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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

I. CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

The island of Corsica, sublimely picturesque with its wild ravines and rugged mountains, emerges from the bosom of the Mediterranean Sea, about one hundred miles from the coast of France. It was formerly a province of Italy, and was Italian in its language, sympathies, and customs. In the year 1767 it was invaded by a French army, and after several most sanguinary conflicts, the inhabitants were compelled to yield to superior power, and Corsica was annexed to the empire of the Bourbons.

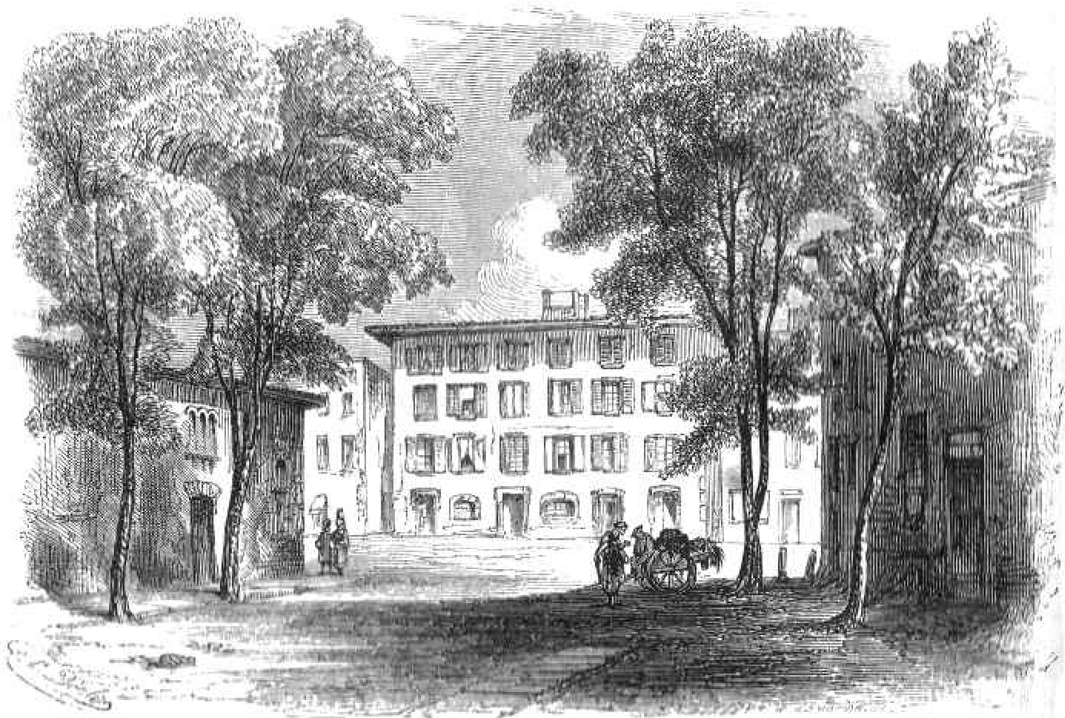
At the time of this invasion there was a young lawyer, of Italian extraction, residing upon the island, whose name was Charles Bonaparte. He was endowed with commanding beauty of person, great vigor of mind, and his remote lineage was illustrious, but the opulence of the noble house had passed away, and the descendant of a family, whose line could be traced far back into the twilight of the dark ages, was under the fortunate necessity of being dependent for his support upon the energies of his own mind. He had married Letitia Raniolini, one of the most beautiful and accomplished of the young ladies of Corsica. Of thirteen children born to them eight survived to attain maturity. As a successful lawyer the father of this large family was able to provide them with an ample competence. His illustrious descent gave him an elevated position in society, and the energies of his mind, ever in vigorous action, invested him with powerful influence.

The family occupied a town house, an ample stone mansion, in Ajaccio, the principal city of the island. They also enjoyed a very delightful country retreat near the sea-shore, a few miles from Ajaccio. This rural home was the favorite resort of the children during the heats of summer. When the French invaded Corsica, Charles Bonaparte, then quite a young man, having been married but a few years, abandoned the peaceful profession of the law, and grasping his sword, united with his countrymen, under the banner of General Paoli, to resist the invaders. His wife, Letitia, had then but one child, Joseph. She was expecting soon to give birth to another. Civil war was desolating the little island. Paoli and his band of patriots, defeated again and again, were retreating before their victorious foes into the fastnesses of the mountains. Letitia followed the fortunes of her husband, and, notwithstanding the embarrassment of her condition, accompanied him on horseback in these perilous and fatiguing expeditions. The conflict, however, was short, and, by the energies of the sword, Corsica became a province of France, and the Italians who inhabited the island became the unwilling subjects of the Bourbon throne. On the 15th of August, 1769, in anticipation of her confinement, Letitia had taken refuge in her town house at Ajaccio.

On the morning of that day she attended church, but, during the service, admonished by approaching pains, she was obliged suddenly to return home, and throwing herself upon a couch, covered with an ancient piece of tapestry, upon which was embroidered the battles and the heroes of the Illiad, she gave birth to her second son, Napoleon Bonaparte. Had the young Napoleon seen the light two months earlier he would have been by birth an Italian, not a Frenchman, for but eight weeks had then elapsed since the island had been transferred to the dominion of France.

The father of Napoleon died not many years after the birth of that child whose subsequent renown has filled the world. He is said to have appreciated the remarkable powers of his son, and, in the delirium which preceded his death, he was calling upon Napoleon to help him. Madame Bonaparte, by this event, was left a widow with eight children, Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Jerome, Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline. Her means were limited, but her mental endowments were commensurate with the weighty responsibilities which devolved upon her. Her children all appreciated the superiority of her character, and yielded, with perfect and unquestioning submission, to her authority. Napoleon in particular ever regarded his mother with the most profound respect and affection. He repeatedly declared that the family were entirely indebted to her for that physical, intellectual, and moral training, which prepared them to ascend the lofty summits of power to which they finally attained. He was so deeply impressed with the sense of these obligations that he often said, "My opinion is that the future good or bad conduct of a child, depends entirely upon its mother." One of his first acts, on attaining power, was to surround his mother with every luxury which wealth could furnish. And when placed at the head of the government of France, he immediately and energetically established schools for female education, remarking that France needed nothing so much to promote its regeneration as good mothers.

Madame Bonaparte after the death of her husband, resided with her children in their country house. It was a retired residence, approached by an avenue overarched by lofty trees and bordered by flowering shrubs. A smooth, sunny lawn, which extended in front of the house, lured these children, so unconscious of the high destinies which awaited them, to their infantile sports. They chased the butterfly; they played in the little pools of water with their naked feet; in childish gambols they rode upon the back of the faithful dog, as happy as if their brows were never to ache beneath the burden of a crown. How mysterious the designs of that inscrutable Providence, which, in the island of Corsica, under the sunny skies of the Mediterranean, was thus rearing a Napoleon, and far away, beneath the burning sun of the tropics, under the shade of the cocoa groves and orange-trees of the West Indies, was moulding the person and ennobling the affections of the beautiful and lovely Josephine. It was by a guidance, which neither of these children sought, that they were conducted from their widely separated and obscure homes to the metropolis of France. There, by their united energies, which had been fostered in solitary studies and deepest musings they won for themselves the proudest throne upon which the sun has ever risen; a throne which in power and splendor eclipsed all that had been told of Roman, or Persian, or Egyptian greatness.



THE BIRTH-HOUSE OF NAPOLEON.

The dilapidated villa in Corsica, where Napoleon passed his infantile years, still exists, and the thoughtful tourist loses himself in pensive reverie as he wanders over the lawn where those children have played—as he passes through the vegetable garden in the rear of the house, which enticed them to toil with their tiny hoes and spades, and as he struggles through the wilderness of shrubbery, now running to wild waste, in the midst of which once could have been heard the

merry shouts of these infantile kings and queens. Their voices are now hushed in death. But the records of earth can not show a more eventful drama than that enacted by these young Bonapartes between the cradle and the grave.

There is, in a sequestered and romantic spot upon the ground, an isolated granite rock, of wild and rugged form, in the fissures of which there is something resembling a cave, which still retains the name of "Napoleon's Grotto." This solitary rock was the favorite resort of the pensive and meditative child, even in his earliest years. When his brothers and sisters were in most happy companionship in the garden, or on the lawn, and the air resounded with their mirthful voices, Napoleon would steal away alone to his loved retreat. There, in the long and sunny afternoons, with a book in his hand, he would repose, in a recumbent posture, for hours, gazing upon the broad expanse of the Mediterranean, spread out before him, and upon the blue sky, which overarched his head. Who can imagine the visions which in those hours arose before the expanding energies of that wonderful mind?

Napoleon could not be called an amiable child. He was silent and retiring in his disposition, melancholy and irritable in his temperament, and impatient of restraint. He was not fond of companionship nor of play. He had no natural joyousness or buoyancy of spirit, no frankness of disposition. His brothers and sisters were not fond of him, though they admitted his superiority. "Joseph," said an uncle at that time, "is the eldest of the family, but Napoleon is its head." His passionate energy and decision of character were such that his brother Joseph, who was a mild, amiable, and unassuming boy, was quite in subjection to his will. It was observed that his proud spirit was unrelenting under any severity of punishment. With stoical firmness, and without the shedding of a tear, he would endure any inflictions. At one time he was unjustly accused of a fault which another had committed. He silently endured the punishment and submitted to the disgrace, and to the subsistence for three days on the coarsest fare, rather than betray his companion; and he did this, not from any special friendship for the one in the wrong, but from an innate pride and firmness of spirit. Impulsive in his disposition, his anger was easily and violently aroused, and as rapidly passed away. There were no tendencies to cruelty in his nature, and no malignant passion could long hold him in subjection.

There is still preserved upon the island of Corsica, as an interesting relic, a small brass cannon, weighing about thirty pounds, which was the early and favorite plaything of Napoleon. Its loud report was music to his childish ears. In imaginary battle he saw whole squadrons mown down by the discharges of his formidable piece of artillery. Napoleon was the favorite child of his father, and had often sat upon his knee; and, with a throbbing heart, a heaving bosom, and a tearful eye, listened to his recital of those bloody battles in which the patriots of Corsica had been compelled to yield to the victorious French. Napoleon hated the French. He fought those battles over again. He delighted, in fancy, to sweep away the embattled host with his discharges of grape-shot; to see the routed foe, flying over the plain, and to witness the dying and the dead covering the ground. He left the bat and the ball, the kite and the hoop for others, and in this strange divertisement found exhilarating joy.

He loved to hear, from his mother's lips, the story of her hardships and sufferings, as, with her husband and the vanquished Corsicans, she fled from village to village, and from fastness to fastness before their conquering enemies. The mother was probably but little aware of the warlike spirit she was thus nurturing in the bosom of her son, but with her own high mental endowments, she could not be insensible of the extraordinary capacities which had been conferred upon the silent, thoughtful, pensive listener. There were no mirthful tendencies in the character of Napoleon; no tendencies in childhood, youth, or manhood to frivolous amusements or fashionable dissipation. "My mother," said Napoleon, at St. Helena, "loves me. She is capable of selling every thing for me, even to her last article of clothing." This distinguished lady died at Marseilles in the year 1822, about a year after the death of her illustrious son upon the island of St. Helena. Seven of her children were still living, to each of whom she bequeathed nearly two millions of dollars; while to her brother, Cardinal Fesch, she left a superb palace, embellished with the most magnificent decorations of furniture, paintings, and sculpture which Europe could furnish. The son, who had conferred all this wealth—to whom the family was indebted for all this greatness, and who had filled the world with his renown, died a prisoner in a dilapidated stable, upon the most bleak and barren isle of the ocean. The dignified character of this exalted lady is illustrated by the following anecdote: Soon after Napoleon's assumption of the imperial purple, he happened to meet his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud. The Emperor was surrounded with his courtiers, and half playfully extended his hand for her to kiss. "Not so, my son," she gravely replied, at the same time presenting her hand in return, "it is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life."

"Left without guide, without support," says Napoleon, "my mother was obliged to take the direction of affairs upon herself. But the task was not above her strength. She managed every thing, provided for every thing with a prudence which could neither have been expected from her sex nor from her age. Ah, what a woman! where shall we look for her equal? She watched over us with a solicitude unexampled. Every low sentiment, every ungenerous affection was discouraged and discarded. She suffered nothing but that which was grand and elevated to take root in our youthful understandings. She abhorred falsehood, and would not tolerate the slightest act of disobedience. None of our faults were overlooked. Losses, privations, fatigue had no effect upon her. She endured all, braved all. She had the energy of a man, combined with the gentleness and delicacy of a woman."

A bachelor uncle owned the rural retreat where the family resided. He was very wealthy, but very

parsimonious. The young Bonapartes, though living in the abundant enjoyment of all the necessaries of life, could obtain but little money for the purchase of those thousand little conveniences and luxuries which every boy covets. Whenever they ventured to ask their uncle for coppers, he invariably pleaded poverty, assuring them that though he had lands and vineyards, goats and poultry, he had no money. At last the boys discovered a bag of doubloons secreted upon a shelf. They formed a conspiracy, and, by the aid of Pauline, who was too young to understand the share which she had in the mischief, they contrived, on a certain occasion, when the uncle was pleading poverty, to draw down the bag, and the glittering gold rolled over the floor. The boys burst into shouts of laughter, while the good old man was almost choked with indignation. Just at that moment Madame Bonaparte came in. Her presence immediately silenced the merriment. She severely reprimanded her sons for their improper behavior, and ordered them to collect again the scattered doubloons.

When the island of Corsica was surrendered to the French, Count Marbœuf was appointed, by the Court at Paris, as its governor. The beauty of Madame Bonaparte, and her rich intellectual endowments, attracted his admiration, and they frequently met in the small but aristocratic circle of society, which the island afforded. He became a warm friend of the family, and manifested much interest in the welfare of the little Napoleon. The gravity of the child, his air of pensive thoughtfulness, the oracular style of his remarks, which characterized even that early period of life, strongly attracted the attention of the governor, and he predicted that Napoleon would create for himself a path through life of more than ordinary splendor. 292

THE HOME OF NAPOLEON'S CHILDHOOD.

When Napoleon was but five or six years of age, he was placed in a school with a number of other children. There a fair-haired little maiden won his youthful heart. It was Napoleon's first love. His impetuous nature was all engrossed by this new passion, and he inspired as ardent an affection in the bosom of his loved companion as that which she had enkindled in his own. He walked to and from school, holding the hand of Giacominetta. He abandoned all the plays and companionship of the other children to talk and muse with her. The older boys and girls made themselves very merry with the display of affection which the loving couple exhibited. Their mirth, however, exerted not the slightest influence to abash Napoleon, though often his anger would be so aroused by their insulting ridicule, that, regardless of the number or the size of his adversaries, with sticks, stones, and every other implement which came in his way, he would rush into their midst and attack them with such a recklessness of consequences, that they were generally put to flight. Then, with the pride of a conqueror, he would take the hand of his infantile friend. The little Napoleon was, at this period of his life, very careless in his dress, and almost invariably appeared with his stockings slipped down about his heels. Some witty boy formed a couplet, which was often shouted upon the play-ground, not a little to the annoyance of the young lover.

Napoleone di mezza calzetta
Fa l'amore à Giacominetta.
Napoleon with his stockings half off
Makes love to Giacominetta.

When Napoleon was about ten years of age, Count Marbœuf obtained for him admission to the military school at Brienne, near Paris. Forty years afterward Napoleon remarked that he never could forget the pangs which he then felt, when parting from his mother. Stoic as he was, his stoicism then forsook him, and he wept like any other child. His journey led him through Italy, and crossing France, he entered Paris. Little did the young Corsican then imagine as he gazed awe-stricken upon the splendors of the metropolis, that all those thronged streets were yet to

resound with his name, and that in those gorgeous palaces the proudest kings and queens of Europe were to bow obsequiously before his unrivaled power. The ardent and studious boy was soon established in school. His companions regarded him as a foreigner, as he spoke the Italian language, and the French was to him almost an unknown tongue. He found that his associates were composed mostly of the sons of the proud and wealthy nobility of France. Their pockets were filled with money, and they indulged in the most extravagant expenditures. The haughtiness with which these worthless sons of imperious but debauched and enervated sires, affected to look down upon the solitary and unfriended alien, produced an impression upon his mind which was never effaced. The revolutionary struggle, that long and lurid day of storms and desolation was just beginning darkly to dawn; the portentous rumblings of that approaching earthquake, which soon uphove both altar and throne, and overthrew all of the most sacred institutions of France in chaotic ruin, fell heavily upon the ear. The young noblemen at Brienne taunted Napoleon with being the son of a Corsican lawyer; for in that day of aristocratic domination the nobility regarded all with contempt who were dependent upon any exertions of their own for support. They sneered at the plainness of Napoleon's dress, and at the emptiness of his purse. His proud spirit was stung to the quick by these indignities, and his temper was roused by that disdain to which he was compelled to submit, and from which he could find no refuge. Then it was that there was implanted in his mind that hostility which he ever afterward so signally manifested to rank founded not upon merit but upon the accident of birth. He thus early espoused this prominent principle of republicanism: "I hate those French," said he, in an hour of bitterness, "and I will do them all the mischief in my power."

Thirty years after this Napoleon said, "Called to the throne by the voice of the people, my maxim has always been, '*A career open to talent*,' without distinction of birth."

NAPOLEON AT BRIENNE.

In consequence of this state of feeling, he secluded himself almost entirely from his fellow-students, and buried himself in the midst of his books and his maps. While they were wasting their time in dissipation and in frivolous amusements, he consecrated his days and his nights with untiring assiduity to study. He almost immediately elevated himself above his companions, and, by his superiority, commanded their respect. Soon he was regarded as the brightest ornament of the institution, and Napoleon exulted in his conscious strength and his undisputed exaltation. In all mathematical studies he became highly distinguished. All books upon history, upon government, upon the practical sciences he devoured with the utmost avidity. The poetry of Homer and of Ossian he read and re-read with great delight. His mind combined the poetical and the practical in most harmonious blending. In a letter written to his mother at this time, he says, "With my sword by my side, and Homer in my pocket, I hope to carve my way through the world." Many of his companions regarded him as morose and moody, and though they could not but respect him, they still disliked his recluse habits and his refusal to participate in their amusements. He was seldom seen upon the play-ground, but every leisure hour found him in the library. The Lives of Plutarch he studied so thoroughly, and with such profound admiration, that his whole soul became imbued with the spirit of these illustrious men. All the thrilling scenes of Grecian and Roman story, the rise and fall of empires, and deeds of heroic daring absorbed his contemplation. Even at this early period of his life, and in all subsequent years, he expressed utter contempt for those enervating tales of fiction, with which so many of the readers of the present day are squandering their time and enfeebling their energies. It may be doubted whether he ever wasted an hour upon such worthless reading. When afterward seated upon the throne of France, he would not allow a novel to be brought into the palace; and has been known to take such a book from the hands of a maid of honor, and after giving her a severe reprimand to throw

it into the fire. So great was his ardor for intellectual improvement, that he considered every day as lost in which he had not made perceptible progress in knowledge. By this rigid mental discipline he acquired that wonderful power of concentration by which he was ever enabled to simplify subjects the most difficult and complicated.

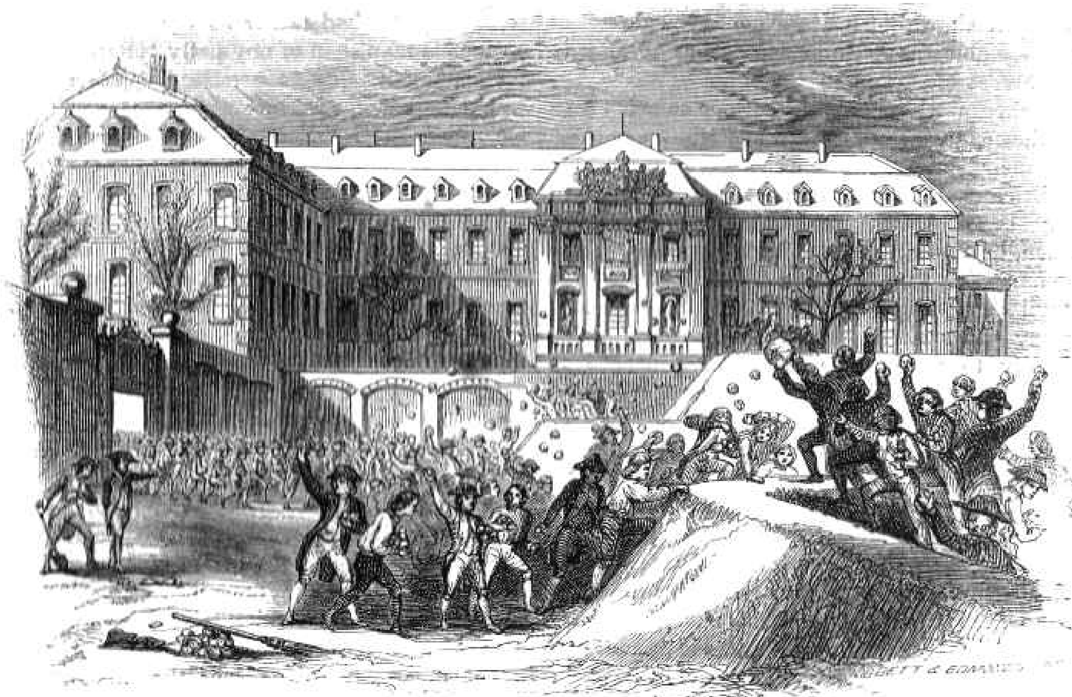
He made no efforts to conciliate the good-will of his fellow-students; and he was so stern in his morals and so unceremonious in his manners that he was familiarly called the Spartan. At this time he was distinguished by his Italian complexion, a piercing eagle eye, and by that energy of conversational expression which, through life, gave such an oracular import to all his utterances. His unremitting application to study, probably impaired his growth, for his fine head was developed disproportionately with his small stature. Though stubborn and self-willed in his intercourse with his equals, he was a firm friend of strict discipline, and gave his support to established authority. This trait of character, added to his diligence and brilliant attainments, made him a great favorite with the professors. There was, however, one exception. Napoleon took no interest in the study of the German language. The German teacher, consequently, entertained a very contemptible opinion of the talents of his pupil. It chanced that upon one occasion Napoleon was absent from the class. M. Bouer, upon inquiring, ascertained that he was employed that hour in the class of engineers. "Oh! he does learn something, then," said the teacher, ironically. "Why, sir!" a pupil rejoined; "he is esteemed the very first mathematician in the school." "Truly," the irritated German replied, "I have always heard it remarked, and have uniformly believed, that any fool, and none but a fool, could learn mathematics." Napoleon afterward relating this anecdote, laughingly said, "It would be curious to ascertain whether M. Bouer lived long enough to learn my real character, and enjoy the fruits of his own judgment."

Each student at Brienne had a small portion of land allotted to him, which he might cultivate, or not, as he pleased. Napoleon converted his little field into a garden. To prevent intrusion, he surrounded it with palisades, and planted it thickly with trees. In the centre of this, his fortified camp, he constructed a pleasant bower, which became to him a substitute for the beloved grotto he had left in Corsica. To this grotto he was wont to repair to study and to meditate, where he was exposed to no annoyances from his frivolous fellow-students. In those trumpet-toned proclamations which subsequently so often electrified Europe, one can see the influence of these hours of unremitting mental application.

At that time he had few thoughts of any glory but military glory. Young men were taught that the only path to renown was to be found through fields of blood. All the peaceful arts of life, which tend to embellish the world with competence and refinement, were despised. He only was the chivalric gentleman, whose career was marked by conflagrations and smouldering ruins, by the despair of the maiden, the tears and woe of widows and orphans, and by the shrieks of the wounded and the dying. Such was the school in which Napoleon was trained. The writings of Voltaire and Rousseau had taught France, that the religion of Jesus Christ was but a fable; that the idea of accountability at the bar of God was a foolish superstition; that death was a sleep from which there was no awaking; that life itself, aimless and objectless, was so worthless a thing that it was a matter of most trivial importance how soon its vapor should pass away. These peculiarities in the education of Napoleon must be taken into account in forming a correct estimate of his character. It could hardly be said that he was educated in a Christian land. France renounced Christianity and plunged into the blackest of Pagan darkness, without any religion, and without a God. Though the altars of religion were not, at this time, entirely swept away, they were thoroughly undermined by that torrent of infidelity which, in crested billows, was surging over the land. Napoleon had but little regard for the lives of others and still less for his own. He never commanded the meanest soldier to go where he was not willing to lead him. Having never been taught any correct ideas of probation or retribution, the question whether a few thousand illiterate peasants, should eat, drink, and sleep for a few years more or less, was in his view of little importance compared with those great measures of political wisdom which should meliorate the condition of Europe for ages. It is Christianity alone which stamps importance upon each individual life, and which invests the apparent trivialities of time with the sublimities of eternity. It is, indeed, strange that Napoleon, graduating at the schools of infidelity and of war, should have cherished so much of the spirit of humanity, and should have formed so many just conceptions of right and wrong. It is, indeed, strange that surrounded by so many allurements to entice him to voluptuous indulgence and self-abandonment, he should have retained a character, so immeasurably superior in all moral worth, to that of nearly all the crowned heads who occupied the thrones around him.

The winter of 1784 was one of unusual severity. Large quantities of snow fell, which so completely blocked up the walks, that the students at Brienne could find but little amusement without doors. Napoleon proposed, that to beguile the weary hours, they should erect an extensive fortification of snow, with intrenchments and bastions, parapets, ravelins, and horn-works. He had studied the science of fortification with the utmost diligence, and, under his superintendence the works were conceived and executed according to the strictest rules of art. The power of his mind now displayed itself. No one thought of questioning the authority of Napoleon. He planned and directed while a hundred busy hands, with unquestioning alacrity, obeyed his will. The works rapidly rose, and in such perfection of science, as to attract crowds of the inhabitants of Brienne for their inspection. Napoleon divided the school into two armies, one being intrusted with the defense of the works, while the other composed the host of the besiegers. He took upon himself the command of both bodies, now heading the besiegers in the desperate assault, and now animating the besieged to an equally vigorous defense. For several weeks this mimic warfare continued, during which time many severe wounds were received on

each side. In the heat of the battle, when the bullets of snow were flying thick and fast, one of the subordinate officers, venturing to disobey the commands of his general, Napoleon felled him to the earth, inflicting a wound which left a scar for life.



THE SNOW FORT.

In justice to Napoleon it must be related that when he had attained the highest pitch of grandeur, this unfortunate school-boy, who had thus experienced the rigor of Napoleon's military discipline, sought to obtain an audience with the Emperor. Calamities had darkened the path of the unfortunate man, and he was in poverty and obscurity. Napoleon, not immediately recalling his name to mind, inquired if the applicant could designate some incident of boyhood which would bring him to his recollection. "Sire!" replied the courtier; "he has a deep scar upon his forehead which he says was inflicted by your hand." "Ah!" rejoined Napoleon, smiling; "I know the meaning of that scar perfectly well. It was caused by an ice bullet which I hurled at his head. Bid him enter." The poor man made his appearance, and immediately obtained from Napoleon every thing that he requested.

At one time the students at Brienne got up a private theatre for their entertainment. The wife of the porter of the school, who sold the boys cakes and apples, presented herself at the door of the theatre to obtain admission to see the play, of the death of Cæsar, which was to be performed that evening. Napoleon's sense of decorum was shocked at the idea of the presence of a female among such a host of young men, and he indignantly exclaimed, in characteristic language, "Remove that woman, who brings here the license of camps."

Napoleon remained in the school at Brienne for five years, from 1779 till 1784. His vacations were usually spent in Corsica. He was enthusiastically attached to his native island, and enjoyed exceedingly rambling over its mountains, and through its valleys, and listening at humble firesides to those traditions of violence and crime with which every peasant was familiar. He was a great admirer of Paoli, the friend of his father and the hero of Corsica. At Brienne the students were invited to dine, by turns, with the principal of the school. One day when Napoleon was at the table, one of the professors, knowing his young pupil's admiration for Paoli, spoke disrespectfully of the distinguished general, that he might tease the sensitive lad. Napoleon promptly and energetically replied, "Paoli, sir, was a great man! He loved his country; and I never shall forgive my father, for consenting to the union of Corsica with France. He ought to have followed Paoli's fortunes and to have fallen with him."

Paoli, who upon the conquest of Corsica had fled to England, was afterward permitted to return to his native island. Napoleon, though in years but a boy, was, in mind a full-grown man. He sought the acquaintance of Paoli, and they became intimate friends. The veteran general and the manly boy took many excursions together over the island; and Paoli pointed out to his intensely-interested companion, the fields where sanguinary battles had been fought, and the positions which the little army of Corsicans had occupied in the struggle for independence. The energy and decision of character displayed by Napoleon produced such an impression upon the mind of this illustrious man, that he at one time exclaimed, "Oh, Napoleon! you do not at all resemble the moderns. You belong only to the heroes of Plutarch."

Pichegru, who afterward became so celebrated as the conqueror of Holland and who came to so melancholy a death, was a member of the school at Brienne at the same time with Napoleon. Being several years older than the young Corsican, he instructed him in mathematics. The commanding talents and firm character of his pupil deeply impressed the mind of Pichegru. Many years after, when Napoleon was rising rapidly to power, the Bourbons proposed to Pichegru, who had espoused the royalist cause, to sound Napoleon and ascertain if he could be purchased to

advocate their claims. "It will be but lost time to attempt it," said Pichegru: "I knew him in his youth. His character is inflexible. He has taken his side, and he will not change it."

One of the ladies of Brienne, occasionally invited some of the school-boys to sup with her at her chateau. Napoleon was once passing the evening with this lady, and, in the course of conversation, she remarked, "Turenne was certainly a very great man; but I should have liked him better had he not burned the Palatinate." "What signifies that," was Napoleon's characteristic remark, "if the burning was necessary to the object he had in view?"[1] This sentiment, uttered in childhood, is a key to the character of Napoleon. It was his great moral defect. To attain an end which he deemed important, he would ride over every obstacle. He was not a cruel man. He was not a malignant man. It was his great ambition to make himself illustrious by making France the most powerful, enlightened, and happy empire upon the surface of the globe. If, to attain this end, it was necessary to sacrifice a million of lives, he would not shrink from the sacrifice. Had he been educated in the school of Christianity, he might have learned that the end will not sanctify the means. Napoleon was not a Christian.

[1] Turenne was a marshal of France, and a distinguished military leader in the reign of Louis XIV. He marched an invading army into the Palatinate, a province of Germany, on the Rhine, and spread devastation every where around him. From the top of his castle at Manheim, the Elector of the Palatinate, at one time saw two of his cities and twenty five of his villages in flames.

His character for integrity and honor ever stood very high. At Brienne he was a great favorite with the younger boys, whose rights he defended against the invasions of the older. The indignation which Napoleon felt at this time, in view of the arrogance of the young nobility, produced an impression upon his character, the traces of which never passed away. When his alliance with the royal house of Austria was proposed, the Emperor Francis, whom Napoleon very irreverently called "an old granny,"[2] was extremely anxious to prove the illustrious descent of his prospective son-in-law.

[2] Some one repeated, to Maria Louisa, this remark of Napoleon. She did not understand its meaning, and went to Talleyrand, inquiring, "What does that mean, Monsieur, *an old granny*, what does it mean?" "It means," the accomplished courtier replied, with one of his most profound bows, "it means a venerable sage."

He accordingly employed many persons to make researches among the records of genealogy, to trace out the grandeur of his ancestral line. Napoleon refused to have the account published, remarking, "I had rather be the descendant of an honest man than of any petty tyrant of Italy. I wish my nobility to commence with myself, and to derive all my titles from the French people. I am the Rodolph of Hapsburg of my family. My patent of nobility dates from the battle of Montenotte."[3]

[3] Rodolph of Hapsburg, was a gentleman, who by his own energies had elevated himself to the imperial throne of Germany; and became the founder of the house of Hapsburg. He was *the ancestor* to whom the Austrian kings looked back with the loftiest pride.

Upon the occasion of this marriage, the Pope, in order to render the pedigree of Napoleon more illustrious, proposed the canonization of a poor monk, by the name of Bonaparte, who for centuries had been quietly reposing in his grave. "*Holy Father!*" exclaimed Napoleon, "*I beseech you, spare me the ridicule of that step. You being in my power, all the world will say that I forced you to create a saint out of my family.*" To some remonstrances which were made against this marriage Napoleon coolly replied, "I certainly should not enter into this alliance, if I were not aware of the origin of Maria Louise being equally as noble as my own."

Still Napoleon was by no means regardless of that mysterious influence which illustrious descent invariably exerts over the human mind. Through his life one can trace the struggles of those conflicting sentiments. The marshals of France, and the distinguished generals who surrounded his throne, were raised from the rank and file of the army, by their own merit; but he divorced his faithful Josephine, and married a daughter of the Cæsars, that by an illustrious alliance he might avail himself of this universal and innate prejudice. No power of reasoning can induce one to look with the same interest upon the child of Cæsar and the child of the beggar.

Near the close of Napoleon's career, while Europe in arms was crowding upon him, the Emperor found himself in desperate and hopeless conflict on that very plain at Brienne, where in childhood he had reared his fortification of snow. He sought an interview with the old woman, whom he had ejected from the theatre, and from whom he had often purchased milk and fruit.

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"Do you remember a boy by the name of Bonaparte," inquired Napoleon, "who formerly attended this school?" "Yes! very well," was the answer. "Did he always pay you for what he bought?" "Yes;" replied the old woman, "and he often compelled the other boys to pay, when they wished to defraud me." "Perhaps he may have forgotten a few sous," said Napoleon, "and here is a purse of gold to discharge any outstanding debt which may remain between us." At this same time he pointed out to his companion a tree, under which, with unbounded delight, he read, when a boy, Jerusalem Delivered, and where, in the warm summer evenings, with indescribable luxury of emotion, he listened to the tolling of the bells on the distant village-church spires. To such impressions his sensibilities were peculiarly alive. The monarch then turned away sadly from these reminiscenses of childhood, to plunge, seeking death, into the smoke and the carnage of his last and despairing conflicts.

It was a noble trait in the character of Napoleon, that in his day of power he so generously remembered even the casual acquaintances of his early years. He ever wrote an exceedingly illegible hand, as his impetuous and restless spirit was such that he could not drive his pen with sufficient rapidity over his paper. The poor writing-master at Brienne was in utter despair, and could do nothing with his pupil. Years after, Napoleon was sitting one day with Josephine, in his cabinet at St. Cloud, when a poor man, with threadbare coat, was ushered into his presence. Trembling before his former pupil, he announced himself as the writing-master of Brienne, and solicited a pension from the Emperor. Napoleon affected anger, and said, "Yes, you were my writing-master, were you? and a pretty chirographist you made of me, too. Ask Josephine, there, what she thinks of my handwriting!" The Empress, with that amiable tact, which made her the most lovely of women, smilingly replied, "I assure you, sir, his letters are perfectly delightful." The Emperor laughed cordially at the well-timed compliment, and made the poor old man comfortable for the rest of his days.

In the days of his prosperity, amidst all the cares of empire, Napoleon remembered the poor Corsican woman, who was the kind nurse of his infancy, and settled upon her a pension of two hundred dollars a year. Though far advanced in life, the good woman was determined to see her little nursling, in the glory of whose exaltation her heart so abundantly shared. With this object in view she made a journey to Paris. The Emperor received her most kindly, and transported the happy woman home again with her pension doubled.

In one of Napoleon's composition exercises at Brienne, he gave rather free utterance to his republican sentiments, and condemned the conduct of the royal family. The professor of rhetoric rebuked the young republican severely for the offensive passage, and to add to the severity of the rebuke, compelled him to throw the paper into the fire. Long afterward, the professor was commanded to attend a levee of the First Consul to receive Napoleon's younger brother Jerome as a pupil. Napoleon received him with great kindness, but at the close of the business, very good-humoredly reminded him that times were very considerably changed since the burning of that paper.

Napoleon remained in the school of Brienne for five years, from 1779 till 1784. He had just entered his fifteenth year, when he was promoted to the military school at Paris. Annually, three of the best scholars, from each of the twelve provincial military schools of France, were promoted to the military school at Paris. This promotion, at the earliest possible period in which his age would allow his admission, shows the high rank, as a scholar, which Napoleon sustained. The records of the Minister of War contain the following interesting entry:

"State of the king's scholars eligible to enter into service, or to pass to the school at Paris. Monsieur de Bonaparte (Napoleon), born 15th August, 1769; in height five feet six and a half inches; has finished his fourth season; of a good constitution, health excellent, character mild, honest, and grateful; conduct exemplary; has always distinguished himself by application to mathematics; understands history and geography tolerably well; is indifferently skilled in merely ornamental studies, and in Latin, in which he has only finished his fourth course; would make an excellent sailor; deserves to be passed to the school at Paris."

The military school at Paris, which Napoleon now entered, was furnished with all the appliances of aristocratic luxury. It had been founded for the sons of the nobility, who had been accustomed to every indulgence. Each of the three hundred young men assembled in this school had a servant to groom his horse, to polish his weapons, to brush his boots, and to perform all other necessary menial services. The cadet reposed on a luxurious bed, and was fed with sumptuous viands. There are few lads of fifteen who would not have been delighted with the dignity, the ease, and the independence of this style of living. Napoleon, however, immediately saw that this was by no means the training requisite to prepare officers for the toils and the hardships of war. He addressed an energetic memorial to the governor, urging the banishment of this effeminacy and voluptuousness from the military school. He argued that the students should learn to groom their own horses, to clean their armor, and to perform all those services, and to inure themselves to those privations which would prepare them for the exposure and the toils of actual service. No incident in the childhood or in the life of Napoleon shows more decisively than this his energetic, self-reliant, commanding character. The wisdom, the fortitude, and the foresight, not only of mature years, but of the mature years of the most powerful intellect, were here exhibited. The military school which he afterward established at Fontainebleau, and which obtained such world-wide celebrity, was founded upon the model of this youthful memorial. And one distinguishing cause of the extraordinary popularity which Napoleon afterward secured, was to be found in the fact, that through life he called upon no one to encounter perils, or to endure hardships which he was not perfectly ready himself to encounter or to endure.

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At Paris the elevation of his character, his untiring devotion to study, his peculiar conversational energy, and the almost boundless information he had acquired, attracted much attention. His solitary and recluse habits, and his total want of sympathy with most of his fellow students in their idleness, and in their frivolous amusements, rendered him far from popular with the multitude. His great superiority was, however, universally recognized. He pressed on in his studies with as much vehemence as if he had been forewarned of the extraordinary career before him, and that but a few months were left in which to garner up those stores of knowledge with which he was to remodel the institutions of Europe, and almost change the face of the world.

About this time he was at Marseilles on some day of public festivity. A large party of young gentlemen and ladies were amusing themselves with dancing. Napoleon was rallied upon his

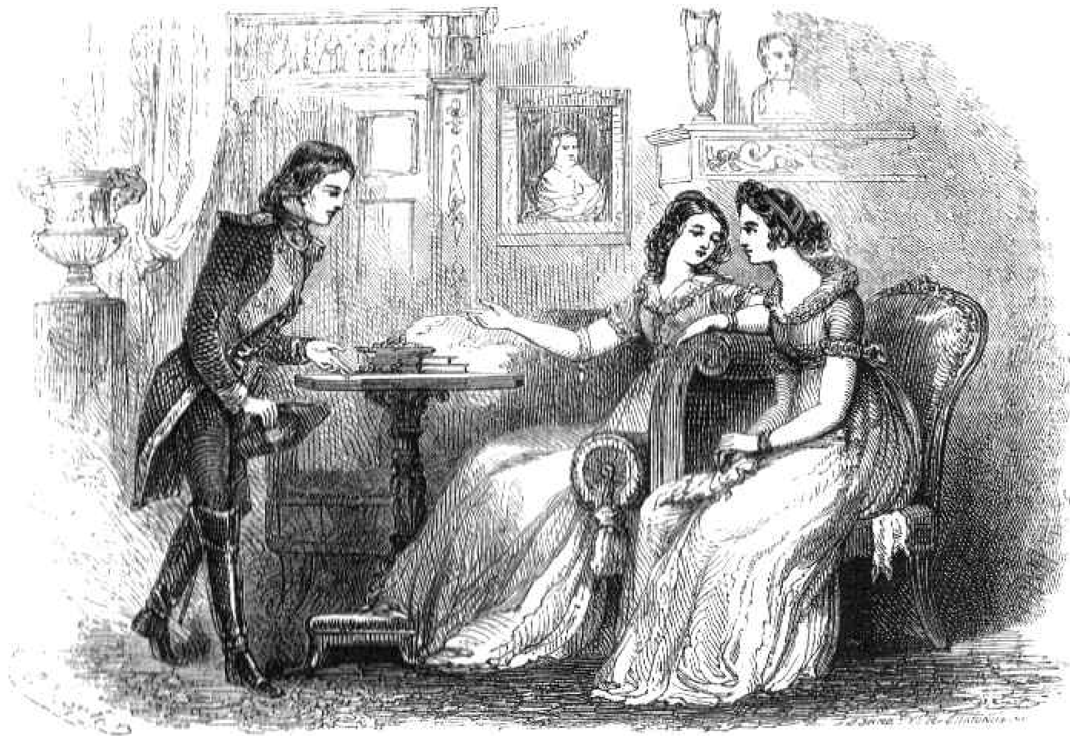
want of gallantry in declining to participate in the amusements of the evening. He replied, "It is not by playing and dancing that a *man* is to be formed." Indeed he never, from childhood, took any pleasure in fashionable dissipation. He had not a very high opinion of men or women in general. He was perfectly willing to provide amusements which he thought adapted to the capacities of the masculine and feminine minions flitting about the court; but his own expanded mind was so engrossed with vast projects of utility and renown, that he found no moments to spare in cards and billiards, and he was at the furthest possible remove from what may be called a lady's man.

On one occasion a mathematical problem of great difficulty having been proposed to the class, Napoleon, in order to solve it, secluded himself in his room for seventy-two hours; and he solved the problem. This extraordinary faculty of intense and continuous exertion both of mind and body, was his distinguishing characteristic through life. Napoleon did not blunder into renown. His triumphs were not casualties; his achievements were not accidents; his grand conceptions were not the brilliant flashes of unthinking and unpremeditated genius. Never did man prepare the way for greatness by more untiring devotion to the acquisition of all useful knowledge, and to the attainment of the highest possible degree of mental discipline. That he possessed native powers of mind, of extraordinary vigor it is true; but those powers were expanded and energized by Herculean study. His mighty genius impelled to the sacrifice of every indulgence, and to sleepless toil.

The vigor of Napoleon's mind, so conspicuous in conversation, was equally remarkable in his exercises in composition. His professor of Belles-Lettres remarked that Napoleon's amplifications ever reminded him of "flaming missiles ejected from a volcano." While in the military school at Paris the Abbé Raynal became so forcibly impressed with his astonishing mental acquirements, and the extent of his capacities, that he frequently invited him, though Napoleon was then but a lad of sixteen, to breakfast at his table with other illustrious guests. His mind was at that time characterized by great logical accuracy, united with the most brilliant powers of masculine imagination. His conversation, laconic, graphic, oracular, arrested every mind. Had the vicissitudes of life so ordered his lot, he would undoubtedly have been as distinguished in the walks of literature and in the halls of science, as he became in the field and in the cabinet. That he was one of the profoundest of thinkers all admit; and his trumpet-toned proclamations resounded through Europe, rousing the army to almost a frenzy of enthusiasm, and electrifying alike the peasant and the prince. Napoleon had that comprehensive genius which would have been pre-eminent in any pursuit to which he had devoted the energies of his mind. Great as were his military victories, they were by no means the greatest of his achievements.

In September, 1785, Napoleon, then but sixteen years of age, was examined to receive an appointment in the army. The mathematical branch of the examination was conducted by the celebrated La Place. Napoleon passed the ordeal triumphantly. In history he had made very extensive attainments. His proclamations, his public addresses, his private conferences with his ministers in his cabinet, all attest the philosophical discrimination with which he had pondered the records of the past, and had studied the causes of the rise and fall of empires. At the close of his examination in history, the historical professor, Monsieur Keruglion, wrote opposite to the signature of Napoleon, "A Corsican by character and by birth. This young man will distinguish himself in the world if favored by fortune." This professor was very strongly attached to his brilliant pupil. He often invited him to dinner, and cultivated his confidence. Napoleon in after years did not forget this kindness, and many years after, upon the death of the professor, settled a very handsome pension upon his widow. Napoleon, as the result of this examination, was appointed second lieutenant in a regiment of artillery. He was exceedingly gratified in becoming thus early in life an officer in the army. To a boy of sixteen it must have appeared the attainment of a very high degree of human grandeur.

That evening, arrayed in his new uniform, with epaulets and the enormous boots which at that time were worn by the artillery, in an exuberant glow of spirits, he called upon a female friend, Mademoiselle Permon, who afterward became Duchess of Abrantes, and who was regarded as one of the most brilliant wits of the imperial court. A younger sister of this lady, who had just returned from a boarding-school, was so much struck with the comical appearance of Napoleon, whose feminine proportions so little accorded with this military costume, that she burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, declaring that he resembled nothing so much as "Puss in Boots." The raillery was too just not to be felt. Napoleon struggled against his sense of mortification, and soon regained his accustomed equanimity. A few days after, to prove that he cherished no rancorous recollection of the occurrence, he presented the mirthful maiden with an elegantly bound copy of Puss in Boots.



LIEUTENANT BONAPARTE.

Napoleon soon, exulting in his new commission, repaired to Valence to join his regiment. His excessive devotion to study had impeded the full development of his physical frame. Though exceedingly thin and fragile in figure, there was a girlish gracefulness and beauty in his form; and his noble brow and piercing eye attracted attention and commanded respect. One of the most distinguished ladies of the place, Madame du Colombier, became much interested in the young lieutenant, and he was frequently invited to her house. He was there introduced to much intelligent and genteel society. In after life he frequently spoke with gratitude of the advantages he derived from this early introduction to refined and polished associates. Napoleon formed a strong attachment for a daughter of Madame du Colombier, a young lady of about his own age and possessed of many accomplishments. They frequently enjoyed morning and evening rambles through the pleasant walks in the environs of Valence. Napoleon subsequently speaking of this youthful attachment said, "We were the most innocent creatures imaginable. We contrived short interviews together. I well remember one which took place, on a midsummer's morning, just as the light began to dawn. It will scarcely be credited that all our felicity consisted in eating cherries together." The vicissitudes of life soon separated these young friends from each other, and they met not again for ten years. Napoleon, then Emperor of France, was, with a magnificent retinue, passing through Lyons, when this young lady, who had since been married, and who had encountered many misfortunes, with some difficulty gained access to him, environed as he was with all the etiquette of royalty. Napoleon instantly recognized his former friend and inquired minutely respecting all her joys and griefs. He immediately assigned to her husband a post which secured for him an ample competence, and conferred upon her the situation of a maid of honor to one of his sisters.

From Valence Napoleon went to Lyons, having been ordered, with his regiment, to that place in consequence of some disturbances which had broken out there. His pay as lieutenant was quite inadequate to support him in the rank of a gentleman. His widowed mother, with six children younger than Napoleon, who was then but seventeen years of age, was quite unable to supply him with funds. This pecuniary embarrassment often exposed the high-spirited young officer to the keenest mortification. It did not, however, in the slightest degree, impair his energies or weaken his confidence in that peculiar consciousness, which from childhood he had cherished, that he was endowed with extraordinary powers, and that he was born to an exalted destiny. He secluded himself from his brother officers, and, keeping aloof from all the haunts of amusement and dissipation, cloistered himself in his study, and with indefatigable energy devoted himself anew to the acquisition of knowledge, laying up those inexhaustible stores of information and gaining that mental discipline which proved of such incalculable advantage to him in the brilliant career upon which he subsequently entered.

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While at Lyons, Napoleon, friendless and poor, was taken sick. He had a small room in the attic of an hotel, where, alone, he lingered through the weary hours of hunger and pain. A lady from Geneva, visiting some friends at Lyons, happened to learn that a young officer was sick in the hotel. She could only ascertain, respecting him, that he was quite young—that his name was Bonaparte—then an unknown name; and that his purse was very scantily provided. Her benevolent feelings impelled her to his bedside. She immediately felt the fascination with which Napoleon could ever charm those who approached him. With unremitting kindness she nursed him, and had the gratification of seeing him so far restored as to be able to rejoin his regiment. Napoleon took his leave of the benevolent lady with many expressions of gratitude for the kindness he had experienced.

After the lapse of years when Napoleon had been crowned Emperor, he received a letter from

this lady, congratulating him upon the eminence he had attained, and informing him that disastrous days had darkened around her. Napoleon immediately returned an answer, containing two thousand dollars, and expressing the most friendly assurances of his immediate attention to any favors she might in future solicit.

The Academy at Lyons offered a prize for the best dissertation upon the question: "What are the institutions most likely to contribute to human happiness?" Napoleon wrote upon the subject, and though there were many competitors, the prize was awarded to him. Many years afterward, when seated upon the throne, his Minister Talleyrand sent a courier to Lyons and obtained the manuscript. Thinking it would please the Emperor, he, one day, when they were alone, put the essay into Napoleon's hands, asking him if he knew the author. Napoleon immediately recognizing the writing, threw it into the flames, saying at the same time, that it was a boyish production full of visionary and impracticable schemes. He also, in these hours of unceasing study, wrote a History of Corsica, which he was preparing to publish, when the rising storms of the times led him to lay aside his pen for the sword.

Two great parties, the Royalists and the Republicans, were now throughout France contending for the supremacy. Napoleon joined the Republican side. Most of the officers in the army being sons of the Old Nobility, were of the opposite party; and this made him very unpopular with them. He, however, with great firmness, openly avowed his sentiments, and eagerly watched the progress of those events, which he thought would open to him a career of fame and fortune. He still continued to prosecute his studies with untiring diligence. He was, at this period of his life, considered proud, haughty, and irascible, though he was loved with great enthusiasm by the few whose friendship he chose to cultivate. His friends appreciated his distinguished character and attainments, and predicted his future eminence. His remarkable logical accuracy of mind, his lucid and energetic expressions, his immense information upon all points of history and upon every subject of practical importance, his extensive scientific attainments, and his thorough accomplishments as an officer, rendered him an object of general observation, and secured for him the respect even of the idlers who disliked his unsocial habits.

About this time, in consequence of some popular tumults at Auxonne, Napoleon, with his regiment, was ordered to that place. He, with some subaltern officers, was quartered at the house of a barber. Napoleon, as usual, immediately, when off of duty, cloistered himself in his room with his law books, his scientific treatises, his histories, and his mathematics. His associate officers loitered through the listless days, coquetting with the pretty wife of the barber, smoking cigars in the shop, and listening to the petty gossip of the place. The barber's wife was quite annoyed at receiving no attentions from the handsome, distinguished, but ungallant young lieutenant. She accordingly disliked him exceedingly. A few years after as Napoleon, then commander of the army of Italy, was on his way to Marengo, he passed through Auxonne. He stopped at the door of the barber's shop and asked his former hostess, if she remembered a young officer by the name of Bonaparte, who was once quartered in her family. "Indeed, I do," was the pettish reply, "and a very disagreeable inmate he was. He was always either shut up in his room or, if he walked out, he never condescended to speak to any one." "Ah! my good woman," Napoleon rejoined; "had I passed my time as you wished to have me, I should not now have been in command of the army of Italy."

The higher nobility and most of the officers in the army were in favor of Royalty. The common soldiers and the great mass of the people were advocates of Republicanism. Napoleon's fearless avowal, under all circumstances, of his hostility to monarchy and his approval of popular liberty, often exposed him to serious embarrassments. He has himself given a very glowing account of an interview at one of the fashionable residences at Auxonne, where he had been invited to meet an aristocratic circle. The revolution was just breaking out in all its terror, and the excitement was intense throughout France. In the course of conversation Napoleon gave free utterance to his sentiments. They all instantly assailed him, gentlemen and ladies, pell-mell. Napoleon was not a man to retreat. His condensed sentences fell like hot shot among the crowd of antagonists who surrounded him. The battle waxed warmer and warmer. There was no one to utter a word in favor of Napoleon. He was a young man of nineteen, surrounded by veteran generals and distinguished nobles. Like Wellington at Waterloo he was wishing that some "Blucher or night were come." Suddenly the door was opened, and the mayor of the city was announced. Napoleon began to flatter himself that a rescue was at hand, when the little great man in pompous dignity joined the assailants and belabored the young officer at bay, more mercilessly than all the rest. At last the lady of the house took compassion upon her defenseless guest, and interposed to shield him from the blows which he was receiving in the unequal contest.

One evening, in the year 1790, there was a very brilliant party in the drawing-rooms of M. Neckar, the celebrated financier. The Bastile had just been demolished. The people, exulting in newly found power, and dimly discerning long-defrauded rights, were trampling beneath their feet, indiscriminately, all institutions, good and bad, upon which ages had left their sanction. The gay and fickle Parisians, notwithstanding the portentous approachings of a storm, the most fearful earth has ever witnessed, were pleased with change, and with reckless curiosity awaited the result of the appalling phenomenon exhibited around them. Many of the higher nobility, terrified at the violence, daily growing more resistless and extended, had sought personal safety in emigration. The tone of society in the metropolis had, however, become decidedly improved by the greater commingling, in all the large parties, of men eminent in talents and in public services, as well as of those illustrious in rank.

The entertainments given by M. Neckar, embellished by the presence, as the presiding genius, of

his distinguished daughter, Madame de Staël,[4] were brilliant in the extreme, assembling all the noted gentlemen and ladies of the metropolis. On the occasion to which we refer, the magnificent saloon was filled with men who had attained the highest eminence in literature and science, or who, in those troubled times, had ascended to posts of influence and honor in the state. Mirabeau was there,[5] with his lofty brow and thunder tones, proud of his very ugliness. Talleyrand[6] moved majestically through the halls, conspicuous for his gigantic proportions and courtly bearing. La Fayette, rendered glorious as the friend of Washington and his companion in arms, had gathered around him a group of congenial spirits. In the embrasure of a window sat Madame de Staël. By the brilliance of her conversational powers she had attracted to her side St. Just, who afterward obtained such sanguinary notoriety; Malesherbes, the eloquent and intrepid advocate of royalty; Lalande, the venerable astronomer; Marmontel and Lagrange, illustrious mathematicians, and others, whose fame was circulating through Europe.

[4] Napoleon, at St. Helena, gave the following graphic and most discriminating sketch of the character of Madame de Staël. "She was a woman of considerable talent and great ambition; but so extremely intriguing and restless, as to give rise to the observation, that she would throw her friends into the sea, that, at the moment of drowning, she might have an opportunity of saving them. Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy, I was accosted by her in a large company, though at that time I avoided going out much in public. She followed me every where, and stuck so close that I could not shake her off. At last she asked me, 'Who is at this moment the first woman in the world?' intending to pay a compliment to me, and thinking that I would return it. I looked at her, and replied, 'She, madame, who has borne the greatest number of children,' an answer which greatly confused her." From this hour she became the unrelenting enemy of Napoleon.

[5] "Few persons," said Mirabeau, "comprehend the power of my ugliness." "If you would form an idea of my looks," he wrote to a lady who had never seen him, "you must imagine a tiger who has had the small-pox." "The life of Mirabeau," says Sydney Smith, "should embrace all the talents and all the vices, every merit and every defect, every glory and every disgrace. He was student, voluptuary, soldier, prisoner, author, diplomatist, exile, pauper, courtier, democrat, orator, statesman, traitor. He has seen more, suffered more, learned more, felt more, done more, than any man of his own or any other age."

[6] Talleyrand, one of the most distinguished diplomatists, was afterward elevated by the Emperor Napoleon to be Grand Chamberlain of the Empire. He was celebrated for his witticisms. One day Mirabeau was recounting the qualities which, in those difficult times, one should possess to be minister of state. He was evidently describing his own character, when, to the great mirth of all present, Talleyrand archly interrupted him with the inquiry, "*He should also be pitted with the small-pox, should he not?*"

In one corner stood the celebrated Alfieri, reciting with almost maniacal gesticulation his own poetry to a group of ladies. The grave and philosophical Neckar was the centre of another group of careworn statesmen, discussing the rising perils of the times. It was an assemblage of all which Paris could afford of brilliance in rank, talent, or station. About the middle of the evening, Josephine, the beautiful, but then neglected wife of M. Beauharnais, was announced, accompanied by her little son Eugène. Madame de Genlis, soon made her appearance, attended by the brother of the king; and, conscious of her intellectual dignity, floated through that sea of brilliance, recognized wherever she approached, by the abundance of perfumery which her dress exhaled. Madame Campan, the friend and companion of Maria Antoinette, and other ladies and gentlemen of the Court were introduced, and the party now consisted of a truly remarkable assemblage of distinguished men and women. Parisian gayety seemed to banish all thoughts of the troubles of the times, and the hours were surrendered to unrestrained hilarity. Servants were gliding through the throng, bearing a profusion of refreshments consisting of delicacies gathered from all quarters of the globe.

As the hour of midnight approached there was a lull in the buzz of conversation, and the guests gathered in silent groups to listen to a musical entertainment. Madame de Staël took her seat at the piano, while Josephine prepared to accompany her with the harp. They both were performers of singular excellence, and the whole assembly was hushed in expectation. Just as they had commenced the first notes of a charming duet the door of the saloon was thrown open, and two new guests entered the apartment. The one was an elderly gentleman, of very venerable aspect, and dressed in the extreme of simplicity. The other was a young man, very small, pale, and slender. The elderly gentleman was immediately recognized by all as the Abbé Raynal, one of the most distinguished philosophers of France; but no one knew the pale, slender, fragile youth who accompanied him. They both, that they might not interrupt the music, silently took seats near the door. As soon as the performance was ended, and the ladies had received those compliments which their skill and taste elicited, the Abbé approached Madame de Staël, accompanied by his young protégé, and introduced him as Monsieur Napoleon Bonaparte. Bonaparte! that name which has since filled the world, was then plebeian and unknown, and upon its utterance many of the proud aristocrats in that assembly shrugged their shoulders, and turned contemptuously away to their conversation and amusement.

Madame de Staël had almost an instinctive perception of the presence of genius. Her attention was instantly arrested by the few remarks with which Napoleon addressed her. They were soon engaged in very animated conversation. Josephine and several other ladies joined them. The group grew larger and larger as the gentlemen began to gather around the increasing circle. "Who is that young man who thus suddenly has gathered such a group around him?" the proud Alfieri condescended to ask of the Abbé Raynal. "He is," replied the Abbé, "a protégé of mine, and a young man of very extraordinary talent. He is very industrious, well read, and has made

remarkable attainments in history, mathematics, and all military science." Mirabeau came stalking across the room, lured by curiosity to see what could be the source of the general attraction. "Come here! come here!" said Madame de Staël, with a smile, and in an under tone. "We have found a little great man. I will introduce him to you, for I know that you are fond of men of genius."

Mirabeau very graciously shook hands with Napoleon, and entered into conversation with the untitled young man, without assuming any airs of superiority. A group of distinguished men now gathered round them, and the conversation became in some degree general. The Bishop of Autun commended Fox and Sheridan for having asserted that the French army, by refusing to obey the orders of their superiors to fire upon the populace, had set a glorious example to all the armies of Europe; because, by so doing, they had shown that men by becoming soldiers did not cease to be citizens.

"Excuse me, my lord," exclaimed Napoleon, in tones of earnestness which arrested general attention, "if I venture to interrupt you; but as I am an officer I must claim the privilege of expressing my sentiments. It is true that I am very young, and it may appear presumptuous in me to address so many distinguished men; but during the last three years I have paid intense attention to our political troubles. I see with sorrow the state of our country, and I will incur censure rather than pass unnoticed principles which are not only unsound but which are subversive of all government. As much as any one I desire to see all abuses, antiquated privileges, and usurped rights annulled. Nay! as I am at the commencement of my career, it will be my best policy as well as my duty to support the progress of popular institutions, and to promote reform in every branch of the public administration. But as in the last twelve months I have witnessed repeated alarming popular disturbances, and have seen our best men divided into factions which threaten to be irreconcilable, I sincerely believe that now *more than ever*, a strict discipline in the army is absolutely necessary for the safety of our constitutional government and for the maintenance of order. Nay! if our troops are not compelled unhesitatingly to obey the commands of the executive, we shall be exposed to the blind fury of democratic passions, which will render France the most miserable country on the globe. The ministry may be assured that if the daily increasing arrogance of the Parisian mob is not repressed by a strong arm, and social order rigidly maintained, we shall see not only this capital, but every other city in France, thrown into a state of indescribable anarchy, while the real friends of liberty, the enlightened patriots, now working for the best good of our country, will sink beneath a set of demagogues, who, with louder outcries for freedom on their tongues, will be in reality but a horde of savages worse than the Neros of old."

These emphatic sentences uttered by Napoleon, with an air of authority which seemed natural to the youthful speaker, caused a profound sensation. For a moment there was perfect silence in the group, and every eye was riveted upon the pale and marble cheek of Napoleon. Neckar and La Fayette listened with evident uneasiness to his bold and weighty sentiments, as if conscious of the perils which his words so forcibly portrayed. Mirabeau nodded once or twice significantly to Tallyrand, seeming thus to say "that is exactly the truth." Some turned upon their heels, exasperated at this fearless avowal of hostility to democratic progress. Alfieri, one of the proudest of aristocrats, could hardly restrain his delight, and gazed with amazement upon the intrepid young man. "Condorcet," says an eye witness, "nearly made me cry out, by the squeezes which he gave my hand at every sentence uttered by the pale, slender, youthful speaker."

As soon as Napoleon had concluded, Madame de Staël, turning to the Abbé Raynal, cordially thanked him for having introduced her to the acquaintance of one, cherishing views as a statesman so profound, and so essential to present emergencies. Then turning to her father and his colleagues, she said, with her accustomed air of dignity and authority, "Gentlemen, I hope that you will heed the important truths which you have now heard uttered." The young Napoleon, then but nineteen years of age, thus suddenly became the most prominent individual in that whole assembly. Wherever he moved many eyes followed him. He had none of the airs of a man of fashion. He made no attempts at displays of gallantry. A peaceful melancholy seemed to overshadow him, as, with an abstracted air, he moved through the glittering throng, without being in the slightest degree dazzled by its brilliance. The good old Abbé Raynal appeared quite enraptured in witnessing this triumph of his young protégé.

Soon after this, in September, 1791, Napoleon, then twenty years of age, on furlough, visited his native island. He had recently been promoted to a first-lieutenancy. Upon returning to the home of his childhood, to spend a few months in rural leisure, the first object of his attention was to prepare for himself a study, where he could be secluded from all interruption. For this purpose he selected a room in the attic of the house, where he would be removed from all the noise of the family. Here, with his books spread out before him, he passed days and nights of the most incessant mental toil. He sought no recreation; he seldom went out; he seldom saw any company. Had some guardian angel informed him of the immense drafts which, in the future, were to be made upon his mind, he could not have consecrated himself with more sleepless energy, to prepare for the emergency. The life of Napoleon presents the most striking illustration of the truth of the sentiment,

> "The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight;
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night."

THE WATER-EXCURSION.

One cloudless morning, just after the sun had risen, he was sauntering along by the sea-shore, in solitary musings, when he chanced to meet a brother officer, who reproached him with his unsocial habits, and urged him to indulge, for once, in a pleasure excursion. Napoleon, who had, for some time, been desirous of taking a survey of the harbor, and of examining some heights, upon the opposite side of the gulf, which, in his view, commanded the town of Ajaccio, consented to the proposal, upon the condition that his friend should accompany him upon the water. They made a signal to some sailors on board a vessel riding at anchor, at some distance from the shore, and were soon in a boat propelled by vigorous rowers. Napoleon seated himself at the stern, and taking from his pocket a ball of pack-thread, one end of which he had fastened upon the shore, commenced the accurate measurement of the width of the gulf. His companion, feeling no interest in the survey, and seeking only listless pleasure, was not a little annoyed in having his amusement thus converted into a study for which he had no relish. When they arrived at the opposite side of the bay, Napoleon insisted upon climbing the heights. Regardless of the remonstrances of his associate, who complained of hunger, and of absence from the warm breakfast which was in readiness for him, Napoleon persisted in exploring the ground. Napoleon in describing the scene says: "My companion, quite uninterested in researches of this kind, begged me to desist. I strove to divert him, and to gain time to accomplish my purpose, but appetite made him deaf. If I spoke to him of the width of the bay, he replied that he was hungry, and that his warm breakfast was cooling. If I pointed out to him a church steeple or a house, which I could reach with my bomb-shells, he replied, "Yes, but I have not breakfasted." At length, late in the morning, we returned, but the friends with whom he was expecting to breakfast, tired of the delay, had finished their repast, so that, on his arrival he found neither guests nor banquet. He resolved to be more cautious in future as to the companion he would choose, and the hour in which he would set out, on an excursion of pleasure."

Subsequently the English surmounted these very heights by a redoubt, and then Napoleon had occasion to avail himself very efficiently of the information acquired upon this occasion.

THE SOMNAMBULE.

About twelve months ago Andrè Folitton, horticulturist and herbalist of St. Cloud, a young man of worth and respectability, was united in marriage to Julienne, daughter of an apothecary of the same place. Andrè and Julienne had long loved each other, and congeniality of disposition, parity of years, and health and strength, as well as a tolerably comfortable setout in the world, seemed to promise for them many years of happiness. Supremely contented, and equally disposed to render life as pleasant and blithe as possible, the future seemed spread before them, a long vista of peace and pleasantness, and bright were the auguries which rose around them during the early days of their espousal.

Though he loved mirth and fun as much as any one, Andrè was extremely regular in his habits, and every engagement he made was pretty sure of being punctually attended to. Julienne quickly discovered that thrice every week, precisely at seven o'clock in the evening, her husband left his home, to which he returned generally after the lapse of two hours. Whither he went she did not

know, nor could she find out.

Andrè always parried her little inquisitions with jokes and laughter. She perceived, however, that his excursions might be connected with business in some way or other, for he never expended money, as he would had he gone to a café or estaminet. Julienne's speculations went no further than this. As to the husband and wife, had they been left to themselves, not the slightest interruption of mutual good-feeling would ever have arisen out of this matter.

But it is a long lane which has no turning, and a very slight circumstance gave an unhappy twist to the path which had promised such a direct and pleasant voyage through life. Julienne had almost ceased to puzzle herself about her husband's periodical absences, indeed had ceased to joke when he returned from them, having easily learned—the good-tempered little woman—to consider them as nothing more than some engagement connected with the ordinary course of business. One night, however, a neighbor, Madame Margot, stepped into the bowery cottage of the young pair to have a chat and a cup of coffee with Madame Folitton. Madame Margot, though she had more words than Julienne, and could keep the conversation going at a more rattling pace, had by no means so sweet and gracious a presence. Her sharp eye and thin lips were true indices to a prying and somewhat ill-natured disposition; and the fact is, that Madame Margot, having several times seen Andrè pass her house alone in the evening, as if taking a walk by himself, had been seized with a strong desire to know "how things were going on" between him and his wife. Madame Margot had never joined other folks in their profuse prophesies of future happiness when Andrè and Julienne were wedded. She was not the woman to do it; her temper had spread her own bed, and her husband's too, with thorns and briars, and so she declared that the happiness of wedded life was something worse than a *mauvaise plaisanterie*. "Eh, bien!" she exclaimed, when folks spoke of Andrè and his wife. "I wish them well, but I have lived too long to suppose that such a beginning as theirs can hold on long! We shall hear different tales by and by!" So Madame Margot, with her sharp eye and thin lips, eager to verify her prognostications, had visited Andrè's house to reconnoitre.

"M. Folitton? he is not here?" said she, in the course of conversation.

"He is from home," answered Julienne; and as she saw the peering expression of Madame Margot's face, she answered in such a manner as to check further inquiry.

"I knew it!" thought Madame Margot. "I was sure there was something wrong!"

"Andrè will be in presently," added Julienne.

"Ah, well," exclaimed her companion, with the look of one resigned to the inconveniences of life, "it is well that he is so attentive to business; and very glad I am to see how much he has upon his hands: early in the morning till late at night. Fortune and leisure await those who work like him."

"You are kind," said Julienne. "It is true that Andrè works very hard. Let me fill your cup."

"Ah, Julienne! On your wedding-day, my dear, all the songs were hosannas and jubilates, and it really does seem that you are very happy and comfortable. Is it not so?"

"You are right, Madame Margot. Andrè and I are very happy, and we have many blessings to be thankful for."

"There is one thing," rejoined the wily lady, "which, allow me to say, people who have businesses to look after feel rather strongly. Ay, well do I and Margot know that business interferes terribly with domestic happiness."

"In what manner?" asked Julienne, in some surprise, for Madame Margot's experience did not "come home" to her. "I have never thought so, nor Andrè either, I believe."

"Why, my dear, when people are abroad they can't be at home," continued the inquisitress. "And as I and Margot feel that it is hard we can be so very little together, I naturally think that other people must feel the same. But, however, we *can* enjoy our little walk in the evening. I am sure, my dear, you would like it all the better if you could do the same."

"I should," said Julienne; "but as Andrè's time is occupied, there is no use thinking about it. I can't think where he goes," added she, unguardedly and pensively.

Madame Margot pricked up her ears.

"Why, my dear!" exclaimed she, lowering her voice, as if about to say something of momentous importance, "do you mean to say that you don't know where he goes so many evenings in the week?" The good lady had always exercised a sharp scrutiny over the movements of her lord, and the bare idea of Julienne being ignorant of Andrè's proceedings excited her indignation and pity.

"I don't know, nor have I ever taken any trouble to know," answered Julienne, frankly and carelessly.

"Well, it's very good of you, I daresay," returned her visitor, with something like contemptuous commiseration in her tone. "But, my friend, you should think how necessary it is that husband and wife should be as one person. It vexes me to find that Andrè does not acquaint you with all his doings—especially with that to which he seems to pay such unfailing attention. You shouldn't let it go on any longer, my dear, for you don't know what may happen. It never smokes but there is fire. No one can tell what might have happened between me and Margot had I not always kept

my eyes open: a little watchfulness has saved us worlds of annoyance and trouble." Observing that Julienne looked offended, and was about to say something, Madame Margot dextrously handed her cup with a most gracious and winning bow, and launched into another topic, resolving by all means not to spoil the effect of the stimulants and hints she had let fall.

When Andrè returned this night, Julienne, to his surprise, asked him where he had been, and implored him to tell her. With a serious look he answered that it was impossible, and begged her not to inquire into a matter which in nowise concerned her, and which would cause her no sort of surprise if she knew all. As usual, the two bantered each other over the mystery, and the subject was dropped. But Madame Margot, though she had not succeeded in setting the young folks by the ears, had nevertheless implanted in a woman's breast an ardent desire to probe a secret. Julienne, good as she was, could not vanquish nature, and a curiosity possessed her as strong as Fatima's.

One day as she was glancing over the columns of a newspaper of which Andrè was a constant reader, an advertisement of a peculiar description met her eye. It was headed *La Somnambule*, and announced that Mademoiselle Trompere, whose *prodigieuses facultés* and *lucidité extrême* had caused the greatest astonishment and excitement, continued to give mesmeric *séances* on such and such days. Julienne then turned the paper and read other matters, but now and then she looked back at this advertisement, read it again and again, and presently laid it down with a merry little laugh. There was a promise of inviolable secrecy at the end of the announcement: that she regarded particularly. She had heard stories of the wonders of clairvoyance, she was artless, and knew little or nothing of the world, and thought it would be a capital joke to try the power of Mademoiselle Trompere's *lucidité*. She was going into Paris on business the very next day, and she resolved to put her project into execution. She laughed gayly as she anticipated the astonishment her husband would evince while she might let fall, some of these days, when they were alone, that she knew his secret.

Behold the young wife, with sparkling eyes, and a smile upon her fresh lips, wending her way up the long and narrow Rue St. Nicholas in Paris! Arrived at the house of the clairvoyante, she asked at the concierge for Mademoiselle Trompere.

"*Quatrième à gauche!*" cried the porter, and Julienne hurried up the narrow staircase. Arrived at the fourth story, she rang the bell at the door on the left, and awaited the issue of the summons in something like trepidation. The door was opened, and there came forth an old man of really venerable and imposing appearance. Thick locks of curling silver hair were combed back off a high and well-formed forehead; and beneath this appeared a countenance pale, but clear, and of serious and benign expression. Thin, and of middle height, a long dark-green robe-de-chambre made him appear tall, and the little Julienne thought she had never seen so grand an old man before. From his slightly-abstracted air, and a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles still resting on his visage, one would have fancied he had just risen from profound study. Julienne felt quite abashed that she should have interrupted the labors of one who looked so much like a good seer, especially as she thought what a trumpery and childish errand she had come upon. It was with a faltering voice and a deprecating smile that she asked for Mademoiselle Trompere.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, as if just awakened to full presence of mind; "you wish to see her? Wait one moment, my child."

He spoke softly and tenderly, conveying the idea that he was good and wise as well as aged. Julienne waited in the lobby of the suite of apartments while he entered the salon. He returned after the lapse of a few minutes, which seemed hours to the visitor, who began to grow nervous, and to feel, to use a common phrase "ashamed of herself."

"I am sorry," said the old man as he returned, "Mademoiselle is fully engaged to-day. I might have told you so before, but I am forgetful. Can your business be postponed, my child?"

"Oh, indeed, yes!" answered Julienne, readily.

"It is well," continued he. "To-day is Friday: can you return on Monday? Mademoiselle will be most happy to assist in any investigation you may wish to make."

"Really"—commenced Julienne, intending, as haply Mademoiselle Trompere was engaged at present, to have postponed her contemplated interview *sine die*.

"I will tell her to expect you on Monday," said the old man, gently shaking Julienne's unresisting hand. "Pray, what may be your name?"

"Folitton."

"Married, I see," added he, looking at the ring upon her finger. "It is well! Of the Folittons of the Rue St. Lazare?"

"No," said Julienne; "I live at St. Cloud, where M. Folitton is a florist and botanist."

"Ah, I know him: a worthy and clever young man!" answered the seer. And thus, holding her hand, they enjoyed a pleasing and confidential chat.

Julienne, wishing she had never undertaken her adventure, or that, being commenced, it were well over, kept her appointment on the Monday—it being a very common thing for her in the summer-time to start off to Paris. Something was continually being wanted from the vast

storehouses of the metropolis. Thus her journey attracted no attention.

When she rang Mademoiselle Trompere's bell this second time, the summons was answered by a little girl, who conducted her into the salon. On entering, she perceived the old man whom she had before seen, writing at a table covered with papers and large books, many of the latter being open. A young woman, dressed in black, and of genteel appearance, but the expression of whose features Julienne did not altogether like, was sitting by the window busied with her crotchet-needles. The latter personage rose from her seat, and inclined her head to Julienne.

"Madame Folitton?"

"Yes."

"My father has prepared me to expect you. I was much engaged when you came the other day, but now I am at your service." She touched the old man whom she called father upon the shoulder, but she had to repeat the operation twice or thrice ere he turned his eyes from his manuscript, so profoundly was his attention engaged thereon. He shifted his position slowly, raised his spectacles, and rubbed his eyes like one awakened from a dream.

"He studies much," said Mademoiselle Trompere to Julienne, as if by way of apology for the old man's abstraction. "Do you see?—here is Madame Folitton."

"Ah, it is well!" exclaimed he, as, with half sigh half smile, he advanced to the young visitor and shook her hand. "She comes to consult you, my child, as I have told you; and I half suspect the little lady is not so anxious for the mere solving of what seems a riddle to her, as she is to test the truth of clairvoyance; so we must be upon our metal. Saucy little bird! She is not the only one who doubts the wondrous insight into the mysteries of nature which science has in our day obtained."

Mademoiselle Trompere, the somnambule, then deposited herself in a large and handsome armchair, softly cushioned in crimson velvet. She sat upright for a while, and the old man and his daughter looked fixedly at each other, while the former passed his right hand slowly up and down before her face. After eight or ten "passes," her eyes suddenly closed, her face grew white as death, and she sank back in an attitude of complete repose. The old man continued making the "passes" for a minute or two longer, and then going softly round to the back of the somnambule, laid his hand lightly upon her head.

"Mademoiselle is now ready for your interrogations," said he to Julienne.

Poor Julienne was frightened, and had she known beforehand that such a mysterious operation as she had just witnessed would have been necessary to the gratification of her whim, she would rather a thousand times have let it remain unsatisfied. So flurried was she, that she knew not what to ask, and would have been very glad to have paid her fee at once and gone home again without testing the *lucidité extrême*. As if divining her thoughts, the old man turned them into a different channel by himself asking the question which Julienne had intended.

"Can you give your visitor any information respecting M. Folitton at St. Cloud?"

"At St. Cloud say you?" said the somnambule, in a low, dreamy voice. "Wait one moment Ah! now I see him. He is in a large garden. There are workmen round him who ask him questions respecting the labor next to be taken in hand. Now they leave him, each proceeding to his appointed task. M. Folitton goes into his house. He takes a billet from his breast and reads it. I can see the signature: it is *Marie Colonne*."

Julienne started. The old man looked toward her wistfully, and then, as if interpreting her thoughts, asked the somnambule, "Can you read the contents of the billet?"

"It is not very distinct," was the reply; "apparently written in haste. The words are—*'Your fears, Andrè, are needless. What matters it that Fate would seem to demand our eternal separation? Can we not be superior to Fate? Have we not proved it? Do not fail to-night; but this I need not tell you, for since you first discovered the grand mistake of your life, you have not wavered.'* Monsieur Folitton reads it again and again, and replaces it in his breast. He opens his desk and examines something. I see it now: it is the miniature of a lady. She is young: her hair is very long, her eyes dark and bright."

"It is enough," said Julienne, rising quickly. "Be it true or false, I will hear no more." She moved hurriedly toward the door, as if to escape as quickly as possible from a cruel torment. The old man followed her.

"I forgot," exclaimed the agitated girl, as she paused and drew from her little glove the stipulated fee.

That very evening Madame Margot repeated her visit, and requested to see Julienne alone. She found her alone, but, as if she had something too weighty to be said in the salle-à-manger, she insisted that they should shut themselves up in Julienne's bedroom, while she relieved her loaded mind.

"Ah, poor Julienne!" said she, "I never come to see her of an evening but I find her alone! Poor child! so innocent and unsuspecting too! Well, we all have our trials; but to see one whom I love as if she were my own child so treated, is enough to drive me mad!"

"What do you mean?" asked Julienne, nervously, for her adventure with the clairvoyante had given her a shock.

"My dear, do you mean still to say that you don't know where your husband spends his evenings?"

"It is true; I do not know," said Julienne, blushing deeply; then adding, in a tone which, though meant to be firm and resolute, was painfully faint and timid—"nor do I wish to—"

"Well, my child, *I* happen to know!" exclaimed Madame Margot, her sharp eyes flashing with eager excitement. "By the merest chance in the world I have made the discovery, and I considered it my duty to speak to you directly, in the hope of saving you and your husband, if possible, from much future misery. My love, prepare yourself for what I have to tell:—Your husband repairs to M. Colonne's nearly every evening, and is always admitted and let out by Mademoiselle Marie! She is the one who gives him welcome, and bids him *adieu*! Oh, it is enough to drive one crazy! My tears flowed for you last night, poor Julienne!"

"Oh, restez tranquille!" said Julienne, coldly. She had started and trembled upon hearing a tale which coincided so completely with the revelations of the somnambule, but Madame Margot's acrid and triumphant manner roused her indignation, and whether the story she told and the inference she so readily founded upon it were true or false, Julienne heartily wished her away—never to see her malignant eyes or hear her bitter voice again. She was too proud to ask any questions for the sake of proving what foundation her sympathizing companion had for her suspicions. She loved Andrè warmly, and sincerely believed him to be worthy of her love; but there was something in his own secrecy and in the similarity of the different reports which had reached her ears this day which staggered her earnest faith. A dreary feeling overcame her: the radiance of her life was clouded over. The anchor which had held her safely in a tranquil and beautiful bay seemed to have lost its hold suddenly, and now she was tossing upon a strange and restless sea. And Madame Marmot watched the quivering of her lip and the fevered flushing of her face, and gloated upon the agony she had caused.

"I have done my errand," said she, "and now my mind is a little more at ease. Take what steps you think proper, my poor child; the sooner the matter is settled the better for all parties; and if you should have any difficulty, pray do not hesitate to apply to me. It might not yet be too late to prevent mischief."

Andrè came home that night as hearty and good-tempered as ever. He saw that his little wife looked but poorly, and he affectionately inquired what ailed her; caressed her, and tried to comfort and revive her. Indescribably oppressed, she burst into tears. This relieved her, but she was silent and *triste* the rest of the evening. She could not bear to think of telling him what she had heard, and what she felt. Indeed a deep feeling of reproach rose up in her heart as she looked in his frank and sympathetic face; but she could not comprehend the mystery, and felt miserable and crushed.

The days passed on, and Andrè grieved to find his young wife grow no better. At length, satisfied, from the peculiarity of her malady, from her silent behavior, and the strange brooding manner in which he sometimes found her regarding him—feeling assured that the change owed its existence to something relating to himself—he gravely asked her what had brought it about, and solemnly conjured her to conceal nothing from him. So repugnant to her, however, was the idea of exhibiting a feeling so gross, and so unjust to her husband, as she determined to think, was her jealousy, that she still withheld the secret.

She seemed to be pining day by day. Andrè's pain and vexation were as deep as her own sadness. A mutual dissatisfaction was fast springing up between them. While matters were at this pass, Madame Margot, who, like the bats, rarely moved out before the evening, paid her third visit to the house of the botanist. Andrè coming home earlier than usual this night, she spent some time with the husband as well as the wife. Eagerly she watched the behavior of the two, and acutely she judged how things stood. Supper passed, however, without any allusion thereto, and Andrè led madame to the door.

"Poor Julienne!" said she when they were alone. "You do not take care of her; she is looking very so-so."

"It is true," said Andrè, sadly; "I can not understand it. She says she is well, but there is something the matter I am sure."

"Ah! don't tell me!" exclaimed Madame Margot, lifting her right arm, protruding her head, and shaking her forefinger at him. "You can not understand, eh? Ah, I'm too old a bird for that, and I haven't forgotten how *I* was treated once by Margot!"

"What do you mean?" inquired Andrè, seriously.

"Mean! Ah, ah! it is very good, M. Folitton! You should have been made an actor!"

"Madame Margot, I can not joke with you, nor read your riddles. Julienne's ailment is a serious matter to me."

"Well, well! It is amusing to hear him! But one word in your ear, my good Andrè. How can you expect your poor wife to look happy and pleased when it is known all over St. Cloud that you are forever with Marie Colonne? There!"

"What—what!" cried Andrè; but Madame Margot was off, muttering and tittering as she walked rapidly home. Andrè was thunderstruck. The conversation between him and his young wife when he returned to the room was any thing but satisfactory. He wished to draw from her all she knew; but Julienne was cold and mysterious; and at length the husband became angry, or else feigned to do so, as she half-suspected, by way of a cloak for his misdeeds.

"It seems we did not know much of each other after all," said Andrè, ruefully one day. "After being together so many years too! Had any one told me that so shortly after our marriage my house would be filled with gloom and grief, I should have laughed finely, or taken offense."

"Oh, Andrè, Andrè, Andrè!" cried poor Julienne, laying her face upon his breast, while her tears flowed fast and thick—all the inward pride, which, though creditable to her heart, was capable of effecting so much misunderstanding, completely vanquished. "Why have there been secrets between us? Why have we sought to conceal any thing from each other? I am sure that our love is not dried up, and that there is something mysterious to each of us in the bitterness of these days! We have both had secrets: let me have what blame I may for mine—I can keep it no longer." And then, with some shame and humiliation, she recounted to Andrè the little history of her own feelings and doings—how at first she cared nothing whither he went, or what he did, satisfied that he was good, and that he loved her truly; how Madame Margot had paid her a visit, and had stimulated her curiosity by sarcasm and pity; how she came, after seeing an advertisement in the newspaper, to think of visiting the somnambule, more by way of a joke than any thing else; the revelations that were made to her, and the apparent confirmation they received from what Madame Margot afterward told her. She was in too much fear of making him angry to tell him before; but how could her little head be expected to see through all this, and how withstand the inevitable influences of such a trial?

Andrè was aghast. Trembling with excitement, and muttering imprecations against the clairvoyante and Madame Margot, he bade Julienne quickly prepare to accompany him to Paris. He got his horse and gig ready, and in a few minutes himself and his wife, the latter greatly agitated and alarmed, were proceeding at a rapid pace along the road to Paris. Andrè drove his good horse as he had never been driven before, and the five miles betwixt St. Cloud and the capital were quickly passed. The Rue St. Nicholas was presently gained, and the bell of the somnambule's apartment sharply rung. The old man appeared, looking sage and benevolent as ever. His attitude and aspect, imposing and tranquil, somewhat checked the impetuosity of the angry husband. The latter even bowed, and took off his hat as he asked to see Mademoiselle Trompere, but his voice and quick breathing still betrayed his excitement. His eagerness appeared to take the old man by surprise; he looked at Julienne; but her head being turned away, he did not recognize her; and after an instant of consideration, bade them enter. Mademoiselle the clairvoyante was discovered sitting in the same place, and occupied in the same manner, as she had before been found by Julienne. She looked up from her employment, and scanned both husband and wife with a quick, penetrating glance as they advanced toward her. Her features for an instant betrayed some excitement as she noted the flushed cheek and wrathful eye of the former. It was but for an instant, however: almost immediately they were resolved into an expression of perfect nonchalance.

"Woman, your second-sight has cost us dear!" cried Andrè.

"Monsieur!" interrupted Mademoiselle Trompere, sternly.

"Your impositions will bring you into trouble, as they do other people," continued Andrè. "Your lies bear seed—do you know it?—and grow into poison, blighting and working mischief wherever you spread them. If you do not fully contradict the tale you told my silly wife the other day, I will let you know that you carry on a dangerous trade."

"Your wife! My good man, you are mad!" returned the somnambule.

"I am nearly so," said Andrè; "so take care what you say. My wife—look at her—you have seen her before; you need not attempt to deny *that*. She, in a foolish whim, came to you the other day, and you told her certain falsehoods respecting me, which I now demand that you own to be such. Acknowledge your trick, and I will have no more to say; but refuse, and I go instantly to the préfet of police." The old man stood by with a wandering look, as if stricken with sudden imbecility; but his bolder companion regarded the furious visitor with absolute *sang-froid*, fixing upon him a glance that never wavered.

"My profession, my good man," said she, coldly, leaning back in her cushioned chair, "is to discover truth, not to deny it. People consult me when they find the course of their lives disturbed by secret causes, and when the clearing up of such little mysteries is desirable. Your wife, prompted by a very justifiable and proper curiosity, has availed herself of the grand discovery of which I am an exponent. M. Folitton, you accuse me of falsehood, and ask me to deny what I know to be true. Of course I refuse to do any thing of the sort. Doubtless you think to make yourself appear guiltless in the eyes of the wife whom you have wronged, by frightening a woman, and forcing her to declare that you are perfectly faithful and true. Impostor as you style me, I am neither weak nor wicked enough for that!"

"Then I must consult the préfet," said Andrè.

"And I also," said the clairvoyante. "If necessary, I will not scruple to make manifest to the whole world the truth of the revelations your wife heard from me."

"You are bold, woman!"

"Yes, in common with the meanest living thing, I am bold when attacked. You will not find it easy to turn me to your own account. Try, if you are so disposed, by all means; but as surely as I know the truth, you had better not!" This was uttered with such complete assurance, so firmly and hardily, and her whole demeanor exhibited such supreme defiance of him and reliance upon herself, that Andrè's indignation was turned into bewilderment and perplexity. He abruptly seized the arm of his agitated wife, and drawing it within his own, strode out of the room, telling his contemptuous opponent that she should soon hear what step he would take next. As yet, not a word of reconciliation or explanation had passed between himself and Julienne. He was too proud to make his peace with her before he had fully justified himself, do it how he could.

But the same evening he brought Mademoiselle Marie Colonne and her father and mother to his house, and to them, in the presence of his wife, related the story of his troubles, up to the passage between himself and the lady of vaunted *lucidité* that morning. The worthy family were highly indignant, but displayed much good-feeling toward Julienne, who, sick at heart, was really deserving of commiseration. She in her turn warmly denied that she had been actuated by any feeling of suspicion or jealousy in consulting Mademoiselle Trompere: she had done a very silly thing, and should repent it as long as she lived; but it was merely a careless whim, and indeed was contemplated more as a joke than any thing else, for being sure that Andrè was faithful to her, she never had an idea that misunderstanding and misery to herself, induced by remarkable coincidences, would result from what she did. She was now perfectly satisfied, and trusted that Marie and her husband would forgive her.

"That all may be made perfectly clear," said Andrè, "let me now say that, in thinking over it, as I never happened to do before, I can hardly wonder Julienne took my frequent absences and my secrecy concerning them amiss. I never dreamed that misery would happen from a husband concealing so small a matter from his wife; but I now see how very possible it is, and in future am resolved never to refuse to answer when she inquires where I have been."

He then explained to his wife that he had been a member of one of those secret clubs which sprang up in such numbers all over France, but especially in the neighborhood of Paris, immediately after the Revolution of 1848. M. Colonne was the president of that club, and at his house its meetings were held. All society was one great vortex of antagonistic parties; and this club, consisting of several of the substantial inhabitants of St. Cloud, owed its birth to the anxiety so very commonly felt by the lovers of order and quiet to lay down for themselves some unanimous and practical course of conduct in the event of another outbreak. The continuance of tranquillity had for the present, however, caused its dissolution, until, mayhap, another season of disorder and violence should occur; "so in future," said Andrè, "I shall spend my evenings at home!"

Julienne heard this explanation with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret. She humbly asked Marie to forgive her, and was quickly in the embrace of the sympathizing young girl.

M. Colonne, exceedingly wounded by the imputations which had been cast upon the character of his daughter, of whom he was at once fond and proud, paid Madame Margot a visit on his way home, and talked to the old lady in a manner which caused her considerable trepidation, and no doubt went far to check the propensity so strongly developed in the composition of her character for picking holes in her neighbors' jackets. He also resolved to prosecute Mademoiselle Trompere and her confederate. This Andrè was hardly ready to do, being perfectly satisfied, now the misunderstanding was cleared up; but M. Colonne declared that no member of his family should be aspersed with impunity; and even if it were solely on public grounds, to protect the unguarded and the credulous from imposition and misery, he would spend a thousand francs to make an example of the pair. Andrè was very reluctant, however, to carry the affair before the public, and persuaded M. Colonne, in the first place, to visit Mademoiselle Trompere with Marie, and force her to contradict her tale; "Indeed," said he, "they had better all go together, and then the woman would have no possible room for subterfuge or persistence in her calumnies."

They were off to Paris the next day. As it happened, M. Colonne and his daughter preceded Andrè and Julienne at the house of the somnambule. M. Colonne was a man of warm and quick temperament.

"My name is Colonne," said he abruptly, the moment he stood before the somnambule and her father; "this is my daughter Marie. We have made a journey from St. Cloud purposely to inform you that your clairvoyance is defective, and to warn you that, not being overskilled in the profession you now follow, you had better choose another—a more honest and safe one; for when people deal in slanders and lies, they risk intimate acquaintance with police-officers and jails."

"Ah, my father, did I not say so?" exclaimed Mademoiselle Trompere, turning tranquilly to the old man. "I told you we should shortly have a little sequel to the romance of the poor Folittons."

"There will be another little sequel, mademoiselle, unless you quickly apologize to my daughter!" said M. Colonne, warmly.

"M. Colonne," returned the somnambule, coolly, and even dictatorially, "you have no doubt been induced to come here by a parental and honorable feeling; but perhaps you are not aware that you yourself have been duped."

"No, indeed!" said M. Colonne, with a smile; "I am not so easily duped."

"You think so, no doubt," continued Mademoiselle Trompere, smiling in her turn. "Still, it is true: you are a dupe all the time. Your daughter and M. Folitton know it well. They seek to escape suspicion of intrigue—the one from her father, the other from his wife—by boldly facing it out, and seeking to compel me, who happen to know all concerning it, to declare that their virtue and honor are unimpeachable. That I do not choose to do. They might content themselves, if they were wise, with the satisfaction of knowing that such matters as I am engaged to discover, do not go forth to the world, but remain solely betwixt myself and them."

"Admirable!" cried M. Colonne, amazed at this immense impudence.

"Yes," said Mademoiselle Trompere, smiling ironically, "the case is so. Poor M. Folitton the other day was going to turn the world upside down because I would not contradict what I revealed to his wife. He threatened me with the police, and I know not what more. Let him do it: the result will be, that I shall be obliged to prove to the world the truth of all I have said, and in doing that I should not have much difficulty."

"Well, well!" cried M. Colonne, fairly overcome. "Talking is of no use here, I perceive!" and as he and his daughter hurried down the stairs, the triumphant and derisive laughter of the somnambule tended by no means to the restoration of their good temper.

Andrè and his wife were just about to ascend as they arrived at the bottom of the staircase, and to them they related the result of their visit.

Proceedings were now immediately commenced against Mademoiselle Trompere and her alleged father, and the latter shortly found themselves before the tribunal of correctional police. The case was made out so very clearly—Julienne, Marie, and Andrè, the sole parties whom the revelations of the sibyl concerned, being arrayed against her—that she was immediately convicted of imposture, and the old man as a confederate. In the course of the trial the wig of silver hair was unceremoniously lifted from the head of the male prisoner by an officer of police. The change effected in his appearance by this simple operation was remarkable, and greatly to his disadvantage. The officer then read from his police record a list of no fewer than nine convictions for imposition and misconduct against the aged sinner. The female was truly, it appeared, his daughter. They had visited many parts of France and Belgium under different names, and the diligent inquiries of the police had been successful in establishing against them a long course of guilt—one scheme of imposture having been tried after another, and each terminated by disgrace and punishment. They were now sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a thousand francs' fine.

All has gone brightly and pleasantly at Andrè's house since this unpleasant affair, and so will continue, it is my belief. Husband and wife seem on better terms with each other than ever. Madame Margot sedulously keeps herself out of the way of the Folittons and the Colonnes, nor do I suppose she will ever take coffee with Julienne any more.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^S. MORE.[7]

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

"Nulla dies sine linea."

Soe my fate is settled. Who knoweth at sunrise what will chance before sunsett? No; the Greeks and Romans mighte speake of chance and of fate, but we must not. Ruth's *hap* was to light on ye field of Boaz: but what she thought casual, ye Lord had contrived.

[7] Continued from the July Number.

Firste, he gives me ye marmot. Then, the marmot dies. Then, I, having kept ye creature soe long, and being naturallie tender, must cry a little over it. Then Will must come in and find me drying mine eyes. Then he must, most unreasonablie, suppose that I c^d not have loved the poor animal for its owne sake soe much as for his; and thereupon, falle a love-making in such downrighte earneste, that I, being alreadie somewhat upset, and knowing 'twoulde please father ... and hating to be perverse ... and thinking much better of Will since he hath studdied soe hard, and given soe largelie to ye poor, and left off broaching his heteroclite opinions.... I say, I supposed it must be soe, some time or another, soe 'twas noe use hanging back for ever and ever, soe now there's an end, and I pray God give us a quiet life.

Noe one w^d suppose me reckoning on a quiet life if they knew how I've cried alle this forenoon, ever since I got quit of Will, by father's carrying him off to Westminster. He'll tell father, I know, as they goe along in the barge, or else coming back, which will be soone now, though I've ta'en no heed of the hour. I wish 'twere cold weather, and that I had a sore throat or stiff neck, or somewhat that might reasonablie send me a-bed, and keep me there till to-morrow morning. But I'm quite well, and 'tis the dog-days, and cook is thumping the rolling-pin on the dresser, and dinner is being served, and here comes father.

Father hath had some words with the Cardinall. 'Twas touching the draught of some forayn treaty which ye Cardinall offered for his criticism, or rather, for his commendation, which father cd not give. This nettled his Grace, who exclaimed,—"By the mass, thou art the veriest fool of all the council." Father, smiling, rejoined, "God be thanked, the King our master hath but one fool therein."

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The Cardinall may rage, but he can't rob him of the royal favour. The King was here yesterday, and walked for an hour or soe about the garden, with his arm round father's neck. Will coulde not help felicitating father upon it afterwards; to which father made answer, "I thank God I find his Grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this realm. Howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee between ourselves, I feel no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France, it shoulde not fail to fly off."

—Father is graver than he used to be. No wonder. He hath much on his mind; the calls on his time and thoughts are beyond belief: but God is very good to him. His favour at home and abroad is immense: he hath good health, soe have we alle; and his family are established to his mind and settled alle about him, still under ye same fostering roof. Considering that I am the most ordinarie of his daughters, 'tis singular I sd have secured the best husband. Daisy lives peaceablie with Rupert Allington, and is as indifferent, me seemeth, to him as to all ye world beside. He, on his part, loves her and theire children with devotion, and woulde pass half his time in ye nurserie. Dancey always had a hot temper, and now and then plagues Bess; but she lets noe one know it but me. Sometimes she comes into my chamber and cries a little, but the next kind word brightens her up, and I verilie believe her pleasures far exceed her payns. Giles Heron lost her through his own fault, and might have regained her good opinion after all, had he taken half the pains for her sake he now takes for her younger sister: I cannot think how Cecy can favour him; yet I suspect he will win her, sooner or later. As to mine own deare Will, 'tis the kindest, purest nature, the finest soul, the ... and yet how I was senselesse enow once to undervalue him.

Yes, I am a happy wife; a happy daughter; a happy mother. When my little Bill stroaked dear father's face just now, and murmured "pretty!" he burst out a-laughing, and cried,—

"You are like the young Cyrus, who exclaimed,—'Oh! mother, how pretty is my grandfather!' And yet, according to Xenophon, the old gentleman was soe rouged and made up, as that none but a child woulde have admired him!"

"That's not the case," I observed, "with Bill's grandfather."

"He's a More all over," says father, fondly. "Make a pun, Meg, if thou canst, about Amor, Amore, or Amores. 'Twill onlie be the thousand and first on our name. Here, little knave, see these cherries: tell me who thou art, and thou shalt have one. 'More! More!' I knew it, sweet villain. Take them all."

I oft sitt for an hour or more, watching Hans Holbein at his brush. He hath a rare gift of limning; and has, besides, the advantage of deare Erasmus his recommendation, for whom he hath alreddie painted our likenesses, but I think he has made us very ugly. His portraiture of my grandfather is marvellous; ne'erthelesse. I look in vayn for ye spirituallitie which our Lucchese friend, Antonio Bonvisi, tells us is to be found in the productions of ye Italian schools.

Holbein loves to paint with the lighte coming in upon his work from above. He says a lighte from above puts objects in theire proper lighte, and shews theire just proportions; a lighte from beneath reverses alle ye naturall shadows. Surelie, this hath some truth if we spirituallize it?

Rupert's cousin, Rosamond Allington, is our guest. She is as beautiful as ... not as an angel, for she lacks the look of goodness, but very beautiful indeed. She cometh hither from Hever Castle, her account of ye affairs whereof I like not. Mistress Anne is not there at present; indeed, she is now always hanging about court, and followeth somewhat too literallie the Scripturall injunction to Solomon's spouse—to forget her father's house. The King likes well enow to be compared with Solomon, but Mistress Anne is not his spouse yet, nor ever will be, I hope. Flattery and Frenchified habitts have spoilt her, I trow.

Rosamond says there is not a good chamber in the castle; even ye ball-room, which is on ye upper floor of alle, being narrow and low. On a rainy day, long ago, she and Mistress Anne were playing at shuttlecock therein, when Rosamond's foot tripped at some unevennesse in ye floor, and Mistress Anne, with a laugh, cried out, "Mind you goe not down into ye dungeon"—then pulled up a trap-door in the ball-room floor, by an iron ring, and made Rosamond look down into the unknown depth; alle in ye blacknesse of darkness. 'Tis an awfulle thing to have onlie a step from a ball-room to a dungeon. I'm glad we live in a modern house, we have noe such fearsome sights here.

Rosamond is sociable with alle, and mightilie taken with my husband, who, in his grave way, jests with her pleasantlie enough. Daisy, who seldom thinks anything worth giving an opinion on, said

yestereven, when they were bantering eache other in Robin Hood's Walk, "I'm glad, Meg, she fancies your husband insteade of mine." 'Twas a foolish speech, and had better have beene left unsaid. What a pity that folks who say soe little shoulde say aught amiss. I have noe jealousy in my composition.

Father, hearing little Tom Allington hammering over ye 34th Psalm this morning,—

"Child," says he, "don't say O! as unemphaticallie as if 'twere A, E, I, or U. David is labouring to expresse a thoughte too big for utterance.... '*Oh,—taste* and *see* that the Lord is good.' Try it agayn. That's better, my little man. Yet once more."

I'm glad Rosamond is going. That tiresome saying of Daisy's rankles. A poisoned shaft will infect the soundest flesh. What a pity we ever use such. I never will.

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Yes, she's gone, but Will is not happy. Oh, God, that I should ever know this feeling! We can never be sure of ourselves; we can never be sure of one another; we can never be sure of any but Thee. For Thou art love itself, without a shadowe of turning; and dost even condescend, in Thine exquisite tendernesse, to call Thyself a *jealous* God ... for of whom are we jealous but of those whom we passionately love? And such is the love, not the sternnesse, wherewith Thou sayest unto our souls, "Thou *shalt* not love any God but me! thou *shalt* not make to thyself anie earthlie idol! for I the Lord *thy* God am ... a *jealous* God,"—I cannot bear a rival on my throne, which is your heart. Love me firste, him next, even as much as you love yourself; and then I will bless you both.

Fecisti nos, etc.

Sancta mater, ora pro nobis, ora, ora.

Alas! am I awake, or dreaming still? He beganne to talk indistinctlie in his sleep last night, and as I cannot beare to heare people speak when they sleep but their heart waketh, I gently shooke him, and made him turn about; but not until that he had distinctlie exclaimed, "Tu, Jesu, es justicia mea." Thereon, a suddain light broke in on me, and I felt, I know not how to expresse what sense of relief, at the apprehension that his disquietation was not for Rosamond, but on ye old count of justification by faith. Waking up, he says,—"Oh, sweet Meg, I am soe unhappy," and gives way to tears; but I try to relieve him. But the matter is too hard for me; we cannot unravel it, soe he holds his peace, and sleeps, or affects to sleep, the while I pray to every saint in ye calendar.

I am glad I did him injustice; which is a strange thing for a wife to say.

How many, many tears have I shed! Poor, imprudent Will!

To think of his escape from ye Cardinall's fangs, and yet that he will probablie repeat ye offence. This morning father and he had a long, and, I fear me, fruitless debate in the garden; on returning from which, father took me aside and sayd,—

"Meg, I have borne a long time with thine husband; I have reasoned and argued with him, and still given him my poor, fatherly counsel; but I perceive none of alle this can call him home agayn. And therefore, Meg, I will no longer dispute with him.".... "Oh, father!".... "Nor yet will I give him over; but I will set another way to work, and get me to God and pray for him."

And have I not done so alreadie?

I feare me they parted unfriendlie; I hearde father say, "Thus much I have a right to bind thee to, that thou indoctrinate not her in thine own heresies. Thou shalt not imperill the salvation of my child."

Since this there has beene an irresistible gloom on our spiritts, a cloud between my husband's soul and mine, without a word spoken. I pray but my prayers seem dead.

... Last night, after seeking unto this saint and that, methought "why not applie unto ye fountain head? Maybe these holy spiritts may have limitations sett to ye power of theire intercessions—at anie rate, the ears of Mary-mother are open to alle."

Soe I beganne, "Pia mater, fons amoris...."

Then, methoughte, "but I am onlie asking *her* to intercede—I'll mount a step higher still...."

Then I turned to ye great Intercessor of alle. But methought, "Still he intercedes with another, although the same. And his owne saying was, 'In that day ye shall ask *me nothing*. Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, *he* will give it you.'" Soe I did.

I fancy I fell asleep with ye tears on my cheek. Will had not come up stairs. Then came a heavie, heavie sleep, not such as giveth rest; and a dark, wild dream. Methought I was tired of waiting for Will, and became alarmed. The night seemed a month long, and at last I grew soe weary of it, that I arose, put on some clothing, and went in search of him whom my soul loveth. Soon I founde him, sitting in a muse; and said, "Will, deare Will?" but he hearde me not; and, going up to touch him, I was amazed to be broughte short up or ever I reached him, by something invisible betwixt us, hard, and cleare, and colde, ... in short, a wall of ice! Soe it seemed, in my strange dreame. I pushed at it, but could not move it; called to him, but coulde not make him hear: and all ye while my breath, I suppose, raised a vapor on the glassy substance, that grew thicker and thicker, soe as slowlie to hide him from me. I coulde discerne his head and shoulders, but not see down to his heart. Then I shut mine eyes in despair, and when I opened 'em, he was hidden altogether.

Then I prayed. I put my hot brow agaynst ye ice, and I kept a weeping hot tears, and ye warm breath of prayer kept issuing from my lips; and still I was persisting, when, or ever I knew how, ye ice beganne to melt! I felt it giving way! and, looking up, coulde in joyfulle surprize, just discerne the lineaments of a figure close at t'other side; ye face turned away, but yet in the guise of listening. And, images being apt to seem magnified and distorted through vapours, methought 'twas altogether bigger than Will, yet himself, nothingthelesse; and, ye barrier between us having sunk away to breast-height, I layd mine hand on's shoulder, and he turned his head, smiling, though in silence; and ... oh, heaven! 'twas not Will, but ——.

What coulde I doe, even in my dreame, but fall at his feet? What coulde I doe, waking, but the same? 'Twas grey of morn; I was feverish and unrefreshed, but I wanted noe more lying-a-bed. Will had arisen and gone forthe; and I, as quicklie as I could make myself readie, sped after him.

I know not what I expected, nor what I meant to say. The moment I opened the door of his closett, I stopt short. There he stoode, in the centre of the chamber; his hand resting flat on an open book, his head raised somewhat up, his eyes fixed on something or some one, as though in speaking communion with 'em; his whole visage lightened up and glorifide with an unspeakable calm and grandeur that seemed to transfigure him before me; and, when he hearde my step, he turned about, and 'steade of histing me away, helde out his arms.... We parted without neede to utter a word.

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Events have followed too quick and thick for me to note 'em. Firste, father's embassade to Cambray, which I shoulde have grieved at more on our owne accounts, had it not broken off alle further collision with Will. Thoroughlie home-sick, while abroad, poor father was; then, on his return, he noe sooner sett his foot a-land, than ye King summoned him to Woodstock. 'Twas a couple o' nights after he left us, that Will and I were roused by Patteson's shouting beneath our window, "Fire, fire, quoth Jeremiah!" and the house was a-fire sure enow. Greate part of ye men's quarter, together with alle ye outhouses and barns, consumed without remedie, and alle through ye carelessness of John Holt. Howbeit, noe lives were lost, nor any one much hurt; and we thankfullie obeyed deare father's behest, soe soone as we received ye same, that we woulde get us to church, and there, upon our knees, return humble and harty thanks to Almighty God for our late deliverance from a fearfulle death. Alsoe, at fathers desire, we made up to ye poor people on our premises theire various losses, which he bade us doe, even if it left him without soe much as a spoon.

But then came an equallie unlookt for, and more appalling event: ye fall of my Lord Cardinall, whereby my father was shortlie raised to ye highest pinnacle of professional greatnesse, being made Lord Chancellor, to ye content, in some sort, of Wolsey himself, who sayd he was ye onlie man fit to be his successor.

The unheard-of splendour of his installation dazzled the vulgar; while the wisdom that marked ye admirable discharge of his daylie duties, won ye respect of alle thinking men, but surprized none who alreadie knew father. On ye day succeeding his being sworn in, Patteson marched hither and thither bearing a huge placard, inscribed, "Partnership Dissolved;" and apparelled himself in an old suit, on which he had bestowed a coating of black paint, with weepers of white paper; assigning for't that "his brother was dead." "For now," quoth he, "that they've made him Lord Chancellor, we shall ne'er see Sir Thomas more."

Now, although ye poor Cardinal was commonlie helde to shew much judgment in his decisions, owing to ye naturall soundness of his understanding, yet, being noe lawyer, abuses had multiplied during his chancellorship, more especiallie in ye way of enormous fees and gratuities. Father, not content with shunning base lucre in his proper person, will not let anie one under him, to his

knowledge, touch a bribe; whereat Dancey, after his funny fashion, complains, saying:

"The fingers of my Lord Cardinall's veriest door-keepers were tipt with gold, but I, since I married your daughter, have got noe pickings; which in your case may be commendable, but in mine is nothing profitable." Father, laughing, makes answer:

"Your case is hard, son Dancey, but I can onlie say for your comfort, that, soe far as honesty and justice are concerned, if mine owne father, whom I reverence dearly, stoode before me on ye one hand, and the devil, whom I hate extremely, on ye other, yet, the cause of ye latter being just, I shoulde give the devil his due."

Giles Heron hath found this to his cost. Presuming on his near connexion with my father, he refused an equitable accommodation of a suit, which, thereon, coming into court, father's decision was given flat against him.

His decision against mother was equallie impartiall, and had something comique in it. Thus it befelle. A beggar-woman's little dog, which had beene stolen from her, was offered my mother for sale, and she bought it for a jewel of no greate value. After a week or soe, the owner finds where her dog is, and cometh to make complaynt of ye theft to father, then sitting in his hall. Sayth father, "Let's have a faire hearing in open court; thou, mistress, stand there where you be, to have impartiall justice; and thou, Dame Alice, come up hither, because thou art of ye higher degree. Now, then, call each of you the puppy, and see which he will follow." Soe Sweetheart, in spite of mother, springs off to ye old beggar-woman, who, unable to keep from laughing, and yet moved at mother's losse, sayth:

"Tell'ee what, mistress ... thee shalt have 'un for a groat."

"Nay," saith mother, "I won't mind giving thee a piece of gold;" soe the bargain was satisfactorily concluded.

Father's despatch of business is such, that, one morning before the end of term, he was tolde there was no other cause nor petition to be sett before him; the which, being a case unparallelled, he desired mighte be formally recorded.

He ne'er commences businesse in his owne court without first stepping into ye court of King's Bench, and there kneeling down to receive my grandfather's blessing. Will sayth 'tis worth a world to see ye unction with which the deare old man bestows it on him.

In Rogation-week, following the Rood as usuall, round ye parish, Heron counselled him to go a horseback for ye greater seemlinesse, but he made answer that 'twoulde be unseemlie indeede for ye servant to ride after his master going a-foot.

His grace of Norfolk, coming yesterday to dine with him, finds him in the church-choir, singing, with a surplice on.

"What!" cries ye Duke, as they walk home together, "my Lord Chancellor playing the parish clerk? Sure, you dishonor the King and his office."

"Nay," says father, smiling, "your grace must not deem that the King, your master and mine, will be offended at my honoring *his* Master."

Sure, 'tis pleasant to heare father taking ye upper hand of these great folks: and to have 'em coming and going, and waiting his pleasure, because he is ye man whom ye King delighteth to honor.

True, indeede, with Wolsey 'twas once ye same; but father neede not feare ye same ruin; because he hath Him for his friend, whom Wolsey said woulde not have forsaken him had he served Him as he served his earthly master. 'Twas a misproud priest; and there's the truth on't. And father is not misproud; and I don't believe we are; though proud of him we cannot fail to be.

And I know not why we may not be pleased with prosperitie, as well as patient under adversitie; as long as we say, "Thou, Lord, hast made our hill soe strong." 'Tis more difficult to bear with comelinesse, doubtlesse; and envious folks there will be; and we know alle things have an end, and everie sweet hath its sour, and everie fountain its fall; but ... 'tis very pleasant for all that.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMINISCENCES OF AN ATTORNEY.

THE CHEST OF DRAWERS.

I am about to relate a rather curious piece of domestic history, some of the incidents of which, revealed at the time of their occurrence in contemporary law reports, may be in the

remembrance of many readers. It took place in one of the midland counties, and at a place which I shall call Watley; the names of the chief actors who figured in it must also, to spare their modesty or their blushes, as the case may be, be changed; and should one of those persons, spite of these precautions, apprehend unpleasant recognition, he will be able to console himself with the reflection, that all I state beyond that which may be gathered from the records of the law courts will be generally ascribed to the fancy or invention of the writer. And it is as well, perhaps, that it should be so.

Caleb Jennings, a shoemender, cobbler, snob—using the last word in its genuine classical sense, and by no means according to the modern interpretation by which it is held to signify a genteel sneak or pretender—he was any thing but that—occupied, some twelve or thirteen years ago, a stall at Watley, which, according to the traditions of the place, had been hereditary in his family for several generations. He may also be said to have flourished there, after the manner of cobblers; for this, it must be remembered, was in the good old times, before the gutta-percha revolution had carried ruin and dismay into the stalls—those of cobblers—which in considerable numbers existed throughout the kingdom. Like all his fraternity whom I have ever fallen in with or heard of, Caleb was a sturdy Radical of the Major Cartwright and Henry Hunt school; and being withal industrious, tolerably skillful, not inordinately prone to the observance of Saint Mondays, possessed, moreover, of a neatly-furnished sleeping and eating apartment in the house of which the projecting first floor, supported on stone pillars, overshadowed his humble workplace, he vaunted himself to be as really rich as an estated squire, and far more independent.

There was some truth in this boast, as the case which procured us the honor of Mr. Jennings's acquaintance sufficiently proved. We were employed to bring an action against a wealthy gentleman of the vicinity of Watley for a brutal and unprovoked assault he had committed, when in a state of partial inebriety, upon a respectable London tradesman who had visited the place on business. On the day of trial our witnesses appeared to have become suddenly afflicted with an almost total loss of memory; and we were only saved from an adverse verdict by the plain, straightforward evidence of Caleb, upon whose sturdy nature the various arts which soften or neutralize hostile evidence had been tried in vain. Mr. Flint, who personally superintended the case, took quite a liking to the man; and it thus happened that we were called upon some time afterward to aid the said Caleb in extricating himself from the extraordinary and perplexing difficulty in which he suddenly and unwittingly found himself involved.

The projecting first floor of the house beneath which the humble work-shop of Caleb Jennings modestly disclosed itself, had been occupied for many years by an ailing and somewhat aged gentleman of the name of Lisle. This Mr. Ambrose Lisle was a native of Watley, and had been a prosperous merchant of the city of London. Since his return, after about twenty years' absence, he had shut himself up in almost total seclusion, nourishing a cynical bitterness and acrimony of temper which gradually withered up the sources of health and life, till at length it became as visible to himself as it had for some time been to others, that the oil of existence was expended, burnt up, and that but a few weak flickers more, and the ailing man's plaints and griefs would be hushed in the dark silence of the grave.

Mr. Lisle had no relatives at Watley, and the only individual with whom he was on terms of personal intimacy was Mr. Peter Sowerby, an attorney of the place, who had for many years transacted all his business. This man visited Mr. Lisle most evenings, played at chess with him, and gradually acquired an influence over his client which that weak gentleman had once or twice feebly but vainly endeavored to shake off. To this clever attorney, it was rumored, Mr. Lisle had bequeathed all his wealth.

This piece of information had been put in circulation by Caleb Jennings, who was a sort of humble favorite of Mr. Lisle's, or, at all events, was regarded by the misanthrope with less dislike than he manifested toward others. Caleb cultivated a few flowers in a little plot of ground at the back of the house, and Mr. Lisle would sometimes accept a rose or a bunch of violets from him. Other slight services—especially since the recent death of his old and garrulous woman-servant, Esther May, who had accompanied him from London, and with whom Mr. Jennings had always been upon terms of gossiping intimacy—had led to certain familiarities of intercourse; and it thus happened that the inquisitive shoe-mender became partially acquainted with the history of the wrongs and griefs which preyed upon, and shortened the life of the prematurely-aged man.

The substance of this every-day, commonplace story, as related to us by Jennings, and subsequently enlarged and colored from other sources, may be very briefly told.

Ambrose Lisle, in consequence of an accident which occurred in his infancy, was slightly deformed. His right shoulder—as I understood, for I never saw him—grew out, giving an ungraceful and somewhat comical twist to his figure, which, in female eyes—youthful ones at least—sadly marred the effect of his intelligent and handsome countenance. This personal defect rendered him shy and awkward in the presence of women of his own class of society; and he had attained the ripe age of thirty-seven years, and was a rich and prosperous man, before he gave the slightest token of an inclination toward matrimony. About a twelvemonth previous to that period of his life, the deaths—quickly following each other—of a Mr. and Mrs. Stevens threw their eldest daughter, Lucy, upon Mr. Lisle's hands. Mr. Lisle had been left an orphan at a very early age, and Mrs. Stevens—his aunt, and then a maiden lady—had, in accordance with his father's will, taken charge of himself and brother till they severally attained their majority. Long, however, before she married Mr. Stevens, by whom she had two children—Lucy and Emily. Her

husband, whom she survived but two months, died insolvent; and in obedience to the dying wishes of his aunt, for whom he appears to have felt the tenderest esteem, he took the eldest of her orphan children to his home, intending to regard and provide for her as his own adopted child and heiress. Emily, the other sister, found refuge in the house of a still more distant relative than himself.

The Stevenses had gone to live at a remote part of England—Yorkshire, I believe—and it thus fell out, that till his cousin Lucy arrived at her new home he had not seen her for more than ten years. The pale, and somewhat plain child, as he had esteemed her, he was startled to find had become a charming woman; and her naturally gay and joyous temperament, quick talents, and fresh young beauty, rapidly acquired an overwhelming influence over him. Strenuously but vainly he struggled against the growing infatuation—argued, reasoned with himself—passed in review the insurmountable objections to such a union, the difference of age—he leading toward thirty-seven, she barely twenty-one; he crooked, deformed, of reserved, taciturn temper—she full of young life, and grace, and beauty. It was useless; and nearly a year had passed in the bootless struggle when Lucy Stevens, who had vainly striven to blind herself to the nature of the emotions by which her cousin and guardian was animated toward her, intimated a wish to accept her sister Emily's invitation to pass two or three months with her. This brought the affair to a crisis. Buoying himself up with the illusions which people in such an unreasonable frame of mind create for themselves, he suddenly entered the sitting-room set apart for her private use, with the desperate purpose of making his beautiful cousin a formal offer of his hand. She was not in the apartment, but her opened writing-desk, and a partly-finished letter lying on it, showed that she had been recently there, and would probably soon return. Mr. Lisle took two or three agitated turns about the room, one of which brought him close to the writing-desk, and his glance involuntarily fell upon the unfinished letter. Had a deadly serpent leaped suddenly at his throat, the shock could not have been greater. At the head of the sheet of paper was a clever pen-and-ink sketch of Lucy Stevens and himself; he, kneeling to her in a lovelorn ludicrous attitude, and she laughing immoderately at his lachrymose and pitiful aspect and speech. The letter was addressed to her sister Emily; and the engaged lover saw not only that his supposed secret was fully known, but that he himself was mocked, laughed at for his doting folly. At least this was his interpretation of the words which swam before his eyes. At the instant Lucy returned, and a torrent of imprecation burst from the furious man, in which wounded self-love, rageful pride, and long pent-up passion, found utterance in wild and bitter words. Half an hour afterward Lucy Stevens had left the merchant's house—forever, as it proved. She, indeed, on arriving at her sister's, sent a letter supplicating forgiveness for the thoughtless, and, as he deemed it, insulting sketch, intended only for Emily's eye; but he replied merely by a note written by one of his clerks, informing Miss Stevens that Mr. Lisle declined any further correspondence with her.

The ire of the angered and vindictive man had, however, begun sensibly to abate, and old thoughts, memories, duties, suggested partly by the blank which Lucy's absence made in his house, partly by remembrance of the solemn promise he had made her mother, were strongly reviving in his mind, when he read the announcement of her marriage in a provincial journal, directed to him, as he believed, in the bride's hand-writing; but this was an error, her sister having sent the newspaper. Mr. Lisle also construed this into a deliberate mockery and insult, and from that hour strove to banish all images and thoughts connected with his cousin from his heart and memory.

He unfortunately adopted the very worst course possible for effecting this object. Had he remained amid the buzz and tumult of active life, a mere sentimental disappointment, such as thousands of us have sustained and afterward forgotten, would, there can be little doubt, have soon ceased to afflict him. He chose to retire from business, visited Watley, and habits of miserliness growing rapidly upon his cankered mind, never afterward removed from the lodgings he had hired on first arriving there. Thus madly hugging to himself sharp-pointed memories which a sensible man would have speedily cast off and forgotten, the sour misanthrope passed a useless, cheerless, weary existence, to which death must have been a welcome relief.

Matters were in this state with the morose and aged man—aged mentally and corporeally, although his years were but fifty-eight—when Mr. Flint made Mr. Jennings's acquaintance. Another month or so had passed away when Caleb's attention was one day about noon claimed by a young man dressed in mourning, accompanied by a female similarly attired, and from their resemblance to each other, he conjectured, brother and sister. The stranger wished to know if that was the house in which Mr. Ambrose Lisle resided. Jennings said it was; and with civil alacrity left his stall and rang the front-door bell. The summons was answered by the landlady's servant, who, since Esther May's death, had waited on the first-floor lodger: and the visitors were invited to go up-stairs. Caleb, much wondering who they might be, returned to his stall, and from thence passed into his eating and sleeping room just below Mr. Lisle's apartments. He was in the act of taking a pipe from the mantle-shelf, in order to the more deliberate and satisfactory cogitation on such an unusual event, when he was startled by a loud shout, or scream rather, from above. The quivering and excited voice was that of Mr. Lisle, and the outcry was immediately followed by an explosion of unintelligible exclamations from several persons. Caleb was up-stairs in an instant, and found himself in the midst of a strangely-perplexing and distracted scene. Mr. Lisle, pale as his shirt, shaking in every limb, and his eyes on fire with passion, was hurling forth a torrent of vituperation and reproach at the young woman, whom he evidently mistook for some one else; while she, extremely terrified, and unable to stand but for the assistance of her companion, was tendering a letter in her outstretched hand, and uttering broken sentences, which her own agitation and the fury of Mr. Lisle's invectives rendered totally

incomprehensible. At last the fierce old man struck the letter from her hand, and with frantic rage ordered both the strangers to leave the room. Caleb urged them to comply, and accompanied them down stairs. When they reached the street, he observed a woman on the other side of the way, dressed in mourning, and much older apparently, though he could not well see her face through the thick vail she wore, than she who had thrown Mr. Lisle into such an agony of rage, apparently waiting for them. To her the young people immediately hastened, and after a brief conference the three turned away up the street and Mr. Jennings saw no more of them.

A quarter of an hour afterward the house-servant informed Caleb that Mr. Lisle had retired to bed, and although still in great agitation, and, as she feared, seriously indisposed, would not permit Dr. Clarke to be sent for. So sudden and violent a hurricane in the usually dull and drowsy atmosphere in which Jennings lived, excited and disturbed him greatly: the hours, however, flew past without bringing any relief to his curiosity, and evening was falling, when a peculiar knocking on the floor overhead announced that Mr. Lisle desired his presence. That gentleman was sitting up in bed, and in the growing darkness his face could not be very distinctly seen; but Caleb instantly observed a vivid and unusual light in the old man's eyes. The letter so strangely delivered was lying open before him; and unless the shoemender was greatly mistaken, there were stains of recent tears upon Mr. Lisle's furrowed and hollow cheeks. The voice, too, it struck Caleb, though eager, was gentle and wavering. "It was a mistake, Jennings," he said; "I was mad for the moment. Are they gone?" he added in a yet more subdued and gentle tone. Caleb informed him of what he had seen; and as he did so, the strange light in the old man's eyes seemed to quiver and sparkle with a yet intenser emotion than before. Presently he shaded them with his hand, and remained several minutes silent. He then said with a firmer voice: "I shall be glad if you will step to Mr. Sowerby, and tell him I am too unwell to see him this evening. But be sure to say nothing else," he eagerly added, as Caleb turned away in compliance with his request; "and when you come back, let me see you again."

When Jennings returned, he found to his great surprise Mr. Lisle up and nearly dressed; and his astonishment increased a hundredfold upon hearing that gentleman say, in a quick but perfectly collected and decided manner, that he should set off for London by the mail-train.

"For London—and by night!" exclaimed Caleb, scarcely sure that he heard aright.

"Yes—yes, I shall not be observed in the dark," sharply rejoined Mr. Lisle; "and you, Caleb, must keep my secret from every body, especially from Sowerby. I shall be here in time to see him to-morrow night, and he will be none the wiser." This was said with a slight chuckle; and as soon as his simple preparations were complete, Mr. Lisle, well wrapped up, and his face almost hidden by shawls, locked his door, and assisted by Jennings, stole furtively down stairs, and reached unrecognized the rail way station just in time for the train.

It was quite dark the next evening when Mr. Lisle returned; and so well had he managed that Mr. Sowerby, who paid his usual visit about half an hour afterward, had evidently heard nothing of the suspicious absence of his esteemed client from Watley. The old man exulted over the success of his deception to Caleb the next morning, but dropped no hint as to the object of his sudden journey. 317

Three days passed without the occurrence of any incident tending to the enlightenment of Mr. Jennings upon these mysterious events, which, however, he plainly saw had lamentably shaken the long-since failing man. On the afternoon of the fourth day, Mr. Lisle walked, or rather tottered, into Caleb's stall, and seated himself on the only vacant stool it contained. His manner was confused, and frequently purposeless, and there was an anxious, flurried expression in his face which Jennings did not at all like. He remained silent for some time, with the exception of partially inaudible snatches of comment or questionings, apparently addressed to himself. At last he said: "I shall take a longer journey to-morrow, Caleb—much longer: let me see—where did I say? Ah, yes! to Glasgow; to be sure, to Glasgow!"

"To Glasgow, and to-morrow!" exclaimed the astounded cobbler.

"No, no—not Glasgow; they have removed," feebly rejoined Mr. Lisle. "But Lucy has written it down for me. True—true; and to-morrow I shall set out."

The strange expression of Mr. Lisle's face became momentarily more strongly marked, and Jennings, greatly alarmed, said: "You are ill, Mr. Lisle; let me run for Dr. Clarke."

"No—no," he murmured, at the same time striving to rise from his seat, which he could only accomplish by Caleb's assistance, and so supported, he staggered indoors. "I shall be better to morrow," he said faintly, and then slowly added: "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow! Ah, me! Yes, as I said, to-morrow, I—" He paused abruptly, and they gained his apartment. He seated himself, and then Jennings, at his mute solicitation, assisted him to bed.

He lay some time with his eyes closed; and Caleb could feel—for Mr. Lisle held him firmly by the hand, as if to prevent his going away—a convulsive shudder pass over his frame. At last he slowly opened his eyes, and Caleb saw that he was indeed about to depart upon the long journey from which there is no return. The lips of the dying man worked inarticulately for some moments; and then with a mighty effort, as it seemed, he said, while his trembling hand pointed feebly to a bureau chest of drawers that stood in the room: "There—there, for Lucy; there, the secret place is—" Some inaudible words followed, and then after a still mightier struggle than before, he gasped out: "No word—no word—to—to Sowerby—for her—Lucy."

More was said, but undistinguishable by mortal ear; and after gazing with an expression of indescribable anxiety in the scared face of his awestruck listener, the wearied eyes slowly reclosed—the deep silence flowed past; then the convulsive shudder came again, and he was dead!

Caleb Jennings tremblingly summoned the house-servant and the landlady, and was still confusedly pondering the broken sentences uttered by the dying man, when Mr. Sowerby hurriedly arrived. The attorney's first care was to assume the direction of affairs, and to place seals upon every article containing or likely to contain any thing of value belonging to the deceased. This done, he went away to give directions for the funeral, which took place a few days afterward; and it was then formally announced that Mr. Sowerby succeeded by will to the large property of Ambrose Lisle; under trust, however, for the family, if any, of Robert Lisle, the deceased's brother, who had gone when very young to India, and had not been heard of for many years—a condition which did not at all mar the joy of the crafty lawyer, he having long since instituted private inquiries, which perfectly satisfied him that the said Robert Lisle had died, unmarried, at Calcutta.

Mr. Jennings was in a state of great dubiety and consternation. Sowerby had emptied the chest of drawers of every valuable it contained; and unless he had missed the secret receptacle Mr. Lisle had spoken of, the deceased's intentions, whatever they might have been, were clearly defeated. And if he had *not* discovered it, how could he, Jennings, get at the drawers to examine them? A fortunate chance brought some relief to his perplexities. Ambrose Lisle's furniture was advertised to be sold by auction, and Caleb resolved to purchase the bureau chest of drawers at almost any price, although to do so would oblige him to break into his rent-money, then nearly due. The day of sale came, and the important lot in its turn was put up. In one of the drawers there were a number of loose newspapers, and other valueless scraps; and Caleb, with a sly grin, asked the auctioneer if he sold the article with all its contents. "Oh yes," said Sowerby, who was watching the sale; "the buyer may have all it contains over his bargain, and much good may it do him." A laugh followed the attorney's sneering remark, and the biddings went on. "I want it," observed Caleb, "because it just fits a recess like this one in my room underneath." This he said to quiet a suspicion he thought he saw gathering upon the attorney's brow. It was finally knocked down to Caleb at £5, 10s., a sum considerably beyond its real value; and he had to borrow a sovereign in order to clear his speculative purchase. This done, he carried off his prize, and as soon as the closing of the house for the night secured him from interruption, he set eagerly to work in search of the secret drawer. A long and patient examination was richly rewarded. Behind one of the small drawers of the *secrétaire* portion of the piece of furniture was another small one, curiously concealed, which contained Bank-of-England notes to the amount of £200, tied up with a letter, upon the back of which was written, in the deceased's handwriting, "To take with me." The letter which Caleb, although he read print with facility, had much difficulty in making out, was that which Mr. Lisle had struck from the young woman's hand a few weeks before and proved to be a very affecting appeal from Lucy Stevens, now Lucy Warner, and a widow, with two grown-up children. Her husband had died in insolvent circumstances, and she and her sister Emily, who was still single, were endeavoring to carry on a school at Bristol, which promised to be sufficiently prosperous if the sum of about £150 could be raised, to save the furniture from her deceased husband's creditors. The claim was pressing, for Mr. Warner had been dead nearly a year, and Mr. Lisle being the only relative Mrs. Warner had in the world, she had ventured to entreat his assistance for her mother's sake. There could be no moral doubt, therefore, that this money was intended for Mrs. Warner's relief; and early in the morning Mr. Caleb Jennings dressed himself in his Sunday's suit, and with a brief announcement to his landlady that he was about to leave Watley for a day or two on a visit to a friend, set off for the railway station. He had not proceeded far when a difficulty struck him: the bank-notes were all twenties; and were he to change a twenty-pound note at the station, where he was well known, great would be the tattle and wonderment, if nothing worse, that would ensue. So Caleb tried his credit again, borrowed sufficient for his journey to London, and there changed one of the notes.

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He soon reached Bristol, and blessed was the relief which the sum of money he brought afforded Mrs. Warner. She expressed much sorrow for the death of Mr. Lisle, and great gratitude to Caleb. The worthy man accepted with some reluctance one of the notes, or at least as much as remained of that which he had changed; and after exchanging promises with the widow and her relatives to keep the matter secret, departed homeward. The young woman, Mrs. Warner's daughter, who had brought the letter to Watley, was, Caleb noticed, the very image of her mother, or rather of what her mother must have been when young. This remarkable resemblance it was, no doubt, which had for the moment so confounded and agitated Mr. Lisle.

Nothing occurred for about a fortnight after Caleb's return to disquiet him, and he had begun to feel tolerably sure that his discovery of the notes would remain unsuspected, when, one afternoon, the sudden and impetuous entrance of Mr. Sowerby into his stall caused him to jump up from his seat with surprise and alarm. The attorney's face was deathly white, his eyes glared like a wild beast's, and his whole appearance exhibited uncontrollable agitation. "A word with you, Mr. Jennings," he gasped—"a word in private, and at once!" Caleb, in scarcely less consternation than his visitor, led the way into his inner room, and closed the door.

"Restore—give back," screamed the attorney, vainly struggling to dissemble the agitation which convulsed him—"that—that—which you have purloined from the chest of drawers!"

The hot blood rushed to Caleb's face and temples; the wild vehemence and suddeness of the demand confounded him; and certain previous dim suspicions that the law might not only

pronounce what he had done illegal, but possibly felonious, returned upon him with terrible force, and he quite lost his presence of mind.

"I can't—I can't," he stammered. "It's gone—given away—"

"Gone!" shouted, or more correctly howled, Sowerby, at the same time flying at Caleb's throat as if he would throttle him. "Gone—given away! You lie—you want to drive a bargain with me—dog!—liar!—rascal!—thief!"

This was a species of attack which Jennings was at no loss how to meet. He shook the attorney roughly off, and hurled him, in the midst of his vituperation, to the further end of the room.

They then stood glaring at each other in silence, till the attorney, mastering himself as well as he could, essayed another and more rational mode of attaining his purpose.

"Come, come, Jennings," he said, "don't be a fool. Let us understand each other. I have just discovered a paper, a memorandum of what you have found in the drawers, and to obtain which you bought them. I don't care for the money—keep it; only give me the papers—documents."

"Papers—documents!" ejaculated Caleb in unfeigned surprise.

"Yes—yes; of use to me only. You, I remember, can not read writing; but they are of great consequence to me—to me only, I tell you."

"You can't mean Mrs. Warner's letter?"

"No—no; curse the letter! You are playing with a tiger! Keep the money, I tell you; but give up the papers—documents—or I'll transport you!" shouted Sowerby with reviving fury.

Caleb, thoroughly bewildered, could only mechanically ejaculate that he had no papers or documents.

The rage of the attorney when he found he could extract nothing from Jennings was frightful. He literally foamed with passion, uttered the wildest threats; and then suddenly changing his key, offered the astounded cobbler one—two—three thousand pounds: any sum he chose to name, for the papers—documents! This scene of alternate violence and cajolery lasted nearly an hour; and then Sowerby rushed from the house, as if pursued by the furies, and leaving his auditor in a state of thorough bewilderment and dismay. It occurred to Caleb, as soon as his mind had settled into something like order, that there might be another secret drawer; and the recollection of Mr. Lisle's journey to London recurred suggestively to him. Another long and eager search, however, proved fruitless; and the suspicion was given up, or, more correctly, weakened.

As soon as it was light the next morning, Mr. Sowerby was again with him. He was more guarded now, and was at length convinced that Jennings had no paper or document to give up. "It was only some important memoranda," observed the attorney carelessly, "that would save me a world of trouble in a lawsuit I shall have to bring against some heavy debtors to Mr. Lisle's estate; but I must do as well as I can without them. Good-morning." Just as he reached the door, a sudden thought appeared to strike him. He stopped, and said: "By the way, Jennings, in the hurry of business I forgot that Mr. Lisle had told me the chest of drawers you bought, and a few other articles, were family relics which he wished to be given to certain parties he named. The other things I have got; and you, I suppose, will let me have the drawers for—say a pound profit on your bargain?"

Caleb was not the acutest man in the world; but this sudden proposition, carelessly as it was made, suggested curious thoughts. "No," he answered; "I shall not part with it. I shall keep it as a memorial of Mr. Lisle."

Sowerby's face assumed, as Caleb spoke, a ferocious expression. "Shall you?" said he. "Then be sure, my fine fellow, that you shall also have something to remember me by as long as you live!"

He then went away, and a few days afterward Caleb was served with a writ for the recovery of the two hundred pounds.

The affair made a great noise in the place; and Caleb's conduct being very generally approved, a subscription was set on foot to defray the cost of defending the action—one Hayling, a rival attorney to Sowerby, having asserted that the words used by the proprietor of the chest of drawers at the sale barred his claim to the money found in them. This wise gentleman was intrusted with the defense; and, strange to say, the jury—a common one—spite of the direction of the judge, returned a verdict for the defendant, upon the ground that Sowerby's jocular or sneering remark amounted to a serious, valid leave and license to sell two hundred pounds for five pounds ten shillings!

Sowerby obtained, as a matter of course, a rule for a new trial; and a fresh action was brought. All at once Hayling refused to go on, alleging deficiency of funds. He told Jennings that in his opinion it would be better that he should give in to Sowerby's whim, who only wanted the drawers in order to comply with the testator's wishes. "Besides," remarked Hayling in conclusion, "he is sure to get the article, you know, when it comes to be sold under a writ of *fi fa*." A few days after this conversation, it was ascertained that Hayling was to succeed to Sowerby's business, the latter gentleman being about to retire upon the fortune bequeathed him by Mr. Lisle.

At last Caleb, driven nearly out of his senses, though still doggedly obstinate, by the harassing

perplexities in which he found himself, thought of applying to us.

"A very curious affair, upon my word," remarked Mr. Flint, as soon as Caleb had unburdened himself of the story of his woes and cares; "and in my opinion by no means explainable by Sowerby's anxiety to fulfill the testator's wishes. He can not expect to get two hundred pence out of you; and Mrs. Warner, you say, is equally unable to pay. Very odd indeed. Perhaps if we could get time, something might turn up."

With this view Flint looked over the papers Caleb had brought, and found the declaration was in *trover*—a manifest error—the notes never admittedly having been in Sowerby's actual possession. We accordingly demurred to the form of action, and the proceedings were set aside. This, however, proved of no ultimate benefit. Sowerby persevered, and a fresh action was instituted against the unhappy shoemender. So utterly overcrowed and disconsolate was poor Caleb, that he determined to give up the drawers, which was all Sowerby even now required, and so wash his hands of the unfortunate business. Previous, however, to this being done, it was determined that another thorough and scientific examination of the mysterious piece of furniture should be made; and for this purpose Mr. Flint obtained a workman skilled in the mysteries of secret contrivances, from the desk and dressing-case establishment in King-street, Holborn, and proceeded with him to Watley.

The man performed his task with great care and skill: every depth and width was gauged and measured, in order to ascertain if there were any false bottoms or backs; and the workman finally pronounced that there was no concealed receptacle in the article.

"I am sure there is," persisted Flint, whom disappointment as usual rendered but the more obstinate; "and so is Sowerby: and he knows, too, that it is so cunningly contrived as to be undiscoverable, except by a person in the secret, which he no doubt at first imagined Caleb to be. I'll tell you what we'll do: You have the necessary tools with you. Split the confounded chest of drawers into shreds: I'll be answerable for the consequences."

This was done carefully and methodically, but for some time without result. At length the large drawer next the floor had to be knocked to pieces; and as it fell apart, one section of the bottom, which, like all the others, was divided into two compartments, dropped asunder, and discovered a parchment laid flat between the two thin leaves, which, when pressed together in the grooves of the drawer, presented precisely the same appearance as the rest. Flint snatched up the parchment, and his eager eye had scarcely rested an instant on the writing, when a shout of triumph burst from him. It was the last will and testament of Ambrose Lisle, dated August 21, 1838—the day of his last hurried visit to London. It revoked the former will, and bequeathed the whole of his property, in equal portions, to his cousins Lucy Warner and Emily Stevens, with succession to their children; but with reservation of one-half to his brother Robert or children, should he be alive, or have left offspring.

Great, it may be supposed, was the jubilation of Caleb Jennings at this discovery; and all Watley, by his agency, was in a marvelously short space of time in a very similar state of excitement. It was very late that night when he reached his bed; and how he got there at all, and what precisely had happened, except, indeed, that he had somewhere picked up a splitting headache, was, for some time after he awoke the next morning, very confusedly remembered.

Mr. Flint, upon reflection, was by no means so exultant as the worthy shoemender. The odd mode of packing away a deed of such importance, with no assignable motive for doing so, except the needless awe with which Sowerby was said to have inspired his feeble-spirited client, together with what Caleb had said of the shattered state of the deceased's mind after the interview with Mrs. Warner's daughter, suggested fears that Sowerby might dispute, and perhaps successfully, the validity of this last will. My excellent partner, however, determined, as was his wont, to put a bold face on the matter; and first clearly settling in his own mind what he should and what he should *not* say, waited upon Mr. Sowerby. The news had preceded him, and he was at once surprised and delighted to find that the nervous, crest-fallen attorney was quite unaware of the advantages of his position. On condition of not being called to account for the moneys he had received and expended, about £1200, he destroyed the former will in Mr. Flint's presence, and gave up at once all the deceased's papers. From these we learned that Mr. Lisle had written a letter to Mrs. Warner, stating what he had done, and where the will would be found, and that only herself and Jennings would know the secret. From infirmity of purpose, or from having subsequently determined on a personal interview, the letter was not posted; and Sowerby subsequently discovered it, together with a memorandum of the numbers of the bank notes found by Caleb in the secret drawer—the eccentric gentleman appears to have had quite a mania for such hiding-places—of a writing-desk.

The affair was thus happily terminated: Mrs. Warner, her children, and sister, were enriched, and Caleb Jennings was set up in a good way of business in his native place, where he still flourishes. Over the centre of his shop there is a large nondescript sign, surmounted by a golden boot, which, upon close inspection, is found to bear some resemblance to a huge bureau chest of drawers, all the circumstances connected with which may be heard, for the asking, and in much fuller detail than I have given, from the lips of the owner of the establishment, by any lady or gentleman who will take the trouble of a journey to Watley for that purpose.

VILLAGE LIFE IN GERMANY.

THE CLUB.

Lesmona possesses a club. Its meetings are suspended during summer, but are resumed as autumn wanes. Professedly, it is a whist club; but card-playing is in reality the least of its objects, its chief intention being to cultivate a kindly feeling among the inhabitants of the village and the neighborhood, by bringing them periodically together. I was duly balloted for and admitted. On the Friday evening after this honor was conferred on me, I was introduced. The meetings were held in Meyerholz's inn, and in the same apartment which had served as a ball-room. Here I found a dozen or fifteen of the notabilities of the place assembled. In a short time they assorted themselves, and sat down, some to whist, some to chess, while others contented themselves with looking on. The points at whist were fixed at a grote, about equivalent to a halfpenny—any higher play would have been considered gambling, and would have been regarded with extreme disfavor. Doctor W——'s phrase, "To be, or not to be," was, I now found, the usual signal for the end as well as the beginning of the game. Wine, and still more commonly beer, were imbibed during the course of it. The wine usually drank in that part of the world is French wine—St. Julian or some other Bordeaux wine is the commonest. Rhenish wine is very rare. Some indulged in what they called "grogs"—a "grog" is a small tumbler of brandy-punch. Almost all smoked; indeed the pastor of the village was the only person in it who never did. The pipe was much preferred to the cigar, the smoke from the latter being apt to be troublesome when the hands are engaged. Of course the pipe was the long German one, consisting of mouth-piece, flexible tube, polished or cherry-tree stem, schwammdose or receiver, and the more or less ornamented head or bowl. Since I am speaking of pipes, I may mention that in Germany every smoker possesses several—and these, of course, vary much in length, calibre, and value. There is abundant opportunity of displaying the owner's taste. Some have their armorial bearings painted on the bowl. Among students, again, it is common to present a friend with a bowl bearing one's likeness, the said likeness being a *silhouette* or shade in profile. There are, of course, all the other varieties of bowl; some have female figures, others landscapes or public buildings, others the likenesses of well-known characters—John Ronge was rather a favorite at the time I speak of. As to the stem, the most esteemed are those of the cherry-tree, brought from the Vistula. These stems disengage a pleasant odor.

But to return. "To be, or not to be," says Dr. W—— as he rises. The rest of the party finish their games, and think of supper. It is a slight repast; each orders what he chooses, and there is no set table. A beefsteak or a sandwich are the most common viands. The German expression for sandwich, by the way, is rather circumlocutory—the literal translation of it is, "a butter-bread-with-meat;" it is like some of the other composite terms in that language which strike a beginner as being so odd—*hand-shoes*, for instance, or *finger-hat*, for gloves and a thimble.

The club used to meet every Friday. Each alternate week, however, we had what was called a ladies' club. On these occasions, the female portions of the families of members were entitled to be present. The only other difference was, that, when ladies came, the gentlemen abstained from smoking pipes, and confined themselves to cigars.

But it is time to break up. Cloaks and great-coats are donned. There is a lighting of lanterns, for the roads are dark, and some of us have a considerable way to go. We separate with a simultaneous "Good-night—may you sleep well."

A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

A temperance meeting was announced as being about to be held at a village called Blumenthal, situated a few miles from Lesmona. On the appointed day, I proceeded thither with some friends. On our arrival at the place, we found a large canvas-covered booth erected on the border of an extensive wood; this booth was open on every side, being meant as a protection only against the rays of the sun. Adjacent was an inn, a solitary house, the village being at some little distance. Entering here, I was not a little surprised to find the majority of the promoters of temperance drinking wine. It was just ten o'clock of the forenoon. The fact, however, was, first, that many had come from a considerable distance, and stood in need of some refreshment, and secondly, that the pledge given on entering the society went no further than a promise to abstain from ardent spirits. Total abstinence seems not to find much favor in Germany, and the efforts of the Mässigkeit-Verein are directed almost entirely against the use of the deadly branntwein of the country. This branntwein is made from the potato, and is not merely intoxicating, but, even in small quantities, is of a most pernicious effect on the human system, destroying the stomach, and affecting the nerves, even when far from being indulged in to any thing like excess.

At last the meeting began. A clergyman opened it with a short prayer, and then the assembly sang a temperance hymn. The air to which it was adapted was no other than our National Anthem—which, by the way, the Germans fondly but erroneously claim as a German composition. Then came the usual succession of speeches, then another hymn, and then the meeting, it being past noon, adjourned for dinner. The meal was served in the inn, and also in booths similar to that constructed for the meeting; but many had brought their provisions with them, and stretched themselves on the turf under the shade of the forest. Altogether—and especially as a large number of women had attended, and these of all classes, from the peasant in gaudy colors to the more simply-dressed lady—the scene was most picturesque: it looked like a pic-nic on a

great scale. After dinner, there were more speeches and more music. The speeches tired me, and I wandered into the wood, where I found the music much improved by being heard at a distance. The fact is, that the country people in this part of Germany are any thing but the proficients in music, which, according to the idea commonly entertained on the subject in Britain, all Germans are. They, on the contrary, know scarcely any thing whatever of the art; even in the churches, part-singing is unknown. While I was at Lesmona, the pastor of that place had indeed begun to instruct the children of his parish in psalmody, and, as he is perfectly competent to do so, a change may ultimately be effected; but in my time the church music was absolutely painful to listen to; the vocal was deafening and discordant, and, as for the instrumental, I shall not to my dying day forget the inhuman turn which old Mr. Müller the organist introduced, and with evident complacency, too, at the end of every two or three bars. Even among the upper classes in the country, music is but scantily cultivated. In Lesmona, for instance, one family, and one alone, paid any attention to the art. That family, however—all its members included—had attained to a very high degree of excellence in it. In the large towns, on the other hand, the case is very different. In Bremen, for example, I heard the Paulus of Mendelssohn given entirely by amateurs, and both in the choruses, and in the solos, the finish of the performance was perfect. In the neighborhood of Hamburg, too, I have met small companies of workmen from the town enjoying a short walk into the country, and singing in parts with admirable precision and *ensemble*.

But to return to Blumenthal. The meeting at last broke up. As soon as it did, a fire balloon was sent up. What connection, however, this had with the objects of the assembly, I never was able to ascertain.

Since I have introduced the word Verein—union, or society—I may notice one of another kind, a branch of which had its head-quarters at Lesmona. I mean the Gustavus-Adolphus Society. Its object is to unite by a common bond the common Protestantism of Germany. I have not heard lately of its progress and success, but I always greatly doubted of its possibility, and am convinced it can not endure, on its original footing at least. On what common ground (unless it be a negative one, and that is worth nothing), can the evangelical party and the rationalists take their stand? Even while I was in Lesmona, the elements of discord had begun to show themselves; for in that remote nook were found keen partisans; and it was only by a compromise effected with the greatest difficulty that the Lesmona branch of the union did not fall to pieces before it was completely established. And, as for the compromise, such things never last long.

EVENING PARTIES.

I found the inhabitants of Lesmona exceedingly hospitable. It is the custom in that part of the world for any new-comer to pay a visit to those people of the place, to whom he desires to make himself known. It is in their option to return the visit or not. If the visit is not returned, it is understood that the honor and pleasure and so forth of your visit is declined; if, on the contrary, even a card is left for you within a few days, you may count on the friendship of the family.

One of the first visits I made was to Dr. W——. As is usual, I was offered coffee and a cigar. When they were finished, and my small-talk exhausted, I took my leave, after what I thought a somewhat stiff interview. Indeed I almost regretted I had gone. So much for first impressions. I changed my mind, when within a very few days I received a kind invitation to an evening party at the worthy doctor's house. Doctor W——, as I found out when I came to know him, was quite a *character*. Bred to the bar, he was soon found totally unqualified for his profession, from the extraordinary benevolence of his nature. Instead of seeking for practice, he did all he could to prevent his clients from going to law. The consequence was, that, whatever may have been the rewards of his conscience, his profession gave him but few. Finding, therefore, that he had mistaken his vocation, and that his purse remonstrated strongly against his continuing in the pursuit of forensic distinction, he wisely abandoned the line he had at first chosen, and accepted the post of chief custom-house-officer on the frontier of Hanover and Bremen. Here, modestly but comfortably settled, he gave his leisure hours to the study of history, and, in a congenial retirement, soon found himself quite happy. He soon became remarkable for the accuracy of his information, and more especially for his acquaintance with minute points and details. Thus, for example, when on his return from his journey to Marienbad, to which I have already alluded, he visited the town and field of battle of Leipsic, he found himself as much at home, with regard to the topography, as did the very guide he had engaged to point out the places rendered famous by the great fight.

On the evening appointed, I duly made my appearance in Madame W——'s saloon or drawing-room. It was the handsomest I saw in the country, and possessed a carpet. In general, this article, so indispensable to English comfort, is represented, and that indeed but barely, by a few straw mats scattered about. Tea was handed round. This the Germans drink with cream, or wine, or neither. It is esteemed a great luxury, as it costs dear, but they make it so weak, that there is not an old woman in England who would not regard it with contempt. After tea, we began to play at what they call company-games. Many of these are identical with our own inn-door amusements. Thus, they have hide-the-handkerchief, blind-man's-buff (which they call *the blind cow*), and many others. One, however, seems to me quite peculiar, not merely to Germany, but to this part of it. It is called *Luitye lebt noch*—literally, *the little fellow is still alive*. *Luitye* is Plattdeutsch, or low German, the dialect, as I have already said, of this district. The game is played thus: The party form a circle. Some splints of wood, three or four inches long, have been provided. One of these is lighted, and blown out again in a few seconds. This is *luitye*. There is, of course, for some little time, a part of the charcoal which remains red. The stick is passed from hand to hand, each

player, as he gives it to his neighbor, exclaiming, "Luitye lebt noch!" He or she in whose hands it is finally extinguished has to pay a forfeit. No one can refuse it when offered; and one of the most amusing parts of the matter is to hold luitye—the little fellow—till he is on the very point of expiring, and then to force him on the person next you, so that he goes out before he can get him further. It is, however, more amusing still, when he who would thus victimize his friend delays too long, and is himself caught.

After this, and some other German games, which I did not much enjoy, as they consisted chiefly in the repetition of certain formal phrases, without much meaning, we acted charades—not very successfully, I must admit. Then we seated ourselves round a table, in the middle of which a piece of light cotton was placed. At this we all began to blow fiercely, and a tempest arose, on which the cotton was tossed about in all directions. When it finally found refuge on the person of any of us, the recipient was condemned to a forfeit. This game is entertaining enough, and was carried on amidst much boisterous puffing and laughing, till suddenly the cotton mysteriously disappeared. It appeared it had actually been carried into the open mouth of a gentleman, whose powers had been so severely taxed that he had lost his wind. This put an end to the amusement, and we proceeded to draw the forfeits.

Then we had supper. It was a less substantial and more judicious meal than I had generally seen in the neighborhood. It was also a more ambitious one; not a few of the dishes were disguised with the artistic skill which is the pride of modern cookery. In particular, I remember that I accepted a spoonful of what I thought was a composition of raspberries, strawberries, and red currant jelly. It turned out to be a sort of hashed lobster pickle. Shortly after supper we broke up.

In such parties, I should remark that all present took part in them, from the oldest to the youngest. What distinguished them most, besides this, was a kind of homely cheerfulness that was quite delightful. Every one came in good humor, and resolved to enjoy himself. And in this it was very evident all succeeded. I never saw any dancing at any of these soirées, and rarely was there any music. When, however, there was any of the latter, it was excellent. I shall not soon forget the way in which the music of Schiller's "Founding of the Bell" was performed by some of my Lesmona and Ritterhude friends.

A PEEP AT THE "PERAHARRA."

Of the religious festivals of the Buddhists of Ceylon, that known as the Peraharra is the most important. It is observed at Kandy, the capital of the ancient kings of Ceylon, and at Ratnapoora, the chief town of the Saffragam district. Few good Buddhists will be absent from these religious observances; and whole families may be seen journeying on foot for many miles, over mountains, through dense jungles and unwholesome swamps, across rapid and dangerous streams, along hot sandy pathways, loaded with their pittance of food and the more bulky presents of fruit, rice, oil, and flowers, to lay at the foot of the holy shrine of Buddha, to be eventually devoured by the insatiable priests.

In the month of July, 1840, I had a peep at the celebrated Peraharra of Ratnapoora, where the shrine sacred to the memory of *Saman* rivals in attraction the great *Dalada Maligawa* of Kandy. Like its mountain competitor, it has its relic of Buddha enshrined in a richly-jeweled casket, which is made an object of especial veneration to the votaries of that god. *Saman* was the brother of the famed Rama, the Malabar conqueror who invaded Ceylon in ages long past, and extirpated from its flowery shores the race of mighty giants who had held its people in subjection for many centuries—a sort of Oriental King Arthur. To Saman was given the district of Saffragam; and the people of that country at his death, promoted him to the dignity of a deity, as a slight token of their regard.

The Ratnapoora festival is the more attractive by reason of its being made the occasion of a large traffic in precious stones, with which the neighborhood abounds. In this way the great part of the Buddhists manage to combine commerce with devotion.

The road to the Saffragam district was, in the time at which I traveled it, a very barbarous and dangerous affair, differing widely from the excellent traces which existed through most of the maritime provinces of Ceylon. It was then, in fact, little more than a mere bullock-track, or bridle-path, with no bridges to aid in crossing the streams which intersect it. The journey from Colombo to Ratnapoora may now be easily performed in one day: at that time it required a good nag and careful diligence to accomplish it in two.

Day dawned as I got clear of the Pettah, or Black Town of Colombo, and crossed a small stream which led me to the jungle, or village road, I was to follow. In England, we should call such a muddy lane; but here one knows little between the good high roads and the bullock-track. Strange as it may sound to home travelers, one is often glad to see the sun rise, and feel it warm the heavy, damp air in the tropics. Before me lay a long straggling line of low jungle, indicating the road: far away in the distance rose the high, bluff hill and rocks towering over the once royal domain of *Avishawella*. Around, on every side, was water, completely hiding the fields from view, and only allowing a bush, or a tree, or a hut-top, to be seen peeping up through the aqueous vail,

dotting the wide expanse like daisies in a field. The rains had flooded the whole of the low country, which, inundated by many mountain torrents, could not discharge the mass of streams nearly so fast as it received them. Over and across all this watery wilderness huge masses of misty vapor came rolling and tumbling along, as though shrouding some Titanic water-sprites who had been keeping it up rather late the night before, and were not quite sure of the way home. One might have imagined, indeed, that it was some universal washing-day, and that the great lid of the national copper had just been lifted up.

As the sun rose above the line of black rocks in the distance, its rays lit up those misty monsters of the flood, imparting to them life-like tints, which gave them beauty, and forms they had not known before. As these sun-lit fogs rolled on, a thousand shapes moved fitfully among them: troops of wild horsemen; crystal palaces with gilded gates; grim figures playing at bopeep; hills, towns, and castles; with many a ship at sea, and lovely cottages in quiet, sunny glades; all these, and more, seemed there. With the sea-breeze, all that array of cloudy creatures departed, leaving the air hot and stifling from the reflection of the sun's rays in the endless flood above me. But where were the poor Singalese villagers, their families, and their goods, amidst all this wreck? As I jogged along, the cry of a child, the crowing of a cock, the bark of a dog, floated across the ocean of mist, but whence came they? I looked to the right and to the left. I strained my eyes straightforward, but not a soul, or a feather, or a snout was to be seen. Presently the fog cleared away, and I could see overhead into the trees. There, chairs, tables, chatties, paddy-pounders, boxes of clothes, children in cots, men, women, cats, dogs, all were there in one strange medley, curiously ensconced among the wide-spreading branches of the trees. Over their heads, and on each side, mats and cocoa-nut leaves were hung to keep off rain and damp fogs, while against each side of the tree was placed a thick notched stick, which served as a ladder for the whole party. Here and there canoes were to be seen paddled across the fields to keep up communication between the different villages. It was a strange but desolate spectacle, and I was glad to find myself, at last, free from the watery neighborhood, and once more riding on *terra firma*.

During the heat of the next day I turned aside to a shady green lane. A mile along this quiet pathway I was tempted to rest myself at the mouth of a dark-looking cave, by the side of a running stream of beautiful water. Tying my pony to a bush, I entered at the low archway, and found myself at once in utter darkness; but after a short time I began to distinguish objects, and then saw, close to me, one whom I should have least looked for in that strange, desolate spot. It was a Chinese, tail and all. My first idea was, as I looked at the figure through the dim light of the cave, that it was nothing more than a large China jar, or, perhaps a huge tea-chest, left there by some traveler; but, when the great, round face relaxed into a grin, and the little pea-like eyes winked, and the tail moved, and the thick lips uttered broken English, I took a proper view of the matter, and wished my cavern acquaintance "good-morning." I soon gathered the occupation of See Chee in this strange place; the cave we were then in was one of the many in that neighborhood, in which a particular kind of swallow builds the edible nests so highly prized by the Chinese and Japanese for conversion into soups, stews, and, for aught we know, into tarts. The Chinaman told me, what I was scarcely prepared to learn, that he rented from the Ceylon government the privilege to seek these birds' nests in this district, for which he paid the yearly sum of one hundred dollars, or seven pounds, ten shillings. Procuring a *chule*, or native torch, the Chinese nest-hunter showed me long ledges of shelving rock at the top of the cavern, whereon whole legions of curious little gummy-like excrescences were suspended; some were perfect nests, others were in course of formation, and these latter I learned were the most valued; those which had had the young birds reared in them being indifferently thought of, and were only bought by the lower orders of soup-makers. Having rested myself and pony, I once more pushed on for Ratnapoora, where I arrived, heated, jaded, and dusty, by high noon.

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A chattie bath seldom fails to refresh the Indian traveler, and fit him for the enjoyment of his meal. In the cool of the evening I strolled out to watch the preparations for the nightly festivities. These continue for about a fortnight, chiefly after sunset, though devotees may be seen laying their simple offerings at the foot of the shrine, during most part of the afternoon. The little bazaar of the town was alive with business; all vestiges of its wonted filth and wretchedness were hidden beneath long strips of white linen, and garlands of cocoa-nut leaves and flowers hung round by bands of bright red cloth. Piles of tempting wares were there; beads, bangles, and scarfs to decorate; rice, jaggery, and sweetmeats to eat, and innumerable liquors to drink, were placed in profuse array. The streets and lanes poured forth long strings of human beings, heated with the sun, flushed with drink, and bedizened with trumpery jewelry and mock finery. Poor tillers of the soil; beggarly fishermen; mendicant cinnamon peelers; half-starved coolies; lean, sickly women, and poor, immature children, passed onward in the motley throng, burying their every-day misery beneath the savage mirth of a night or two at the Peraharra.

Following the living, dark stream, as closely as the heat, dust, and strange odors would allow me, I arrived, at length, near to the Temple of Saman. The edifice, of which I caught a distant glimpse, was half concealed beneath the heavy, luxuriant foliage of cocoa-nut topes, arekas, plantains, and banyan trees. An ocean of human heads filled up the space around the building, from which proceeded the well-known sounds of the reed and the tom-tom. Gay flags fluttered from the four corners, and the lofty pinnacle in the centre; wreaths of flowers, plaited leaves and ribbons of many colors, waved jauntily from roof to door; while round the pillars of the walls and door posts clustered rich bunches of most tempting fruit.

Close by this busy scene, another group was forming under a large and lofty *Pandahl*, or open

bungalow. Forcing my way to one corner of the shed, I found a company of Indian jugglers consisting of two men, a girl, and a child of perhaps three years. The men were habited in strange uncouth dresses, with large strings of heavy black beads round their necks; the girl was simply and neatly clad in white, with silver bangles and anklets, and a necklace of native diamonds. It would be impossible to detail all their extraordinary performances, which far exceeded any thing I had ever read of their art. The quantity of iron and brass ware which they contrived to swallow was truly marvelous; ten-penny nails, clasp-knives, gimlets, were all treated as so many items of pastry or confectionary, and I could but picture to myself the havoc a dozen of these cormorants would commit in an ironmonger's shop. Not the least remarkable of their feats was that of producing a sheet of water upon the sand close at our feet; and, after conjuring upon its clear surface half-a-dozen young ducks and geese, suddenly causing it to freeze in such a solid mass as to allow of our walking across it without causing so much as a crack in its crystal body. One more feat I must relate; which was that of suspending the girl while seated on a sort of ottoman, to the ridge-pole of the shed; and, at a given signal, removing the rope by which she hung, leaving her still suspended in the air—not with a regular apparatus, such as is used by the performers of a similar trick in London and Paris, but apparently with no apparatus at all! For, to my exceeding amazement, a sword was given to me, as the only European of the company, and I was told to cut and slash as much as I pleased above and around the girl. After some hesitation, I hacked and hewed the air in every direction, around and close to the suspended maiden with a vigor which would inevitably cut asunder any means of support; yet there she swung unmoved, without any sort of apparent agent of suspension except the air itself! Snake-charming and dancing completed the entertainment. When I left the place it was night.

Near the temple, all was noise and confusion, and it was with some difficulty that I forced my way through the dense crowd, and reached the steps of the venerated shrine. The priest stationed at the entrance made a way in for me as well as he could, but the pressure inside was intense. Hundreds of men and women pressed eagerly forward to reach the flight of huge stone stairs which led up to the sacred depositary. It was as bad as a crush to get into the Crystal Palace. My passage was so slow that I had time to examine and admire the fine antique carved work on the pillars and ceiling of the entrance-hall, as well as on the tall pilasters which lined the ample staircase. There was a beauty of style and a high degree of finish about this work that could not be attained in Ceylon in the present day. Arrived, at length, at the inner temple or sacred shrine above, I passed with the rest, between a richly brocaded curtain which hung in folds across the entrance at the top of the stairs, and stood before the famed relic of Buddha, or rather the jeweled casket which contained it. I felt disappointed at the spectacle here, arising, perhaps, from my taking no interest in the exhibition as a religious ceremony, and looking at it merely as an empty show, not far removed from the status of Bartholemew Fair. The strong glare of a hundred lights, the heat and crowd of so many in so small a place, the sickly perfume of the piles of Buddha flowers heaped before the shrine by the pilgrims, the deafening, discordant din of a score of tom-toms, and vile screeching pipes, made me glad enough to descend the stairs, and, flinging a rupee into the poor-box of the god, to escape once more into the fresh air.

From the votaries of Saman I entered another crowd, assembled round a gayly decorated building, which I at once perceived was a Hindoo temple. Here, to the sound of much music, and by the light of many lamps, a group of young dancing-girls were delighting the motley crowd. There were but three of them, one a finely-made, tall, sylph-like creature, with really graceful movements; the others younger, stouter, and far less pleasing. A good deal of pains had evidently been taken with their dress, which sparkled at all points with what I was assured were precious stones. I have heard that it is not uncommon for these Nautch girls to have jewelry about their dress to the value of twenty thousand pounds. The graceful little jacket which the chief dancer wore over her flowing white robes sparkled and glistened with something which was quite new to me as articles of ornament: along the edge of her pure white garment, shone a whole host of fire-flies, which by some ingenious arrangement had been secured to the dress, and gave a strange and pleasing novelty to the appearance of her attire, as she swept gracefully round in slow and measured steps. The music to which these people dance is any thing but pleasing to an English ear: indeed, there is scarcely a trace of rhythm in it; yet they contrive to measure their mazy and difficult dance by its notes with admirable precision. Long custom has so attached them to their empty meaningless music that they can appreciate no other. I am certain that M. Julien's band would scarcely be listened to by the Singalese if there were a few tom-toms within hearing. It is a curious fact that in the districts in which these Nautch girls are brought up, education is so rare, that these dancers are generally the only lay persons within many days' journey who can either read or write. The priests can all read, if not write, and they take care to instruct the temple-girls in order to enable them to learn the various songs and legends for recital at their periodic festivals. The rest of the population they keep in the densest ignorance.

Leaving the dancers and priests, I strolled toward the river Kaloo-ganga, whose quiet, palm-shaded banks stood out in sweetest contrast to the noisy revelry I had just beheld. The moon was near the full, and rising high above the many rich green topes of palms, and gorgeous plantains, lit up the peaceful scene with radiance not of earth. It is hardly possible to conceive the magic beauty of moonlight in the tropics; those who have witnessed it, can never forget their feelings under its influence. The master hand of our finest painters might attempt to depict it, but the affair would be a dead failure; and did it succeed, strangers to these climes would pronounce it an unnatural painting. Even in its reality, it bears the impress of something half unearthly, and it requires the testimony of the huge fingery leaves, as they wave to the breeze, to assure one that the whole scene is not imaginary. Fully as bright and radiating, though softer in its hue, than the broad sunshine, the moon poured down in living streams its gifts of ether-light. The monster

palms, the slender arekas, the feathery bamboos and tamarinds, reveled in the harmony and glow of radiant moonlight, which leaping down in phosphorescent waves, sprang on from leaf to flower, from bud to herb, and streaming through the waving seas of giant, emerald grass, died sparkling at its feet.

Some of the topes along this gentle river grew so thickly that not the faintest ray of light found its soft way among them; the deepest shade was there, and only in one of these could I trace any vestiges of living beings. A little hut was buried far away in the inmost recesses of a tope—all bright above, all gloom below. The door was open, and from it shone a faintly glimmering light; so tiny was the ray amidst that heavy shade, so distant did it seem, that it defied all conception of space, and made my eyes ache to gaze at it. I, at length, distinguished faint sounds proceeding from it. They were those of a regular harmony. Strolling nearer, I heard that they proceeded from cultivated voices. What a sensation! The music was that of the "Evening Hymn!" and it came upon me with the echoes of the uncouth Babel of Heathenism I had just left still ringing in my ears, like the sunlight on a surging sea. When I recovered from the delightful surprise, I found that the singers were the family of a native missionary who had embraced Christianity.

The next day the bazaar was crowded with dealers in and diggers for precious stones. Hundreds of Moormen, Chitties, Arabs, Parsees, and Singalese were busily employed in barter; and a most noisy operation it was. In the neighborhood of Ratnapoora exist many tracts of clayey and gravelly land, rich in rubies, sapphires, garnets, turquoise, and cat's-eyes. For the privilege of digging for these, or of sifting them from the sands of some of the rivers, the natives pay heavy rents to Government; often sub-letting the ground, at large profits, to needy speculators. Their harvest is usually offered for sale during the Peraharra; and, be their gains what they may, they are generally rid of the whole amount before the end of the festival. The existence of this source of wealth is, unfortunately, a bane, rather than a blessing, to the district; for whole villages flock to the ruby-grounds, delving and sifting for weeks together, utterly neglecting their rice-fields and gardens. Arrack taverns have multiplied, intemperance has increased, long tracts of fertile land have ceased to be sown with paddy, and the country-people now buy their food from strangers, in place of growing it, as formerly. It will be a happy time for Saffragam when its stores of precious stones shall be exhausted; for not till then will peaceful industry be once more sought.

Struggling and forcing a way through the busy crowd were to be seen one or two Hindoo fakeers, most repulsive objects, depending for subsistence on the alms of pilgrims and others. One of these wretched creatures, in the fulfillment of a vow, or as an act of fancied righteousness, had held his left arm for so many years erect above his head, that it could not now be moved—and grew transfixed, emaciated, and bony. It seemed more like a dry, withered stick tied to the body than a part of itself. The other fakeer had closed his hands so long that the finger-nails had grown quite through the palms, and projected at the back of them; these miserable-looking objects appeared to reap a tolerable harvest, and seemed to be then in no pain.

Under the shade of a banyan tree, a grave-looking Moorman was amusing a crowd of boys and women with the recital of some wonderful or silly legend. The trade of story-telling, in the East, is still a profitable one, if I might judge from the comfortable appearance of this well-clad talker.

When I left Ratnapoora, crowds were still flocking into the town, for on the morrow the huge temple elephants were expected to march in procession through the place, decked out in all sorts of finery, and bearing the casket and relic; but it was a wearisome spectacle, and I was heartily glad to find myself once more on my pony, quietly winding through green paddyfields and under shady topes.

A TOBACCO FACTORY IN SPAIN.

This is the most immense establishment of the kind in Spain, and is devoted exclusively to the manufacture of snuff and cigars. "Chewing" is a habit to which the Spaniards are not addicted. Tobacco, being a government monopoly, yields an enormous revenue to the crown; the factories being the most extensive in the world, and the demand for the weed even greater than the supply. The Fabrica of Seville, though utterly devoid of architectural merit, is only surpassed in size by the famous monastery of the Escurial. It is six hundred and sixty-two feet in length, by five hundred and twenty-four in width: having been erected by a fat Dutchman about the middle of the last century, its slight claims to symmetry and elegance are in no degree to be wondered at. Its substantiality, however, and excellent adaptation to the purposes for which it was intended, render it well worthy of a careful examination, either by the fastidious cigar-smoker or indefatigable snuff-taker. For the edification of such in particular have we undertaken this brief description of the edifice.

Within its walls it has twenty-eight courts, while externally the building is encompassed by a deep moat, in order to guard against the possibility of smuggling on the part of the operatives. The number of persons usually employed, ranges from five to six thousand, though several thousand additional hands are sometimes called into requisition in years of extraordinary demand. By far the greater proportion of these are females, perhaps even four-fifths. Our

application for admission was readily granted, and such was the politeness of the managers, that they put us immediately under the charge of a young Spaniard connected with the building, with instructions to him to show us every part of the establishment which we might desire to see. This mission he performed to our entire satisfaction. We soon dispatched the snuff department which occupies the ground floor, and which gave us such a terrible fit of sneezing, that we were somewhat fearful our nasal organs would never recover from the severe shock they had experienced. None but males were employed in the snuff rooms, and more wretched-looking objects I think I never saw.

They were frightfully cadaverous and pale, showing distinctly in their countenances the pernicious influence of such a poisoned and tobacco impregnated atmosphere upon their constitutions. Their appearance was more like that of demons than human beings, and it was with a sense of the deepest aversion, that we left their dark and dismal quarters. Ascending to the upper story, we entered an immense hall, running nearly the whole length of the building, in which between three and four thousand females, seated at tables, were busily engaged in the manufacture of cigars. It was indeed a strange spectacle. Not a man was to be seen among the enormous concourse, and even had there been half a dozen, well might we have exclaimed, "What are these among so many?" The females were of every age, from childhood upward, and, as a general rule, their complexions were characterized by a sallow and unhealthy look. The animation which prevailed among them on our sudden advent, was perfectly overwhelming: such a din and clattering of voices were absolutely deafening. Every mouth was in rapid motion, and quite rivaled in its vibrations the meteoric movements of their hands. *We* were evidently the engrossing subject of conversation, and our vanity was consequently on the alert to overhear some of the remarks that were made, and thus discover what impression our appearance had caused upon the thickly-clustered damsels around us. But to our great dismay, we heard but little of a complimentary nature, which aroused our indignation to such a height, that we were half inclined to make a terrific charge amid the mighty throng, and seek revenge by kissing in turn each beautiful culprit upon whom we could lay our hands. But seriously, we saw very little beauty among them, which we attributed in a great measure to the unwholesome nature of their occupation. Certainly I never saw such a striking want of good looks among any other class in Spain. In Seville these girls are termed *cigarreras*, and they have a not very enviable reputation.

INFIRMITIES OF GENIUS.

We must, in the first place, deny that there is any *necessary* connection between genius and vice, or madness, or eccentricity. Genius is a ray from heaven; and is naturally akin to all those things on earth "which are lovely and pure, and of a good report." Its very name shows its connection with the *genial* nature; its main moral element is love. Men are now in their hearts so conscious of this, that when they hear of instances of disconnection between genius and virtue, it is with a start of surprise and horror; and we believe that though all the men of genius who ever lived had been tainted with vice, still the *thoughtful* would have been slow of drawing the horrible inference, that the brightest and most divine-seeming power in the human mind was a fiend in the garb of a radiant angel, and would have sought elsewhere for the real solution of the problem. But when we remember that so many of this gifted order *have* been true to themselves and to their mission, the belief is strengthened, that the instances of a contrary kind can be accounted for upon principles or facts which leave intact alike the sanity, the health, and the morality, of genius *per se*.

Such principles and facts there do exist; and we now proceed to enumerate some of them. And first, some of the most flagrantly bad of literary men have had no real pretensions to genius. Savage, for example, Boyce, and Dermody, were men of tolerable talent, and intolerable impudence, conceit, and profligacy. Churchill was of a higher order, but has been ridiculously overrated by whoever it was that wrote a paper on him, not long since, in the "Edinburgh Review"—a disgraceful apology for a disgraceful and disgusting life. Swift and Chatterton, with all their vast talents, wanted, we think, the fine differentia, and the genial element of real poetic genius. And time would fail us to enumerate the hundreds of lesser spirits who have employed their small modica of light, which they mistook for genius, as lamps allowing them to see their way more clearly down to the chambers of death. Talent, however great, is not genius. Wit, however refined, is not genius. Learning, however profound, is not genius. But genius has been confounded not only with these respectable and valuable powers, but with glibness of speech, a knack of rhyming, the faculty of echoing others, elegance of language, fury of excitation, and a hundred other qualities, either mechanical or morbid, and then the faults of such feeble or diseased pretenders have been gravely laid down at the door of the insulted genius of poetry.

Secondly, real genius has not always received its due meed from the world. Like real religion, it has found itself in an enemy's land. Resisted, as it has often been, at every step, it has not been able uniformly to maintain the dignity, or to enjoy the repose, to which it was entitled. Men of genius have occasionally soured in temper, and this has bred now the savage satisfaction with which Dr. Johnson wrote and printed, in large capitals, the line in his "London"—

> "Slow rises worth by poverty depressed;"

and now feelings still fiercer, more aggressive, and more destructive to the moral balance of the soul. It is a painful predicament in which the man of genius has often felt himself. Willing to give to all men a portion of the bread of life, and unable to obtain the bread that perisheth—balked in completing the unequal bargain of light from heaven with earthly pelf—carrying about fragments of God's great general book of truth from reluctant or contemptuous bookseller to bookseller—subject even after his generous and noble thoughts are issued to the world, to the faint praise, or chilly silence, or abusive fury of oracular dunces—to the spurn of any mean slave who can find an assassin's cloak in the "Anonymous," and who does not even, it may be, take the trouble of looking at the divine thing he stabs, but strikes in blind and brutal fury; such has been and is the experience of many of whom the world is not worthy; and can it be wondered at, that some of them sink in the strife, and that others, even while triumphing, do so at the expense of much of the bloom, the expansive generosity, the all-embracing sympathy which were their original inheritance? Think of Byron's first volume, trampled like a weed in the dust—of Shelley's magnificent "Revolt of Islam," insulted and chased out of public view—of Keats's first volume and its judicial murder—of other attempts, less successful, such as the treatment of Carlyle's "French Revolution," at its first appearance, by a weekly journal (the "Athenæum"), which *now* follows his proud path with its feeble and unaccepted adulation, and then speak with more pity of the aberrations into which the weaker sons of the muse have been hurried, and with more respect of the stern insulation and growing indifference to opinion and firmness of antagonistic determination which characterize her stronger children.

Thirdly, the aberrations of genius are often unduly magnified. The spots in a star are invisible—those in a sun are marked by every telescope. No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*. And the reason often is, the valet is an observant but malicious and near-sighted fool. He sees the spots without seeing their small proportion to the magnitude of the orb. Nay, he creates spots if he can not see them. The servants of Mrs. Siddons, while she was giving her famous private readings from Milton and Shakspeare, thought their mistress mad, and used to say, "There's the old lady making as much noise as ever." Many and microscopic are the eyes which follow the steps of genius; and, too often, while they mark the mistakes, they are blind to the motives; to the palliations, to the resistance, and to the remorse. The world first idolizes genius—rates it even beyond its true worth—calls it perfect—remembers its divine derivation, but forgets that it must shine on us through earthly vessels, and then avenges on the earthly vessels the disappointment of its own exaggerated expectations. Hence each careless look, or word, or action of the hapless son of publicity, is noted, and, if possible, misinterpreted; his occasional high spirits are traced to physical excitement; his occasional stupidity voted a sin; his rapture and the reaction from it are both called in to witness against him: nay, an entire class of creatures arises, whose instinct it is to discover, and whose trade it is to tell his faults as a writer, and his failings as a man. It is under such a broad and searching glare, like that of a stage, that many men of warm temperament, strong passions, and sensitive feelings, have been obliged to play their part. And can we wonder that—sometimes sickened at the excessive and unnatural heat, sometimes dazzled by the overbearing and insolent light, and often disgusted at the falsehood of their position, and the cruelty or incompetence of their self-constituted judges—they have played it ludicrously or woefully ill?

But again, till of late, the moral nature, and moral culture of genius, were things ignored by general opinion, by critics, and even by men of genius themselves. Milton and a few others were thought lucky and strange exceptions to the general rule. The general rule was understood to be that the gifted were MOST apt to go astray—that the very light that was in them was darkness—that aberration, in a word, was the law of their goings. One of their own number said that

> "The light that led astray,
> Was light from heaven."

Critics, such as Hazlitt, *too* well qualified to speak of the errors of the genius which they criticised, were not content to palliate those by circumstances, but defended them on the dangerous principle of necessary connection. The powers of high intellect were magnified—its errors excused—and its solemn duties and responsibilities passed over in silence. The text, "Where much is given, much also shall be required," was seldom quoted. Genius was regarded as a chartered libertine—not as a child of divine law—guided, indeed, rather by the spirit than the letter, but still in accordance with law, as well as with liberty—as a capricious comet, not a planet, brighter and swifter than its fellows. Now, we think all this is changing, and that the true judges and friends of the poet, while admitting his fallibility, condemning his faults, and forewarning him of his dangers, are ever ready to contend that his gift is moral, that his power is conferred for holy purposes, that he is a missionary of God, in a lower yet lofty sense—and that if he desecrate his powers, he is a traitor to their original purposes, and shall share in the condemnation of that servant who "was beaten with many stripes." But must not the long—the written—the sung, the enacted prevalence of a contrary opinion—of a false and low idea of genius, as a mere minister of enjoyment, or child of impulse, irresponsible as the wind, have tended to perpetuate the evils it extenuated, and to render the gifted an easier prey to the temptations by which they were begirt, and infinitely less sensible to the mischiefs which their careless or vicious neglect of their high stewardship was certain to produce? Must THEY bear the whole blame? Must not a large portion of it accrue to the age in which they lived, and to that public opinion which they breathed like an atmosphere?

We attribute the higher and purer efforts which genius is *beginning* to make, both in art and in life, to the growing prevalence of a purer opinion, and of a more severe, yet charitable criticism.

The *public*, indeed, has, as we have intimated above, much to learn yet, in its treatment of its gifted children; but the wiser and better among the critics have certainly been taught a lesson by the past. Into the judgment of literary works the consideration of their moral purpose has now entered as an irresistible element. And the same measure is also fast being applied, mercifully, yet sternly, to our literary men.

Finally, it follows from these remarks, that we expect every year to hear less and less of the aberrations of genius. And that for various reasons. First, fewer and fewer will, under our present state of culture, claim to be considered as men of genius, and the public is less likely to be troubled with the affected oddities of pretenders, and the *niaiseries* of monkeys run desperate. Then, again, the profession of letters is now less likely to be chosen by men of gifts, it is so completely overdone; and need we say, that as a profession, its exceeding precariousness and the indefinite position it gives to the literary man have been very pernicious to his morals and his peace. Then

"The old world *is* coming right,"

and as it rights, is learning more to respect the literary character, to understand its peculiar claims, and to allow for its SINLESS infirmities. Lastly—and chief of all, men of letters are *beginning* to awaken—are feeling the strong inspiration of common sense—are using literature less as a cripple's crutch and more as a man's staff—are becoming more charitable to each other, and are sensible with a profounder conviction that literature, as well as life, is a serious thing, and that for all its "idle words" they must give an account at the day of judgment. May this process be perfected in due time. And may all, however humble, who write, feel that they have each his special part to play in this work of perfectionment!

We are very far from being blind worshipers of Thomas Carlyle. We disapprove of much that he has written. We think, that unintentionally, he has done deep damage to the realities of faith, as well as to the "shams" of hypocrisy. He has gone out from the one ark and has not returned like the dove with the olive leaf—but rather, like the raven, strayed and croaked hopelessly over the carcasses of this weltering age. And our grief, at reading one or two of his recent pamphlets (which posterity will rank with such sins of power, as the wilder works of Swift and Byron), resembled that of a son whose father had disgraced his gray hairs by a crime or outrage. But even in the depth of this undiminished feeling of sorrow, we must acknowledge that no writer, save Milton and Wordsworth, has done so much in our country to restore the genuine respectability, and to proclaim the true mission of literature. In his hands and on his eloquent tongue it appears no idle toy for the amusement of the lovesick or the trifling—no mere excitement—but a profound, as well as beautiful reality—to be attested, if necessary, by a martyr's tears and blood, and at all events by the life and conversation of an honest and virtuous man. And he has himself so attested it. With Scott, literature was a great money-making machine. With Byron it was the trunk of a mad elephant, through which he squirted out his spite at man, his enmity at God, and his rage at even his own shadow. Carlyle has held his genius as a trust—has sought to unite it to his religion (whatever *that* may be)—has expressed it in the language of a determined life—and has made, by the power of his example, many to go and do likewise. If he has not produced a yet broader and more permanent effect—if Carlyleism, as a system, is fast weakening and dying away—if the young minds of the age are beginning to crave something better than a creed with no articles, a gospel of negations, a faith with no forms, a hope with no foundations, a Christianity without facts (like a man with life and blood, but without limbs)! the fault lies in the system, and not in the author of it. Although, to this also we are tempted to attribute his well-known disgust *latterly* at literature. He has tried to form his own sincere love and prosecution of it into a religion, and has failed. And why? Literature is only a subjective, and not an objective reality. It is made to adorn and explain religion—but no sincerity of prosecution, or depth of insight can change it into a religion itself. *That* must have not only an inward significance, but an outward sign, more vital and lasting than the Nature of the Poet. This the Christian finds in Jesus, and the glorious facts connected with him. But Carlyle, with all his deep earnestness, and purity of life, has become, we fear, a worshiper without a God, a devotee with the object of the devotion extinct—a strong swimmer in a Dead Sea, where no arm can cleave the salt and sluggish waters—and although he seems to despise the mere adorer of beauty, yet nothing else does he adore, and nothing else has he hitherto taught, but this, that one may worship no distinctly objective Deity, and be, nevertheless, a sincere, worthy, and high-minded man. But he has left the questions unanswered: Will such a faith produce results on the generality of men—will it *stand*? and, although it may so far satisfy the conscience as to produce in one man, or a few like unto him, the satisfaction of sincerity, can it produce the perseverance of action, the patience of hope, and the energy of faith, which have worked, and are working, in thousands and millions of Christian men—alike high and humble, rich and poor, ignorant and refined? Still, great should be the praise of a man who has redeemed literature from degradation, and changed it into a noble, if not a thoroughly religious thing, by the sheer force of genius, and rugged sincerity.

RACE HORSES AND HORSE RACES.

It is Monday—the Monday before the Derby Day, and a railway takes us, in less than an hour, from London Bridge to the capital of the racing world, close to the abode of its Great Man, who is —need we add! the Clerk of the Epsom Course. It is, necessarily, one of the best houses in the place; being—honor to literature—a flourishing bookseller's shop. We are presented to the official. He kindly conducts us to the Downs, to show how the horses are temporarily stabled; to initiate us into some of the mysteries of the "field;" to reveal to us, in fact, the private life of the race-horse.

We arrive at a neat farm-house, with more outbuildings than are usually seen appended to so modest a homestead. A sturdy, well-dressed, well-mannered, purpose-like, sensible-looking man, presents himself. He has a Yorkshire accent. A few words pass between him and the Clerk of the Course, in which we hear the latter asseverate with much emphasis that we are, in a sporting sense, quite artless—we rather think "green," was the exact expression—that we never bet a shilling, and are quite incapable, if even willing, to take advantage of any information, or of any inspection vouchsafed to us. Mr. Filbert (the trainer) hesitates no longer. He moves his hat with honest politeness; bids us follow him, and lays his finger on the latch of a stable.

The trainer opens the door with one hand; and, with a gentleman-like wave of the other, would give us the precedence. We hesitate. We would rather not go in first. We acknowledge an enthusiastic admiration for the race-horse; but at the very mention of a race-horse, the stumpy animal whose portrait headed our earliest lesson of equine history, in the chapters of the "Universal Spelling Book," vanishes from our view, and the animal described in the Book of Job prances into our mind's eye: "The glory of his nostril is terrible. He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted. He swalloweth the ground with the fierceness of his rage." To enjoy, therefore, a fine racer—not as one does a work of art—we like the point of sight to be the point of distance. The safest point, in case of accident (say, for instance, a sudden striking-out of the hinder hoofs), we hold to be the vanishing point—a point by no means attainable on the inside of that contracted kind of stable known as a "loose-box." 330

The trainer evidently mistakes our fears for modesty. We boldly step forward to the outer edge of the threshold, but uncomfortably close to the hind-quarters of Pollybus, a "favorite" for the Derby. When we perceive that he has neither bit nor curb; nor bridle, nor halter, that he is being "rubbed down" by a small boy, after having taken his gallops; that there is nothing on earth—except the small boy—to prevent his kicking, or plunging, or biting, or butting his visitors to death; we breathe rather thickly. When the trainer exclaims, "Shut the door, Sam!" and the little groom does his master's bidding, and boxes us up, we desire to be breathing the fresh air of the Downs again.

"Bless you, sir!" says our good-tempered informant, when he sees us shrink away from Pollybus, changing sides at a signal from his cleaner; "these horses" (we look round, and for the first time perceive, with a tremor, the heels of another high-mettled racer protruding from an adjoining stall) "these horses are as quiet as you are; and—I say it without offense—just as well-behaved. It is quite laughable to hear the notions of people who are not used to them. They are the gentlest and most tractable creeturs in creation. Then, as to shape and symmetry, is there any thing like them?"

We acknowledge that Pretty Perth—the mare in the adjoining box—could hardly be surpassed for beauty.

"Ah, *can* you wonder at noblemen and gentlemen laying out their twenty and thirty thousand a year on them?"

"So much?"

"Why, my gov'nor's stud costs us five-and-twenty thousand a-year, one year with another. There's an eye, sir!"

The large, prominent, but mild optics of Pretty Perth are at this moment turned full upon us. Nothing, certainly, can be gentler than the expression that beams from them. She is "taking," as Mr. Filbert is pleased to say, "measure of us." She does not stare vulgarly, or peer upon us a half-bred indifference; but, having duly and deliberately satisfied her mind respecting our external appearance, allows her attention to be leisurely diverted to some oats with which the boy had just supplied the manger.

"It is all a mistake," continues Mr. Filbert, commenting on certain vulgar errors respecting race-horses; "thorough-breds are not nearly so rampagious as mongrels and half-breds. The two horses in this stall are gentlefolks, with as good blood in their veins as the best nobleman in the land. They would be just as back'ard in doing any thing unworthy of a lady or gentleman, as any lord or lady in St. James's—such as kicking, or rearing, or shying, or biting. The pedigree of every horse that starts in any great race, is to be traced as regularly up to James the First's Arabian, or to Cromwell's White Turk, or to the Darley or Godolphin barbs, as your great English families are to the Conqueror. The worst thing they will do, is running away now and then with their jockeys. And what's that? Why, only the animal's animal-spirit running away with *him*. They are not," adds Mr. Filbert, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "the only young bloods that are fond of going too fast."

To our question whether he considers that a race-horse *could* go too fast, Mr. Filbert gives a jolly negative, and remarks that it is all owing to high feeding and fine air; "for, mind you, horses get much better air to breathe than men do, and more of it."

All this while the two boys are sibillating lustily while rubbing and polishing the coats of their horses; which are as soft as velvet, and much smoother. When the little grooms come to the fetlock and pastern, the chamois-leather they have been using is discarded as too coarse and rough, and they rub away down to the hoofs with their sleek and their plump hands. Every wish they express, either in words or by signs, is cheerfully obeyed by the horse. The terms the quadruped seems to be on with the small biped, are those of the most easy and intimate friendship. They thoroughly understand one another. We feel a little ashamed of our mistrust of so much docility, and leave the stable with much less awe of a race-horse than we entered it.

"And now, Mr. Filbert, one delicate question—What security is there against these horses being drugged, so that they may lose a race?"

Mr. Filbert halts, places his legs apart, and his arms akimbo, and throws into his reply a severe significance, mildly tinged with indignation. He commences with saying, "I'll tell you where it is: there is a deal more said about foul play and horses going amiss, than there need be."

"Then the boys are never heavily bribed?"

"Heavily bribed, sir!" Mr. Filbert contracts his eyes, but sharpens up their expression, to look the suspicion down. "Bribed! it may not be hard to bribe a man, but it's not so easy to bribe a boy. What's the use of a hundred-pound note to a child of ten or twelve years old? Try him with a pen'north of apples, or a slice of pudding, and you have a better chance; though I would not give you the price of a sugar-stick for it. Nine out of ten of these lads would not have a hair of their horse's tails ruffled if they could help it; much more any such harm as drugs or downright poison. The boy and the horse are so fond of one another, that a racing stable is a regular happy family of boys and horses. When the foal is first born, it is turned loose into the paddock; and if his mother don't give him enough milk, the cow makes up the deficiency. He scampers about in this way for about a year: then he is 'taken up;' that is, bitted, and backed by a 'dumb-jockey'—a cross of wood made for the purpose. When he has got a little used to that, we try him with a speaking jockey—a child some seven or eight years old, who has been born, like the colt, in the stables. From that time till the horse retires from the turf, the two are inseparable. They eat, drink, sleep, go out and come in together. Under the directions of the trainer, the boy tells the horse what to do, and he does it; for he knows that he is indebted to the boy for every thing he gets. When he is hungry, it is the boy that gives him his corn; when he is thirsty, the boy hands him his water; if he gets a stone in his foot, the boy picks it out. By the time the colt is old enough to run, he and the boy have got to like one another so well that they fret to be away from one another. As for bribing! Why, you may as well try to bribe the horse to poison the boy, as the boy to let the horse be injured."

"But the thing *has* happened, Mr. Filbert?"

"Not so much as is talked about. Sometimes a likely foal is sent to a training stable, and cracked up as something wonderful. He is entered to run. On trial, he turns out to be next to nothing; and the backers, to save their reputation, put it about that the horse was played tricks with. There is hardly a great race, but you hear something about horses going amiss by foul play."

"Do many of these boys become jockeys?"

"Mostly. Some of them are jockeys already, and ride 'their own' horses as they call them. Here comes one."

A miniature man, with a horsewhip neatly twisted round the crop or handle, opens the gate.

"Well, Tommy, how are you, Tommy?"

"Well, sir, bobbish. Fine day, Mr. Filbert."

Although Mr. Filbert tells us in a whisper that Tommy is only twelve next birth-day, Tommy looks as if he had entered far into his teens. His dress is deceptive. Light trowsers terminating in buttons, laced shoes, long striped waistcoat, a cut-away coat, a colored cravat, a collar to which juveniles aspire under the name of "stick-ups," and a Paris silk hat, form his equipment.

"Let's see, Tommy; what stakes did you win last?"

Tommy flicks, with the end of his whip-crop, a speck of dirt from the toe of his "off" shoe, and replies carelessly, "The Great Northamptonshire upon Valentine. But then, I have won a many smaller stakes, you know, Mr. Filbert."

"Are there many jockeys so young as Tommy?"

"Not many so young," says Tommy, tying a knot in his whip thong, "but a good many smaller." Tommy then walks across the straw-yard to speak to some stable friend he has come to see. Tommy has not only the appearance, but the manners of a man.

"That boy will be worth money," says Mr. Filbert. "It is no uncommon thing for a master to give a lad like that a hundred pound when he wins a race. As he can't spend it in hard-bake, or ginger-beer, or marbles (the young rogue *does*, occasionally, get rid of a pound or two in cigars), he saves it. I have known a racing-stable lad begin the world at twenty, with from three to four thousand pound."

Tommy is hopping back over the straw, as if he had forgotten something. "O, I beg your pardon

for not asking before," he says, "but—how does Mrs. Filbert find herself?"

"Quite well, thank you, Tommy." Tommy says he is glad to hear it, and walks off like a family-man.

Our interview with Mr. Filbert is finished, and we pace toward the race-course with its indefatigable clerk. Presently, he points to a huge white object that rears its leaden roof on the apex of the highest of the "Downs." It is the Grand Stand. It is so extensive, so strong, and so complete, that it seems built for eternity, instead of for busy use during one day in the year, and for smaller requisitions during three others. Its stability is equal to St. Paul's, or the Memnonian Temple. Our astonishment, already excited, is increased when our cicerone tells us that he pays as rent and in subscriptions to stakes to be run for, nearly two thousand pounds per annum for that stand. Expecting an unusually great concourse of visitors this year, he has erected a new wing, extended the betting inclosure, and fitted up two apartments for the exclusive use of ladies.

Here we are! Let us go into the basement. First into the weighing-house, where the jockeys "come to scale" after each race. We then inspect the offices for the Clerk of the Course himself; wine-cellars, beer-cellars, larders, sculleries, and kitchens, all as gigantically appointed, and as copiously furnished as if they formed part of an ogre's castle. To furnish the refreshment-saloon, the Grand Stand has in store two thousand four hundred tumblers, one thousand two hundred wine-glasses, three thousand plates and dishes, and several of the most elegant vases we have seen out of the Glass Palace, decorated with artificial flowers. An exciting odor of cookery meets us in our descent. Rows of spits are turning rows of joints before blazing walls of fire. Cooks are trussing fowls; confectioners are making jellies; kitchen-maids are plucking pigeons; huge crates of boiled tongues are being garnished on dishes. One hundred and thirty legs of lamb, sixty-five saddles of lamb, and one hundred and thirty shoulders of lamb; in short, a whole flock of sixty-five lambs have to be roasted, and dished, and garnished, by the Derby Day. Twenty rounds of beef, four hundred lobsters, one hundred and fifty tongues, twenty fillets of veal, one hundred sirloins of beef, five hundred spring chickens, three hundred and fifty pigeon-pies; a countless number of quartern loaves, and an incredible quantity of ham have to be cut up into sandwiches; eight hundred eggs have got to be boiled for the pigeon-pies and salads. The forests of lettuces, the acres of cress, and beds of radishes, which will have to be chopped up; the gallons of "dressings" that will have to be poured out and converted into salads for the insatiable Derby Day, will be best understood by a memorandum from the chief of that department to the *chef de-cuisine*, which happened, accidentally, to fall under our notice: "Pray don't forget a large tub and a birch-broom for mixing the salad!"

We are preparing to ascend, when we hear the familiar sound of a printing machine. Are we deceived? O, no! The Grand Stand is like the kingdom of China—self-supporting, self-sustaining. It scorns foreign aid; even to the printing of the Racing Lists. This is the source of the innumerable cards with which hawkers persecute the sporting world on its way to the Derby, from the Elephant and Castle to the Grand Stand. "Dorling's list! Dorling's correct list! with the names of the horses, and colors of the riders!"

We are now in the hall. On our left, are the parlors—refreshment rooms specially devoted to the Jockey Club; on our right, a set of seats, reserved, from the days of Flying Childers, for the members of White's Clubhouse.

We step out upon the lawn; in the midst is the betting-ring, where sums of money of fabulous amounts change hands.

The first floor is entirely occupied with a refreshment-room and a police court. Summary justice is the law of the Grand Stand. Two magistrates sit during the races. Is a pick-pocket detected, a thimble-rigger caught, a policeman assaulted? The delinquent is brought round to the Grand Stand, to be convicted, sentenced, and imprisoned in as short a time as it takes to run a mile race.

The sloping roof is covered with lead, in steps; the spectator from that point has a bird's-eye view of the entire proceedings, and of the surrounding country, which is beautifully picturesque. When the foreground of the picture is brightened and broken by the vast multitude that assembles here upon the Derby Day, it presents a whole which has no parallel in the world.

On that great occasion, an unused spectator might imagine that all London turned out. There is little perceptible difference in the bustle of its crowded streets, but all the roads leading to Epsom Downs are so thronged and blocked by every description of carriage, that it is marvelous to consider how, when, and where they were all made—out of what possible wealth they are all maintained—and by what laws the supply of horses is kept equal to the demand. Near the favorite bridges, and at various leading points of the leading roads, clusters of people post themselves by nine o'clock to see the Derby people pass. Then come flitting by, barouches, phaetons, Broughams, gigs, four-wheeled chaises, four-in-hands, Hansom cabs, cabs of lesser note, chaise-carts, donkey-carts, tilted vans made arborescent with green boughs, and carrying no end of people, and a cask of beer—equestrians, pedestrians, horse-dealers, gentlemen, notabilities, and swindlers, by tens of thousands—gradually thickening and accumulating, until, at last a mile short of the turnpike, they become wedged together, and are very slowly filtered through layers of policemen, mounted and a-foot, until, one by one, they pass the gate, and skurry down the hill beyond. The most singular combinations occur in these turnpike stoppages and presses. Four-in-hand leaders look affectionately over the shoulders of ladies, in bright shawls, perched in gigs; poles of carriages appear, uninvited, in the midst of social parties in

phaetons; little, fast, short-stepping ponies run up carriage-wheels before they can be stopped and hold on behind like footmen. Now, the gentleman who is unaccustomed to public driving, gets into astonishing perplexities. Now, the Hansom cab whisks craftily in and out, and seems occasionally to fly over a wagon or so. Now the post-boy, on a jibbing or a shying horse, curses the evil hour of his birth, and is ingloriously assisted by the shabby hostler out of place, who is walking down with seven shabby companions, more or less equine, open to the various chances of the road. Now, the air is fresh, and the dust flies thick and fast. Now, the canvas booths upon the course are seen to glisten and flutter in the distance. Now, the adventurous vehicles make cuts across, and get into ruts and gravel-pits. Now, the heather in bloom is like a field of gold, and the roar of voices is like a wind. Now, we leave the hard road and go smoothly rolling over the soft green turf, attended by an army of importunate worshipers in red jackets and stable jackets, who make a very Juggernaut car of our equipage, and now breathlessly call us My Lord, and now, Your Honor. Now, we pass the outer settlements of tents, where pots and kettles are—where gipsy children are—where airy stabling is—where tares for horses may be bought—where water, water, water, is proclaimed—where the Tumbler in an old pea-coat, with a spangled fillet round his head, eats oysters, while his wife takes care of the golden globes, and the knives, and also of the starry little boy, their son, who lives principally upside-down. Now, we pay our one pound at the barrier, and go faster on, still Juggernautwise, attended by our devotees, until at last we are drawn, and rounded, and backed, and sidled, and cursed, and complimented, and vociferated, into a station on the hill opposite the Grand Stand, where we presently find ourselves on foot, much bewildered, waited on by five respectful persons, who *will* brush us all at once.

Well, to be sure, there never was such a Derby Day, as this present Derby Day! Never, to be sure, were there so many carriages, so many fours, so many twos, so many ones, so many horsemen, so many people who have come down by "rail," so many fine ladies in so many Broughams, so many of Fortnum and Mason's hampers, so much ice and champagne! If I were on the turf, and had a horse to enter for the Derby, I would call that horse Fortnum and Mason, convinced that with that name he would beat the field. Public opinion would bring him in somehow. Look where I will —in some connection with the carriages—made fast upon the top, or occupying the box, or tied up behind, or dangling below, or peeping out of window—I see Fortnum and Mason. And now, Heavens! all the hampers fly wide open, and the green Downs burst into a blossom of lobster-salad!

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As if the great Trafalgar signal had been suddenly displayed from the top of the Grand Stand, every man proceeds to do his duty. The weaker spirits, who were ashamed to set the great example, follow it instantly, and all around me there are table-cloths, pies, chickens, hams, tongues, rolls, lettuces, radishes, shell-fish, broad-bottomed bottles, clinking glasses, and carriages turned inside out. Amid the hum of voices a bell rings. What's that? What's the matter? They are clearing the course. Never mind. Try the pigeon-pie. A roar. What's the matter? It's only the dog upon the course. Is that all? Glass of wine. Another roar. What's that? It's only the man who wants to cross the course, and is intercepted, and brought back. Is that all? I wonder whether it is always the same dog and the same man, year after year! A great roar. What's the matter? By Jupiter, they are going to start.

A deeper hum and a louder roar. Every body standing on Fortnum and Mason. Now they're off! No. *Now* they're off! No. *Now* they're off! No. *Now* they are! Yes!

There they go! Here they come! Where? Keep your eye on Tattenham Corner, and you'll see 'em coming round in half a minute. Good gracious, look at the Grand Stand, piled up with human beings to the top, and at the wonderful effect of changing light as all their faces and uncovered heads turn suddenly this way! Here they are! Who is? The horses! Where? Here they come! Green first. No: Red first. No: Blue first. No: the Favorite first! Who says so? Look! Hurrah! Hurrah! All over. Glorious race. Favorite wins! Two hundred thousand pounds lost and won. You don't say so? Pass the pie!

Now, the pigeons fly away with the news. Now, every one dismounts from the top of Fortnum and Mason, and falls to work with greater earnestness than before, on carriage boxes, sides, tops, wheels, steps, roofs, and rumbles. Now, the living stream upon the course, dammed for a little while at one point, is released, and spreads like parti-colored grain. Now, the roof of the Grand Stand is deserted. Now, rings are formed upon the course, where strong men stand in pyramids on one another's heads; where the Highland lady dances; where the Devonshire Lad sets-to with the Bantam; where the Tumbler throws the golden globes about, with the starry little boy tied round him in a knot.

Now, all the variety of human riddles who propound themselves on race-courses, come about the carriages, to be guessed. Now, the gipsy woman, with the flashing red or yellow handkerchief about her head, and the strange silvery-hoarse voice, appears, My pretty gentleman, to tell your fortin, sir; for you have a merry eye, my gentleman, and surprises is in store for you, connected with a dark lady as loves you better than you love a kiss in a dark corner when the moon's a-shining; for you have a lively 'art, my gentleman, and you shall know her secret thoughts, and the first and last letters of her name, my pretty gentleman, if you will cross your poor gipsy's hand with a little bit of silver, for the luck of the fortin as the gipsy will read true, from the lines of your hand, my gentleman, both as to what is past, and present, and to come. Now, the Ethiopians, looking unutterably hideous in the sunlight, play old banjoes and bones, on which no man could perform ten years ago, but which, it seems, any man may play now, if he will only blacken his face, put on a crisp wig, a white waistcoat and wristbands, a large white tie, and give his mind to it. Now, the sickly-looking ventriloquist, with an anxious face (and always with a wife

in a shawl) teaches the alphabet to the puppet pupil, whom he takes out of his pocket. Now, my sporting gentlemen, you may ring the Bull, the Bull, the Bull; you may ring the Bull! Now, try your luck at the knock-em-downs, my Noble Swells—twelve heaves for sixpence, and a pincushion in the centre, worth ten times the money! Now, the Noble Swells take five shillings' worth of "heaves," and carry off a halfpenny wooden pear in triumph. Now, it hails, as it always does hail, formidable wooden truncheons round the heads, bodies and shins of the proprietors of the said knock-em-downs, whom nothing hurts. Now, inscrutable creatures in smock frocks, beg for bottles. Now, a coarse vagabond, or idiot, or a compound of the two, never beheld by mortal off a race-course, minces about, with ample skirts and a tattered parasol, counterfeiting a woman. Now, a shabby man, with an overhanging forehead, and a slinking eye, produces a small board, and invites your attention to something novel and curious—three thimbles and one little pea—with a one, two, three—and a two, three, one—and a one—and a two—in the middle—right hand, left hand—go you any bet from a crown to five sovereigns you don't lift the thimble the pea's under! Now, another gentleman (with a stick) much interested in the experiment, will "go" two sovereigns that he does lift the thimble, provided strictly that the shabby man holds his hand still, and don't touch 'em again. Now, the bet's made, and the gentleman with the stick, lifts obviously the wrong thimble, and loses. Now, it is as clear as day to an innocent bystander, that the loser must have won if he had not blindly lifted the wrong thimble—in which he is strongly confirmed by another gentleman with a stick, also much interested, who proposes to "go him" halves—a friendly sovereign to *his* sovereign—against the bank. Now, the innocent agrees, and loses; and so the world turns round bringing innocents with it in abundance, though the three confederates are wretched actors, and could live by no other trade if they couldn't do it better.

Now, there is another bell, and another clearing of the course, and another dog, and another man, and another race. Now, there are all these things all over again. Now, down among the carriage-wheels and poles, a scrubby growth of drunken post-boys and the like has sprung into existence, like weeds among the many-colored flowers of fine ladies in Broughams, and so forth. Now, the drinking-booths are all full, and tobacco-smoke is abroad, and an extremely civil gentleman confidentially proposes roulette. And now, faces begin to be jaded, and horses are harnessed, and wherever the old gray-headed beggarman goes, he gets among traces and splinter-bars, and is roared at.

So, now, we are on the road again, going home. Now, there are longer stoppages than in the morning; for we are a dense mass of men and women, wheels, horses, and dust. Now, all the houses on the road seem to be turned inside out, like the carriages on the course, and the people belonging to the houses, like the people belonging to the carriages, occupy stations which they never occupy at another time—on leads, on housetops, on out-buildings, at windows, in balconies, in doorways, in gardens. Schools are drawn out to see the company go by. The academies for young gentlemen favor us with dried peas; the Establishments for Young Ladies (into which sanctuaries many wooden pears are pitched), with bright eyes. We become sentimental, and wish we could marry Clapham. The crowd thickens on both sides of the road. All London appears to have come out to see us. It is like a triumphant entry—except that, on the whole, we rather amuse than impress the populace. There are little love-scenes among the chestnut trees by the roadside—young gentlemen in gardens resentful of glances at young ladies from coach-tops—other young gentlemen in other gardens, whose arms, encircling young ladies, seem to be trained like the vines. There are good family pictures—stout fathers and jolly mothers—rosy cheeks squeezed in between the rails—and infinitesimal jockeys winning in canters on walking-sticks. There are smart maid-servants among the grooms at stable-doors, where Cook looms large and glowing. There is plenty of smoking and drinking among the tilted vans and at the public-houses, and some singing, but general order and good-humor. So, we leave the gardens and come into the streets, and if we there encounter a few ruffians throwing flour and chalk about, we know them for the dregs and refuse of a fine, trustworthy people, deserving of all confidence and honor.

And now we are at home again—far from absolutely certain of the name of the winner of the Derby—knowing nothing whatever about any other race of the day—still tenderly affected by the beauty of Clapham—and thoughtful over the ashes of Fortnum and Mason.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

While reading Hartley Coleridge's life, we have been often grieved, but never for a moment have been tempted to anger. There is so much bonhomie, so much unaffected oddity, he is such a queer being, such a *character*, in short, that you laugh more than you cry, and wonder more than you laugh. The judge would be a severe one who could keep his gravity while trying him. One mischief, too, which often attends faulty men of genius is wanting in him. He has not turned his "diseases into commodities"—paraded his vices as if they were virtues, nor sought to circulate their virus. He is, as the old divines were wont to say, a "*sensible* sinner," and lies so prostrate that none will have the heart to trample on him. His vices, too, were so peculiarly interwoven with his idiosyncrasy, which was to the last degree peculiar, that they can find no imitators. When vice seems ludicrous and contemptible, few follow it; it is only when covered with the gauzy vail of sentimentalism, or when deliberately used as a foil to set off brilliant powers, that it

exerts an attraction dangerously compounded of its native charm, and the splendors which shine beside it. Men who are disposed to copy the sins of a gifted, popular, and noble poet like Byron, and who, gazing at his sun-like beams, absorb his spots into their darkened and swimming eyes, can only look with mockery, pity, and avoidance upon the slips of an odd little man, driveling amid the hedgerows and ditches of the lake country, even although his accomplishments were great, his genius undoubted, and his name Coleridge.

His nature was, indeed, intensely singular. One might fancy him extracted from his father's side, while he slept, and *dreamed*. He was like an embodied dream of that mighty wizard. He had not the breadth, the length, or the height of S. T. Coleridge's mind, but he had much of his subtlety, his learning, his occasional sweetness, and his tremulous tenderness. He was never, and yet always a child. The precocity he displayed was amazing—and precocious, and nothing more, he continued to the end. His life was a perpetual promise to *be*—a rich unexpanded bud—while his father's was a perpetual promise to *do*—a flower without adequate fruit. It was no wonder that when the father first saw his child his far-stretching eye was clouded with sorrow as he thought, "If I—a whole, such as has seldom been created, have had difficulty in standing alone, how can this be part of myself? If a frail tendency, running across my being, has damaged me, what is to become of one whose name is Frailty?" Some such thought was apparently in his prophetic mind when he wrote the sonnet beginning with

> "Charles, my slow heart was only sad," &c.

Nor did the future history of the child belie the augury of this poetic sigh of a fond, yet fearing parent, over the extracted, embodied frailty and fineness of his own being.

Indeed, a circle of evil auguries surrounded the childhood of little Hartley. The calm, quiet eye of Wordsworth surveyed the sports of the child, and finding them those of no common infant, he wrote the poem to "H. C., six years old," where he says—

> "Thou art a dew-drop which the morn brings forth,
> Ill-fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
> Or to be trailed along the soiling earth."

His power of youthful fancy and language was wonderful. Not even Scott's story-telling faculty was equal to his. He delighted in recounting to his brother and companions, not a series of tales, but "one continuous tale, regularly evolved, and possessing a real unity, enchaining the attention of his auditors for a space of years." "This enormous romance, far exceeding in length the compositions of Calprenede, Scudery, or Richardson, though delivered without premeditation, had a progressive story with many turns and complications, with salient points recurring at intervals, with a suspended interest varying in intensity, and occasionally wrought up to a very high pitch, and at length a final catastrophe and conclusion." While constructing this he was little more than twelve years of age.

A *curiosity*, Hartley Coleridge commenced life by being—and a curiosity, somewhat battered and soiled, he continued to the end. His peculiarity lay in such a combination of wonderful powers and wonderful weaknesses, of the mind of a man, the heart of a child, and the body of a dwarf, of purposes proud and high, and habits mean and low—as has seldom been witnessed. The wild disorganization produced by such a medley of contradictory qualities, no discipline, no fortunate conjuncture of circumstances, nothing, perhaps, but death or miracle could have reconciled. He was not *deranged*—but he was *disarranged* in the most extraordinary degree. And such dark disarrangements are sometimes more hopeless than madness itself. There is nothing for them but that they be taken down, and cast into the new mould of the grave.

This original tendency and formation are thus described by his brother: "He had a certain infirmity of will—the specific evil of his life. His sensibility was intense, and he had not wherewithal to control it. He could not open a letter without trembling. He shrank from mental pain—he was beyond measure impatient of constraint. He was liable to paroxysms of rage, often the disguise of pity, self-accusation, or other painful emotion—anger it could hardly be called—during which he bit his arm or finger violently. He yielded, as it were unconsciously, to slight temptations, slight in themselves, and slight to him, as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition. It looked like an organic defect—a congenital imperfection."

> "Of such materials wretched men are made."

And so it fared with poor Hartley Coleridge. Up, indeed, to the time (1814) when he left school, he seems to have been as happy as most schoolboys are—nay, happier than most, in constant intercourse with Mr. Wordsworth, carrying on his English studies in his library at Allanbank, in the vale of Grasmere, and having become acquainted with John Wilson, then residing at his beautiful seat, Elleray, on the banks of Windermere, who became from that time, and continued to the last, one of his kindest friends. Through Mr. Southey's active intervention, he was sent to Merton College, Oxford. His curriculum there was at first distinguished. If inferior in scholarship to many, he yielded to none in general knowledge, in genius, and, above all, in conversation. Ultimately he gained a fellowship in Oriel, with high distinction. But his powers of table-talk became snares to him, and at the close of his probationary year he "was judged to have forfeited his fellowship on the ground mainly of intemperance." Great efforts were made by his father and others to reverse the sentence—but in vain. His ruin was now only a question of time. He repaired to London, but the precarious life of a man of letters was fitted to nurse instead of

checking his morbid tendencies and unhappy habits. He next returned to the Lake country, commenced a school in conjunction with another gentleman, and even talked of entering into holy orders. But nothing would prosper with him. His school dwindled away, and he was reduced to make a scrambling livelihood by contributing to periodicals; domesticated the while at Grasmere, in the house of a farmer's widow. Various attempts were made, ever and anon, to make him useful—by taking him to Leeds to edit a biographical work, assisting a friend in teaching school at Ledbergh, etc; but all in vain. To Grasmere he as uniformly found his way back, to resume his erratic existence. In 1845, his mother's death brought him an annuity, which placed him on a footing of complete independence. During all this time he was employed fitfully in literary effort, wrote poems, contributed papers to "Blackwood's Magazine," and delivered occasional addresses to literary societies. He was gentle, amiable, frank; and, notwithstanding his oddities and errors, was a great favorite with all classes in Cumberland. He was, as a churchman and politician, liberal, almost radical, in his opinions. He was a daily reader of his Bible. To the last, he struggled sore to unloose the accursed bands of indolence and sensualism which bound him; but to little purpose.

At length, in the beginning of 1849, he departed this life, after giving various evidences of a penitent spirit. He lies now in a spot, beside which, in little more than a year, the dust of one—alike, but oh, how different!—Wordsworth, was to be consigned. He was in his fifty-second year. "His coffin, at the funeral, was light as that of a child." "It was," says his brother, "a winter's day when he was carried to his last earthly home, cold, but fine, with a few slight scuds of sleet and gleams of sunshine, one of which greeted us as we entered Grasmere, and another smiled brightly through the church-window. May it rest upon his memory!"

THE ORIENTAL SALOONS IN MADRID.

"Come," said Don Philippe to us one evening, "come with me to a ball at the Salon de Oriente, where you will see a picture of Madrilenian life, too characteristic to be overlooked—a miniature of its beauty, its taste, and its profligacy combined, which no stranger who visits the metropolis should fail to note, and studiously observe." Having nothing of greater importance before us, we assented forthwith to the proposal of our entertaining teacher, who escorted us thither, as soon as we could put ourselves in proper trim for the occasion. The first glimpse of the ball-room was like a fairy scene. It was built in imitation of an Oriental palace, tastefully painted and illuminated with glittering chandeliers, in the most brilliant manner. The hall was quite thronged with persons of both sexes, a large proportion of whom were engaged in dancing the "Polka Mazurka," to the inspiring music of a full and splendid band. So exciting was the spectacle, that it was with the greatest difficulty we restrained ourselves for a few moments from rushing into the midst of the throng, and finally we broke from all restraint, and bade defiance to the counsels of Don Philippe, who evidently regarded us in the light of a couple of hot headed youths, whose harvest of wild oats had not yet been fully gathered. Away we dashed into the very midst of the merry sport as if, with military ardor, we intended to carry the place by storm; having secured a pair of female prizes, whose brilliant eyes, like lodestones, had drawn us toward them, while under our sudden spell of excitement we mingled with the concourse of laughing dancers, and became ourselves the gayest of the gay. The bright glances which gleamed around us, from every female eye, were softer than the blushes of the moonbeams! Every cheek was flushed with pleasure; every lip was red with joy! The men were wild with frolic, and the youthful damsels intoxicated with delight. Among the former, whom should I recognize, to my infinite surprise and astonishment, but my faithful guide to Segovia and the Escurial. In his dress he was completely metamorphosed into a fashionable gentleman, with white waistcoat and gloves, and the remainder of his suit of fine black broadcloth. In manners, he had not a superior in the room. Approaching me with respect, but with the polished ease of a man well acquainted with the world, he saluted us with unaffected cordiality, and then invited us to partake of some refreshments with him in an adjoining apartment, expressly intended and adapted for this purpose. We did not wish to offend him by a refusal, and therefore assented to his desire. Seating ourselves at a table together, we called for a favorite beverage among the Spaniards, composed of small-beer and lemon, mixed in proportions to suit the taste of those desiring it. An immense bowl, supplied with a certain quantity of iced lemonade, was first brought and placed in the centre of the table before us. Two or three bottles of beer were then opened and poured into this general receptacle, the contents of which were stirred up briskly with a kind of ladle or large spoon. Each of us then helped himself to the frothy compound, which, at the same time that it is very agreeable to the palate, does not produce the slightest inebriating effect.

Turning to me, my quondam guide asked if I had passed a pleasant evening. I replied in the affirmative, and told him I had been much struck with his skillful performance upon "the light fantastic toe." He seemed delighted with the compliment, and praised us highly in return, for the manner in which we had conducted ourselves throughout the entertainment. "These saloons," said he, "are resorted to by all classes of gentlemen in the metropolis, without distinction of rank or station, though they do not sustain so high a public reputation now as they possessed in former years. This is owing to the fact, that ladies of station no longer honor them with their presence, save during the period of the 'masquerades,' when it is said that even the queen herself has mingled among the general throng, confident that her disguise would secure her from either

scrutiny or recognition. The females whom you have seen here to-night," continued my guide, "notwithstanding their modest appearance and genteel manners, are most of them either kept-mistresses or public courtesans, while the younger ones, apparently under the protection of their mothers and aunts, by whom they are accompanied, have been brought hither as to a market, in order to secure an '*amante*' or lover, and make the most profitable sale of their charms! This may sound very horrible to your ears, yet I assure you that it is truth. You can scarcely have any conception of the extent of vice which prevails in Madrid, nor of the lightness and indifference with which it is regarded by the community. She who would be called by an evil name in any other country, is only regarded as a gay and lively girl in Spain, so low is the general standard of women. Absolute penury, and the want of respectable employment, have tended to produce this deplorable result, which must necessarily ensue, wherever the poverty and mismanagement of a Government, and the consequent inactivity of industry and commerce, does not create sufficient occupation for the poorer classes, to keep them above starvation, without having recourse to vice. It really offends me," continued my guide, with considerable warmth, "to hear a noble people abused for the existence of faults which do not properly belong to them." "Bravo," cried Don Philippe, "good, good, good! Down with the government! Send the cursed ministers to the infernals, and we'll have a grand Spanish republic. Then you'll see if the Spaniards are not as industrious and brave, and the women as virtuous and chaste, as those of any other land under the sun. Give the people a fair chance, and they will rise, like the bird you call a phœnix, and become a great and powerful nation. Success, I say, to the glorious cause of liberty and republicanism in Spain!"

PHANTOMS AND REALITIES.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.[8]

PART THE THIRD—NIGHT.

IV.

The interval of suspense to which we were doomed before we received any tidings of Forrester seemed to us interminable; and our speculations on the cause of his silence did not contribute to make our solitude the more endurable. We clung together, it is true; but it was like people on a raft, with our heads stretched out, looking apart into the distance for succor.

[8] Concluded from the July Number.

At last, at the end of a fortnight, there came a note in Forrester's handwriting (which I well remembered), signed only with an initial letter, requiring to see me alone in a roadside hostelrie about half a mile inland. The note was cautiously worded, so that if it fell into other hands, its purport would be unintelligible.

I thought this strange; but Forrester was always fond of a little mystery, and on the present occasion there might be a necessity for it. I am ashamed to say, that after I had read this note two or three times, I felt some hesitation about giving him the meeting. The doubt was unworthy of us both; yet I could not help asking myself, over and over again, why he wished me to go alone?—why he appointed to meet me at night?—why he should act under a mask in an affair which demanded the utmost candor on all sides?—and a hundred other uncomfortable questions. Circumstances had made me anxious and distrustful; and I was so conscious of the irritable state of my nerves, that, even while these suspicions were passing through my brain, I made an effort to do justice to my friend by recalling to mind the incidents of our former intercourse, throughout which he had displayed a fidelity and steadfastness that entitled him to my most implicit confidence. Even if it had been otherwise, I had no choice but to trust to him; it was indispensable that we should know the determination of our implacable enemy, and it was through Forrester alone we could obtain that information.

The night was dark and stormy. The solitary walk to the little inn afforded me time to collect myself for an interview which I approached with no slight uneasiness. I had left Astræa behind me in a depressed and fretful mood. She could not comprehend why she was excluded from our councils, and seemed to regard it as a sort of conspiracy to dishonor and humiliate her. Every trifling circumstance that affected her personally was viewed in the same light, with jealousy and suspicion. Poor Astræa! Her life was already beginning to jar with mental discords, and the shadows of the future were falling thickly upon her, and darkening her path.

The hostelrie at which I had the appointment with Forrester stood on the edge of a bleak common. In that part of the country there are many similar wastes, stretching a half mile or more into the interior, covered with a scant and sickly herbage, and presenting on the surface an arid picture of sand, stones, and shells, as if these great, unprofitable pastures had been redeemed from the sea without being converted into available land. There is a salt flavor in the air over these wild inland stretches; the sea seems to pursue you with its saline weeds, its keen winds, and measured murmurs; and the absolute solitude of a scene in which you very rarely meet a house or a tree, is calculated to make a dismal impression on a person otherwise out of humor with the world. I felt it forcibly that night. I thought the northeast wind that swept diagonally

across the common was more wintry and biting than usual; and the red light in the distant window of the "Jolly Gardeners" (of all conceivable signs for such a spot!) looked as if it were dancing away further and further from me as I advanced across the heath.

At last I reached the inn—a low tiled house, with a tattered portico jutting out upon the road some ten or twelve feet, a few latticed windows, and a narrow passage, lighted by a single candle in a sconce on the wall, leading into a sanded parlor beyond a little square "bar" that looked like the inside of a cupboard, decorated with a variety of jugs, teacups, saucers, and other ware hung up in rows all round. The house was altogether a very tolerable specimen of what used to be called an ale-house in remote country districts; a place suggestive of the strictest caution about liquors, but where you might repose with confidence on an impromptu entertainment of rashers and eggs. It was exactly the sort of house that Forrester would have preferred to a well-appointed hostel in the days of our summer vagrancy, when we used to wander toward Hampstead and Highgate, avoiding beaten tracks and crowded localities, and seeking out for ourselves, whenever we could find it, a secluded "Barley Mow" shut up in a nest of orchards. He had not lost his early tastes—nor had I! That little "bar," with its innumerable samples of delft, threw me back sundry years of my life, to the time when I was free to dream or idle, to go into the haunts of men, or to desert them at will. The incident was a trifling one in itself; but it shot through my heart like a bolt of fire. It was the first time I had gone out and left Astræa alone behind me. I thought of her, seated in her lonely room, brooding over her desolation, and torturing herself with speculations upon the business in which I was engaged: while I?—I was out again on the high road, exulting in a man's privilege to act for myself, with her destiny, for good or evil, at my disposal, and possessing the power of returning into the world from whence I had drawn her, and in which she could never again appear! I?—I was at large once more, with the memories of the freedom and tranquillity I had relinquished tempting my thoughts into rebellion. And she?—alas! she never seemed in my eyes so forlorn and lost as at that moment!

A single glance at the boxed-up "bar," and the honest round face, with a skin-cap over it, that gaped at me behind a complete breastwork of pewter and glass, awakened me from the state of reverie in which I had entered the house. I dare say I looked rather bewildered, like a man just shaking off a fit of abstraction, for the honest round face immediately started out of the chair which served as a socket for the body to which it belonged, and without waiting to hear me ask any questions, instantly proposed to conduct me to the gentleman up-stairs, who had been for some time expecting my arrival.

I found Forrester in a small room which was reached by a flight of stairs, so sharp and precipitate, that they looked as if they were inserted on the face of the wall. Having lighted me into the room, the honest face disappeared, and left us alone together.

Forrester stretched out his hand, as I thought, somewhat formally; then motioning me to a seat opposite to him, waited in silence till the landlord had left the room.

"You are surprised I should have asked you to come here," he said.

"No," I replied, interrupting him, hastily; "but I am surprised we did not hear from you sooner. In the name of Heaven, what can have been the cause of your silence?"

"How long is it since I saw you?"

"How long? Upward of a fortnight, and we expected a letter every day. But the world forgets us when we forget ourselves."

"It might be well with some people, if the world *did* forget them," he rejoined; "but that is no affair of mine. I have not forgotten you, whatever you may have deserved from others."

This was uttered in a tone of asperity unusual with Forrester. But I felt that I had provoked it by the unacknowledging spirit in which I had met him after all the trouble he had taken on my account, and I was proceeding to make the best apology I could, when he cut me short with a wave of his hand, and entered upon the business that brought us together.

"You were aware when I undertook to negotiate between you and the husband of Astræa, that I was his friend as well as yours. He had even stronger claims upon my friendship; I had known him in our boyhood; and when I returned, after an interval of years, and found him bereaved, as I had been myself—and by the same person—you can not be astonished that I should feel some interest in his situation."

"I do not blame you for that," I returned, hardly knowing what I said, I was so amazed by the tone and substance of this unexpected opening.

"Blame me?" reiterated Forrester. "Blame me for sympathizing with an early friend, whose life, like my own, had been blasted to the root? You must suppose my nature to be something different from that of other men, if you imagine I could witness his sufferings unmoved."

"To what is this intended to lead?" I demanded. "When I saw you last, your sympathies were not so exclusive. You were then, Forrester, the friend of both?"

"Am I not so still? What brings me here? It is not exactly the sort of weather a man would select for a trip of pleasure into the country. What brings me here? Your business. Does this look like a failure of friendship? You are soured—isolation and self-reproaches, which pride will not suffer you to acknowledge, have turned your blood to acid. You are ready to quarrel for straws, and

your whole care is how to escape the responsibility which passion and selfishness have brought upon you."

I leaped from my chair at these words, and looked fiercely at Forrester. He was perfectly calm, and continued to speak in a voice of freezing quietness.

"Pray, resume your seat. It is sheer waste of time to lose your temper with me. Either I must speak candidly to you, or there is an end to our intercourse."

"Yes—candidly, but not insultingly," I replied, seizing my chair, and, after giving it a very ill-tempered fling upon the ground, throwing myself into it.

"How foolish it is in you to exhibit this humor to me," he resumed after a short pause. "I imagine I have a right to speak to you exactly what I think, and that the interest I have taken in your concerns ought to protect me from the suspicion of desiring to insult you. Were it my cue to insult you, it is not in this affair I should look for the grounds of quarrel. But let that pass. I have seen the man whom you have made your mortal enemy, and have endeavored to prevail upon him to break the marriage. I have failed."

"Failed? How? Why? What does he say? He is a fiend!"

"Strange that he should have just the same opinion of you. Beelzebub is rather a respectable and virtuous person in his estimation compared with you. Just possible both may be right!"

I never saw Forrester in this sort of vein before. It was as if he were determined to lacerate my feelings and lay them bare; and yet there was a certain eccentric kindness under this rough treatment, which helped to reconcile me to it. At all events, I was bound to endure it; I knew that if I outraged him by any show of distrust or violence, his lips would be closed forever. I felt, too, that I had given him some provocation in the first instance by the temper I had betrayed; and that the fault was at least as much mine as his.

"Well," I cried, "you must forgive me, Forrester, if I am a little chafed and galled, and, as you say, soured. Circumstances have pressed hardly upon me. Remember how long I have been shut out from communication with society—and the state of anxiety and suspense in which I have lived. You must make allowances for me."

"Exactly. *I* must make allowances for *you*. But when I ask *you* to make allowances for *him*, who has gone through sufferings a hundred-fold more acute, which you have inflicted upon him, what kind of response do I receive? No matter. I *do* make allowances for you. If you are not entirely absorbed by selfish considerations, you will endeavor to comprehend the wrong you have committed, and do what you can to avoid making it worse."

"Wrong? Premeditated wrong I never will admit. My conscience is clear of that. But I will not argue with you. What would you have me do?"

"Leave the country. You have no other alternative."

"What? Fly from this demon, who first tempted me, and who now wants to triumph over my ruin?"

"You say your conscience is clear of wrong. You have a happy conscience. But it deceives you. It is true, that when you first knew Astræa, you were ignorant of his rights; but you were not ignorant of them when he found you together and claimed her. Up to that moment, you might have had some excuse. There was yet time to save her, yourself, and him. How did you act, then? If we are to discuss this matter with any hope of arriving at a rational conclusion, you must rid yourself of the flattering deception that you have been doing no wrong. We are not children, but grown-up men and responsible agents."

"Well, I put myself in your hands. But that I should become an exile because this man chooses to pursue me with vindictive feelings, *does* seem something monstrous."

"From your point of sight, I dare say it does. Just change places with him. A man who desires to decide justly will always endeavor to look at both sides of a question. Put yourself in his position. He loves this woman. I am satisfied he loves her more truly and tenderly, and less selfishly now than he ever loved her from the beginning. You sneer at that. You do not credit the possibility of such a thing. It is a constitutional fallacy of yours to believe that no man loves as you do—that there is a leaven of earth in other men which mixes with their devotion and corrupts it. You have nursed this creed all your life, and it has grown with your growth. You alone are pure and spiritual. I remember you had that notion once before. I remember how you exalted yourself on the intensity and endurance of your passion. Surely by this time you should have outlived that delusion; for even then you might have seen men with hearts as—But I am wandering from the subject."

"I understand you. I was young, superstitious, ignorant—"

"I will speak plainly. You are not capable of a great devotion. Your character is not strong enough. You have none of the elements of power necessary to the maintenance of the martyrdom of love. In a nature constituted like yours, passion burns up fiercely, and goes out suddenly. I have heard you say—some years gone by!—that you were consumed by a love which would end only with your life. I was silent. I loved, too; but I vailed my eyes, and spoke not, as the coffin which contained all I cherished in the world was lowered into the grave. Hope—affection—the

desire of life, were buried with it. You see me now wasted, haggard, solitary, a wreck upon the waters. And you? I find you plunged into the ecstasies of a new passion. And what of the old one? Where are the traces of it now? Some men can not live except in this condition of excitement. You are one of them. But do not deceive yourself into the belief that others have not hearts, because they do not show them in spasms such as these. Do not despise the faithful agonies even of the dwarf!"

I felt the severe justice of the reproach less in Forrester's words than in his pallid face, and the pangs he struggled to conceal. I was even secretly compelled to admit that there was a miserable truth in what he said about Mephistophiles; yet it was difficult for me to give utterance to the expression of any sympathy in the sufferings of a man who seemed to have directed his whole energies to the pursuit of an insane and unprofitable vengeance.

"The portrait is not flattering," I observed. "But why do you thus put me on the rack? What has all this to do with the matter that has brought us together?"

"It has every thing to do with it. The instability of your character—the certainty of remorse and disappointment, passion sated and exhausted, romance broken up, and nothing left but mutual reproaches, which will not be the less bitter because they may not find expression in words—the certainty that such is the fate to which Astræa is doomed under your protection, justifies me in laying before you those secrets of your nature which, without the help of some friendly monitor like me, you would never be able to discover."

This was said in a tone of sarcasm. No man knows himself. With much modesty and humility in some things (springing, perhaps, from weakness rather than discretion or reserve), I had always overrated myself in others. I had a strong faith in my own constancy of purpose—in the steadfastness of my principles and feelings. But it was true that I was self-deceived, if Forrester and Astræa had read my character accurately. Their agreement was something wonderful. They used almost the very same words in describing the points on which my strength was likely to break down. I was beginning to fear that they were right; but I owed a grave responsibility to Astræa, and could not yet be brought to admit, even to myself, that it was possible I should fail in it.

"You judge from the rest of the world, and not from me, Forrester," I replied. "But granted that it is as you say, how can that mend the business? Believe me, you are ignorant of Astræa's character and mine. No matter—let that pass. Suppose we should hereafter find our lives wearisome and joyless, may we not justly trace the cause to the malice that will not suffer us to redeem ourselves."

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"Is your redemption, by the strength of your own efforts, so sure, then? Neither he whom you have wronged, nor I, have any faith in your fortitude. We believe that if you were free to marry Astræa, a certain sense of justice would induce you at once to make her your wife; but we believe also, that the enchantment would perish at the altar. Attachments that begin in one form of selfishness generally end in another—even with people of the most amiable intentions."

There was a scoff in his voice that made my blood tingle; but I subdued myself. "Pray, come to the point," I exclaimed, impatiently.

"The point is simple enough," he returned. "My mission has failed. He will make no terms, take no steps for a divorce, listen to no expostulations until a separation shall have taken place between you and Astræa."

"A separation?"

"It is clear to me that, in looking forward to such a contingency, it is not because he hopes or desires, under such circumstances, to see her again; but because it would enable him, without pain or humiliation, to become the guardian of her future life. It is the passion of his soul to dedicate himself, unseen, to the sacred duty of watching over her."

"Preposterous. He watch over her? The recollection of his former guardianship is not so agreeable as to induce her to trust herself under it again. As to separation, her devotion to me would make her spurn such a proposition."

"H—m! It is because I believed her pride would make her spurn it that I recommended you to go abroad."

"And why should we go abroad on that account?"

"Because his revenge, sleepless and insatiable, will render it impossible for you to remain in England."

"His revenge! Pshaw! I am sick of hearing of it. Believe me, the word has lost its terrors—if it ever had any."

"You are wrong. My advice is prudent, and is given honestly, for both your sakes. In England there is danger; abroad, you will be beyond his reach."

"Why," answered I, with a forced smile, "one would suppose that you were speaking of the Grand Inquisition, or the Council of Ten, and that we lived in a country where there was neither law nor social civilization. What do you imagine I can possibly have to fear from him?"

"A vengeance that you can not evade, so subtle and unrelenting as to leave no hour of your existence free from dread and misery. Can you not understand how a man whose life you have laid waste may haunt you with his curse? Can you not comprehend the workings of a mortal hate, ever waiting for its opportunity, patient, silent, untiring, never for an instant losing sight of its object, and making all things and all seasons subservient to its deadly purpose? *I* can understand this in the most commonplace natures, when they are strongly acted upon; but in him, fiery, self-willed, and vindictive, it is inevitable."

"Is this an inference of your own, drawn from your knowledge of his character, or has he confided his intentions to you?"

"Even if he had not confided his intentions to me, I know him too well not to foresee the course he will take; but he has concealed nothing of his designs from me, except the mode in which he intends to work them out. Of that I know nothing. But it is enough, surely, that such a man should swear an oath of vengeance in my presence, to justify me in the warning I have given you."

"I thank you. And this warning—upon which we seem to put very different valuations—is the result of your friendly interference?"

"You are at liberty to doubt my friendship; but I will not leave my motives open to misconstruction. I repeat to you that I give you this warning, for *his* sake as much as for yours."

"And why for his sake?"

"Because if you avoid him you may save him from the perpetration of a crime. The whole energies of his mind are directed to one end. He lives for nothing else, and will pursue it at any cost or peril to himself. I know him. If you are wise, you will heed my warning. If not, take your own course. I have discharged my conscience, and have done."

As he spoke these words, he drew his chair toward the fire, and sat musing as if he had dropped out of the conversation.

"Forrester," I exclaimed, "one question more! Why did you not communicate this to Astræa yourself? Why did you leave to me the pain of carrying home such ill news?"

"Home!" repeated Forrester, involuntarily; then, raising his voice, he went on: "Why did I not go to her, and tell her that she ought to separate from you, if she had any regard for her own future security? What should you have thought of my friendship if I had done that? Why, you distrust me as it is."

"No—I have no distrusts. It is evident on which side your sympathies are engaged."

"With whom should I sympathize—the wronged, or the wrong-doer?"

"When we parted last, I believed that you felt otherwise."

"When we parted last, you had made impressions upon me which I have since found to be deceptive. I do not blame you for that. You told your story in your own way, from your own point of sight: I believed it to be true. Nor had I then looked into this man's heart—this suffering man in his agony, whom you painted as a monster: I did not then know how capable he was of loving and of suffering for love's sake—the noblest and the most sorrowful of all suffering! nor how gently that heart, crushed and struck to the core, had risen again to life, strengthened and sweetened by the injuries it had learned to forgive! You can not judge of that tenderness of soul, out of which a happier fortune and a prosperous love might have drawn a life of kindliness and charity. You—who, having accomplished your desires, are now reposing in the lull of your sated passions—you can see nothing in him but the evil which you have helped to nourish; his sacrifices and magnanimity are all darkness to you."

"I will listen no longer," I said, starting up from my chair. "I see distinctly what is before me. Old friends fall from us in our adversities. Well! new ones must be made. It is some comfort that the world is wide enough for us all, and that the loss, even of such a friend as you, is not irreparable."

"H—m! a successful epitome of your creed and character! You can cast old affections and memories from you with as little emotion as a bird moults its feathers; and having got rid of one set of sensations, you can begin again, and so go on, destroying and renewing, and still thinking yourself misunderstood and injured, and taking your revenge in fresh indulgences."

"I will endure no more of this," I exclaimed, seizing my hat and going toward the door; "let us part, before I forget the ties that once bound us together."

"Forget them?" he echoed, and his face grew ghastly pale; but, forcibly controlling his agitation, he went on, in a low voice: "Have you not forgotten them already? Have you not shaken them off like dust from your feet? Ay, let us part; I am unfit to be your friend or companion. Leave me to mate with him you have bereaved, and whose heart is desolate like mine! There, at least, I shall find a community of feeling on one point—the blight which we both owe to you. Go! Leave me—no words—no words!"

Had I spoken it would have been angrily. But although my pride was wounded, and I was bitterly mortified and disappointed at the result of a meeting, which, instead of alleviating my anxiety, had only loaded me with miseries, I felt that it would have been barbarous at that moment, had I given way to my own feelings. I stood and gazed upon him in silence while I held the half-opened

door in my hand.

The old feeling was all at once revived, and as he buried his head in his broad, shapeless hands, and bent over the table, the night when he related to me the singular history with which he prefaced the introduction to Gertrude, came back upon me with all its agonies and terrors as freshly as if but a few weeks, instead of long and checkered years, had elapsed in the interval. His great anguish on that occasion, and the grandeur of the sacrifice he made to what he hoped would have been the foundation of the life-long happiness of her he loved, returned with painful distinctness. He was changed in nothing since, except in the haggard expression of his face and figure. His heart—his strong, manly heart—was still the same. His affections were in the grave with Gertrude; he had traversed half the world, had been thrown into trying circumstances, and doubtless, like other men, had been exposed to many temptations, yet he had never swerved from his early attachment, and had brought back with him from his wanderings the same truthfulness and the same sorrow he had carried with him into exile. How strange it was that he, of all men, should be cast by the force of accidental occurrences into close communion with the dwarf! that the only men on earth who in the depths of their hearts could—whether justly or unjustly, mattered little—find a cause for hating and denouncing me, should be drawn together, not by any sympathy of their own, but by a common resentment against me! these two men, so utterly unlike each other in every thing else, whose natures were as widely different and opposed as night and day! And then in the midst of this rose up the memory of Gertrude, of whom I could recollect nothing but a macilent figure, stretched upon a sofa and scarcely breathing. The lineaments were gone, but there were the spirit and the reproach, and the gloom that had settled on the opening of my life, making all the rest wayward, fantastical, and unreasoning.

I paused at the door, looked for the last time on Forrester, and noiselessly leaving the room, descended the stairs. In the next moment I was out again on the bleak heath.

V.

On my return, I found Astræa pacing up and down the room in a state of nervous irritation at my long absence. Her usual self-command was broken down. The grace and dignity that once imparted to her an aspect of calmness and power, were gone. Isolation was doing its work upon her! Isolation and the feeling of banishment and disgrace which we struggled with darkly in our minds, but which were slowly and surely destroying our confidence in ourselves, and our trust in the future.

She was impatient to hear what I had to relate to her, yet was so ruffled by it, that she constantly interrupted me by exclamations of scorn and anger. The suggestion of our separation, and the subsequent guardianship of the dwarf, which I stated simply, without coloring or comment, affected her differently. She looked at me in silence, as I slowly repeated the words of Forrester, her lips trembled slightly, and a faint flush spread over her face and forehead. There was a great conflict going on, and I could see that her strength was unequal to it. Gradually the flush deepened, and tears sprang into her eyes. I shall never forget it! A sob broke from her, and crushing up her face in her outspread hands with a wildness that almost terrified me, she exclaimed:

"I never was humiliated till now! never till now! till now! O God! what have I done that this bitterness should come upon me?"

"Astræa! for Heaven's sake do not give way to these violent emotions. After all, what does it come to?"

She threw back her head with an expression of fierce reproach in her eyes, and replied:

"Disgrace! *You* do not feel it. *You* are safe, free, unscathed; but *I*—*I*—and this is what women suffer who sacrifice themselves as I have done!"

"Come, you are nervous and desponding, Astræa. Why do you talk of suffering? No body has the power to inflict suffering upon you now."

"It is idle—idle—idle!" she answered, moving to and fro; "you can not comprehend it. Men have no sense of these things. Happy for them it is so. I believe you mean all in kindness—I believe your manhood, your pride would not allow you to see me unprotected, lost, degraded so early! No! don't speak! Let me go on. He makes a condition that I should leave you—that I should violate the most solemn obligation of my life, and proclaim myself that which my soul recoils from, and my lips dare not utter; then, when I shall have damned myself, he will protect me! With a forbearance, for which I ought to be thankful he will watch over me unseen—provide for my wants—take care that I am fed and housed; and having secured my dependence on him, and broken my rebellious heart, he will take infinite credit to himself for the delicacy and magnanimity with which he has treated me. Oh man—man! how little you know our natures, and how superior we are to you, even in our degradation! I ask you, in what light must he regard me who could presume to make such a proposition? And in what light should I deserve to be regarded if I accepted it?"

"It is quite true, Astræa. I feel the whole force of your observations. The proposition is an insult."

"Thank you—thank you, for that word!" she exclaimed, throwing herself into my arms, and bursting into a flood of tears. "There is something yet left to cling to. Thank God, I am not yet so

lost but that you should feel it to be an insult to me. It is something not to be yet quite beyond the reach of insult."

"Astræa," I said, folding her tenderly in my arms, "compose yourself, and trust to me. We must trust to each other. There—there—dear Astræa!"

"What a wretch should I be," she replied, "if *this* were all—if it were for *this* I forfeited every thing; no, no, *you* don't think so. It is my last hold—self-respect!—and it is in your keeping. For you I gave up all—and would have given up life itself—it would be hard if I should perish in my sin by his hands for whom I sinned!" Then releasing herself from me, she grasped my arm, and looking earnestly into my face, she demanded, "And what answer did you give to this proposal?"

"Why, what answer should I give, but that I knew you would spurn it?"

"That was right!" she cried; "right—manly—honest. We must let him know that I am not the defenseless outcast he supposes; he must see and feel that we can walk abroad as proudly in the open day as he or his. *His* vengeance? What have we to fear? Let us cast the shame from us and show ourselves to the world. We make our own disgrace by hiding and flying from our friends. You see how our forbearance has been appreciated, and what a charitable construction has been put upon our conduct. We owe it to ourselves to vindicate ourselves. I will endure those dismal whispers that carry a blight in every word no longer. I would rather die! Come—let us decide once and forever our future course!"

These were brave words, and bravely uttered. Toward the close, Astræa had regained much of her original power; the strength of purpose and towering will, which I remembered so well in former days, and which gave so elevated a character to her beauty, came back once more, and lighted up her fine features.

It was late; but what were hours to us? Day or night made little difference. We had no objects to call us up early—we had no occupations for the next day—it was immaterial whether we retired or sat up; and so in this listless mode of life we always followed the immediate impulse, whatever it might be. When we found ourselves weary, we betook ourselves to repose; when we felt inclined to talk and maunder over the fire, we never troubled ourselves to ask what o'clock it was. In short, time had no place in our calendar, which was governed, not by the revolutions of the earth, but by our own moods and sensations.

We discussed a great question that night. No theme before a debating club—such as the choice between Peace and War, between Society or Solitude, or any of those grand abstract antitheses that agitate nations—was ever more completely exhausted in all its details than the question—Whether we should leave England, or remain at home, and go boldly into public, with the determination to live down the persecutions of the dwarf.

It was a question of life or death with us. We both felt that any fate would be more welcome than the life to which we were then condemned. We pined for human faces and human voices. We were sick at heart of eternal loneliness. We longed for free intercourse with educated people like ourselves, who would sympathize with our intellectual wants, and talk to us in our own language. We had arrived at the discovery that the solitude we had colored so brightly in those happy hours of romance which love takes such pains in filling up with delusions, would be rendered much more agreeable by an occasional variety, or an incidental shock from without—any thing that would stir the pulses and awaken the life-blood that was growing stagnant in our veins. We were not weary of each other; on the contrary, anxiety had brought our hearts more closely together; but we had drunk all the light out each other's eyes, and our aspects were becoming wan and passionless from lack of change and movement; we yearned for the presence even of strangers, to break up the dullness and uniformity, and make us feel that we had an interest in the living world, and that our love, sweet as it was in seclusion, was sweeter still as a bond that linked us to the great family, from which in our desolate retreat we felt ourselves entirely cut off.

I need not detail the arguments by which our final resolution was determined. To go abroad, and embrace a voluntary banishment, would have looked like an admission of guilt, which Astræa persisted in repudiating. Whatever verdict society might choose to pronounce, Astræa would be governed only by her own. Her justice adapted itself expressly to the occasion, setting aside the larger views which laws designed for the general security must include. But such is woman's logic ever!—circumstantially sensitive, clear, and narrow! Her voice was for war. I had no motive for opposing her; my pride agreed with her—my reason took the other side; but, in reality, I saw no great choice either way. I knew, or felt, that society would never be reconciled to us. Men have instincts on such points; but women, with their wild sense of what may be called natural law, never can see these things in the same light. This was a matter I could not argue with Astræa. I merely told her that in our anomalous situation, we must not look for much sympathy or consideration; that, in fact, I had known similar cases (perhaps not quite so peculiar, but that made no difference in the eyes of society), and that the issue of the struggle to get back always ended in increased humiliation; yet I was, nevertheless, ready to adopt any plan of life that would satisfy her feelings. I was bound to think of that first, and perfectly willing to take chance for the rest.

It was settled at last, at the close of our long council, that we should adopt a sort of middle course; and before we returned to London, which we now fully resolved to do at the opening of the season, we projected a visit to Brighton, and one or two other places on the coast.

VI.

Talk of the sagacity of the lower animals, and the reasoning faculties of man! We are the most inconsistent of all creatures; we are perpetually contradicting ourselves, perpetually involved in anomalies of our own making. It is impossible to reconcile half the things we do with the exercise of that reason which we boast of as the grand distinction that elevates us above the horse, the dog, the elephant. We never find any of these animals doing unaccountable things, or practically compromising their sagacity.

For my part, looking back on my life, I feel that it is full of contradictions, which, although apparent to me now, were not so in the whirl of agitation out of which they surged. Here, for example, after a flight from the world, and nearly six months' burial in the severest solitude, behold us on a sudden in the midst of the gay crowds of Brighton. The transition is something startling. It was so to us at the time; and I confess that at this distance from the excitement which led to it, I can not help regarding it as an act of signal temerity, considering the circumstances in which we were placed.

Astræa's spirits grew lighter; she cast off her gloom and reserve, and surrendered herself to the full tide of human enjoyment in which we were now floating. Whatever might have been the terror or misgiving at either of our hearts, we did not show it in our looks. We wore a mask to each other—a mask of kindness, each desiring to conceal the secret pang, and to convey to the other a notion that all was at peace within! We were mutually conscious of the well-meant deception, but thought it wiser and more generous on both sides to affect entire confidence in the gayety we assumed! Upon this hollow foundation we set about building the superstructure of our future lives.

We had a cheerful lodging facing the sea—rather a handsome and extravagant lodging; for being intent upon our project of asserting ourselves in the eyes of the world, we resolved to test any friends we might happen to meet, by inviting them to our house. The landlady, a respectable widow, was one of the most civil and obliging persons in the world. Her whole establishment was at our disposal, and she never could do too much to make us feel perfectly at our ease. Emerging as we had just done from utter loneliness, with a strong fear that the hand of the world was against us, all this attention and kindness touched us deeply. Slight an incident as it was, it made us think better of our species, and look forward more hopefully for ourselves. There was yet something to live for! There always is, if we will only suffer our hearts to explore for us, and find it out.

Any person who has moved much in the London circles is sure to find a numerous acquaintance at Brighton. We met several people we had known in the great maelstrom of the West End. It was pleasant to us to exchange salutes with them. It was like coming back after a long voyage, and finding one's self at home again among old faces and household scenes. We were intimate with none of these people; and as our knowledge of them did not justify more than a passing recognition, which was generally very cordial on both sides, we used to return from our drive every day, exulting in the success of our experiment upon society. The world, after all, was not so bad as we supposed.

One day, sauntering on the sands, Astræa saw a lady at a distance whose figure seemed to be familiar to her. She was an old schoolfellow of hers, who had been recently married. They flew into each other's arms. The meeting, indeed, was marked by such affectionate interest on the part of the lady, who was a stranger to me, that I apprehended she was entirely ignorant of our story. Almost the first question that passed between them determined that fact; and as they had a great deal of news to communicate to each other, it was arranged between them that they should meet the next morning for a long gossip.

Astræa went alone, and staid away half the day. She returned to me full of glee. Her friend had listened to her history with the deepest interest, and entirely agreed with her that she could not have acted otherwise, adopting, at the same time, without hesitation, Astræa's opinion of the sanctity of our union. It was not our fault that we had not been married in a church and this generous lady, seeing the embarrassment of our situation, enthusiastically declared that the world might take its own course, but that *she*, at least, would never abandon a friend under such circumstances. This was very cheering. I must remark, however, that this lady was several years younger than Astræa, under whose protection she had been taken at school, where Astræa had been a resident for convenience, rather than a pupil, when she entered it. In this way their attachment originated. It would have been difficult for any young person to have been placed in such close and endearing intimacy with Astræa, and not to have acquired an enthusiastic regard for her. She always inspired that sort of feeling—a deep and passionate love, great admiration of her intellect, implicit respect for her judgment. In the eyes of her schoolfellow she was the model of all human excellence. As easily would she have believed in an error of the planetary system, as that Astræa could commit an aberration of any kind. Whatever Astræa did, appeared to her unimpeachable. A feeling of veneration like this carried away from school will stand many severe shocks in the mind of a true-hearted girl before it will give way.

This was all very well so far as the lady herself was concerned; but how could we answer for the view her husband might take of the matter? She volunteered in the most courageous way to take all that upon herself. She could answer for her husband. She was very young, and very pretty, and very giddy, and only just married, and her husband never denied her any thing, and she ruled him with as queenly an influence as the heart of the most imperious little beauty could desire.

Nor did she reckon without her host, as the event proved. Her husband, in the most good-humored way, fell into her view of the case. He was one of those easy-natured souls who, when they marry school-girls, feel themselves called upon to marry the whole school, and to take its romps, and its vows, and its bridesmaid pledges, to heart and home along with their wives. He had heard her speak of Astræa a thousand times, and professed to be very curious to see her; and so it was arranged that we should all meet, and make the merriest double-bridal party in the universe. The reunion was curious between these open-hearted, innocent young people, with their track of bright flowers before them, and those who sat opposite to them, with a terrible conviction that the path which lay before *them* was covered with ashes.

Our new friends had a large acquaintance at Brighton, and saw a great deal of company; yet they were always glad to get away when they could, and make a little holyday with us. Her husband entered into our meetings with an ease and friendliness that were quite charming. He was an indolent man, taking no trouble to look after pleasure, but ready to be pleased in a passive way with any thing that other people enjoyed. As for his wife, she was always in the highest spirits with Astræa. The chatter they made together was quite an ecstasy. It seemed as if there was no end to the things they had to talk about. Poor Astræa had been shut up from her own sex so long, that the delight with which the companionship of this young creature inspired her appeared to me extremely pathetic and affecting.

One morning we were walking on the Parade as usual. Among the carriages that were flying about, we recognized the open phaeton of our friends. It passed quite close to us—so close that we could have shaken hands with them as they swept by. We expected that they would have stopped as usual, and we stood and put out our hands—but the carriage went on. There was a hasty bow from the lady, and then her head was quickly turned aside, as if something had suddenly attracted her attention. Astræa looked at me, and asked me what I thought of it? I evaded her question, by saying that they had other friends, and that we must not be too *exigeant*. Astræa made no remark, but merely shook her head and walked on.

In the afternoon we met them again. There was a gay crowd of people walking, and our friends, in the midst of a group, were coming up toward us. There was no possibility, at either side, of avoiding the meeting, for the place was narrow, and we were compelled to pass each other slowly. I could perceive, from the way in which Astræa's cheeks kindled, that she was resolved to put her schoolfellow's friendship to the proof at once. I anticipated the result, but thought it best not to interfere, lest Astræa might suppose I shrank from the ordeal. We met face to face. The lady grew very white, and then red, and then white again, and caught her husband by the arm, and moved her lips as if she wished to appear to be speaking to him, although she did not utter a word. Astræa looked full into her eyes. Had the young wife seen a spectre from the grave, she could not have been more effectually paralyzed. That look seemed to turn her to stone. Not a single expression of greeting took place between them. Upon the husband's part, the feeling was even less equivocal. There was a dark, scowling frown upon his face as we came up; he looked straight at us—and walked on. These *insouciant* men, who take the world so indifferently on ordinary occasions, are always the most fierce when roused. They hate the trouble of being obliged to act with decision, and when compelled to do so, they cut it short by an energetic demonstration, that they may fall back the sooner upon their habitual lassitude.

We returned to our lodging with a clear sense of our position. Galled as I was on my own account, I felt it a hundred times more acutely on account of Astræa. Here was her young friend and enthusiastic disciple, who had always looked up to her with confidence and admiration, who had heard her story, and clung all the more lovingly and protectingly to her in pity for the unhappy circumstances in which she was placed, and this friend had now abandoned and disowned her!—a blow under which some women would have sunk at once, and which would have made others reckless and desperate. Upon Astræa it acted slowly and painfully. Externally it did not seem to affect her much; but I could perceive from that time a tendency to lapse into fits of silence, and a desire to be alone, which I had not noticed before. Whenever she alluded to her friend, she spoke of her as a weak person, who had never been remarkable for much character, with a kind heart and no understanding, and always carried away by the last speaker. Ascribing her inconsistency on this occasion to the influence of her husband, we agreed to dismiss the subject—not from our thoughts, that was impossible—but from our conversation. Astræa was bruised and hurt; and through all her efforts to conceal it, I saw that she suffered severely. It was the first touch she had directly experienced of the ice of the world's contumely, and it had struck in upon her heart.

A few days passed away, and we were reconciling ourselves by daily practice to the personal humiliation of passing and being passed in the streets by the friends with whom we had been recently on terms of absolutely hilarious alliance; when, on one occasion, on returning to our solitary lodging, we were received at the door by our obliging landlady in a manner which plainly showed that her opinion of us had undergone a most singular change during our absence. Her quiet, sleepy eyes scintillated with anger; her face was hot with excitement, and instead of the civility she had hitherto invariably shown us, she all at once broke out into a tirade which I will spare the reader the unpleasantness of hearing: there can be no difficulty in guessing what it was all about. This worthy woman had heard our history—falsified in detail, and blackened by the most venomous exaggeration; and being a very pure lodging-house keeper, standing upon the whiteness of her morals and her caps, and trusting much to the patronage of the rector, who allowed her to refer to him for the proprieties and respectabilities of her establishment, she thought that the best way to vindicate her own reputation was to assail ours in the most open and public manner. Accordingly, she took care that every word she said should be overheard by every

body within reach, so that the whole neighborhood should know of her indignation, and report it to her friend the rector. There never was such a change in a woman; it was a saint turned into a demon. I demanded her authority for the injurious aspersions she cast upon us, and threatened her with a variety of tremendous, though exceedingly vague, legal consequences—but to no effect. She desired us to leave the house, and take our remedy; she would give us no satisfaction; she had good grounds for what she said; that was enough for her; she knew what "kind" we were; and a great deal more to the same purpose.

We were deeply aggrieved at discovering that our private affairs were talked of in this scandalous way. As to the vulgar violence of this woman, we thought no more of it after the immediate irritation of her assault on us was over. It was one of those coarse incidents, which, like striking against an awkward person in the streets, happen to us all in life, and are forgotten with the momentary annoyance. But these reports of our situation being afloat, rendered it impossible to remain in Brighton; so that very night we moved down the coast to Worthing. In this dull little watering-place, where the people always seem bent on avoiding each other, we thought we should be secure from evil tongues.

It was late when we arrived, and we put up at the hotel, which, like every thing else in Worthing, has an air of languor and idleness about it. We liked the tone of the house. An eternal twilight brooded over the rooms and passages. Every chamber was occupied, yet the place was as still as a church. If you heard a footstep, it went stealthily as if it were muffled, or "shod with felt;" and the only signs of life you caught from the adjoining apartments, were when some noiseless lady in a morning dress glided into the balcony, and after a side-long look at the sea, glided back again. Out of doors, the order of the day was vigorous promenading, but even this was conducted almost speechlessly, except when a friendly group happened to collect and stop short, and then you could hear an occasional joke and burst of laughter. The promenade was the grand thing. It was not sauntering for relaxation, but brisk exercise, that threw the blood into activity and exhilarated the spirits. In the course of a week, we came to know every face in Worthing by the introduction which this lusty amusement afforded us, and every body in Worthing knew our faces. We were all out at a given hour, tramping up and down at a swinging pace, and passing and repassing each other so often, that we were as familiar with the whole guest population of the place, and the whole guest population with us, as if we had known each other all our lives. Every body had acquaintances there except ourselves. We could see them making up little parties for excursions, soirées, and other amusements; trifles that amused us as lookers-on, but, nevertheless, made us feel our loneliness. We were *in* the crowd, but not *of* it. Yet it was better to be in the open air among strangers than to dwell in the desert.

But it was not to be. Our story followed us. We began to perceive, after a little time, that we were observed and noticed, and that people used to turn and look after us. This was the first hint we received of what was now becoming rather an alarming fact to us—that we were known. To be known with us, was to be shunned, or impertinently gazed at, as if we were either great criminals, or notorieties of no very respectable order. At last, it became difficult for us to walk about, from the universality of the notice we attracted; and at the hotel there was no possibility of mistaking the nature of the curiosity, not of the most respectful kind, which tracked us up the stairs and down the stairs, and penetrated even to our rooms, in the person of a sinister-looking waiter, who had the oddest conceivable way of looking at us out of the corner of one eye, which he pursed up and concentrated into a focus expressly for the purpose. This sort of persecution was wearing us out. It was like water dropped, drop by drop, upon a stone. The whisper of shame came after us wherever we went. There was no escaping it; and I began to suspect that there must be some mark upon us by which we were known and detected. I believe there is more truth in this than most people imagine. The habit of evasion and reserve, the apprehension of being watched, and the secret consciousness of having something to conceal, doubtless give an expression to one's entire action and physiognomy which is likely to suggest unfavorable speculations. The world is apt to think ill of the man who does not look it straight in the face; and, upon the whole, perhaps the world is right.

This doom pursued us wherever we went. We tried two or three other places on the coast with the same result. Within a week we were sure to be found out, and avoided or gazed at. The sight of human beings enjoying themselves, and the right of looking on at them, were dearly purchased at such a price as this. Our spirits were beginning to give way under it; our nerves were so affected by the minute persecution which we daily endured, that when we got into strange quarters, where we were as yet unknown, we fancied that all eyes were upon us. A little more of this sort of racking suspicion, mixed with fear and rage, and I think I should have gone mad.

Astræa bore it more heroically. She was tolerably calm, and used to smile while I was glowing over with anger. I frequently felt inclined to rush upon some of the people who stared at us, and demand of them what they meant; but Astræa always checked me, and reminded me, that in these small watering-places scandal was the entire occupation—that the visitors had, in fact, nothing else to do all day long; and that if every person who was tormented by their vicious curiosity were to indulge in resentment, three-fourths of the time of the community would be wasted in endeavoring to patch up the reputations that had been torn to bits in the remaining fourth.

Notwithstanding the courage with which she set herself against the waters that were visibly closing round us on all sides, and the light, yet earnest and fearful way she talked about it, her health was rapidly declining. Her color was gone. She was growing thin; there was a slight cough hovering upon her nerves; and she had become so fanciful, that she could not bear to go out in

the dusk of the evenings, although that was the only time when we could walk out at our ease.

These changes brought others. Her temper was altered; she tried to subjugate herself, but could not; a notion seemed to have taken possession of her that she was a weight upon me, and that the necessity of sharing disgrace and exclusion with her was preying upon my mind. In the first few months she was jealous of every hour I was absent from her, and used to consider it a slight, and a proof that I was becoming weary of her. Then all was new, and the gloss of novelty and enthusiasm was yet upon her feelings. Now it was totally different; she had no longer any care about herself; it was all for me. The dream of love had been dreamed out, and she had ceased to regard herself as the object of a devotion which was ready to incur shame and suffering for her sake. She had seen that delusion to an end; and, having a real fear that, being pent up continually with her, contracting the man's activity within the sphere of the woman's limited range, would make our way of life hateful to me at last, she now used to urge me to go out for long walks in the country, or to visit the reading-rooms, and keep myself *au courant* with the events of the day. Exercise, mental and physical, was healthful for me, and she would not have me moped to death in the house. For her own part, she would say to me, she rather liked having a little time to herself; a woman has always something to do, and is never at a loss for occupation; and while I was out, she hardly missed me till I came back—she was so busy! These professions and entreaties were kindly and judiciously meant, but the difficulty was to act upon them. She could not endure solitude. She always dreaded to be left alone, and, only that it was a greater dread to her to make a prisoner of me at the risk of rendering my existence wretched, nothing could have induced her to go through the hours of misery she suffered in my absence. This conflict made her temper unequal and sometimes unreasonable; but in such a situation, what else could be expected? We were haunted by shadows that were forever falling about our path; move where we would, these dark phantoms pursued us.

Our lives were not like the lives of other people: we had no kindred, no associations, no stir in the sad stagnation of day and night. Time seemed to be mantling over us, and the breath of heaven to be becoming less and less perceptible in our dreariness. Astræa was like a person who was dying from the heart; and with all the fortitude I could bring to my help, I felt it no easy task to lift myself out of the dismal depression which occasionally seized upon me. At last we agreed that our scheme of traveling about had disappointed our expectations, and that, after all, London was the best of all places for people who sought either of the extremes of society or seclusion. And so to London we forthwith repaired.

VII.

The heart of the town, or the suburbs? The question was speedily decided in favor of a small detached house, not very far from the Regent's Park. We had the whole park for a pleasure-ground, a little scrap of verdure of our own, and an open space and airy situation to regale our lungs in. We entered upon our new locality with sensations of security we had felt nowhere else. We seemed to have left behind us the gloom and terror that had been so long dogging our footsteps. Even Astræa brightened, and grew better; her fretfulness was disappearing, and a tone of contentment and cheerfulness supervening upon it. We were each of us more free in our movements, and the dread of observation which had so long kept us in a state of perpetual alarm, was gradually passing away.

But what had become all this time of the vengeance of the dwarf? Had he abandoned his great plan of revenge? Had he thought better of it, and, finding that Astræa was immovable, addressed himself to some more sensible pursuit than that of plaguing us? I sometimes touched upon the subject to Astræa, but could not extract from her what her suspicions were. She did not like to talk about him. She seemed to be ruled by a superstitious fear of reviving the topic. It was like the old wives' adage, "Talk of the devil, and he'll appear!"

I can not exactly remember how long this lasted, or when it was that I first detected in Astræa the return of the nervousness which had in some degree abated upon our arrival in town. It could not, however, have been more than two or three months after we had taken this house, that I observed a striking change in her. Haggard lines seemed all of a sudden to have been plowed round her eyes and cheeks, and her look had become wild and unsettled. I never saw any body so completely shattered in so short a time, and the transition from comparative tranquillity to a state of excessive nervous excitement was so alarming, that I thought there must have been some cause for it beyond that of mere physical illness. I questioned her upon it, but always got the same unsatisfactory answers, ending by entreating of me not to notice her, but to let her go on in her own way. I can not recall what there was about her manner—some strangeness in the way she looked at me or spoke to me—that aroused the most painful suspicions. I confess I did not know what to suspect; but there was a mental reservation of some kind, and I was resolved to ascertain what it was. I had the utmost confidence in Astræa; love with her was the most sacred of all obligations; and she loved me sincerely—at least, she had loved me enthusiastically in the beginning. What revolutions had since taken place in her heart, I could not answer for. She had passed through a chaos in the interval that might have destroyed the capacity of loving. That there was something more in her thoughts than she had revealed, I felt sure; and the first shape my suspicions took—natural enough in our circumstances, although not the more just on that account—was a shape of jealousy. My alarm immediately flew to the defense of my pride, or, as Forrester in his cauterizing way would have called it, my selfishness; I resolved to observe her closely, and I did so some time without being able to glean any thing further.

At last the secret of her wasting frame and pallid face was suddenly divulged.

One evening, toward the close of the summer, she remained out longer and later than usual. Her walk, sometimes alone and sometimes with me, was through the more secluded parts of the park. On this occasion, the twilight was setting in, and she had not returned. With a dark and sulky apprehension brooding in my mind, I resolved to go out in search of her. We had not been confidential with each other of late; the old dreariness had come back upon us, embittered with a captiousness and acerbity which extracted all the sweets from our intercourse. A new element had found its way between us: we had thoughts which we concealed from each other: my distrust—her secret, whatever it was. This was a great evil; it filled every hour of the day with lurking jealousies on both sides, which one word would have dispelled forever.

I seized my hat, and was about to leave the house, when I heard a sudden noise at the street-door, and a flurry of agitated steps up the stairs. Immediately afterward, the door of the room was thrown violently open, and Astræa rushed in, pale and disheveled. She was evidently in a state of great alarm and consternation, and turning wildly round, beckoned me to see that the door was made fast. She could not speak, drawing her breath hysterically, like a person laboring under the effects of a serious fright.

"Tranquilize yourself, Astræa," I cried; "there is nothing to fear here. What is it? What has alarmed you?"

"It is *he*," she replied, fixing her eyes wildly upon me—"*he* is coming."

"Who?"

"He who has been upon our track ever and ever—who has never quitted us—who never will leave us till we are dead."

I did not dare to ask in words, but I asked with my eyes if it was the dwarf she meant.

"Ay, it is he. Be calm. It is your turn now to show your strength of mind—to show whether you value the life I have devoted to you. I hoped to have concealed this from you. We have suffered enough, and I hoped to have hidden from you what I have suffered. But it is too late now. Hush! O God!—that was his voice. You do not hear it—I do! It rings through and through my brain. He is here—he has followed me. If you ever loved me—and I know you did once!—prove it to me now. Go into the next room, and promise me to stay there whatever happens. Listen; but speak not—stir not. He is on the stairs!—will you not give me your promise? Trust all to me—rely on me—be sure of me. Let go the door—he is here!"

I made no answer, but conveying to Astræa by a searching look that it was my purpose to watch the issue, I withdrew by one door, while the dwarf entered by the other. His voice, as he approached her, sounded in my ears like the hiss of a serpent.

"I have found you, then, at last—and alone, Astræa!"

"Why do you follow me thus?" exclaimed Astræa, who stood motionless in the centre of the room, making a great effort to appear bold and calm, but shuddering in every fibre beneath. 348

"Why do I follow you? What should I do else?"

"Live like other men. Seek occupation—any thing, rather than plunge your own life and mine into this eternal horror."

"Have I not occupation? Am I not attending you every where? Have I not enough to do in waiting upon you from place to place?"

"Abandon that fiendish mockery, and speak like a human being. What is it you want?"

The dwarf coiled himself up at this question, as if he were distilling all the venom out of his black heart into the answer.

"Revenge! It was for my revenge I hung upon your track, showed myself to you at all times and in all places, letting you know that the destroyer was at hand, so that you might go home and blast *his* happiness by your broken spirits and shattered nerves. I have seen it work; I see it now, in your quivering lip and emaciated hands. Where are the holiday roses now—the exulting lover—the secret blisses?"

Here, then, was poor Astræa's secret! The monster had been upon her steps wherever we went; and, as I afterward learned, used to start up suddenly before her in her solitary walks, to terrify her with threats of sleepless vengeance, knowing that her fear of consequences would prevent her from revealing to me the persecution under which she was sinking. This ghastly pursuit of us (to which we were also indebted for the scorn and obloquy we suffered) had gradually broken up Astræa's health, and made the strong mind almost weak and superstitious. But I must hasten on.

"And this," cried Astræa, "is the generosity I was to have received at your hands—this the magnanimity your friend gave you credit for!"

"There was a condition to my magnanimity which you have forgotten. Had you fulfilled that condition, I would have poured out my heart's blood at your feet, could it have made you more secure and happy. Why did you not forsake him, and trust to my generosity? No; you clung to him. You maddened me, and left me nothing but—revenge. Did you suppose he could escape me?

I have no other life but this—to follow you as the executioner follows the condemned to the scaffold, and make *his* life a curse to *him*, as he has made *mine* to *me*. There's justice in that—call it cruel, if you please; 'tis just—just—just!"

"'Tis monstrous, and will draw down the punishment of Heaven on your head."

"Heaven will judge strictly between us. What am I? What have I to live for? You have poisoned the earth for me. Every spot where we have been together is accursed to me. I dare not look on the old haunts. I dare not seek new scenes, for my soul is lonely, and no pleasure or delight of nature can reach it. I should go mad were I not near you; it supplies me with work—something to employ me—to keep my hands from self-destruction. I weave stratagems all night, and watch my time all day, day after day, patiently, to execute them. I have but one purpose to fulfill, and when that is done, life is over. If I live long enough to drive him mad, as he has maddened me, I shall be content, and go to my grave happy. And I will do it; every hour gives me more strength. I see the end nearer and nearer—it grows upon me. I awaken to my business early; it is my first thought—my last; it never leaves me. Day after day I have watched you, and have tracked you home at last. And here it is you live—you, Astræa, whom I loved—whom I still—no, not that! You live here with him—his wife! You call yourself his wife? Ha! ha! That is good—his wife! I wonder to see you living, Astræa. I should have looked for your corpse in this room rather than the living Astræa—the proud, soaring, ambitious Astræa! Why do you not die? It would be happier for you?"

During the latter part of this speech, Astræa, who had made a great struggle throughout to sustain the attitude she had "taken" in the first instance, grew weak from terror and exhaustion, and sunk or tottered upon a chair. The inflections of voice with which these inhuman taunts were delivered, ending in a tone that came apparently, if I may so express it, laden with tears from the heart of the speaker, were so ingeniously varied and so skillfully employed, that it would have been impossible, even for an indifferent listener, to have heard them without being alternately agitated and enraged. For my part, a kind of frenzy possessed me. I restrained myself as long as I could. I tried to obey poor Astræa's injunction, for, seeing how much I had wronged her in my thoughts, and what misery she must have suffered and concealed on my account, I felt that I ought to spare her any further alarm my forbearance could avert. But the harrowing scoffs of the fiend were beyond my endurance—my self-control gave way at last, and bursting open the door of the room in which I was concealed, I rushed out upon the malignant wretch, who, to do him justice, courageously turned upon me, and met me with his eyes glaring fiercely as of old.

"Devil!" I exclaimed, "what do you do here? What do you want? Revenge? Take it—in any shape you will. Only rid me of your presence, lest I spurn you with my foot, and trample upon you."

"You should have told me," he said, turning with an air of mockery to Astræa, "that he was listening in the next room. I would have dressed my phrases accordingly."

"Again, I ask you why you come here? Answer me, or leave the room at once."

"Why do I come here? To gladden myself by looking at your wretchedness. You are worse than I am—sunk below me a thousand fathoms deep in degradation—every finger is pointed at you—you are steeped in scorn—despised and loathed. I came to see this. It makes me supremely happy."

"Go—there is the door," I cried, the blood tingling in my ears, and in the tips of my fingers. Astræa saw that the excitement was rising, and looked at me imploringly; but it was too late to attend to her scruples. The dwarf looked at the door superciliously, and almost smiled when I repeated my warning.

"You will not leave the room? Be advised. I am not responsible for what may happen after this. I am not master of myself. Go—it is the last time I will utter the word. Go—or I will kill you on the spot!"

He did not move, but looked at me wonderingly and incredulously. I rushed upon him and grappled him by the neck. Astræa sprang up, and begged of me to desist, for I was hanging over him, with my hand upon his throat.

"Let him go—let him go!" she exclaimed; "for my sake do not commit a murder. Loosen your hold—there—there—have mercy on him, for my sake—for the love of God, spare him—remember, we have injured him enough already—remember that!"

I would not loosen my hold; passion had given me the power and the cruelty of a demon. There was a brief struggle, in which I flung him heavily to the ground. I had seized his handkerchief, and twisted my hand in it—he was nearly choked—his face was growing black; but I was hardly conscious of all this, for the room was swimming round me as I knelt over him. Astræa saw the change in his color, and with a shriek of horror fell upon my arm. This action made me relax my hold. She had fainted on his body.

CONCLUSION.

Why should I dwell any longer on these painful events? Had I known then, as I afterward discovered, that the unhappy object of my wrath and hatred had, ever since the flight of Astræa, betrayed symptoms of aberration, and that the scheme of vengeance he nurtured so relentlessly, was the stratagem of a disordered brain, I should have treated him with mercy and compassion. But I was ignorant of the real condition of his mind, and dealt with him as I should have dealt with a responsible being. The violent excitement of that scene brought on a crisis, which ended in

a seizure of insanity. He still lives; if that may be called living in which all memory of the past is extinguished, and the present is a mere tangled skein of day-dreams.

Astræa's health was utterly broken. It was not her physique that died, but her heart, her spirits, her self-reliance, and her hope of the future. She felt that there was nothing for her in this world but remorse. The desolation that was round her killed her. She braved it earnestly at first. Her noble heart and her true love she thought were proof against the world and its hollow scorn. Alas! for true love and noble hearts! They can not stand up alone in ice and storms. They must be out in the sun with their allies round them, like frailer loves and meaner hearts, or they will perish in their strength!

THE FEET-WASHING ON GOOD FRIDAY IN MUNICH.

I have just witnessed the ceremony of the Feet-washing, which has been announced for this month past as one of the great sights of the season. My good friend at the *Kreigs Ministerium* kept his word faithfully about procuring tickets for us. Accordingly, Myra F. and I have seen the whole ceremony. At nine o'clock Myra was with me, and, early as it was, Madame Thekla advised us to set off to the Palace, as people were always wild about places, and if we came late, spite of our tickets, we should see nothing. The good old soul also accompanied us, on the plea that, as she was big and strong, she could push a way for us through the crowd, and keep our places by main force. She stood guard over us—the good creature!—for two mortal hours, and when the door at length was opened by a grand lacquey, had the satisfaction of seeing us step through the very first. But before this happy moment arrived, we had to wait, as I said, two hours; and leaving, therefore, the patient old lady as our representative before the little door which led into the gallery of the Hercules Hall, whither our tickets admitted us, and before which door no one but ourselves had yet presented themselves, Myra and I ranged along the queer whitewashed galleries of the old portion of the palace in which we were. Can not you see these vistas of whitewashed wall, with grim old portraits of powdered ladies and gentlemen, in hoops, ruffles, gold lace, and ermine, and framed in black frames, interspersed amid heavy wreaths and arabesques of stucco?—dazzlingly white walls, dazzlingly white arched ceilings, diminishing in long perspective! Now we came upon a strange sort of a little kitchen in the thick wall, where a quaint copper kettle, standing on the now cold hearth, told of coffee made for some royal servant some hours before; we were now before the door of some *Kammer-Jungfer*; now in the gallery with the whitewash, but without the portraits, where, opposite to every door, stood a large, white cupboard; a goodly row of them.

Once we found ourselves below stairs and in one of the courts. There, on passing through the door-way, you stood on a sort of terrace, above your head a ceiling rich with ponderous wreaths of fruit and flowers, and other stucco ornaments of the same style, which probably had once been gilt, and with fading frescoes of gods, goddesses, and Cupids!

This old part of the Royal Palace of Munich is quite a little town. We discovered also a little tiny chapel, now quite forgotten in the glory of Hess's frescoes, and the beauty of the new *Hof-Kapelle*. To-day this old chapel was open, hung with black cloth, and illuminated with numberless waxen tapers, and the altar verdant with shrubs and plants, placed upon the altar steps. There was, however, a remarkably mouldy, cold smell in the place; but I suppose the royal procession visited this old chapel as well as the new one, on its way to the Hercules Hall. This *cortège*, with the king and his brother walking beneath a splendid canopy, and attended priests and courtiers, went, I believe, wandering about a considerable time, to the edification of the populace, out of all this, excepting from hearsay, I can not speak, having considered it as the wiser thing for us to return to Madame Thekla and our door, rather than await it.

The Hercules Hall is rather small; and certainly more ugly than beautiful, with numbers of old-fashioned chandeliers hanging from the ceiling; a gallery at each end supported by marble pillars, with a row of tall windows on either side; a dark, inlaid floor of some brown wood; but with no sign whatever of Hercules to be seen. Suffice it to say, that having noticed all this at a glance, we observed, in the centre of the hall, a small altar covered with white linen, and bearing upon it golden candlesticks, a missal bound in crimson velvet, a vailed crucifix, and a golden ewer standing in a golden dish. On one side of the altar rose a tall reading-desk, draped with sulphur-colored cloth, upon which lay a large open book: a row of low, crimson stools stood along the hall, opposite the altar; on the other side, across the windows, ran a white and very long ottoman, raised upon a high step covered with crimson cloth, and chairs of state were arranged at either end of the hall below the galleries. The arrival of people below was gradual, although our gallery and the gallery opposite had been crowded for hours. We at length had the pleasure of seeing something commence.

The door at the further end opened, and in streamed a crowd. Then tottered in ancient representations of the twelve "apostles," clothed in long violet robes, bound round the waist with white bands striped with red, and with violet caps on their heads: on they tottered, supported on either side by some poor relative, an old peasant-woman, a stalwart man in a black velvet jacket, and bright black boots reaching to the knee, or by a young, buxom girl in her holiday costume of bright apron and gay bodice. On they come, feeble, wrinkled, with white locks falling on their

violet apparel, with palsied hands resting on the strong arms that supported them—the oldest being a hundred and one, the youngest eighty-seven years old! My eyes swam with sudden tears. There was a deal of trouble in mounting them upon their long snowy throne; that crimson step was a great mountain for their feeble feet and stiff knees to climb. But at last they were all seated, their poor friends standing behind them. A man in black marshaled them like little school-children; he saw that all sat properly, and then began pulling off a black shoe and stocking from the right foot of each. There, with drooped heads and folded withered hands, they sat meekly expectant. A group of twelve little girls, in lilac print frocks and silver swallow-tailed caps, headed by an old woman in similar lilac and silver costume, took its place to the right of the old men in a little knot; they were twelve orphans who are clothed and educated by the queen, and who receive a present on this day.

The hall at the further end was by this time filled with bright uniforms—blue, scarlet, white, and green. In front were seen King Max and his brothers, also in their uniforms; numbers of ladies and children; and choristers in white robes, who flitted, cloud-like, into a small raised seat, set apart for them in a dark corner behind the uniforms. A bevy of priests in gold, violet, blue, and black robes, with burning tapers and swinging censers, enter; prostrate themselves before the king of Bavaria, and before the King of Hosts, as typified to them on the altar; they chant, murmur, and prostrate themselves again and again. Incense fills the hall with its warm, odorous breath. They present open books to the king and princes. And now the king, ungirding his sword, which is received by an attendant gentleman, approaches the oldest "apostle;" he receives the golden ewer, as it is handed from one brother to another; he bends himself over the old foot; he drops a few drops of water upon it; he receives a snowy napkin from the princes, and lays it daintily over the honored foot; he again bows over the second, and so on, through the whole twelve; a priest, with a cloth bound round his loins, finishing the drying of the feet. A different scene must that have been in Jerusalem, some eighteen hundred years ago!

And now the king, with a gracious smile, hangs round the patient neck of each old man a blue and white purse, containing a small sum of money. The priests retire; the altar and reading-desk are removed. Six tables, covered with snowy cloths, upon each two napkins, two small metal drinking-cups, and two sets of knives, forks, and spoons, are carried in, and joined into one long table, placed before the crimson step. In the mean time the man in black has put on the twelve stockings and the twelve shoes, and, with much ado, has helped down the twelve "apostles," who now sit upon the step as a seat. Enter twelve footmen, in blue and white liveries, each bearing a tray, covered with a white cloth, upon which smoke six different meats, in white wooden bowls; a green soup—remember it is *green Thursday*—two baked fish; two brown somethings; a delicious-looking pudding; bright green spinach, upon which repose a couple of tempting eggs, and a heap of stewed prunes. Each footman, with his tray, is followed by a fellow-footman, carrying a large bottle of golden-hued wine, and a huge, dark, rich looking roll on silver waiters. The twelve footmen, with the trays, suddenly veer round, and stand in a line opposite to the table, and each opposite to an "apostle;" the twelve trays held before them, with their seventy-two bowls, all forming a kind of pattern—soup, fishes, spinach; soup, fishes, spinach; pudding, prunes, brown meats; puddings, prunes, brown meats—all down the room. Behind stand the other footmen, with their twelve bottles of wine and their twelve rolls. I can assure you that, seen from the gallery above, the effect was considerably comic.

A priest, attended by two court-pages, who carry tall burning tapers, steps forth in front of the trays and footmen, and chants a blessing. The king and his brothers again approach the "apostles;" the choristers burst forth into a glorious chant, till the whole hall is filled with melody, and the king receives the dishes from his brothers, and places them before the old men. Again I felt a thrill rush through me; it is so graceful—though it be but a mere form, a mere shadow of the true sentiment of love—any gentle act of kindness from the strong to the weak, from the powerful to the very poor. As the king bowed himself before the feeble old man of a hundred—though I knew it to be but a mere ceremony—it was impossible not to recognize a poetical idea.

It took a long time before the seventy and two meats were all placed on the table, and then it took a very long time before the palsied old hands could convey the soup to the old lips; some were too feeble, and were fed by the man in black. It was curious to notice the different ways in which the poor old fellows received the food from the king; some slightly bowed their heads; others sat stolidly; others seemed sunk in stupor.

The Court soon retired, and twelve new baskets were brought by servants, into which the five bowls of untasted food were placed; these, together with the napkin, knife, fork, spoon and mug, bottle of wine, and bread, are carried away by the old men; or, more properly speaking, are carried away for them by their attendant relatives. Many of the poor old fellows—I see by a printed paper which was distributed about, and which contains a list of their names and ages—come from great distances; they are chosen as being the oldest poor men in Bavaria. One only is out of Munich, and he is ninety-three.

We went down into the hall to have a nearer view of the "apostles;" but, so very decrepit did the greater number appear, on a close inspection; their faces so sad and vacant; there was such a trembling eagerness after the food in the baskets, now hidden from their sight; such a shouting into their deaf ears; such a guiding of feeble steps and blinded, blear eyes; that I wished we had avoided this painful part of the spectacle.

While pacing along to Meppel, I made up my mind at all events to visit Ommerschans; instead, therefore, of halting on reaching the town about sunset, I left the main thoroughfare for a by-road, which, as usual, formed the towing-path of a canal. With the aid of a countryman going in the same direction, I passed for several miles through by-ways, and soon after dusk arrived at De Wyk. Almost the first house in the village was a *herbergje*; but there being no room, I went further, and presently came to another—one of the long, low edifices which appear to be peculiar to the rural districts in the northern provinces, the same roof sheltering quadrupeds and bipeds. On opening the door, I found myself in a large kitchen, dimly lighted by a single candle standing on a table, round which sat a dozen rustics finishing their supper. Each one laid down his spoon, and stared at me vigorously, and for some time my question—"Kan ik hier overnachten?" ("Can I pass the night here?") remained unanswered: sundry ejaculations alone were uttered. By and by, both a mistress and maid appeared to minister to my needs, and tea and eggs were quickly in preparation. Meanwhile, the men at the table were making me the subject of discussion among themselves, and eying me with curious looks. At length one of them asked me whence I came, and why I was there; which queries were answered to their satisfaction, when another rejoined,

"And so mynheer comes from Fredericksoord, and is going to Ommerschans?"—an observation which elicited a grunt of approval from the whole company.

"But how does mynheer find his way?" inquired the first speaker.

"That is not very difficult. With a map in his pocket, and a tongue in his head, a man may go all over the world."

"Ja, that is good; but it is not easy sometimes to know which turning to take. What does mynheer do then?"

"I generally get to know the direction of the place I want to go to before starting, and then steer my way by the sun or wind; and seldom fail to arrive, as you may see by my being here."

This explanation sufficed them for a time as a topic for further discussion, and left me free to attend to my personal wants, which were in the imperative mood. Before long, however, one of them began again by asking, "What has mynheer to sell?"

"Nothing: my knapsack contains only articles for my own use." Here a brief confabulation followed, and I began to fancy the Dutchmen not less expert in gathering information than the New Englanders, when the question came.

"Mynheer travels, then, for his own pleasure?"

"Why not?"

"Ah, mynheer says why not; but when one travels for pleasure, he must have so much money in hand;" and, as he said this, the speaker tapped significantly the palm of one of his hands with the fingers of the other.

Whether it was that they voted such journeyings an unwholesome extravagance, or that their ideas were all exhausted, the group said no more; and shortly afterward kicking off their stained and clumsy sabots, they retired, without any further process of undressing, to their sleeping-lairs. Some crept into a loft, others into beds contrived, as berths in a ship, in recesses in the walls of the kitchen, two into each; and before I had finished my tea, a concert of snores was going on, where the bass certainly had the best of it.

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I have often found that a fatiguing walk on a hot day takes away all relish for ordinary food: the appetite seems to demand some novelty—and it was with no small pleasure that I accepted the landlady's offer to add a plate of *framboose* (raspberries) to my repast; their cool and agreeable flavor rendered them even more refreshing than the tea.

In the intervals of talking and eating I had taken a survey of the apartment, as far as it was illuminated by the solitary candle: it was one that carried you back a century or two. The large hearth projected several feet into the room, overhung by a canopy near the ceiling of equal dimensions; and the top and back being lined with glazed white, blue, and brown tiles, glistened as the light fell upon them from the turf fire, and presented a cheerful aspect. A wooden screen fixed at one side kept off draughts of air, and formed a snug corner for cold evenings. The tables and chairs had been fabricated in the days when timber was cheap, and strength was more considered than elegance. They had little to fear from contact with the uneven paved floor. A goodly array of bright polished cooking utensils hung upon the walls, and in racks overhead a store of bacon and salt provisions, and bags and bundles of dried herbs. Although rude in its appointments, and coarse in its accommodations, the dwelling betrayed no marks of poverty; it was perhaps up to the standard of the neighborhood, and in accordance with the thrift that considers saving better than spending. The greatest discomfort—to me at least—was the close, overpowering smell of cattle which pervaded the whole place, and made you long for an inspiration of purer air. From my seat I could see into an adjoining apartment, similar, but better in character to the one described: this was to be my *slaap-kamer*. I requested to have the window left partly open all night, and immediately a look of suspicion came over the old woman's face as she answered,

"Neen, mynheer, neen; best not to have the window open; thieves will come in."

"Surely," I replied, "there are no thieves in this little village?"

"Ah, but there were some thieves at Meppel last week."

The landlady's apprehensions seemed so painful to her, that I ceased to press the question, and followed her into the room, where she assured me I should find the air sufficiently respirable, and bade me *goede nacht*.

In this room there were several wall-recesses, as in the other, but cleaner and better fitted up. A bedstead at one corner, behind a narrow screen extending a few feet from the door, was intended for me; the sheets and coverlids, though coarse, were clean. Three wardrobes or presses stood against the walls, so richly dark and antique in appearance, and of such tasteful workmanship, that you at once knew the date to be assigned to their manufacture, probably about the time that the Prince of Orange fell beneath Geraart's pistol-shot; at all events, when, instead of working by contract, artificers interfused a portion of their own spirit into the productions of their skill. The chairs, by their dimensions, had been clearly intended for the past generations, who wore the broad skirts at which we so often smile in prints of old costumes. The projection of the largest articles of furniture produced sundry picturesque effects of light and shade, relieved and diversified by the rows of polished pewter dishes ranged on racks against the wall alternately with dishes of rare old china, that would have gladdened the eyes of a virtuoso. There were rows of spoons, also, of shining, solid pewter, all betokening resources of substantial comfort, and assisting to give effect to a picture which fully occupied my attention while undressing.

The hostess, when she went out, had not closed the door; this I cared little about, as it afforded some facility for circulation of air; but her remark touching the thieves made me take the precaution to place my watch and purse under the pillow, leaving such loose florins as were in my pocket for any prowler who might think it worth while to pay me a visit, that, finding some booty, he might there cease his search for more. I left the candle burning on the table, and soon afterward the girl came in and wished me a *goede nacht* as she carried it away.

Presently all became still in the house, and as weariness softens the hardest bed, I was soon asleep, notwithstanding the annoyance from certain insects, which were neither bugs nor fleas, that came crawling over me. I had lain thus in quiet repose for two or three hours, when I was disturbed by a light shining in the room, and half-raising my eyelids, I saw a tall figure clothed in white, holding a candle in its hand, and gazing stealthily at me from behind the screen at the foot of the bed. I did not start up or cry out, for a sufficient reason—I was too drowsy. The figure withdrew; the room again became dark; I turned round, and slept soundly until morning.

I was up soon after five, being desirous to recommence my walk before the heat came on, and, it need scarcely be said, found all my property as I had left it. The old presses looked not less imposing than in the faintly-illuminated gloom some hours previously; and I could see in the daylight several articles which had then escaped my notice. Among them was the *groote bijbel*, a portly folio in black letter, and in good condition. How many suffering hearts had found support and consolation in those ancient pages! When I went into the next room, the laborers had taken their breakfast, and gone to their work, and the old lady sat near the window mending stockings. She saluted me by inquiring if I had *wel geslaapt*, and what I would take for breakfast. I chose raspberries with milk and bread, and highly enjoyed the fresh-gathered fruit that looked so tempting, coated with its early bloom. It was the most acceptable breakfast of any which I ate in Holland. The hostess chatted on various topics: in one of my replies, I chanced to mention the large Bible which I had seen in the other room—"Ah," she said, "it is the best of books: what should we do without it?" I then told her that a little Bible was part of the contents of my knapsack, and on hearing this her manner at once changed; the suspicion disappeared, and the benevolent demeanor resumed its place. My request of the night before concerning the window had made her very anxious; she had, it seemed, been led to regard me as a suspicious character —as one likely to let in a confederate, or to decamp myself surreptitiously. From this I at once understood it was she who, clad in white, and holding a candle, had come into my room during the night; perhaps to see whether her guest were lying still as an honest traveler ought. We became, however, very excellent friends, and I regretted not having time to stay two or three days, to get a little further insight into village life, and the pursuits and resources of its inhabitants: but that could not be. I was somewhat surprised on asking, "*Hoe veel betalen?*" (How much to pay?) at the cheapness of my lodging and entertainment: the charge was only eighteen stivers. I handed a florin to the old lady, with an intimation that the two stivers' change might go to the maid for her alacrity in raspberry plucking, on which she replied, "*Dank voor haar*," with much emphasis. Then holding out her hand, after assisting to place my knapsack in position, she bade me good-by, with many wishes for a prosperous journey.

It was a pleasant morning, with a bright sky and a hot sun, and a feeling of exhilaration came over me as I left the close, sickening smell of the house for the free and fresh air outside. The aspect of the country was again different from that which I had already traversed. Willows, so plentiful in the southern provinces, are rare on the dry heath-lands of the north, while small plantations, and woods of birch, beech, and oak are frequently met with. At times the route led along narrow, winding lanes, between tangled hedges and overhanging trees, where the shade and coolness made you feel the contrast the greater on emerging upon the unsheltered and unfenced fields. Before long, I came to another village, where the houses were built at random around a real village green, such as you may see in some parts of Berkshire or Hampshire, with tall umbrageous trees springing from the soft turf, and old folk lounging, and children playing in

their shadow. The post, which visits the towns of Holland every day throughout the year, comes to such villages as this two or three times a week, and thus keeps up its communications with the great social world around. In another particular they are well provided for—the means of instruction. Here, at one end of the green, stood the schoolhouse, built of brick, well lighted, and in good condition, decidedly the best building in the place. Indeed I do not remember to have seen a shabby schoolhouse in Holland. It was too early to see the scholars at their duties, but I looked in at the windows, and saw that the interior was perfectly clean and well-ordered; fitted with desks, closets, and shelves, with piles of books placed ready for use on the latter, and maps hanging on the walls. How I wished for a six months' holiday, to be able to linger at will among these out-of-the-world communities, or wherever any thing more particularly engaged my attention! Something to inform the mind or instruct the heart is to be given or received wherever there are human beings. Soon after passing the village, the road terminated suddenly on a part of the wild heath, where the sand for nearly a mile on all sides lay bare, gleaming palely in the sun, and no sign of a track visible in any direction. For a few minutes I stood completely at fault, but at last bent my steps toward some scattered trees in the distance. The deserts of Africa can hardly be more dreary or trying to the wayfarer than that mile of sand was to me. On reaching the trees, I again found a lane leading through cultivated grounds; now a patch of grass, then barley, or wheat, or potatoes, or buckwheat—the delicate blossoms of the latter scenting the whole atmosphere, and alive with "innumerable bees." While standing still to listen to their labor-inspired hum, I heard the cuckoo telling his cheerful name to the neighborhood, although past the middle of July. Then followed homely farms, standing a little off the road, the homestead surrounded by rows of trees, somewhat after the fashion of Normandy; and in one corner of the inclosure the never-failing structure—four tall poles, erected in a parallelogram, with a square thatched roof fitted upon them, sloping down on each side to form a central point. The poles pass through the corners of this roof, which thus can be made to slide up and down, according as the produce stored beneath it is increased or diminished. Such a contrivance would perhaps be useful to small farmers in England, when straitened for room in their barns. Now and then I caught glimpses of haymakers working far off on a meadow patch, and more than once the signs of tillage disappeared, and there was the broad black heath under my feet, and stretching away to the horizon, here and there intersected by a series of drains, cut smooth and deep in the sandy soil, inclosing some acres of the barren expanse—the preliminaries of cultivation. Then would come a mile or so of woodland, with the thinnings and loppings of the trees cut into lengths, and piled in stacks ready for the market, as I had seen on the wharfs at Rotterdam, where firewood sells at eleven cents the bundle. A party of woodcutters, with their wives and children, were encamped at the entrance of a cross-road, disturbing the general stillness by the sound of their voices and implements. The men and women were alike tall and stout—remarkable specimens of the well-developed population of the province, and reminding you of the peasantry in Westmoreland. The stacks which they had set up were so long and high as to resemble a street with little alleys between, where the children played while their fathers chopped and sawed, and their mothers tied the bundles, or tended the fire over which the round pot swung with the breakfast. They called out a friendly "Good-day, mynheer," as I passed.

As the day advanced, it became oppressively hot; not a drop of drinkable water was any where to be seen. I went to a cottage near the road to ask for a draught, when a pitcherful was given to me that looked like pale coffee, and was vapid and unrefreshing. The occupants of the cottage told me that they were always obliged to strain it before drinking, to free it from the fibres of turf held in suspension. These people, their child, and their house were positively dirty, and looked comfortless: the pigs lay in one corner of the kitchen, and the domestic utensils stood about in apparently habitual disorder. They, however, were kind in their manner, and wished me to sit down for a time and rest.

Besides these and the woodcutters, I scarcely met a soul during the walk, which lasted nearly four hours, by which time I came to the outskirts of Ommerschans. I went into the tavern that stood at the extremity of the long straight road leading through the centre of the colony, where, after half-an-hour's rest, ten minutes' sleep, and a cup of tea, I felt able to go and present myself to the director.

THE LAST PRIESTESS OF PELE.

My erratic habits have led me through a variety of climes and scenes, and, on two occasions, to the distant regions of Polynesia, even to the shores of Hawaii, memorable as the death-scene of our famous navigator, Cook. Hawaii is the principal of the Sandwich Islands, a group not exceeded in interest by any which stud the broad bosom of the Pacific. Their local situation, advantageous for purposes of commerce, is highly important; but these remote shores present various subjects of interest besides geographical position. The primitive race who inhabit them, so long and totally isolated from the rest of the world, the enchanting beauty of their scenery, the luxurious productions of their salubrious climate, indicative of peace and plenty, furnish subjects worthy of investigation; while, strangely contrasted with these bounties of nature, is the awful sublimity of their volcanic mountains, that too often burst forth into eruptions which spread frightful devastation over scenes glowing with beauty, particularly the volcano of Kiranea, probably the largest in the world. Even the first view of this island struck me as remarkable, for it

looks like congeries of mountains on one common base, heaving their huge cones to the height of fourteen or sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, while the lower grounds, every where irregular, were covered with trees and with the richest verdure. We were hospitably received by a native chief. An Englishman who had long resided on the island acted as interpreter, and by this means, as well as some knowledge which we had acquired of the Polynesian language during a visit to Tahiti, my brother officers and I made arrangements for a visit to the great volcano. It is well I should here remind the reader of an event which proved to be an influential epoch in the history of the people we were now among—the abolition of their ancient and cruel system of idolatry, which was effected in the year 1819, by a king whose natural good sense had enabled him to perceive its absurdity and ill-consequences; so that when, some months after, a few missionaries arrived from America with the philanthropic intention of introducing the blessings of Christianity among them, they found, by what was unquestionably a providential interposition, the nation without any religion, released from the trammels of their ancient superstitions, and, so far, prepared to receive the truths which they were come to proclaim. These missionaries had been settled in the islands a few years when my visit took place, and had many converts.

The volcano we were desirous of seeing was thirty miles from the place of our landing, and we set out for it on the following day, attended by some of the natives, and also by the English settler, to act as interpreter. The commencement of our journey seemed auspicious, leading through a wood, where trees afforded a grateful shade from the heat of a tropical sun, while gorgeous birds fluttered among their boughs, or regaled us with the melody of their songs. The fragrant gardenia, and other beautiful flowers, so highly prized in our own country as hot-house plants, profusely adorned our path. But too soon the scene began to change. By degrees, trees, shrubs, and flowers disappeared—all traces of vegetation, except an occasional oasis. We were traversing a tract of lava that looked like an inland sea, over which the wand of an enchanter had suddenly waved while it was agitated by violent undulations, and turned it into stone. Not only were the swells and hollows distinctly marked, but the surface of the billows seemed covered by a smaller ripple. Our passage over this petrified ocean was most laborious, owing to the heat of the sun, the reflection of its light from the lava, and also the unevenness of the way, which was as slippery as glass.

Just as day declined, we hailed with pleasure the residence of a chief, where we were to pass the night, our friend at the harbor having commissioned our attendants to introduce us as strangers in need of the owner's hospitality, which was readily accorded. Our host and his establishment evinced that advancement toward civilization was not limited to the coast. His dwelling was divided into separate apartments by screens of native cloth, and we were ushered into a large, airy, reception-room, where we reposed our weary limbs on a divan covered with mats, which extended the whole length of the apartment. A feast was prepared for our entertainment; but I refrain from an account of the baked dogs, hogs, and other dainties which adorned the board. During the repast, a native bard sang, in a monotonous but sweet voice, "the deeds of the days of other years," accompanying himself by beating a little drum formed of a beautifully stained calabash; and then a group of dancers were introduced for our amusement. But nothing interested me so much as our host, who sat next to me at supper, performing the duties of hospitality with an intuitive good-breeding and tact which I thought quite a sufficient substitute for the conventional usages of European society. He was, in common with all the aristocratic race of Hawaii, tall, well-formed, with fine, muscular limbs, and a commanding air; his complexion clear olive, and his handsome features wore an open and intelligent expression. To my surprise, he spoke very tolerable English; this was accounted for by long intimacy with our friend the interpreter, and with the missionaries, who, since their settlement in the island, had taught him to read. I was glad when he announced his intention of accompanying us to the volcano, our journey to which we recommenced the following morning. A toilsome one it proved, but Toleho, the young chief, stuck close to me, and from such snatches of conversation as I could hold with him, while we scrambled over masses of vitrified lava and basaltic blocks jumbled together in wild confusion, the interest I had felt in him at first sight was considerably increased. At length we reached the great plain of the volcano, and the mountain of Mauna Loa burst upon our view in all its magnificence, like an immense dome, of a bronze color, rising from a plain twenty miles in breadth; its head was covered with snow, the effect of which is peculiar when beheld under a tropical sun.

Nearly overcome with heat and fatigue, we sat down to rest. Through the fissures of the rocks, there grew an abundance of small bushes bearing fruit of a pleasant flavor, which we eagerly gathered to allay our thirst. To this some of the natives objected, asserting that the berries belonged to Pele, the goddess of the volcano, who would be much incensed by our eating them, until some had been thrown into the crater as a propitiatory oblation. The English settler who accompanied us, set about proving the absurdity of their fears, and, while the point was being discussed, I observed that Toleho, who was seated with me apart from the others, was quietly refreshing himself with the forbidden fruit. I inquired why he also did not fear the wrath of the formidable goddess?

"Toleho knows better," he replied. "Toleho knows that there is but one God; without His leave, the volcano can not hurt us. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; he toucheth the hills, and they smoke."

I now learned from him that, under the instruction of the missionaries, he had been led to embrace the truths of Christianity.

"I have lately avowed this conviction," he said; "and were I to remain in this country, would do my utmost to promote a knowledge of the Bible among my friends and people."

"And have you any idea of leaving this country?" I inquired, with surprise.

"Alas! yes, I *must* leave it," he replied, in a voice and with a look of such deep dejection, that I understood it to be a subject of too distressing a nature for further interrogatories, and we spoke about other matters until the party was sufficiently rested to proceed to the crater of Kiranea. I expected that we were for this purpose to ascend the mountain which stood before us in such majestic beauty, and, undaunted by the magnitude of the task, I longed to climb its stupendous sides, and to inhale the pure atmosphere at its summit, so that it was with a feeling of disappointment I heard myself called upon to behold the crater upon the very plain to which we had already attained. At first view, it seemed to be nothing but a huge black pit, totally different from all we had imagined. There were no jets of fire, nothing but a body of black smoke, rising high to the clear blue heavens, and then spreading widely over the hemisphere. We journeyed onward, till we found ourselves on the edge of a steep precipice inclosing a sunken plain, in the middle of which was the crater. Our guides led to a part of the precipice where descent was practicable, and, with some falls and bruises, we all reached the basin beneath, which sounded hollow under our tread, giving evidence, by smoking fissures here and there, of subterranean burnings. As we advanced, the impression of vastness and grandeur increased at every step; but, when we stopped at the edge of the great crater, the sight was appalling. There we stood, mute with astonishment and awe, transfixed like statues, our eyes riveted on the abyss below, a vast flood of burning matter rolling to and fro in a state of frightful ebullition. I know not how long we thus gazed, in speechless wonder; but the natives had, meanwhile, employed themselves in constructing, of branches of trees, ferns, and rushes, which, nourished by the moisture of vapors, grew in chasms of lava, huts to shelter us during the night, now fast approaching, and to them we were glad to repair, when our emotion had somewhat subsided. The attendants now cooked our supper in a crevice from which steam issued, and, after doing ample justice to their labors in this volcanic *cuisine*, I again walked to the edge of the crater, accompanied by Toleho.

It was now quite dark, and truly it has been said, that what is wonderful in the day becomes ten times more so at night. Now was the time for viewing the volcano in all its magnificence. We seated ourselves at a height of four or five hundred feet, directly over that lake of fire: its cherry-colored waves were rolling below, with billows crested and broken into sheets and spray of fire, like waters when the hurricane sweeps them over a reef of rocks. There was a low murmuring noise, and occasionally masses of red-hot matter were ejected seventy feet into the air, which fell back into the lake with a hissing sound. My companion, though accustomed from childhood to these wonders, seemed fully to participate in my feelings. He evidently possessed a soul susceptible of the sublime and beautiful and the scene on which we gazed was associated in his mind, as I afterward learned, with early and endearing recollections. He was gratified by my admiration of it, and this congeniality of taste soon led him to treat me with the confidence of an old friend. Presuming upon this, I ventured to recur to the hint he had dropped that morning of an intention to quit his native island, inquiring whether his profession of Christianity had subjected him to any kind of persecution? He told me in reply, that Hawaiian converts were nearly exempted from this ordeal of sincerity by the edict which had abolished idolatry before the missionaries' arrival. "But," he added, with intense feeling, "Toleho found the change hard, notwithstanding. No fear of Pele; even were there any such, what could that cruel goddess do to one who trusted in Jesus? But Pele's priestess—the last she will ever have, but the loveliest, the dearest of women—it was *that* Toleho found so hard." My expression of sympathy elicited his full confidence, and, in a conversation which followed, interrupted as our colloquial intercourse necessarily was by our imperfect acquaintance with each other's language, I became possessed of an outline of Toleho's previous history, which subsequent information enabled me to fill up, as I shall now give it in detail.

The young Hawaiian chief had, when a child, been betrothed to the hereditary priestess of Pele, the Goddess of Fire, supposed to inhabit the volcano of Kiranea. Whether this redoubtable deity be in any way related to Bel, the Oriental god of the same terrible element, greater scholars and antiquarians than I am must determine; but it seems to me that the similarity of the names is a curious coincidence, which would be not an uninteresting subject of investigation. The young priestess was the only child of the khan, or steward of Pele, an office of honor and emolument, his duty being to provide materials for the sacrifices, such as cloth, hogs, fowls, and fruit, with which he was abundantly furnished by her worshipers. The young lovers were constant companions during their childhood, and were linked together by the endearing bonds of early affection, which grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength. It appeared that the devotion of Toleho had never been so ardently rendered to the imaginary goddess as to her beautiful young priestess, for his natural acuteness often led him to skeptical conclusions when he considered the national system of theology; nor had his superior mind long dwelt upon such subjects, when, in the words of a poet who has well described a somewhat similar case,[9]

[9] J. Montgomery, in the "Pelican Island."

"The gods whom his deluded countrymen
Acknowledged, were no gods to him; he scorn'd
The impotence of skill that carved such figures,
And pitied the fatuity of those
Who saw not in the abortions of their hands,

> The abortions of their minds."

It was, in truth, interesting to trace the history of

> "This dark, endungeon'd spirit roused,
> And struggling into glorious liberty."

Emancipated from the trammels of superstition, you will not wonder to hear that his mind joyfully received the truths which God has revealed to mankind, when, after the arrival of the missionaries, he had an opportunity of hearing them: and I had reason to believe, that not only was his understanding enlightened, but his heart deeply imbued with the spirit of the gospel. Toleho's first wish was, to lead her he loved to the joy and peace in believing which he now experienced. After a rumor of the young chief's apostasy from the religion of his fathers had gone forth, on returning one day from a visit to the missionary station, he hastened to the dwelling of the khan.

Oani was seated under the shade of a large eugenia tree, where she had often before awaited his arrival, but she did not now spring forward to meet him; her eyes were no longer lit up with joy when she beheld his approach, and, after one look, expressive of deep sorrow, were turned away. Toleho eagerly inquired if any misfortune had occurred? Was her father ill?

She burst into tears, and replied, "No—I weep because Oani must not love Toleho any longer."

He soon discovered that his change had awakened in the breast of the khan feelings of opposition beyond any he had anticipated. Ancestral pride—the office of khan being hereditary—early prejudices, strengthened by time and self-interest, often too influential over the actions of those who possess a better faith, exercised combined power on the old man's mind. Perhaps he was also stimulated by the more generous and romantic sentiment with which we are inclined to regard the decay of what has been hallowed by antiquity; and he stigmatized those who forsook the ancient idolatries as meanly subservient to the will of the great, endeavoring to imbue the mind of his daughter with similar feelings.

Poor Oani had neither ability nor inclination for controversial disquisitions. When her lover tried to lay before her the truths which had influenced him to the change she deplored, a knowledge of which would enable her to appreciate his motives, she would only weep, and say, "Toleho, I am sad—sleep has gone from me, and my food has lost its sweetness. If you do not worship Pele, her priestess must try not to love you. No more may I sing for you when you are weary; no more gather summer fruits to refresh you; nor bind sweet flowers in a chaplet for your brow."

When the chief remarked, that by her embracing Christianity these objections to their union would be obviated, her only answer was, "Could I leave my father? *He* never will forsake Pele. Could I—the only light of his eyes—the last flower left to gladden the winter of his life—could I leave his old age desolate?"

The separation of these Polynesian lovers was now inevitable, and it was a sore trial, for they were fondly attached. It was at this era of their story that I became acquainted with the young chief, and great was the interest with which I listened to his simple narration, heightened, probably, by the extraordinary circumstances under which I heard it, seated together as we were, at midnight, upon the brink of the fiery abyss, contemplating a scene so stupendous, so "horribly beautiful," that probably no other in this world can compete with it.

I could now understand the cause of poor Toleho's intended expatriation. Oani would probably be given to another. Could he bear to witness it? to see her miserable? No; he would quit the scenes of his happy days, and, far away from objects which might agitate his mind, and interfere with duty, would spend his life in the service of Him who had graciously "called him from darkness to light." His friends at the mission-house had already arranged the matter with a captain, who would give him a passage in his ship to the American States, where he was to use every exertion in his power for the purpose of awakening an interest in the cause of the Polynesian mission. Toleho then informed me, that on the following morning would take place a great annual feast in honor of Pele, designed to deprecate the wrath of the volcanic goddess, and secure the country from earthquakes or inundations of lava, at which, of course, the khan and the young priestess would preside. This would afford him an opportunity of once more beholding the latter before he left the islands—the last time he could ever hope to do so; and, for the purpose of enjoying this melancholy pleasure, he had joined our party to the volcano.

We now returned to the hut, and I went to repose, rejoicing that I should have an occasion of witnessing some of the idolatrous rites of the natives before their final abolition.

Next morning, while my companions prepared to examine the various natural phenomena of the place, I put myself under the guidance of my new friend, who took me across the lava plain to the heiau, or temple, dedicated to Pele, an inclosure, with several stone idols standing in the midst of it. Votaries had already assembled around the shrine, adorning these frightful images with wreaths of flowers; and innumerable offerings were laid before them. As the devotees continued to arrive, my companion stood, watching every new comer, with an expression of anxiety and agitation. At length the sound of music was heard, and a procession approached, for which the crowd opened an avenue to the temple. At its head was an old man, attired in what I supposed were the pontifical robes, leading by the hand a young female. Over their heads was borne a canopy, and they were followed by a train of attendants, each carrying a staff of state,

ornamented with polished tortoise-shell, the upper ends being of feathers. The sage was the khan, and his companion the priestess of Pele, whose beauty, I soon perceived had not been exaggerated in her lover's glowing description. Never had I beheld a form of more exquisite symmetry, set off by the simple elegance of the native costume—a robe of white cloth confined round the waist with a cincture of flowers; her head-dress was only "an od'rous chaplet of sweet summer buds," binding her dark tresses; while round her neck, arms, and slender ankles, were wreaths of the snowy and fragrant gardenia. The features of this young creature were faultless, but wore an expression of thoughtful abstraction, strikingly contrasted with those of the persons who surrounded and gazed upon her, all, even the old khan's, evincing a state of excitement.

After some ceremonies had been performed in the temple, the various contributions of the people were taken to the volcano, to be presented to the goddess. Thither the procession moved, and Toleho and I followed in the crowd. Arrived at the crater, the khan made an oration in praise of Pele, deploring the national apostasy from her worship, until wrought up to a state of great excitement, in which his auditors seemed to participate, except the beautiful priestess, who, standing on the verge of the gulf, still wore her look of calm dejection, while she received small specimens of the various offerings from the votaries, and threw them into the volcano, saying, in a voice of peculiar sweetness, "Accept these offerings, Pele. Restrain thy wrath, and pour not the floods of vengeance over our land. Save us, O Pele?"

Toleho darted from the crowd, and stood beside her. His stately form was drawn up to its full height; from his shoulders hung a splendid mantle of green and scarlet feathers; his right arm was extended, and in it he held a small book.

"Oani! beloved Oani!" he exclaimed; "call not upon Pele to save you. There is but one Saviour, and to know Him is life."

"Recreant," cried the khan, "you have forsaken the great goddess yourself, and you would now draw away her priestess."

"Khan, and thou beloved Oani, listen," the chief replied, in a solemn tone. "If there be such a deity as Pele, is she worthy of your adoration? Is she not ever busy in works of mischief—destroying the people, devastating our hills, and filling up our fruitful valleys with floods of lava? Are they not cruel gods, who even require human sacrifices? Could such beings have created that bright pure sky over our heads, or that glorious sun which sends light and heat to ripen our corn and our fruit? No! The Creator of all must be good, as well as great—an object of love as well as of fear. Friends, countrymen, this book can tell you of Him."

This seemed to make some impression on the people, but the khan was even more exasperated than before.

"Traitor," he cried, "would you persuade us to disown our gods, while we stand gazing on their terrible abode? They dwell in yonder fiery lake; behold their houses!" pointing to the black conical craters which rose here and there above the waves. "Do you not hear the roaring and crackling of the flames? That is the music to which they dance; and in yonder red surge they often play, sporting in its rolling billows. Pele is a great goddess; acknowledge her power, Toleho, and Oani—her priestess, the playmate of your childhood, the betrothed of your youth—shall be yours, for she pines in secret for her loved one. Reject Pele, and part with Oani forever."

As he said this, a bright smile lit up the countenance of the young priestess, as if hope had suddenly revived in her bosom. She turned toward her lover with a look of imploring affection, laying her small hands on his arm, and said, "Toleho will not leave me; we may love one another still."

He made a movement as if instinctively about to clasp her to his breast, but seemed, with a strong effort, to resist the impulse; a convulsive motion passed over his manly features; his strong frame trembled; and, in a voice half-choked by contending feelings, he said, "Oani, I must—I must leave you. There is but one God, and Him only will I serve. Beloved maiden, trust to Him—not to senseless idols."

She withdrew her hands, and clasped them together in mute despair. Her father exclaimed, "Heed him not. Great is the power of Pele. My daughter, you are her priestess; and, though you flung yourself from that shelving rock on which you stand, into the gulf below, Pele could save you." He was now in a state of frenzy. "She could and she *would* save you; *prove* to them her power."

"I will, I will," cried the unfortunate girl. "And I want her not to save me if she can. Toleho forsakes me, and I wish not for life."

Ere the outstretched hand of her lover could prevent it, she had turned and sprung down the precipice.

A yell of horror burst from the crowd, and there was a general rush toward the spot, so great, that for several minutes I could not approach it. Minutes of intense anxiety they were. I heard one voice exclaim, "He will perish—Toleho—the pride of Hawaiian chiefs."

"No," cried another, "he has almost reached the spot where she lies."

An interval of silence followed. The people evidently watched some critical event in breathless suspense. Then there was a shout of joy—Toleho and his loved one were both in safety. There

was, as I afterward learned, a crag projecting from the wall-faced cliff over which the young priestess had flung herself; on that spot she had fallen, the elasticity of some shrubs and herbs with which it was covered preserving her from any serious injury. Toleho, with wonderful presence of mind and activity, had succeeded in descending to that place, and, by means of a kind of ropes flung to him from the summit, re-ascended, and, pale as death, but still firm and composed, had laid his almost senseless burden in the arms of her father.

The scene which followed would be difficult to describe. When, after some time, a flood of tears had relieved the old khan, and enabled him to speak, he tried to express gratitude to the deliverer of his daughter, but could not say much. "Toleho," he cried, "you have saved her life. We can not forsake the gods to whom our ancestors have been priests for hundreds of years, to learn the religion of strangers who come from distant lands whence originate the winds, but can not Oani minister to Pele, and still be your wife?"

Here was a trying offer to my poor friend. Again Oani turned on him that bright smile, that beseeching look, which were hard to be withstood; but, though there were symptoms of yielding, of a violent internal struggle, he soon regained composure, and said, "It must not, can not be—it is forbidden here," holding up the book. "Farewell, Oani. Never will I forget you. I go to distant lands, but I will love you still. Keep this book: in it are the words of life. In our happy days, I was teaching you to read. Get some other teacher, and, for Toleho's sake, learn all this book teaches, and we may yet meet where there is no sorrow."

One embrace, and he darted away. I followed with difficulty, keeping by his side, as rapidly and silently he walked to the place where we had agreed to meet our companions.

In a few days, we sailed from Hawaii, but not before we had seen the young Hawaiian chief bid adieu to his native land, and sail for America.

Years passed away. Constant change of scene and variety of events had nearly obliterated from my memory the story of the priestess and her lover, when my wanderings once more brought me among the Polynesian islands, and again to the shores of Hawaii. We were to remain but for a few days, and, having visited the great volcano before, I now directed my steps to the next object of interest in the neighborhood, what my informant called "the Cascade of the Rainbow." This is a waterfall in the river Wairuku, and surpassed in beauty all my anticipations. The water, projected from a rock over a hundred feet in height, falls into a circular basin, as smooth as a mirror, except where the stream plunges in, and from its bright bosom reflects the enchanting scenery which surrounds it; while trees and shrubs, laden with blossoms of various hues, adorn its banks. Nor was the poetical appellation of this romantic valley inappropriate, for, on the silver spray flung up by the fall of waters, "an Iris sat" in its variegated beauty. "What a spot to spend the evening of one's days in after a life of turmoil," I exclaimed. "But probably, I have been anticipated in this idea, as there is, I see, a cottage beyond that green lawn, and a tasteful, picturesque edifice it appears." I walked toward it, and the neatness and comfort of every thing were a new proof of the wonderful improvement which I had already observed among the islanders, arising from the spread of Christianity and civilization. The lady of the mansion, holding by one hand a child who walked at her side, while with the other she supported a baby in her arms, advanced to meet and invite me in. She had, to a high degree, the air of dignity, I had almost said of graceful elegance, which characterizes the aristocracy of the island; and, when she bade me welcome, the tones of her voice and the contour of her features seemed familiar. "Oani!" thought I; "Oani, a wife and a mother. Poor Toleho! So much for woman's constancy." But I wronged her—I wronged that sex who, if inferior in other things, surpass us in depth and unchangeableness of affection. We entered the sitting-room; her husband rose to receive me—it was Toleho.

After the departure of the chief, Oani had found no comfort in any thing but in trying to fulfill his last request. One of the missionaries assisted her, and she was soon able to read the Testament, which had been his parting gift. Conviction of its truth, and a profession of Christianity followed, in which she was uninfluenced by interested motives, as she had not the most remote hope of ever seeing Toleho again, but the missionaries, who held communication with him through the American Society, informed him of the change, and he returned to Hawaii, and claimed her as his own. I found them a loving and happy pair, and left them so.

A SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

One day Don Philippe insisted upon taking us to witness a bull-fight, which was about to take place, and which it was reported, the queen herself was expected to attend. This was a spectacle we had never yet beheld, and our curiosity was therefore aroused to the highest possible pitch of excitement. Visions of blood floated before our fancy, and flashing steel gleamed across our sight. Anxiety stood on tip-toe, and the moments flew slowly by, until the wished-for hour arrived. We left the business of securing seats in the arena to Philippe, who, by early application, succeeded in obtaining for us as eligible positions for witnessing the spectacle as we could reasonably desire. The critical moment was now at hand, our hearts almost leaped from our mouths, so deeply were we excited in contemplation of the sanguinary event. At length the trumpets

sounded, and forthwith entered, in martial array, the entire body of combatants, gayly dressed, and presenting together a most striking and brilliant effect. Marching to the opposite side of the ring, they respectfully bowed to the appointed authorities, and then took their places, in complete readiness for action. At a given signal, a small iron gate was suddenly opened, and in an instant a furious bull bounded frantically into the arena; and then, as if petrified with astonishment at the wonderful scene around him, he stood motionless for a few seconds, staring wildly at the immense assembly, and pawing vehemently the ground beneath his feet. It was a solemn and critical moment, and I can truly say that I never before experienced such an intense degree of curiosity and interest. My feelings were wound up to the highest pitch of excitement, and I can scarcely believe that even that terrible human tragedy, a bloody gladiatorial scene, could have affected me more deeply. The compressed fury of the bull lasted but an instant: suddenly his glaring eye caught the sight of a red flag, which one of the *chulos*, or foot combatants, had waved before him, and immediately he rushed after his nimble adversary, who evaded his pursuit by jumping skillfully over the lower inclosure of the ring. The herculean animal, thus balked in his rage, next plunged desperately toward one of the *picadores*, or mounted horsemen, who calmly and fearlessly awaited his approach, and then turned off his attack by the masterly management of his long and steel-capped pike. Thwarted once more in his purpose, he became still more frantic than before, while his low and suppressed roar, expressive of the concentrated passion and rage which burned within him, sounded like distant thunder to my ears. Half closing his eyes, and lowering his formidable horns, he darted again at one of the picadores, and with such tremendous power, that he completely unhorsed him. Then shouts of applause from the spectators filled the arena: "Bravo toro!" "Viva toro!" and other exclamations of encouragement for the bull broke from every mouth. The picador lost no time in springing to his feet and re-mounting his horse, which, however, could scarcely stand, so weak was the poor creature from the stream of blood issuing from the deep wound in his breast. As soon as the enraged bull, whose attention had been purposely withdrawn by the chulos, beheld his former adversary now crimsoned with gore, he rushed at him with the most terrific fury, and, thrusting his horns savagely into the lower part of the tottering animal, he almost raised him from his feet, and so lacerated and tore open his abdomen, that his bowels gushed out upon the ground. Unable any longer to sustain himself, the pitiable animal fell down in the awful agonies of death, and in a few moments expired. Two other horses shortly shared the same miserable fate, and their mangled bodies were lying covered with blood, in the centre of the arena. The bull himself was now becoming perceptibly exhausted, and his own end was drawing nigh. For the purpose of stimulating and arousing into momentary action his rapidly-waning strength, the assailants on foot attacked him with barbed darts, called *banderillos*, which they thrust with skill into each side of his brawny neck. Sometimes these little javelins are charged with a prepared powder, which explodes the instant that the sharp steel sinks into the flesh. The torture thus produced drives the wretched animal to the extreme of madness, who bellows and bounds in his agony, as if endued with the energy of a new life.

On the present occasion, the arrows used were not of an explosive character, yet they served scarcely less effectually to enrage the furious monster. But hark! the last trumpet is sounding the awful death-knell of the warrior-beast. The ring becomes instantly cleared, and the foaming animal stands motionless and alone, sole monarch of the arena. But the fiat has gone forth, and the doom of death is impending over him. The *matador* enters the ring by a secret door, and after bowing to the president, and throwing down his cap in token of respect, slowly and deliberately approaches his terrific adversary, who stands as if enchained to the spot by a consciousness of the fearful destiny that awaits him. The matador, undismayed by the ferocious aspect of the bull, cautiously advances, with his eyes fixed firmly and magnetically upon him; a bright Toledo blade glistens in his right hand, while in his left he carries the *muleta*, or crimson flag, with which to exasperate the declining spirit of his foe. An intense stillness reigns throughout the vast assemblage, the most critical point of the tragedy is at hand, and every glance is riveted upon the person and movements of the matador. A single fatal thrust may launch him into eternity, yet no expression of fear escapes him; cool, and self-possessed, he stands before his victim, studious of every motion, and ready to take advantage of any chance.

It is this wonderful display of skill and bravery that fascinates the attention of a Spanish audience, and not the shedding of blood or the sufferings of the animal, which are as much lost sight of in the excitement of the moment as the gasping of a fish or the quivering of a worm upon the hook is disregarded by the humane disciple of Izaak Walton. The bull and matador, as motionless as if carved in marble, present a fearfully artistic effect. At length, like an electric flash, the polished steel of the matador flies in the air, and descends with tremendous force into the neck of the doomed animal, burying itself in the flesh, even up to the hilt. The blow is well made, and from the mouth of the bull a torrent of blood gushes forth in a crimson stream; he staggers, drops on his knees, recovers himself for an instant, and then falls dead at the feet of his conqueror, amid the tumultuous plaudits of the excited throng of spectators.

Such is a slight sketch of a Spanish bull-fight. The impression made upon our minds by the first representation was so deeply tinctured with horror that we resolved never to attend another, though it is but fair to state that this good resolution, like many others we have made in our lives, was eventually overcome by temptations.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.[10]

CHAPTER XXXV.
A NOVEL COUNCIL OF WAR.

I had scarcely finished my breakfast, when a group of officers rode up to our quarters to visit me. My arrival had already created an immense sensation in the city, and all kinds of rumors were afloat as to the tidings I had brought. The meagreness of the information would, indeed, have seemed in strong contrast to the enterprise and hazard of the escape, had I not had the craft to eke it out by that process of suggestion and speculation in which I was rather an adept.

[10] Continued from the July Number.

Little in substance as my information was, all the younger officers were in favor of acting upon it. The English are no bad judges of our position and chances, was the constant argument. *They* see exactly how we stand; they know the relative forces of our army, and the enemy's; and if the "cautious islanders"—such was the phrase—advised a *coup de main*, it surely must have much in its favor. I lay stress upon the remark, trifling as it may seem; but it is curious to know, that with all the immense successes of England on sea, her reputation, at that time, among Frenchmen, was rather for prudent and well-matured undertakings, than for those daring enterprises which are as much the character of her courage.

My visitors continued to pour in during the morning, officers of every arm and rank, some from mere idle curiosity, some to question and interrogate, and not a few to solve doubts in their minds as to my being really French, and a soldier, and not an agent of that *perfide Albion*, whose treachery was become a proverb among us. Many were disappointed at my knowing so little. I neither could tell the date of Napoleon's passing St. Gothard, nor the amount of his force; neither knew I whether he meant to turn eastward toward the plains of Lombardy, or march direct to the relief of Genoa. Of Moreau's success in Germany, too, I had only heard vaguely; and, of course, could recount nothing. I could overhear, occasionally, around and about me, the murmurs of dissatisfaction my ignorance called forth, and was not a little grateful to an old artillery captain for saying "That's the very best thing about the lad; a spy would have had his whole lesson by heart."

"You are right, sir," cried I, catching at the words; "I may know but little, and that little, perhaps, valueless and insignificant; but my truth no man shall gainsay."

The boldness of this speech from one wasted and miserable as I was, with tattered shoes and ragged clothes, caused a hearty laugh, in which, as much from policy as feeling, I joined myself.

"Come here, mon cher," said an infantry colonel, as, walking to the door of the room, he drew his telescope from his pocket, "you tell us of a *coup de main*—on the Monte Faccio, is it not?"

"Yes," replied I, promptly, "so I understand the name."

"Well, have you ever seen the place?"

"Never."

"Well, there it is yonder," and he handed me his glass as he spoke; "you see that large beetling cliff, with the olives at the foot. There, on the summit stands the Monte Faccio. The road—the pathway rather, and a steep one it is—leads up where you see those goats feeding, and crosses in front of the crag, directly beneath the fire of the batteries. There's not a spot on the whole ascent where three men could march abreast, and wherever there is any shelter from fire, the guns of the 'Sprona,' that small fort to the right, take the whole position. What do you think of your counsel now?"

"You forget, sir, it is not my counsel. I merely repeat what I overheard."

"And do you mean to say, that the men who gave that advice were serious, or capable of adopting it themselves?"

"Most assuredly; they would never recommend to others what they felt unequal to themselves. I know these English well, and so much will I say of them."

"Bah!" cried he, with an insolent gesture of his hand, and turned away; and I could plainly see that my praises of the enemy were very ill-taken. In fact, my unlucky burst of generosity had done more to damage my credit, than all the dangerous or impracticable features of my scheme. Every eye was turned to the bold precipice, and the stern fortress that crowned it, and all agreed that an attack must be hopeless.

I saw, too late, the great fault I had committed, and that nothing could be more wanting in tact than to suggest to Frenchmen an enterprise which Englishmen deemed practicable, and which yet, to the former, seemed beyond all reach of success. The insult was too palpable and too direct, but to retract was impossible, and I had now to sustain a proposition which gave offense on every side.

It was very mortifying to me to see how soon all my personal credit was merged in this unhappy theory. No one thought more of my hazardous escape, the perils I encountered, or the sufferings

I had undergone. All that was remembered of me was the affront I had offered to the national courage, and the preference I had implied to English bravery.

Never did I pass a more tormenting day; new arrivals continually refreshed the discussion, and always with the same results; and although some were satisfied to convey their opinions by a shake of the head or a dubious smile, others, more candid than civil, plainly intimated that if I had nothing of more consequence to tell, I might as well have staid where I was, and not added one more to a garrison so closely pressed by hunger. Very little more of such reasoning would have persuaded myself of its truth, and I almost began to wish that I was once more back in "the sick bay" of the frigate.

Toward evening I was left alone; my host went down to the town on duty; and after the visit of a tailor, who came to try on me a staff uniform—a distinction, I afterward learned, owing to the abundance of this class of costume, and not to any claims I could prefer to the rank—I was perfectly free to stroll about where I pleased unmolested, and, no small blessing, unquestioned.

On following along the walls for some distance, I came to a part where a succession of deep ravines opened at the foot of the bastions, conducting by many a tortuous and rocky glen to the Apennines. The sides of these gorges were dotted here and there with wild hollies and fig trees; stunted and ill-thriven as the nature of the soil might imply. Still, for the sake of the few berries, or the sapless fruit they bore, the soldiers of the garrison were accustomed to creep from the embrasures, and descend the steep cliffs, a peril great enough in itself, but terribly increased by the risk of exposure to the enemy's "Tirailleurs," as well as the consequences such indiscipline would bring down on them.

So frequent, however, had been these infractions, that little footpaths were worn bare along the face of the cliff, traversing in many a zigzag a surface that seemed like a wall. It was almost incredible that men would brave such peril for so little; but famine had rendered them indifferent to death; and although debility exhibited itself in every motion and gesture, the men would stand unshrinking and undismayed beneath the fire of a battery. At one spot, near the angle of a bastion, and where some shelter from the north winds protected the place, a little clump of orange trees stood, and toward these, though fully a mile off, many a foot-track led, showing how strong had been the temptation in that quarter. To reach it, the precipice should be traversed, the gorge beneath and a considerable ascent of the opposite mountain accomplished, and yet all these dangers had been successfully encountered, merely instigated by hunger!

High above this very spot, at a distance of perhaps eight hundred feet, stood the Monte Faccio—the large black and yellow banner of Austria floating from its walls, as if amid the clouds. I could see the muzzles of the great guns protruding from the embrasures; and I could even catch glances of a tall bearskin, as some soldier passed, or repassed behind the parapet, and I thought how terrible would be the attempt to storm such a position. It was, indeed, true, that if I had the least conception of the strength of the fort, I never should have dared to talk of a *coup de main*. Still I was in a manner pledged to the suggestion. I had periled my life for it, and few men do as much for an opinion; for this reason I resolved, come what would, to maintain my ground, and hold fast to my conviction. I never could be called upon to plan the expedition, nor could it by any possibility be confided to my guidance; responsibility could not, therefore, attach to me. All these were strong arguments, at least quite strong enough to decide a wavering judgment.

Meditating on these things, I strolled back to my quarters. As I entered the garden, I found that several officers were assembled, among whom was Colonel de Barre, the brother of the general of that name, who afterward fell at the Borodino. He was *Chef d'Etat Major* to Massena, and a most distinguished, and brave soldier. Unlike the fashion of the day, which made the military man affect the rough coarseness of a savage, seasoning his talk with oaths, and curses, and low expressions, De Barre had something of the *petit maître* in his address, which nothing short of his well-proved courage would have saved from ridicule. His voice was low and soft, his smile perpetual; and although well-bred enough to have been dignified and easy, a certain fidgety impulse to be pleasing made him always appear affected and unnatural. Never was there such a contrast to his chief; but indeed it was said, that to this very disparity of temperament he owed all the influence he possessed over Massena's mind.

I might have been a General of Division at the very least, to judge from the courteous deference of the salute with which he approached me—a politeness the more striking, as all the others immediately fell back, to leave us to converse together. I was actually overcome with the flattering terms in which he addressed me on the subject of my escape.

"I could scarcely at first credit the story," said he, "but when they told me that you were a 'Ninth man,' one of the old Tapageurs, I never doubted it more. You see what a bad character is, Monsieur de Tiernay!" It was the first time I had ever heard the prefix to my name, and I own the sound was pleasurable. "I served a few months with your corps myself, but I soon saw there was no chance of promotion among fellows all more eager than myself for distinction. Well, sir, it is precisely to this reputation I have yielded my credit, and to which General Massena is kind enough to concede his own confidence. Your advice is about to be acted on, Mons. de Tiernay."

"The *coup de main—*"

"A little lower, if you please, my dear sir. The expedition is to be conducted with every secrecy, even from the officers of every rank below a command. Have the goodness to walk along with me this way. If I understand General Massena aright, your information conveys no details, nor any

particular suggestions as to the attack."

"None whatever, sir. It was the mere talk of a gun-room—the popular opinion among a set of young officers."

"I understand," said he, with a bow and a smile; "the suggestion of a number of high-minded and daring soldiers, as to what they deemed practicable."

"Precisely, sir."

"Neither could you collect from their conversation any thing which bore upon the number of the Austrian advance guard, or their state of preparation?"

"Nothing, sir. The opinion of the English was, I suspect, mainly founded on the great superiority of our forces to the enemy's in all attacks of this kind."

"Our 'esprit Tapageur,' eh?" said he, laughing, and pinching my arm familiarly, and I joined in the laugh with pleasure. "Well, Monsieur de Tiernay, let us endeavor to sustain this good impression. The attempt is to be made to-night."

"To-night!" exclaimed I, in amazement: for every thing within the city seemed tranquil and still.

"To-night, sir; and, by the kind favor of General Massena, I am to lead the attack; the reserve, if we are ever to want it, being under his own command. It is to be at your own option on which staff you will serve."

"On yours, of course, sir," cried I, hastily. "A man who stands unknown and unvouched for among his comrades, as I do, has but one way to vindicate his claim to credit, by partaking the peril he counsels."

"There could be no doubt either of your judgment, or the sound reasons for it," replied the colonel; "the only question was, whether you might be unequal to the fatigue."

"Trust me, sir, you'll not have to send me to the rear," said I, laughing.

"Then you are extra on my staff, Mons. de Tiernay."

As we walked along, he proceeded to give me the details of our expedition, which was to be on a far stronger scale than I anticipated. Three battalions of infantry, with four light batteries, and as many squadrons of dragoons, were to form the advance.

"We shall neither want the artillery, nor cavalry, except to cover a retreat," said he; "I trust, if it came to *that*, there will not be many of us to protect; but such are the general's orders, and we have but to obey them."

With the great events of that night on my memory, it is strange that I should retain so accurately in my mind, the trivial and slight circumstances, which are as fresh before me as if they had occurred but yesterday.

It was about eleven o'clock, of a dark but starry night, not a breath of wind blowing, that passing through a number of gloomy, narrow streets, I suddenly found myself in the court yard of the Balbé Palace. A large marble fountain was playing in the centre, around which several lamps were lighted; by these I could see that the place was crowded with officers, some seated at tables drinking, some smoking, and others lounging up and down in conversation. Huge loaves of black bread, and wicker-covered flasks of country wine formed the entertainment; but even these, to judge from the zest of the guests, were no common delicacies. At the foot of a little marble group, and before a small table, with a map on it, sat General Massena himself, in his gray over-coat, cutting his bread with a case knife, while he talked away to his staff.

"These maps are good for nothing, Bressi," cried he. "To look at them, you'd say that every road was practicable for artillery, and every river passable, and you find afterward that all these fine chaussees are by-paths, and the rivulets downright torrents. Who knows the Chiavari road?"

"Giorgio knows it well, sir," said the officer addressed, and who was a young Piedmontese from Massena's own village.

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"Ah, Birbante!" cried the general, "are you here again?" and he turned laughingly toward a little bandy-legged monster, of less than three feet high, who, with a cap stuck jauntily on one side of his head, and a wooden sword at his side, stepped forward with all the confidence of an equal.

"Ay, here I am," said he, raising his hand to his cap, soldier fashion; "there was nothing else for it but this trade," and he placed his hand on the hilt of his wooden weapon; "you cut down all the mulberries, and left us no silkworms; you burned all the olives, and left us no oil; you trampled down our maize-crops and our vines. Per Baccho! the only thing left was to turn brigand like yourself, and see what would come of it."

"Is he not cool to talk thus to a general at the head of his staff?" said Massena, with an assumed gravity.

"I knew you when you wore a different-looking epaulet than that there," said Giorgio, "and when you carried one of your father's meal-sacks on your shoulder, instead of all that bravery."

"Parbleu! so he did," cried Massena, laughing heartily. "That scoundrel was always about our

mill, and, I believe, lived by thieving!" added he, pointing to the dwarf.

"Every one did a little that way in our village," said the dwarf; "but none ever profited by his education like yourself."

If the general and some of the younger officers seemed highly amused at the fellow's impudence and effrontery, some of the others looked angry and indignant. A few were really well-born, and could afford to smile at these recognitions; but many who sprung from an origin even more humble than the general's, could not conceal their angry indignation at the scene.

"I see that these gentlemen are impatient of our vulgar recollections," said Massena, with a sardonic grin; "so now to business, Giorgio. You know the Chiavari road—what is't like?"

"Good enough to look at, but mined in four places."

The general gave a significant glance at the staff, and bade him go on.

"The white coats are strong in that quarter, and have eight guns to bear upon the road, where it passes beneath Monte Rattè."

"Why, I was told that the pass was undefended!" cried Massena, angrily; "that a few skirmishers were all that could be seen near it."

"All that could be seen!—so they are; but there are eight twelve-pounder guns in the brushwood, with shot and shell enough to be seen, and felt too."

Massena now turned to the officers near him, and conversed with them eagerly for some time. The debated point, I subsequently heard, was how to make a feint attack on the Chiavari road, to mask the *coup de main* intended for the Monte Faccio. To give the false attack any color of reality required a larger force and greater preparation than they could afford, and this was now the great difficulty. At last it was resolved that this should be a mere demonstration, not to push far beyond the walls, but, by all the semblance of a serious advance, to attract as much attention as possible from the enemy.

Another and a greater embarrassment lay in the fact, that the troops intended for the *coup de main* had no other exit than the gate which led to Chiavari; so that the two lines of march would intersect and interfere with each other. Could we even have passed out our Tirailleurs in advance, the support could easily follow; but the enemy would, of course, notice the direction our advance would take, and our object be immediately detected.

"Why not pass the skirmishers out by the embrasures, to the left yonder?" said I; "I see many a track where men have gone already."

"It is steep as a wall," cried one.

"And there's a breast of rock in front that no foot could scale."

"You have at least a thousand feet of precipice above you, when you reach the glen, if ever you do reach it alive."

"And this to be done in the darkness of a night!"

Such were the discouraging comments which rattled, quick as musketry, around me.

"The lieutenant's right, nevertheless," said Giorgio. "Half the voltigeurs of the garrison know the path well already; and as to darkness—if there were a moon you dared not attempt it."

"There's some truth in that," observed an old major.

"Could you promise to guide them, Giorgio," said Massena.

"Yes, every step of the way; up to the very wall of the fort."

"There, then," cried the general, "one great difficulty is got over already."

"Not so fast, general mio," said the dwarf; "I said I could, but I never said that I would."

"Not for a liberal present, Giorgio: not if I filled that leather pouch of yours with five-franc pieces, man?"

"I might not live to spend it, and I care little for my next of kin," said the dwarf, dryly.

"I don't think that we need his services, general," said I: "I saw the place this evening, and however steep it seems from the walls, the descent is practicable enough—at least I am certain that our Tirailleurs, in the Black Forest, would never have hesitated about it."

I little knew that when I uttered this speech I had sent a shot into the very heart of the magazine, the ruling passion of Massena's mind being an almost insane jealousy of Moreau's military fame; his famous campaign of Southern Germany, and his wonderful retreat upon the Rhine, being regarded as achievements of the highest order.

"I've got some of those regiments you speak of in my brigade here, sir," said he, addressing himself directly to me, "and I must own that their discipline reflects but little credit upon the skill of so great an officer as General Moreau; and as to light-troops, I fancy Colonel de Vallence yonder would scarcely feel it a flattery, were you to tell him to take a lesson from them."

"I have just been speaking to Colonel de Vallence, general," said Colonel de Barre. "He confirms every thing Mons. de Tiernay tells us of the practicable nature of these paths; his fellows have tracked them at all hours, and neither want guidance nor direction to go."

"In that case I may as well offer my services," said Giorgio, tightening his belt; "but I must tell you that it is too late to begin to-night—we must start immediately after nightfall. It will take from forty to fifty minutes to descend the cliff, a good two hours to climb the ascent, so that you'll not have much time to spare before daybreak."

Giorgio's opinion was backed by several others, and it was finally resolved upon that the attempt should be made on the following evening. Meanwhile, the dwarf was committed to the safe custody of a sergeant, affectedly to look to his proper care and treatment, but really to guard against any imprudent revelations that he might make respecting the intended attack.

CHAPTER XXXVI.
GENOA DURING THE SIEGE.

If the natural perils of the expedition were sufficient to suggest grave thoughts, the sight of the troops that were to form it was even a stronger incentive to fear. I could not believe my eyes, as I watched the battalions which now deployed before me. Always accustomed, whatever the hardships they were opposed to, to see French soldiers light-hearted, gay, and agile, performing their duties in a spirit of sportive pleasure, as if soldiering were but fun, what was the shock I received at sight of these care-worn, downcast, hollow-cheeked fellows, dragging their legs wearily along, and scarcely seeming to hear the words of command; their clothes patched and mended, sometimes too big, sometimes too little, showing that they had changed wearers without being altered; their tattered shoes, tied on with strings round their ankles; their very weapons dirty and uncared for; they resembled rather a horde of bandits than the troops of the first army of Europe. There was, besides, an expression of stealthy, treacherous ferocity in their faces, such as I never saw before. To this pitiable condition had they been brought by starvation. Not alone the horses had been eaten, but dogs and cats; even the vermin of the cellars and sewers was consumed as food. Leather and skins were all eagerly devoured; and there is but too terrible reason to believe that human flesh itself was used to prolong for a few hours this existence of misery.

As they defiled into the "Piazza," there seemed a kind of effort to assume the port and bearing of their craft; and although many stumbled, and some actually fell, from weakness, there was an evident attempt to put on a military appearance. The manner of the adjutant, as he passed down the line, revealed at once the exact position of affairs. No longer inspecting every little detail of equipment, criticising this, or remarking on that, his whole attention was given to the condition of the musket, whose lock he closely scrutinized, and then turned to the cartouch-box. The ragged uniforms, the uncouth shakos, the belts dirty and awry, never called forth a word of rebuke. Too glad, as it seemed, to recognize even the remnants of discipline, he came back from his inspection apparently well satisfied and content.

"These fellows turn out well," said Colonel de Barre, as he looked along the line; and I started to see if the speech were an unfeeling jest. Far from it; he spoke in all seriousness! The terrible scenes he had for months been witnessing; the men dropping from hunger at their posts; the sentries fainting as they carried arms, and borne away to the hospital to die; the bursts of madness that would now and then break forth from men whose agony became unendurable, had so steeled him to horrors, that even this poor shadow of military display seemed orderly and imposing.

"They are the 22d, colonel," replied the adjutant, proudly, "a corps that always have maintained their character, whether on parade or under fire!"

"Ah! the 22d, are they? They have come up from Ronco, then?"

"Yes, sir; they were all that General Soult could spare us."

"Fine-looking fellows they are," said De Barre, scanning them through his glass. "The third company is a little, a very little to the rear—don't you perceive it?—and the flank is a thought or so restless and unsteady."

"A sergeant has just been carried to the rear ill, sir," said a young officer, in a low voice.

"The heat, I have no doubt; a '*colpo di sole*,' as they tell us everything is," said De Barre. "By the way, is not this the regiment that boasts the pretty vivandiere? What's this her name is?"

"Lela, sir."

"Yes, to be sure, Lela. I'm sure I've heard her toasted often enough at cafés and restaurants."

"There she is, sir, yonder, sitting on the steps of the fountain;" and the officer made a sign with his sword for the girl to come over. She made an effort to arise at the order; but tottered back, and would have fallen if a soldier had not caught her. Then suddenly collecting her strength, she arranged the folds of her short scarlet jupe, and smoothing down the braids of her fair hair, came forward, at that sliding, half-skipping pace that is the wont of her craft.

The exertion, and possibly the excitement had flushed her cheek; so that as she came forward her

look was brilliantly handsome; but as the color died away, and a livid pallor spread over her jaws, lank and drawn in by famine, her expression was dreadful. The large eyes, lustrous and wild-looking, gleamed with the fire of fever, while her thin nostrils quivered at each respiration.

Poor girl, even then, with famine and fever eating within her, the traits of womanly vanity still survived, and as she carried her hand to her cap in salute, she made a faint attempt at a smile.

"The 22d may indeed be proud of their vivandiere," said De Barre, gallantly.

"What hast in the 'tonnelet,' Lela?" continued he, tapping the little silver-hooped barrel she carried at her back.

"Ah, *que voulez vous*?" cried she, laughing, with a low, husky sound, the laugh of famine.

"I must have a glass of it to your health, ma belle Lela, if it cost me a crown piece," and he drew forth the coin as he spoke.

"For such a toast, the liquor is quite good enough," said Lela, drawing back at the offer of money; while slinging the little cask in front, she unhooked a small silver cup, and filled it with water.

"No brandy, Lela?"

"None, colonel," said she, shaking her head, "and if I had, those poor fellows yonder would not like it so well."

"I understand," said he, significantly, "theirs is the thirst of fever."

A short, dry cough, and a barely perceptible nod of the head, was all her reply; but their eyes met, and any so sad an expression as they interchanged I never beheld! It was a confession in full of all each had seen of sorrow, of suffering, and of death. The terrible events three months of famine had revealed, and all the agonies of pestilence and madness.

"That is delicious water, Tiernay," said the colonel, as he passed me the cup, and thus trying to get away from the sad theme of his thoughts.

"I fetch it from a well outside the walls every morning," said Lela, "ay, and within gun-shot of the Austrian sentries too."

"There's coolness for you, Tiernay," said the colonel; "think what the 22d are made of when their vivandiere dares to do this."

"They'll not astonish *him*," said Lela, looking steadily at me.

"And why not, ma belle?" cried De Barre.

"He was a Tapageur, one of the 'Naughty Ninth,' as they called them."

"How do you know that, Lela? Have we ever met before?" cried I eagerly.

"I've seen *you*, sir," said she, slily. "They used to call you the corporal that won the battle of Kehl. I know my father always said so."

I would have given worlds to have interrogated her further; so fascinating is selfishness, that already at least a hundred questions were presenting themselves to my mind. Who could Lela be? and who was her father? and what were these reports about me? Had I really won fame without knowing it? and did my comrades indeed speak of me with honor? All these, and many more inquiries, were pressing for utterance, as General Massena walked up with his staff. The general fully corroborated De Barre's opinion of the "22d." They were, as he expressed, a "magnificent body." "It was a perfect pleasure to see such troops under arms." "Those fellows certainly exhibited few traces of a starved-out garrison." Such and such like were the jesting observations bandied from one to the other, in all the earnest seriousness of truth! What more terrible evidence of the scenes they had passed through, than these convictions! What more stunning proof of the condition to which long suffering had reduced them!

"Where is our pleasant friend, who talked to us of the Black Forest last night?"

"Ah, there he is; well, Monsieur Tiernay, do you think General Moreau's people turned out better than that after the retreat from Donaueschingen?"

There was no need for any reply, since the scornful burst of laughter of the staff already gave the answer he wanted; and now he walked forward to the centre of the piazza, while the troops proceeded to march past.

The band, a miserable group, reduced from fifty to thirteen in number, struck up a quick step, and the troops, animated by the sounds, and more still, perhaps, by Massena's presence, made an effort to step out in quick time; but the rocking, wavering motion, the clinking muskets, and uncertain gait, were indescribably painful to a soldier's eye. Their colonel, De Vallence, however, evidently did not regard them thus, for as he joined the staff, he received the general's compliments with all the good faith and composure in the world.

The battalions were marched off to barracks, and the group of officers broke up to repair to their several quarters. It was the hour of dinner, but it was many a day since that meal had been heard of among them. A stray café here and there was open in the city, but a cup of coffee, without

milk, and a small roll of black bread, a horrid compound of rye and cocoa, was all the refreshment obtainable; and yet, I am bold to say, that a murmur or a complaint was unheard against the general or the government. The heaviest reverses, the gloomiest hours of ill-fortune never extinguished the hope that Genoa was to be relieved at last, and that all we had to do was to hold out for the arrival of Bonaparte. To the extent of this conviction is to be attributed the wide disparity between the feeling displayed by the military and the townsfolk.

The latter, unsustained by hope, without one spark of speculation to cheer their gloomy destiny, starved, and sickened, and died in masses. The very requirements of discipline were useful in averting the despondent vacuity which comes of hunger. Of the sanguine confidence of the soldiery in the coming of their comrades, I was to witness a strong illustration on the very day of which I have been speaking.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, the weather had been heavy and overcast, and the heat excessive, so that all who were free from duty had either lain down to sleep, or were quietly resting within doors, when a certain stir and movement in the streets, a rare event during the hours of the siesta, drew many a head to the windows. The report ran, and like wildfire it spread through the city, that the advanced guard of Bonaparte had reached Ronco that morning, and were already in march on Genoa! Although nobody could trace this story to any direct source, each believed and repeated it; the tale growing more consistent and fuller at every repetition. I need not weary my reader with all the additions and corrections the narrative received, nor recount how now it was Moreau with the right wing of the army of the Rhine; now it was Kellermann's brigade; now it was Macdonald, who had passed the Ticino, and last of all Bonaparte. The controversy was often even an angry one, when, finally, all speculation was met by the official report, that all that was known lay in the simple fact, that heavy guns had been heard that morning, near Ronco, and as the Austrians held no position with artillery there, the firing must needs be French.

This very bare announcement was, of course, a great "come down" for all the circumstantial detail with which we had been amusing ourselves and each other, but yet it nourished hope, and the hope that was nearest to all our hearts, too! The streets were soon filled; officers and soldiers hastily dressed, and with many a fault of costume, were all commingled, exchanging opinions, resolving doubts, and even bandying congratulations. The starved and hungry faces were lighted up with an expression of savage glee. It was like the last flickering gleam of passion in men, whose whole vitality was the energy of fever! The heavy debt they owed their enemy was at last to be paid, and all the insulting injury of a besieged and famine-stricken garrison to be avenged. A surging movement in the crowd told that some event had occurred; it was Massena and his staff, who were proceeding to a watch-tower in the bastion, from whence a wide range of country could be seen. This was reassuring. The general himself entertained the story, and here was proof that there was "something in it." All the population now made for the walls; every spot from which the view toward Ronco could be obtained was speedily crowded, every window filled, and all the house-tops crammed. A dark mass of inky cloud covered the tops of the Apennines, and even descended to some distance down the sides. With what shapes and forms of military splendor did our imaginations people the space behind that sombre curtain! What columns of stern warriors, what prancing squadrons, what earth-shaking masses of heavy artillery! How longingly each eye grew weary watching—waiting for the vail to be rent, and the glancing steel to be seen glistening bright in the sun-rays!

As if to torture our anxieties, the lowering mass grew darker and heavier, and rolling lazily down the mountain, it filled up the valley, wrapping earth and sky in one murky mantle.

"There, did you hear that?" cried one, "that was artillery."

A pause followed, each ear was bent to listen, and not a word was uttered, for full a minute or more; the immense host, as if swayed by the one impulse, strained to catch the sounds, when suddenly, from the direction of the mountain top, there came a rattling, crashing noise, followed by the dull, deep booming that every soldier's heart responds to. What a cheer then burst forth! never did I hear—never may I hear such a cry as that was—it was like the wild yell of a shipwrecked crew, as some distant sail hove in sight; and yet, through its cadence, there rang the mad lust for vengeance! Yes, in all the agonies of sinking strength, with fever in their hearts, and the death sweat on their cheeks, their cry was, Blood! The puny shout, for such it seemed now, was drowned in the deafening crash that now was heard; peal after peal shook the air, the same rattling, peppering noise of musketry continuing through all.

That the French were in strong force, as well as the enemy, there could now be no doubt. Nothing but a serious affair and a stubborn resistance could warrant such a fire. It had every semblance of an attack with all arms. The roar of the heavy guns made the air vibrate, and the clatter of small arms was incessant. How each of us filled up the picture from the impulses of his own fancy! Some said that the French were still behind the mountain, and storming the heights of the Borghetto; others thought that they had gained the summit, but not "en force," and were only contesting their position there; and a few more sanguine, of whom I was one myself, imagined that they were driving the Austrians down the Apennines, cleaving their ranks as they went, with their artillery.

Each new crash, every momentary change of direction of the sounds, favored this opinion or that, and the excitement of partisanship rose to an immense height. What added indescribably to the interest of the scene, was a group of Austrian officers on horseback, who, in their eagerness to obtain tidings, had ridden beyond their lines, and were now standing almost within musket range

of us. We could see that their telescopes were turned to the eventful spot, and we gloried to think of the effect the scene must be producing on them.

"They've seen enough!" cried one of our fellows, laughing, while he pointed to the horsemen, who suddenly wheeling about, galloped back to their camp at full speed.

"You'll have the drums beat to arms now; there's little time to lose. Our cuirassiers will soon be upon them," cried another, in ecstasy.

"No, but the rain will, and upon us, too," said Giorgio, who had now come up; "don't you see that it's not a battle yonder, it's a 'borasco.' There it comes." And as if the outstretched finger of the dwarf had been the wand of a magician, the great cloud was suddenly torn open with a crash, and the rain descended like a deluge, swept along by a hurricane wind, and came in vast sheets of water, while high over our heads, and moving onward toward the sea growled the distant thunder. The great mountain was now visible from base to summit, but not a soldier, not a gun to be seen! Swollen and yellow, the gushing torrents leaped madly from crag to crag, and crashing trees, and falling rocks, added their wild sounds to the tumult.

There we stood, mute and sorrowstruck, regardless of the seething rain, unconscious of any thing save our disappointment. The hope we built upon had left us, and the dreary scene of storm around seemed but a type of our own future! And yet we could not turn away, but with eyes strained and aching, gazed at the spot from where our succor should have come.

I looked up at the watch-tower, and there was Massena still, his arms folded on a battlement; he seemed to be deep in thought. At last he arose, and drawing his cloak across his face, descended the winding-stair outside the tower. His step was slow, and more than once he halted, as if to think. When he reached the walls, he walked rapidly on, his suite following him.

"Ah, Mons. Tiernay," said he, as he passed me, "you know what an Apennine storm is now; but it will cool the air, and give us delicious weather;" and so he passed on with an easy smile.

CHAPTER XXXVII.
MONTE DI FACCIO.

The disappointment we had suffered was not the only circumstance adverse to our expedition. The rain had now swollen the smallest rivulets to the size of torrents; in many places the paths would be torn away and obliterated, and every where the difficulty of a night march enormously increased. Giorgio, however, who was, perhaps, afraid of forfeiting his reward, assured the general that these mountain streams subside even more rapidly than they rise; that such was the dryness of the soil, no trace of rain would be seen by sunset, and that we should have a calm, starry night; the very thing we wanted for our enterprise.

We did not need persuasion to believe all he said, the opinion chimed in with our own wishes, and better still, was verified to the very letter by a glorious afternoon. Landward, the spectacle was perfectly enchanting; the varied foliage of the Apennines, refreshed by the rain, glittered and shone in the sun's rays, while in the bay, the fleet, with sails hung out to dry, presented a grand and an imposing sight. Better than all, Monte Faccio now appeared quite near us; we could, even with the naked eye, perceive all the defenses, and were able to detect a party of soldiers at work outside the walls, clearing, as it seemed, some water-course that had been impeded by the storm. Unimportant as the labor was, we watched it anxiously, for we thought that perhaps before another sunset many a brave fellow's blood might dye that earth. During the whole of that day, from some cause or other, not a shot had been fired either from the land-batteries or the fleet, and as though a truce had been agreed to, we sat watching each other's movements peacefully and calmly.

"The Austrians would seem to have been as much deceived as ourselves, sir," said an old artillery sergeant to me, as I strolled along the walls at nightfall. "The pickets last night were close to the glacis, but see now they have fallen back a gun-shot or more."

"But they had time enough since to have resumed their old position," said I, half-doubting the accuracy of the surmise.

"Time enough, parbleu; I should think so, too! but when the whitecoats manœuvre, they write to Vienna to ask, 'What's to be done next?'"

This passing remark, in which, with all its exaggeration, there lay a germ of truth, was the universal judgment of our soldiers on those of the Imperial army; and to the prevalence of the notion may be ascribed much of that fearless indifference with which small divisions of ours attacked whole army corps of the enemy. Bonaparte was the first to point out this slowness, and to turn it to the best advantage.

"If our general ever intended a sortie, this would be the night for it, sir," resumed he; "the noise of those mountain streams would mask the sounds of a march, and even cavalry, if led with caution, might be in upon them before they were aware."

This speech pleased me, not only for the judgment it conveyed, but as an assurance that our expedition was still a secret in the garrison.

On questioning the sergeant further, I was struck to find that he had abandoned utterly all hope

of ever seeing France again; such he told me was the universal feeling of the soldiery. "We know well, sir, that Massena is not the man to capitulate, and we can not expect to be relieved." And yet with this stern, comfortless conviction on their minds—with hunger, and famine, and pestilence on every side—they never uttered one word of complaint, not even a murmur of remonstrance. What would Moreau's fellows say of us? What would the Army of the Meuse think? These were the ever present arguments against surrender; and the judgment of their comrades was far more terrible to them than the grape-shot of the enemy.

"But do you not think when Bonaparte crosses the Alps he will hasten to our relief?"

"Not he, sir! I know him well. I was in the same troop with him, a bombardier at the same gun. Bonaparte will never go after small game where there's a nobler prey before him. If he does cross the Alps he'll be for a great battle under Milan; or, mayhap, march on Venice. *He's* not thinking of our starved battalions here: he's planning some great campaign, depend on it. He never faced the Alps to succor Genoa."

How true was this appreciation of the great general's ambition, I need scarcely repeat; but so it was at the time; many were able to guess the bold aspirings of one who, to the nation, seemed merely one among the numerous candidates for fame and honors.

It was about an hour after my conversation with the sergeant, that an orderly came to summon me to Colonel de Barre's quarters; and with all my haste to obey, I only arrived as the column was formed. The plan of attack was simple enough. Three Voltigeur companies were to attempt the assault of the Monte Faccio, under De Barre; while to engage attention, and draw off the enemy's force, a strong body of infantry and cavalry was to debouch on the Chiavari road, as though to force a passage in that direction. In all that regarded secrecy and dispatch our expedition was perfect: and as we moved silently through the streets, the sleeping citizens never knew of our march. Arrived at the gate, the column halted, to give us time to pass along the walls and descend the glen, an operation which, it was estimated, would take forty-five minutes; at the expiration of this they were to issue forth to the feint attack.

At a quick step we now pressed forward toward the angle of the bastion, whence many a path led down the cliff in all directions. Half-a-dozen of our men well-acquainted with the spot, volunteered as guides, and the muskets being slung on the back, the word was given to "move on," the rallying-place being the plateau of the orange trees I have already mentioned.

"Steep enough, this," said De Barre to me, as, holding on by briars and brambles, we slowly descended the gorge; "but few of us will ever climb it again."

"You think so?" asked I, in some surprise.

"Of course, I know it;" said he. "Vallence, who commands the battalions below, always condemned the scheme; rely on it, he's not the man to make himself out a false prophet. I don't pretend to tell you that in our days of monarchy there were neither jealousies nor party grudges, and that men were above all small and ungenerous rivalry; but, assuredly, we had less of them than now. If the field of competition is more open to every one, so are the arts by which success is won; a pre-eminence in a republic means always the rain of a rival. If we fail, as fail we must, he'll be a general."

"But why must we fail?"

"For every reason; we are not in force: we know nothing of what we are about to attack; and, if repulsed, have no retreat behind us."

"Then, why—?" I stopped, for already I saw the impropriety of my question.

"Why did I advise the attack?" said he, mildly, taking up my half-uttered question. "Simply because death outside these walls is quicker and more glorious than within them. There's scarcely a man who follows us has not the same sentiment in his heart. The terrible scenes of the last five weeks have driven our fellows to all but mutiny. Nothing, indeed, maintained discipline but a kind of tigerish thirst for vengeance—a hope that the day of reckoning would come round, and in one fearful lesson teach these same whitecoats how dangerous it is to drive a brave enemy to despair."

De Barre continued to talk in this strain as we descended, every remark he made being uttered with all the coolness of one who talked of a matter indifferent to him. At length the way became too steep for much converse, and slipping and scrambling, we now only interchanged a chance word as we went. Although two hundred and fifty men were around and about us, not a voice was heard; and, except the occasional breaking of a branch, or the occasional fall of some heavy stone into the valley, not a sound was heard. At length a long, shrill whistle announced that the first man had reached the bottom, which, to judge from the faintness of the sound, appeared yet a considerable distance off. The excessive darkness increased the difficulty of the way, and De Barre continued to repeat, "that we had certainly been misinformed, and that even in daylight the descent would take an hour."

It was full half an hour after this when we came to a small rivulet, the little boundary line between the two steep cliffs. Here our men were all assembled, refreshing themselves with the water, still muddy from recent rain, and endeavoring to arrange equipments and arms, damaged and displaced by many a fall.

"We've taken an hour and twenty-eight minutes," said De Barre, as he placed a fire-fly on the glass of his watch to see the hour. "Now, men, let us make up for lost time. *En avant!*"

"En avant!" was quickly passed from mouth to mouth, and never was a word more spirit-stirring to Frenchmen! With all the alacrity of men fresh and "eager for the fray," they began the ascent, and, such was the emulous ardor to be first, that it assumed all the features of a race.

A close pine wood greatly aided us now, and in less time than we could believe it possible, we reached the plateau appointed for our rendezvous. This being the last spot of meeting before our attack on the fort, the final dispositions were here settled on, and the orders for the assault arranged. With daylight the view from this terrace, for such it was in reality, would have been magnificent, for even now, in the darkness, we could track out the great thoroughfares of the city, follow the windings of the bay and harbor, and, by the lights on board, detect the fleet as it lay at anchor. To the left, and for many a mile, as it seemed, were seen twinkling the bivouac fires of the Austrian army; while, directly above our heads, glittering like a red star, shone the solitary gleam that marked out the "Monte Faccio."

I was standing silently at De Barre's side, looking on this sombre scene, so full of terrible interest, when he clutched my arm violently, and whispered—

"Look yonder; see, the attack has begun."

The fire of the artillery had flashed as he spoke, and now, with his very words, the deafening roar of the guns was heard from below.

"I told you he'd not wait for us, Tiernay. I told you how it would happen!" cried he; then, suddenly recovering his habitual composure of voice and manner, he said, "now for our part, men, forward."

And away went the brave fellows, tearing up the steep mountain side, like an assault party at a breach. Though hidden from our view by the darkness and the dense wood, we could hear the incessant din of large and small arms; the roll of the drums summoning men to their quarters, and what we thought were the cheers of charging squadrons.

Such was the mad feeling of excitement these sounds produced, that I can not guess what time elapsed before we found ourselves on the crest of the mountain, and not above three hundred paces from the outworks of the fort. The trees had been cut away on either side, so as to offer a species of "glacis," and this must be crossed under the fire of the batteries, before an attack could be commenced. Fortunately for us, however, the garrison was too confident of its security to dread a *coup de main* from the side of the town, and had placed all their guns along the bastion, toward Borghetto, and this De Barre immediately detected. A certain "alert" on the walls, however, and a quick movement of lights here and there, showed that they had become aware of the sortie from the town, and gradually we could see figure after figure ascending the walls, as if to peer down into the valley beneath.

"You see what Vallance has done for us," said De Barre, bitterly; "but for *him* we should have taken these fellows, *en flagrant delit*, and carried their walls before they could turn out a captain's guard."

As he spoke, a heavy, crashing sound was heard, and a wild cheer. Already our pioneers had gained the gate, and were battering away at it; another party had reached the walls, and thrown up their rope ladders, and the attack was opened! In fact, Giorgio had led one division by a path somewhat shorter than ours, and they had begun the assault before we issued from the pine wood.

We now came up at a run, but under a smart fire from the walls, already fast crowding with men. Defiling close beneath the wall, we gained the gate, just as it had fallen beneath the assaults of our men; a steep covered way led up from it, and along this our fellows rushed madly, but suddenly from the gloom a red glare flashed out, and a terrible discharge of grape swept all before it. "Lie down!" was now shouted from front to rear, but even before the order could be obeyed, another and more fatal volley followed.

Twice we attempted to storm the ascent; but, wearied by the labor of the mountain pass—worn out by fatigue—and, worse still, weak from actual starvation, our men faltered! It was not fear, nor was there any thing akin to it; for even as they fell under the thick fire, their shrill cheers breathed stern defiance. They were utterly exhausted, and failing strength could do no more! De Barre took the lead, sword in hand, and with one of those wild appeals, that soldiers never hear in vain, addressed them; but the next moment his shattered corpse was carried to the rear. The scaling party, alike repulsed, had now defiled to our support; but the death-dealing artillery swept through us without ceasing. Never was there a spectacle so terrible, as to see men, animated by courageous devotion, burning with glorious zeal, and yet powerless from very debility—actually dropping from the weakness of famine! The staggering step—the faint shout—the powerless charge—all showing the ravages of pestilence and want!

Some sentiment of compassion must have engaged our enemies' sympathy, for twice they relaxed their fire, and only resumed it as we returned to the attack. One fearful discharge of grape, at pistol range, now seemed to have closed the struggle; and as the smoke cleared away, the earth was seen crowded with dead and dying. The broken ranks no longer showed discipline—men gathered in groups around their wounded comrades, and, to all seeming, indifferent to the death

that menaced them. Scarcely an officer survived, and, among the dead beside me, I recognized Giorgio, who still knelt in the attitude in which he had received his death-wound.

I was like one in some terrible dream, powerless and terror-stricken, as I stood thus amid the slaughtered and the wounded.

"You are my prisoner," said a gruff-looking old Croat grenadier, as he snatched my sword from my hand, by a smart blow on the wrist, and I yielded without a word.

"Is it over?" said I; "is it over?"

"Yes, parbleu, I think it is," said a comrade, whose cheek was hanging down from a bayonet wound. "There are not twenty of us remaining, and *they* will do very little for the service of the 'Great Republic.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FRENCH COTTAGE COOKERY.

I had frequently remarked a neat little old woman, in a clean, stiff-starched, quilted cap, going to and from a neighboring chapel, without however its ever coming into my head to ask who she was; until one day a drove of oxen alarmed her so visibly, that I opened the gate of my little garden, and begged her to remain there in safety till the cattle had passed by.

"Madame is very polite; she has no doubt been in France?"

"Yes," answered I in her native language, "I resided there many years, and perceive I have the pleasure of addressing a Frenchwoman."

"I was born in England, madame; but at eight years of age went with my father to Honfleur, where I married, and continued to reside until four years ago, when my poor husband followed the remains of his last remaining child to the grave, and in less than a fortnight after died of the *grippe* himself. I had no means of living then, being too old to go out as a *femme de journée*, my only means of gaining a livelihood; so I returned to the place where I was born, and my mother's youngest brother allows me thirty-five pounds a year, upon condition that I am never more than a month out of England again."

We soon became great friends, and by degrees I learned her history. This uncle of hers was a year younger than herself—a thorough John Bull, who hated the French, and ridiculed every thing that was foreign. His heart, however, was kind and generous, and he no sooner heard of the destitute condition in which his aunt was left, than he hastened across the channel for her, bought in her clothes and furniture, which she was forced to sell to enable her to satisfy her creditors, and then made her a present of them all again, offering to convey her to her native country, and settle upon her enough to enable her to live there decently; which allowance, however, was to cease if she was ever known to be more than a month out of England. "Time enough for her to pray over her French friends' graves, poor benighted Catholic that she be! but I won't have more of my money spent among them foreign frog-eaters nor I can help." The poor woman had no other choice; but it was several years before she reconciled herself to habits so different from those to which she had been so long accustomed; and to the last she preserved the French mode in dressing, eating, and manner. At the topmost story of a high house she took two unfurnished rooms; the largest contained her bed, *secrétaire*, *commode*, *pendule*, *prie-dieu*, and whatever was best and gayest of her possessions. The room behind was *consacrée*, as she called it, to pots and pans, basins and baskets, her night-quilt and pillow, and whatever else was not "convenable" to display to "le monde;" but the front apartment was where she lived, slept, cooked, ate, and prayed; and a nice, clean, cheerful, well-furnished room it was, and many a pleasant hour have I spent in it with the old lady, conversing upon cookery and politeness—two requisites she found the English quite deficient in, she said. I confess I am somewhat inclined to agree with her, especially as to the former; and those who agree with me in opinion will perhaps be glad to have her recipes for the inexpensive French dishes which fine cooks despise too much to print in cookery-books.

We shall begin with the pot au feu, in Madame Miau's own words:—"Get from the butcher a nice, smooth, pretty piece of beef, with as little skin, fat, strings, and bones, as possible: one pound does for me, but for a family we shall say three pounds. Put this into—not an iron pot, not a brass pot, not a tin pot—but an earthen pan with a close-fitting lid, and three quarts of filtered water, and some salt. This you must put, not on the fire, but on the top of the oven, which is heated from the fire, and which will do just the same as a hot hearth: let it boil up; skim and deprive it of all grease. When this is accomplished, take three large carrots, cut in three pieces—three, remember!—one large parsnip cut in two, two turnips, as many leeks as possible—you can't have too many; two cloves ground, and the least little idea of pepper, and onions if you like—I only put a burnt one to color. Now cover up, and let it stay, going tic-tic-tic! for seven hours; not to *boil*, pray. When I hear my bouillon bubble, the tears are in my eyes, for I know it is a *plat manqué*. When ready, put the beef—what we country people call bouillie—which word, they say, is vulgar—never mind!—put it on a dish, and with tasteful elegance dispose around the carrots, parsnip,

and turnip. Then on slices of bread at the bottom of a bowl pour your soup, and thank God for your good dinner.

"I sometimes tie the white part of my leeks in bundles, like asparagus, and serve on roasted (she never would say toasted) bread. Next day I warm the soup again, introducing rue, vermicelli, or fresh carrots cut in shapes, as my fancy may lead me, and eat the beef cold with tarragon vinegar. Madame Fouache, my sister-in-law, puts in celery, parsley, and a hundred other things; but that is modern—mine is the old, respectable pot au feu; and I never have nonplus, what all the Fouaches are so fond of, which is properly a Spanish, not a French dish, called *olla podrida*—very extravagant. Not only have they beef, but a fowl, a ham, or piece of one; a Bologna or Spanish sausage; all the vegetables named above; *pois chiches* (large hard peas), which must be soaked a night; a cabbage, a hard pear, and whatever they can gather, in the usual proportion of a small quart to a large pound of meat; and not liking oil, as the Spaniards do, Madame Fouache adds butter and flour to some of the soup, to make sauce. The fowl is browned before the fire, and served with pear, peas, celery, and the ham with the cabbage, the beef with the carrots, leeks, and parsnips, the sausage by itself; and the soup in a tureen over a *croûton*. This takes nine hours of slow cooking; but mine, the veritable pot au feu Français, is much better, as well as simpler and cheaper."

"Thank you, Madame Miau," said I; "here it is all written down. Is that batter-pudding you have arranged for frying?"

"No, madame; it is *sarrasin*. It was my dinner yesterday, *en bouillie*; to-day I fry it, and with a gurnet besides, am well dined."

"How do you cook it?"

"In France I take half a pint of water and a pint and a half of milk; but here the milkman saves me the trouble: so I take two pints of his milk, and by degrees mix in a good half pint of buckwheat flour, salt, an egg if you have it, but if not, half an hour's additional boiling will do as well. This mess must boil long, till it is quite, quite thick: you eat some warm with milk, and put the remainder into a deep plate, where, when cold, it has the appearance you see, and is very nice fried."

"And the gurnet?"

"I boil it, skin it, and bone it, and pour over it the following sauce: A dessert-spoonful of flour rubbed smooth into a half tumbler of water; this you boil till it is thick, and looks clear; then take it off the fire, and pray don't put it on again, to spoil the taste, and pop in a good lump of Dutch butter, if you can't afford fresh, which is much better, and a small tea-spoonful of vinegar; pour this over your fish: an egg is a great improvement. I can't afford that, but I sometimes add a little drop of milk, if I have it."

"I am sure it must be very good: and, by-the-by, can you tell me what to do with a miserable, half-starved chicken that the dogs killed, to make it eatable?"

"Truss it neatly, stuff it with sausage and bread-crumbs; mix some flour and butter, taking care it does not color in the pan, for it must be a white rout; plump your chicken in this, and add a little water, or soup if you have it; take four little onions, two small carrots cut in half; tie in a bundle the tops of celery, some chives, a bay-leaf, and some parsley; salt to taste, with a bit of mace—will be all you require more; cover close, so that the air is excluded, and keep it simmering two hours and a quarter: it will turn out white and plump; place the vegetables round it; stir in an egg to thicken the sauce, off the fire, and your dish will not make you blush." I did as she directed, and found it very good.

I went very often to Madame Miau's, and invariably found her reading her prayer-book, and she as invariably put it down unaffectedly without remark, and entered at once into conversation upon the subject I introduced, never alluding to her occupation.

"I fear," said I, one day, "I interrupt your devotions."

"*Du tout*, madame, they are finished; I am so far from chapel I can only get there upon Sundays, or on the very great saints' days; but I have my *good corner* here," pointing to the *prie-dieu*, which stood before what I had always imagined shelves, protected from the dust by a green baize curtain; "and you see I have my little remembrances behind this," added she, pulling the curtain aside, and displaying a crucifix, "the Virgin mild and sweet St. John" standing by, her string of beads, the crowns of everlastings from her parents', husband's, and children's graves, several prints of sacred subjects, and a shell containing holy water.

Her simple piety was so sincere that I felt no desire to cavil at the little harmless superstitions mixed with it, but said, "You must have many sad and solitary hours; but you know where to look for consolation, I find."

"Yes, indeed, madame. Without religion how could I have lived through my many sorrows! but God sustains me, and I am not unhappy, although wearing out my age in poverty and in a strange land, without one of those I loved left to comfort me; for if the longest life be short, the few years I have before *me* are shorter still, and I thank Him daily for the comfort I derive from my Christian education."

She was too delicate-minded to say Catholic, which I knew she meant, and I changed the subject,

lest our ideas might not agree so well if we pursued it much further. "Pray, Madame Miau, what is the use of that odd-looking iron stand?"

"It is for stewing or boiling: the baker sells me the burnt wood out of his oven (we call it *braise* in France), which I mix with a little charcoal; this makes a capital fire, and in summer I dress my dinner. You see there are three pots, one above the other; this saves me the heat, and dirt, and expense of a fire in the grate, for it stands in the passage quite well, and stewed beefsteak is never so good as when dressed by it."

"How do you manage?"

"I make a rout, and put to it a quantity of onions minced small, and a bit of garlic, when they are quite soft; I add salt, a little pepper, and some flour and water, if I have no gravy or soup. Into this I put slices of beef, and let it stew slowly till quite done, and then thicken the sauce with polder starch. The neighbors down stairs like this so much, that we often go halves in both the food and firing, which greatly reduces the cost to both; and it keeps *so* well, and heats up *so* nicely! They eat it with boiled rice, which I never before saw done, and like very much; but I boil my rice more than they do, and beat it into a paste, with salt and an egg, and either brown it before the fire or fry it, which I think an improvement; but neighbor Green likes it all natural."

"Oh, do tell me about *soupe à la graisse*; it sounds very uninviting."

"I seldom take it in this country, where vegetables are so dear, and you must prepare your *graisse* yourself."

"How do you prepare it?"

"By boiling dripping with onions, garlic, and spices; a good table-spoonful of this gives a nice taste to water, and you add every kind of vegetable you can obtain, and eat it with brown bread steeped in it. The very poor abroad almost live on it, and those who are better off take a sou from those who have no fire, *pour tremper leur soupe*; and surely on a cold day this hot mess is more acceptable to the stomach than cold bread and cheese."

"You seem very fond of onions with every thing."

"Yes; they make every thing taste well: now *crevettes*, what you call shrimps, how good they are with onions!"

"How! onions with shrimps!—what an odd combination! Tell me how to dress this curious dish."

"When the shrimps are boiled, shell them, take a pint or a quart, according to your family; make a rout, adding pepper; jump (*sautez*) them in it, adding, as they warm, minced parsley; when quite hot, take them off the fire, and stir round among them a good spoonful of sour cream. *Pois de prud'homme* and *pois mange-tout* are dressed the same, leaving out the flour and pepper."

"I don't know what *pois* you mean."

"The *prud'hommes*, when they first come in, are like lupin-pods, and contain little square white beans. You do not shell them till they are quite old, and then they are good also, but not nearly so good or so wholesome as in the green pods. The *pois tirer* or *mange-touts* are just like every other pea—only as you can eat the pods, you have them full three weeks before the others are ready, and a few handfuls make a good dish: you must take the string off both, as you do with kidney-beans, unless when young."

"I suppose you eat the white dry beans which are to be bought at the French shop here."

"No, never: they don't agree with me, nor indeed are they very digestible for any but strong workers."

"How should they be dressed?"

"Steeped from five to twelve hours; boiled till tender; then jumped with butter and parsley in a pan after draining well; and milk and an egg stirred in them off the fire, or what is much better, a little sour cream or thick buttermilk. They eat well with roast mutton, and are much more delicate than the red beans, which, however, I have never seen sold in this country."

"Do you drink tea?"

"I would do so were I confined to the wishy-washy stuff people of my rank in England call coffee—bad in itself, and worse prepared."

"How do *you* manage?"

"I buy coffee-beans, ready roasted or not: a coffee-mill costs me 1*s.* 6*d.*, and I grind it every now and then myself; but I always freshen my beans by jumping them in a clean frying-pan, with a little new butter, till quite dry and crisp—very easy to do, and the way to have good coffee. I do a little at a time, and use that small coffee-biggen, which is now common even in this country: two well-heaped tea-spoonfuls serve me; but were I richer, I should put three. Upon these two spoonfuls I pour a cup of boiling water, and while it is draining through, heat the same quantity of milk, which I mix with the clear coffee, and I have my two cups. Chiccory I don't like, spite of the doctor, who says it is wholesome. All French doctors preach against coffee; but I, who have drunk it all my life, am of opinion they talk nonsense. You may take it stronger or weaker; but I

advise you always to make it this way, and never try the foolish English practices of boiling, simmering, clearing, and such like absurdities and fussings. I generally, however, breakfast upon *soupe à la citronille*, which is very nice."

"Tell me how to make it."

"You cut your citronille (pumpkin, I believe you call it) in slices, which you boil in water till soft enough to press through a cullender into hot milk; add salt and pepper, stir smooth, and give one boil, and it is ready to pour upon your bread as a *purée*. A little white wine improves it, or you may make it *au gras*, mixing a little white meat gravy; but to my mind the simple soup is the best, although I like a bit of butter in it, I confess. Turnips and even carrots eat very well prepared this way, many think; but I prefer the latter prepared *à la Crécy*, which you do very well in England."

"You use a great deal of butter, which at one time of the year is very dear in England."

"And in France, also; therefore I buy it at the cheap seasons, put it on the fire, and give it a boil, skimming it well; then I let it settle, and pour off all that is clear into bottles and pots, and it keeps until the dear time is past, quite well for cooking."

"And eggs."

"Nothing so simple, when quite new laid; butter them well with fresh butter; remember if a pin's point is passed over, the egg spoils—rub it well into them, and place in jars, shaking over them bran or dry sand; wash when about to use them, and you would say they had been laid two days back only."

"Do you eat your prepared butter upon bread?"

"I never do any thing so extravagant as to eat butter upon bread: I prefer to use it in my cookery; but I don't think boiled butter would taste well so, though it fries beautifully on maigre days; and on others I use lard to my potato."

"Does one satisfy you?" asked I, laughing.

"Oh yes, if it is of a tolerable size. I cut it in pieces the size of a hazel-nut, dry, and put them into a common saucepan, with the least bit of butter, shaking them about every few minutes; less than half an hour does them; they are eaten hot, with some salt sifted over."

"I suppose you often have an omelet?"

"Not often; but let me offer you one now."

I had scarcely assented, when the frying-pan was on the fire to heat three eggs broken, some chives and parsley minced, and mixed with a little pepper and salt all together—Madame Miau throwing in a drop of milk, because she happened to have it, in order to increase the size of the omelet, although in general she seldom used it—and flour *never*. It was thrown upon the boiling fat, and as it hardened, lifted up with two wooden forks round and round, and then rolled over, *never* turned—the upper part, which was still slightly liquid, serving for sauce, as it were. This was all, and very good I found it. Another time she put in grated cheese, which was also excellent.

"I can't comprehend how you contrive to make every thing so good at so little expense," said I.

"There is no merit in making good things if you are extravagant: any one can do that."

"No, indeed, not every one."

"Cookery, in a little way," continued Madame Miau, "appears to me *so* simple. To fry well, the fat must *boil* before putting what you wish fried into it; and this you ascertain by throwing in a piece of bread, which should gild immediately: the color should be yellow or light-brown—never darker. To *stew*, the only rule is to let your meat simmer gently for a long time, and keep in the steam, and all sorts should be previously sautéd in a rout, which keeps in the juice: the look, also, is important, and a burnt onion helps the color."

Madame Miau, however, could cook more elaborate dishes than those she treated herself to, and I shall subjoin some of her recipes, all of which I have tried myself; and if the preceding very economical but thoroughly French dishes please as a foundation, I may give in a future number *plats* of a rather higher description.

STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS.

The first impression of the Student of Students in Paris is one of curiosity. "When do the students find time to study?" is the natural inquiry. The next impression solves the mystery, by leading to the satisfactory conclusion, that the students do *not* find time to study. To be sure, eminent physicians, great painters, and acute lawyers, do occasionally throw sufficient light upon society to render its intellectual darkness visible. And the probabilities are that these physicians are not

born with diplomas, as children are, occasionally, with cauls; nor the painters sent into the world with their pencils at their fingers' ends; nor the lawyers launched into existence sitting upon innate woolsacks. The inference, then, is, that education has done something toward their advancement, and that they, necessarily, have done something toward their education.

But the lives of great men are the lives of individuals, not of masses. And with these I have nothing now to do. It is possible that the Quartier Latin contains at the present moment more than one "mute inglorious" Moliere, or Paul de Kock, guiltless, as yet, of his readers' demoralization. Many a young man who now astonishes the Hôtel Corneille, less by his brains than his billiards, may one day work hard at a barricade, and harder still, subsequently, at the galleys! But how are we to know that these young fellows, with their long legs, short coats, and faces patched over with undecided beards, are geniuses, unless, as our excellent friend, the English plebeian has it, they "behave as such?" Let us hope, at any rate, that, like glow-worms, they appear mean and contemptible in the glare of society, only to exhibit their shining qualities in the gloom of their working hours.

It is only, then, with the outward life of the students that I have to deal. With this, one may become acquainted without a very long residence in the Quartier Latin—that happy quarter where every thing is subservient to the student's taste, and accommodated to the student's pocket—where amusement is even cheaper than knowledge—where braces are unrespected, and blushes unknown—where gloves are not enforced, and respectability has no representative.

If the student be opulent—that is to say, if he have two hundred francs a month (a magnificent sum in the quarter) he lives where he pleases—probably in the Hôtel Corneille; if he be poor, and is compelled to vegetate, as many are, upon little more than a quarter of that amount, he lives where he can—no one knows where, and very few know how. It is principally from among this class, who are generally the sons of peasants or *ouvriers*, that France derives her great painters, lawyers, and physicians. They study more than their richer comrades; not only because they have no money to spend upon amusement, but because they have, commonly, greater energy and higher talents. Indeed, without these qualities they would not have been able to emancipate themselves from the ignoble occupations to which they were probably born; unlike the other class of students, with whom the choice of a profession is guided by very different considerations.

It is a curious sight to a man fresh from Oxford or Cambridge to observe these poor students sunning themselves, at mid-day, in the gardens of the Luxembourg—with their sallow, bearded faces, bright eyes, and long hooded cloaks, which, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, "circumstances" have not yet enabled them to discard. Without stopping to inquire whether there really be any thing "new under the sun," it may be certainly assumed that the garments in question could not be included in the category. If, however, they are heavy, their owners' hearts are light, and their laughter merry enough—even to their last pipe of tobacco. After the last pipe of tobacco, but not till then, comes despair.

The more opulent students resemble their poorer brethren in one respect: they are early risers. Some breakfast as early as seven o'clock; others betake themselves by six to their *ateliers*, or lectures—or pretend to do so—returning, in two or three hours, to a later meal. This is of a substantial character, consisting of two or three courses, with the eternal *vin ordinaire*. When living in a hôtel, the student breakfasts in the midst of those congenial delights; the buzz of conversation, the fumes of tobacco, and the click of the billiard-balls. By means of these amusements, and sundry *semi tasses* and *petits verres*, he contrives to kill the first two or three hours after breakfast. Cards and dominoes are also in great request from an early hour, and present to an Englishman a curious contrast with his own national customs. In England, he is accustomed to find card-playing in the morning patronized only by the most reckless; in France it is the commonest thing in the world to see a pair of gentlemen with gray hairs and every attribute of respectability, employed, at nine o'clock, upon a game of *écarte*, enlivened by little glasses of brandy and the never-failing pipe. If a young Englishman in London, instead of an old Frenchman in Paris, was to addict himself to such untimely recreations, he would probably be cut off with a shilling.

When the heat and smoke of the *café* become too much even for French students, they drop off by twos and threes, and seek the fresh air. The Luxembourg Gardens are close by, and here they principally congregate. Amusing figures they look, too, in their present style of costume, which is a burlesque upon that of the Champs Elysées, which is a burlesque upon that of Hyde Park. The favorite covering for the head is a very large white hat, with very long nap; which I believe it is proper to brush the wrong way. The coat, is of the paletôt description, perfectly straight, without shape or make, and reaching as little below the hips as the wearer can persuade himself is not utterly absurd. The remainder of the costume is of various shades of eccentricity, according to the degree of madness employed upon its manufacture. As for the beard and mustaches, their arrangement is quite a matter of fancy: there are not two persons alike in this respect in the whole quarter: it may be remarked, however, that shaving is decidedly on the increase.

The Luxembourg Garden is principally remarkable for its statues without fingers, almond trees without almonds, and *grisettes* without number. Its groves of horse-chestnuts would be very beautiful if, in their cropped condition, they did not remind the unprejudiced observer—who is of course English—of the poodle dogs, who in their turn are cropped, it would seem, to imitate the trees. The queens of France, too, who look down upon you from pedestals at every turn, were evidently the work of some secret republican; and the lions that flank the terraces on either side, are apparently intended as a satire upon Britain. However, if one could wish these animals

somewhat less sweet and smiling, one could scarcely wish the surrounding scene more so than it is, with its blooming shrubs and scarcely less blooming damsels, gayly decorated parterres, and gayly attired loungers, the occasional crash of a military band, and the continual recurrence of military manœuvres.

Just outside the gates, near the groves of tall trees leading to the Barrière d'Enfer, there is always something "going on"—more soldiers, of course, whom it is impossible to avoid in Paris, besides various public exhibitions, all cheap, and some gratuitous. On one side, you are attracted by that most irresistible of attractions—a crowd. Edging your way through it, as a late arrival always does, you find yourself, with the body of students whom you followed from the hôtel, "assisting" at the exhibition of a wonderful dog, who is doing nothing, under the direction of his master, in general a most repulsive-looking rascal, bearded and bloused as if hot for a barricade. The dog, by doing nothing, is not obeying orders; on the contrary, he is proving himself a most sagacious animal by having his own way in defiance of all authority. This the master attributes, not to the stupidity of the dog, but to the absence of contributions from the spectators. A few sous are showered down upon this hint; which proceeding, perhaps, brings out the dog's talents to a slight extent; that is to say, he is induced to lie down and pretend to be asleep; but it is doubtful, at the same time, whether his compliance is attributable to the coppers of his audience, or the kicks of his spirited proprietor. This is probably the only performance of the wonderful animal; for it is remarkable that whatever the sum thrown into the circle, it is never sufficient, according to the exhibitor, to induce him to show off his grand tricks, so high a value does he place upon his own talents.

Who, among a different class of the animal creation, does not know what is called a "genius," who sets even a higher value upon his talents, who is equally capricious, and who certainly has never yet been persuaded to show off his "grand trick?"

You are probably next attracted by a crowd at a short distance, surrounding an exhibition, dear to every English heart—that of "Punch." The same familiar sentry-box, hung with the same green baize, hides the same mysteries which are known to every body. But the part of "Hamlet"—that is to say, "Punch"—though not exactly omitted, is certainly not "first business." His hunch has lost its fullness; his nose, its rubicundity; and his profligacy, its point. He is a feeble wag when translated into French, and has a successful rival in the person of one Nicolet—who, by the way, gives its name to the theatre—and who is chiefly remarkable for a wonderful white hat, and a head wooden enough, even for a low comedian.

Nicolet is supposed to be a fast man. His enemies are not policemen and magistrates, as in the case of "Punch," but husbands—for the reason that his friends are among the wives. This seems to be the "leading idea" of the drama of Nicolet, in common, indeed, with that of every other French piece on record. If it were not considered impertinent in the present day to draw morals, I might suggest that something more than amusement is to be gained by contemplating the young children among the crowd, who enjoy the delinquencies of this *Faublas* for the million, with most precocious sagacity. It is delightful, in fact, to see the gusto with which they anticipate innuendoes, and meet improprieties half way, with all the well-bred composure of the most fashionable audience.

It is not customary among the students to wait for the end of Nicolet's performances. The fashionable hour for departure varies; but it is generally about the period when the manager's wife begins to take round the hat.

Any one who accompanies a party of students in their morning rambles, will most probably find himself, before long, in the "Closerie des Lilacs," which is close by the same spot. The "Closerie" is associated in name with lilacs, probably from the fact that it contains fewer flowers of that description than any other place in the neighborhood. It is a garden somewhat resembling Vauxhall; and at dusk there is an attempt made at lighting it up, especially on certain evenings in the week which are devoted to balls. These balls do not vary materially from any other twopenny dances, either in London or Paris; but as a morning lounge, the place is not without attractions. One of them, is the fact that there is no charge for admission, the proprietor merely expecting his guests to *convenue* something—a regulation which is generally obeyed without much objection.

Throughout the whole day may here be seen numerous specimens of the two great clashes of the quarter—students and grisettes, some smoking, and drinking beer and brandy in pretty little bosquets, others disporting themselves on a very high swing, which would seem to have been expressly constructed for the purpose of breaking somebody's neck, and to have failed in its object, somehow, like many other great inventions. *Ecarte* is also very popular; but the fact that its practice requires some little exertion of the intelligence, so very inconvenient to some persons, will always prevent it from attaining entire supremacy in a place so polite as Paris. To meet this objection, however, some ingenious person has invented an entirely different style of game; an alteration for which the Parisians appear deeply grateful. A small toad, constructed of bronze, is placed upon a stand, and into its open mouth the player throws little leaden dumps, with the privilege of scoring some high number if he succeeds, and of hitting the legs of the spectators if he fails. At this exciting game a party of embryo doctors and lawyers will amuse themselves at the "Closerie" for hours, and moreover exhibit indications of a most lively interest. The great recommendation of the amusement, I believe, is, that the players *might* be doing something worse; a philosophical system of reasoning which will apply to most diversions—from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter.

A few hours of this amusement is scarcely necessary to give the student that sometimes

inconvenient instinct—an appetite. Accordingly, at about five, he begins to think about dining; or rather, he begins to perform that operation, for he has been thinking about it for some time.

Dining, in the weak imagination of conventional persons, usually induces visions of Vefour, and is suggestive of Provençal fraternity. But the student of the Quartier Latin, if he indulges in any such visions, or is visited by any such suggestions, finds their end about as substantial as their beginning. His dreamy dinners have, alas! no possibility of realization. Truffles to him are tasteless, and his "trifles" are literally "light as air." Provence provides him, unfortunately, with more songs than suppers, and the fraternal associations with which he is best acquainted are those of the Cuisiniers in the Rue Racine or Rue des Mathurins.

It is, very probably, with one of these "Fraternal Associations of Cooks" that the student proceeds to dine. These societies, which are fast multiplying in every quarter of Paris, are patronized principally by Republicans who are red, and by Monarchists who are poor. The former are attracted by sympathy, the latter are driven by necessity. Indeed, a *plat* at six sous, which is the usual price at these establishments, is a very appropriate reward for the one, or refuge for the other. At these establishments—which had no existence before the last revolution—every body is equal; there are no masters, and there are no servants. The *garçons* who wait upon the guests are the proprietors, and the guests themselves are not recognized as having any superior social position. The guest who addresses the waiter as "*garçon*" is very probably insulted, and the *garçon* who addresses a guest as "*monsieur*" is liable to be expelled from the society. In each case, "*citoyen*" is the current form of courtesy, and any person who objects to the term is free to dine elsewhere. Even the dishes have a republican savor. "*Macaroni à la République*," "*Fricandeau à la Robespierre*," or "*Filet à la Charrier*," are as dear to republican hearts as they are cheap to republican pockets.

A dinner of this kind costs the student little more than a franc. If he is more ostentatious, or epicurean, he dines at Risbec's, in the Place de l'Odeon. Here, for one franc, sixty centimes, he has an entertainment consisting of four courses and a dessert, inclusive of half a bottle of *vin ordinaire*. If he is a sensible man, he prefers this to the Associated Cooks, who, it must be confessed, even by republicans of taste, are not quite what might be expected, considering the advancing principles they profess.

After dinner, the student, if the Prado or some equally congenial establishment is not open, usually addicts himself to the theatre. His favorite resort is, not the Odeon, as might be supposed, from its superior importance and equal cheapness, but the "Théatre du Luxembourg," familiarly called by its frequenters—why, is a mystery—"Bobineau's." Here the student is in his element. He talks to his acquaintance across the house; indulges in comic demonstrations of ecstasy whenever Mademoiselle Hermance appears on the scene, and, in short, makes himself as ridiculous and contented as can be. Mademoiselle Hermance, it is necessary to add, is the goddess of the quarter, and has nightly no end of worshipers. The theatre itself is every thing that could be desired by any gentleman of advanced principles, who spurns propriety, and inclines himself toward oranges.

After the theatre the student probably goes home, and there I will leave him safely. My object has been merely to indicate the general characteristics of his ordinary life, from which he seldom deviates, unless tempted by an unexpected remittance to indulge in more costly recreations, afforded by the Bal Mobile or the Château Rouge.

A FAQUIR'S CURSE.

Among the many strange objects which an Englishman meets with in India, there are few which tend so much to upset his equanimity as a visit from a wandering faquir.

The advent of one of these gentry in an English settlement is regarded with much the same sort of feeling as a vagrant cockroach, when he makes his appearance unannounced in a modern drawing-room. If we could imagine the aforesaid cockroach brandishing his horns in the face of the horrified inmates, exulting in the disgust which his presence creates, and intimating, with a conceited swagger, that, in virtue of his ugliness, he considered himself entitled to some cake and wine, perhaps the analogy would be more complete.

The faquir is the mendicant friar of India. He owns no superior; wears no clothing; performs no work; despises every body and every thing; sometimes pretends to perpetual fasting; and lives on the fat of the land. 376

There is this much, however, to be said for him, that when he does mortify himself for the good of the community, he does it to some purpose. A lenten fast, or a penance of parched peas in his shoes, would be a mere bagatelle to him. We have seen a faquir who was never "known" to eat at all. He carried a small black stone about with him, which had been presented to his mother by a holy man. He pretended that by sucking this stone, and without the aid of any sort of nutriment, he had arrived at the mature age of forty; yet he had a nest of supplementary chins, and a protuberant paunch, which certainly did great credit to the fattening powers of the black stone. Oddly enough, his business was to collect eatables and drinkables; but, like the Scottish

gentleman who was continually begging brimstone, they were "no for hissel, but for a neebor." When I saw him he was soliciting offerings of rice, milk, fish, and ghee, for the benefit of his patron Devi. These offerings were nightly laid upon the altar before the Devi, who was supposed to *absorb* them during the night, considerately leaving the fragments to be distributed among the poor of the parish. His godship was very discriminating in the goodness and freshness of these offerings; for he rejected such as were stale, to be returned next morning, with his maledictions, to the fraudulent donors.

Sometimes a faquir will take it into his head that the community will be benefited by his trundling himself along, like a cart-wheel, for a couple of hundred miles or so. He ties his wrists to his ankles, gets a *tire*, composed of chopped straw, mud, and cow-dung, laid along the ridge of his backbone; a bamboo-staff passed through the angle formed by his knees and his elbows, by way of an axle, and off he goes; a brazen cup, with a bag, and a *hubble-bubble*, hang like tassels at the two extremities of the axle. Thus accoutred, he often starts on a journey which will occupy him for several years, like Milton's fiend,

> "O'er bog, or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,
> With head, hands, feet, or wings, pursues his way."

On arriving in the vicinity of a village, the whole population turn out to meet and escort him with due honors to the public well or tank; the men beating drums, and the women singing through their noses. Here his holiness unbends, washes off the dust and dirt acquired by perambulating several miles of dusty road; and, after partaking of a slight refreshment, enters into conversation with the assembled villagers just as if he were an ordinary mortal; making very particular inquiries concerning the state of their larders, and slight investigations as to their morals. Of course every one is anxious to have the honor of entertaining a man so holy as to roll to their presence doubled up into a hoop; and disputes get warm as to who is to have the preference. Whereupon the faquir makes a speech, in which he returns thanks for the attentions shown him and intimates that he intends taking up his quarters with the man who is most capable of testifying his appreciation of the honor. After some higgling, he knocks himself down, a decided bargain, to be the guest of the highest bidder, in whose house he remains, giving good advice to the community, and diffusing an odor of sanctity throughout the whole village. When the supplies begin to fail, he ties his hands to his heels again, gets a fresh tire put on, and is escorted out of the village with the same formalities as accompanied his entrance.

Like other vermin of his class, he is most apt to attach himself to the "weaker vessels" of humanity, with whom he is generally a prodigious favorite. He is not, certainly, indebted to his personal advantages for this favor, for a more hideously ugly race of men is seldom met with. As if nature had not made him sufficiently repulsive, he heightens his hideousness by encircling his eyes with bands of white paint; daubing his cheeks a rich mustard yellow: a white streak runs along the ridge of his nose, and another forms a circle round his mouth: his ribs are indicated by corresponding bars of white paint, which give a highly venerable cross-bones effect to his breast. When I add, that he wears no clothes, and that the use of soap is no part of his religion, some idea may be gained of the effect the first view of him occasions in the mind of a European.

On the afternoon of a very sultry day in June, I had got a table out in the veranda of my bungalow, and was amusing myself with a galvanic apparatus, giving such of my servants as had the courage, a taste of what they called *Wulatee boiujee* (English lightning), when a long gaunt figure, with his hair hanging in disordered masses over his face, was observed to cross the lawn. On arriving within a few paces of where I stood, he drew himself up in an imposing attitude—one of his arms akimbo, while the other held out toward me what appeared to be a pair of tongs, with a brass dish at the extremity of it.

"Who are you?" I called out.

"Faquir," was the guttural response.

"What do you want?"

"Bheek" (alms).

"Bheek!" I exclaimed, "surely you are joking—a great stout fellow like you can't be wanting bheek?"

The faquir paid not the slightest attention, but continued holding out his tongs with the dish at the end of it.

"You had better be off," I said; "I never give bheek to people who are able to work."

"We do Khooda's work," replied the faquir, with a swagger.

"Oh! you do—then," I answered, "you had better ask Khooda for bheek." So saying, I turned to the table, and began arranging the apparatus for making some experiments. Happening to look up about five minutes after, I observed that the faquir was standing upon one leg, and struggling to assume as much majesty as was consistent with his equilibrium. The tongs and dish were still extended—while his left hand sustained his right foot across his abdomen. I turned to the table, and tried to go on with my work; but I blundered awfully, broke a glass jar, cut my fingers, and made a mess on the table. I had a consciousness of the faquir's staring at me with his extended dish, and could not get the fellow out of my head. I looked up at him again. There he was as

grand as ever, on his one leg, and with his eyes riveted on mine. He continued this performance for nearly an hour, yet there did not seem to be the faintest indication of his unfolding himself—rather a picturesque ornament to the lawn, if he should take it into his head—as these fellows sometimes do—to remain in the same position for a twelvemonth. "If," I said, "you stand there much longer, I'll give you such a taste of boinjee (lightning) as will soon make you glad to go."

The only answer to this threat was a smile of derision that sent his mustache bristling up against his nose.

"Lightning!" he sneered—"your lightning can't touch a faquir—the gods take care of him."

Without more ado, I charged the battery and connected it with a coil machine, which, as those who have tried it are aware, is capable of racking the nerves in such a way as few people care to try, and which none are capable of voluntarily enduring beyond a few seconds.

The faquir seemed rather amused at the queer-looking implements on the table, but otherwise maintained a look of lofty stoicism; nor did he seem in any way alarmed when I approached with the conductors.

Some of my servants who had already experienced the process, now came clustering about with looks of ill-suppressed merriment, to witness the faquir's ordeal. I fastened one wire to his still extended tongs, and the other to the foot on the ground.

As the coil machine was not yet in action, beyond disconcerting him a little, the attachment of the wires did not otherwise affect him. But when I pushed the magnet into the coil, and gave him the full strength of the battery, he howled like a demon; the tongs—to which his hand was now fastened by a force beyond his will—quivered in his unwilling grasp as if it were burning the flesh from his bones. He threw himself on the ground, yelling and gnashing his teeth, the tongs clanging an irregular accompaniment. Never was human pride so abruptly cast down. He was rolling about in such a frantic way that I began to fear he would do himself mischief; and, thinking he had now had as much as was good for him, I stopped the machine and released him.

For some minutes he lay quivering on the ground, as if not quite sure that the horrible spell was broken; then gathering himself up, he flung the tongs from him, bounded across the lawn, and over the fence like an antelope. When he had got to what he reckoned cursing distance, he turned round, shook his fists at me, and fell to work—pouring out a torrent of imprecations—shouting, screeching, and tossing his arms about in a manner fearful to behold.

There is this peculiarity in the abuse of an Oriental, that, beyond wishing the object of it a liberal endowment of blisters, boils, and ulcers (no inefficient curses in a hot country), he does not otherwise allude to him personally; but directs the main burden of his wrath against his female relatives—from his grandmother to his grand-daughter—wives, daughters, sisters, aunts, and grand-aunts inclusive. These he imprecates individually and collectively through every clause of a prescribed formulary, which has been handed down by his ancestors, and which, in searchingness of detail, and comprehensiveness of malediction, leaves small scope to additions or improvements.

Leaving me, then, to rot and wither from the face of the earth, and consigning all my female kindred to utter and inevitable death and destruction, he walked off to a neighboring village to give vent to his feelings and compose his ruffled dignity.

It so happened, that a short time after the faquir had gone, I incautiously held my head, while watching the result of some experiments, over a dish of fuming acid, and consequently became so ill as to be obliged to retire to my bedroom and lie down. In about an hour, I called to my bearer to fetch me a glass of water; but, although I heard him and some of the other servants whispering together behind the purda, or door-curtain, no attention was paid to my summons. After repeating the call two or three times with the same result, I got up to see what was the matter. On drawing aside the purda, I beheld the whole establishment seated in full conclave on their haunches round the door. On seeing me, they all got up and took to their heels, like a covey of frightened partridges. The old kidmudgar was too fat to run far; so I seized him just as he was making his exit by a gap in the garden fence. He was, at first, quite incapable of giving any account of himself; so I made him sit a minute among the long grass to recover his wind, when he broke out with, "Oh! *re-bab-re-bab*!" and began to blubber, as only a fat kidmudgar can, imploring me to send instantly for the faquir, and make him a present; if I did not, I would certainly be a dead man before to-morrow's sun; "For," said he, "a faquir's curse is good as *kismut-ke-bat*" (a matter of fate). Some of his fellows now seeing that the murder was out, ventured to come back, and joined in requesting me to save my life while there was yet time.

A laugh was the only answer I could make. This somewhat reassured them, but it was easy to see that I was regarded by all as a doomed man. It was to no purpose that I told them I was now quite well, and endeavored to explain the cause of my sickness. They would have it that I was in a dying state, and that my only salvation lay in sending off a messenger with a kid and a bag of rupees to the faquir. The durdzee (tailor), who had just come from the village where the faquir had taken refuge, told me, that as soon as the faquir heard that I was ill, he performed a *pas seul* of a most impressive character, shouting and threatening to curse every body in the village as he had cursed me and mine. The consequence was that pice, cowries, rice, and ghee were showered upon him with overwhelming liberality.

Without saying a word, I armed myself with a horsewhip, set out for the village, and found the

faquir surrounded by a dense crowd of men and women; to whom he was jabbering with tremendous volubility; telling them how he had withered me up root and branch, and expressing a hope that I would serve as a lesson to the other children of Sheitan who ventured to take liberties with a faquir. The crowd hid me from him till I broke in upon his dreams with a slight taste of my whip across his shoulders. His eyes nearly leaped out of their sockets when he turned round and saw me. Another intimation from my thong sent him off with a yell, leaving the rich spoil he had collected from the simple villagers behind. What became of him I can not tell. I heard no more of him.

A few such adventures as these would tend to lessen the gross, and, to them, expensive superstitions under which the natives of India at present labor.

LOVE AND SMUGGLING.—A STORY OF THE ENGLISH COAST.

My name is Warneford—at least it is not very unlike that—and I was born at Itchen, a village distant in those days about a mile and a half, by land and ferry, from Southampton. How much nearer the, as I hear and read, rapidly-increasing town has since approached I can not say, as it will be twenty-nine years next July since I finally quitted the neighborhood. The village, at that time, chiefly inhabited by ferry and fishermen, crept in a straggling sort of way up a declivity from the margin of the Itchen river, which there reaches and joins the Southampton estuary, till it arrives at Pear-Tree Green, an eminence commanding one of the finest and most varied land-and-water views the eye of man has, I think, ever rested upon. My father, a retired lieutenant of the royal navy, was not a native of the place, as his name alone would sufficiently indicate to a person acquainted with the then Itchen people—almost every one of whom was either a Dible or a Diaper—but he had been many years settled there, and Pear-Tree church-yard contained the dust of his wife and five children—I and my sister Jane, who was a year older than myself, being all of his numerous family who survived their childhood. We were in fair circumstances, as my father, in addition to his half-pay, possessed an income of something above a hundred pounds a year. Jane and I were carefully, though of course not highly or expensively educated; and as soon as I had attained the warrior-age of fifteen, I was dispatched to sea to fight my country's battles—Sir Joseph Yorke having, at my father's request, kindly obtained a midshipman's warrant for me; and not many weeks after joining the ship to which I was appointed, I found myself, to my great astonishment, doubling the French line at the Nile—an exploit which I have since read of with far more satisfaction than I remember to have experienced during its performance.

Four years passed before I had an opportunity of revisiting home; and it was with a beating as well as joyful heart, and light, elastic step, that I set off to walk the distance from Gosport to Itchen. I need hardly say that I was welcomed by Jane with tears of love and happiness. It was not long, however, before certain circumstances occurred which induced my worthy but peremptory father to cut my leave of absence suddenly and unmercifully short. I have before noticed that the aborigines of my native place were for the most part Dibles or Diapers. Well, it happened that among the former was one Ellen Dible, the daughter of a fisherman somewhat more prosperous than many of his fellows. This young lady was a slim, active, blue-eyed, bright-haired gipsy, about two years younger than myself, but somewhat tall and womanly for her age, of a light, charming figure, and rather genteel manners; which latter quality, by-the-by, must have come by nature, for but little education of any kind had fallen to her share. She was, it may be supposed, the *belle* of the place, and very numerous were her rustic admirers; but they all vanished in a twinkling, awestruck by my uniform, and especially by the dangling dirk which I occasionally handled in a very alarming manner; and I, sentimental moon-calf that I was, fell, as it is termed, deeply and earnestly in love with the village beauty! It must have been her personal graces alone—her conversation it could not be—which thus entangled me; for she seldom spoke, and then in reply only, and in monosyllables; but she listened divinely, and as we strolled in the evening through the fields and woods between Itchen and Netley Abbey, gazed with such enchanting eloquence in my face, as I poured forth the popular love and nonsense poetry of the time, that it is very possible I might have been sooner or later entrapped into a ruinous marriage—not by her, poor girl! she was, I am sure, as guileless as infancy, but by her parents, who were scheming, artful people—had not my father discovered what was going on, and in his rough way dispelled my silly day-dreams at once and forever.

The church-yard at the summit of Pear-Tree Green, it used to be commonly said, was that in which Gray composed his famous "Elegy," or at all events which partially inspired it. I know not if this be correct; but I remember thinking, as I sat one fine September evening by the side of Ellen Dible upon the flat wooden railing which then inclosed it, that the tradition had great likelihood. The broad and tranquil waters of the Southampton and Itchen rivers—bounded in the far distance by the New Forest, with its wavy masses of varying light and shade, and on the left by the leafy woods, from out of which I often think the gray ruins of the old abbey must in these days look grimly and spectre-like forth upon the teeming, restless life which mocks its hoary solitude—were at the full of a spring tide. It was just, too, the hour of "parting day;" and as the sun-tipped spires of the Southampton churches faded gradually into indistinctness, and the earlier stars looked out,

the curfew, mellowed by distance into music, came to us upon the light air which gently stirred fair Ellen's glossy ringlets, as she, with her bonnet in her hand—for our walk had tired her—looked with her dove-innocent, transparent eyes in mine, while I repeated Gray's melodious lines. The Elegy was concluded, and I was rapturizing even more vehemently than was my wont, when, whack! I received a blow on my shoulder, which sent us both off the rail; for Ellen held me by the arm, and it was quite as much as I could do to keep my feet when I reached them. I turned fiercely round, only to encounter the angry and sardonic countenance of my father. "I'll have no more of this nonsense, Bob," he gruffly exclaimed. "Be off home with you, and to-morrow I'll see you safe on board your ship, depend upon it. As for this pretty minx," he continued, addressing Ellen, who so trembled with confusion and dismay that she could scarcely tie her bonnet-strings, "I should think she would be better employed in mending her father's shirts, or darning her brother's stockings, than in gossiping her time away with a brainless young lubber like you." I was, of course, awfully incensed, but present resistance, I knew, was useless; and after contriving to exchange a mute gesture with Ellen of eternal love, constancy, and despair, we took our several ways homeward. Before twelve o'clock the next day I was posting to Gosport, accompanied by my father, but not till after I had obtained, through the agency of my soft-hearted sister, a farewell interview with Ellen, when we of course made fervent vows of mutual fidelity—affirmed and consecrated, at Ellen's suggestion, by the mystical ceremony of breaking a crooked sixpence in halves—a moiety to be worn by each of us about our necks, as an eternal memorial and pendant protest against the flinty hearts of fathers.

This boyish fancy faded but slowly and lingeringly away with the busy and tumultuous years which passed over my head, till the peace of 1815 cast me an almost useless sea-waif upon the land, to take root and vegetate there as I best might upon a lieutenant's half-pay. My father had died about two years before, and the hundred a year he left us was scarcely more than sufficient for the support of my sister, whose chances of an eligible marriage had vanished with her comeliness, which a virulent attack of small-pox had utterly destroyed, though it had in nothing changed the patient sweetness of her disposition, and the gentle loving spirit that shone through all its disfiguring scars and seams. I had never heard directly from Ellen Dible, although, during the first months of separation, I had written to her many times; the reason of which was partially explained by a few lines in one of Jane's letters, announcing Ellen Dible's marriage—it seemed under some kind of moral compulsion—to a person of their own grade, and their removal from Itchen. This happened about six months after my last interview with her. I made no further inquiries, and, Jane thinking the subject might be a painful one, it happened that, by a kind of tacit understanding, it was never afterward alluded to between us.

The utter weariness of an idle shore life soon became insupportable, and I determined to solicit the good offices of Sir Joseph Yorke with the Admiralty. The gallant admiral had now taken up his permanent residence near Hamble, a village on the river of that name, which issues into the Southampton water not very far from opposite Calshot Castle. Sir Joseph was drowned there about eight or nine years after I left the station. A more perfect gentleman, let me pause a moment to say, or a better seaman, than Sir Joseph, never, I believe, existed; and of a handsome, commanding presence too—"half-way up a hatchway" at least, to use his own humorous self-description, his legs scarcely corresponding in vigorous outline to the rest of his person. He received me with his usual frank urbanity, and I left him provided with a letter to the secretary of the admiralty—the ultimate and not long-delayed result of which was my appointment to the command of the *Rose* revenue-cutter, the duties attached to which consisted in carefully watching, in the interest of His Majesty's customs, the shores of the Southampton river, the Solent sea, the Wight, and other contiguous portions of the seaboard of Hants and Dorset.

The ways of smugglers were of course new to me; but we had several experienced hands on board, and as I zealously applied myself to the study of the art of contraband, I was not long in acquiring a competent knowledge of the traditional contrivances employed to defraud the revenue. Little of interest occurred during the first three or four weeks of my novel command, except that by the sharpened vigilance of our look-out, certain circumstances came to light, strongly indicating that Barnaby Diaper, the owner of a cutter-rigged fishing-vessel of rather large burden, living near Hamble Creek, was extensively engaged in the then profitable practice of running moonshine, demurely and industriously as, when ashore, he appeared to be everlastingly mending his nets, or cobbling the bottom of the smack's boat. He was a hale, wiry fellow this Barnaby—Old Barnaby, as he was familiarly called, surnames in those localities being seldom used—with a wooden stolidity of countenance which utterly defied scrutiny, if it did not silence suspicion. His son, who was a partner in the cutter, lived at Weston, a beautifully-situated hamlet between Itchen and Netley. A vigilant watch was consequently kept upon the movements of the Barnabys, father, son, and grandson—this last a smart, precocious youngster, I understood, of about sixteen years of age, by which family trio the suspicious *Blue-eyed Maid* was, with occasional assistance, manned, sailed, and worked. Very rarely, indeed, was the *Blue-eyed Maid* observed to be engaged in her ostensible occupation. She would suddenly disappear, and as suddenly return, and always, we soon came to notice, on the nights when the *Rose* happened to be absent from the Southampton waters.

We had missed her for upward of a week, when information reached us that a large lugger we had chased without success a few nights previously would attempt to run a cargo at a spot not far from Lymington, soon after midnight. I accordingly, as soon as darkness had fallen, ran down, and stood off and on, within signal-distance of the shore-men with whom I had communicated, till dawn, in vain expectation of the promised prize. I strongly suspected that we had been deceived; and on rounding Calshot Castle on our return, I had no doubt of it, for there, sure enough, was

the *Blue-eyed Maid* riding lightly at anchor off Hamble Creek, and from her slight draught of water it was quite evident that her cargo, whatever it might have consisted of, had been landed, or otherwise disposed of. They had been smart with their work, for the summer night and our absence had lasted but a few hours only. I boarded her, and found Old Barnaby, whom I knew by sight, and his two descendants, whom I had not before seen, busily engaged swabbing the cutter's deck, and getting matters generally into order and ship-shape. The son a good deal resembled the old man, except that his features wore a much more intelligent and good-humored expression; and the boy was an active, bold-eyed, curly-headed youngster, whose countenance, but for a provoking sauciness of expression apparently habitual to him, would have been quite handsome. I thought I had seen his face somewhere before, and he, I noticed, suddenly stopped from his work on hearing my name, and looked at me with a smiling but earnest curiosity. The morning's work had, I saw, been thoroughly performed, and as I was in no humor for a profitless game of cross questions and crooked answers, I, after exchanging one or two colloquial courtesies, in which I had by no means the advantage, returned to the *Rose* more than ever satisfied that the interesting family I had left required and would probably repay the closest watchfulness and care.

On the evening of the same day the *Blue-eyed Maid* again vanished: a fortnight slipped by, and she had not re-appeared; when the *Rose*, having slightly grazed her bottom in going over the shifting shingle at the northwest of the Wight, went into Portsmouth harbor to be examined. Some of her copper was found to be stripped off; there were other trifling damages; and two or three days would elapse before she could be got ready for service. This interval I spent with my sister. The evening after I arrived at Itchen, Jane and I visited Southampton, and accompanied an ancient female acquaintance residing in Bugle-street—a dull, grass-grown place in those days, whatever it may be now—to the theatre in, I believe, the same street. The performances were not over till near twelve o'clock, and after escorting the ladies home, I wended my way toward the Sun Inn on the quay, where I was to sleep—my sister remaining for the night with our friend. The weather, which had been dark and squally an hour or two before, was now remarkably fine and calm; and the porter of the inn telling me they should not close the house for some time longer, I strolled toward the Platform Battery, mounted by a single piece of brass ordnance overlooking the river, and pointing menacingly toward the village of Hythe. The tide was at the full, and a faint breeze slightly rippled the magnificent expanse of water which glanced and sparkled in the bright moon and starlight of a cloudless autumn sky. My attention was not long absorbed by the beauty of the scene, peerless as I deemed it; for unless my eyes strangely deceived me, the *Blue-eyed Maid* had returned, and quietly anchored off Weston. She appeared to have but just brought up; for the mainsail, three new patches in which chiefly enabled me to recognize her, was still flapping in the wind, and it appeared to me—though from the distance, and the shadow of the dark back-ground of woods in which she lay, it was difficult to speak with certainty—that she was deeply laden. There was not a moment to be lost; and fortunately, just in the nick of time, a boat with two watermen approached the platform steps. I tendered them a guinea to put me on board the smack off Weston—an offer which they eagerly accepted; and I was soon speeding over the waters to her. My uniform must have apprised the Barnabys of the nature of the visit about to be paid them; for when we were within about a quarter of a mile of their vessel, two figures, which I easily recognized to be Old Barnaby and his grandson, jumped into a boat that had been loading alongside, and rowed desperately for the shore, but at a point considerably further up the river, toward Itchen. There appeared to be no one left on board the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and the shore-confederates of the smugglers did not show themselves, conjecturing, doubtless, as I had calculated they would, upon my having plenty of help within signal call. I therefore determined to capture the boat first, and return with her to the cutter. The watermen, excited by the chase, pulled with a will; and in about ten minutes we ran alongside the Barnaby's boat, jumped in, and found her loaded to the gunwale with brandy kegs.

"Fairly caught at last, old fellow!" I exclaimed exultingly, in reply to the maledictions he showered on us. "And now pull the boat's head round, and make for the *Blue-eyed Maid*, or I'll run you through the body."

"Pull her head round yourself," he sullenly rejoined, as he rose from the thwart and unshipped his oar. "It's bad enough to be robbed of one's hard arnings athout helping the thieves to do it."

His refusal was of no consequence: the watermen's light skiff was made fast astern, and in a few minutes we were pulling steadily toward the still motionless cutter. Old Barnaby was fumbling among the tubs in search, as he growled out, of his pea-jacket; his hopeful grandson was seated at the stern whistling the then popular air of the "Woodpecker" with great energy and perfect coolness; and I was standing with my back toward them in the bow of the boat, when the stroke-oarsman suddenly exclaimed: "What are you at with the boat's painter, you young devil's cub?" The quick mocking laugh of the boy, and the words, "Now, grandfer, now!" replied to him. Old Barnaby sprang into the boat which the lad had brought close up to the stern, pushing her off as he did so with all his strength; and then the boy, holding the painter or boat-rope, which he had detached from the ring it had been fastened to, in his hand, jumped over the side; in another instant he was hauled out of the water by Old Barnaby, and both were seated and pulling lustily, and with exulting shouts, round in the direction of the *Blue-eyed Maid*, before we had recovered from the surprise which the suddenness and completeness of the trick we had been played excited. We were, however, very speedily in vigorous chase; and as the wind, though favorable, and evidently rising, was still light, we had little doubt of success, especially as some precious minutes must be lost to the smuggler in getting under weigh, neither jib nor foresail being as yet set. The watermen bent fiercely to their oars; and heavily laden as the boat was, we were

beginning to slip freely through the water, when an exclamation from one of the men announced another and more perilous trick that the Barnabys had played us. Old Barnaby, in pretending to fumble about for his jacket, had contrived to unship a large plug expressly contrived for the purpose of sinking the boat whenever the exigences of their vocation might render such an operation advisable; and the water was coming in like a sluice. There was no help for it, and the boat's head was immediately turned toward the shore. Another vociferous shout rang in our ears as the full success of their scheme was observed by the Barnabys, replied to of course by the furious but impotent execrations of the watermen. The boat sank rapidly; and we were still about a hundred yards from the shore when we found ourselves splashing about in the water, which fortunately was not more than up to the armpits of the shortest of us, but so full of strong and tangled seaweed, that swimming was out of the question; and we had to wade slowly and painfully through it, a step on a spot of more than usually soft mud plumping us down every now and then over head and ears. After reaching the shore and shaking ourselves, we found leisure to look in the direction of the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and had the exquisite pleasure of seeing her glide gracefully through the water as she stood down the river, impelled by the fast-freshening breeze, and towing the watermen's boat securely at her stern.

There were no means of pursuit; and after indulging in sundry energetic vocables hardly worth repeating, we retreated in savage discomfiture toward Weston, plentifully sprinkling the grass and gravel as we slowly passed along; knocked up the landlord of a public house, and turning in as soon as possible, happily exchanged our dripping attire for warm blankets and clean sheets, beneath the soothing influence of which I, for one, was soon sound asleep.

Day had hardly dawned when we were all three up, and overhauling the mud and weeds—the tide was quite gone out—for the captured boat and tubs. They had vanished utterly: the fairies about Weston had spirited them away while we slept, leaving no vestige whatever of the spoil to which we had naturally looked as some trifling compensation for the night's mishap, and the loss of the watermen's boat, to say nothing of the sousing we had got. It was a bad business certainly, and my promise to provide my helpmates with another boat, should their own not be recovered, soothed but very slightly their sadly-ruffled tempers. But lamentations were useless, and, after the lugubrious expression of a dismal hope for better luck next time, we separated.

This pleasant incident did not in the least abate my anxiety to get once more within hailing distance of the Barnabys; but for a long time my efforts were entirely fruitless, and I had begun to think that the *Blue-eyed Maid* had been permanently transferred to another and less vigilantly watched station, when a slight inkling of intelligence dispelled that fear. My plan was soon formed. I caused it to be carelessly given out on shore that the *Rose* had sprung her bowsprit in the gale a day or two before, and was going the next afternoon into Portsmouth to get another. In pursuance of this intention, the *Rose* soon after noon slipped her moorings, and sailed for that port; remained quietly there till about nine o'clock in the evening, and then came out under close-reefed storm canvas, for it was blowing great guns from the northward, and steered for the Southampton river. The night was as black as pitch; and but for the continuous and vivid flashes of lightning, no object more than a hundred yards distant from the vessel could have been discerned. We ran up abeam of Hythe without perceiving the object of our search, then tacked, stood across to the other side, and then retraced our course. We were within a short distance of Hamble River, when a prolonged flash threw a ghastly light upon the raging waters, and plainly revealed the *Blue-eyed Maid*, lying-to under the lee of the north shore, and it may be about half a mile ahead of us. Unfortunately she saw us at the same moment, and as soon as way could be got upon her she luffed sharply up, and a minute afterward was flying through the water in the hope of yet escaping her unexpected enemy. By edging away to leeward I contrived to cut her off effectually from running into the channel by the Needles passage; but nothing daunted, she held boldly on without attempting to reduce an inch of canvas, although, from the press she carried, fairly buried in the sea. Right in the course she was steering, the *Donegal*, a huge eighty-gun ship, was riding at anchor off Spithead. Old Barnaby, who, I could discern by his streaming white hairs, was at the helm, in his anxiety to keep as well to windward of us as possible, determined, I suppose, to pass as closely as he prudently could under the stern of the line-of-battle ship. Unfortunately, just as the little cutter was in the act of doing so, a furious blast of wind tore away her jib as if it had been cobweb; and, pressed by her large mainsail, the slight vessel flew up into the wind, meeting the *Donegal* as the huge ship drove back from a strain which had brought her half way to her anchors. The crash was decisive, and caused the instant disappearance of the unfortunate smuggler. The cry of the drowning men, if they had time to utter one, was lost amid the raging of the tempest; and although we threw overboard every loose spar we could lay hands on, it was with scarcely the slightest hope that such aid could avail them in that wild sea. I tacked as speedily as possible, and repassed the spot; but the white foam of the waves, as they leaped and dashed about the leviathan bulk of the *Donegal*, was all that could be perceived, eagerly as we peered over the surface of the angry waters. The *Rose* then stood on, and a little more than an hour afterward was safely anchored off Hythe.

The boy Barnaby, I was glad to hear a day or two afterward, had not accompanied his father and grandfather in the last trip made by the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and had consequently escaped the fate which had so suddenly overtaken them, and for which it appeared that the smuggling community held me morally accountable. This was to be expected; but I had too often and too lately been familiar with death at sea in every shape, by the rage of man as well as that of the elements, to be more than slightly and temporarily affected by such an incident; so that all remembrance of it would probably have soon passed away but for an occurrence which took place about a month subsequently. One of the officers of the shore-force received information that two large luggers,

laden with brandy and tobacco from Guernsey, were expected the following night on some point of the coast between Hamble and Weston; and that as the cargoes were very valuable, a desperate resistance to the coast-guard, in the event of detection, had been organized. Our plan was soon arranged. The *Rose* was sent away with barely enough men to handle her, and with the remainder of the crew, I, as soon as night fell, took up a position a little above Netley Abbey. Two other detachments of the coast-guard were posted along the shore at intervals of about a mile, all of course connected by signal-men not more than a hundred yards apart. There was a faint starlight, but the moon would not rise till near midnight; and from this circumstance, as well as from the state of the tides, we could pretty well calculate when to expect our friends, should they come at all. It was not long before we were quite satisfied, from the stealthy movements of a number of persons about the spot, that the information we had received was correct. Just after eleven o'clock a low, peculiar whistle, taken up from distance to distance, was heard; and by placing our ears to the ground, the quick jerk of oars in the rullocks was quite apparent. After about five minutes of eager restlessness, I gave the impatiently-expected order; we all emerged from our places of concealment, and with cautious but rapid steps advanced upon the by this time busy smugglers. The two luggers were beached upon the soft sand or mud, and between forty and fifty men were each receiving two three-gallon kegs, with which they speeded off to the carts in waiting at a little distance. There were also about twenty fellows ranged as a guard, all armed as efficiently as ourselves. I gave the word; but before we could close with the astonished desperadoes, they fired a pistol volley, by which one seaman, John Batley, a fine, athletic young man, was killed, and two others seriously wounded. This done, the scoundrels fled in all directions, hotly pursued, of course. I was getting near one of them, when a lad, who was running by his side, suddenly turned, and raising a pistol, discharged it at my head. He fortunately missed his mark, though the whistle of the bullet was unpleasantly close. I closed with and caught the young rascal, who struggled desperately, and to my extreme surprise, I had almost written dismay, discovered that he was young Barnaby! It was not a time for words, and hastily consigning the boy to the custody of the nearest seaman, with a brief order to take care of him, I resumed the pursuit. A bootless one it proved. Favored by their numbers, their perfect acquaintance with the hedge-and-ditch neighborhood, the contrabandists all contrived to escape. The carts also got off, and our only captures were the boy, the luggers, which there had been no time to get off, and their cargoes, with the exception of the few kegs that had reached the carts.

The hunt after the dispersed smugglers was continued by the different parties who came in subsequently to our brush with them, so that after the two wounded seamen had been carried off on litters, and a sufficient guard left in the captured boats, only two men remained with me. The body of John Batley was deposited for the present in one of the luggers, and then the two sailors and myself moved forward to Itchen with the prisoner, where I intended to place him in custody for the night.

The face of the lad was deadly pale, and I noticed that he had been painfully affected by the sight of the corpse; but when I addressed him, his expressive features assumed a scornful, defying expression. First ordering the two men to drop astern out of hearing, I said: "You will be hanged for your share in this night's work, young man, depend upon it."

"Hanged!" he exclaimed in a quick, nervous tone; "hanged! You say that to frighten me! It was not I who shot the man! You know that; or perhaps," he added with a kind of hysterical cry, "perhaps you want to kill me as you did father."

"I have no more inclination, my poor boy," I answered, "to injure you than I had to harm your father. Why, indeed, should I have borne him any ill-will?"

"Why should you? Oh, I know very well!"

"You know more than I do then; but enough of this folly. I wish, I hardly know why, to save you. It was not you, I am quite aware, that fired the fatal shot, but that makes no difference as to your legal guilt. But I think if you could put us on the track of your associates, you might yourself escape."

The lad's fine eyes perfectly lightened with scorn and indignation: "Turn informer!" he exclaimed. "Betray them that loved and trusted me! Never—if they could hang me a thousand times over!"

I made no answer, and nothing more was said till we had reached and were passing the Abbey ruins. The boy then abruptly stopped, and with quivering voice, while his eyes filled with tears, said: "I should like to see my mother."

"See your mother! There can be no particular objection to that; but she lives further on at Weston, does she not?"

"No, we have sold off, and moved to Aunt Diaper's, at Netley, up yonder. In a day or two we should have started for Hull, where mother's father's brother lives, and I was to have been 'prenticed to the captain of a Greenlander; but now," he continued with an irrepressible outburst of grief and terror, "Jack Ketch will, you say, be my master, and I shall be only 'prenticed to the gallows."

"Why, if this be so, did your mother permit you to join the lawless desperadoes to whom you owe your present unhappy and degraded position?"

"Mother did not know of it; she thinks I am gone to Southampton to inquire about the day the vessel sails for Hull. Mother will die if I am hanged!" exclaimed the lad with a renewed burst of

passionate grief; "and surely you would not kill *her*?"

"It is not very likely I should wish to do so, considering that I have never seen her."

"Oh yes—yes, you have!" he sharply rejoined. "Then perhaps you do not know! Untie or cut these cords," he added, approaching close to me and speaking in a low, quick whisper; "give me a chance: mother's girl's name was Ellen Dible!"

Had the lad's fettered arm been free, and he had suddenly dealt me a blow with a knife or dagger, the stroke could not have been more sharp or terrible than these words conveyed.

"God of mercy!" I exclaimed, as the momently-arrested blood again shot through my heart with reactive violence, "can this be true?"

"Yes, yes—true, quite true!" continued the boy, with the same earnest look and low, hurried speech. "I saw, when your waistcoat flew open in the struggle just now, what was at the end of the black ribbon. You will give me a chance for mother's sake, won't you?"

A storm of grief, regret, remorse, was sweeping through my brain, and I could not for a while make any answer, though the lad's burning eyes continued fixed with fevered anxiety upon my face.

At last I said—gasped rather: "I can not release you—it is impossible; but all that can be done—all that can—can legally be done, shall be—" The boy's countenance fell, and he was again deadly pale. "You shall see your mother," I added. "Tell Johnson where to seek her; he is acquainted with Netley." This was done, and the man walked briskly off upon his errand.

"Come this way," I said, after a few minutes' reflection, and directing my steps toward the old ruined fort by the shore, built, I suppose, as a defense to the abbey against pirates. There was but one flight of steps to the summit, and no mode of egress save by the entrance from whence they led. "I will relieve you of these cords while your mother is with you. Go up to the top of the fort. You will be unobserved, and we can watch here against any foolish attempt at escape."

Ten minutes had not elapsed when the mother, accompanied by Johnson, and sobbing convulsively, appeared. Roberts hailed her, and after a brief explanation, she ascended the steps with tottering but hasty feet, to embrace her son. A quarter of an hour, she had been told, would be allowed for the interview.

The allotted time had passed, and I was getting impatient, when a cry from the summit of the fort or tower, as if for help to some one at a distance, roused and startled us. As we stepped out of the gateway, and looked upward to ascertain the meaning of the sudden cry, the lad darted out and sped off with surprising speed. One of the men instantly snatched a pistol from his waist-belt, but at a gesture from me put it back. "He can not escape," I said. "Follow me, but use no unnecessary violence." Finding that we gained rapidly upon him, the lad darted through a low, narrow gateway, into the interior of the abbey ruins, trusting, I imagined, to baffle us in the darkness and intricacy of the place. I just caught sight of him as he disappeared up a long flight of crumbling, winding steps, from which he issued through a narrow aperture upon a lofty wall, some five or six feet wide, and overgrown with grass and weeds. I followed in terrible anxiety, for I feared that in his desperation he would spring off and destroy himself. I shouted loudly to him for God's sake to stop. He did so within a few feet of the end of the wall. I ran quickly toward him, and as I neared him he fell on his knees, threw away his hat, and revealed the face of—Ellen Dible!

I stopped, bewildered, dizzy, paralyzed. Doubtless the mellowing radiance of the night softened or concealed the ravages which time must have imprinted on her features; for as I gazed upon the spirit-beauty of her upturned, beseeching countenance, the old time came back upon me with a power and intensity which an hour before I could not have believed possible. The men hailed repeatedly from below, but I was too bewildered, too excited, to answer: their shouts, and the young mother's supplicating sobs—she seemed scarcely older than when I parted from her—sounded in my ears like the far-off cries and murmurs of a bewildering, chaotic dream. She must have gathered hope and confidence from the emotion I doubtless exhibited, for as soon as the confusion and ringing in my brain had partially subsided, I could hear her say: "You will save my boy—my only son: for my sake, you will save him?"

Another shout from the men below demanded if I had got the prisoner. "Ay, ay," I mechanically replied, and they immediately hastened to join us.

"Which way—which way is he gone?" I asked as the seamen approached.

She instinctively caught my meaning: "By the shore to Weston," she hurriedly answered; "he will find a boat there."

The men now came up: "The chase has led us astray," I said: "look there."

"His mother, by jingo!" cried Johnson. "They must have changed clothes!"

"Yes: the boy is off—to—to Hamble, I have no doubt. You both follow in that direction: I'll pursue by the Weston and Itchen road."

The men started off to obey this order, and as they did so, I heard her broken murmur of "Bless you, Robert—bless you!" I turned away, faint, reeling with excitement, muttered a hasty farewell, and with disordered steps and flaming pulse hurried homeward. The mother I never saw again:

the son at whose escape from justice I thus weakly, it may be criminally, connived, I met a few years ago in London. He is the captain of a first-class ship in the Australian trade, and a smarter sailor I think I never beheld. His mother is still alive, and lives with her daughter-in-law at Chelsea.

AMERICAN NOTABILITIES.[11]

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

This very distinguished man—one of the great contributors to the world's stores of science and knowledge—is an extremely agreeable member of society, and a very popular one. His manners are particularly frank, pleasing, cordial, and simple; and though deeply absorbed, and intensely interested in his laborious scientific researches, and a most thorough enthusiast in his study of natural philosophy, yet he rattled merrily away on many of the various light topics of the day with the utmost gayety, good-humor, and spirit.

[11] From Travels in the United States, etc. By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. Just published by Harper and Brothers.

He has succeeded, after great trouble and persevering indefatigable care, in preserving alive some coral insects, the first that have ever been so preserved, and he kindly promised me an introduction to these distinguished architects. We accordingly went, accompanied by Mr. Everett, the following day. M. Agassiz was up-stairs very much occupied by some scientific investigation of importance, and he could not come down, but he allowed us to enter the all but hallowed precincts devoted to the much-cherished coral insects.

M. Agassiz had been away a little while previously, and left these treasures of his heart under the charge and superintendence of his assistant. This poor care-worn attendant, we were told, almost lost his own life in preserving the valuable existence of these little moving threads, so much did he feel the weighty responsibility that devolved upon him, and with such intense anxiety did he watch the complexions, the contortions, all the twistings and twirlings, and twitchings, and flingings and writhings of the wondrous little creatures, most assiduously marking any indications of *petite santé* among them. They were kept in water carefully and frequently changed, and various precautions were indispensably necessary to be taken in order to guard their exquisitely delicate demi-semi existences.

Glad enough was the temporary gentleman-in-waiting, and squire-of-the-body to these interesting zoophytes to see M. Agassiz return, and to resign his charge into his hands. With him this exceeding care and watchfulness was indeed nothing but a labor of love, and probably no nurse or mother ever fondled a weakly infant with more devoted tenderness and anxious attention than M. Agassiz displayed toward his dearly-beloved coral insects.

As to me, I hardly dared breathe while looking at them for fear I should blow their precious lives away, or some catastrophe should happen while we were there, and we should be suspected of *coralicide*! However, the sight was most interesting. We watched them as they flung about what seemed their fire-like white arms, like microscopic opera dancers or windmills; but these apparent arms are, I believe, all they possess of bodies. How wonderful to think of the mighty works that have been performed by the fellow-insects of these little restless laborers. What are the builders of the Pyramids to them? What did the writers of the "Arabian Nights" imagine equal to their more magical achievements?

Will men ever keep coral insects by them to lay the foundations of a few islands and continents when the population grows too large for the earthy portion of earth? People keep silkworms to spin that beautiful fabric for them; and M. Agassiz has shown there is no impracticability. I looked at the large bowl containing the weird workers with unflagging interest, till I could almost fancy minute reefs of rocks were rising up in the basin.

What a world of marvels we live in, and alas that the splendid wonders of science should be shut out from so many myriads of mankind; for that the marvelous is inalienably dear to human nature, witness all the fairy tales, ghost stories, and superstitions of all kinds that have abounded and been popular from age to age. Penny Magazines and such works have done much, but much there remains to be done to bring the subjects not only within reach, but to make them more universally popular and attractive, and less technical.

At last we took leave of those marine curiosities, and wended our way back, sorry not to have seen M. Agassiz (who was still absorbed in dissecting or pickling for immortality some extraordinary fish that he had discovered), but delighted to have had the opportunity of seeing his *protégés*.

"M. Agassiz ought indeed to have an extensive museum," said ——, "for I believe every body in the States makes a point of sending off to him, post haste, every imaginable reptile, and monster, and nondescript that they happen to find." I should assuredly not like to have the opening of his letters and parcels if that is the case.

MR. AND MRS. PRESCOTT AT NAHANT.

To-day we went and dined early with Mr. and Mrs. Prescott at Nahant, where they are staying for the summer. They have a charming country villa on the beautiful peninsula of Nahant. The town of Nahant is a very pleasant watering-place, about twelve miles from Boston by water, and sixteen by land. Near Mr. Prescott's house is a magnificent-looking hotel with numerous piazzas; the sea-coast view from his villa is boundless, and the perpetually high and dashing waves fling their fantastic foam, without ceasing, against the wild jagged rocks, which abound in every direction.

We started by railroad to go there, and very near us in the car was a respectable looking negro. Mr. C. S——, who was in the same car with us (also going to dine at Mr. Prescott's), pointed this man out to me, at the same time saying, that this could not by possibility have happened two years ago in this State, so strong then were the prejudices against any approach to, or appearance of amalgamation with the black race. No one could certainly appear more humble and quiet, less presuming or forward in his new position, than did this colored individual.

On our way to Mr. Prescott's, we stopped to pay a visit to Mrs. Page, the sister of Mrs. F. Webster. She has a very pretty little country house at Nahant: she made many inquiries, with much kind feeling, after those friends whom she remembers at Belvoir Castle, where she was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Webster.

I have already mentioned that Mr. Prescott is one of the most agreeable people I ever met with—as delightful as his own most delightful books: he talks of going to Europe next year. He tells me he has never visited either Mexico or Peru. I am surprised that the interest he must have felt in his own matchless works did not impel him to go to both. Mrs. Prescott is very delicate, with most gentle and pleasing manners. One of the guests was a niece of Lord Lyndhurst, her mother being Lord Lyndhurst's sister.

After a most interesting and agreeable visit, we returned by water to Boston. The sea was blue as a plain of sparkling sapphire—quite Mediterraneanic! Nahant is certainly a delightful place of summer residence, though it wants shade; trees in general most positively refuse to grow there, and there are but a few, which are taken as much care of as if they were the most precious exotics; but Nahant and they do not agree. They have quite a pouting sulky look; and it is almost as sad to look at them as it is to see the *girdled* trees, which look like skeletons of malefactors bleaching in the wind. At dessert, at Mr. Prescott's, there was a huge magnificent water-melon, that almost might have taken the place of the Cochituate Pond, and supplied Boston with the crystal element for a day.

In returning through the harbor of Boston from Nahant, we were full of admiration of its scenery: the many lovely islands with which it is beautifully studded, and the superb view of Boston itself, so nobly surmounted by its crown-like State House, enchanted us.

MR. AND MRS. J. GRINNELL.—NEW BEDFORD AND NAUSHON.

Since I wrote this, we have had a very agreeable little tour. We have received, through Mrs. W——, a kind invitation from Mr. and Mrs. J. Grinnell to visit them at New Bedford. That town is called "the City of Palaces," from the beautiful buildings it contains: it is also the great whaling metropolis of the North. It is about fifty-six miles from hence.

The Americans give their cities most poetical and significant designations, and sometimes one town will have a variety of these. For instance, this, I believe, is not only called the Granite City, but the Trimountain City. Philadelphia is the city of Brotherly Love, or the Iron City. Buffalo, the Queen City of the Lakes; New Haven, the City of Elms, &c. I think the American imagination is more florid than ours. I am afraid matter-of-fact John Bull, if he attempted such a fanciful classification, would make sad work of it. Perhaps we should have Birmingham, the City of Buttons or Warming-pans; Nottingham, the City of Stockings; Sheffield, the City of Knives and Forks, and so forth.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis, and Mr. Willis's musical brother, were at Mr. and Mrs. J. Grinnell's beautiful mansion. We paid a visit to an immense whale-ship that is in the course of busy preparation for her voyage—to the South Seas, I believe. The whale-fishery is very extensively carried on at New Bedford. The population is about fifteen thousand, almost all engaged directly or indirectly in this trade. There are about two hundred and twenty-nine vessels engaged in the fishery, which is said to be continually increasing.

The system on which they conduct their whaling operations, seems to be a very judicious one. Every one of the crew has a share in the profits or losses of the expedition; it becomes, therefore, his interest to do all he possibly can to render the voyage a prosperous one. All are eager, all on the look-out, all are quite sure to exert their energies to the utmost, and perhaps this is one secret of the success that attends the American whaling-ships.

Mrs. Grinnell had a little *conversazione* the other evening, and among the visitors was a beautiful young Quaker lady, a descendant of William Penn. She was an extremely pleasing person, and her conversation was very animated and interesting. Imagining that perhaps I had never been in the society of Quakers before, she cleverly contrived to converse in the most pleasant and delightful manner, without once bringing in either "thee," or "thou," or "you," though she was

talking to me almost all the evening.

I remarked this omission, and was afterward certain of it when Mrs. Willis told me the lady informed her of the fact before going away, and gave her that reason for her delicate, scrupulous abstinence. She would not say "*you*," in short; and "thee" and "thou" she thought would appear strange to me. I was told her family are in possession of a splendid silver tea-service which belonged to their celebrated ancestor, William Penn.

We went from New Bedford to Martha's Vineyard, an island in the Atlantic not far from New Bedford. There we staid a few days at an unpretending, neat hotel, of small dimensions—not the chief hotel, where the mistress, we found, was unaccommodating and disobliging—*a very rare thing* in America. On taking refuge at the other hotel, we found we had reason to congratulate ourselves, for a more kind-hearted, attentive person I never found than our new hostess. She, poor soul, was in affliction at the time; for her son was about to go off to California—indeed his departure took place for that distant region the morning after our arrival.

What misery has this Californian emigration brought on thousands of families—unknown, incalculable wretchedness! There was, as may be supposed, a melancholy chorus of wailing and sobs when the dreaded moment actually arrived; but her domestic sorrows did not make the excellent mother of the family neglect her guests. Nothing was omitted that could conduce to our comfort; and her daughter's attention and her own were unremitting.

Her daughter was a smart intelligent lassie. One day, when she was in the room, her mother hurried in to ask some question relative to dinner, or something of the kind. She had previously been baking, and her hands, and arms too, I believe, were white with flour. This very much annoyed her neat, particular, and precise daughter, who kept dusting her daintily, and trying to wipe it off, and drawing her mother's attention to it with great pertinacity. At last the mother said she hadn't had time to get rid of it—hoped the lady would excuse it, with other apologies, and the daughter was a little pacified. One should hardly have expected so much susceptibility in such matters in a little out-of-the-way town on an island like Martha's Vineyard.

When we came away I felt it was quite a friend I was taking leave of, though we had been there so short a time, so good and kind did we find her. On the table in her little parlor, instead of the horrid novels so commonly to be seen in America, were the "Penny Magazine," and other works of that species.

From Martha's Vineyard we went to Woodsville, a quiet little village by the sea. I had promised to pay a visit to Mrs. J. Grinnell, at the residence of a friend of hers, situated on an island very near this place (to which Mr. and Mrs. J. Grinnell had lately gone from New Bedford). We were at a very nice little hotel, indeed, at Woodsville, the master of which was a Mr. Webster, who had called one of his sons Daniel, after the famous statesman, the pride of old Massachusetts.

At this hotel there was an admirable specimen of an American female waiter and housemaid: in short, a domestic factotum. She was excessively civil, obliging, active, and attentive, not in the slightest degree forward or intrusive, always willing to do whatever one required of her. Altogether a very prepossessing personage is Mademoiselle Caroline—not the famous female equestrian of Paris, but the excellent and accomplished waitress and chambermaid at Woodsville, whom I beg to introduce to the reader, and to immortality. The mistress of the hotel cooked for us herself, and she was quite a *cordon-bleu*, I assure you. Her chicken pies and her puddings were of the sublimest description.

The morning was lovely, the sea sparkling with a myriad lustres, the air of Ausonian clearness and purity, when we went to Naushon, an exquisite little island (one of a cluster of the islands called the Elizabeth Group). We started in a small boat manned by the two sons of our host, and before very long we entered a little creek, and soon landed on the beautiful shore of fairy-like Naushon. (This is of course its old Indian name, and long may it retain it).

We found Mr. Grinnell kindly waiting to receive us and drive us to the island palace of the proprietor of Naushon, for to Mr. S——, the whole beauteous island belongs.—What an enviable possession! Though not given to pilfering propensities, I should like to pick Mr. S——'s pocket of this gem! We started in a somewhat sledge-like vehicle *à la flêche* (as our old Belgian courier Marcotte used to say), for the house, and soon found ourselves seated in a large cool apartment with Mrs. Grinnell, and the kindly, cordial Lord and Lady of the Isle, whose welcome had much of unworldly heartiness about it. I longed to explore the beautiful island, and when I did so, my anticipations were not disappointed.

Naushon is a little America in itself. There are miniatures of her wild, illimitable, awful old forests—a beautiful little diamond edition of her wonderful lakes, a fairy representation of her variety of scenery, a page torn from her ancient Indian associations and remains. There too are her customs, her manners, her spirit, and character; in short, it is a little pocket America (and enough to make the chief superintendent of any police himself a pick-pocket), a Liliputian Western World, a compressed Columbia. But its trees are not Liliputian, they are magnificent.

We drove under a varied shade for a long time, and saw lovely views through openings in the woods. At last after tearing and crackling along through a thick growth of timber and underwood, we emerged upon a truly magnificent prospect. We were on a height, and on either side were lovely woods, valleys, and gentle eminences; and in front the glorious Atlantic. After enjoying this beauteous view for some time, the Lord of Naushon took us to see a still, secluded part of the forest, where in the midst of a sunny clearing, surrounded by partly overshadowing trees in the

heart of a sequestered island, embosomed in the mighty ocean, was a single grave, that of the only and adored son of our amiable hosts; indeed, their only child. Almost close to this simple grave was a semi-circular seat. "There often," said Mr. S——, "we come in the summer time and spend the evening, and frequently bring our friends, too, with us, and it is a melancholy happiness to feel *he* is near—almost, as it were, with us."

Here we all remained for some time: the birds were singing, the sea so calm you could scarcely just then at that distance hear its everlasting resounding voice. You might look through the opening in the woods, up and up, and the clear cloudless sky would seem almost receding from your gaze (like the horizon when you are advancing toward it), yet bluer and bluer, brighter and brighter. All was beauty and enchantment! and there lay the lonely dead—who could dare to say in unconsecrated ground? where Nature was so wild and beautiful, and Nature's Creator seemed so nigh—and where that grand untrodden ground with nothing to desecrate it, was ever bathed by the tears of hallowed parental affection? How blessed and sacred it appeared! To think, in contrast with this grave, of our dead in crowded city church-yards! But I trust that unutterably detestable system will soon be done away with.

If what I have related seems strange to you, you must recollect that in America it is often the case; at least, I have frequently heard so before I came here. In the quiet garden, or in the wood near the house, often sleep in their last slumber the beloved members of the family, not banished from the every-day associations of the survivors, and almost seeming to have still some participation in their feelings, in their woes, and their pleasures. I could almost fancy, after seeing that Eden for the dead, Mount Auburn, and remembering this affectionate custom, that is one reason why death does not seem a thing to be dreaded or deplored in America, as with us. If I recollect correctly, the only words on the modest head-stone were, "To our beloved Son."

After willingly remaining some time here, beside this simple Christian tomb, we went to see an ancient place of Indian sepulture. The corpses, I believe, had mostly been dug up—poor Indians; hardly allowed to rest in their graves! Mrs. S—— told me that the first time Naushon had passed into white men's hands from those of the red chief's, this exquisite island, with all its lovely and splendid woods, its herds of wild deer, and all its fair lands, it had been sold for an old coat. (I think a little fire-water must have entered into the bargain). After hearing this, I began to think *feu* squire and squaw Naushon of the olden time and their clan hardly deserved to rest in their graves.

Our excellent hosts most kindly pressed us to stay at Naushon, but my plans did not admit of this; so, enchanted with their delectable island, and full of gratitude for all their cordial friendliness and truly American hospitality toward us, we took leave of them and Mrs. Grinnell, in the evening, and returned to the main land. The weather became very unpropitious, and it blew and rained heavily. However, we arrived in damp safety at our hotel.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

General Taylor received us most kindly. He had had two councils to preside over that morning, and when we first arrived at the White House, he was actually engaged in an extra Session of Council—in short, overwhelmed with business, which rendered it doubly kind and amiable of him to receive us. Mrs. Bliss, the charming daughter of the President, was in the drawing-room when we first went in. Mrs. Taylor has delicate health, and does not do the honors of the Presidential mansion. Mrs. Bliss received us most cordially and courteously, saying her father would come as soon as his presence could be dispensed with. Presently after the President made his appearance: his manners are winningly frank, simple, and kind, and though characteristically distinguished by much straight-forwardness, there is not the slightest roughness in his address. There was a quick, keen, eagle-like expression in the eye which reminded me a little of the Duke of Wellington's.

He commenced an animated conversation with Madame C. de la B—— and us: among other things, speaking of the routes, he recommended me to follow, steam navigation, Mexico, and the Rio Grande, &c.

He was so exceedingly good-natured as to talk a great deal to my little girl about roses and lilies, as if he had been quite a botanist all his life. This species of light, daffydown-dilly talk was so particularly and amiably considerate and kind to her, that it overcame her shyness at once, and the dread she had entertained of not understanding what he might say to her.

I was quite sorry when the time came for us to leave the White House. General Taylor strongly advised me not to leave America without seeing St. Louis: he said he considered it altogether perhaps the most interesting town in the United States: he said he recollected the greater part of it a deep dense forest. He spoke very kindly of England, and adverting to the approaching acceleration and extension of steam communication between her and America (the contemplated competition about to be established by "Collins's line") he exclaimed, "The voyage will be made shorter and shorter, and I expect England and America will soon be quite alongside of each other, ma'am."

"The sooner the better, sir," I most heartily responded, at which he bowed and smiled.

"We are the same people," he continued, "and it is good for both to see more of each other."

"Yes," I replied, "and thus all detestable old prejudices will die away."

"I hope so," he said, "it will be for the advantage of both."

He continued in this strain, and spoke so nobly of England, that it made one's heart bound to hear him. And he evidently felt what he said; indeed, I am sure that honest, high-hearted, true-as-steel, old hero could not say any thing he did not feel or think.

A little while before we took leave he said, "I hope you will visit my farm near Natchez: Cypress Grove is the name—a sad name," he said, with a smile, "but I think you will find it interesting." I thanked him, and promised so to do. A short time previously, after talking about the beauties of Nature in the South, General Taylor had said to V——, that he longed to return to that farm, and to his quiet home near the banks of the Mississippi, and added, that he was sorely tired of public life, and the harassing responsibilities of his high office. The President insisted most courteously on conducting us to our carriage, and bareheaded he handed us in, standing on the steps till we drove off, and cordially reiterating many kind and friendly wishes for our prosperous journey, and health, and safety.

THE HUNTER'S WIFE.

Tom Cooper was a fine specimen of the North American trapper. Slightly but powerfully made, with a hardy, weather-beaten, yet handsome face, strong, indefatigable, and a crack shot, he was admirably adapted for a hunter's life. For many years he knew not what it was to have a home, but lived like the beasts he hunted—wandering from one part of the country to another in pursuit of game. All who knew Tom were much surprised when he came, with a pretty young wife, to settle within three miles of a planter's farm. Many pitied the poor young creature, who would have to lead such a solitary life; while others said: "If she was fool enough to marry him, it was her own look out." For nearly four months Tom remained at home, and employed his time in making the old hut he had fixed on for their residence more comfortable. He cleared and tilled a small spot of land around it, and Susan began to hope that for her sake he would settle down quietly as a squatter. But these visions of happiness were soon dispelled, for as soon as this work was finished he recommenced his old erratic mode of life, and was often absent for weeks together, leaving his wife alone, yet not unprotected, for since his marriage old Nero, a favorite hound, was always left at home as her guardian. He was a noble dog—a cross between the old Scottish deerhound and the bloodhound, and would hunt an Indian as well as a deer or bear, which Tom said, "was a proof they Ingins was a sort o' warmint, or why should the brute beast take to hunt 'em, nat'ral like—him that took no notice o' white men?"

One clear, cold morning, about two years after their marriage, Susan was awakened by a loud crash, immediately succeeded by Nero's deep baying. She recollected that she had shut him in the house as usual the night before. Supposing he had winded some solitary wolf or bear prowling around the hut, and effected his escape, she took little notice of the circumstance; but a few moments after came a shrill wild cry, which made her blood run cold. To spring from her bed, throw on her clothes, and rush from the hut, was the work of a minute. She no longer doubted what the hound was in pursuit of. Fearful thoughts shot through her brain: she called wildly on Nero, and to her joy he came dashing through the thick underwood. As the dog drew nearer she saw that he galloped heavily, and carried in his mouth some large dark creature. Her brain reeled; she felt a cold and sickly shudder dart through her limbs. But Susan was a hunter's daughter, and all her life had been accustomed to witness scenes of danger and of horror, and in this school had learned to subdue the natural timidity of her character. With a powerful effort she recovered herself, just as Nero dropped at her feet a little Indian child, apparently between three and four years old. She bent down over him, but there was no sound or motion; she placed her hand on his little naked chest; the heart within had ceased to beat—he was dead! The deep marks of the dog's fangs were visible on the neck, but the body was untorn. Old Nero stood with his large bright eyes fixed on the face of his mistress, fawning on her, as if he expected to be praised for what he had done, and seemed to wonder why she looked so terrified. But Susan spurned him from her; and the fierce animal, who would have pulled down an Indian as he would a deer, crouched humbly at the young woman's feet. Susan carried the little body gently in her arms to the hut, and laid it on her own bed. Her first impulse was to seize a loaded rifle that hung over the fireplace, and shoot the hound; and yet she felt she could not do it, for in the lone life she led the faithful animal seemed like a dear and valued friend, who loved and watched over her, as if aware of the precious charge intrusted to him. She thought also of what her husband would say, when on his return he should find his old companion dead. Susan had never seen Tom roused. To her he had ever shown nothing but kindness; yet she feared as well as loved him, for there was a fire in those dark eyes which told of deep, wild passions hidden in his breast, and she knew that the lives of a whole tribe of Indians would be light in the balance against that of his favorite hound.

Having securely fastened up Nero, Susan, with a heavy heart, proceeded to examine the ground around the hut. In several places she observed the impression of a small moccasined foot, but not a child's. The tracks were deeply marked, unlike the usual light, elastic tread of an Indian. From this circumstance Susan easily inferred that the woman had been carrying her child when attacked by the dog. There was nothing to show why she had come so near the hut: most

probably the hopes of some petty plunder had been the inducement. Susan did not dare to wander far from home, fearing a band of Indians might be in the neighborhood. She returned sorrowfully to the hut, and employed herself in blocking up the window, or rather the hole where the window had been, for the powerful hound had in his leap dashed out the entire frame, and shattered it to pieces. When this was finished, Susan dug a grave, and in it laid the little Indian boy. She made it close to the hut, for she could not bear that wolves should devour those delicate limbs, and she knew that there it would be safe. The next day Tom returned. He had been very unsuccessful, and intended setting out again in a few days in a different direction.

"Susan," he said, when he had heard her sad story, "I wish you'd lef' the child where the dog killed him. The squaw's high sartain to come back a-seekin' for the body, and 'tis a pity the poor crittur should be disapinted. Besides, the Ingins will be high sartain to put it down to us; whereas if so be as they'd found the body 'pon the spot, maybe they'd understand as 'twas an accident like, for they're unkimmon cunning warmint, though they an't got sense like Christians."

"Why do you think the poor woman came here?" said Susan. "I never knew an Indian squaw so near the hut before."

She fancied a dark shadow flitted across her husband's brow. He made no reply; and on her repeating the question, said angrily—how should he know? 'Twas as well to ask for a bear's reasons as an Ingin's.

Tom only staid at home long enough to mend the broken window, and plant a small spot of Indian corn, and then again set out, telling Susan not to expect him home in less than a month. "If that squaw comes this way agin," he said, "as maybe she will, jist put out any broken victuals you've a-got for the poor crittur; though maybe she won't come, for they Ingins be onkimmon skeary." Susan wondered at his taking an interest in the woman, and often thought of that dark look she had noticed, and of Tom's unwillingness to speak on the subject. She never knew that on his last hunting expedition, when hiding some skins which he intended to fetch on his return, he had observed an Indian watching him, and had shot him with as little mercy as he would have shown a wolf. On Tom's return to the spot the body was gone; and in the soft damp soil was the mark of an Indian squaw's foot, and by its side a little child's. He was sorry then for the deed he had done: he thought of the grief of the poor widow, and how it would be possible for her to live until she could reach her tribe, who were far, far distant at the foot of the Rocky Mountains; and now to feel that through his means, too, she had lost her child, put thoughts into his mind that had never before found a place there. He thought that one God had formed the Red Man as well as the White—of the souls of the many Indians hurried into eternity by his unerring rifle; and they perhaps were more fitted for their "happy hunting-grounds" than he for the white man's Heaven. In this state of mind, every word his wife had said to him seemed a reproach, and he was glad again to be alone in the forest with his rifle and his hounds.

The afternoon of the third day after Tom's departure, as Susan was sitting at work, she heard something scratching and whining at the door. Nero, who was by her side, evinced no signs of anger, but ran to the door, showing his white teeth, as was his custom when pleased. Susan unbarred it, when to her astonishment the two deerhounds her husband had taken with him walked into the hut, looking weary and soiled. At first she thought Tom might have killed a deer not far from home, and had brought her a fresh supply of venison; but no one was there. She rushed from the hut, and soon, breathless and terrified, reached the squatter's cabin. John Wilton and his three sons were just returned from the clearings, when Susan ran into their comfortable kitchen; her long black hair streaming on her shoulders, and her wild and bloodshot eyes, gave her the appearance of a maniac. In a few unconnected words she explained to them the cause of her terror, and implored them to set off immediately in search of her husband. It was in vain they told her of the uselessness of going at that time—of the impossibility of following a trail in the dark. She said she would go herself; she felt sure of finding him; and at last they were obliged to use force to prevent her leaving the house.

The next morning at daybreak Wilton and his two sons were mounted, and ready to set out, intending to take Nero with them; but nothing could induce him to leave his mistress: he resisted passively for some time, until one of the young men attempted to pass a rope round his neck, to drag him away: then his forbearance vanished; he sprung on his tormentor, threw him down, and would have strangled him if Susan had not been present. Finding it impossible to make Nero accompany them, they left without him, but had not proceeded many miles before he and his mistress were at their side. They begged Susan to return, told her of the hardships she must endure, and of the inconvenience she would be to them. It was of no avail; she had but one answer: "I am a hunter's daughter, and a hunter's wife." She told them that knowing how useful Nero would be to them in their search, she had secretly taken a horse and followed them.

The party rode first to Tom Cooper's hut, and there having dismounted, leading their horses through the forest, followed the trail, as only men long accustomed to a savage life can do. At night they lay on the ground, covered with their thick bear-skin cloaks: for Susan only they heaped up a bed of dried leaves; but she refused to occupy it, saying it was her duty to bear the same hardships they did. Ever since their departure she had shown no sign of sorrow. Although slight and delicately formed, she never appeared fatigued: her whole soul was absorbed in one longing desire—to find her husband's body; for from the first she had abandoned the hope of ever again seeing him in life. This desire supported her through every thing. Early the next morning they were again on the trail. About noon, as they were crossing a small brook, the hound suddenly dashed away from them, and was lost in the thicket. At first they fancied they might

have crossed the track of a deer or wolf; but a long mournful howl soon told the sad truth, for not far from the brook lay the faithful dog on the dead body of his master, which was pierced to the heart by an Indian arrow.

The murderer had apparently been afraid to approach on account of the dogs, for the body was left as it had fallen—not even the rifle was gone. No sign of Indians could be discovered save one small footprint, which was instantly pronounced to be that of a squaw. Susan showed no grief at the sight of the body; she maintained the same forced calmness, and seemed comforted that it was found. Old Wilton staid with her to remove all that now remained of her darling husband, and his two sons again set out on the trail, which soon led them into the open prairie, where it was easily traced through the tall thick grass. They continued riding all that afternoon, and the next morning by daybreak were again on the track, which they followed to the banks of a wide but shallow stream. There they saw the remains of a fire. One of the brothers thrust his hand among the ashes, which were still warm. They crossed the river, and in the soft sand on the opposite bank saw again the print of small moccasined footsteps. Here they were at a loss; for the rank prairie grass had been consumed by one of those fearful fires so common in the prairies, and in its stead grew short sweet herbage, where even an Indian's eye could observe no trace. They were on the point of abandoning the pursuit, when Richard, the younger of the two, called his brother's attention to Nero, who had of his own accord left his mistress to accompany them, as if he now understood what they were about. The hound was trotting to and fro, with his nose to the ground, as if endeavoring to pick out a cold scent. Edward laughed at his brother, and pointed to the track of a deer that had come to drink at the river. At last he agreed to follow Nero, who was now cantering slowly across the prairie. The pace gradually increased, until, on a spot where the grass had grown more luxuriantly than elsewhere, Nero threw up his nose, gave a deep bay, and started off at so furious a pace, that although well mounted, they had great difficulty in keeping up with him. He soon brought them to the borders of another forest, where, finding it impossible to take their horses further, they tethered them to a tree, and set off again on foot. They lost sight of the hound, but still from time to time heard his loud baying far away. At last they fancied it sounded nearer instead of becoming less distinct; and of this they were soon convinced. They still went on in the direction whence the sound proceeded, until they saw Nero sitting with his fore-paws against the trunk of a tree, no longer mouthing like a well-trained hound, but yelling like a fury. They looked up in the tree, but could see nothing; until at last Edward espied a large hollow about half way up the trunk. "I was right, you see," he said. "After all, it's nothing but a bear; but we may as well shoot the brute that has given us so much trouble."

They set to work immediately with their axes to fell the tree. It began to totter, when a dark object, they could not tell what in the dim twilight, crawled from its place of concealment to the extremity of a branch, and from thence sprung into the next tree. Snatching up their rifles, they both fired together; when, to their astonishment, instead of a bear, a young Indian squaw, with a wild yell, fell to the ground. They ran to the spot where she lay motionless, and carried her to the borders of the wood where they had that morning dismounted. Richard lifted her on his horse, and springing himself into the saddle, carried the almost lifeless body before him. The poor creature never spoke. Several times they stopped, thinking she was dead: her pulse only told the spirit had not flown from its earthly tenement. When they reached the river which had been crossed by them before, they washed the wounds, and sprinkled water on her face. This appeared to revive her: and when Richard again lifted her in his arms to place her on his horse, he fancied he heard her mutter in Iroquois one word—"revenged!" It was a strange sight, these two powerful men tending so carefully the being they had a few hours before sought to slay, and endeavoring to stanch the blood that flowed from wounds which they had made! Yet so it was. It would have appeared to them a sin to leave the Indian woman to die; yet they felt no remorse at having inflicted the wound, and doubtless would have been better pleased had it been mortal; but they would not have murdered a wounded enemy, even an Indian warrior, still less a squaw. The party continued their journey until midnight, when they stopped to rest their jaded horses. Having wrapped the squaw in their bear-skins, they lay down themselves with no covering save the clothes they wore. They were in no want of provisions, as not knowing when they might return, they had taken a good supply of bread and dried venison, not wishing to lose any precious time in seeking food while on the trail. The brandy still remaining in their flasks they preserved for the use of their captive. The evening of the following day they reached the trapper's hut, where they were not a little surprised to find Susan. She told them that although John Wilton had begged her to live with them, she could not bear to leave the spot where every thing reminded her of one to think of whom was now her only consolation, and that while she had Nero, she feared nothing. They needed not to tell their mournful tale—Susan already understood it but too clearly. She begged them to leave the Indian woman with her. "You have no one," she said, "to tend and watch her as I can do; besides, it is not right that I should lay such a burden on you." Although unwilling to impose on her the painful task of nursing her husband's murderess, they could not but allow that she was right; and seeing how earnestly she desired it, at last consented to leave the Indian woman with her.

For many long weeks Susan nursed her charge as tenderly as if she had been her sister. At first she lay almost motionless, and rarely spoke; then she grew delirious, and raved wildly. Susan fortunately could not understand what she said, but often turned shudderingly away when the Indian woman would strive to rise from her bed, and move her arms as if drawing a bow; or yell wildly, and cower in terror beneath the clothes, reacting in her delirium the fearful scenes through which she had passed. By degrees reason returned; she gradually got better, but seemed restless and unhappy, and could not bear the sight of Nero. The first proof of returning reason

she had shown was to shriek in terror when he once accidentally followed his mistress into the room where she lay. One morning Susan missed her; she searched around the hut, but she was gone, without having taken farewell of her kind benefactress.

A few years after Susan Cooper (no longer "pretty Susan," for time and grief had done their work) heard late one night a hurried knock, which was repeated several times before she could unfasten the door, each time more loudly than before. She called to ask who it was at that hour of the night. A few hurried words in Iroquois were the reply, and Susan congratulated herself on having spoken before unbarring the door. But on listening again, she distinctly heard the same voice say, "Quick—quick!" and recognized it as the Indian woman's whom she had nursed. The door was instantly opened, when the squaw rushed into the hut, seized Susan by the arm, and made signs to her to come away. She was too much excited to remember then the few words of English she had picked up when living with the white woman. Expressing her meaning by gestures with a clearness peculiar to the Indians she dragged rather than led Susan from the hut. They had just reached the edge of the forest when the wild yells of the Indians sounded in their ears. Having gone with Susan a little way into the forest her guide left her. For nearly four hours she lay there half-dead with cold and terror, not daring to move from her place of concealment. She saw the flames of the dwelling where so many lonely hours had been passed rising above the trees, and heard the shrill "whoops" of the retiring Indians. Nero, who was lying by her side, suddenly rose and gave a low growl. Silently a dark figure came gliding among the trees directly to the spot where she lay. She gave herself up for lost; but it was the Indian woman who came to her, and dropped at her feet a bag of money, the remains of her late husband's savings. The grateful creature knew where it was kept; and while the Indians were busied examining the rifles and other objects more interesting to them, had carried it off unobserved. Waving her arm around to show that all was now quiet, she pointed in the direction of Wilton's house, and was again lost among the trees.

Day was just breaking when Susan reached the squatter's cabin. Having heard the sad story, Wilton and two of his sons started immediately for the spot. Nothing was to be seen save a heap of ashes. The party had apparently consisted of only three or four Indians; but a powerful tribe being in the neighborhood, they saw it would be too hazardous to follow them. From this time Susan lived with the Wiltons. She was as a daughter to the old man, and a sister to his sons, who often said: "That as far as they were concerned, the Indians had never done a kindlier action than in burning down Susan Cooper's hut."

THE WARNINGS OF THE PAST.

Faint dream-like voices of the spectral Past
Whisper the lessons of departed ages;
Each gathering treasured wisdom from the last,
A long succession of experienced sages

They steal upon the statesman as he sleeps,
And chant in Fancy's ear their warning numbers;
When restless Thought unceasing vigil keeps,
Trimming her taper while the body slumbers.

They bid him listen to the tales they tell
Of nations perish'd and embalm'd in story;
How inly rotting they were sapp'd and fell,
Like some proud oak whilome the forest's glory.

Sepulchral ruins crumble where a maze
Of busy streets once rang with life's commotion;
Where sculptured palaces in bygone days
Were gorged with spoils of conquer'd earth and ocean.

For Faction rent the seamless robe of Peace,
And, parting children of a common mother,
Bade fealty and loving concord cease
To link the hearts he sever'd from each other.

Such is the burden of those solemn notes
That issue from the haunted graves of nations;
Where, spread by Time, a vailing shadow floats
O'er spirits preaching from their ruin'd stations.

THE PIE SHOPS OF LONDON.

From time immemorial the wandering pieman was a prominent character in the highways and byways of London. He was generally a merry dog, and was always found where merriment was going on. Furnished with a tray about a yard square, either carried upon his head or suspended by a strap in front of his breast, he scrupled not to force his way through the thickest crowd, knowing that the very centre of action was the best market for his wares. He was a gambler, both from inclination and principle, and would toss with his customers, either by the dallying shilli-shally process of "best five in nine," the tricksy manœuvre of "best two in three," or the desperate dash of "sudden death!" in which latter case the first toss was destiny—a pie for a halfpenny, or your halfpenny gone for nothing; but he invariably declined the mysterious process of "the odd man;" not being altogether free from suspicion on the subject of collusion between a couple of hungry customers. We meet with him frequently in old prints; and in Hogarth's "March to Finchley," there he stands in the very centre of the crowd, grinning with delight at the adroitness of one robbery, while he is himself the victim of another. We learn from this admirable figure by the greatest painter of English life, that the pieman of the last century perambulated the streets in professional costume; and we gather further, from the burly dimensions of his wares, that he kept his trade alive by the laudable practice of giving "a good pennyworth for a penny." Justice compels us to observe, that his successors of a later generation have not been very conscientious observers of this maxim. The varying price of flour, alternating with a sliding-scale, probably drove some of them to their wit's end; and perhaps this cause more than any other operated in imparting that complexion to their productions which made them resemble the dead body of a penny pie, and which in due time lost them favor with the discerning portion of their customers. Certain it is that the perambulating pie business in London fell very much into disrepute and contempt for several years before the abolition of the corn-laws and the advent of free trade. Opprobrious epithets were hurled at the wandering merchant as he paraded the streets and alleys—epithets which were in no small degree justified by the clammy and clay-like appearance of his goods. By degrees the profession got into disfavor, and the pieman either altogether disappeared, or merged in a dealer in foreign nuts, fruits, and other edibles which barred the suspicion of sophistication.

Still the relish for pies survived in the public taste, and the willing penny was as ready as ever to guerdon the man who, on fair grounds, would meet the general desire. No sooner, therefore, was the sliding-scale gone to the dogs, and a fair prospect of permanence offered to the speculator, in the guarantee of something like a fixed cost in the chief ingredient used, than up sprung almost simultaneously in every district of the metropolis a new description of pie-shops, which rushed at once into popularity and prosperity. Capital had recognized the leading want of the age, and brought the appliances of wealth and energy to supply it. Avoiding, on the one hand, the glitter and pretension of the confectioner, and on the other the employment of adulterated or inferior materials, they produced an article which the populace devoured with universal commendation, to the gradual but certain profit of the projectors. The peripatetic merchant was pretty generally driven out of the field by the superiority of the article with which he had to compete. He could not manufacture on a small scale in a style to rival his new antagonists, and he could not purchase of them to sell again, because they would not allow him a living margin—boasting, as it would appear with perfect truth, that they sold at a small and infinitesimal profit, which would not bear division.

These penny-pie shops now form one of the characteristic features of the London trade in comestibles. That they are an immense convenience as well as a luxury to a very large section of the population, there can be no doubt. It might be imagined, at first view, that they would naturally seek a cheap locality and a low rental. This, however, is by no means the universal practice. In some of the chief lines of route they are to be found in full operation; and it is rare indeed, unless at seasons when the weather is very unfavorable, that they are not seen well filled with customers. They abound especially in the immediate neighborhood of omnibus and cab stations, and very much in the thoroughfares and short-cuts most frequented by the middle and lower classes. But though the window may be of plate-glass, behind which piles of the finest fruit, joints and quarters of the best meat, a large dish of silver eels, and a portly china bowl charged with a liberal heap of minced-meat, with here and there a few pies, lie temptingly arranged upon napkins of snowy whiteness, yet there is not a chair, stool, or seat of any kind to be found within. No dallying is looked for, nor would it probably be allowed. "Pay for your pie, and go," seems the order of the day. True, you may eat it there, as thousands do; but you must eat it standing, and clear of the counter. We have more than once witnessed this interesting operation with mingled mirth and satisfaction; nay, what do we care?—take the confession for what it is worth—*pars ipsi fuimus*—we have eaten our pies (and paid for them too, no credit being given)—*in loco*, and are therefore in a condition to guarantee the truth of what we record. With few exceptions (we include ourselves among the number), there are no theoretical philosophers among the frequenters of the penny-pie shop. The philosophy of bun-eating may be very profound, and may present, as we think it does, some difficult points; but the philosophy of penny-pie eating is absolutely next to *nil*. The customer of the pie-shop is a man (if he is not a boy) with whom a penny is a penny, and a pie is a pie, who, when he has the former to spend or the latter to eat, goes through the ceremony like one impressed with the settled conviction that he has business in hand which it behoves him to attend to. Look at him as he stands in the centre of the floor, erect as a grenadier, turning his busy mouth full upon the living tide that rushes along Holborn! Of shame or confusion of face in connection with the enviable position in which he stands he has not the remotest conception, and could as soon be brought to comprehend the *differential calculus* as

to entertain a thought of it. What, we ask, would philosophy do for him? Still every customer is not so happily organized, and so blissfully insensible to the attacks of false shame; and for such as are unprepared for the public gaze, or constitutionally averse from it, a benevolent provision is made by a score of old play-bills stuck against the adverse wall, or swathing the sacks of flour which stand ready for use, and which they may peruse, or affect to peruse, in silence, munching their pennyworths the while. The main body of the pie-eaters are, however, perfectly at their ease, and pass the very few minutes necessary for the discussion of their purchases in bandying compliments with three or four good-looking lasses, the very incarnations of good-temper and cleanly tidiness, who from morn to night are as busy as bees in extricating the pies from their metallic moulds, as they are demanded by the customers. These assistants lead no lazy life, but they are without exception plump and healthy-looking, and would seem (if we are to believe the report of an employer) to have an astonishing tendency to the parish church of the district in which they officiate, our informant having been bereaved of three by marriage in the short space of six months. Relays are necessary in most establishments on the main routes, as the shops are open all night long, seldom closing much before three in the morning when situated in the neighborhood of a theatre or a cab-stand. Of the amount of business done in the course of a year it is not easy to form an estimate. Some pie-houses are known to consume as much flour as a neighboring baker standing in the same track. The baker makes ninety quartern loaves from the sack of flour, and could hardly make a living upon less than a dozen sacks a week; but as the proportion borne by the crust of a penny-pie to a quartern loaf is a mystery which we have not yet succeeded in penetrating, we are wanting in the elements of an exact calculation.

The establishment of these shops has by degrees prodigiously increased the number of pie-eaters and the consumption of pies. Thousands and tens of thousands who would decline the handling of a scalding hot morsel in the public street, will yet steal to the corner of a shop, and in front of an old play-bill, delicately dandling the tit-bit on their finger-tips till it cools to the precise temperature at which it is so delicious to swallow—"snatch a fearful joy." The trades man, too, in the immediate vicinity, soon learns to appreciate the propinquity of the pie-shop, in the addition it furnishes to a cold dinner, and for half the sum it would have cost him if prepared in his own kitchen. Many a time and oft have we dropped in, upon the strength of a general invitation, at the dinner-table of an indulgent bibliopole, and recognized the undeniable *patés* of "over the way" following upon the heels of the cold sirloin. With artisans out of work, and with town-travelers of small trade, the pie-shop is a halting-place, its productions presenting a cheap substitute for a dinner. Few purchases are made before twelve o'clock in the day; in fact the shutters are rarely pulled down much before eleven; yet even then business is carried on for nearly twenty hours out of the twenty-four. About noon the current of custom sets in, and all hands are busy till four or five o'clock; after which there is a pause, or rather a relaxation, until evening, when the various bands of operatives, as they are successively released from work, again renew the tide. As these disappear, the numberless nightly exhibitions, lecture-rooms, mechanics' institutes, concerts, theatres, and casinos, pour forth their motley hordes, of whom a large and hungry section find their way to the pie-house as the only available resource—the public-houses being shut up for the night, and the lobster-rooms, oyster saloons, "shades," "coal-holes," and "cider-cellars," too expensive for the multitude. After these come the cab-drivers who, having conveyed to their homes the more moneyed classes of sight-seers and play-goers, return to their stands in the vicinity of the shop, and now consider that they may conscientiously indulge in a refreshment of eel-pies, winding up with a couple of "fruiters," to the amount at least of the sum of which they may have been able to cheat their fares.

Throughout the summer months the pie trade flourishes with unabated vigor. Each successive fruit, as it ripens and comes to market, adds a fresh impetus to the traffic. As autumn waxes every week supplies a new attraction and a delicious variety; as it wanes into winter, a good store of apples are laid up for future use; and so soon as Jack Frost sets his cold toes upon the pavement, the delicate odor of mince-meat assails the passer-by, and reminds him that Christmas is coming, and that the pieman is ready for him. It is only in the early spring that the pie-shop is under a temporary cloud. The apples of the past year are well-nigh gone, and the few that remain have lost their succulence, and are dry and flavorless. This is the precise season when, as the pieman in "Pickwick" too candidly observed, "fruits is out, and cats is in." Now there is an unaccountable prejudice against cats among the pie-devouring population of the metropolis: we are superior to it ourselves, and can therefore afford to mention it dispassionately, and to express our regret that any species of commerce, much more one so grateful to the palate, and so convenient to the purse, should periodically suffer declension through the prevalence of an unfounded prejudice. Certain it is that penny-pie eating does materially decline about the early spring season; and it is certain too, that of late years, about the same season, a succession of fine Tabbies of our own have mysteriously disappeared. Attempts are made with rhubarb to combat the depression of business; but success in this matter is very partial—the generality of consumers being impressed with the popular notion that rhubarb is physic, and that physic is not fruit. But relief is at hand; the showers and sunshine of May bring the gooseberry to market; pies resume their importance; and the pieman backed by an inexhaustible store of a fruit grateful to every English palate, commences the campaign with renewed energy, and bids defiance for the rest of the year to the mutations of fortune.

We shall close this sketch with a legend of the day, for the truth of which, however, we do not personally vouch. It was related and received with much gusto at an annual supper lately given by a large pie proprietor to his assembled hands.

Some time since, so runs the current narrative, the owner of a thriving mutton-pie concern,

which, after much difficulty, he had succeeded in establishing with borrowed capital, died before he had well extricated himself from the responsibilities of debt. The widow carried on the business after his decease, and throve so well, that a speculating baker on the opposite side of the way made her the offer of his hand. The lady refused, and the enraged suitor, determined on revenge, immediately converted his baking into an opposition pie-shop; and acting on the principle universal among London bakers, of doing business for the first month or two at a loss, made his pies twice as big as he could honestly afford to make them. The consequence was that the widow lost her custom, and was hastening fast to ruin, when a friend of her late husband, who was also a small creditor, paid her a visit. She detailed her grievance to him, and lamented her lost trade and fearful prospects. "Ho, ho!" said her friend, "that 'ere's the move, is it? Never you mind, my dear. If I don't git your trade agin, there aint no snakes, mark me—that's all!" So saying, he took his leave.

About eight o'clock the same evening, when the baker's new pie-shop was crammed to overflowing, and the principal was below superintending the production of a new batch, in walks the widow's friend in the costume of a kennel-raker, and elbowing his way to the counter dabs down upon it a brace of huge dead cats, vociferating at the same time to the astonished damsel in attendance, "Tell your master, my dear, as how them two makes six-and-thirty this week, and say I'll bring t'other four to-morrer arternoon!" With that he swaggered out and went his way. So powerful was the prejudice against cat-mutton among the population of that neighborhood, that the shop was clear in an instant, and the floor was seen covered with hastily-abandoned specimens of every variety of segments of a circle. The spirit-shop at the corner of the street experienced an unusually large demand for "gees" of brandy, and interjectional ejaculations not purely grammatical were not merely audible, but visible, too, in the district. It is averred that the ingenious expedient of the widow's friend, founded as it was upon a profound knowledge of human prejudices, had the desired effect of restoring "the balance of trade." The widow recovered her commerce; the resentful baker was done as brown as if he had been shut up in his own oven; and the friend who brought about this measure of justice received the hand of the lady as a reward for his interference.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.[12]

Book VI.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

"Life," said my father, in his most dogmatical tone, "is a certain quantity in time, which may be regarded in two ways—1st, as life *Integral*; 2d, as life *Fractional*. Life integral is that complete whole, expressive of a certain value, large or small, which each man possesses in himself. Life fractional is that same whole seized upon and invaded by other people, and subdivided among them. They who get a large slice of it say, 'a very valuable life this!' those who get but a small handful say, 'so, so, nothing very great!' those who get none of it in the scramble exclaim, 'Good for nothing!'"

[12] Continued from the July Number.

"I don't understand a word you are saying," growled Captain Roland.

My father surveyed his brother with compassion—"I will make it all clear even to your understanding. When I sit down by myself in my study, having carefully locked the door on all of you, alone with my books and thoughts, I am in full possession of my integral life. I am *totus, teres, atque rotundus*—a whole human being—equivalent in value we will say, for the sake of illustration, to a fixed round sum—£100, for example. But when I come forth into the common apartment, each of those to whom I am of any worth whatsoever, puts his fingers into the bag that contains me, and takes out of me what he wants. Kitty requires me to pay a bill; Pisistratus to save him the time and trouble of looking into a score or two of books; the children to tell them stories, or play at hide and seek; the carp for bread-crumbs; and so on throughout the circle to which I have incautiously given myself up for plunder and subdivision. The £100 which I represented in my study is now parceled out; I am worth £40 or £50 to Kitty, £20 to Pisistratus, and perhaps 30*s.* to the carp. This is life fractional. And I cease to be an integral till once more returning to my study, and again closing the door on all existence but my own. Meanwhile, it is perfectly clear that, to those who, whether I am in the study, or whether I am in the common sitting-room, get nothing at all out of me, I am not worth a farthing. It must be wholly indifferent to a native of Kamtschatka whether Austin Caxton be or be not rased out of the great account-book of human beings.

"Hence," continued my father—"hence, it follows that the more fractional a life be—*id est*, the greater the number of persons among whom it can be subdivided—why, the more there are to say, 'a very valuable life that!' Thus, the leader of a political party, a conqueror, a king, an author who is amusing hundreds or thousands, or millions, has a greater number of persons whom his worth interests and affects than a Saint Simon Stylites could have when he perched himself at the top of a column; although, regarded each in himself, Saint Simon, in his grand mortification of flesh, in the idea that he thereby pleased his Divine Benefactor, might represent a larger sum

of moral value *per se* than Bonaparte or Voltaire."

Pisistratus.—"Perfectly clear, sir, but I don't see what it has to do with My Novel."

Mr. Caxton.—"Every thing. Your novel, if it is to be a full and comprehensive survey of the '*quicquid agunt homines*' (which it ought to be, considering the length and breadth to which I foresee, from the slow development of your story, you meditate extending and expanding it), will embrace the two views of existence, the integral and the fractional. You have shown us the former in Leonard, when he is sitting in his mother's cottage, or resting from his work by the little fount in Riccabocca's garden. And in harmony with that view of his life, you have surrounded him with comparative integrals, only subdivided by the tender hands of their immediate families and neighbors—your Squires and Parsons, your Italian Exile and his Jemima. With all these, life is more or less the life Natural, and this is always more or less the life integral. Then comes the life Artificial, which is always more or less the life fractional. In the life Natural wherein we are swayed but by our own native impulses and desires, subservient only to the great silent law of virtue (which has pervaded the universe since it swung out of chaos), a man is of worth from what he is in himself—Newton was as worthy before the apple fell from the tree as when all Europe applauded the discoverer of the Principle of Gravity. But in the life Artificial we are only of worth inasmuch as we affect others. And, relative to that life, Newton rose in value, more than a million per cent. when down fell the apple from which ultimately sprang up his discovery. In order to keep civilization going, and spread over the world the light of human intellect, we have certain desires within us, ever swelling beyond the ease and independence which belong to us as integrals. Cold man as Newton might be (he once took a lady's hand in his own, Kitty, and used her fore-finger for his tobacco-stopper; great philosopher!)—cold as he might be, he was yet moved into giving his discoveries to the world, and that from motives very little differing in their quality from the motives that make Dr. Squills communicate articles to the Phrenological Journal upon the skulls of Bushmen and wombats. For it is the *property of light to travel*. When a man has light in him, forth it must go. But the first passage of Genius from its integral state (in which it has been reposing on its own wealth) into the fractional, is usually through a hard and vulgar pathway. It leaves behind it the reveries of solitude, that self-contemplating rest which may be called the Visionary, and enters suddenly into the state that may be called the Positive and Actual. There, it sees the operations of money on the outer life—sees all the ruder and commoner springs of action—sees ambition without nobleness—love without romance—is bustled about, and ordered, and trampled, and cowed—in short, it passes an apprenticeship with some Richard Avenel, and does not yet detect what good and what grandeur, what addition even to the true poetry of the social universe, fractional existences like Richard Avenel's bestow; for the pillars that support society are like those of the Court of the Hebrew Tabernacle—they are of brass it is true, but they are filleted with silver. From such intermediate state Genius is expelled and driven on in its way, and would have been so in this ease had Mrs. Fairfield (who is but the representative of the homely natural affections, strongest ever in true genius—for light is warm) never crushed Mr. Avenel's moss-rose on her sisterly bosom. Now, forth from this passage and defile of transition into the larger world, must Genius go on, working out its natural destiny amidst things and forms the most artificial. Passions that move and influence the world are at work around it. Often lost sight of itself, its very absence is a silent contrast to the agencies present. Merged and vanished for a while amidst the Practical World, yet we ourselves feel all the while that it is *there*; is at work amidst the workings around it. This practical world that effaces it, rose out of some genius that has gone before; and so each man of genius, though we never come across him, as his operations proceed in places remote from our thoroughfares, is yet influencing the practical world that ignores him, forever and ever. That is GENIUS! We can't describe it in books—we can only hint and suggest it, by the accessaries which we artfully heap about it. The entrance of a true Probationer into the terrible ordeal of Practical Life is like that into the miraculous cavern by which, legend informs us, St. Patrick converted Ireland."

Blanche.—"What is that legend? I never heard of it."

Mr. Caxton.—"My dear, you will find it in a thin folio at the right on entering my study, written by Thomas Messingham, and called 'Florilegium Insulæ Sanctorum,' &c. The account therein is confirmed by the relation of an honest soldier, one Louis Ennius, who had actually entered the cavern. In short, the truth of the legend is undeniable, unless you mean to say, which I can't for a moment suppose, that Louis Ennius was a liar. Thus it runs: 'St. Patrick, finding that the Irish pagans were incredulous as to his pathetic assurances of the pains and torments destined to those who did not expiate their sins in this world, prayed for a miracle to convince them. His prayer was heard; and a certain cavern, so small that a man could not stand up therein at his ease, was suddenly converted into a Purgatory, comprehending tortures sufficient to convince the most incredulous. One unacquainted with human nature might conjecture that few would be disposed to venture voluntarily into such a place;—on the contrary, pilgrims came in crowds. Now, all who entered from vain curiosity, or with souls unprepared, perished miserably; but those who entered with deep and earnest faith, conscious of their faults, and if bold, yet humble, not only came out safe and sound, but purified, as if from the waters of a second baptism.' See Savage and Johnson, at night in Fleet-street;—and who shall doubt the truth of St. Patrick's Purgatory!" Therewith my father sighed—closed his Lucian, which had lain open on the table, and would read nothing but "good books" for the rest of the evening.

CHAPTER II.

On their escape from the prison to which Mr. Avenel had condemned them, Leonard and his mother found their way to a small public-house that lay at a little distance from the town, and on the outskirts of the high-road. With his arm round his mother's waist, Leonard supported her steps, and soothed her excitement. In fact, the poor woman's nerves were greatly shaken, and she felt an uneasy remorse at the injury her intrusion had inflicted on the young man's worldly prospects. As the shrewd reader has guessed already, that infamous Tinker was the prime agent of evil in this critical turn in the affairs of his quondam customer. For, on his return to his haunts around Hazeldean and the Casino, the Tinker had hastened to apprise Mrs. Fairfield of his interview with Leonard, and on finding that she was not aware that the boy was under the roof of his uncle, the pestilent vagabond (perhaps from spite against Mr. Avenel, or perhaps from that pure love of mischief by which metaphysical critics explain the character of Iago, and which certainly formed a main element in the idiosyncrasy of Mr. Sprott) had so impressed on the widow's mind the haughty demeanor of the uncle and the refined costume of the nephew, that Mrs. Fairfield had been seized with a bitter and insupportable jealousy. There was an intention to rob her of her boy!—he was to be made too fine for her. His silence was now accounted for. This sort of jealousy, always more or less a feminine quality, is often very strong among the poor; and it was the more strong in Mrs. Fairfield, because, lone woman that she was, the boy was all in all to her. And though she was reconciled to the loss of his presence, nothing could reconcile her to the thought that his affections should be weaned from her. Moreover, there were in her mind certain impressions, of the justice of which the reader may better judge hereafter, as to the gratitude—more than ordinarily filial—which Leonard owed to her. In short, she did not like, as she phrased it, "to be shaken off;" and after a sleepless night she resolved to judge for herself, much moved thereto by the malicious suggestions to that effect made by Mr. Sprott, who mightily enjoyed the idea of mortifying the gentleman by whom he had been so disrespectfully threatened with the treadmill. The widow felt angry with Parson Dale, and with the Riccaboccas: she thought they were in the plot against her; she communicated, therefore, her intention to none—and off she set, performing the journey partly on the top of the coach, partly on foot. No wonder that she was dusty, poor woman.

"And, oh! boy!" said she, half-sobbing; "when I got through the lodge-gates, came on the lawn, and saw all that power o' fine folk—I said to myself, says I—(for I felt fritted)—I'll just have a look at him and go back. But, ah, Lenny, when I saw thee, looking so handsome—and when thee turned and cried 'Mother,' my heart was just ready to leap out o' my mouth—and so I could not help hugging thee, if I had died for it. And thou wert so kind, that I forgot all Mr. Sprott had said about Dick's pride, or thought he had just told a fib about that, as he had wanted me to believe a fib about thee. Then Dick came up—and I had not seen him for so many years—and we come o' the same father and mother; and so—and so—" The widow's sobs here fairly choked her. "Ah," she said, after giving vent to her passion, and throwing her arms round Leonard's neck, as they sate in the little sanded parlor of the public-house—"ah, and I've brought thee to this. Go back, go back, boy, and never mind me."

With some difficulty Leonard pacified poor Mrs. Fairfield, and got her to retire to bed; for she was, indeed, thoroughly exhausted. He then stepped forth into the road, musingly. All the stars were out; and Youth, in its troubles, instinctively looks up to the stars. Folding his arms, Leonard gazed on the heavens, and his lips murmured.

From this trance, for so it might be called, he was awakened by a voice in a decidedly London accent; and, turning hastily round, saw Mr. Avenel's very gentlemanlike butler. Leonard's first idea was that his uncle had repented, and sent in search of him. But the butler seemed as much surprised at the rencounter as himself: that personage, indeed, the fatigues of the day being over, was accompanying one of Mr. Gunter's waiters to the public-house (at which the latter had secured his lodging), having discovered an old friend in the waiter, and proposing to regale himself with a cheerful glass, and—(*that* of course)—abuse of his present situation.

"Mr. Fairfield!" exclaimed the butler, while the waiter walked discreetly on.

Leonard looked, and said nothing. The butler began to think that some apology was due for leaving his plate and his pantry, and that he might as well secure Leonard's propitiatory influence with his master—

"Please, sir," said he, touching his hat, "I was just a-showing Mr. Giles the way to the Blue Bells, where he puts up for the night. I hope my master will not be offended. If you are a-going back, sir, would you kindly mention it?"

"I am not going back, Jarvis," answered Leonard, after a pause; "I am leaving Mr. Avenel's house, to accompany my mother; rather suddenly. I should be very much obliged to you if you would bring some things of mine to me at the Blue Bells. I will give you the list, if you will step back with me to the inn."

Without waiting for a reply, Leonard then turned toward the inn, and made his humble inventory; item, the clothes he had brought with him from the Casino; item, the knapsack that had contained them; item, a few books ditto; item, Dr. Riccabocca's watch; item, sundry MSS., on which the young student now built all his hopes of fame and fortune. This list he put into Mr. Jarvis's hand.

"Sir," said the butler, twirling the paper between his finger and thumb, "you are not a-going for long, I hope;" and as he thought of the scene on the lawn, the report of which had vaguely reached his ears, he looked on the face of the young man, who had always been "civil spoken to

him," with as much curiosity and as much compassion as so apathetic and princely a personage could experience in matters affecting a family less aristocratic than he had hitherto condescended to serve.

"Yes," said Leonard, simply and briefly; "and your master will no doubt excuse you for rendering me this service."

Mr. Jarvis postponed for the present his glass and chat with the waiter, and went back at once to Mr. Avenel. That gentleman, still seated in his library, had not been aware of the butler's absence; and when Mr. Jarvis entered and told him that he had met Mr. Fairfield, and, communicating the commission with which he was intrusted, asked leave to execute it, Mr. Avenel felt the man's inquisitive eye was on him, and conceived new wrath against Leonard for a new humiliation to his pride. It was awkward to give no explanation of his nephew's departure, still more awkward to explain.

After a short pause, Mr. Avenel said sullenly, "My nephew is going away on business for some time—do what he tells you;" and then turned his back, and lighted his cigar.

"That beast of a boy," said he, soliloquizing, "either means this as an affront, or an overture; if an affront, he is, indeed, well got rid of; if an overture, he will soon make a more respectful and proper one. After all, I can't have too little of relations till I have fairly secured Mrs. M'Catchly. An Honorable! I wonder if that makes me an Honorable too? This cursed Debrett contains no practical information on these points."

The next morning, the clothes and the watch with which Mr. Avenel had presented Leonard were returned, with a note meant to express gratitude, but certainly written with very little knowledge of the world, and so full of that somewhat over-resentful pride which had in earlier life made Leonard fly from Hazeldean, and refuse all apology to Randal, that it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Avenel's last remorseful feelings evaporated in ire. "I hope he will starve!" said the uncle, vindictively.

CHAPTER III.

"Listen to me, my dear mother," said Leonard the next morning, as with his knapsack on his shoulder and Mrs. Fairfield on his arm, he walked along the high road; "I do assure you, from my heart, that I do not regret the loss of favors which I see plainly would have crushed out of me the very sense of independence. But do not fear for me; I have education and energy—I shall do well for myself, trust me. No; I can not, it is true, go back to our cottage—I can not be a gardener again. Don't ask me—I should be discontented, miserable. But I will go up to London! That's the place to make a fortune and a name: I will make both. O yes, trust me, I will. You shall soon be proud of your Leonard; and then we will always live together—always! Don't cry."

"But what can you do in Lunnon—such a big place, Lenny?"

"What! Every year does not some lad leave our village, and go and seek his fortune, taking with him but health and strong hands? I have these, and I have more: I have brains, and thoughts, and hopes, that—again I say, No, no—never fear for me!"

The boy threw back his head proudly; there was something sublime in his young trust in the future.

"Well—But you will write to Mr. Dale, or to me? I will get Mr. Dale, or the good Mounseer (now I know they were not agin me) to read your letters."

"I will, indeed!"

"And, boy, you have nothing in your pockets. We have paid Dick; these, at least, are my own, after paying the coach fare." And she would thrust a sovereign and some shillings into Leonard's waistcoat pocket.

After some resistance, he was forced to consent.

"And there's a sixpence with a hole in it. Don't part with that, Lenny; it will bring thee good luck."

Thus talking, they gained the inn where the three roads met, and from which a coach went direct to the Casino. And here, without entering the inn, they sate on the green sward by the hedge-row, waiting the arrival of the coach. Mrs. Fairfield was much subdued in spirits, and there was evidently on her mind something uneasy—some struggle with her conscience. She not only upbraided herself for her rash visit; but she kept talking of her dead Mark. And what would he say of her, if he could see her in heaven? 398

"It was so selfish in me, Lenny."

"Pooh, pooh! Has not a mother a right to her child?"

"Ay, ay, ay!" cried Mrs. Fairfield. "I do love you as a child—my own child. But if I was not your mother after all, Lenny, and cost you all this—oh, what would you say of me then?"

"Not my own mother!" said Leonard, laughing, as he kissed her. "Well, I don't know what I should say then differently from what I say now—that you who brought me up, and nursed and cherished me, had a right to my home and my heart, wherever I was."

"Bless thee!" cried Mrs. Fairfield, as she pressed him to her heart. "But it weighs here—it weighs"—she said, starting up.

At that instant the coach appeared, and Leonard ran forward to inquire if there was an outside place. Then there was a short bustle while the horses were being changed; and Mrs. Fairfield was lifted up to the roof of the vehicle. So all further private conversation between her and Leonard ceased. But as the coach whirled away, and she waved her hand to the boy, who stood on the road-side gazing after her, she still murmured—"It weighs here—it weighs—!"

CHAPTER IV.

Leonard walked sturdily on in the high-road to the Great City. The day was calm and sunlit, but with a gentle breeze from gray hills at the distance; and with each mile that he passed, his step seemed to grow more firm, and his front more elate. Oh! it is such joy in youth to be alone with one's day-dreams. And youth feels so glorious a vigor in the sense of its own strength, though the world be before and—against it! Removed from that chilling counting-house—from the imperious will of a patron and master—all friendless, but all independent—the young adventurer felt a new being—felt his grand nature as Man. And on the Man rushed the genius long interdicted—and thrust aside—rushing back, with the first breath of adversity to console—no! the Man needed not consolation—to kindle, to animate, to rejoice! If there is a being in the world worthy of our envy, after we have grown wise philosophers of the fireside, it is not the palled voluptuary, nor the care-worn statesman, nor even the great prince of arts and letters, already crowned with the laurel, whose leaves are as fit for poison as for garlands; it is the young child of adventure and hope. Ay, and the emptier his purse, ten to one but the richer his heart, and the wider the domains which his fancy enjoys as he goes on with kingly step to the Future.

Not till toward the evening did our adventurer slacken his pace, and think of rest and refreshment. There, then, lay before him, on either side the road, those wide patches of uninclosed land, which in England often denote the entrance to a village. Presently one or two neat cottages came in sight—then a small farm-house, with its yard and barns. And some way further yet, he saw the sign swinging before an inn of some pretensions—the sort of inn often found on a long stage between two great towns, commonly called "The Half-way House." But the inn stood back from the road, having its own separate sward in front, whereon were a great beech tree (from which the sign extended) and a rustic arbor—so that, to gain the inn, the coaches that stopped there took a sweep from the main thoroughfare. Between our pedestrian and the inn there stood naked and alone, on the common land, a church; our ancestors never would have chosen that site for it; therefore it was a modern church—modern Gothic—handsome to an eye not versed in the attributes of ecclesiastical architecture—very barbarous to an eye that was. Somehow or other the church looked cold, and raw, and uninviting. It looked a church for show—much too big for the scattered hamlet—and void of all the venerable associations which give their peculiar and unspeakable atmosphere of piety to the churches in which succeeding generations have knelt and worshiped. Leonard paused and surveyed the edifice with an unlearned but poetical gaze—it dissatisfied him. And he was yet pondering why, when a young girl passed slowly before him, her eyes fixed on the ground, opened the little gate that led into the church-yard, and vanished. He did not see the child's face; but there was something in her movements so utterly listless, forlorn, and sad, that his heart was touched. What did she there? He approached the low wall with a noiseless step, and looked over it wistfully.

There by a grave evidently quite recent, with no wooden tomb nor tombstone like the rest, the little girl had thrown herself, and she was sobbing loud and passionately. Leonard opened the gate, and approached her with a soft step. Mingled with her sobs, he heard broken sentences, wild and vain, as all human sorrowings over graves must be.

"Father! oh, father! do you not really hear me? I am so lone—so lone! Take me to you—take me!" And she buried her face in the deep grass.

"Poor child!" said Leonard, in a half whisper—"he is not there. Look above!"

The girl did not heed him—he put his arm round her waist gently—she made a gesture of impatience and anger, but she would not turn her face—and she clung to the grave with her hands.

After clear sunny days the dews fall more heavily; and now, as the sun set, the herbage was bathed in a vaporous haze—a dim mist rose around. The young man seated himself beside her, and tried to draw the child to his breast. Then she turned eagerly, indignantly, and pushed him aside with jealous arms. He profaned the grave! He understood her with his deep poet-heart, and rose. There was a pause.

Leonard was the first to break it.

"Come to your home with me, my child, and we will talk of *him* by the way."

"Him! Who are you? You did not know him!" said the girl, still with anger. "Go away—why do you disturb me? I do no one harm. Go—go!"

"You do yourself harm, and that will grieve him if he sees you yonder! Come!"

The child looked at him through her blinding tears, and his face softened and soothed her.

"Go!" she said very plaintively, and in subdued accents. "I will but stay a minute more. I—I have so much to say yet."

Leonard left the church-yard, and waited without; and in a short time the child came forth, waved him aside as he approached her, and hurried away. He followed her at a distance, and saw her disappear within the inn.

CHAPTER V.

"Hip—hip—hurrah!" Such was the sound that greeted our young traveler as he reached the inn-door—a sound joyous in itself, but sadly out of harmony with the feelings which the child sobbing on the tombless grave had left at his heart. The sound came from within, and was followed by thumps and stamps, and the jingle of glasses. A strong odor of tobacco was wafted to his olfactory sense. He hesitated a moment at the threshold. Before him on benches under the beech-tree and within the arbor, were grouped sundry athletic forms with "pipes in the liberal air." The landlady, as she passed across the passage to the tap-room, caught sight of his form at the doorway, and came forward. Leonard still stood irresolute. He would have gone on his way, but for the child; she had interested him strongly.

"You seem full, ma'am," said he. "Can I have accommodation for the night?"

"Why, indeed, sir," said the landlady, civilly, "I can give you a bed-room, but I don't know where to put you meanwhile. The two parlors and the tap-room and the kitchen are all choke-ful. There has been a great cattle-fair in the neighborhood, and I suppose we have as many as fifty farmers and drovers stopping here."

"As to that, ma'am, I can sit in the bed-room you are kind enough to give me; and if it does not cause you much trouble to let me have some tea there, I should be glad; but I can wait your leisure. Do not put yourself out of the way for me."

The landlady was touched by a consideration she was not much habituated to receive from her bluff customers.

"You speak very handsome, sir, and we will do our best to serve you, if you will excuse all faults. This way, sir." Leonard lowered his knapsack, stepped into the passage, with some difficulty forced his way through a knot of sturdy giants in top-boots or leathern gaiters, who were swarming in and out the tap-room, and followed his hostess up-stairs to a little bed-room at the top of the house.

"It is small, sir, and high," said the hostess, apologetically. "But there be four gentlemen-farmers that have come a great distance, and all the first floor is engaged; you will be more out of the noise here."

"Nothing can suit me better. But, stay—pardon me;" and Leonard, glancing at the garb of the hostess, observed she was not in mourning. "A little girl whom I saw in the church-yard yonder, weeping very bitterly—is she a relation of yours? Poor child, she seems to have deeper feelings than are common at her age."

"Ah, sir," said the landlady, putting the corner of her apron to her eyes, "it is a very sad story—I don't know what to do. Her father was taken ill on his way to Lunnun, and stopped here, and has been buried four days. And the poor little girl seems to have no relations—and where is she to go? Laryer Jones says we must pass her to Marybone parish, where her father lived last; and what's to become of her then? My heart bleeds to think on it." Here then rose such an uproar from below, that it was evident some quarrel had broken out; and the hostess, recalled to her duties, hastened to carry thither her propitiatory influences.

Leonard seated himself pensively by the little lattice. Here was some one more alone in the world than he. And she, poor orphan, had no stout man's heart to grapple with fate, and no golden manuscripts that were to be as the "Open Sesame" to the treasures of Aladdin. By-and-by, the hostess brought him up a tray with tea and other refreshments, and Leonard resumed his inquiries. "No relatives?" said he; "surely the child must have some kinsfolk in London? Did her father leave no directions, or was he in possession of his faculties?"

"Yes, sir; he was quite reasonablelike to the last. And I asked him if he had not any thing on his mind, and he said, 'I have.' And I said, 'your little girl, sir?' And he answered me, 'Yes, ma'am;' and laying his head on his pillow, he wept very quietly. I could not say more myself, for it set me off to see him cry so meekly; but my husband is harder than I, and he said, 'Cheer up, Mr. Digby; had not you better write to your friends?'"

"'Friends!' said the gentleman, in such a voice! 'Friends, I have but one, and I am going to Him! I can not take her there!' Then he seemed suddenly to recollect hisself, and called for his clothes, and rummaged in the pockets as if looking for some address, and could not find it. He seemed a forgetful kind of gentleman, and his hands were what I call *helpless* hands, sir! And then he gasped out, 'Stop—stop! I never had the address. Write to Lord Les—' something like Lord Lester —but we could not make out the name. Indeed, he did not finish it, for there was a rush of blood to his lips; and though he seemed sensible when he recovered (and knew us and his little girl too, till he went off smiling), he never spoke word more."

"Poor man," said Leonard, wiping his eyes. "But his little girl surely remembers the name that he

did not finish?"

"No. She says, he must have meant a gentleman whom they had met in the Park not long ago, who was very kind to her father, and was Lord something; but she don't remember the name, for she never saw him before or since, and her father talked very little about any one lately, but thought he should find some kind friends at Screwstown, and traveled down there with her from Lunnon. But she supposes he was disappointed, for he went out, came back, and merely told her to put up the things, as they must go back to Lunnon. And on his way there he—died. Hush, what's that? I hope she did not overhear us. No, we were talking low. She has the next room to your'n, sir. I thought I heard her sobbing. Hush!"

"In the next room? I hear nothing. Well, with your leave, I will speak to her before I quit you. And had her father no money with him?"

"Yes, a few sovereigns, sir; they paid for his funeral, and there is a little left still, enough to take her to town; for my husband said, says he, 'Hannah, the widow *gave* her mite, and we must not *take* the orphan's,' and my husband is a hard man, too, sir. Bless him?"

"Let me take your hand, ma'am. God reward you both."

"La, sir!—why, even Dr. Dosewell said, rather grumpily though, 'Never mind my bill; but don't call me up at six o'clock in the morning again, without knowing a little more about people.' And I never afore knew Dr. Dosewell go without his bill being paid. He said it was a trick o' the other Doctor to spite him."

"What other Doctor?"

"Oh, a very good gentleman, who got out with Mr. Digby when he was taken ill, and staid till the next morning; and our Doctor says his name is Morgan, and he lives in—Lunnon, and is a homy—something."

"Homicide," suggested Leonard ignorantly.

"Ah—homicide; something like that, only a deal longer and worse. But he left some of the tiniest little balls you ever see, sir, to give the child; but, bless you, they did her no good—how should they?"

"Tiny balls, oh—homeopathist—I understand. And the Doctor was kind to her; perhaps he may help her. Have you written to him?"

"But we don't know his address, and Lunnon is a vast place, sir."

"I am going to London, and will find it out."

"Ah, sir, you seem very kind; and sin' she must go to Lunnon (for what can we do with her here?—she's too genteel for service), I wish she was going with you."

"With me!" said Leonard, startled; "with me! Well, why not?"

"I am sure she comes of good blood, sir. You would have known her father was quite the gentleman, only to see him die, sir. He went off so kind and civil like, as if he was ashamed to give so much trouble—quite a gentleman, if ever there was one. And so are you, sir, I'm sure," said the landlady, courtesying; "I know what gentlefolk be. I've been a housekeeper in the first of families in this very shire, sir, though I can't say I've served in Lunnon; and so, as gentlefolks know each other, I've no doubt you could find out her relations. Dear—dear! Coming, coming!"

Here there were loud cries for the hostess, and she hurried away. The farmers and drovers were beginning to depart, and their bills were to be made out and paid. Leonard saw his hostess no more that night. The last hip—hip—hurrah, was heard; some toast, perhaps, to the health of the county members;—and the chamber of woe, beside Leonard's, rattled with the shout. By-and-by silence gradually succeeded the various dissonant sounds below. The carts and gigs rolled away; the clatter of hoofs on the road ceased; there was then a dumb dull sound as of locking-up, and low humming of voices below, and footsteps mounting the stairs to bed, with now and then a drunken hiccup or maudlin laugh, as some conquered votary of Bacchus was fairly carried up to his domicile.

All, then, at last, was silent, just as the clock from the church sounded the stroke of eleven.

Leonard, meanwhile, had been looking over his MSS. There was first a project for an improvement on the steam-engine—a project that had long lain in his mind, begun with the first knowledge of mechanics that he had gleaned from his purchases of the Tinker. He put that aside now—it required too great an effort of the reasoning faculty to re-examine. He glanced less hastily over a collection of essays on various subjects, some that he thought indifferent, some that he thought good. He then lingered over a collection of verses, written in his best hand with loving care—verses first inspired by his perusal of Nora's melancholy memorials. These verses were as a diary of his heart and his fancy—those deep unwitnessed struggles which the boyhood of all more thoughtful natures has passed in its bright yet murky storm of the cloud and the lightning flash; though but few boys paused to record the crisis from which slowly emerges Man. And these first desultory grapplings with the fugitive airy images that flit through the dim chambers of the brain, had become with each effort more sustained and vigorous, till the phantoms were spelled, the flying ones arrested, the Immaterial seized, and clothed with Form.

Gazing on his last effort, Leonard felt that there at length spoke forth the Poet. It was a work which, though as yet but half completed, came from a strong hand; not that shadow trembling on unsteady waters, which is but the pale reflex and imitation of some bright mind, sphered out of reach and afar; but an original substance—a life—a thing of the *Creative* Faculty—breathing back already the breath it had received. This work had paused during Leonard's residence with Mr. Avenel, or had only now and then, in stealth, and at night, received a rare touch. Now, as with a fresh eye, he re-perused it; and with that strange, innocent admiration, not of self—(for a man's work is not, alas! himself—it is the beatified and idealized essence, extracted he knows not how from his own human elements of clay)—admiration known but to poets—their purest delight, often their sole reward. And then, with a warmer and more earthly beat of his full heart, he rushed in fancy to the Great City, where all rivers of Fame meet, but not to be merged and lost—sallying forth again, individualized and separate, to flow through that one vast Thought of God which we call THE WORLD.

He put up his papers; and opened his window, as was his ordinary custom, before he retired to rest—for he had many odd habits; and he loved to look out into the night when he prayed. His soul seemed to escape from the body—to mount on the air—to gain more rapid access to the far Throne in the Infinite—when his breath went forth among the winds, and his eyes rested fixed on the stars of Heaven.

So the boy prayed silently; and after his prayer he was about lingeringly to close the lattice, when he heard distinctly sobs close at hand. He paused, and held his breath; then looked gently out; the casement next his own was also open. Some one was also at watch by that casement—perhaps also praying. He listened yet more intently, and caught, soft and low, the words, "Father—father—do you hear me *now*?"

CHAPTER VI.

Leonard opened his door and stole toward that of the room adjoining; for his first natural impulse had been to enter and console. But when his touch was on the handle, he drew back. Child though the mourner was, her sorrows were rendered yet more sacred from intrusion by her sex. Something, he knew not what, in his young ignorance, withheld him from the threshold. To have crossed it then would have seemed to him profanation. So he returned, and for hours yet he occasionally heard the sobs, till they died away, and childhood wept itself to sleep.

But the next morning, when he heard his neighbor astir, he knocked gently at her door; there was no answer. He entered softly, and saw her seated very listlessly in the centre of the room—as if it had no familiar nook or corner as the rooms of home have—her hands drooping on her lap, and her eyes gazing desolately on the floor. Then he approached and spoke to her.

Helen was very subdued, and very silent. Her tears seemed dried up: and it was long before she gave sign or token that she heeded him. At length, however, he gradually succeeded in rousing her interest; and the first symptom of his success was in the quiver of her lip, and the overflow of the downcast eyes.

By little and little he wormed himself into her confidence; and she told him, in broken whispers, her simple story. But what moved him the most was, that, beyond her sense of loneliness, she did not seem to feel her own unprotected state. She mourned the object she had nursed, and heeded, and cherished; for she had been rather the protectress than the protected to the helpless dead. He could not gain from her any more satisfactory information than the landlady had already imparted, as to her friends and prospects; but she permitted him passively to look among the effects her father had left—save only that if his hand touched something that seemed to her associations especially holy, she waved him back, or drew it quickly away. There were many bills receipted in the name of Captain Digby—old yellow faded music-scores for the flute—extracts of Parts from Prompt Books—gay parts of lively comedies, in which heroes have so noble a contempt for money—fit heroes for a Sheridan and a Farquhar; close by these were several pawnbroker's tickets; and, not arranged smoothly, but crumpled up, as if with an indignant nervous clutch of the old helpless hands, some two or three letters. He asked Helen's permission to glance at these, for they might give a clew to friends. Helen gave the permission by a silent bend of the head. The letters, however, were but short and freezing answers from what appeared to be distant connections or former friends, or persons to whom the deceased had applied for some situation. They were all very disheartening in their tone. Leonard next endeavored to refresh Helen's memory as to the name of the nobleman which had been last on her father's lips; but there he failed wholly. For it may be remembered that Lord L'Estrange, when he pressed his loan on Mr. Digby, and subsequently told that gentleman to address to him at Mr. Egerton's, had, from a natural delicacy, sent the child on, that she might not hear the charity bestowed on the father; and Helen said truly, that Mr. Digby had sunk into a habitual silence on all his affairs latterly. She might have heard her father mention the name, but she had not treasured it up; all she could say was, that she should know the stranger again if she met him, and his dog too. Seeing that the child had grown calm, Leonard was then going to leave the room, in order to confer with the hostess: when she rose suddenly, though noiselessly, and put her little hand in his, as if to detain him. She did not say a word—the action said all—said "Do not desert me." And Leonardo heart rushed to his lips, and he answered to the action, as he bent down and kissed her cheek, "Orphan, will you go with me? We have one Father yet to both of us, and He will guide us on earth. I am fatherless like you." She raised her eyes to his—looked at him long—and then leant her head confidingly on his strong young shoulder.

CHAPTER VII.

At noon that same day, the young man and the child were on their road to London. The host had at first a little demurred at trusting Helen to so young a companion; but Leonard, in his happy ignorance, had talked so sanguinely of finding out this lord, or some adequate protection for the child; and in so grand a strain, though with all sincerity—had spoken of his own great prospects in the metropolis (he did not say what they were!)—that had it been the craftiest impostor he could not more have taken in the rustic host. And while the landlady still cherished the illusive fancy, that all gentlefolks must know each other in London, as they did in a county, the landlord believed, at least, that a young man so respectably dressed, although but a foot-traveler—who talked in so confident a tone, and who was so willing to undertake what might be rather a burdensome charge, unless he saw how to rid himself of it—would be sure to have friends, older and wiser than himself, who would judge what could best be done for the orphan.

And what was the host to do with her? Better this volunteered escort, at least, than vaguely passing her on from parish to parish, and leaving her friendless at last in the streets of London. Helen, too, smiled for the first time on being asked her wishes, and again put her hand in Leonard's. In short, so it was settled.

The little girl made up a bundle of the things she most prized or needed. Leonard did not feel the additional load, as he slung it to his knapsack: the rest of the luggage was to be sent to London as soon as Leonard wrote (which he promised to do soon), and gave an address.

Helen paid her last visit to the church-yard; and she joined her companion as he stood on the road, without the solemn precincts. And now they had gone on some hours; and when he asked if she were tired, she still answered, "No." But Leonard was merciful, and made their day's journey short; and it took them some days to reach London. By the long lonely way, they grew so intimate; at the end of the second day, they called each other brother and sister; and Leonard, to his delight, found that as her grief, with the bodily movement and the change of scene, subsided from its first intenseness and its insensibility to other impressions, she developed a quickness of comprehension far beyond her years. Poor child! *that* had been forced upon her by Necessity. And she understood him in his spiritual consolations—half-poetical, half-religious; and she listened to his own tale, and the story of his self-education and solitary struggles—those, too, she understood. But when he burst out with his enthusiasm, his glorious hopes, his confidence in the fate before them, then she would shake her head very quietly and very sadly. Did she comprehend *them*? Alas! perhaps too well. She knew more as to real life than he did. Leonard was at first their joint treasurer; but before the second day was over, Helen seemed to discover that he was too lavish; and she told him so, with a prudent, grave look, putting her hand on his arm as he was about to enter an inn to dine; and the gravity would have been comic, but that the eyes through their moisture were so meek and grateful. She felt he was about to incur that ruinous extravagance on her account. Somehow or other, the purse found its way into her keeping, and then she looked proud and in her natural element.

Ah! what happy meals under her care were provided: so much more enjoyable than in dull, sanded inn-parlors, swarming with flies and reeking with stale tobacco. She would leave him at the entrance of a village, bound forward, and cater, and return with a little basket and a pretty blue jug—which she had bought on the road—the last filled with new milk; the first with new bread and some special dainty in radishes or water-cresses. And she had such a talent for finding out the prettiest spot whereon to halt and dine: sometimes in the heart of a wood—so still, it was like a forest in fairy tales, the hare stealing through the alleys, or the squirrel peeping at them from the boughs; sometimes by a little brawling stream, with the fishes seen under the clear wave, and shooting round the crumbs thrown to them. They made an Arcadia of the dull road up to their dread Thermopylæ—the war against the million that waited them on the other side of their pass through Tempe.

"Shall we be as happy when we are *great*?" said Leonard, in his grand simplicity.

Helen sighed, and the wise little head was shaken.

CHAPTER VIII.

At last they came within easy reach of London; but Leonard had resolved not to enter the metropolis fatigued and exhausted, as a wanderer needing refuge, but fresh and elate, as a conqueror coming in triumph to take possession of the capital. Therefore they halted early in the evening of the day preceding this imperial entry, about six miles from the metropolis, in the neighborhood of Ealing (for by that route lay their way). They were not tired on arriving at their inn. The weather was singularly lovely, with that combination of softness and brilliancy which is only known to the rare true summer days of England: all below so green, above so blue—days of which we have about six in the year, and recall vaguely when we read of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, of Damsel and Knight, in Spenser's golden Summer Song, or of Jacques, dropped under the oak tree, watching the deer amidst the dells of Ardennes. So, after a little pause in their inn, they strolled forth, not for travel, but pleasure, toward the cool of sunset, passing by the grounds that once belonged to the Duke of Kent, and catching a glimpse of the shrubs and lawns of that beautiful domain through the lodge-gates; then they crossed into some fields, and came to a little rivulet called the Brent. Helen had been more sad that day than on any during their journey. Perhaps, because, on approaching London, the memory of her father became more vivid; perhaps

from her precocious knowledge of life, and her foreboding of what was to befall them, children that they both were. But Leonard was selfish that day; he could not be influenced by his companion's sorrow, he was so full of his own sense of being, and he already caught from the atmosphere the fever that belongs to anxious Capitals.

"Sit here, sister," said he imperiously throwing himself under the shade of a pollard tree that overhung the winding brook, "sit here and talk."

He flung off his hat, tossed back his rich curls, and sprinkled his brow from the stream that eddied round the roots of the tree that bulged out, bald and gnarled, from the bank, and delved into the waves below. Helen quietly obeyed him, and nestled close to his side.

"And so this London is really very vast?—VERY?" he repeated inquisitively.

"Very," answered Helen, as abstractedly she plucked the cowslips near her, and let them fall into the running waters. "See how the flowers are carried down the stream! They are lost now. London is to us what the river is to the flowers—very vast—very strong;" and she added, after a pause, "very cruel?"

"Cruel! Ah, it *has* been so to you; but *now*!—now I will take care of you!" he smiled triumphantly; and his smile was beautiful both in its pride and its kindness. It is astonishing how Leonard had altered since he had left his uncle's. He was both younger and older; for the sense of genius, when it snaps its shackles, makes us both older and wiser as to the world it soars to—younger and blinder as to the world it springs from.

"And it is not a very handsome city either, you say?"

"Very ugly, indeed," said Helen, with some fervor; "at least all I have seen of it."

"But there must be parts that are prettier than others? You say there are parks; why should not we lodge near them, and look upon the green trees?"

"That would be nice," said Helen, almost joyously; "but—" and here the head was shaken—"there are no lodgings for us except in courts and alleys."

"Why?"

"Why?" echoed Helen, with a smile, and she held up the purse.

"Pooh! always that horrid purse; as if, too, we were not going to fill it. Did I not tell you the story of Fortunio? Well, at all events, we will go first to the neighborhood where you last lived, and learn there all we can; and then the day after to-morrow, I will see this Dr. Morgan, and find out the Lord—"

The tears started to Helen's soft eyes. "You want to get rid of me soon, brother."

"I! ah, I feel so happy to have you with me, it seems to me as if I had pined for you all my life, and you had come at last; for I never had brother, nor sister, nor any one to love, that was not older than myself, except—"

"Except the young lady you told me of," said Helen, turning away her face; for children are very jealous.

"Yes, I loved her, love her still. But that was different," said Leonard, with a heightened color. "I could never have talked to her as to you; to you I open my whole heart; you are my little Muse, Helen. I confess to you my wild whims and fancies as frankly as if I were writing poetry." As he said this, a step was heard, and a shadow fell over the stream. A belated angler appeared on the margin, drawing his line impatiently across the water, as if to worry some dozing fish into a bite before it finally settled itself for the night. Absorbed in his occupation, the angler did not observe the young persons on the sward under the tree, and he halted there, close upon them.

"Curse that perch!" said he aloud.

"Take care, sir," cried Leonard; for the man in stepping back, nearly trod upon Helen.

The angler turned. "What's the matter? Hist! you have frightened my perch. Keep still, can't you?"

Helen drew herself out of the way, and Leonard remained motionless. He remembered Jackeymo, and felt a sympathy for the angler.

"It is the most extraordinary perch, that!" muttered the stranger, soliloquizing. "It has the devil's own luck. It must have been born with a silver spoon in its mouth, that damned perch! I shall never catch it—never! Ha!—no—only a weed. I give it up." With this, he indignantly jerked his rod from the water, and began to disjoint it. While leisurely engaged in this occupation, he turned to Leonard.

"Humph! are you intimately acquainted with this stream, sir?"

"No," answered Leonard. "I never saw it before."

ANGLER (solemnly).—"Then, young man, take my advice, and do not give way to its fascinations. Sir, I am a martyr to this stream; it has been the Dalilah of my existence."

LEONARD (interested, the last sentence seemed to him poetical).—"The Dalilah! Sir—the Dalilah!"

ANGLER.—"The Dalilah. Young man, listen, and be warned by example. When I was about your age, I first came to this stream to fish. Sir, on that fatal day, about 3, P.M., I hooked up a fish—such a big one, it must have weighed a pound and a half. Sir, it was that length;" and the angler put finger to wrist. "And just when I had got it nearly ashore, by the very place where you are sitting, on that shelving bank, young man, the line broke, and the perch twisted himself among those roots, and—caco-dæmon that he was—ran off, hook and all. Well, that fish haunted me; never before had I seen such a fish. Minnows I had caught in the Thames and elsewhere, also gudgeons, and occasionally a dace. But a fish like that—a PERCH—all his fins up like the sails of a man-of-war—a monster perch—a whale of a perch!—No, never till then had I known what leviathans lie hid within the deeps. I could not sleep till I had returned; and again, sir—I caught that perch. And this time I pulled him fairly out of the water. He escaped; and how did he escape? Sir, he left his eye behind him on the hook. Years, long years, have passed since then; but never shall I forget the agony of that moment."

LEONARD.—"To the perch, sir?"

ANGLER.—"Perch! agony to him! He enjoyed it:—agony to me. I gazed on that eye, and the eye looked as sly and as wicked as if it was laughing in my face. Well, sir, I had heard that there is no better bait for a perch than a perch's eye. I adjusted that eye on the hook, and dropped in the line gently. The water was unusually clear; in two minutes I saw that perch return. He approached the hook; he recognized his eye—frisked his tail—made a plunge—and, as I live, carried off the eye, safe and sound; and I saw him digesting it by the side of that water lily. The mocking fiend! Seven times since that day, in the course of a varied and eventful life, have I caught that perch, and seven times has that perch escaped."

LEONARD (astonished):—"It can't be the same perch; perches are very tender fish—a hook inside of it, and an eye hooked out of it—no perch could withstand such havoc in its constitution."

ANGLER (with an appearance of awe).—"It does seem supernatural. But it *is* that perch; for harkye, sir, there is ONLY ONE perch in the whole brook! All the years I have fished here, I have never caught another perch here; and this solitary inmate of the watery element I know by sight better than I know my own lost father. For each time that I have raised it out of the water, its profile has been turned to me, and I have seen, with a shudder, that it has had only—One Eye! It is a most mysterious and a most diabolical phenomenon, that perch! It has been the ruin of my prospects in life. I was offered a situation in Jamaica; I could not go, with that perch left here in triumph. I might afterward have had an appointment in India, but I could not put the ocean between myself and that perch: thus have I frittered away my existence in the fatal metropolis of my native land. And once a-week, from February to December, I come hither—Good Heavens! if I should catch the perch at last, the occupation of my existence will be gone."

Leonard gazed curiously at the angler, as the last thus mournfully concluded. The ornate turn of his periods did not suit with his costume. He looked woefully threadbare and shabby—a genteel sort of shabbiness too—shabbiness in black. There was humor in the corners of his lip; and his hands, though they did not seem very clean—indeed his occupation was not friendly to such niceties—were those of a man who had not known manual labor. His face was pale and puffed, but the tip of his nose was red. He did not seem as if the watery element was as familiar to himself as to his Dalilah—the perch.

"Such is Life!" recommenced the angler in a moralizing tone, as he slid his rod into its canvas case. "If a man knew what it was to fish all one's life in a stream that has only one perch!—to catch that one perch nine times in all, and nine times to see it fall back into the water, plump;—if a man knew what it was—why, then"—Here the angler looked over his shoulder full at Leonard—"why then, young sir, he would know what human life is to vain ambition. Good evening."

Away he went, treading over the daisies and king cups. Helen's eyes followed him wistfully.

"What a strange person!" said Leonard, laughing.

"I think he is a very wise one," murmured Helen; and she came close up to Leonard, and took his hand in both hers, as if she felt already that he was in need of the Comforter—the line broke, and the perch lost!

CHAPTER IX.

At noon the next day, London stole upon them, through a gloomy, thick, oppressive atmosphere. For where is it that we can say London *bursts* on the sight? It stole on them through one of its fairest and most gracious avenues of approach—by the stately gardens of Kensington—along the side of Hyde Park, and so on toward Cumberland Gate.

Leonard was not the least struck. And yet, with a very little money, and a very little taste, it would be easy to render this entrance to London as grand and imposing as that to Paris from the *Champs Elysées*. As they came near the Edgeware Road, Helen took her new brother by the hand and guided him. For she knew all that neighborhood, and she was acquainted with a lodging near that occupied by her father (to *that* lodging itself she could not have gone for the world), where they might be housed cheaply.

But just then the sky, so dull and overcast since morning, seemed one mass of black cloud. There

suddenly came on a violent storm of rain. The boy and girl took refuge in a covered mews, in a street running out of the Edgeware Road. This shelter soon became crowded; the two young pilgrims crept close to the wall, apart from the rest; Leonard's arm round Helen's waist, sheltering her from the rain that the strong wind contending with it beat in through the passage. Presently a young gentleman, of better mien and dress than the other refugees, entered, not hastily, but rather with a slow and proud step, as if, though he deigned to take shelter, he scorned to run to it. He glanced somewhat haughtily at the assembled group—passed on through the midst of it—came near Leonard—took off his hat, and shook the rain from its brim. His head thus uncovered, left all his features exposed; and the village youth recognized, at the first glance, his old victorious assailant on the green at Hazeldean.

Yet Randal Leslie was altered. His dark cheek was as thin as in boyhood, and even yet more wasted by intense study and night vigils; but the expression of his face was at once more refined and manly, and there was a steady concentrated light in his large eye, like that of one who has been in the habit of bringing all his thoughts to one point. He looked older than he was. He was dressed simply in black, a color which became him; and altogether his aspect and figure were not showy indeed, but distinguished. He looked, to the common eye, a gentleman; and to the more observant, a scholar.

Helter-skelter!—pell-mell! the group in the passage—now pressed each on each—now scattered on all sides—making way—rushing down the mews—against the walls—as a fiery horse darted under shelter; the rider, a young man, with a very handsome face, and dressed with that peculiar care which we commonly call dandyism, cried out, good-humoredly, "Don't be afraid; the horse shan't hurt any of you—a thousand pardons—so ho! so ho!" He patted the horse, and it stood as still as a statue, filling up the centre of the passage. The groups resettled—Randal approached the rider.

"Frank Hazeldean!"

"Ah—is it indeed Randal Leslie!"

Frank was off his horse in a moment, and the bridle was consigned to the care of a slim prentice-boy holding a bundle.

"My dear fellow, how glad I am to see you. How lucky it was that I should turn in here. Not like me either, for I don't much care for a ducking. Staying in town, Randal?"

"Yes, at your uncle's, Mr. Egerton. I have left Oxford."

"For good?"

"For good."

"But you have not taken your degree, I think? We Etonians all considered you booked for a double first. Oh! we have been so proud of your fame—you carried off all the prizes."

"Not all; but some, certainly. Mr. Egerton offered me my choice—to stay for my degree, or to enter at once into the Foreign Office. I preferred the end to the means. For, after all, what good are academical honors but as the entrance to life? To enter now, is to save a step in a long way, Frank."

"Ah! you were always ambitious, and you will make a great figure, I am sure."

"Perhaps so—if I work for it. Knowledge is power!"

Leonard started.

"And you," resumed Randal, looking with some curious attention at his old school-fellow. "You never came to Oxford. I did hear you were going into the army."

"I am in the Guards," said Frank, trying hard not to look too conceited as he made that acknowledgment. "The Governor pished a little, and would rather I had come to live with him in the old Hall, and take to farming. Time enough for that—eh? By Jove, Randal, how pleasant a thing is life in London? Do you go to Almack's to-night?"

"No; Wednesday is a holiday in the House! There is a great parliamentary dinner at Mr. Egerton's. He is in the Cabinet now, you know; but you don't see much of your uncle, I think."

"Our sets are different," said the young gentleman, in a tone of voice worthy of Brummel. "All those parliamentary fellows are devilish dull. The rain's over. I don't know whether the Governor would like me to call at Grosvenor-square; but pray come and see me; here's my card to remind you; you must dine at our mess. Such nice fellows. What day will you fix?"

"I will call and let you know. Don't you find it rather expensive in the Guards? I remember that you thought the Governor, as you call him, used to chafe a little when you wrote for more pocket-money; and the only time I ever remember to have seen you with tears in your eyes, was when Mr. Hazeldean, in sending you £5, reminded you that his estates were not entailed—were at his own disposal, and they should never go to an extravagant spendthrift. It was not a pleasant threat, that, Frank."

"Oh!" cried the young man coloring deeply, "It was not the threat that pained me, it was that my father could think so meanly of me as to fancy that—well—well, but those were school-boy days.

And my father was always more generous than I deserved. We must see a good deal of each other, Randal. How good-natured you were at Eton, making my longs and shorts for me; I shall never forget it. Do call soon."

Frank swung himself into his saddle, and rewarded the slim youth with half-a-crown; a largess four times more ample than his father would have deemed sufficient. A jerk of the rein and a touch of the heel—off bounded the fiery horse and the gay young rider. Randal mused; and as the rain had now ceased, the passengers under shelter dispersed and went their way. Only Randal, Leonard, and Helen remained behind. Then, as Randal, still musing, lifted his eyes, they fell full upon Leonard's face. He started, passed his hand quickly over his brow—looked again, hard and piercingly; and the change in his pale cheek to a shade still paler—a quick compression and nervous gnawing of his lip—showed that he too recognized an old foe. Then his glance ran over Leonard's dress, which was somewhat dust-stained, but far above the class among which the peasant was born. Randal raised his brows in surprise, and with a smile slightly supercilious—the smile stung Leonard; and with a slow step Randal left the passage, and took his way toward Grosvenor-square. The Entrance of Ambition was clear to *him*.

Then the little girl once more took Leonard by the hand, and led him through rows of humble, obscure, dreary streets. It seemed almost like an allegory personified, as the sad, silent child led on the penniless and low-born adventurer of genius by the squalid shops, and through the winding lanes, which grew meaner and meaner, till both their forms vanished from the view.

CHAPTER X.

"But do come; change your dress, return and dine with me; you will have just time, Harley. You will meet the most eminent men of our party; surely they are worth your study, philosopher that you affect to be."

Thus said Audley Egerton to Lord L'Estrange, with whom he had been riding (after the toils of his office). The two gentlemen were in Audley's library. Mr. Egerton, as usual, buttoned up, seated in his chair, in the erect posture of a man who scorns "inglorious ease." Harley, as usual, thrown at length on a sofa, his long hair in careless curls, his neckcloth loose, his habiliments flowing—*simplex munditiis*, indeed—his grace all his own; seemingly negligent, never slovenly; at ease every where and with every one, even with Mr. Audley Egerton, who chilled or awed the ease out of most people.

"Nay, my dear Audley, forgive me. But your eminent men are all men of one idea, and that not a diverting one—politics! politics! politics! The storm in the saucer."

"But, what is your life, Harley?—the saucer without the storm?"

"Do you know, that's very well said, Audley; I did not think you had so much liveliness of repartee. Life—life! it is insipid, it is shallow. No launching argosies in the saucer. Audley, I have the oddest fancy—"

"*That* of course," said Audley drily; "you never have any other. What is the new one?"

Harley (with great gravity).—"Do you believe in Mesmerism?"

Audley.—"Certainly not."

Harley.—"If it were in the power of an animal magnetizer to get me out of my own skin into somebody else's! *That's* my fancy! I am so tired of myself—so tired! I have run through all my ideas—know every one of them by heart; when some pretentious impostor of an idea perks itself up and says, 'Look at me, I'm a new acquaintance'—I just give it a nod, and say, 'Not at all, you have only got a new coat on; you are the same old wretch that has bored me these last twenty years; get away.' But if one could be in a new skin! if I could be for half-an-hour your tall porter, or one of your eminent matter-of-fact men, I should then really travel into a new world.[13] Every man's brain must be a world in itself, eh? If I could but make a parochial settlement even in yours, Audley—run over all your thoughts and sensations. Upon my life, I'll go and talk to that French mesmerizer about it."

[13] If, at the date in which Lord L'Estrange held this conversation with Mr. Egerton, Alfred de Musset had written his comedies, we should suspect that his lordship had plagiarized from one of them the whimsical idea that he here vents upon Audley. In repeating it, the author at least can not escape from the charge of obligation to a writer whose humor, at least, is sufficiently opulent to justify the loan.

Audley (who does not seem to like the notion of having his thoughts and sensations rummaged, even by his friend, and even in fancy).—"Pooh, pooh, pooh! Do talk like a man of sense."

Harley—"Man of sense! Where shall I find a model? I don't know a man of sense!—never met such a creature. Don't believe it ever existed. At one time I thought Socrates must have been a man of sense;—a delusion; he would stand gazing into the air, and talking to his Genius from sunrise to sunset. Is that like a man of sense? Poor Audley, how puzzled he looks! Well, I'll try and talk sense to oblige you. And first—(here Harley raised himself on his elbow)—first, is it true, as I have heard vaguely, that you are paying court to the sister of that infamous Italian traitor?"

"Madame di Negra? No; I am not paying *court* to her," answered Audley with a cold smile. "But she is very handsome; she is very clever; she is useful to me—I need not say how nor why; that

belongs to my *métier* as politician. But, I think, if you will take my advice, or get your friend to take it, I could obtain from her brother, through my influence with her, some liberal concessions to your exile. She is very anxious to know where he is."

"You have not told her?"

"No; I promised you I would keep that secret."

"Be sure you do; it is only for some mischief, some snare, that she could desire such information. Concessions! pooh! This is no question of concessions, but of rights."

"I think you should leave your friend to judge of that."

"Well, I will write to him. Meanwhile, beware of this woman, I have heard much of her abroad, and she has the character of her brother for duplicity and—"

"Beauty," interrupted Audley, turning the conversation with practiced adroitness. "I am told that the Count is one of the handsomest men in Europe, much handsomer than his sister still, though nearly twice her age. Tut—tut—Harley! fear not for me. I am proof against all feminine attractions. This heart is dead."

"Nay, nay; it is not for you to speak thus—leave that to me. But even *I* will not say it. The heart never dies. And you; what have you lost?—a wife; true: an excellent noble-hearted woman. But was it love that you felt for her? Enviable man, have you ever loved?"

"Perhaps not, Harley," said Audley, with a sombre aspect, and in dejected accents; "very few men ever have loved, at least as you mean by the word. But there are other passions than love that kill the heart, and reduce us to mechanism."

While Egerton spoke, Harley turned side, and his breast heaved. There was a short silence; Audley was the first to break it.

"Speaking of my lost wife, I am sorry that you do not approve what I have done for her young kinsman, Randal Leslie."

Harley (recovering himself with an effort).—"Is it true kindness to bid him exchange manly independence, for the protection of an official patron?"

Audley.—"I did not bid him. I gave him his choice. At his age I should have chosen as he has done."

Harley.—"I trust not; I think better of you. But answer me one question frankly, and then I will ask another. Do you mean to make this young man your heir?"

Audley (with a slight embarrassment).—"Heir, pooh! I am young still. I may live as long as he—time enough to think of that."

Harley.—"Then now to my second question. Have you told this youth plainly that he may look to you for influence, but not for wealth?"

Audley (firmly).—"I think I have; but I shall repeat it more emphatically."

Harley.—"Then I am satisfied as to your conduct, but not as to his. For he has too acute an intellect not to know what it is to forfeit independence; and, depend upon it, he has made his calculations, and would throw you into the bargain in any balance that he could strike in his favor. You go by your experience in judging men; I by my instincts. Nature warns us as it does the inferior animals—only we are too conceited, we bipeds, to heed her. My instincts of soldier and gentleman recoil from that old young man. He has the soul of the Jesuit. I see it in his eye—I hear it in the tread of his foot; *volto sciolto*, he has not; *i pensieri stretti* he has. Hist! I hear now his step in the hall. I should know it from a thousand. That's his very touch on the handle of the door."

Randal Leslie entered. Harley—who, despite his disregard for forms, and his dislike to Randal, was too high-bred not to be polite to his junior in age or inferior in rank—rose and bowed. But his bright piercing eyes did not soften as they caught and bore down the deeper and more latent fire in Randal's. Harley then did not resume his seat, but moved to the mantlepiece, and leant against it.

Randal.—"I have fulfilled, your commissions, Mr. Egerton. I went first to Maida-Hill, and saw Mr. Burley. I gave him the check, but he said 'it was too much, and he should return half to the banker;' he will write the article as you suggested. I then—"

Audley.—"Enough, Randal! we will not fatigue Lord L'Estrange with these little details of a life that displeases him—the life political."

Harley.—"But *these* details do not displease me; they reconcile me to my own life. Go on, pray, Mr. Leslie."

Randal had too much tact to need the cautioning glance of Mr. Egerton. He did not continue, but said, with a soft voice, "Do you think, Lord L'Estrange, that the contemplation of the mode of life pursued by others *can* reconcile a man to his own, if he had before thought it needed a reconciler?"

Harley looked pleased, for the question was ironical; and, if there was a thing in the world he abhorred, it was flattery.

"Recollect your Lucretius, Mr. Leslie, *Suave mare*, &c., 'pleasant from the cliff to see the mariners tossed on the ocean.' Faith, I think that sight reconciles one to the cliff—though, before, one might have been teased by the splash from the spray, and deafened by the scream of the sea-gulls. But I leave you, Audley. Strange that I have heard no more of my soldier. Remember I have your promise when I come to claim it. Good-by, Mr. Leslie, I hope that Mr. Burley's article will be worth the—check."

Lord L'Estrange mounted his horse, which was still at the door, and rode through the Park. But he was no longer now unknown by sight. Bows and nods saluted him on every side.

"Alas, I am found out then," said he to himself. "That terrible Duchess of Knaresborough, too—I must fly my country." He pushed his horse into a canter, and was soon out of the Park. As he dismounted at his father's sequestered house, you would have hardly supposed him the same whimsical, fantastic, but deep and subtle humorist that delighted in perplexing the material Audley. For his expressive face was unutterably serious. But the moment he came into the presence of his parents the countenance was again lighted and cheerful. It brightened the whole room like sunshine.

CHAPTER XI.

"Mr. Leslie," said Egerton, when Harley had left the library, "you did not act with your usual discretion in touching upon matters connected with politics in the presence of a third party."

"I feel that already, sir; my excuse is that I held Lord L'Estrange to be your most intimate friend."

"A public man, Mr. Leslie, would ill serve his country if he were not especially reserved toward his private friends—when they do not belong to his party."

"But, pardon me my ignorance, Lord Lansmere is so well known to be one of your supporters, that I fancied his son must share his sentiments, and be in your confidence."

Egerton's brows slightly contracted, and gave a stern expression to a countenance always firm and decided. He, however, answered in a mild tone.

"At the entrance into political life, Mr. Leslie, there is nothing in which a young man of your talents should be more on his guard than thinking for himself; he will nearly always think wrong. And I believe that is one reason why young men of talent disappoint their friends, and—remain so long out of office."

A haughty flush passed over Randal's brow, and faded away quickly; he bowed in silence.

Egerton resumed, as if in explanation, and even in kindly apology—

"Look at Lord L'Estrange himself. What young man could come into life with brighter auspices? Rank, wealth, high animal spirits (a great advantage those same spirits, Mr. Leslie), courage, self-possession, scholarship as brilliant perhaps as your own; and now see how his life is wasted! Why? He always thought fit to think for himself. He could never be broken in to harness, and never will be. The State coach, Mr. Leslie, requires that all the horses should pull together."

"With submission, sir," answered Randal, "I should think that there were other reasons why Lord L'Estrange, whatever be his talents—and indeed of these you must be an adequate judge—would never do any thing in public life."

"Ay, and what?" said Egerton, quickly.

"First," said Randal, shrewdly, "private life has done too much for him. What could public life give to one who needs nothing? Born at the top of the social ladder, why should he put himself voluntarily at the last step, for the sake of climbing up again? And secondly, Lord L'Estrange seems to me a man in whose organization *sentiment* usurps too large a share for practical existence."

"You have a keen eye," said Audley, with some admiration; "keen for one so young.—Poor Harley!"

Mr. Egerton's last words were said to himself. He resumed quickly—

"There is something on my mind, my young friend. Let us be frank with each other. I placed before you fairly the advantages and disadvantages of the choice I gave you. To take your degree with such honors as no doubt you would have won, to obtain your fellowship, to go to the bar, with those credentials in favor of your talents;—this was one career. To come at once into public life, to profit by my experience, avail yourself of my interest, to take the chances of rise or fall with a party: this was another. You chose the last. But in so doing, there was a consideration which might weigh with you; and on which, in stating your reasons for your option, you were silent."

"What's that, sir?"

"You might have counted on my fortune should the chances of party fail you;—speak—and

without shame if so; it would be natural in a young man, who comes from the elder branch of the house whose heiress was my wife."

"You wound me, Mr. Egerton," said Randal, turning away.

Mr. Egerton's cold glance followed Randal's movement; the face was hid from the glance—it rested on the figure, which is often as self-betraying as the countenance itself. Randal baffled Mr. Egerton's penetration—the young man's emotion might be honest pride, and pained and generous feeling; or it might be something else. Egerton continued slowly.

"Once for all then, distinctly and emphatically, I say—never count upon that; count upon all else that I can do for you, and forgive me, when I advise harshly or censure coldly; ascribe this to my interest in your career. Moreover, before decision becomes irrevocable, I wish you to know practically all that is disagreeable or even humiliating in the first subordinate steps of him who, without wealth or station, would rise in public life. I will not consider your choice settled, till the end of a year at least—your name will be kept on the college books till then; if, on experience, you should prefer to return to Oxford, and pursue the slower but surer path to independence and distinction, you can. And now give me your hand, Mr. Leslie, in sign that you forgive my bluntness;—it is time to dress."

Randal, with his face still averted, extended his hand. Mr. Egerton held it a moment, then dropping it left the room. Randal turned as the door closed. And there was in his dark face a power of sinister passion, that justified all Harley's warnings. His lips moved, but not audibly; then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he followed Egerton into the hall.

"Sir," said he, "I forgot to say that on returning from Maida-Hill, I took shelter from the rain under a covered passage, and there I met unexpectedly with your nephew, Frank Hazeldean."

"Ah!" said Egerton indifferently, "a fine young man; in the Guards. It is a pity that my brother has such antiquated political notions; he should put his son into parliament, and under my guidance; I could push him. Well, and what said Frank?"

"He invited me to call on him. I remember that you once rather cautioned me against too intimate an acquaintance with those who have not got their fortune to make."

"Because they are idle, and idleness is contagious. Right—better not be intimate with a young Guardsman."

"Then you would not have me call on him, sir? We were rather friends at Eton; and if I wholly reject his overtures, might he not think that you—"

"I!" interrupted Egerton. "Ah, true: my brother might think I bore him a grudge; absurd; call then, and ask the young man here. Yet still, I do not advise intimacy."

Egerton turned into his dressing, room. "Sir," said his valet, who was in waiting, "Mr. Levy is here—he says, by appointment; and Mr. Grinders is also just come from the country." 409

"Tell Mr. Grinders to come in first," said Egerton, seating himself. "You need not wait; I can dress without you. Tell Mr. Levy I will see him in five minutes."

Mr. Grinders was steward to Audley Egerton.

Mr. Levy was a handsome man, who wore a camelia in his button-hole—drove, in his cabriolet, a high-stepping horse that had cost £200: was well known to young men of fashion, and considered by their fathers a very dangerous acquaintance.

CHAPTER XII.

As the company assembled in the drawing-rooms, Mr. Egerton introduced Randal Leslie to his eminent friends in a way that greatly contrasted the distant and admonitory manner which he had exhibited to him in private. The presentation was made with that cordiality, and that gracious respect by which those who are in station command notice for those who have their station yet to win.

"My dear lord, let me introduce to you a kinsman of my late wife's (in a whisper)—the heir to the elder branch of her family. Stranmore, this is Mr. Leslie of whom I spoke to you. You, who were so distinguished at Oxford, will not like him the worse for the prizes he gained there. Duke, let me present to you Mr. Leslie. The duchess is angry with me for deserting her balls; I shall hope to make my peace, by providing myself with a younger and livelier substitute. Ah, Mr. Howard, here is a young gentleman just fresh from Oxford, who will tell us all about the new sect springing up there. He has not wasted his time on billiards and horses."

Leslie was received with all that charming courtesy which is the *To Kalon* of an aristocracy.

After dinner, conversation settled on politics. Randal listened with attention, and in silence, till Egerton drew him gently out; just enough, and no more—just enough to make his intelligence evident, without subjecting him to the charge of laying down the law. Egerton knew how to draw out young men—a difficult art. It was one reason why he was so peculiarly popular with the more rising members of his party.

The party broke up early.

"We are in time for Almack's," said Egerton, glancing at the clock, "and I have a voucher for you; come."

Randal followed his patron into the carriage. By the way, Egerton thus addressed him—

"I shall introduce you to the principal leaders of society; know them and study them; I do not advise you to attempt to do more—that is, to attempt to become the fashion. It is a very expensive ambition; some men it helps, most men it ruins. On the whole, you have better cards in your hands. Dance or not as it pleases you—don't flirt. If you flirt, people will inquire into your fortune—an inquiry that will do you little good; and flirting entangles a young man into marrying. That would never do. Here we are."

In two minutes more they were in the great ball-room, and Randal's eyes were dazzled with the lights, the diamonds, the blaze of beauty. Audley presented him in quick succession to some dozen ladies, and then disappeared amidst the crowd. Randal was not at a loss; he was without shyness; or if he had that disabling infirmity, he concealed it. He answered the languid questions put to him, with a certain spirit that kept up talk, and left a favorable impression of his agreeable qualities. But the lady with whom he got on the best, was one who had no daughters out, a handsome and witty woman of the world—Lady Frederick Coniers.

"It is your first ball at Almack's, then, Mr. Leslie?"

"My first."

"And you have not secured a partner? Shall I find you one? What do you think of that pretty girl in pink?"

"I see her—but I can not *think* of her."

"You are rather, perhaps, like a diplomatist in a new court, and your first object is to know who is who."

"I confess that on beginning to study the history of my own day, I should like to distinguish the portraits that illustrate the memoir."

"Give me your arm then, and we will come into the next room. We shall see the different *notabilités* enter one by one, and observe without being observed. This is the least I can do for a friend of Mr. Egerton's."

"Mr. Egerton, then," said Randal—(as they threaded their way through the space without the rope that protected the dancers)—"Mr. Egerton has had the good fortune to win your esteem, even for his friends, however obscure?"

"Why, to say truth, I think no one whom Mr. Egerton calls his friend need long remain obscure, if he has the ambition to be otherwise. For Mr. Egerton holds it a maxim never to forget a friend, nor a service."

"Ah, indeed!" said Randal, surprised.

"And, therefore," continued Lady Frederick, "as he passes through life, friends gather round him. He will rise even higher yet. Gratitude, Mr. Leslie, is a very good policy."

"Hem," muttered Mr. Leslie.

They had now gained the room where tea and bread-and-butter were the homely refreshments to the *habitués* of what at that day was the most exclusive assembly in London. They ensconced themselves in a corner by a window, and Lady Frederick performed her task of cicerone with lively ease, accompanying each notice of the various persons who passed panoramically before them with sketch and anecdote, sometimes good-natured, generally satirical, always graphic and amusing.

By-and-by, Frank Hazeldean, having on his arm a young lady of haughty air, and with high though delicate features, came to the tea-table.

"The last new Guardsman," said Lady Frederick; "very handsome, and not yet quite spoiled. But he has got into a dangerous set."

RANDAL.—"The young lady with him is handsome enough to be dangerous."

LADY FREDERICK (laughing).—"No danger for him there—as yet at least. Lady Mary (the Duke of Knaresborough's daughter) is only in her second year. The first year, nothing under an earl; the second, nothing under a baron. It will be full four years before she comes down to a commoner. Mr. Hazeldean's danger is of another kind. He lives much with men who are not exactly *mauvais ton*, but certainly not of the best taste. Yet he is very young; he may extricate himself—leaving half his fortune behind him. What, he nods to you! You know him?"

"Very well; he is nephew to Mr. Egerton."

"Indeed. I did not know that. Hazeldean is a new name in London. I heard his father was a plain country gentleman, of good fortune, but not that he was related to Mr. Egerton."

"Half-brother."

"Will Mr. Egerton pay the young gentleman's debts? He has no sons himself."

Randal.—"Mr. Egerton's fortune comes from his wife, from my family—from a Leslie, not from a Hazeldean."

Lady Frederick turned sharply, looked at Randal's countenance with more attention than she had yet vouchsafed to it, and tried to talk of the Leslies. Randal was very short there.

An hour afterward, Randal, who had not danced, was still in the refreshment room, but Lady Frederick had long quitted him. He was talking with some old Etonians who had recognized him, when there entered a lady of very remarkable appearance, and a murmur passed through the room as she appeared.

She might be three or four-and-twenty. She was dressed in black velvet, which contrasted with the alabaster whiteness of her throat and the clear paleness of her complexion, while it set off the diamonds with which she was profusely covered. Her hair was of the deepest jet, and worn simply braided. Her eyes, too, were dark and brilliant, her features regular and striking; but their expression, when in repose, was not prepossessing to such as love modesty and softness in the looks of woman. But when she spoke and smiled, there was so much spirit and vivacity in the countenance, so much fascination in the smile, that all which might before have marred the effect of her beauty, strangely and suddenly disappeared.

"Who is that very handsome woman?" asked Randal.

"An Italian—a Marchesa something," said one of the Etonians.

"Di Negra," suggested another who had been abroad; "she is a widow; her husband was of the Genoese family of Negra—a younger branch of it."

Several men now gathered thickly around the fair Italian. A few ladies of the highest rank spoke to her, but with a more distant courtesy than ladies of high rank usually show to foreigners of such quality as Madame di Negra. Ladies of a rank less elevated seemed rather shy of her;—that might be from jealousy. As Randal gazed at the Marchesa with more admiration than any woman, perhaps, had before excited in him, he heard a voice near him say—

"Oh, Madame di Negra is resolved to settle among us, and marry an Englishman."

"If she can find one sufficiently courageous," returned a female voice.

"Well, she is trying hard for Egerton, and he has courage enough for any thing."

The female voice replied with a laugh, "Mr. Egerton knows the world too well, and has resisted too many temptations, to be—"

"Hush!—there he is."

Egerton came into the room with his usual firm step and erect mien. Randal observed that a quick glance was exchanged between him and the Marchesa; but the Minister passed her by with a bow.

Still Randal watched, and ten minutes afterward, Egerton and the Marchesa were seated apart in the very same convenient nook that Randal and Lady Frederick had occupied an hour or so before.

"Is this the reason why Mr. Egerton so insultingly warns me against counting on his fortune?" muttered Randal. "Does he mean to marry again?"

Unjust suspicion!—for at that moment these were the words that Audley Egerton was dropping forth from his lips of bronze—

"Nay, dear Madam, do not ascribe to my frank admiration more gallantry than it merits. Your conversation charms me, your beauty delights me; your society is as a holiday that I look forward to in the fatigues of my life. But I have done with love, and I shall never marry again."

"You almost pique me into trying to win, in order to reject you," said the Italian, with a flash from her bright eyes.

"I defy even you," answered Audley, with his cold, hard smile. "But to return to the point: You have more influence at least over this subtle Embassador; and the secret we speak of I rely on you to obtain me. Ah, Madam, let us rest as friends. You see I have conquered the unjust prejudices against you; you are received and *fetée* every where, as becomes your birth and your attractions. Rely on me ever, as I on you. But I shall excite too much envy if I stay here longer, and am vain enough to think that I may injure you if I provoke the gossip of the ill-natured. As the avowed friend I can serve you—as the supposed lover, No——" Audley rose as he said this, and, standing by the chair, added carelessly, "Apropos, the sum you do me the honor to borrow will be paid to your bankers to-morrow."

"A thousand thanks!—my brother will hasten to repay you."

Audley bowed. "Your brother, I hope, will repay me in person, not before. When does he come?"

"Oh, he has again postponed his visit to London; he is so much needed in Vienna. But while we are talking of him, allow me to ask if your friend, Lord L'Estrange, is indeed still so bitter against

that poor brother of mine?"

"Still the same."

"It is shameful," cried the Italian, with warmth; "what has my brother done to him, that he should actually intrigue against the Count in his own court?"

"Intrigue! I think you wrong Lord L'Estrange; he but represented what he believed to be the truth, in defense of a ruined exile."

"And you will not tell me where that exile is, or if his daughter still lives?"

"My dear Marchesa, I have called you friend, therefore, I will not aid L'Estrange to injure you or yours. But I call L'Estrange a friend also; and I can not violate the trust that—" Audley stopped short, and bit his lip. "You understand me," he resumed, with a more genial smile than usual; and he took his leave.

The Italian's brows met as her eye followed him; then, as she too rose, that eye encountered Randal's. Each surveyed the other—each felt a certain strange fascination—a sympathy—not of affection, but of intellect.

"That young man has the eye of an Italian," said the Marchesa to herself; and as she passed by him into the ball-room, she turned and smiled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

The political intelligence for the last few weeks is of remote and secondary, rather than of immediate and primary interest. The political parties have begun to hold State Conventions, the proceedings and resolutions of which are of some importance, as indicating the temper and policy which may be expected to characterize the ensuing elections.

In *Vermont* the Whig State Convention convened at Bellows Falls, June 25th. Resolutions were passed expressive of continued adherence to the principles by which the party has been heretofore guided, among which are specified a tariff of specific duties—so levied as to afford protection to American industry; appropriations by the Federal Government for the improvement of harbors and rivers, and a liberal policy toward actual settlers in the disposition of the public lands. Slavery is represented as a "moral and political evil," for the existence of which in the Slaveholding States, the people of Vermont are nowise responsible, but to the extension or continuation of which under the authority of the Federal Government, they are opposed. The Fugitive Slave law is declared to be "a matter of ordinary legislation, open at all times and on all occasions for discussion, and liable to be modified or repealed at the pleasure of the people as expressed through their representatives;" that it is "objectionable in some of its provisions, and while they cheerfully admit their obligations to obey it as a law of the land designed to fulfill a requirement of the Constitution," they insist upon the right of making modifications of it, as time and experience shall show to be proper. Other resolutions were passed expressive of attachment to the Union, and of hostility to all doctrines of secession or disunion, in whatever quarter manifested; and of concurrence in the "moderate, and discreet, and practicable measures recommended to Congress in the present National Administration." Hon. Charles K. Williams was nominated for re-election as Governor. The Free Soil State Convention was held at Burlington, May 29th. Resolutions were passed denying the power of the General Government to make appropriations for purposes of Internal Improvement, unless of a strictly national character; in opposition to a National Bank; recommending an equality of protection to all interests; in favor of free grants to actual settlers of the public lands; denying the power of Congress over the subject of slavery in the States, which, it is affirmed, can not claim to be legalized beyond the limits of State lines; in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, and adverse to the admission of any new Slave States into the Union; declaring the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law; approving of the law of the State, enacted at the late session of the Legislature, granting the privilege of *habeas corpus* to alleged fugitives from labor; and, finally, professing devotion to the Union, until perverted to an engine of oppression to the States. A speech, arguing strenuously against the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law, was made by John Van Buren, Esq. Hon. Lucius B. Peck was nominated for Governor; he has declined to accept the nomination on the ground that he can not assent to the resolutions passed by the Convention, inasmuch as he believes the Fugitive Slave law to be constitutional, and does not consider the act passed by the late Legislature, authorizing the State courts to take, by *habeas corpus*, a slave out of the hands of the United States officers, to be a just exercise of the power of the State. The Democratic State Convention, held in May, passed resolutions decidedly approving of the Compromise measures, which were declared to be a pledge of the fidelity of the States to each other, and recommending the observance of them with the utmost fidelity and good faith. Hon. John S. Robinson was nominated for Governor.

In *New Hampshire* the Democratic State Convention met at Concord on the 9th of June. Resolutions were passed expressive of firm attachment to the Union; of acquiescence in the Compromise measures; and affirming the duty, on the part of all citizens, of unconditional submission to the laws. Hon. Levi Woodbury was unanimously presented as a candidate for the Presidency, subject to the decision of the National Convention to be held at Baltimore.

In *Pennsylvania* the State Convention for the nomination of Executive officers was held at Reading, June 4th. Resolutions were adopted in favor of a strict construction of the Constitution; affirming the obligation of Congress to refrain from all exercise of doubtful powers; declaring that the rights of the individual States ought to be scrupulously regarded, and that the citizens of one State ought not to interfere with the domestic institutions of any other; that all appropriations made by the General Government should be strictly confined to national objects. Resolutions were passed, fully endorsing the Compromise measures of the last session; and condemning the State law of March 3, 1847, withholding the use of the State jails for the detention of alleged fugitives from service, as interposing obstacles on the part of the State to the execution of a provision of the Constitution, and as an infringement of the principles of the Compromise. It was likewise declared that the Convention was in favor "in levying duties upon foreign imports, of a reciprocal interchange of our products with other nations," while "recognizing clearly the practice of the Government to maintain and preserve in full vigor and safety all the great industrial pursuits of the country." Hon. William Bigler was nominated for Governor. No candidate was formally presented for nomination as President at the ensuing election, although it was universally understood that the preferences of the Convention were almost unanimously in favor of Mr. Buchanan. The Convention for the nomination of Judicial officers met at Harrisburg on the 11th of June. On the 28th of that month a ratification meeting was held at Lancaster, at which Mr. Buchanan made a speech, forcibly advocating the principles of the resolutions proposed. They embraced a recommendation of a tariff based upon the *ad valorem* system, and expressed a cordial adherence to the principles adopted at the Democratic Convention held at Baltimore in 1848. A strict adherence to the Compromise measures was recommended; the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law, and the duty of its enforcement on the part of the North, were affirmed. The course of Governor Johnston in neglecting to sign the bill for the repeal of the law of March 3, 1847, was declared to be in violation of the wishes of a large majority of the people of the State. The Whig State Convention met at Lancaster on the 24th of June. The series of resolutions presented and adopted, advocate the principle of protection to American industry, and declare the tariff of 1846 to be unequal in its tendencies, and ruinous to the interests of Pennsylvania. The attachment of the citizens of that State to the Constitution is warmly insisted upon; and a faithful adherence to the Compromise measures is promised. The general policy of the State and National administrations is fully endorsed. A special resolution, offered by way of amendment, in favor of the Fugitive Slave law, was cut off by the previous question, and the series of resolutions, as presented, was adopted. A resolution was carried, "That General Winfield Scott is beyond question the choice of the Whigs of Pennsylvania as their candidate for the Presidency of 1852, and that we earnestly recommend him to the Whigs of the Union as the most deserving and available man for that high office." Gov. Johnston was re-nominated.

In *Ohio* the Whig State Convention assembled at Columbus, on the 3d of July. The resolutions passed affirm that the Conventions of 1848 and 1850 "declare the position of the Whigs of Ohio on State and national policy: That protection to American Industry, a sound currency, the improvement of our rivers and harbors, an unyielding opposition to all encroachment by the Executive Power, and a paramount regard to the Constitution and the Union," are the cardinal principles of the policy of the party. All the provisions of the Constitution are declared to be equally binding. The course of the present National Administration is unqualifiedly sanctioned. In respect to the Compromise measures, and the next Presidency, the following resolutions were adopted: "That as the Compromise measures were not recommended by a Whig Administration, and were not passed as party measures by Congress, perfect toleration of opinion respecting those measures should be accorded to Whigs everywhere." "That it is the desire of the Whigs of Ohio that Gen. Winfield Scott should be the candidate of the Whig party for President of the United States at the election of A. D. 1852: and we cordially recommend him to the Whigs of the Union as the most deserving and suitable candidate for that office." Hon. Samuel F. Vinton was nominated as candidate for Governor.

In *Mississippi* the State Rights Convention was held June 16th, at Jackson. Resolutions were passed reaffirming the policy indicated by the Convention of October, 1849, which was in the main as follows: A devoted and cherished attachment to the Constitution, "as it was formed and not as an engine of oppression," was expressed. The institution of slavery was declared to be exclusively under the control of the States in which it exists; and "all attempts on the part of Congress or others to interfere with this subject, either directly or indirectly, are in violation of the Constitution, dangerous to the rights and safety of the South, and ought to be promptly resisted." The right of Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, to prohibit the slave-trade between the several States, or to prohibit the introduction of slavery into the Territories of the United States is denied. The Wilmot Proviso is declared to be "an unjust and insulting discrimination, to which these States can not without degradation submit." The Legislature is requested to pass laws to encourage emigration of citizens of the slave-holding States into the new Territories. The resolutions of the Nashville Convention of 1850 are sanctioned and approved. The Convention declare the admission of California into the Union to be the "enactment of the Wilmot Proviso in another form," as set forth in a letter from the Congressional delegation of the State, under date of June 21, 1850. The Compromise measures

are disavowed, particularly the admission of California, the division of Texas, the action on the subject of the slave-trade in the District of Columbia; and the course of the southern members of Congress who voted for those measures is most warmly condemned. While the "right of a State peaceably to withdraw from the Union, without denial or obstruction," is affirmed, the Convention "consider it the last remedy, the final alternative, and also declare that the exercise of it by the State of Mississippi, under existing circumstances, would be inexpedient, and is a proposition which does not meet the approbation of this Convention." The platform of the Union party, as adopted by common consent, declares "The American Union secondary in importance only to the rights and principles it was designed to perpetuate." It is represented that in the spirit of compromise which enabled the original thirteen States to found the Union, and which the present thirty-one must exercise to perpetuate it, they have considered the whole series of the Compromise measures, "and while they do not wholly approve, they will abide by it as a permanent adjustment of this sectional controversy." It is declared that, as a last resort, Mississippi ought to resist to the disruption of the Union any action by Congress upon the subject of slavery in the District of Columbia or in places subject to the jurisdiction of Congress which should be inconsistent with the safety or honor of the Slaveholding States; or the prohibition of the inter-state slave-trade; or the refusal to admit a new State on account of the existence of slavery; or the prohibition of the introduction of slavery into Utah or New Mexico; or any act repealing or materially modifying the Fugitive Slave law; upon the faithful execution of which depends the preservation of the Union.

In *California* the Whig State Convention recommend the extension of the pre-emption laws over all except the mineral lands of the State; the donation to each head of a family actually settled upon it, of 160 acres; liberal grants for educational purposes; appropriations for public improvements; the adoption of measures to construct a railroad to connect that State with the valley of the Mississippi; the establishment of steam communication with the Sandwich Islands and with China. The Compromise measures are also cordially commended.

The Fourth of July was celebrated with more than usual enthusiasm in almost every section of the country. In Washington, upon the occasion of laying, by the President, the corner stone of the extension of the Capitol, Mr. Webster delivered an oration which will rank with his most eloquent speeches. He gave a rapid sketch of the growth and progress of the Republic, from the time when Berkeley prophesied that the star of empire was about to take its westward way. He then portrayed the distinctive nature of American liberty, as distinguished from that of Greece and Rome, or of modern Europe, and altogether peculiar in its character. Its prominent and distinguishing characteristic he stated to consist in the capacity for self-government, developing itself in the establishment of popular governments by an equal representation; and in giving to the will of the majority, fairly expressed through its representatives, the binding force of law; and in the formation of written constitutions, founded upon the will of the people, regulating and restraining the powers of Government; added to the strong and deep-settled conviction of all intelligent persons among us that in order to support a useful and wise government upon these popular principles, the general education of the people, and the wide diffusion of pure morality and true virtue are indispensable. Mr. Webster then proceeded to deposit under the corner stone a document written by his own hand, which, after reciting the circumstances of the ceremony, thus concludes: "If, therefore, it shall be hereafter the will of God, that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundations be upturned, and the deposit beneath this stone brought to the eyes of men, be it then known that, on this day, the Union of the United States of America stands firm—that their Constitution still exists unimpaired, and with all its original usefulness and glory, growing every day stronger and stronger in the affections of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world. And all here assembled, whether belonging to public life or to private life, with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the liberty and happiness of the country, unite in sincere and fervent prayers that this deposit, and the walls and arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures, now to be erected over it, may endure forever.—God save the United States of America." After which he presented some statements setting forth in several aspects the comparative state of the country upon that day, and upon the same day, fifty-eight years before, when the corner stone of the original Capitol was laid by the hand of Washington.

The Legislature of *New York* closed its extra session on the 11th of July. The skirmishing upon the passage of the Canal Enlargement Bill was sharp and protracted; but the large majority in its favor in both Houses pressed it steadily on. Previous to the final passage, a protest was presented, signed by 32 representatives. In the House the vote stood 81 for and 36 against the Bill. In the Senate the numbers are 22 to 8. The majority in the Senate was augmented by awarding the seat in the district in which a tie was returned, to Mr. Gilbert, the candidate in favor of enlargement, on the ground of illegal votes cast for his opponent; and by the death of Hon. William H. Brown, Senator from the first district, who died a few days before the close of the session. As under the next appropriation New York loses a representative in Congress, it became necessary to make a new division of the State into Congressional districts. Of the 33 members to which the State will be entitled, taking the vote for Governor at the late election as a criterion, the Whigs will elect 20, the Democrats 13. The Whig majority for Governor was but 262. In the present Congress the members are equally divided between the parties. The gain to the Whigs has been effected by classing together, in several cases, into one district, counties in which the Democratic majority is large. At the annual meeting of the Society of the Cincinnati, on the 4th of July, a speech was made by Hon. Hamilton Fish, Senator-elect, in which he defined his position with respect to the leading political question of the day. It will be borne in mind that his refusal to do so while he was a candidate for the United States Senate, was the ground of the

determined opposition made to his election. He said that while the Compromise measures were under consideration, they did not meet his approval; one in particular he thought open to exception as well on the ground of omission as enactment. But they had been enacted, as he believed, constitutionally; and from the moment that they became laws, he had avowed his acquiescence in them; and though he hoped for a modification of some of their provisions, he thought that the present was not the time for wise and prudent action. In a word, while he did not approve, he fully and unreservedly acquiesced. He offered, as a toast, these fundamental principles: "An incessant attention to preserve inviolate those exalted rights and liberties of human nature for which they have fought and bled, and without which the high rank of a rational being is a curse instead of a blessing."—"An unalterable determination to promote and cherish, between the respective States, that union and national honor so essentially necessary to their happiness, and the future dignity of the American Empire."

The Legislature of *Rhode Island* adjourned on the 21st of June, after a session of four and a half days. Among the acts passed was one for re-organizing the Common School system of the State; and one providing for secret ballots at elections.

In *Ohio* the new Constitution, a synopsis of which we gave in our Number for May, has been accepted by the popular vote, by a decided majority. The article prohibiting licenses for the sale of ardent spirits, which was separately submitted to the people, was also adopted, though by a majority less than that in favor of the other articles.

By a recent law of *Kentucky*, widows having children of an age suitable for attending common schools, are entitled to vote in the election of school trustees.

The Governor of *South Carolina* has issued his proclamation for the election of representatives to the Southern Congress. He recommends the choice of two delegates from each Congressional district. The anniversary of the battle of Fort Moultrie was celebrated at and near Charleston, on the 28th of June. An address to the Moultrie Guards was delivered by Thomas M. Hanckel, Esq., in the course of which he declared that the only remedy for the grievances of the South "was to be found in an inflexible determination to dissolve this Union—a determination which would accept of no indemnity for the past, listen to no concessions for the present, and rely on no guarantee for the future; but which would ask and accept nothing but the sovereign right of self-government and Southern Independence." Among the toasts given were the following: "The Compromise—A breach of faith, and a violation of the Constitution. Resistance is all that is left to freemen."—"Separate State Action—the test of patriotism."—"Our sister State, Georgia—We will take all the corn she can raise, but beg of her to keep the Cobb at home."—"Federal threats and Federal guns—The first none of us fear, the last, if pointed at us, we will take."

In *Alabama* Senator Clemens is vigorously canvassing the State in support of the Union party and in defense of the Compromise measures. On the 2d of June, he made a speech at Florence, in which he commended the entire series of measures, and defended his own course in relation to them from attacks made by members of his party. Senator King has published a letter in which he announces his decided hostility to the Compromise measures. He pronounces the admission of California into the Union an act of injustice. Under no contingency could he have sanctioned the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia under certain circumstances; and he should feel himself bound to vote for the repeal of the emancipation clause, whenever proposed. He would vote again, as he did at the last Congress, for the repeal of the Mexican law prohibiting slavery in Utah and New Mexico.

The Legislature of *Connecticut* adjourned on the 2d of July, without having made any choice of United States Senator. In the House, a series of resolutions was passed by a vote of 113 to 35, declaring the duty of a cheerful submission to law, endorsing the Compromise measures as constituting a fair and equitable adjustment of the whole vexed questions at issue, and meeting the full approbation of the Assembly; pronouncing the Fugitive Slave law to be in accordance with the Constitution, containing merely enactments to carry into effect the provisions of that instrument, and calling upon all good citizens to sustain the requirements of the law. The resolutions were sent to the Senate at a late period of the session, where various motions of amendment were made, all of which were lost. Before they could be finally acted upon, the hour fixed upon for adjournment arrived, when a motion was made and carried for their indefinite postponement. The resolutions were returned to the House, and entered upon the journal.

The Legislature of *Michigan*, at its late session, divided the State into four Congressional districts, as rendered necessary by the results of the late census. These districts are so arranged that it is supposed the Democrats will secure the entire delegation in Congress. A number of Mormons, who had settled on Beaver Island, in Lake Michigan, have been arrested on charge of various crimes. Among the number was James J. Strang, who claims and is believed by his followers to be endowed with special divine inspiration. They have been tried on an indictment for obstructing the United States mail, and acquitted by the jury after a very brief consultation.

In *Virginia* the Convention is laboriously engaged in framing the new Constitution. In our last Record, by a clerical error, we reversed the terms of the compromise on the suffrage question. In the House the West are to have 82 members and the East 68. In the Senate 30 members are to be chosen from the East and 20 from the West, giving the West a majority of four on joint ballot. This settlement has been adopted by the Convention, who have stricken out the clause reported by the committee prohibiting the Legislature from passing laws for the emancipation of slaves, and inserted a provision that an emancipated slave remaining in the State more than twelve months shall be sold. A public dinner was given to Mr. Webster on the 28th of June, at Capon

Springs, in Western Virginia, at which he made a speech, which was most enthusiastically received. In the course of it he said: "I make no argument against resolutions, conventions, secession speeches, or proclamations. Let these things go on. The whole matter, it is to be hoped, will blow over, and men will return to a sounder mode of thinking. But one thing, gentlemen, be assured of—the first step taken in the programme of secession, which shall be an actual infringement of the Constitution or the laws, will be promptly met. And I would not remain an hour in any administration that should not immediately meet any such violation of the Constitution and the law effectually and at once; and I can assure you, gentlemen, that all with whom I am at present associated in the government, entertain the same decided purpose." He concluded with the following sentiment: "The Union of the States—May those ancient friends, Virginia and Massachusetts, continue to uphold it as long as the waves of the Atlantic shall beat on the shores of the one, or the Alleghanies remain firm on their basis in the territories of the other." The British Embassador, Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, made an eloquent speech, which was received with warm cheers, and elicited the following toast: "England and the United States—One language—one creed—one mission."

From *California* our dates are to May 31. On the night of the 3d of May, the anniversary of a great fire of last year, a destructive conflagration took place in San Francisco, by which a large portion of the business part of the city was destroyed. The number of buildings burned is set down at 1500; the loss was at first stated at from ten to twelve millions, which is probably three or four times the actual amount. A number of lives were also lost. In one case six persons undertook the care of a store supposed to be fire-proof; the iron doors and window-shutters became expanded by the heat to such a degree that it was impossible to open them, and the inmates were all burned to death. The work of rebuilding was commenced and carried forward with such characteristic rapidity, that within ten days after the fire 357 buildings were in process of erection, of which the greater part were already occupied. At the close of the month it is stated on reliable authority, that the number of buildings actually tenantable was greater than before the conflagration. The city of Stockton suffered severely by a fire on the 12th of May. The amount of gold produced continues to be very great. The gold bluffs of the Trinity River, the reported discovery of which caused such an excitement a few months since, prove to be of little or no value; but the extraction of gold from the auriferous quartz is rapidly developing itself as experience points out new and improved methods of procedure. This promises to become the most productive of all the mining operations in California. It is evident that the market is altogether overglutted with goods, the large amount destroyed at the fires, apparently producing no effect upon prices in general. Political excitement runs high: party lines beginning to be strictly drawn. The nominations for State officers of both parties have been made. The depredations and outrages of the Indians have not altogether ceased. The severe code of Lynch law still continues in practical force, though instances of its execution are somewhat less frequently given. Large numbers of emigrants from China are arriving; a British vessel from Hong Kong lately brought 381 Celestials to San Francisco. They promise to out-number the emigrants from any other foreign people, and manifest a most unexpected facility in acquiring the language, manners, and modes of thought and life of their new homes. An expedition raised in the southern part of the State, for the purpose of invading the Mexican province of Lower California, appears to have miscarried.

In *Oregon* a treaty has recently been concluded with portions of the Callapooya and Twallaty tribes of Indians, who cede to the United States a large tract of the most valuable lands in the valley of the Willamette. These Indians refuse to leave that portion of the country, and will probably continue to reside within the limits of the reservations. Unlike the tribes to the east of the Rocky Mountains, they are desirous of adopting the habits of civilized life, many of them being now in the service of the whites as laborers.

In Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and along the whole course of the Upper Mississippi, great damage has been done by an unusual and long-continued flood of that river. Many towns of considerable size have been quite overflowed. At St. Louis, during the greater part of the month of June, the levee was entirely submerged, and all the stores upon Front-street filled with water to the depth of several feet. For a vast extent along the Mississippi, Missouri, and their tributaries the bottom lands have been submerged for so long a time as to destroy the growing crops. It is the most disastrous inundation which has occurred for several years. Three distinct shocks of an earthquake were felt at St. Louis on the 2d of July. The morning was somewhat cool and cloudy, followed not long after by a slight rain, with thunder. In the afternoon the weather cleared up, and so remained for the remainder of the day. The cholera has appeared at several places in the West, more especially on the line of the Mississippi. It does not appear, however, to have assumed a decidedly epidemic character. The troops under the command of Col. Sumner, on their way to New Mexico, have suffered severely; as well as the trains of traders. The small pox has committed terrible ravages among the Sioux and other Indian tribes on the plains of the Northwest. In January the weather was extremely cold, and some 40 or 50 of the Indians in exposed situations were frozen to death. Affrays have taken place among various tribes of Indians in Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. A steamer has recently set out from St. Louis, with about 100 voyagers bound for the Rocky Mountains. The steamer is destined for the mouth of the Yellowstone, about two thousand miles up the Missouri, the head of steamboat navigation. From this point the passengers will proceed in Mackinaw boats to the falls of the Missouri. Most of the passengers are employees of the American Fur Company. Dr. Evans, U. S. Geologist, is of the number; and two Jesuit missionaries, Fathers De Smedt and Hæken, take the opportunity to visit the wild tribes of Indians near the Mountains, among whom they intend to remain for two or three years.

Brevet General George Talcott, of the Ordnance Department has been tried by a Court Martial for violation of the regulations of the Department, for disobedience of orders and instructions; and for conduct unbecoming a gentleman. He was found guilty of all the charges, and upon all the specifications with two exceptions, and by sentence of the court, with the approval of the President of the United States, has been dismissed from the service.

Mr. Charles L. Brace, the "Pedestrian Correspondent" of the *Independent* newspaper has been arrested at Grosswardein, in Transylvania, upon a charge of complicity in some democratic plots. The only evidence against him seems to be his having letters of introduction which were thought suspicious, and being in possession of a copy of Pulzky's "Rights of Hungary." Mr. Brace is a young man of decided literary talent, who has been for many months performing a pedestrian tour through Europe for the purpose of learning by personal inspection the condition of the people. His letters from Europe are among the most valuable that have been published in this country. He is the writer of an appreciative and thoughtful critique upon Emerson which appeared some months since in the *Knickerbocker* Magazine.

The London *Economist*, in noticing the translation of the "History of the Colonization of America" by *Talvi* (Mrs. Robinson), gives some information in respect to the author which will be new upon this side of the Atlantic. It says that "Mr. Talvi gives a succinct and carefully compiled history of the event, which will be acceptable to many readers. He is a German, probably settled in the States, and his book displays the pains-taking character of his countrymen."

Mr. B. A. Gould, of Cambridge, Mass., has received a tender of the appointment of Professor of Astronomy at the University of Göttingen, vacated by the recent death of Dr. Goldschmidt.

During the past month have been celebrated the Annual Commencements of a number of the colleges of the country. Apart from the exercises of the candidates for collegiate honors, much of the best talent of the country is usually enlisted in the service of the literary societies connected with the institutions. First in order of time, this year, we believe, stands the one hundred and fourth anniversary of *Nassau Hall College*, in New Jersey. The address before the Literary Societies by Hon. A. W. Venable, of North Carolina, on "The claims of our common country on the citizen scholar," is characterized as an able and eloquent performance. The graduating class numbered fifty-four. *The University of New York* held its commencement on Wednesday, July 2. On the Monday evening previous, a characteristically brilliant oration was delivered before the Literary Societies by Rev. Dr. Bethune, of Brooklyn. John G. Saxe, Esq., of Vermont, pronounced a poem, which elicited great admiration. The annual oration before the Alumni was delivered by Howard Crosby, Esq. The number of graduates was twenty-two. The commencement of *Dickinson College*, at Carlisle, Penn., was held June 25th. Rev. Dr. Peck, the President, tendered his resignation, to take effect at the close of the next academic year. Rev. O. H. Tiffany, of Baltimore, was elected Professor of Mathematics. The graduates numbered sixteen. *Miami University*, at Oxford, Ohio, held its commencement June 28th, when eleven students graduated. The different Societies were addressed by Rev. W. B. Spence, of Sidney; Rev. Dr. Rice, of Cincinnati, on the topic of "Revelation the source of all true philosophy;" and by Rev. S. W. Fisher, of Cincinnati, in a very able manner. The oration before the Alumni was delivered by Wm. Dennison, Esq., of Columbus. The eighty-third annual commencement of *Brown University*, at Providence, R. I., took place on the 9th of July. The graduating class numbered thirty-two. N. W. Greene, Esq., of Cincinnati, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society an oration of great power and vigor, discussing in an earnest and vigorous manner some of the great social and political problems of the day. The address before the Literary Societies was by Abraham Payne, Esq., of Providence. His subject was "Common Sense." A very interesting discourse was delivered before the Society for Missionary Inquiry, by Rev. R. Turnbull, of Hartford, upon the subject of the "Unity of the human race." The unity advocated was not so much that arising from a common origin as the deeper unity of a common nature, capacities, requirements, and destiny. The newly-founded *University of Rochester* held its first commencement exercises on the 9th of July. The graduating class numbered thirteen. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, delivered before the Literary Societies his often-repeated and brilliant discourse on "Character." Park Benjamin, Esq., recited a sparkling poem, keenly satirizing the all-prevailing passion of the love of money. On the 10th the anniversary of the Theological Department of the University was held. The graduating class was addressed by Prof. J. S. Maginnis; and Rev. T. J. Conant, D.D., delivered an inaugural address as Professor of Hebrew, Biblical Criticism, and Interpretation. The subject of his address was "The claims of sacred learning." It was amply worthy of the subject and of the reputation of the distinguished Professor.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the extra session of Congress was opened on the 1st of June. Señor Lacunza was chosen President of the Senate, and Señor Alcosta of the Chamber. On the second day, several financial projects were broached. Among the means proposed for the support of Government, was the application to immediate use of the remainder of the indemnity, if there should be any; a general duty on consumption; a tax upon cotton manufactures; an increase of the duty on the circulation and export of coin. The Chambers have agreed to allow the Government to use the $1,600,000, said to remain of the American indemnity, at the rate of $250,000 a month, although this money had been specially appropriated to the interior creditors. An order has been issued for the discharge of any official who shall speak against the Government. The number of police in the capital has been augmented, and they are allowed to arm themselves with pistols. Brigandage does not appear to be diminished. One of the engineers of the Tehuantepec survey states that a

line for a railroad from the Coatzocoalcos River to the Pacific has been examined, in no part of which will there be an ascent of more than sixty feet to the mile. The prosecution of the survey has been prohibited by the Government, and all Americans engaged in it ordered to leave the country. Some disturbances have arisen in consequence of this order, which it is said the Company intend to disregard. Subsequently to the issuing of the order they advertised at New Orleans for 500 additional laborers, and two steamboats which they wished to dispatch immediately. The Mexican consul at New Orleans refused a clearance to a steamer which the Company wished to send.

The disturbances in *Chili* and *Peru* seem to have been effectually suppressed, though in the latter Republic some uneasiness yet prevails, owing to the attitude assumed by the partisans of Vivanca.

In the Argentine Republic, and the small States in its neighborhood, the same singular state of affairs prevails that has existed for some years. Rosas, though nominally only Governor of Buenos Ayres, is in reality supreme dictator of the whole Argentine Republic. The elements of discontent against his administration have, however, so far increased that there is a probability that his overthrow may be effected. General Urquiza, Governor of the province of Entrerios, has taken up arms against Rosas, and calls upon the other provinces for aid. He, however, does not ask for military assistance, affirming that his own troops are amply sufficient to overthrow the "fictitious power" of Rosas, which he affirms to be based solely upon "terror," although he acknowledges that it has been maintained with "execrable ability." It is quite probable that Lopez, the successor of Francia, in Paraguay, may be induced to join Urquiza; for Rosas has always avowed that Paraguay was an integral portion of the Argentine Republic, and has ever cherished the design of its invasion, although more urgent occupations have never allowed him the opportunity to catty the purpose into execution. It has long been the wish of Lopez to secure the recognition by other nations of the independence of Paraguay, and it is said that he has lately addressed a communication to the President of France, designed to effect this object. Brazil has also a pretext for engaging against Rosas, owing to his having assumed the responsibility of certain aggressions upon the Brazilian provinces, committed by General Oribe. If all these separate interests can be combined at the same moment against Rosas, it is difficult to see how he can maintain himself, notwithstanding his undoubted ability.

Uruguay still maintains its singular position. The nominal government is without power beyond the walls of Montevideo, the capital, which, as for the last dozen years, is held in a state of siege by General Oribe, supported by aid from Buenos Ayres.

In *Bolivia* Government has issued the programme of a new Constitution, based upon the following articles: "1st. The Government will defend and uphold the sovereignty and independence of the republic abroad, and peace and tranquillity at home. 2d. The Catholic religion shall be that of the State. 3d. The best relations shall be maintained with other American and European States, and all treaties strictly observed, as well as neutrality in discussions arising between them. 4th. The civil liberty of citizens, and the rights of all shall be respected in conformity with the laws. 5th. The crimes of conspiracy and sedition shall be judged by verbal courts martial. 6th. The liberty of the press shall be guaranteed. 7th. Foreigners shall be respected and protected in the exercise of their trade and commercial pursuits. 8th. A National Convention shall be convoked. 9th. The independence of the judicial authority shall be respected. 10th. Official appointments are conferments. 11th. The political opinions of all citizens shall be respected. 12th. The Ministers of State shall be responsible for the acts of their administration." A convention, consisting of fifty-three delegates, is summoned to meet on the 16th of July.

In the Republics to the North there are discontents. In *New Granada* there has been an insurrection in the southern provinces, aided by forces from Equador. The insurgents were defeated in two battles, but in a third gained some success. A law has been passed for the abolition of slavery, to take effect on the 1st of January, 1852.

A plot has been brought to light in *Venezuela*, the design of which was to make way with the President and chief officers of government. A portion of the conspirators belong to the principal families in Caraccas. Some have been arrested; others have fled. The President has been clothed with extraordinary powers to meet the crisis.

In Central America there is reason to hope that a federal confederacy is about to be established between several States upon a model not unlike our own government, and under auspices which give hope of its maintaining a permanent existence. The basis of a confederation between Nicaragua, San Salvador, and Honduras was formed in November, 1849, and agreed to by representatives from those states, in December, 1850. A General Congress, called to meet in December next, is to complete the details of the Confederacy. These three States embrace a territory of 145,000 square miles, with a population of a little more than a million. Guatemala and Costa Rica, who have hitherto stood aloof, are invited to become members of the Confederacy. These States have a territory of 68,000 square miles, and a population of somewhat more than a million. If all these States can be united, they will possess an area of territory somewhat greater than that of France. If the town of San Juan de Nicaragua be given up by Great Britain to the State of Nicaragua, as there is reason to anticipate, the new State will have the control of the most important commercial port in the world. And even if surrendered with the guarantee of its being a free port, according to the Bulwer and Clayton treaty, the State must derive great advantage from it.

In *Jamaica* the cholera has broken out with a fresh access of violence. A vessel from Sierra Leone

has recently brought 208 Africans, who had been captured from a French slaver; they were distributed among the planters of the interior.

In *Cuba* the alarm excited by the proposed invasion has passed away. The number of negroes brought to the island from Africa within the last fourteen months, is stated to be 14,500. Count Villanueva, for twenty-five years the able Intendant, or chief fiscal officer of the island, has resigned his post, much to the regret of the Spanish Government. The reasons assigned are his own advanced age, and the delicate state of the health of his wife. But the real cause is supposed to be the absolute impossibility of making the revenue of the island adequate to meet the constantly increasing demands of the mother country. He is said to have opposed the sending out the last re-enforcement of troops, on the ground that if the people were loyal no more were needed; if they were not loyal, five times as many would be of no avail. The expense arising from this last addition of troops is stated at $2,500,000, which has totally exhausted the treasury.

In *Santa Cruz* the new Danish Governor was daily expected from Copenhagen. It was supposed that upon his arrival some important changes would be made in the laws relating to the colored population. A partial emancipation of the blacks, after the 1st of October has been provided for by law.

In *Hayti* hostilities between the Haytians and Dominicans have taken place. The former advanced beyond the advanced posts of the latter on the 29th of May, but were repulsed with some loss; the Dominicans not losing a man, if we are to believe the bulletin of the President, Baez.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Beyond the continued and triumphant success of the Great Exhibition, there is little of interest to record. The daily number of visitors upon the shilling days fluctuates from 50,000 to 70,000, depending much upon the state of the weather. In very warm days, when the building is crowded, the heat is almost insupportable. The Queen continues her almost daily visits, and the absurd apprehension of violence to the royal person has passed away. The Russian department, the opening of which was delayed by the detention by ice of the contributions, is now opened, and astonishes every one by its splendor, giving an idea of the state of art and manufactures in that empire much higher than had before been entertained. There is now no talk of removing the Crystal Palace at the close of the Exhibition; the disposition most likely to be made of it being to convert it into a winter garden and conservatory.

The Kaffir war proves even more serious than was anticipated. A number of chiefs, upon whose fidelity to the English reliance had been placed, and whose followers are at least partially supplied with fire-arms, have joined their countrymen.

In Parliament nothing of more than local interest has transpired, except a motion made by Mr. Cobden, praying the Queen "to enter into communication with the Government of France to endeavor to prevent in future the rivalry of warlike preparations, in time of peace, which has hitherto been the policy of the two Governments, and to promote, if possible, a mutual reduction of armaments." Lord Palmerston, in behalf of the Ministers, expressed a general concurrence in the object aimed at by the motion; but wished Mr. Cobden would not press it to a division, as those who might vote against it would be liable to be misunderstood to be opposed to the object of the motion, rather than to the means proposed to accomplish it. The mover withdrew the motion, at the request of his friends.

An abstract of the census has been published, showing that the population of Great Britain, including the islands in the British seas, not including Ireland, is 20,919,531, being an increase in ten years of 2,263,550, or 12.13 per cent. The rate of increase has regularly diminished, with a single exception, during each successive decennial period within the century. The returns from Ireland have not been made up; but there is no doubt that they will indicate a marked decrease of population. London has increased from 1,948,369 to 2,363,141, or 21.33 per cent, almost double the rate of the country generally. It is worthy of notice that the number of houses has not increased in a ratio equal to the population, showing that the population is continually crowding into closer quarters.

Great exertions have been put forth in Ireland to have some port in that island selected as one of the places of departure for the transatlantic steamers. The steamer North America, which had been announced to sail from New York to Galway, was expected with great anxiety, under the impression that her passage would prove the precursor of a regular communication between the two ports. Every effort was made to complete the railway, so that the passengers might be forwarded without loss of time. The steamer, it will be recollected, did not sail as advertised, having been sold at the very moment when her departure was announced. The Commissioners to whom was referred the question of the selection of an Irish port for a transatlantic packet station, presented a report strongly adverse to the project.

At the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, Prince Albert made a speech which must have sounded somewhat strangely, coming from such an individual, in the ears of High-Churchmen and ultra-monarchists. He characterized William III. as the "greatest sovereign the country had to boast of;" and said that "by his sagacity and energy were secured the inestimable advantages of the Constitution and the Protestant faith." The American colonies, he said, were "originally peopled chiefly by British subjects, who had left their homes to escape the yoke of religious intolerance and oppression,

and who threw off their allegiance to the mother country in defense of civil and religious rights." An opinion which hardly accords with the views of Judge Haliburton ("Sam Slick"), in his forthcoming work, "The English in America." Lord John Russell and Earl Grey were also speakers at the anniversary of this society.

A disastrous balloon ascent has been made from London by a Mr. and Mrs. Graham. Owing to a violent wind the balloon became unmanageable, and narrowly escaped being dashed against the Crystal Palace. It finally struck against a chimney; the aeronauts were flung out insensible, and the balloon destroyed.

FRANCE.

The question of the revision of the Constitution overshadows every other. Apart from its mere partisan aspects, it is of grave and vital moment to the cause of tranquillity and public order. By what would seem almost an oversight, the functions of the executive and legislative branches of the Government expire so nearly at the same time, that at the period of the election there is practically an interregnum. The election of the new Assembly must take place between the 45th and the 30th day preceding the expiration of the term of the present legislative body. The term of the present Assembly expires on the 28th of May, 1852, so that the new election must occur between the 13th and the 29th of April. The term of the President ceases on the second Sunday in May, so that within a month at furthest, possibly within a fortnight, both branches of the Government have to be renewed. It is this which renders the coming election so critical. The peculiar state of the suffrage question furnishes another element of discord. The present Government was elected by universal suffrage, every Frenchmen, of the age of 21 years, being entitled to vote at the place of his residence. But last year, by the law of May 31, it was enacted that a legal residence could only be obtained by a continuous habitation of three years. By this law the number of voters was reduced from 9,936,004 to 6,809,281, disfranchising 3,126,723 electors who had the right of voting for the present Government. The validity of this law is warmly contested; and in particular it is affirmed that at most it can only apply to the election of representatives, which, in certain aspects, is a local affair; but can not refer to the choice of President. It is said that at the election these 3,000,000 disfranchised voters will present themselves, and the responsibility of deciding as to the admissibility of their votes will fall upon the officials of a Government whose term of office is about to expire; and the duty of enforcing the law will devolve upon an executive who is supposed to be hostile to it. Add to these the different factions among the people, each seeking to carry out its own plans, and it will be seen how pressing is the necessity of some strong and permanent authority in the Government. This is the ground upon which the Bonapartists press the absolute necessity of prolonging the tenure of the President; and with this view they have urged to the utmost the presentation of petitions for a revision of the Constitution, desiring simply that the article which renders him ineligible for immediate re-election should be annulled. These petitions have not been as numerously signed as was anticipated; from present appearances, the number of signatures will not exceed a million, of which not more than one half are in favor of the re-eligibility of the President. These have all been referred to a committee of fifteen, of whom nine are for and six against a revision. Of this committee M. de Tocqueville has been appointed to draw up the report. He has announced himself in favor of a revision accomplished in the manner pointed out by the Constitution; provided that the law of May 31 be repealed, and the elections be by universal suffrage. This, however, from the constitution of the Assembly, is manifestly impossible.

At Dijon, on occasion of the opening of a section of the Paris and Lyons Railway, the President made a speech reflecting severely upon the Assembly which he charged with a failure to support him in carrying out the popular improvements which he desired to effect. Though considerably moderated as published, the speech caused great excitement in the Assembly. General Changarnier evidently assumed it to be a declaration on the part of the President of an intention to disregard the prerogatives of the Assembly, should that body prove adverse to his plans. He assured the members that in any case they might rely upon the army, who would implicitly obey their officers. The debates in the Assembly continue to be very bitter and acrimonious, sometimes hardly stopping short of personal violence.

GERMANY, Etc.

From the remaining portion of Europe there is little of special interest. The Frankfort Diet has resumed its regular sittings, but nothing of importance has been proposed. At Hamburg, an affray occurred between the populace and a party of Austrian troops, in which lives were lost.

In Portugal, the Ministry of the Marquis of Saldanha seems likely to maintain its place.

In Italy there is the same hostility to the Austrian rulers, manifesting itself as it best may. In Milan, not only is tobacco proscribed by the people, as a government monopoly, but the purchase of tickets in the state lotteries is looked upon as an act of treason to the popular cause. At Pavia, the Count Gyulay, the Military Governor of Lombardy, appearing in the theatre, almost all the audience rose and left the house; and the few who remained were received with hisses by the crowd when they finally came out. At Florence, the Count Guicciardini, and five others have been sentenced to six months' banishment for being found, to quote the words of the *procès verbal*, "sitting round a small table," upon which "occasion Count Piero Guicciardini read and commented upon a chapter in the Gospel of St. John," in the Italian translation of Diodati, under circumstances that "offer valid and sufficient proof that this reading and comment had no other

purpose than mutually to insinuate into the parties religious sentiments and principles contrary to those prescribed by the Roman Catholic Apostolic Religion."

Literary Notices.

The Parthenon is the title of a serial work on a new plan, published by Loomis, Griswold, and Co., the first number of which has just been issued in a style of uncommon typographical elegance, and containing original articles from several distinguished American writers. It is intended to present, in this publication, a collection of specimens of the literary talent and cultivation of the United States, as exhibited in the productions of our most eminent living authors. Among the contributors, whose pens are enlisted in the proposed enterprise, we find the most celebrated names in the field of American letters, together with a host of lesser lights, who have yet distinction to achieve. The contents of this number are of a high order, and give a rich promise of the future excellence of the work. It opens with an Indian Legend, by Cooper, called "The Lake Gun," which is followed by poetical contributions from Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, Duganne, and Ross Wallace.

Narrative of Travels in America, by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley (published by Harper and Brothers), is a perpetual effusion of astonishment and admiration at the natural resources and the social developments of the Western Continent. Lady Wortley is not a traveler of the regular English stamp, judging every thing American by the standard of the Old World, and giving vent to the disappointment of absurd anticipations by ridiculous comparisons. She has no doubt gone to the contrary extreme, and presented a too rose-colored picture of her impressions of America. With the quickness of observation, and gayety of temperament with which she mingled in all classes of American society, she could not fail to catch its most important features; but we think she often mistakes the courtesy and deference which her own frankness and intelligence called forth for a more decidedly national characteristic than is warranted by facts. On questions at issue between her own country and the United States, she uniformly takes sides with the latter. She shows a warm American heart every where, without the slightest disposition to flatter English prejudices. Evidently her nature is strongly magnetic; she wears her foreign habits like a glove, and throws them off at pleasure; adapting herself with cordial facility to the domestic life of New England, or the brilliant *far niente* of Mexico. This disposition gives her book a highly personal and often gossiping character. She talks of the acquaintances she forms with the delight of a joyous child, who has found a new amusement, and generally with as little reserve. No one can complain of her fastidiousness, or of her unwillingness to be pleased. Indeed, the whole volume gives you the idea of a frank, impulsive, high-hearted Englishwoman, rejoicing to escape for a while from the restraints of conventional etiquette, and expressing herself with the careless ease of a perfectly natural character, among scenes of constant novelty and excitement. So completely does she throw herself into the mood of the passing moment, that she adopts all sorts of American colloquialisms, with as much readiness as if she had been to "the manner born," embroidering her pages with a profusion of familiar expressions, caught from the rebellious volubility of Brother Jonathan, and which most shock the "ears polite" in every drawing-room in England. It will be seen that her work belongs to the amusing order of travels, and makes no pretensions to intense gravity or profound wisdom. You read it as you would listen to the rattling talk of the author, pleased with its vivacity and unstarched grace, with its off-hand descriptions of comical adventures, and its glowing pictures of natural scenes, while you forgive a good deal of superfluous loquacity to her irrepressible good-humor and evident kindness of heart.

James Munroe and Co. have issued the first volume of a new edition of *The Works of Shakspeare*, edited by Rev. H. N. Hudson. In its external appearance, this edition is intended, as nearly as possible, to be a fac-simile of the celebrated Chiswick edition, while the numerous errors and corruptions, with which that edition abounds, have been removed by the diligence and sagacity of the present editor. Every line, every word, every letter, and every point has been thoroughly revised, with the determination to present nothing but the genuine text of Shakspeare. This volume contains The Tempest, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Two Gentlemen of Verona, and The Twelfth Night, with introductions by the Editor, written with his usual acuteness, and more than his usual modesty. His Shakspearian learning, and enthusiastic reverence of the author, admirably qualify him to superintend an edition of his works, and we shall look with confidence to these successive volumes as an important aid to the enlightened appreciation of the immortal Poet.

The History of Josephine, by John S. C. Abbott (published by Harper and Brothers), is a lively and beautiful portraiture of the romantic career of the fascinating and unfortunate Empress. Without presenting any new incidents in her extraordinary life, Mr. Abbott has related her well-known history with such dramatic effect, that his work has all the charm of novelty. It will be read with great interest, even by those who are familiar with the subject.

A new edition of *Fresh Gleanings*, by Ik. Marvel, has been issued by Charles Scribner. It will be read with a new zest of delight by those whose hearts have vibrated to the rich touches of feeling in the *Reveries of a Bachelor*, or who have rejoiced in the refined, delicious humor of the *Lorgnette*, now acknowledged as the production of the same versatile pen. The author, Donald

Mitchell, under all his amusing disguises, can not quite conceal the exquisite refinement of his imagination, nor his manly sympathy with the many-colored phases of life, which will make his name a "household word" among the lovers of a chaste and elevated literature. This edition is introduced with a dainty preface.

Lossing's *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, now publishing by Harper and Brothers, has reached the fifteenth number, and fully sustains the character which has won for it such a welcome reception in all parts of the Union. The historical narrative is agreeably diversified by a copious and well-authenticated collection of anecdotes, and the illustrations taken from drawings on the spot, give a vivid impression of many of the most important localities which have now become classical by their association with the Revolution.

The Daughter of Night, by S. W. Fullom (published by Harper and Brothers), is a recent English novel, which in spite of a good deal of exaggeration, leaves a deep impression on the mind of the reader. The scene is laid in the present day, and the principal materials are drawn from the state of the population in the mining districts of England. Among other incidents, the ravages of the cholera among the laboring classes are described with frightful effect, showing a rare power of tragic representation.

Editor's Drawer.

We have forgotten (or never knew) who it is that speaks of the "small sweet courtesies of life," but the term is as true as it is felicitous. There *are* such courtesies, and the habitual employment of them is the surest evidence of a good heart as well as refined manners. "I never look," said a benevolent lady to a friend walking down Broadway one morning, "at a deformed person in the street, except directly in the face. How many a pang has been caused to the physically unfortunate by a lingering glance at a deformed limb, a "marked" face, or other physical defect, to a scrutiny of which the afflicted are so painfully sensitive!" There was a tenderness, a humanity in this remark, and therefore it was recorded at the time, as being worthy, not only of remembrance, but of heedful regard and emulation. Yes; and that woman would leave the arm of her husband in the street, and push from off the side-walk with her little foot a piece of orange-peel, a peach-skin, or other the like slippery obstruction, lest *somebody* should step upon it, slide, fall, and break or dislocate a limb. "These are little things to speak of," the reader may say, and they are; but still, they are "close devotements, working *from the heart*" that with such an one, a too common selfishness, or indifference to the good of others, "does not *rule*."

One of our "bold peasantry, a nations pride," disdaining California and its temptations, thus signifies his contentment with his little mountain-farm in "dear old New England:"

"Let others, dazzled by the shining ore,
Delve in the soil to gather golden store;
Let, others, patient of the menial toil,
And daily suffering, seek the precious spoil;
I'll work instead, exempt from fear or harm,
The fruitful "placers" of my mountain farm;
Where the bright plow-share opens richest veins,
From whence shall issue countless golden grains,
Which in the fullness of the year shall come,
In bounteous sheaves to bless my harvest-home."

It was well said by an eminent man, that, during the prevalence, or expected prevalence, of any unusual epidemic, "cheerful-minded persons and cheerful looks, are more to be valued than all the drugs of the city." His further remarks are worthy of heed just now, in an anticipated or predicted "cholera-time:" "A great portion of mankind have a wonderful proclivity to groan, repine, whine, snarl, and find fault with every body and every thing, making other people miserable, and rendering themselves intolerable nuisances. At a time when all excitement, alarm, and panic are to be studiously avoided, as promotive or incitive of diseases, these groaners, these incessant predicters of more trouble, more sickness, and more deaths; these persons with rueful countenances, should be shut up, kept out of sight. They fret, annoy, and disgust all healthy, sensible people, and are 'sure death' to persons of diseased body and mind; while on the other hand, the cheerful-minded man or woman, with pleasant aspect, rejuvenates and fortifies the minds of all; filling the soul of the sick and desponding with hope, confidence, and courage. A cheerful-minded physician, who can inspire his patients with a firm faith and hope of recovery, is to be preferred, in nine cases out of ten, to the physician of gloomy misgivings and lugubrious countenance." This is good advice. We know an old weather-croaker who at all times "never expects any more really pleasant weather." If it happens to *be* pleasant, he says: "Ah! my young

friend, we shall *pay for this*—a mere weather-breeder—a weather-breeder, sir." If it is *not* pleasant, he reverses his grumbling. "Ah, sir, just as I told you—just as I expected!"

When the development of what are termed "Spiritual Rappings" was first made in this city, we were of a party who visited the exhibitors of the phenomena, or whatever else it may be called. Surprised, amazed, yet not satisfied, we returned home. In the evening, at a friend's house, the conversation turned upon the scene we had witnessed. Some importing deception, collusion, &c.; while others avowed, almost with "fear and trembling" their full belief in the operation of a spiritual agency in producing the sounds. "I know nothing whatever," said a gentleman who chanced to be present, and who had remained entirely silent during the discussion, which however he seemed to be regarding very attentively, "I know nothing whatever about these 'Spiritual Rappings,' for I have not heard them, nor had an opportunity of testing the various ways in which it is alleged they may be produced; but if you will permit me, and I shall not be considered as inflicting a story upon your company, I will tell you what I *have* seen, and which I think partook somewhat of the nature of those mysterious spiritual communications of which you have been speaking.

"I presume that many of you remember the case of Rachel Baker, the Somnambulist-preacher, who, some twenty-eight or thirty years ago, in one of the interior counties of this State, attracted so much the wonder and curiosity of the public. She was an ignorant, unlettered girl, of some nineteen or twenty years of age. Her parents were poor, and were unable to give her any education. She could read the Bible only with great difficulty, and even that little with apparently but small understanding of the force and extent of its moral and religious teachings. Although indigent and ignorant, her character, however humble and undeveloped, was unblemished. She was of a religious turn of mind, and was a regular attendant of the Methodist meetings, which were only occasionally held in the sparsely-populated neighborhood where she resided.

"Such was the young girl who subsequently became the theme of almost every journal in the United States, and whose fame, or perhaps more properly notoriety, extended to England and France; awakening in each country elaborate psychological and physiological discussions concerning the nature of the peculiar case of 'Rachel Baker, *the American Somnambulist*.' But I am getting a little before my story.

"One hot evening, about midsummer, somewhat earlier than was usual with her, Rachel took a candle and ascended the ladder which served as stairs to lead to the open chamber or garret which contained her humble bed. A short time after midnight, her mother, being accidentally awake, and talking with her father, heard her, as she expressed, 'gabbling to herself in a dream.' She called aloud to her daughter, but received no answer; but her talk, in a low tone of voice, continued as before. The mother now awoke her husband, and lighting a candle, they ascended together to Rachel's apartment.

"She lay upon her bed on her back, her face turned to the rafters and shingled roof of the rude dwelling. Her eyes were wide open; her hands clasped convulsively over her bosom; and she was pronouncing a prayer. After finishing her prayer, she lay silent for a few moments, and then awakening with a start, and gazing wildly around her, she demanded to know of her wonder-stricken and agitated parents, why they were there, and 'what that *light* was for?'

"'You waked your father and me, by talking in your sleep, Rachel; when we called to you, you did not answer, and we came up to see what was the matter. You've been dreaming, haven't you, Rachel?'

"'No, mother, I've had no dream; you have wakened me from a sound and sweet sleep.'

"The parents retired, went down the ladder to their own apartment, and Rachel fell into a sound sleep, and slept until morning. All the following day, however, she was indisposed; her eyes were heavy, her step faltering, and her whole manner indolent and *ennuyée*. The same somnambulism occurred every night for a week; until at length the rumor of the phenomena was noised about the country, and excited a wide and general curiosity. And when inquiry was made of the mother as to the character of Rachel's 'talk in her sleep,' she said, 'It was first-rate preaching—as good as any minister's; and her prayers,' she added, '*was* beautiful to hear.'

"About this time Mr. W—— G——, a man of rare self-attainments in practical science and philosophy, and of the highest reputation for general intelligence—(an ornament, moreover, to the agriculturists of New York, toward whose interests no man in the State subsequently more efficiently contributed)—invited Rachel to pass a short time at the house of his father, an opulent farmer in the little town of O——, in the county of Onondaga.

"She came after some considerable persuasion; and here it was, being at that time on a tour in the western part of the State, that I first saw the remarkable spiritual development of which I spoke a while ago. Rachel had already spoken three nights, utterly unconscious to herself, although surrounded by gradually-increasing numbers, who had been attracted by a natural curiosity to hear her. Up to this time she had not herself been made aware of the continuance of her 'sleep-talking.' During the day she would assist the family in various domestic matters; and she was given to understand by Mr. G——, that it was intended to assist her to attain such proficiency in a common education as would enable her to read the Bible freely, to understand its

plainest precepts, to write and to speak with grammatical correctness. She seemed anxious to avail herself of such an opportunity, and was thus entirely deceived as to the real purpose of the visit which she was induced to make.

"The house of Mr. G—— contained upon the ground-floor four apartments; an 'east' and 'west room,' the first of which contained the library of the younger Mr. G——, an organ, &c.; and the second was the 'spare room,' *par excellence*, in other words, the best parlor: these were connected by an 'entry' or passage-way; and opening into this parlor was another large room, where the family took their meals, held family worship, &c. Adjoining this room was a large kitchen. But let me describe the scene on the first night in which I saw Rachel Baker.

"It was on the evening of a hot day in summer. I had been permitted to come into the dining-room with the family, and was seated accidentally near the unconscious somnambulist. Conversation turned upon various matters, as it was intended purposely to prevent the least suspicion of there being any curiosity concerning her. The 'men-folks' talked of harvesting and other agricultural matters, and the 'women-kind' of their domestic affairs. Meanwhile twilight was deepening; the 'east room' was filling with the neighbors, who approached in a direction whence they could not be seen by any of us who were in the sitting-room. I was saying something to Rachel of an indifferent nature, when I thought I saw a slight twitching about the eyelids, and an unwonted heaviness in the expression of her eyes. The conversation was now vigorously renewed, but she seemed to be gradually losing all interest in it; and presently she observed, 'I am tired and sleepy, and I guess I'll go to bed.' 'Certainly, Rachel, if you wish,' said Mrs. G——; 'take a candle with you.'

"She left the chair in which she had been sitting by my side, took up a candle, bade us 'good-night,' left the room, and closed the door behind her.

"All was now expectation. We heard the subdued rustling of the crowd in the 'east room,' while we in the sitting-room were awaiting the involuntary signal which would render it proper to enter the parlor where the bed of the somnambulist was placed. Presently a subdued groan was heard. We seized the candles which had been lighted after she had retired, and entered her apartment, into which also was pouring a crowd of persons from the 'east room.'

"I shall never forget the scene that was now presented. The face of the somnambulist, which, without being handsome, was extremely interesting, was turned toward the ceiling; her large blue eyes were wide open, and their pupils seemed to fill the entire eye-balls, giving her what the Germans call an "interior" or soul-look. Her hands were crossed upon her bosom over the bed-clothes; nor did she once move them, or her eyes, so much even as to wink, during the whole evening. And so tightly did she press them, that the blood settled for the time under her nails, and at length grew black like the fingers of a corpse. She lay for the space of a few minutes motionless and silent. She then began a short prayer in a voice calm and solemn, which, although, not at all loud, could be heard plainly in all the apartments, while the hushed attention of the hearers kept the house as still as the grave. I remember that the prayer was fervent, brief, and beautiful, and in language simple and pure.

"After the prayer, she lay for some time silent and motionless; affording space, as some supposed, for the singing of a hymn, as in the regular exercises of the sanctuary. Then she began her discourse, which usually continued about half an hour. It was not a discourse from any particular text, although it was connected, regular, and nobly illustrated by the most apposite quotations from the Bible. If interrupted by any questions, she would pause, make answer, and immediately resume the broken chain of her remarks. The evening I was present, a distinguished clergyman of this city, who had come expressly to visit her, interrupted her with:

"'Rachel, why do you consider yourself called upon to address your fellow-sinners, and by what authority do you speak.'

"'I even I,' she answered, 'a woman of the dust, am moved by the Spirit which liveth and moveth all things. Necessity is laid upon me; for I speak through Him who hath said, "Upon my young men and maidens will I pour out my Spirit, and the young men shall see visions and the young maidens dream dreams."' The passage quoted was to this purport. Although the somnambulist was utterly ignorant of correct language, never speaking, when awake, without the grossest blunders in grammar, yet in all passages and discourses which she delivered in her somnambulent state, in all the answers to questions which were propounded to her she never committed the slightest error. I wish I could remember a passage of her discourse the second night I heard her. It was replete with the most admirable imagery, and its pathos was infinitely touching. She was visited at the house of Mr. G—— by some of the most eminent clergymen and *savans* of New York, and other cities; among others, if I remember rightly, by the celebrated Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell. After her discourse was finished, she would be silent and motionless, as before she began it, then pronounce a prayer; and at last relapse into a disturbed slumber, from which she would gradually arouse, groaning as if in pain, her hands relaxing and falling by her side, and her frame trembling as if 'rent with mortal agony.'

"Her somnambulism continued for some two or three months afterward; all physical remedies were tried, but without avail. She died in about a year afterward, her case baffling to the last all attempts at explanation of the mysterious agency by which it was produced."

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES tells us how the members of the medical profession feel when the "poison-chalice" of their prescriptions is commended to their own lips; in other words, when the visitor becomes the visitee:

> "Just change the time, the person, and the place
> And be yourself the 'interesting case;'
> You'll gain some knowledge which it's well to learn;
> In future practice it may serve your turn.
> Leeches, for instance—pleasing creatures quite;
> Try them, and, bless you! don't you think they bite?
> You raise a blister for the smallest cause,
> And be yourself the great sublime it draws;
> And, trust my statement, you will not deny
> The worst of draughtsmen is your Spanish Fly.
> It's mighty easy ordering when you please,
> '*Infusi Sennæ, capiat uncias tres*';
> It's mighty different when you quackle down
> Your own three ounces of the liquid brown.
> '*Pilula Pulvis*'—pleasant words enough,
> When *other* jaws receive the shocking stuff;
> But oh! what flattery can disguise the groan,
> That meets the gulp which sends it through your own!"

"Ah! they are very busy and bustling here *now*, but they will all be still enough by-and-by," said a clergyman from the country, as he passed with his friend, for the first time, through Cortlandt-street into crowded Broadway, at its most peopled hour. "And," said our informant (the friend alluded to, who had lived in the Great Metropolis all his life), "I never before felt so forcibly, so sudden was the observation, and so fervent the expression of the speaker, the truth of his remark. To *me*, the scene before us was an every-day one; to *him*, spending his days in the calm retirement of the country, the crowd, the roaring of the wheels, the sumptuous vehicles of Wealth, and the bedizened trappings of Pride, presented a contrast so strong, that the exclamation which he made was forced from him by the overpowering thought: "Ye busy, hurrying throng, ye rich men, ye vain and proud men, where will all these things be, where will *you* be seventy years from now?" "After all," says SYDNEY SMITH, "take some thoughtful moment of life, and add together two ideas of pride and of man: behold him, creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space, in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string. Day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of GOD are flaming above and beneath. Is *this* a creature to make himself a crown of glory? to mock at his fellows, sprung from the dust to which they must alike return? Does the proud man not err? does he not suffer? does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasures? When he lives, is he free from pain? when he dies can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man. Humility should dwell with Frailty, and atone for ignorance, error, and imperfection."

That sort of curiosity which invests murderers and their secret motives with so much interest, instances of which may be seen any week almost in our very midst, was finely satirized many years ago by a writer in one of the English or Scottish periodicals. The criminal was arrested for the murder of an old woman, who had no money to tempt his avarice, and he resisted all inquiries touching the motives which induced him to commit the horrid deed. He "couldn't tell," he said; "it was a sudden impulse—a sort of a whisper; SATAN put it into his head." He had no reason for doing it; didn't know *why* he did it. Ladies brought tracts and cakes to his prison, and begged him to "make a clean breast of it." Why did he do it? "LORD knows," said he, "*I* don't." At his trial the jury brought him in guilty, but recommended him to mercy, provided he gave his reasons. He said he "hadn't any; he killed the old 'oman off-hand; it was a sudden start—the same as a frisk: he couldn't account for it; it was done in a dream, like." Finally the day appointed for his execution arrived; and the sheriff, under-sheriffs, clergy, reporters, etc., all implored him to make a full confession, now that his time had come. A phrenologist, knowing that although "Murder had no tongue, it could speak with most miraculous *organ*," felt the devoted head, but was none the wiser. The interest in the murderer was now increased tenfold; and such was the demand for locks of the culprit's hair, that when he was led forth to the scaffold, there remained upon his head but a few carroty clippings; "and all this while," says the writer in parenthesis, "there was poor old HONESTY toiling for a shilling a day, wet or shine, and not one Christian man or woman to ask him for so much as one white hair of his head!" Well, the murderer, unyielding to the end, stands at last upon the scaffold, the focus of the gaze of ten thousand sons and daughters of curiosity, in the street, at the windows, on the house-tops. The hangman is adjusting the rope; the clergyman is reading the death-service; the fatal bolt is about to be withdrawn; when a desperate individual, in a straw-hat, a light blue jacket, striped trowsers, and Hessian boots, with an umbrella under his arm, dashes in before the clergyman, and in hurried accents puts the old

question, "Why did you do it?" "Why, then," said the convict, with an impatient motion of his cropped head, "I did it—*to get my hair cut!*" And he had not miscalculated the sympathy with crime which was to denude his guilty head for "keep sakes!"

Those who have risen early on a Sabbath morning in the country, and experienced the solemn stillness and holy calm of the hour, will read the following lines with something of the religious fervor with which they came warm from the heart of the author:

"How calm comes on this holy day!
Morning unfolds the eastern sky,
And upward takes his lofty way
Triumphant to her throne on high.
Earth glorious wakes as o'er her breast
The morning flings her rosy ray,
And blushing from her dreamless rest
Unvails her to the gaze of day:
So still the scene each wakeful sound
Seems hallowed music breathing round.

"The night-winds to their mountain caves,
The morning mist to heaven's blue steep
And to their ocean depths the waves
Are gone, their holy rest to keep,
'Tis tranquil all, around, above,
The forests far which bound the scene
Are peaceful as their Maker's love,
Like hills of everlasting green.
And clouds like earthly barriers stand,
Or bulwarks of some viewless land."

Now those lines came to our recollection on one occasion many months since, simply by way of direct contrast, which is one of the curious, if not unexplainable operations of the human mind. We had been reading a long description, in a letter from a traveler, of life in the English coal-mines and of the "Sabbath privileges" of the thirty-five thousand men and boys who labor in the vast coal-fields of Durham and Northumberland, in England. There they are, and there they spend their long nights of labor, for day is not for them, hundreds of fathoms down in subterranean depths; never breathing pure air, but often stagnant and exhausted, when the stream of ventilation does not permeate the ever-lengthening gallery, and are almost always inhaling noxious gases. Not only is the atmospheric medium rarefied by a perpetual summer heat, without one glimpse of summer day, but every now and then occur terrific explosions of the "fire-damp," instantaneously thundering through a Vulcanian region, with more certain death to all within its range than there was ever dealt by artillery on the surface of the earth: or a gush of poisonous vapor in one moment extinguishes the candles and the lives of the workmen, and changes the scene of unceasing toil into a catacomb inconceivably more awful than any of the great receptacles of death that bear that name: or the ill-propped vault gives way, and bodies, never to be seen until the resurrection, are buried under the ruins of a pestilential cavern: often, too, life is sacrificed to carelessness or parsimony, and a few "indulgences" are perhaps given to the widow and orphans, to hush up the "casualty" within the neighborhood of the pit. Seldom does a visitor venture to plunge into the Hades-like profound. No attraction in the scenery of the miserable villages above ground brings a stranger to meddle with a population that never come to the surface except to eat or sleep. Yes, there is one exception. On that thrice happy day of rest, when even the burden of the beast is unloosed, the sober, humbly-clad colliers, as clean as they can make themselves, emerge from darkness into light, and hear from the lips of some brother "pitman," in their own familiar *patois*, the "glad tidings of salvation."

There are numerous pictures of Napoleon: Napoleon in scenes of triumph in peace, and of sublime grandeur in war. He has been depicted crossing the Alps; at Marengo, at Austerlitz, at the bridge of Lodi, at Jena, at Moscow, by the Nile; gazing at the everlasting pyramids; entering sacked cities, bivouacked at night, and the like. But of all the pictures that we have ever seen of the Great Captain, one which has pleased us most, and which seems to represent him in the most gratifying light, is a picture which depicts him sitting upon a sofa in his library, a book in his hand, which he is perusing attentively; while his little son, reclining on one end of the sofa, lies asleep with his head resting on his father's lap—pillowed on those adipose limbs, that look as if they had been melted and run into the close-fitting breeches which they inhabit. This is a picture which, unlike the others, represents the great original as "one of us"—a man and a father, and not as a successful warrior or a triumphant victor.

Speaking nearly a century ago, an old English worthy laments the "good old times" when a book

was bequeathed as an invaluable legacy, and if given to a religious house, was offered on the altar, and deemed a gift worthy of salvation; and when a prelate borrowed a Bible, his cathedral gave a bond for its return. Libraries then consisted of a few tracts, chained or kept in chests. The famous Library of Oxford, celebrated by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, contained only six hundred volumes! What would *then* have been thought of the "making of many books," of which "there is no end" in these our days?

There is a striking example of the style of "Sir PERTINAX MAC SYCOPHANT," in a character of MARSTON'S "*What you Will*." Here is a slight specimen of his "booing and booing:"

> "Sir, I protest I not only take distinct notice of your dear rarities of exterior presence, but also I protest I am most vehemently enamored, and very passionately dote on your inward adornments and habilities of spirit. I protest I shall be proud to do you most obsequious vassalage."

We find upon a scrap in the "drawer" these two stanzas taken from a German hymn, entitled, "*Kindliches Gemüthe*," or Childlike Temper:

"His mother's arms his chief enjoyment;
To be there is his loved employment;
Early and late to see her face,
And tenderly her neck embrace.

"O Innocence! sweet child's existence!
This have I learnt, through God's assistance,
He who possesses thee is wise,
And valued in the ALMIGHTY'S eyes."

"Valued" is doubtless a stronger word in the original German, but it may have been difficult to render into our vernacular.

It would be a curious question whether, supposing the sun could be inhabited, its citizens would be as large, in proportion to the size of that luminary as we mundanes are in proportion to the earth. This, it strikes us, is one of those questions which it would be difficult to answer to general satisfaction. We remember some old philosopher who once complained that a flea had a good deal more proportional force than, from his size, he was entitled to. Although weighing only a single grain, it is endowed with the ability to jump an inch and a half at a spring. Now a man weighing an hundred and fifty pounds, ought, "by the same rule," to be able to make a spring over a space of twelve thousand eight hundred miles, which would be equivalent to jumping from Gotham to Cochin China, or round the world in two jumps. A man capable of doing that, might be set down "pretty spry."

WOMAN'S EMANCIPATION.

(BEING A LETTER ADDRESSED TO MR. PUNCH, WITH A DRAWING, BY A STRONG-MINDED AMERICAN WOMAN.)

It is quite easy to realize the considerable difficulty that the natives of this old country are like to have in estimating the rapid progress of ideas on all subjects among us, the Anglo-Saxons of the Western World. Mind travels with us on a rail-car, or a high-pressure river-boat. The snags and sawyers of prejudice, which render so dangerous the navigation of Time's almighty river, whose water-power has toppled over these giant-growths of the world, without being able to detach them from the congenial mud from which they draw their nutriment, are dashed aside or run down in the headlong career of the United States mind.

We laugh to scorn the dangers of popular effervescence. Our almighty-browed and cavernous-eyed statesmen sit, heroically, on the safety-valve, and the mighty ark of our vast Empire of the West moves on at a pressure on the square inch which would rend into shivers the rotten boiler-plates of your outworn states of the Old World.

To use a phrase which the refined manners of our ladies have banished from the drawing-room, and the saloon of the boarding-house, *we* go ahead. And our progress is the progress of all—not of high and low, for we have abolished the odious distinction—but of man, woman, and child, each in his or her several sphere.

Our babies are preternaturally sharp, and highly independent from the cradle. The high-souled American boy will not submit to be whipped at school. That punishment is confined to the lower animals.

But it is among *our* sex—among women (for I am a woman, and my name is Theodosia Eudoxia Bang, of Boston, U.S., Principal of the Homeopathic and Collegiate Thomsonian Institute for developing the female mind in that intellectual city) that the stranger may realize, in the most convincing manner, the progressional influences of the democratic institutions it is our privilege to live under.

An American female—for I do not like the term Lady, which suggests the outworn distinctions of feudalism—can travel alone from one end of the States to the other; from the majestic waters of Niagara to the mystic banks of the Yellowstone, or the rolling prairies of Texas. The American female delivers lectures, edits newspapers, and similar organs of opinion, which exert so mighty a leverage on the national mind of our great people, is privileged to become a martyr to her principles, and to utter her soul from the platform, by the side of the gifted Poe or the immortal Peabody. All this in these old countries is the peculiar privilege of man, as opposed to woman. The female is consigned to the slavish duties of the house. In America the degrading cares of the household are comparatively unknown to our sex. The American wife resides in a boarding-house, and, consigning the petty cares of daily life to the helps of the establishment, enjoys leisure for higher pursuits, and can follow her vast aspirations upward, or in any other direction.

We are emancipating ourselves, among other badges of the slavery of feudalism, from the inconvenient dress of the European female. With man's functions, we have asserted our right to his garb, and especially to that part of it which invests the lower extremities. With this great symbol, we have adopted others—the hat, the cigar, the paletot or round jacket. And it is generally calculated that the dress of the Emancipated American female is quite pretty—as becoming in all points as it is manly and independent. I inclose a drawing made by my gifted fellow-citizen, Increasen Tarbox, of Boston, U.S., for the *Free Woman's Banner*, a periodical under my conduct, aided by several gifted women of acknowledged progressive opinions.

I appeal to my sisters of the Old World, with confidence, for their sympathy and their countenance in the struggle in which *we* are engaged, and which will soon be found among them also. For I feel that I have a mission across the broad Atlantic, and the steamers are now running at reduced fares. I hope to rear the standard of Female Emancipation on the roof of the Crystal

Palace, in London Hyde Park. Empty wit may sneer at its form, which is bifurcate. And why not? MOHAMMED warred under the Petticoat of his wife KADIGA. The American female Emancipist marches on her holy war under the distinguishing garment of her husband. In the compartment devoted to the United States in your Exposition, my sisters of the old country may see this banner by the side of a uniform of female freedom—such as my drawing represents—the garb of martyrdom for a month; the trappings of triumph for all ages of the future!

THEODOSIA E. BANG, M.A.,
M.C.P., ΦΔΚ, K.L.M., &c., &c. (of Boston, U.S.)

Three Leaves from Punch.

"THERE, NOW;—THAT'S A CIGAR I CAN CONFIDENTLY RECOMMEND!" "WELL; PUT ME UP A DOZEN TO TRY!"

THE INTERESTING STORY.
***First Ticket-Porter.*—"AND SO, YOU KNOW, THAT'S ALL I KNOWS ABOUT IT."**
***Second Ticket-Porter.*—"WELL! I DON'T KNOW AS EVER I KNOWED A MAN AS KNOWS AS MUCH AS YOU KNOWS!"**

ELEGANT AND RATIONAL DINNER COSTUME FOR THIS CLOSE WEATHER.

426

A WET DAY AT A COUNTRY INN.
***Guest*—"Is that your notion of Something Amusing?"**

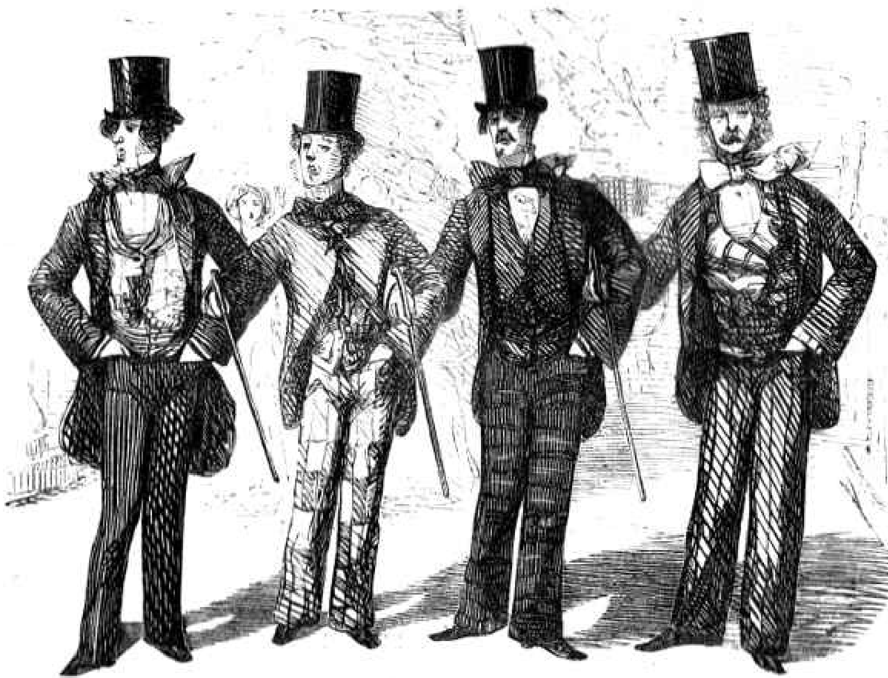
***Bathing-Woman*—"Master Franky wouldn't cry! No! Not he!—He'll come to his Martha, and bathe like a Man!"**

AFFECTING—RATHER! *Alfred.*—"Tell me, my own one. Is there any thing else you have to say, before I go?" *Emma.*—"Yes, dearest—Do not—oh do not forget to bring the—th—th—Brunswick sausage from F-F-F-Fort—num and Mason's."

REAL ENJOYMENT. ***Annie.*****—"Good-by, Dear. You must come again soon, and spend a good long day, and then I can show you all my New Things."** ***Clara.*****—"Oh! that will be nice! Good-by, Dear." (*****Kiss and exit.*****)**

"See, Dear, What a Sweet Doll Ma-a has made for me."

SINGULAR OPTICAL DELUSION. ***Gentleman.*****—"There, Love; Do you see that Steamer?"** ***Lady.*****—"Oh, distinctly! There are two!"**



A MOST ALARMING SWELLING!

SUNBEAMS FROM CUCUMBERS; OR, GEMS FROM ADVERTISEMENTS SCHOLASTIC!

Mother.—"And—pray, Doctor, what are your terms for heducating little Boys?" ***The Principal.***—"Why, my dear Madam, my usual terms are seventy Guineas ***PER ANNUM*** (to use the Language of the ancient Romans), but to effect my Object (?) quickly, I would take a few for what I could get; provided they be GENTLEMEN, like your dear little boy there; but (again to use the Latin Tongue), it is a ***SINE QUA NON*** that they should be GENTLEMEN!!!"

First Old Foozle.—"Would you like to see the Paper, Sir? There's Nothing in it." ***Second Old Foozle.***—"Then what the Deuce did you keep it so long for?"

LITTLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE LADIES. Fan-ny Fal-lal, al-though she was not rich, nor a per-son of rank, was a ve-ry fine La-dy. She would pass all her time read-ing nov-els and work-ing cro-chet, but would neg-lect her house-hold du-ties; so her hus-band, who was a ve-ry nice man, and fond of a nice din-ner, be-came a mem-ber of a Club, and used to stop out ve-ry late at night, which led to ma-ny quar-rels. How fool-ish it was of Fan-ny to neg-lect her house-hold du-ties, and not to make her Al-bert hap-py at home!

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

Fig. 1.—Promenade and Young Lady's Morning Costume.

We have very little change to note in the forms of dress, since our last; and while "the dog-star rages," materials suitable for the heat of July will be appropriate. For out-of-door costume, silks of light texture, and hues accordant with those of surrounding nature, such as peach, lilac, violet, buff, green, pink, &c., are in vogue. Mantelets are much worn, and are of two different forms—the scarf mantelet, and the little round shawl mantelet. These, particularly the shawl mantelet, are beautifully embroidered and deeply fringed, giving them an exceedingly rich appearance. They have mostly a double collar attached.

Promenade Costume.—The figure on the right, in our first illustration, represents a beautiful style of walking costume. The dress is of light-textured silk. Body high, open in front, and having at the edge, as a lapel, two vandyked and goffered trimmings, with very little fullness. The under one meets the upper about two-thirds down the front. The body has a rounded point in front, and the trimming goes to the bottom. The sleeves are almost tight for about two-thirds of the arm, and end in a frill, on which are set two smaller frills, vandyked and goffered at the edges. The skirt has three flounces; the first, six inches below the waist, is ten inches deep; the second is twelve, and the third fourteen inches. Each of these flounces, already a little drawn, is trimmed at bottom with two vandyked frills of two inches in width. They are held in, when sewed on, so as to be full on the large ones. The habit shirt is composed of two valenciennes at the collar, and of muslin puffs; the under-sleeve, trimmed with a narrow valenciennes, is formed of muslin *bouillonnés*, diminishing toward the bottom.

The bonnet is an elegant style. It is drawn, of net, blond, and silk; the edge of the poke has a roll of silk; above and below there is a transparent width of net, about two inches deep, and two blond frills drawn shell-shape. All the inside of the poke and crown is composed of a kind of *carapace* made of silk, with small folds lapping over each other. On one side there are two large moss-roses with buds and leaves. A blond, about an inch and a half wide, goes over the roses, and is continued in waves all along the piping. On the other side there are no flowers, but instead of them are a net *bouillonné* and three blond frills. The curtain is of puffed net, with blonds and no frills.

Young Lady's Morning Costume.—The figure on the left represents an elegant morning costume for a young lady. Hair in bandeaux, forming a puff which spreads well at the bottom. The points are carried back to meet under the knot. The back hair is done up in a torsade with black velvet ribbons, the two ends of which float behind. Frock of plaid silk, skirt very full. *Canezou*, or jacket, of embroidered muslin, trimmed with embroidered and festooned bands. It is open and square in front, with five bands for trimming. The sleeves are demi-length, and trimmed in a similar manner. The under-chemisette is of plaited net, with a narrow lace at the edge.

Fig. 2.—Jackets.

Jackets are now much worn, not only as a part of a morning costume, but as an elegant addition to a visiting dress. Figure 2 represents two of these. The first, held in the hand, is of light blue silk, and intended as an accompaniment to a visiting dress of the same material. It is trimmed round the lower part, as well as the sleeves and lapels or facings, with a narrow frilling of the same, fastened down the front with three large rosettes of silk, the corsage being sufficiently open to show the habit-shirt, decorated with a frilling of white lace. The large white under-sleeves are decorated with a double fall of white lace. On the half-length figure is represented the jacket of a morning costume. It is of white jaconet muslin, trimmed with lace and rows of pink ribbon of different widths. Long sleeves made rather loose, and encircled with lace and ribbon, finished with a nœud of the latter, on the top of the wrist. Under close sleeve trimmed with rows of lace placed close together. This figure also shows a pretty style of cap, made of white lace, trimmed round the back part with four rows of narrow white lace, finished on each side with a bow and ends of pink ribbon, with loops on each side of the face.

A beautiful style of Evening Dress is a robe of white cachmere, trimmed with very deep flounces, each finished with stripes of silk woven in the material. The body open, square in the front; made very high and open, across the chest, terminating below the waist with basquines, which give it some what the appearance of a little vest, or jacket.

Fig. 3.—Boy's Dress.

Figure 3 represents a pleasing style of dress for a little boy. A Charles-the-Ninth cap of black velvet, with a well-rolled feather on one side, and proceeding from a cabbage-rose of black satin ribbon. Coat of black velvet, without any seam at the waist. It is hollowed out at the side and back seams, like a lady's paletot, tight over the breast, and fastened with little jet buttons. Sleeves half

short, also with buttons. Under the coat is a tunic of plaid poplin, black and red. This tunic is full of gathers like a Scotch kilt. Plaid stockings, stripes sloping; small black gaiters with jet buttons. Collar sewed on to a band; the trimmings of the under-sleeves and trowsers are of the older style of English embroidery.

The taste for flowers, those gems which give exquisite beauty to nature's pictures, is becoming more and more prevalent. Nearly every bonnet is decorated with flowers, particularly those of rice straw. Heaths, lilies, violets, roses, &c., with straw, oats, asparagus, butter-cups, and fancy trifles are used in giving grace and beauty to bonnets.

END

Changes Made To The Text

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Transcriber's note: A table of contents has been added. Blank pages have
been deleted. The publisher's inadvertent omissions of important
punctuation have been corrected. Other detected publisher's errors were
corrected as follows:

 p. 385: on which they conduc[conduct] their whaling
 p. 289: with an ancient piece of tapesty[tapestry]
 p. 291: thousand little conveniencies[conveniences]
 p. 299: rancorous recollection of the occurence[occurrence],
 p. 301: By the brillance[brilliance] of her conversational
 p. 304: when folks spok[spoke] of Andrè and his wife
 p. 310: revelations of the sybil[sibyl] concerned
 p. 334: how can this [be] part of myself?
 p. 335: to literary socities[societies]
 p. 337: country disstricts[districts]
 p. 352: and gay boddice[bodice]
 p. 365: The general fully corrobarated[corroborated]
 p. 366: and rolling lazily adown[down] the
 p. 368: round, and [in] one fearful lesson teach these same whitecoats
 p. 368: drive a brave enemy to depair[despair]
 p. 370: two unfurnished rooms; the lagest[largest] contained her
 p. 374: they anticipate inuendoes[innuendoes], and meet
 p. 384: accordingly went, accompaniod[accompanied] by
 p. 399: but my husband is harder nor[than] I, and he said
 p. 408: why should be[he] put himself
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Back to the top.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, VOL. 3, NO. 15, AUGUST, 1851 ***

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