. Already it had laid the foundation, broad and deep, of that British-Indian Empire which now comprises the whole of Hindostan, from the Himalaya Mountains to Cape Comorin, with a population of more than one hundred and twenty millions, and its power in the government affairs of Great Britain, was almost vice-regal. Unawed by the fleets and armies of the imperial

government, and by the wealth and power of this corporation, the Bostonians justified their acts by the rules of justice and the guarantees of the British constitution; and the next vessel to England, after the event was known there, carried out an honest proposition to the East India Company, from the people of Boston, to pay for the tea destroyed. The whole matter rested at once upon its original basis—the right of Great Britain to tax the colonies—and this fair proposition of the Bostonians disarmed ministers of half their weapons of vituperation. The American party in England saw nothing whereof to be ashamed, and the presses, opposed to the ministry, teemed with grave disquisitions, satires, and lampoons, all favorable to the colonists, while art lent its aid in the production of several caricatures similar to the one here given, in which Lord North is represented as pouring tea down the throat of unwilling America, who is held fast by Lord Mansfield (then employed by government in drawing up the various acts so obnoxious to the colonists), while Britannia stands by, weeping at the distress of her daughter. In America, almost every newspaper of the few printed, was filled with arguments, epigrams, parables, sonnets, dialogues, and every form of expression favorable to the resistance made in Boston to the arbitrary acts of government; and a voice of approval went forth from pulpits, courts of law, and the provincial legislatures.

Great was the exasperation of the king and his ministers when intelligence of the proceedings in Boston reached them. According to Burke, the "House of Lords was like a seething caldron"—the House of Commons was "as hot as Faneuil Hall or the Old South Meeting House at Boston." Ministers and their supporters charged the colonies with open rebellion, while the opposition denounced, in the strongest language which common courtesy would allow, the foolish, unjust, and wicked course of government.



In cabinet council, the king and his ministers deliberately considered the matter, and the result was a determination to use coercive measures against the colonies. The first of these schemes was a bill brought forward in March, 1774, which provided for the closing of the port of Boston, and the removal of customs, courts of justice, and government offices of every kind from Boston to Salem. This was avowedly a retaliatory measure; and the famous *Boston Port Bill*, which, more than any other act of the British government, was instrumental in driving the colonies to rebellion, became a law within a hundred days after the destruction of the tea. In the debate upon this bill, the most violent language was used toward the Americans. Lord North justified the measure by asserting that Boston was "the centre of rebellious commotion in America; the ring-leader in every riot." Mr. Herbert declared that the Americans deserved no consideration; that they were "never actuated by decency or reason, and that they always chose tarring and feathering as an argument;" while Mr. Van, another ministerial supporter, denounced the people of Boston as totally unworthy of civilized forbearance—declared that "they ought to have their town knocked about their ears, and destroyed;" and concluded his tirade of abuse by quoting the factious cry of the old Roman orators, "Delenda est Carthago!"—Carthage must be destroyed.

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Edmund Burke, who now commenced his series of splendid orations in favor of America, denounced the whole scheme as essentially wicked and unjust, because it punished the innocent with the guilty. "You will thus irrevocably alienate the hearts of the colonies from the mother country," he exclaimed. "The bill is unjust, since it bears only upon the city of Boston, while it is notorious that all America is in flames; that the cities of Philadelphia, of New York, and all the maritime towns of the continent, have exhibited the same disobedience. You are contending for a matter which the Bostonians will not give up quietly. They can not, by such means, be made to bow to the authority of ministers; on the contrary, you will find their obstinacy confirmed and their fury exasperated. The acts of resistance in their city have not been confined to the populace alone, but men of the first rank and opulent fortune in the place have openly countenanced them. One city in proscription and the rest in rebellion, can never be a remedial measure for disturbances. Have you considered whether you have troops and ships sufficient to reduce the people of the whole American continent to your devotion?" From denunciation he passed to appeal, and besought ministers to pause ere they should strike a blow that would forever separate the colonies from Great Britain. But the pleadings of Burke and others, were in vain, and "deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity," this, and other rigorous measures, were put in operation by ministers.

The industry and enterprise of Boston was crushed when, on the first of June, the *Port Bill* went into operation; but her voice of wail, as it went over the land, awakened the noblest expressions and acts of sympathy, and the blow inflicted upon her was resented by all the colonies. They all felt that forbearance was no longer a virtue. Ten years they had pleaded, petitioned, remonstrated; they were uniformly answered by insult. There seemed no other alternative but abject submission, or open, armed resistance. They chose the latter, and thirteen months after the *Boston Port Bill* became a law, the battle at Lexington and Concord had been fought, and Boston was beleaguered by an army of patriots. The Battle of Bunker Hill soon followed; a continental army was organized with Washington at its head, and the war of the Revolution began. Eight long years it continued, when the oppressors, exhausted, gave up the contest. Peace came, and with it, INDEPENDENCE; and the Republic of the United States took its place among the

nations of the earth.

How conspicuous the feeble Chinese plant should appear among these important events let the voice of history determine.

THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The safe return of the Expedition sent out by Mr. Henry Grinnell, an opulent merchant of New York city, in search of Sir John Franklin and his companions, is an event of much interest; and the voyage, though not resulting in the discovery of the long-absent mariners, presents many considerations satisfactory to the parties immediately concerned, and to the American public in general.

In the second volume of the Magazine, on pages 588 to 597 inclusive, we printed some interesting extracts from the journal of Mr. W. PARKER SNOW, of the *Prince Albert*, a vessel which sailed from Aberdeen with a crew of Scotchmen, upon the same errand of mercy. That account is illustrated by engravings; and in his narrative, Mr. Snow makes favorable mention of Mr. Grinnell's enterprise, and the character of the officers, crew, and vessels. We now present a more detailed account of the American Expedition, its adventures and results, together with several graphic illustrations, engraved from drawings made in the polar seas during the voyage, by Mr. CHARLES BERRY, a seaman of the *Advance*, the largest of the two vessels. These drawings, though made with a pencil in hands covered with thick mittens, while the thermometer indicated from 20° to 40° below zero, exhibit much artistic skill in correctness of outline and beauty of finish. Mr. Berry is a native of Hamburg, Germany, and was properly educated for the duties of the counting-room and the accomplishments of social life. Attracted by the romance of

"The sea, the sea, the deep blue sea,"

he abandoned home for the perilous and exciting life of a sailor. Although only thirty years of age, he has been fifteen years upon the ocean. Five years he was in the English service, much of the time in the waters near the Arctic Circle; the remainder has been spent in the service of the United States. He was with the *Germantown* in the Gulf, during the war with Mexico, and accompanied her marines at the siege of Vera Cruz. He was in the *North Carolina* when Lieutenant De Haven went on board seeking volunteers for the Arctic Expedition. He offered his services; they were accepted, and a more skillful and faithful seaman never went aloft. And it is pleasant to hear with what enthusiasm he speaks of Commander De Haven, as a skillful navigator and kind-hearted man. "He was as kind to me as a brother," he said, "and I would go with him to the ends of the earth, if he wanted me." Although he speaks English somewhat imperfectly, yet we have listened with great pleasure to his intelligent narrative of the perils, occupations, sports, and duties of the voyage. Since his return he has met an uncle, the commander of a merchant vessel, and, for the first time in fifteen years, he received intelligence from his family. "My mother is dead," said he to us, while the tears gushed involuntarily from his eyes; "I have no one to go home to now—I shall stay here."

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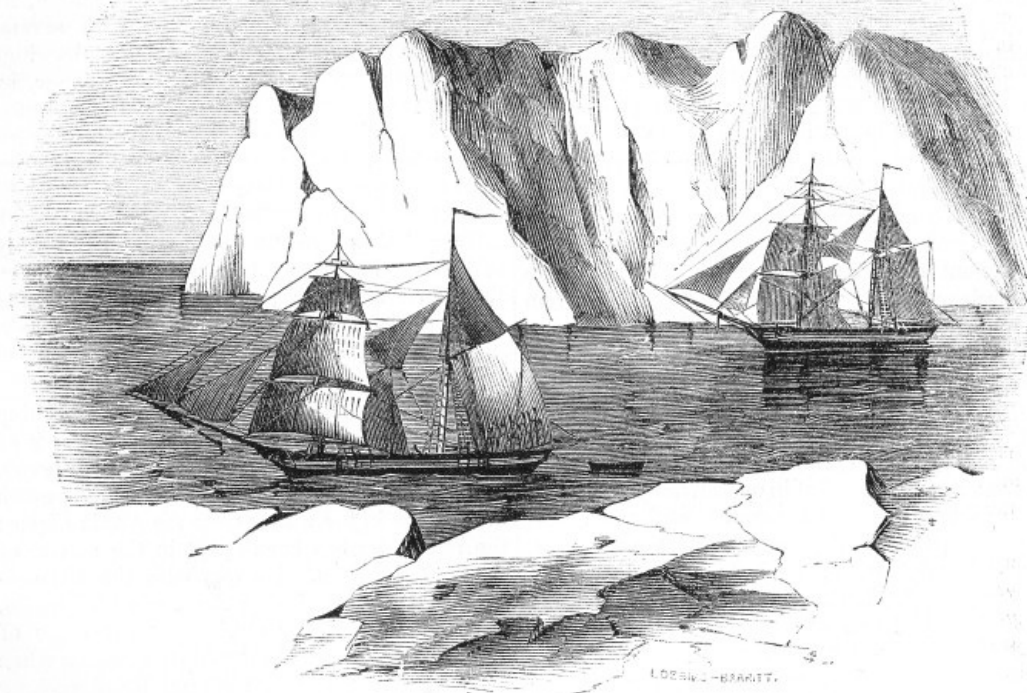
MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE EXPEDITION.

(The solid black line shows the outward course of the vessels; the dotted line denotes the drift of the vessels, their baffled attempt to reach Lancaster Sound a second time, and their return home.)

[\[Click for larger map\]](#)

We shall not attempt to give a detailed narrative of the events of the Expedition; we shall relate only some of the most noteworthy circumstances, especially those which the pencil of the sailor-artist has illustrated. By reference to the small map on the preceding page, the relative position of the places named; the track of the vessels in their outward voyage; their ice-drift of more than a thousand miles, and their abortive attempt to penetrate the ice of Baffin's Bay a second time, will be more clearly understood.

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**ADVANCE AND RESCUE BEATING TO WINDWARD OF AN ICEBERG
THREE MILES IN CIRCUMFERENCE.**

Mr. Grinnell's Expedition consisted of only two small brigs, the *Advance* of 140 tons; the *Rescue* of only 90 tons. The former had been engaged in the Havana trade; the latter was a new vessel, built for the merchant service. Both were strengthened for the Arctic voyage at a heavy cost. They were then placed under the directions of our Navy board, and subject to naval regulations as if in permanent service. The command was given to Lieutenant E. De Haven, a young naval officer who accompanied the United States Exploring Expedition. The result has proved that a better choice could not have been made. His officers consisted of Mr. Murdoch, sailing-master; Dr. E. K. Kane, Surgeon and Naturalist; and Mr. Lovell, midshipman. The *Advance* had a crew of twelve men when she sailed; two of them complaining of sickness, and expressing a desire to return home, were left at the Danish settlement at Disko Island, on the coast of Greenland.

The Expedition left New York on the 23d of May, 1850, and was absent a little more than sixteen months. They passed the eastern extremity of Newfoundland ten days after leaving Sandy Hook, and then sailed east-northeast, directly for Cape Comfort, on the coast of Greenland. The weather was generally fine, and only a single accident occurred on the voyage to that country of frost and snow. Off the coast of Labrador, they met an iceberg making its way toward the tropics. The night was very dark, and as the huge voyager had no "light out" the *Advance* could not be censured for running foul. She was punished, however, by the loss of her jib-boom, as she ran against the iceberg at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour.

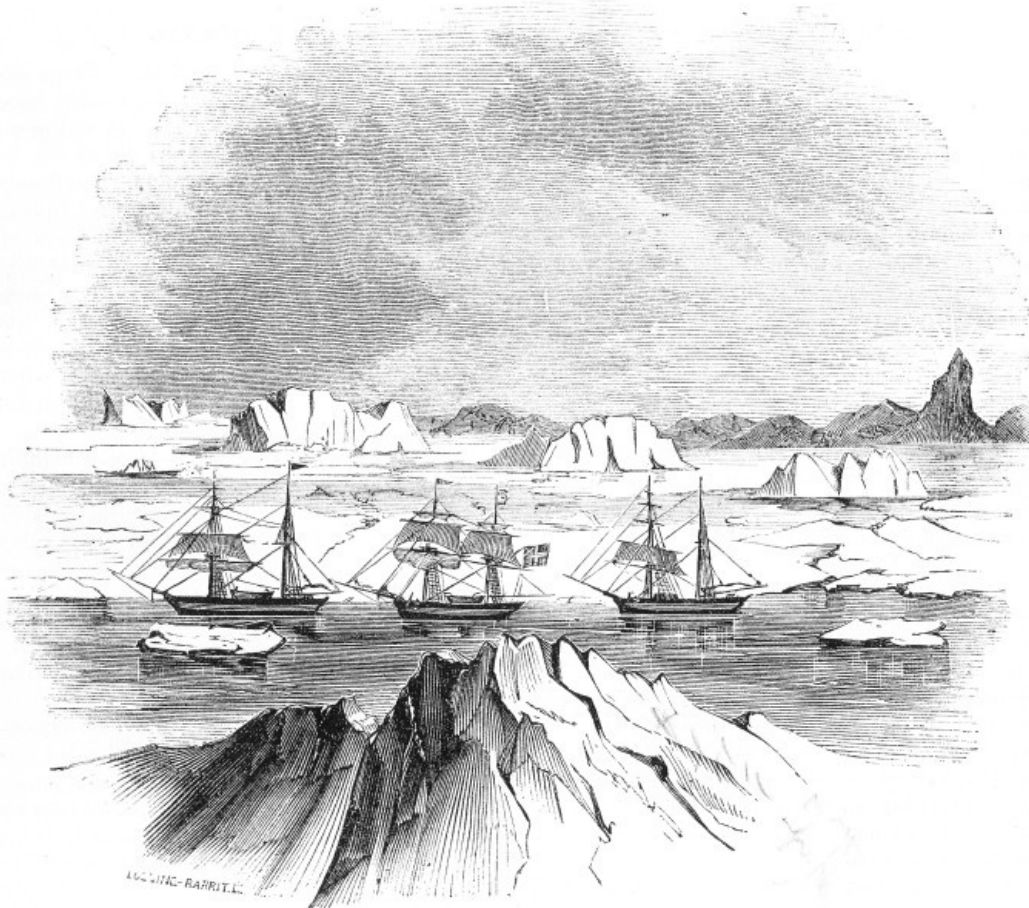
The voyagers did not land at Cape Comfort, but turning northward, sailed along the southwest coast of Greenland, sometimes in an open sea, and sometimes in the midst of broad acres of broken ice (particularly in Davis's Straits), as far as Whale Island. On the way the anniversary of our national independence occurred; it was observed by the seamen by "splicing the main-brace"—in other words, they were allowed an extra glass of grog on that day.

From Whale Island, a boat, with two officers and four seamen, was sent to Disko Island, a distance of about 26 miles, to a Danish settlement there, to procure skin clothing and other articles necessary for use during the rigors of a Polar winter. The officers were entertained at the government house; the seamen were comfortably lodged with the Esquimaux, sleeping in fur bags at night. They returned to the ship the following day, and the Expedition proceeded on its voyage. When passing the little Danish settlement of Upernavick, they were boarded by natives for the first time. They were out in government whale-boats, hunting for ducks and seals. These hardy children of the Arctic Circle were not shy, for through the Danes, the English whalers, and government expeditions, they had become acquainted with men of other latitudes.



PERILOUS SITUATION OF THE ADVANCE AND RESCUE IN MELVILLE BAY.

When the Expedition reached Melville Bay, which, on account of its fearful character, is also called the *Devil's Nip*, the voyagers began to witness more of the grandeur and perils of Arctic scenes. Icebergs of all dimensions came bearing down from the Polar seas like vast squadrons, and the roar of their rending came over the waters like the booming of the heavy broadsides of contending navies. They also encountered immense *floes*, with only narrow channels between, and at times their situation was exceedingly perilous. On one occasion, after heaving through fields of ice for five consecutive weeks, two immense *floes*, between which they were making their way, gradually approached each other, and for several hours they expected their tiny vessels—tiny when compared with the mighty objects around them—would be crushed. An immense *calf* of ice six or eight feet thick slid under the *Rescue*, lifting her almost "high and dry," and careening her partially upon her beam's end. By means of ice-anchors (large iron hooks), they kept her from capsizing. In this position they remained about sixty hours, when, with saws and axes, they succeeded in relieving her. The ice now opened a little, and they finally warped through into clear water. While they were thus confined, polar bears came around them in abundance, greedy for prey, and the seamen indulged a little in the perilous sports of the chase.



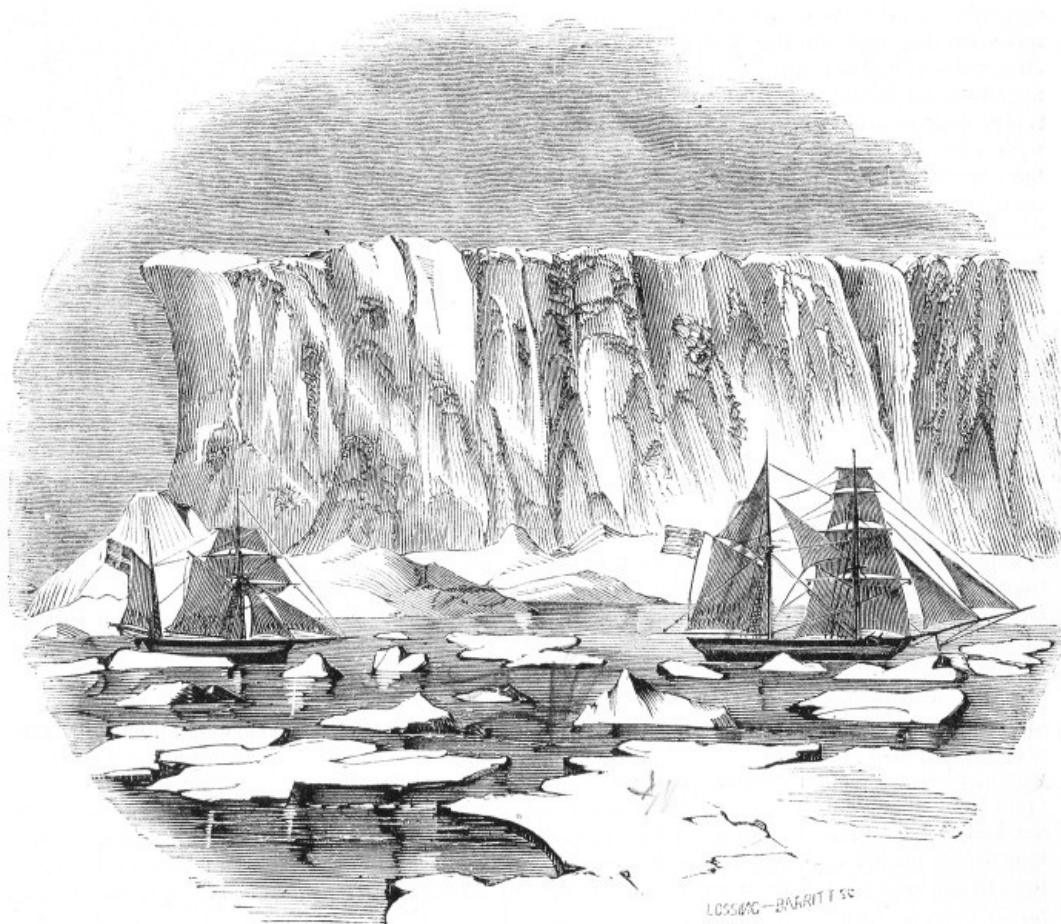
THE ADVANCE, RESCUE, AND PRINCE ALBERT NEAR THE DEVIL'S THUMB.

The open sea continued but a short time, when they again became entangled among *bergs*, *floes*, and *hummocks*, and encountered the most fearful perils. Sometimes they anchored their vessels to icebergs, and sometimes to *floes* or masses of *hummock*. On one of these occasions, while the cook, an active Frenchman, was upon a *berg*, making a place for an anchor, the mass of ice split beneath him, and he was dropped through the yawning fissure into the water, a distance of almost thirty feet. Fortunately the masses, as is often the case, did not close up again, but floated apart, and the poor cook was hauled on board more dead than alive, from excessive fright. It was in this fearful region that they first encountered *pack-ice*, and there they were locked in from the 7th to the 23d of July. During that time they were joined by the yacht *Prince Albert*, commanded by Captain Forsyth, of the Royal Navy, and together the three vessels were anchored, for a while, to an immense field of ice, in sight of the *Devil's Thumb*. That high, rocky peak, situated in latitude $74^{\circ} 22'$ was about thirty miles distant, and with the dark hills adjacent, presented a strange aspect where all was white and glittering. The peak and the hills are masses of rock, with occasionally a lichen or a moss growing upon their otherwise naked surfaces. In the midst of the vast ice-field loomed up many lofty *bergs*, all of them in motion—slow and majestic motion.

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From the *Devil's Thumb* the American vessels passed onward through the *pack* toward Sabine's Islands, while the *Prince Albert* essayed to make a more westerly course. They reached Cape York at the beginning of August. Far across the ice, landward, they discovered, through their glasses, several men, apparently making signals; and for a while they rejoiced in the belief that they saw a portion of Sir John Franklin's companions. Four men (among whom was our sailor-artist) were dispatched with a whale-boat to reconnoitre. They soon discovered the men to be Esquimaux, who, by signs, professed great friendship, and endeavored to get the voyagers to accompany them to their homes beyond the hills. They declined: and as soon as they returned to the vessel, the expedition again pushed forward, and made its way to Cape Dudley Digges, which they reached on the 7th of August.

At Cape Dudley Digges they were charmed by the sight of the *Crimson Cliffs*, spoken of by Captain Parry and other Arctic navigators. These are lofty cliffs of dark brown stone, covered with snow of a rich crimson color. It was a magnificent sight in that cold region, to see such an apparently warm object standing out in bold relief against the dark blue back-ground of a polar sky. This was the most northern point to which the expedition penetrated. The whole coast which they had passed from Disko to this cape is high, rugged, and barren, only some of the low points, stretching into the sea, bearing a species of dwarf fir. Northeast from the cape rise the Arctic Highlands, to an unknown altitude; and stretching away northward is the unexplored Smith's Sound, filled with impenetrable ice.



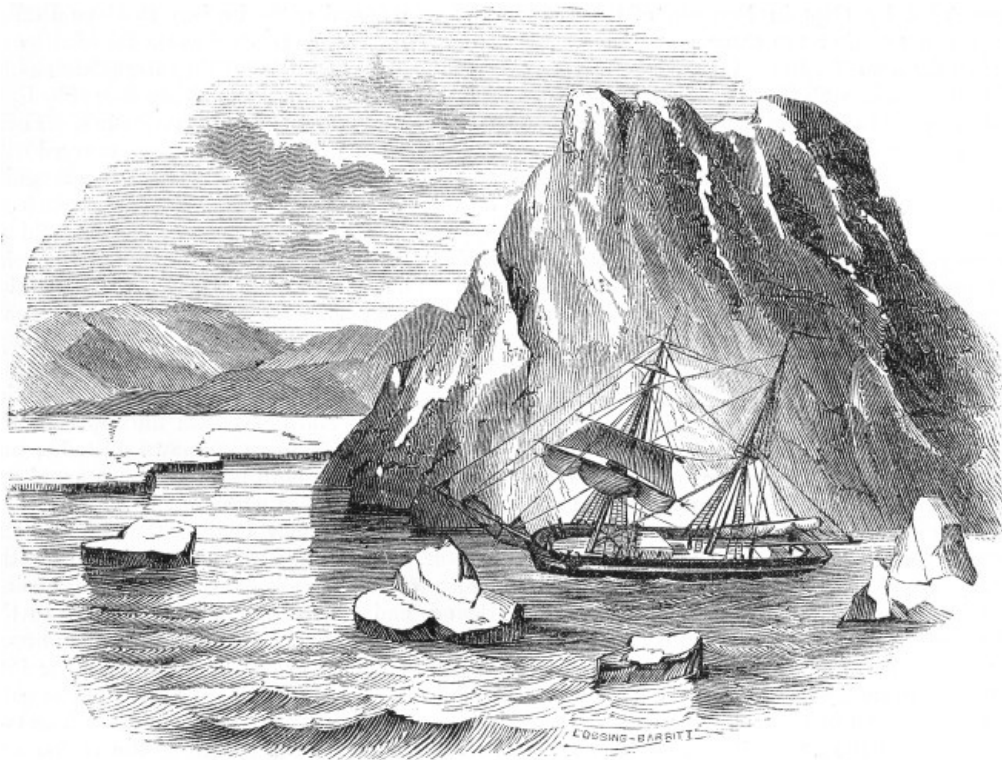
THE ADVANCE LEADING THE PRINCE ALBERT, NEAR LEOPOLD ISLAND.

From Cape Dudley Digges, the *Advance* and *Rescue*, beating against wind and tide in the midst of the ice-fields, made Wolstenholme Sound, and then changing their course to the southwest, emerged from the fields into the open waters of Lancaster Sound. Here, on the 18th of August, they encountered a tremendous gale, which lasted about twenty-four hours. The two vessels parted company during the storm, and remained separate several days. Across Lancaster Sound, the *Advance* made her way to Barrow's Straits, and on the 22d discovered the *Prince Albert* on the southern shore of the straits, near Leopold Island, a mass of lofty, precipitous rocks, dark and barren, and hooded and draped with snow. The weather was fine, and soon the officers and crews of the two vessels met in friendly greeting. Those of the *Prince Albert* were much astonished, for they (being towed by a steamer) left the Americans in Melville Bay on the 6th, pressing northward through the *pack*, and could not conceive how they so soon and safely penetrated it. Captain Forsyth had attempted to reach a particular point, where he intended to remain through the winter, but finding the passage thereto completely blocked up with ice, he had resolved, on the very day when the Americans appeared, to "bout ship," and return home. This fact, and the disappointment felt by Mr. Snow, are mentioned in our former article.

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The two vessels remained together a day or two, when they parted company, the *Prince Albert* to return home, and the *Advance* to make further explorations. It was off Leopold Island, on the 23d of August, that the "mad Yankee" took the lead through the vast masses of floating ice, so vividly described by Mr. Snow, and so graphically portrayed by the sailor-artist. "The way was before them," says Mr. Snow, who stood upon the deck of the *Advance*; "the stream of ice had to be either gone through boldly, or a long *detour* made; and, despite the heaviness of the stream, *they pushed the vessel through in her proper course*. Two or three shocks, as she came in contact with some large pieces, were unheeded; and the moment the last block was past the bow, the officer sung out, 'So: steady as she goes on her course;' and came aft as if nothing more than ordinary sailing had been going on. I observed our own little bark nobly following in the American's wake; and as I afterward learned, she got through it pretty well, though not without much doubt of the propriety of keeping on in such procedure after the 'mad Yankee,' as he was called by our mate."

From Leopold Island the *Advance* proceeded to the northwest, and on the 25th reached Cape Riley, another amorphous mass, not so regular and precipitate as Leopold Island, but more lofty. Here a strong tide, setting in to the shore, drifted the *Advance* toward the beach, where she stranded. Around her were small bergs and large masses of floating ice, all under the influence of the strong current. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when she struck. By diligent labor in removing every thing from her deck to a small *floe*, she was so lightened, that at four o'clock the next morning she floated, and soon every thing was properly replaced.



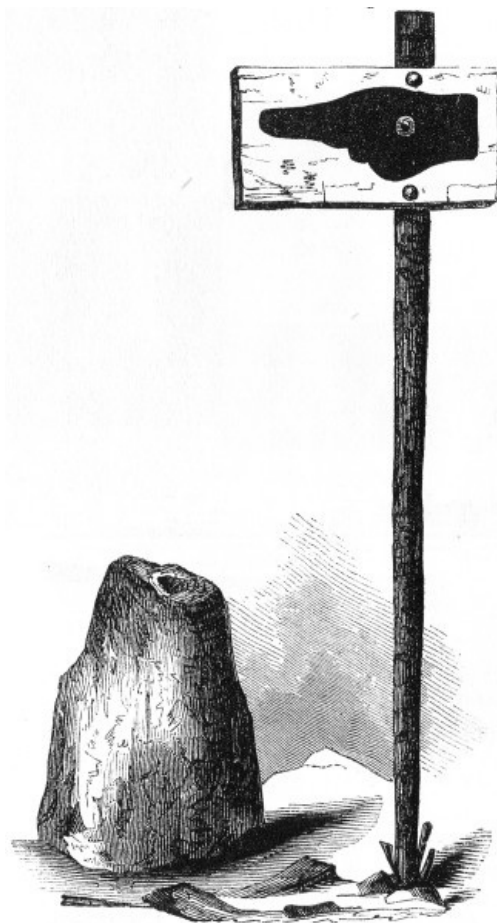
THE ADVANCE STRANDED AT CAPE RILEY.

Near Cape Riley the Americans fell in with a portion of an English Expedition, and there also the *Rescue*, left behind in the gale in Lancaster Sound, overtook the *Advance*. There was Captain Penny with the *Sophia* and *Lady Franklin*; the veteran Sir John Ross, with the *Felix*, and Commodore Austin, with the *Resolute* steamer. Together the navigators of both nations explored the coast at and near Cape Riley, and on the 27th they saw in a cove on the shore of Beechy Island, or Beechy Cape, on the east side of the entrance to Wellington Channel, unmistakable evidence that Sir John Franklin and his companions were there in April, 1846. There they found many articles known to belong to the British Navy, and some that were the property of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, the ships under the command of Sir John. There lay, bleached to the whiteness of the surrounding snow, a piece of *canvas*, with the name of the *Terror*, marked upon it with indestructible charcoal. It was very faint, yet perfectly legible. Near it was a *guide board*, lying flat upon its face, having been prostrated by the wind. It had evidently been used to direct exploring parties to the vessels, or, rather, to the encampment on shore. The board was pine, thirteen inches in length and six and a half in breadth, and nailed to a boarding pike eight feet in length. It is supposed that the sudden opening of the ice, caused Sir John to depart hastily, and that in so doing, this pike and its board were left behind. They also found a large number of *tin canisters*, such as are used for packing meats for a sea voyage; an *anvil block*; remnants of clothing, which evinced, by numerous patches and their threadbare character, that they had been worn as long as the owners could keep them on; the remains of an *India rubber glove*, lined with wool; some old *sacks*; a *cask*, or tub, partly filled with charcoal, and an unfinished *rope-mat*, which, like other fibrous fabrics, was bleached white.

But the most interesting, and at the same time most melancholy traces of the navigators, were *three graves*, in a little sheltered cove, each with a board at the head, bearing the name of the sleeper below. These inscriptions testify positively when Sir John and his companions were there. The board at the head of the grave on the left has the following inscription:

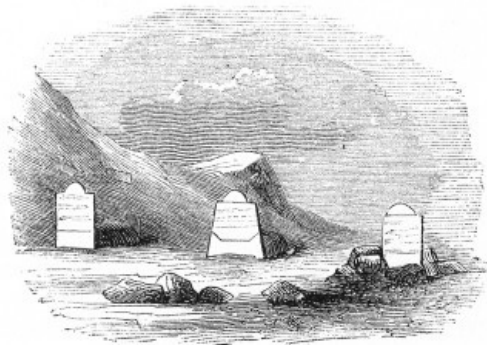
"Sacred to the memory of JOHN TORRINGTON, who departed this life, January 1st, A. D., 1846, on board her Majesty's ship *Terror*, aged 20 years."

On the centre one—"Sacred to the memory of JOHN HARTNELL, A. B., of her Majesty's ship *Erebus*; died, January 4th, 1846, aged 25 years. 'Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Consider your ways:' Haggai, chap. i. v. 7."



ANVIL BLOCK. GUIDE BOARD.

On the right—"Sacred to the memory of W. BRAINE, R. M., of her Majesty's ship *Erebus*, who died April 3d, 1846, aged 32 years. 'Choose you this day whom you will serve:' Joshua, chap. xxiv., part of the 15th verse."



THREE GRAVES AT BEECHY. [2]

How much later than April 3d (the date upon the last-named head-board), Sir John remained at Beechy, can not be determined. They saw evidences of his having gone northward, for sledge tracks in that direction were very visible. It is the opinion of Dr. Kane that, on the breaking up of the ice, in the spring, Sir John passed northward with his ships through Wellington Channel, into the great Polar basin, and that he did not return. This, too, is the opinion of Captain Penny, and he zealously urges the British government to send a powerful screw steamer to pass through that channel, and explore the *theoretically* more hospitable coasts beyond. This will doubtless be undertaken another season, it being the opinions of Captains Parry, Beechy, Sir John Ross, and others, expressed at a conference with the Board of Admiralty, in September, that the

season was too far advanced to attempt it the present year. Dr. Kane, in a letter to Mr. Grinnell, since the return of the expedition, thus expresses his opinion concerning the safety of Sir John and his companions. After saying, "I should think that he is now to be sought for north and west of Cornwallis Island," he adds, "as to the chance of the destruction of his party by the casualties of ice, the return of our own party after something more than the usual share of them, is the only *fact* that I can add to what we knew when we set out. The hazards from cold and privation of food may be almost looked upon as subordinate. The snow-hut, the fire and light from the moss-lamp fed with blubber, the seal, the narwhal, the white whale, and occasionally abundant stores of migratory birds, would sustain vigorous life. The scurvy, the worst visitation of explorers deprived of permanent quarters, is more rare in the depths of a Polar winter, than in the milder weather of the moist summer; and our two little vessels encountered both seasons without losing a man."

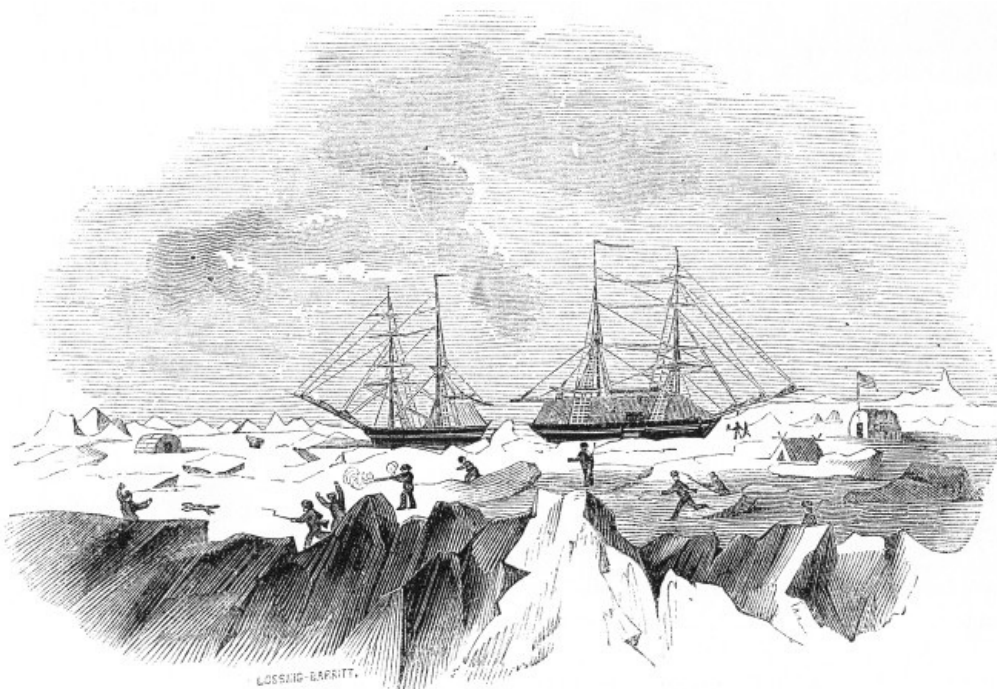
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Leaving Beechy Cape, our expedition forced its way through the ice to Barlow's Inlet, where they narrowly escaped being frozen in for the winter. They endeavored to enter the Inlet, for the purpose of making it their winter quarters, but were prevented by the mass of *pack-ice* at its entrance. It was on the 4th of September, 1850, when they arrived there, and after remaining seven or eight days, they abandoned the attempt to enter. On the right and left of the above picture, are seen the dark rocks at the entrance of the Inlet, and in the centre the frozen waters and the range of hills beyond. There was much smooth ice within the Inlet, and while the vessels lay anchored to the "field," officers and crew exercised and amused themselves by skating. On the left of the Inlet, (indicated by the dark conical object,) they discovered a *Cairn* (a heap of stones with a cavity) eight or ten feet in height, which was erected by Captain Ommann of the English Expedition then in the Polar waters. Within it he had placed two letters, for "whom it might concern." Commander De Haven also deposited a letter there. It is believed to be the only post-office in the world, free for the use of all nations. The rocks, here, presented vast fissures made by the frost; and at the foot of the cliff on the right, that powerful agent had cast down vast heaps of *debris*.



THE ADVANCE AND RESCUE AT BARLOW'S INLET.

From Barlow's Inlet, our Expedition moved slowly westward, battling with the ice every rood of the way, until they reached Griffin's Island, at about 96° west longitude from Greenwich. This was attained on the 11th, and was the extreme westing made by the expedition. All beyond seemed impenetrable ice; and, despairing of making any further discoveries before the winter should set in, they resolved to return home. Turning eastward, they hoped to reach Davis's Straits by the southern route, before the cold and darkness came on, but they were doomed to disappointment. Near the entrance to Wellington Channel they became completely locked in by *hummock-ice*, and soon found themselves drifting with an irresistible tide up that channel toward the pole.

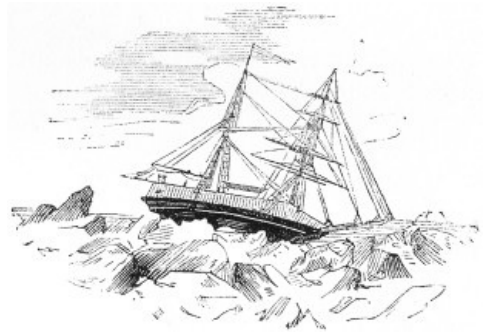


ADVANCE AND RESCUE DRIFTING IN WELLINGTON SOUND.

Now began the most perilous adventures of the navigators. The summer day was drawing to a close; the diurnal visits of the pale sun were rapidly shortening, and soon the long polar night, with all its darkness and horrors, would fall upon them. Slowly they drifted in those vast fields of ice, whither, or to what result, they knew not. Locked in the moving yet compact mass; liable every moment to be crushed; far away from land; the mercury sinking daily lower and lower from the zero figure, toward the point where that metal freezes, they felt small hope of ever reaching home again. Yet they prepared for winter comforts and winter sports, as cheerfully as if lying safe in Barlow's Inlet. As the winter advanced, the crews of both vessels went on board the larger one. They unshipped the rudders of each to prevent their being injured by the ice, covered the deck of the *Advance* with felt, prepared their stores, and made arrangements for enduring the

long winter, now upon them. Physical and mental activity being necessary for the preservation of health, they daily exercised in the open air for several hours. They built ice huts, hunted the huge white bears and the little polar foxes, and when the darkness of the winter night had spread over them, they arranged in-door amusements and employments.

Before the end of October, the sun made its appearance for the last time, and the awful polar night closed in. Early in November they wholly abandoned the *Rescue*, and both crews made the *Advance* their permanent winter home. The cold soon became intense; the mercury congealed, and the spirit thermometer indicated 46° below zero! Its average range was 30° to 35°. They had drifted helplessly up Wellington Channel as high as the point 4. on the map, almost to the latitude from whence Captain Penny saw an open sea, and which all believe to be the great polar basin, where there is a more genial climate than that which intervenes between the Arctic Circle and the 75th degree. Here, when almost in sight of the open ocean, that mighty polar tide, with its vast masses of ice, suddenly ebbed, and our little vessels were carried back as resistlessly as before, through Barrow's Straits into Lancaster Sound! All this while the immense fields of *hummock-ice* were moving, and the vessels were in hourly danger of being crushed and destroyed. At length, while drifting through Barrow's Straits, the congealed mass, as if crushed together by the opposite shores, became more compact, and the *Advance* was elevated almost seven feet by the stern, and keeled two feet eight inches, starboard, as seen in the engraving. In this position she remained, with very little alteration, for five consecutive months; for, soon after entering Baffin's Bay in the midst of the winter, the ice became frozen in one immense tract, covering millions of acres. Thus frozen in, sometimes more than a hundred miles from land, they drifted slowly along the southwest coast of Baffin's Bay, a distance of more than a thousand miles from Wellington Channel. For eleven weeks that dreary night continued, and during that time the disc of the sun was never seen above the horizon. Yet nature was not wholly forbidding in aspect. Sometimes the Aurora Borealis would flash up still further northward; and sometimes Aurora Parhelia—mock suns and mock moons—would appear in varied beauty in the starry sky. Brilliant, too, were the northern constellations; and when the real moon was at its full, it made its stately circuit in the heavens without descending below the horizon, and lighted up the vast piles of ice with a pale lustre, almost as great as the morning twilights of more genial skies.



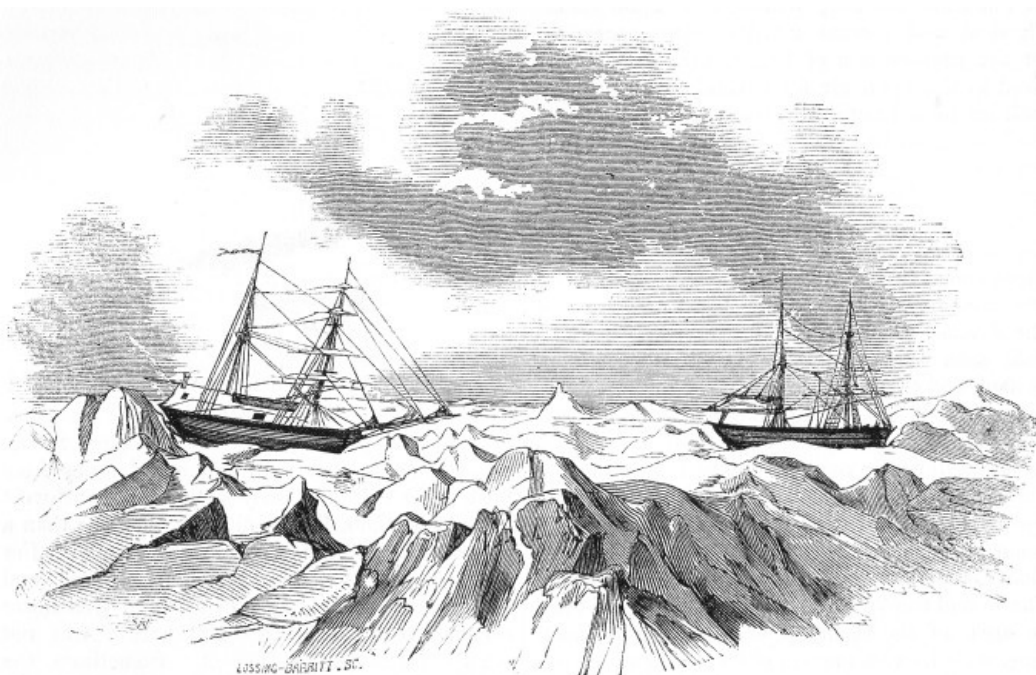
SITUATION OF THE ADVANCE IN BARROW'S STRAITS

Around the vessels the crews built a wall of ice; and in ice huts they stowed away their cordage and stores to make room for exercise on the decks. They organized a theatrical company, and amused themselves and the officers with comedy well performed. Behind the pieces of *hummock* each actor learned his part, and by means of calico they transformed themselves into female characters, as occasion required. These dramas were acted upon the deck of the *Advance*, sometimes while the thermometer indicated 30° below zero, and actors and audience highly enjoyed the fun. They also went out in parties during that long night, fully armed, to hunt the polar bear, the grim monarch of the frozen North, on which occasions they often encountered perilous adventures. They played at foot-ball, and exercised themselves in drawing sledges, heavily laden with provisions. Five hours of each twenty-four, they thus exercised in the open air, and once a week each man washed his whole body in cold snow water. Serious sickness was consequently avoided, and the scurvy which attacked them soon yielded to remedies.

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ADVANCE AND RESCUE DURING THE WINTER OF 1850-51.

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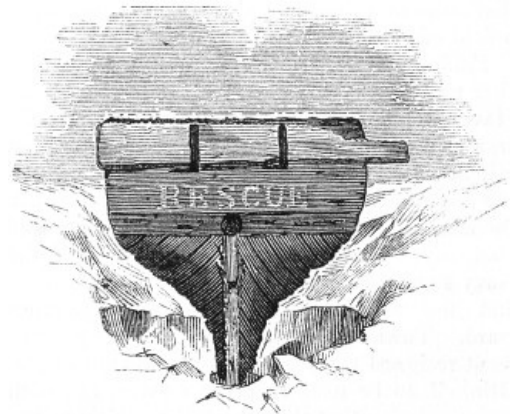
ADVANCE AND RESCUE DURING THE WINTER OF 1850-51.

Often during that fearful night, they expected the disaster of having their vessels crushed. All through November and December, before the ice became fast, they slept in their clothes, with knapsacks on their backs, and sledges upon the ice, laden with stores, not knowing at what moment the vessels might be demolished, and themselves forced to leave them and make their way toward land. On the 8th of December, and the 23d of January, they actually lowered their boats and stood upon the ice, for the crushing masses were making the timbers of the gallant vessel creak and its decks to rise in the centre. They were then ninety miles from land, and hope hardly whispered an encouraging idea of life being sustained. On the latter occasion, when officers and crew stood upon the ice, with the ropes of their provision sledges in their hands, a terrible snow-drift came from the northeast, and intense darkness shrouded them. Had the vessel then been crushed, all must have perished. But God, who ruled the storm, also put forth his protecting arm and saved them.

Early in February the northern horizon began to be streaked with gorgeous twilight, the herald of the approaching king of day; and on the 18th the disc of the sun first appeared above the horizon. As its golden rim rose above the glittering snow-drifts and piles of ice, three hearty cheers went up from those hardy mariners, and they welcomed their deliverer from the chains of frost as cordially as those of old who chanted,

"See! the conquering hero comes!
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums."

Day after day it rose higher and higher, and while the pallid faces of the voyagers, bleached during that long night, darkened by its beams, the vast masses of ice began to yield to its fervid influences. The scurvy disappeared, and from that time, until their arrival home, not a man suffered from sickness. As they slowly drifted through Davis's Straits, and the ice gave indications of breaking up, the voyagers made preparations for sailing. The *Rescue* was re-occupied, (May 13th 1851), and her stern-post, which had been broken by the ice in Barrow's Straits, was repaired. To accomplish this, they were obliged to dig away the ice which was from 12 to 14 feet thick around her, as represented in the engraving. They re-shipped their rudders; removed the felt covering; placed their stores on deck, and then patiently awaited the disruption of the ice. This event was very sudden and appalling. It began to give way on the 5th of June, and in the space of twenty minutes the whole mass, as far as the eye could reach became one vast field of moving *floes*. On the 10th of June they emerged into open water (7, on the map) a little south of the Arctic Circle, in latitude 65° 30'. They immediately repaired to Godhaven, on the coast of Greenland, where they re-fitted, and, unappalled by the perils through which they had just passed, they once more turned their prows northward to encounter anew the ice squadrons of Baffin's Bay. Again they traversed the coast of Greenland to about the 73d degree, when they bore to the westward, and on the 7th and 8th of July passed the English whaling fleet near the Dutch Islands. Onward they pressed through the accumulating ice to Baffin's Island, where, on the 11th, they were joined by the *Prince Albert*, then out upon another cruise. They continued in company until the 3d of August, when the *Albert* departed for the westward, determined to try the more southern passage. Here again (8.) our expedition encountered vast fields of *hummock-ice*, and were subjected to the most imminent perils. The floating ice, as if moved by adverse currents, tumbled in huge masses, and reared upon the sides of the sturdy little vessels like monsters of the deep intent upon destruction. These masses broke in the bulwarks, and sometimes fell over upon the decks with terrible force, like rocks rolled over a plain by mountain torrents. The noise was fearful; so deafening that the mariners could scarcely hear each other's voices. The sounds of these rolling masses, together with the rending of the icebergs floating near, and the vast *floes*, produced a din like the discharge of a thousand pieces of ordnance upon a field of battle.

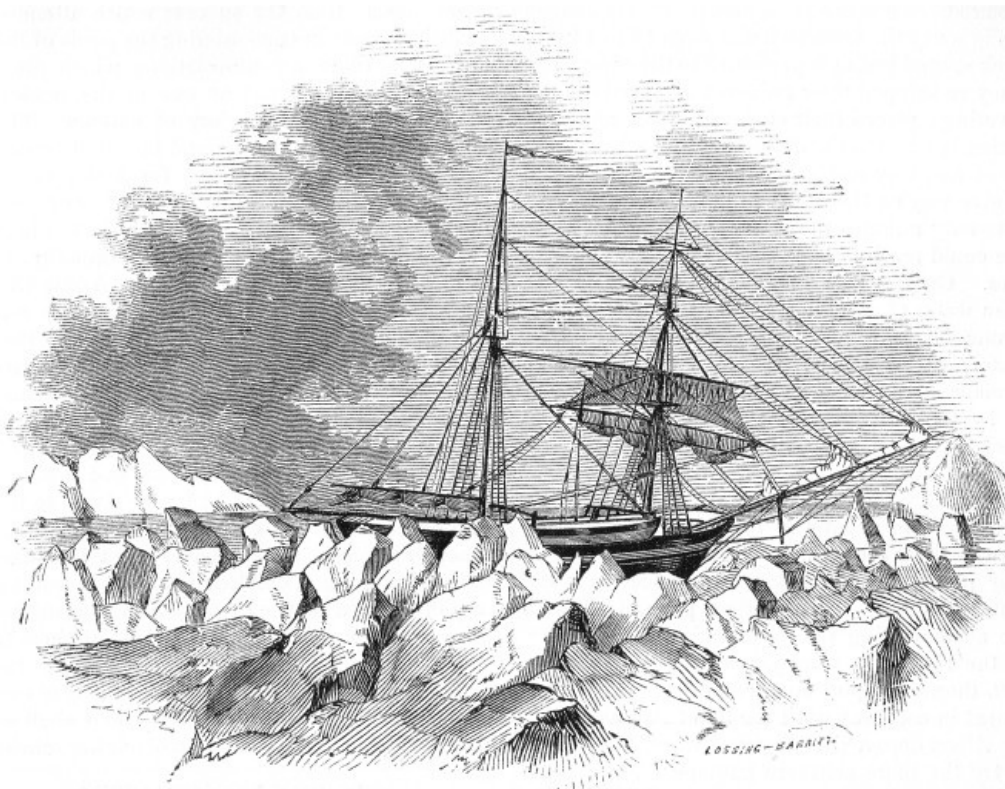


**STERN OF THE RESCUE IN THE
ICE.**



THE ADVANCE IN DAVIS'S STRAITS, JUNE 5, 1851.

Finding the north and west closed against further progress, by impenetrable ice, the brave De Haven was balked, and turning his vessels homeward, they came out into an open sea, somewhat crippled, but not a plank seriously started. During a storm off the banks of Newfoundland, a thousand miles from New York, the vessels parted company. The *Advance* arrived safely at the Navy Yard at Brooklyn on the 30th of September, and the *Rescue* joined her there a few days afterward. Toward the close of October the government resigned the vessels into the hands of Mr. Grinnell, to be used in other service, but with the stipulation that they are to be subject to the order of the Secretary of the Navy in the spring, if required for another expedition in search of Sir John Franklin.



THE ADVANCE AMONG HUMMOCKS

We have thus given a very brief account of the principal events of interest connected with the American Arctic Expedition; the officers of which will doubtless publish a more detailed narrative. Aside from the success which attended our little vessels in encountering the perils of the polar seas, there are associations which must forever hallow the effort as one of the noblest exhibitions of the true glory of nations. The navies of America and England have before met upon the ocean, but they met for deadly strife. Now, too, they met for strife, equally determined, but

not with each other. They met in the holy cause of benevolence and human sympathy, to battle with the elements beneath the Arctic Circle; and the chivalric heroism which the few stout hearts of the two nations displayed in that terrible conflict, redounds a thousand-fold more to the glory of the actors, their governments, and the race, than if four-score ships, with ten thousand armed men had fought for the mastery of each other upon the broad ocean, and battered hulks and marred corpses had gone down to the coral caves of the sea, a dreadful offering to the demon of Discord. In the latter event, troops of widows and orphan children would have sent up a cry of wail; now, the heroes *advanced* manfully to *rescue* husbands and fathers to restore them to their wives and children. How glorious the thought! and how suggestive of the beauty of that fast approaching day, when the nations shall sit down in peace as united children of one household.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. [3]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

CONCLUSION OF THE FIRST ITALIAN CAMPAIGN.

Mantua had now fallen. The Austrians were driven from Italy. The Pope, with the humility of a child, had implored the clemency of the conqueror. Still Austria refused to make peace with republican France, and with indomitable perseverance gathered her resources for another conflict. Napoleon resolved to march directly upon Vienna. His object was peace, not conquest. In no other possible way could peace be attained. It was a bold enterprise. Leaving the whole breadth of Italy between his armies and France, he prepared to cross the rugged summits of the Carnic Alps, and to plunge, with an army of but fifty thousand men, into the very heart of one of the most proud and powerful empires upon the globe, numbering twenty millions of inhabitants. Napoleon wished to make an ally of Venice. To her government he said, "Your whole territory is imbued with revolutionary principles. One single word from me will excite a blaze of insurrection through all your provinces. Ally yourself with France, make a few modifications in your government such as are indispensable for the welfare of the people, and we will pacify public opinion and will sustain your authority." Advice more prudent and humane could not have been given. The haughty aristocracy of Venice refused the alliance, raised an army of sixty thousand men, ready at any moment to fall upon Napoleon's rear, and demanded neutrality. "Be neutral, then," said Napoleon, "but remember, if you violate your neutrality, if you harass my troops, if you cut off my supplies, I will take ample vengeance. I march upon Vienna. Conduct which could be forgiven were I in Italy, will be unpardonable when I am in Austria. The hour that witnesses the treachery of Venice, shall terminate her independence."

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Mantua was the birth-place of Virgil. During centuries of wealth and luxurious ease neither Italy nor Austria had found time to rear any monument in honor of the illustrious Mantuan bard. But hardly had the cannon of Napoleon ceased to resound around the beleaguered city, and the smoke of the conflict had hardly passed away, ere the young conqueror, ever more interested in the refinements of peace than in the desolations of war, in the midst of the din of arms, and contending against the intrigues of hostile nations, reared a mausoleum and arranged a gorgeous festival in honor of the immortal poet. Thus he endeavored to shed renown upon intellectual greatness, and to rouse the degenerate Italians to appreciate and to emulate the glory of their fathers. From these congenial pursuits of peace he again turned, with undiminished energy, to pursue the unrelenting assailants of his country.

Leaving ten thousand men in garrison to watch the neutrality of the Italian governments, Napoleon, early in March, removed his head-quarters to Bassano. He then issued to his troops the following martial proclamation, which, like bugle notes of defiance, reverberated over the hostile and astonished monarchies of Europe. "Soldiers! the campaign just ended has given you imperishable renown. You have been victorious in fourteen pitched battles and seventy actions. You have taken more than a hundred thousand prisoners, five hundred field-pieces, two thousand heavy guns, and four pontoon trains. You have maintained the army during the whole campaign. In addition to this you have sent six millions of dollars to the public treasury, and have enriched the National Museum with three hundred masterpieces of the arts of ancient and modern Italy, which it has required thirty centuries to produce. You have conquered the finest countries in Europe. The French flag waves for the first time upon the Adriatic opposite to Macedon, the native country of Alexander. Still higher destinies await you. I know that you will not prove unworthy of them. Of all the foes that conspired to stifle the Republic in its birth, the Austrian Emperor alone remains before you. To obtain peace we must seek it in the heart of his hereditary state. You will there find a brave people, whose religion and customs you will respect, and whose property you will hold sacred. Remember that it is liberty you carry to the brave Hungarian nation."

The Archduke Charles, brother of the king, was now intrusted with the command of the Austrian army. His character can not be better described than in the language of his magnanimous antagonist. "Prince Charles," said Napoleon, "is a man whose conduct can never attract blame. His soul belongs to the heroic age, but his heart to that of gold. More than all he is a good man, and that includes every thing, when said of a prince." Early in March, Charles, a young man of about Napoleon's age, who had already obtained renown upon the Rhine, was in command of an

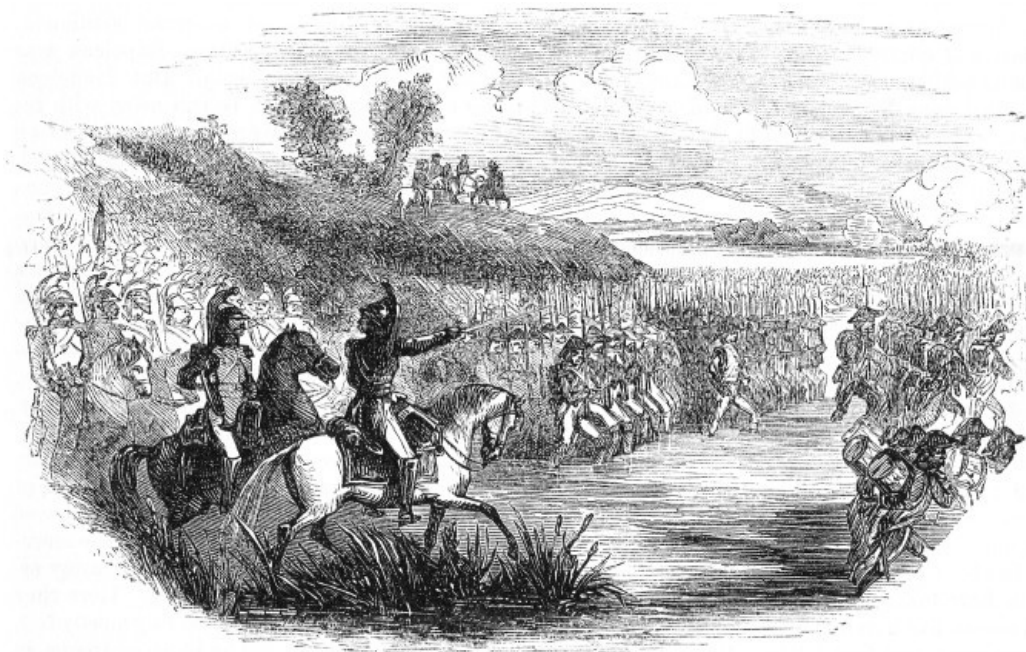
army of 50,000 men stationed upon the banks of the Piave. From different parts of the empire 40,000 men were on the march to join him. This would give him 90,000 troops to array against the French. Napoleon, with the recruits which he had obtained from France and Italy, had now a force of fifty thousand men with which to undertake this apparently desperate enterprise. The eyes of all Europe were upon the two combatants. It was the almost universal sentiment, that, intoxicated with success, Napoleon was rushing to irretrievable ruin. But Napoleon never allowed enthusiasm to run away with his judgment. His plans were deeply laid, and all the combinations of chance carefully calculated.

The storms of winter were still howling around the snow-clad summits of the Alps, and it was not thought possible that thus early in the season he would attempt the passage of so formidable a barrier. A dreadful tempest of wind and rain swept earth and sky when Napoleon gave the order to march. The troops, with their accustomed celerity, reached the banks of the Piave. The Austrians, astonished at the sudden apparition of the French in the midst of the elemental warfare, and unprepared to resist them, hastily retired some forty miles to the eastern banks of the Tagliamento. Napoleon closely followed the retreating foe. At nine o'clock in the morning of the 10th of March, the French army arrived upon the banks of the river. Here they found a wide stream, rippling over a gravelly bed, with difficulty fordable. The imperial troops, in most magnificent array, were drawn up upon an extended plain on the opposite shore. Parks of artillery were arranged to sweep with grape-shot the whole surface of the water. In long lines the infantry, with bristling bayonets and prepared to rain down upon their foes a storm of bullets, presented apparently an invincible front. Upon the two wings of this imposing army vast squadrons of cavalry awaited the moment, with restless steeds, when they might charge upon the foe, should he effect a landing.

The French army had been marching all night over miry roads, and through mountain defiles. With the gloom of the night the storm had passed away, and the cloudless sun of a warm spring morning dawned upon the valley, as the French troops arrived upon the banks of the river. Their clothes were torn, and drenched with rain, and soiled with mud. And yet it was an imposing array as forty thousand men, with plumes and banners and proud steeds, and the music of a hundred bands, marched down, in that bright sunshine, upon the verdant meadows which skirted the Tagliamento. But it was a fearful barrier which presented itself before them. The rapid river, the vast masses of the enemy in their strong intrenchments, the frowning batteries, loaded to the muzzle with grape-shot, to sweep the advancing ranks, the well fed war-horses in countless numbers, prancing for the charge, apparently presented an obstacle which no human energy could surmount.

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Napoleon, seeing the ample preparations made to oppose him, ordered his troops to withdraw beyond the reach of the enemies' fire, and to prepare for breakfast. As by magic the martial array was at once transformed into a peaceful picnic scene. Arms were laid aside. The soldiers threw themselves upon the green grass, just sprouting in the valley, beneath the rays of the sun of early spring. Fires were kindled, kettles boiling, knapsacks opened, and groups, in carelessness and joviality, gathered around fragments of bread and meat.



THE PASSAGE OF THE TAGLIAMENTO.

The Archduke Charles, seeing that Napoleon declined the attempt to pass the river until he had refreshed his exhausted troops, withdrew his forces also into the rear to their encampments. When all was quiet, and the Austrians were thrown completely off their guard, suddenly the trumpets sounded the preconcerted signal. The French troops, disciplined to prompt movements, sprang to their arms, instantly formed in battle array, plunged into the stream, and, before the Austrians had recovered from their astonishment, were half across the river. This movement was executed with such inconceivable rapidity, as to excite the admiration as well as the consternation of their enemies. With the precision and beauty of the parade ground, the several

divisions of the army gained the opposite shore. The Austrians rallied as speedily as possible. But it was too late. A terrible battle ensued. Napoleon was victor at every point. The Imperial army, with their ranks sadly thinned, and leaving the ground gory with the blood of the slain, retreated in confusion to await the arrival of the reinforcements coming to their aid. Napoleon pressed upon their rear, every hour attacking them, and not allowing them one moment to recover from their panic. The Austrian troops, thus suddenly and unexpectedly defeated, were thrown into the extreme of dejection. The exultant French, convinced of the absolute invincibility of their beloved chief, ambitiously sought out points of peril and adventures of desperation, and with shouts of laughter, and jokes, and making the welkin ring with songs of liberty, plunged into the densest masses of their foes. The different divisions of the army vied with each other in their endeavor to perform feats of the most romantic valor, and in the display of the most perfect contempt of life. In every fortress, at every mountain pass, upon every rapid stream, the Austrians made a stand to arrest the march of the conqueror. But with the footsteps of a giant, Napoleon crowded upon them, pouring an incessant storm of destruction upon their fugitive ranks. He drove the Austrians to the foot of the mountains. He pursued them up the steep acclivities. He charged the tempests of wind and smothering snow with the sound of the trumpet, and his troops exulted in waging war with combined man and the elements. Soon both pursuers and pursued stood upon the summit of the Carnic Alps. They were in the region of almost perpetual snow. The vast glaciers, which seemed memorials of eternity, spread bleak and cold around them. The clouds floated beneath their feet. The eagle wheeled and screamed as he soared over the sombre firs and pines far below on the mountain sides. Here the Austrians made a desperate stand. On the storm-washed crags of granite, behind fields of ice and drifts of snow which the French cavalry could not traverse, they sought to intrench themselves against their tireless pursuer. To retreat down the long and narrow defiles of the mountains, with the French in hot pursuit behind, hurling upon them every missile of destruction, bullets, and balls, and craggy fragments of the cliffs, was a calamity to be avoided at every hazard. Upon the summit of Mount Tarwis, the battle, decisive of this fearful question, was to be fought. It was an appropriate arena for the fell deeds of war. Wintry winds swept the bleak and icy eminence, and a clear, cold, cloudless sky canopied the two armies as, with fiend-like ferocity, they hurled themselves upon each other. The thunder of artillery reverberated above the clouds. The shout of onset and the shrieks of the wounded were heard upon eminences which even the wing of the eagle had rarely attained. Squadrons of cavalry fell upon fields of ice, and men and horses were precipitated into fathomless depths below. The snow drifts of Mount Tarwis were soon crimsoned with blood, and the warm current from human hearts congealed with the eternal glacier, and there, embalmed in ice, it long and mournfully testified of man's inhumanity to man.

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The Archduke Charles, having exhausted his last reserve, was compelled to retreat. Many of the soldiers threw away their arms, and escaped over the crags of the mountains; thousands were taken prisoners; multitudes were left dead upon the ice, and half-buried in the drifts of snow. But Charles, brave and energetic, still kept the mass of his army together, and with great skill conducted his precipitate retreat. With merciless vigor the French troops pursued, pouring down upon the retreating masses a perfect storm of bullets, and rolling over the precipitous sides of the mountains huge rocks, which swept away whole companies at once. The bleeding, breathless fugitives at last arrived in the valley below. Napoleon followed close in their rear. The Alps were now passed. The French were in Austria. They heard a new language. The scenery, the houses, the customs of the inhabitants, all testified that they were no longer in Italy. They had with unparalleled audacity entered the very heart of the Austrian empire, and with unflinching resolution were marching upon the capital of twenty millions of people, behind whose ramparts, strengthened by the labor of ages, Maria Theresa had bidden defiance to the invading Turks.

Twenty days had now passed since the opening of the campaign, and the Austrians were already driven over the Alps, and having lost a fourth of their numbers in the various conflicts which had occurred, dispirited by disaster, were retreating to intrench themselves for a final struggle within the walls of Vienna. Napoleon, with 45,000 men, flushed with victory, was rapidly descending the fertile steams which flow into the Danube.

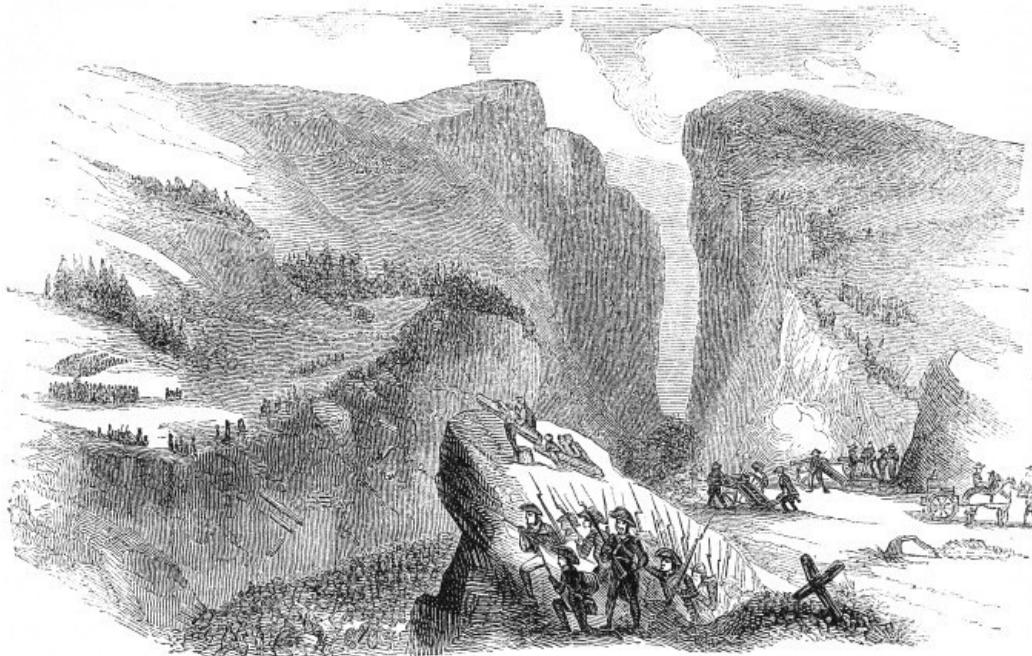
Under these triumphant circumstances Napoleon showed his humanity, and his earnest desire for peace, in dictating the following most noble letter, so characteristic of his strong and glowing intellect. It was addressed to his illustrious adversary, the Archduke Charles.

"General-in-chief. Brave soldiers, while they make war, desire peace. Has not this war already continued six years? Have we not slain enough of our fellow-men? Have we not inflicted a sufficiency of woes upon suffering humanity? It demands repose upon all sides. Europe, which took up arms against the French Republic, has laid them aside. Your nation alone remains hostile, and blood is about to flow more copiously than ever. This sixth campaign has commenced with sinister omens. Whatever may be its issue, many thousand men, on the one side and the other, must perish. And after all we must come to an accommodation, for every thing has an end, not even excepting the passion of hatred. You, general, who by birth approach so near the throne, and are above all the little passions which too often influence ministers and governments, are you resolved to deserve the title of benefactor of humanity, and of the real saviour of Austria. Do not imagine that I deny the possibility of saving Austria by the force of arms. But even in such an event your country will not be the less ravaged. As for myself, if the overture which I have the honor to make, shall be the means of saving a single life, I shall be more proud of the civic crown which I shall be conscious of having deserved, than of all the melancholy glory which military success can confer."

To these magnanimous overtures the Archduke replied: "In the duty assigned to me there is no power either to scrutinize the causes or to terminate the duration of the war, I am not invested with any authority in that respect, and therefore can not enter into any negotiation for peace."

In this most interesting correspondence, Napoleon, the plebeian general, speaks with the dignity and the authority of a sovereign; with a natural, unaffected tone of command, as if accustomed from infancy to homage and empire. The brother of the king is compelled to look upward to the pinnacle upon which transcendent abilities have placed his antagonist. The conquering Napoleon pleads for peace; but Austria hates republican liberty even more than war. Upon the rejection of these proposals the thunders of Napoleon's artillery were again heard, and over the hills and through the valleys, onward he rushed with his impetuous troops, allowing his foe no repose. At every mountain gorge, at every rapid river, the Austrians stood, and were slain. Each walled town was the scene of a sanguinary conflict, and the Austrians were often driven in the wildest confusion pell-mell with the victors through the streets. At last they approached another mountain range called the Stipian Alps. Here, at the frightful gorge of Neumarkt, a defile so gloomy and terrific that even the peaceful tourist can not pass through it unawed, Charles again made a desperate effort to arrest his pursuers. It was of no avail. Blood flowed in torrents, thousands were slain. The Austrians, encumbered with baggage-wagons and artillery, choked the narrow passages, and a scene of indescribable horror ensued. The French cavalry made most destructive charges upon the dense masses. Cannon balls plowed their way through the confused ranks, and the Austrian rear and the French van struggled, hand to hand, in the blood-red gorge. But the Austrians were swept along like withered leaves before the mountain gales. Napoleon was now at Leoben. From the eminences around the city, with the telescope, the distant spires of Vienna could be discerned. Here the victorious general halted for a day, to collect his scattered forces. Charles hurried along the great road to the capital, with the fragments of his army, striving to concentrate all the strength of the empire within those venerable and hitherto impregnable fortifications.

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THE GORGE OF NEUMARKT.

All was consternation in Vienna. The king, dukes, nobles, fled like deer before approaching hounds, seeking refuge in the distant wilds of Hungary. The Danube was covered with boats conveying the riches of the city and the terrified families out of the reach of danger. Among the illustrious fugitives was Maria Louisa, then a child but six years of age, flying from that dreaded Napoleon whose bride she afterward became. All the military resources of Austria were immediately called into requisition; the fortifications were repaired; the militia organized and drilled; and in the extremity of mortification and despair all the energies of the empire were roused for final resistance. Charles, to gain time, sent a flag of truce requesting a suspension of arms for twenty-four hours. Napoleon, too wary to be caught in a trap which he had recently sprung upon his foes, replied that moments were precious, and that they might fight and negotiate at the same time. Napoleon also issued to the Austrian people one of his glowing proclamations which was scattered all over the region he had overrun. He assured the *people* that he was their friend, that he was fighting not for conquest but for peace; that the Austrian government, bribed by British gold, was waging an unjust war against France: that the *people* of Austria should find in him a protector, who would respect their religion and defend them in all their rights. His deeds were in accordance with his words. The French soldiers, inspired by the example of their beloved chief, treated the unarmed Austrians as friends, and nothing was taken from them without ample remuneration.

The people of Austria now began to clamor loudly for peace. Charles, seeing the desperate posture of affairs, earnestly urged it upon his brother, the Emperor, declaring that the empire could no longer be saved by arms. Embassadors were immediately dispatched from the imperial court authorized to settle the basis of peace. They implored a suspension of arms for five days, to

settle the preliminaries. Napoleon nobly replied, "In the present posture of our military affairs, a suspension of hostilities must be very seriously adverse to the interests of the French army. But if by such a sacrifice, that peace, which is so desirable and so essential to the happiness of the people, can be secured, I shall not regret consenting to your desires." A garden in the vicinity of Leoben was declared neutral ground, and here, in the midst of the bivouacs of the French army, the negotiations were conducted. The Austrian commissioners, in the treaty which they proposed, had set down as the first article, that the Emperor recognized the French Republic. "Strike that out," said Napoleon, proudly. "The Republic is like the sun; none but the blind can fail to see it. We are our own masters, and shall establish any government we prefer." This exclamation was not merely a burst of romantic enthusiasm, but it was dictated by a deep insight into the possibilities of the future. "If one day the French people," he afterward remarked, "should wish to create a monarchy, the Emperor might object that he had recognized a republic." Both parties being now desirous of terminating the war, the preliminaries were soon settled. Napoleon, as if he were already the Emperor of France, waited not for the plenipotentiaries from Paris, but signed the treaty in his own name. He thus placed himself upon an equal footing with the Emperor of Austria. The equality was unhesitatingly recognized by the Imperial government. In the settlement of the difficulties between these two majestic powers, neither of them manifested much regard for the minor states. Napoleon allowed Austria to take under her protection many of the states of Venice, for Venice had proved treacherous to her professed neutrality, and merited no protection from his hands.

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THE VENETIAN ENVOYS.

Napoleon, having thus conquered peace, turned to lay the rod upon trembling Venice. Richly did Venice deserve his chastising blows. In those days, when railroads and telegraphs were unknown, the transmission of intelligence was slow. The little army of Napoleon had traversed weary leagues of mountains and vales, and having passed beyond the snow-clad summits of the Alps, were lost to Italian observation, far away upon the tributaries of the Danube. Rumor, with her thousand voices filled the air. It was reported that Napoleon was defeated—that he was a captive—that his army was destroyed. The Venetian oligarchy, proud, cowardly, and revengeful, now raised the cry, "Death to the French." The priests incited the peasants to frenzy. They attacked unarmed Frenchmen in the streets and murdered them. They assailed the troops in garrison with overwhelming numbers. The infuriated populace even burst into the hospitals, and poniarded the wounded and the dying in their beds. Napoleon, who was by no means distinguished for meekness and long-suffering, turned sternly to inflict upon them punishment which should long be remembered. The haughty oligarchy was thrown into a paroxysm of terror, when it was announced, that Napoleon was victor instead of vanquished, and that, having humbled the pride of Austria, he was now returning with an indignant and triumphant army burning for vengeance. The Venetian Senate, bewildered with fright, dispatched agents to deprecate his wrath. Napoleon, with a pale and marble face, received them. Without uttering a word he listened to their awkward attempts at an apology, heard their humble submission, and even endured in silence their offer of millions of gold to purchase his pardon. Then in tones of firmness which sent paleness to their cheeks and palpitation to their hearts, he exclaimed, "If you could proffer me the treasures of Peru, could you strew your whole country with gold, it would not atone for the blood which has been treacherously spilt. You have murdered my children. The lion of St. Mark^[4] must lick the dust. Go." The Venetians in their terror sent enormous sums to Paris, and succeeded in bribing the Directory, ever open to such appeals. Orders were accordingly transmitted to Napoleon, to spare the ancient Senate and aristocracy of Venice. But Napoleon, who despised the Directory, and who was probably already dreaming of its overthrow, conscious that he possessed powers which they could not shake, paid no attention to their orders. He marched resistlessly into the dominions of the doge. The thunders of Napoleon's cannon were reverberating across the lagoons which surround the Queen of the Adriatic. The doge, pallid with

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consternation, assembled the Grand Council, and proposed the surrender of their institutions to Napoleon, to be remodeled according to his pleasure. While they were deliberating, the uproar of insurrection was heard in the streets. The aristocrats and the republicans fell furiously upon each other. The discharge of fire-arms was heard under the very windows of the council-house. Opposing shouts of "Liberty forever," and "Long live St. Mark," resounded through the streets. The city was threatened with fire and pillage. Amid this horrible confusion three thousand French soldiers crossed the lagoons in boats and entered the city. They were received with long shouts of welcome by the populace, hungering for republican liberty. Resistance was hopeless. An unconditional surrender was made to Napoleon, and thus fell one of the most execrable tyrannies this world has ever known. The course Napoleon then pursued was so magnanimous as to extort praise from his bitterest foes. He immediately threw open the prison doors to all who were suffering for political opinions. He pardoned all offenses against himself. He abolished aristocracy, and established a popular government, which should fairly represent all classes of the community. The public debt was regarded as sacred, and even the pensions continued to the poor nobles. It was a glorious reform for the Venetian nation. It was a terrible downfall for the Venetian aristocracy. The banner of the new republic now floated from the windows of the palace, and as it waved exultingly in the breeze, it was greeted with the most enthusiastic acclamations, by the people who had been trampled under the foot of oppression for fifteen hundred years.

All Italy was now virtually at the feet of Napoleon. Not a year had yet elapsed since he, a nameless young man of twenty-five years of age, with thirty thousand ragged and half starved troops, had crept along the shores of the Mediterranean, hoping to surprise his powerful foes. He had now traversed the whole extent of Italy, compelled all its hostile states to respect republican France, and had humbled the Emperor of Austria as emperor had rarely been humbled before. The Italians, recognizing him as a countryman, and proud of his world-wide renown, regarded him, not as a conqueror, but as a liberator. His popularity was boundless. Wherever he appeared the most enthusiastic acclamations welcomed him. Bonfires blazed upon every hill in honor of his movements. The bells rang their merriest peals, wherever he appeared. Long lines of maidens strewed roses in his path. The reverberations of artillery and the huzzas of the populace saluted his footsteps. Europe was at peace; and Napoleon was the great pacificator. For this object he had contended against the most formidable coalitions. He had sheathed his victorious sword, the very moment his enemies were willing to retire from the strife.

Still the position of Napoleon required the most consummate firmness and wisdom. All the states of Italy, Piedmont, Genoa, Naples, the States of the Church, Parma, Tuscany, were agitated with the intense desire for liberty. Napoleon was unwilling to encourage insurrection. He could not lend his arms to oppose those who were struggling for popular rights. In Genoa, the patriots rose. The haughty aristocracy fell in revenge upon the French, who chanced to be in the territory. Napoleon was thus compelled to interfere. The Genoese aristocracy were forced to abdicate, and the patriot party, as in Venice, assumed the government. But the Genoese democracy began now in their turn, to trample upon the rights of their former oppressors. The revolutionary scenes which had disgraced Paris, began to be re-enacted in the streets of Genoa. They excluded the priests and the nobles from participating in the government, as the nobles and priests had formerly excluded them. Acts of lawless violence passed unpunished. The religion of the Catholic priests was treated with derision. Napoleon, earnestly and eloquently, thus urged upon them a more humane policy. "I will respond, citizens, to the confidence you have reposed in me. It is not enough that you refrain from hostility to religion. You should do nothing which can cause inquietude to tender consciences. To exclude the nobles from any public office, is an act of extreme injustice. You thus repeat the wrong which you condemn in them. Why are the people of Genoa so changed? Their first impulses of fraternal kindness have been succeeded by fear and terror. Remember that the priests were the first who rallied around the tree of liberty. They first told you that the morality of the gospel is democratic. Men have taken advantage of the faults, perhaps of the crimes of individual priests, to unite against Christianity. You have proscribed without discrimination. When a state becomes accustomed to condemn without hearing, to applaud a discourse because it impassioned; when exaggeration and madness are called virtue, moderation and equity designated as crimes, that state is near its ruin. Believe me, I shall consider *that* one of the happiest moments of my life in which I hear that the people of Genoa are united among themselves and live happily."

This advice, thus given to Genoa, was intended to re-act upon France, for the Directory then had under discussion a motion for banishing all the nobles from the Republic. The voice of Napoleon was thus delicately and efficiently introduced into the debate, and the extreme and terrible measure was at once abandoned.

Napoleon performed another act at this time, which drew down upon him a very heavy load of obloquy from the despotic governments of Europe, but which must secure the approval of every generous mind. There was a small state in Italy called the Valteline, eighteen miles wide, and fifty-four miles long, containing one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants. These unfortunate people had become subjects to a German state called the Grisons, and, deprived of all political privileges, were ground down by the most humiliating oppression. The inhabitants of the Valteline, catching the spirit of liberty, revolted and addressed a manifesto to all Europe, setting forth their wrongs, and declaring their determination to recover those rights, of which they had been defrauded. Both parties sent deputies to Napoleon, soliciting his interference, virtually agreeing to abide by his decision. Napoleon, to promote conciliation and peace, proposed that the Valtelines should remain with the Grisons as one people, and that the Grisons should confer upon

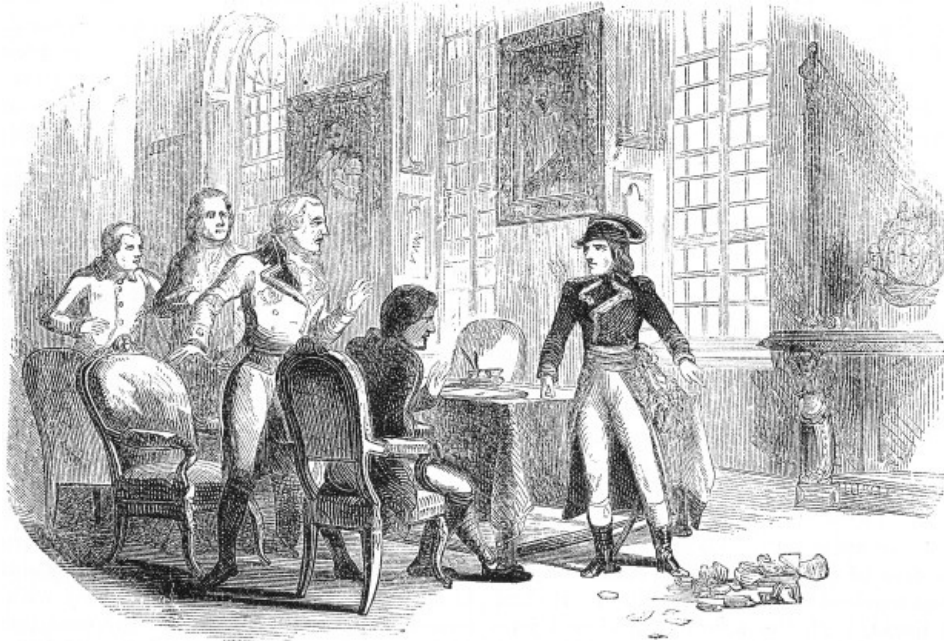
them equal political privileges with themselves. Counsel more moderate and judicious could not have been given. But the proud Grisons, accustomed to trample upon their victims, with scorn refused to share with them the rights of humanity. Napoleon then issued a decree, saying, "*It is not just that one people should be subject to another people.*" Since the Grisons have refused equal rights to the inhabitants of the Valteline, the latter are at liberty to unite themselves with the Cisalpine Republic." This decision was received with bursts of enthusiastic joy by the liberated people, and they were immediately embraced within the borders of the new republic.

The great results we have thus far narrated in this chapter were accomplished in six weeks. In the face of powerful armies, Napoleon had traversed hundreds of miles of territory. He had forded rivers, with the storm of lead and iron falling pitilessly around him. He had crossed the Alps, dragging his artillery through snow three feet in depth, scattered the armies of Austria to the winds, imposed peace upon that proud and powerful empire, recrossed the Alps, laid low the haughty despotism of Venice, established a popular government in the emancipated provinces, and revolutionized Genoa. Josephine was now with him in the palace of Milan. From every state in Italy couriers were coming and going, deprecating his anger, soliciting his counsel, imploring his protection. The destiny of Europe seemed to be suspended upon his decisions. His power transcended that of all the potentates in Europe. A brilliant court of beautiful ladies surrounded Josephine, and all vied to do homage to the illustrious conqueror. The enthusiastic Italians thronged his gates, and waited for hours to catch a glance of the youthful hero. The feminine delicacy of his physical frame, so disproportionate with his mighty renown, did but add to the enthusiasm which his presence ever inspired. His strong arm had won for France peace with all the world, England alone excepted. The indomitable islanders, protected by the ocean from the march of invading armies, still continued the unrelenting warfare. Wherever her navy could penetrate she assailed the French, and as the horrors of war could not reach her shores, she refused to live on any terms of peace with Republican France.

Napoleon now established his residence, or rather his court, at Montebello, a beautiful palace in the vicinity of Milan. His frame was emaciated in the extreme from the prodigious toils which he had endured. Yet he scarcely allowed himself an hour of relaxation. Questions of vast moment, relative to the settlement of political affairs in Italy, were yet to be adjusted, and Napoleon, exhausted as he was in body, devoted the tireless energies of his mind to the work. His labors were now numerous. He was treating with the plenipotentiaries of Austria, organizing the Italian Republic, creating a navy in the Adriatic, and forming the most magnificent projects relative to the Mediterranean. These were the works in which he delighted, constructing canals, and roads, improving harbors, erecting bridges, churches, naval and military dépôts, calling cities and navies into existence, awaking every where the hum of prosperous industry. All the states of Italy were imbued with local prejudices and petty jealousies of each other. To break down these jealousies, he endeavored to consolidate the Republicans into one single state, with Milan for the capital. He strove in multiplied ways to rouse martial energy among the effeminate Italians. Conscious that the new republic could not long stand alive in the midst of the surrounding monarchies so hostile to its existence, that it could only be strong by the alliance of France, he conceived the design of a high road, broad, safe, and magnificent, from Paris to Geneva, thence across the Simplon through the plains of Lombardy to Milan. He was in treaty with the government of Switzerland, for the construction of the road through its territories; and had sent engineers to explore the route and make an estimate of the expense. He himself arranged all the details with the greatest precision. He contemplated also, at the same time, with the deepest interest and solicitude, the empire which England had gained on the seas. To cripple the power of this formidable foe, he formed the design of taking possession of the islands of the Mediterranean. "From these different posts," he wrote to the Directory, "we shall command the Mediterranean, we shall keep an eye upon the Ottoman empire, which is crumbling to pieces, and we shall have it in our power to render the dominion of the ocean almost useless to the English. They have possession of the Cape of Good Hope. We can do without it. *Let us occupy Egypt.* We shall be in the direct road for India. It will be easy for us to found there one of the finest colonies in the world. *It is in Egypt that we must attack England.*"

It was in this way that Napoleon *rested* after the toils of the most arduous campaigns mortal man had ever passed through. The Austrians were rapidly recruiting their forces from their vast empire, and now began to throw many difficulties in the way of a final adjustment. The last conference between the negotiating parties was held at Campo Formio, a small village about ten miles east of the Tagliamento. The commissioners were seated at an oblong table, the four Austrian negotiators upon one side, Napoleon by himself upon the other. The Austrians demanded terms to which Napoleon could not accede, threatening at the same time that if Napoleon did not accept these terms, the armies of Russia would be united with those of Austria, and France should be compelled to adopt those less favorable. One of the Austrian commissioners concluded an insulting apostrophe, by saying, "Austria desires peace, and she will severely condemn the negotiator who sacrifices the interest and repose of his country to military ambition." Napoleon, cool and collected, sat in silence while these sentiments were uttered. Then rising from the table he took from the sideboard a beautiful porcelain vase. "Gentlemen," said he, "the truce is broken; war is declared. But remember, in three months I will demolish your monarchy as I now shatter this porcelain." With these words he dashed the vase into fragments upon the floor, and bowing to the astounded negotiators, abruptly withdrew. With his accustomed promptness of action he instantly dispatched an officer to the Archduke, to inform him that hostilities would be re-commenced in twenty-four hours; and entering his carriage, urged his horses with the speed of the wind, toward the head-quarters of the army. One of the conditions of this treaty upon which Napoleon insisted, was the release of La Fayette, then

imprisoned for his republican sentiments, in the dungeons of Olmutz. The Austrian plenipotentiaries were thunderstruck by this decision, and immediately agreed to the terms which Napoleon demanded. The next day at five o'clock the treaty of Campo Formio was signed.



THE CONFERENCE DISSOLVED.

The terms which Napoleon offered the Austrians in this treaty, though highly advantageous to France, were far more lenient to Austria, than that government had any right to expect. The Directory in Paris, anxious to strengthen itself against the monarchical governments of Europe by revolutionizing the whole of Italy and founding there republican governments, positively forbade Napoleon to make peace with Austria, unless the freedom of the Republic of Venice was recognized. Napoleon wrote to the Directory that if they insisted upon that ultimatum, the renewal of the war would be inevitable. The Directory replied, "Austria has long desired to swallow up Italy, and to acquire maritime power. It is the interest of France to prevent both of these designs. It is evident that if the Emperor acquires Venice, with its territorial possessions, he will secure an entrance into the whole of Lombardy. We should be treating as if we had been conquered. What would posterity say of us if we surrender that great city with its naval arsenals to the Emperor. The whole question comes to this: Shall we give up Italy to the Austrians? The French government neither can nor will do so. It would prefer all the hazards of war."

Napoleon wished for peace. He could only obtain it by disobeying the orders of his government. The middle of October had now arrived. One morning, at daybreak, he was informed that the mountains were covered with snow. Leaping from his bed, he ran to the window, and saw that the storms of winter had really commenced on the bleak heights. "What! before the middle of October!" he exclaimed: "what a country is this! Well, we must make peace." He shut himself up in his cabinet for an hour, and carefully reviewed the returns of the army. "I can not have," said he to Bourrienne, "more than sixty thousand men in the field. Even if victorious I must lose twenty thousand in killed and wounded. And how, with forty thousand, can I withstand the whole force of the Austrian monarchy, who will hasten to the relief of Vienna? The armies of the Rhine could not advance to my succor before the middle of November, and before that time arrives the Alps will be impassable from snow. It is all over. I will sign the peace. The government and the lawyers may say what they choose."

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This treaty, extended France to the Rhine, recognized the Cisalpine Republic, composed of the Cispadane Republic and Lombardy, and allowed the Emperor of Austria to extend his sway over several of the states of Venice. Napoleon was very desirous of securing republican liberty in Venice. Most illustriously did he exhibit his anxiety for peace in consenting to sacrifice that desire, and to disobey the positive commands of his government, rather than renew the horrors of battle. He did not think it his duty to keep Europe involved in war, that he might secure republican liberty for Venice, when it was very doubtful whether the Venetians were sufficiently enlightened to govern themselves, and when, perhaps, one half of the nation were so ignorant as to prefer despotism. The whole glory of this peace redounds to his honor. His persistence in that demand which the Directory enjoined, would but have kindled anew the flames of war.

During these discussions at Campo Formio, every possible endeavor was made which the most delicate ingenuity could devise, to influence Napoleon in his decisions by personal considerations. The wealth of Europe was literally laid at his feet. Millions upon millions in gold were proffered him. But his proud spirit could not be thus tarnished. When some one alluded to the different course pursued by the Directors, he replied, "You are not then aware, citizen, that there is not one of those Directors whom I could not bring, for four thousand dollars, to kiss my boot." The Venetians offered him a present of one million five hundred thousand dollars. He smiled, and declined the offer. The Emperor of Austria, professing the most profound admiration of his heroic character, entreated him to accept a principality, to consist of at least two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, for himself and his heirs. This was indeed an alluring offer to a

young man but twenty-five years of age, and who had but just emerged from obscurity and poverty. The young general transmitted his thanks to the Emperor for this proof of his good-will, but added, that he could accept of no honors but such as were conferred upon him by the French people, and that he should always be satisfied with whatever they might be disposed to offer.



THE COURT AT MILAN.

While at Montebello, transacting the affairs of his victorious army, Josephine presided with most admirable propriety and grace, over the gay circle of Milan. Napoleon, who well understood the imposing influence of courtly pomp and splendor, while extremely simple in his personal habiliments, dazzled the eyes of the Milanese with all the pageantry of a court. The destinies of Europe were even then suspended upon his nod. He was tracing out the lines of empire, and dukes, and princes, and kings were soliciting his friendship. Josephine, by her surpassing loveliness of person and of character, won universal admiration. Her wonderful tact, her genius, and her amiability vastly strengthened the influence of her husband. "I conquer provinces," said Napoleon, "but Josephine wins hearts." She frequently, in after years, reverted to this as the happiest period of her life. To them both it must have been as a bewildering dream. But a few months before, Josephine was in prison, awaiting her execution; and her children were literally begging bread in the streets. Hardly a year had elapsed since Napoleon, a penniless Corsican soldier, was studying in a garret in Paris, hardly knowing where to obtain a single franc. Now the name of Napoleon was emblazoned through Europe. He had become more powerful than the government of his own country. He was overthrowing and uprearing dynasties. The question of peace or war was suspended upon his lips. The proudest potentates of Europe were ready, at any price, to purchase his favor. Josephine reveled in the exuberance of her dreamlike prosperity and exaltation. Her benevolent heart was gratified with the vast power she now possessed of conferring happiness. She was beloved, adored. She had long cherished the desire of visiting this land, so illustrious in the most lofty reminiscences. Even Italy can hardly present a more delightful excursion than the ride from Milan to the romantic, mountain-embowered lakes of Como and Maggiore. It was a bright and sunny Italian morning when Napoleon, with his blissful bride, drove along the luxuriant valleys and the vine-clad hill-sides to Lake Maggiore. They were accompanied by a numerous and glittering retinue. Here they embarked upon this beautiful sheet of water, in a boat with silken awnings and gay banners, and the rowers beat time to the most voluptuous music. They landed upon Beautiful Island, which, like another Eden, emerges from the bosom of the lake. This became the favorite retreat of Napoleon. Its monastic palace, so sombre in its antique architecture, was in peculiar accordance with that strange melancholy which, with but now and then a ray of sunshine, ever overshadowed his spirit. On one of these occasions Josephine was standing upon a terrace with several ladies, under a large orange-tree, profusely laden with its golden treasures. As their attention was all absorbed in admiring the beautiful landscape, Napoleon slipped up unperceived, and, by a sudden shake, brought down a shower of the rich fruit upon their heads. Josephine's companions screamed with fright and ran; but she remained unmoved. Napoleon laughed heartily and said: "Why, Josephine, you stand fire like one of my veterans." "And why should I not?" she promptly replied, "am I not the wife of their general?"

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Every conceivable temptation was at this time presented to entice Napoleon into habits of licentiousness. Purity was a virtue then and there almost unknown. Some one speaking of Napoleon's universal talents, compared him with Solomon. "Poh," exclaimed another, "What do you mean by calling him wiser than Solomon. The Jewish king had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, while Napoleon is contented with one wife, and she older than himself." The corruption of those days of infidelity was such, that the ladies were jealous of Josephine's exclusive influence over her illustrious spouse, and they exerted all their powers of fascination to lead him astray. The loftiness of Napoleon's ambition, and those principles instilled

so early by a mother's lips as to be almost instincts, were his safeguard. Josephine was exceedingly gratified, some of the ladies said, "insufferably vain," that Napoleon clung so faithfully and confidingly to her. "Truly," he said, "I have something else to think of than love. No man wins triumphs in that way, without forfeiting some palms of glory. I have traced out my plan, and the finest eyes in the world, and there are some very fine eyes here, shall not make me deviate a hair's breadth from it."

A lady of rank, after wearying him one day with a string of the most fulsome compliments, exclaimed, among other things, "What is life worth, if one can not be General Bonaparte," Napoleon fixed his eyes coldly upon her, and said, "Madame! one may be a dutiful wife, and the good mother of a family."

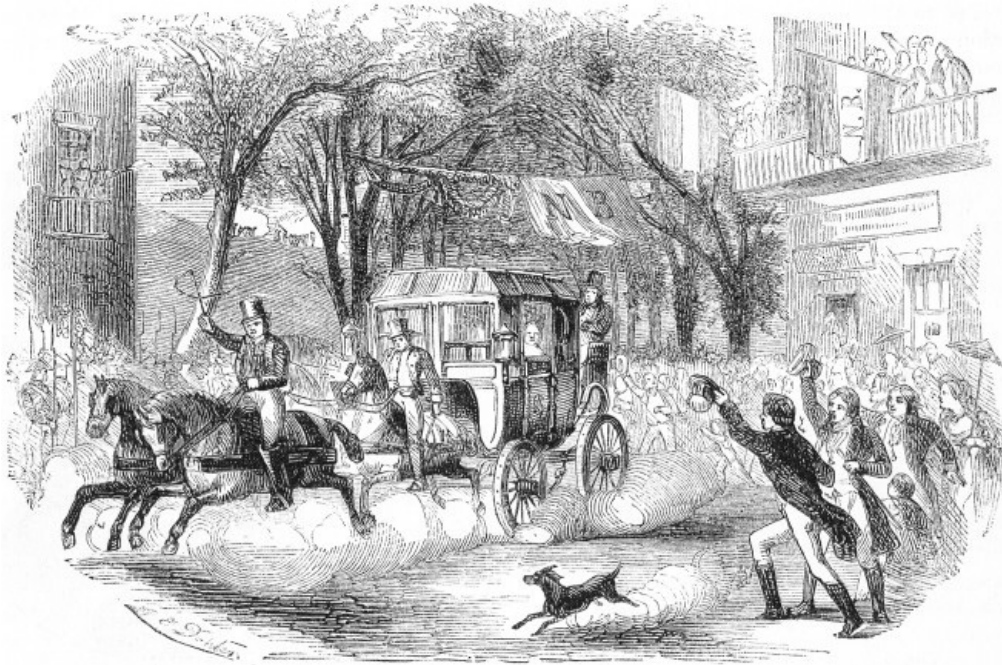
The jealousy which the Directory entertained of Napoleon's vast accession of power induced them to fill his court with spies, who watched all his movements and reported his words. Josephine, frank and candid and a stranger to all artifice, could not easily conceal her knowledge or her thoughts. Napoleon consequently seldom intrusted to her any plans which he was unwilling to have made known. "A secret," he once observed, "is burdensome to Josephine." He was careful that she should not be thus encumbered. He would be indeed a shrewd man who could extort any secret from the bosom of Napoleon. He could impress a marble-like immovableness upon his features, which no scrutiny could penetrate. Said Josephine in subsequent years, "I never once beheld Napoleon for a moment perfectly at ease—not even with myself. He is constantly on the alert. If at any time he appears to show a little confidence, it is merely a feint to throw the person with whom he converses, off his guard, and to draw forth his sentiments; but never does he himself disclose his real thoughts."

The French Government remonstrated bitterly against the surrender of Venice to Austria. Napoleon replied. "It costs nothing for a handful of declaimers to rave about the establishment of *republics* every where. I wish these gentlemen would make a winter campaign. You little know the people of Italy. You are laboring under a great delusion. You suppose that liberty can do great things to a base, cowardly, and superstitious people. You wish me to perform miracles. I have not the art of doing so. Since coming into Italy I have derived little, if any, support from the love of the Italian people for liberty and equality."

The treaty of peace signed at Campo Formio, Napoleon immediately sent to Paris. Though he had disobeyed the positive commands of the Directory, in thus making peace, the Directors did not dare to refuse its ratification. The victorious young general was greatly applauded by the people, for refusing the glory of a new campaign, in which they doubted not that he would have obtained fresh laurels, that he might secure peace for bleeding Europe. On the 17th of November Napoleon left Milan for the Congress at Rastadt, to which he was appointed, with plenipotentiary powers. At the moment of leaving he addressed the following proclamation to the Cisalpine Republic: "We have given you liberty. Take care to preserve it. To be worthy of your destiny make only discreet and honorable laws, and cause them to be executed with energy. Favor the diffusion of knowledge, and respect religion. Compose your battalions not of disreputable men, but of citizens imbued with the principles of the Republic, and closely linked with its prosperity. You have need to impress yourselves with the feeling of your strength, and with the dignity which befits the free man. Divided and bowed down by ages of tyranny, you could not alone have achieved your independence. In a few years, if true to yourselves, no nation will be strong enough to wrest liberty from you. Till then the great nation will protect you."

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Napoleon, leaving Josephine at Milan, traveled rapidly through Piedmont, intending to proceed by the way of Switzerland to Rastadt. His journey was an uninterrupted scene of triumph. Illuminations, processions, bonfires, the ringing of bells, the explosions of artillery, the huzzas of the populace, and above all the most cordial and warm-hearted acclamations of ladies, accompanied him all the way. The enthusiasm was indescribable. Napoleon had no fondness for such displays. He but slightly regarded the applause of the populace.



THE TRIUMPHAL JOURNEY.

"It must be delightful," said Bourrienne, "to be greeted with such demonstrations of enthusiastic admiration." "Bah!" Napoleon replied; "this same unthinking crowd, under a slight change of circumstances, would follow me just as eagerly to the scaffold."

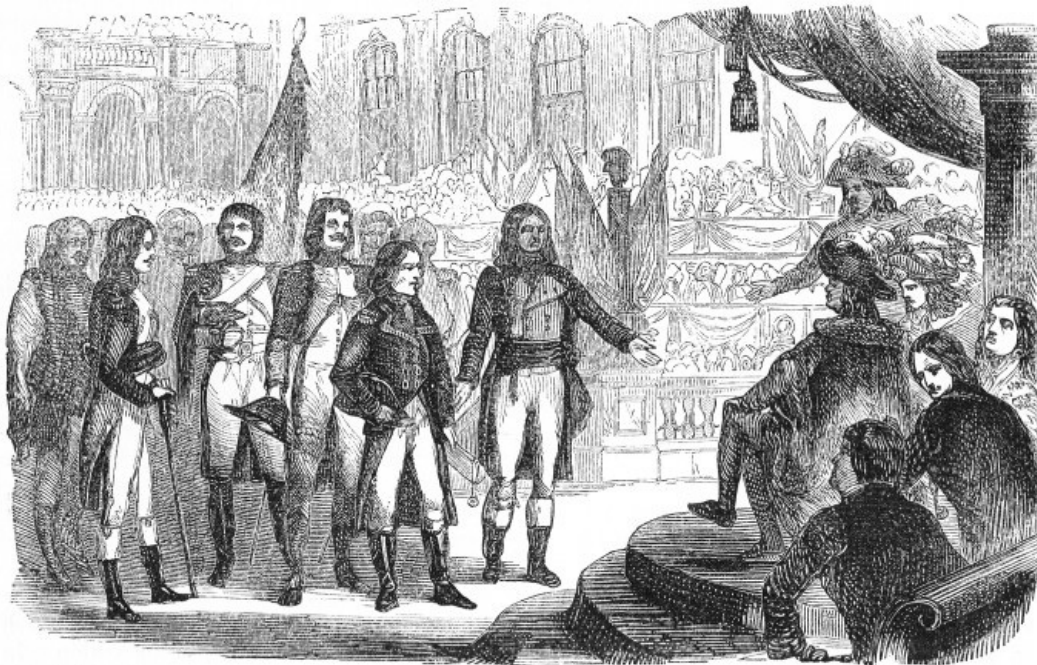
Traveling with great rapidity, he appeared and vanished like a meteor, ever retaining the same calm, pensive, thoughtful aspect. A person, who saw him upon this occasion, thus described his appearance: "I beheld with deep interest and extreme attention that extraordinary man, who has performed such great deeds, and about whom there is something which seems to indicate that his career is not yet terminated. I found him much like his portraits, small in stature, thin, pale, with an air of fatigue, but not as has been reported in ill-health. He appeared to me to listen with more abstraction than interest, as if occupied rather with what he was thinking of, than with what was said to him. There is great intelligence in his countenance, along with an expression of habitual meditation, which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thinking head, in that daring mind, it is impossible not to suppose that some designs are engendering, which will have their influence on the destinies of Europe." Napoleon did not remain long at Rastadt, for all the questions of great political importance were already settled, and he had no liking for those discussions of minor points which engrossed the attention of the petty German princes, who were assembled at that Congress. He accordingly prepared for his departure.

In taking leave of the army he thus bade adieu to his troops. "Soldiers! I leave you to-morrow. In separating myself from the army I am consoled with the thought that I shall soon meet you again, and engage with you in new enterprises. Soldiers! when conversing among yourselves of the kings you have vanquished, of the people upon whom you have conferred liberty, of the victories you have won in two campaigns, say, '*In the next two we will accomplish still more.*'"

Napoleon's attention was already eagerly directed to the gorgeous East. These vast kingdoms, enveloped in mystery, presented just the realm for his exuberant imagination to range. It was the theatre, as he eloquently said, "of mighty empires, where all the great revolutions of the earth have arisen, where mind had its birth, and all religions their cradle, and where six hundred millions of men still have their dwelling-place."

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Napoleon left Rastadt, and traveling incognito through France, arrived in Paris the 7th of December, 1797, having been absent but about eighteen months. His arrival had been awaited with the most intense impatience. The enthusiasm of that most enthusiastic capital had been excited to the highest pitch. The whole population were burning with the desire to see the youthful hero whose achievements seemed to surpass the fictions of romance. But Napoleon was nowhere visible. A strange mystery seemed to envelop him. He studiously avoided observation; very seldom made his appearance at any place of public amusement; dressed like the most unobtrusive private citizen, and glided unknown through the crowd, whose enthusiasm was roused to the highest pitch to get a sight of the hero. He took a small house in the Rue Chanteraine, which street immediately received the name of Rue de la Victoire, in honor of Napoleon. He sought only the society of men of high intellectual and scientific attainments. In this course he displayed a profound knowledge of human nature, and vastly enhanced public curiosity by avoiding its gratification.



THE DELIVERY OF THE TREATY.

The Directory, very jealous of Napoleon's popularity, yet impelled by the voice of the people, now prepared a triumphal festival for the delivery of the treaty of Campo Formio. The magnificent court of the Luxembourg was arranged and decorated for this gorgeous show. At the further end of the court a large platform was raised, where the five Directors were seated, dressed in the costume of the Roman Senate, at the foot of the altar of their country. Embassadors, ministers, magistrates, and the members of the two councils were assembled on seats ranged amphitheatrically around. Vast galleries were crowded with all that was illustrious in rank, beauty, and character in the metropolis. Magnificent trophies, composed of the banners taken from the enemy, embellished the court, while the surrounding walls were draped with festoons of tri-colored tapestry. Bands of music filled the air with martial sounds, while the very walls of Paris were shaken by the thunders of exploding artillery and by the acclamations of the countless thousands who thronged the court.

It was the 10th of December, 1797. A bright sun shone through cloudless skies upon the resplendent scene. Napoleon had been in Paris but five days. Few of the citizens had as yet been favored with a sight of the hero, whom all were impatient to behold. At last a great flourish of trumpets announced his approach. He ascended the platform dressed in the utmost simplicity of a civilian's costume, accompanied by Talleyrand, and his aids-de-camp, all gorgeously dressed, and much taller men than himself, but evidently regarding him with the most profound homage. The contrast was most striking. Every eye was riveted upon Napoleon. The thunder of the cannon was drowned in the still louder thunder of enthusiastic acclamations which simultaneously arose from the whole assemblage. The fountains of human emotion were never more deeply moved. The graceful delicacy of his fragile figure, his remarkably youthful appearance, his pale and wasted cheeks, the classic outline of his finely moulded features, the indescribable air of pensiveness and self-forgetfulness which he ever carried with him, and all associated with his most extraordinary achievements, aroused an intensity of enthusiastic emotion which has perhaps never been surpassed. No one who witnessed the scenes of that day ever forgot them. Talleyrand introduced the hero in a brief and eloquent speech. "For a moment," said he, in conclusion, "I did feel on his account that disquietude which, in an infant republic, arises from every thing which seems to destroy the equality of the citizens. But I was wrong. Individual grandeur, far from being dangerous to equality, is its highest triumph. And on this occasion every Frenchman must feel himself elevated by the hero of his country. And when I reflect upon all which he has done to shroud from envy that light of glory; on that ancient love of simplicity which distinguishes him in his favorite studies; his love for the abstract sciences; his admiration for that sublime Ossian which seems to detach him from the world; on his well known contempt for luxury, for pomp, for all that constitutes the pride of ignoble minds, I am convinced that, far from dreading his ambition, we shall one day have occasion to rouse it anew to allure him from the sweets of studious retirement." Napoleon, apparently quite unmoved by this unbounded applause, and as calm and unembarrassed as if speaking to an under-officer in his tent, thus briefly replied: "Citizens! The French people, in order to be free, had kings to combat. To obtain a constitution founded on reason it had the prejudices of eighteen centuries to overcome. Priestcraft, feudalism, despotism, have successively, for two thousand years, governed Europe. From the peace you have just concluded dates the era of representative governments. You have succeeded in organizing the great nation, whose vast territory is circumscribed only because nature herself has fixed its limits. You have done more. The two finest countries in Europe, formerly so renowned for the arts, the sciences, and the illustrious men whose cradle they were, see with the greatest hopes genius and freedom issuing from the tomb of their ancestors. I have the honor to deliver to you the treaty signed at Campo Formio, and ratified by the emperor. Peace secures the liberty, the prosperity, and the glory of the Republic. As soon as the happiness of France is secured by the best organic laws, the whole of Europe will be free."

The moment Napoleon began to speak the most profound silence reigned throughout the assembly. The desire to hear his voice was so intense, that hardly did the audience venture to move a limb or to breathe, while in tones, calm and clear, he addressed them. The moment he ceased speaking, a wild burst of enthusiasm filled the air. The most unimpassioned lost their self-control. Shouts of "Live Napoleon the conqueror of Italy, the pacificator of Europe, the saviour of France," resounded loud and long. Barras, in the name of the Directory, replied, "Nature," exclaimed the orator in his enthusiasm, "has exhausted her energies in the production of a Bonaparte. Go," said he turning to Napoleon, "crown a life, so illustrious, by a conquest which the great nation owes to its outraged dignity. Go, and by the punishment of the cabinet of London, strike terror into the hearts of all who would miscalculate the powers of a free people. Let the conquerors of the Po, the Rhine, and the Tiber, march under your banners. The ocean will be proud to bear them. It is a slave still indignant who blushes for his fetters. Hardly will the tricolored standard wave on the blood-stained shores of the Thames, ere an unanimous cry will bless your arrival, and that generous nation will receive you as its liberator." Chenier's famous Hymn to Liberty was then sung in full chorus, accompanied by a magnificent orchestra. In the ungovernable enthusiasm of the moment the five Directors arose and encircled Napoleon in their arms. The blast of trumpets, the peal of martial bands, the thunder of cannon, and the acclamations of the countless multitude rent the air. Says Thiers, "All heads were overcome with the intoxication. Thus it was that France threw herself into the hands of an extraordinary man. Let us not censure the weakness of our fathers. That glory reaches us only through the clouds of time and adversity, and yet it transports us! Let us say with Æschylus, 'How would it have been had we seen the monster himself!'"

Napoleon's powers of conversation were inimitable. There was a peculiarity in every phrase he uttered which bore the impress of originality and genius. He fascinated every one who approached him. He never spoke of his own achievements, but in most lucid and dramatic recitals often portrayed the bravery of the army and the heroic exploits of his generals.

He was now elected a member of the celebrated Institute, a society composed of the most illustrious literary and scientific men in France. He eagerly accepted the invitation, and returned the following answer. "The suffrages of the distinguished men who compose the Institute honor me. I feel sensibly that before I can become their equal I must long be their pupil. The only true conquests—those which awaken no regret—are those obtained over ignorance. The most honorable, as the most useful pursuit of nations, is that which contributes to the extension of human intellect. The real greatness of the French Republic ought henceforth to consist in the acquisition of the whole sum of human knowledge, and in not allowing a single new idea to exist, which does not owe its birth to their exertions." He laid aside entirely the dress of a soldier, and, constantly attending the meetings of the Institute, as a philosopher and a scholar became one of its brightest ornaments. His comprehensive mind enabled him at once to grasp any subject to which he turned his attention. In one hour he would make himself master of the accumulated learning to which others had devoted the labor of years. He immediately, as a literary man, assumed almost as marked a pre-eminence among these distinguished scholars, as he had already acquired as a general on fields of blood. Apparently forgetting the renown he had already attained, with boundless ambition he pressed on to still greater achievements, deeming nothing accomplished while any thing remained to be done. Subsequently he referred to his course at this time and remarked, "Mankind are in the end always governed by superiority of intellectual qualities, and none are more sensible of this than the military profession. When, on my return from Italy, I assumed the dress of the Institute, and associated with men of science, I knew what I was doing, I was sure of not being misunderstood by the lowest drummer in the army."

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A strong effort was made at this time, by the royalists, for the restoration of the Bourbons. Napoleon, while he despised the inefficient government of the Directory, was by no means willing that the despotic Bourbons should crush the spirit of liberty in France. Napoleon was not adverse to a monarchy. But he wished for a monarch who would consult the interests of the *people*, and not merely pamper the luxury and pride of the nobles. He formed the plan and guided the energies which discomfited the royalists, and sustained the Directors. Thus twice had the strong arm of this young man protected the government. The Directors, in their multiplied perplexities, often urged his presence in their councils, to advise with them on difficult questions. Quiet and reserved he would take his seat at their table, and by that superiority of tact which ever distinguished him, and by that intellectual pre-eminence which could not be questioned, he assumed a moral position far above them all, and guided those gray-haired diplomatists, as a father guides his children. Whenever he entered their presence, he instinctively assumed the supremacy, and it was instinctively recognized.

The altars of religion, overthrown by revolutionary violence, still remained prostrate. The churches were closed, the Sabbath abolished, the sacraments were unknown, the priests were in exile. A whole generation had grown up in France without any knowledge of Christianity. Corruption was universal. A new sect sprang up called Theophilanthropists, who gleaned, as the basis of their system, some of the moral precepts of the gospel, divested of the sublime sanctions of Christianity. They soon, however, found that it is not by flowers of rhetoric, and smooth-flowing verses, and poetic rhapsodies upon the beauty of love and charity, of rivulets and skies, that the stern heart of man can be controlled. Leviathan is not so tamed. Man, exposed to temptations which rive his soul, trembling upon the brink of fearful calamities, and glowing with irrepressible desires, can only be allured and overawed when the voice of love and mercy, blends with Sinai's thunders. "There was frequently," says the Duchess of Abrantes, "so much truth in the moral virtues which this new sect inculcated, that if the Evangelists had not said the same

things much better, eighteen hundred years before them, one might have been tempted to embrace their opinions."

Napoleon took a correct view of these enthusiasts. "They can accomplish nothing," said he, "they are merely actors." "How!" it was replied, "do you thus stigmatize those whose tenets inculcate universal benevolence and the moral virtues?" "All systems of morality," Napoleon rejoined, "are fine. The gospel alone has exhibited a complete assemblage of the principles of morality, divested of all absurdity. It is not composed, like your creed, of a few common-place sentences put into bad verse. Do you wish to see that which is really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer. Such enthusiasts are only to be encountered by the weapons of ridicule. All their efforts will prove ineffectual."

Republican France was now at peace with all the world, England alone excepted. The English government still waged unrelenting war against the Republic, and strained every nerve to rouse the monarchies of Europe again to combine to force a detested dynasty upon the French people. The British navy, in its invincibility, had almost annihilated the commerce of France. In their ocean-guarded isle, safe from the ravages of war themselves, their fleet could extend those ravages to all shores. The Directory raised an army for the invasion of England, and gave to Napoleon the command. Drawing the sword, not of aggression but of defense, he immediately proceeded to a survey of the French coast, opposite to England, and to form his judgment respecting the feasibility of the majestic enterprise. Taking three of his generals in his carriage, he passed eight days in this tour of observation. With great energy and tact he immediately made himself familiar with every thing which could aid him in coming to a decision. He surveyed the coast, examined the ships and the fortifications, selected the best points for embarkation, and examined until midnight sailors, pilots, smugglers, and fishermen. He made objections, and carefully weighed their answers. Upon his return to Paris his friend Bourrienne said to him, "Well, general! what do you think of the enterprise? Is it feasible?" "No!" he promptly replied, shaking his head. "It is too hazardous. I will not undertake it. I will not risk on such a stake the fate of our beautiful France." At the same time that he was making this survey of the coast, with his accustomed energy of mind, he was also studying another plan for resisting the assaults of the British government. The idea of attacking England, by the way of Egypt in her East Indian acquisitions, had taken full possession of his imagination. He filled his carriage with all the books he could find in the libraries of Paris, relating to Egypt. With almost miraculous rapidity he explored the pages, treasuring up, in his capacious and retentive memory, every idea of importance. Interlineations and comments on the margin of these books, in his own hand-writing, testify to the indefatigable energy of his mind.

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Napoleon was now almost adored by the republicans all over Europe, as the great champion of popular rights. The people looked to him as their friend and advocate. In England, in particular, there was a large, influential, and increasing party, dissatisfied with the prerogatives of the crown, and with the exclusive privileges of the nobility, who were never weary of proclaiming the praises of this champion of liberty and equality. The brilliance of his intellect, the purity of his morals, the stoical firmness of his self-endurance, his untiring energy, the glowing eloquence of every sentence which fell from his lips, his youth and feminine stature, and his wondrous achievements, all combined to invest him with a fascination such as no mortal man ever exerted before. The command of the army for the invasion of England was now assigned to Napoleon. He became the prominent and dreaded foe of that great empire. And yet the common people who were to fight the battles almost to a man loved him. The throne trembled. The nobles were in consternation. "If we deal fairly and justly with France," Lord Chatham is reported frankly to have avowed, "the English government will not exist for four-and-twenty hours." It was necessary to change public sentiment and to rouse feelings of personal animosity against this powerful antagonist. To render Napoleon unpopular, all the wealth and energies of the government were called into requisition, opening upon him the batteries of ceaseless invective. The English press teemed with the most atrocious and absurd abuse. It is truly amusing, in glancing over the pamphlets of that day, to contemplate the enormity of the vices attributed to him, and their contradictory nature. He was represented as a perfect demon in human form. He was a robber and a miser, plundering the treasuries of nations that he might hoard his countless millions, and he was also a profligate and a spendthrift, squandering upon his lusts the wealth of empires. He was wallowing in licentiousness, his camp a harem of pollution, ridding himself by poison of his concubines as his vagrant desires wandered from them; at the same time he was *physically an imbecile*—a monster—whom God in his displeasure had deprived of the passions and the powers of healthy manhood. He was an idol whom the entranced people bowed down before and worshiped, with more than Oriental servility. He was also a sanguinary heartless, merciless butcher, exulting in carnage, grinding the bones of his own wounded soldiers into the dust beneath his chariot wheels, and finding congenial music for his depraved and malignant spirit in the shrieks of the mangled and the groans of the dying. To Catholic Ireland he was represented as seizing the venerable Pope by his gray hairs, and thus dragging him over the marble floor of his palace. To Protestant England, on the contrary, he was exhibited as in league with the Pope, whom he treated with the utmost adulation, endeavoring to strengthen the despotism of the sword with the energies of superstition.

The philosophical composure with which Napoleon regarded this incessant flow of invective was strikingly grand. "Of all the libels and pamphlets," said Napoleon subsequently, "with which the English ministers have inundated Europe, there is not one which will reach posterity. When I have been asked to cause answers to be written to them, I have uniformly replied, 'My victories and my works of public improvement are the only response which it becomes me to make.' When

there shall not be a trace of these libels to be found, the great monuments of utility which I have reared, and the code of laws that I have formed, will descend to the most remote ages, and future historians will avenge the wrongs done me by my contemporaries. There was a time," said he again, "when all crimes seemed to belong to me of right; thus I poisoned Hoche,^[5] I strangled Pichegru^[6] in his cell, I caused Kleber^[7] to be assassinated in Egypt, I blew out Desaix's^[8] brains at Marengo, I cut the throats of persons who were confined in prison, I dragged the Pope by the hair of his head, and a hundred similar absurdities. As yet," he again said, "I have not seen one of those libels which is worthy of an answer. Would you have me sit down and reply to Goldsmith, Pichon, or the Quarterly Review? They are so contemptible and so absurdly false, that they do not merit any other notice, than to write *false, false*, on every page. The only truth I have seen in them is, that I one day met an officer, General Rapp, I believe, on the field of battle, with his face begrimed with smoke and covered with blood, and that I exclaimed, 'Oh, *comme il est beau! O, how beautiful the sight!*' This is true enough. And of it they have made a crime. My commendation of the gallantry of a brave soldier, is construed into a proof of my delighting in blood."

The revolutionary government were in the habit of celebrating the 21st of January with great public rejoicing, as the anniversary of the execution of the king. They urged Napoleon to honor the festival by his presence, and to take a conspicuous part in the festivities. He peremptorily declined. "This fête," said he, "commemorates a melancholy event, a tragedy; and can be agreeable to but few people. It is proper to celebrate victories; but victims left upon the field of battle are to be lamented. To celebrate the anniversary of a man's death is an act unworthy of a government; it creates more enemies than friends—it estranges instead of conciliating; it irritates instead of calming; it shakes the foundations of government instead of adding to their strength." The ministry urged that it was the custom with all nations to celebrate the downfall of tyrants; and that Napoleon's influence over the public mind was so powerful, that his absence would be regarded as indicative of hostility to the government, and would be highly prejudicial to the interests of the Republic. At last Napoleon consented to attend, as a private member of the Institute, taking no active part in the ceremonies, but merely walking with the members of the class to which he belonged. As soon as the procession entered the Church of St. Sulpice, all eyes were searching for Napoleon. He was soon descried, and every one else was immediately eclipsed. At the close of the ceremony, the air was rent with the shouts, "Long live Napoleon!" The Directory were made exceedingly uneasy by ominous exclamations in the streets, "We will drive away these lawyers, and make the *Little Corporal* king." These cries wonderfully accelerated the zeal of the Directors, in sending Napoleon to Egypt. And most devoutly did they hope that from that distant land he would never return.

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AN INDIAN PET.

The ichneumon, called in India the neulah, benjee, or mungoos, is known all over that country. I have seen it on the banks of the Ganges, and among the old walls of Jaunpore, Sirhind, and at Loodianah; for, like others of the weasel kind, this little animal delights in places where it can lurk and peep—such as heaps of stones and ruins; and there is no lack of these in old Indian cities.

That the neulah is a fierce, terrible, blood-thirsty, destructive little creature, I experienced to my cost; but notwithstanding all the provocation I received, I was led to become his friend and protector, and so finding him out to be the most charming and amiable pet in the world.

In my military career (for I was for a long time attached to the army) I was stationed at Jaunpore, and having a house with many conveniences, I took pleasure in rearing poultry; but scarcely a single chicken could be magnified to a hen: the rapacious neulahs, fond of tender meat, waylaying all my young broods, sucking their blood, and feasting on their brains. But such devastations could not be allowed to pass with impunity; so we watched the enemy, and succeeded in shooting several of the offenders, prowling among the hennah or mehendy hedges, where the clucking-hens used to repose in the shade, surrounded by their progeny.

After one of these *battues*, my little daughter happened to go to the fowl-house in the evening in search of eggs, and was greatly startled by a melancholy squeaking which seemed to proceed from an old rat-hole in one corner. Upon proper investigation this was suspected to be the nest of one of the neulahs which had suffered the last sentence of the law; but how to get at the young we did not know, unless by digging up the floor, and of this I did not approve. So the little young ones would have perished but for a childish freak of my young daughter. She seated herself before the nest, and imitated the cry of the famished little animals so well, that three wee, hairless, blind creatures crept out, like newly-born rabbits, but with long tails, in the hope of meeting with their lost mamma.

Our hearts immediately warmed toward the little helpless ones, and no one wished to wreak the sins of the parents upon the orphans; and knowing that neulahs were reared as pets, I proposed to my daughter that she should select one for herself, and give the others to two of my servants.

My daughter's protégée, however, was the only one that survived under its new *régime*; and Junnie, as she called her nursling, thrive well, and soon attained its full size, knowing its name,

and endearing itself to every body by its gambols and tricks. She was like the most blithesome of little kittens, and played with our fingers, and frolicked on the sofas, sleeping occasionally behind one of the cushions, and at other times coiling herself up in her own little flannel bed.

In the course of time, however, Jumnie grew up to maturity, being one year old, and formed an attachment for one of her own race—a wild, roving bandit of a neulah, who committed such deeds of atrocity in the fowl-house as to compel us to take up arms again. If she had only made her mistress the confidante of her love!—but, alas! little did we suspect *our* neulah of a companionship with thieves and assassins; and so leaving her, we thought, to her customary frolics, we marched upon the stronghold of the enemy. Two neulahs appeared, we fired, and one fell, the other running off unscathed. We all hastened to the wounded and bleeding victim, and my little daughter first of all; but how shall I describe her grief when she saw her little Jumnie writhing at her feet in the agonies of death! If I had had the least idea of Jumnie's having formed such an attachment, I should have spared the guilty for the sake of the innocent, and Jumnie might long have lived a favorite pet; but the deed was done.

The neulahs, like other of the weasel kind—and like some animals I know of a loftier species—are very rapacious, slaying without reference to their wants; and Jumnie, although fond of milk, used to delight in livers and brains of fowls, which she relished even after they were dressed for our table.

The natives of India never molest the neulah. They like to see it about their dwellings, on account of its snake and rat-killing propensities; and on a similar account it must have been that this creature was deified by the Egyptians, whose country abounded with reptiles, and would have been absolutely alive with crocodiles but for the havoc it made among the numerous eggs, which it delighted to suck. For this reason the ichneumons were embalmed as public benefactors, and their bodies are still found lying in state in some of the pyramids. Among the Hindoos, however, the neulah does not obtain quite such high honors, although the elephant, monkey, lion, snake, rat, goose, &c., play a prominent part in the religious myths, and are styled the Bâhons, or vehicles of the gods.

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In Hindoostan the ichneumon is not supposed to kill the crocodile, though it is in the mouth of every old woman that it possesses the knowledge of a remedy against the bite of a poisonous snake, which its instinct leads it to dig out of the ground; but this *on dit* has never been ascertained to be true, and my belief is that it is only based on the great agility and dexterity of the neulah. Eye-witnesses say that his battles with man's greatest enemy end generally in the death of the snake, which the neulah seizes by the back of the neck, and after frequent onsets at last kills and eats, rejecting nothing but the head.

The color of the Indian neulah is a grayish-brown; but its chief beauty lies in its splendid squirrel-like tail, and lively, prominent, dark-brown eyes. Like most of the weasel kind, however, it has rather a disagreeable odor; and if it were not for this there would not be a sweeter pet in existence.

So far the experience of an Old Indian; and we now turn to another authority on the highly-curious subject just glanced at—the knowledge of the ichneumon of a specific against the poison of the snake. Calder Campbell, in his recent series of tales, "Winter Nights"—and capital amusement for such nights they are—describes in almost a painfully truthful manner the adventure of an officer in India, who was an eye-witness, under very extraordinary circumstances, to the feat of the ichneumon. The officer, through some accident, was wandering on foot, and at night, through a desolate part of the country, and at length, overcome with fatigue, threw himself down on the dry, crisp spear-grass, and just as the faint edge of the dawn appeared, fell asleep.

"No doubt of it! I slept soundly, sweetly—no doubt of it! I have never *since then* slept in the open air either soundly or sweetly, for my awaking was full of horror! Before I was fully awake, however, I had a strange perception of danger, which tied me down to the earth, warning me against all motion. I knew that there was a shadow creeping over me, beneath which to lie in dumb inaction was the wisest resource. I felt that my lower extremities were being invaded by the heavy coils of a living chain; but as if a providential opiate had been infused into my system, preventing all movement of thew or sinew, I knew not till I was wide awake that an enormous serpent covered the whole of my nether limbs, up to the knees!

"My God! I am lost!" was the mental exclamation I made, as every drop of blood in my veins seemed turned to ice; and anon I shook like an aspen leaf, until the very fear that my sudden palsy might rouse the reptile, occasioned a revulsion of feeling, and I again lay paralyzed.

"It slept, or at all events remained stirless; and how long it so remained I know not, for time to the fear-struck is as the ring of eternity. All at once the sky cleared up—the moon shone out—the stars glanced over me; I could see them all, as I lay stretched on my side, one hand under my head, whence I dared not remove it; neither dared I look downward at the loathsome bed-fellow which my evil stars had sent me.

"Unexpectedly, a new object of terror supervened: a curious purring sound behind me, followed by two smart taps on the ground, put the snake on the alert, for it moved, and I felt that it was

crawling upward to my breast. At that moment, when I was almost maddened by insupportable apprehension into starting up to meet, perhaps, certain destruction, something sprang upon my shoulder—upon the reptile! There was a shrill cry from the new assailant, a loud, appalling hiss from the serpent. For an instant I could feel them wrestling, as it were, on my body; in the next, they were beside me on the turf; in another, a few paces off, struggling, twisting round each other, fighting furiously, I beheld them—a *mungoos* or ichneumon and a *cobra di capello*!

"I started up; I watched that most singular combat, for all was now clear as day. I saw them stand aloof for a moment—the deep, venomous fascination of the snaky glance powerless against the keen, quick, restless orbs of its opponent: I saw this duel of the eye exchange once more for closer conflict: I saw that the mungoos was bitten; that it darted away, doubtless in search of that still unknown plant whose juices are its alleged antidote against snake-bite; that it returned with fresh vigor to the attack; and then, glad sight! I saw the cobra di capello, maimed from hooded head to scaly tail, fall lifeless from its hitherto demi-erect position with a baffled hiss; while the wonderful victor, indulging itself in a series of leaps upon the body of its antagonist, danced and bounded about, purring and spitting like an enraged cat!

"Little graceful creature! I have ever since kept a pet mungoos—the most attached, the most playful, and the most frog-devouring of all animals."

Many other authors refer to the alleged antidote against a snake-bite, known only to the ichneumon, and there are about as many different opinions as there are authors; but, on the whole, our Old Indian appears to us to be on the strongest side.

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KOSSUTH—A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.



KOSSUTH, AS GOVERNOR OF HUNGARY IN 1849.

Louis Kossuth^[9] was born at Monok, in Zemplin, one of the northern counties of Hungary, on the 27th of April, 1806. His family was ancient, but impoverished; his father served in the Austrian army during the wars against Napoleon; his mother, who still survives to exult in the glory of her son, is represented to be a woman of extraordinary force of mind and character. Kossuth thus adds another to the long list of great men who seem to have inherited their genius from their mothers. As a boy he was remarkable for the winning gentleness of his disposition, and for an earnest enthusiasm, which gave promise of future eminence, could he but break the bonds imposed by low birth and iron fortune. A young clergyman was attracted by the character of the boy, and voluntarily took upon himself the office of his tutor, and thus first opened before his

mind visions of a broader world than that of the miserable village of his residence. But these serene days of powers expanding under genial guidance soon passed away. His father died, his tutor was translated to another post, and the walls of his prison-house seemed again to close upon the boy. But by the aid of members of his family, themselves in humble circumstances, he was enabled to attend such schools as the district furnished. Little worth knowing was taught there; but among that little was the Latin language; and through that door the young dreamer was introduced into the broad domains of history, where, abandoning the mean present, he could range at will through the immortal past. History relates nothing so spirit-stirring as the struggles of some bold patriot to overthrow or resist arbitrary power. Hence the young student of history is always a republican; but, unlike many others, Kossuth never changed from that faith.

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The annals of Hungary contain nothing so brilliant as the series of desperate conflicts which were waged at intervals for more than two centuries to maintain the elective character of the Hungarian monarchy, in opposition to the attempts of the House of Austria to make the crown hereditary in the Hapsburg line. In these wars, from 1527 to 1715, seventeen of the family of Kossuth had been attainted for high treason against Austria. The last, most desperate, and decisively unsuccessful struggle was that waged by Rakozky, at the beginning of the last century. Kossuth pored over the chronicles and annals which narrate the incidents of this contest, till he was master of all the minutest details. It might then have been predicted that he would one day write the history of that fruitless struggle, and the biography of its hero; but no one would have dared to prophesy that he would so closely reproduce it in deeds.

In times of peace, the law offers to an aspiring youth the readiest means of ascent from a low degree to lofty stations. Kossuth, therefore, when just entering upon manhood, made his way to Pesth, the capital, to study the legal profession. Here he entered the office of a notary, and began gradually to make himself known by his liberal opinions, and the fervid eloquence with which he set forth and maintained them; and men began to see in him the promise of a powerful public writer, orator, and debater.

The man and the hour were alike preparing. In 1825, the year before Kossuth arrived at Pesth, the critical state of her Italian possessions compelled Austria to provide extraordinary revenues. The Hungarian Diet was then assembled, after an interval of thirteen years. This Diet at once demanded certain measures of reform before they would make the desired pecuniary grants. The court was obliged to concede these demands. Kossuth, having completed his legal studies, and finding no favorable opening in the capital, returned, in 1830, to his native district, and commenced the practice of the law, with marked success. He also began to make his way toward public life by his assiduous attendance and intelligent action in the local assemblies. A new Diet was assembled in 1832, and he received a commission as the representative, in the Diet, of a magnate who was absent. As proxy for an absentee, he was only charged, by the Hungarian Constitution, with a very subordinate part, his functions being more those of a counsel than of a delegate. This, however, was a post much sought for by young and aspiring lawyers, as giving them an opportunity of mastering legal forms, displaying their abilities, and forming advantageous connections.

This Diet renewed the Liberal struggle with increased vigor. By far the best talent of Hungary was ranged upon the Liberal side. Kossuth early made himself known as a debater, and gradually won his way upward, and became associated with the leading men of the Liberal party, many of whom were among the proudest and richest of the Hungarian magnates. He soon undertook to publish a report of the debates and proceedings of the Diet. This attempt was opposed by the Palatine, and a law hunted up which forbade the "printing and publishing" of these reports. He for a while evaded the law by having his sheet lithographed. It increased in its development of democratic tendencies, and in popularity, until finally the lithographic press was seized by Government. Kossuth, determined not to be baffled, still issued his journal, every copy being written out by scribes, of whom he employed a large number. To avoid seizure at the post-office, they were circulated through the local authorities, who were almost invariably on the Liberal side. This was a period of intense activity on the part of Kossuth. He attended the meetings of the Diet, and the conferences of the deputies, edited his paper, read almost all new works on politics and political economy, and studied French and English for the sake of reading the debates in the French Chambers and the British Parliament; allowing himself, we are told, but three hours' sleep in the twenty-four. His periodical penetrated into every part of the kingdom, and men saw with wonder a young and almost unknown public writer boldly pitting himself against Metternich and the whole Austrian Cabinet. Kossuth might well, at this period declare that he "felt within himself something nameless."

In the succeeding Diets the Opposition grew still more determined. Kossuth, though twice admonished by Government, still continued his journal; and no longer confined himself to simple reports of the proceedings of the Diet, but added political remarks of the keenest satire and most bitter denunciation. He was aware that his course was a perilous one. He was once found by a friend walking in deep reverie in the fortress of Buda, and in reply to a question as to the subject of his meditations, he said, "I was looking at the casemates, for I fear that I shall soon be quartered there." Government finally determined to use arguments more cogent than discussion could furnish. Baron Wesselenyi, the leader of the Liberal party, and the most prominent advocate of the removal of urbarial burdens, was arrested, together with a number of his adherents. Kossuth was of course a person of too much note to be overlooked, and on the 4th of May, 1837, to use the words of an Austrian partisan, "it happened that as he was promenading in the vicinity of Buda, he was seized by the myrmidons of the law, and confined in the lower walls

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of the fortress, there to consider, in darkness and solitude, how dangerous it is to defy a powerful government, and to swerve from the path of law and of prudence."

Kossuth became at once sanctified in the popular mind as a martyr. Liberal subscriptions were raised through the country for the benefit of his mother and sisters, whom he had supported by his exertions, and who were now left without protection. Wesselenyi became blind in prison; Lovassi, an intimate friend of Kossuth, lost his reason; and Kossuth himself, as was certified by his physicians, was in imminent risk of falling a victim to a serious disease. The rigor of his confinement was mitigated; he was allowed books, newspapers, and writing materials, and suffered to walk daily upon the bastions of the fortress, in charge of an officer. Among those who were inspired with admiration for his political efforts, and with sympathy for his fate, was Teresa Mezlenyi, the young daughter of a nobleman. She sent him books, and corresponded with him during his imprisonment; and they were married in 1841, soon after his liberation.

The action of the drama went on, though Kossuth was for a while withdrawn from the stage. His connection with Wesselenyi procured for him a degree of influence among the higher magnates which he could probably in no other way have attained. Their aid was as essential to the early success of the Liberals, as was the support of Essex and Manchester to the Parliament of England at the commencement of the contest with Charles I.

In the second year of Kossuth's imprisonment, Austria again needed Hungarian assistance. The threatening aspect of affairs in the East, growing out of the relations between Turkey and Egypt, determined all the great powers to increase their armaments. A demand was made upon the Hungarian Diet for an additional levy of 18,000 troops. A large body of delegates was chosen pledged to oppose this grant except upon condition of certain concessions, among which was a general amnesty, with a special reference to the cases of Wesselenyi and Kossuth. The most sagacious of the Conservative party advised Government to liberate all the prisoners, with the exception of Kossuth; and to do this before the meeting of the Diet, in order that their liberation might not be made a condition of granting the levy; which must be the occasion of great excitement. The Cabinet temporized, and did nothing. The Diet was opened, and the contest was waged during six months. The Opposition had a majority of two in the Chamber of Deputies, but were in a meagre minority in the Chamber of Magnates. But Metternich and the Cabinet grew alarmed at the struggle, and were eager to obtain the grant of men, and to close the refractory Diet. In 1840 a royal rescript suddenly made its appearance, granting the amnesty, accompanied also with conciliatory remarks, and the demands of the Government for men and money were at once complied with. This action of Government weakened the ranks of its supporters among the Hungarian magnates, who thus found themselves exposed to the charge of being more despotic than the Cabinet of Metternich itself.

Kossuth issued from prison in 1840, after an imprisonment of three years, bearing in his debilitated frame, his pallid face, and glassy eyes, traces of severe sufferings, both of mind and body. He repaired for a time to a watering-place among the mountains to recruit his shattered health. His imprisonment had done more for his influence than he could have effected if at liberty. The visitors at the watering-place treated with silent respect the man who moved about among them in dressing-gown and slippers, and whose slow steps, and languid features disfigured with yellow spots, proclaimed him an invalid. Abundant subscriptions had been made for his benefit and that of his family, and he now stood on an equality with the proudest magnates. These had so often used the name of the "Martyr of the liberty of the press" in pointing their speeches, that they now had no choice but to accept the popular verdict as their own. Kossuth, in the meanwhile mingled little with the society at the watering-place; but preferred, as his health improved, to wander among the forest-clad hills and lonely valleys, where, says one who there became acquainted with him, and was his frequent companion, "the song of birds, a group of trees, and even the most insignificant phenomena of nature furnished occasions for conversation." But now and then flashes would burst forth which showed that he was revolving other things in his mind. Sometimes a chord would be casually struck which awoke deeper feelings, then his rare eloquence would burst forth with the fearful earnestness of conviction, and he hurled forth sentences instinct with life and passion. The wife of the Lord-Lieutenant, the daughter of a great magnate, was attracted by his appearance, and desired this companion of Kossuth to introduce him to her house. When this desire was made known to Kossuth, the mysterious and nervous expression passed over his face, which characterizes it when excited. "No," he exclaimed, "I will not go to that woman's house; her father subscribed four-pence to buy a rope to hang me with!"

Soon after his liberation, he came forward as the principal editor of the "Pesth Gazette" (*Pesthi Hirnap*), which a bookseller, who enjoyed the protection of the Government, had received permission to establish. The name of the editor was now sufficient to electrify the country; and Kossuth at once stood forth as the advocate of the rights of the lower and middle classes against the inordinate privileges and immunities enjoyed by the magnates. But when he went to the extent of demanding that the house-tax should be paid by all classes in the community, not even excepting the highest nobility, a party was raised up against him among the nobles, who established a paper to combat so disorganizing a doctrine. This party, backed by the influence of Government, succeeded in defeating the election of Kossuth as member from Pesth for the Diet of 1843. He was, however, very active in the local Assembly of the capital.

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Kossuth was not altogether without support among the higher nobles. The blind old Wesselenyi traversed the country, advocating rural freedom and the abolition of the urbarial burdens. Among his supporters at this period also, was Count Louis Batthyanyi, one of the most considerable of

the Magyar magnates, subsequently President of the Hungarian Ministry, and the most illustrious martyr of the Hungarian cause. Aided by his powerful support, Kossuth was again brought forward, in 1847, as one of the two candidates from Pesth. The Government party, aware that they were in a decided minority, limited their efforts to an attempt to defeat the election of Kossuth. This they endeavored to effect by stratagem. The Liberal party nominated Szentkiraly and Kossuth. The Government party also named the former. The Royal Administrator, who presided at the election, decided that Szentkiraly was chosen by acclamation; but that a poll must be held for the other member. Before the intention of Kossuth to present himself as a candidate was known, the Liberals had proposed M. Balla as second delegate. He at once resigned in favor of Kossuth. The Government party cast their votes for him, in hopes of drawing off a portion of the Liberal party from the support of Kossuth. M. Balla loudly but unavailingly protested against this stratagem; and when after a scrutiny of twelve hours, Kossuth was declared elected, Balla was the first to applaud. That night Kossuth, Balla, and Szentkiraly were serenaded by the citizens of Pesth; they descended together to the street, and walked arm-in-arm among the crowd. The Royal Administrator was severely reprimanded for not having found means to prevent the election of Kossuth.

Kossuth no sooner took his seat in the Diet than the foremost place was at once conceded to him. At the opening of the session he moved an address to the king, concluding with the petition that "liberal institutions, similar to those of the Hungarian Constitution, might be accorded to all the hereditary states, that thus might be created a united Austrian monarchy, based upon broad and constitutional principles." During the early months of the session Kossuth showed himself a most accomplished parliamentary orator and debater; and carried on a series of attacks upon the policy of the Austrian Cabinet, which for skill and power have few parallels in the annals of parliamentary warfare. Those form a very inadequate conception of its scope and power, whose ideas of the eloquence of Kossuth are derived solely from the impassioned and exclamatory harangues which he flung out during the war. These were addressed to men wrought up to the utmost tension, and can be judged fairly only by men in a state of high excitement. He adapted his matter and manner to the occasion and the audience. Some of his speeches are marked by a stringency of logic worthy of Webster or Calhoun:—but it was what all eloquence of a high order must ever be—"Logic red-hot."

Now came the French Revolution of February, 1848. The news of it reached Vienna on the 1st of March, and was received at Pressburg on the 2d. On the following day Kossuth delivered his famous speech on the finances and the state of the monarchy generally, concluding with a proposed "Address to the Throne," urging a series of reformatory measures. Among the foremost of these was the emancipation of the country from feudal burdens—the proprietors of the soil to be indemnified by the state; equalizing taxation; a faithful administration of the revenue to be satisfactorily guaranteed; the further development of the representative system; and the establishment of a government representing the voice of, and responsible to the nation.^[10] The speech produced an effect almost without parallel in the annals of debate. Not a word was uttered in reply, and the motion was unanimously carried. On the 13th of March took place the revolution in Vienna which overthrew the Metternich Cabinet. On the 15th, the Constitution granted by the Emperor to all the nations within the Empire was solemnly proclaimed, amidst the wildest transports of joy. Henceforth there were to be no more Germans or Sclavonians, Magyars or Italians; strangers embraced and kissed each other in the streets, for all the heterogeneous races of the Empire were now brothers:—as likewise were all the nations of the earth at Anacharsis Klotz's "Feast of Pikes" in Paris, on that 14th day of July in the year of grace 1790—and yet, notwithstanding, came the "Reign of Terror."

Among the demands made by the Hungarian Diet was that of a separate and responsible Ministry for Hungary. The Palatine, Archduke Stephen, to whom the conduct of affairs in Hungary had been intrusted, persuaded the Emperor to accede to this demand, and on the following day Batthyanyi, who with Kossuth and a deputation of delegates of the Diet was in Vienna, was named President of the Hungarian Ministry. It was, however, understood that Kossuth was the life and soul of the new Ministry.

Kossuth assumed the department of Finance, then, as long before and now, the post of difficulty under Austrian administration. The Diet meanwhile went on to consummate the series of reforms which Kossuth had so long and steadfastly advocated. The remnants of feudalism were swept away—the landed proprietors being indemnified by the state for the loss they sustained. The civil and political rights which had heretofore been in the exclusive possession of the nobles, were extended to the burghers and the peasants. A new electoral law was framed, according the right of suffrage to every possessor of property to the amount of about one hundred and fifty dollars. The whole series of bills received the royal signature on the 11th of April; the Diet having previously adjourned to meet on the 2d of July.

Up to this time there had been indeed a vigorous and decided opposition, but no insurrection. The true cause of the Hungarian war was the hostility of the Austrian Government to the whole series of reformatory measures which had been effected through the instrumentality of Kossuth; but its immediate occasion was the jealousy which sprung up among the Serbian and Croatian dependencies of Hungary against the Hungarian Ministry. This soon broke out into an open revolt, headed by Baron Jellachich, who had just been appointed Ban or Lord of Croatia. How far the Serbs and Croats had occasion for jealousy, is of little consequence to our present purpose to inquire; though we may say, in passing, that the proceedings of the Magyars toward the other Hungarian races was marked by a far more just and generous feeling and conduct than could

have been possibly expected; and that the whole ground of hostility was sheer misrepresentation; and this, if we may credit the latest and best authorities, is now admitted by the Slavonic races themselves. But however the case may have been as between the Magyars and Croats, as between the Hungarians and Austria, the hostile course of the latter is without excuse or palliation. The Emperor had solemnly sanctioned the action of the Diet, and did as solemnly denounce the proceedings of Jellachich. On the 29th of May the Ban was summoned to present himself at Innsbruck, to answer for his conduct; and as he did not make his appearance, an Imperial manifesto was issued on the 10th of June, depriving him of all his dignities, and commanding the authorities at once to break off all intercourse with him. He, however, still continued his operations, and levied an army for the invasion of Hungary, and a fierce and bloody war of races broke out, marked on both sides by the most fearful atrocities.

The Hungarian Diet was opened on the 5th of July, when the Palatine, Archduke Stephen, in the name of the king, solemnly denounced the conduct of the insurgent Croats. A few days after, Kossuth, in a speech in the Diet, set forth the perilous state of affairs, and concluded by asking for authority to raise an army of 200,000 men, and a large amount of money. These proposals were adopted by acclamation, the enthusiasm in the Diet rendering any debate impossible and superfluous.

The Imperial forces having been victorious in Italy, and one pressing danger being thus averted from the Empire, the Austrian Cabinet began openly to display its hostility to the Hungarian movement. Jellachich repaired to Innsbruck, and was openly acknowledged by the court, and the decree of deposition was revoked. Early in September Hungary and Austria stood in an attitude of undisguised hostility. On the 5th of that month, Kossuth, though enfeebled by illness, was carried to the hall of the Diet where he delivered a speech, declaring that so formidable were the dangers that surrounded the nation, that the Ministers might soon be forced to call upon the Diet to name a Dictator, clothed with unlimited powers, to save the country; but before taking this final step they would recommend a last appeal to the Imperial government. A large deputation was thereupon dispatched to the Emperor, to lay before him the demands of the Hungarian nation. No satisfactory answer was returned, and the deputation left the Imperial presence in silence. On their return, they plucked from their caps the plumes of the united colors of Austria and Hungary, and replaced them with red feathers, and hoisted a flag of the same color on the steamer which conveyed them to Pesth. Their report produced the most intense agitation in the Diet, and at the capital, but it was finally resolved to make one more attempt for a pacific settlement of the question. In order that no obstacle might be interposed by their presence, Kossuth and his colleagues resigned, and a new Ministry was appointed. A deputation was sent to the National Assembly at Vienna, which refused to receive it. Jellachich had in the mean time entered Hungary with a large army, not as yet, however, openly sanctioned by Imperial authority. The Diet seeing the imminent peril of the country, conferred dictatorial powers upon Kossuth. The Palatine resigned his post, and left the kingdom. The Emperor appointed Count Lemberg to take the entire command of the Hungarian army. The Diet declared the appointment illegal, and the Count, arriving at Pesth without escort, was slain in the streets of the capital by the populace, in a sudden outbreak. The Emperor forthwith placed the kingdom under martial law, giving the supreme civil and military power to Jellachich. The Diet at once revolted; declared itself permanent, and appointed Kossuth Governor, and President of the Committee of Safety.

There was now but one course left for the Hungarians: to maintain by force of arms the position they had assumed. We can not detail the events of the war which followed, but merely touch upon the most salient points. Jellachich was speedily driven out of Hungary, toward Vienna. In October, the Austrian forces were concentrated under command of Windischgrätz, to the number of 120,000 veterans, and were put on the march for Hungary. To oppose them, the only forces under the command of the new Government of Hungary, were 20,000 regular infantry, 7000 cavalry, and 14,000 recruits, who received the name of Honveds, or "protectors of home." Of all the movements that followed, Kossuth was the soul and chief. His burning and passionate appeals stirred up the souls of the peasants, and sent them by thousands to the camp. He kindled enthusiasm, he organized that enthusiasm, and transformed those raw recruits into soldiers more than a match for the veteran troops of Austria. Though himself not a soldier, he discovered and drew about him soldiers and generals of a high order. The result was that Windischgrätz was driven back from Hungary, and of the 120,000 troops which he led into that kingdom in October, one half were killed, disabled, or taken prisoners at the end of April. The state of the war on the 1st of May, may be gathered from the Imperial manifesto of that date, which announced that "the insurrection in Hungary had grown to such an extent," that the Imperial Government "had been induced to appeal to the assistance of his Majesty the Czar of all the Russias, who generously and readily granted it to a most satisfactory extent." The issue of the contest could no longer be doubtful, when the immense weight of Russia was thrown into the scale. Had all power, civil and military been concentrated in one person, and had he displayed the brilliant generalship and desperate courage which Napoleon manifested in 1814, when the overwhelming forces of the allies were marching upon Paris, the fall of Hungary might have been delayed for a few weeks, perhaps to another campaign; but it could not have been averted. In modern warfare there is a limit beyond which devotion and enthusiasm can not supply the place of numbers and material force. And that limit was overpassed when Russia and Austria were pitted against Hungary.

The chronology of the Hungarian struggle may be thus stated: On the 9th of September, 1848, Jellachich crossed the Drave and invaded Hungary; and was driven back at the close of that month toward Vienna. In October, Windischgrätz advanced into Hungary, and took possession of Pesth, the capital. On the 14th of April, 1849, the Declaration of Hungarian Independence was

promulgated. At the close of that month, the Austrians were driven out at every point, and the issue of the contest, as between Hungary and Austria, was settled. On the 1st of May the Russian intervention was announced. On the 11th of August Kossuth resigned his dictatorship into the hands of Görgey who, two days after, in effect closed the war by surrendering to the Russians.

The Hungarian war thus lasted a little more than eleven months; during which time there was but one ruling and directing spirit; and that was Kossuth, to whose immediate career we now return.

Early in January it was found advisable to remove the seat of government from Pesth to the town of Debreczin, situated in the interior. Pesth was altogether indefensible, and the Austrian army were close upon it; but here the Hungarians had collected a vast amount of stores and ammunition, the preservation of which was of the utmost importance. In saving these the administrative power of Kossuth was strikingly manifested. For three days and three nights he labored uninterruptedly in superintending the removal, which was successfully effected. From the heaviest locomotive engine down to a shot-belt, all the stores were packed up and carried away, so that when the Austrians took possession of Pesth, they only gained the eclat of occupying the Hungarian capital, without acquiring the least solid advantage.

Debreczin was the scene where Kossuth displayed his transcendent abilities as an administrator, a statesman, and an orator. The population of the town was about 50,000, which was at once almost doubled, so that every one was forced to put up with such accommodations as he could find, and occupy the least possible amount of space. Kossuth himself occupied the Town Hall. On the first floor was a spacious ante-room, constantly filled with persons waiting for an interview, which was, necessarily, a matter of delay, as each one was admitted in his turn; the only exception being in cases where public business required an immediate audience.

This ante-room opened into two spacious apartments, in one of which the secretaries of the Governor were always at work. Here Kossuth received strangers. At these audiences he spoke but little, but listened attentively, occasionally taking notes of any thing that seemed of importance. His secretaries were continually coming to him to receive directions, to present a report, or some document to receive his signature. These he never omitted to examine carefully, before affixing his signature, even amidst the greatest pressure of business; at the same time listening to the speaker. "Be brief," he used to say, "but for that very reason forget nothing." These hours of audience were also his hours of work, and here it was that he wrote those stirring appeals which aroused and kept alive the spirit of his countrymen. It was only when he had some document of extraordinary importance to prepare, that he retired to his closet. These audiences usually continued until far into the night, the ante-room being often as full at midnight as in the morning. Although of a delicate constitution, broken also by his imprisonment, the excitement bore him up under the immense mental and bodily exertion, and while there was work to do he was never ill.

He usually allowed himself an hour for rest or relaxation, from two till three o'clock, when he was accustomed to take a drive with his wife and children to a little wood at a short distance, where he would seek out some retired spot, and play upon the grass with his children, and for a moment forget the pressing cares of state.

At three o'clock he dined; and at the conclusion of his simple meal, was again at his post. This round of audiences was frequently interrupted by a council of war, a conference of ministers, or the review of a regiment just on the point of setting out for the seat of hostilities. New battalions seemed to spring from the earth at his command, and he made a point of reviewing each, and delivering to them a brief address, which was always received with a burst of "*eljens*."

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At Debreczin the sittings of the House of Assembly were held in what had been the chapel of the Protestant College. Kossuth attended these sittings only when he had some important communications to make. Then he always walked over from the Town Hall. Entering the Assembly, he ascended the rostrum, if it was not occupied; if it was, he took his place in any vacant seat, none being specially set apart for the Governor. He was a monarch, but with an invisible throne, the hearts of his subjects. When the rostrum was vacant, he would ascend it, and lay before the Assembly his propositions, or sway all hearts by his burning and fervent eloquence.

Such was the daily life of Kossuth at the temporary seat of government, bearing upon his shoulders the affairs of state, calling up, as if by magic, regiment after regiment, providing for their arming, equipment, and maintenance, while the Hungarian generals were contending on the field, with various fortunes; triumphantly against the Austrians, desperately and hopelessly when Russia was added to the enemy.

The defeat of Bem at Temesvar, on the 9th of August gave the death-blow to the cause. Two days afterward, Kossuth and Görgey stood alone in the bow-window of a small chamber in the fortress of Arad. What passed between them no man knows; but from that room Görgey went forth Dictator of Hungary; and Kossuth followed him to set out on his journey of exile. On the same day the new Dictator announced to the Russians his intention to surrender the forces under his command. The following day he marched to the place designated, where the Russian General Rudiger arrived on the 13th, and Görgey's army, numbering 24,000 men, with 144 pieces of artillery, laid down their arms.

Nothing remained for Kossuth and his companions but flight. They gained the Turkish frontier, and threw themselves on the hospitality of the Sultan, who promised them a safe asylum. Russia and Austria demanded that the fugitives should be given up; and for some months it was

uncertain whether the Turkish Government would dare to refuse. At first a decided negative was returned; then the Porte wavered; and it was officially announced to Kossuth and his companions that the only means for them to avoid surrendry would be to abjure the faith of their fathers; and thus take advantage of the fundamental Moslem law, that any fugitive embracing the Mohammedan faith can claim the protection of the Government. Kossuth refused to purchase his life at such a price. And finally Austria and Russia were induced to modify their demand, and merely to insist upon the detention of the fugitives. On the other hand, the Turkish Government was urged to allow them to depart. Early in the present year, Mr. Webster, as Secretary of State, directed our Minister at Constantinople to urge the Porte to suffer the exiles to come to the United States. A similar course was pursued by the British Government. It was promised that these representations should be complied with; but so late as in March of the present year, Kossuth addressed a letter to our Chargé at Constantinople, despairing of his release being granted. But happily his fears were groundless; and our Government was notified that on the 1st of September, the day on which terminated the period of detention agreed upon by the Sultan, Kossuth and his companions would be free to depart to any part of the world. The United States steam-frigate Mississippi, was at once placed at his disposal. The offer was accepted. On the 12th of September the steamer reached Smyrna, with the illustrious exile and his family and suite on board, bound to our shores, after a short visit in England. The Government of France, in the meanwhile, denied him the privilege of passing through their territory. While this sheet is passing through the press, we are in daily expectation of the arrival of Kossuth in our country, where a welcome awaits him warmer and more enthusiastic than has greeted any man who has ever approached our shores, saving only the time when LA FAYETTE was our nation's honored guest.

It is right and fitting that it should be so. When a monarch is dethroned it is appropriate that neighboring monarchies should accord a hearty and hospitable reception to him, as the representative of the monarchical principle, even though his own personal character should present no claims upon esteem or regard. Kossuth comes to us as the exiled representative of those fundamental principles upon which our political institutions are based. He is the representative of these principles, not by the accident of birth, but by deliberate choice. He has maintained them at a fearful hazard. It is therefore our duty and our privilege to greet him with a hearty, "Well done!"

Kossuth occupies a position peculiarly his own, whether we regard the circumstances of his rise, or the feelings which have followed him in his fall. Born in the middle ranks of life, he raised himself by sheer force of intellect to the loftiest place among the proudest nobles on earth, without ever deserting or being deserted by the class from which he sprung. He effected a sweeping reform without appealing to any sordid or sanguinary motive. No soldier himself, he transformed a country into a camp, and a nation into an army. He transmuted his words into batteries, and his thoughts into soldiers. Without ever having looked upon a stricken field, he organized the most complete system of resistance to despotism that the history of revolutions has furnished. It failed, but only failed where nothing could have succeeded.

Not less peculiar are the feelings which have followed him in his fall. Men who have saved a state have received the unbounded love and gratitude of their countrymen. Those who have fallen in the lost battle for popular rights, or who have sealed their devotion on the scaffold or in the dungeon, are revered as martyrs forevermore. But Kossuth's endeavors have been sanctified and hallowed neither by success nor by martyrdom. He is the living leader of a lost cause. His country is ruined, its nationality destroyed, and through his efforts. Yet no Hungarian lays this ruin to his charge; and the first lesson taught the infant Magyar is a blessing upon his name. Yet whatever the future may have in store, his efforts have not been lost efforts. The tree which he planted in blood and agony and tears, though its tender shoots have been trampled down by the Russian bear, will yet spring up again to gladden, if not his heart, yet those of his children or his children's children. The man may perish, but the cause endures.

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THE LEGEND OF THE LOST WELL.

In ancient times there existed in the desert that lies to the west of Egypt—somewhere between the sun at its setting and the city of Siout—a tribe of Arabs that called themselves Waled Allah, or The Children of God. They professed Mohammedanism, but were in every other respect different from their neighbors to the north and south, and from the inhabitants of the land of Egypt. It was their custom during the months of summer to draw near to the confines of the cultivated country and hold intercourse with its people, selling camels and wool, and other desert productions; but when winter came they drew off toward the interior of the wilderness, and it was not known where they abode. They were by no means great in numbers; but such was their skill in arms, and their reputation for courage, that no tribe ever ventured to trespass on their limits, and all caravans eagerly paid to them the tribute of safe-conduct.

Such was the case for many years; but at length it came to pass that the Waled Allah, after departing as usual for the winter, returned in great disorder and distress toward the neighborhood of the Nile. Those who saw them on that occasion reported that their sufferings must have been tremendous. More than two-thirds of their cattle, a great number of the women and children, and several of the less hardy men, were missing; but they would not at first confess

what had happened to them. When, however, they asked permission to settle temporarily on some unoccupied lands, the curious and inquisitive went among them, and by degrees the truth came out.

It appeared that many centuries ago one of their tribe, following the track of some camels that had strayed, had ventured to a great distance in the desert, and had discovered a pass in the mountains leading into a spacious valley, in the midst of which was a well of the purest water, that overflowed and fertilized the land around. As the man at once understood the importance of his discovery, he devoted himself for his tribe, and returned slowly, piling up stones here and there that the way might not again be lost. When he arrived at the station he had only sufficient strength to relate what he had seen before he died of fatigue and thirst. So they called the well after him—Bir Hassan.

It was found that the valley was only habitable during the winter; for being surrounded with perpendicular rocks it became like a furnace in the hot season—the vegetation withered into dust, and the waters hid themselves within the bowels of the earth. They resolved, therefore, to spend one half of their time in that spot, where they built a city; and during the other half of their time they dwelt, as I have said, on the confines of the land of Egypt.

But it was found that only by a miracle had the well of Hassan been discovered. Those who tried without the aid of the road-marks to make their way to it invariably failed. So it became an institution of the tribe that two men should be left, with a sufficient supply of water and food, in a large cave overlooking the desert near the entrance of the valley; and that they should watch for the coming of the tribe, and when a great fire was lighted on a certain hill, should answer by another fire, and thus guide their people. This being settled, the piles of stones were dispersed, lest the greedy Egyptians, hearing by chance of this valley, should make their way to it.

How long matters continued in this state is not recorded, but at length, when the tribe set out to return to their winter quarters, and reached the accustomed station and lighted the fire, no answering fire appeared. They passed the first night in expectation, and the next day, and the next night, saying: "Probably the men are negligent;" but at length they began to despair. They had brought but just sufficient water with them for the journey, and death began to menace them. In vain they endeavored to find the road. A retreat became necessary; and, as I have said, they returned and settled on the borders of the land of Egypt. Many men, however, went back many times year after year to endeavor to find the lost well; but some were never heard of more, and some returned, saying that the search was in vain.

Nearly a hundred years passed away, and the well became forgotten, and the condition of the tribe had undergone a sad change. It never recovered its great disaster: wealth and courage disappeared; and the governors of Egypt, seeing the people dependent and humble-spirited, began, as is their wont, to oppress them, and lay on taxes and insults. Many times a bold man of their number would propose that they should go and join some of the other tribes of Arabs, and solicit to be incorporated with them; but the idea was laughed at as extravagant, and they continued to live on in misery and degradation.

It happened that the chief of the tribe at the time of which I now speak was a man of gentle character and meek disposition, named Abdallah the Good, and that he had a son, like one of the olden time, stout, and brave as a lion, named Ali. This youth could not brook the subjection in which his people were kept, nor the wrongs daily heaped upon them, and was constantly revolving in his mind the means of escape and revenge. When he gave utterance to these sentiments, however, his father, Abdallah, severely rebuked him; for he feared the power of the lords of Egypt, and dreaded lest mischief might befall his family or his tribe.

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Now contemporary with Abdallah the Good there was a governor of Siout named Omar the Evil. He had gained a great reputation in the country by his cruelties and oppressions, and was feared by high and low. Several times had he treated the Waled Allah with violence and indignity, bestowing upon them the name of Waled Sheitan, or Children of the Devil, and otherwise vexing and annoying them, besides levying heavy tribute, and punishing with extreme severity the slightest offense. One day he happened to be riding along in the neighborhood of their encampment when he observed Ali trying the paces of a handsome horse which he had purchased. Covetousness entered his mind, and calling to the youth, he said, "What is the price of thy horse?"

"It is not for sale," was the reply.

No sooner were the words uttered than Omar made a signal to his men, who rushed forward, threw the young man to the ground in spite of his resistance, and leaving him there, returned leading the horse. Omar commanded them to bring it with them, and rode away, laughing heartily at his exploit.

But Ali was not the man to submit tamely to such injustice. He endeavored at first to rouse the passions of his tribe, but not succeeding, resolved to revenge himself or die in the attempt. One night, therefore, he took a sharp dagger, disguised himself, and lurking about the governor's palace, contrived to introduce himself without being seen, and to reach the garden, where he had heard it was the custom of Omar to repose awhile as he waited for his supper. A light guided him to the kiosque where the tyrant slept alone, not knowing that vengeance was nigh. Ali paused a moment, doubting whether it was just to strike an unprepared foe; but he remembered all his tribe had suffered as well as himself, and raising his dagger, advanced stealthily toward the

couch where the huge form of the governor lay.

A slight figure suddenly interposed between him and the sleeping man. It was that of a young girl, who, with terror in her looks, waved him back. "What wouldst thou, youth?" she inquired.

"I come to slay that enemy," replied Ali, endeavoring to pass her and effect his purpose while there was yet time.

"It is my father," said she, still standing in the way and awing him by the power of her beauty.

"Thy father is a tyrant, and deserves to die."

"If he be a tyrant he is still my father; and thou, why shouldst thou condemn him?"

"He has injured me and my tribe."

"Let injuries be forgiven, as we are commanded. I will speak for thee and thy tribe. Is not thy life valuable to thee? Retire ere it be too late; and by my mother, who is dead, I swear to thee that I will cause justice to be done."

"Not from any hopes of justice, but as a homage to God for having created such marvelous beauty, do I retire and spare the life of that man which I hold in my hands."

So saying Ali sprang away, and effected his escape. No sooner was he out of sight than Omar, who had been awakened by the sound of voices, but who had feigned sleep when he heard what turn affairs were taking, arose and laughed, saying: "Well done, Amina! thou art worthy of thy father. How thou didst cajole that son of a dog by false promises?"

"Nay, father; what I have promised must be performed."

"Ay, ay. Thou didst promise justice, and, by the beards of my ancestors, justice shall assuredly be done!"

Next day Ali was seized and conducted to the prison adjoining the governor's palace. Amina, when she heard of this, in vain sought to obtain his release. Her father laughed at her scruples, and avowed his intention of putting the young man to death in the cruelest possible manner. He had him brought before him, bound and manacled, and amused himself by reviling and taunting him—calling him a fool for having yielded to the persuasions of a foolish girl! Ali, in spite of all, did not reply; for he now thought more of Amina than of the indignities to which he was subjected; and instead of replying with imprudent courage, as under other circumstances he might have done, he took care not to exasperate the tyrant, and meanwhile revolved in his mind the means of escape. If he expected that his mildness would disarm the fury of Omar, never was mistake greater; for almost in the same breath with the order for his being conducted back to prison was given that for public proclamation of his execution to take place on the next day.

There came, however, a saviour during the night: it was the young Amina, who, partly moved by generous indignation that her word should have been given in vain, partly by another feeling, bribed the jailers, and leading forth the young man, placed him by the side of his trusty steed which had been stolen from him, and bade him fly for his life. He lingered to thank her and enjoy her society. They talked long and more and more confidentially. At length the first streaks of dawn began to show themselves; and Amina, as she urged him to begone, clung to the skirts of his garments. He hesitated a moment, a few hurried words passed, and presently she was behind him on the horse, clasping his waist, and away they went toward the mountains, into the midst of which they soon penetrated by a rugged defile.

Amina had been prudent enough to prepare a small supply of provisions, and Ali knew where at that season water was to be found in small quantities. His intention was to penetrate to a certain distance in the desert, and then turning south, to seek the encampment of a tribe with some of whose members he was acquainted. Their prospects were not very discouraging; for even if pursuit were attempted, Ali justly confided in his superior knowledge of the desert: he expected in five days to reach the tents toward which he directed his course, and he calculated that the small bag of flour which Amina had provided would prevent them at least from dying of hunger during that time.

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The first stage was a long one. For seven hours he proceeded in a direct line from the rising sun, the uncomplaining Amina clinging still to him; but at length the horse began to exhibit symptoms of fatigue, and its male rider of anxiety. They had traversed an almost uninterrupted succession of rocky valleys, but now reached an elevated undulating plain covered with huge black boulders that seemed to stretch like a petrified sea to the distant horizon. Now and then they had seen during their morning's ride, in certain little sheltered nooks, small patches of a stunted vegetation; but now all was bleak and barren, and grim like the crater of a volcano. And yet it was here that Ali expected evidently to find water—most necessary to them; for all three were feeling the symptoms of burning thirst. He paused every now and then, checking his steed, and rising in his stirrups to gaze ahead or on one side; but each time his search was in vain. At length he said: "Possibly I have, in the hurry of my thoughts, taken the wrong defile, in which case nothing but death awaits us. We shall not have strength to retrace our footsteps, and must die here in this horrible place. Stand upon the saddlebow, Amina, while I support thee: if thou seest any thing like a white shining cloud upon the ground, we are saved."

Amina did as she was told, and gazed for a few moments around. Suddenly she cried: "I see, as it

were a mist of silver far, far away to the left."

"It is the first well," replied Ali; and he urged his stumbling steed in that direction.

It soon appeared that they were approaching a mound of dazzling whiteness. Close by was a little hollow, apparently dry. But Ali soon scraped away a quantity of the clayey earth, and presently the water began to collect, trickling in from the sides. In a couple of hours they procured enough for themselves and for the horse, and ate some flour diluted in a wooden bowl; after which they lay down to rest beneath a ledge of rock that threw a little shade. Toward evening, after Ali had carefully choked up the well, lest it might be dried by the sun, they resumed their journey, and arrived about midnight at a lofty rock in the midst of the plain, visible at a distance of many hours in the moonlight. In a crevice near the summit of this they found a fair supply of water, and having refreshed themselves, reposed until dawn. Then Amina prepared their simple meal, and soon afterward off they went again over the burning plain.

This time, as Ali knew beforehand, there was no prospect of well or water for twenty-four hours; and unfortunately they had not been able to procure a skin. However, they carried some flour well moistened in their wooden bowl, which they covered with a large piece of wet linen, and studied to keep from the sun. They traveled almost without intermission the whole of that day and a great part of the night. Ali now saw that it was necessary to rest, and they remained where they were until near morning.

"Dearest Amina," said he, returning to the young girl after having climbed to the top of a lofty rock and gazed anxiously ahead, "I think I see the mountain where the next water is to be found. If thou art strong enough, we will push on at once."

Though faint and weary, Amina said: "Let us be going;" and now it was necessary for Ali to walk, the horse refusing to carry any longer a double burden. They advanced, however, rapidly; and at length reached the foot of a lofty range of mountains, all white, and shining in the sun like silver. In one of the gorges near the summit Ali knew there was usually a small reservoir of water; but he had only been there once in his boyhood, when on his way to visit the tribe with which he now expected to find a shelter. However, he thought he recognized various landmarks, and began to ascend with confidence. The sun beat furiously down on the barren and glistening ground; and the horse exhausted, more than once refused to proceed. He had not eaten once since their departure, and Ali knew that he must perish ere the journey was concluded.

As they neared the summit of the ridge, the young man recognized with joy a rock in the shape of a crouching camel that had formerly been pointed out to him as indicating the neighborhood of the reservoir, and pressed on with renewed confidence. What was his horror, however, on reaching the place he sought, at beholding it quite dry! dry, and hot as an oven! The water had all escaped by a crevice recently formed. Ali now believed that death was inevitable; and folding the fainting Amina in his arms, sat down and bewailed his lot in a loud voice.

Suddenly a strange sight presented itself. A small caravan appeared coming down the ravine—not of camels, nor of horses, nor asses, but of goats and a species of wild antelope. They moved slowly, and behind them walked with tottering steps a man of great age with a vast white beard, supporting himself with a long stick. Ali rushed forward to a goat which bore a water-skin, seized it, and without asking permission carried it to Amina. Both drank with eagerness; and it was not until they were well satisfied that they noticed the strange old man looking at them with interest and curiosity. Then they told their story; and the owner of the caravan in his turn told his, which was equally wonderful.

"And what was the old man's story?" inquired the listeners in one breath.

"It shall be related to-morrow. The time for sleep has come."

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I was not fortunate enough to hear the conclusion of this legend, told in the simple matter-of-fact words of Wahsa; but one of our attendants gave me the substance. The old man of the caravan was stated to be the younger of the two watchers left behind more than a hundred years before at Bir Hassan. His companion had been killed, and he himself wounded by some wild beast, which had prevented the necessary signals from being made. He understood that some terrible disaster had occurred, and dared not brave the vengeance which he thought menaced him from the survivors. So he resolved to stay in the valley, and had accordingly remained for a hundred years, at the expiration of which period he had resolved to set out on a pilgrimage to the Nile, in order to ascertain if any members of the tribes still remained, that he might communicate the secret of the valley before he perished. Like the first discoverer, he had marked the way by heaps of stones, and died when his narrative was concluded. Ali and Amina made their way to the valley, where, according to the narrative, they found a large city, scarcely if at all ruined, and took up their abode in one of the palaces. Shortly afterward Ali returned to Egypt, and led off his father, Abdallah the Good, and the remnants of his tribe in secret. Omar was furious, and following them, endeavored to discover the valley, of which the tradition was well known. Not succeeding, he resolved to wait for the summer; but the tribe never reappeared in Egypt, and is said to have passed the hot months in the oasis of Farafreh, to which they subsequently removed on the destruction of their favorite valley by an earthquake.

This tradition, though containing some improbable incidents, may nevertheless be founded on fact, and may contain, under a legendary form, the history of the peopling of the oases of the desert. It is, however, chiefly interesting from the manner in which it illustrates the important influence which the discovery or destruction of a copious well of pure water may exercise on the

fortunes of a people. It may sometimes, in fact, as represented in this instance, be a matter of life and death; and no doubt the Waled Allah are not the only tribe who have been raised to an enviable prosperity, or sunk into the depths of misery, by the fluctuating supply of water in the desert.

THE BOW-WINDOW

AN ENGLISH TALE

There is something so English, so redolent of home, of flowers in large antique stands, about a bow-window, that we are always pleased when we catch a glimpse of one, even if it be when but forming the front of an inn. It gives a picturesque look too, to a home, that is quite refreshing to gaze on, and when journeying in foreign lands, fond recollections of dear England come flooding o'er us, if we happen, in some out-of-the-way village, on such a memory of the land from whence we came. I have not, from absence from my country, seen such a thing for some few years; but there is one fresh in my memory, with its green short Venetian blinds, its large chintz curtains, its comfortable view up and down the terrace where we lived, to say nothing of its associations in connection with my childhood. But it is not of this bow-window that I would speak, it is of one connected with the fortunes of my friend Maria Walker, and which had a considerable influence on her happiness.

Maria Walker was usually allowed to be the beauty of one of the small towns round London in the direction of Greenwich, of which ancient place she was a native. Her father had originally practiced as a physician in that place, but circumstances had caused his removal to another locality, which promised more profitable returns. The house they occupied was an ancient red brick mansion in the centre of the town, with a large bow-window, always celebrated for its geraniums, myrtles, and roses that, with a couple of small orange-trees, were the admiration of the neighborhood. Not that Thomas Walker, Esq. had any horticultural tastes—on the contrary, he was very severe on our sex for devoting their minds to such trifles as music, flowers, and fancy work; but then blue-eyed Maria Walker differed with him in opinion, and plainly told him so—saucy, pert girl, as even I thought her, though several years my senior. Not that she neglected any more serious duties for those lighter amusements; the poorer patients of her father ever found in her a friend. Mr. Walker strongly objected to giving any thing away, it was a bad example, he said, and people never valued what they got for nothing; but many was the box of pills and vial of medicine which Maria smuggled under her father's very nose, to poor people who could not afford to pay; of course he knew nothing about it, good, easy man, though it would have puzzled a philosopher to have told how the girl could have prepared them. She was an active member, too, of a charitable coal club, made flannel for the poor, and even distributed tracts upon occasion. When this was done, then she would turn to her pleasures, which were her little world. She was twenty, and I was not sixteen at the time of which I speak, but yet we were the best friends in the world. I used to go and sit in the bow-window; while she would play the piano for hours together, I had some fancy-work on my lap; but my chief amusement was to watch the passers-by. I don't think that I am changed by half-a-dozen more years of experience, for I still like a lively street, and dislike nothing more than a look out upon a square French court in this great city of Paris, where houses are more like prisons than pleasant residences. But to return to my bow-window.

In front of the house of the Walkers, had been, a few years before, an open space, but which now, thanks to the rapid march of improvement, was being changed into a row of very good houses. There were a dozen of them, and they were dignified with the name of Beauchamp Terrace. They were, about the time I speak of, all to let; the last finishing touch had been put to them, the railings had been painted, the rubbish all removed, and they wanted nothing, save furniture and human beings to make them assume a civilized and respectable appearance. I called one morning on Maria Walker, her father was out, she had been playing the piano till she was tired, so we sat down in the bow-window and talked.

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"So the houses are letting?" said I, who took an interest in the terrace which I had seen grow under my eyes.

"Two are let," replied she, "and both to private families; papa is pleased, he looks upon these twelve houses as twelve new patients."

"But," said I, laughing, "have you not read the advertisement: 'Healthy and airy situation, rising neighborhood, and yet only one medical man.'"

"Oh! yes," smiled Maria; "but sickness, I am sorry to say, is very apt to run about at some time or other, even in airy situations."

"But, Maria, you are mistaken, there are three houses let," said I, suddenly, "the bill is taken down opposite, it has been let since yesterday."

"Oh, yes, I recollect a very nice young man driving up there yesterday, and looking over the house for an hour; I suppose he has taken it."

"A nice young man," said I, "that is very interesting—I suppose a young couple just married."

"Very likely," replied Maria Walker, laughing; but whether at the fact of my making up my mind to its being an interesting case of matrimony, or what else, I know not.

It was a week before I saw Maria again, and when I did, she caught me by the hand, drew me rapidly to the window, and with a semi-tragic expression, pointed to the house over the way. I looked. What was my astonishment when, on the door in large letters, I read these words, "Mr. Edward Radstock, M. D."

"A rival," cried I, clapping my hands, thoughtless girl that I was; "another feud of Montague and Capulet. Maria, could not a Romeo and Juliet be found to terminate it?"

"Don't laugh," replied Maria, gravely; "papa is quite ill with vexation; imagine, in a small town like this, two doctors! it's all the fault of that advertisement. Some scheming young man has seen it, and finding no hope of practice elsewhere, has come here. I suppose he is as poor as a rat."

At this instant the sound of horses' footsteps was heard, and then three vans full of furniture appeared in sight. They were coming our way. We looked anxiously to see before which house they stopped. I must confess that what Maria said interested me in the young doctor, and I really hoped all this was for him. Maria said nothing, but, with a frown on her brow, she waited the progress of events. As I expected, the vans stopped before the young doctor's house, and in a few minutes the men began to unload. My friend turned pale as she saw that the vehicles were full of elegant furniture.

"The wretch has got a young wife, too," she exclaimed, as a piano and harp came to view, and then she added, rising, "this will never do; they must be put down at once; *they* are strangers in the neighborhood, *we* are well known. Sit down at that desk, my dear girl, and help me to make out a list of all the persons *we* can invite to a ball and evening party. I look upon them as impertinent interlopers, and they must be crushed."

I laughingly acquiesced, and aided by her, soon wrote out a list of invitations to be given.

"But now," said Miss Walker, after a few moments of deep reflection, "one name more must be added, *they* must be invited."

"Who?" exclaimed I, in a tone of genuine surprise.

"Mr. and Mrs. Edward Radstock," replied Maria, triumphantly, while I could scarcely speak from astonishment.

The rest of my narrative I collected from the lips of my friend, a little more than a year later.

The ball took place to the admiration of all C—. It was a splendid affair: a select band came down from London, in which two foreigners, with dreadfully un-euphonic names, played upon two unknown instruments, that deafened nearly every sensitive person in the room, and would have driven every body away, had not they been removed into the drawing-room balcony; then there was a noble Italian, reduced to a tenor-singer, who astonished the company, equally by the extraordinary number of strange songs that he sang, and the number of ices and jellies which he ate; then there were one or two literary men, who wrote anonymously, but might have been celebrated, only they scorned to put their names forward among the common herd, the οἱ πολλοί already known to the public; there was a young poet too, who thought Alfred Tennyson infinitely superior to Shakspeare, and by the air with which he read a poem, seemed to insinuate that he himself was greater than either; and then there was a funny gentleman, who could imitate Henry Russell, John Parry, Buckstone, or any body, only he had a cold and could not get beyond a negro recitation, which might have been Chinese poetry for all the company understood of it. In fact it was the greatest affair of the kind which C— had seen for many a long day. Mr. and *Miss* Radstock came, and were received with cold politeness by both father and daughter. The young man was good-looking, with an intelligent eye, a pleasing address, and none of that pertness of manner which usually belongs to those who have just thrown off the medical student to become the doctor. Miss Radstock, his sister, who kept house for him, until he found a wife, was a charming girl of about twenty. She smiled at the manner of both Mr. and Miss Walker, but said nothing. Young Radstock's only revenge for the lady of the house's coldness and stateliness of tone, was asking her to dance at the first opportunity, which certainly was vexatious, for his tone was so pleasing, his manner so courteous, that my friend Maria could not but feel pleased—when she wanted to be irate, distant, and haughty.

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They danced together several times, and to the astonishment of many friends of the young lady, of myself in particular, they went down to supper the best friends in the world, laughing and joking like old acquaintances.

Next day, however, she resumed her original coldness of manner when the brother and sister called to pay their respects. She was simply polite, and no more, and after two or three words they retired, Emily Radstock becoming as stiff and formal as her new acquaintance. From that day Maria became very miserable. She was not avaricious, and did not fear her father losing his practice from any pecuniary motives, but it was pride that influenced her. Her father had for some years monopolized the parish, as his predecessor had for forty years before him; and now to behold a young unfledged physician setting up exactly opposite, and threatening to divide in time the business of the town, was dreadful. *The* physician of the town, sounded better, too, than one of the doctors, and altogether it was a most unpleasant affair.

Maria's place was now always the bow-window. She had no amusement but to watch the opposite

house, to see if patients came, or if Edward Radstock made any attempt to call about and introduce himself. But for some time she had the satisfaction of remarking, that not a soul called at the house, save the butcher, the baker, and other contributors to the interior comforts of man, and Maria began to feel the hope that Edward Radstock would totally fail in his endeavors to introduce himself. She remarked, however, that the young man took it very quietly; he sat by his sister's side while she played the piano, or with a book and a cigar at the open window, or took Emily a drive in his gig; always, when he remarked Maria at the open window, bowing with provoking courtesy, nothing daunted by her coldness of manner, or her pretense of not noticing his politeness.

One day Mr. Walker was out, he had been called to a distance to see a patient, who was very seriously ill, when Maria sat at the bow-window looking up the street. Suddenly she saw a boy come running down on their side of the way; she knew him by his bright buttons, light jacket, and gold lace. It was the page of the Perkinses, a family with a host of little children, who, from constant colds, indigestions, and fits of illness, caused by too great a liking for the pleasures of the table, which a fond mother had not the heart to restrain, were continually on Mr. Walker's books.

The boy rang violently at the bell, and Maria opened the parlor-door and listened.

"Is Mr. Walker at home?" said the boy, scarcely able to speak from want of breath.

"No," replied the maid who had opened the door.

"He will be home directly," said Maria, advancing.

"Oh! but missus can't wait, there's little Peter been and swallowed a marble, and the baby's took with fits," and away rushed the boy across the road to the hated rival's house.

Maria retreated into her room and sank down upon a sofa. The enemy had gained an entrance into the camp, it was quite clear. In a moment more she rose, just in time to see Mr. Edward Radstock hurrying down the street beside the little page, without waiting to order his gig. This was a severe blow to the doctor's daughter. The Perkinses were a leading family in the town, and one to whom her father was called almost every day in the year. They had a large circle of acquaintances, and if young Radstock became their medical adviser, others would surely follow. In about an hour, the young man returned and joined his sister in the drawing-room, as if nothing had happened. This was more provoking than his success. If he had assumed an air of importance and bustle, and had hurried up to inform his sister with an air of joy and triumph of what had happened, she might have been tempted to pity him, but he did every thing in such a quiet, gentlemanly way, that she felt considerable alarm for the future.

Maria was in the habit of spending most of her evenings from home, her father being generally out, and that large house in consequence lonely. The town of C— was famous for its tea and whist-parties, and though Maria was not of an age to play cards, except to please others, she, however, sometimes condescended to do so. One evening she was invited to the house of a Mrs. Brunton, who announced her intention of receiving company every Thursday. She went, and found the circle very pleasant and agreeable, but, horror of horrors—there was Mr. Edward Radstock and his sister Emily; and worse than that, when a lady present volunteered to play a quadrille, and the ladies accepted eagerly, up he came, of all others, to invite her to dance! Mrs. Brunton the instant before had asked her to play at whist, to oblige three regular players, who could not find a fourth.

"I am afraid," she said, quietly, but in rather distant tones, "I am engaged"—the young man looked surprised, even hurt, for no gentleman had spoken to her since she had entered the room—"to make a fourth at the whist-table, but—"

"Oh, go and dance, Miss Walker," exclaimed Mrs. Brunton, "I did not know dancing was going to begin, when I asked you to make up a rubber."

Maria offered her hand to the young man, and walked away to the dancing-room. Despite herself, that evening she was very much pleased with him. He was well informed, had traveled, was full of taste and feeling, and conversed with animation and originality; he sought every opportunity of addressing himself to her, and found these opportunities without much difficulty. For several Thursdays the same thing occurred. The young man began to find a little practice. He was popular wherever he went, and whenever he was called in was quite sure of keeping up the connection. He was asked out to all the principal parties in the town; and had Mr. Walker been not very much liked, would have proved a very serious rival.

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One morning the father and daughter were at breakfast. Maria, who began to like her bow-window better than ever, sat near it to scent the fragrance of her flowers. When the young doctor came out, she always now returned his bow, and a young lady opposite declared in confidence to her dressmaker that she had even kissed her hand to him once. However this may be, Maria sat at the bow-window, pouring out tea for her father in a very abstracted mood. Mr. Walker had been called out at an early hour, and returned late. He was not in the best of humors, having waited four hours beyond his time for his tea.

"I shall die in the workhouse," said he, as he buttered his toast with an irritability of manner quite alarming. "This Radstock is getting all the practice. I heard of two new patients yesterday."

"Oh, papa," replied Maria, gently. "I don't think he has got a dozen altogether."

"A dozen—but that's a dozen lost to me, miss. It's a proof that people think me old—worn out—useless."

"Nonsense, papa; C— is increasing in population every day, and for every one he gets, you get two."

"My dear," replied Mr. Walker, with considerable animation, "I think you are beginning to side with my rival."

A loud knocking came this instant to the door, and the man-servant immediately after announced "Dr. Radstock."

Mr. Walker had no time to make any remark, ere the young man entered the room, bowing most politely to the old gentleman and his daughter; both looked confused, and the father much surprised. He was in elegant morning costume, and looked both handsome and happy—the old doctor thought, triumphant.

"Pardon me, sir," said he, "for disturbing you at this early hour; but your numerous calls take you so much out, that one must take you when one can find you. My errand will doubtless surprise you, but I am very frank and open; my object in visiting you is to ask permission to pay my addresses to your daughter."

"To do what, sir?" thundered the old doctor in a towering passion. "Are you not satisfied with trying to take from me my practice, but you must ask me for my child? I tell you, sir, nothing on earth would make me consent to your marriage with my daughter."

"But, sir," said Edward Radstock, turning to Maria, "I have your daughter's permission to make this request. I told her of my intentions last night, and she authorized me to say that she approved of them."

"Maria," exclaimed the father, almost choking with rage, "is this true?"

"My dear papa, I am in no hurry to get married, but if I did, I must say, that I should never think of marrying any one but Edward Radstock. I will not get married against your will, but I will never marry any one else; nothing will make me."

"Ungrateful girl," muttered Mr. Thomas Walker, and next minute he sank back in his chair in a fit of apoplexy.

"Open the window, raise the blinds," said the young man, preparing with promptitude and earnestness to take the necessary remedies, "be not alarmed. It is not a dangerous attack."

Maria quietly obeyed her lover, quite aware of the necessity of self-possession and presence of mind in a case like the present. In half an hour Mr. Walker was lying in a large, airy bedroom, and the young man had left, at the request of Maria, to attend a patient of her father's. It was late at night before Edward was able to take a moment's rest. What with his own patients, and those of his rival, he was overwhelmed with business; but at eleven o'clock he approached the bedside of the father of Maria, who, with her dear Emily now by her side, sat watching.

"He sleeps soundly," said Maria in a low tone, as Edward entered.

"Yes, and is doing well," replied Radstock. "I answer for his being up and stirring to-morrow, if he desires it."

"But it will be better for him to rest some days," said Maria.

"But, my dear Miss Walker," continued the young doctor, "what will his patients do?"

"You can attend to them as you have done to-day," replied Maria.

"My dear Miss Walker, you, who know me, could trust me with your father's patients; you know, that when he was able to go about, I would hand them all back to him without hesitation. But you must be aware, that for your father to discover me attending to his patients, would retard his recovery. If I do as you ask me, I must retire from C— immediately on his convalescence."

"No, sir," said Dr. Walker, in a faint voice, "I shall not be about for a month; after making me take to my bed, the least you can do is to attend to my patients."

"If you wish it, sir—?"

"I insist upon it; and to prevent any opposition, you can say we are going into partnership."

"But—" said Edward.

"If you want my daughter," continued Dr. Walker, gruffly, "you must do as I tell you. If you wish to be my son-in-law, you must be my partner, work like a horse, slave day and night, while I smoke my pipe and drink my grog."

"My dear sir," exclaimed the young man, "you overwhelm me."

"Dear papa!" said Maria.

"Yes, dear papa!" muttered old Walker; "pretty girl you are; give a party to crush the interloper; faint when he gets his first patient; watch him from your bow-window like a cat watches a mouse,

and then—marry him."

"But, my dear papa, is not this the surest way to destroy the opposition?" said happy Maria.

"Yes! because we can not crush him, we take him as a partner," grumbled old Walker; "never heard of such a thing; nice thing it is to have children who take part with your enemies." [Pg 54]

Nobody made any reply, and after a little more faint attempts at fault-finding, the old doctor fell asleep.

About six months later, after a journey to Scotland, which made me lose sight of Maria, I drove up the streets of C—, after my return to my native Greenwich, which, with its beautiful park, its Blackheath, its splendid and glorious monument of English greatness, its historic associations, I dearly love, and eager to see the dear girl, never stopped until I was in her arms.

"How you have grown," said she, with a sweet and happy smile.

"Grown! indeed; do you take me for a child?" cried I, laughing. "And you! how well and pleased you look; always at the bow-window, too; I saw you as I came up."

"I am very seldom there now," said she, with a strange smile.

"Why?"

"Because I live over the way," replied she, still smiling.

"Over the way?" said I.

"Yes, my dear girl; alas! for the mutability of human things—Maria Walker is now Mrs. Radstock."

I could not help it; I laughed heartily. I was very glad. I had been interested in the young man, and the *dénoûement* was delightful.

The firm of Walker and Radstock prospered remarkably without rivalry, despite a great increase in the neighborhood; but the experience of the old man, and the perseverance of the young, frightened away all opposition. They proved satisfactorily that union is indeed strength. Young Radstock was a very good husband. He told me privately that he had fallen in love with Maria the very first day he saw her; and every time I hear from them I am told of a fresh accession to the number of faces that stare across for grandpapa, who generally, when about to pay them a visit, shows himself first at the Bow-window.

THE FRENCH FLOWER GIRL.

I was lingering listlessly over a cup of coffee on the Boulevard des Italiens, in June. At that moment I had neither profound nor useful resources of thought. I sate simply conscious of the cool air, the blue sky, the white houses, the lights, and the lions, which combine to render that universally pleasant period known as "after dinner," so peculiarly agreeable in Paris.

In this mood my eyes fell upon a pair of orbs fixed intently upon me. Whether the process was effected by the eyes, or by some pretty little fingers, simply, I can not say; but, at the same moment, a rose was insinuated into my button-hole, a gentle voice addressed me, and I beheld, in connection with the eyes, the fingers, and the voice, a girl. She carried on her arm a basket of flowers, and was, literally, nothing more nor less than one of the *Bouquetières* who fly along the Boulevards like butterflies, with the difference that they turn their favorite flowers to a more practical account.

Following the example of some other distracted *décorés*, who I found were sharing my honors, I placed a piece of money—I believe, in my case, it was silver—in the hand of the girl; and, receiving about five hundred times its value, in the shape of a smile and a "*Merci bien, monsieur!*" was again left alone—"desolate," a Frenchman would have said)—in the crowded and carousing Boulevard.

To meet a perambulating and persuasive *Bouquetière*, who places a flower in your coat and waits for a pecuniary acknowledgment, is scarcely a rare adventure in Paris; but I was interested—unaccountably so—in this young girl: her whole manner and bearing was so different and distinct from all others of her calling. Without any of that appearance which, in England, we are accustomed to call "theatrical," she was such a being as we can scarcely believe in out of a ballet. Not, however, that her attire departed—except, perhaps, in a certain coquetish simplicity—from the conventional mode: its only decorations seemed to be ribbons, which also gave a character to the little cap that perched itself with such apparent insecurity upon her head. Living a life that seemed one long summer's day—one floral *fête*—with a means of existence that seemed so frail and immaterial—she conveyed an impression of *unreality*. She might be likened to a Nymph, or a Naiad, but for the certain something that brought you back to the theatre, intoxicating the senses, at once, with the strange, indescribable fascinations of hot chandeliers—close and perfumed air—foot-lights, and fiddlers.

Evening after evening I saw the same girl—generally at the same place—and, it may be readily imagined, became one of the most constant of her *clientelle*. I learned, too, as many facts relating

to her as could be learned where most was mystery. Her peculiar and persuasive mode of disposing of her flowers (a mode which has since become worse than vulgarized by bad imitators) was originally her own graceful instinct—or whim, if you will. It was something new and natural, and amused many, while it displeased none. The sternest of stockbrokers, even, could not choose but be decorated. Accordingly, this new Nydia of Thessaly went out with her basket one day, awoke next morning, and found herself famous.

Meantime there was much discussion, and more mystification, as to who this Queen of Flowers could be—where she lived—and so forth. Nothing was known of her except her name—Hermance. More than one adventurous student—you may guess I am stating the number within bounds—traced her steps for hour after hour, till night set in—in vain. Her flowers disposed of, she was generally joined by an old man, respectably clad, whose arm she took with a certain confidence, that sufficiently marked him as a parent or protector; and the two always contrived sooner or later, in some mysterious manner, to disappear.

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After all stratagems have failed, it generally occurs to people to ask a direct question. But this in the present case was impossible. Hermance was never seen except in very public places—often in crowds—and to exchange twenty consecutive words with her, was considered a most fortunate feat. Notwithstanding, too, her strange, wild way of gaining her livelihood, there was a certain dignity in her manner which sufficed to cool the too curious.

As for the directors of the theatres, they exhibited a most appropriate amount of madness on her account; and I believe that at several of the theatres, Hermance might have commanded her own terms. But only one of these miserable men succeeded in making a tangible proposal, and he was treated with most glorious contempt. There was, indeed, something doubly dramatic in the *Bouquetière's* disdain of the drama. She who *lived* a romance could never descend to act one. She would rather be Rosalind than Rachel. She refused the part of Cerito, and chose to be an Alma on her own account.

It may be supposed that where there was so much mystery, imagination would not be idle. To have believed all the conflicting stories about Hermance, would be to come to the conclusion that she was the stolen child of noble parents, brought up by an *ouvrier*: but that somehow her father was a tailor of dissolute habits, who lived a contented life of continual drunkenness, on the profits of his daughter's industry;—that her mother was a deceased duchess—but, on the other hand, was alive, and carried on the flourishing business of a *blanchisseuse*. As for the private life of the young lady herself, it was reflected in such a magic mirror of such contradictory impossibilities, in the delicate discussions held upon the subject, that one had no choice but to disbelieve every thing.

One day a new impulse was given to this gossip by the appearance of the *Bouquetière* in a startling hat of some expensive straw, and of a make bordering on the ostentatious. It could not be doubted that the profits of her light labors were sufficient to enable her to multiply such finery to almost any extent, had she chosen; but in Paris the adoption of a bonnet or a hat, in contradistinction to the little cap of the *grisette*, is considered an assumption of a superior grade, and unless warranted by the "position" of the wearer, is resented as an impertinence. In Paris, indeed, there are only two classes of women—those with bonnets, and those without; and these stand in the same relation to one another, as the two great classes into which the world may be divided—the powers that be, and the powers that want to be. Under these circumstances, it may be supposed that the surmises were many and marvelous. The little *Bouquetière* was becoming proud—becoming a lady;—but how? why? and above all—where? Curiosity was never more rampant, and scandal never more inventive.

For my part, I saw nothing in any of these appearances worthy, in themselves, of a second thought; nothing could have destroyed the strong and strange interest which I had taken in the girl; and it would have required something more potent than a straw hat—however coquettish in crown, and audacious in brim—to have shaken my belief in her truth and goodness. Her presence, for the accustomed few minutes, in the afternoon or evening, became to me—I will not say a necessity, but certainly a habit;—and a habit is sufficiently despotic when

"A fair face and a tender voice have made me—"

I will not say "mad and blind," as the remainder of the line would insinuate—but most deliciously in my senses, and most luxuriously wide awake!

But to come to the catastrophe—

"One morn we missed *her* in the accustomed spot—"

Not only, indeed, from "accustomed" and probable spots, but from unaccustomed, improbable, and even impossible spots—all of which were duly searched—was she missed. In short, she was not to be found at all. All was amazement on the Boulevards. Hardened old *flaneurs* turned pale under their rouge, and some of the younger ones went about with drooping mustaches, which, for want of the *cire*, had fallen into the "yellow leaf."

A few days sufficed, however, for the cure of these sentimentalities. A clever little monkey at the Hippodrome, and a gentleman who stood on his head while he ate his dinner, became the immediate objects of interest, and Hermance seemed to be forgotten. I was one of the few who retained any hope of finding her, and my wanderings for that purpose, without any guide, clew,

information, or indication, seem to me now something absurd. In the course of my walks, I met an old man, who was pointed out to me as her father—met him frequently, alone. The expression of his face was quite sufficient to assure me that he was on the same mission—and with about as much chance of success as myself. Once I tried to speak to him; but he turned aside, and avoided me with a manner that there could be no mistaking. This surprised me, for I had no reason to suppose that he had ever seen my face before.

A paragraph in one of the newspapers at last threw some light on the matter. The *Bouquetière* had never been so friendless or unprotected as people had supposed. In all her wanderings she was accompanied, or rather followed, by her father; whenever she stopped, then he stopped also; and never was he distant more than a dozen yards, I wonder that he was not recognized by hundreds, but I conclude he made some change in his attire or appearance, from time to time. One morning this strange pair were proceeding on their ramble as usual, when, passing through a rather secluded street, the *Bouquetière* made a sudden bound from the pavement, sprung into a post-chaise, the door of which stood open, and was immediately whirled away, as fast as four horses could tear—leaving the old man alone with his despair, and the basket of flowers.

Three months have passed away since the disappearance of the *Bouquetière*; but only a few days since I found myself one evening very dull at one of those "brilliant receptions," for which Paris is so famous. I was making for the door, with a view to an early departure, when my hostess detained me, for the purpose of presenting me to a lady who was monopolizing all the admiration of the evening—she was the newly-married bride of a young German baron of great wealth, and noted for a certain wild kind of genius, and utter scorn of conventionalities. The next instant I found myself introduced to a pair of eyes that could never be mistaken. I dropped into a vacant chair by their side, and entered into conversation. The baronne observed that she had met me before, but could not remember where, and in the same breath asked me if I was a lover of flowers.

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I muttered something about loving beauty in any shape, and admired a bouquet which she held in her hand.

The baronne selected a flower, and asked me if it was not a peculiarly fine specimen. I assented; and the flower, not being re-demanded, I did not return it. The conversation changed to other subjects, and, shortly afterward the baronne took her leave with her husband. They left Paris next day for the baron's family estate, and I have never seen them since.

I learned subsequently that some strange stories had obtained circulation respecting the previous life of the baronne. Whatever they were, it is very certain that this or some other reason has made the profession of *Bouquetière* most inconveniently popular in Paris. Young ladies of all ages that can, with any degree of courtesy, be included in that category, and of all degrees of beauty short of the hunch-back, may be seen in all directions intruding their flowers with fatal pertinacity upon inoffensive loungers, and making war upon button-holes that never did them any harm. The youngest of young girls, I find, are being trained to the calling, who are all destined, I suppose, to marry distinguished foreigners from some distant and facetious country.

I should have mentioned before, that a friend calling upon me the morning after my meeting with the baronne, saw the flower which she had placed in my hand standing in a glass of water on the table. An idea struck me: "Do you know any thing of the language of flowers?" I asked.

"Something," was the reply.

"What, then, is the meaning of this?"

"SECRECY."

DIFFICULTY.

There is an aim which all Nature seeks; the flower that opens from the bud—the light that breaks the cloud into a thousand forms of beauty—is calmly striving to assume the perfect glory of its power; and the child, whose proud laugh heralds the mastery of a new lesson, unconsciously develops the same life-impulse seeking to prove the power it has felt its own.

This is the real goal of life shining dimly from afar; for as our fullest power was never yet attained, it is a treasure which must be sought, its extent and distance being unknown. No man can tell what he can do, or suffer, until tried; his path of action broadens out before him; and, while a path appears, there is power to traverse it. It is like the fabled hill of Genius, that ever presented a loftier elevation above the one attained. It is like the glory of the stars, which shine by borrowed light, each seeming source of which is tributary to one more distant, until the view is lost to us; yet we only know there must be a life-giving centre, and, to the steady mind, though the goal of life be dim and distant, its light is fixed and certain, while all lesser aims are but reflections of this glory in myriad-descending shades, which must be passed, one by one, as the steps of the ladder on which he mounts to Heaven.

Man has an unfortunate predilection to pervert whatever God throws in his way to aid him, and thus turn good to evil. The minor hopes which spur to action are mistaken for the final one; and we often look no higher than some mean wish, allowing that to rule us which should have been

our servant. From this false view rises little exertion, for it is impossible for man to believe in something better and be content with worse. We all aim at self-control and independence while in the shadow of a power which controls us, whispering innerly, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;" but how apt is self-indulgence to suit this limit to its own measure, and suffer veneration and doubt to overgrow and suppress the rising hope of independent thought. "I am not permitted to know this, or to do this," is the excuse of the weak and trivial; but the question should be, "*Can I know or do this?*" for what is not permitted we can not do. We may not know the events of the future, or the period of a thought, or the Great First Cause, but we may hope to see and combine the atoms of things—pierce the realms of space—make the wilderness a garden—attain perfection of soul and body; and for this our end we may master all things needful.

There is nothing possible that faith and striving can not do; take the road, and it must lead you to the goal, though strewn with difficulties, and cast through pain and shade. If each would strain his energies to gain what he has dared to hope for, he would succeed, for since that which we love and honor is in our nature, it is to be drawn forth, and what is not there we can not wish.

Our greatest drawback is, not that we expect too much, but that we do too little; we set our worship low, and let our higher powers lie dormant; thus are we never masters, but blind men stumbling in each other's way. As maturity means self-controlling power, so he who gains not this is childish, and must submit, infant-like, to be controlled by others. This guidance we must feel in our upward course, and be grateful for the check; but as we have each a work to do, we must look beyond help to independence. The school-boy receives aid in learning that he may one day strive with his own power, for if he always depends on help he can never be a useful man.

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He who seeks for himself no path, but merely follows where others have been before, covering his own want with another's industry, may find the road not long or thickly set, but he does and gains nothing. He who bows to difficulty, settling at the foot of the hill instead of struggling to its top, may get a sheltered place—a snug retreat, but the world in its glory he can never see, and the pestilence from the low ground he must imbibe. We may rest in perfect comfort, but the health that comes of labor will fade away. The trees of the forest were not planted that man might pass round and live between them, but that he might cut them down and use them. The savage has little toil before him, but the civilized man has greater power of happiness.

Would a man be powerful, and bid his genius rule his fellow-men? he must toil to gain means; while his thought reads the hearts that he would sway, he must be led into temptation, and pass through pain and danger, ere he can know what another may endure. Would he pour golden truth upon the page of life? he must seek it from every source, weigh the relations of life, and concede to its taste, that he may best apply it, for the proverb must be written in fair round hand, that common men may read it. Would he picture the life of man or nature? he must go forth with heart and eye alive, nor turn from the sorest notes of human woe, or the coarsest tones of vice; he must watch the finest ray of light, and mark the falling of the last withered leaf. Would he be actively benevolent? winter cold, nor summer lassitude must not appall him; in season and out of season he must be ready; injured pride, wounded feeling must not unstring his energy, while stooping to learn from the simplest lips the nature of those wants to which he would minister.

In all accomplishment there is difficulty; the greater the work, the greater the pains. There is no such thing as sudden inspiration or grace, for the steps of life are slow, and what is not thus attained is nothing worth. In darkness the eyes must be accustomed to the gloom when objects appear, one by one, until the most distant is perceived; but, in a sudden light the eyes are pained, and blinded, and left weak.

At school, we found that when one difficulty was surmounted another was presented; mastering "Addition" would not do—we must learn "Subtraction;" so it is in life. A finished work is a glory won, but a mind content with one accomplishment is childish, and its weakness renders it incapable of applying that—"From him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath;" his one talent shall rise up to him as a shame. A little sphere insures but little happiness.

There is a time of youth for all; but youth has a sphere of hope that, embracing the whole aim which man must work for, gives unbounded happiness. Thus God would equalize the lot of all where necessity would create difference; it is only when states are forced unnaturally that misery ensues. When those who would seem to be men are children in endeavor, we see that God's will is not done, but a falsehood. The greatest of us have asked and taken guidance in their rising course, and owned inferiority without shame; but his is a poor heart that looks to be inferior ever; and shameful indeed it is, when those who are thus poor imagine or assume a right to respect as self-supporting men. How painfully ridiculous it is to see the lazy man look down on his struggling wife as the "weaker vessel," or the idle sinecurist hold contempt for the tradesman who is working his way to higher wealth by honest toil. Were the aims of living truly seen, no man would be dishonored because useful. But wait awhile; the world is drawing near the real point, and we shall find that the self-denying, fearless energy, that works its will in spite of pettiness, must gain its end, and become richest; that the man who begins with a penny in the hope of thousands will grow wealthier than his aimless brother of the snug annuity; for while the largest wealth that is not earned is limited, the result of ceaseless toil is incalculable, since the progress of the soul is infinite!

CHAPTER XLVI.

A GLANCE AT THE "PREFECTURE DE POLICE."

Poor Mahon's melancholy story made a deep impression upon me, and I returned to Paris execrating the whole race of spies and "Mouchards," and despising, with a most hearty contempt, a government compelled to use such agencies for its existence. It seemed to me so utterly impossible to escape the snares of a system so artfully interwoven, and so vain to rely on innocence as a protection, that I felt a kind of reckless hardihood as to whatever might betide me, and rode into the Cour of the Prefecture with a bold indifference as to my fate that I have often wondered at since.

The horse on which I was mounted was immediately recognized as I entered; and the obsequious salutations that met me showed that I was regarded as one of the trusty followers of the Minister; and in this capacity was I ushered into a large waiting-room, where a considerable number of persons were assembled, whose air and appearance, now that necessity for disguise was over, unmistakably pronounced them to be spies of the police. Some, indeed, were occupied in taking off their false whiskers and mustaches; others were removing shades from their eyes; and one was carefully opening what had been the hump on his back, in search of a paper he was anxious to discover.

I had very little difficulty in ascertaining that these were all the very lowest order of "Mouchards," whose sphere of duty rarely led beyond the Fauxbourg or the Battyriolles, and indeed soon saw that my own appearance among them led to no little surprise and astonishment. [Pg 58]

"You are looking for Nicquard, monsieur?" said one, "but he has not come yet."

"No; monsieur wants to see Boule-de-Fer," said another.

"Here's José can fetch him," cried a third.

"He'll have to carry him, then," growled out another, "for I saw him in the Morgue this morning!"

"What! dead?" exclaimed several together.

"As dead as four stabs in the heart and lungs can make a man! He must have been meddling where he had no business, for there was a piece of a lace ruffle found in his fingers."

"Ah, voila!" cried another, "that comes of mixing in high society."

I did not wait for the discussion that followed, but stole quietly away, as the disputants were waxing warm. Instead of turning into the Cour again, however, I passed out into a corridor, at the end of which was a door of green cloth. Pushing open this, I found myself in a chamber, where a single clerk was writing at a table.

"You're late to-day, and he's not in a good humor," said he, scarcely looking up from his paper, "go in!"

Resolving to see my adventure to the end, I asked no further questions, but passed on to the room beyond. A person who stood within the door-way withdrew as I entered, and I found myself standing face to face with the Marquis de Maurepas, or, to speak more properly, the Minister Fouché. He was standing at the fire-place as I came in, reading a newspaper, but no sooner had he caught sight of me than he laid it down, and, with his hands crossed behind his back, continued steadily staring at me.

"Diable!" exclaimed he, at last, "how came you here?"

"Nothing more naturally, sir, than from the wish to restore what you were so good as to lend me, and express my sincere gratitude for a most hospitable reception."

"But who admitted you?"

"I fancy your saddle-cloth was my introduction, sir, for it was speedily recognized. Gesler's cap was never held in greater honor."

"You are a very courageous young gentleman, I must say—very courageous, indeed," said he, with a sardonic grin that was any thing but encouraging.

"The better chance that I may find favor with Monsieur de Fouché," replied I.

"That remains to be seen, sir," said he, seating himself in his chair, and motioning me to a spot in front of it. "Who are you?"

"A lieutenant of the 9th Hussars, sir; by name Maurice Tiernay."

"I don't care for that," said he, impatiently; "what's your occupation?—how do you live?—with whom do you associate?"

"I have neither means nor associates. I have been liberated from the Temple but a few days back;

and what is to be my future, and where, are facts of which I know as little as does Monsieur de Fouché of my past history."

"It would seem that every adventurer, every fellow destitute of home, family, fortune, and position, thinks that his natural refuge lies in this Ministry, and that I must be his guardian."

"I never thought so, sir."

"Then why are you here? What other than personal reasons procures me the honor of this visit?"

"As Monsieur de Fouché will not believe in my sense of gratitude, perhaps he may put some faith in my curiosity, and excuse the natural anxiety I feel to know if Monsieur de Maurepas has really benefited by the pleasure of my society."

"Hardi, monsieur, bien hardi," said the Minister, with a peculiar expression of irony about the mouth that made me almost shudder. He rang a little hand-bell as he spoke, and a servant made his appearance.

"You have forgotten to leave me my snuff-box, Geoffroy," said he, mildly, to the valet, who at once left the room, and speedily returned with a magnificently-chased gold box, on which the initials of the First Consul were embossed in diamonds.

"Arrange those papers, and place those books on the shelves," said the Minister. And then turning to me, as if resuming a previous conversation, went on—

"As to that memoir of which we were speaking t'other night, monsieur, it would be exceedingly interesting just now; and I have no doubt that you will see the propriety of confiding to me what you already promised to Monsieur de Maurepas. That will do, Geoffroy; leave us."

The servant retired, and we were once more alone.

"I possess no secrets, sir, worthy the notice of the Minister of Police," said I boldly.

"Of that I may presume to be the better judge," said Fouché calmly. "But waiving this question, there is another of some importance. You have, partly by accident, partly by a boldness not devoid of peril, obtained some little insight into the habits and details of this Ministry; at least, you have seen enough to suspect more, and misrepresent what you can not comprehend. Now, sir, there is an almost universal custom in all secret societies, of making those who intrude surreptitiously within their limits, to take every oath and pledge of that society, and to assume every responsibility that attaches to its voluntary members—"

"Excuse my interrupting you, sir; but my intrusion was purely involuntary; I was made the dupe of a police spy."

"Having ascertained which," resumed he, coldly, "your wisest policy would have been to have kept the whole incident for yourself alone, and neither have uttered one syllable about it, nor ventured to come here, as you have done, to display what you fancy to be your power over the Minister of Police. You are a very young man, and the lesson may possibly be of service to you; and never forget that to attempt a contest of address with those whose habits have taught them every wile and subtlety of their fellow-men, will always be a failure. This Ministry would be a sorry engine of government if men of your stamp could out-wit it."

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I stood abashed and confused under a rebuke which, at the same time, I felt to be but half deserved.

"Do you understand Spanish?" asked he suddenly.

"No, sir, not a word."

"I'm sorry for it; you should learn that language without loss of time. Leave your address with my secretary, and call here by Monday or Tuesday next."

"If I may presume so far, sir," said I, with a great effort to seem collected, "I would infer that your intention is to employ me in some capacity or other. It is, therefore, better I should say at once, I have neither the ability nor the desire for such occupation. I have always been a soldier. Whatever reverses of fortune I may meet with, I would wish still to continue in the same career. At all events, I could never become a—a—"

"Spy. Say the word out; its meaning conveys nothing offensive to my ears, young man. I may grieve over the corruption that requires such a system; but I do not confound the remedy with the disease."

"My sentiments are different, sir," said I resolutely, as I moved toward the door. "I have the honor to wish you a good morning."

"Stay a moment, Tiernay," said he, looking for something among his papers; "there are, probably, situations where all your scruples could find accommodation, and even be serviceable, too."

"I would rather not place them in peril, Mons. Le Ministre."

"There are people in this city of Paris who would not despise my protection, young man; some of them to the full as well supplied with the gifts of fortune as Mons. Tiernay."

"And, doubtless, more fitted to deserve it!" said I, sarcastically; for every moment now rendered me more courageous.

"And, doubtless, more fitted to deserve it," repeated he after me, with a wave of the hand in token of adieu.

I bowed respectfully, and was retiring, when he called out in a low and gentle voice—

"Before you go, Mons. de Tiernay, I will thank you to restore my snuff-box."

"Your snuff-box, sir!" cried I, indignantly, "what do I know of it?"

"In a moment of inadvertence, you may, probably, have placed it in your pocket," said he, smiling; "do me the favor to search there."

"This is unnecessary insult, sir," said I fiercely; "and you forget that I am a French officer!"

"It is of more consequence that you should remember it," said he calmly; "and now, sir, do as I have told you."

"It is well, sir, that this scene has no witness," said I, boiling over with passion, "or, by Heaven, all the dignity of your station should not save you."

"Your observation is most just," said he, with the same coolness. "It is as well that we are quite alone; and for this reason I beg to repeat my request. If you persist in a refusal, and force me to ring that bell—"

"You would not dare to offer me such an indignity," said I, trembling with rage.

"You leave me no alternative, sir," said he, rising, and taking the bell in his hand. "My honor is also engaged in this question. I have preferred a charge—"

"You have," cried I, interrupting, "and for whose falsehood I am resolved to hold you responsible."

"To prove which, you must show your innocence."

"There, then—there are my pockets; here are the few things I possess. This is my pocket-book—my purse. Oh, heavens, what is this?" cried I, as I drew forth the gold box, along with the other contents of my pocket; and then staggering back, I fell, overwhelmed with shame and sickness, against the wall. For some seconds I neither saw nor heard any thing; a vague sense of ineffable disgrace—of some ignominy that made life a misery, was over me, and I closed my eyes with the wish never to open them more.

"The box has a peculiar value in my eyes, sir," said he; "it was a present from the First Consul, otherwise I might have hesitated—"

"Oh, sir, you can not, you dare not, suppose me guilty of a theft. You seem bent on being my ruin; but, for mercy's sake, let your hatred of me take some other shape than this. Involve me in what snares, what conspiracies you will, give me what share you please in any guilt, but spare me the degradation of such a shame."

He seemed to enjoy the torments I was suffering, and actually revel in the contemplation of my misery; for he never spoke a word, but continued steadily to stare me in the face.

"Sit down here, monsieur," said he, at length, while he pointed to a chair near him; "I wish to say a few words to you, in all seriousness, and in good faith, also."

I seated myself, and he went on.

"The events of the last two days must have made such an impression on your mind that even the most remarkable incidents of your life could not compete with. You fancied yourself a great discoverer, and that, by the happy conjuncture of intelligence and accident, you had actually fathomed the depths of that wonderful system of police, which, more powerful than armies or councils, is the real government of France! I will not stop now to convince you that you have not wandered out of the very shallowest channels of this system. It is enough that you have been admitted to an audience with me, to suggest an opposite conviction, and give to your recital, when you repeat the tale, a species of importance. Now, sir, my counsel to you is, never to repeat it, and for this reason; nobody possessed of common powers of judgment will ever believe you! not one, sir! No one would ever believe that Monsieur Fouché had made so grave a mistake, no more than he would believe that a man of good name and birth, a French officer, could have stolen a snuff-box. You see, Monsieur de Tiernay, that I acquit you of this shameful act. Imitate my generosity, sir, and forget all that you have witnessed since Tuesday last. I have given you good advice, sir; if I find that you profit by it, we may see more of each other."

Scarcely appreciating the force of his parable, and thinking of nothing save the vindication of my honor, I muttered a few unmeaning words, and withdrew, glad to escape a presence which had assumed, to my terrified senses, all the diabolical subtlety of satanic influence. Trusting that no future accident of my life should ever bring me within such precincts, I hurried from the place as though it were contaminated and plague-stricken.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"THE VILLAGE OF SCHWARTZ-ACH."

I was destitute enough when I quitted the "Temple," a few days back; but my condition now was sadder still, for in addition to my poverty and friendlessness, I had imbibed a degree of distrust and suspicion that made me shun my fellow-men, and actually shrink from the contact of a stranger. The commonest show of courtesy, the most ordinary exercise of politeness, struck me as the secret wiles of that police, whose machinations, I fancied, were still spread around me. I had conceived a most intense hatred of civilization, or, at least, of what I rashly supposed to be the inherent vices of civilized life. I longed for what I deemed must be the glorious independence of a savage. If I could but discover this Paradise beyond seas, of which the marquis raved so much; if I only could find out that glorious land which neither knew secret intrigues nor conspiracies, I should leave France forever, taking any condition, or braving any mischances fate might have in store for me.

There was something peculiarly offensive in the treatment I had met with. Imprisoned on suspicion, I was liberated without any "amende;" neither punished like a guilty man, nor absolved as an innocent one. I was sent out upon the world as though the state would not own nor acknowledge me; a dangerous practice, as I often thought, if only adopted on a large scale. It was some days before I could summon resolution to ascertain exactly my position: at last I did muster up courage, and under pretense of wishing to address a letter to myself, I applied at the Ministry of War for the address of Lieutenant Tiernay, of the 9th Hussars. I was one of a large crowd similarly engaged, some inquiring for sons that had fallen in battle, or husbands or fathers in far away countries. The office was only open each morning for two hours, and consequently, as the expiration of the time drew nigh, the eagerness of the inquirers became far greater, and the contrast with the cold apathy of the clerks the more strongly marked. I had given way to many, who were weaker than myself, and less able to buffet with the crowd about them; and at last, when, wearied by waiting, I was drawing nigh the table, my attention was struck by an old, a very old man, who, with a beard white as snow, and long mustaches of the same color, was making great efforts to gain the front rank. I stretched out my hand, and caught his, and by considerable exertion, at last succeeded in placing him in front of me.

He thanked me fervently, in a strange kind of German, a *patois* I had never heard before, and kissed my hand three or four times over in his gratitude; indeed, so absorbed was he for the time in his desire to thank me, that I had to recall him to the more pressing reason of his presence, and warn him that but a few minutes more of the hour remained free.

"Speak up," cried the clerk, as the old man muttered something in a low and very indistinct voice; "speak up; and remember, my friend, that we do not profess to give information further back than the times of 'Louis Quatorze.'"

This allusion to the years of the old man was loudly applauded by his colleagues, who drew nigh to stare at the cause of it.

"Sacre bleu! he is talking Hebrew," said another, "and asking for a friend who fell at Ramoth Gilead."

"He is speaking German," said I, peremptorily, "and asking for a relative whom he believes to have embarked with the expedition to Egypt."

"Are you a sworn interpreter, young man?" asked an older and more consequential-looking personage.

I was about to return a hasty reply to this impertinence, but I thought of the old man, and the few seconds that still remained for his inquiry, and I smothered my anger, and was silent.

"What rank did he hold?" inquired one of the clerks, who had listened with rather more patience to the old man. I translated the question for the peasant, who, in reply, confessed that he could not tell. The youth was his only son, and had left home many years before, and never written. A neighbor, however, who had traveled in foreign parts, had brought tidings that he had gone with the expedition to Egypt, and was already high in the French army.

"You are not quite certain that he did not command the army of Egypt?" said one of the clerks in mockery of the old man's story.

"It is not unlikely," said the peasant gravely, "he was a brave and bold youth, and could have lifted two such as you with one hand and hurled you out of that window."

"Let us hear his name once more," said the elder clerk; "it is worth remembering."

"I have told you already. It was Karl Kleber."

"The General—General Kleber!" cried three or four in a breath.

"Mayhap," was all the reply.

"And are you the father of the great general of Egypt?" asked the elder, with an air of deep respect.

Not a word was said in answer to this speech, and each seemed to feel reluctant to tell the sad tidings. At last the elder clerk said, "You have lost a good son, and France one of her greatest captains. The General Kleber is dead."

"Dead!" said the old man, slowly.

"In the very moment of his greatest glory, too, when he had won the country of the Pyramids, and made Egypt a colony of France."

"When did he die?" said the peasant.

"The last accounts from the East brought the news; and this very day the Council of State has accorded a pension to his family of ten thousand livres."

"They may keep their money. I am all that remains, and have no want of it; and I should be poorer still before I'd take it."

These words he uttered in a low, harsh tone, and pushed his way back through the crowd.

One moment more was enough for *my* inquiry.

"Maurice Tiernay, of the 9th—*destitué*," was the short and stunning answer I received.

"Is there any reason alleged—is there any charge imputed to him?" asked I, timidly.

"Ma foi! you must go to the Minister of War with that question. Perhaps he was pay-master, and embezzled the funds of the regiment; perhaps he liked royalist gold better than republican silver; or perhaps he preferred the company of the baggage-train and the 'ambulances,' when he should have been at the head of his squadron."

I did not care to listen longer to this impertinence, and making my way out I gained the street. The old peasant was still standing there, like one stunned and overwhelmed by some great shock, and neither heeding the crowd that passed, nor the groups that halted occasionally to stare at him.

"Come along with *me*," said I, taking his hand in mine. "*Your* calamity is a heavy one, but *mine* is harder to bear up against."

He suffered himself to be led away like a child, and never spoke a word as we walked along toward the "barriere," beyond which, at a short distance, was a little ordinary, where I used to dine. There we had our dinner together, and as the evening wore on the old man rallied enough to tell me of his son's early life, and his departure for the army. Of his great career *I* could speak freely, for Kleber's name was, in soldier esteem, scarcely second to that of Bonaparte himself. Not all the praises I could bestow, however, were sufficient to turn the old man from his stern conviction, that a peasant in the "Lech Thal" was a more noble and independent man than the greatest general that ever marched to victory.

"We have been some centuries there," said he, "and none of our name has incurred a shadow of disgrace. Why should not Karl have lived like his ancestors?"

It was useless to appeal to the glory his son had gained—the noble reputation he had left behind him. The peasant saw in the soldier but one who hired out his courage and his blood, and deemed the calling a low and unworthy one. I suppose I was not the first who, in the effort to convince another, found himself shaken in his own convictions; for I own before I lay down that night many of the old man's arguments assumed a force and power that I could not resist, and held possession of my mind even after I fell asleep. In my dreams I was once more beside the American lake, and that little colony of simple people, where I had seen all that was best of my life, and learned the few lessons I had ever received of charity and good-nature.

From what the peasant said, the primitive habits of the Lech Thal must be almost like those of that little colony, and I willingly assented to his offer to accompany him in his journey homeward. He seemed to feel a kind of satisfaction in turning my thoughts away from a career that he held so cheaply, and talked enthusiastically of the tranquil life of the Bregenzer-wald.

We left Paris the following morning, and, partly by diligence, partly on foot, reached Strassburg in a few days; thence we proceeded by Kehel to Freyburg, and, crossing the Lake of Constance at Rorsbach, we entered the Bregenzer-wald on the twelfth morning of our journey. I suppose that most men preserve fresher memory of the stirring and turbulent scenes of their lives than of the more peaceful and tranquil ones, and I shall not be deemed singular when I say, that some years passed over me in this quiet spot and seemed as but a few weeks. The old peasant was the "Vorsteher," or ruler of the village, by whom all disputes were settled, and all litigation of an humble kind decided—a species of voluntary jurisdiction maintained to this very day in that primitive region. My occupation there was as a species of secretary to the court, an office quite new to the villagers, but which served to impress them more reverentially than ever in favor of this rude justice. My legal duties over, I became a vine-dresser, a wood-cutter, or a deer-stalker, as season and weather dictated. My evenings being always devoted to the task of a schoolmaster. A curious seminary was it, too, embracing every class from childhood to advanced age, all eager for knowledge, and all submitting to the most patient discipline to attain it. There was much to make me happy in that humble lot. I had the love and esteem of all around me; there was neither

a harassing doubt for the future, nor the rich man's contumely to oppress me; my life was made up of occupations which alternately engaged mind and body, and, above all and worth all besides, I had a sense of duty, a feeling that I was doing that which was useful to my fellow-men; and however great may be a man's station in life, if it want this element, the humblest peasant that rises to his daily toil has a nobler and a better part.

As I trace these lines how many memories of the spot are rising before me! Scenes I had long forgotten—faces I had ceased to remember! And now I see the little wooden bridge—a giant tree, guarded by a single rail, that crossed the torrent in front of our cottage; and I behold once more the little waxen image of the Virgin over the door, in whose glass shrine at nightfall a candle ever burned! and I hear the low hum of the villagers' prayer as the Angelus is singing, and see on every crag or cliff the homebound hunter kneeling in his deep devotion!

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Happy people, and not less good than happy! Your bold and barren mountains have been the safeguard of your virtue and your innocence! Long may they prove so, and long may the waves of the world's ambition be staid at their rocky feet!

I was beginning to forget all that I had seen of life, or, if not forget, at least to regard it as a wild and troubled dream, when an accident, one of those things we always regard as the merest chances, once more opened the flood-gates of memory, and sent the whole past in a strong current through my brain.

In this mountain region the transition from winter to summer is effected in a few days. Some hours of a scorching sun and south wind swell the torrents with melted snow; the icebergs fall thundering from cliff and crag, and the sporting waterfall once more dashes over the precipice. The trees burst into leaf, and the grass springs up green and fresh from its wintry covering; and from the dreary aspect of snow-capped hills and leaden clouds, nature changes to fertile plains and hills, and a sky of almost unbroken blue.

It was on a glorious evening in April, when all these changes were passing, that I was descending the mountain above our village after a hard day's chamois hunting. Anxious to reach the plain before nightfall, I could not, however, help stopping from time to time to watch the golden and ruby tints of the sun upon the snow, or see the turquoise blue which occasionally marked the course of a rivulet through the glaciers. The Alp-horn was sounding from every cliff and height, and the lowing of the cattle swelled into a rich and mellow chorus. It was a beautiful picture, realizing in every tint and hue, in every sound and cadence, all that one can fancy of romantic simplicity, and I surveyed it with a swelling and a grateful heart.

As I turned to resume my way, I was struck by the sound of voices speaking, as I fancied, in French, and before I could settle the doubt with myself, I saw in front of me a party of some six or seven soldiers, who, with their muskets slung behind them, were descending the steep path by the aid of sticks.

Weary-looking and foot-sore as they were, their dress, their bearing, and their soldier-like air, struck me forcibly, and sent into my heart a thrill I had not known for many a day before. I came up quickly behind them, and could overhear their complaints at having mistaken the road, and their maledictions, muttered in no gentle spirit, on the stupid mountaineers who could not understand French.

"Here comes another fellow, let us try *him*," said one, as he turned and saw me near. "Schwartz-Ach, Schwartz-Ach," added he, addressing me, and reading the name from a slip of paper in his hand.

"I am going to the village," said I, in French, "and will show the way with pleasure."

"How! what! are you a Frenchman, then?" cried the corporal, in amazement.

"Even so," said I.

"Then by what chance are you living in this wild spot? How, in the name of wonder, can you exist here?"

"With venison like this," said I, pointing to a chamois buck on my shoulder, "and the red wine of the Lech Thal, a man may manage to forget Veray's and the "Dragon Vert," particularly as they are not associated with a bill and a waiter!"

"And perhaps you are a royalist," cried another, "and don't like how matters are going on at home?"

"I have not that excuse for my exile," said I, coldly.

"Have you served, then?"

I nodded.

"Ah, I see," said the corporal, "you grew weary of parade and guard mounting."

"If you mean that I deserted," said I, "you are wrong there also; and now let it be my turn to ask a few questions. What is France about? Is the Republic still as great and victorious as ever?"

"Sacre bleu, man, what are you thinking of? We are an Empire some years back, and Napoleon has made as many kings as he has got brothers and cousins to crown."

"And the army, where is it?"

"Ask for some half dozen armies, and you'll still be short of the mark. We have one in Hamburg, and another in the far North, holding the Russians in check; we have garrisons in every fortress of Prussia and the Rhine Land; we have some eighty thousand fellows in Poland and Galicia; double as many more in Spain; Italy is our own, and so will be Austria ere many days go over."

Boastfully as all this was spoken, I found it to be not far from truth, and learned, as we walked along, that the emperor was, at that very moment, on the march to meet the Archduke Charles, who, with a numerous army, was advancing on Ratisbon, the little party of soldiers being portion of a force dispatched to explore the passes of the "Voralberg," and report on how far they might be practicable for the transmission of troops to act on the left flank and rear of the Austrian army. Their success had up to this time been very slight, and the corporal was making for Schwartz-Ach, as a spot where he hoped to rendezvous with some of his comrades. They were much disappointed on my telling them that I had quitted the village that morning, and that not a soldier had been seen there. There was, however, no other spot to pass the night in, and they willingly accepted the offer I made them of a shelter and a supper in our cottage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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VAGARIES OF THE IMAGINATION.

"Fancy it burgundy," said Boniface of his ale, "only fancy it, and it is worth a guinea a quart!" Boniface was a philosopher: fancy can do much more than that. Those who fancy themselves laboring under an affection of the heart are not slow in verifying the apprehension: the uneasy and constant watching of its pulsations soon disturbs the circulation, and malady may ensue beyond the power of medicine. Some physicians believe that inflammation can be induced in any part of the body by a fearful attention being continually directed toward it; indeed it has been a question with some whether the stigmata (the marks of the wounds of our Saviour) may not have been produced on the devotee by the influences of an excited imagination. The hypochondriac has been known to expire when forced to pass through a door which he fancied too narrow to admit his person. The story of the criminal who, unconscious of the arrival of the reprieve, died under the stroke of a wet handkerchief, believing it to be the ax, is well known. Paracelsus held, "that there is in man an imagination which really effects and brings to pass the things that did not before exist; for a man by imagination willing to move his body moves it in fact, and by his imagination and the commerce of invisible powers he may also move another body." Paracelsus would not have been surprised at the feats of electro-biology. He exhorts his patients to have "a good faith, a strong imagination, and they shall find the effects. All doubt," he says, "destroys work, and leaves it imperfect in the wise designs of nature; it is from faith that imagination draws its strength, it is by faith it becomes complete and realized; he who believeth in nature will obtain from nature to the extent of his faith, and let the object of this faith be real or imaginary, he nevertheless reaps similar results—and hence the cause of superstition."

So early as 1462, Pomponatus of Mantua came to the conclusion, in his work on incantation, that all the arts of sorcery and witchcraft were the result of natural operations. He conceived that it was not improbable that external means, called into action by the soul, might relieve our sufferings, and that there did, moreover, exist individuals endowed with salutary properties; so it might, therefore, be easily conceived that marvelous effects should be produced by the imagination and by confidence, more especially when these are reciprocal between the patient and the person who assists his recovery. Two years after, the same opinion was advanced by Agrippa in Cologne. "The soul," he said, "if inflamed by a fervent imagination, could dispense health and disease, not only in the individual himself, but in other bodies." However absurd these opinions may have been considered, or looked on as enthusiastic, the time has come when they will be gravely examined.

That medical professors have at all times believed the imagination to possess a strange and powerful influence over mind and body is proved by their writings, by some of their prescriptions, and by their oft-repeated direction in the sick-chamber to divert the patient's mind from dwelling on his own state and from attending to the symptoms of his complaint. They consider the reading of medical books which accurately describe the symptoms of various complaints as likely to have an injurious effect, not only on the delicate but on persons in full health; and they are conscious how many died during the time of the plague and cholera, not only of these diseases but from the dread of them, which brought on all the fatal symptoms. So evident was the effect produced by the detailed accounts of the cholera in the public papers in the year 1849, that it was found absolutely necessary to restrain the publications on the subject. The illusions under which vast numbers acted and suffered have gone, indeed, to the most extravagant extent: individuals, not merely singly but in communities, have actually believed in their own transformation. A nobleman of the court of Louis XIV. fancied himself a dog, and would pop his head out of the window to bark at the passengers; while the barking disease at the camp-meetings of the Methodists of North America has been described as "extravagant beyond belief." Rollin and Hecquet have recorded a malady by which the inmates of an extensive convent near Paris were attacked simultaneously every day at the same hour, when they believed themselves transformed into cats, and a universal mewing was kept up throughout the convent for some hours. But of all dreadful

forms which this strange hallucination took, none was so terrible as that of the lycanthropy, which at one period spread through Europe; in which the unhappy sufferers, believing themselves wolves, went prowling about the forests, uttering the most terrific howlings, carrying off lambs from the flocks, and gnawing dead bodies in their graves.

While every day's experience adds some new proof of the influence possessed by the imagination over the body, the supposed effect of contagion has become a question of doubt. Lately, at a meeting in Edinburgh, Professor Dick gave it as his opinion that there was no such thing as hydrophobia in the lower animals: "what went properly by that name was simply an inflammation of the brain; and the disease, in the case of human beings, was caused by an over-excited imagination, worked upon by the popular delusion on the effects of a bite by rabid animals." The following paragraph from the "Curiosities of Medicine" appears to justify this now common enough opinion:—"Several persons had been bitten by a rabid dog in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and three of them had died in our hospital. A report, however, was prevalent that we kept a mixture which would effectually prevent the fatal termination; and no less than six applicants who had been bitten were served with a draught of colored water, and in no one instance did hydrophobia ensue."

A remarkable cure through a similar aid of the imagination took place in a patient of Dr. Beddoes, who was at the time very sanguine about the effect of nitrous acid gas in paralytic cases. Anxious that it should be imbibed by one of his patients, he sent an invalid to Sir Humphry Davy, with a request that he would administer the gas. Sir Humphry put the bulb of the thermometer under the tongue of the paralytic, to ascertain the temperature of the body, that he might be sure whether it would be affected at all by the inhalation of the gas. The patient, full of faith from what the enthusiastic physician had assured him would be the result, and believing that the thermometer was what was to effect the cure, exclaimed at once that he felt better. Sir Humphry, anxious to see what imagination would do in such a case, did not attempt to undeceive the man, but saying that he had done enough for him that day, desired him to be with him the next morning. The thermometer was then applied as it had been the day before, and for every day during a fortnight—at the end of which time the patient was perfectly cured.

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Perhaps there is nothing on record more curious of this kind than the cures unwittingly performed by Chief-justice Holt. It seems that for a youthful frolic he and his companions had put up at a country inn; they, however, found themselves without the means of defraying their expenses, and were at a loss to know what they should do in such an emergency. Holt, however, perceived that the innkeeper's daughter looked very ill, and on inquiring what was the matter, learned that she had the ague; when, passing himself off for a medical student, he said that he had an infallible cure for the complaint. He then collected a number of plants, mixed them up with various ceremonies, and inclosed them in parchment, on which he scrawled divers cabalistic characters. When all was completed, he suspended the amulet round the neck of the young woman, and, strange to say, the ague left her and never returned. The landlord, grateful for the restoration of his daughter, not only declined receiving any payment from the youths, but pressed them to remain as long as they pleased. Many years after, when Holt was on the bench, a woman was brought before him, charged with witchcraft: she was accused of curing the ague by charms. All she said in defense was, that she did possess a ball which was a sovereign remedy in the complaint. The charm was produced and handed to the judge, who recognized the very ball which he had himself compounded in his boyish days, when out of mere fun he had assumed the character of a medical practitioner.

Many distinguished physicians have candidly confessed that they preferred confidence to art. Faith in the remedy is often not only half the cure, but the whole cure. Madame de Genlis tells of a girl who had lost the use of her leg for five years, and could only move with the help of crutches, while her back had to be supported: she was in such a pitiable state of weakness, the physicians had pronounced her case incurable. She, however, took it into her head that if she was taken to Notre Dame de Liesse she would certainly recover. It was fifteen leagues from Carlepont where she lived. She was placed in a cart which her father drove, while her sister sat by her supporting her back. The moment the steeple of Notre Dame de Liesse was in sight she uttered an exclamation, and said that her leg was getting well. She alighted from the car without assistance, and no longer requiring the help of her crutches, she ran into the church. When she returned home the villagers gathered about her, scarcely believing that it was indeed the girl who had left them in such a wretched state, now they saw her running and bounding along, no longer a cripple, but as active as any among them.

Not less extraordinary are the cures which are effected by some sudden agitation. An alarm of fire has been known to restore a patient entirely or for a time, from a tedious illness: it is no uncommon thing to hear of the victim of a severe fit of the gout, whose feet have been utterly powerless, running nimbly away from some approaching danger. Poor Grimaldi in his declining years had almost quite lost the use of his limbs owing to the most hopeless debility. As he sat one day by the bed side of his wife, who was ill, word was brought to him that a friend waited below to see him. He got down to the parlor with extreme difficulty. His friend was the bearer of heavy news which he dreaded to communicate: it was the death of Grimaldi's son, who, though reckless and worthless, was fondly loved by the poor father. The intelligence was broken as gently as such a sad event could be: but in an instant Grimaldi sprung from his chair—his lassitude and debility were gone, his breathing, which had for a long time been difficult, became perfectly easy—he was hardly a moment in bounding up the stairs which but a quarter of an hour before he had passed with extreme difficulty in ten minutes; he reached the bed-side, and told his wife that

their son was dead; and as she burst into an agony of grief he flung himself into a chair, and became again instantaneously, as it has been touchingly described, "an enfeebled and crippled old man."

The imagination, which is remarkable for its ungovernable influence, comes into action on some occasions periodically with the most precise regularity. A friend once told us of a young relation who was subject to nervous attacks: she was spending some time at the sea-side for change of air, but the evening-gun, fired from the vessel in the bay at eight o'clock, was always the signal for a nervous attack: the instant the report was heard she fell back insensible, as if she had been shot. Those about her endeavored if possible to withdraw her thoughts from the expected moment: at length one evening they succeeded, and while she was engaged in an interesting conversation the evening-gun was unnoticed. By-and-by she asked the hour, and appeared uneasy when she found the time had passed. The next evening it was evident that she would not let her attention be withdrawn: the gun fired, and she swooned away: and when revived, another fainting fit succeeded, as if it were to make up for the omission of the preceding evening! It is told of the great tragic actress Clairon, who had been the innocent cause of the suicide of a man who destroyed himself by a pistol-shot, that ever after, at the exact moment when the fatal deed had been perpetrated—one o'clock in the morning—she heard the shot. If asleep, it awakened her; if engaged in conversation, it interrupted her; in solitude or in company, at home or traveling, in the midst of revelry or at her devotions, she was sure to hear it to the very moment.

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The same indelible impression has been made in hundreds of cases, and on persons of every variety of temperament and every pursuit, whether engaged in business, science, or art, or rapt in holy contemplation. On one occasion Pascal had been thrown down on a bridge which had no parapet, and his imagination was so haunted forever after by the danger, that he always fancied himself on the brink of a steep precipice overhanging an abyss ready to engulf him. This illusion had taken such possession of his mind that the friends who came to converse with him were obliged to place the chairs on which they seated themselves between him and the fancied danger. But the effects of terror are the best known of all the vagaries of imagination.

A very remarkable case of the influence of imagination occurred between sixty and seventy years since in Dublin, connected with the celebrated frolics of Dalkey Island. It is said Curran and his gay companions delighted to spend a day there, and that with them originated the frolic of electing "a king of Dalkey and the adjacent islands," and appointing his chancellor and all the officers of state. A man in the middle rank of life, universally respected, and remarkable alike for kindly and generous feelings and a convivial spirit, was unanimously elected to fill the throne. He entered with his whole heart into all the humors of the pastime, in which the citizens of Dublin so long delighted. A journal was kept, called the "Dalkey Gazette," in which all public proceedings were inserted, and it afforded great amusement to its conductors. But the mock pageantry, the affected loyalty, and the pretended homage of his subjects, at length began to excite the imagination of "King John," as he was called. Fiction at length became with him reality, and he fancied himself "every inch a king." His family and friends perceived with dismay and deep sorrow the strange delusion which nothing could shake: he would speak on no subject save the kingdom of Dalkey and its government, and he loved to dwell on the various projects he had in contemplation for the benefit of his people, and boasted of his high prerogative: he never could conceive himself divested for one moment of his royal powers, and exacted the most profound deference to his kingly authority. The last year and a half of his life were spent in Swift's hospital for lunatics. He felt his last hours approaching, but no gleam of returning reason marked the parting scene: to the very last instant he believed himself a king, and all his cares and anxieties were for his people. He spoke in high terms of his chancellor, his attorney-general, and all his officers of state, and of the dignitaries of the church: he recommended them to his kingdom, and trusted they might all retain the high offices which they now held. He spoke on the subject with a dignified calmness well becoming the solemn leave-taking of a monarch; but when he came to speak of the crown he was about to relinquish forever his feelings were quite overcome, and the tears rolled down his cheeks: "I leave it," said he, "to my people, and to him whom they may elect as my successor!" This remarkable scene is recorded in some of the notices of deaths for the year 1788. The delusion, though most painful to his friends, was far from an unhappy one to its victim: his feelings were gratified to the last while thinking he was occupied with the good of his fellow-creatures—an occupation best suited to his benevolent disposition.

MYSTERIES!

"I believe nothing that I do not understand," is the favorite saying of Mr. Pettipo Dapperling, a gentleman who very much prides himself on his intellectual perspicacity. Yet ask Mr. Pettipo if he understands how it is that he wags his little finger, and he can give you no reasonable account of it. He will tell you (for he has read books and "studied" anatomy), that the little finger consists of so many jointed bones, that there are tendons attached to them before and behind, which belong to certain muscles, and that when these muscles are made to contract, the finger wags. And this is nearly all that Mr. Pettipo knows about it! How it is that the volition acts on the muscles, what volition is, what the will is—Mr. Pettipo knows not. He knows quite as little about the Sensation which resides in the skin of that little finger—how it is that it feels and appreciates forms and surfaces—why it detects heat and cold—in what way its papillæ erect themselves, and its pores open and close—about all this he is entirely in the dark. And yet Mr. Pettipo is under the

necessity of believing that his little finger wags, and that it is endowed with the gift of sensation, though he in fact knows nothing whatever of the why or the wherefore.

We must believe a thousand things that we can not understand. Matter and its combinations are a grand mystery—how much more so, Life and its manifestations. Look at those far-off worlds majestically wheeling in their appointed orbits, millions of miles off: or, look at this earth on which we live, performing its diurnal motion upon its own axis, and its annual circle round the sun! What do we understand of the causes of such motions? what can we ever know about them, beyond the facts that such things are so? To discover and apprehend facts is much, and it is nearly our limit. To ultimate causes we can never ascend. But to have an eye open to receive facts and apprehend their relative value—that is a great deal—that is our duty; and not to reject, suspect, or refuse to accept them, because they happen to clash with our preconceived notions, or, like Mr. Pettipo Dapperling, because we "can not understand" them.

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"O, my dear Kepler!" writes Galileo to his friend, "how I wish that we could have one hearty laugh together! Here at Padua is the principal Professor of Philosophy, whom I have repeatedly and urgently requested to look at the moon and planets through my glass, which he pertinaciously refuses to do. Why are you not here? What shouts of laughter we should have at this glorious folly! And to hear the Professor of Philosophy at Pisa lecturing before the Grand Duke with logical arguments, as if with magical incantations to charm the new planets out of the sky!"

Rub a stick of wax against your coat-sleeve, and it emits sparks: hold it near to light, fleecy particles of wool or cotton, and it first attracts, then it repels them. What do you understand about that, Mr. Pettipo, except merely that it is so? Stroke the cat's back before the fire, and you will observe the same phenomena. Your own body will, in like manner, emit sparks in certain states, but you know nothing about why it is so.

Pour a solution of muriate of lime into one of sulphate of potash—both clear fluids; but no sooner are they mixed together than they become nearly solid. How is that? You tell me that an ingredient of the one solution combines with an ingredient of the other, and an insoluble sulphate of lime is produced. Well! you tell me a fact; but you do not account for it by saying that the lime has a greater attraction for the sulphuric acid than the potash has: you do not *understand* how it is—you merely see that it is so. You must believe it.

But when you come to Life, and its wonderful manifestations, you are more in the dark than ever. You understand less about this than you do even of dead matter. Take an ordinary every-day fact: you drop two seeds, whose component parts are the same, into the same soil. They grow up so close together that their roots mingle and their stalks intertwine. The one plant produces a long slender leaf, the other a short flat leaf—the one brings forth a beautiful flower, the other an ugly scruff—the one sheds abroad a delicious fragrance, the other is entirely inodorous. The hemlock, the wheatstalk, and the rose-tree, out of the same chemical ingredients contained in the soil, educe, the one deadly poison, the other wholesome food, the third a bright consummate flower. Can you tell me, Mr. Pettipo, how is this? Do you understand the secret by which the roots of these plants accomplish so much more than all your science can do, and so infinitely excel the most skillful combinations of the philosopher? You can only recognize the fact—but you can not unravel the mystery. Your saying that it is the "nature" of the plants, does not in the slightest degree clear up the difficulty. You can not get at the ultimate fact—only the proximate one is seen by you.

But lo! here is a wonderful little plant—touch it, and the leaves shrink on the instant: one leaf seeming to be in intimate sympathy with the rest, and the whole leaves in its neighborhood shrinking up at the touch of a foreign object. Or, take the simple pimpernel, which closes its eye as the sun goes down, and opens as he rises again—shrinks at the approach of rain, and expands in fair weather. The hop twines round the pole in the direction of the sun, and—

"The sunflower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look that she turned when he rose."

Do we know any thing about these things, further than they are so?

A partridge chick breaks its shell and steps forth into its new world. Instantly it runs about and picks up the seeds lying about on the ground. It had never learned to run, or to see, or to select its food; but it does all these on the instant. The lamb of a few hours' old frisks about full of life, and sucks its dam's teat with as much accuracy as if it had studied the principle of the air-pump. Instinct comes full-grown into the world at once, and we know nothing about it, neither does the Mr. Dapperling above named.

When we ascend to the higher orders of animated being—to man himself—we are as much in the dark as before—perhaps more so. Here we have matter arranged in its most highly-organized forms—moving, feeling, and thinking. In man the animal powers are concentrated; and the thinking powers are brought to their highest point. How, by the various arrangements of matter in man's body, one portion of the nervous system should convey volitions from the brain to the limbs and the outer organs—how another part should convey sensations with the suddenness of lightning—and how, finally, a third portion should collect these sensations, react upon them, store them up by a process called Memory, reproduce them in thought, compare them, philosophize upon them, embody them in books—is a great and unfathomable mystery!

Life itself! how wonderful it is! Who can understand it, or unravel its secret! From a tiny vesicle,

at first almost imperceptible to the eye, but gradually growing and accumulating about it fresh materials, which are in turns organized and laid down, each in their set places, at length a body is formed, becomes developed—passing through various inferior stages of being—those of polype, fish, frog, and animal—until, at length, the human being rises above all these forms, and the law of the human animal life is fulfilled. First, he is merely instinctive, then sensitive, then reflective—the last the greatest, the crowning work of man's development. But what do we *know* of it all? Do we not merely see that it is so, and turn aside from the great mystery in despair of ever unraveling it?

The body sleeps? Volition, sensation, and thought, become suspended for a time, while the animal powers live on; capillary arteries working, heart beating, lungs playing, all without an effort—voluntarily and spontaneously. The shadow of some recent thought agitates the brain, and the sleeper dreams. Or, his volition may awake, while sensation is still profoundly asleep, and then we have the somnambule, walking in his sleep. Or, volition may be profoundly asleep, while the senses are preternaturally excited, as in the abnormal mesmeric state. Here we have a new class of phenomena, more wonderful because less usual, but not a whit more mysterious than the most ordinary manifestations of life.

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We are astonished to hear men refusing to credit the evidence of their senses as to mesmeric phenomena, on the ground that they can not "understand" them. When they can not understand the commonest manifestations of life—the causation of volition, sensation, or thought—why should they refuse belief on such a ground? Are the facts real? Are these things so? This should be the chief consideration with us. Mysteries they may be; but all life, all matter, all that is, are mysteries too. Do we refuse to believe in the electric telegraph, because the instantaneous transmission of intelligence between points a thousand miles apart seems at first sight fabulous, and, to the uninitiated, profoundly mysterious? Why should not thought—the most wonderful and subtle of known agencies—manifest itself in equally extraordinary ways?

We do not know that what the mesmerists call *clairvoyance* is yet to be held as established by sufficient evidence. Numerous strongly authenticated cases have certainly been adduced by persons whose evidence is above suspicion—as, for instance, by Swedenborg (attested by many impartial witnesses), by Goethe, by Zschokke, by Townshend, by Martineau, and others; but the evidence seems still to want confirmation. Only, we say, let us not prejudge the case—let us wait patiently for all sorts of evidence. We can not argue *à priori* that *clairvoyance* is not true, any more than the Professor at Padua could argue, with justice, that the worlds which Galileo's telescope revealed in the depths of space, were all a sham. That truth was established by extended observation. Let us wait and see whether this may not yet be established, too, by similar means.

Some of the things which the mesmerists, who go the length of *clairvoyance*, tell us, certainly have a very mysterious look; and were not sensation, thought, and all the manifestations of Life (not yet half investigated) all alike mysterious, we might be disposed to shut our eyes with the rest, and say we refused to believe, because we "did not understand."

But equally extraordinary relations to the same effect have been made by men who were neither mesmerists nor clairvoyantes. For instance, Kant, the German writer, relates that Swedenborg once, when living at Gottenburg, some three hundred miles from Stockholm, suddenly rose up and went out, when at the house of one Kostel, in the company of fifteen persons. After a few minutes he returned, pale and alarmed, and informed the party that a dangerous fire had just broken out in Stockholm, in Sudermalm, and that the fire was spreading fast. He was restless, and went out often; he said that the house of one of his friends, whom he named, was already in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At eight o'clock, after he had been out again, he joyfully exclaimed, "Thank God, the fire is extinguished the third door from my house." This statement of Swedenborg's spread through the town, and occasioned consternation and wonder. The governor heard of it, and sent for Swedenborg, who described the particulars of the fire—where and how it had begun, in what manner it had ceased, and how long it had continued. On the Monday evening, two days after the fire, a messenger arrived from Gottenburg, who had been dispatched during the time of the fire, and the intelligence he brought confirmed all that Swedenborg had said as to its commencement: and on the following morning the royal courier arrived at the governor's with full intelligence of the calamity, which did not differ in the least from the relation which Swedenborg had given immediately after the fire had ceased on the Saturday evening.

A circumstance has occurred while the writer was engaged in the preparation of this paper, which is of an equally curious character, to say the least of it. The lady who is the subject of it is a relation of the writer, and is no believer in the "Mysteries of Mesmerism." It may be remarked, however, that she is of a very sensitive and excitable nervous temperament. It happened, that on the night of the 30th of April, a frightful accident occurred on the Birkenhead, Lancashire, and Cheshire Railway, in consequence of first one train, and then another, running into the trains preceding. A frightful scene of tumult, mutilation, and death ensued. It happened that the husband of the lady in question was a passenger in the first train; though she did not know that he intended to go to the Chester races, having been in Liverpool that day on other business. But she had scarcely fallen asleep, ere, half-dozing, half-awake, she *saw* the accident occur—the terror, the alarm, and the death. She walked up and down her chamber in terror and alarm the whole night, and imparted her fears to others in the morning. Her husband was not injured, though greatly shaken by the collision, and much alarmed; and when he returned home in the course of the following day, he could scarcely believe his wife when she informed him of the circumstances which had been so mysteriously revealed to her in connection with his journey of

the preceding day!

Zschokke, an estimable man, well known as a philosopher, statesman, and author, possessed, according to his own and contemporary accounts, the most extraordinary power of divination of the characters and lives of other men with whom he came in contact. He called it his "inward sight," and at first he was himself quite as much astonished at it as others were. Writing of this feature himself, he says: "It has happened to me, sometimes, on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and, as it were, dream-like, yet perfectly distinct, before me. During this time, I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown, wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories. By way of jest, I once, in a family circle at Kirchberg, related the secret history of a seamstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke, for what I had uttered was the *literal* truth; I, on my part, was no less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me, the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consideration on their part. I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental jugglery. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer: 'It was not so.' I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was *true*, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke."^[12] Zschokke gives numerous instances of this extraordinary power of divination or waking clairvoyance, and mentions other persons whom he met, who possessed the same marvelous power.

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The "Posthumous Memoirs of La Harpe" contain equally extraordinary revelations, looking *forward*, instead of backward, as in Zschokke's case, into the frightful events of the great French Revolution, the sightseer being Cazove, a well-known novel writer, who lived previous to the frightful outbreak. Mary Howitt, in her account of the extraordinary "Preaching Epidemic of Sweden," recites circumstances of the same kind, equally wonderful; and the Rev. Mr. Sandy and Mr. Townshend's books on mesmerism are full of similar marvels. Among the various statements, the grand point is, how much of them is true? What are the *facts* of mesmerism? To quote the great Bacon: "He who hath not first, and before all, intimately explained the movements of the human mind, and therein most accurately distinguished the course of knowledge and the seats of error, shall find all things masked, and, as it were, enchanted; and, until he undo the charm, shall be unable to interpret." How few of us have yet arrived at this enviable position.

CLARA CORSINI.—A TALE OF NAPLES.

A young French traveler, named Ernest Leroy, on arriving at Naples, found himself during the first few days quite confused by the multitude of his impressions. Now as it was in search of impressions that he had left his beloved Paris, there was nothing, it should seem, very grievous in this; and yet in the midst of his excitement there occurred intervals of intolerable weariness of spirit—moments when he looked upon the Strada Toledo with disgust, wished himself any where but in San Carlos, sneered at Posilippo, pooh-poohed Vesuvius, and was generally skeptical as to the superiority of *the Bay* over the Bosphorus, which he had not seen. All this came to pass because he had set out on the principle of traveling in a hurry, or, as he expressed it, making the most of his time. Every night before going to bed he made out and wrote down a programme of next day's duties—assigning so many hours to each sight, and so many minutes to each meal, but forgetting altogether to allow himself any opportunity for repose or digestion.

Thus he had come from Paris *viâ* Milan, Florence, and Rome, to Naples—the whole in the space of three weeks, during which, as will be easily imagined, he had visited an incredible number of churches, galleries, temples, and ruins of every description. In order to profit as much as possible by his travels he had arranged beforehand five or six series of ideas, or meditations as he called them: one on the assistance afforded by the fine arts to the progress of civilization, another consisting of a string of sublime commonplaces on the fall of empires and the moral value of monumental history; and so on. Each of these meditations he endeavored to recall on appropriate occasions; and he never had leisure to reflect, that for any instruction he was deriving from what he saw he might as well have stopped at home. However, having some imagination and talent, he frequently found himself carried away by thoughts born of the occasion, and so irresistibly, that once or twice he went through a whole gallery or church before he had done with the train of ideas suggested by some previous sight, and was only made aware that he had seen some unique painting or celebrated windows of stained-glass by the guide claiming payment for his trouble, and asking him to sign a testimonial doing justice to his civility and great store of valuable information. It is only just to state that M. Ernest never failed to comply with either of these demands.

When, however, as we have said, he had been two or three days in Naples, and had rushed over the ground generally traversed by tourists, our young traveler began to feel weary and disgusted. For some time he did not understand what was the matter, and upbraided himself with the lack of industry and decline of enthusiasm, which made him look forward with horror to the summons of Giacomo, his guide, to be up and doing. At length, however, during one sleepless night the truth flashed upon him, and in the morning, to his own surprise and delight, he mustered up courage to dismiss Giacomo with a handsome present, and to declare that that day at least he was resolved to see nothing.

What a delightful stroll he took along the seashore that morning with his eyes half-closed lest he might be tempted to look around for information! He went toward Portici, but he saw nothing except the sand and pebbles at his feet, and the white-headed surf that broke near at hand. For the first time since his departure from Paris he felt light-minded and at ease; and the only incident that occurred to disturb his equanimity was, when his eyes rested for half a second on a broken pillar in a vine-garden, and he was obliged to make an effort to pass by without ascertaining whether it was of Roman date. But this feat once accomplished, he threw up his cap for joy, shouted "*Victoire!*" and really felt independent.

He was much mistaken, however, if he supposed it to be possible to remain long in the enjoyment of that *dolce far niente*, the first savor of which so captivated him. One day, two days passed, at the end of which he found that while he had supposed himself to be doing nothing, he had in reality made the great and only discovery of his travels—namely, that the new country in which he found himself was inhabited, and that, too, by people who, though not quite so different from his countrymen as the savages of the South Sea Islands, possessed yet a very marked character of their own, worthy of study and observation. Thenceforward his journal began to be filled with notes on costume, manners, &c.; and in three weeks, with wonderful modesty, after combining the results of all his researches, he came to the conclusion that he understood nothing at all of the character of the Italians.

In this humble state of mind he wandered forth one morning in the direction of the Castle of St. Elmo, to enjoy the cool breeze that came wafting from the sea, and mingled with and tempered the early sunbeams as they streamed over the eastern hills. Having reached a broad, silent street, bordered only by a few houses and gardens, he resolved not to extend his walk further, but sat down on an old wooden bench under the shade of a platane-tree that drooped over a lofty wall. Here he remained some time watching the few passengers that occasionally turned a distant corner and advanced toward him. He noticed that they all stopped at some one of the houses further down the street, and that none reached as far as where he sat; which led him first to observe that beyond his position were only two large houses, both apparently uninhabited. One, indeed, was quite ruined—many of the windows were built up or covered with old boards; but the other showed fewer symptoms of decay, and might be imagined to belong to some family at that time absent in the country.

He had just come to this very important conclusion when his attention was diverted by the near approach of two ladies elegantly dressed, followed by an elderly serving-man in plain livery, carrying a couple of mass-books. They passed him rather hurriedly, but not before he had time to set them down as mother and daughter, and to be struck with the great beauty and grace of the latter. Indeed, so susceptible in that idle mood was he of new impressions, that before the young lady had gone on more than twenty paces he determined that he was in love with her, and by an instinctive impulse rose to follow. At this moment the serving-man turned round, and threw a calm but inquisitive glance toward him. He checked himself, and affected to look the other way for a while, then prepared to carry out his original intention. To his great surprise, however, both ladies and follower had disappeared.

An ordinary man would have guessed at once that they had gone into one of the houses previously supposed to be uninhabited, but M. Ernest Leroy must needs fancy, first, that he had seen a vision, and then that the objects of his interest had been snatched away by some evil spirit. Mechanically, however, he hurried to the end of the street, which he found terminated in an open piece of ground, which there had not been time for any one to traverse. At length the rational explanation of the matter occurred to him, and he felt for a moment inclined to knock at the door of the house that was in best preservation, and complain of what he persisted in considering a mysterious disappearance. However, not being quite mad, he checked himself, and returning to his wooden bench, sat down, and endeavored to be very miserable.

But this would have been out of character. Instead thereof he began to feel a new interest in life, and to look back with some contempt on the two previous phases of his travels. With youthful romance and French confidence he resolved to follow up this adventure, never doubting for a moment of the possibility of ultimate success, nor of the excellence of the object of his hopes. What means to adopt did not, it is true, immediately suggest themselves; and he remained sitting for more than an hour gazing at the great silent house opposite, until the unpleasant consciousness that he had not breakfasted forced him to beat a retreat.

We have not space to develop—luckily it is not necessary—all the wild imaginings that fluttered through the brain of our susceptible traveler on his return to his lodgings, and especially after a nourishing breakfast had imparted to him new strength and vivacity. Under their influence he repaired again to his post on the old wooden bench under the platane-tree, and even had the perseverance to make a third visit in the evening; for—probably, because he expected the adventure to draw out to a considerable length—he did not imitate the foolish fantasy of some

lovers, and deprive himself of his regular meals. He saw nothing that day; but next morning he had the inexpressible satisfaction of again beholding the two ladies approach, followed by their respectable-looking servant. They passed without casting a glance toward him; but their attendant this time not only turned round, but stopped, and gazed at him in a manner he would have thought impertinent on another occasion. For the moment, however, this was precisely what he wanted, and without thinking much of the consequences that might ensue, he hastily made a sign requesting an interview. The man only stared the more, and then turning on his heel, gravely followed the two ladies, who had just arrived at the gateway of their house.

"I do not know what to make of that rascally valet," thought Ernest. "He seems at once respectable and hypocritical. Probably my appearance does not strike him as representing sufficient wealth, otherwise the hopes of a fair bribe would have induced him at any rate to come out and ask me what I meant."

He was, of course, once more at his post in the afternoon; and this time he had the satisfaction of seeing the door open, and the elderly serving-man saunter slowly out, as if disposed to enjoy the air. First he stopped on the steps, cracking pistachio-nuts, and jerking the shells into the road with his thumb; then took two or three steps gently toward the other end of the street; and at last, just as Ernest was about to follow him, veered round and began to stroll quietly across the road, still cracking his nuts, in the direction of the old wooden bench.

"The villain has at length made up his mind," soliloquized our lover. "He pretends to come out quite by accident, and will express great surprise when I accost him in the way I intend."

The elderly serving-man still came on, seemingly not at all in a hurry to arrive, and gave ample time for an examination of his person. His face was handsome, though lined by age and care, and was adorned by a short grizzled beard. There was something very remarkable in the keenness of his large gray eyes, as there was indeed about his whole demeanor. His dress was a plain suit of black, that might have suited a gentleman; and if Ernest had been less occupied with one idea he would not have failed to see in this respectable domestic a prince reduced by misfortune to live on wages, or a hero who had never had an opportunity of exhibiting his worth.

When this interesting person had reached the corner of the bench he set himself down with a slight nod of apology or recognition—it was difficult to say which—and went on eating his nuts quite unconcernedly. As often happens in such cases, Ernest felt rather puzzled how to enter upon business, and was trying to muster up an appearance of condescending familiarity—suitable, he thought, to the occasion—when the old man, very affably holding out his paper-bag that he might take some nuts, saved him the trouble by observing: "You are a stranger, sir, I believe?"

"Yes, my good fellow," was the reply of Ernest, in academical Italian; "and I have come to this county—"

"I thought so," interrupted the serving-man, persisting in his offer of nuts, but showing very little interest about Ernest's views in visiting Italy—"by your behavior."

"My behavior!" exclaimed the young man, a little nettled.

"Precisely. But your quality of stranger has hitherto protected you from any disagreeable consequences."

This was said so quietly, so amiably, that the warning or menace wrapped up in the words lost much of its bitter savor; yet our traveler could not refrain from a haughty glance toward this audacious domestic, on whom, however, it was lost, for he was deeply intent on his pistachios. After a moment Ernest recovered his self-possession, remembered his schemes, and drawing a little nearer the serving-man, laid his hand confidentially on the sleeve of his coat, and said: "My good man, I have a word or two for your private ear."

Not expressing the least surprise or interest, the other replied: "I am ready to hear what you have to say, provided you will not call me any more your good man. I am not a good man, nor am I your man, without offense be it spoken. My name is Alfonso."

"Well, Alfonso, you are an original person, and I will not call you a good man, though honesty and candor be written on your countenance. (Alfonso smiled, but said nothing). But listen to me attentively, remembering that though neither am I a good man, yet am I a generous one. I passionately love your mistress."

"Ah!" said Alfonso, with any thing but a benevolent expression of countenance. Ernest, who was no physiognomist, noticed nothing; and being mounted on his new hobby-horse, proceeded at once to give a history of his impressions since the previous morning. When he had concluded, the old man, who seemed all benevolence again, simply observed: "Then it is the younger of the two ladies that captivated your affections in this unaccountable manner!"

"Of course," cried Ernest; "and I beseech you, my amiable Alfonso, to put me in the way of declaring what I experience."

"You are an extraordinary young man," was the grave reply; "an extraordinary, an imprudent, and, I will add, a reckless person. You fall in love with a person of whom you know nothing—not even the name. This, however, is, I believe, according to rule among a certain class of minds. Not satisfied with this, you can find no better way of introducing yourself to her notice than

endeavoring to corrupt one whom you must have divined to be a confidential servant. Others would have sought an introduction to the family; you dream at once of a clandestine intercourse —"

"I assure you—" interrupted Ernest, feeling both ashamed and indignant at these remarks proceeding from one so inferior in station.

"Assure me nothing, sir, as to your intentions, for you do not know them yourself. I understand you perfectly, because I was once young and thoughtless like you. Now listen to me: in that house dwells the Contessa Corsini, with her daughter Clara; and if these two persons had no one to protect them but themselves and a foolish old servitor, whom the first comer judges capable of corruption, they would ere this have been much molested; but it happens that the Count Corsini is not dead, and inhabiteth with them, although seldom coming forth into the public streets. What say you, young man, does not this a little disturb your plans?"

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"In the first place," replied Ernest, "I am offended that you will persist in implying—more, it is true, by your manner than your words—that my views are not perfectly avowable."

"Then why, in the name of Heaven, do you not make yourself known to the count, stating your object, and asking formally for his daughter's hand?"

"Not so fast, Alfonso. It was necessary for me to learn, as a beginning, that there was a count in the case."

"And what do you know now? Perhaps those women are two adventurers, and I a rascal playing a virtuous part, in order the better to deceive you."

"You do not look like a rascal," said Ernest, quite innocently. At which observation the old man condescended to laugh heartily, and seemed from that moment to take quite a liking to his new acquaintance. After a little while, indeed, he began to give some information about the young Clara, who, he said, was only sixteen years of age, though quite a woman in appearance, and not unaccomplished. As to her dowry—Ernest interrupted him by saying, that he wished for no information on that point, being himself rich. The old man smiled amiably, and ended the conversation by requesting another interview next day at the same hour, by which time, he said, he might have some news to tell.

Ernest returned home in high spirits, which sank by degrees, however, when he reflected that as Alfonso declined favoring any clandestine correspondence, there was little in reality to be expected from him. True, he had given him some information, and he might now, by means of his letters of introduction, contrive to make acquaintance with the count. But though he spent the whole evening and next morning in making inquiries, he could not meet with any one who had ever even heard of such a person. "Possibly," he thought, "the old sinner may have been laughing at me all the time, and entered into conversation simply with the object of getting up a story to divert the other domestics of the house. If such be the case, he may be sure I shall wreak vengeance upon him."

In spite of these reflections, he was at his post at the hour appointed, and felt quite overjoyed when Alfonso made his appearance. The old man said that a plan had suggested itself by which he might be introduced into the house—namely, that he should pretend to be a professor of drawing, and offer his services. Ernest did not inquire how Alfonso came to know that he was an amateur artist, but eagerly complied with the plan, and was instructed to call on the following morning, and to say that he had heard that a drawing-master was wanted.

He went accordingly, not very boldly, it is true, and looking very much in reality like a poor professor anxious to obtain employment. The contessa, who was yet young and beautiful, received him politely, listened to his proposals, and made no difficulty in accepting them. The preliminaries arranged, Clara was called, and, to Ernest's astonishment, came bouncing into the room like a great school-girl, looked him very hard in the face, and among the first things she said, asked him if he was not the man she had seen two mornings following sitting opposite the house on the bench under the platane tree.

Now Ernest had imagined to himself something so refined, so delicate, so fairy-like, instead of this plain reality, that he all at once began to feel disgusted, and to wish he had acted more prudently. And yet there was Clara, exactly as he had seen her, except that she had exchanged the demure, conventional step adopted by ladies in the street for the free motions of youth; and except that, instead of casting her eyes to the earth, or glancing at him sideways, she now looked toward him with a frank and free gaze, and spoke what came uppermost in her mind. Certes, most men would have chosen that moment to fall in love with so charming a creature; for charming she was beyond all doubt, with large, rich, black eyes, pouting ruby lips, fine oval cheeks, and a mass of ebony hair; but Ernest's first impression was disappointment, and he began to criticise both her and every thing by which she was surrounded.

He saw at once that there was poverty in the house. The furniture was neat, but scanty; and the door had been opened by a female servant, who had evidently been disturbed from some domestic avocations. The contessa and her daughter were dressed very plainly—far differently from what they had been in the street; and it was an easy matter to see that this plainness was not adopted from choice but from necessity. Had Clara come into the room with a slow, creeping step, keeping her eyes modestly fixed on the chipped marble floor, not one of these observations would have been made: the large, dreary house would have been a palace in Ernest's eyes; but

his taste was a morbid one, and in five minutes after he had begun to give his lesson, he began to fear that the conquest he had so ardently desired would be only too easy.

There was something, however, so cheerful and fascinating in Clara's manner that he could not but soon learn to feel pleasure in her society: and when he went away he determined, instead of starting off for Sicily, as he had at first thought of doing, to pay at least one more visit to the house in the character of drawing master. Alfonso joined him as he walked slowly homeward, and asked him how things had passed. He related frankly his first impressions, to which the old man listened very attentively without making any remark. At parting, however, he shook his head, saying that young men were of all animals the most difficult to content.

Next day, when Ernest went to give his lesson, he was told by Alfonso that the contessa, being indisposed, had remained in bed, but that he should find Clara in the garden. There was something romantic in the sound of this, so he hurried to the spot indicated, impatient to have the commonplace impressions of the previous day effaced. This time his disgust was complete. He found Clara engaged in assisting the servant maid to wring and hang out some clothes they had just finished washing. She seemed not at all put out by being caught thus humbly employed; but begging him to wait a little, finished her work, ran away, dressed somewhat carefully, and returning begged he would return to the house. He followed with cheeks burning with shame: he felt the utmost contempt for himself because he had fallen in love with this little housewife, and the greatest indignation against her for having presumed, very innocently, to excite so poetical a sentiment; and, in the stupidity of his offended self-love, resolved to avenge himself by making some spiteful remark ere he escaped from a house into which he considered that he had been regularly entrapped. Accordingly, when she took the pencil in hand, he observed that probably she imagined that contact with soap-suds would improve the delicacy of her touch. Clara did not reply, but began to sketch in a manner that proved she had listened to the pedantic rules he had laid down on occasion of the previous lesson more from modesty than because she was in want of them. Then suddenly rising without attending to some cavil he thought it his duty to make, she went to the piano, and beginning to play, drew forth such ravishing notes, that Ernest, who was himself no contemptible musician, could not refrain from applauding enthusiastically. She received his compliments with a slight shrug of the shoulders, and commenced a song that enabled her to display with full effect the capabilities of her magnificent voice. The soap-suds were forgotten; and Ernest's romance was coming back upon him: he began to chide himself for his foolish prejudices; and thought that, after all, with a little training, Clara might be made quite a lady. Suddenly, however, she broke off her song, and turning toward him with an ironical smile, said: "Not bad for a housemaid, Mr. Professor—is it?"

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He attempted to excuse himself, but he was evidently judged; and, what was more—not as an obscure drawing-master, but as M. Ernest Leroy. His identity was evidently no secret; and she even called him by his name. He endeavored in vain to make a fine speech to apologize for his ill-behavior; but she interrupted him keenly, though good-humoredly, and the entrance of Alfonso was fatal to a fine scene of despair he was about to enact. Clara upon this retired with a profound salute; and Alfonso spoke with more of dignity than usual in his manner, and said: "My young friend, you must excuse a little deception which has been practiced on you, or rather which you have practiced upon yourself. I am going to be very free and frank with you to-day. I am not what you take me for. I am the Count Corsini, a Roman; and because I have not the means of keeping a man-servant, when the women of my family go to church I follow them, as you saw. This is not unusual among my countrymen. It is a foolish pride I know; but so it is. However, the matter interests you not. You saw my daughter Clara, and thought you loved her. I was willing, as on inquiry I found you to be a respectable person, to see how you could agree together; but your pride—I managed and overheard all—has destroyed your chance. My daughter will seek another husband."

There was a cold friendliness in Alfonso's tone which roused the pride of Ernest. He affected to laugh, called himself a foolish madcap, but hinted that a splendid marriage awaited him, if he chose, on his return to Paris; and went away endeavoring to look unconcerned. The following morning he was on board a vessel bound for Palermo, very sea-sick it is true, but thinking at the same time a great deal more of Clara than he could have thought possible had it been predicted.

Some few years afterward Ernest Leroy was in one of the *salons* of the Fauxbourg St. Germain. Still a bachelor, he no longer felt those sudden emotions to which he had been subject in his earlier youth. He was beginning to talk less of sentiments present and more of sentiments passed. In confidential moods he would lay his hand upon his waistcoat—curved out at its lower extremity, by the by, by a notable increase of substance—and allude to a certain divine Clara who had illuminated a moment of his existence. But he was too discreet to enter into details.

Well, being in that *salon*, as we have said, pretending to amuse himself, his attention was suddenly drawn by the announcement of Lady D—. He turned round, probably to quiz *la belle Anglaise* he expected to behold. What was his astonishment on recognizing in the superb woman who leaned on the arm of a tall, military-looking Englishman, the identical Clara Corsini of his youthful memories. He felt at first sick at heart; but, taking courage, soon went up and spoke to her. She remembered him with some little difficulty, smiled, and holding out her alabaster hand, said gently: "Do you see any trace of the soap-suds?" She never imagined he had any feeling in him, and only knew the truth when a large, round tear fell on the diamond of her ring. "Charles," said Ernest awhile afterward to a friend, "it is stifling hot and dreadfully stupid here. Let us go and have a game of billiards."

OUR SCHOOL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

We went to look at it, only this last Midsummer, and found that the Railway had cut it up root and branch. A great trunk-line had swallowed the play-ground, sliced away the school-room, and pared off the corner of the house: which, thus curtailed of its proportions, presented itself, in a green stage of stucco, profile-wise toward the road, like a forlorn flat-iron without a handle, standing on end.

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It seems as if our schools were doomed to be the sport of change. We have faint recollections of a Preparatory Day-School, which we have sought in vain, and which must have been pulled down to make a new street, ages ago. We have dim impressions, scarcely amounting to a belief, that it was over a dyer's shop. We know that you went up steps to it; that you frequently grazed your knees in doing so; that you generally got your leg over the scraper, in trying to scrape the mud off a very unsteady little shoe. The mistress of the Establishment holds no place in our memory; but, rampant on one eternal door-mat, in an eternal entry, long and narrow, is a puffy pug-dog, with a personal animosity toward us, who triumphs over Time. The bark of that baleful Pug, a certain radiating way he had of snapping at our undefended legs, the ghastly grinning of his moist black muzzle and white teeth, and the insolence of his crisp tail curled like a pastoral crook, all live and flourish. From an otherwise unaccountable association of him with a fiddle, we conclude that he was of French extraction, and his name *Fidèle*. He belonged to some female, chiefly inhabiting a back-parlor, whose life appears to us to have been consumed in sniffing, and in wearing a brown beaver bonnet. For her, he would sit up and balance cake upon his nose, and not eat it until twenty had been counted. To the best of our belief, we were once called in to witness this performance; when, unable, even in his milder moments, to endure our presence, he instantly made at us, cake and all.

Why a something in mourning, called "Miss Frost," should still connect itself with our preparatory school, we are unable to say. We retain no impression of the beauty of Miss Frost—if she were beautiful; or of the mental fascinations of Miss Frost—if she were accomplished; yet her name and her black dress hold an enduring place in our remembrance. An equally impersonal boy, whose name has long since shaped itself unalterably into "Master Mawls," is not to be dislodged from our brain. Retaining no vindictive feeling toward Mawls—no feeling whatever, indeed—we infer that neither he nor we can have loved Miss Frost. Our first impression of Death and Burial is associated with this formless pair. We all three nestled awfully in a corner one wintry day, when the wind was blowing shrill, with Miss Frost's pinafore over our heads; and Miss Frost told us in a whisper about somebody being "screwed down." It is the only distinct recollection we preserve of these impalpable creatures, except a suspicion that the manners of Master Mawls were susceptible of much improvement. Generally speaking, we may observe that whenever we see a child intently occupied with its nose, to the exclusion of all other subjects of interest, our mind reverts in a flash to Master Mawls.

But, the School that was Our School before the Railroad came and overthrew it, was quite another sort of place. We were old enough to be put into Virgil when we went there, and to get Prizes for a variety of polishing on which the rust has long accumulated. It was a School of some celebrity in its neighborhood—nobody could have said why—and we had the honor to attain and hold the eminent position of first boy. The master was supposed among us to know nothing, and one of the ushers was supposed to know every thing. We are still inclined to think the first-named supposition perfectly correct.

We have a general idea that its subject had been in the leather trade, and had bought us—meaning our School—of another proprietor, who was immensely learned. Whether this belief had any real foundation, we are not likely ever to know now. The only branches of education with which he showed the least acquaintance, were, ruling, and corporally punishing. He was always ruling ciphering-books with a bloated mahogany ruler, or smiting the palms of offenders with the same diabolical instrument, or viciously drawing a pair of pantaloons tight with one of his large hands, and caning the wearer with the other. We have no doubt whatever that this occupation was the principal solace of his existence.

A profound respect for money pervaded Our School, which was, of course, derived from its Chief. We remember an idiotic, goggle-eyed boy, with a big head and half-crowns without end, who suddenly appeared as a parlor-boarder, and was rumored to have come by sea from some mysterious part of the earth where his parents rolled in gold. He was usually called "Mr." by the Chief, and was said to feed in the parlor on steaks and gravy; likewise to drink currant wine. And he openly stated that if rolls and coffee were ever denied him at breakfast, he would write home to that unknown part of the globe from which he had come, and cause himself to be recalled to the regions of gold. He was put into no form or class, but learnt alone, as little as he liked—and he liked very little—and there was a belief among us that this was because he was too wealthy to be "taken down." His special treatment, and our vague association of him with the sea, and with storms, and sharks, and coral reefs, occasioned the wildest legends to be circulated as his history. A tragedy in blank verse was written on the subject—if our memory does not deceive us, by the hand that now chronicles these recollections—in which his father figured as a Pirate, and was shot for a voluminous catalogue of atrocities: first imparting to his wife the secret of the cave

in which his wealth was stored, and from which his only son's half-crowns now issued. Dumbledon (the boy's name) was represented as "yet unborn," when his brave father met his fate; and the despair and grief of Mrs. Dumbledon at that calamity was movingly shadowed forth as having weakened the parlor-boarder's mind. This production was received with great favor, and was twice performed with closed doors in the dining-room. But, it got wind, and was seized as libelous, and brought the unlucky poet into severe affliction. Some two years afterward, all of a sudden one day, Dumbledon vanished. It was whispered that the Chief himself had taken him down to the Docks, and reshipped him for the Spanish Main; but nothing certain was ever known about his disappearance. At this hour, we can not thoroughly disconnect him from California.

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Our School was rather famous for mysterious pupils. There was another—a heavy young man, with a large double-cased silver watch, and a fat knife, the handle of which was a perfect tool-box—who unaccountably appeared one day at a special desk of his own, erected close to that of the Chief, with whom he held familiar converse. He lived in the parlor, and went out for walks, and never took the least notice of us—even of us, the first boy—unless to give us a depreciatory kick, or grimly to take our hat off and throw it away, when he encountered us out of doors: which unpleasant ceremony he always performed as he passed—not even condescending to stop for the purpose. Some of us believed that the classical attainments of this phenomenon were terrific, but that his penmanship and arithmetic were defective, and he had come there to mend them; others, that he was going to set up a school, and had paid the Chief "twenty-five pound down," for leave to see Our School at work. The gloomier spirits even said that he was going to buy *us*; against which contingency conspiracies were set on foot for a general defection and running away. However, he never did that. After staying for a quarter, during which period, though closely observed, he was never seen to do any thing but make pens out of quills, write small-hand in a secret portfolio, and punch the point of the sharpest blade in his knife into his desk, all over it, he, too, disappeared, and his place knew him no more.

There was another boy, a fair, meek boy, with a delicate complexion and rich curling hair, who, we found out, or thought we found out (we have no idea now, and probably had none then, on what grounds, but it was confidentially revealed from mouth to mouth), was the son of a Viscount who had deserted his lovely mother. It was understood that if he had his rights, he would be worth twenty thousand a year. And that if his mother ever met his father, she would shoot him with a silver pistol which she carried, always loaded to the muzzle, for that purpose. He was a very suggestive topic. So was a young Mulatto, who was always believed (though very amiable) to have a dagger about him somewhere. But, we think they were both outshone, upon the whole, by another boy who claimed to have been born on the twenty-ninth of February, and to have only one birthday in five years. We suspect this to have been a fiction—but he lived upon it all the time he was at Our School.

The principal currency of Our School was slate-pencil. It had some inexplicable value, that was never ascertained, never reduced to a standard. To have a great hoard of it, was somehow to be rich. We used to bestow it in charity, and confer it as a precious boon upon our chosen friends. When the holidays were coming, contributions were solicited for certain boys whose relatives were in India, and who were appealed for under the generic name of "Holiday-stoppers"—appropriate marks of remembrance that should enliven and cheer them in their homeless state. Personally, we always contributed these tokens of sympathy in the form of slate-pencil, and always felt that it would be a comfort and a treasure to them.

Our School was remarkable for white mice. Red-polls, linnets, and even canaries, were kept in desks, drawers, hat-boxes, and other strange refuges for birds; but white mice were the favorite stock. The boys trained the mice, much better than the masters trained the boys. We recall one white mouse, who lived in the cover of a Latin dictionary, who ran up ladders, drew Roman chariots, shouldered muskets, turned wheels, and even made a very creditable appearance on the stage as the Dog of Montargis. He might have achieved greater things, but for having the misfortune to mistake his way in a triumphal procession to the Capitol, when he fell into a deep inkstand, and was dyed black, and drowned. The mice were the occasion of some most ingenious engineering, in the construction of their houses and instruments of performance. The famous one belonged to a Company of proprietors, some of whom have since made Railroads, Engines, and Telegraphs; the chairman has erected mills and bridges in New Zealand.

The usher at our school, who was considered to know every thing as opposed to the Chief who was considered to know nothing, was a bony, gentle-faced, clerical-looking young man in rusty black. It was whispered that he was sweet upon one of Maxby's sisters (Maxby lived close by, and was a day pupil), and further that he "favored Maxby." As we remember, he taught Italian to Maxby's sisters on half-holidays. He once went to the play with them, and wore a white waistcoat and a rose: which was considered among us equivalent to a declaration. We were of opinion on that occasion that to the last moment he expected Maxby's father to ask him to dinner at five o'clock, and therefore neglected his own dinner at half-past one, and finally got none. We exaggerated in our imaginations the extent to which he punished Maxby's father's cold meat at supper; and we agreed to believe that he was elevated with wine and water when he came home. But, we all liked him; for he had a good knowledge of boys, and would have made it a much better school if he had had more power. He was writing-master, mathematical-master, English master, made out the bills, mended the pens, and did all sorts of things. He divided the little boys with the Latin master (they were smuggled through their rudimentary books, at odd times when there was nothing else to do), and he always called at parents' houses to inquire after sick boys, because he had gentlemanly manners. He was rather musical, and on some remote quarter-day

had bought an old trombone; but a bit of it was lost, and it made the most extraordinary sounds when he sometimes tried to play it of an evening. His holidays never began (on account of the bills) until long after ours; but in the summer-vacations he used to take pedestrian excursions with a knapsack; and at Christmas-time he went to see his father at Chipping Norton, who we all said (on no authority) was a dairy-fed-pork-butcher. Poor fellow! He was very low all day on Maxby's sister's wedding-day, and afterward was thought to favor Maxby more than ever, though he had been expected to spite him. He has been dead these twenty years. Poor fellow!

Our remembrance of Our School, presents the Latin master as a colorless, doubled-up, near-sighted man with a crutch, who was always cold, and always putting onions into his ears for deafness, and always disclosing ends of flannel under all his garments, and almost always applying a ball of pocket-handkerchief to some part of his face with a screwing action round and round. He was a very good scholar, and took great pains where he saw intelligence and a desire to learn; otherwise, perhaps not. Our memory presents him (unless teased into a passion) with as little energy as color—as having been worried and tormented into monotonous feebleness—as having had the best part of his life ground out of him in a mill of boys. We remember with terror how he fell asleep one sultry afternoon with the little smuggled class before him, and awoke not when the footstep of the Chief fell heavy on the floor; how the Chief aroused him, in the midst of a dread silence, and said, "Mr. Blinkins, are you ill, sir?" how he blushing replied, "Sir, rather so;" how the Chief retorted with severity, "Mr. Blinkins, this is no place to be ill in" (which was very, very true), and walked back, solemn as the ghost in Hamlet, until, catching a wandering eye, he caned that boy for inattention, and happily expressed his feelings toward the Latin master through the medium of a substitute.

There was a fat little dancing-master who used to come in a gig, and taught the more advanced among us hornpipes (as an accomplishment in great social demand in after-life); and there was a brisk little French master who used to come in the sunniest weather with a handleless umbrella, and to whom the Chief was always polite, because (as we believed), if the Chief offended him, he would instantly address the Chief in French, and forever confound him before the boys with his inability to understand or reply.

There was, besides, a serving man, whose name was Phil. Our retrospective glance presents Phil as a shipwrecked carpenter, cast away upon the desert island of a school, and carrying into practice an ingenious inkling of many trades. He mended whatever was broken, and made whatever was wanted. He was general glazier, among other things, and mended all the broken windows—at the prime cost (as was darkly rumored among us) of ninepence for every square charged three-and-six to parents. We had a high opinion of his mechanical genius, and generally held that the Chief "knew something bad of him," and on pain of divulgence enforced Phil to be his bondsman. We particularly remember that Phil had a sovereign contempt for learning; which engenders in us a respect for his sagacity, as it implies his accurate observation of the relative positions of the Chief and the ushers. He was an impenetrable man, who waited at table between whiles, and, throughout "the half" kept the boxes in severe custody. He was morose, even to the Chief, and never smiled, except at breaking-up, when, in acknowledgment of the toast, "Success to Phil! Hooray!" he would slowly carve a grin out of his wooden face, where it would remain until we were all gone. Nevertheless, one time when we had the scarlet fever in the school, Phil nursed all the sick boys of his own accord, and was like a mother to them.

There was another school not far off, and of course our school could have nothing to say to that school. It is mostly the way with schools, whether of boys or men. Well! the railway has swallowed up ours, and the locomotives now run smoothly over its ashes.

So fades and languishes, grows dim and dies,
All that this world is proud of,

and is not proud of, too. It had little reason to be proud of Our School, and has done much better since in that way, and will do far better yet.

A STORY OF ORIENTAL LOVE.

Poets have complained in all countries and in all ages, that true love ever meets with obstacles and hindrances, and the highest efforts of their art have been exhausted in commemorating the sufferings or the triumphs of affection. Will the theme ever cease to interest? Will the hopes, the fears, the joys, the vows of lovers, ever be deemed matters of light moment, unworthy to be embalmed and preserved in those immortal caskets which genius knows how to frame out of words? If that dreary time be destined to come—if victory decide in favor of those mechanical philosophers who would drive sentiment out of the world—sad will be the lot of mortals; for it is better to die with a heart full of love, than live for an age without feeling one vibration of that divine passion.

I am almost ashamed to translate into this level English, the sublime rhapsody with which the worthy Sheikh Ibrahim introduced the simple story about to be repeated. The truth is, I do not remember much of what he said, and at times he left me far behind, as he soared up through the cloudy heaven of his enthusiasm. I could only occasionally discern his meaning as it flashed along; but a solemn, rapturous murmur of inarticulate sounds swept over my soul, and prepared

it to receive with devout faith and respect, what else might have appeared to me a silly tale of truth and constancy and passionate devotion. I forgot the thousand mosquitoes that were whirling with threatening buzz around; the bubbling of the water-pipe grew gradually less frequent, and at length died away; and the sides of the kiosque overlooking the river, with its flitting sails and palm-fringed shores dimming in the twilight, seemed to open and throw back a long vista into the past. I listened, and the Sheikh continued to speak:

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I will relate the story of Gadallah, the son of the sword-maker, and of Hosneh, the daughter of the merchant. It is handed down to us by tradition, and the fathers of some yet living, remember to have heard it told by eye-witnesses. Not that any great weight of testimony is required to exact belief. No extraordinary incident befell the lovers; and the pure-hearted, when they hear these things, will say within themselves, "This must be so; we would have done likewise."

Gadallah was a youth of wonderful beauty; his like is only to be seen once in a long summer's day, by the favor of God. All Cairo spoke of him, and mothers envied his mother, and fathers his father; and maidens who beheld him grew faint with admiration, and loved as hopelessly as if he had been the brightest star of heaven. For he did not incline to such thoughts, and had been taught to despise women, and to believe that they were all wicked and designing—full of craft and falsehood. Such instructions had his mother given him, for she knew the snares that would beset so beautiful a youth, and feared for him, lest he might be led into danger and misfortune.

Gadallah worked with his father in the shop, and being a cunning artificer, assisted to support the family. He had many brothers and sisters, all younger than he; but there were times when money was scarce with them, and they were compelled to borrow for their daily expenses of their neighbors, and to trust to Providence for the means of repayment. Thus time passed, and they became neither richer nor poorer, as is the common lot of men who labor for their bread; but neither Gadallah nor his father repined. When Allah gave good fortune they blessed him, and when no good fortune was bestowed, they blessed him for not taking away that which they had. They who spend their lives in industry and in praise of God, can not be unhappy.

It came to pass one day, that a man richly dressed, riding on a mule, and followed by servants, stopped opposite the shop, and calling to the father of Gadallah, said to him: "O Sheikh, I have a sword, the hilt of which is broken, and I desire thee to come to my house and mend it; for it is of much value, and there is a word of power written on it, and I can not allow it to leave the shelter of my roof." The sword-maker answered: "O master, it will be better that my son should accompany thee; for he is young, and his eyes are sharp, and his hand is clever, while I am growing old, and not fit for the finer work." The customer replied that it was well, and having given Gadallah time to take his tools, rode slowly away, the youth following him at a modest distance.

They proceeded to a distant quarter, where the streets were silent and the houses large and lofty, surrounded by gardens with tall trees that trembled overhead in the sun-light. At length they stopped before a mansion fit for a prince, and Gadallah entered along with the owner. A spacious court, with fountains playing in the shade of two large sycamores, and surrounded by light colonnades, so struck the young sword-maker with astonishment, that he exclaimed: "Blessed be God, whose creatures are permitted to rear palaces so beautiful!" These words caused the master to smile with benignity, for who is insensible to the praise of his own house? And he said: "Young man, thou seest only a portion of that which has been bestowed upon me—extolled be the Lord and his Prophet; follow me." So they passed through halls of surprising magnificence, until they came to a lofty door, over which swept long crimson curtains, and which was guarded by a black slave with a sword in his hand. He looked at Gadallah with surprise when the master said "open," but obeying, admitted them to a spacious saloon—more splendid than any that had preceded.

Now Gadallah having never seen the interior of any house better than that of his neighbor the barber, who was a relation by the mother's side, and highly respected as a man of wealth and condition, was lost in amazement and wonder at all he beheld, not knowing that he was the most beautiful thing in that saloon, and scarcely ventured to walk, lest he might stain the polished marble or the costly carpets. His conductor, who was evidently a good man, from the delight he honestly showed at this artless tribute to his magnificence, took him to a small cabinet containing a chest inlaid with mother-of-pearl. This he opened, and producing a sword, the like of which never came from Damascus, bade him observe where the hilt was broken, and ordered him to mend it carefully. Then he left him, saying he would return in an hour.

Gadallah began his work with the intention of being very industrious; but he soon paused to admire at leisure the splendor of the saloon; when he had fed his eyes with this, he turned to a window that looked upon a garden, and saw that it was adorned with lovely trees, bright flowers, elegant kiosques, and running fountains. An aviary hard by was filled with singing-birds, which warbled the praises of the Creator. His mind soon became a wilderness of delight, in which leaf-laden branches waved, and roses, and anemones, and pinks, and fifty more of the bright daughters of spring, blushed and glittered; and melody wandered with hesitating steps, like a spirit seeking the coolest and sweetest place of rest. This was like an exquisite dream; but presently, straying in a path nigh at hand, he beheld an unvailed maiden and her attendant. It was but for a moment she appeared, yet her image was so brightly thrown in upon his heart, that he loved her ever afterward with a love as unchangeable as the purity of the heavens. When she was gone, he sat himself down beside the broken sword and wept.

The master of the house came back, and gently chid him for his idleness. "Go," said he, "and return to-morrow at the same hour. Thou hast now sufficiently fed thine eyes—go; but remember,

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envy me not the wealth which God hath bestowed." Gadallah went his way, having first ascertained from the servants, that his employer was the Arabian merchant Zen-ed-din, whose daughter Hosneh was said to surpass in beauty all the maidens of the land of Egypt. On reaching the house, he repaired to his mother's side, and sitting down, told her of all he had seen and all he felt, beseeching her to advise him and predict good fortune to him.

Fatoumeh, the mother of Gadallah, was a wise woman, and understood that his case was hopeless, unless his desires received accomplishment. But it seemed to her impossible that the son of the poor sword-maker should ever be acceptable to the daughter of the wealthy merchant. She wept plentifully at the prospect of misery that unfolded itself, and when her husband came in, he also wept; and all three mingled their tears together until a late hour of the night.

Next day Gadallah went at the appointed hour to the merchant's house, and being kindly received, finished the work set to him; but saw no more of the maiden who had disturbed his mind. Zen-ed-din paid him handsomely for his trouble, and added some words of good advice. This done, he gently dismissed him, promising he would recall him shortly for other work; and the youth returned home despairing of all future happiness. The strength of his love was so great, that it shook him like a mighty fever, and he remained ill upon his couch that day, and the next, and the next, until he approached the margin of the grave; but his hour was not yet come, and he recovered.

In the mean time, the Angel of Death received permission from the Almighty to smite thirty thousand of the inhabitants of Cairo; and he sent a great plague, that introduced sorrow into every house. It flew rapidly from quarter to quarter, and from street to street, smiting the chosen of the tomb—the young, the old, the bad, the good, the rich, the poor—here, there, every where; in the palace, the hovel, the shop, the market-place, the deewan. All day and all night the shriek of sorrow resounded in the air; and the thoroughfares were filled with people following corpses to the cemetery. Many fled into other cities and other lands; but the plague followed those who were doomed, and struck them down by the wayside, or in the midst of their new friends.

It happened that the merchant Zen-ed-din had gone upon a journey, and had left his house, and his harem, and his lovely daughter, under the care of Providence, so that when Gadallah recovered, before the pestilence reached its height, he waited in vain in the shop, expecting that the merchant would pass, and invite him again to his house. At length the affliction of the city reached so great a degree of intensity, that all business was put a stop to, the bazaars were deserted, and men waited beneath their own roofs the inevitable decrees of fate.

Gadallah, who had confidence in God, spent part of his time walking in the streets; but every day went and sat on a stone bench opposite to Zen-ed-din's house, expecting to see some one come forth who might tell him that all were well within. But the doors remained closed, and not a sound ever proceeded from the interior of the vast mansion. At length, however, when he came at the usual hour, he perceived that the great entrance-gate was left half-open, and he mustered up courage to enter. He found the Bawab dead on his bench, and two black slaves by the side of the fountain. His heart smote him with a presentiment of evil. He advanced into the inner halls without seeing a sign of life. Behind the great crimson curtains that swept over the doorway of the saloon where he had worked, lay the guardian with his sword still in his hand. He pressed forward, finding every place deserted. Raising his voice at length, he called aloud, and asked if any living thing remained within those walls. No reply came but the echo that sounded dismally along the roof; with a heart oppressed by fear, he entered what he knew to be the ladies' private apartments; and here he found the attendant of Hosneh dying. She looked amazed at beholding a stranger, and, at first, refused to reply to his questions. But, at length, in a faint voice, she said that the plague had entered the house the day before like a raging lion, that many fell victims almost instantly, and that the women of the harem in a state of wild alarm had fled. "And Hosneh?" inquired Gadallah. "She is laid out in the kiosque, in the garden," replied the girl, who almost immediately afterward breathed her last.

Gadallah remained for some time gazing at her, and still listening, as if to ascertain that he had heard correctly. Then he made his way to the garden, and searched the kiosques, without finding what he sought, until he came to one raised on a light terrace, amid a grove of waving trees. Here beneath a canopy of white silk, on pillows of white silk, and all clothed in white silk, lay the form that had so long dwelt in his heart. Without fear of the infection, having first asked pardon of God, he stooped over her, and kissed those lips that had never even spoken to a man except her father; and he wished that death might come to him likewise; and he ventured to lie down by her side, that the two whom life could never have brought together, might be found united at least under one shroud.

A rustling close by attracted his attention. It was a dove fluttering down to her accustomed place on a bough, which once gained, she rolled forth from her swelling throat a cooing challenge to her partner in a distant tree. On reverting his look to the face of Hosneh, Gadallah thought he saw a faint red tint upon the lips he had pressed, like the first blush of the dawn in a cold sky. He gazed with wonder and delight, and became convinced he was not mistaken. He ran to a fountain and brought water in a large hollow leaf, partly poured it between the pearly teeth, which he parted timidly with his little finger, and partly sprinkled it over the maiden's face and bosom. At length a sigh shook her frame—so soft, so gentle that a lover's senses alone could have discerned it; and then, after an interval of perfect tranquillity, her eyes opened, gazed for a moment at the youth, and closed not in weakness, but as if dazzled by his beauty. Gadallah bent over her, watching for the least motion, the least indication of returning consciousness; listening for the

first word, the first murmur that might break from those lips which he had tasted without warrant. He waited long, but not in vain; for at last there came a sweet smile, and a small, low voice cried, "Sabrea! where is Sabrea?" Gadallah now cast more water, and succeeded in restoring Hosneh to perfect consciousness, and to modest fear.

He sat at her feet and told her what had happened, omitting no one thing—not even the love which he had conceived for her; and he promised, in the absence of her friends, to attend upon her with respect and devotion, until her strength and health should return. She was but a child in years, and innocent as are the angels; and hearing the frankness of his speech, consented to what he proposed. And he attended her that day and the next, until she was able to rise upon her couch, and sit and talk in a low voice with him of love. He found every thing that was required in the way of food amply stored in the house, the gates of which he closed, lest robbers might enter; but he did not often go into it, for fear of the infection, and this was his excuse for not returning once to his parents' house, lest he might carry death with him.

On the fourth day Hosneh was well enough to walk a little in the garden, supported by the arms of Gadallah, who now wished that he might spend his life in this manner. But the decrees of fate were not yet accomplished. On the fifth day the young man became ill; he had sucked the disease from the lips of Hosneh in that only kiss which he had ventured; and before the sun went down, Hosneh was attending on him in despair, as he had attended on her in hope. She, too, brought water to bathe his forehead and his lips; she, too, watched for the signs of returning life, and as she passed the night by his side, gazing on his face, often mistook the sickly play of the moonbeams, as they fell between the trees, for the smile which she would have given her life to purchase.

Praise be to God, it was not written that either of them should die; and not many days afterward, toward the hour of evening, they were sitting in another kiosque beside a fountain, pale and wan it is true, looking more like pensive angels than mortal beings, but still with hearts full of happiness that broke out from time to time in bright smiles, which were reflected from one to the other as surely as were their forms in the clear water by which they reclined. Gadallah held the hand of Hosneh in his, and listened as she told how her mother had long ago been dead, how her father loved her, and how he would surely have died had any harm befallen her. She praised the courage, and the modesty, and the gentleness of Gadallah—for he had spoken despondingly about the chances of their future union, and said that when Zen-ed-din returned, she would relate all that had happened, and fall at his knees and say, "Father, give me to Gadallah."

The sun had just set, the golden streams that had been pouring into the garden seemed now sporting with the clouds overhead; solid shadows were thickening around; the flowers and the blossoms breathed forth their most fragrant perfumes; the last cooing of the drowsy doves was trembling on all sides; the nightingale was trying her voice in a few short, melancholy snatches: it was an hour for delight and joy; and the two lovers bent their heads closer together; closer, until their ringlets mingled, and their sighs, and the glances of their eyes. Then Gadallah suddenly arose, and said, "Daughter of my master, let there be a sword placed betwixt me and thee." And as he spoke, a bright blade gleamed betwixt him and the abashed maiden; and they were both seized with strong hands and hurried away.

Zen-ed-din had returned from his journey, and finding the great gate closed, had come round with his followers to the garden entrance, which he easily opened. Struck by the silence of the whole place, he advanced cautiously until he heard voices talking in the kiosque. Then he drew near, and overheard the whole of what had passed, and admired the modesty and virtue of Gadallah. He caused him to be seized and thrown that night into a dark room, that he might show his power; and he spoke harshly to his daughter, because of her too great trustfulness, and her unpermitted love. But when he understood all that had happened, and had sufficiently admired the wonderful workings of God's Providence, he said to himself, "Surely this youth and this maiden were created one for the other, and the decrees of fate must be accomplished." So he took Gadallah forth from his prison, and embraced him, calling him his son, and sent for his parents, and told them what had happened, and they all rejoiced; and in due time the marriage took place, and it was blessed, and the children's children of Hosneh and Gadallah still live among us.

While the excellent sheikh was rapidly running over the concluding statements of his narrative, I remember having read the chief incident in some European tradition—possibly borrowed, as so many of our traditions are, from the East—and then a single line of one of our poets, who has versified the story, came unbidden to my memory; but I could not recollect the poet's name, nor understand how the train of association could be so abruptly broken. The line doubtless describes the first interview of the lover with the plague-stricken maiden—it is as follows:

"And folds the bright infection to his breast."

A BIRD-HUNTING SPIDER.

When the veracity of any person has been impugned, it is a duty which we owe to society, if it lies in our power, to endeavor to establish it; and when that person is a lady gallantry redoubles the obligation. Our chivalry is, on the present occasion, excited in favor of Madame Merian, who,

toward the latter end of the seventeenth century, and during a two years' residence in Surinam, employed her leisure in studying the many interesting forms of winged and vegetable life indigenous to that prolific country. After her return to Holland, her native land, she published the results of her researches. Her writings, although abounding in many inaccuracies and seeming fables, contained much curious and new information; all the more valuable from the objects of her study having been, at that period, either entirely unknown to the naturalists of Europe, or vaguely reported by stray seafaring visitants; who, with the usual license of travelers, were more anxious to strike their hearers with astonishment than to extend their knowledge.

These works were rendered still more attractive by numerous plates—the result of Madame Merian's artistic skill—with which they were profusely embellished. It is one of these which, with the description accompanying it, has caused her truth to be called into question by subsequent writers; who, we must conclude, had either not the good fortune or the good eyesight to verify her statements by their own experience. The illustration to which I allude represents a large spider carrying off in its jaws a humming-bird, whose nest appears close at hand, and who had apparently been seized while sitting on its eggs.

Linnæus, however, did not doubt the lady, and called the spider (which belongs to the genus *Mygale*), "avicularia" (bird-eating). Whether this ferocious-looking hunter does occasionally capture small birds; or whether he subsists entirely on the wasps, bees, ants, and beetles which every where abound, what I chanced myself to see in the forest will help to determine.

Shortly after daybreak, one morning in 1848, while staying at a wood-cutting establishment on the Essequibo, a short distance above the confluence of that river and the Magaruni, we—a tall Yorkshireman and myself—started in our "wood-skin" to examine some spring hooks which we had set during the previous evening, in the embouchure of a neighboring creek. Our breakfast that morning depended on our success. Our chagrin may be imagined on finding all the baits untouched save one; and from that, some lurking cayman had snapped the body of the captured fish, leaving nothing but the useless head dangling in the air. After mentally dispatching our spoiler—who had not tricked us for the first time—to a place very far distant, we paddled further up the creek in search of a maam, or maroudi; or, indeed, of any thing eatable—bird, beast, or reptile. We had not proceeded far, when my companion, Blottle, who was sitting, gun in hand, prepared to deal destruction on the first living creature we might chance to encounter—suddenly fired at some object moving rapidly along the topmost branch of a tree which overhung the sluggish stream a short way in advance. For a moment or two the success of his aim seemed doubtful; then something came tumbling through the intervening foliage, and I guided the canoe beneath, lest the prey should be lost in the water. Our surprise was not unmingled, I must confess, with vexation at first, on finding that the strange character of our game removed our morning's repast as far off as ever. A huge spider and a half-fledged bird lay in the bottom of our canoe—the one with disjointed limbs and mutilated carcass; the other uninjured by the shot, but nearly dead, though still faintly palpitating. The remains of the spider showed him larger than any I had previously seen—smaller, however, than one from Brazil, before me while I write—and may have measured some two-and-half inches in the body, with limbs about twice that length. He was rough and shaggy, with a thick covering of hair or bristles; which, besides giving him an additional appearance of strength, considerably increased the fierceness of his aspect. The hairs were in some parts fully an inch long, of a dark brown color, inclining to black. His powerful jaws and sturdy arms seemed never adapted for the death-struggle of prey less noble than this small member of the feathered race, for whom our succor had unhappily arrived too late. The victim had been snatched from the nest while the mother was probably assisting to collect a morning's meal for her offspring. It had been clutched by the neck immediately above the shoulders: the marks of the murderer's talons still remained; and, although no blood had escaped from the wounds, they were much inflamed and swollen.

The few greenish-brown feathers sparingly scattered among the down in the wings, were insufficient to furnish me with a clew toward a knowledge of its species. That it was a humming-bird, however, or one of an allied genus, seemed apparent from the length of its bill. The king of the humming-birds, as the Creoles call the topaz-throat (*Trochilus pella* of naturalists), is the almost exclusive frequenter of Marabella Creek, where the overspreading foliage—here and there admitting stray gleams of sunshine—forms a cool and shady, though sombre retreat, peculiarly adapted to his disposition; and I strongly suspect that it was the nest of this species which the spider had favored with a visit. After making a minute inspection of the two bodies, we consigned them to a watery grave; both of us convinced that, whatever the detractors of Madame Merian may urge, that lady was correct in assigning to the bush-spider an ambition which often soars above the insect, and occasionally tempts him to make a meal of some stray feathered denizen of the forest. This conclusion, I may add, was fully confirmed some few weeks after, by my witnessing a still more interesting rencontre between members of the several races. "Eat the eater," is one of Nature's laws; and, after preventing its accomplishment by depriving the spider of his food, strict justice would probably have balked us of ours. Fortunately not—one of the heartiest breakfasts I ever made, and one of the tenderest and most succulent of meat, was that very morning. Well I remember exclaiming, at that time, "*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit!*"—it was my first dish of stewed monkey and yams.

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GUARD.

The *Rose* had been becalmed for several days in Cowes Harbor, and utterly at a loss how else to cheat the time, I employed myself one afternoon in sauntering up and down the quay, whistling for a breeze, and listlessly watching the slow approach of a row-boat, bringing the mail and a few passengers from Southampton, the packet-cutter to which the boat belonged being as hopelessly immovable, except for such drift as the tide gave her, as the *Rose*. The slowness of its approach—for I expected a messenger with letters—added to my impatient weariness; and as, according to my reckoning, it would be at least an hour before the boat reached the landing-steps, I returned to the Fountain Inn in the High-street, called for a glass of negus, and as I lazily sipped it, once more turned over the newspapers lying on the table, though with scarcely a hope of coming athwart a line that I had not read half a dozen times before. I was mistaken. There was a "Cornwall Gazette" among them which I had not before seen, and in one corner of it I lit upon this, to me in all respects new and extremely interesting paragraph: "We copy the following statement from a contemporary, solely for the purpose of contradicting it: 'It is said that the leader of the smugglers in the late desperate affray with the coast guard in St. Michael's Bay, was no other than Mr. George Polwhele Hendrick, of Lostwithiel, formerly, as our readers are aware, a lieutenant in the royal navy, and dismissed the king's service by sentence of court-martial at the close of the war.' There is no foundation for this imputation. Mrs. Hendrick, of Lostwithiel, requests us to state that her son, from whom she heard but about ten days since, commands a first-class ship in the merchant navy of the United States."

I was exceedingly astonished. The court-martial I had not heard of, and having never overhauled the Navy List for such a purpose, the absence of the name of G. P. Hendrick had escaped my notice. What could have been his offense? Some hasty, passionate act, no doubt; for of misbehavior before the enemy, or of the commission of deliberate wrong, it was impossible to suspect him. He was, I personally knew, as eager as flame in combat; and his frank, perhaps heedless generosity of temperament, was abundantly apparent to every one acquainted with him. I had known him for a short time only; but the few days of our acquaintance were passed under circumstances which bring out the true nature of a man more prominently and unmistakably than might twenty years of humdrum, every-day life. The varnish of pretension falls quickly off in presence of sudden and extreme peril—peril especially requiring presence of mind and energy to beat it back. It was in such a position that I recognized some of the high qualities of Lieutenant Hendrick. The two sloops of war in which we respectively served, were consorts for awhile on the South African coast, during which time we fell in with a Franco-Italian privateer or pirate—for the distinction between the two is much more technical than real. She was to leeward when we sighted her, and not very distant from the shore, and so quickly did she shoal her water, that pursuit by either of the sloops was out of the question. Being a stout vessel of her class, and full of men, four boats—three of the *Scorpion's* and one of her consort's—were detached in pursuit. The breeze gradually failed, and we were fast coming up with our friend when he vanished behind a head-land, on rounding which we found he had disappeared up a narrow, winding river, of no great depth of water. We of course followed, and, after about a quarter of an hour's hard pull, found, on suddenly turning a sharp elbow of the stream, that we had caught a Tartar. We had, in fact, come upon a complete nest of privateers—a rendezvous or *dépôt* they termed it. The vessel was already anchored across the channel, and we were flanked on each shore by a crowd of desperadoes, well provided with small arms, and with two or three pieces of light ordnance among them. The shouts of defiance with which they greeted us as we swept into the deadly trap were instantly followed by a general and murderous discharge of both musketry and artillery; and as the smoke cleared away I saw that the leading pinnace, commanded by Hendrick, had been literally knocked to pieces, and that the little living portion of the crew were splashing about in the river.

There was time but for one look, for if we allowed the rascals time to reload their guns our own fate would inevitably be a similar one. The men understood this, and with a loud cheer swept eagerly on toward the privateer, while the two remaining boats engaged the flanking shore forces, and I was soon involved in about the fiercest *mêlée* I ever had the honor to assist at. The furious struggle on the deck of the privateer lasted but about five minutes only, at the end of which all that remained of us were thrust over the side. Some tumbled into the boat, others, like myself, were pitched into the river. As soon as I came to the surface, and had time to shake my ears and look about me, I saw Lieutenant Hendrick, who, the instant the pinnace he commanded was destroyed, had, with equal daring and presence of mind, swam toward a boat at the privateer's stern, cut the rope that held her, with the sword he carried between his teeth, and forthwith began picking up his half-drowned boat's crew. This was already accomplished, and he now performed the same service for me and mine. This done, we again sprang at our ugly customer, he at the bow, and I about midships. Hendrick was the first to leap on the enemy's deck; and so fierce and well-sustained was the assault this time, that in less than ten minutes we were undisputed victors so far as the vessel was concerned. The fight on the shore continued obstinate and bloody, and it was not till we had twice discharged the privateer's guns among the desperate rascals that they broke and fled. The dashing, yet cool and skillful bravery evinced by Lieutenant Hendrick in this brief but tumultuous and sanguinary affair was admirably remarked upon by all who witnessed it, few of whom while gazing at the sinewy, active form, the fine, pale, flashing countenance, and the dark, thunderous eyes of the young officer—if I may use such a term, for in their calmest aspect a latent volcano appeared to slumber in their gleaming depths—could refuse to subscribe to the opinion of a distinguished admiral, who more than once observed that there was no more promising officer in the British naval service than Lieutenant Hendrick.

Well, all this, which has taken me so many words to relate, flashed before me like a scene in a theatre, as I read the paragraph in the Cornish paper. The *Scorpion* and her consort parted company a few days after this fight, and I had not since then seen or heard of Hendrick till now. I was losing myself in conjecture as to the probable or possible cause of so disgraceful a termination to a career that promised so brilliantly, when the striking of the bar-clock warned me that the mail-boat was by this time arrived. I sallied forth and reached the pier-steps just a minute or so before the boat arrived there. The messenger I expected was in her, and I was turning away with the parcel he handed me, when my attention was arrested by a stout, unwieldy fellow, who stumbled awkwardly out of the boat, and hurriedly came up the steps. The face of the man was pale, thin, hatchet-shaped, and anxious, and the gray, ferrety eyes were restless and perturbed; while the stout round body was that of a yeoman of the bulkiest class, but so awkwardly made up that it did not require any very lengthened scrutiny to perceive that the shrunken carcass appropriate to such a lanky and dismal visage occupied but a small space within the thick casing of padding and extra garments in which it was swathed. His light-brown wig, too, surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat, had got a little awry, dangerously revealing the scanty locks of iron-gray beneath. It was not difficult to run up these little items to a pretty accurate sum total, and I had little doubt that the hasting and nervous traveler was fleeing either from a constable or a sheriff's officer. It was, however, no affair of mine, and I was soon busy with the letters just brought me.

The most important tidings they contained was that Captain Pickard—the master of a smuggling craft of some celebrity, called *Les Trois Frères*, in which for the last twelve months or more he had been carrying on a daring and successful trade throughout the whole line of the southern and western coasts—was likely to be found at this particular time near a particular spot in the back of the Wight. This information was from a sure source in the enemy's camp, and it was consequently with great satisfaction that I observed indications of the coming on of a breeze, and in all probability a stiff one. I was not disappointed; and in less than an hour the *Rose* was stretching her white wings beneath a brisk northwester over to Portsmouth, where I had some slight official business to transact previous to looking after friend Pickard. This was speedily dispatched, and I was stepping into the boat on my return to the cutter, when a panting messenger informed me that the port-admiral desired to see me instantly.

"The telegraph has just announced," said the admiral, "that Sparkes, the defaulter, who has for some time successfully avoided capture, will attempt to leave the kingdom from the Wight, as he is known to have been in communication with some of the smuggling gentry there. He is supposed to have a large amount of government moneys in his possession; you will therefore, Lieutenant Warneford, exert yourself vigilantly to secure him."

"What is his description?"

"Mr. James," replied the admiral, addressing one of the telegraph clerks, "give Lieutenant Warneford the description transmitted." Mr. James did so, and I read: "Is said to have disguised himself as a stout countryman; wears a blue coat with bright buttons, buff waistcoat, a brown wig, and a Quaker's hat. He is of a slight, lanky figure, five feet nine inches in height. He has two pock-marks on his forehead, and lisps in his speech."

"By Jove, sir," I exclaimed, "I saw this fellow only about two hours ago!" I then briefly related what had occurred, and was directed not to lose a moment in hastening to secure the fugitive.

The wind had considerably increased by this time, and the *Rose* was soon again off Cowes, where Mr. Roberts, the first mate, and six men, were sent on shore with orders to make the best of his way to Bonchurch—about which spot I knew, if any where, the brown-wigged gentleman would endeavor to embark—while the *Rose* went round to intercept him seaward; which she did at a spanking rate, for it was now blowing half a gale of wind. Evening had fallen before we reached our destination, but so clear and bright with moon and stars that distant objects were as visible as by day. I had rightly guessed how it would be, for we had no sooner opened up Bonchurch shore or beach than Roberts signaled us that our man was on board the cutter running off at about a league from us in the direction of Cape La Hogue. I knew, too, from the cutter's build, and the cut and set of her sails, that she was no other than Captain Pickard's boasted craft, so that there was a chance of killing two birds with one stone. We evidently gained, though slowly, upon *Les Trois Frères*; and this, after about a quarter of an hour's run, appeared to be her captain's own opinion, for he suddenly changed his course, and stood toward the Channel Islands, in the hope, I doubted not, that I should not follow him in such weather as was likely to come on through the dangerous intricacies of the iron-bound coast about Guernsey and the adjacent islets. Master Pickard was mistaken; for knowing the extreme probability of being led such a dance, I had brought a pilot with me from Cowes, as well acquainted with Channel navigation as the smuggler himself could be. *Les Trois Frères*, it was soon evident, was now upon her best point of sailing, and it was all that we could do to hold our own with her. This was vexatious; but the aspect of the heavens forbade me showing more canvas, greatly as I was tempted to do so.

It was lucky I did not. The stars were still shining over our heads from an expanse of blue without a cloud, and the full moon also as yet held her course unobscured, but there had gathered round her a glittering halo-like ring, and away to windward huge masses of black cloud, piled confusedly on each other, were fast spreading over the heavens. The thick darkness had spread over about half the visible sky, presenting a singular contrast to the silver brightness of the other portion, when suddenly a sheet of vivid flame broke out of the blackness, instantly followed by

deafening explosions, as if a thousand cannons were bursting immediately over our heads. At the same moment the tempest came leaping and hissing along the white-crested waves, and struck the *Rose* abeam with such terrible force, that for one startling moment I doubted if she would right again. It was a vain fear; and in a second or two she was tearing through the water at a tremendous rate. *Les Trois Frères* had not been so lucky: she had carried away her topmast, and sustained other damage; but so well and boldly was she handled, and so perfectly under command appeared her crew, that these accidents were, so far as it was possible to do so, promptly repaired; and so little was she crippled in comparative speed, that, although it was clear enough after a time, that the *Rose* gained something on her, it was so slowly that the issue of the chase continued extremely doubtful. The race was an exciting one: the Caskets, Alderney, were swiftly past, and at about two o'clock in the morning we made the Guernsey lights. We were, by this time, within a mile of *Les Trois Frères*; and she, determined at all risks to get rid of her pursuer, ventured upon passing through a narrow opening between the small islets of Herm and Jethon, abreast of Guernsey—the same passage, I believe, by which Captain, afterward Admiral Lord Saumarez, escaped with his frigate from a French squadron in the early days of the last war.

Fine and light as the night had again become, the attempt, blowing as it did, was a perilous, and proved to be a fatal one. *Les Trois Frères* struck upon a reef on the side of Jethon—a rock with then but one poor habitation upon it, which one might throw a biscuit over; and by the time the *Rose* had brought up in the Guernsey Roads, the smuggler, as far as could be ascertained by our night-glasses, had entirely disappeared. What had become of the crew and the important passenger was the next point to be ascertained; but although the wind had by this time somewhat abated, it was not, under the pilot's advice, till near eight o'clock that the *Rose's* boat, with myself and a stout crew, pulled off for the scene of the catastrophe. We needed not to have hurried ourselves. The half-drowned smugglers, all but three of whom had escaped with life, were in a truly sorry plight, every one of them being more or less maimed, bruised, and bleeding. *Les Trois Frères* had gone entirely to pieces, and as there was no possible means of escape from the desolate place, our arrival, with the supplies we brought, was looked upon rather as a deliverance than otherwise. To my inquiries respecting their passenger, the men answered by saying he was in the house with the captain. I immediately proceeded thither, and found one of the two rooms on the ground-floor occupied by four or five of the worst injured of the contrabandists, and the gentleman I was chiefly in pursuit of, Mr. Samuel Sparkes. There was no mistaking Mr. Sparkes, notwithstanding he had substituted the disguise of a sailor for that of a jolly agriculturist.

"You are, I believe, sir, the Mr. Samuel Sparkes for whose presence certain personages in London are just now rather anxious?"

His deathly face grew more corpse-like as I spoke, but he nevertheless managed to stammer out, "No; Jamth Edward, thir."

"At all events, that pretty lisp, and those two marks on the forehead, belong to Samuel Sparkes, Esquire, and you must be detained till you satisfactorily explain how you came by them. Stevens, take this person into close custody, and have him searched at once. And now, gentlemen smugglers," I continued, "pray, inform me where I may see your renowned captain?"

"He is in the next room," replied a decent-tongued chap sitting near the fire; "and he desired me to give his compliments to Lieutenant Warneford, and say he wished to see him *alone*."

"Very civil and considerate, upon my word! In this room, do you say?"

"Yes, sir; in that room." I pushed open a rickety door, and found myself in a dingy hole of a room, little more than about a couple of yards square, at the further side of which stood a lithe, sinewy man in a blue pea-jacket, and with a fur-cap on his head. His back was toward me; and as my entrance did not cause him to change his position, I said, "You are Captain Pickard, I am informed?"

He swung sharply round as I spoke, threw off his cap, and said, briefly and sternly, "Yes, Warneford, I *am* Captain Pickard."

The sudden unmasking of a loaded battery immediately in my front could not have so confounded and startled me as these words did, as they issued from the lips of the man before me. The curling black hair, the dark flashing eyes, the marble features, were those of Lieutenant Hendrick—of the gallant seaman whose vigorous arm I had seen turn the tide of battle against desperate odds on the deck of a privateer!

"Hendrick!" I at length exclaimed, for the sudden inrush of painful emotion choked my speech for a time—"can it indeed be you?"

"Ay, truly, Warneford. The Hendrick of whom Collingwood prophesied high things is fallen thus low; and worse remains behind. There is a price set upon my capture, as you know; and escape is, I take it, out of the question." I comprehended the slow, meaning tone in which the last sentence was spoken, and the keen glance that accompanied it. Hendrick, too, instantly read the decisive though unspoken reply.

"Of course it is out of the question," he went on. "I was but a fool to even seem to doubt that it was. You must do your duty, Warneford, I know; and since this fatal mishap was to occur, I am glad for many reasons that I have fallen into your hands."

"So am not I; and I wish with all my soul you had successfully threaded the passage you essayed."

"The fellow who undertook to pilot us failed in nerve at the critical moment. Had he not done so, *Les Trois Frères* would have been long since beyond your reach. But the past is past, and the future of dark and bitter time will be swift and brief."

"What have you especially to dread? I know a reward has been offered for your apprehension, but not for what precise offense."

"The unfortunate business in St. Michael's Bay."

"Good God! The newspaper was right, then! But neither of the wounded men have died, I hear, so that—that—"

"The *mercy* of transportation may, you think, be substituted for the capital penalty." He laughed bitterly.

"Or—or," I hesitatingly suggested, "you may not be identified—that is, legally so."

"Easily, easily, Warneford. I must not trust to that rotten cable. Neither the coast-guard nor the fellows with me know me indeed as Hendrick, ex-lieutenant of the royal navy; and that is a secret you will, I know, religiously respect."

I promised to do so: the painful interview terminated; and in about two hours the captain and surviving crew of *Les Trois Frères*, and Mr. Samuel Sparkes, were safely on board the *Rose*. Hendrick had papers to arrange; and as the security of his person was all I was responsible for, he was accommodated in my cabin, where I left him to confer with the Guernsey authorities, in whose bailiwick Jethon is situated. The matter of jurisdiction—the offenses with which the prisoners were charged having been committed in England—was soon arranged; and by five o'clock in the evening the *Rose* was on her way to England, under an eight-knot breeze from the southwest.

As soon as we were fairly underweigh, I went below to have a last conference with unfortunate Hendrick. There was a parcel on the table directed to "Mrs. Hendrick, Lostwithiel, Cornwall, care of Lieutenant Warneford." Placing it in my hands, he entreated me to see it securely conveyed to its address unexamined and unopened. I assured him that I would do so; and tears, roughly dashed away, sprang to his eyes as he grasped and shook my hand. I felt half-choked; and when he again solemnly adjured me, under no circumstances, to disclose the identity of Captain Pickard and Lieutenant Hendrick, I could only reply by a seaman's hand-grip, requiring no additional pledge of words.

We sat silently down, and I ordered some wine to be brought in. "You promised to tell me," I said, "how all this unhappy business came about."

"I am about to do so," he answered. "It is an old tale, of which the last black chapter owes its color, let me frankly own, to my own hot and impatient temper as much as to a complication of adverse circumstances." He poured out a glass of wine, and proceeded at first slowly and calmly, but gradually, as passion gathered strength and way upon him, with flushed and impetuous eagerness to the close:

"I was born near Lostwithiel, Cornwall. My father, a younger and needy son of no profession, died when I was eight years of age. My mother has about eighty pounds a year in her own right, and with that pittance, helped by self-privation, unfelt because endured for her darling boy, she gave me a sufficient education, and fitted me out respectably; when, thanks to Pellew, I obtained a midshipman's warrant in the British service. This occurred in my sixteenth year. Dr. Redstone, at whose 'High School' I acquired what slight classical learning, long since forgotten, I once possessed, was married in second nuptials to a virago of a wife, who brought him, besides her precious self, a red-headed cub by a former marriage. His, the son's, name was Kershaw. The doctor had one child about my own age, a daughter, Ellen Redstone. I am not about to prate to you of the bread-and-butter sentiment of mere children, nor of Ellen's wonderful graces of mind and person: I doubt, indeed, if I thought her very pretty at the time; but she was meekness itself, and my boy's heart used, I well remember, to leap as if it would burst my bosom at witnessing her patient submission to the tyranny of her mother-in-law; and one of the greatest pleasures I ever experienced was giving young Kershaw, a much bigger fellow than myself, a good thrashing for some brutality toward her—an exploit that of course rendered me a remarkable favorite with the great bumpkin's mother.

"Well, I went to sea, and did not again see Ellen till seven years afterward, when, during absence on sick leave, I met her at Penzance, in the neighborhood of which place the doctor had for some time resided. She was vastly improved in person, but was still meek, dove-eyed, gentle Ellen, and pretty nearly as much dominated by her mother-in-law as formerly. Our child-acquaintance was renewed; and, suffice it to say, that I soon came to love her with a fervency surprising even to myself. My affection was reciprocated: we pledged faith with each other; and it was agreed that at the close of the war, whenever that should be, we were to marry, and dwell together like turtle-doves in the pretty hermitage that Ellen's fancy loved to conjure up, and with her voice of music untiringly dilate upon. I was again at sea, and the answer to my first letter brought the surprising intelligence that Mrs. Redstone had become quite reconciled to our future union, and that I might consequently send my letters direct to the High School. Ellen's letter was prettily expressed enough, but somehow I did not like its tone. It did not read like her spoken language,

at all events. This, however, must, I concluded, be mere fancy; and our correspondence continued for a couple of years—till the peace, in fact—when the frigate, of which I was now second-lieutenant, arrived at Plymouth to be paid off. We were awaiting the admiral's inspection, which for some reason or other was unusually delayed, when a bag of letters was brought on board, with one for me bearing the Penzance postmark. I tore it open, and found that it was subscribed by an old and intimate friend. He had accidentally met with Ellen Redstone for the first time since I left. She looked thin and ill, and in answer to his persistent questioning, had told him she had only heard once from me since I went to sea, and that was to renounce our engagement; and she added that she was going to be married in a day or two to the Rev. Mr. Williams, a dissenting minister of fair means and respectable character. My friend assured her there must be some mistake, but she shook her head incredulously; and with eyes brimful of tears, and shaking voice, bade him, when he saw me, say that she freely forgave me, but that her heart was broken. This was the substance, and as I read, a hurricane of dismay and rage possessed me. There was not, I felt, a moment to be lost. Unfortunately the captain was absent, and the frigate temporarily under the command of the first-lieutenant. You knew Lieutenant ——?"

"I did, for one of the most cold-blooded martinets that ever trod a quarter-deck."

"Well, him I sought, and asked temporary leave of absence. He refused. I explained, hurriedly, imploringly explained the circumstances in which I was placed. He sneeringly replied, that sentimental nonsense of that kind could not be permitted to interfere with the king's service. You know, Warneford, how naturally hot and impetuous is my temper, and at that moment my brain seemed literally aflame: high words followed, and in a transport of rage I struck the taunting coward a violent blow in the face—following up the outrage by drawing my sword, and challenging him to instant combat. You may guess the sequel. I was immediately arrested by the guard, and tried a few days afterward by court-martial. Exmouth stood my friend, or I know not what sentence might have been passed, and I was dismissed the service."

"I was laid up for several weeks by fever about that time," I remarked; "and it thus happened, doubtless, that I did not see any report of the trial."

"The moment I was liberated I hastened, literally almost in a state of madness, to Penzance. It was all true, and I was too late! Ellen had been married something more than a week. It was Kershaw and his mother's doings. Him I half-killed; but it is needless to go into details of the frantic violence with which I conducted myself. I broke madly into the presence of the newly-married couple: Ellen swooned with terror, and her husband, white with consternation, and trembling in every limb, had barely, I remember, sufficient power to stammer out, 'that he would pray for me.' The next six months is a blank. I went to London; fell into evil courses, drank, gambled; heard after a while that Ellen was dead—the shock of which partially checked my downward progress—partially only. I left off drinking, but not gambling, and ultimately I became connected with a number of disreputable persons, among whom was your prisoner Sparkes. He found part of the capital with which I have been carrying on the contraband trade for the last two years. I had, however, fully determined to withdraw myself from the dangerous though exciting pursuit. This was to have been my last trip; but you know," he added, bitterly, "it is always upon the last turn of the dice that the devil wins his victim."

He ceased speaking, and we both remained silent for several minutes. What on my part *could* be said or suggested?

"You hinted just now," I remarked, after a while, "that all your remaining property was in this parcel. You have, however, of course, reserved sufficient for your defense?"

A strange smile curled his lip, and a wild, brief flash of light broke from his dark eyes, as he answered, "O yes; more than enough—more, much more than will be required."

"I am glad of that." We were again silent, and I presently exclaimed, "Suppose we take a turn on deck—the heat here stifles one."

"With all my heart," he answered; and we both left the cabin.

We continued to pace the deck side by side for some time without interchanging a syllable. The night was beautifully clear and fine, and the cool breeze that swept over the star and moon-lit waters gradually allayed the feverish nervousness which the unfortunate lieutenant's narrative had excited.

"A beautiful, however illusive world," he by-and-by sadly resumed; "this Death—now so close at my heels—wrenches us from. And yet you and I, Warneford, have seen men rush to encounter the King of Terrors, as he is called, as readily as if summoned to a bridal."

"A sense of duty and a habit of discipline will always overpower, in men of our race and profession, the vulgar fear of death."

"Is it not also, think you, the greater fear of disgrace, dishonor in the eyes of the world, which outweighs the lesser dread?"

"No doubt that has an immense influence. What would our sweethearts, sisters, mothers, say if they heard we had turned craven? What would they say in England? Nelson well understood this feeling, and appealed to it in his last great signal."

"Ay, to be sure," he musingly replied; "what would our mothers say—feel rather—at witnessing

their sons' dishonor? That is the master-chord." We once more relapsed into silence; and after another dozen or so turns on the deck, Hendrick seated himself on the combings of the main hatchway. His countenance, I observed, was still pale as marble, but a livelier, more resolute expression had gradually kindled in his brilliant eyes. He was, I concluded, nerving himself to meet the chances of his position with constancy and fortitude.

"I shall go below again," I said. "Come; it may be some weeks before we have another glass of wine together."

"I will be with you directly," he answered, and I went down. He did not, however, follow, and I was about calling him, when I heard his step on the stairs. He stopped at the threshold of the cabin, and there was a flushing intensity of expression about his face which quite startled me. As if moved by second thoughts, he stepped in. "One last glass with you, Warneford: God bless you!" He drained and set the glass on the table. "The lights at the corner of the Wight are just made," he hurriedly went on. "It is not likely I shall have an opportunity of again speaking with you; and let me again hear you say that you will under any circumstances keep secret from all the world—my mother especially—that Captain Pickard and Lieutenant Hendrick were one person."

"I will; but why—"

"God bless you!" he broke in. "I must go on deck again."

He vanished as he spoke, and a dim suspicion of his purpose arose in my mind; but before I could act upon it, a loud, confused outcry arose on the deck, and as I rushed up the cabin stairs, I heard amid the hurrying to and fro of feet, the cries of "Man overboard!"—"Bout ship!"—"Down with the helm!" The cause of the commotion was soon explained: Hendrick had sprung overboard; and looking in the direction pointed out by the man at the wheel, I plainly discerned him already considerably astern of the cutter. His face was turned toward us, and the instant I appeared he waved one arm wildly in the air: I could hear the words, "Your promise!" distinctly, and the next instant the moonlight played upon the spot where he had vanished. Boats were lowered, and we passed and repassed over and near the place for nearly half an hour. Vainly: he did not reappear.

I have only further to add, that the parcel intrusted to me was safely delivered, and that I have reason to believe Mrs. Hendrick remained to her last hour ignorant of the sad fate of her son. It was her impression, induced by his last letter, that he was about to enter the South-American service under Cochrane, and she ultimately resigned herself to a belief that he had there met a brave man's death. My promise was scrupulously kept, nor is it by this publication in the slightest degree broken; for both the names of Hendrick and Pickard are fictitious, and so is the place assigned as that of the lieutenant's birth. That rascal Sparkes, I am glad to be able to say—chasing whom made me an actor in the melancholy affair—was sent over the herring pond for life.

THE TUB SCHOOL.

Speaking without passion, we are bound to state, in broad terms, that the founder of the Diogenic philosophy was emphatically a humbug. Some people might call him by a harsher name; we content ourselves with the popular vernacular. Formidable as he was—this unwashed dog-baptized—with a kind of savage grandeur, too, about his independence and his fearlessness—still was he a humbug; setting forth fancies for facts, and judging all men by the measure of one. Manifestly afflicted with a liver complaint, his physical disorders wore the mask of mental power, and a state of body that required a course of calomel or a dose of purifying powders, passed current in the world for intellectual superiority; not a rare case in times when madness was accounted potent inspiration, and when the exhibition of mesmeric phenomena formed the title of the Pythoness to her mystic tripod.

Diogenes is not the only man whose disturbed digestion has led multitudes, like an *ignis fatuus*, into the bogs and marshes of falsehood. Abundance of sects are about, which their respective followers class under one generic head of inspiration, but which have sprung from the same hepatic inaction, or epigrastic inflammation, as that which made the cynic believe in the divinity of dirt, and see in a tub the fittest temple to virtue. All that narrows the sympathies—all that makes a man think better of himself than of his "neighbors"—all that compresses the illimitable mercy of God into a small talisman which you and your followers alone possess—all that creates condemnation—is of the Diogenic Tub School; corrupt in the core, and rotten in the root—fruit, leaves, and flowers, the heritage of death.

A superstitious reverence for a bilious condition of body, and an abhorrence of soap and water, as savoring of idolatry or of luxury—according to the dress and nation of the Cynic—made up the fundamental ideas of his school; and to this day they are the cabala of one division of the sect. We confess not to be able to see much beauty in either of these conditions, and are rather proud than otherwise of our state of disbelief; holding health and cleanliness in high honor, and hoping much of moral improvement from their better preservation. But to the Tub School, good digestive powers, and their consequence, good temper, were evidences of lax principles, and cleanliness was ungodliness or effeminacy; as the unpurified denouncer prayed to St. Giles, or sacrificed to Venus Cloacina. Take the old monks as an example. Not that we are about to condemn the whole

Catholic Church under a cowled mask. She has valuable men among her sons; but, in such a large body, there must of necessity be some members weaker than the rest; and the mendicant friars, and do-nothing monks, were about the weakest and the worst that ever appeared by the Catholic altar. They were essentially of the Tub School, as false to the best purposes of mankind as the famous old savage of Alexander's time. Dirt and vanity, bile and condemnation, were the paternosters of their litany; and what else lay in the tub which the king over-shadowed from the sun? All the accounts of which we read, of pious horror of baths and washhouses—all the frantic renunciation of laundresses, and the belief in hair shirts, to the prejudice of honest linen—all the religious zeal against small-tooth combs, and the sin which lay in razors and nail-brushes—all the holy preference given to coarse cobbling of skins of beasts, over civilized tailoring of seemly garments—all the superiority of bare feet, which never knew the meaning of a pediluvium, over those which shoes and hose kept warm, and foot-baths rendered clean—all the hatred of madness against the refinements of life, and the cultivation of the beautiful: these were the evidences of the Diogenic philosophy; and of Monachism too; and of other forms of faith, which we could name in the same breath. And how much good was in them? What natural divinity lies in fur, which the cotton plant does not possess? Wherein consists the holiness of mud, and the ungodliness of alkali? wherein the purity of a matted beard, and the impiety of Metcalfe's brushes, and Mechi's magic strop? It may be so; and we all the while may be mentally blind; and yet, if we lived in a charnel-house, whose horrors the stony core of a cataract concealed, we could not wish to be couched, that seeing, we might understand the frightful conditions of which blindness kept us ignorant.

But bating the baths and wash-houses, hempen girdles, and hairy garments, we quarrel still with the *animus* of Diogenes and his train. Its social savageness was bad enough—its spiritual insolence was worse. The separatism—the "stand off, for I am holier than thou"—the condemnation of a whole world, if walking apart from *his* way—the substitution of solitary exaltation for the activity of charity—the proud judgment of GOD'S world, and the presumptuous division into good and evil of the Eternal; all this was and is of the Cynic's philosophy; and all this is what we abjure with heart and soul, as the main link of the chain which binds men to cruelty, to ignorance, and to sin; for the unloosing of which we must wait before we see them fairly in the way of progress.

How false the religion of condemnation!—how hardening to the heart!—how narrowing to the sympathies! We take a section for the whole, and swear that the illimitable All must be according to the form of the unit I; we make ourselves gods, and judge of the infinite universe by the teaching of our finite senses. They who do this most are they whom men call "zealous for God's glory," "stern sticklers for the truth," and "haters of latitudinarianism." And if all the social charities are swept down in their course, they are mourned over gently; but only so much as if they were sparrows lying dead beneath the blast that slew the enemy. "'Tis a pity," say they, "that men must be firm to the truth, yet cruel to their fellows; but if it must be so, why, let them fall fast as snow-flakes. What is human life, compared to the preservation of the truth?" Ah! friends and brothers—is not the necessity of cruelty the warrant of falsehood? The truth of life is LOVE, and all which negatives love is false; and every drop of blood that ever flowed in the preservation of any dogma, bore in its necessity the condemnation of that dogma.

Turn where we will, and as far backward as we will, we ever find the spirit of the Diogenic philosophy; and clothed, too, in much the same garb and unseemly disorder as that in vogue among the dog-baptized. Ancient East gives us many parallels; and to this day, dirty, lazy fakirs of Hindostan assault the olfactories, and call for curses on the effeminacy of the cleanly and the sane. Sometimes, though, the Diogenites assume the scrupulosity of the Pharisee, and then they retain only the crimes of the Inquisition, not the habits and apparel of the Bosjesmen. Take the sincere Pharisee, for instance; regard his holy horror of the Samaritan (the Independent of his day) for failing in the strict letter of the law; hear his stern denunciations against all sinners, be they moral or be they doctrinal, mark the un pitying "Crucify him! crucify him!" against Him who taught novel doctrines of equality and brotherhood, and the nullity of form; see the purity of his own Pharisaic life, and grant him his proud curse on all that are not like unto him. He is a Cynic in his heart, one who judges of universal humanity by the individualism of one. Then, the hoary, hairy, dog-baptized, who scoffed at all the decencies of life, not to speak of its amenities, and had no gentle Plato's pride of refinement, with all the brutal pride of coarseness—did Diogenes worthily represent the best functions of manhood? Again, the monks and friars of the dark ages, and the hermits of old, they who left the world of man "made in the image of God," because they were holier than their brethren, and might have naught in common with the likeness of the Elohim; they who gave up the deeds of charity for the endless repetition of masses and vespers, and who thought to do God better service by mumbling masses in a cowl, than by living among their fellows, loving, aiding, and improving—were not all these followers in the train of Diogenes?—if not in the dirt, then in the bile; if not in the garb, then in the heart. Denouncers, condemners; narrowing, not enlarging; hating, not loving; they were traitors to the virtue of life, while dreaming that they alone held it sacred.

And now, have we no snarling Cynics, no Pharisee, no Inquisitor? Have we taken to good heart the divine record of love, of faith, which an æsthetic age has sublimated into credos, and left actions as a *caput mortuum*? Have we looked into the meaning of the practical lesson which the Master taught when he forgave the adulteress, and sat at meat with the sinners? or have we not rather cherished the spiritual pride which shapes out bitter words of censure for our fellows, and lays such stress on likeness that it overlooks unity? The question is worthy of an answer.

The world is wide. Beasts and fishes, birds and reptiles, weeds and flowers—which *here* are weeds, and *there* are flowers, according to local fancy—the dwarfed shrub of the Alpine steeps, and the monster palm of the tropical plains; the world is wide enough to contain them all, and man is wise enough to love them all, each in its sphere, and its degree. But what we do for Nature, we refuse to Humanity. To her we allow diversity; to him we prescribe sameness; in her we see the loveliness of unlikeness, the symmetry of variation; in him we must have multitudes shaped by one universal rule; and what we do not look for in the senseless tree, we attempt on the immortal soul. Religion, philosophy, and social politics, must be of the same form with all men, else woe to the wight who thinks out of the straight line! Diagonal minds are never popular, and the hand which draws one radius smites him who lines another equal to it in all its parts, and from the same centre-point. The Catholic denies the Protestant; the Episcopalian contemns the Presbyterian; the Free Kirk is shed like a branching horn; the Independent denounces the Swedenborgian; the Mormonite is persecuted by the Unitarian. It is one unvarying round; the same thing called by different names. Now all this is the very soul of Diogenism. Cowl, mitre, or band—distinctive signs to each party—all are lost in the shadow of the tub, and jumbled up into a strange form, which hath the name of Him of Sinope engraved on its forehead. Separatism and denunciation against him who is not with thee in all matters of faith, make thee, my friend, a Cynic in thy heart; and, though thou mayst wear Nicoll's paletots and Medwin's boots, and mayst prank thyself in all imaginable coxcombries, thou art still but a Diogenite, a Cynic, and a Pharisee; washing the outside of the platter, but leaving the inside encrusted still, believing falsely, that thou hast naught to do with a cause, because thou hast not worn its cockade.

Yet, are we going past the Tub School, though it lingers still in high places. We see it in party squabbles, not so much of politics to-day, as of the most esoteric doctrines of faith. We hear great men discussing the question of "prevenient grace," as they would discuss the composition of milk punch, and we hear them mutually anathematize each other on this plain and demonstrable proposition. We call this Diogenism, and of a virulent sort, too. We know that certain men are tabooed by certain other men; that a churchman refuses communion with him who is of no church, or of a different church; and that one Arian thinks dreadful things of another Arian. We call these men Pharisees, who deny kindred with the Samaritans—but we remember who it was that befriended the Samaritans. We know that monks still exist, whose duty to man consists in endless prayers to GOD (in using vain repetitions as the Heathens do); who open their mouths wide, and expect that Heaven will fill them; who hold the active duties of life in no esteem; and separate themselves from their fellows in all the grandeur of religious superiority. We can not see much difference between these men, the Hindoo fakirs, and the unsavory gentlemen of the Grecian tub. They are all of the same genus; but, Heaven be praised! they are dying out from the world of man, as leprosy, and the black plague, and other evils are dying out. True enlightenment will extirpate them, as well as other malaria. If Sanitary Commissions sweep out the cholera, acknowledged Love will sweep out all this idleness and solitary hatred, and make men at last confess that Love and Recognition are grander things than contempt and intolerance; in a word, that real Christianity is better than any form whatsoever of the Diogenic philosophy of hatred.

GOLD—WHAT IT IS AND WHERE IT COMES FROM.

Road-mending is pretty general at this time of the year, and upon roads now being newly macadamized we may pick up a good many differing specimens of granite. On the newly-broken surface of one of them, four substances of which it is composed can be perceived with great distinctness. The more earthy-looking rock, in which the others seem to be embedded, is called felspar; the little hard white stones are bits of quartz; the dark specks are specks of hornblende, and the shining scales are mica. Felspar, quartz, hornblende, and mica are the four constituents of granite. These are among the rocks of the most ancient times, which form a complete barrier to the power of the geologist in turning back the pages which relate the story of our globe. Layer under layer—leaf behind leaf—we find printed the characters of life in all past ages, till at last we come to rocks—greenstone, porphyry, quartz, granite, and others—which contain no trace of life; which do not show, as rocks above them do, that they have been deposited by water; but which have a crystalline form, and set our minds to think of heat and pressure. These lowest rocks are frequently called "igneous," in contradistinction to the stratified rocks nearer the surface, which have been obviously deposited under water. Between the two there is not an abrupt transition; for above the igneous, and below the aqueous, are rocks which belong to the set above them, insomuch as they are stratified; while they belong to the set below them—insomuch as they are crystalline, contain no traces of life, and lead us by their characters to think of heat and pressure. These rocks, on account of their equivocal position, are called metamorphic.

Under the influence of air, combined with that of water—water potent in streams, lakes, and seas, but not less potent as a vapor in our atmosphere, when aided by alternations in the temperature—granite decomposes. We noticed that one of the constituents of granite—felspar—was a comparatively earthy-looking mass, in which the other matters seemed to be embedded. In the decomposition of granite, this felspar is the first thing to give way; it becomes friable, and rains or rivers wash it down. Capital soil it makes. When the constituents of granite part in this way, quartz is the heaviest, and settles. Felspar and the others may run with the stream, more or less; quartz is not moved so easily. Now, as our neighbors in America would put it, "that's a fact;" and it concerns our gossip about gold.

Below the oldest rocks there lie hidden the sources of that volcanic action which is not yet very correctly understood. Fortunately, we are not now called upon for any explanation of it: it is enough for us that such a force exists; and thrusting below, forces granite and such rocks (which ought to lie quite at the bottom), through a rent made in the upper layers, and still up into the air, until, in some places, they form the summit of considerable mountains. Such changes are not often, if ever, the results of a single, mighty heave, which generates a great catastrophe upon the surface of the earth; they are the products of a force constantly applied through ages in a given manner. In all geologic reasoning we are apt to err grossly when we leave out of our calculation the important element of time. These lower rocks, then—these greenstones, porphyries and granites, sienites and serpentines—thrust themselves in many places through the upper strata of the earth's crust, in such a way as to form mountain ranges. Now, it is a fact, that wherever the oldest of the aqueous deposits—such as those called clay-slates, limestones, and greywacke sandstones—happen to be superficial, so as to be broken through by pressure from below, and intruded upon by the igneous rocks (especially if the said igneous rocks form ranges tending at all from north to south), there gold may be looked for. Gold, it is true, may be found combined with much newer formations; but it is under the peculiar circumstances just now mentioned that gold may be expected to be found in any great and valuable store.

In Australia, the gold discoveries, so new and surprising to the public, are not new to the scientific world. More than two years ago, in an "Essay on the Distribution of Gold Ore," read before the British Association, to which our readers will be indebted for some of the facts contained in the present gossip, Sir Roderick Murchison "reminded his geological auditors that, in considering the composition of the chief, or eastern ridge of Australia, and its direction from north to south, he had foretold (as well as Colonel Helmersen, of the Russian Imperial Mines) that gold would be found in it; and he stated that, in the last year, one gentleman resident in Sydney, who had read what he had written and spoken on this point, had sent him specimens of gold ore found in the Blue Mountains; while, from another source, he had learnt that the parallel north and south ridge in the Adelaide region, which had yielded so much copper, had also given undoubted signs of gold ore. The operation of English laws, by which noble metals lapse to the crown, had induced Sir Roderick Murchison to represent to Her Majesty's Secretary of State that no colonists would bestir themselves in gold-mining, if some clear declaration on the subject were not made; but, as no measures on this head seemed to be in contemplation, he inferred that the government may be of opinion, that the discovery of any notable quantity of gold might derange the stability and regular industry of a great colony, which eventually must depend upon its agricultural products." That was the language used by Sir Roderick Murchison in September, 1849; and in September, 1851, we are all startled by the fact which brings emphatic confirmation of his prophecy.

But it is not only about the Blue Mountains, and in other districts, where the gold is now sought, that the geologic conditions under which gold may be sought reasonably are fulfilled. Take, for example, the Ural Mountains. In very ancient times the Scythian natives supplied gold from thence; and gold was supplied also by European tribes in Germany and elsewhere. Most of those sources were worked out, or forgotten. Russia for centuries possessed the Ural, and forgot its gold. Many of us were boys when that was rediscovered. The mountains had been worked for their iron and copper by German miners, who accidentally hit upon a vein of gold. The solid vein was worked near Ekaterinburg—a process expensive and, comparatively, unproductive, as we shall presently explain. Then gold being discovered accidentally in the superficial drift, the more profitable work commenced. It is only within the last very few years that Russia has discovered gold in another portion of her soil, among the spurs of the Altai Mountains, between the Jena and the Lenisei, and along the shores of Lake Baikal. This district has been enormously productive, and, for about four years before the discovery of gold in California, had been adding largely to the gross amount of that metal annually supplied for the uses of society. The extent of this new district now worked is equal to the whole area of France; but all the gold-bearing land in Russia is not yet by any means discovered. The whole area of country in Russia which fulfills the conditions of a gold-bearing district is immense. Eastward of the Ural Chain it includes a large part of Siberia; and also in Russian America there is nearly equal reason for believing that hereafter gold will be discovered.

Before we quit Asia, we may observe, that the Chinese produce gold out of their soil; and although many of the mountain ranges in that country tend from east to west, yet the conditions of the surface, and the meridional directions of the mountains too, would indicate in China some extensive districts over which gold would probably be found in tolerable abundance. Gold exists also in Lydia and Hindostan.

Now to pass over to America, where, as we have already said, the Russians have a district in which gold may some day be discovered. In many districts along the line of the Rocky Mountains, especially in that part of them which is included in the British territory, gold may be looked for. The gold region of California has been recently discovered. Gold in Mexico, where the conditions are again fulfilled, is not a new discovery. Gold in Central America lies neglected, on account of the sad political condition of the little states there. There is gold to be found, perhaps, in the United States, some distance eastward of the Rocky Mountains. Certainly gold districts will be found about the Alleghanies. Gold has been found in Georgia, North and South Carolina, and Virginia; it exists also in Canada, and may, probably, be found not very far north, on the British side of the St. Lawrence. In the frozen regions, which shut in those straits and bays of the North Pole, to which early adventurers were sent from England on the search for gold, gold districts most probably exist, although the shining matter was not gold which first excited the cupidity of

our forefathers. Passing now to South America, New Granada, Peru, Brazil, La Plata, Chili, even Patagonia, contain districts which say, "Look for gold." There are one or two districts in Africa where gold exists; certainly in more districts than that which is called the Gold Coast, between the Niger and Cape Verd; also between Darfur and Abyssinia; and on the Mozambique Coast, opposite Madagascar. In Australia, the full extent of our gold treasure is not yet discovered. In Europe, out of Russia, Hungary supplies yearly one or two hundred thousand pounds worth; there is gold in Transylvania and Bohemia; the Rhine washes gold down into its sands from the crystalline rocks of the high Alps. The Danube, Rhone, and Tagus, yield gold also in small quantities. There are neglected mines of gold in Spain.

To come nearer home. In the mining fields of Leadhills, in Scotland, gold was washed for busily in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It is found also in Glen Turret, in Perthshire, and at Cumberhead, in Lanarkshire. Attempts have been made to turn to account the gold existing in North Wales and Cornwall. About sixty years ago, gold was found accidentally in the bed of streams which run from a mountain on the confines of Wicklow and Wexford, by name, Croghan Kinshela. A good deal of gold was collected by the people, who, having the first pick, had soon earned about ten thousand pounds among them by their findings. Government then established works, and having realized in two years three thousand six hundred and seventy-five pounds by the sale of gold, which it cost them more than that amount to get, they let the matter drop, judiciously.

Let nobody be dazzled, however, by this enumeration of gold districts, which is not by any means complete. It is quite true that there is no metal diffused so widely over the world's surface as gold is, with a single exception, that of iron. But with regard to gold, there is this important fact to be taken into account, that it is not often to be obtained from veins, but is found sprinkled—in many cases sprinkled very sparingly; it is found mixed with quartz and broken rock, or sand and alluvial deposit, often in quantities extremely small, so that the time lost in its separation—even though it be the time of slaves—is of more value than the gold; and so the gold does not repay the labor of extraction. It is only where a gold district does not fall below a certain limit in its richness, that it yields a profit to the laborer. Pure gold in lumps, or grains, or flakes, is to be found only at the surface. Where, as is here and there the case, a vein of it is found deep in connection with the quartz, it is combined with other minerals, from which it can be separated only by an expensive process; so that a gold vein, when found, generally yields less profit than a field. As for gold-hunting in general, the history of every gold district unites to prove that the trade is bad. It is a lottery in which, to be sure, there are some prizes, but there is quite the usual preponderance of blanks.

The villages of gold-seekers about Accra and elsewhere, on the Gold Coast, are the villages of negroes more squalid and wretched than free negroes usually are. The wretchedness of gold-hunters in the rich field of California is by this time a hackneyed theme. Take, now, the picture of a tolerably prosperous gold-seeker in Brazil. He goes into the river with a leathern jacket on, having a leathern bag fastened before him. In his hand he carries a round bowl, of fig-tree wood, about four or five feet in circumference, and one foot deep. He goes into the river at a part where it is not rapid, where it makes a bend, and where it has deep holes. Be pleased to remember that, and do not yet lose sight of what was before said about the heaviness of quartz. The gold-seeker, then, standing in the water, scrapes away with his feet the large stones and the upper layers of sand, and fishes up a bowlful of the older gravel. This he shakes and washes, and removes the upper layer; the gold being the heaviest thing in the bowl, sinks, and when he has got rid of all the other matter, which is after a quarter of an hour's work, or more, he puts into his pouch the residual treasure, which is worth twopence farthing, on an average. He may earn in this way about sevenpence an hour—not bad wages, but, taken in connection with the nature of the work, they do not look exceedingly attractive. Here is a safe income, at any rate—no lottery. A lump of gold, combined with quartz, like that which has been dragged from California by its lucky finder—a lump worth more than three thousand pounds—is not a prize attainable in river washing. That lump, its owner says, he got out of a vein, which vein he comes to Europe to seek aid in working. Veins of quartz containing gold, when they occur, directly they cease to be superficial, cease generally to be very profitable to their owners. But of that we shall have to say more presently.

By this time we have had occasion to observe more than once that gold and quartz are very friendly neighbors. Now, we will make use of the fact which we have been saving up so long, that when granite decomposes, quartz, the heaviest material is least easily carried away, and when carried away is first to be deposited by currents. Gold also, is very heavy; in its lightest compound, it is twelve times heavier than water, and pure gold is nineteen times heavier; gold, therefore, when stirred out of its place by water, will soon settle to the bottom. Very often gold will not be moved at all, nor even quartz; so gold and quartz remain, while substances which formerly existed in their neighborhood are washed away. Or when the whole is swept away together, after the gold has begun sinking, quartz will soon be sinking too; and so, even in shingle or alluvial deposits, gold and quartz are apt to occur as exceedingly close neighbors to each other.

How the gold forms in those old rocks, we have no right to say. Be it remembered, that in newer formations it occurs, although more sparingly. How the gold forms, we do not know. In fact, we have no right to say of gold that it is formed at all. In the present state of chemistry, gold is considered as an element, a simple substance, of which other things are formed, not being itself compounded out of others. In the present state of our knowledge, therefore—and the metals *may* really be elements—we have nothing to trouble ourselves about. Gold being one of the elements (there are somewhere about forty in all) of which the earth is built, of course existed from the

beginning, and will be found in the oldest rocks. It exists, like other elements, in combination. It is combined with iron, antimony, manganese, copper, arsenic, and other things. But it is one great peculiarity of gold that it is not easily oxydized or rusted; rust being caused in metals by the action of oxygen contained in our air. When, therefore, gold, in a compound state, comes to be superficial, the air acting on the mass will generally oxydize the other metals, and so act upon them, more especially where water helps, that in the lapse of time this superficial gold will have been purified in the laboratory of nature, and may be finally picked up in the pure, or nearly pure, state; or else it may be washed, equally pure, from the superficial earth, as is now done in the majority of gold districts. But deep below the surface, in quartz veins contained within the bowels of a mountain—though, to be sure, it is not often found in such positions—gold exists generally in a condition far from pure; the chemistry of the artisan must do what the chemistry of nature had effected in the other case; and this involves rather an expensive process.

Surface gold is found, comparatively pure, in lumps of very various sizes, or in rounded grains, or in small scales. In this state it is found in the Ural district, contained in a mass of coarse gravel, like that found in the neighborhood of London; elsewhere, it is contained in a rough shingle, with much quartz; and elsewhere, in a more mud-like alluvial deposit. The water that has washed it out of its first bed has not been always a mere mountain torrent, or a river, or a succession of rains. Gold shingle and sand have been accumulated in many districts, by the same causes which produced our local drifts, in which the bones of the mammoth, the rhinoceros, and other extinct quadrupeds occur.

The nearly pure gold thus deposited in very superficial layers, may be readily distinguished from all other things that have external resemblance to it. Gold in this state has always, more or less, its well-known color, and the little action of the air upon it causes its particles to glitter, though they be distributed only in minute scales through a bed of sand. But there are other things that glitter. Scales of mica, to the eye only, very much resemble gold. But gold is extremely heavy; twelve or nineteen times heavier than that same bulk of water; mica is very light: sand itself being but three times heavier than water. Let, therefore, sand, with glittering scales in it, be shaken with water, and let us watch the order of the settling. If the scales be gold they will sink first, and quickly, to the bottom; if they be mica, they will take their time, and be among the last to sink. It is this property of gold—its weight—which enables us to obtain it by the process called gold-washing. Earth containing gold, being agitated in water, the gold falls to the bottom. Turbid water containing gold, being poured over a skin, the gold falls and becomes entangled in the hairs; or such water being poured over a board with transverse grooves, the gold is caught in the depressions. This is the reason why the Brazilian searcher looks for a depression in the bottom of the river, and this is also the origin of those peculiar rich bits occasionally found in the alluvium of a large gold-field. Where there has been a hollow, as the water passed it, gold continually was arrested there, forming those valuable deposits which the Brazilians call *Caldeiraos*. Sometimes, where the waters have been arrested in the hollow of a mountain, they have, in the same way, dropped an excessive store of gold. This quality of weight, therefore, is of prime importance in the history of gold; it determined the character of its deposits in the first instance; it enables us now to extract it easily from its surrounding matter, and enables us to detect it in a piece of rock, where it may not be distinctly visible. There are two substances which look exceedingly like gold;—copper and iron pyrites, substances familiar to most of us. We need never be puzzled to distinguish them. Gold is a soft metal, softer than iron, copper, and silver, although harder than tin or lead. It will scratch tin or lead; but it will be scratched with the other metals. That is to say, you can scratch gold with a common knife. Now, iron pyrites is harder than steel, and therefore a knife will fail to scratch it. Gold and iron pyrites, therefore, need never be mistaken for each other by any man who has a piece of steel about him. Copper pyrites can be scratched with steel. But then there is another very familiar property of gold, by which, in this case, it can be distinguished. Gold is very malleable; beat on it with a stone, and it will flatten, but not break; and when it breaks, it shows that it is torn asunder, by the thready, fibrous nature of its fracture. Beat with a stone on copper pyrites, and it immediately begins to crumble. No acid, by itself, can affect gold; but a mixture of one part nitric, and four parts muriatic acid, is called *Aqua Regia*, because in this mixture gold does dissolve. A common test for gold, in commerce, is to put nitric acid over it, which has no action if the gold be true. There is, also, a hard smooth stone, called *Lydian stone*, or *flinty jasper*, by the mineralogists, and *touchstone* by the jewelers, on which gold makes a certain mark; and the character of the streak made on such a stone will indicate pretty well the purity or value of the gold that makes it.

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We have said that when the gold occurs in a deep-seated vein, combined with other minerals, its extraction becomes no longer a simple process. Let us now point out generally what the nature of this process is, and then we shall conclude our brief discussion; for what else we might say, either lies beyond our present purpose, or has been made, by the talking and writing of the last two years, sufficiently familiar to all listeners or readers. Mr. Gardner, superintendent of the Royal Botanic Garden of Ceylon, thus describes the process of extracting gold out of the mine of *Morro Velho*. This mine, when St. Hilaire visited it, was considered as exhausted; it is now one of the richest in Brazil. Thus Mr. Gardner writes of it:

"The ore is first removed from its bed by blasting, and it is afterward broken, by female slaves, into small pieces; after which it is conveyed to the stamping-machine, to be reduced to powder. A small stream of water, constantly made to run through them, carries away the pulverized matter to what is called the *Strakes*—a wooden platform, slightly inclined, and divided into a number of very shallow compartments, of fourteen inches in width, the length being about twenty-six feet. The floor of each of these compartments is covered with pieces of tanned hide, about three feet

long, and sixteen inches wide, which have the hair on. The particles of gold are deposited among the hairs, while the earthy matter, being lighter, is washed away. The greater part of the gold dust is collected on the three upper, or head skins, which are changed every four hours, while the lower skins are changed every six or eight hours, according to the richness of the ore. The sand which is washed from the head skins is collected together, and amalgamated with quicksilver, in barrels; while that from the lower skins is conveyed to the washing-house, and concentrated over strakes of similar construction to those of the stamping-mill, till it be rich enough to be amalgamated with that from the head-skins. The barrels into which this rich sand is put, together with the quicksilver, are turned by water; and the process of amalgamation is generally completed in the course of forty-eight hours. When taken out, the amalgam is separated from the sand by washing. It is then pressed on chamois skins, and the quicksilver is separated from the gold by sublimation."

Let us explain those latter processes in more detail. If you dip a gold ring or a sovereign into quicksilver, it will be silvered by it, and the silvering will not come off. This union of theirs is called an amalgam. On a ring or sovereign it is mere silvering; but when the gold is in a state of powder, and the amalgamation takes place on a complete scale, it forms a white, doughy mass, in which there is included much loose quicksilver. This doughy mass is presently washed clear of all impurities, and is then squeezed in skins or cloths, through the pores of which loose quicksilver is forced, and saved for future operations. The rest of the quicksilver is burnt out. Under a moderately strong heat, quicksilver evaporates, or—to speak more scientifically—sublimes; and gold does not. The amalgam, therefore, being subjected to heat, the quicksilver escapes by sublimation, leaving the gold pure. The quicksilver escapes by sublimation; but its owner does not wish it quite to escape out of his premises, because it is an expensive article. Chambers are therefore made over the ovens, in which the mercury may once again condense, and whence it may be collected again afterward. But, with all precaution, a considerable waste always takes place. Other processes are also in use for the separation of gold from its various alloys. We have described that which is of most universal application. Let us not omit noting the significance of the fact, that a quicksilver mine exists in California.

EYES MADE TO ORDER.

Contradictory opinions prevail as to the limits that should be assigned to the privilege of calling Art to the aid of Nature. To some persons a wig is the type of a false and hollow age; an emblem of deceit; a device of ingenious vanity, covering the wearer with gross and unpardonable deceit. In like manner, a crusade has been waged against the skill of the dentist—against certain artificial "extents in aid" of symmetry effected by the milliner.

The other side argues, in favor of the wig, that, in the social intercourse of men, it is a laudable object for any individual to propose to himself, by making an agreeable appearance, to please, rather than repel his associates. On the simple ground that he would rather please than offend, an individual, not having the proper complement of hair and countenance, places a cunningly-fashioned wig upon his head, artificial teeth in his mouth, and an artificial nose upon his face. A certain money-lender, it is urged, acknowledged the elevating power of beauty when he drew a veil before the portrait of his favorite picture, that he might not see the semblance of a noble countenance, while he extorted his crushing interest from desperate customers. It is late in the age, say the pro-wig party, to be called upon to urge the refining power that dwells in the beautiful; and, on the other hand, the depression and the coarseness which often attend the constant contemplation of things unsightly. The consciousness of giving unpleasant sensations to spectators, haunts all people who are visibly disfigured. The bald man of five-and-twenty is an unpleasant object; because premature baldness is unnatural and ugly. Argue the question according to the strictest rules of formal logic, and you will arrive at nothing more than that the thing is undoubtedly unpleasant to behold, and that therefore some reason exists that should urge men to remove it, or hide it. Undoubtedly, a wig is a counterfeit of natural hair; but is it not a counterfeit worn in deference to the sense of the world, and with the view of presenting an agreeable, instead of a disagreeable object? Certainly. A pinch of philosophy is therefore sprinkled about a wig, and the wearer is not necessarily a coxcomb. As regards artificial teeth, stronger pleas—even than those which support wigs—may be entered. Digestion demands that food should be masticated. Shall, then, a toothless person be forced to live upon spoon-meat, because artificial ivories are denounced as sinful? These questions are fast coming to issue, for Science has so far come to the aid of human nature, that according to an enthusiastic professor, it will be difficult, in the course of another century, to tell how or where any man or woman is deficient. A millennium for Deformity is, it seems, not far distant. M. Boissonneau of Paris, constructs eyes with such extraordinary precision, that the artificial eye, we are told, is not distinguishable from the natural eye. The report of his pretensions will, it is to be feared, spread consternation among those who hold in abhorrence, and consider artificial teeth incompatible with Christianity; yet the fact must be honestly declared, that it is no longer safe for poets to write sonnets about the eyes of their mistresses, since those eyes may be M. Boissonneau's.

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The old, rude, artificial eyes are simply oval shells, all made from one pattern, and differing only in size and in color. No pretension to artistic or scientific skill has been claimed by the artificial-eye manufacturer—he has made a certain number of deep blues, light blues, hazels, and others, according to the state of the eye-market. These rude shells were constructed mainly with the

view of giving the wearer an almond-shaped eye, and with little regard to its matching the eye in sound and active service. Artificial eyes were not made to order: but the patient was left to pick out the eye he would prefer to wear, as he would pick out a glove. The manufacture was kept a profound mystery, and few medical men had access to its secrets. The manufacturers sold eyes by the gross, to retail-dealers, at a low price; and these supplied patients. Under this system, artificial eyes were only applicable in the very rare cases of atrophy of the globe; and the effect produced was even more repulsive than that of the diseased eye. The disease was hidden by an unnatural and repulsive expression, which it is difficult to describe. While one eye was gazing intently in your face, the other was fixed in another direction—immovable, the more hideous because at first you mistook it for a natural eye. A smile may over spread the face, animate the lip, and lighten up the natural eye; but there was the glass eye—fixed, lustreless, and dead. It had other disadvantages: it interfered with the lachrymal functions, and sometimes caused a tear to drop in the happiest moments.

The new artificial eye is nothing more than a plastic skullcap, set accurately upon the bulb of the diseased eye, so that it moves with the bulb as freely as the sound eye. The lids play freely over it; the lachrymal functions continue their healthy action; and the bulb is effectually protected from currents of cold air and particles of dust. But these effects can be gained only by modeling each artificial eye upon the particular bulb it is destined to cover; thus removing the manufacture of artificial eyes from the hands of clumsy mechanics, to the superintendence of the scientific artist. Every individual case, according to the condition of the bulb, requires an artificial eye of a different model from all previously made. In no two cases are the bulbs found in precisely the same condition; and, therefore, only the scientific workman, proceeding on well-grounded principles, can pretend to practice ocular prosthesis with success. The newly-invented shell is of metallic enamel, which may be fitted like an outer cuticle to the bulb—the cornea of which is destroyed—and restores to the patient his natural appearance. The invention, however, will, we fear, increase our skepticism. We shall begin to look in people's eyes, as we have been accustomed to examine a luxuriant head of hair, when it suddenly shoots upon a surface hitherto remarkable only for a very straggling crop. Yet, it would be well to abate the spirit of sarcasm with which wigs and artificial teeth have been treated. Undoubtedly, it is more pleasant to owe one's hair to nature than to Truefit; to be indebted to natural causes for pearly teeth; and to have sparkling eyes with light in them. Every man and woman would rather have an aquiline nose than the most playful pug; no one would exchange eyes agreeing to turn in one direction, for the pertest squint; or legs observing something approaching to a straight line, for undecided legs, with contradictory bends. Hence dumb-bells, shoulder-boards, gymnastic exercises, the consumption of sugar steeped in Eau-de-Cologne (a French recipe for imparting brightness to the eyes), ingenious padding, kalydors, odontos, Columbian balms, bandolines, and a thousand other ingenious devices. Devices with an object, surely—that object, the production of a pleasing *personnel*. It is a wise policy to remove from sight the calamities which horrify or sadden; and, as far as possible, to cultivate all that pleases from its beauty or its grace. Therefore, let us shake our friend with the cork-leg by the hand, and, acknowledging that the imitation is worn in deference to our senses, receive it as a veritable flesh-and-blood limb; let us accept the wig of our unfortunate young companion, as the hair which he has lost; let us shut our eyes to the gold work that fastens the brilliantly white teeth of a young lady, whose natural dentition has been replaced; and, above all, let us never show, by sign or word, that the appearance of our friend (who has suffered tortures, and lost the sight of one eye) is changed after the treatment invented by M. Boissonneau.

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THE EXPECTANT.—A TALE OF LIFE.

When a boy I was sent to school in a country village in one of the midland counties. Midvale lay on a gentle slope at the foot of a lofty hill, round which the turnpike-road wound scientifically to diminish the steepness of the declivity; and the London coach, as it smoked along the white road regularly at half-past four o'clock, with one wheel dragged, might be tracked for two good miles before it crossed the bridge over the brook below and disappeared from sight. We generally rushed out of the afternoon school as the twanging horn of the guard woke up our quiet one street; and a fortunate fellow I always thought was Griffith Maclean, our only day-boarder, who on such occasions would often chase the flying mail, and seizing the hand of the guard, an old servant of his uncle's, mount on the roof, and ride as far as he chose for the mere trouble of walking back again. Our school consisted of between twenty and thirty boys, under the care of a master who knew little and taught still less; for having three sermons to preach every Sunday, besides two on week-days, he had but little leisure to spare for the duties of the school; and the only usher he could afford to keep was a needy, hard-working lad, whose poverty and time-worn habiliments deprived him of any moral control over the boys. This state of things, coupled with the nervous and irascible temper of the pedagogue, naturally produced a good deal of delinquency, which was duly scored off on the backs of the offenders every morning before breakfast. Thus what we wanted in tuition was made up in flogging; and if the master was rarely in the school, he made amends for his absence by a vigorous use of his prerogative while he was there. Griffith Maclean, who was never present on these occasions, coming only at nine o'clock, was yet our common benefactor. One by one he had taken all our jackets to a cobbling tailor in the village, and got them for a trifling cost so well lined with old remnants of a kind of felt or serge, for the manufacture of which the place was famous, that we could afford to stand up

without wincing, and even to laugh through our wry faces under the matutinal ceremony of caning. Further, Griffith was the sole means of communication with the shopkeepers, and bought our cakes, fruit, and playthings, when we had money to spend, and would generally contrive to convey a hunch of bread and cheese from home, to any starving victim who was condemned to fasting for his transgressions. In return for all this sympathy we could do no less than relieve Griffith, as far as possible, from the trouble and 'bother,' as he called it, of study. We worked his sums regularly for days beforehand, translated his Latin, and read over his lessons with our fingers as he stood up to repeat them before the master.

Griffith's mother was the daughter of a gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Midvale. Fifteen years ago she had eloped with a young Irish officer—an unprincipled fortune-hunter—who, finding himself mistaken in his venture, the offended father having refused any portion, had at first neglected and finally deserted his wife, who had returned home with Griffith, her only child, to seek a reconciliation with her parents. This had never been cordially granted. The old man had other children who had not disobeyed him, and to them, at his death, he bequeathed the bulk of his property, allotting to Griffith's mother only a life-interest in a small estate which brought her something less than a hundred pounds a year. But the family were wealthy, and the fond mother hoped, indeed fully expected, that they would make a gentlemanly provision for her only child. In this expectation Griffith was nurtured and bred; and being reminded every day that he was born a gentleman, grew up with the notion that application and labor of any sort were unbecoming the character he would have to sustain. He was a boy of average natural abilities, and with industry might have cultivated them to advantage: but industry was a plebeian virtue, which his silly mother altogether discountenanced, and withstood the attempts, not very vigorous, of the schoolmaster to enforce. Thus he was never punished, seldom reproved; and the fact that he was the sole individual so privileged in a school where both reproof and punishment were so plentiful, could not fail of impressing him with a great idea of his own importance. Schoolboys are fond of speculating on their future prospects, and of dilating on the fancied pleasures of manhood and independence, and the delights of some particular trade or profession upon which they have set their hearts; the farm, the forge, the loom, the counter, the press, the desk, have as eager partisans among the knucklers at *taw* as among older children; and while crouching round the dim spark of fire on a wet winter day, we were wont to chalk out for ourselves a future course of life when released from the drudgery, as we thought it, of school. Some declared for building, carpentering, farming, milling, or cattle-breeding; some were panting for life in the great city; some longed for the sea and travel to foreign countries; and some for a quiet life at home amid rural sports and the old family faces. Above all, Griffith Maclean towered in unapproachable greatness. "I shall be a gentleman," said he; "if I don't have a commission in the army—which I am not sure I should like, because it's a bore to be ordered off where you don't want to go—I shall have an official situation under government, with next to nothing to do but to see life and enjoy myself." Poor Griffith!

Time wore on. One fine morning I was packed, along with a couple of boxes, on the top of the London coach; and before forty-eight hours had elapsed, found myself bound apprentice to a hard-working master and a laborious profession in the heart of London. Seven years I served and wrought in acquiring the art and mystery, as my indentures termed it, of my trade. Seven times in the course of this period it was my pleasant privilege to visit Midvale, where some of my relations dwelt, and at each visit I renewed the intimacy with my old school-fellow, Griffith. He was qualifying himself for the life of a gentleman by leading one of idleness; and I envied him not a little his proficiency in the use of the angle and the gun, and the opportunity he occasionally enjoyed of following the hounds upon a borrowed horse. At my last visit, at the end of my term of apprenticeship, I felt rather hurt at the cold reception his mother gave me, and at the very haughty, off-hand bearing of Griffith himself; and I resolved to be as independent as he by giving him an opportunity of dropping the acquaintance if he chose. I understood, however, that both he and his mother were still feeding upon expectation, and that they hoped every thing from General —, to whom application had been made on Griffith's behalf, as the son of an officer, and that they confidently expected a cadetship that would open up the road to promotion and fortune. The wished-for appointment did not arrive. Poor Griffith's father had died without leaving that reputation behind him which might have paved the way for his son's advancement, and the application was not complied with. This was a mortifying blow to the mother, whose pride it painfully crushed. Griffith, now of age, proposed that they should remove to London, where, living in the very source and centre of official appointments, they might bring their influence to bear upon any suitable berth that might be vacant. They accordingly left Midvale and came to town, where they lived in complete retirement upon a very limited income. I met Griffith accidentally after he had been in London about a year. He shook me heartily by the hand, was in high spirits, and informed me that he had at length secured the promise of an appointment to a situation in S— House, in case T—, the sitting member, should be again returned for the county. His mother had three tenants, each with a vote, at her command; and he was going down to Midvale, as the election was shortly coming off, and would bag a hundred votes, at least, he felt sure, before polling-day. I could not help thinking as he rattled away, that this was just the one thing he was fit for. With much of the air, gait, and manners of a gentleman, he combined a perfection in the details of fiddle-faddle and small talk rarely to be met with; and from having no independent opinion of his own upon any subject whatever, was so much the better qualified to secure the voices of those who had. He went down to Midvale, canvassed the whole district with astonishing success, and had the honor of dining with his patron, the triumphant candidate, at the conclusion of the poll. On his return to town, in the overflowings of his joy, he wrote a note to me expressive of his improved prospects, and glorying in the certainty of at length obtaining an

official appointment. I was very glad to hear the good news, but still more surprised at the terms in which it was conveyed; the little that Griffith had learned at school he had almost contrived to lose altogether in the eight or nine years that had elapsed since he had left it. He seemed to ignore the very existence of such contrivances as syntax and orthography; and I really had grave doubts as to whether he was competent to undertake even an official situation in S— House.

These doubts were not immediately resolved. Members of parliament, secure in their seats, are not precisely so anxious to perform as they sometimes are ready to promise when their seats seem sliding from under them. It was very nearly two years before Griffith received any fruit from his electioneering labors, during which time he had been leading a life of lounging, do-nothing, dreamy semi-consciousness, occasionally varied by a suddenly-conceived and indignant remonstrance, hurled in foolscap at the head of the defalcating member for the county. During all this time fortune used him but scurvily: his mother's tenants at Midvale clamored for a reduction of rent; one decamped without payment of arrears; repairs were necessary, and had to be done and paid for. These drawbacks reduced the small income upon which they lived, and sensibly affected the outward man of the gentlemanly Griffith: he began to look seedy, and occasionally borrowed a few shillings of me when we casually met, which he forgot to pay. I must do him the credit to say that he never avoided me on account of these trifling debts, but with an innate frankness characteristic of his boyhood, continued his friendship and his confidences. At length the happy day arrived. He received his appointment, bearing the remuneration of £200 a year, which he devoutly believed was to lead to something infinitely greater, and called on me on his way to the office where he was to be installed and indoctrinated into his function.

The grand object of her life—the settlement of her son—thus accomplished, the mother returned to Midvale, where she shortly after died, in the full conviction that Griffith was on the road to preferment and fortune. The little estate—upon the proceeds of which she had frugally maintained herself and son—passed, at her death, into the hands of one of her brothers, none of whom took any further notice of Griffith, who had mortally offended them by his instrumentality in returning the old member for the county, whom it was their endeavor to unseat. There is a mystery connected with Griffith's tenure of office which I could never succeed in fathoming. He held it but for six months, when, probably not being competent to keep it, he sold it to an advertising applicant, who offered a douceur of £300 for such a berth. How the transfer was arranged I can not tell, not knowing the recondite formula in use upon these occasions. Suffice it to say that Griffith had his £300, paid his little debts, renewed his wardrobe and his expectations, and began to cast about for a new patron. He was now a gentleman about town, and exceedingly well he both looked and acted the character: he had prudence enough to do it upon an economical scale, and though living upon his capital, doled it out with a sparing hand. As long as his money lasted he did very well; but before the end of the third year the bloom of his gentility had worn off, and it was plain that he was painfully economizing the remnant of his funds.

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About this time I happened to remove to a different quarter of the metropolis, and lost sight of him for more than a year. One morning, expecting a letter of some importance, I waited for the postman before walking to business. What was my astonishment on responding personally to his convulsive "b'bang," to recognize under the gold-banded hat and red-collared coat of that peripatetic official the gentlemanly figure and features of my old schoolfellow Griffith Maclean!

"What! Griff?" I exclaimed: "is it possible?—can this be you?"

"Well," said he, "I am inclined to think it is. You see, old fellow, a man must do something or starve. This is all I could get out of that shabby fellow T— and I should not have got this had I not well worried him. He knows I have no longer a vote for the county. However, I shan't wear this livery long: there are good berths enough in the post-office. If they don't pretty soon give me something fit for a gentleman to do, I shall take myself off as soon as any thing better offers. But, by George? there is not much time allowed for talking: I must be off—farewell!"

Soon after this meeting the fourpenny deliveries commenced; and these were before long followed by the establishment of the universal Penny-post. This was too much for Griffith. He swore he was walked off his legs; that people did nothing upon earth but write letters; that he was jaded to death by lugging them about; that he had no intention of walking into his coffin for the charge of one penny; and, finally, that he would have no more of it. Accordingly he made application for promotion on the strength of his recommendation, was refused as a matter of course, and vacated his post for the pleasure of a week's rest, which he declared was more than it was honestly worth.

By this time destiny had made me a housekeeper in "merry Islington;" and poor Griff, now reduced to his shifts, waited on me one morning with a document to which he wanted my signature, the object of which was to get him into the police force. Though doubting his perseverance in any thing, I could not but comply with his desire, especially as many of my neighbors had done the same. The paper testified only as to character; and as Griff was sobriety itself, and as it would have required considerable ingenuity to fasten any vice upon him, I might have been hardly justified in refusing. I represented to him as I wrote my name, that should he be successful, he would really have an opportunity of rising by perseverance in good conduct to an upper grade. "Of course," said he, "that is my object; it would never do for a gentleman to sit down contented as a policeman. I intend to rise from the ranks, and I trust you will live to see me one day at the head of the force."

He succeeded in his application; and not long after signing his paper I saw him indued with the long coat, oil-cape, and glazed hat of the brotherhood, marching off in Indian file for night-duty to

his beat in the H— Road. Whether the night air disagreed with his stomach, or whether his previous duty as a postman had made him doubly drowsy, I can not say, but he was found by the inspector on going his rounds in a position too near the horizontal for the regulations of the force, and suspended, after repeated transgression, for sleeping upon a bench under a covered doorway while a robbery was going on in the neighborhood. He soon found that the profession was not at all adapted to his habits, and had not power enough over them to subdue them to his vocation. He lingered on for a few weeks under the suspicious eye of authority, and at length took the advice of the inspector, and withdrew from the force.

He did not make his appearance before me as I expected, and I lost sight of him for a long while. What new shifts and contrivances he had recourse to—what various phases of poverty and deprivation he became acquainted with during the two years that he was absent from my sight, are secrets which no man can fathom. I was standing at the foot of Blackfriar's Bridge one morning waiting for a clear passage to cross the road, and began mechanically reading a printed board, offering to all the sons of Adam—whom, for the especial profit of the slopsellers, Heaven sends naked into the world—garments of the choicest broadcloth for next to nothing, and had just mastered the whole of the large-printed lie, when my eye fell full upon the bearer of the board, whose haggard but still gentlemanly face revealed to me the lineaments of my old friend Griff. He laughed in spite of his rags as our eyes met, and seized my proffered hand.

"And what," said I, not daring to be silent, "do they pay you for this?"

"Six shillings a week," said Griff, "and that's better than nothing."

"Six shillings and your board of course?"

"Yes, this board" (tapping the placarded timber); "and a confounded heavy board it is. Sometimes when the wind takes it, though, I'm thinking it will fly away with me into the river, heavy as it is."

"And do you stand here all day?"

"No, not when it rains: the wet spoils the print, and we have orders to run under cover. After one o'clock I walk about with it wherever I like, and stretch my legs a bit. There's no great hardship in it if the pay was better."

I left my old playmate better resigned to his lowly lot than I thought to have found him. It was clear that he had at length found a function for which he was at least qualified; that he knew the fact; and that the knowledge imparted some small spice of satisfaction to his mind. I am happy to have to state that this was the deepest depth to which he has fallen. He has never been a *sandwich*—I am sure indeed he would never have borne it. With his heavy board mounted on a stout staff, he could imagine himself, as no doubt he often did, a standard-bearer on the battlefield, determined to defend his colors with his last breath; and his tall, gentlemanly, and somewhat officer-like figure, might well suggest the comparison to a casual spectator. But to encase his genteel proportions in a surtout of papered planks, or hang a huge wooden extinguisher over his shoulders labeled with colored stripes—it would never have done: it would have blotted out the gentleman, and therefore have worn away the heart of one whose shapely gentility was all that was left to him.

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One might have thought, after all the vicissitudes he had passed through, that the soul of Griffith Maclean was dead to the voice of ambition. Not so, however. On the first establishment of the street-orderlies, that chord in his nature spontaneously vibrated once again. If he could only get an appointment it would be a rise in the social scale—leading by degrees—who can tell?—to the resumption of his original status, or even something beyond.... I hear a gentle knock, a modest, low-toned single dab, at the street-door as I am sitting down to supper on my return home after the fatigues of business. Betty is in no hurry to go to the door, as she is poaching a couple of eggs, and prides herself upon performing that delicate operation in irreproachable style. "Squish!" they go one after another into the saucepan—I hear it as plainly as though I were in the kitchen. Now the plates clatter; the tray is loading; and now the eggs are walking up stairs, steaming under Betty's face, when "dab" again—a thought, only a thought louder than before—at the street-door. The spirit of patience is outside; and now Betty runs with an apology for keeping him waiting. "Here's a man wants to speak to master; says he'll wait if you are engaged, sir; he ain't in no hurry." "Show him in;" and in walks Griff, again armed with a document—a petition for employment as a street-orderly, with testimonials of good character, honesty, and all that. Of course I again append my signature, without any allusion to the police force. I wish him all success, and have a long talk over past fun and follies, and present hopes and future prospects, and the philosophy of poverty and the deceitfulness of wealth. We part at midnight, and Griff next day gets the desiderated appointment.

It is raining hard while I write, and by the same token I know that at this precise moment Griffith in his glazed hat, and short blouse, and ponderous mud-shoes, is clearing a channel for the diluted muck of C— street, city, and directing the black, oozy current by the shortest cut to the open grating connected with the common sewer. I am as sure as though I were superintending the operation, that he handles his peculiar instrument—a sort of hybrid between a hoe and a rake—with the grace and air of a gentleman—a grace and an air proclaiming to the world that though *in* the profession, whatever it may be called, which he has assumed, he is not *of* it, and vindicating the workmanship of nature, who, whatever circumstances may have compelled him to become, cast him in the mould of a gentleman. It is said that in London every man finds his level. Whether Griffith Maclean, after all his vicissitudes, has found his, I do not pretend to say. Happily

for him, he thinks that fortune has done her worst, and that he is bound to rise on her revolving wheel as high at least as he has fallen low. May the hope stick by him, and give birth to energies productive of its realization!

THE PLEASURES AND PERILS OF BALLOONING.

It would appear that, in almost every age, from time immemorial, there has been a strong feeling in certain ambitious mortals to ascend among the clouds. They have felt with Hecate—

"Oh what a dainty pleasure 'tis
To sail in the air!"

So many, besides those who have actually indulged in it, have felt desirous of tasting the "dainty pleasure" of a perilous flight, that we are compelled to believe that the attraction is not only much greater than the inducement held out would leave one to expect, but that it is far more extensive than generally supposed. Eccentric ambition, daring, vanity, and the love of excitement and novelty, have been quite as strong impulses as the love of science, and of making new discoveries in man's mastery over physical nature. Nevertheless, the latter feeling has, no doubt, been the main-stay, if not the forerunner and father of these attempts, and has held it in public respect, notwithstanding the many follies that have been committed.

To master the physical elements, has always been the great aim of man. He commenced with earth, his own natural, obvious, and immediate element, and he has succeeded to a prodigious extent, being able to do (so far as he knows) almost whatever he wills with the surface; and, though reminded every now and then by some terrible disaster that he is getting "out of bounds" has effected great conquests amidst the dark depths beneath the surface. Water and fire came next in requisition; and by the process of ages, man may fairly congratulate himself on the extraordinary extent, both in kind and degree, to which he has subjected them to his designs—designs which have become complicated and stupendous in the means by which they are carried out, and having commensurate results both of abstract knowledge and practical utility. But the element of air has hitherto been too subtle for all his projects, and defied his attempts at conquest. That element which permeates all earthly bodies, and without breathing which the animal machine can not continue its vital functions—into that grand natural reservoir of breath, there is every physical indication that it is not intended man should ascend as its lord. Traveling and voyaging man must be content with earth and ocean;—the sublime highways of air, are, to all appearance, denied to his wanderings.

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Wild and daring as was the act, it is no less true that men's first attempts at a flight through the air were literally with wings. They conjectured that by elongating their arms with a broad mechanical covering, they could convert them into wings; and forgetting that birds possess air-cells, which they can inflate, that their bones are full of air instead of marrow, and, also, that they possess enormous strength of sinews expressly for this purpose, these desperate half-theorists have launched themselves from towers and other high places, and floundered down to the demolition of their necks, or limbs, according to the obvious laws and penalties of nature. We do not allude to the Icarus of old, or any fabulous or remote aspirants, but to modern times. Wonderful as it may seem, there are some instances in which they escaped with only a few broken bones. Milton tells a story of this kind in his "History of Britain;" the flying man being a monk of Malmsbury, "in his youth." He lived to be impudent and jocosely on the subject, and attributed his failure entirely to his having forgotten to wear a broad tail of feathers. In 1742 the Marquis de Bacquerville announced that he would fly with wings from the top of his own house on the *Quai des Theatins* to the garden of the *Tuileries*. He actually accomplished half the distance, when, being exhausted with his efforts, the wings no longer beat the air, and he came down into the Seine, and would have escaped unhurt, but that he fell against one of the floating machines of the Parisian laundresses, and thereby fractured his leg. But the most successful of all these instances of the extraordinary, however misapplied, force of human energies and daring, was that of a certain citizen of Bologna, in the thirteenth century, who actually managed, with some kind of wing contrivance, to fly from the mountain of Bologna to the River Reno, without injury. "Wonderful! admirable!" cried all the citizens of Bologna. "Stop a little!" said the officers of the Holy Inquisition; "this must be looked into." They sat in sacred conclave. If the man had been killed, said they, or even mutilated shockingly, our religious scruples would have been satisfied; but, as he has escaped unhurt, it is clear that he must be in league with the devil. The poor "successful" man was therefore condemned to be burnt alive; and the sentence of the Holy Catholic Church was carried into Christian execution.

That flying, however, could be effected by the assistance of some more elaborate sort of machinery, or with the aid of chemistry, was believed at an early period. Friar Bacon suggested it; so did Bishop Wilkins, and the Marquis of Worcester; it was likewise projected by Fleyder, by the Jesuit Lana, and many other speculative men of ability. So far, however, as we can see, the first real discoverer of the balloon was Dr. Black, who, in 1767, proposed to inflate a large skin with hydrogen gas; and the first who brought theory into practice were the brothers Montgolfier. But their theory was that of the "fire-balloon," or the formation of an artificial cloud, of smoke, by means of heat from a lighted brazier placed beneath an enormous bag, or balloon, and fed with fuel while up in the air. The Academy of Sciences immediately gave the invention every

encouragement, and two gentlemen volunteered to risk an ascent in this alarming machine.

The first of these was Pilâtre de Rosier, a gentleman of scientific attainments, who was to conduct the machine, and he was accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes, an officer in the Guards. They ascended in the presence of the Court of France, and all the scientific men in Paris. They had several narrow escapes of the whole machine taking fire, but eventually returned to the ground in safety. Both these courageous men came to untimely ends subsequently. Pilâtre de Rosier, admiring the success of the balloon afterward made by Professor Charles, and others, (*viz.*, a balloon filled with hydrogen gas), conceived the idea of uniting the two systems, and accordingly ascended with a large balloon of that kind, having a small fire-balloon beneath it—the upper one to sustain the greater portion of the weight, the lower one to enable him to alter his specific gravity as occasion might require, and thus to avoid the usual expenditure of gas and ballast. Right in theory—but he had forgotten one thing. Ascending too high, confident in his theory, the upper balloon became distended too much, and poured down a stream of hydrogen gas, in self-relief, which reached the little furnace of the fire-balloon, and the whole machine became presently one mass of flame. It was consumed in the air, as it descended, and with it of course, the unfortunate Pilâtre de Rosier. The untimely fate of the Marquis d'Arlandes, his companion in the first ascent ever made in a balloon, was hastened by one of those circumstances which display the curious anomalies in human nature;—he was broken for cowardice in the execution of his military duties, and is supposed to have committed suicide.

If we consider the shape, structure, appurtenances, and capabilities of a ship of early ages, and one of the present time, we must be struck with admiration at the great improvement that has been made, and the advantages that have been obtained; but balloons are very nearly what they were from the first, and are as much at the mercy of the wind for the direction they will take. Neither is there at present any certain prospect of an alteration in this condition. Their so-called "voyage" is little more than "drifting," and can be no more, except by certain manœuvres which obtain precarious exceptions, such as rising to take the chance of different currents, or lowering a long and weighty rope upon the earth (an ingenious invention of Mr. Green's, called the "guide rope"), to be trailed along the ground. If, however, man is ever to be a flying animal, and to travel in the air whither he listeth, it must be by other means than wings, balloons, paddle-machines, and aerial ships—several of which are now building in America, in Paris, and in London. We do not doubt the mechanical genius of inventors—but the motive power. We will offer a few remarks on these projects before we conclude.

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But let us, at all events, ascend into the sky! Taking balloons as they are, "for better, for worse," as Mr. Green would say—let us for once have a flight in the air.

The first thing you naturally expect is some extraordinary sensation in springing high up into the air, which takes away your breath for a time. But no such matter occurs. The extraordinary thing is, that you experience no sensation at all, so far as motion is concerned. So true is this, that on one occasion, when Mr. Green wished to rise a little above a dense crowd, in order to get out of the extreme heat and pressure that surrounded his balloon, those who held the ropes, misunderstanding his direction, let go entirely, and the balloon instantly rose, while the aeronaut remained calmly seated, wiping his forehead with a handkerchief, after the exertions he had undergone in preparing for the flight, and totally unconscious of what had happened. He declares that he only became aware of the circumstance, when, on reaching a considerable elevation (a few seconds are often quite enough for that), he heard the shouts of the multitude becoming fainter and fainter, which caused him to start up, and look over the edge of the car.

A similar unconsciousness of the time of their departure from earth has often happened to "passengers." A very amusing illustration of this is given in a letter published by Mr. Poole, the well-known author, shortly after his ascent. "I do not despise you," says he, "for talking about a balloon going up, for it is an error which you share in common with some millions of our fellow-creatures; and I, in the days of my ignorance, thought with the rest of you. I know better now. The fact is, we do not *go up* at all; but at about five minutes past six on the evening of Friday, the 14th of September, 1838—at about that time, Vauxhall Gardens, with all the people in them, *went down!*" What follows is excellent. "I can not have been deceived," says he; "I speak from the evidence of my senses, founded upon repetition of the fact. Upon each of the three or four experimental trials of the powers of the balloon to enable the people to glide away from us with safety to themselves—down they all went about thirty feet?—then, up they came again, and so on. There we sat quietly all the while, in our wicker buck-basket, utterly unconscious of motion; till, at length, Mr. Green snapping a little iron, and thus letting loose the rope by which *the earth was suspended to us*—like Atropos, cutting the connection between us with a pair of shears—down it went, with every thing on it; and your poor, paltry, little Dutch toy of a town, (your Great Metropolis, as you insolently call it), having been placed on casters for the occasion—I am satisfied of *that*—was gently rolled away from under us."^[13]

Feeling nothing of the ascending motion, the first impression that takes possession of you in "going up" in a balloon, is the quietude—the silence, that grows more and more entire. The restless heaving to and fro of the huge inflated sphere above your head (to say nothing of the noise of the crowd), the flapping of ropes, the rustling of silk, and the creaking of the basketwork of the car—all has ceased. There is a total cessation of all atmospheric resistance. You sit in a silence which becomes more perfect every second. After the bustle of many moving objects, you stare before you into blank air. We make no observations on other sensations—to wit, the very natural one of a certain increased pulse, at being so high up, with a chance of coming down so suddenly, if any little matter went wrong. As all this will differ with different individuals,

according to their nervous systems and imaginations, we will leave each person to his own impressions.

So much for what you first feel; and now what is the first thing you do? In this case every body is alike. We all do the same thing. We look over the side of the car. We do this very cautiously—keeping a firm seat, as though we clung to our seat by a certain attraction of cohesion—and then, holding on by the edge, we carefully protrude the peak of our traveling-cap, and then the tip of the nose, over the edge of the car, upon which we rest our mouth. Every thing below is seen in so new a form, so flat, compressed and simultaneously—so much too-much-at-a-time—that the first look is hardly so satisfactory as could be desired. But soon we thrust the chin fairly over the edge, and take a good stare downward; and this repays us much better. Objects appear under very novel circumstances from this vertical position, and ascending retreat from them (though it is *they* that appear to sink and retreat from us). They are stunted and foreshortened, and rapidly flattened to a map-like appearance; they get smaller and smaller, and clearer and clearer. "An idea," says Monck Mason, "involuntarily seizes upon the mind, that the earth with all its inhabitants had, by some unaccountable effort of nature, been suddenly precipitated from its hold, and was in the act of slipping away from beneath the aeronaut's feet into the murky recesses of some unfathomable abyss below. Every thing, in fact, but himself, seems to have been suddenly endowed with motion." Away goes the earth, with all its objects—sinking lower and lower, and every thing becoming less and less, but getting more and more distinct and defined as they diminish in size. But, besides the retreat toward minuteness, the phantasmagoria flattens as it lessens—men and women are of five inches high, then of four, three, two, one inch—and now a speck; the Great Western is a narrow strip of parchment, and upon it you see a number of little trunks "running away with each other," while the Great Metropolis itself is a board set out with toys; its public edifices turned into "baby-houses, and pepper-casters, and extinguishers, and chess-men, with here and there a dish-cover—things which are called domes, and spires, and steeples!" As for the Father of Rivers, he becomes a dusky-gray, winding streamlet, and his largest ships are no more than flat pale decks, all the masts and rigging being foreshortened to nothing. We soon come now to the shadowy, the indistinct—and then all is lost in air. Floating clouds fill up all the space beneath. Lovely colors outspread themselves, ever-varying in tone, and in their forms or outlines—now sweeping in broad lines—now rolling and heaving in huge, richly, yet softly-tinted billows—while sometimes, through a great opening, rift, or break, you see a level expanse of gray or blue fields at an indefinite depth below. And all this time there is a noiseless cataract of snowy cloud-rocks falling around you—falling swiftly on all sides of the car, in great fleecy masses—in small snow-white and glistening fragments—and immense compound masses—all white, and soft, and swiftly rushing past you, giddily, and incessantly down, down, and all with the silence of a dream—strange, lustrous, majestic, incomprehensible.

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Aeronauts, of late years, have become, in many instances, respectable and business-like, and not given to extravagant fictions about their voyages, which now, more generally, take the form of a not very lively log. But it used to be very different when the art was in its infancy, some thirty or forty years ago, and young balloonists indulged in romantic fancies. We do not believe that there was a direct intention to tell falsehoods, but that they often deceived themselves very amusingly. Thus, it has been asserted, that when you attained a great elevation, the air became so rarefied that you could not breathe, and that small objects, being thrown out of the balloon, could not fall, and stuck against the side of the car. Also, that wild birds, being taken up and suddenly let loose, could not fly properly, but returned immediately to the car for an explanation. One aeronaut declared that his head became so contracted by his great elevation, that his hat tumbled over his eyes, and persisted in resting on the bridge of his nose. This assertion was indignantly rebutted by another aeronaut of the same period, who declared that, on the contrary, the head expanded in proportion to the elevation; in proof of which he stated, that on his last ascent he went so high that his hat burst. Another of these romantic personages described a wonderful feat of skill and daring which he had performed up in the air. At an elevation of two miles, his balloon burst several degrees above "the equator" (meaning, above the middle region of the balloon), whereupon he crept up the lines that attached the car, until he reached the netting that inclosed the balloon; and up this netting he clambered, until he reached the aperture, into which he thrust—not his head—but his pocket handkerchief! Mr. Monck Mason, to whose "Aeronautica" we are indebted for the anecdote, gives eight different reasons to show the impossibility of any such feat having ever been performed in the air. One of these is highly graphic. The "performer" would change the line of gravitation by such an attempt: he would never be able to mount the sides, and would only be like the squirrel in its revolving cage. He would, however, pull the netting round—the spot where he clung to, ever remaining the lowest—until having reversed the machine, the balloon would probably make its *escape*, in an elongated shape, through the large interstices of that portion of the net-work which is just above the car, when the balloon is in its proper position! But the richest of all these romances is the following brief statement:—A scientific gentleman, well advanced in years (who had "probably witnessed the experiment of the restoration of a withered pear beneath the exhausted receiver of a pneumatic machine") was impressed with a conviction, on ascending to a considerable height in a balloon, that every line and wrinkle of his face had totally disappeared, owing, as he said, to the preternatural distension of his skin; and that, to the astonishment of his companion, he rapidly began to assume the delicate aspect and blooming appearance of his early youth!

These things are all self-delusions. A bit of paper or a handkerchief might cling to the outside of the car, but a penny-piece would, undoubtedly, fall direct to the earth. Wild birds do not return to the car, but descend in circles, till, passing through the clouds, they see whereabouts to go, and then they fly downward as usual. We have no difficulty in breathing; on the contrary, being

"called upon," we sing a song. Our head does not contract, so as to cause our hat to extinguish our eyes and nose; neither does it expand to the size of a prize pumpkin. We see that it is impossible to climb up the netting of the balloon over-head, and so do not think of attempting it; neither do we find all the lines in our face getting filled up, and the loveliness of our "blushing morning" taking the place of a marked maturity. These fancies are not less ingenious and comical than that of the sailor who hit upon the means of using a balloon to make a rapid voyage to any part of the earth. "The earth spins round," said he, "at a great rate, don't it? Well, I'd go up two or three miles high in my balloon, and then 'lay to,' and when any place on the globe I wished to touch at, passed underneath me, down I'd drop upon it."

But we are still floating high in air. How do we feel all this time? "Calm, sir—calm and resigned." Yes, and more than this. After a little while, when you find nothing happens, and see nothing likely to happen (and you will more especially feel this under the careful conduct of the veteran Green), a delightful serenity takes the place of all other sensations—to which the extraordinary silence, as well as the pale beauty and floating hues that surround you, is chiefly attributable. The silence is perfect—a wonder and a rapture. We hear the ticking of our watches. Tick! tick!—or is it the beat of our own hearts? We are sure of the watch; and now we think we can hear both.

Two other sensations must, by no means, be forgotten. You become very cold, and desperately hungry. But you have got a warm outer coat, and traveling boots, and other valuable things, and you have not left behind you the pigeon-pie, the ham, cold beef, bottled ale and brandy.

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Of the increased coldness which you feel on passing from a bright cloud into a dark one, the balloon is quite as sensitive as you can be; and, probably, much more so, for it produces an immediate change of altitude. The expansion and contraction which romantic gentlemen fancied took place in the size of their heads, does really take place in the balloon, according as it passes from a cloud of one temperature into that of another.

We are now nearly three miles high. Nothing is to be seen but pale air above—around—on all sides, with floating clouds beneath. How should you like to descend in a parachute?—to be dangled by a long line from the bottom of the car, and suddenly to be "let go," and to dip at once clean down through those gray-blue and softly rose-tinted clouds, skimming so gently beneath us? Not at all: oh, by no manner of means—thank you! Ah, you are thinking of the fate of poor Cocking, the enthusiast in parachutes, concerning whom, and his fatal "improvement," the public is satisfied that it knows every thing, from the one final fact—that he was killed. But there is something more than that in it, as we fancy.

Two words against parachutes. In the first place, there is no use to which, at present, they can be applied; and, in the second, they are so unsafe as to be likely, in all cases, to cost a life for each descent. In the concise words of Mr. Green, we should say—"the best parachute is a balloon; the others are bad things to have to deal with."

Mr. Cocking, as we have said, was an enthusiast in parachutes. He felt sure he had discovered a new, and the true, principle. All parachutes, before his day, had been constructed to descend in a concave form, like that of an open umbrella; the consequence of which was, that the parachute descended with a violent swinging from side to side, which sometimes threw the man in the basket in almost a horizontal position. Mr. Cocking conceived that the converse form; viz., an inverted cone (of large dimensions), would remedy this evil; and becoming convinced, we suppose, by some private experiments with models, he agreed to descend on a certain day. The time was barely adequate to his construction of the parachute, and did not admit of such actual experiments with a sheep, or pig, or other animal, as prudence would naturally have suggested. Besides the want of time, however, Cocking equally wanted prudence; he felt sure of his new principle; this new form of parachute was the hobby of his life, and up he went on the appointed day (for what aeronaut shall dare to "disappoint the Public?")—dangling by a rope, fifty feet long, from the bottom of the car of Mr. Green's great Nassau Balloon.

The large upper rim of the parachute, in imitation, we suppose, of the hollow bones of a bird, was made of hollow tin—a most inapplicable and brittle material; and besides this, it had two fractures. But Mr. Cocking was not to be deterred; convinced of the truth of his discovery, up he would go. Mr. Green was not equally at ease, and positively refused to touch the latch of the "liberating iron," which was to detach the parachute from the balloon. Mr. Cocking arranged to do this himself, for which means he procured a piece of new cord of upward of fifty feet in length, which was fastened to the latch above in the car, and led down to his hand in the basket of the parachute. Up they went to a great height, and disappeared among the clouds.

Mr. Green had taken up one friend with him in the car; and, knowing well what would happen the instant so great a weight as the parachute and man were detached, he had provided a small balloon inside the car, filled with atmospheric air, with two mouth-pieces. They were now upward of a mile high.

"How do you feel, Mr. Cocking?" called out Green. "Never better, or more delighted in my life," answered Cocking. Though hanging at fifty feet distance, in the utter silence of that region, every accent was easily heard. "But, perhaps you will alter your mind?" suggested Green. "By no means," cried Cocking; "but, how high are we?"—"Upward of a mile."—"I must go higher, Mr. Green—I must be taken up two miles before I liberate the parachute." Now, Mr. Green, having some regard for himself and his friend, as well as for poor Cocking, was determined not to do any such thing. After some further colloquy, therefore, during which Mr. Green threw out a little more ballast, and gained a little more elevation, he finally announced that he could go no higher,

as he now needed all the ballast he had for their own safety in the balloon. "Very well," said Cocking, "if you really will not take me any higher, I shall say good-by."

At this juncture Green called out, "Now, Mr. Cocking, if your mind at all misgives you about your parachute, I have provided a tackle up here, which I can lower down to you, and then wind you up into the car by my little grapnel-iron windlass, and nobody need be the wiser."—"Certainly not," cried Cocking; "thank you all the same. I shall now make ready to pull the latch-cord." Finding he was determined, Green and his friend both crouched down in the car, and took hold of the mouth-pieces of their little air-balloon. "All ready?" called out Cocking. "All ready!" answered the veteran aeronaut above. "Good-night, Mr. Green!"—"Good-night, Mr. Cocking!"—"A pleasant voyage to you, Mr. Green—good-night!"

There was a perfect silence—a few seconds of intense suspense—and then the aeronauts in the car felt a jerk upon the latch. It had not been forcible enough to open the liberating iron. Cocking had failed to detach the parachute. Another pause of horrid silence ensued.

Then came a strong jerk upon the latch, and in an instant, the great balloon shot upward with a side-long swirl, like a wounded serpent. They saw their flag clinging flat down against the flag-staff, while a torrent of gas rushed down upon them through the aperture in the balloon above their heads, and continued to pour down into the car for a length of time that would have suffocated them but for the judgmatic provision of the little balloon of atmospheric air, to the mouth-pieces of which their own mouths were fixed, as they crouched down at the bottom of the car. Of Mr. Cocking's fate, or the result of his experiment, they had not the remotest knowledge. They only knew the parachute was gone!

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The termination of Mr. Cocking's experiment is well known. For a few seconds he descended quickly, but steadily, and without swinging—as he had designed, and insisted would be the result—when, suddenly, those who were watching with glasses below, saw the parachute lean on one side—then give a lurch to the other—then the large upper circle collapsed (the disastrous hollow tin-tubing having evidently broken up), and the machine entered the upper part of a cloud: in a few more seconds it was seen to emerge from the lower part of the cloud—the whole thing turned over—and then, like a closed-up broken umbrella, it shot straight down to the earth. The unfortunate, and, as most people regard him, the foolish enthusiast, was found still in the basket in which he reached the earth. He was quite insensible, but uttered a moan; and in ten minutes he was dead.

Half a word in favor of parachutes. True, they are of no use "at present;" but who knows of what use such things may one day be? As to Mr. Cocking's invention, the disaster seems to be attributable to errors of detail, rather than of principle. Mr. Green is of opinion, from an examination of the *broken* latch-cord, combined with other circumstances, which would require diagrams to describe satisfactorily, that after Mr. Cocking had failed to liberate himself the first time, he twisted the cord round his hand to give a good jerk, forgetting that in doing so, he united himself to the balloon above, as it would be impossible to disengage his hand in time. By this means he was violently jerked into his parachute, which broke the latch-cord; but the tin tube was not able to bear such a shock, and this caused so serious a fracture, in addition to its previous unsound condition, that it soon afterward collapsed. This leads one to conjecture that had the outer rim been made of strong wicker-work, or whale-bone, so as to be somewhat pliable, and that Mr. Green had liberated the parachute, instead of Mr. Cocking, it would have descended to the earth with perfect safety—skimming the air, instead of the violent oscillations of the old form of this machine. We conclude, however, with Mr. Green's laconic—that the safest parachute is a balloon.

But here we are—still above the clouds! We may assume that you would not like to be "let off" in a parachute, even on the improved principle; we will therefore prepare for descending with the balloon. This is a work requiring great skill and care to effect safely, so as to alight on a suitable piece of ground, and without any detriment to the voyagers, the balloon, gardens, crops, &c.

The valve-line is pulled!—out rushes the gas from the top of the balloon—you see the flag fly upward—down through the clouds you sink faster and faster—lower and lower. Now you begin to see dark masses below—there's the Old Earth again!—the dark masses now discover themselves to be little forests, little towns, tree-tops, house-tops—out goes a shower of sand from the ballast-bags, and our descent becomes slower—another shower, and up we mount again, in search of a better spot to alight upon. Our guardian aeronaut gives each of us a bag of ballast, and directs us to throw out its contents when he calls each of us by name, and in such quantities only as he specifies. Moreover, no one is suddenly to leap out of the balloon, when it touches the earth; partly because it may cost him his own life or limbs, and partly because it would cause the balloon to shoot up again with those who remained, and so make them lose the advantage of the good descent already gained, if nothing worse happened. Meantime, the grapnel-iron has been lowered, and dangling down at the end of a strong rope of a hundred and fifty feet long. It is now trailing over the ground. Three bricklayers' laborers are in chase of it. It catches upon a bank—it tears its way through. Now the three bricklayers are joined by a couple of fellows in smock-frocks, a policeman, five boys, followed by three little girls, and, last of all, a woman with a child in her arms, all running, shouting, screaming, and yelling, as the grapnel-iron and rope go trailing and bobbing over the ground before them. At last the iron catches upon a hedge—grapples with its roots; the balloon is arrested, but struggles hard; three or four men seize the rope, and down we are hauled, and held fast till the aerial Monster, with many a gigantic heave and pant, surrenders at discretion, and begins to resign its inflated robust proportions. It

subsides in irregular waves—sinks, puffs, flattens—dies to a mere shriveled skin; and being folded up, like Peter Schlemil's shadow, is put into a bag, and stowed away at the bottom of the little car it so recently overshadowed with its buoyant enormity.

We are glad it is all over; delighted, and edified as we have been, we are very glad to take our supper at the solid, firmly-fixed oak table of a country inn, with a brick wall and a barn-door for our only prospect, as the evening closes in. Of etherial currents, and the scenery of infinite space, we have had enough for the present.

Touching the accidents which occur to balloons, we feel persuaded that in the great majority of cases they are caused by inexperience, ignorance, rashness, folly, or—more commonly than all—the necessities attending a "show." Once "announced" for a certain day, or *night* (an abominable practice, which ought to be prevented)—and, whatever the state of the wind and weather, and whatever science and the good sense of an experienced aeronaut may know and suggest of imprudence—up the poor man must go, simply because the public have paid their money to see him do it. He must go, or he will be ruined.

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But nothing can more strikingly display the comparative safety which is attained by great knowledge, foresight, and care, than the fact of the veteran, Charles Green, being now in the four hundred and eighty-ninth year of his balloonical age; having made that number of ascents, and taken up one thousand four hundred and thirteen persons, with no fatal accident to himself, or to them, and seldom with any damage to his balloons.

Nevertheless, from causes over which he had no control, our veteran has had two or three "close shaves." On one occasion he was blown out to sea with the Great Nassau balloon. Observing some vessels, from which he knew he should obtain assistance, he commenced a rapid descent in the direction of the Nore. The valve was opened, and the car first struck the water some two miles north of Sheerness. But the wind was blowing fresh, and, by reason of the buoyancy of the balloon, added to the enormous surface it presented to the wind, they were drawn through the water at a speed which set defiance to all the vessels and boats that were now out on the chase. It should be mentioned, that the speed was so vehement, and the car so un-boat-like, that the aeronauts (Mr. Green and Mr. Rush, of Elsenham Hall, Essex) were dragged through, that is *under*, every wave they encountered, and had a good prospect of being drowned upon the surface. Seeing that the balloon could not be overtaken, Mr. Green managed to let go his large grapnel-iron, which shortly afterward took effect at the bottom, where, by a fortunate circumstance (for them) there was a sunken wreck, in which the iron took hold. The progress of the balloon being thus arrested, a boat soon came up, and relieved the aeronauts; but no boat could venture to approach the monster balloon, which still continued to struggle, and toss, and bound from side to side. It would have capsized any boat that came near it, in an instant. It was impossible to do any thing with it till Mr. Green obtained assistance from a revenue cutter, from which he solicited the services of an armed boat, and the crew fired muskets with ball-cartridge into the rolling Monster, until she gradually sank down flat upon the waves, but not until she had been riddled with sixty-two bullet holes.

So much for perils by sea; but the greatest of all the veteran's dangers was caused by a diabolical trick, the perpetrator of which was never discovered. It was as follows:

In the year 1832, on ascending from Cheltenham, one of those malicious wretches who may be regarded as half fool and half devil, contrived partially to sever the ropes of the car, in such a manner as not to be perceived before the balloon had quited the ground; when receiving, for the first time, the whole weight of the contents, they suddenly gave way. Every thing fell out of the car, the aeronauts just having time to secure a painful and precarious attachment to the hoop. Lightened of its load, the balloon, with frightful velocity, immediately commenced its upward course, and ere Mr. Green could obtain possession of the valve-string, which the first violence of the accident had placed beyond his reach, attained an altitude of upward of ten thousand feet. Their situation was terrific. Clinging to the hoop with desperate retention, not daring to trust any portion of their weight upon the margin of the car, that still remained suspended by a single cord beneath their feet, lest that also might give way, and they should be deprived of their only remaining counterpoise, all they could do was to resign themselves to chance, and endeavor to retain their hold until the exhaustion of the gas should have determined the career of the balloon. To complete the horrors of their situation, the net-work, drawn awry by the awkward and unequal disposition of the weight, began to break about the upper part of the machine—mesh after mesh giving way, with a succession of reports like those of a pistol; while, through the opening thus created, the balloon began rapidly to ooze out, and swelling as it escaped beyond the fissure, presented the singular appearance of a huge hour-glass floating in the upper regions of the sky. After having continued for a considerable length of time in this condition, every moment expecting to be precipitated to the earth by the final detachment of the balloon, at length they began slowly to descend. When they had arrived within about a hundred feet from the ground, the event they had anticipated at length occurred; the balloon, rushing through the opening in the net-work with a tremendous explosion, suddenly made its escape, and they fell to the earth in a state of insensibility, from which with great difficulty, they were eventually recovered.

Apart from the question of dangers, which science, as we have seen, can reduce to a minimum—and apart also from the question of practical utility, of which we do not see much at present, yet of which we know not what may be derived in future—what are the probabilities of improvement in the art of ballooning, aerostation, or the means of traveling through the air in a given

direction?

The conditions seem to be these. In order to fly in the air, and steer in a given direction during a given period, it is requisite to take up a buoyancy and a power which shall be greater (and continuously so during the voyage) than needful to sustain its own mechanical weight, together with that of the aeronauts and their various appurtenances; and as much also in excess of these requisitions as shall overcome the adverse action of the wind upon the resisting surface presented by the machine. At present no such power is known which can be used in combination with a balloon, or other gas machine. If we could condense electricity, then the thing might be done; other subtle powers may also be discovered with the progress of science, but we must wait for them before we can fairly make definite voyages in the air, and reduce human flying to a practical utility, or a safe and rational pleasure.

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MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE. [14]

BOOK VIII.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

THE ABUSE OF INTELLECT.

There is at present so vehement a flourish of trumpets, and so prodigious a roll of the drum, whenever we are called upon to throw up our hats, and cry "Huzza" to the "March of Enlightenment," that, out of that very spirit of contradiction natural to all rational animals, one is tempted to stop one's ears, and say, "Gently, gently; LIGHT is noiseless; how comes 'Enlightenment' to make such a clatter? Meanwhile, if it be not impertinent, pray, where is enlightenment marching to?" Ask that question of any six of the loudest bawlers in the procession, and I'll wager ten-pence to California that you get six very unsatisfactory answers. One respectable gentleman, who, to our great astonishment, insists upon calling himself a "slave," but has a remarkably free way of expressing his opinions, will reply—"Enlightenment is marching toward the nine points of the Charter." Another, with his hair *à la jeune France*, who has taken a fancy to his friend's wife, and is rather embarrassed with his own, asserts that Enlightenment is proceeding toward the Rights of Women, the reign of Social Love, and the annihilation of Tyrannical Prejudice. A third, who has the air of a man well to do in the middle class, more modest in his hopes, because he neither wishes to have his head broken by his errand-boy, nor his wife carried off to an Agapemoné by his apprentice, does not take Enlightenment a step further than a siege on Debreit, and a cannonade on the Budget. Illiberal man! the march that he swells will soon trample *him* under foot. No one fares so ill in a crowd as the man who is wedged in the middle. A fourth, looking wild and dreamy, as if he had come out of the cave of Trophonius, and who is a mesmeriser and a mystic, thinks Enlightenment is in full career toward the good old days of alchemists and necromancers. A fifth, whom one might take for a Quaker, asserts that the march of Enlightenment is a crusade for universal philanthropy, vegetable diet, and the perpetuation of peace, by means of speeches, which certainly do produce a very contrary effect from the Philippics of Demosthenes! The sixth—(good fellow, without a rag on his back)—does not care a straw where the march goes. He can't be worse off than he is; and it is quite immaterial to him whether he goes to the dogstar above, or the bottomless pit below. I say nothing, however, against the march, while we take it all together. Whatever happens, one is in good company; and though I am somewhat indolent by nature, and would rather stay at home with Locke and Burke (dull dogs though they were), than have my thoughts set off helter-skelter with those cursed trumpets and drums, blown and dub-a-dubbed by fellows that I vow to Heaven I would not trust with a five-pound note—still, if I must march, I must; and so deuce take the hindmost. But when it comes to individual marchers upon their own account—privateers and condottieri of Enlightenment—who have filled their pockets with lucifer-matches, and have a sublime contempt for their neighbors' barns and hay-ricks, I don't see why I should throw myself into the seventh heaven of admiration and ecstasy.

If those who are eternally rhapsodizing on the celestial blessings that are to follow Enlightenment, Universal Knowledge, and so forth, would just take their eyes out of their pockets, and look about them, I would respectfully inquire if they have never met any very knowing and enlightened gentleman, whose acquaintance is by no means desirable. If not, they are monstrous lucky. Every man must judge by his own experience; and the worst rogues I have ever encountered were amazingly well-informed, clever fellows! From dunderheads and dunces we can protect ourselves; but from your sharp-witted gentleman, all enlightenment and no prejudice, we have but to cry, "Heaven defend us!" It is true, that the rogue (let him be ever so enlightened) usually comes to no good himself (though not before he has done harm enough to his neighbors). But that only shows that the world wants something else in those it rewards, besides intelligence *per se* and in the abstract; and is much too old a world to allow any Jack Horner to pick out its plums for his own personal gratification. Hence a man of very moderate intelligence, who believes in God, suffers his heart to beat with human sympathies, and keeps his eyes off your strong-box, will perhaps gain a vast deal more power than knowledge ever gives to a rogue.

Wherefore, though I anticipate an outcry against me on the part of the blockheads, who, strange to say, are the most credulous idolators of enlightenment, and, if knowledge were power, would

rot on a dunghill; yet, nevertheless, I think all really enlightened men will agree with me, that when one falls in with detached sharpshooters from the general march of enlightenment, it is no reason that we should make ourselves a target, because enlightenment has furnished them with a gun. It has, doubtless, been already remarked by the judicious reader, that of the numerous characters introduced into this work, the larger portion belong to that species which we call the INTELLECTUAL—that through them are analyzed and developed human intellect, in various forms and directions. So that this History, rightly considered, is a kind of humble, familiar Epic, or, if you prefer it, a long Serio-Comedy, upon the varieties of English Life in this our century, set in movement by the intelligences most prevalent. And where more ordinary and less refined types of the species round and complete the survey of our passing generation, they will often suggest, by contrast, the deficiencies which mere intellectual culture leaves in the human being. Certainly I have no spite against intellect and enlightenment. Heaven forbid I should be such a Goth. I am only the advocate for common sense and fair play. I don't think an able man necessarily an angel; but I think if his heart match his head, and both proceed in the Great March under a divine Oriflamme, he goes as near to the angel as humanity will permit: if not, if he has but a penn'orth of heart to a pound of brains, I say, "*Bonjour, mon ange?*" I see not the starry upward wings, but the groveling cloven-hoof." I'd rather be offuscated by the Squire of Hazeldean, than enlightened by Randal Leslie. Every man to his taste. But intellect itself (not in the philosophical, but the ordinary sense of the term) is rarely, if ever, one completed harmonious agency; it is not one faculty, but a compound of many, some of which are often at war with each other, and mar the concord of the whole. Few of us but have some predominant faculty, in itself a strength; but which (usurping unseasonably dominion over the rest), shares the lot of all tyranny, however brilliant, and leaves the empire weak against disaffection within, and invasion from without. Hence intellect may be perverted in a man of evil disposition, and sometimes merely wasted in a man of excellent impulses, for want of the necessary discipline, or of a strong ruling motive. I doubt if there be one person in the world, who has obtained a high reputation for talent, who has not met somebody much cleverer than himself, which said somebody has never obtained any reputation at all! Men like Audley Egerton are constantly seen in the great positions of life; while men like Harley L'Estrange, who could have beaten them hollow in any thing equally striven for by both, float away down the stream, and, unless some sudden stimulant arouse the dreamy energies, vanish out of sight into silent graves. If Hamlet and Polonius were living now, Polonius would have a much better chance of being Chancellor of the Exchequer, though Hamlet would unquestionably be a much more intellectual character. What would become of Hamlet? Heaven knows! Dr. Arnold said, from his experience of a school, that the difference between one man and another was not mere ability—it was energy. There is a great deal of truth in that saying.

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Submitting these hints to the judgment and penetration of the sagacious, I enter on the fresh division of this work, and see already Randal Leslie gnawing his lip on the back ground. The German poet observes, that the Cow of Isis is to some the divine symbol of knowledge, to others but the milch cow, only regarded for the pounds of butter she will yield. O, tendency of our age, to look on Isis as the milch cow! O, prostitution of the grandest desires to the basest uses! Gaze on the goddess, Randal Leslie, and get ready thy churn and thy scales. Let us see what the butter will fetch in the market.

CHAPTER II.

A new reign has commenced. There has been a general election; the unpopularity of the Administration has been apparent at the hustings. Audley Egerton, hitherto returned by vast majorities, has barely escaped defeat—thanks to a majority of five. The expenses of his election are said to have been prodigious. "But who can stand against such wealth as Egerton's—no doubt, backed, too, by the Treasury purse?" said the defeated candidate. It is toward the close of October; London is already full; Parliament will meet in less than a fortnight.

In one of the principal apartments of that hotel in which foreigners may discover what is meant by English comfort, and the price which foreigners must pay for it, there sat two persons, side by side, engaged in close conversation. The one was a female, in whose pale, clear complexion and raven hair—in whose eyes, vivid with a power of expression rarely bestowed on the beauties of the north, we recognize Beatrice, Marchesa di Negra. Undeniably handsome as was the Italian lady, her companion, though a man, and far advanced into middle age, was yet more remarkable for personal advantages. There was a strong family likeness between the two; but there was also a striking contrast in air, manner, and all that stamps on the physiognomy the idiosyncrasies of character. There was something of gravity, of earnestness and passion, in Beatrice's countenance when carefully examined; her smile at times might be false, but it was rarely ironical, never cynical. Her gestures, though graceful, were unrestrained and frequent. You could see she was a daughter of the south. Her companion, on the contrary, preserved on the fair smooth face, to which years had given scarcely a line or wrinkle, something that might have passed, at first glance, for the levity and thoughtlessness of a gay and youthful nature; but the smile, though exquisitely polished, took at times the derision of a sneer. In his manners he was as composed and as free from gesture as an Englishman. His hair was of that red brown with which the Italian painters produce such marvelous effects of color; and, if here and there a silver thread gleamed through the locks, it was lost at once amid their luxuriance. His eyes were light, and his complexion, though without much color, was singularly transparent. His beauty, indeed, would have been rather womanly than masculine, but for the height and sinewy spareness of a frame in

which muscular strength was rather adorned than concealed by an admirable elegance of proportion. You would never have guessed this man to be an Italian: more likely you would have supposed him a Parisian. He conversed in French, his dress was of French fashion, his mode of thought seemed French. Not that he was like the Frenchman of the present day—an animal, either rude or reserved; but your ideal of the *Marquis* of the old *régime*—the *roué* of the Regency.

Italian, however, he was, and of a race renowned in Italian history. But, as if ashamed of his country and his birth, he affected to be a citizen of the world. Heaven help the world if it hold only such citizens!

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"But, Giulio," said Beatrice di Negra, speaking in Italian, "even granting that you discover this girl, can you suppose that her father will ever consent to your alliance? Surely you know too well the nature of your kinsman?"

"*Tu te trompes, ma sœur*," replied Giulio Franzini, Count di Peschiera, in French as usual—"tu te trompes; I knew it before he had gone through exile and penury. How can I know it now? But comfort yourself, my too anxious Beatrice; I shall not care for his consent till I have made sure of his daughter's."

"But how win that in despite of the father?"

"*Eh, mordieu!*" interrupted the Count, with true French gayety; "what would become of all the comedies ever written, if marriages were not made in despite of the father? Look you," he resumed, with a very slight compression of his lip, and a still slighter movement in his chair—"look you, this is no question of ifs and buts; it is a question of must and shall—a question of existence to you and to me. When Danton was condemned to the guillotine, he said, flinging a pellet of bread at the nose of his respectable judge—'*Mon individu sera bientôt dans le néant*'—My patrimony is there already! I am loaded with debts. I see before me, on the one side, ruin or suicide; on the other side, wedlock and wealth."

"But from those vast possessions which you have been permitted to enjoy so long, have you really saved nothing against the time when they might be reclaimed at your hands?"

"My sister," replied the Count, "do I look like a man who saved? Besides, when the Austrian Emperor, unwilling to raze from his Lombard domains a name and a house so illustrious as our kinsman's, and desirous, while punishing that kinsman's rebellion, to reward my adherence, forbore the peremptory confiscation of those vast possessions, at which my mouth waters while we speak, but, annexing them to the Crown during pleasure, allowed me, as the next of male kin, to retain the revenues of one half for the same very indefinite period—had I not every reason to suppose, that, before long, I could so influence his majesty or his minister, as to obtain a decree that might transfer the whole, unconditionally and absolutely, to myself? And, methinks, I should have done so, but for this accursed, intermeddling English milord, who has never ceased to besiege the court or the minister with alleged extenuations of our cousin's rebellion, and proofless assertions that I shared it in order to entangle my kinsman, and betrayed it in order to profit by his spoils. So that, at last, in return for all my services, and in answer to all my claims, I received from the minister himself this cold reply—'Count of Peschiera, your aid was important, and your reward has been large. That reward, it would not be for your honor to extend, and justify the ill-opinion of your Italian countrymen, by formally appropriating to yourself all that was forfeited by the treason you denounced. A name so noble as yours should be dearer to you than fortune itself.'"

"Ah, Giulio!" cried Beatrice, her face lighting up, changed in its whole character—"those were words that might make the demon that tempts to avarice, fly from your breast in shame."

The Count opened his eyes in great amaze; then he glanced round the room, and said, quietly:

"Nobody else hears you, my dear Beatrice; talk common sense. Heroics sound well in mixed society; but there is nothing less suited to the tone of a family conversation."

Madame di Negra bent down her head abashed, and that sudden change in the expression of her countenance, which had seemed to betray susceptibility to generous emotion, faded as suddenly away.

"But still," she said, coldly, "you enjoy one half of those ample revenues—why talk, then, of suicide and ruin?"

"I enjoy them at the pleasure of the crown; and what if it be the pleasure of the crown to recall our cousin, and reinstate him in his possessions?"

"There is a *probability*, then, of that pardon? When you first employed me in your researches, you only thought there was a *possibility*."

"There is a great probability of it, and therefore I am here. I learned some little time since that the question of such recall had been suggested by the Emperor, and discussed in Council. The danger to the State, which might arise from our cousin's wealth, his alleged abilities—(abilities! bah!)—and his popular name, deferred any decision on the point; and, indeed, the difficulty of dealing with myself must have embarrassed the ministry. But it is a mere question of time. He can not long remain excluded from the general amnesty, already extended to the other refugees. The person who gave me this information is high in power, and friendly to myself; and he added a

piece of advice, on which I acted. 'It was intimated,' said he, 'by one of the partisans of your kinsman, that the exile could give a hostage for his loyalty in the person of his daughter and heiress; that she had arrived at marriageable age; that if she were to wed, with the Emperor's consent, some one whose attachment to the Austrian crown was unquestionable, there would be a guarantee both for the faith of the father, and for the transmission of so important a heritage to safe and loyal hands. Why not' (continued my friend) 'apply to the Emperor for his consent to that alliance for yourself? you, on whom he can depend; you who, if the daughter should die, would be the legal heir to those lands?' On that hint I spoke."

"You saw the Emperor?"

"And after combating the unjust prepossessions against me, I stated, that so far from my cousin having any fair cause of resentment against me, when all was duly explained to him, I did not doubt that he would willingly give me the hand of his child."

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"You did!" cried the Marchesa, amazed.

"And," continued the Count, imperturbably, as he smoothed, with careless hand, the snowy plaits of his shirt front—"and that I should thus have the happiness of becoming myself the guarantee of my kinsman's loyalty—the agent for the restoration of his honors, while, in the eyes of the envious and malignant, I should clear up my own name from all suspicion that I had wronged him."

"And the Emperor consented?"

"*Pardieu*, my dear sister. What else could his majesty do? My proposition smoothed every obstacle, and reconciled policy with mercy. It remains, therefore, only to find out, what has hitherto baffled all our researches, the retreat of our dear kinsfolk, and to make myself a welcome lover to the demoiselle. There is some disparity of years, I own; but—unless your sex and my glass flatter me overmuch—I am still a match for many a gallant of five-and-twenty."

The Count said this with so charming a smile, and looked so pre-eminently handsome, that he carried off the coxcombry of the words as gracefully as if they had been spoken by some dazzling hero of the grand old comedy of Parisian life.

Then interlacing his fingers, and lightly leaning his hands, thus clasped, upon his sister's shoulder, he looked into her face, and said slowly—"And now, my sister, for some gentle but deserved reproach. Have you not sadly failed me in the task I imposed on your regard for my interests? Is it not some years since you first came to England on the mission of discovering these worthy relatives of ours? Did I not entreat you to seduce into your toils the man whom I knew to be my enemy, and who was indubitably acquainted with our cousin's retreat—a secret he has hitherto locked within his bosom? Did you not tell me, that though he was then in England, you could find no occasion even to meet him, but that you had obtained the friendship of the statesman to whom I directed your attention as his most intimate associate? And yet you, whose charms are usually so irresistible, learn nothing from the statesman, as you see nothing of *milord*. Nay, baffled and misled, you actually supposed that the quarry has taken refuge in France. You go thither—you pretend to search the capital—the provinces, Switzerland, *que sais-je?* all in vain—though—*foi de gentilhomme*—your police cost me dearly—you return to England—the same chase and the same result. *Palsambleu, ma sœur*, I do too much credit to your talents not to question your zeal. In a word have you been in earnest—or have you not had some womanly pleasure in amusing yourself and abusing my trust?"

"Giulio," answered Beatrice, sadly, "you know the influence you have exercised over my character and my fate. Your reproaches are not just. I made such inquiries as were in my power, and I have now cause to believe that I know one who is possessed of this secret, and can guide us to it."

"Ah, you do!" exclaimed the Count. Beatrice did not heed the exclamation, but hurried on.

"But grant that my heart shrunk from the task you imposed on me, would it not have been natural? When I first came to England, you informed me that your object in discovering the exiles was one which I could honestly aid. You naturally desired first to know if the daughter lived; if not, you were the heir. If she did, you assured me you desired to effect, through my mediation, some liberal compromise with Alphonso, by which you would have sought to obtain his restoration, provided he would leave you for life in possession of the grant you hold from the crown. While these were your objects, I did my best, ineffectual as it was, to obtain the information required."

"And what made me lose so important though so ineffectual an ally?" asked the Count, still smiling; but a gleam that belied the smile shot from his eye.

"What! when you bade me receive and co-operate with the miserable spies—the false Italians—whom you sent over, and seek to entangle this poor exile, when found, in some rash correspondence, to be revealed to the court; when you sought to seduce the daughter of the Counts of Peschiera, the descendant of those who had ruled in Italy, into the informer, the corrupter, and the traitress! No, Giulio—then I recoiled; and then, fearful of your own sway over me, I retreated into France. I have answered you frankly."

The Count removed his hands from the shoulders on which they had reclined so cordially.

"And this," said he, "is your wisdom, and this your gratitude. You, whose fortunes are bound up in

mine—you, who subsist on my bounty—you, who—"

"Hold," cried the Marchesa, rising, and with a burst of emotion, as if stung to the utmost, and breaking into revolt from the tyranny of years—"Hold—gratitude! bounty! Brother, brother—what, indeed, do I owe to you? The shame and the misery of a life. While yet a child, you condemned me to marry against my will—against my heart—against my prayers—and laughed at my tears when I knelt to you for mercy. I was pure then, Giulio—pure and innocent as the flowers in my virgin crown. And now—now—"

Beatrice stopped abruptly, and clasped her hands before her face.

"Now you upbraid me," said the Count, unruffled by her sudden passion, "because I gave you in marriage to a man young and noble?"

"Old in vices and mean of soul! The marriage I forgave you. You had the right, according to the customs of our country, to dispose of my hand. But I forgave you not the consolations that you whispered in the ear of a wretched and insulted wife."

"Pardon me the remark," replied the Count, with a courtly bend of his head, "but those consolations were also conformable to the customs of our country, and I was not aware till now that you had wholly disdained them. And," continued the Count, "you were not so long a wife that the gall of the chain should smart still. You were soon left a widow—free, childless, young, beautiful."

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"And penniless."

"True, Di Negra was a gambler, and very unlucky; no fault of mine. I could neither keep the cards from his hands, nor advise him how to play them."

"And my own portion? Oh, Giulio, I knew but at his death why you had condemned me to that renegade Genoese. He owed you money, and, against honor, and, I believe, against law, you had accepted my fortune in discharge of the debt."

"He had no other way to discharge it—a debt of honor must be paid—old stories these. What matters? Since then my purse has been open to you?"

"Yes, not as your sister, but your instrument—your spy! Yes, your purse has been open—with a niggard hand."

"*Un peu de conscience, ma chère*, you are so extravagant. But come, be plain. What would you?"

"I would be free from you."

"That is, you would form some second marriage with one of these rich island lords. *Ma foi*, I respect your ambition."

"It is not so high. I aim but to escape from slavery—to be placed beyond dishonorable temptation. I desire," cried Beatrice with increased emotion, "I desire to re-enter the life of woman."

"Eno!" said the Count with a visible impatience, "is there any thing in the attainment of your object that should render you indifferent to mine? You desire to marry, if I comprehend you right. And to marry, as becomes you, you should bring to your husband not debts, but a dowry. Be it so. I will restore the portion that I saved from the spendthrift clutch of the Genoese—the moment that it is mine to bestow—the moment that I am husband to my kinsman's heiress. And now, Beatrice, you imply that my former notions revolted your conscience; my present plan should content it; for by this marriage shall our kinsman regain his country, and repossess, at least, half his lands. And if I am not an excellent husband to the demoiselle, it will be her own fault. I have sown my wild oats. *Je suis bon prince*, when I have things a little my own way. It is my hope and my intention, and certainly it will be my interest, to become *digne époux et irréprochable père de famille*. I speak lightly—'tis my way. I mean seriously. The little girl will be very happy with me, and I shall succeed in soothing all resentment her father may retain. Will you aid me then—yes or no? Aid me, and you shall indeed be free. The magician will release the fair spirit he has bound to his will. Aid me not, *ma chère*, and mark, I do not threaten—I do but warn—aid me not; grant that I become a beggar, and ask yourself what is to become of you—still young, still beautiful, and still penniless? Nay, worse than penniless; you have done me the honor" (and here the Count, looking on the table, drew a letter from a portfolio, emblazoned with his arms and coronet), "you have done me the honor to consult me as to your debts."

"You will restore my fortune?" said the Marchesa, irresolutely—and averting her head from an odious schedule of figures.

"When my own, with your aid, is secured."

"But do you not overrate the value of my aid?"

"Possibly," said the Count, with a caressing suavity—and he kissed his sister's forehead.

"Possibly; but by my honor, I wish to repair to you any wrong, real or supposed, I may have done you in past times. I wish to find again my own dear sister. I may overvalue your aid, but not the affection from which it comes. Let us be friends, *cara Beatrice mia*," added the Count, for the first time employing Italian words.

The Marchesa laid her head on his shoulder, and her tears flowed softly. Evidently this man had great influence over her—and evidently, whatever her cause for complaint, her affection for him was still sisterly and strong. A nature with fine flashes of generosity, spirit, honor, and passion, was hers—but uncultured, unguided—spoilt by the worst social examples—easily led into wrong—not always aware where the wrong was—letting affections good or bad whisper away her conscience, or blind her reason. Such women are often far more dangerous when induced to wrong, than those who are thoroughly abandoned—such women are the accomplices men like the Count of Peschiera most desire to obtain.

"Ah, Giulio," said Beatrice, after a pause, and looking up at him through her tears, "when you speak to me thus, you know you can do with me what you will. Fatherless and motherless, whom had my childhood to love and obey but you?"

"Dear Beatrice," murmured the Count tenderly—and he again kissed her forehead. "So," he continued more carelessly—"so the reconciliation is effected, and our interests and our hearts re-allied. Now, alas, to descend to business. You say that you know some one whom you believe to be acquainted with the lurking-place of my father-in-law—that is to be!"

"I think so. You remind me that I have an appointment with him this day; it is near the hour—I must leave you."

"To learn the secret?—Quick—quick. I have no fear of your success, if it is by his heart that you lead him?"

"You mistake; on his heart I have no hold. But he has a friend who loves me, and honorably, and whose cause he pleads. I think here that I have some means to control or persuade him. If not—ah, he is of a character that perplexes me in all but his worldly ambition; and how can we foreigners influence him through *that*?"

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"Is he poor, or is he extravagant?"

"Not extravagant, and not positively poor, but dependent."

"Then we have him," said the Count composedly. "If his assistance be worth buying, we can bid high for it. *Sur mon âme*, I never yet knew money fail with any man who was both worldly and dependent. I put him and myself in your hands."

Thus saying, the Count opened the door, and conducted his sister with formal politeness to her carriage. He then returned, reseated himself, and mused in silence. As he did so, the muscles of his countenance relaxed. The levity of the Frenchman fled from his visage, and in his eye, as it gazed abstractedly into space, there was that steady depth so remarkable in the old portraits of Florentine diplomatist, or Venetian oligarch. Thus seen, there was in that face, despite all its beauty, something that would have awed back even the fond gaze of love; something hard, collected, inscrutable, remorseless, but this change of countenance did not last long. Evidently, thought, though intense for the moment, was not habitual to the man. Evidently, he had lived the life which takes all things lightly—so he rose with a look of fatigue, shook and stretched himself, as if to cast off, or grow out of an unwelcome and irksome mood. An hour afterward, the Count of Peschiera was charming all eyes, and pleasing all ears, in the saloon of a high-born beauty, whose acquaintance he had made at Vienna, and whose charms, according to that old and never truth-speaking oracle, Polite Scandal, were now said to have attracted to London the brilliant foreigner.

CHAPTER III.

The Marchesa regained her house, which was in Curzon-street, and withdrew to her own room, to re-adjust her dress, and remove from her countenance all trace of the tears she had shed.

Half-an-hour afterward she was seated in her drawing-room, composed and calm; nor, seeing her then, could you have guessed that she was capable of so much emotion and so much weakness. In that stately exterior, in that quiet attitude, in that elaborate and finished elegance which comes alike from the arts of the toilet and the conventional repose of rank, you could see but the woman of the world and the great lady.

A knock at the door was heard, and in a few moments there entered a visitor, with the easy familiarity of intimate acquaintance—a young man, but with none of the bloom of youth. His hair, fine as a woman's, was thin and scanty, but it fell low over the forehead, and concealed that noblest of our human features. "A gentleman," says Apuleius, "ought, if he can, to wear his whole mind on his forehead."^[15] The young visitor would never have committed so frank an imprudence. His cheek was pale, and in his step and his movements there was a languor that spoke of fatigued nerves or delicate health. But the light of the eye and the tone of the voice were those of a mental temperament controlling the bodily—vigorous and energetic. For the rest his general appearance was distinguished by a refinement alike intellectual and social. Once seen, you would not easily forget him. And the reader no doubt already recognizes Randal Leslie. His salutation, as I before said, was that of intimate familiarity; yet it was given and replied to with that unreserved openness which denotes the absence of a more tender sentiment.

Seating himself by the Marchesa's side, Randal began first to converse on the fashionable topics and gossip of the day; but it was observable, that, while he extracted from her the current anecdote and scandal of the great world, neither anecdote nor scandal did he communicate in return. Randal Leslie had already learned the art not to commit himself, not to have quoted against him one ill-natured remark upon the eminent. Nothing more injures the man who would rise beyond the fame of the *salons*, than to be considered a backbiter and gossip; "yet it is always useful," thought Randal Leslie, "to know the foibles—the small social and private springs by which the great are moved. Critical occasions may arise in which such knowledge may be power." And hence, perhaps (besides a more private motive, soon to be perceived), Randal did not consider his time thrown away in cultivating Madame di Negra's friendship. For despite much that was whispered against her, she had succeeded in dispelling the coldness with which she had at first been received in the London circles. Her beauty, her grace, and her high birth, had raised her into fashion, and the homage of men of the first station, while it perhaps injured her reputation as woman, added to her celebrity as fine lady. So much do we cold English, pruders though we be, forgive to the foreigner what we avenge on the native.

Sliding at last from these general topics into very well-bred and elegant personal compliment, and reciting various eulogies, which Lord this the Duke of that had passed on the Marchesa's charms, Randal laid his hand on hers, with the license of admitted friendship, and said—

"But since you have deigned to confide in me, since when (happily for me, and with a generosity of which no coquette could have been capable) you, in good time, repressed into friendship feelings that might else have ripened into those you are formed to inspire and disdain to return, you told me with your charming smile, 'Let no one speak to me of love who does not offer me his hand, and with it the means to supply tastes that I fear are terribly extravagant;' since thus you allowed me to divine your natural objects, and upon that understanding our intimacy has been founded, you will pardon me for saying that the admiration you excite among the *grands seigneurs* I have named, only serves to defeat your own purpose, and scare away admirers less brilliant, but more in earnest. Most of these gentlemen are unfortunately married; and they who are not belong to those members of our aristocracy who, in marriage, seek more than beauty and wit—namely, connections to strengthen their political station, or wealth to redeem a mortgage and sustain a title."

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"My dear Mr. Leslie," replied the Marchesa—and a certain sadness might be detected in the tone of the voice and the droop of the eye—"I have lived long enough in the real world to appreciate the baseness and the falsehood of most of those sentiments which take the noblest names. I see through the hearts of the admirers you parade before me, and know that not one of them would shelter with his ermine the woman to whom he talks of his heart. Ah," continued Beatrice, with a softness of which she was unconscious, but which might have been extremely dangerous to youth less steeled and self-guarded than was Randal Leslie's—"ah, I am less ambitious than you suppose. I have dreamed of a friend, a companion, a protector, with feelings still fresh, undebased by the low round of vulgar dissipation and mean pleasures—of a heart so new, that it might restore my own to what it was in its happy spring. I have seen in your country some marriages, the mere contemplation of which has filled my eyes with delicious tears. I have learned in England to know the value of home. And with such a heart as I describe, and such a home, I could forget that I ever knew a less pure ambition."

"This language does not surprise me," said Randal; "yet it does not harmonize with your former answer to me."

"To you," repeated Beatrice, smiling, and regaining her lighter manner; "to you—true. But I never had the vanity to think that your affection for me could bear the sacrifices it would cost you in marriage; that you, with your ambition, could bound your dreams of happiness to home. And then, too," said she, raising her head, and with a certain grave pride in her air—"and *then*, I could not have consented to share my fate with one whom my poverty would cripple. I could not listen to my heart, if it had beat for a lover without fortune, for to him I could then have brought but a burden, and betrayed him into a union with poverty and debt. *Now*, it may be different. Now I may have the dowry that befits my birth. And now I may be free to choose according to my heart as woman, not according to my necessities, as one poor, harassed, and despairing."

"Ah," said Randal, interested, and drawing still closer toward his fair companion—"ah, I congratulate you sincerely; you have cause, then, to think that you shall be—rich?"

The Marchesa paused before she answered, and during that pause Randal relaxed the web of the scheme which he had been secretly weaving, and rapidly considered whether, if Beatrice di Negra would indeed be rich, she might answer to himself as a wife; and in what way, if so, he had best change his tone from that of friendship into that of love. While thus reflecting, Beatrice answered:

"Not rich for an Englishwoman; for an Italian, yes. My fortune should be half a million—"

"Half a million!" cried Randal, and with difficulty he restrained himself from falling at her feet in adoration.

"Of francs!" continued the Marchesa.

"Francs! Ah," said Randal, with a long-drawn breath, and recovering from his sudden enthusiasm, "about twenty thousand pounds!—eight hundred a year at four per cent. A very handsome portion, certainly—(Genteel poverty! he murmured to himself. What an escape I have had! but I

see—I see. This will smooth all difficulties in the way of my better and earlier project. I see)—a very handsome portion," he repeated aloud—"not for a *grand seigneur*, indeed, but still for a gentleman of birth and expectations worthy of your choice, if ambition be not your first object. Ah, while you spoke with such endearing eloquence of feelings that were fresh, of a heart that was new, of the happy English home, you might guess that my thoughts ran to my friend who loves you so devotedly, and who so realizes your ideal. Providentially, with us, happy marriages and happy homes are found not in the gay circles of London fashion, but at the hearths of our rural nobility—our untitled country gentlemen. And who, among all your adorers, can offer you a lot so really enviable as the one whom, I see by your blush, you already guess that I refer to?"

"Did I blush?" said the Marchesa, with a silvery laugh. "Nay, I think that your zeal for your friend misled you. But I will own frankly, I have been touched by his honest, ingenuous love—so evident, yet rather looked than spoken. I have contrasted the love that honors me, with the suitors that seek to degrade; more I can not say. For though I grant that your friend is handsome, high-spirited, and generous, still he is not what—"

"You mistake, believe me," interrupted Randal. "You shall not finish your sentence. He *is* all that you do not yet suppose him; for his shyness, and his very love, his very respect for your superiority, do not allow his mind and his nature to appear to advantage. You, it is true, have a taste for letters and poetry rare among your countrywomen. He has not at present—few men have. But what Cimon would not be refined by so fair an Iphigenia? Such frivolities as he now shows belong but to youth and inexperience of life. Happy the brother who could see his sister the wife of Frank Hazeldean."

The Marchesa bent her cheek on her hand in silence. To her, marriage was more than it usually seems to dreaming maiden or to disconsolate widow. So had the strong desire to escape from the control of her unprincipled and remorseless brother grown a part of her very soul—so had whatever was best and highest in her very mixed and complex character been galled and outraged by her friendless and exposed position, the equivocal worship rendered to her beauty, the various debasements to which pecuniary embarrassments had subjected her—not without design on the part of the Count, who though grasping, was not miserly, and who by precarious and seemingly capricious gifts at one time, and refusals of all aid at another, had involved her in debt in order to retain his hold on her—so utterly painful and humiliating to a woman of her pride and her birth was the station that she held in the world—that in marriage she saw liberty, life, honor, self-redemption; and these thoughts while they compelled her to co-operate with the schemes by which the Count, on securing to himself a bride, was to bestow on herself a dowry, also disposed her now to receive with favor Randal Leslie's pleadings on behalf of his friend.

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The advocate saw that he had made an impression, and with the marvelous skill which his knowledge of those natures that engaged his study bestowed on his intelligence, he continued to improve his cause by such representations as were likely to be most effective. With what admirable tact he avoided panegyric of Frank as the mere individual, and drew him rather as the type, the ideal of what a woman in Beatrice's position might desire in the safety, peace, and honor of a home, in the trust and constancy, and honest confiding love of its partner! He did not paint an elysium; he described a haven; he did not glowingly delineate a hero of romance—he soberly portrayed that representative of the Respectable and the Real which a woman turns to when romance begins to seem to her but delusion. Verily, if you could have looked into the heart of the person he addressed, and heard him speak, you would have cried admiringly, "Knowledge *is* power; and this man, if as able on a larger field of action, should play no mean part in the history of his time."

Slowly Beatrice roused herself from the reveries which crept over her as he spoke—slowly, and with a deep sigh, and said,

"Well, well, grant all you say; at least before I can listen to so honorable a love, I must be relieved from the base and sordid pressure that weighs on me. I can not say to the man who woos me, 'Will you pay the debts of the daughter of Franzini, and the widow of di Negra?'"

"Nay, your debts, surely, make so slight a portion of your dowry."

"But the dowry has to be secured;" and here, turning the tables upon her companion, as the apt proverb expresses it, Madame di Negra extended her hand to Randal, and said in her most winning accents, "You are, then, truly and sincerely my friend?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"I prove that I do not, for I ask your assistance."

"Mine? How?"

"Listen; my brother has arrived in London—"

"I see that arrival announced in the papers."

"And he comes, empowered by the consent of the Emperor, to ask the hand of a relation and countrywoman of his; an alliance that will heal long family dissensions, and add to his own fortunes those of an heiress. My brother, like myself, has been extravagant. The dowry which by law he still owes me it would distress him to pay till this marriage be assured."

"I understand," said Randal. "But how can I aid this marriage?"

"By assisting us to discover the bride. She, with her father, sought refuge and concealment in England."

"The father had, then, taken part in some political disaffections, and was proscribed?"

"Exactly so; and so well has he concealed himself that he has baffled all our efforts to discover his retreat. My brother can obtain him his pardon in cementing this alliance—"

"Proceed."

"Ah, Randal, Randal, is this the frankness of friendship? You know that I have before sought to obtain the secret of our relation's retreat—sought in vain to obtain it from Mr. Egerton who assuredly knows it—"

"But who communicates no secrets to living man," said Randal, almost bitterly; "who, close and compact as iron, is as little malleable to me as to you."

"Pardon me. I know you so well that I believe you could attain to any secret you sought earnestly to acquire. Nay, more, I believe that you know already that secret which I ask you to share with me."

"What on earth makes you think so?"

"When, some weeks ago, you asked me to describe the personal appearance and manners of the exile, which I did partly from the recollections of my childhood, partly from the description given to me by others, I could not but notice your countenance, and remark its change; in spite," said the Marchesa, smiling and watching Randal while she spoke—"in spite of your habitual self-command. And when I pressed you to own that you had actually seen some one who tallied with that description, your denial did not deceive me. Still more, when returning recently, of your own accord, to the subject, you questioned me so shrewdly as to my motives in seeking the clew to our refugees, and I did not then answer you satisfactorily, I could detect—"

"Ha, ha," interrupted Randal, with the low soft laugh by which occasionally he infringed upon Lord Chesterfield's recommendation to shun a merriment so natural as to be ill-bred—"ha, ha, you have the fault of all observers too minute and refined. But even granting that I may have seen some Italian exiles (which is likely enough), what could be more simple than my seeking to compare your description with their appearance; and granting that I might suspect some one among them to be the man you search for, what more simple, also, than that I should desire to know if you meant him harm or good in discovering his 'whereabout?' For ill," added Randal, with an air of prudery, "ill would it become me to betray, even to friendship, the retreat of one who would hide from persecution; and even if I did so—for honor itself is a weak safeguard against your fascinations—such indiscretion might be fatal to my future career."

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"How?"

"Do you not say that Egerton knows the secret, yet will not communicate?—and is he a man who would ever forgive in me an imprudence that committed himself? My dear friend, I will tell you more. When Audley Egerton first noticed my growing intimacy with you, he said, with his usual dryness of counsel, 'Randal, I do not ask you to discontinue acquaintance with Madame di Negra—for an acquaintance with women like her, forms the manners and refines the intellect; but charming women are dangerous, and Madame di Negra is—a charming woman.'"

The Marchesa's face flushed. Randal resumed: "'Your fair acquaintance' (I am still quoting Egerton) 'seeks to discover the home of a countryman of hers. She suspects that I know it. She may try to learn it through you. Accident may possibly give you the information she requires. Beware how you betray it. By one such weakness I should judge of your general character. He from whom a woman can extract a secret will never be fit for public life.' Therefore, my dear Marchesa, even supposing I possess this secret, you would be no true friend of mine to ask me to reveal what would imperil all my prospects. For as yet," added Randal, with a gloomy shade on his brow—"as yet I do not stand alone and erect—I *lean*; I am dependent."

"There may be a way," replied Madame di Negra, persisting, "to communicate this intelligence, without the possibility of Mr. Egerton's tracing our discovery to yourself; and, though I will not press you further, I add this—You urge me to accept your friend's hand; you seem interested in the success of his suit, and you plead it with a warmth that shows how much you regard what you suppose is his happiness; I will never accept his hand till I can do so without blush for my penury—till my dowry is secured, and that can only be by my brother's union with the exile's daughter. For your friend's sake, therefore, think well how you can aid me in the first step to that alliance. The young lady once discovered, and my brother has no fear for the success of his suit."

"And you would marry Frank, if the dower was secured?"

"Your arguments in his favor seem irresistible," replied Beatrice, looking down.

A flash went from Randal's eyes, and he mused a few moments.

Then slowly rising, and drawing on his gloves, he said,

"Well, at least you so far reconcile my honor toward aiding your research, that you now inform me you mean no ill to the exile."

"Ill!—the restoration to fortune, honors, his native land."

"And you so far enlist my heart on your side, that you inspire me with the hope to contribute to the happiness of two friends whom I dearly love. I will, therefore, diligently seek to ascertain if, among the refugees I have met with, lurk those whom you seek; and if so, I will thoughtfully consider how to give you the clew. Meanwhile, not one incautious word to Egerton."

"Trust me—I am a woman of the world."

Randal now had gained the door. He paused, and renewed carelessly,

"This young lady must be heiress to great wealth, to induce a man of your brother's rank to take so much pains to discover her."

"Her wealth *will* be vast," replied the Marchesa; "and if any thing from wealth or influence in a foreign state could be permitted to prove my brother's gratitude—"

"Ah, fie," interrupted Randal, and approaching Madame di Negra, he lifted her hand to his lips, and said gallantly,

"This is reward enough to your *preux chevalier*."

With those words he took his leave.

CHAPTER IV.

With his hands behind him, and his head drooping on his breast—slow, stealthy, noiseless, Randal Leslie glided along the streets on leaving the Italian's house. Across the scheme he had before revolved, there glanced another yet more glittering, for its gain might be more sure and immediate. If the exile's daughter were heiress to such wealth, might he himself hope—. He stopped short even in his own soliloquy, and his breath came quick. Now, in his last visit to Hazeldean, he had come in contact with Riccabocca, and been struck by the beauty of Violante. A vague suspicion had crossed him that these might be the persons of whom the Marchesa was in search, and the suspicion had been confirmed by Beatrice's description of the refugee she desired to discover. But as he had not then learned the reason for her inquiries, nor conceived the possibility that he could have any personal interest in ascertaining the truth, he had only classed the secret in question among those the further research into which might be left to time and occasion. Certainly the reader will not do the unscrupulous intellect of Randal Leslie the injustice to suppose that he was deterred from confiding to his fair friend all that he knew of Riccabocca, by the refinement of honor to which he had so chivalrously alluded. He had correctly stated Audley Egerton's warning against any indiscreet confidence, though he had forborne to mention a more recent and direct renewal of the same caution. His first visit to Hazeldean had been paid without consulting Egerton. He had been passing some days at his father's house and had gone over thence to the Squire's. On his return to London, he had, however, mentioned this visit to Audley, who had seemed annoyed and even displeased at it, though Randal well knew sufficient of Egerton's character to know that such feeling could scarce be occasioned merely by his estrangement from his half brother. This dissatisfaction had, therefore, puzzled the young man. But as it was necessary to his views to establish intimacy with the Squire, he did not yield the point with his customary deference to his patron's whims. He, therefore, observed that he should be very sorry to do any thing displeasing to his benefactor, but that his father had been naturally anxious that he should not appear positively to slight the friendly overtures of Mr. Hazeldean.

"Why naturally?" asked Egerton.

"Because you know that Mr. Hazeldean is a relation of mine—that my grandmother was a Hazeldean."

"Ah!" said Egerton, who, as it has been before said, knew little, and cared less, about the Hazeldean pedigree, "I was either not aware of that circumstance, or had forgotten it. And your father thinks that the Squire may leave you a legacy?"

"Oh, sir, my father is not so mercenary—such an idea never entered his head. But the Squire himself has indeed said, 'Why, if any thing happened to Frank, you would be next heir to my lands, and therefore we ought to know each other.' But—"

"Enough," interrupted Egerton, "I am the last man to pretend to the right of standing between you and a single chance of fortune, or of aid to it. And whom did you meet at Hazeldean?"

"There was no one there, sir; not even Frank."

"Hum. Is the Squire not on good terms with his parson? Any quarrel about tithes?"

"Oh, no quarrel. I forgot Mr. Dale; I saw him pretty often. He admires and praises you very much, sir."

"Me—and why? What did he say of me?"

"That your heart was as sound as your head; that he had once seen you about some old parishioners of his; and that he had been much impressed with a depth of feeling he could not

have anticipated in a man of the world, and a statesman."

"Oh, that was all; some affair when I was member for Lansmere?"

"I suppose so."

Here the conversation was broken off; but the next time Randal was led to visit the Squire he had formally asked Egerton's consent, who, after a moment's hesitation, had as formally replied, "I have no objection."

On returning from this visit, Randal mentioned that he had seen Riccabocca; and Egerton, a little startled at first, said composedly, "Doubtless one of the political refugees; take care not to set Madame di Negra on his track. Remember, she is suspected of being a spy of the Austrian government."

"Rely on me, sir," said Randal; "but I should think this poor Doctor can scarcely be the person she seeks to discover?"

"That is no affair of ours," answered Egerton; "we are English gentlemen, and make not a step toward the secrets of another."

Now, when Randal revolved this rather ambiguous answer, and recalled the uneasiness with which Egerton had first heard of his visit to Hazeldean, he thought that he was indeed near the secret which Egerton desired to conceal from him and from all—viz., the incognito of the Italian whom Lord L'Estrange had taken under his protection.

"My cards," said Randal to himself, as, with a deep-drawn sigh, he resumed his soliloquy, "are becoming difficult to play. On the one hand, to entangle Frank into marriage with this foreigner, the Squire would never forgive him. On the other hand, if she will not marry him without the dowry—and that depends on her brother's wedding this countrywoman—and that countrywoman be, as I surmise, Violante—and Violante be this heiress, and to be won by me! Tush, tush. Such delicate scruples in a woman so placed and so constituted as Beatrice di Negra, must be easily talked away. Nay, the loss itself of this alliance to her brother, the loss of her own dowry—the very pressure of poverty and debt—would compel her into the sole escape left to her option. I will then follow up the old plan; I will go down to Hazeldean, and see if there be any substance in the new one; and then to reconcile both—aha—the House of Leslie shall rise yet from its ruin—and—"

Here he was startled from his reverie by a friendly slap on the shoulder, and an exclamation—"Why, Randal, you are more absent than when you used to steal away from the cricket-ground, muttering Greek verses at Eton."

"My dear Frank," said Randal, "you—you are so *brusque*, and I was just thinking of you."

"Were you? And kindly, then, I am sure," said Frank Hazeldean, his honest, handsome face lighted up with the unsuspecting genial trust of friendship; "and heaven knows," he added, with a sadder voice, and a graver expression on his eye and lip—"Heaven knows I want all the kindness you can give me!"

"I thought," said Randal, "that your father's last supply, of which I was fortunate enough to be the bearer, would clear off your more pressing debts. I don't pretend to preach, but really I must say once more, you should not be so extravagant."

FRANK (seriously).—"I have done my best to reform. I have sold off my horses, and I have not touched dice nor card these six months; I would not even put into the raffle for the last Derby." This last was said with the air of a man who doubted the possibility of obtaining belief to some assertion of preternatural abstinence and virtue.

RANDAL.—"Is it possible? But, with such self-conquest, how is it that you can not contrive to live within the bounds of a very liberal allowance?"

FRANK (despondingly).—"Why, when a man once gets his head under water, it is so hard to float back again on the surface. You see, I attribute all my embarrassments to that first concealment of my debts from my father, when they could have been so easily met, and when he came up to town so kindly."

"I am sorry, then, that I gave you that advice."

"Oh, you meant it so kindly, I don't reproach you; it was all my own fault."

"Why, indeed, I did urge you to pay off that moiety of your debts left unpaid, with your allowance. Had you done so, all had been well."

"Yes, but poor Borrowwell got into such a scrape at Goodwood; I could not resist him—a debt of honor, *that* must be paid; so when I signed another bill for him, he could not pay it, poor fellow: really he would have shot himself, if I had not renewed it; and now it is swelled to such an amount with that cursed interest, that *he* never can pay it; and one bill, of course, begets another, and to be renewed every three months; 'tis the devil and all! So little as I ever got for all I have borrowed," added Frank with a kind of rueful amaze. "Not £1500 ready money; and it would cost me almost as much yearly—if I had it."

"Only £1500."

"Well, besides seven large chests of the worst cigars you ever smoked; three pipes of wine that no one would drink, and a great bear, that had been imported from Greenland for the sake of its grease."

"That should at least have saved you a bill with your hairdresser."

"I paid his bill with it," said Frank, "and very good-natured he was to take the monster off my hands; it had already hugged two soldiers and one groom into the shape of a flounder. I tell you what," resumed Frank, after a short pause, "I have a great mind even now to tell my father honestly all my embarrassments."

RANDAL (solemnly).—"Hum!"

FRANK.—"What? don't you think it would be the best way? I never can save enough—never can pay off what I owe; and it rolls like a snowball."

RANDAL.—"Judging by the Squire's talk, I think that with the first sight of your affairs you would forfeit his favor forever; and your mother would be so shocked, especially after supposing that the sum I brought you so lately sufficed to pay off every claim on you. If you had not assured her of that, it might be different; but she who so hates an untruth, and who said to the Squire, 'Frank says this will clear him; and with all his faults, Frank never yet told a lie.'"

"Oh my dear mother!—I fancy I hear her!" cried Frank with deep emotion. "But I did not tell a lie, Randal; I did not say that that sum would clear me."

"You empowered and begged me to say so," replied Randal, with grave coldness; "and don't blame me if I believed you."

"No, no! I only said it would clear me for the moment."

"I misunderstood you, then, sadly; and such mistakes involve my own honor. Pardon me, Frank; don't ask my aid in future. You see, with the best intentions I only compromise myself."

"If you forsake me, I may as well go and throw myself into the river," said Frank in a tone of despair; "and sooner or later my father must know my necessities. The Jews threaten to go to him already; and the longer the delay, the more terrible the explanation."

"I don't see why your father should ever learn the state of your affairs; and it seems to me that you could pay off these usurers, and get rid of these bills, by raising money on comparatively easy terms—"

"How?" cried Frank eagerly.

"Why, the Casino property is entailed on you, and you might obtain a sum upon that, not to be paid till the property becomes yours."

"At my poor father's death? Oh, no—no! I can not bear the idea of this cold-blooded calculation on a father's death. I know it is not uncommon; I know other fellows who have done it, but they never had parents so kind as mine; and even in them it shocked and revolted me. The contemplating a father's death and profiting by the contemplation—it seems a kind of parricide—it is not natural, Randal. Besides, don't you remember what the governor said—he actually wept while he said it, 'Never calculate on my death; I could not bear that.' Oh, Randal, don't speak of it!"

"I respect your sentiments; but still all the post-obits you could raise could not shorten Mr. Hazeldean's life by a day. However, dismiss that idea; we must think of some other device. Ha, Frank! you are a handsome fellow, and your expectations are great—why don't you marry some woman with money?"

"Pooh!" exclaimed Frank, coloring. "You know, Randal, that there is but one woman in the world I can ever think of, and I love her so devotedly, that, though I was as gay as most men before, I really feel as if the rest of her sex had lost every charm. I was passing through the street now—merely to look up at her windows—"

"You speak of Madame di Negra? I have just left her. Certainly she is two or three years older than you; but if you can get over that misfortune, why not marry her?"

"Marry her!" cried Frank in amaze, and all his color fled from his cheeks. "Marry her!—are you serious?"

"Why not?"

"But even if she, who is so accomplished, so admired—even if she would accept me, she is, you know, poorer than myself. She has told me so frankly. That woman has such a noble heart, and—and—my father would never consent, nor my mother either. I know they would not."

"Because she is a foreigner?"

"Yes—partly."

"Yet the Squire suffered his cousin to marry a foreigner."

"That was different. He had no control over Jemima; and a daughter-in-law is so different; and my

father is so English in his notions; and Madame di Negra, you see, is altogether so foreign. Her very graces would be against her in his eyes."

"I think you do both your parents injustice. A foreigner of low birth—an actress or singer, for instance—of course would be highly objectionable; but a woman, like Madame di Negra, of such high birth and connections—"

Frank shook his head. "I don't think the governor would care a straw about her connections, if she were a king's daughter. He considers all foreigners pretty much alike. And then, you know"—Frank's voice sank into a whisper—"you know that one of the very reasons why she is so dear to me would be an insuperable objection to the old-fashioned folks at home."

"I don't understand you, Frank."

"I love her the more," said young Hazeldean, raising his front with a noble pride, that seemed to speak of his descent from a race of cavaliers and gentlemen—"I love her the more because the world has slandered her name—because I believe her to be pure and wronged. But would they at the Hall—they who do not see with a lover's eyes—they who have all the stubborn English notions about the indecorum and license of Continental manners, and will so readily credit the worst? O, no—I love—I can not help it—but I have no hope."

"It is very possible that you may be right," exclaimed Randal, as if struck and half-convinced by his companion's argument—"very possible; and certainly I think that the homely folks at the Hall would fret and fume at first, if they heard you were married to Madame di Negra. Yet still, when your father learned that you had done so, not from passion alone, but to save him from all pecuniary sacrifice—to clear yourself of debt—to—"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Frank impatiently.

"I have reason to know that Madame di Negra will have as large a portion as your father could reasonably expect you to receive with any English wife. And when this is properly stated to the Squire, and the high position and rank of your wife fully established and brought home to him—for I must think that these would tell, despite your exaggerated notions of his prejudices—and then, when he really sees Madame di Negra, and can judge of her beauty and rare gifts, upon my word, I think, Frank, that there would be no cause for fear. After all, too, you are his only son. He will have no option but to forgive you; and I know how anxiously both your parents wish to see you settled in life."

Frank's whole countenance became illuminated. "There is no one who understands the Squire like you, certainly," said he, with lively joy. "He has the highest opinion of your judgment. And you really believe you could smooth matters?"

"I believe so, but I should be sorry to induce you to run any risk; and if, on cool consideration, you think that risk is incurred, I strongly advise you to avoid all occasion of seeing the poor Marchesa. Ah, you wince; but I say it for her sake as well as your own. First, you must be aware, that, unless you have serious thoughts of marriage, your attentions can but add to the very rumors that, equally groundless, you so feelingly resent; and, secondly, because I don't think any man has a right to win the affections of a woman—especially a woman who seems likely to love with her whole heart and soul—merely to gratify his own vanity."

"Vanity! Good heavens, can you think so poorly of me? But as to the Marchesa's affections," continued Frank, with a faltering voice, "do you really and honestly believe that they are to be won by me?"

"I fear lest they may be half won already," said Randal, with a smile and a shake of the head; "but she is too proud to let you see any effect you may produce on her, especially when, as I take it for granted, you have never hinted at the hope of obtaining her hand."

"I never till now conceived such a hope. My dear Randal, all my cares have vanished—I tread upon air—I have a great mind to call on her at once."

"Stay, stay," said Randal. "Let me give you a caution. I have just informed you that Madame di Negra will have, what you suspected not before, a fortune suitable to her birth; any abrupt change in your manner at present might induce her to believe that you were influenced by that intelligence."

"Ah!" exclaimed Frank, stopping short, as if wounded to the quick. "And I feel guilty—feel as if I was influenced by that intelligence. So I am, too, when I reflect," he continued, with a *naïveté* that was half pathetic; "but I hope she will not be so *very* rich—if so, I'll not call."

"Make your mind easy, it is but a portion of some twenty or thirty thousand pounds, that would just suffice to discharge all your debts, clear away all obstacles to your union, and in return for which you could secure a more than adequate jointure and settlement on the Casino property. Now I am on that head, I will be yet more communicative. Madame di Negra has a noble heart, as you say, and told me herself, that, until her brother on his arrival had assured her of this dowry, she would never have consented to marry you—never cripple with her own embarrassments the man she loves. Ah! with what delight she will hail the thought of assisting you to win back your father's heart! But be guarded, meanwhile. And now, Frank, what say you—would it not be well if I run down to Hazeldean to sound your parents? It is rather inconvenient to me, to be sure, to leave town just at present; but I would do more than that to render you a smaller service. Yes, I'll

go to Rood Hall to-morrow, and thence to Hazeldean. I am sure your father will press me to stay, and I shall have ample opportunities to judge of the manner in which he would be likely to regard your marriage with Madame di Negra—supposing always it were properly put to him. We can then act accordingly."

"My dear, dear Randal. How can I thank you? If ever a poor fellow like me can serve you in return—but that's impossible."

"Why, certainly, I will never ask you to be security to a bill of mine," said Randal, laughing. "I practice the economy I preach."

"Ah!" said Frank with a groan, "that is because your mind is cultivated—you have so many resources; and all my faults have come from idleness. If I had any thing to do on a rainy day, I should never have got into these scrapes."

"Oh! you will have enough to do some day managing your property. We who have no property must find one in knowledge. Adieu, my dear Frank; I must go home now. By the way, you have never, by chance, spoken of the Riccaboccas to Madame di Negra?"

"The Riccaboccas? No. That's well thought of. It may interest her to know that a relation of mine has married her countryman. Very odd that I never did mention it; but, to say truth, I really do talk so little to her; she is so superior, and I feel positively shy with her."

"Do me the favor, Frank," said Randal, waiting patiently till this reply ended—for he was devising all the time what reason to give for his request—"never to allude to the Riccaboccas either to her or to her brother, to whom you are sure to be presented."

"Why not allude to them?"

Randal hesitated a moment. His invention was still at fault, and, for a wonder, he thought it the best policy to go pretty near the truth.

"Why, I will tell you. The Marchesa conceals nothing from her brother, and he is one of the few Italians who are in high favor with the Austrian court."

"Well!"

"And I suspect that poor Dr. Riccabocca fled his country from some mad experiment at revolution, and is still hiding from the Austrian police."

"But they can't hurt him here," said Frank, with an Englishman's dogged inborn conviction of the sanctity of his native island. "I should like to see an Austrian pretend to dictate to us whom to receive and whom to reject."

"Hum—that's true and constitutional, no doubt; but Riccabocca may have excellent reasons—and, to speak plainly, I know he has, (perhaps as affecting the safety of friends in Italy)—for preserving his incognito, and we are bound to respect those reasons without inquiring further."

"Still, I can not think so meanly of Madame di Negra," persisted Frank (shrewd here, though credulous elsewhere, and both from his sense of honor), "as to suppose that she would descend to be a spy, and injure a poor countryman of her own, who trusts to the same hospitality she receives herself at our English hands. Oh, if I thought that, I could not love her!" added Frank, with energy.

"Certainly you are right. But see in what a false position you would place both her brother and herself. If they knew Riccabocca's secret, and proclaimed it to the Austrian government, as you say, it would be cruel and mean; but if they knew it and concealed it, it might involve them both in the most serious consequences. You know the Austrian policy is proverbially so jealous and tyrannical?"

"Well, the newspapers say so, certainly."

"And, in short, your discretion can do no harm, and your indiscretion may. Therefore, give me your word, Frank. I can't stay to argue now."

"I'll not allude to the Riccaboccas, upon my honor," answered Frank; "still I am sure they would be as safe with the Marchesa as with—"

"I rely on your honor," interrupted Randal, hastily, and hurried off.

CHAPTER V.

Toward the evening of the following day, Randal Leslie walked slowly from a village on the main road (about two miles from Rood Hall), at which he had got out of the coach. He passed through meads and corn-fields, and by the skirts of woods which had formerly belonged to his ancestors, but had long since been alienated. He was alone amidst the haunts of his boyhood, the scenes in which he had first invoked the grand Spirit of Knowledge, to bid the Celestial Still One minister to the commands of an earthly and turbulent ambition. He paused often in his path, especially when the undulations of the ground gave a glimpse of the gray church tower, or the gloomy firs

that rose above the desolate wastes of Rood.

"Here," thought Randal, with a softening eye—"here, how often, comparing the fertility of the lands passed away from the inheritance of my fathers, with the forlorn wilds that are left to their mouldering hall—here, how often have I said to myself—'I will rebuild the fortunes of my house.' And straightway Toil lost its aspect of drudge, and grew kingly, and books became as living armies to serve my thought. Again—again—O thou haughty Past, brace and strengthen me in the battle with the Future." His pale lips writhed as he soliloquized, for his conscience spoke to him while he thus addressed his will, and its voice was heard more audibly in the quiet of the rural landscape, than amid the turmoil and din of that armed and sleepless camp which we call a city.

Doubtless, though Ambition have objects more vast and beneficent than the restoration of a name—*that* in itself is high and chivalrous, and appeals to a strong interest in the human heart. But all emotions, and all ends, of a nobler character, had seemed to filter themselves free from every golden grain in passing through the mechanism of Randal's intellect, and came forth at last into egotism clear and unalloyed. Nevertheless, it is a strange truth that, to a man of cultivated mind, however perverted and vicious, there are vouchsafed gleams of brighter sentiments, irregular perceptions of moral beauty, denied to the brutal unreasoning wickedness of uneducated villainy—which perhaps ultimately serve as his punishment—according to the old thought of the satirist, that there is no greater curse than to perceive virtue, yet adopt vice. And as the solitary schemer walked slowly on, and his childhood—innocent at least of deed—came distinct before him through the halo of bygone dreams—dreams far purer than those from which he now rose each morning to the active world of Man—a profound melancholy crept over him, and suddenly he exclaimed aloud, "*Then* I aspired to be renowned and great—*now*, how is it that, so advanced in my career, all that seemed lofty in the means has vanished from me, and the only means that I contemplate are those which my childhood would have called poor and vile? Ah! is it that I then read but books, and now my knowledge has passed onward, and men contaminate more than books? But," he continued in a lower voice, as if arguing with himself, "if power is only so to be won—and of what use is knowledge if it be not power—does not success in life justify all things? And who prizes the wise man if he fails?" He continued his way, but still the soft tranquillity around rebuked him, and still his reason was dissatisfied, as well as his conscience. There are times when Nature, like a bath of youth, seems to restore to the jaded soul its freshness—times from which some men have emerged, as if reborn. The crises of life are very silent. Suddenly the scene opened on Randal Leslie's eyes. The bare desert common—the dilapidated church—the old house, partially seen in the dank dreary hollow, into which it seemed to Randal to have sunken deeper and lowlier than when he saw it last. And on the common were some young men playing at hockey. That old-fashioned game, now very uncommon in England, except at schools, was still preserved in the primitive simplicity of Rood by the young yeomen and farmers. Randal stood by the stile and looked on, for among the players he recognized his brother Oliver. Presently the ball was struck toward Oliver, and the group instantly gathered round that young gentleman, and snatched him from Randal's eye; but the elder brother heard a displeasing din, a derisive laughter. Oliver had shrunk from the danger of the thick clubbed sticks that plied around him, and received some strokes across the legs, for his voice rose whining, and was drowned by shouts of, "Go to your mammy. That's Noll Leslie—all over. Butter shins."

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Randal's sallow face became scarlet. "The jest of boors—a Leslie!" he muttered, and ground his teeth. He sprang over the stile, and walked erect and haughtily across the ground. The players cried out indignantly. Randal raised his hat, and they recognized him, and stopped the game. For him at least a certain respect was felt. Oliver turned round quickly, and ran up to him. Randal caught his arm firmly, and, without saying a word to the rest, drew him away toward the house. Oliver cast a regretful, lingering look behind him, rubbed his shins, and then stole a timid glance toward Randal's severe and moody countenance.

"You are not angry that I was playing at hockey with our neighbors," said he deprecatingly, observing that Randal would not break the silence.

"No," replied the elder brother; "but, in associating with his inferiors, a gentleman still knows how to maintain his dignity. There is no harm in playing with inferiors, but it is necessary to a gentleman to play so that he is not the laughing-stock of clowns."

Oliver hung his head, and made no answer. They came into the slovenly precincts of the court, and the pigs stared at them from the palings as they had stared years before, at Frank Hazeldean.

Mr. Leslie senior, in a shabby straw hat, was engaged in feeding the chickens before the threshold, and he performed even that occupation with a maundering lackadaisical slothfulness, dropping down the grains almost one by one from his inert dreamy fingers.

Randal's sister, her hair still and forever hanging about her ears, was seated on a rush-bottom chair, reading a tattered novel; and from the parlor window was heard the querulous voice of Mrs. Leslie, in high fidget and complaint.

Somehow or other, as the young heir to all this helpless poverty stood in the court-yard, with his sharp, refined, intelligent features, and his strange elegance of dress and aspect, one better comprehended how, left solely to the egotism of his knowledge and his ambition, in such a family, and without any of the sweet nameless lessons of Home, he had grown up into such close and secret solitude of soul—how the mind had taken so little nutriment from the heart, and how that affection and respect which the warm circle of the hearth usually calls forth had passed with him

to the graves of dead fathers, growing, as it were, bloodless and ghoulish amid the charnels on which they fed.

"Ha, Randal, boy," said Mr. Leslie, looking up lazily, "how d'ye do? Who could have expected you? My dear—my dear," he cried, in a broken voice, and as if in helpless dismay, "here's Randal, and he'll be wanting dinner, or supper, or something." But in the mean while, Randal's sister Juliet had sprung up and thrown her arms round her brother's neck, and he had drawn her aside caressingly, for Randal's strongest human affection was for this sister.

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"You are growing very pretty, Juliet," said he, smoothing back her hair; "why do yourself such injustice—why not pay more attention to your appearance, as I have so often begged you to do?"

"I did not expect you, dear Randal; you always come so suddenly, and catch us *en dish-a-bill*."

"Dish-a-bill!" echoed Randal, with a groan.—"*Dishabille!*—you ought never to be so caught!"

"No one else does so catch us—nobody else ever comes! Heigho," and the young lady sighed very heartily.

"Patience, patience; my day is coming, and then yours, my sister," replied Randal with genuine pity, as he gazed upon what a little care could have trained into so fair a flower, and what now looked so like a weed.

Here Mrs. Leslie, in a state of intense excitement—having rushed through the parlor—leaving a fragment of her gown between the yawning brass of the never-mended Brummagem work-table—tore across the hall—whirled out of the door, scattering the chickens to the right and left, and clutched hold of Randal in her motherly embrace. "La, how you do shake my nerves," she cried, after giving him a most hearty and uncomfortable kiss. "And you are hungry, too, and nothing in the house but cold mutton! Jenny, Jenny, I say Jenny! Juliet, have you seen Jenny? Where's Jenny? Out with the old man, I'll be bound."

"I am not hungry, mother," said Randal; "I wish for nothing but tea." Juliet, scrambling up her hair, darted into the house to prepare the tea, and also to "tidy herself." She dearly loved her fine brother, but she was greatly in awe of him.

Randal seated himself on the broken pales. "Take care they don't come down," said Mr. Leslie, with some anxiety.

"Oh, sir, I am very light; nothing comes down with me."

The pigs stared up, and grunted in amaze at the stranger.

"Mother," said the young man, detaining Mrs. Leslie, who wanted to set off in chase of Jenny—"mother, you should not let Oliver associate with those village boors. It is time to think of a profession for him."

"Oh, he eats us out of house and home—such an appetite! But as to a profession—what is he fit for! He will never be a scholar."

Randal nodded a moody assent; for, indeed, Oliver had been sent to Cambridge, and supported there out of Randal's income from his official pay;—and Oliver had been plucked for his Little Go.

"There is the army," said the elder brother—"a gentleman's calling. How handsome Juliet ought to be—but—I left money for masters—and she pronounces French like a chambermaid."

"Yet she is fond of her book too. She's always reading, and good for nothing else."

"Reading!—those trashy novels!"

"So like you—you always come to scold, and make things unpleasant," said Mrs. Leslie, peevishly. "You are grown too fine for us, and I am sure we suffer affronts enough from others, not to want a little respect from our own children."

"I did not mean to affront you," said Randal, sadly. "Pardon me. But who else has done so?"

Then Mrs. Leslie went into a minute and most irritating catalogue of all the mortifications and insults she had received; the grievances of a petty provincial family, with much pretension and small power; of all people, indeed, without the disposition to please—without the ability to serve—who exaggerate every offense, and are thankful for no kindness. Farmer Jones had insolently refused to send his wagon twenty miles for coals. Mr. Giles, the butcher, requesting the payment of his bill, had stated that the custom at Rood was too small for him to allow credit. Squire Thornhill, who was the present owner of the fairest slice of the old Leslie domains, had taken the liberty to ask permission to shoot over Mr. Leslie's land, since Mr. Leslie did not preserve. Lady Spratt (new people from the city, who hired a neighboring country seat) had taken a discharged servant of Mrs. Leslie's without applying for the character. The Lord Lieutenant had given a ball, and had not invited the Leslies. Mr. Leslie's tenants had voted against their landlord's wish at the recent election. More than all, Squire Hazeldean and his Harry had called at Rood, and though Mrs. Leslie had screamed out to Jenny, "Not at home," she had been seen at the window, and the Squire had actually forced his way in, and caught the whole family "in a state not fit to be seen." That was a trifle, but the Squire had presumed to instruct Mr. Leslie how to manage his property, and Mrs. Hazeldean had actually told Juliet to hold up her head and tie up her hair, "as if we were her cottagers!" said Mrs. Leslie, with the pride of a Montfydget.

All these and various other annoyances, though Randal was too sensible not to perceive their insignificance, still galled and mortified the listening heir of Rood. They showed, at least, even to the well-meant officiousness of the Hazeldeans, the small account in which the fallen family was held. As he sat still on the moss-grown pale, gloomy and taciturn, his mother standing beside him, with her cap awry, Mr. Leslie shamblingly sauntered up and said, in a pensive, dolorous whine—

"I wish we had a good sum of money, Randal, boy!"

To do Mr. Leslie justice, he seldom gave vent to any wish that savored of avarice. His mind must be singularly aroused, to wander out of its normal limits of sluggish, dull content.

So Randal looked at him in surprise, and said, "Do you, sir?—why?"

"The manors of Rood and Dulmansberry, and all the lands therein, which my great-grandfather sold away, are to be sold again when Squire Thornhill's eldest son comes of age, to cut off the entail. Sir John Spratt talks of buying them. I should like to have them back again! 'Tis a shame to see the Leslie estates hawked about, and bought by Spratts and people. I wish I had a great—great sum of ready money."

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The poor gentleman extended his helpless fingers as he spoke, and fell into a dejected reverie.

Randal sprang from the paling, a movement which frightened the contemplative pigs, and set them off squalling and scampering. "When does young Thornhill come of age?"

"He was nineteen last August. I know it, because the day he was born I picked up my fossil of the sea-horse, just by Dulmansberry church, when the joy-bells were ringing. My fossil sea-horse? It will be an heirloom, Randal—"

"Two years—nearly two years—yet—ah, ah!" said Randal; and his sister now appearing to announce that tea was ready, he threw his arm round her neck and kissed her. Juliet had arranged her hair and trimmed up her dress. She looked very pretty, and she had now the air of a gentlewoman—something of Randal's own refinement in her slender proportions and well-shaped head.

"Be patient, patient still, my dear sister," whispered Randal, "and keep your heart whole for two years longer."

The young man was gay and good-humored over his simple meal, while his family grouped round him. When it was over, Mr. Leslie lighted his pipe, and called for his brandy-and-water. Mrs. Leslie began to question about London and Court, and the new King and the new Queen, and Mr. Audley Egerton, and hoped Mr. Egerton would leave Randal all his money, and that Randal would marry a rich woman, and that the King would make him a prime-minister one of these days; and then she would like to see if Farmer Jones would refuse to send his wagon for coals! And every now and then, as the word "riches" or "money" caught Mr. Leslie's ear, he shook his head, drew his pipe from his mouth, and muttered, "A Spratt should not have what belonged to my great-great-grandfather, if I had a good sum of ready money!—the old family estates!" Oliver and Juliet sate silent, and on their good-behavior; and Randal, indulging his own reveries, dreamily heard the words "money," "Spratt," "great-great-grandfather," "rich wife," "family estates;" and they sounded to him vague and afar off, like whispers from the world of romance and legend—weird prophecies of things to be.

Such was the hearth which warmed the viper that nestled and gnawed at the heart of Randal, poisoned all the aspirations that youth should have rendered pure, ambition lofty, and knowledge beneficent and divine.

CHAPTER VI.

When the rest of the household were in deep sleep, Randal stood long at his open window, looking over the dreary, comfortless scene—the moon gleaming from skies half-autumnal, half-wintery, upon squalid decay, through the ragged fissures of the firs; and when he lay down to rest, his sleep was feverish, and troubled by turbulent dreams.

However, he was up early, and with an unwonted color in his cheeks, which his sister ascribed to the country air. After breakfast, he took his way toward Hazeldean, mounted upon a tolerable horse, which he hired of a neighboring farmer who occasionally hunted. Before noon, the garden and terrace of the Casino came in sight. He reined in his horse, and by the little fountain at which Leonard had been wont to eat his radishes and con his book, he saw Riccabocca seated under the shade of the red umbrella. And by the Italian's side stood a form that a Greek of old might have deemed the Naiad of the Fount; for in its youthful beauty there was something so full of poetry—something at once so sweet and so stately—that it spoke to the imagination while it charmed the sense.

Randal dismounted, tied his horse to the gate, and, walking down a trellised alley, came suddenly to the spot. His dark shadow fell over the clear mirror of the fountain just as Riccabocca had said, "All here is so secure from evil!—the waves of the fountain are never troubled like those of the river!" and Violante had answered in her soft native tongue, and lifting her dark, spiritual eyes

—"But the fountain would be but a lifeless pool, oh, my father, if the spray did not mount toward the skies!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOU'RE ANOTHER!

"You're another!" It's a vulgar retort, but a common one—though not much in use among well-bred people. But there are many ways of saying it—various modes of conveying the same meaning. "*Et tu Brute,*" observed some one, on reading a debate in the House of Commons; "I often see these words quoted; what can they mean?" "I should say," was the answer, "they mean, 'Oh, you brute!'" "Well, I rather think they mean '*You're another!*'" Let the classicist determine which interpretation is the right one.

"You're another!" may be conveyed in a mild tone and manner. For instance:—"The right honorable gentleman seems not to apprehend the points of the argument: he says he does not understand how so and so is so and so. We can only supply him with arguments level to the meanest capacity, not with brains. Nature having been sparing in her endowments to the honorable gentleman, must be matter of deep regret to those who are under the painful necessity of listening to the oft-times-refuted assertions and so-called arguments which he has advanced upon this very question."

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The honorable gentleman, thus delicately alluded to, replies, "My honorable and learned friend (if he will permit me to call him so) complains that his arguments are not understood; the simple reason being that they are unintelligible. He calls them arguments level to the meanest capacity, and let me assure him they are level to the meanest capacity only, for they are his own. Let me hasten to relieve his anxiety as to the remarks which I have felt it my duty to make upon the question under discussion, by assuring him that they have been understood by those who have intelligence to appreciate them, though I am not prepared to vouch as much for my honorable and learned friend on the other side of the House." Thus,

Each lolls the tongue out at the other,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.

One honorable member accuses another of stating that which is the "reverse of true"—the other responds by a charge of "gross misrepresentation of the facts of the case." Coalheavers would use a shorter and more emphatic word to express the same thing, though it would neither be classical nor conformable to the rules of the House. The Frenchman delicately defined a white lie to be "walking round about de trooth." We know what honorable members mean when they talk in the above guise. It is, "You're another!"

Dr. Whiston accuses the Chapter of Rochester with applying for their own purposes the funds bequeathed by pious men of former times for the education of the poor. The reply of the Chapter is—"You Atheist!" and they deprive the doctor of his living. Sir Samuel Romilly once proposed to alter the law of bankruptcy, and to make freehold estates assets appropriable for debts, like personal property. The existing law he held to be pregnant with dishonesty and fraud against creditors. Mr. Canning immediately was down upon him with the "You're another" argument. "Dishonesty!" he said, "why, this proposal is neither more nor less than a dangerous and most dishonest attack upon the aristocracy, and the beginning of something which may end, if carried, like the French Revolution."

Worthy men are often found differing about some speculative point, respecting which neither can have any more certain knowledge than the other, and they wax fierce and bitter, each devoting the other to a fate which we dare not venture to describe. One calls the other "bigot," who retorts by calling out "idolater," or perhaps "fanatic;" and the phrases are bandied about with the gusto and fervor of Billingsgate—the meaning of the whole is, "You're another!"

Literary men have frequently ventured into this bandying about of strange talk. Rival country editors have sometimes been great adepts in it; though the fashion is gradually going out of date. There is nothing like the bitterness of criticism now, which used to prevail some fifty years ago. Godwin mildly assailed Southey as a renegade, in return for which Southey abused Godwin's abominably ugly nose. Moore spoke slightly of Leigh Hunt's Cockney poetry, and Leigh Hunt in reply ridiculed Moore's diminutive figure. Southey cut up Byron in the Reviews, and Byron cut up Southey in the Vision of Judgment. Scott did not appreciate Coleridge, and Coleridge spoke of Ivanhoe and The Bride of Lammermoor as "those wretched abortions."

You often hear of talkers who are "good at a retort." It means they can say "You're another!" in a biting, clever way. The wit of many men is of this kind—cutting and sarcastic. Nicknames grow out of it—the Christian calls the Turk an Infidel—as the Turk calls the Christian a Dog of an Unbeliever. Whig and Tory retort on each other the charge of oppressor. "The priest calls the lawyer a cheat, the lawyer beknaves the divine." It all means "You're another!" Phrenologists say the propensity arises in the organ of combativeness. However that may be, there is need of an abatement. Retort, even the most delicately put, is indignation, and indignation is the handsome brother of hatred. It breeds bitterness between man and man, and produces nothing but evil. The

THY WILL BE DONE.

BY GEN. GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I.

Searcher of Hearts!—from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to Thee!

II.

Hearer of Prayer!—oh guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory Thine.

III.

Giver of All!—for every good
In the Redeemer came:—
For raiment, shelter, and for food,
I thank Thee in His name.

IV.

Father and Son and Holy Ghost!
Thou glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let Thy will be done.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

The political events of the month just closed have been of considerable interest. November is the month for elections in several of the most important States: the interest which usually belongs to these events is enhanced in this instance by the fact that they precede a Presidential contest, which occurs next year, and they are scanned, therefore, with the more care as indicative of its results. In several of the States, however, the elections of this year do not afford any substantial ground for predicting their votes in the Presidential election, as questions were at issue now which may not greatly influence them then. In GEORGIA, for example the old political parties were wholly broken up, and the divisions which they occasion did not prevail. Both the candidates for Governor were prominent members of the Democratic party; but Hon. HOWELL COBB, Speaker of the last House of Representatives in Congress, was put forward as the Union candidate, while Mr. McDONALD, his opponent, was the candidate of those who were in favor of seceding from the Union, on account of the Compromise measures of 1850. The same division prevailed in the Congressional contest, the nominees being Unionists and Secessionists, without regard to other distinctions. The general result was announced in our November Record. The Union party elected *six* out of the *eight* members of Congress, and Mr. COBB was elected Governor by a very large majority. The following is a statement of the vote in each of the Congressional districts, upon both tickets; and gives an accurate view of the sentiments of the people of the State upon that subject:

	GOVERNOR.		CONGRESS.	
<i>Cong. Districts.</i>	<i>Cobb.</i>	<i>McDonald.</i>	<i>Union.</i>	<i>Secession.</i>
First district	4,268	3,986	4,011	4,297
Second ditto	8,213	7,050	8,107	6,985
Third ditto	6,114	6,123	5,853	6,011
Fourth ditto	7,568	5,391	7,750	5,601
Fifth ditto	13,676	7,082	13,882	7,481
Sixth ditto	6,952	3,037	6,937	2,819
Seventh ditto	4,726	2,134	4,744	1,955
Eighth ditto	4,744	2,669	4,704	2,538

Total	56,261	37,472	55,988	37,699
Cobb's majority	18,789	Union Cong. ditto		18,319

This shows a popular majority of over eighteen thousand in favor of the Union. The election of Members of the Legislature took place at the same time, and resulted in the choice to the Senate of *thirty-nine* Union and *eight* Secession Senators, and to the House of *one hundred and one* Union, and *twenty-six* Southern-rights men. Upon the Legislature thus chosen will devolve the duty of electing a Senator in the Congress of the United States, in place of Mr. BERRIEN, whose term expires next spring.

In SOUTH CAROLINA an election has taken place for members of Congress and delegates to a State Convention, in which the same issue superseded all others. One party avowed itself in favor of the immediate and separate secession of the State from the Union, while the other was in favor of awaiting the co-operation of other Southern States. Both held that the action of the Federal Government had been hostile to Southern interests and rights, and both professed to be in favor of taking measures of redress. They differed, however, as to the means and time of action, and the following table shows the relative strength of each party in the State—those in favor of the Union as it is, of course, voting with the Co-operationists:

<i>Cong. Districts.</i>	<i>Secession.</i>	<i>Co-operation.</i>
First district	3,392	4,085
Second ditto	1,816	5,010
Third ditto	2,523	3,467
Fourth ditto	2,698	4,377
Fifth ditto	2,475	3,369
Sixth ditto	1,454	2,827
Seventh ditto	3,352	1,910
Total	17,710	25,045
Co-operation majority		7,335

Elections in MISSISSIPPI and in ALABAMA, involving the same issue, have been already noticed. The results of the canvass in these four Southern States are of interest as showing the relative strength of the two parties in that section of the Union. The following table shows the vote upon each side, in each State, in round numbers:

	<i>Total vote.</i>	<i>Union.</i>	<i>Secession.</i>	<i>Maj.</i>
Mississippi	50,100	28,700	21,400	7,300
Alabama	74,800	40,500	34,300	6,200
Georgia	93,733	56,261	37,472	18,789
S. Carolina	42,755	25,045	17,710	7,335
Total	261,388	150,506	110,882	39,524

In VIRGINIA the election was for members of Congress, and upon the adoption of the new Constitution. The result has been that the Congressional delegation stands as before, and the new Constitution was adopted by a very large majority. Among the Whig members defeated was Hon. John Minor Botts, who has since written a letter attributing his defeat to the stand which he took in Convention in favor of a mixed basis of representation. The new Constitution adopts the principle of universal suffrage in all elections, limited, however, to white male citizens who are twenty-one years of age, and who have resided two years in the State and one year in the county in which they vote. Persons in the naval or military service of the United States are not to be deemed residents in the State by reason of being stationed therein. No person will have the right to vote who is of unsound mind, or a pauper, or a non-commissioned officer, soldier, seaman, or marine in the service of the United States, or who has been convicted of bribery in an election, or of any infamous offense. In all elections votes are required to be given openly *viva voce*, and not by ballot, except that dumb persons entitled to suffrage may vote by ballot. Under the new Constitution, the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and Attorney General are to be elected by the people. These officers for the ensuing term, as well as members of the Senate and House of Representatives, are to be chosen on the 8th day of December next. The seats of all members of the General Assembly already elected will be from that date vacated by the effect of the new Constitution.

In PENNSYLVANIA the election for Governor, Canal Commissioner, and five Judges of the Supreme Court, occurred on the last Monday in October, and resulted as follows:

<i>Governor.</i>	BIGLER (Dem.)	186,499	8,465	<i>Maj.</i>
	JOHNSTON (Whig)	178,034		
<i>Canal Com.</i>	CLOVER (Dem.)	184,014	8,660	<i>Maj.</i>
	STROHM (Whig)	175,354		
<i>Judges.</i>	CAMPBELL (Dem.)	175,975		
	LOWRIE "	185,353		Elected.
	LEWIS "	183,975		"

BLACK	"	185,868	"
GIBSON	"	184,371	"
COULTER (Whig)		179,999	"
COMLEY	"	174,336	
CHAMBERS	"	174,350	
MEREDITH	"	173,491	
JESSUP	"	172,273	

In the Legislature there are, Senators 16 Democrats, 16 Whigs, and one Native American; in the House of Representatives, 54 Democrats and 46 Whigs. [Pg 121]

Elections have also been held in Ohio, New York, Wisconsin, Maryland, and Massachusetts; but up to the time of closing this record, official returns have not been received.

We have already mentioned the return of the expedition sent out by Mr. Henry Grinnell in search of the great English navigator, Sir John Franklin, and the general result of their Arctic explorations. Surgeon E. K. KANE, who accompanied the expedition, has since published a letter, in which he expresses the opinion that Sir John, while wintering in the cove near Beechy's Island, where unmistakable signs of his presence were discovered, found a path-way made by the opening of the ice, toward the north, and that he passed northward by Wellington Channel and did not return. The American expedition was caught in an ice drift nearly opposite the spot of Franklin's first sojourn, and borne northward in the ice for fifteen days. Into the region north and west of Cornwallis Island, which is open sometimes and may be always, a continuance of the drift a few days longer would have borne the American Squadron: and in that region Mr. Kane thinks Sir John Franklin must now be sought. The chances of his destruction by ice, or by want of food, he thinks, are not great. The British residents of New York gave Mr. Grinnell a public dinner on the 4th of November at the Astor House, at which a large company sat down, Mr. Anthony Barclay presiding. Great interest continues to be felt in the search for Sir John Franklin, and it is probable that it will be renewed in the early spring. In the preceding pages of this Number will be found an exceedingly interesting history of the Expedition, from the journal of one of its members—accompanied by numerous illustrations of the scenes and incidents encountered during the voyage.

The case of Mr. John S. Thrasher, an American gentleman resident at Havana, has excited a good deal of public interest. Mr. T. has resided there for a number of years. He was the editor and proprietor of the *Faro Industrial*, a paper devoted entirely to commercial matters, and which he had conducted with energy, ability, and success. While the American prisoners were in Havana, Mr. Thrasher took a marked interest in them, and did all in his power to alleviate the discomforts of their position. For some reason, which has never yet been assigned, he incurred the distrust of the authorities, and on the 1st of September he was prohibited from issuing his paper which was seized. Feeling confident that his property would soon be restored, he devoted himself to procure comforts for his countrymen who had been condemned to transportation. The police, however, were ordered strictly to watch his movements. His letters were stopped, seized, and examined; but they contained nothing to warrant proceedings against him. On the arrival of the steamer *Georgia* from the United States, two policemen followed him and saw him receive letters from the clerk. They arrested him on landing and searched his papers, but found nothing but a business letter. For two or three days he continued under arrest, when a letter was brought to him sealed, directed to him, and said to have been found upon his desk. It proved to be written in cipher, but Mr. Thrasher declared himself ignorant alike of its contents and its author. This, however, was of no avail. He was immediately committed to prison, and on the 25th of September was thrust into a damp, dark dungeon, cut from the rock and level with the sea, with a bare board for furniture, and where death will be the inevitable consequence of a few weeks' confinement. At the latest dates no charges had been publicly made against him, his trial had not taken place, and no one was admitted to see him. The result of the affair is looked for with great anxiety.

The late President TYLER has written a letter to the Spanish Minister in the United States, appealing for the pardon and release of the Americans taken prisoners in Cuba. He ventures to make the application in view of the friendly relations which existed between him and M. Calderon de la Barca during his administration, and ventures to hope that his request will be laid before the Queen of Spain. He concedes the flagrancy of their offense, but urges that sufficient punishment has already been inflicted, and that their pardon will do much toward softening the feelings of the people of this country toward the Spanish government, and preventing future attempts upon the peace of its colonies.

Gen. WM. B. CAMPBELL was inaugurated Governor of Tennessee on the 16th of October. His inaugural address referred briefly to national affairs. He spoke in the highest terms of commendation of those who secured the passage of the Compromise bills, in the Congress of 1850, and of the firm manner in which they have been maintained by the President. The disastrous results of secession were strongly depicted. He urged that it must inevitably lead to bloody civil wars, alike melancholy and deplorable for the victors and the vanquished. He pledged himself to maintain the Compromise measures, because he believed their continuance on the statute book will promote prosperity and happiness, while an interference with them will inevitably produce agitation, mischief, and misery.

A Convention of cotton planters was held at Macon, Georgia, on the 28th of October. About three hundred delegates were in attendance, of whom two hundred came from half the counties in

Georgia, sixty-eight from one quarter of those of Alabama, nineteen from five counties of Florida, and one or two from each of several other Southern states. Ex-Governor MOSELEY, of Florida, was chosen President. The object of the Convention was to render the planters of cotton more independent of the ordinary vicissitudes of trade, and to enable them to obtain more uniformly high prices for their great staple. A great variety of opinions prevailed upon the subject. Various modes were suggested, but as none seemed acceptable, the whole subject was referred to a Committee of twenty-one, but even this Committee could not agree. A proposition was then *rejected*, by a vote of 48 to 43, which provided that planters should make returns to a Central Committee to be established of the cotton housed by the middle of January; and further, that not more than two-thirds of the crop should be sold before the 1st of May, and for not less than eight cents a pound; and that the remaining third should be sold at a time to be recommended by the Central Committee. A minority report was presented in favor of the Florida scheme for a Cotton Planters' Association, with a capital of twenty millions of dollars, and a warehouse for the storage of cotton, whereby prices might be contracted. This met the violent opposition of the Convention. Resolutions were finally adopted recommending Central, State, and County Associations to collect statistical and general information respecting the production and consumption of cotton. A committee was also appointed to procure such legislative acts as may be for the interest of planters. Resolutions were also passed to encourage Southern manufacturers to employ slave labor in their factories. Having urged another Cotton Planters' Convention, and exhorted delegates to arouse the public on the subject, by lectures and otherwise, the assembly adjourned *sine die*, after a session of several days, in which it will be observed that very little business was transacted.

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The magnetic telegraph has become so common an agent of transmitting intelligence in this country, as to render all news of its progress interesting and important. Prof. MORSE has been for some time prosecuting other persons for infringing his patent. A rival line, using the machinery of Mr. BAIN, has been for some years in operation between New York and Philadelphia. A suit was commenced against the Company and has been for some years pending in the United States Circuit Court. It has just been decided by Judge KANE, in favor of the claimants under Prof. Morse's patents. The several points ruled by the Court in this case, are: 1. That an *art* is the subject of a patent, as well as an implement or a machine. 2. That an inventor may surrender and obtain a re-issue of his patent more than once if necessary. 3. That Prof. Morse was the first inventor of the art of recording signs at a distance by means of electro-magnetism, or the magnetic telegraph. 4. That the several parts or elements of the Morse Telegraph are covered and protected by his patent, as new inventions, and are really new, either as single, independent inventions, or as parts of a new combination for the purpose specified. 5. That the patent granted to Prof. Morse for his "Local Circuit" is valid, and that the "Branch Circuit" of the Bain line is an infringement of it. 6. That the subject and principles of the chemical telegraph are clearly embraced in Morse's patents. These are the chief questions in dispute. The counsel for the complainants were directed to draw up a decree to be made by the Court, in accordance with the prayer of the bill and the decision just given. The case will of course now be carried to the Supreme Court of the United States.

In the New Monthly Magazine for July last (No. 14, Vol. III. p. 274) we gave a detailed statement of the legal controversy between the Methodist Episcopal Church South and the Methodist Episcopal Church, brought by the former to recover a portion of the "Book Fund." The suit came on May 19, in the United States Circuit Court, and was elaborately argued by distinguished counsel. The decision, which was then deferred, was given by Judge NELSON on the 10th of November. It was long and elaborate, going over the whole ground involved, sketching the history of the case, and stating the legal principles applicable to it. He decided that the separation was legal, and that the Methodist Episcopal Church South is entitled to a portion of the Fund. This must end the controversy unless an appeal should be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States.

A large number of the citizens of New York recently addressed a letter to Hon. HENRY CLAY, requesting him to address a meeting in that city in favor of the Compromise measures of 1850, expressing a belief that additional exertions were needed to prevent propositions for the repeal or modification of some of the laws. Mr. Clay's reply, dated Oct. 3, is long and elaborate. Declining the invitation, he expresses great interest in the subject, and says he believes that the great majority of the people in every section of the Union, are satisfied with, or acquiesce in, the compromise. The only law which encounters any hostility, is that relating to the surrender of fugitive slaves; and this is now almost universally obeyed. Mr. Clay proceeds to urge the necessity of such a law and its rigid execution; and he then examines the principle of secession from the Union, as it is presented and advocated in some of the Southern States.

Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D. D., distinguished as one of the oldest and ablest theologians in the country, died at Princeton, N. J. on the 22d of October, aged 81. He was a native of Virginia, and became a minister in the Presbyterian Church at the age of 21. He was early appointed President of Hampton Sidney College. He afterward was called to the Third Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, and was stationed, there, when in 1812, the Theological Seminary was established at Princeton. He was appointed the first Professor in that Seminary.

Dr. J. KEARNEY RODGERS, distinguished in New York as a surgeon, and of eminently useful and estimable character, died on the 9th of November. Dr. GRANVILLE SHARP PATTISON, also celebrated in this country as well as in England for medical science and practical skill, died on the 13th. He was distinguished as an anatomist, and was the author of several works upon medical subjects

which enjoyed a wide celebrity and are still used as standard treatises.—GARDNER G. HOWLAND, well-known as one of the oldest, most enterprising, and wealthiest merchants of New York, and one of the most beneficent and public spirited inhabitants of that city, died suddenly on the 13th.

From CALIFORNIA our intelligence is to the 1st of October. The State election had resulted in a Democratic victory. Mr. BIGLER, the Democratic candidate, was elected Governor by about 1500 majority; MESSRS. MARSHALL and McCORKLE, Democrats, are elected to Congress; and the Legislature, upon which will devolve the duty of electing a U. S. Senator, is strongly Democratic also.—The Capital of the State has been removed back from Vallejo to San José.—The intelligence from the mines is highly encouraging; new veins of gold are constantly discovered, and the old placers have never been known to yield more plentifully.—The Indians in all the northern sections of the country are represented as being highly troublesome, and traveling there has become dangerous.—A large party of Mormons have purchased the rancho of San Bernardino, near Los Angeles; they gave \$60,000 for it, and are to take possession of it very soon.—A railroad from San Francisco to San José, the first in California, has been commenced.—The Vigilance Committee at San Francisco, has come to an end. Order and quiet are completely restored, and a feeling of security is rapidly gaining ground. The city is increasing very fast both in population and in extent.—Disastrous news has been received from the American whaling fleet in the North Pacific. Ten or twelve of the ships have been lost: the season has been very unprofitable for all.

From OREGON, we learn that emigrants were coming in rapidly, though a late heavy snow-storm had seriously retarded the progress of emigrants through the mountains. The suffering from cold, and in some instances from lack of provisions, has been very severe.—The Snake Indians are becoming hostile and troublesome. Mr. Hudson Clark, from Illinois, with his family, having got ahead of the train with which he was traveling, was attacked by about thirty Indians, near Raft River, and his mother and brother were killed. Others had been killed a few days previously. Outrages in different sections led to the belief that the Indians were about to assume their former attitude of hostility toward the inhabitants.—Steps have been taken by a Convention of Delegates from the country north of the Columbia River, to form a new territorial government, or failing in that, to organize a new State, and ask admission into the Union. The reasons for this step are the great extent of country, its distance from the Capital, and the total absence of all municipal law and civil officers.

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In the SANDWICH ISLANDS, the volcanic Mountain Maunaloa, had given tokens of an eruption early in August. A letter in the *Polynesian* of the 12th says: "The great crater of Maunaloa, that was generally thought to be quite extinct, is now in action. For a few days a heavy cloud, having the appearance of smoke, has been observed to hover over the summit of the mountain. Last night the mountain stood out in bold relief, unobstructed by clouds or mist, and presented a sublime and awfully grand appearance, belching forth flames and cinders that again fell in showers at a distance. The heavy bank of smoke that lowered over its top, presented the appearance of the mountain itself poised upon its apex. It is possible that another eruption may take place like that of 1843, and liquid lava be seen flowing down its sides."

From NEW MEXICO we have intelligence to the last of October. Serious difficulties had occurred, which excited deep hostility between the American and Mexican portions of the population, and threatened to inflict lasting injury upon the country. The election for a Delegate to Congress, was held on the 1st of September. A number of Americans went to the polls at Los Ranchos, for the purpose of voting, but were refused by the Mexican authorities. Insisting upon their right a general quarrel ensued. The county judge, a Mexican named Ambrosio Armijo, ordered out a number of armed men, who killed an American named Edward Burtnett, stripping and mangling his body. An investigation was held, but without any important result. On the 23d, Mr. W. C. Skinner, who had taken an active part in the effort to bring the authors of this outrage to punishment, was at Los Ranchos, and became involved in a dispute with a Mexican, named Juan C. Armijo. As he left him a number of Armijo's peons fell upon him with clubs, and killed him on the spot. Mr. Skinner was from Connecticut, and an active opponent of the Governor in the Legislature of which he was a member. Meetings of the Americans were held, at which the conduct of the Mexicans was denounced, and the attention of the General Government at Washington, called to the condition of the territory.—Major Weightman has been elected Delegate to Congress: loud complaints are made of frauds at the election.—The new military post in the Navajo country, is at Cañon Bonito: Col. Summer and his command were in pursuit of the Indians. Two soldiers who had left Santa Fé with the mail, for the Navajo country, had not been heard from, and were supposed to have been killed.—Business was dull, and the season very wet.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From CHILI, we have news of another insurrection. The term of office of the late President, Gen. BULNES, expired on the 16th of September. In August the new election had taken place, and resulted in the choice of Don MANUEL MONTT over his opponent, Gen. CRUZ. Montt was a successful lawyer of Santiago, and had held a post in the cabinet of the former administration. He was brought forward as the candidate of the government, which rendered him exceedingly obnoxious to the people. His opponent, Gen. Cruz, had been one of the heroes of the revolution and enjoyed great popularity with the army and a large portion of the people, especially of the province of Concepcion, of which he was the chief officer. Fearing his influence then upon the election, the government removed him, and this created great disaffection among the people. Loud threats

were heard, that Montt, who had received a very large majority, should not be inaugurated: the government, nevertheless, steadily went on with their preparations for that event. The revolt first broke out at Coquimbo, on the 8th of September, where the disaffected party deposed and banished the government officers, seized the custom-house with about \$70,000, and levied forced loans from many of the wealthy inhabitants. They then seized the steamer "Fire-fly," belonging to an English gentleman, and sent her to Conception, the stronghold of Gen. Cruz, to arouse his friends to a similar movement there. An outbreak had already taken place in that department; the insurgents had been very successful—banished all the old officers, and appointed new ones, and seized the Chilian mail steamer, with \$30,000 belonging to the government. Up to this time, Gen. Cruz had kept himself aloof from the movement, and had counseled his friends against it. Feeling satisfied with their success, they determined to await the action of the other provinces. Meanwhile, the government having heard of the revolt, and seeing that it was confined to these two departments, took active measures for its suppression. A detachment of infantry, consisting of 300 or 400 men, was sent to Valparaiso, but was induced to march to join the insurgents in Coquimbo. Intelligence of this defection created the most intense excitement at the Capital, and the city was at once put under martial-law, and a company of artillery was sent against the deserters, who were all brought back without bloodshed, within forty-eight hours. Their leaders were thrown into prison, and would probably be shot. Other troops were sent to the disaffected region, and the few ships belonging to the Chilian navy were sent to blockade the ports of Coquimbo and Talcahuano. Meantime, the inauguration of President Montt took place on the 18th of September, the anniversary of Chilian independence, and that day as well as the 17th, and 19th, were devoted to magnificent festivities at Santiago. Gen. Bulnes had left for Conception, to raise troops for the government on the road, and put himself at their head. There were rumors that he had been compelled to fall back, and that Gen. Cruz had put himself at the head of the movement in Conception. He had issued a proclamation to the army, and authorized a steamer to cruise in his service. At Coquimbo, Gen. Correa was in command of the insurgent forces, and it was reported that he had forced the government troops under Gen. Guzman, to fall back. The British admiral, on hearing of the seizure of the "Fire-fly" steamer, had sent two steam-frigates to recover her and demand indemnity. One of them, the *Gorgon*, captured her at Coquimbo, and the commander had entered into a convention with the party in power there, agreeing to raise the blockade of that port, on their agreeing to pay \$30,000 indemnity to Mr. Lambert, and \$10,000 as ransom for the steamer, which he had seized as a pirate, "provided the British admiral should decide that he had a right to seize her." Great dissatisfaction has been felt among the foreign residents at the terms of this convention. Both the British and American squadrons were watchfully protecting the commerce of their respective countries. The issue of the contest between the government and the insurgents has not yet reached us, but the latest advices state that the government felt confident in its ability to repress the insurrection; its strength and resources are shown by the fact that it had remitted \$80,000 to England, to meet dividends and canal bonds.

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We have further news of interest from Buenos Ayres. Our intelligence of last month left Oribe, with a large force, on the 30th of July, in daily expectation of having a battle with the Brazilian troops under Urquiza and Garzon—each contending for dominion over Uruguay. The contest seems to have been ended without a fight. As Oribe advanced against the allied troops, he lost his men by desertion in great numbers, and by the end of August six thousand of his cavalry had joined the standard of Urquiza, whose strength was rapidly increased. Finding the force against him to be such as to forbid all hope of a successful battle, Oribe seems to have abandoned all hope. He had made up his mind to evacuate the Oriental territory, and for that purpose had requested the French admiral to convey him, with the Argentine troops, to Buenos Ayres. This request had been refused: and this refusal led to new desertions from Oribe's force. Rosas was still in the field, but would be compelled to surrender.

MEXICO.

We have intelligence from Mexico to the 15th of October. The political condition of the country was one of great embarrassment and peril. Dangers seem to threaten the country from every quarter. On the southern border is the danger growing out of the grant to the United States of right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. If the railroad is built there, it is feared that the energy and business enterprise which the Americans will infuse into that section of the country, will gradually Americanize it, and thus lead inevitably to its separation from Mexico. On the other hand, if the grant is revoked, there is great danger of war with the United States, which could end only in renewed loss of territory. Upon the northwest again, there is a prospect of invasion from California. Thousands of the adventurous inhabitants of that State are settling in the western section of Mexico and preparing the way for its separation from the central government.

A still more serious danger menaces them from the Northern departments, in which, as was mentioned in our last Number, a revolution has broken out which promises to be entirely successful. Later advices confirm this prospect. After taking Reynosa, Gen. Caravajal, the leader of the revolution, marched to Matamoras, which he reached on the 20th of October, and forthwith attacked the place, which had been prepared for an obstinate defense, under Gen. Avalos. Several engagements between the opposing forces had taken place, and the besieged army is said to have lost two hundred men. The inhabitants of Matamoras had been forced to leave, part of the town had been twice on fire, and a great amount of property was destroyed. But the city still held out.

The general government had addressed a note, through the Minister of War, under date of September 25, to the Governors of the Northern States, expressing confidence in their fidelity and urging them to spare no effort to crush the revolt. The Governors had replied to the requisitions upon them for troops, that their departments were not injured by the revolution and that they would not aid its suppression. This fact shows that the movement has decided strength among the Mexicans themselves.

The Legislature of the State of Vera Cruz has passed a resolution requesting Congress to charter a railroad from Vera Cruz to Acapulco, by way of Mexico. A good deal of hostility is evinced to a reported design of the Pope to send a nuncio to the capital.—The British Minister has demanded from Mexico a judicial decree in favor of British creditors, and has menaced the government with a blockade of their ports as the alternative.—There had been a military revolt of part of the troops in Yucatan, which had been suppressed, and six of the soldiers shot.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The arrival of Kossuth and the closing of the Great Exhibition, are the two events by which the month in England has been distinguished. The great Hungarian received a very cordial welcome. He came to Gibraltar from Constantinople by the United States steam frigate Mississippi, which had been sent out by the American government to convey him to the United States. On reaching Marseilles he proposed to go through France to England, for the purpose of leaving his children there; and then to meet the Mississippi again at Gibraltar. The French government refused him permission to pass through France. The receipt of this refusal excited a good deal of feeling among the people of Marseilles, who gathered in immense numbers to testify their regard for the illustrious exile, and their regret at the action of their government. In reply to their manifestations, Kossuth addressed them a letter of thanks, which was published in *Le Peuple* at Marseilles. In this he merely alluded to the action of the government and assured them that he did not hold the French people responsible for it. He then proceeded in the frigate to Gibraltar, where, after staying two or three days, and receiving the utmost civilities of the British officers there, he embarked on board the British steamer Madrid, in which he reached Southampton on the 23d of October. A large concourse of people met him on the wharf and escorted him, with great enthusiasm and hearty cheering, to the residence of the mayor. In answer to the loud cheers with which he was greeted, he came out upon the balcony and briefly addressed the crowd, warmly thanking them for their welcome and expressing the profoundest gratitude to England for the aid she had given to his deliverance from prison.—The same day an address from the people of Southampton was presented to him in the Town Hall, to which he replied at some length. He spoke of the feeling with which he had always studied the character and institutions of England, and said that it was her municipal institutions which had preserved to Hungary some spirit of public life and constitutional liberty, against the hostile acts of Austria. The doctrine of centralization had been fatal to France and other European nations. It was the foe of liberty—the sure agent of absolute power. He attributed much of England's freedom to her municipal institutions. For himself, he regarded these demonstrations of respect as paid to the political principles he represented, rather than his person. He believed that England would not allow Russia to control the destinies of Europe—that her people would not assist the ambition of a few families, but the moral welfare and dignity of humanity. He hoped to see some of those powerful associations of English people, by which so much is done for political rights, directing their attention, and extending their powerful aid to Hungary. For himself life was of no value, except as he could make use of it for the liberty of his own country and the benefit of humanity. He took the expression of respect by which he had been met, as an encouragement to go on in that way which he had taken for the aim of his life, and which he hoped the blessings of the Almighty, and the sympathy of the people of England and of generous hearts all over the world, might help to carry to a happy issue. It was a much greater merit to acknowledge a principle in adversity than to pay a tribute to its success. He thanked them for their sympathy and assured them of the profound admiration he had always entertained for the free institutions of England.

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On the 24th, Kossuth went to the country house of the mayor, and on the 25th attended a *déjeûner* at Winchester, where he made a long speech, being mainly an historical outline of the Hungarian revolution. He explained the original character of Hungary, as a constitutional monarchy, and its position between Russia, Austria, and Turkey. Its constitution was aristocratic, but its aristocracy was not rich, nor was it opposed to the constitutional rights of the people. Hungary had a parliament and county municipal institutions, and to the latter he attributed the preservation of the people's rights. All the orders of the government to any municipal magistrate, must be forwarded through county meetings, where they were discussed, and sometimes withheld. They thus formed a strong barrier against the encroachments of the government; and no county needed such a barrier more, for during more than three centuries, the House of Hapsburg had not at its head a man who was a friend to political freedom. The House of Hapsburg ruled Hungary, but only according to treaties—one of the conditions of which was, that they were to rule the people of Hungary only through Hungarian institutions, and according to its own laws. Austria had succeeded in absorbing all the other provinces connected with her—but her attempts upon Hungary had proved unsuccessful. Her constant efforts to subdue Hungary had convinced her rulers that to the nobles alone her defense ought not to be intrusted, but that all the people should have an equal interest in their constitutional rights. This was the direction of public opinion in Hungary in 1825. The first effort of the patriotic party, therefore, was to emancipate the people—to relieve the peasantry from their obligation to give 104 days out of every year to their landlords, one-ninth of their produce to their seigneur, and one-tenth to the

bishop. This was only effected by slow degrees. In the long parliament, from 1832 to 1836, a measure was carried giving the peasant the right to purchase exemption from the duties with the consent of his landlord. This, however, was vetoed by the Regent. The government then set itself to work to corrupt the county constituencies, by which members of the Commons were chosen. They appointed officers to be present at every meeting, and to control every act. This system the liberal party resisted, because they wished the county meetings to be free. And this struggle went on until 1847, just before the breaking out of the French Revolution. The revolution in Vienna followed that event, and this threw all power into the hands of Kossuth and his party. He at once proposed to emancipate the peasantry, and to indemnify the landlords from the land. The measure was carried at once, through both Houses; and Kossuth and his friends then went on, to give to every inhabitant a right to vote, and to establish representative institutions, including a responsible ministry. The Emperor gave his sanction to all these laws. Yet very soon after a rebellion was incited by Austria among the Serbs, who resisted the new Hungarian government, and declared their independence. The Palatine, representing the King, called for an army to put down the rebellion, and Jellachich, who was its leader, was proclaimed a traitor. But soon successes in Italy enabled the Emperor to act more openly, and he recognized Jellachich as his friend, and commissioned him to march with an army against Hungary. He did so, but was driven back. The Emperor then appointed him governor; but the Hungarians would not receive him. Then came an open war with Austria, in which the Hungarians were successful. Reliable information was then received that Russia was about to join Austria in the war, and that Hungary had nowhere to look for aid. It was then proposed that, if Hungary was forced to contend against two mighty nations, the reward of success should be its independence. What followed, all know. He declared his belief that, but for the treason of Görgey, the Hungarians could have defeated the united armies of their foes. But the House of Hapsburg, as a dynasty, exists no more. It merely vegetates at the whim of the mighty Czar, to whom it has become the obedient servant. But if England would only say that Russia should not thus set her foot on the neck of Hungary, all might yet be well. Hungary would have knowledge, patriotism, loyalty, and courage enough to dispose of its own domestic matters, as it is the sovereign right of every nation to do. This was the cause for which he asked the generous sympathy of the English people; and he thanked them cordially for the attention they had given to his remarks.

On the same occasion Mr. COBDEN spoke in favor of the intervention of England to prevent Russia from crushing Hungary, and obtaining control of Europe, and Mr. J. R. CROSKY, the American Consul at Southampton, expressed the opinion that the time would come, if it had not already come, when the United States would be forced into taking more than an interest in European politics.

KOSSUTH again addressed the company, thanking them for the interest taken in the welfare of his unhappy country, and expressing the hope that, supported by this sympathy, the hopes expressed might be realized at no distant day. He spoke also of the different ways in which nations may promote the happiness and welfare of their people. England, he said, wants no change, because she is governed by a constitutional monarchy, under which all classes in the country enjoy the full benefits of free institutions. The consequence is, the people of England are masters of their own fates—defenders of her institutions—obedient to the laws, and vigilant in their behavior—and the country has become, and must forever continue, under such institutions, to be great, glorious, and free. Then the United States is a republic—and though governed in a different way from England, the people of the United States have no motive for desiring a change—they have got liberty, freedom, and every means for the full development of their social condition and position. Under their government, the people of the United States have, in sixty years, arrived at a position of which they may well be proud—and the English people, too, have good reason to be proud of their descendants and the share which she has had in the planting of so great a nation on the other side of the Atlantic. It was most gratifying to see so great and glorious a nation thriving under a Constitution but little more than sixty years old. It is not every republic in which freedom is found to exist, and he said he could cite examples in proof of his assertion—and he deeply lamented that there is among them one great and glorious nation where the people do not yet enjoy that liberty which their noble minds so well fit them for. It is not every monarchy that is good because under it you enjoy full liberty and freedom. Therefore he felt that it is not the living under a government called a republic, that will secure the liberties of the people, but that quite as just and honest laws may exist under a monarchy as under a republic. If he wanted an illustration, he need only examine the institutions of England and the United States, to show that under different forms of government equal liberty can and does exist. It was to increase the liberties of the people that they had endeavored to widen the basis on which their Constitution rested, so as to include the whole population, and thus give them an interest in the maintenance of social order.

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M. KOSSUTH had visited London privately, mainly to consult a physician concerning his health, which is delicate. He intended to remain in England until the 14th of November, and then sail for New York in one of the American steamers.

The Great Exhibition was closed Oct. 15 with public ceremonies. The building was densely filled with spectators, and there was a general attendance of all who had been officially connected with the Exhibition in any way. Viscount Canning read the report of the Council of the Chairmen of Juries, rehearsing the manner in which they had endeavored to discharge the duties devolved upon them. There had been thirty-four acting juries, composed equally of British subjects and foreigners. The chairmen of these juries were formed into a Council, to determine the conditions upon which prizes should be awarded, and to secure, so far as possible, uniformity in the action

of the juries. It was ultimately decided that only two kinds of medals should be awarded, one the *prize* medal, to be conferred wherever a certain standard of excellence in production or workmanship had been attained, and to be awarded by the juries: the other the *council* medal, to be awarded by the council, upon the recommendation of a jury, for some important novelty of invention or application, either in material or processes of manufacture, or originality combined with great beauty of design. The number of prize medals awarded was 2918: of council medals 170. Honorable mention was made of other exhibitors whose works did not entitle them to medals. The whole number of exhibitors was about 17,000. Prince ALBERT responded to this report, on behalf of the Royal Commissioners, thanking the jurors and others for the care and assiduity with which they had performed their duties, and closing with the expression of the hope that the Exhibition might prove to be a happy means of promoting unity among nations, and peace and good will among the various races of mankind. The honor of knighthood has been conferred upon Mr. Paxton, the designer of the building, Mr. Cubitt, the engineer, and Mr. Fox, the contractor. The total number of visits to the Exhibition has been 6,201,856: 466 schools and twenty-three parties of agricultural laborers have visited it. The entire sum received from the Exhibition has been £505,107 5s. 7d. of which £356,808 1s. was taken at the doors. About £90 of bad silver was taken—nearly all on the half-crown and five shilling days. Of the 170 council medals distributed 76 went to the United Kingdom, 57 to France, 7 to Prussia, 5 to the United States, 4 to Austria, 3 to Bavaria, 2 each to Belgium, Switzerland, and Tuscany, 1 each to Holland, Russia, Rome, Egypt, the East India Company, Spain, Tunis, and Turkey, and one each to Prince Albert, Mr. Paxton, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Cubitt.

The sum of £758,196 from the British revenue for the quarter ending October 11, is available toward the payment of the national debt. The sum of £3,004,048 has been appropriated to that object during the year.

The Queen returned on the 12th of October from a protracted tour in Scotland. She visited Liverpool and Manchester on her return, and in both cities was received with great enthusiasm.

Serious difficulties have arisen in Ireland out of the loans made by government to the various unions for the relief. As the time for repaying these advances comes round, the country is found to be unable to pay the taxes levied for that purpose. These rates run from five to ten shillings in the pound. In some of the unions a disposition to repudiate the debt has been shown—but this has generally proved to be only a desire to postpone it until it can be done without oppressively taxing the property. The question has excited a great deal of feeling, and the difficulty is not yet surmounted.

The public is anxiously awaiting the details of Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S promised reform bill. It is of course understood that its leading object will be to extend the elective franchise, and the bare thought of this has stimulated the organs of Toryism to prophetic lamentations over the ruin which so radical a movement will certainly bring upon the British Empire.

English colonial affairs engage a good deal of attention. At the Cape of Good Hope the government is engaged in a war with the native Kaffirs, which does not make satisfactory progress. At the latest accounts, coming down to September 12th, the hostile natives continued to vex the frontiers, and Sir Harry Smith, the military commandant, had found it necessary to lead new forces against them. A severe battle was fought on the 1st of September, and repeated engagements had been had subsequently, in all which great injury had been inflicted upon the English troops. It was supposed that ten thousand men would be required, in addition to the force already there, to restore peace to the disaffected district. The construction of a railway through Egypt, by English capitalists, has met with serious obstacles in the refusal of the Turkish Sultan to allow his subject, the Pacha of Egypt, to treat with foreigners for the purpose of allowing the work to go on. He has, however, given the English to understand, that he is not hostile to the railway, but is only unwilling that it should become a pretext for making the Pacha independent of him. Lord Palmerston acquiesces in the justice of this view; and there will probably be no difficulty in arranging the whole matter.

FRANCE.

Political affairs in France have taken a remarkable turn within the past month. The President persisted in his determination to be a candidate for re-election, and finding that he could not receive the support of the majority as the government was constituted, resolved upon a bold return to universal suffrage. Having been elected to the Presidency by universal suffrage, and finding that the restricted suffrage would ruin him, he determined to repeal the law of May, which disfranchised three millions of voters, and throw himself again upon the whole people of France. He accordingly demanded from his Ministers their consent to the abrogation of that law. They refused, and on the 14th of October all tendered their resignation. They were at once accepted by the President, but the Ministry were to retain their places until a new one could be formed. This proved to be a task of great difficulty. It was officially announced that the President was preparing his Message for the approaching session of the Assembly, and that in this document he would, first, lay down in very distinct terms, the abrogation of the law of May 31; secondly, that he will express his irrevocable resolution to maintain the policy of order, of conservation, and authority, and that he would make no concession to anarchical ideas, under whatever flag or name they may shelter themselves.

A new Ministry was definitively formed on the 27th of October, constituted as follows:

<i>Justice</i>	M. CORBIN.
<i>Foreign Affairs</i>	M. TURGOT.
<i>Public Instruction</i>	M. C. GIRAUD.
<i>Interior</i>	M. DE THOROGNY.
<i>Agriculture and Commerce</i>	M. DE CASIABIAUCA.
<i>Public Works</i>	M. LACROSSE.
<i>War</i>	Gen. LEROY DE ST. ARNAUD.
<i>Marine</i>	M. HIPPOLYTE FOURTOUL.
<i>Finance</i>	M. BLONDEL.
<i>Prefect of Police</i>	M. DE MAUPAS.

In several instances, within a few weeks past, the Republican representatives in the various departments of France, have been subjected to gross insults from the police and other agents of the government. M. Sartin, the representative for Allier, has submitted a statement to the Assembly, saying that while dining with a friend at Montlucon, two brigadiers of gendarmerie entered and told the company that, as the company exceeded fifteen, it was a political meeting within the prohibition of the government. M. Sartin produced his medal of representative of the people, and claimed immunity. He was told that no such immunity existed, except during the session of the Assembly. Quite a scuffle ensued, in which one or two persons were wounded. These proceedings soon collected a crowd, and the people declared that no more arrests should be made. Several squadrons of cavalry soon arrived, and as the result, thirteen persons were sent to prison.—In Saucerre also, the magistrates having arrested three persons, one of whom was the former mayor, the inhabitants rose and attempted a rescue. The military in the neighborhood collected and dispersed the crowd, twenty-six of whom were arrested and committed to prison.

SOUTHERN EUROPE.

There is no news of special interest from Southern Europe. We have already noticed the letters of Mr. GLADSTONE to Lord ABERDEEN, exposing the abominations of the Neapolitan government, in its persecution of state prisoners—together with the official reply which the King of Naples has caused to be made to it. Lord Palmerston sent a copy of Mr. Gladstone's letters to the British representatives at each European Court, with instructions to lay them before the Court to which he was accredited. The Neapolitan Minister in London sent to Lord Palmerston a book written in reply to Mr. Gladstone's letters, by an English gentleman named M'Farlane, and requested him to send this also to those British representatives who had been furnished with the other. Lord P. replied to this request in a spirited letter, declaring his object to have been to arouse the public sentiment of Europe against the cruelties and outrageous violations of law and justice of which the government of Naples is constantly guilty, and saying that the King of Naples was very much mistaken, if he believed public opinion could be controlled or changed by such a pitiful diatribe as that of Mr. M'Farlane. The only way of conciliating the sentiment of Europe upon this subject, was by remedying the evils which had excited its indignation. The Courts of Germany, Austria, and Russia, to which Mr. Gladstone's letters were sent, have complained of this act as an unwarrantable interference, on the part of Lord Palmerston, with the internal administration of Naples. In the German Diet, at Frankfort, Count Thun protested against the course pursued by the British Minister, and maintained that to criticise the criminal justice of other countries is a most flagrant breach of the rights of nations. If English statesmen could interfere with the conduct of the King of Naples, for imprisoning men for supporting the Constitution which he had sworn to maintain, they might also interfere with the violations of their oaths, as well as of justice, of which the governments of Austria, Saxony, Baden, and other countries had been guilty; and then, said he, what was to become of kingly freedom and independence? The Diet, on his motion, resolved to express to the British Minister their astonishment at the course the British government had pursued.

In PRUSSIA vigorous preparations are made for anticipated difficulties in France in the spring of 1852, after the Presidential election. The troops of all the German states are to be put on a full war establishment, and to be ready for immediate action early in the spring. The western fortresses have received orders to be in readiness for war.

A general Congress has been held of representatives from the several German states, to make some common arrangement for the management of the electric telegraph. They have agreed that all messages shall be forwarded without interruption, that a common scale of charges shall be adopted, and that the receipts shall go into a common fund, to be distributed among the several states in proportion to the number of miles of telegraphic communication running through them.

The German Diet has resolved that the annexation of the Prussian Polish provinces to the confederation two years ago, was illegal and void. It has also determined to take into consideration the claims of the Ritter party in Hanover, to have the abolition of their nobility privileges revoked. This abolition was effected during the recent revolutions, but it was done in a perfectly legal manner.

The Emperor of Austria, not long since, wrote a letter to Prince Schwartzemberg, stating that the Ministry would henceforth be responsible to him alone, and that he would answer for the government. This declaration, that the government was hereafter to be absolute, excited deep feeling throughout the country, and it was supposed that it might lead to a political crisis. On the 11th of October, however, the Ministers took the oath of obedience to the Emperor, under this

new definition of their powers and responsibilities. The Emperor recently visited Lombardy, where he had a very cold reception.

In SPAIN changes have been made in the administration of the island of Cuba. A Colonial Council has been created, which is to have charge of all affairs relating to the colonial possessions, except such as are specially directed by other Ministers. The Captain-general of each colony is to conduct its affairs under the direction of the Council. It is said that the Spanish Government intends to relax its customs regulations in favor of England.

From INDIA and the EAST late intelligence has been received. The Indian frontier continued undisturbed: the troops suffered greatly from sickness. There had been an outbreak in Malabar, which caused great loss of life. The rebellion in China still goes on, but details of its progress are lacking.

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Editor's Table

Time and Space—what are they? Do they belong to the world without, or to the world within, or to some mysterious and inseparable union of both departments of being? We hope the reader will be under no alarm from such a beginning, or entertain any fear of being treated to a dish of indigestible metaphysics. The terms we have placed at the head of our Editor's Table, as suggestive of appropriate thoughts for the closing month of the year, are, indeed, the deepest in philosophy. In all ages have they been the watchwords of the schools. Aristotle failed in the attempt to measure them. Kant acknowledged his inability to fathom the profundity of their significance. And yet there are none, perhaps, that enter more into the musings of that common philosophy which is for all minds, for all ages, and for all conditions in life. Who has not thought on the enigma of time and space, each baffling every effort the mind may make for its pure and perfect conception without some aid from the notion of its inseparable correlative? Where is the man, or child even, who has not been drawn to some contemplation of that wondrous stream on whose bosom we are sailing, but of which we can conceive neither origin nor outlet; that mysterious river ever sweeping us along as by some irresistible *outward* force, and yet seeming to be so strangely affected by the internal condition of each soul that is voyaging upon its current—at one time the scenery upon its banks gliding by with a placid swiftness that arrests the attention even of the least reflective—at another, the mind recalled from a reverie which has seemingly carried us onward many a league from the last remembered observation of our mental longitude, but only to discover, with surprise, that the objects on either shore have hardly receded a perceptible distance in the perspective of our spiritual panorama. We have passed the equinoctial line, and are under fair sail for the enchanted kingdom of Candaya, when, like Don Quixotte and Sancho on the smooth-flowing Ebro, we start up to find the rocks and trees, and all the familiar features of the same old "real world" yet full in sight, and that we have scarcely drifted a stone's throw from the point of our departure. It is astonishing to what a distance the mental wanderings may extend in the briefest periods. The idea was never better expressed than by a pious old deacon, who used most feelingly to lament this sin of wandering thoughts in the midst of holy services. Between the first and fourth lines of a hymn, he would say, the soul may rove to the very ends of the earth. The fixed outward measure arresting the attention by its marked commencement and its closing cadence, presented the extent of such subjective excursions in their most startling light. Childhood, too, furnishes vivid illustrations of the same psychological phenomena—childhood, that musing introspective period, which, on some accounts, may be regarded as the most metaphysical portion of human life. Who has not some reminiscences of this kind belonging to his boyish existence? How in health the morning has seemed to burst upon him in apparent simultaneousness with the moment when his head first dropped upon the pillow, and he has wondered to think how mysteriously he had leaped the interval which unerring outward indications had compelled him to assign to the measured continuity of his existence! How has he, on the other hand, in sickness, marked the unvaried ticking of the clock through the long dark night, and fancied that the slow-pacing hours would never flee away. His one sense and thought of pain, had arrested the current of his being, and even the outer world seemed to stand still, as though in sympathy with the suspended movement of his own inner life. In experiences such as these, the mind of the child has been brought directly upon the deepest problem in psychology. He has been on the shore of the great mystery, and Kant, and Fichte, and Coleridge could go no farther, except, it may be, to show how utterly unfathomable for our present faculties, the mystery is. Philosophy comes back ever to the same unexplained position. She can not conceive of mind as existing out of time and space, and she can not well conceive of time and space as wholly separate from the idea of successive thought, or, in other words, a perceiving and measuring mind.

Such phenomena present themselves in our most ordinary existence. Let a man be in the habit of tracing back his roving thoughts, until he connects them with the last remembered link from which the wandering reverie commenced, and he will be amazed to find how long a time may in a few moments have passed through the mind. The minute hand has barely changed its position, and not only images and thoughts, but hopes, and fears, and moral states have been called out, which, under other circumstances, might have occupied an outward period extending it in almost any assignable ratio. Indeed it is impossible to assign any limit here. As far as our moral life is measured by actual spiritual exercise, a man may sin as much in a minute as, at another time, in a day. He may have had, in the same brief interval, a heaven of love and joy, which, in a different

inward condition of the spirit, months and years would hardly have sufficed to realize.

Such cases are familiar to all reflective minds. Even as they take place in ordinary health, they may well produce the conviction, that there are mysteries enough for our study in our most common experience, without resorting to mesmerism or spiritual rappings. It is, however, in sickness, that such phenomena assume their most startling aspect, and furnish subjects of the most serious thought. The apparent decay of the mind in connection with that of the body—the apparent injuries the one sustains from the maladies of the other, have furnished arguments for the infidel, and painful doubts for the unwilling skeptic. But there is another aspect to facts of this kind. They sometimes show themselves in a way which must be more startling to the materialist than to the believer. They furnish evidence that the present body, instead of being essential to the spirit's highest exercises, is only its temporary regulator, intended for a period to *limit* its powers, by keeping them in enchained harmony with that outer world of nature in which the human spirit is to receive its first intellectual and moral training. If it does not originate the *law* of successive thought, it governs and measures its *movement*. Through the dark closet to which it confines the soul, images and ideas are made to pass, one by one, in orderly march; and while the body is in health, and does not sleep, and holds steady intercourse with the world around us, it performs this restraining and regulative office with some good degree of uniformity. Viewed merely in reference to its own inner machinery, the clock may have any kind or degree of movement. It may perform the apparent revolutions of days and years, in seconds and fragments of seconds. But attach to it a pendulum of a proper length, and its rates are immediately adjusted to the steady course of external nature. The new regulative power is determined by the mass and gravity of the earth. It is what the diurnal rotation causes it to be. The latter, again, is linked with the annual revolution, and this, again, with some far-off millennial, or millio-millennial, cycle of the sun, and so on, until the little time-piece on our Editor's Table, is in harmony with the *magnus annus*, the great cosmical year, the *one* all-embracing time of the universe. The regulative action of the body upon the soul, although far less uniform, presents a fair analogy. In ordinary health, the measured flow of thought and feeling will bear some relation to the circulation of the blood, the course of respiration, and those general cycles of the body, or human *micro-cosmos*, which have acquired and preserved a steady rate of movement. It is true that there are times, even in health, when the thoughts burst from this regulative control, imparting their own impetus to the nervous fluid, giving a hurried agitation to the quick-panting breath, and sending the blood in maddened velocity through the heart and veins. But it is in sickness that such a breaking away from the ordinary check becomes most striking. The pendulum removed, or the spring broken, how rapidly spin round the whizzing wheels by which objective time is measured. And so of our spiritual state. In that harmony between the inward and the outward, in which health consists, we are insensible to the presence of the regulative power. In the slightest sicknesses we feel the dragging chain, and time moves slow, and sometimes almost stops. It is in this crisis of severe disease that a deeper change takes place. Some link is snapped; and then how inconceivably rapid may be, and sometimes is, the course of thought. Now the long-buried past comes up, and moves before us, not in slow succession, but in that swift array which would seem to place it altogether upon the canvas. At other times, the soul goes out into a self-created future; a dream it may be called, but having, as far as the spirit is concerned, no less of authentic moral and intellectual interest on that account. Suppose even the whole physical world to be all a dream. What then? No article of moral truth would be in the least changed; joy and suffering, right and wrong, would be no less real. Might they not be regarded as even the more tremendously real, from the very fact that they would be, in that case, the only realities in the universe? Nothing here is really gained by any play upon that most indefinable of all terms—reality. If that is *real* which most deeply affects us, and enters most intimately into our conscious being, then in a most *real* sense may it be affirmed, that years sometimes pass in the crisis of a fever, and that a life-time—an intellectual and a moral life-time—may be lived in what, to spectators, may have seemed to have been but a moment of syncope, or of returning sensibility to outward things. Such facts should startle us. They give us a glimpse of those fearful energies which even now the spirit possesses, and which may exhibit themselves with a thousand-fold more power, when all the balance-wheels and regulating pendulums shall have been taken off, and the soul left to develop that higher law of its being which now remains, in a great degree, suspended and inert, like the chemist's latent heat and light.

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In illustration of such a view, we might refer to recorded facts having every mark of authenticity. They come to us from all ages. There is the strange story which Plutarch gives us of the trance of Thespesius, and of the immense series of wonders he witnessed during the short period of apparent death. Strikingly similar to this is that remarkable account of Rev. William Tennent which must be familiar to most of our readers. Something analogous is reported of that strange inner life to which we lately called attention in the account of Rachel Baker. To the same effect the story, told by Addison, we think, of the Dervise and his Magic Water, possessed of such wondrous properties, that the moment between the plunging and the withdrawing of the head, became, subjectively, a life-time filled with events of most absorbing interest. But that may be called an Oriental romance. Another instance we would relate from our own personal acquaintance with the one who was himself the subject of a similar supercorporeal and supersensual action of the spirit. He was a man bearing a high reputation for piety and integrity. It was at the close of a day devoted to sacred services of an unusually solemn kind that he related to us what, in the familiar language of certain denominations of Christians, might be called his religious experience. It was, indeed, of no ordinary nature, and there was one part, especially, which made no ordinary impression on our memory. We can only, in the most rapid manner, touch upon the main facts, as they bear upon the thoughts we have been presenting. In the crisis

of a violent typhus fever, during a period which could not have occupied, at the utmost, more than half an hour, a subjective life was lived, extending not merely to hours and days, but through long years of varied and most thrilling experience. He had traveled to foreign lands, and encountered every species of adventure. He had amassed wealth and lost it. He had formed new social bonds with their natural accompaniments of joy and grief. He had committed crimes and suffered for them. He had been in exile, cast out, and homeless. He had been in battle and in shipwreck. He had been sick and recovered. And, finally, he had died, and gone to judgment, and received the condemnation of the lost. Ages had passed in outer darkness, during all which the exercises of the soul were as active, and as distinct, and as coherently arranged, as at any period of his existence. At length a fairly perceptible beam of light, coming seemingly from an immense distance, steals faintly into his prison-house. Nearer, and nearer still, it comes, although years and years are occupied with its slow, yet steady approach. But it does increase. Fuller, and clearer, and higher, grows the light of hope, until all around him, and above him, is filled with the benign glory of its presence. He dares once more look upward, and as he does so, he beholds beaming upon him the countenance of his watching friend, bending over him with the announcement that the crisis is past, and that coolness is once more returning to his burning frame. Only a prolonged dream, it might perhaps be said. But dreams in general run parallel with the movement of outward time, or if they do go beyond it, it is never by any such enormously magnified excess. But besides the apparent length of such a trance, there was also this striking and essential difference. Dreams may be more or less vivid; but all possess this common character, that in the waking state we immediately recognize them as dreams; and this not merely by way of inference from our changed condition, but because, in themselves, they possess that unmistakably subjective, or dream-like aspect, we can never separate from their outward contemplation. They almost immediately put on the dress of dreams. The air of reality, so fresh on our first awakening, begins straightway to gather a shade about it. As they grow dimmer and dimmer, the very effort at recalling only drives them farther off, and renders them more indistinct, just as certain optical delusions ever melt away from the gaze that is directed most steadily toward them. Thus the phantoms of our sleep dissolve rapidly "into thin air." As we strive to hold fast their features in the memory, they vanish farther and farther from the view, until we can just discern their pale, ghostly forms receding, in the distance, through the "gate of horn" into the land of irrecoverable oblivion. This characteristic of ordinary dreaming has ever furnished the ground of a favorite comparison both in sacred and classical poetry—"Like a vision of the night"—"As a dream when one awaketh"—"Like a morning dream"—

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Tenuisque recessit in auras—
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.

But these visions of the trance, are, in this respect, of a different, as well as deeper, nature. The subject of our narrative most solemnly averred that the scenes and feelings of this strange experience were ever after not only real in appearance, but the most vividly real of any part of his remembered existence. They never passed away into the place and form of dreams. He knew they were subjective, but only from outward testimony, and for some time even this was hardly sufficient to prevent the deep impression exhibiting itself in his speech and intercourse with the world to which he had returned. To his deeper consciousness they ever seemed realities, ever to form a part of his most veritable being. Our common dreams are more closely connected with the outer world, and the nearest sphere of sensation. They are generally suggested by obscurely felt bodily impressions. They belong to a state semi-conscious of the presence of things around us. But the others come from a deeper source. They are not

Such stuff as dreams are made of—

But belong to the more interior workings of the spirit, when disease has released it, either wholly or partially, from the restrictive outward influence. Still, whatever may be our theory of explanation, the thought we would set forth remains equally impressive. Such facts as these show the amazing power of the soul in respect to time. They teach us that in respect to our spiritual, as well as our material organization, we are indeed "most fearfully and wonderfully made." They startle us with the supposition that, in another state of existence, time may be mainly, if not wholly what the spiritual action causes it to appear. We have heard of well-attested cases, in which the whole past, even to its most minute events, has flashed before the soul, in the dying moments, or during some brief period of imminent danger arousing the spirit to a preternatural energy. If there be truth in such experiences, then no former exercise or emotion of the soul is ever lost. They belong to us still, just as much as our present thought, or our present sensation, and at some period may start up again to sleep no more, causing us actually to realize that conception of Boethius which now appears only a scholastic subtlety—*a whole life ever in one*, carrying with it a consciousness of its whole abiding presence in every moment of its existence—*tota simul et interminabilis vitæ possessio*. But we may give the thought a more plain and practical turn. Even now, it may be said, what we have lived forms still a part of our being. However it may stand in respect to outward time, *it is never past to us*. We are too much in the habit of regarding ourselves only in reference to what may *seem* our present moral state. We need the corrective power of the idea that we *ARE*, not simply what we may now *appear* to be, but all we ever have been, and that such we must forever *BE*, unless in the psychology and theology of a higher dispensation there is some mode of separating us from our former selves. Now the soul is broken and dispersed. Then will it come together, and as in the poetic imagination of the resurrection of the body, bone meets its fellow-bone, and dust hastens to join once more in living organization with its kindred dust, so in the soul's *anastasis* will all the lost and scattered

thoughts come home again to their spiritual abode, and from the chaos of the past will stand forth forever one fixed and changeless being, the discordant and deformed result of a false and evil life, or a glorious organization in harmony with all that is fair and good in the universe.

Geology has created difficulties in the interpretation of certain parts of the Scriptures; but these are more than balanced by a most important aid, which in another respect, it is rendering to the cause of faith. The former are fast giving way before that sound interpretation of the primeval record which was maintained by some of the most learned and pious in the Church, centuries before the new science was ever dreamed of. The latter is gathering strength from every fresh discovery. We refer to the proof geology is furnishing of the late origin of the human race, and of the absolute necessity of ascribing it to a supernatural cause. While there has been an ascending scale of orders, every new order has commenced with the most mature specimens. The subsequent history has been ever one of degeneracy, until a higher power came to the aid of exhausted nature, and made another step of real progress in the supernatural organization of a superior type. The largest fishes, the most powerful reptiles, were first in the periods of their respective families. And thus it went on until the introduction of the human species. An attenuating series of physical and hyper-physical powers forms the only theory which, on the fair Baconian induction, will account for the phenomena presented. There are scientific as well as theological bigots, and both are equally puzzled to explain the facts on either set of principles to the exclusion of the other. It is chiefly, however, in regard to man that the argument acquires its great importance; as bearing directly on that first article, and fundamental support of all faith—the veritable existence of the supernatural. This is not the same with faith in the Scriptures, and yet is most intimately connected with it. With the utter rejection of the latter, must soon go all available belief in a personal deity or a personal future state; and so, on the contrary, whatever in science shuts up the soul to a clear belief in the supernatural, even in its most remote aspect, is so much gained, ultimately, for the cause of the written oracles. And this is just what geology is now doing. She proves, beyond doubt, the late introduction of man upon the earth, and thus compels us to admit the most supernatural of all known events within a period comparatively very near to our own. The fact that, after a very few thousand years, the light of history is quenched in total darkness, presenting no farther trace of man or human things, goes far to prove his prior non-existence. But it might, perhaps, be maintained, that of former generations, only the merest fragments had, from time to time, survived the wreck of physical convulsions, in which all outward memoranda of their older existence had wholly perished. Such memorials, it is true, might have departed from the surface, but then geology must have found them. She has dug up abundant remains of types and orders, which, from their position in the strata, she is compelled to assign to a period anterior to that of man. There would have been no lack of zeal on the part of some of her votaries. More than once, on the supposed discovery of some old bone in a wrong place (to which it had been carried by some ordinary disturbance of the deposits), have they rejoiced thereat, "like one who findeth great spoil." But the evidence is now beyond all impeachment. Remains of every other type have been discovered. The relative periods of their different deposits have been ascertained. No stone, we may literally say it, has been left unturned; and yet, not a single joint or splinter of a human bone has been found to reward the search. The argument from this is of immense importance. The essence of all skepticism will be found, on analysis, to consist in a secret distrust of the very existence of any thing supernatural—a latent doubt whether, after all, every thing may not be nature, and nature every thing. *Unnatural* as it may seem, there are those who actually take delight in such a view. It hides from the consciousness a secret, yet real antipathy to the thought of a personal God, and the moral power of such an idea. Whatever disturbs this feeling excites alarm, lest all the foundations of unbelief (if we may use the word of a thing which has no foundations) should be rendered insecure by the bare possibility of such *direct* interference. Hence the moral power of well attested miracles, although it has been denied, even by religious writers, that there is any such moral power. It is the felt presence of a near personal Deity. It is the startling thought of the Great *Life* of the universe coming very nigh to us, and revealing the latent skepticism of men's souls. Although greatly transcending, it is like the effect produced by those operations of nature that startle us by their instantaneous exhibition of resistless power, and which no amount of science can prevent our regarding with reverence, or religious awe. With all our knowledge of physical laws, no man, we venture to say it, is wholly an atheist, or even a consistent naturalist, when the earth is heaving, or the lightning bolts are striking thick and fast around him.

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Be it, then, near or remote, one unanswerable evidence of supernatural intervention gives a foundation for all faith. And this geology does. Only a few centuries back, on any chronology—a mere yesterday we may say—she brings us face to face with the most stupendous of personal, miraculous interventions. No mediate stages—no transitional developments have been, or can be discovered—no links of half human, half beastly monsters, such as the old Epicureans loved to imagine, and some modern savans would have been glad to find. Nothing of this kind, but all at once, after ages of fishes, and reptiles, and every kind of lower animation, "a new thing upon the earth"—the wondrous human body united to that surpassingly wondrous entity, the human soul, and both new born, in all their maturity, from a previous state of non-existence. So the rocks tell us; and the rocks, we are assured, on good scientific authority, "can not deceive us" like the "poetical myths of man's unreasoning infancy."

Now what difficulties are there for faith after this? What is there in any of the earlier narrations of the Bible that should stumble us—such as the account of the flood, or the burning of Sodom, or

the transactions at Sinai? The supernatural once established, and in such an astounding way as this, what more natural than that the new created race should receive their earliest moral nurture directly from the source of their so recent existence? What more credible than such an early intercourse as the Bible reveals—when God walked with men, and spake to them from his supernatural abode, and angels came and went on messages of reproof or mercy. How *irrational* the skepticism, which, when compelled to admit the one will still stumble at the other, as being in itself, and aside from outward testimony, too marvelous for belief. There are those who are yet disposed to assail with desperation the doctrine of man's late supernatural origin. But the danger from that source is past. Geology and the Scriptures speak the same language here. There is no need of any forced exegesis to bring them into harmony. It is only of yesterday that the Eternal Deity has been upon the earth. His footsteps are more recent than many of those natural changes science has taken such pains to trace. Geology has proved, beyond all doubt, the fact of man's *creation*; what then is there hard for faith in the revealed facts of his *redemption*? Is the supernatural origin of a soul an event more easy to be believed than a series of supernatural interventions for its deliverance from moral evil, and its exaltation to a destiny worthy of its heavenly origin?

Editor's Easy Chair.

Next to the winter weather, which is just now beguiling the town ladies to as pretty a show of velvets and of martens, as the importers could desire—talk is centering upon that redoubtable hero, LOUIS KOSSUTH. We are an impulsive people, and take off our hats, one moment, with a hearty good-will and devotion; and thrust them over our ears, the next, with the most dogged contempt; and it would not be strange, therefore, if we sometimes made mistakes in our practice of civilities. We fell, naturally enough, into a momentary counter current—started by anonymous and ill-natured letter writers from the other side of the sea—in regard to KOSSUTH. While he was riding the very topmost wave of popular admiration, a rumor that he had been uncivil and unduly exacting in his intercourse with the officers of the Mississippi frigate, struck his gallant craft and threatened to overwhelm her under the sea she was so triumphantly riding. The opportune arrival of the Mississippi, and the unanimous testimony of her officers to the respectful and altogether proper demeanor of the Hungarian hero, restored him to favor and even swelled the tide which sweeps him to a higher point of popularity than any other foreigner, LA FAYETTE excepted, has ever reached in our republican country. How he has earned their respect, a biographical sketch in another part of our Magazine will enable each reader to judge for himself.

Linked to KOSSUTH is the new talk about the new and strange action of that gone-by hero LOUIS NAPOLEON. Curiosity-mongers can not but be gratified at such spectacle of a Republic as France just now presents; where a man is not only afraid to express his opinions, but is afraid to entertain them! It must be a gratifying scene for such old hankerers after the lusts of Despotism, and the energy of Emperors, as METTERNICH, to see the loving fraternity of our sister Republic, called France, running over into such heart-felt action of benevolence and liberality as characterize the diplomacy of FAUCHER!

Stout EMILE DE GIRARDIN, working away at his giant *Presse*, with the same indomitable courage, and the same incongruity of impulse, which belonged to his battle for LOUIS NAPOLEON, now raises the war cry of a *Working-man* for President! And his reasoning is worth quoting; for it offers an honest, though sad picture of the heart of political France. "The choice lies," says he, "between LOUIS NAPOLEON and another. LOUIS NAPOLEON has the eclat of his name to work upon the ignorant millions of country voters: unless that *other* shall have similar eclat, there is no hope. No name in France can start a cry, even now, like the name of NAPOLEON. Therefore," says GIRARDIN, "abandon the name of a man, and take the name of a *class*. Choose your workingman, no matter who, and let the rally be—"The Laborer, or the Prince!"

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There is not a little good sense in this, viewed as a matter of political strategy; but as a promise of national weal, it is fearfully vain. Heaven help our good estate of the Union, when we must resort to such chicanery, to guard our seat of honor, and to secure the guaranty of our Freedom!

The cool air—nothing else—has quickened our pen-stroke to a side-dash at political action: we will loiter back now, in our old, gossiping way, to the pleasant current of the dinner chat.

The winter-music has its share of regard; and between Biscaccianti—whose American birth does not seem to lend any patriotic fervor to her triumphs—and the new Opera, conversation is again set off with its rounding Italian expletives, and our ladies—very many of them—show proof of their enthusiasm, by their bouquets, and their *bravos*. It would seem that we are becoming, with all our practical cast, almost as music-loving a people as the finest of foreign *dillettanti*: we defy a stranger to work his way easily and deftly into the habit of our salon talk, without meeting with such surfeit of musical *critique*, as he would hardly find at any *soirée* of the Chaussée d'Antin, or of Grosvenor Place. There is bruited just now, with fresh force, the old design of music for the million; and an opera house with five thousand seats, will be—if carried into effect—a wonder to ourselves, and to the world.

As our pen runs just now to music, it may be worth while to sketch—from Parisian chronicle—an interview of the famous composer ROSSINI, with the great musical purveyor of the old world—Mr. LUMLEY.

ROSSINI, it is well known, has lately lived in a quiet and indolent seclusion; and however much he may enjoy his honors, has felt little disposition to renew them. The English Director, anxious to secure some crowning triumph for his winter campaign, and knowing well that a new composition of the great Italian would be a novelty sure of success, determined to try, at the cost of an Italian voyage, a personal interview.

ROSSINI lives at Bologna—a gloomy old town, under the thrall and shadow of the modern Gallic papacy. He inhabits an obscure house, in a dark and narrow street. Mr. Lumley rings his bell, and is informed by the *padrona* that the great master has just finished his siesta, and will perhaps see him. He enters his little parlor unannounced. It is comfortably furnished—as comfort is counted in the flea-swarmed houses of Italy; the furniture is rich and old; the piano is covered with dust. The old master of sweet sounds is seated in a high-backed chair, with a gray cat upon his knees, and another cat dextrously poising on his lank shoulder, playing with the tassel of his velvet cap.

He rises to meet the stranger with an air of *ennui*, and a look of annoyance, that seems to say, "Please sir, your face is strange, and your business is unknown."

"My name is Lumley," says the imperturbable Director.

"Lumley—Lumley," says the master, "I do not know the name."

It is a hard thing for the most enterprising musical director of Europe to believe that he is utterly unknown to the first composer of Southern Europe.

"You should be an Englishman," continues the host. "Yet the English are good fellows, though something indiscreet. They are capital sailors, for example; and good fishermen. Pray, do you fish, monsieur? If your visit looks that way, you are welcome."

"Precisely," says the smiling Director; "I bring you a new style of bait, which will be, I am sure, quite to your fancy." And with this he unrolls his "fly-book," and lays upon the table bank-bills to the amount of one hundred thousand francs. He knows the master's reputed avarice, and watches his eye gloating on the treasure as he goes on. "I am, may it please you, Director of the Opera at London and at Paris. I wish a new opera three months from now. I offer you these notes as advance premium for its completion. Will you accept the terms, and gratify Europe?"

The old man's eye dwelt on the notes: he ceased fondling the gray cat. "A hundred thousand francs in bank-notes," said he, speaking to himself.

"You prefer gold, perhaps," said the Englishman.

"Not at all."

"You accept, then?"

The old man's brow grew flushed. A thought of indignity crossed his mind. "There is then a dearth of composers, that you come to trouble an old man's peace?"

"Not at all: the world is full of them—gaining honors every season," and the wily Director talked in a phrase to stir the old master's pride; and again the brow grew flushed, as a thought of the electric notes came over him, that had flashed through Europe and the world, and made his name immortal.

The Director waited hopefully.

But the paroxysm of pride went by; "I *can not*," said the old man, plaintively. "My life is done; my brain is dry!"

And the Director left him, with his tasseled cap lying against the high chair back and the gray cat playing upon his knee.

In English papers, the ending of the Great Exhibition has not yet ceased to give point to paragraphs. Observers say that the despoiling of the palace of its wonders, reduces sadly the effect of the building; and it is to be feared that the reaction may lead to its entire demolition. Every country represented is finding some ground for self-gratulation in its peculiar awards; and the opinion is universal, that they have been honestly and fairly made. For ourselves, whatever our later boasts may be, it is quite certain that on the score of *taste*, we made a bad show in the palace. It was in bad taste to claim more room than we could fill; it was in bad taste, to decorate our comparatively small show, with insignia and lettering so glaring and pretentious; it was in bad taste, not to wear a little more of that modesty, which conscious strength ought certainly to give.

But, on the other hand, now that the occasion is over, we may congratulate ourselves on having made signal triumphs in just *those Arts which most distinguish civilized man from the savage*;

It is an odd indication of national characteristic, that a little episode of love rarely finds a narrator in either English or American journalism; whereas, nothing is more common than to find the most habile of French *feuilletonists* turning their pen to a deft exposition of some little garret story of affection; which, if it be only well told, is sure to have the range of all the journals in France.

Our eye just now falls upon something of the sort, with the taking caption of "Love and Devotion;" and in order to give our seventy odd thousand readers an idea of the graceful way in which such French story is told, we shall render the half-story into English:

In 1848, a young girl of high family, who had been reared in luxury, and who had previously lost her mother, found herself in a single day fatherless and penniless. The friends to whom she would have naturally looked for protection and consolation, were either ruined or away. Nothing remained but personal effort to secure a livelihood.

She rented a small garret-room, and sought to secure such comforts as she required by embroidering. But employers were few and suspicious. Want and care wore upon her feeble frame, and she fell sick. With none to watch over or provide for her, she would soon have passed off (as thousands do in that gay world) to a quick and a lonely death.

But there happened to be living in the same pile of building, and upon the same landing, a young Piedmontese street-porter, who had seen often, with admiring eyes, the frail and beautiful figure of his neighbor. He devised a plan for her support, and for proper attendance. He professed to be the agent of some third party of wealth, who furnished the means regularly for whatever she might require. His earnings were small; but by dint of early and hard working, he succeeded in furnishing all that her necessities required.

After some weeks, Mlle. SOPHIE (such is the name our paragraphist gives the heroine) recovered; and was, of course, anxious to learn from the poor Piedmontese the name of her benefactor. The poor fellow, however, was true to the trust of his own devotion, and told nothing. Times grew better, and SOPHIE had a hope of interesting the old friends of her family. She had no acquaintance to employ as mediator but the poor Piedmontese. He accepted readily the task, and, armed with her authority, he plead so modestly, and yet so earnestly for the unfortunate girl, that she recovered again her position, and with it no small portion of her lost estate.

Again she endeavored to find the name of her generous benefactor, but no promises could wrest the secret from the faithful Giacomo. At least, thought the grateful SOPHIE, the messenger of his bounties shall not go unrewarded; and she inclosed a large sum to her neighbor of the garret.

Poor Giacomo was overcome!—the sight of the money, and of the delicate note of thanks, opened his eyes to the wide difference of estate that lay between him and the adored object of his long devotion. To gain her heart was impossible; to live without it, was even more impossible. He determined—in the Paris way—to put an end to his cankerous hope, and to his life—together.

Upon a ledge of the deserted chamber he found a vial of medicine, which his own hard-earned money had purchased, and with this he determined to slip away from the world, and from his grief.

He penned a letter, in his rude way, full of his love, and of his desolation, and having left it where it would reach SOPHIE, when all should be over, he swallowed the poison. Happily—(French story is always happy in these interventions)—a friend had need of his services shortly after! and hearing sad groans at his door, he burst it open, and finding the dangerous state of the Piedmontese, ran for a physician. Prompt effort brought GIACOMO to life again. But his story had been told; and before this, the gay SOPHIE had grown sad over the history of his griefs.

We should like well to finish up our tale of devotions, with mention of the graceful recognition of the love of the infatuated Piedmontese, by the blooming Mademoiselle SOPHIE. But, alas! truth—as represented by the ingenious Journalist—forbids such sequel. And we can only write, in view of the vain devotion of the Sardinian lover—*le pauvre Giacomo!*

Yet again, these graceful columns of French newsmakers, lend us an episode—of quite another sort of devotion. The other showed that the persuasion of love is often vain; and this will show, that the persuasion of a wife is—vainer still.

—A grave magistrate of France—no matter who—was voyaging through Belgium with his wife. They had spun out a month of summer with that graceful mingling of idlesse and wonder, that a Frenchwoman can so well graft upon the habit of a husband's travel: they had bidden adieu to Brussels, and to Liege, and were fast nearing the border-town, beyond which lay their own sunny realm of France.

The wife suddenly cuts short her smiles, and whispers her husband—"Mon cher, I have been

guilty of an imprudence."

"It is not possible."

"*Si*: a great one. I have my satchel full of laces, they are contraband; pray, take them and hide them until the frontier is past."

The husband was thunderstruck: "But, my dear, I—a magistrate, conceal contraband goods?"

"Pray, consider, *mon cher*, they are worth fifteen hundred francs; there is not a moment to lose."

"But, my dear!"

"Quick—in your hat—the whistle is sounding—"

There seemed no alternative, and the poor man bestowed the contraband laces in his *chapeau*.

The officials at the frontier, on recognizing the dignity of the traveler, abstained from any examination of his luggage, and offered him every facility. Thus far his good fortune was unexpected. But some unlucky attendant had communicated to the town authorities the presence of so distinguished a personage. The town authorities were zealous to show respect; and posted at once to the station to make token of their regard. The magistrate was charmed with such attention—so unexpected, and so heart-felt. He could not refrain from the most gracious expression of his *reconnaissance*; he tenders them his thanks in set terms;—he bids them adieu;—and, in final acknowledgment of their kindness—he lifts his hat, with enthusiastic flourish.

—A shower of Mechlin lace covers the poor man, like a bridal veil!

The French Government winks at the vices, and short-comings of representatives and President; but with a humble magistrate, the matter is different. The poor man, *bon-grè—mal-grè*, was stopped upon the frontier—was shorn of his bridal covering; and in company with his desponding wife, still (so GUINOT says) pays the forfeit of his yielding disposition, in a dusky, and grated chamber of the old border town of —.

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Editor's Drawer.

Well, "*Election is over*," for one thing, and we breathe again. The freemen of the "Empire State" have walked up to the polls, the "captain's office" of the boat on which we are all embarked, and "settled" the whole matter. The little slips of paper have done the deed, without revolution and without bloodshed. Some are rejoiced, because they have succeeded; others lament that when they were all ready at any moment to die for their country and a fat office, their offers were not accepted by the sovereigns. Some, with not much character to spare of their own, are grieved to find that "tailing-on" upon individual eminence won't always "do" with the people. And, by-the-by, speaking of "tailing-on," there "hangs a tale," which is worth recording. It may be old, but we heard it for the first time the other evening, and it made us "laugh consumedly." This it is:—At the time of the first election of General WASHINGTON to the Presidency, there was a party in one of the Southern States, called the "*John Jones' Party*." The said Jones, after whom the party took its name, was a man of talent; a plotting, shrewd fellow, with a good deal of a kind of "Yankee cunning;" in short, possessing all the requisites of a successful politician, except personal popularity. To overcome this latter deficiency, of which he was well aware, especially in a contest with a popular candidate for Congress, John Jones early avowed himself as the peculiar and devoted friend of General WASHINGTON, and on this safe ground, as he thought, he endeavored to place his rival in opposition. In order to carry out this object more effectually, he called a meeting of his county, of "All those friendly to the election of General GEORGE WASHINGTON!"

On the day appointed, Mr. John Jones appeared, and was, on the cut-and-dried motion of a friendly adherent, made chairman of the meeting. He opened the proceedings by a high and carefully-studied eulogium upon the life and services of WASHINGTON, but taking care only to speak of himself as his early patron, and most devoted friend. He concluded his remarks by a proposition to form a party, to be called "*The True and Only Sons of the Father of his Country*:" and for that object, he submitted to the meeting a resolution something like the following:

"*Resolved*, That we are the friends of General GEORGE WASHINGTON, and will sustain him in the coming election against all other competitors."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Jones, after reading the resolution, "the Chair is now about to put the question. The chairman hopes that every man will declare his sentiments, either for or against the resolution. All those in favor of the resolution will please to say 'Ay.'"

A thundering "Ay!" shook the very walls of the building. The united voices were like the "sound of many waters."

"Now, gentlemen, for the opposition," said John Jones. "All those who are contrary-minded, will please to say 'No!'"

Not a solitary voice was heard. The dead silence seemed to confuse Mr. Jones very much. After some hesitation and fidgeting, he said:

"Gentlemen, *do vote*. The Chair can not decide a disputed question when nobody votes on the other side. We want a direct vote, so that the country may know who are the real and true friends of General WASHINGTON."

Upon this appeal, one of the audience arose, and said:

"I perceive the unpleasant dilemma in which the Chair is placed; and in order to relieve the presiding officer from his quandary, I now propose to amend the resolution, by adding, after the name of General WASHINGTON—'and John Jones for Congress.'"

"The amendment is in order—I accept the amendment," said the chairman, speaking very quickly; "and the Chair will now put the question as amended:

"All those who are in favor of General WASHINGTON for President, and John Jones for Congress, will please to say, 'Ay.'"

"Ay—ay!" said John Jones and his brother, with loud voices, which they had supposed would be drowned in the unanimous thunder of the affirmative vote.

The "Chair" squirmed and hesitated. "Put the contrary!" said a hundred voices, at the same moment:

"All those op—po—po—sed," said the Chair, "will please to say, 'No!'"

"No—o—o—o!!" thundered every voice but two in the whole assembly, and these were Jones' and his brother's. Then followed a roar of laughter, as CARLYLE says, "like the neighing of all Tattersall's."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Jones, "the Chair perceives that there are people in this meeting who don't belong to *our* party: they have evidently come here to agitate, and make mischief. I, therefore, do now adjourn this meeting!"

Whereupon, he left the chair; and amid shouts and huzzahs for WASHINGTON, and groans for John Jones, he "departed the premises."

We find in the "Drawer" a rich specimen of logic-chopping, at which there was a hearty laugh more years ago than we care to remember. It is an admirable satire upon half the labored criticisms of Shakspeare with which the world has been deluged:

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed;
Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined!"

MACBETH

"I never was more puzzled in my life than in deciding upon the right reading of this passage. The important inquiry is, Did the hedge-pig *whine once*, or *thrice and once*? Without stopping to inquire whether hedge-pigs exist in Scotland, that is, pigs with quills in their backs, the great question occurs, *how many times did he whine*? It appears from the text that the cat mewed three times. Now would not a virtuous emulation induce the hedge-pig to endeavor to get the last word in the controversy; and how was this to be obtained, save by whining thrice *and* once? The most learned commentators upon SHAKSPEARE have given the passage thus:

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed;
Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whined."

Thereby awarding the palm to the brinded cat. The fact is, they probably entertained reasonable doubts whether the hedge-pig was a native of Scotland, and a sense of national pride induced them to lean on the side of the productions of their country. I think a heedful examination of the two lines, will satisfy the unbiased examiner that the hedge-pig whined, at least, four times. It becomes me, however, as a candid critic, to say, that reasonable doubts exist in both cases!"

Doesn't the impressive inquiry embodied in the ensuing touching lines, somewhat enter into the matrimonial thoughts of *some* of our city "offerers?"

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"Oh! do not paint her charms to me,
I know that she is fair!
I know her lips might tempt the bee,
Her eyes with stars compare:
Such transient gifts I ne'er could prize,
My heart they could not win:
I do not scorn my Mary's eyes,
But—has she any '*tin*'?"

"The fairest cheek, alas! may fade,
Beneath the touch of years;

The eyes where light and gladness played,
 May soon grow dim with tears:
I would love's fires should to the last
 Still burn, as they begin;
But beauty's reign too soon is past;
 So—has she any '*tin*'?"

There is something very touching and pathetic in a circumstance mentioned to us a night or two ago, in the sick-room of a friend. A poor little girl, a cripple, and deformed from her birth, was seized with a disorder which threatened to remove her from a world where she had suffered so much. She was a very affectionate child, and no word of complaining had ever passed her lips. Sometimes the tears would come in her eyes, when she saw, in the presence of children more physically blessed than herself, the severity of her deprivation, but that was all. She was so gentle, so considerate of giving pain, and so desirous to please all around her, that she had endeared herself to every member of her family, and to all who knew her.

At length it was seen, so rapid had been the progress of her disease, that she could not long survive. She grew worse and worse, until one night, in an interval of pain, she called her mother to her bed-side, and said, "Mother, I am dying now. I hope I shall see you, and my brother and sisters in Heaven. Won't I be *straight*, and not a cripple, mother, when I *do* get to Heaven?" And so the poor little sorrowing child passed forever away.

"I heard something a moment ago," writes a correspondent in a Southern city, "which I will give you the skeleton of. It made me laugh not a little; for it struck me, that it disclosed a transfer of 'Yankee Tricks' to the other side of the Atlantic. It would appear, that a traveler stopped at Brussels, in a post-chaise, and being a little sharp-set, he was anxious to buy a piece of cherry-pie, before his vehicle should set out; but he was afraid to leave the public conveyance, lest it might drive off and leave *him*. So, calling a lad to him from the other side of the street, he gave him a piece of money, and requested him to go to a restaurant or confectionery, in the near vicinity, and purchase the pastry; and then, to 'make assurance doubly sure,' he gave him *another* piece of money, and told him to buy some for himself at the same time. The lad went off on a run, and in a little while came back, eating a piece of pie, and looking very complacent and happy. Walking up to the window of the post-chaise, he said, with the most perfect *nonchalance*, returning at the same time one of the pieces of money which had been given him by the gentleman, "The restaurateur had only *one* piece of pie left, and that *I* bought with my money, that you gave me!"

This anecdote, which we are assured is strictly true, is not unlike one, equally authentic, which had its origin in an Eastern city. A mechanic, who had sent a bill for some article to a not very conscientious pay-master in the neighborhood, finding no returns, at length "gave it up as a bad job." A lucky thought, however, struck him one day, as he sat in the door of his shop, and saw a debt-collector going by, who was notorious for sticking to a delinquent until *some* result was obtained. The creditor called the collector in, told him the circumstances, handed him the account, and added:

"Now, if you will collect that debt, I'll give you half of it; or, if you don't collect but *half* of the bill, I'll divide *that* with you."

The collector took the bill, and said, "I guess, I can get half of it, *any* how. At any rate, if I don't, it shan't be for want of *trying* hard enough."

Nothing more was seen of the collector for some five or six months; until one day the creditor thought he saw "the indefatigable" trying to avoid him by turning suddenly down a by-street of the town. "Halloo! Mr. ——" said he; "how about that bill against Mr. Slowpay? Have you collected it yet?" "Not the *hull* on it, I hain't," said the imperturbable collector; "but I c'lected *my* half within four weeks a'ter you gin' me the account, and he hain't paid me nothin' since. I tell him, every time I see him, that you want the money *very* bad; but he don't seem to mind it a bit. He is dreadful 'slow pay,' as you said, when you give me the bill! Good-morning!" And off went the collector, "staying no further question!"

There is a comical blending of the "sentimental" and the "matter-of-fact" in the ensuing lines, which will find a way to the heart of every poor fellow, who, at this inclement season of the year, is in want of a new coat:

By winter's chill the fragrant flower is nipped,
To be new-clothed with brighter tints in spring
The blasted tree of verdant leaves is stripped,
A fresher foliage on each branch to bring.

The aerial songster moults his plumerie,
 To vie in sleekness with each feathered brother.
 A twelvemonth's wear hath ta'en thy nap from thee,
 My seedy coat!—*when* shall I get another?

"My name," said a tall, good-looking man, with a decidedly *distingué* air, as he entered the office of a daily newspaper in a sister city, "my name, Sir, is PAGE—Ed-w-a-rd Pos-th-el-wa-ite PA-GE! You have heard of me no doubt. In fact, Sir, I was sent to you, by Mr. C—r, of the '— Gazette.' I spent some time with him—an hour perhaps—conversing with him. But as I was about explaining to him a little problem which I had had in my mind for some time, I *thought* I saw that he was busy, and couldn't hear me. In fact, he *said*, 'I wish you would do me the kindness to go *now* and come *again*; and always send up your *name*, so that I may know that it is *you*; otherwise,' said he, 'I *shouldn't* know that it was *you*, and might *refuse* you without knowing it.' Now, Sir, that was kind—that was kind, and gentlemanly, and I shall remember it. Then he told me to come to see *you*; he said yours was an afternoon paper, and that *your* paper for to-day was out, while he was engaged in getting his ready for the morning. He rose, Sir, and saw me to the door; and downstairs; in fact, Sir, he came with me to the corner, and showed me your office; and for fear I should miss my way, he gave a lad a sixpence, to *show* me here, Sir.

"They call me crazy, Sir, *some* people do—*crazy!* The reason is simple—I'm above their comprehension. Do I *seem* crazy? I am an educated man, my conduct has been unexceptionable. I've wronged no man—never did a man an injury. I wouldn't do it.

"I came to America in 1829 2^m which being multiplied by Cæsar's co-sine, which is C B to Q equal X^3^m ."

Yes, reader; this was PAGE, the Monomaniac: a man perfectly sound on any subject, and capable of conversing upon any topic, intelligently and rationally, until it so happened, in the course of conversation, that he *mentioned any numerical figure*, when his wild imagination was off at a tangent, and he became suddenly as "mad as a March hare" on *one subject*. Here his monomania was complete. In every thing else, there was no incoherency; nothing in his speech or manner that any gentleman might not either say or do. So much for the man: now for a condensed exhibition of his peculiar idiosyncrasy, as exhibited in a paper which he published, devoted to an elaborate illustration of the great extent to which he carried the science of mathematics. The *fragments* of various knowledge, like the tumbling objects in a kaleidoscope, are so jumbled together, that we defy any philosopher, astronomer, or mathematician, to read it without roaring with laughter; for the feeling of the ridiculous will overcome the sensations of sympathy and pity. But listen: "Here's '*wisdom*' for you," as Captain Cuttle would say: *intense* wisdom:

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"Squares are to circles as Miss Sarai 18 when she did wed her Abram 20 on Procrustes' bed, and 19 parted between each head; so Sarah when 90 to Abraham when 100, and so 18 squared in 324, a square to circle $18 \times 20 = 360$, a square to circle 400, a square to circle 444, or half *Jesous* 888 in half the Yankee era 1776; which 888 is sustained by the early Fathers and Blondel on the Sibyls. It is a square to triangle Sherwood's no-variation circle 666 in the sequel. But 19 squared is 361 between 360 and 362, each of which multiply by the Sun's magic compass 36, Franklin's magic circle of circles 360×36 considered.

"Squares are to circles as 18 to 20, or 18 squared in 324 to $18 \times 20 = 360$. But more exactly as 17 to 19, or 324 to 362×36 , or half 26064. As 9 to 10, so square 234000 to circle 26000.

POSITIVES.	MEANS.	NEGATIVES.
20736	23328	25920
20736	23400	26064
4)20736	23422	26108
----	----	----
	A.M. 5855 this year	1851.

"Squares are to circles as 17 to 19, or 23360 to 26108. The sequel's 5832 and 5840 are quadrants of 23328 and 23360.

"18 cubed is 5832, the world's age in 1828, 5840 its age in the Halley comet year 1836, 5878 its age the next transit of Venus in 1874, but 5870 is its age in the prophet's year 1866.

POSITIVES.	MEANS.	NEGATIVES.			
{	5832	5855	5870	over X.	}
	5840	5855	5878	under X.	
	1828	A.D. 1851	now!	1874	over X.
	1836	A.D. 1851	now!	1866	under X.

"100 times the Saros $18 = 18-1/2 = 19$ in 1800 last year's 1850, 1900 for new moons.

"If 360 degrees, each 18, in Guy's 6480, evidently $360 \times 18-1/2$ in the adorable 6660, or

ten no-variation circles, each $36 \times 18\frac{1}{2} = 666$, like ten Chaldee solar cycles, each 600 in our great theme, 6000, the second advent date of Messiah, as explained by Barnabas, Chap. xiii in the Apocryphal New Testament, 600 and 666 being square and circle, like 5994 and 6660. Therefore 5995 sum the Arabic 28, or Persic 32, or Turkish 33 letters.

"But as 9 to 10, so square 1665 of the Latin IVXLCDM = 1666 to circle last year's 1850 —12 such signs are as much 19980 and 22200, whose quadrants are 4995 and 5550, as 12 signs, each the Halley comet year 1836, are 5508 Olympiads, the Greek Church claiming this era 5508 for Christ.

"But though the ecliptic angle has decreased only 40×40 in 1600 during $43 \times 43 = 1849$, say 1850 from the birth of Christ, and double that since the creation; yet 1600 and Yankee era 1776 being square and circle like 9 and 10—place 32 for a round of the seasons in a compass of 32 points, or shrine them in 32 chessmen, like 1600 and 1600 in each of 16 pieces; then shall 32 times Sherwood's no-variation circle 666, meaning 666 rounds of the seasons, each 32, be 12 signs, each 1776, or 24 degrees in the ecliptic angle, each *Jesous* 888, in circle 21312 to square 19200, or 12 signs each 1600, that the quadrants of square 19200 and circle 21312 may be the Cherubim of Glory 4800 and 5328; which explains ten Great Paschal cycles each 532, a square to circle 665 of the Beast's number 666. Because, like 3, 4, 5, in my Urim and Thummim's 12 jewels, are

TRIANGLES.	SQUARES.	CIRCLES.
3600	4800	6000
3990	5320	6650

"Because 3990 of the Latin Church's era 4000 for Christ, is doubled in the Julian period 7980.

"Every knight of the queen of night may know that each of 9 columns in the Moon's magic compass for 9 squared in 81, sums 369, and that 370 are between it and 371, while 19 times $18\frac{1}{2}$ approach 351, when 19 squared are 361 in

POSITIVES.	MEANS.	NEGATIVES.
350	360	370
351	361	371
369	370	371

"The Saros 18 times 369 in 6642 of the above 6650; but $18 \times 370 = 6660$, or 360 times $18\frac{1}{2}$.

"1800 and proemptions 2400 are half this Seraphim 3600 and Cherubim 4800: but $7 \times 7 \times 49 \times 49 = 2401$ in 4802.

5328	5320
4802	4810
—	—
10130	10130

"All that Homer's Iliad ever meant, was this: 10 years as degrees on Ahaz's dial between the positive 4790, mean 4800, negative 4810: If the Septuagints' 72 times 90 in $360 \times 18 = 6480$, equally 72 times 24 and 66 degrees in 12 cubed and 4752."

Now it is about enough to make one crazy to read this over; and yet it is impossible not to *see*, as it is impossible not to *laugh at* the transient glimpses of scattered knowledge which the singular ollapodrida contains.

"If you regard, Mr. Editor, the following," says a city friend, "as worthy a place in your 'Drawer,' you are perfectly welcome to it. It was an actual occurrence, and its authenticity is beyond a question:

"Many years ago, when sloops were substituted for steamboats on the Hudson River, a celebrated Divine was on his way to hold forth to the inhabitants of a certain village, not many miles from New York. One of his fellow-passengers who was an unsophisticated countryman, to make himself appear 'large' in the eyes of the passengers, entered into a conversation with the learned Doctor of Divinity. After several ordinary remarks, and introducing himself as one of the congregation, to whom he (the doctor) would expound the Word on the morrow, the following conversation took place:

"'Wal, Doctor, I reckon you know the Scriptures pooty good,' remarked the countryman.

"'Really, my friend,' said the clergyman, 'I leave that for *other* persons to determine. You know it does not become a person of any delicacy to utter praise in his own behalf.'

"'So it doesn't,' replied the querist; 'but I've heerd folks say, you know rather more than *we* do.

They say you're pooty good in larning folks the BIBLE: but I guess I can give you a poser.'

"'I am pleased to answer questions, and feel gratified to tender information at any time, always considering it my *duty* to impart instruction, as far as it lies in my power,' replied the clergyman.

"'Wall,' says the countryman, with all the imperturbable gravity in the world, 'I spose you've heerd tell on, in the Big BOOK, 'bout Aaron and the golden calf: now, in your opinion, do you think the calf Aaron worshiped, was a heifer or a bull?'

"The Doctor of Divinity, as may be imagined, immediately '*vamosed*,' and left the countryman bragging to the by-standers, that he had completely nonplussed the clergyman!"

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Literary Notices

A new work by HERMAN MELVILLE, entitled *Moby Dick; or, The Whale*, has just been issued by Harper and Brothers, which, in point of richness and variety of incident, originality of conception, and splendor of description, surpasses any of the former productions of this highly successful author. *Moby Dick* is the name of an old White Whale; half fish and half devil; the terror of the Nantucket cruisers; the scourge of distant oceans; leading an invulnerable, charmed life; the subject of many grim and ghostly traditions. This huge sea monster has a conflict with one Captain Ahab; the veteran Nantucket salt comes off second best; not only loses a leg in the affray, but receives a twist in the brain; becomes the victim of a deep, cunning monomania; believes himself predestined to take a bloody revenge on his fearful enemy; pursues him with fierce demoniac energy of purpose; and at last perishes in the dreadful fight, just as he deems that he has reached the goal of his frantic passion. On this slight framework, the author has constructed a romance, a tragedy, and a natural history, not without numerous gratuitous suggestions on psychology, ethics, and theology. Beneath the whole story, the subtle, imaginative reader may perhaps find a pregnant allegory, intended to illustrate the mystery of human life. Certain it is that the rapid, pointed hints which are often thrown out, with the keenness and velocity of a harpoon, penetrate deep into the heart of things, showing that the genius of the author for moral analysis is scarcely surpassed by his wizard power of description.

In the course of the narrative the habits of the whale are fully and ably described. Frequent graphic and instructive sketches of the fishery, of sea-life in a whaling vessel, and of the manners and customs of strange nations are interspersed with excellent artistic effect among the thrilling scenes of the story. The various processes of procuring oil are explained with the minute, painstaking fidelity of a statistical record, contrasting strangely with the weird, phantom-like character of the plot, and of some of the leading personages, who present a no less unearthly appearance than the witches in Macbeth. These sudden and decided transitions form a striking feature of the volume. Difficult of management, in the highest degree, they are wrought with consummate skill. To a less gifted author, they would inevitably have proved fatal. He has not only deftly avoided their dangers, but made them an element of great power. They constantly pique the attention of the reader, keeping curiosity alive, and presenting the combined charm of surprise and alternation.

The introductory chapters of the volume, containing sketches of life in the great marts of Whalingdom, New Bedford and Nantucket, are pervaded with a fine vein of comic humor, and reveal a succession of portraiture, in which the lineaments of nature shine forth, through a good deal of perverse, intentional exaggeration. To many readers, these will prove the most interesting portions of the work. Nothing can be better than the description of the owners of the vessel, Captain Peleg and Captain Bildad, whose acquaintance we make before the commencement of the voyage. The character of Captain Ahab also opens upon us with wonderful power. He exercises a wild, bewildering fascination by his dark and mysterious nature, which is not at all diminished when we obtain a clearer insight into his strange history. Indeed, all the members of the ship's company, the three mates, Starbuck, Stubbs, and Flash, the wild, savage Gayheader, the case-hardened old blacksmith, to say nothing of the pearl of a New Zealand harpooner, the bosom friend of the narrator—all stand before us in the strongest individual relief, presenting a unique picture gallery, which every artist must despair of rivaling.

The plot becomes more intense and tragic, as it approaches toward the denouement. The malicious old Moby Dick, after long cruisings in pursuit of him, is at length discovered. He comes up to the battle, like an army with banners. He seems inspired with the same fierce, inveterate cunning with which Captain Ahab has followed the traces of his mortal foe. The fight is described in letters of blood. It is easy to foresee which will be the victor in such a contest. We need not say that the ill-omened ship is broken in fragments by the wrath of the weltering fiend. Captain Ahab becomes the prey of his intended victim. The crew perish. One alone escapes to tell the tale. Moby Dick disappears unscathed, and for aught we know, is the same "delicate monster," whose power in destroying another ship is just announced from Panama.

G. P. Putnam announces the *Home Cyclopaedia*, a series of works in the various branches of knowledge, including history, literature, and the fine arts, biography, geography, science, and the useful arts, to be comprised in six large duodecimos. Of this series have recently appeared *The Hand-book of Literature and the Fine Arts*, edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and BAYARD TAYLOR, and *The Hand-book of Universal Biography*, by PARKE GODWIN. The plan of the Encyclopedia is excellent,

adapted to the wants of the American people, and suited to facilitate the acquisition of knowledge. As a collateral aid in a methodical course of study, and a work of reference in the daily reading, which enters so largely into the habits of our countrymen, it will, no doubt, prove of great utility.

Rural Homes, by GERVASSE WHEELER (published by Charles Scribner), is intended to aid persons proposing to build, in the construction of houses suited to American country life. The author writes like a man of sense, culture, and taste. He is evidently an ardent admirer of John Ruskin, and has caught something of his æsthetic spirit. Not that he deals in mere theories. His book is eminently practical. He is familiar with the details of his subject, and sets them forth with great simplicity and directness. No one about to establish a rural homestead should neglect consulting its instructive pages.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields have published a new work, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, for juvenile readers, entitled *A Wonder-Book for Boys and Girls* with engravings by Barker from designs by Billings. It is founded on various old classical legends, but they are so ingeniously wrought over and stamped with the individuality of the author, as to exercise the effect of original productions. Mr. Hawthorne never writes more genially and agreeably than when attempting to amuse children. He seems to find a welcome relief in their inartificial ways from his own weird and sombre fancies. Watching their frisky gambols and odd humors, he half forgets the saturnine moods from which he draws the materials of his most effective fictions, and becomes himself a child. A vein of airy gayety runs through the present volume, revealing a sunny and beautiful side of the author's nature, and forming a delightful contrast to the stern, though irresistibly fascinating horrors, which he wields with such terrific mastery in his recent productions. Child and man will love this work equally well. Its character may be compared to the honey with which the author crowns the miraculous hoard of Baucis and Philemon. "But oh the honey! I may just as well let it alone, without trying to describe how exquisitely it smelt and looked. Its color was that of the purest and most transparent gold; and it had the odor of a thousand flowers; but of such flowers as never grew in an earthly garden, and to seek which the bees must have flown high above the clouds. Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelt. The perfume floated around the kitchen, and made it so delightful, that had you closed your eyes you would instantly have forgotten the low ceiling and smoky walls, and have fancied yourself in an arbor with celestial honeysuckles creeping over it."

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Glances at Europe, by HORACE GREELEY (published by Dewitt and Davenport), has passed rapidly to a second edition, being eagerly called for by the numerous admirers of the author in his capacity as public journalist. Composed in the excitement of a hurried European tour, aiming at accuracy of detail rather than at nicety of language, intended for the mass of intelligent readers rather than for the denizens of libraries, these letters make no claim to profound speculation or to a high degree of literary finish. They are plain, straight-forward, matter-of-fact statements of what the writer saw and heard in the course of his travels, recording at night the impressions made in the day, without reference to the opinions or descriptions of previous travelers. The information concerning various European countries, with which they abound, is substantial and instructive; often connected with topics seldom noticed by tourists; and conveyed in a fresh and lively style. With the reputation of the author for acute observation and forcible expression, this volume is bound to circulate widely among the people.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, have issued a new volume of *Poems*, by RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, consisting of a collection of pieces which have been before published, and several which here make their appearance for the first time. It will serve to elevate the already brilliant reputation of the youthful author. His vocation to poetry is clearly stamped on his productions. Combining great spontaneity of feeling, with careful and elaborate composition, he not only shows a native instinct of verse, but a lofty ideal of poetry as an art. He has entered the path which will lead to genuine and lofty fame. The success of his early effusions has not elated him with a vain conceit of his own genius. Hence, we look for still more admirable productions than any contained in the present volume. He is evidently destined to grow, and we have full faith in the fulfillment of his destiny. His fancy is rich in images of gorgeous and delicate beauty; a deep vein of reflection underlies his boldest excursions; and on themes of tender and pathetic interest, his words murmur with a plaintive melody that reaches the hidden source of tears. His style, no doubt, betrays the influence of frequent communings with his favorite poets. He is eminently susceptible and receptive. He does not wander in the spicy groves of poetical enchantment, without bearing away sweet odors. But this is no impeachment of his own individuality. He is not only drawn by the subtle affinities of genius to the study of the best models, but all the impressions which he receives, take a new form from his own plastic nature. The longest poem in the volume is entitled, "The Castle in the Air"—a production of rare magnificence. "The Hymn to Flora," is full of exquisite beauties, showing a masterly skill in the poetical application of classical legends. "Harley River," "The Blacksmith's Shop," "The Old Elm," are sweet rural pictures, soft and glowing as a June meadow in sunset. "The Household Dirge," and several of the "Songs and Sonnets," are marked by a depth of tenderness which is too earnest for any language but that of the most severe simplicity.

We have a translation of NEANDER *on the Philippians*, by Mrs. H. C. CONANT, which renders that admirable practical commentary into sound and vigorous English. A difficult task accomplished with uncommon skill. (Published by Lewis Colby).

The Heavenly Recognition, by Rev. H. HARBAUGH, is the title of an interesting religious work on the question, "Shall we know our friends in Heaven?" This is treated by the author with great

copiousness of detail, and in a spirit of profound reverence and sincere Christian faith. His book will be welcome to all readers who delight in speculations on the mysteries of the unseen world. Relying mainly on the testimony of Scripture, the author seeks for evidence on the subject in a variety of collateral sources, which he sets forth in a tone of strong and delightful confidence. (Published by Lindsay and Blackiston).

Lindsay and Blackiston have issued several richly ornamented gift books, which will prove attractive during the season of festivity and friendship. Among them are, "*The Star of Bethlehem*," by Rev. H. HASTINGS WELD, a collection of Christmas stories, with elegant engravings. "*The Woodbine*," edited by CAROLINE MAY, containing original pieces and selections, among the latter, "several racy stories of Old England," and a tempting series of *Tales for Boys and Girls*, by Mrs. HUGHES, a justly celebrated writer of juvenile works.

Bishop McILVAINE'S *Charge* on the subject of *Spiritual Regeneration* has been issued in a neat pamphlet by Harper and Brothers. It forms an able and appropriate contribution to doctrinal theology, at a time when the topic discussed has gained a peculiar interest from the present position of Catholicism both in England and America. The theme is handled by Bishop McIlvaine with his accustomed vigor and earnestness, and is illustrated by the fruits of extensive research.

Speaking of the decease of our illustrious countryman, FENIMORE COOPER, the *London Athenæum* has the following discriminating remarks: "Mr. COOPER was at home on the sea or in his own backwoods. His happiest tales are those of 'painted chiefs with pointed spears'—to use a happy description of Mr. Longfellow; and so felicitous has he been in setting them bodily, as it were, before the reader, that hereafter he will be referred to by ethnological and antiquarian writers as historical authority on the character and condition of the Lost Tribes of America. In his later works Mr. COOPER wandered too often and too much from the field of Romance into that of Polemics—and into the latter he imported a querulous spirit, and an extraordinarily loose logical method. All his more recent fictions have the taint of this temper, and the drawback of this controversial weakness. His political creed it would be very difficult to extract entire from the body of his writings; and he has been so singularly infelicitous in its partial expositions, that even of the discordant features which make up the whole, we generally find ourselves disagreeing in some measure with all. But throughout the whole course of his writing, whenever he turned back into his own domain of narrative fiction, the Genius of his youth continued to do him service, and something of his old power over the minds of readers continued to the last. His faults as a writer are far outbalanced by his great qualities—and altogether, he is the most original writer that America has yet produced—and one of whom she may well be proud."

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"HAWTHORNE," says a London critic, "has few equals among the writers of fiction in the English language. There is a freshness, an originality of thought, a quiet humor, a power of description, a quaintness of expression in his tales, which recommend them to readers wearied of the dull commonplaces of all but a select few of the English novelists of our own time. He is beyond measure the best writer of fiction yet produced by America, somewhat resembling DICKENS in many of his excellencies, yet without imitating him. His style is his own entirely."

In a notice of HITCHCOCK'S "Religion of Geology," the London *Literary Gazette* remarks: "Dr. HITCHCOCK is a veteran American clergyman, of high reputation and unaffected piety. Officially, he is President of Amherst College, and Professor of Natural Theology and Geology in that institution. As a geologist, he holds a very distinguished position, and is universally reputed an original observer and philosophical inquirer. His fame is European as well as American. No author has ever entered upon his subject better fitted for his task. The work consists of a series of lectures, which may be characterized as so many scientific sermons. They are clear in style, logical in argument, always earnest, and often eloquent. The author of the valuable and most interesting work before us combines in an eminent degree the qualifications of theologian and geologist."

The *London News* briefly hits off an American work which has attracted little attention in this country: "A fast-sailing American clipper has appeared in the seas of philosophy. The author of 'Vestiges of Civilization; or the Etiology of History, Religious, Æsthetic, Political, and Philosophical,' advertised as written within two months, has puzzled the scientific public as much as did the original MS. of 'Pepys' Diary.' The reader, however, may be comforted in his bewilderment by finding that the author himself is but little better off. In a note there is a confession which should certainly have been extended to the whole production: "I freely own that, touching these extreme terms of the complication in Life and Mind, or rather the precise combinations of polarities that should produce them, *my meaning is at present very far from clear, even to myself*. And yet I know that I *have* a meaning; that it is logically involved in my

statement; and is such as (perhaps within half a century) will set the name of some distinct enunciator side by side with, if not superior to that of Newton."

The *Westminster Review* has passed into the hands of John Chapman, the well-known publisher of works on Rationalistic theology. *The Leader* rather naïvely remarks, "We rely too much on his sagacity to entertain the fear, not unfrequently expressed, of his making the Review over theological, which would be its ruin."

Among the prominent forthcoming works announced by the English publishers, are the following:—"A Lady's Voyage round the World;" from the German of IDA PFEIFFER, from which some interesting extracts have already appeared in Blackwood.—"Wesley and Methodism," by ISAAC TAYLOR—"Lectures on the History of France," by Professor Sir JAMES STEPHENS—A condensed Edition of DR. LAYARD'S "Discoveries at Nineveh," prepared by the Author for popular reading—A second volume of LAMARTINE'S "History of the Restoration of the Monarchy in France"—An improved Edition of the "Life and Works of Robert Burns"—Richardson's "Boat Voyage," or a History of the Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin.

It is said that the recent discoveries of Colonel Rawlinson in relation to the inscriptions on the Assyrian sculptures have awakened the British Government to the great historical value of those monuments—and that a sum of £1500 has been placed at his disposal to assist toward the prosecution of excavations and inquiries in Assyria. Colonel Rawlinson will, it is understood, proceed immediately to Bagdad; and from thence direct his explorations toward any quarter which may appear to him likely to yield important results.

Mr. WILLIAM WEIR, a literary veteran of ability and accomplishment, is about to publish, from the papers of one who mixed much with it, another view of English literary society in the days of Johnson.

A pension of £100 a year on the civil list has been granted to the family of the late Rev. JAMES SEATON REID, D. D., Professor of Church History in Glasgow, and author of the *History of Presbyterianism in Ireland*, besides other works on theology.

In consequence of the present delicate state of health of Professor WILSON, the renowned "Christopher North," he has been obliged to make arrangements for dispensing with the delivery of his lectures on moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, at the ensuing session. Principal LEE is to undertake the duty for the learned Professor.

The map of France, which was begun in 1817, is not yet finished. It is to contain 258 sheets, of which 149 are already published. There yet remains five years' work in surveying, and nine years' work in engraving, to be done. The total cost will exceed £400,000 sterling. Up to this time 2249 staff-officers have been employed in the work.

When the celebrated astronomer Lalande died, nearly fifty years ago, his manuscripts were divided among his heirs—a partition which was agreeable to law, but very injurious to science. M. Lefrançais de Lalande, a staff-officer, impressed with the importance of re-collecting these papers, has, after much trouble, succeeded in getting together the astronomical memoranda of his ancestor to the extent of not less than thirty-six volumes. These he presented to M. Arago; and the latter, to obviate the chances of a future similar dispersion, has made a gift of them to the library of the Paris Observatory.

In announcing the "Memoirs of his own Life," by ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* indulges in a lively, exaggerated portraiture of the great *feuilletonist*: "Another

addition to that class of French literature, called 'Memoirs,' is about to appear, and from the hand of no less a personage than Alexandre Dumas. The great romancer is to tell the world the history of his own eventful life, and his extraordinary literary career. The chances are that the work will be one of the most brilliant of the kind that has yet been published—and that is saying a great deal, when we call to mind the immense host of memoir writers which France possesses, and that among them are an Antony Hamilton and a Duke de Saint Simon. Having mixed familiarly with all descriptions of society, from that of crowned heads and princes of the blood, down to strolling players—having been behind the scenes of the political, the literary, the theatrical, the artistic, the financial, and the trading worlds—having risen unaided from the humble position of subordinate clerk in the office of Louis Philippe's accountant, to that of the most popular of living romancers in all Europe—having found an immense fortune in his inkstand, and squandered it like a genius (or a fool)—having rioted in more than princely luxury, and been reduced to the sore strait of wondering where he could get credit for a dinner—having wandered far and wide, taking life as it came—now dining with a king, anon sleeping with a brigand—one day killing lions in the Sahara, and the next (according to his own account) being devoured by a bear in the Pyrenees—having edited a daily newspaper and managed a theatre, and failed in both—having built a magnificent chateau, and had it sold by auction—having commanded in the National Guard, and done fierce battle with bailiffs and duns—having been decorated by almost every potentate in Europe, so that the breast of his coat is more variegated with ribbons than the rainbow with colors—having published more than any man living, and perhaps as much as any man dead—having fought duels innumerable—and having been more quizzed, and caricatured, and lampooned, and satirized, and abused, and slandered, and admired, and envied, than any human being now alive—Alexandre must have an immensity to tell, and none of his contemporaries, we may be sure, could tell it better—few so well. Only we may fear that it will be mixed up with a vast deal of—imagination. But *n'importe!*"

In the course of a revision of the archives of Celli, a box has been found containing a collection of important documents from the Thirty Years' War, viz., part of the private correspondence of Duke George of Brunswick-Lüneburg, with drafts of his own epistles, and original letters from Pappenheim, Gustavus Adolphus, and Piccolomini.

The Stockholm papers announce the death, in his seventy-first year, of Dr. THOMAS WINGARD, Archbishop of Upsal and Primate of the Kingdom of Sweden. Dr. Wingard had long occupied the chair of Sacred Philology at the University of Lund. He has left to the University of Upsal his library, consisting of upward of 34,000 volumes—and his rich collections of coins and medals, and of Scandinavian antiquities. This is the fourth library bequeathed to the University of Upsal within the space of a year—adding to its book-shelves no fewer than 115,000 volumes. The entire number of volumes possessed by the university is now said to be 288,000—11,000 of these being in manuscript.

The *London Athenæum* announces the death of the Hon. Mrs. LEE—sister to the late Lord Byron, and whose name will ever be dear to the lovers of that poet's verse for the affecting manner in which it is therein enshrined. Few readers of Byron will forget his affectionate recurrences to his sister—made more touching from the bitterness of his memories toward all those whom he accused of contributing to the desolation of his home and the shattering of his household gods. The once familiar name met with in the common obituary of the journals will have recalled to many a one that burst of grateful tenderness with which the bard twines a laurel for his sister's forehead, which will be laid now upon her grave—and of which the following is a leaf:

From the wreck of the past which hath perished
This much I at least may recall,
That what I most tenderly cherished
Deserved to be dearest of all.
In the desert a fountain is springing
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in my solitude singing
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

Numismatic science has to lament the loss of a long known, learned, and distinguished cultivator, Mr. H. P. BORRELL, who died on the 2d inst. at Smyrna. His numerous excellent memoirs on Greek coins, and his clever work on the coins of Cyprus, form permanent memorials of his erudition, research, and correct judgment.

The last mail from China informs us of the death of Dr. GUTZLAFF, at one of the British ports in that country, on the 9th of August last, in his forty-eighth year. The decease of this distinguished Eastern scholar will be learnt with regret by those who take an interest in the progress of European civilization in China. Dr. Gutzlaff was one of the most ardent and indefatigable of the laborers in that cause: and it will be very difficult to fill up the void which his death has occasioned. He was a Pomeranian by birth; and was originally sent to Batavia, Singapore, and Siam by the Netherlands Missionary Society in 1827. He first reached China in 1831; and he appears to have spent the next two years in visiting and exploring certain portions of the Chinese coast, which, previously to that time, had not been visited by any European—or of which, at least, no authentic knowledge was possessed. On the death of the elder Morrison, in 1834, Dr. Gutzlaff was employed as an Interpreter by the British Superintendency; and at a subsequent period he was promoted to the office of Chinese Secretary to the British Plenipotentiary and Superintendent of Trade. That employment he held to the time of his death. Dr. Gutzlaff had ceased to consider himself as a missionary for some years past; but he never relinquished his practice of teaching and exhorting among the Chinese communities in the midst of whom he was placed.

The death of Mrs. MARY SHERWOOD, the celebrated English authoress, took place at Twickenham about the middle of September. She had attained the ripe old age of seventy-six years, but her mind preserved its usual vigor and serenity, unimpaired by the influence of time. She died in the exercise of a tranquil spirit, and firm religious faith. It is said that a biography, prepared from materials left by the deceased, will soon make its appearance from the pen of her youngest daughter, a lady who inherits a portion of her mother's genius and character. A complete edition of Mrs. Sherwood's works, published by Harper and Brothers, has found numerous readers in this country, by whom the name of the writer will long be held in affectionate remembrance.

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A Leaf not from Punch.



FIRST SPORTSMAN.—"My dear sir, I am very sorry that I hit you in the leg. Pray excuse me this time. I'll aim higher next time!"

SECOND SPORTSMAN.—"Aim higher next time! No, I thank you. I'd rather you wouldn't."

ETYMOLOGICAL INVENTIONS.

We perceive, with great alarm, the increasing number of abstruse names given to various simple articles of clothing and commerce. Rather to keep a head of the world than even to run with it, we intend to register—or dispose of for a consideration—the sole right of producing the following articles:

The *Protean Crononhotontologos*, or Changeable Surtout, the tails of which button under to form a dress coat; can be reefed to make a shooting-coat; folded into a cut-a-way; or taken away altogether to turn into a sailing jacket. It is black outside and green within, with sets of shifting buttons, so that it may be used either for dress or sporting, evening or morning, with equal

propriety.

The *Oddrotistone*, or Pumice Beard-leveler, for shaving without water, soap, brush, or razor, and removing all pimples and freckles by pure mechanical action. Strongly recommended to travelers with delicate skins.

The *Hicockolorum*, or Patent Fuel, warranted never to smoke, smell, decrease in bulk, or throw out dangerous gases, and equally adapted for Calorific, Church, Vesta, Air-tight, Registering, Cooking, and all manner of stoves. By simply recollecting never to light it, all these conditions will be fulfilled, or we forfeit fifty thousand dollars.

The *Antilavetorium*, or Perpetual Shirt-collar, which, being formed of enameled tin, never requires to be washed, is not likely to droop or turn down.

The *Thoraxolicon*, or Everlasting Shirt-front, comes under the same patent, which may be had also, perforated in patterns, after the fashionable style.

The *Silicobroma*, a preparation of pure flint-stone, which makes a very excellent soup, by boiling in a pot, with the requisite quantity of meat and vegetables.



SEEDY INDIVIDUAL.—"I've dropped in to do you a very great favor, sir."

MAN OF BUSINESS.—"Well, what is it?"

SEEDY INDIVIDUAL.—"I'm going to allow you the pleasure of lending me five dollars."

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OFF POINT JUDITH.

OLD LADY.—"Now, my good man, I hope you are sure it will really do me good, because I can not touch it but as medicine."



A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

We have been much grieved of late to observe the growing tendency among ladies to *shave their foreheads*, in the hope of intellectualizing their countenances, and this occurs more especially among the literary portion of the fair sex. We subjoin a portrait, but mention no names.

The mistake is this. The height of a forehead depends upon the height of the frontal bone—not upon the growth of the hair; and, therefore, when the forehead retreats, it is absurd to suppose that height can be given by shaving the head, even to the crown. Added to this, it is impossible to conceal the blue mark which the shorn stumps of hair still *will* leave; and, therefore, we hope soon to see the practice abolished.



OLD LADY—(*holding a very small Cabbage*).—"What! 3d. for such a small Cabbage? Why, I never heerd o' such a thing!"

GREENGROCCER.—"Werry sorry, marm; but it's all along o' that Exhibition! What with them Foreigners, and the Gents as smokes, Cabbages has riz."

NEW BIOGRAPHIES.

MR. SMITH.—This celebrated personage has filled many important public and private situations: in fact, we find his name connected with all the great events of the time. He was a divine, an actor, an officer, and an author. But afterward getting into bad company, he was sentenced to the State Prison, and subsequently hanged. His family branches, which are very extensive, are fully treated of in the Directory.

WARREN.—The discoverer of the famous Jet Blacking. Upon the backs of the bottle labels he wrote his celebrated tale of *Ten Thousand a Year*, thus shining in two lines. He lost his life at Bunker Hill.

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Fashions for December.



Figs. 1, 2.—Ball and Evening Dresses.

The figure on the left, in the above illustration, shows a very rich ball costume, with jewels. Hair in raised bands, forming a point in front, leaving the forehead open, and spreading elegantly at the sides. A large cord of pearls is rolled in the hair, and forms, in two rows, a *Marie Stuart*, over the forehead, then mixed with the back hair, falls to the right and left in interlaced rings. Body low, square in front, but rather high on the shoulder. The dress is plain silk, the ornaments silk-net and lace. The whole of the front of the body is ornamented with rows of lace and silk-net *bouillons*. Each row of lace covers a *bouillon*, and leaves one uncovered. There are five or six rows of lace. They are gathered, and it will be seen they are raised by the row of puffs they cover. Two rows of lace are put on as trimming on each side of the stomacher. They start from the same point, spreading wider as they rise, as far as the back, where they form a *berthe*. The skirt is trimmed with three rows, one over the other, composed of silk-net puffs; one at bottom, another one-third of the height up, and the other two-thirds up. Three lace flounces decorate this skirt, and each falls on the edge of the puffs.

The figure on the right exhibits a beautiful evening dress. Hair in puffed bands, waved, rather short, wreath of variegated geraniums, placed at the sides. Plain silk dress, with silk-net *ruchés* about three inches apart, from the bottom upward. Sleeves, tight and short, edged with a *ruché* at bottom. The body is covered with silk-net, opening heart-shape. It is trimmed with two silk-net *berthes*, gathered a little, with a hem about half an inch wide, marked by a small gold cord. A row of variegated flowers runs along the top of the body. The upper skirt, of silk-net, is raised cross-wise, from the front toward the back, up to the side bouquet. The hem of each skirt is two inches deep, and is also marked by a gold cord. The side bouquet, of flowers like those in the hair, is fixed to the body, and hangs in branches on the skirt. The outer sleeves are silk-net, with a hem at the end, and raised cross-wise like the skirt, so as to show the under-sleeves.

In the picture, upon the next page, we give illustrations of three styles of cloaks, the most fashionable for the present winter. They are called by the Parisian modists respectively, *PARISIAN*, *FRILEUSE*, and *CAMARA*. The *PARISIAN* is a walking cloak of satin or *gros d'Ecosse*, trimmed with velvet of different widths sewed on flat; velvet buttons. The *FRILEUSE* is a wadded pelisse of satin *à la reine* or common. Trimming *à la vieille* of the same, with velvet bands. The pelerine may form a hood. The sleeves are wide and straight. The *CAMARA* is a cloak of plain cloth, forming a *Talma* behind, and open cross-wise in front to prevent draping. Wide flat collar. Ornaments consist of velvet fretwork with braid round it.



Figs. 3, 4, 5.—Parisian, Frileuse, and Camara Cloaks.

Figure 6 represents an elegant costume for a little girl, three or four years of age—a pretty, fair haired creature. Frock of white silk, embroidered sky blue, body low and square in front, with two silk lapels, embroidered and festooned; a frill along the top of front, with an embroidered insertion below it. The sleeves are embroidered; a broad blue ribbon passes between the shoulder and the sleeve, and is fastened at top by a *rosette* with loose ends. This manner of tying the ribbon raises the sleeve and leaves the arm uncovered at top. The skirt is composed of two insertions and two embroidered flounces. An embroidered petticoat reaches below the skirt. The sash is of blue silk and very wide.



Fig. 6.—Child's Costume.

Velvet, as a trimming, was never more fashionable than at present. There are at this season few articles included in the category of ladies' costume to which a trimming of velvet may not be applied. Velvet is now employed to ornament plain dresses, as well as those of the most elegant description. One of the new dresses we have seen, is composed of maroon-color silk. The skirt has three flounces, each edged with two rows of black velvet ribbon, of the width of half an inch. The corsage and sleeves are ornamented with the same trimming. Another dress, composed of deep violet or puce-color silk, has the flounces edged also with rows of black velvet. The majority of the dresses, made at the present season, have high corsages, though composed of silk of very rich and thick texture.

FOOTNOTES:

- [1] The Engravings which illustrate this article (except the frontispiece) are from Lossing's *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, now in course of publication by Harper and Brothers.
- [2] This and the picture of the *guide-board* and *anvil block* are copied from sketches made by Captain Austin of the English Expedition.
- [3] Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.
- [4] The armorial bearing of Venice
- [5] Lazare Hoche, a very distinguished young general, who died very suddenly in the army. "Hoche," said Bonaparte, "was one of the first generals that ever France produced. He was brave, intelligent, abounding in talent, decisive, and penetrating."
- [6] Charles Pichegru, a celebrated French general, who entered into a conspiracy to overthrow the consular government and restore the Bourbons. He was arrested and conducted to the Temple, where he was one morning found dead in his bed. The physicians, who met on the occasion, asserted that he had strangled himself with his cravat. "Pichegru," said Napoleon, "instructed me in mathematics at Brienne when I was about ten years old. As a general he was a man of no ordinary talent. After he had united himself with the Bourbons, he sacrificed the lives of upward of twenty thousand of his soldiers by throwing them purposely in the enemies' hands, whom he had informed beforehand of his intentions."
- [7] General Kleber fell beneath the poinard of an assassin in Egypt, when Napoleon was in Paris.
- [8] General Desaix fell, pierced by a bullet, on the field of Marengo. Napoleon deeply deplored his loss, as that of one of his most faithful and devoted friends.
- [9] Pronounced as though written *Kos-shoot*, with the accent on the last syllable. The Magyar equivalent for the French LOUIS and the German LUDWIG is LAJOS. We have given the date of his birth, which seems best authenticated. The notice of the Austrian police, quoted below, makes him to have been born in 1804; still another account gives 1801 as the year of his birth. The portrait which we furnish is from a picture taken a little more than two years since in Hungary, for Messrs. GOUPIL, the well-known picture-dealers of Paris and New York, and is undoubtedly an authentic likeness of him at that time. The following is a pen-and-ink portrait of Kossuth, drawn by those capital artists, the Police authorities of Vienna:—"Louis Kossuth, an ex-advocate, journalist, Minister of Finance, President of the Committee of Defense, Governor of the Hungarian Republic, born in Hungary, Catholic [this is an error, Kossuth is of the Lutheran faith], married. He is of middle height, strong, thin; the face oval, complexion pale, the forehead high and open, hair chestnut, eyes blue, eyebrows dark and very thick, mouth very small and well-formed, teeth fine, chin round. He wears a mustache and imperial, and his curled hair does not entirely cover the upper part of the head. He has a white and delicate hand, the fingers long. He speaks German, Hungarian, Latin, Slovack, a little French and Italian. His bearing when calm, is solemn, full of a certain dignity; his movements elegant, his voice agreeable, softly penetrating, and very distinct, even when he speaks low. He produces, in general, the effect of an enthusiast; his looks often fixed on the heavens; and the expression of his eyes, which are fine, contributes to give him the air of a dreamer. His exterior does not announce the energy of his character." Photography could hardly produce a picture more minutely accurate.
- [10] We have not space to present any portion of this admirable speech. It is given at length in PULSZKY'S Introduction to SCHLESSINGER'S "*War in Hungary*," which has been republished in this country; in a different, and somewhat indifferent translation, in the anonymous "*Louis Kossuth and Hungary*," published in London, written strongly in the Austrian interest. In this latter, however, the "Address to the Throne," by far the most important and weighty portion of the speech, is omitted. A portion of the speech, taken from this latter source, and of course not embracing the Address, is given in Dr. TEFFT'S recent valuable work, "*Hungary and Kossuth*." The whole speech constitutes a historical document of great importance.
- [11] Continued from the November Number.
- [12] Autobiography of Zschokke, p. 119-170.
- [13] "Crotchets in the Air, or an Un-scientific Account of a Balloon Trip," by John Poole, Esq. Colburn, 1838.
- [14] Continued from the November Number.
- [15] I must be pardoned for annexing the original, since it loses much by translation:—"Hominem liberum et magnificum debere, si queat, in primori fronte, animum gestare."

Transcriber's Notes:

Obvious punctuation errors have been repaired, other punctuations have been left as printed in the paper book.

Obvious printer's errors have been repaired, other inconsistent spellings have been kept, including:

- use of hyphen (e.g. "chess-men" and "chessmen");
- accents (e.g. "denouement" and "dénouement");
- place names (e.g. "Hindostan" and "Hindoostan").

In the Table of Contents, following names have been corrected to match the text they refer to:

- "Batthyani" corrected to be "Batthyanyi" (551. Esterhazy, Batthyanyi);
- "Blackistone" corrected to be "Blackinston" (Lindsay and Blackiston's).

Pg 11, word "of" added (unworthy of civilized forbearance).

Pg 40, title added to article (Kossuth—A Biographical Sketch).

Pg 56, word "few" added (only a few days).

Pg 85, word "go" added (I must go on deck).

Pg 96, name "Cliff" corrected to be "Griffith" (Griffith in his).

Pg 139, name "Pfeifer" corrected to be "Pfeiffer" (Ida Pfeiffer).

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE VOL.
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