Title: Harper's New Monthly Magazine, Vol III, No 13, 1851

Author: Various

Release date: February 8, 2012 [EBook #38787]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Judith Wirawan, David Kline, and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME III.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1851.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
NOS. 329 AND 331 PEARL STREET,
(FRANKLIN SQUARE.)
1852.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This Number closes the Third Volume of Harper's New Monthly Magazine. In closing the Second Volume the Publishers referred to the distinguished success which had attended its establishment, as an incentive to further efforts to make it worthy the immense patronage it had received:—they refer with confidence to the Contents of the present Volume, for proof that their promise has been abundantly fulfilled.

The Magazine has reached its present enormous circulation, simply because it gives *a greater amount of reading matter, of a higher quality, in better style, and at a cheaper price* than any other periodical ever published. Knowing this to be the fact, the Publishers have spared, and will hereafter spare, no labor or expense which will increase the value and interest of the Magazine in all these respects. The outlay upon the present volume has been from five to ten thousand dollars more than that upon either of its predecessors. The best talent of the country has been engaged in writing and illustrating original articles for its pages:—its selections have been made from a wider field and with increased care; its typographical appearance has been rendered still more elegant; and several new departments have been added to its original plan.

The Magazine now contains, regularly:

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

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

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

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

Fifth. A Monthly Summary of European Intelligence, concerning books, authors, and whatever else has interest and importance for the cultivated reader.

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

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

The object of the Publishers is to combine the greatest possible Variety and Interest, with the greatest possible Utility. Special care will always be exercised in admitting nothing into the Magazine in the slightest degree

offensive to the most sensitive delicacy; and there will be a steady aim to exert a healthy moral and intellectual influence, by the most attractive means.

For the very liberal patronage the Magazine has already received, and especially for the universally flattering commendations of the Press, the Publishers desire to express their cordial thanks, and to renew their assurances, that no effort shall be spared to render the work still more acceptable and useful, and still more worthy of the encouragement it has received.

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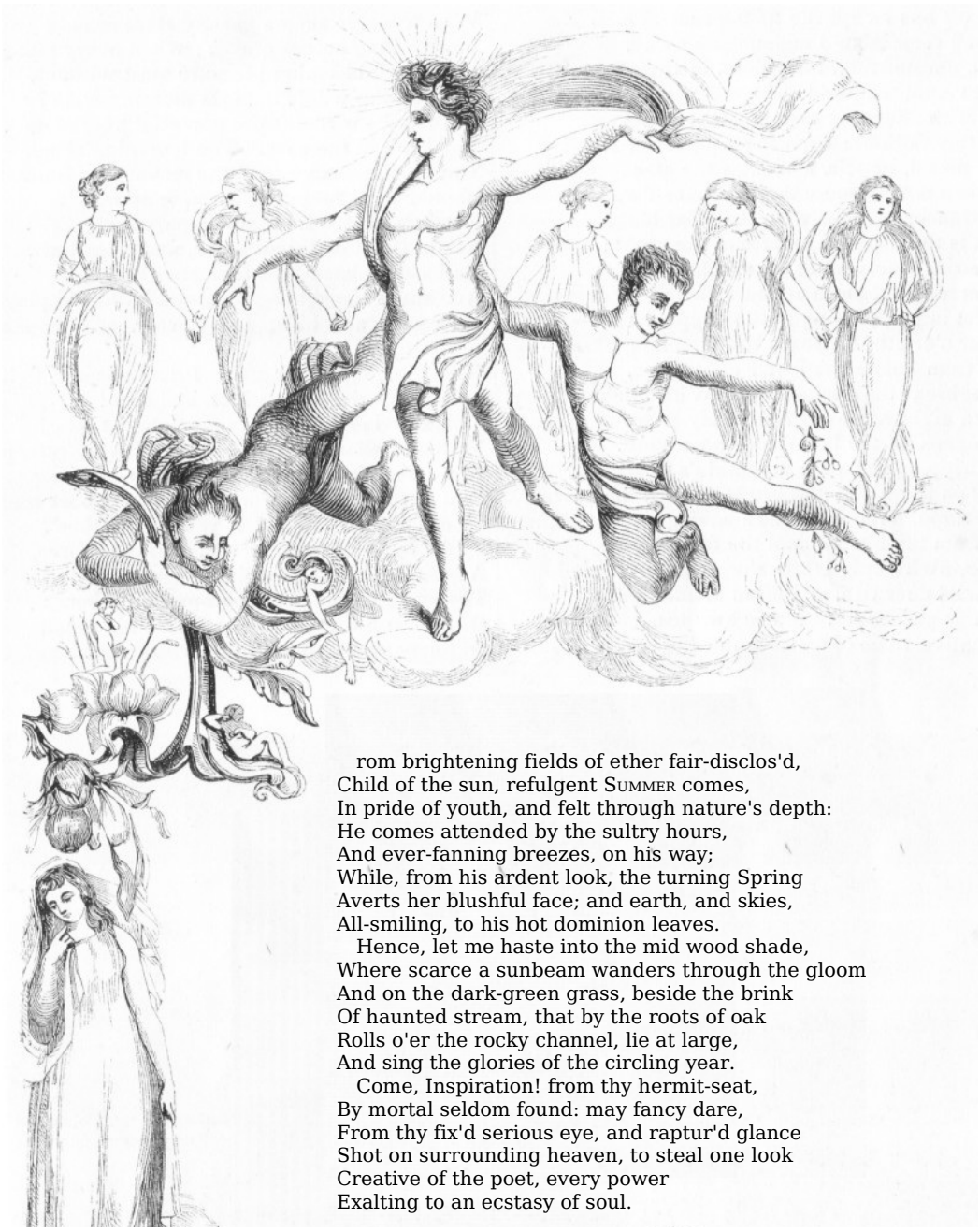
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

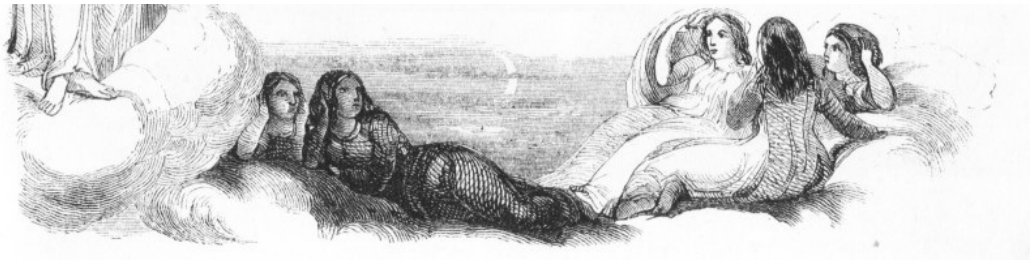
No. XIII.—JUNE, 1851.—Vol. III.

SUMMER.

BY JAMES THOMSON



rom brightening fields of ether fair-disclos'd,
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
Hence, let me haste into the mid wood shade,
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.
Come, Inspiration! from thy hermit-seat,
By mortal seldom found: may fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

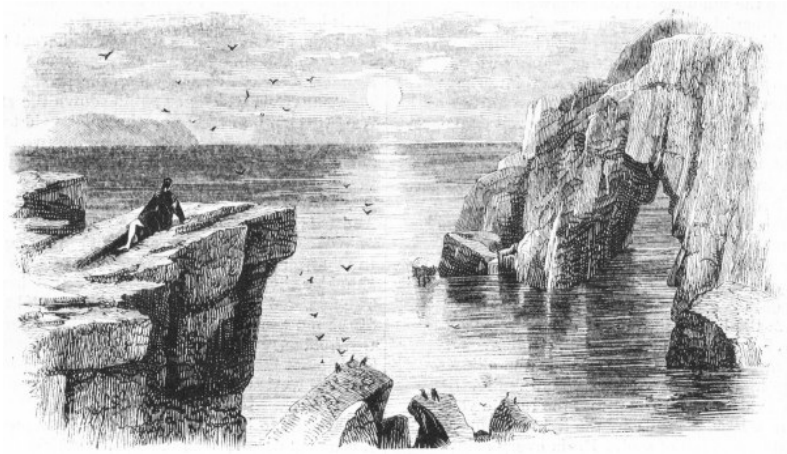


And thou, my youthful muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite;
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit,
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemish'd honor, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man:
O Dodington! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.
With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along
The illimitable void! thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of men
And all their labor'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course,
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the Seasons ever stealing round,
Minutely faithful: such the All-perfect Hand
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.
When now no more the alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east—
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes,
The native voice of undissembled joy,
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,

To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves; when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning-walk?
  But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and color'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapp'd
In unessential gloom; and thou, O sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?
  'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourn
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye, [Pg 3]
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
  Informer of the planetary train!
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life—
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit; from the unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.
  The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic-road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Meantime the expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn; while, round thy beaming car,
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd hours,
The zephyrs floating loose, the timely rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed dews,
And soften'd into joy the surly storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.
  Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd—
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;
Hence labor draws his tools; hence burnish'd war
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of peace
Hence bless mankind; and generous commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.
  The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright.
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns;
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form

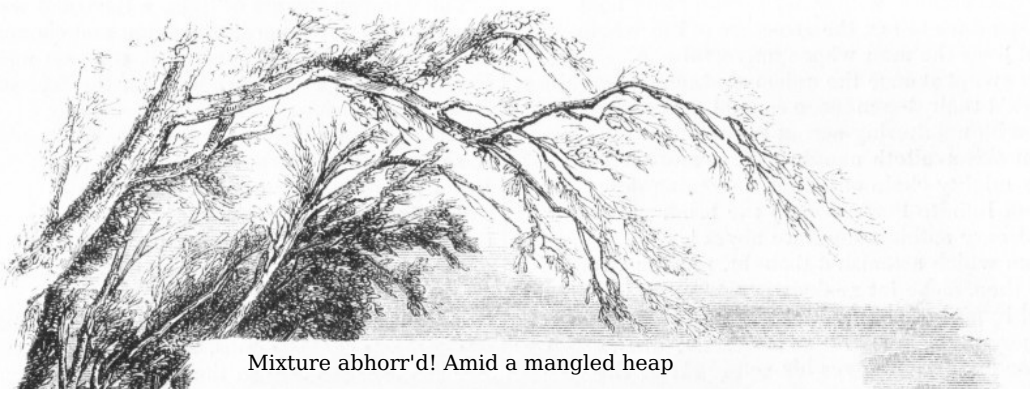
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.
The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-transported muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!



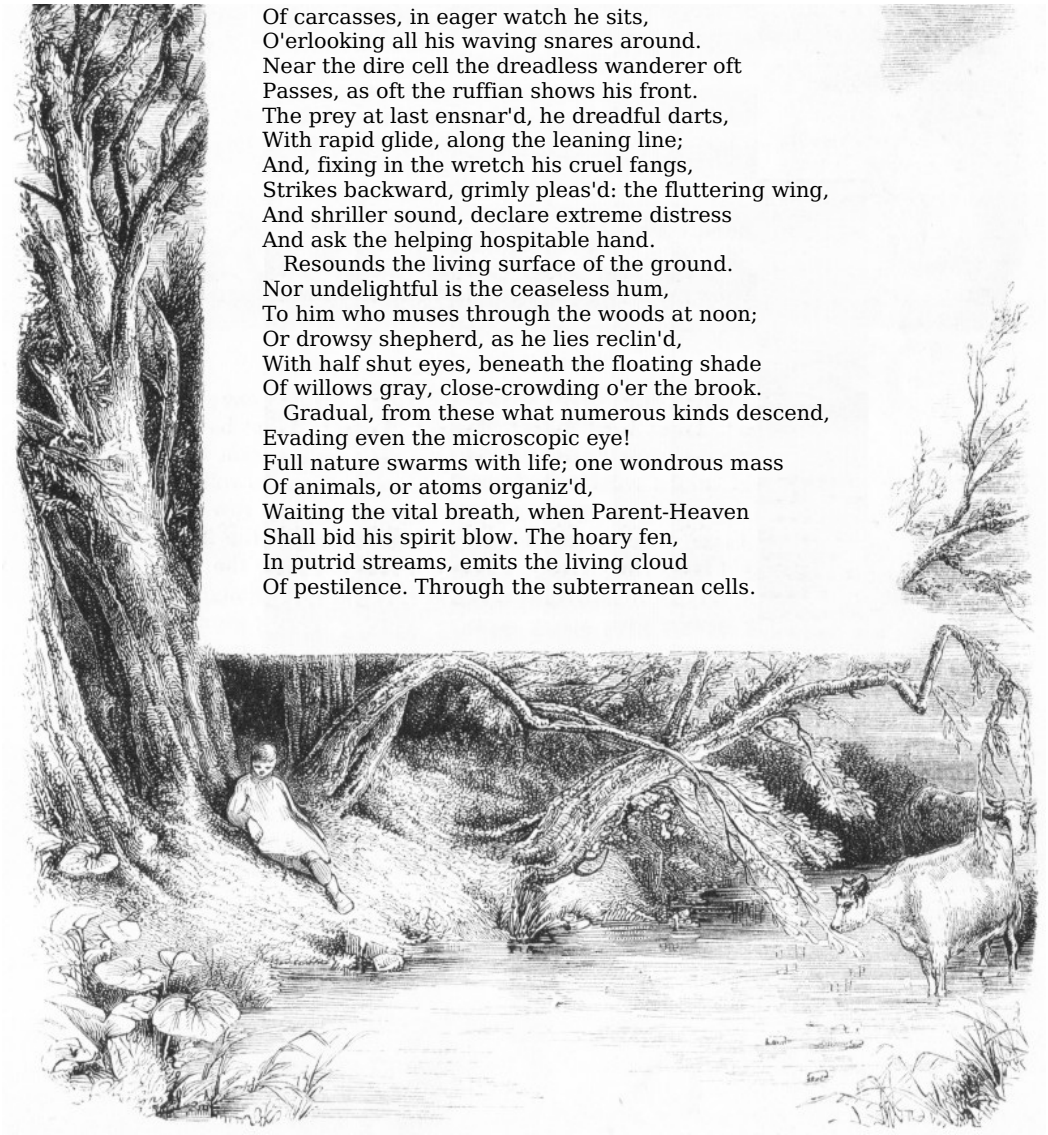
How shall I then attempt to sing of him,
Who, Light himself! in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retired
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken,
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven,
That beam forever through the boundless sky;
But, should he hide his face, the astonish'd sun,
And all the extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.
And yet was every faltering tongue of man,
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice
Even in the depth of solitary woods,
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power;
And to the quire celestial thee resound,
The eternal cause, support, and end of all!
To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-color'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.
Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires,
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant heat, dispreading through the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.
Who can, unpitying, see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamor'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from the morning task, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the gray-grown oaks
(That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The housedog, with the vacant grayhound, lies
Outstretched and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They, starting, snap. Nor shall the muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song,
Not mean, though simple: to the sun allied,
From him they draw their animating fire.
Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms—or, rising from their tombs
To higher life—by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly; where, on the pool,
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Through the greenwood glade
Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young, yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapp'd, expire.
But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,



Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap



Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front.
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,
And shriller sound, declare extreme distress
And ask the helping hospitable hand.
  Resounds the living surface of the ground.
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows gray, close-crowding o'er the brook.
  Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading even the microscopic eye!
Full nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the vital breath, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid streams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through the subterranean cells.

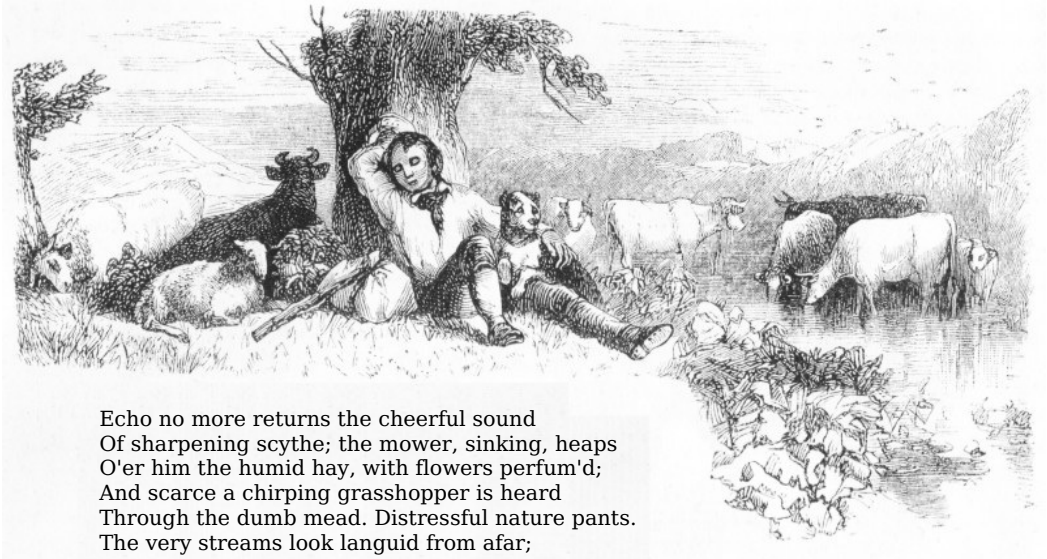
Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid, too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man: for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night.
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.
  Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold, [Pg 6]
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man whose universal eye
Has swept at once the unbounded scheme of things,
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth naught? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!

From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then, alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.
  Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day
Even so, luxurious men, unheeding pass,
An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.
  Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all

Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping age is here; and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell;
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet haycock rises thick behind,
In order gay: while heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labor, love, and social glee.
  Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that, fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,

The clamor much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd, then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labor to the farther shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drank the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream,
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill—and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous press'd,
Head above head; and rang'd in lusty rows
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king,
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:
Some, mingling, stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side
To stamp his master's cipher ready stand;
Others the unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns the indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb, complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.
  A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
The exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the sun without his rage;
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land; her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.
  'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all,
From pole to pole, is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending streams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,

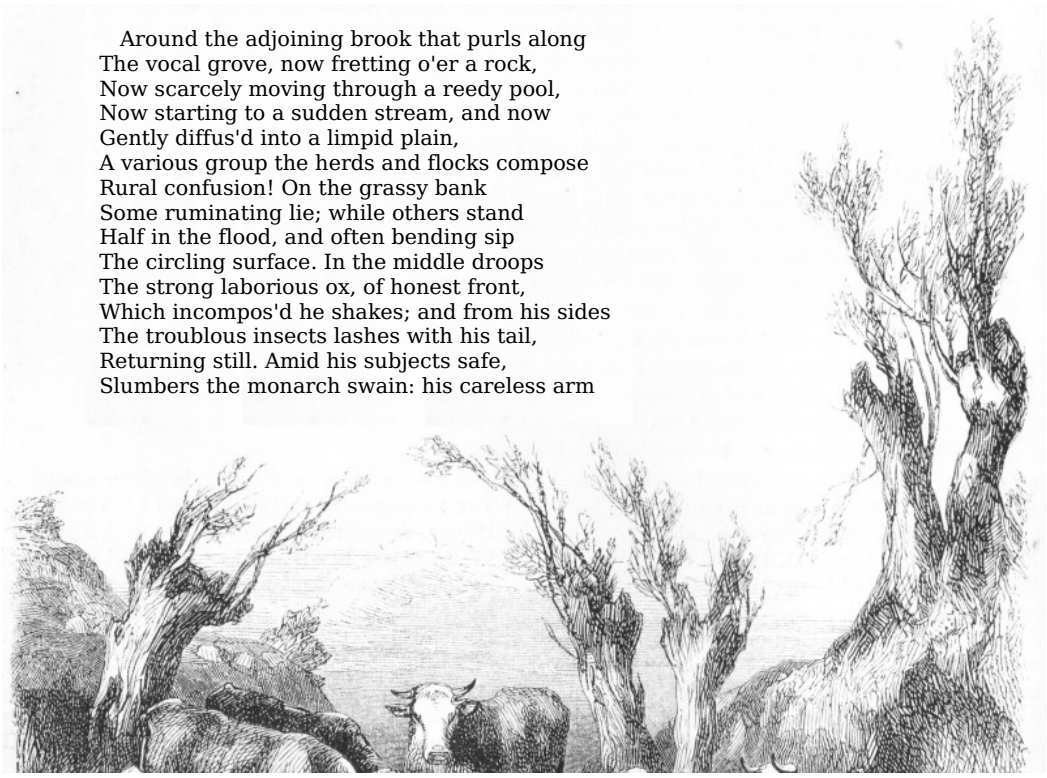
Blast fancy's blooms, and wither even the soul.



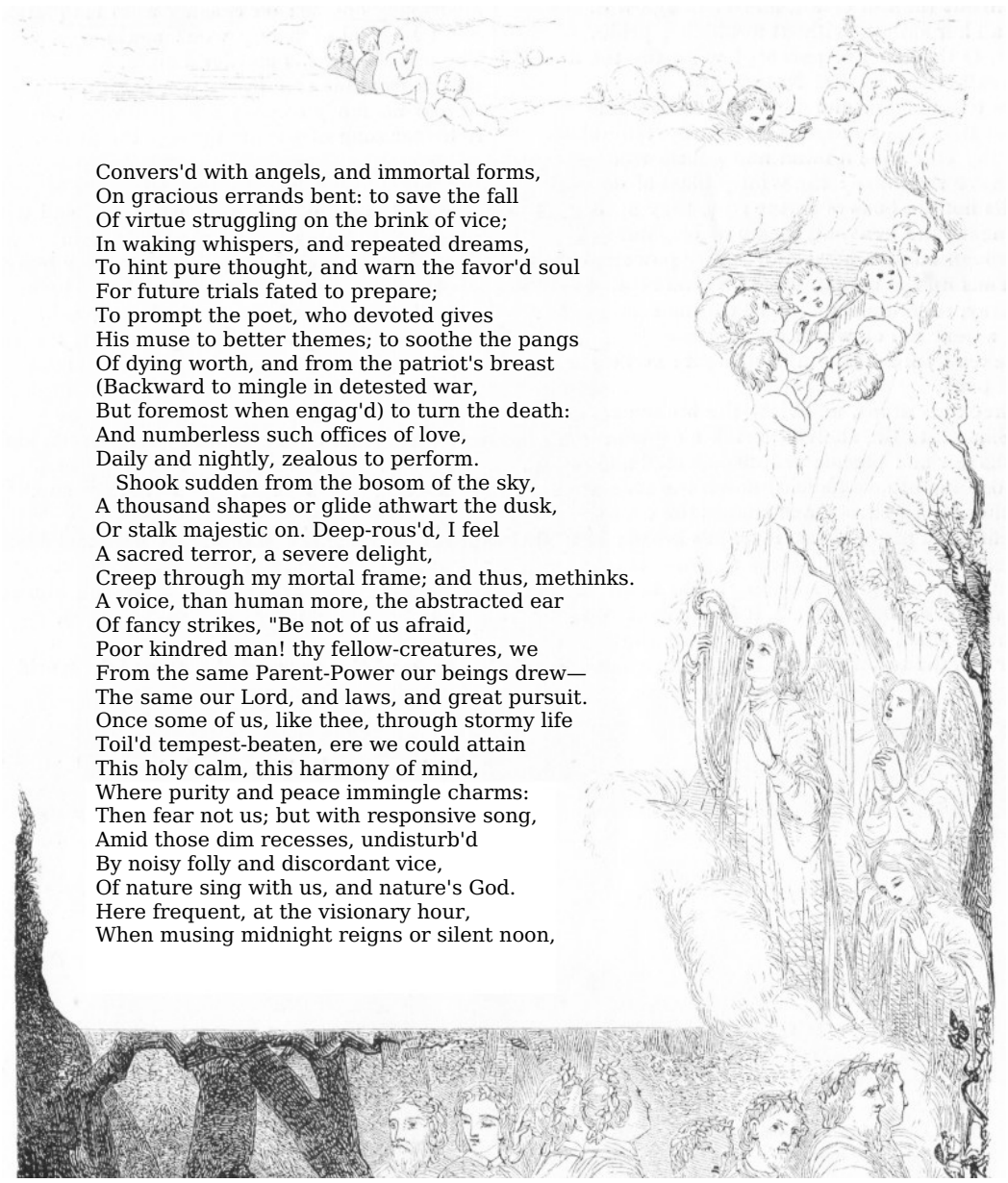
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe; the mower, sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through the unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All conquering heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night:
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice-happy be! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole-collected shade reclines,
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm, while all the world without,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.
Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, responding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.

Around the adjoining brook that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
A various group the herds and flocks compose
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch swain: his careless arm



Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd: [Pg 9]
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.
  Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gadflies fasten on the herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While, from their laboring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.
  Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigor, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye,
And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
Luxuriant and erect, the seat of strength!
Bears down the opposing stream; quenchless his thirst,
He takes the river at redoubled draughts:
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.
  Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth;
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening gloom around.
  These are the haunts of meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards the inspiring breath,
Ecstatic, felt: and, from this world retir'd.



Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favor'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death:
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily and nightly, zealous to perform.
  Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks.
A voice, than human more, the abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes, "Be not of us afraid,
Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
From the same Parent-Power our beings drew—
The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life
Toil'd tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
Where purity and peace immingle charms:
Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
Amid those dim recesses, undisturb'd
By noisy folly and discordant vice,
Of nature sing with us, and nature's God.
Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,

Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,
The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade;
A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
On contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."
  And art thou, Stanley, of that sacred band?
Alas, for us too soon! Though rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy, yet, with a mingled ray
Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe;
Who seeks thee still in many a former scene,
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspir'd—where moral wisdom mildly shone
Without the toil of art, and virtue glow'd.
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy—who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
Believe the muse: the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread.
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.
  Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking back,
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.
  Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
  Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions, through the flood of day,
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stockdove only through the forest coos,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.
  Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air:
There on that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and overhead
By flowing umbrage shaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with the extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.
  Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon,
Now come, bold fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the torrid zone

Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

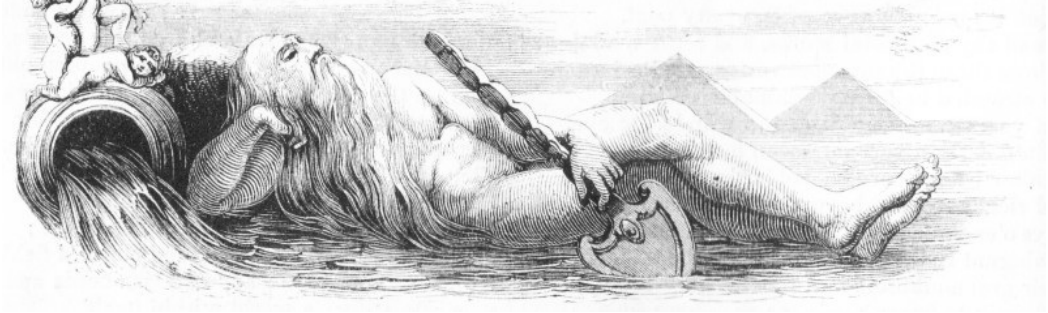
See, how at once the bright-effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
The general breeze to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd [Pg 11]
And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
Returning suns and double seasons pass:
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays;
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills,
Or to the far horizon wide-diffus'd,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods
Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits, of keen, delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
Redoubled day; yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze,
Embowering, endless, of the Indian fig;
Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmettos lift their graceful shade.
Oh! stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine;
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
Witness, thou best ananas, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:

Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!
  From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
And vast savannas, where the wandering eye,
Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant Spring; for oft these valleys shift
Their green-embroidered robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.
Along these lonely regions, where, retir'd
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and naught is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas;
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.
  Peaceful, beneath primeval trees that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream.
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave,
Or 'mid the central depth of blackening woods
High-rais'd in solemn theater around,
Leans the huge elephant; wisest of brutes!
Oh, truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
Though powerful, not destructive. Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall; regardless he
Of what the never-resting race of men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps,
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.
Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand.
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayest hues
Profusely pours. But, if she bids them shine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
While philomel is ours; while in our shades,
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.
  But come, my muse, the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky,
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennaar, ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth,
No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heaven.
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jasmine grove to grove; may'st wander gay,
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks.
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise,
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales.
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,

And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold;
And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind.
A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamor'd, and delighting there to dwell.
  How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of noon.
The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,

[Pg 12]

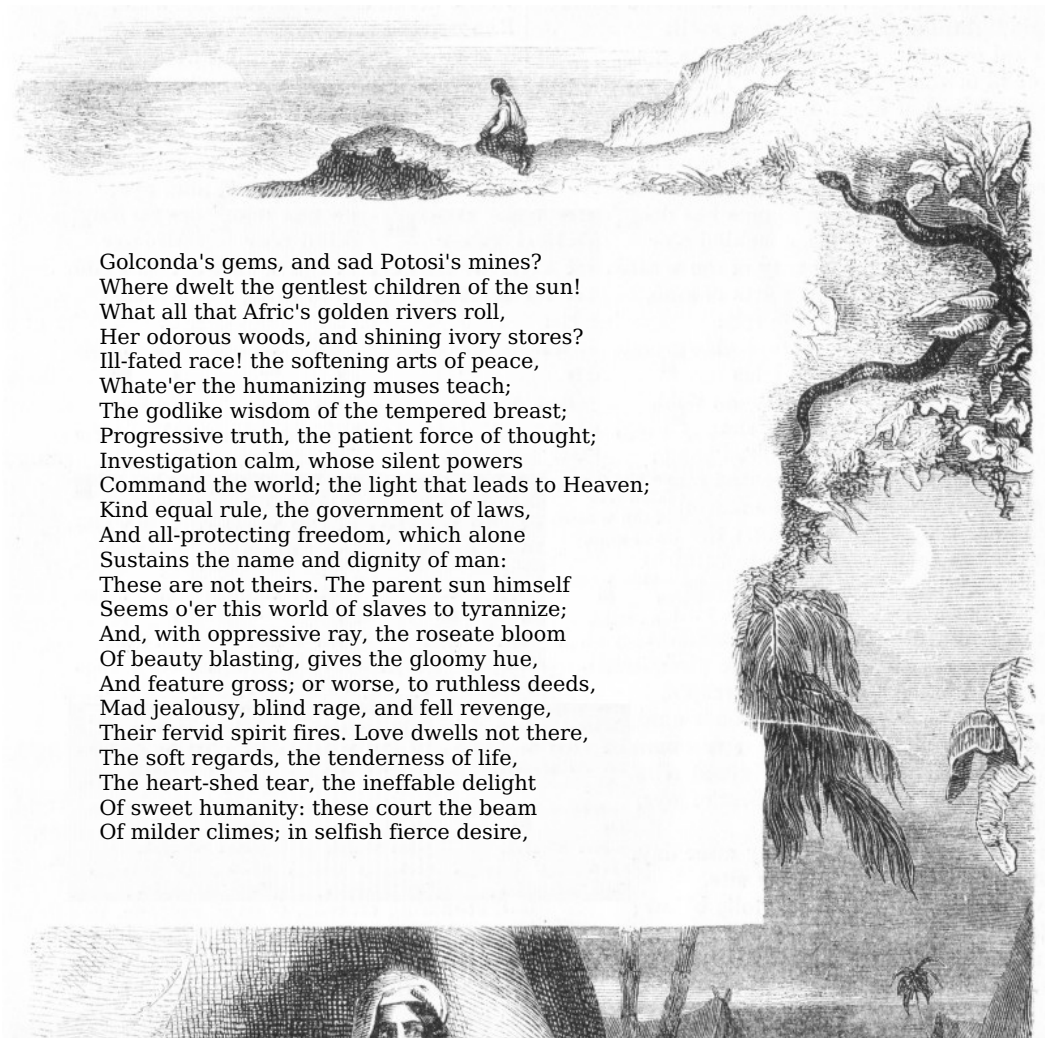
Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crowding fast,
Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
Admits their stream, incessant vapors roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy and slow,
With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd
Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne;
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.
  The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dembia rolls his infant stream.
There, by the naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles
That with unfading verdure smile around.



Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along:
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze;
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand: till glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn.
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.
  His brother Niger too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract

Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind
Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar;
From Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines
With insect lamps, to where aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower;
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.
  Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd
The lavish moisture of the melting year.
Wide e'er his isles, the branching Orinoque
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees—
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
The mighty Orellana. Scarce the muse
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water; scarces she dares attempt
The sea-like Plata; to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In silent dignity they sweep along;
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deserts—worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles and Seasons teem in vain,
Unseen and unenjoyed. Forsaking these,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturbed
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe;
And ocean trembles for his green domain.
  But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth,
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss,
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads.
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds.
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
The ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield? their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,

[Pg 13]

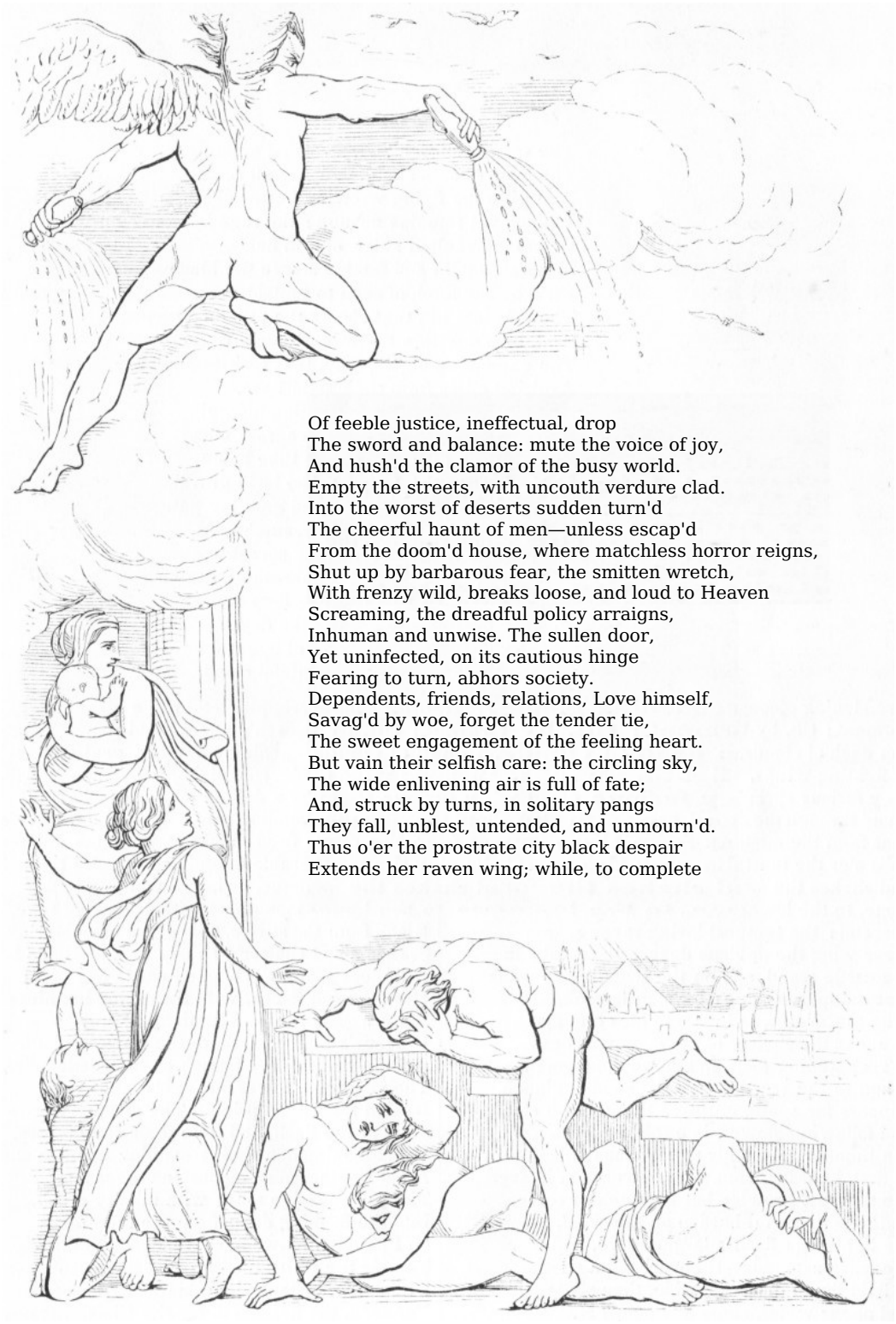


Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines?
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun!
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace,
Whate'er the humanizing muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the tempered breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man:
These are not theirs. The parent sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross; or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, the ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,

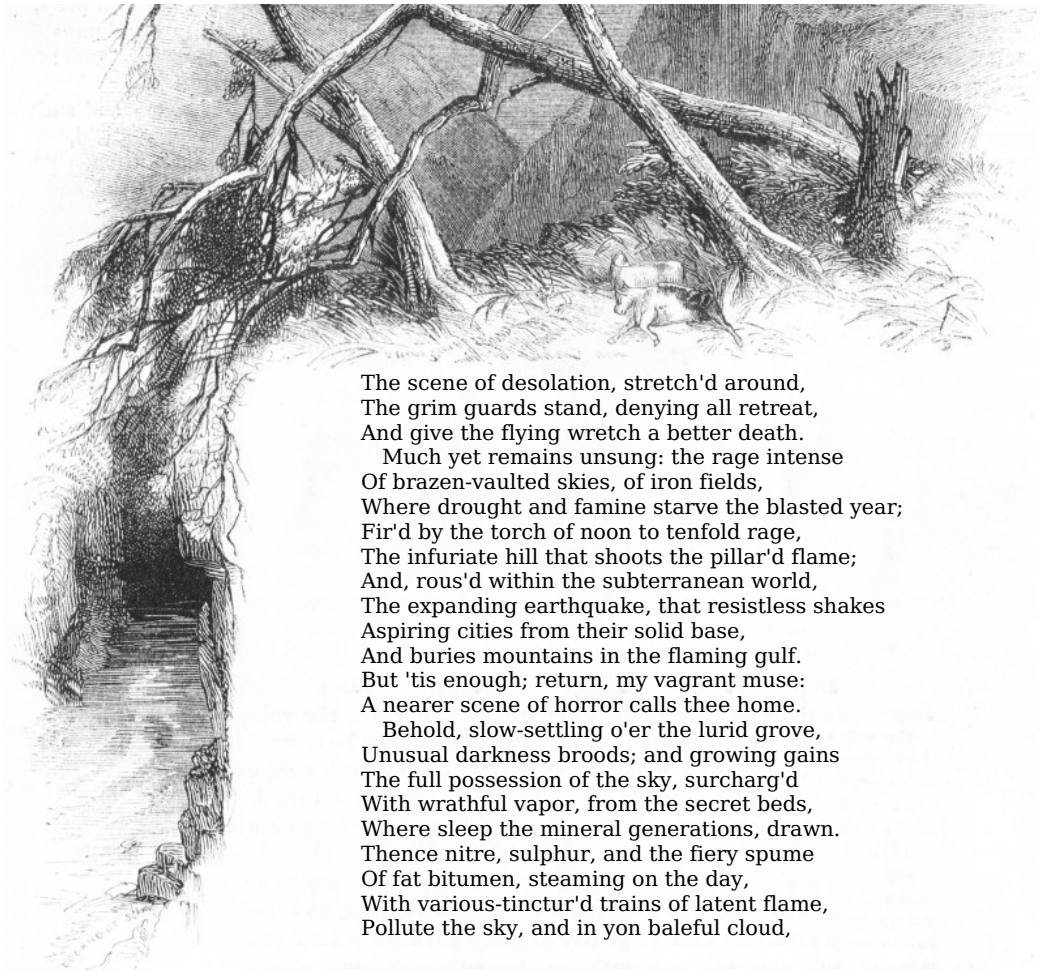
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, [Pg 14]
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
  Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which even imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount, by which diffus'd
He throws his folds; and while, with threatening tongue
And dreadful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate,
Whose high concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tiger, darting fierce,
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd;
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell:
These, rushing from the inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerous glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. The awaken'd village starts;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang, escap'd,
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again;
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.
  Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds.
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual through the tedious night.
Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retired,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds;
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains
And all the green delights Ausonia pours—
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.
  Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,

Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! even the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play;
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come,
Till, with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.
  But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
Obeys the blast, the aerial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
And dire Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells
Of no regard save to the skillful eye,
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
Art is too slow. By rapid fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
With such mad seas the daring Gama fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant, laboring round the *stormy cape*;
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold. For then, from ancient gloom, emerg'd
The rising world of trade: the genius, then,
Of navigation, that in hopeless sloth
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The Lusitanian prince; who, heaven-inspired,
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mixed the world.
  Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
And from the partners of that cruel trade
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey—demands themselves.
The stormy fates descend: one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; when straight their mangled limbs
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.
  When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious steam; from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
In vapors rank and blue corruption wrapp'd,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce—then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick nature blasting, and a heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of man. [Pg 15]
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardor bright; you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,

The frequent corse—while on each other fix'd,
In sad presage, the blank assistants seemed,
Silent, to ask, whom fate would next demand.
What need I mention those inclement skies
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
Descends? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape. Man is her destin'd prey,
Intemperate man! and o'er his guilty domes
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand



Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamor of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad.
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of men—unless escap'd
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose, and loud to Heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society.
Dependents, friends, relations, Love himself,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black despair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete



The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.
  Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year;
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
The infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;
And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
The expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant muse:
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.
  Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove,
Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful vapor, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
  'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds—till overhead a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts
And opens wider, shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
  Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd
The unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,

Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shade
Amid Caernarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar; with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmaenmawr heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowdon's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,

And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought,
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.
They lov'd: but such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
The enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in the awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other bless'd, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Heavy with instant fate, her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
The unequal conflict; and, as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offense,
And inward storm! He who yon skies involves

In frowns and darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Mysterious Heaven! that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid,
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint resemblance, on the marble tomb
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands, [Pg 18]
Forever silent, and forever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky
Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Nature, from the storm,
Shines out afresh; and through the lighten'd air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress.

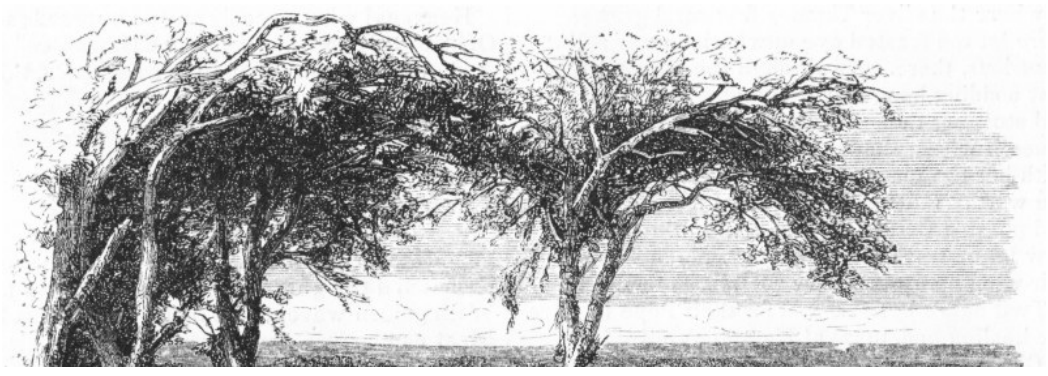
'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
Most-favor'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

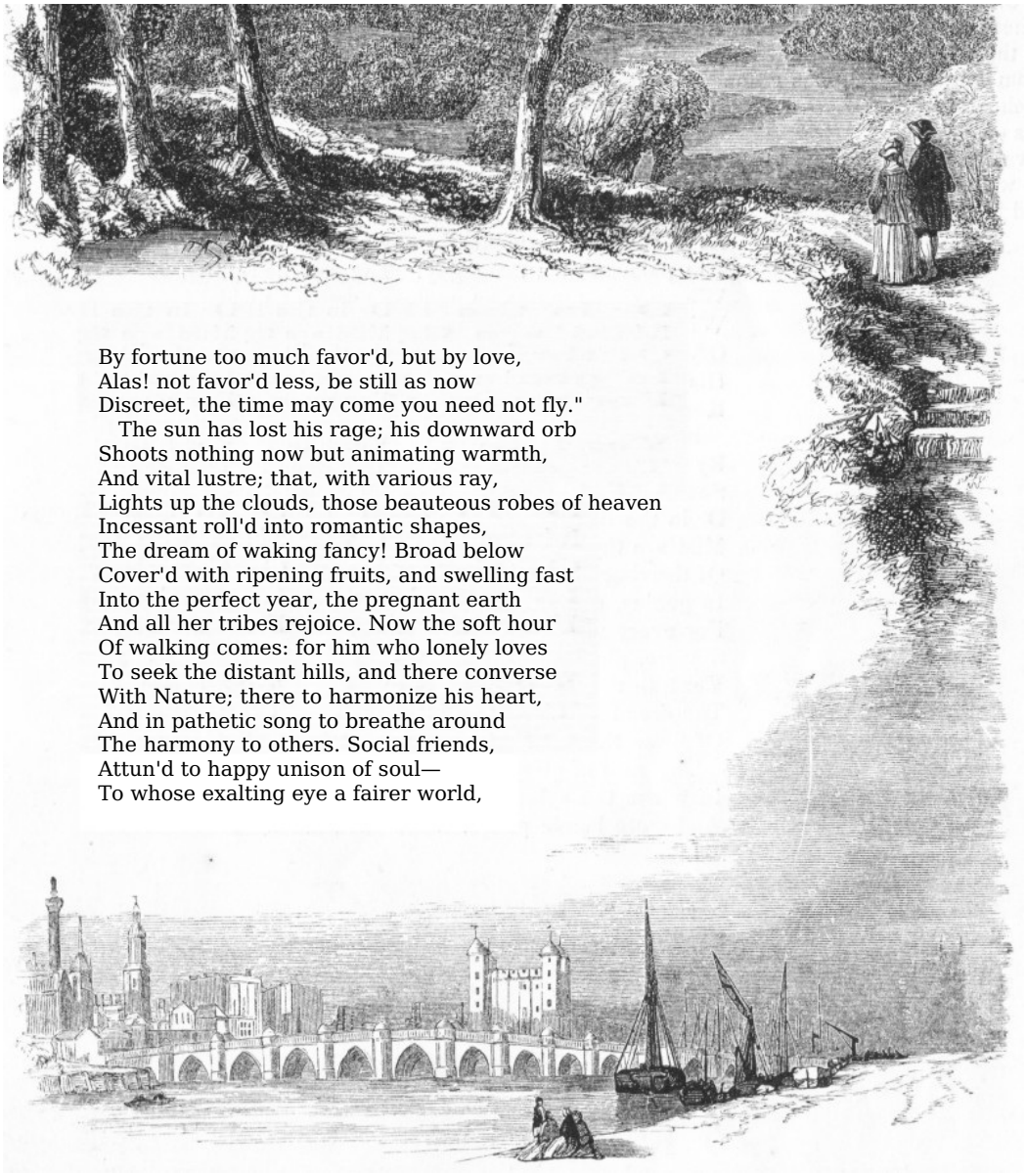
Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands
Gazing the inverted landscape, half-afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and through the obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humor leads, an easy-winding path;
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats,
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles; and is oft preserved,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learned, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even, from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat;
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd—save when it stole
In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touched by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice-happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he awhile remain'd.

A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire;
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever bless'd
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah! then, not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival goddesses the vail divine
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, the inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone;
And, through the parting robe, the alternate breast,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view,
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn,
And fair expos'd she stood—shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood she rush'd: the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves received,
And every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed—
As shines the lily through the crystal mild,
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wanton'd now beneath the wave
But ill-concealed, and now with streaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid vail,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last.
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd, and, struggling from the shade,
With headlong hurry fled; but first these lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw: "Bathe on, my fair,
Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye
Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt;
To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood:
So stands the statue that enchants the world:
So bending tries to vail the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careless haste, the alarming paper snatch'd.
But when her Damon's well known hand she saw
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mix'd emotions, hard to be describ'd,
Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,
The charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modesty exalted. Even a sense
Of self-approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
Hushed by degrees the tumult of her soul,
And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:
"Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,

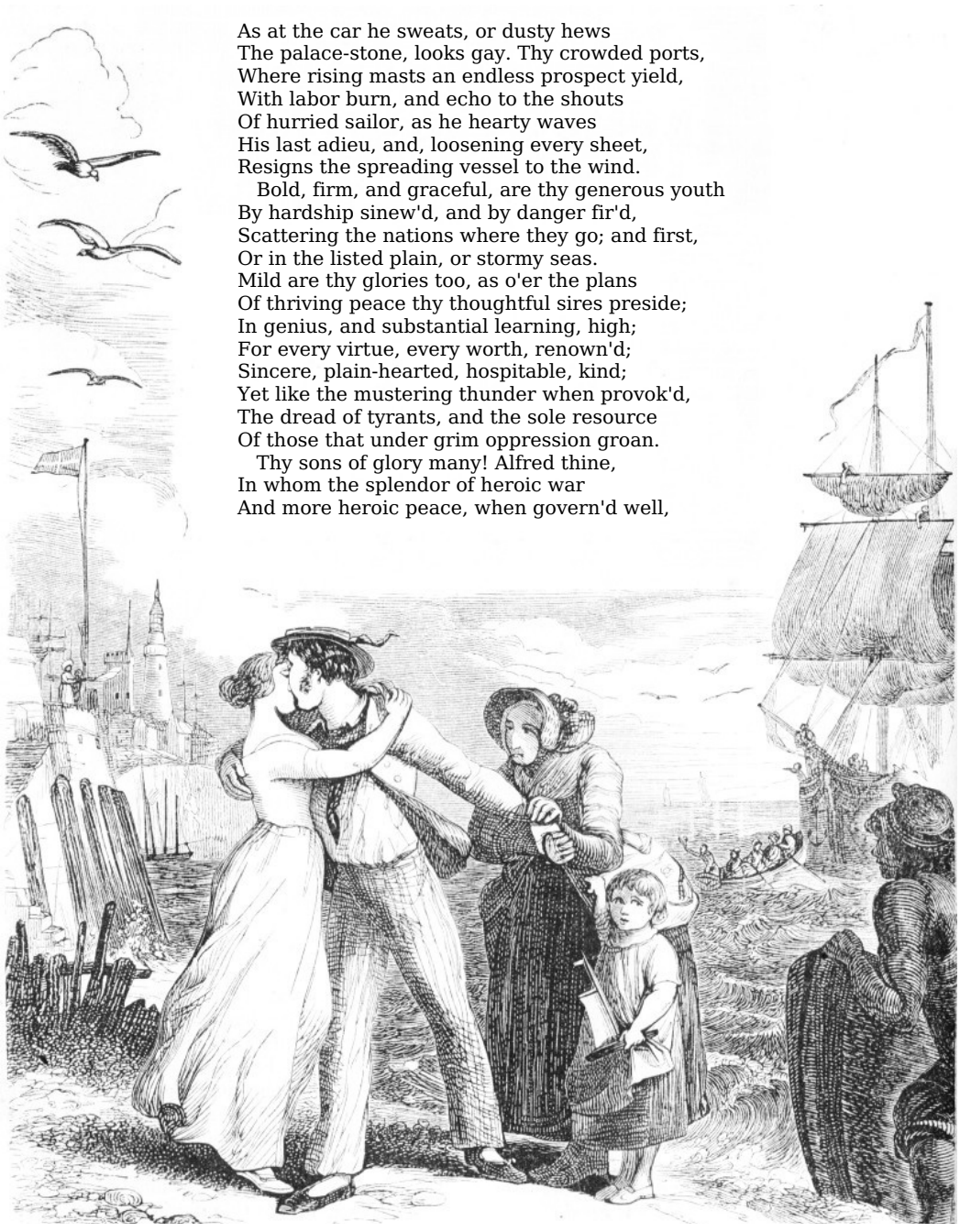




By fortune too much favor'd, but by love,
Alas! not favor'd less, be still as now
Discreet, the time may come you need not fly."
  The sun has lost his rage; his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy unison of soul—
To whose exalting eye a fairer world,

Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms—whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores, superior light—
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue the sons of interest deem romance,
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
Now to the verdant *portico* of woods,
To Nature's vast *lyceum*, forth they walk;
By that kind *school* where no proud master reigns,
The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport, which the Sire
Of love approving hears, and *calls it good*.
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?
All is the same with thee. Say shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead;
Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Sheen? Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape; now the raptur'd eye
Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,
Now to the sister-hills that skirt her plain
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows. [Pg 20]
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray;
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat,
And stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensbury yet laments his Gay,
And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing muse,
Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames—

Fair-winding up to where the muses haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing god, to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terrac'd height, and Esher's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
On which the power of cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.
  Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where the queen of arts,
Inspiring vigor, liberty abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty, with unsparing hand.
  Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime:
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless—while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil.
  Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: even drudgery himself.

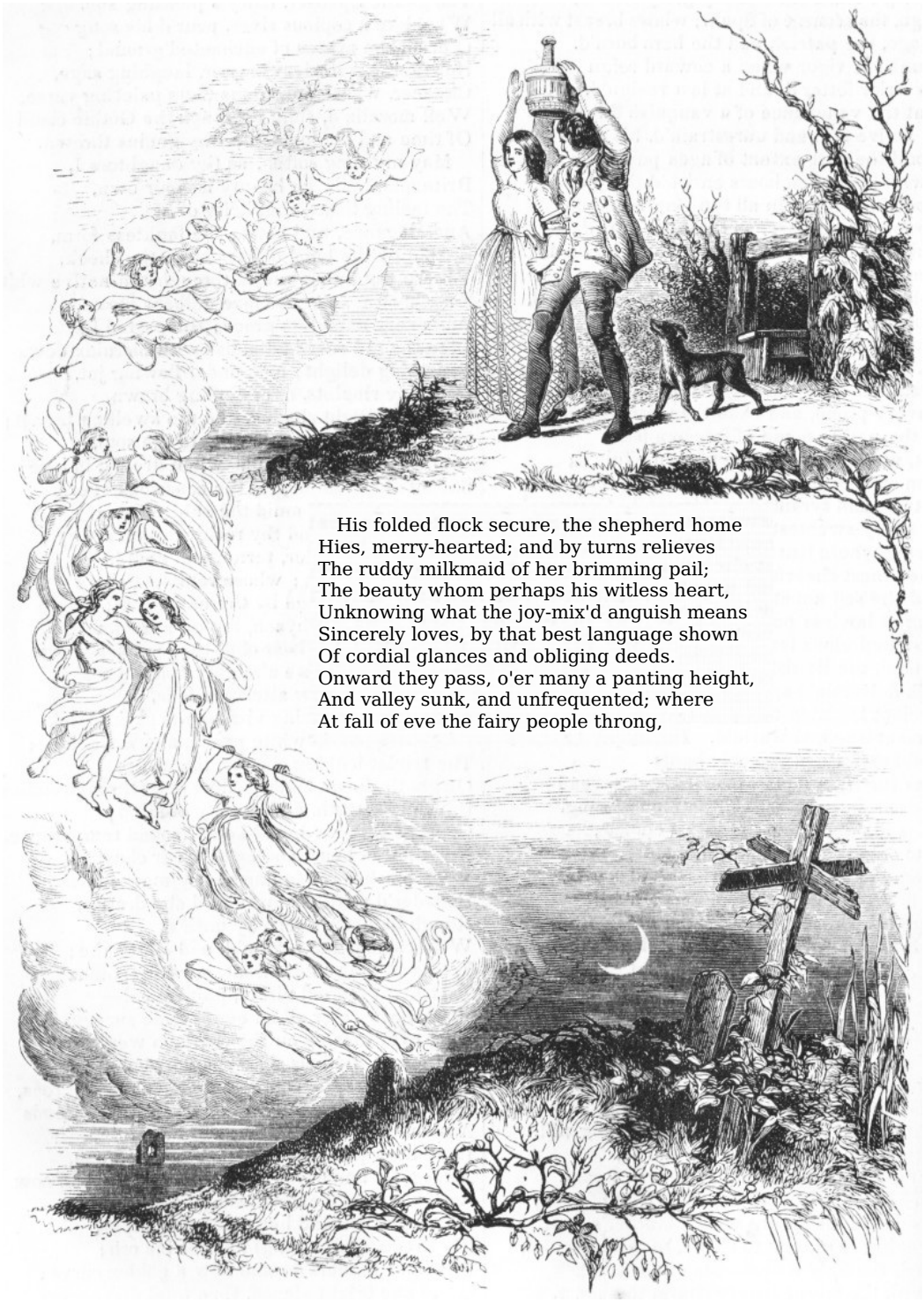


As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labor burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
  Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first,
Or in the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.
  Thy sons of glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the splendor of heroic war
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,

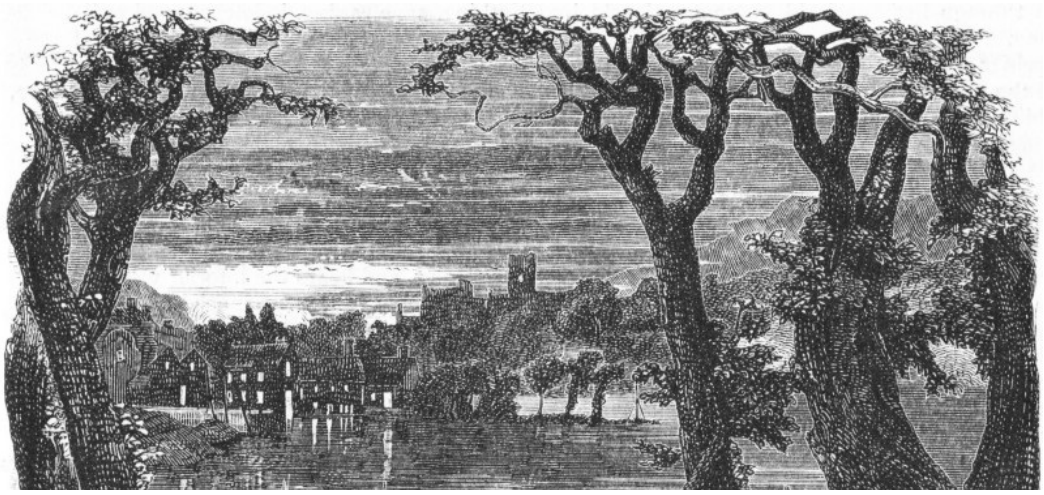
Combine; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,
And his own muses love—the best of kings.
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,
Names dear to fame, the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,
And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor—
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high; but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the maiden-reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain; whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigor when a coward reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the muse the gallant Sidney pass,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd;
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russell lies; whose temper'd blood,
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign—
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the British Cassius, fearless bled;
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to the enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful sages and in noble bards
Soon as the light of dawning science spread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon, hapless in his choice;
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course. Him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of heaven! that slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to heaven again.
The generous Ashley thine, the friend of man;
Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search,
Amid the dark recesses of his works,
The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast?
Is not each great, each amiable muse

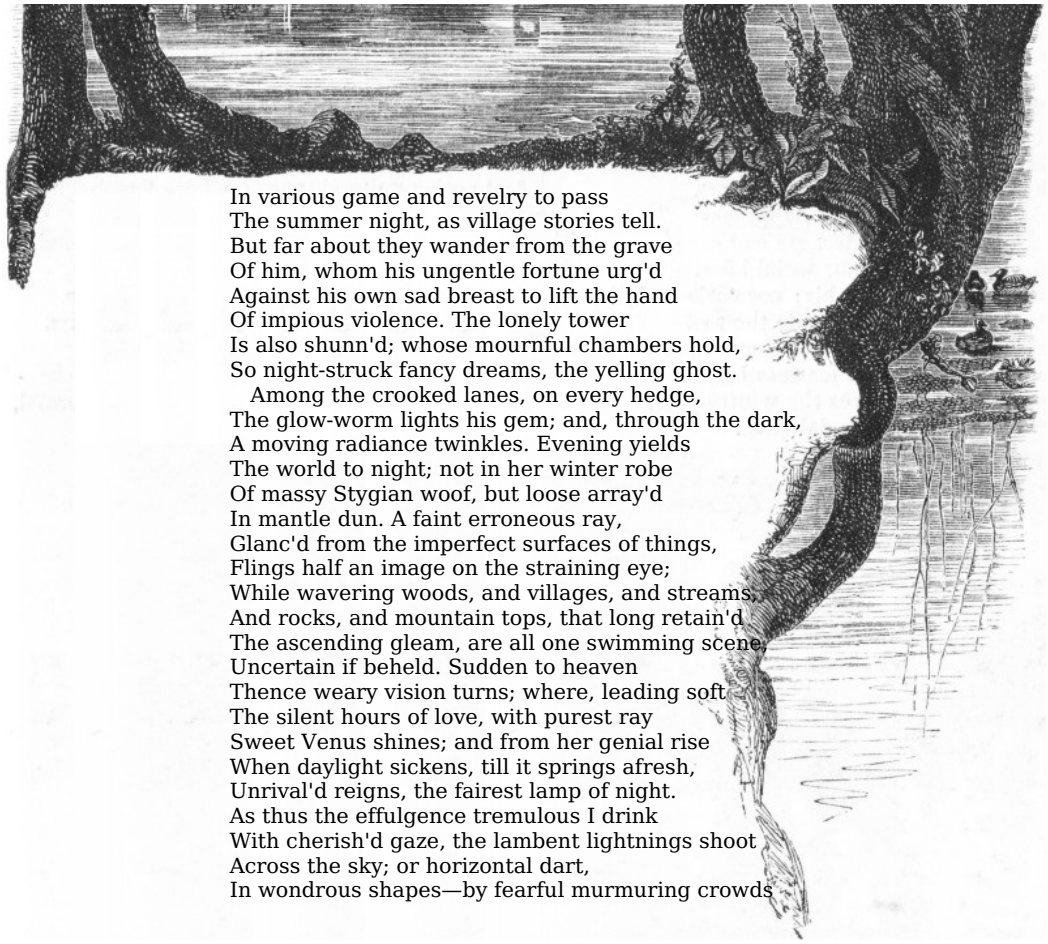
Of classic ages, in thy Milton met?
A genius universal as his theme,
Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son,
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners painting verse,
Well moraliz'd, shines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
  May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste; the faultless form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, through the native white
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast,
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul informed, when dress'd in love
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.
  Island of bliss! amid the subject seas
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight
Of distant nations; whose remotest shore
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.
  O Thou by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white peace, and social love;
The tender-looking charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles
Undaunted truth, and dignity of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough industry; activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
While in the radiant front, superior shines
That first paternal virtue, public zeal—
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labors glorious with some great design.
  Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitritè and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
Now half immers'd; and now a golden curve;
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears
  Forever running an enchanted round, [Pg 22]
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild the impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch
Who, all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth.
But to the generous still-improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew—
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.
  Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind, and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,

Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
While the quail clamors for his running mate,
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature naught disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.



His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,





In various game and revelry to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.
  Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and, through the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to night; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retain'd
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise
When daylight sickens, till it springs afresh,
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
As thus the effulgence tremulous I drink
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky; or horizontal dart,
In wondrous shapes—by fearful murmuring crowds

Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds,
Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing cornet to the sun descends;
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, the enliven'd few,
Whose god-like minds philosophy exalts,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great: they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought which mounting spurns
This dusky spot and measures all the sky,
While from his far excursion through the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all sustaining Love;
From his huge vapory train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs
Through which his long ellipsis winds—perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed eternal fire.
  With thee, serene philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er the ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer noon; and pure as that
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day.
Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee, [Pg 24]
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd.
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or the abyss,
To reason's and to fancy's eye display'd:
The first up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to him,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,

Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.
Tutor'd by thee, hence poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind,
Their highest honor, and their truest joy!
Without thee, what were unenlighten'd man?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey; and with the unfashion'd fur
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law, were his; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line or dares the wintry pole,
Mother severe of infinite delights!
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still revolving train!
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse; but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace:
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or, like the liberal breath
Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears the inferior world along.
Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confin'd—the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who *spoke the word*,
And nature mov'd complete. With inward view
Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
The obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of fancy's fleeting train;
To reason then, deducing truth from truth,
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This infancy of being, can not prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

THE SIGHT OF AN ANGEL.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
  A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
  The life we image.

The date of the year was—no matter what; the day of the month was—no matter what; when a great general undertook to perform a great victory—a great statesman undertook to pass a great political measure—a great diplomatist undertook a most important mission—a great admiral undertook the command of a great fleet; all which great undertakings were commanded by the very same great monarch of a very great nation. At the same time did a great nobleman give a great entertainment at a great house, and a great beauty made a great many great conquests. On the same day, in the same year, in a very small room, in a very small house, in a very small street, in a very small town in Germany, did a very poor mason commence a very rude carving on a very rough stone. All the public journals of the day told a thousand times over the names of the great general, the great statesman, the great diplomatist, the great admiral, and the great monarch; all the fashionable papers of the day did the same of the great nobleman, the great company, and the great beauty: but none of them spoke of poor Johan Schmit, of the little town of ——, on the Rhine.

Many years had passed away, and the date of the year was—no matter what; but history was telling of a great general who, with consummate wisdom, courage, and skill, and at the cost of numberless nameless lives, gained a great victory, which determined the fate and fortune of a great monarch and a great nation; consequently affecting the fate and fortunes of the world. It entered into minute detail of how his forces were disposed; where lay the right wing, where lay the left; where the cavalry advanced, and how the infantry sustained the attack; how the guns of the artillery played upon the enemy's flank and rear; and how the heavy dragoons rode down the routed forces, and how, finally, the field was covered with the enemy's dead and wounded, while so few of "our own troops" were left for the kite and the carrion crow. Then did history speak of the honors that awaited and rewarded the triumphant hero, of the clamorous homage of his grateful country, and the approving smiles of his grateful monarch; of the *fêtes*, the banquets, the triumphal processions, all in his honor; of the new titles, the lands, estates, and riches poured upon him; of the state and luxury in which he lived: until the tolling of every bell throughout the kingdom, the eight-horse hearse, the mile-long procession, the Dead March in "Saul," and the volley over the grave, announced that a public statue, on a column a hundred feet high, in the largest square of the largest town, was all that could now record the name of the greatest general of the greatest nation in the world.

History then spoke of a great statesman who on a certain day in a certain year, passed a certain most important measure, affecting the interest of a great nation, and consequently of the whole world. It spoke of his wisdom and foresight, the result of great intellect, energy and labor, giving a biographic sketch of his career from cradle to coffin; dismissing him with a long eulogium on his talents, integrity, and activity, and lamenting the loss such great men were to their country. Then came the name of the great diplomatist whose services had been equally important, and who was dismissed with a similar memoir and eulogium. Then the great admiral, who lived through a whole chapter all to himself, and had his name brought in throughout the whole history of the great monarch whose reign had been rendered so brilliant by the great deeds of so many great men. Of the great feast given by the great nobleman, and the conquests of the great beauty, there remains to this day a record, of the former in the adulatory poems of his flatterers, though the giver was gone—no matter where; of the latter many fair portraits and many fond sonnets, though the object had gone—no matter where. But no scribe told the history, no poet made a sonnet, no artist drew the portrait of poor Johan Schmit, the mason, who made the rude carving on the rough stone in the little town of ——, on the Rhine. This task remains for an historian as obscure as himself, who now begins a rude carving on the rough stone of a human life.

After the example of the great historian already alluded to, I shall touch but lightly on the early history of my hero; merely stating that thirty years before the present date, Johan Schmit was born to Johan Schmit the elder, by his wife Gretchen, after a similar presentation of five others; that he got through the usual maladies childhood is heir to, and was at the age of fifteen apprenticed to Herman Schwartz, a master-builder in the town of Bonn. There, after some years of hod-carrying, mortar-spreading, and stone-cutting—ascending steadily, both literally and metaphorically, the ladder of his profession—honest Johan took a prudent, diligent woman to wife, who lost no time in making him the father of three thriving heirs to his house and his hod. Johan was in tolerably good work, lived in the small house in the small street already mentioned, and kept his family, without much pinching on the part of the thrifty Gertrude, in their beer, thick bread, and sauerkraut. His work, his wife, his children, and his two companions, Karl Vratz, and Caspar Katzheim, with whom he drank very hoppy beer at the "Gold Apfel," just round the corner of the street, comprised the whole interests which occupied the heart and brain of Johan Schmit, of the little town of ——, on the Rhine. Johan had no other idea in his head when he rose in the morning than the day's work, the same as it was yesterday, and would be to-morrow; no other thought when he returned from it in the [Pg 26] evening than that Frudchen had his supper ready for him, that little Wilhelm and Johan would run to meet him, and that little Rosechen, the baby, would crow out of her cradle at him, if awake, and that after his supper he would just walk down to the "Gold Apfel," and smoke a pipe with Karl and Caspar as usual. But Johan went to church occasionally with his wife, going through his routine of crossings, genuflexions, and sprinklings with holy water as orderly as any man. He heard the priest speak of doing his duty and obeying the church. Johan believed he did both; his duty—hard work—lay plainly before him; he was honest, sober, and kind to his family, and had certainly no idea or intention of disobeying the church. Thus, in a monotonous task of hard labor for daily bread and the support of an increasing family, plodded contentedly away the life of Johan Schmit of the little town of ——, on the Rhine.

But there is an era in the life of every one, even the most plodding and homely; and so it was with Johan Schmit. It happened one day that he was sent for to repair a broken wall in the château of the Count von Rosenheim, situated not far from the town where Johan lived, on the Rhine; and having completed his job, the housekeeper (the count being absent) took the poor mason through the splendid rooms as a treat. Here he beheld what he had never seen in his life before; velvet curtains, silken sofas, crystal mirrors, gilded frames, paintings, and sculpture; until his eyes were more dazzled than they had been since the first time he entered the cathedral of Bonn. But after gazing his fill upon all this gorgeous spectacle, his eyes happened to fall upon a small bronze statuette of an angel, which the housekeeper informed him was a copy of the Archangel Michael, from some church, she knew not where.

Here was Johan arrested, and here would he have stood forever; for, after looking upon this angel, he saw nothing more: every thing vanished from before him, and nothing remained but the small bronze statuette. Johan had seen plenty of angels before in the churches, fresh-colored, chubby children, and he often thought his own little Rosechen would look just like them if she had wings; but this was something far different. A youth under twenty, and yet it gave no more idea of either age or sex than of any other earthly condition. Clad in what Johan supposed would represent luminous scale-armor, something dazzling and transparent, like what he had heard the priests call the "armor of God"—the hands crossed upon the bosom, the head slightly bowed, the attitude so full of awe, obedience, and humility; and yet what attitude of human pride or defiance was half so lofty, so noble, so dignified?

The sword hung sheathed by the side, the long wings folded; but the face—oh, how could he describe that face, so full of high earnestness and holy calm? so bright, so serious, so serene! He felt awed, calmed, and elevated as he looked at it.

"You must go now," exclaimed Madame Grossenberg; and Johan started from his reverie, made his bow, replaced his paper cap, and went home, with his head full of the angel instead of his work. He saw it there instead of stout Frudchen and the children, who climbed about, and wondered at his abstraction. He went to bed, and dreamed of the angel—glorified it seemed to be—and, perhaps for the first time in his life, recalled his dream, and saw the beautiful vision before his waking eyes all the next day at his work—even in the "Gold Apfel," the most unlikely place for an angel; and again when he closed his eyes to sleep. In short, the angel became to him what his gold is to the miser, his power is to the ambitious man, and his mistress to the lover: he saw nothing else in the whole world but the angel; and this now filled the heart and brain of poor Johan Schmit, of the little town of ——, on the Rhine.

There are some things we desire to possess, and other things we desire to produce; the former is the feeling of the connoisseur and collector: the latter, of the artist. The first requires taste and money; the latter—we won't say what it requires, or what it evinces, for enough has been said on the subject already. Johan Schmit had no money; taste he must have had, or he could not have admired the angel; he was no artist, certainly; he had never drawn a line, or cut any thing but a stone in his life; and yet he felt he must do something about that angel. He saw it so plainly and so constantly before him, that he felt he could copy it, if he only knew how. Now, as he could not draw, he could not copy it in that manner; but as he could cut stone, no matter how hard, he did not see why he might not attempt to cut the angel upon a large stone, which he procured, and brought quietly up to a small garret at the top of his house for that purpose.

It was at this time that the general, the statesman, the diplomatist, and the admiral, all severally planned their great undertakings; and it was at this time that a strange thought passed through the brain of Johan Schmit, as he sate looking at the great rough stone before him. Johan was, as we have seen, quite an uneducated man; he hardly knew enough of writing to spell his own name; and as to reading, he had never looked into a book since he left school, at the age of twelve; he therefore hardly knew the nature of his own ideas. His thoughts, never arranged, were but like vague sensations passing through his mind, which he could not define; but if he could have defined them they would have taken something like the following expression:

The angel seemed to have awakened a new world within him; not that he thought of the legend of the Archangel Michael, which he had heard long ago, and forgotten; but of the first idea of the artist who designed that particular [Pg 27] angel: what must have been his thoughts! what image must he have had before him as he made that form grow from the marble block into living beauty! Whence could such an idea have come? It must surely have been a visitation from God—a spark of his own creative power. And how must the artist have felt as, day by day and hour by hour, he saw his work developing and perfecting before him, until at last it stood up, a sight to make men wonder and almost worship—an embodiment of all that was pure, lofty, and holy. Then came the contrast of his own sordid work, so low, so slave-like, so brute-like. What human idea could be put into hod-carrying, mortar-spreading, and stone-cutting? Could not an animal or a machine do as much? For the first time, perhaps, in his life, Johan felt that he had a soul not to be bounded by the limits of his work or the daily necessities of existence; and in his rough way he asked himself: How can the higher aspirations of that soul be reflected in man's every-day life? and whether a human mind should be bounded by the narrow routine of plodding toil, for the supplying of common wants? And all these thoughts, vague, unformed, a dim and undefined sense of something, passed through Johan's brain as he sate cutting away at the stone, and trying to form the angel in his little garret, in the little town of ——, on the Rhine. Patiently he labored at it after his day's work was over; patiently he bore all his failures, when he saw in the indistinct outline that the angel's arm was too short, its right leg crooked, its wings shapeless, and its head, instead of bending gracefully, stuck upon its breast like an excrescence; patiently he bore the scoldings of his wife for his dullness and abstraction, and the tricks of his children to arouse him; patiently he listened to the remonstrances of Karl and Caspar, for his bad companionship at the "Gold Apfel;" and patiently he bore the still more serious remonstrances of his master, at the careless and negligent manner in which he often performed his work, when a vision of the angel chanced to flit with more than usual vividness before him. Time wore on; and if Johan did not progress rapidly with his angel, Gertrude was far more active and diligent in presenting him with images in another material, and urging loudly at the same time the necessity of working hard for an increasing family. Poor Gertrude: she was a good woman, and loved her husband without understanding him; but she had a quick temper, and was what is commonly called a shrew. She thought Johan wanted rousing; and to rouse him she rated him: he bore it all patiently, and thought of the angel—it was strange how that angel soothed and consoled him! Caspar, his fellow-workman, fell from a scaffold, and broke his leg. Caspar, too, had a wife and children: Johan undertook his work—he worked double hours, and divided his wages with Caspar.

Karl revealed to him in confidence over his pipe at the "Gold Apfel," that he was in debt, and had been threatened with a jail: Johan lent him the money unknown to Gertrude, and worked hard to make it up; as he knew Karl could never pay him.

He had now no time to work at the angel; and time was going on with him. By his little broken looking-glass he could see his beard growing gray; but strange to say, the angel, though less distinct in form than when he saw it, was still firmly fixed in his memory; and though it seemed to be etherialized, he could always call up its image before him; and still, every moment he could spare, did he hasten to his garret, and cut away at the rough stone. But these hours were stolen from his natural rest, and nature punished the theft; his strength visibly declined. Yet he could not abandon his work—and this not from any ambitious ideas of its success, for he never dreamed of succeeding—he felt his own inability too much to hope for it;—but there was something in the exercise of will, mind, and heart—something which seemed to elevate him in spite of himself, while at his employment, that balanced all other feelings of disappointment and weariness, making him a happier—no, that is not the word, but a nobler—man. And now Johan Schmit had contrived to apprentice his eldest son, send his second to school, pay the doctor's long bill for two children, and bury another; besides having helped Caspar during his illness, and paid Karl's debt. Thrifty Gertrude managed to keep things together; and in her cleaning and bustling had no time to observe the wan face and wasted frame of her husband. The stone had been gradually cut into a form which was nearly as shapeless as before Johan touched it; and yet, to his eyes, it did bear some rude resemblance to the angel of his inspiration—which appeared before his eyes so vividly as he returned from an unusually-long and hard day's work to his home, that he thought he could just put one or two finishing strokes before going to bed which would recall his dimly-remembered model. Without touching supper or pipe, he embraced his wife and children, and went to his garret. He looked long on the rude block before him, and then took up his hammer and chisel to complete his work. After two or three attempts, an unwonted languor stole over him; the tools dropped from his hands, and he worked no more; but the vision of the angel before his eyes grew stronger and stronger, and of something brighter and more glorious than the angel, but he did not attempt to carve it.

In the early morning Gertrude awoke, and was surprised not to see her husband. Thinking he might have risen to his work earlier than usual, she arose and went down stairs; the door was bolted, and there were no signs of Johan. She called; no answer: then, becoming alarmed, she roused the children to look for him. The small house was soon searched, but no Johan discovered; when Wilhelm, remembering the garret he had seen his father steal away into, [Pg 28]

ascended the ladder leading to it—and there, on his knees, his head resting on the rude block of stone, lay the lifeless body of Johan Schmit. The last thing his eyes beheld on earth was *that* angel;—but who can say on what vision they opened.

His wife and children removed to Bonn, to her father; who had saved money, and promised to take care of them. His body was laid in the little cemetery of the little town: his widow placed a wooden cross at the head of his grave, which in time, rotted and fell down; so that the place is now left unmarked by any thing. That stone, on which a human heart had carved itself out, was broken up to mend the town wall. And thus, while a large marble slab, with a long inscription, covers the remains of the great general, the great statesman, the great diplomatist, the great admiral, the great nobleman, and the great beauty—not even a piece of wood or a block of stone tells of the mere existence of poor Johan Schmit, of the little town of ——, on the Rhine.

They could work out their idea of life, and the objects for which it was given, by their successful dedication of it to pride, ambition, vanity, and coquetry. *He* could not; but who can tell what effect that futile effort, that unknown and profitless toil, may have had upon the fate of his soul where it now is?

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.[1]

CHAPTER XXIX.

"THE BREAKFAST AT LETTERKENNY."

Early the next morning, a messenger arrived from the Cranagh, with a small packet of my clothes and effects, and a farewell letter from the two brothers. I had but time to glance over its contents, when the tramp of feet and the buzz of voices in the street attracted me to the window, and on looking out I saw a long line of men, two abreast, who were marching along as prisoners, a party of dismounted dragoons, keeping guard over them on either side, followed by a strong detachment of marines. The poor fellows looked sad and crest-fallen enough. Many of them wore bandages on their heads and limbs, the tokens of the late struggle. Immediately in front of the inn door stood a group of about thirty persons; they were the staff of the English force and the officers of our fleet, all mingled together, and talking away with the greatest air of unconcern. I was struck by remarking that all our seamen, though prisoners, saluted the officers as they passed, and in the glances interchanged I thought I could read a world of sympathy and encouragement. As for the officers, like true Frenchmen, they bore themselves as though it were one of the inevitable chances of war, and, however vexatious for the moment, not to be thought of as an event of much importance. The greater number of them belonged to the army, and I could see the uniforms of the staff, artillery, and dragoons, as well as the less distinguished costume of the line.

Perhaps they carried the affectation of indifference a little too far, and in the lounging ease of their attitude, and the cool unconcern with which they puffed their cigars, displayed an over-anxiety to seem unconcerned. That the English were piqued at their bearing was still more plain to see; and indeed in the sullen looks of the one and the careless gayety of the other party, a stranger might readily have mistaken the captor for the captive.

My two friends of the evening before were in the midst of the group. He who had questioned me so sharply now wore a general officer's uniform, and seemed to be the chief in command. As I watched him, I heard him addressed by an officer, and now saw that he was no other than Lord Cavan himself, while the other was a well-known magistrate and country gentleman, Sir George Hill.

The sad procession took almost half an hour to defile; and then came a long string of country cars and carts, with sea chests and other stores belonging to our officers, and, last of all, some eight or ten ammunition wagons and gun carriages, over which an English union-jack now floated in token of conquest.

There was nothing like exultation or triumph exhibited by the peasantry as this pageant passed by. They gazed in silent wonderment at the scene, looked like men that scarcely knew whether the result boded more of good or evil to their own fortunes. While keenly scrutinizing the looks and bearing of the bystanders I received a summons to meet the general and his party at breakfast.

Although the occurrence was one of the most pleasurable incidents of my life, which brought me once more into intercourse with my comrades and my countrymen, I should perhaps pass it over with slight mention, were it not that it made me witness to a scene which has since been recorded in various different ways, but of whose exact details I profess to be an accurate narrator.

After making a tour of the room, saluting my comrades, answering questions here, putting others there, I took my place at the long table, which, running the whole length of the apartment, was indiscriminately occupied by French and English, and found myself with my back to the fire-place, and having directly in front of me a man of about thirty-three or four years of age, dressed in the uniform of a chef de brigade; light-haired and blue-eyed, he bore no resemblance whatever to those around him, whose dark faces and black beards, proclaimed them of a foreign origin. There was an air of mildness in his manner, mingled with a certain impetuosity that betrayed itself in the rapid glances of his eye, and I could plainly mark that while the rest were perfectly at their ease, he was constrained, restless, watching eagerly every thing that went forward about him, and showing unmistakably a certain anxiety and distrust widely differing from the gay and careless indifference of his comrades. I was curious [Pg 29] to hear his name, and on asking, learned that he was the Chef de Brigade Smith, an Irishman by birth, but holding a command in the French service.

I had but asked the question, when pushing back his chair from the table, he arose suddenly, and stood stiff and erect, like a soldier on the parade.

"Well, sir, I hope you are satisfied with your inspection of me," cried he, and sternly addressing himself to some one behind my back. I turned and perceived it was Sir George Hill, who stood in front of the fire, leaning on his stick. Whether he replied or not to this rude speech I am unable to say, but the other walked leisurely round the table, and came directly in front of him. "You know me *now*, sir, I presume," said he, in the same imperious voice, "or else this uniform has made a greater change in my appearance than I knew of."

"Mr. Tone!" said Sir George, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"Ay, sir, Wolfe Tone; there is no need of secrecy here; Wolfe Tone, your old college acquaintance in former times, but now chef de brigade in the service of France."

"This is a very unexpected, a very unhappy meeting, Mr. Tone," said Hill, feelingly; "I sincerely wish you had not recalled the memory of our past acquaintance. *My* duty gives me no alternative."

"Your duty, or I mistake much, can have no concern with me, sir," cried Tone, in a more excited voice.

"I ask for nothing better than to be sure of this, Mr. Tone," said Sir George, moving slowly toward the door.

"You would treat me like an emigré rentré," cried Tone, passionately; "but I am a French subject and a French officer."

"I shall be well satisfied if others take the same view of your case, I assure you," said Hill, as he gained the door.

"You'll not find me unprepared for either event, sir," rejoined Tone, following him out of the room, and banging the door angrily behind him.

For a moment or two the noise of voices was heard from without, and several of the guests, English and French, rose from the table, eagerly inquiring what had occurred, and asking for an explanation of the scene, when suddenly the door was flung wide open, and Tone appeared between two policemen, his coat off, and his wrists inclosed in handcuffs.

"Look here, comrades," he cried in French; "this is another specimen of English politeness and hospitality. After all," added he, with a bitter laugh, "they have no designation in all their heraldry as honorable as these fetters, when worn for the cause of freedom! Good-by, comrades; we may never meet again, but don't forget how we parted!"

These were the last words he uttered, when the door was closed, and he was led forward under charge of a strong force of police and military. A post-chaise was soon seen to pass the windows at speed, escorted by dragoons, and we saw no more of our comrade.

The incident passed even more rapidly than I write it. The few words spoken, the hurried gestures, the passionate exclamations, are yet all deeply graven on my memory; and I can recall every little incident of the scene, and every feature of the locality wherein it occurred. With true French levity many reseated themselves at the breakfast-table; while others, with perhaps as little feeling, but more of curiosity, discussed the event, and sought for an explanation of its meaning.

"Then what's to become of Tiernay," cried one, "if it be so hard to throw off this 'coil of Englishman?' *His* position may be just as precarious."

"That is exactly what has occurred," said Lord Cavan; "a warrant for his apprehension has just been put into my hands, and I deeply regret that the duty should violate that of hospitality, and make my guest my prisoner."

"May I see this warrant, my lord?" asked I.

"Certainly, sir. Here it is; and here is the information on oath through which it was issued, sworn to before three justices of the peace by a certain Joseph Dowall, late an officer in the rebel forces, but now a pardoned approver of the Crown; do you remember such a man, sir?"

I bowed, and he went on.

"He would seem a precious rascal; but such characters become indispensable in times like these. After all, M. Tiernay, my orders are only to transmit you to Dublin under safe escort, and there is nothing either in *my* duty or in *your* position to occasion any feeling, of unpleasantness between *us*. Let us have a glass of wine together."

I responded to this civil proposition with politeness, and after a slight interchange of leave-takings with some of my newly-found comrades, I set out for Derry on a jaunting-car, accompanied by an officer and two policemen, affecting to think very little of a circumstance which, in reality, the more I reflected over the more serious I deemed it.

CHAPTER XXX.

A SCENE IN THE ROYAL BARRACKS.

It would afford me little pleasure to write, and doubtless my readers less to read my lucubrations, as I journeyed along toward Dublin. My thoughts seldom turned from myself and my own fortunes, nor were they cheered by the scenes through which I traveled. The season was a backward and wet one, and the fields, partly from this cause, and partly from the people being engaged in the late struggle, lay untilled and neglected. Groups of idle, lounging peasants stood in the villages, or loitered on the high roads, as we passed, sad, ragged-looking, and wretched. [Pg 30] They seemed as if they had no heart to resume their wonted life of labor, but were waiting for some calamity to close their miserable existence. Strongly in contrast with this were the air and bearing of the yeomanry and militia detachments, with whom we occasionally came up. Quite forgetting how little creditable to some of them, at least, were the events of the late campaign, they gave themselves the most intolerable airs of heroism, and in their drunken jollity, and reckless abandonment, threatened, I know not what—utter ruin to France and all Frenchmen. Bonaparte was the great mark of all their sarcasms, and, from some cause or other, seemed to enjoy a most disproportioned share of their dislike and derision.

At first it required some effort of constraint on my part to listen to this ribaldry in silence; but prudence, and a little sense, taught me the safer lesson of "never minding," and so I affected to understand nothing that was said in a spirit of insult or offense.

On the night of the 7th of November we drew nigh to Dublin; but instead of entering the capital, we halted at a small village outside of it called Chapelizod. Here a house had been fitted up for the reception of French prisoners, and I found myself, if not in company, at least under the same roof with my countrymen.

Nearer intercourse than this, however, I was not destined to enjoy, for early on the following morning I was ordered to set out for the Royal Barracks, to be tried before a court-martial. It was on a cold, raw morning, with a thin, drizzly rain falling, that we drove into the barrack-yard, and drew up at the mess-room, then used for the purposes of a court. As yet none of the members had assembled, and two or three mess-waiters were engaged in removing the signs of last night's debauch, and restoring a semblance of decorum to a very rackety-looking apartment. The walls were scrawled over with absurd caricatures, in charcoal or ink, of notorious characters of the capital, and a very striking "battle-piece" commemorated the "Races of Castlebar," as that memorable action was called, in a spirit, I am bound to say, of little flattery to the British arms. There were to be sure little compensatory illustrations here and there of French cavalry in Egypt, mounted on donkeys, or revolutionary troops on parade, ragged as scarecrows, and ill-looking as highwaymen; but a most liberal justice characterized all these frescoes, and they treated both Trojan and Tyrian alike.

I had abundant time given me to admire them, for although summoned for seven o'clock, it was nine before the first officer of the court-martial made his appearance, and he having popped in his head, and perceiving the room

empty; sauntered out again, and disappeared. At last a very noisy jaunting-car rattled into the square, and a short, red-faced man was assisted down from it, and entered the mess-room. This was Mr. Peters, the Deputy Judge Advocate, whose presence was the immediate signal for the others, who now came dropping in from every side, the President, a Colonel Daly, arriving the last.

A few tradespeople, loungers, it seemed to me, of the barrack, and some half-dozen non-commissioned officers off duty, made up the public; and I could not but feel a sense of my insignificance in the utter absence of interest my fate excited. The listless indolence and informality, too, offended and insulted me; and when the President politely told me to be seated, for they were obliged to wait for some books or papers left behind at his quarters, I actually was indignant at his coolness.

As we thus waited, the officers gathered around the fire-place, chatting and laughing pleasantly together, discussing the social events of the capital, and the gossip of the day; every thing, in fact, but the case of the individual on whose future fate they were about to decide.

At length the long-expected books made their appearance, and a few well-thumbed volumes were spread over the table, behind which the Court took their places, Colonel Daly in the centre, with the Judge upon his left.

The members being sworn, the Judge Advocate arose, and in a hurried, humdrum kind of voice, read out what purported to be the commission under which I was to be tried; the charge being, whether I had or had not acted treacherously and hostilely to his Majesty, whose natural born subject I was, being born in that kingdom, and, consequently, owing to him all allegiance and fidelity. "Guilty or not guilty, sir?"

"The charge is a falsehood; I am a Frenchman," was my answer.

"Have respect for the Court, sir," said Peters; "you mean that you are a French officer, but by birth an Irishman."

"I mean no such thing;—that I am French by birth, as I am in feeling—that I never saw Ireland till within a few months back, and heartily wish I had never seen it."

"So would General Humbert, too, perhaps," said Daly, laughing; and the Court seemed to relish the jest.

"Where were you born, then, Tiernay?"

"In Paris, I believe."

"And your mother's name, what was it?"

"I never knew; I was left an orphan when a mere infant, and can tell little of my family."

"Your father was Irish, then?"

"Only by descent. I have heard that we came from a family who bore the title of 'Timmahoo'—Lord Tiernay of Timmahoo."

"There was such a title," interposed Peters; "it was one of King James's last creations after his flight from the Boyne. Some, indeed, assert that it was conferred before the battle. What a strange coincidence, to find the descendant, if he be such, laboring in something like the same cause as his ancestor."

"What's your rank, sir?" asked a sharp, severe-looking man, called Major Flood. [Pg 31]

"First Lieutenant of Hussars."

"And is it usual for a boy of your years to hold that rank; or was there any thing peculiar in your case that obtained the promotion?"

"I served in two campaigns, and gained my grade regularly."

"Your Irish blood, then, had no share in your advancement?" asked he again.

"I am a Frenchman, as I said before," was my answer.

"A Frenchman, who lays claim to an Irish estate and an Irish title," replied Flood. "Let us hear Dowall's statement."

And now, to my utter confusion, a man made his way to the table, and, taking the book from the Judge Advocate, kissed it in token of an oath.

"Inform the Court of any thing you know in connection with the prisoner," said the Judge.

And the fellow, not daring even to look toward me, began a long, rambling, unconnected narrative of his first meeting with me at Killala, affecting that a close intimacy had subsisted between us, and that in the faith of a confidence, I had told him how, being an Irishman by birth, I had joined the expedition in the hope that with the expulsion of the English I should be able to re-establish my claim to my family rank and fortune. There was little coherence in his story, and more than one discrepant statement occurred in it; but the fellow's natural stupidity imparted a wonderful air of truth to the narrative, and I was surprised how naturally it sounded even to my own ears, little circumstances of truth being interspersed through the recital, as though to season the falsehood into a semblance of fact.

"What have you to reply to this, Tiernay?" asked the Colonel.

"Simply, sir, that such a witness, were his assertions even more consistent and probable, is utterly unworthy of credit. This fellow was one of the greatest marauders of the rebel army: and the last exercise of authority I ever witnessed by General Humbert was an order to drive him out of the town of Castlebar."

"Is this the notorious Town-Major Dowall?" asked an officer of artillery.

"The same, sir."

"I can answer, then, for his being one of the greatest rascals unhanged," rejoined he.

"This is all very irregular, gentlemen," interposed the Judge Advocate; "the character of a witness can not be impugned by what is mere desultory conversation. Let Dowall withdraw."

The man retired, and now a whispered conversation was kept up at the table for about a quarter of an hour, in which I could distinctly separate those who befriended from those who opposed me, the Major being the chief of the latter party. One speech of his which I overheard made a slight impression on me, and for the first time suggested uneasiness regarding the event.

"Whatever you do with this lad must have an immense influence on Tone's trial. Don't forget that if you acquit him you'll be sorely puzzled to convict the other."

The Colonel promptly overruled this unjust suggestion, and maintained that in my accent, manner, and appearance, there was every evidence of my French origin.

"Let Wolfe Tone stand upon his own merits," said he, "but let us not mix this case with his."

"I'd have treated every man who landed to a rope," exclaimed the Major, "Humbert himself among the rest. It was pure 'brigandage,' and nothing less."

"I hope if I escape, sir, that it will never be my fortune to see you a prisoner of France," said I, forgetting all in my indignation.

"If my voice have any influence, young man, that opportunity is not likely to occur to you," was the reply.

This ungenerous speech found no sympathy with the rest, and I soon saw that the Major represented a small minority in the Court.

The want of my commission, or of any document suitable to my rank or position in the service, was a great drawback; for I had given all my papers to Humbert, and had nothing to substantiate my account of myself. I saw how unfavorably this acknowledgement was taken by the Court; and when I was ordered to withdraw that they might deliberate, I own that I felt great misgivings as to the result.

The deliberation was a long, and as I could overhear, a strongly disputed one. Dowall was twice called in for examination, and when he retired on the last occasion, the discussion grew almost stormy.

As I stood thus awaiting my fate, the public, now removed from the Court, pressed eagerly to look at me; and while some thronged the door-way, and even pressed against the sentry, others crowded at the window to peep in. Among these faces, over which my eye ranged in half vacancy, one face struck me, for the expression of sincere sympathy and interest it bore. It was that of a middle-aged man of an humble walk in life, whose dress bespoke him from the country. There was nothing in his appearance to have called for attention or notice, and at any other time I should have passed him over without remark, but now, as his features betokened a feeling almost verging on anxiety, I could not regard him without interest.

Whichever way my eyes turned, however my thoughts might take me off, whenever I looked toward him, I was sure to find his gaze steadily bent upon me, and with an expression quite distinct from mere curiosity. At last came the summons for me to reappear before the Court, and the crowd opened to let me pass in.

The noise, the anxiety of the moment, and the movement of the people confused me at first, and when I recovered self-possession, I found that the Judge Advocate was reciting the charge under which I was tried. There were three distinct counts, on each of which the Court pronounced me "Not Guilty," but at the same time qualifying the finding by the additional words—"by a majority of two;" thus showing me that my escape had been a narrow one. [Pg 32]

"As a prisoner of war," said the President, "you will now receive the same treatment as your comrades of the same rank. Some have been already exchanged, and some have given bail for their appearance to answer any future charges against them."

"I am quite ready, sir, to accept my freedom on parole," said I; "of course, in a country where I am an utter stranger, bail is out of the question."

"I'm willing to bail him, your worship; I'll take it on me to be surety for him," cried a coarse, husky voice from the body of the court; and at the same time a man dressed in a great coat of dark frieze pressed through the crowd and approached the table.

"And who are you, my good fellow, so ready to impose yourself on the Court?" asked Peters.

"I'm a farmer of eighty acres of land, from the Black Pits, near Baldoyle, and the Adjutant there, Mr. Moore, knows me well."

"Yes," said the Adjutant, "I have known you some years, as supplying forage to the cavalry, and always heard you spoken of as honest and trust-worthy."

"Thank you, Mr. Moore; that's as much as I want."

"Yes; but it's not as much as *we* want, my worthy man," said Peters; "we require to know that you are a solvent and respectable person."

"Come out and see my place then; ride over the land and look at my stock; ask my neighbors my character; find out if there's any thing against me."

"We prefer to leave all that trouble on *your* shoulders," said Peters; "show us that we may accept your surety and we'll entertain the question at once."

"How much is it?" asked he, eagerly.

"We demanded five hundred pounds for a Major on the staff; suppose we say two, Colonel, is that sufficient?" asked Peters of the President.

"I should say quite enough," was the reply.

"There's eighty of it any way," said the farmer, producing a dirty roll of bank notes, and throwing them on the table; "I got them from Mr. Murphy in Smithfield this morning, and I'll get twice as much more from him for asking; so if your honors will wait 'till I come back, I'll not be twenty minutes away."

"But we can't take your money, my man; we have no right to touch it."

"Then what are ye talking about two hundred pounds for?" asked he, sternly.

"We want your promise to pay in the event of this bail being broken."

"Oh, I see, it's all the same thing in the end; I'll do it either way."

"We'll accept Mr. Murphy's guarantee for your solvency," said Peters; "obtain that and you can sign the bond at once."

"Faith I'll get it sure enough, and be here before you've the writing drawn out;" said he, buttoning up his coat.

"What name are we to insert in the bond?"

"Tiernay, sir."

"That's the prisoner's name, but we want yours."

"Mine's Tiernay too, sir, Pat Tiernay of the Black Pits."

Before I could recover from my surprise at this announcement he had left the Court, which, in a few minutes afterward, broke up, a clerk alone remaining to fill up the necessary documents and complete the bail-bond.

The Colonel, as well as two others of his officers, pressed me to join them at breakfast, but I declined, resolving to wait for my name-sake's return, and partake of no other hospitality than his.

It was near one o'clock when he returned, almost worn out with fatigue, since he had been in pursuit of Mr. Murphy for several hours, and only came upon him by chance at last. His business, however, he had fully accomplished; the bail-bond was duly drawn out and signed, and I left the barrack in a state of happiness very different from the feeling with which I had entered it that day.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A BRIEF CHANGE OF LIFE AND COUNTRY.

My new acquaintance never ceased to congratulate himself on what he called the lucky accident that had led him to the barracks that morning, and thus brought about our meeting. "Little as you think of me, my dear," said he, "I'm one of the Tiernays of Timmahoo myself; faix, until I saw you, I thought I was the last of them! There are eight generations of us in the church-yard at Kells, and I was looking to the time when they'd lay my bones there, as the last of the race, but I see there's better fortune before us."

"But you have a family I hope?"

"Sorrow one belonging to me. I might have married when I was young, but there was a pride in me to look for something higher than I had any right, except from blood, I mean; for a better stock than our own isn't to be found; and that's the way years went over and I lost the opportunity, and here I am now an old bachelor, without one to stand to me, barrin' it be yourself."

The last words were uttered with a tremulous emotion, and on turning toward him I saw his eyes swimming with tears, and perceived that some strong feeling was working within him.

"You can't suppose I can ever forget what I owe you, Mr. Tiernay."

"Call me Pat, Pat Tiernay," interrupted he, roughly.

"I'll call you what you please," said I, "if you let me add friend to it."

"That's enough; we understand one another now, no more need be said; you'll come home and live with me. It's not long, maybe, you'll have to do that same; but when I go you'll be heir to what I have: 'tis more, perhaps, than many supposes, looking at the coat and the gaiters I'm wearin'. Mind, Maurice, I don't want you, nor I don't expect you to turn farmer like myself. You need never turn a hand to any thing. You'll have your horse to ride—two if you like it. Your time will be all your own, so that you spend a little of it, now and then, with me, and as much divarsion as ever you care for." [Pg 33]

I have condensed into a few words the substance of a conversation which lasted till we reached Baldoyle; and passing through that not over-imposing village, gained the neighborhood of the sea-shore, along which stretched the farm of the "Black Pits," a name derived, I was told, from certain black holes that were dug in the sands by fishermen in former times, when the salt tide washed over the pleasant fields where corn was now growing. A long, low, thatched cabin, with far more indications of room and comfort than pretension to the picturesque, stood facing the sea. There were neither trees nor shrubs around it, and the aspect of the spot was bleak and cheerless enough, a coloring a dark November day did nothing to dispel.

It possessed one charm, however, and had it been a hundred times inferior to what it was, *that* one would have compensated for all else—hearty welcome met me at the door, and the words, "This is your home, Maurice," filled my heart with happiness.

Were I to suffer myself to dwell even in thought on this period of my life, I feel how insensibly I should be led away into an inexcusable prolixity. The little meaningless incidents of my daily life, all so engraven on my memory still, occupied me pleasantly from day till night. Not only the master of myself and my own time, I was master of every thing around me. Uncle Pat, as he loved to call himself, treated me with a degree of respect that was almost painful to me, and only when we were alone together, did he relapse into the intimacy of equality. Two first-rate hunters stood in my stable; a stout-built half-deck boat lay at my command beside the quay; I had my gun and my grayhounds; books, journals; every thing, in short, that a liberal purse and a kind spirit could confer—all but acquaintance. Of these I possessed absolutely none. Too proud to descend to intimacy with the farmers and small shopkeepers of the neighborhood, my position excluded me from acquaintance with the gentry; and thus I stood between both, unknown to either.

For a while my new career was too absorbing to suffer me to dwell on this circumstance. The excitement of field sports sufficed me when abroad, and I came home usually so tired at night that I could barely keep awake to amuse Uncle Pat with those narratives of war and campaigning he was so fond of hearing. To the hunting-field succeeded the Bay of Dublin, and I passed days, even weeks, exploring every creek and inlet of the coast; now cruising under the dark cliffs of the Welsh shore, or, while my boat lay at anchor, wandering among the solitary valleys of Lambay; my life, like a dream full of its own imaginings, and unbroken by the thoughts or feelings of others! I will not go the length of saying that I was self-free from all reproach on the inglorious indolence in which my days were passed, or that my thoughts never strayed away to that land where my first dreams of ambition were felt. But a strange fatuous kind of languor had grown upon me, and the more I retired within myself, the less did I wish for a return to that struggle with the world which every active life engenders. Perhaps—I can not now say if it were so—perhaps I resented the disdainful distance with which the gentry treated me, as we met in the hunting-field or the coursing-ground. Some of the isolation I preferred may have had this origin, but choice had the greater share in it, until at last my greatest pleasure was to absent myself for weeks on a cruise, fancying that I was exploring tracts never visited by man, and landing on spots where no human foot had ever been known to tread.

If Uncle Pat would occasionally remonstrate on the score of these long absences, he never ceased to supply means for them, and my sea store and a well-filled purse were never wanting, when the blue Peter floated from "La Hoche," as in my ardor I had named my cutter. Perhaps at heart he was not sorry to see me avoid the capital and its society. The bitterness which had succeeded the struggle for independence was now at its highest point, and there was what, to my thinking at least, appeared something like the cruelty of revenge in the sentences which followed the state trials. I will not suffer myself to stray into the debatable ground of politics, nor dare I give an opinion on matters, where, with all the experience of fifty years superadded, the wisest heads are puzzled how to decide; but my impression at the time was, that lenity would have been a safer and a better policy than severity, and that in the momentary prostration of the country lay the precise conjuncture for those measures of grace and

favor, which were afterward rather wrung from than conceded by the English government. Be this as it may, Dublin offered a strange spectacle at that period. The triumphant joy of one party—the discomfiture and depression of the other. All the exuberant delight of success here; all the bitterness of failure there. On one side festivities, rejoicings, and public demonstrations; on the other, confinement, banishment, or the scaffold.

The excitement was almost madness. The passion for pleasure, restrained by the terrible contingencies of the time, now broke forth with redoubled force, and the capital was thronged with all its rank, riches, and fashion, when its jails were crowded, and the heaviest sentences of the law were in daily execution. The state trials were crowded by all the fashion of the metropolis; and the heart-moving eloquence of Curran was succeeded by the strains of a merry concert. It was just then, too, that the great lyric poet of Ireland began to appear in society, and those songs which were to be known afterwards as "The Melodies," par excellence, were first heard in all the witching enchantment which his own taste and voice could lend them. To such as were indifferent to or could forget the past, it was a brilliant period. It was the last flickering blaze of Irish nationality, before the lamp was extinguished for ever. [Pg 34]

Of this society I myself saw nothing. But even in the retirement of my humble life the sounds of its mirth and pleasure penetrated, and I often wished to witness the scenes which even in vague description were fascinating. It was then in a kind of discontent at my exclusion, that I grew from day to day more disposed to solitude, and fonder of those excursions which led me out of all reach of companionship or acquaintance. In this spirit I planned a long cruise down channel, resolving to visit the Island of Valencia, or, if the wind and weather favored, to creep around the southwest coast as far as Bantry or Kenmare. A man and his son, a boy of about sixteen, formed all my crew, and were quite sufficient for the light tackle and easy rig of my craft. Uncle Pat was already mounted on his pony, and ready to set out for market, as we prepared to start. It was a bright spring morning—such a one as now and then the changeful climate of Ireland brings forth, in a brilliancy of color and softness of atmosphere that are rare in even more favored lands.

"You have a fine day of it, Maurice, and just enough wind," said he, looking at the point from whence it came. "I almost wish I was going with you."

"And why not come, then?" asked I. "You never will give yourself a holiday. Do so for once, now."

"Not to-day, any how," said he, half sighing at his self-denial. "I have a great deal of business on my hands to-day; but the next time—the very next you're up to a long cruise, I'll go with you."

"That's a bargain, then?"

"A bargain. Here's my hand on it."

We shook hands cordially on the compact. Little knew I it was to be for the last time, and that we were never to meet again.

I was soon aboard, and with a free mainsail skimming rapidly over the bright waters of the bay. The wind freshened as the day wore on, and we quickly passed the Kish light-ship, and held our course boldly down channel. The height of my enjoyment in these excursions consisted in the unbroken quietude of mind I felt, when removed from all chance of interruption, and left free to follow out my own fancies, and indulge my dreamy conceptions to my heart's content. It was then I used to revel in imaginings which sometimes soared into the boldest realms of ambition, and at other strayed contemplatively in the humblest walks of obscure fortune. My crew never broke in upon these musings; indeed old Tom Finnerty's low crooning song rather aided than interrupted them. He was not much given to talking, and a chance allusion to some vessel afar off, or some head-land we were passing, were about the extent of his communicativeness, and even these often fell on my ear unnoticed.

It was thus, at night, we made the Hook Tower; and on the next day passed, in a spanking breeze, under the bold cliffs of Tramore, just catching, as the sun was sinking, the sight of Youghal Bay, and the tall headlands beyond it.

"The wind is drawing more to the nor'ard," said old Tom, as night closed in, "and the clouds look dirty."

"Bear her up a point or two," said I, "and let us stand in for Cork harbor, if it comes on to blow."

He muttered something in reply, but I did not catch the words, nor, indeed, cared I to hear them, for I had just wrapped myself in my boat-cloak, and stretched at full length on the shingle ballast of the yawl, was gazing in rapture at the brilliancy of the starry sky above me. Light skiffs of feathery cloud would now and then flit past, and a peculiar hissing sound of the sea told, at the same time, that the breeze was freshening. But old Tom had done his duty in mentioning this once; and thus having disburdened his conscience, he closehauled his mainsail, shifted the ballast a little to midships, and, putting up the collar of his pilot-coat, screwed himself tighter into the corner beside the tiller, and chewed his quid in quietness. The boy slept soundly in the bow, and I, lulled by the motion and the plashing waves, fell into a dreamy stupor, like a pleasant sleep. The pitching of the boat continued to increase, and twice or thrice, struck by a heavy sea, she lay over, till the white waves came tumbling in over her gunwale. I heard Tom call to his boy, something about the head-sail, but for the life of me I could not or would not arouse myself from a train of thought that I was following.

"She's a stout boat to stand this," said Tom, as he rounded her off, at a coming wave, which, even thus escaped, splashed over her like a cataract. "I know many a bigger craft wouldn't hold up her canvas under such a gale."

"Here it comes, father. Here's a squall," cried the boy, and with a crash like thunder, the wind struck the sail, and laid the boy half-under.

"She'd float if she was full of water," said the old man, as the craft "righted."

"But maybe the spars wouldn't stand," said the boy, anxiously.

"'Tis what I'm thinking," rejoined the father. "There's a shake in the mast, below the caps."

"Tell him it's better to bear up, and go before it," whispered the lad, with a gesture toward where I was lying. [Pg 35]

"Troth it's little he'd care," said the other; "besides, he's never plazed to be woke up."

"Here it comes again," cried the boy. But this time the squall swept past ahead of us, and the craft only reeled to the swollen waves, as they tore by.

"We'd better go about, sir," said Tom to me; "there's a heavy sea outside, and it's blowing hard now."

"And there's a split in the mast as long as my arm," cried the boy.

"I thought she'd live through any sea, Tom!" said I, laughing; for it was his constant boast that no weather could harm her.

"There goes the spar," shouted he, while with a loud snap the mast gave way, and fell with a crash over the side.

The boat immediately came head to wind, and sea after sea broke upon her bow, and fell in great floods over us.

"Cut away the stays—clear the wreck," cried Tom, "before the squall catches her."

And although we now labored like men whose lives depended on the exertion, the trailing sail and heavy rigging, shifting the ballast as they fell, laid her completely over; and when the first sea struck her, over she went. The violence of the gale sent me a considerable distance out, and for several seconds I felt as though I should never reach the surface again. Wave after wave rolled over me, and seemed bearing me downward with their weight. At last I grasped something; it was a rope—a broken halyard—but by its means I gained the mast, which floated alongside of the yawl as she now lay keel uppermost. With what energy did I struggle to reach her. The space was scarcely a dozen feet, and yet it cost me what seemed an age to traverse. Through all the roaring of the breakers, and the crashing sounds of storm, I thought I could hear my comrades' voices shouting and screaming, but this was in all likelihood a mere deception, for I never saw them more.

Grasping with a death-grip the slippery keel, I hung on the boat through all the night. The gale continued to increase, and by day-break it blew a perfect hurricane. With an aching anxiety I watched for the light to see if I were near the land, or if any ship were in sight, but when the sun rose nothing met my eyes but a vast expanse of waves tumbling and tossing in mad confusion, while overhead some streaked and mottled clouds were hurried along with the wind. Happily for me, I have no correct memory of that long day of suffering. The continual noise, but more still, the incessant motion of the sea and sky around brought on a vertigo, that seemed like madness; and although the instinct of self-preservation remained, the wildest and most incoherent fancies filled my brain. Some of these were powerful enough to impress themselves upon my memory for years after, and one I have never yet been able to dispel. It clings to me in every season of unusual depression or dejection; it recurs in the half nightmare sleep of over fatigue, and even invades me when, restless and feverish, I lie for hours incapable of repose. This is the notion that my state was one of after-life punishment; that I had died, and was now expiating a sinful life by the everlasting misery of a castaway. The fever brought on by thirst and exhaustion and the burning sun which beamed down upon my uncovered head, soon completed the measure of this infatuation, and all sense and guidance left me.

By what instinctive impulse I still held on my grasp I can not explain, but there I clung during the whole of that long dreadful day, and the still more dreadful night, when the piercing cold cramped my limbs, and seemed as if freezing the very blood within me. It was no wish for life; it was no anxiety to save myself that now filled me. It seemed like a vague impulse of necessity that compelled me to hang on. It was, as it were, part of that terrible sentence which made this my doom forever!

An utter unconsciousness must have followed this state, and a dreary blank, with flitting shapes of suffering, is all that remains to my recollection....

Probably within the whole range of human sensations, there is not one so perfect in its calm and soothing influence as the first burst of gratitude we feel when recovering from a long and severe illness! There is not an object, however humble and insignificant, that is not for the time invested with a new interest. The air is balmier, flowers are sweeter, the voices of friends, the smiles and kind looks, are dearer and fonder than we have ever known them. The whole world has put on a new aspect for us, and we have not a thought that is not teeming with forgiveness and affection. Such, in all their completeness, were my feelings as I lay on the poop-deck of a large three-masted ship, which, with studding and top-gallant sails all set, proudly held her course up the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

She was a Dantzig barque, the "Hoffnung," bound for Quebec, her only passengers being a Moravian minister and his wife, on their way to join a small German colony established near Lake Champlain. To Gottfried Kröller and his dear little wife I owe not life alone, but nearly all that has made it valuable. With means barely removed from absolute poverty, I found that they had spared nothing to assist in my recovery; for, when discovered, emaciation and wasting had so far reduced me that nothing but the most unremitting care and kindness could have succeeded in restoring me. To this end they bestowed not only their whole time and attention, but every little delicacy of their humble sea-store. All the little cordials and restoratives meant for a season of sickness or debility were lavished unsparingly on me, and every instinct of national thrift and carefulness gave way before the more powerful influence of Christian benevolence.

I can think of nothing but that bright morning, as I lay on a mattress on the deck, with the "Pfarrer" on one side of me, and his good little wife, Lyschen, on the other; he, with his volume of "Wieland," and she working away with her long knitting-needles, and never raising her head save to bestow a glance at the poor sick boy, whose bloodless lips were trying to mutter her name in thankfulness. It is like the most delicious dream as I think over those hours, when, rocked by the surging motion of the large ship, hearing in half distinctness the words of the "Pfarrer's" reading, I followed out little fancies—now self-originating, now rising from the theme of the poet's musings. [Pg 36]

How softly the cloud shadows moved over the white sails and swept along the bright deck! How pleasantly the water rippled against the vessel's side! With what a glad sound the great ensign flapped and fluttered in the breeze! There was light, and life, and motion on every side, and I felt all the intoxication of enjoyment.

And like a dream was the portion of my life which followed. I accompanied the Pfarrer to a small settlement near "Crown Point," where he was to take up his residence as minister. Here we lived amid a population of about four or five hundred Germans, principally from Pomerania, on the shores of the Baltic, a peaceful, thrifty, quiet set of beings, who, content with the little interests revolving around themselves, never troubled their heads about the great events of war or politics; and here in all likelihood should I have been content to pass my days, when an accidental journey I made to Albany, to receive some letters for the Pfarrer, once more turned the fortune of my life.

It was a great incident in the quiet monotony of my life, when I set out one morning, arrayed in a full suit of coarse glossy black, with buttons like small saucers, and a hat whose brim almost protected my shoulders. I was, indeed, an object of very considerable envy to some, and I hope, also, not denied the admiring approval of some others. Had the respectable city I was about to visit been the chief metropolis of a certain destination which I must not name, the warnings I received about its dangers, dissipations, and seductions, could scarcely have been more earnest or impressive. I was neither to speak with, nor even to look at, those I met in the streets. I was carefully to avoid taking my meals at any of the public eating-houses, rigidly guarding myself from the contamination of even a chance acquaintance. It was deemed as needless to caution me against theatres or places of amusement, as to hint to me that I should not commit a highway robbery or a murder, and so, in sooth, I should myself have felt it. The patriarchal simplicity in which I had lived for above a year, had not been without its effect in subduing exaggerated feeling, or controlling that passion for excitement so common to youth. I felt a kind of drowsy, dreamy languor over me, which I sincerely believed represented a pious and well-regulated temperament. Perhaps in time it might have become such. Perhaps with others, more happily constituted, the impression would have been confirmed and fixed; but in *my* case it was a mere lacker that the first rubbing in the world was sure to brush off.

I arrived safely at Albany, and having presented myself at the bank of Gabriel Shultze, was desired to call the following morning, when all the letters and papers of Gottfried Kröller should be delivered to me. A very cold

invitation to supper was the only hospitality extended to me. This I declined on pretext of weariness, and set out to explore the town, to which my long residence in rural life imparted a high degree of interest.

I don't know what it may now be: doubtless a great capital, like one of the European cities; but at the time I speak of, Albany was a strange, incongruous assemblage of stores and wooden houses, great buildings like granaries, with whole streets of low sheds around them, where open to the passer-by, men worked at various trades, and people followed out the various duties of domestic life in sight of the public; the daughters knitted and sewed; mothers cooked and nursed their children; men ate, and worked, and smoked, and sang, as if in all the privacy of closed dwellings, while a thick current of population poured by, apparently too much immersed in their own cares, or too much accustomed to the scene, to give it more than passing notice.

It was curious how one bred and born in the great city of Paris, with all its sights and sounds, and scenes of excitement and display, could have been so rusticated by time, as to feel a lively interest in surveying the motley aspect of this quaint town. There were, it is true, features in the picture very unlike the figures in "Old World" landscape. A group of red men, seated around a fire in the open street, or a squaw carrying on her back a baby, firmly tied to a piece of curved bark; a Southern-stater, with a spanking wagon-team, and two grinning negroes behind, were new and strange elements in the life of a city. Still, the mere movement, the actual busy stir and occupation of the inhabitants, attracted me as much as any thing else; and the shops and stalls where trades were carried on were a seduction I could not resist.

The strict puritanism in which I had lately lived taught me to regard all these things with a certain degree of distrust. They were the impulses of that gold-seeking passion of which Gottfried had spoken so frequently; they were the great vice of that civilization, whose luxurious tendency he often deplored; and here, now, more than one-half around me were arts that only ministered to voluptuous tastes. Brilliant articles of jewelry; gay cloaks, worked with wampum, in Indian taste; ornamental turning, and costly weapons, inlaid with gold and silver, succeeded each other, street after street; and the very sight of them, however pleasurable to the eye, set me a-moralizing, in a strain that would have done credit to a son of Geneva. It might have been, that in my enthusiasm I uttered half [Pg 37] aloud what I intended for soliloquy: or perhaps some gesture, or peculiarity of manner, had the effect; but so it was: I found myself an object of notice; and my queer-cut coat and wide hat, contrasting so strangely with my youthful appearance and slender make, drew many a criticism on me.

"He ain't a Quaker, that's a fact," cried one, "for they don't wear black."

"He's a down-Easter—a horse jockey chap, I'll be bound," cried another. "They put on all manner of disguises and 'masqueroonings.' I know 'em!"

"He's a calf preacher—a young bottle-nosed Gospeller," broke in a thick, short fellow, like the skipper of a merchant ship. "Let's have him out for a preachment."

"Ay, you're right," chimed in another. "I'll get you a sugar hogshead in no time;" and away he ran on the mission.

Between twenty and thirty persons had now collected; and I saw myself, to my unspeakable shame and mortification, the centre of all their looks and speculations. A little more *aplomb* or knowledge of life would have taught me coolness enough in a few words to undeceive them: but such a task was far above me now; and I saw nothing for it but flight. Could I only have known which way to take, I need not have feared any pursuer, for I was a capital runner, and in high condition; but of the locality I was utterly ignorant, and should only surrender myself to mere chance. With a bold rush, then, I dashed right through the crowd, and set off down the street, the whole crew after me. The dusk of the closing evening was in my favor; and although volunteers were enlisted in the chase at every corner and turning, I distanced them, and held on my way in advance. My great object being not to turn on my course, lest I should come back to my starting point, I directed my steps nearly straight onward, clearing apple-stalls and fruit tables at a bound; and more than once taking a flying leap over an Indian's fire, when the mad shout of the red man would swell the chorus that followed me. At last I reached a network of narrow lanes and alleys, by turning and winding through which, I speedily found myself in a quiet secluded spot, with here and there a flickering candle-light from the windows, but no other sign of habitation. I looked anxiously about for an open door; but they were all safe barred and fastened; and it was only on turning a corner I spied what seemed to me a little shop, with a solitary lamp over the entrance. A narrow canal, crossed by a rickety old bridge, led to this; and the moment I had crossed over, I seized the single plank which formed the footway, and shoved it into the stream. My retreat being thus secured, I opened the door, and entered. It was a barber's shop; at least, so a great chair before a cracked old looking glass, with some well-worn combs and brushes, bespoke it; but the place seemed untenanted, and although I called aloud several times, none came or responded to my summons.

I now took a survey of the spot which seemed of the poorest imaginable. A few empty pomatum pots, a case of razors that might have defied the most determined suicide, and a half-finished wig, on a block painted like a red man, were the entire stock in trade. On the walls, however, were some colored prints of the battles of the French army in Germany and Italy. Execrably done things they were, but full of meaning and interest to my eyes in spite of that. With all the faults of drawing and all the travesties of costume, I could recognize different corps of the service, and my heart bounded as I gazed on the tall shakos swarming to a breach, or the loose jacket as it floated from the hussar in a charge. All the wild pleasures of soldiering rose once more to my mind, and I thought over old comrades who doubtless were now earning the high rewards of their bravery in the great career of glory. And as I did so, my own image confronted me in the glass, as with long, lank hair, and a great bolster of a white cravat, I stood before it. What a contrast!—how unlike the smart hussar, with curling locks and fierce mustache! Was I as much changed in heart as in looks. Had my spirit died out within me. Would the proud notes of the bugle or the trumpet fall meaningless on my ears, or the hoarse cry of "Charge!" send no bursting fullness to my temples? Ay, even these coarse representations stirred the blood in my veins, and my step grew firmer as I walked the room.

In a passionate burst of enthusiasm I tore off my slouched hat and hurled it from me. It felt like the badge of some ignoble slavery, and I determined to endure it no longer. The noise of the act called up a voice from the inner room, and a man, to all appearance suddenly roused from sleep, stood at the door. He was evidently young, but poverty, dissipation, and raggedness made the question of his age a difficult one to solve. A light-colored mustache and beard covered all the lower part of his face, and his long blonde hair fell heavily over his shoulders.

"Well," cried he, half angrily, "what's the matter; are you so impatient that you must smash the furniture?"

Although the words were spoken as correctly as I have written them, they were uttered with a foreign accent; and, hazarding the stroke, I answered him in French by apologizing for the noise.

"What! a Frenchman," exclaimed he, "and in that dress; what can that mean?"

"If you'll shut your door, and cut off pursuit of me, I'll tell you every thing," said I, "for I hear the voices of people coming down that street in front."

"I'll do better," said he, quickly, "I'll upset the bridge, and they can not come over." [Pg 38]

"That's done already," replied I; "I shoved it into the stream as I passed."

He looked at me steadily for a moment without speaking, and then approaching close to me, said, "Parbleu! the act was very unlike your costume!" At the same time he shut the door, and drew a strong bar across it. This done, he turned to me once more—"Now for it: who are you, and what has happened to you?"

"As to what I am," replied I, imitating his own abruptness, "my dress will almost save the trouble of explaining; these Albany folk, however, would make a field-preacher of me, and to escape them I took to flight."

"Well, if a fellow will wear his hair that fashion, he must take the consequence," said he, drawing out my long lank locks as they hung over my shoulders. "And so you wouldn't hold forth for them; not even give them a stave of a conventical chant." He kept his eyes riveted on me as he spoke, and then seizing two pieces of stick for the firewood, he beat on the table the ran-tan-plan of the French drum. "That's the music you know best, lad, eh?—that's the air, which, if it has not led heavenward, has conducted many a brave fellow out of this world at least: do you forget it?"

"Forget it! no," cried I; "but who are you; and how comes it that—that—" I stopped in confusion at the rudeness of the question I had begun.

"That I stand here, half-fed, and all but naked; a barber in a land where men don't shave once a month. Parbleu! they'd come even seldomer to my shop if they knew how tempted I feel to draw the razor sharp and quick across the gullet of a fellow with a well-stocked pouch."

As he continued to speak, his voice assumed a tone and cadence that sounded familiarly to my ears as I stared at him in amazement.

"Not know me yet," exclaimed he, laughing; "and yet all this poverty and squalor isn't as great a disguise as your own, Tiernay. Come, lad, rub your eyes a bit, and try if you can't recognize an old comrade."

"I know you, yet can not remember how or where we met," said I, in bewilderment.

"I'll refresh your memory," said he, crossing his arms, and drawing himself proudly up. "If you can trace back in your mind to a certain hot and dusty day, on the Metz road, when you, a private in the seventh Hussars, were eating an onion and a slice of black bread for your dinner, a young officer, well-looking and well-mounted, cantered up, and threw you his brandy flask. Your acknowledgment of the civility showed you to be a gentleman; and the acquaintance thus opened, soon ripened into intimacy."

"But he was the young Marquis de Saint Trone," said I, perfectly remembering the incident.

"Or Eugene Santron, of the republican army, or the barber at Albany, without any name at all," said he, laughing. "What, Maurice, don't you know me yet?"

"What, the lieutenant of my regiment! The dashing officer of Hussars!"

"Just so, and as ready to resume the old skin as ever," cried he, "and brandish a weapon somewhat longer, and perhaps somewhat sharper, too, than a razor."

We shook hands with all the cordiality of old comrades, meeting far away from home, and in a land of strangers; and although each was full of curiosity to learn the other's history, a kind of reserve held back the inquiry, till Santron said, "My confession is soon made, Maurice; I left the service in the Meuse, to escape being shot. One day, on returning from a field manœuvre, I discovered that my portmanteau had been opened, and a number of letters and papers taken out. They were part of a correspondence I held with old General Lamarre, about the restoration of the Bourbons, a subject, I'm certain, that half the officers in the army were interested in, and, even to Bonaparte himself, deeply implicated in too. No matter, *my* treason, as they called it, was too flagrant, and I had just twenty minutes' start of the order which was issued for my arrest, to make my escape into Holland. There I managed to pass several months in various disguises, part of the time being employed as a Dutch spy, and actually charged with an order to discover tidings of myself, until I finally got away in an Antwerp schooner, to New York. From that time my life has been nothing but a struggle, a hard one, too, with actual want, for in this land of enterprise and activity, mere intelligence, without some craft or calling, will do nothing.

"I tried fifty things—to teach riding, and when I mounted into the saddle, I forgot everything but my own enjoyment, and caracolled, and plunged, and passaged, till the poor beast hadn't a leg to stand on; fencing, and I got into a duel with a rival teacher, and ran him through the neck, and was obliged to fly from Halifax; French, I made love to my pupil, a pretty looking Dutch fraulein, whose father didn't smile on our affection; and so on I descended from a dancing-master to a waiter, a *laquais de place*, and at last settled down as a barber, which brilliant speculation I had just determined to abandon this very night; for to-morrow morning, Maurice, I start for New York and France again; ay, boy, and you'll go with me. This is no land for either of us."

"But I have found happiness, at least contentment, here," said I, gravely.

"What! play the hypocrite with an old comrade! shame on you, Maurice," cried he. "It is these confounded locks have perverted the boy," added he, jumping up; and before I knew what he was about, he had shorn my hair, in two quick cuts of the scissors, close to the head. "There," said he, throwing the cut-off hair toward me, "there lies all your saintship; depend upon it, boy, they'd hunt you out of the settlement if you came back to them cropped in this fashion." [Pg 39]

"But you return to certain death, Santron," said I; "your crime is too recent to be forgiven or forgotten."

"Not a bit of it; Fouche, Cassaubon, and a dozen others now in office, were deeper than I was. There's not a public man in France could stand an exposure, or hazard recrimination. It's a thieves' amnesty at this moment, and I must not lose the opportunity. I'll show you letters that will prove it, Maurice; for, poor and ill-fed as I am, I like life just as well as ever I did. I mean to be a general of division one of these days, and so will you too, lad, if there's any spirit left in you."

Thus did Santron rattle on, sometimes of himself and his own future; sometimes discussing mine; for while talking, he had contrived to learn all the chief particulars of my history, from the time of my sailing from La Rochelle for Ireland.

The unlucky expedition afforded him great amusement, and he was never weary of laughing at all our adventures and mischances in Ireland. Of Humbert, he spoke as a fourth or fifth-rate man, and actually shocked me by all the heresies he uttered against our generals, and the plan of campaign; but, perhaps, I could have borne even these better than the sarcasms and sneers at the little life of "the settlement." He treated all my efforts at defense as mere hypocrisy, and affected to regard me as a mere knave, that had traded on the confiding kindness of these simple villagers. I could not undeceive him on this head; nor what was more, could I satisfy my own conscience that he was altogether in the wrong; for, with a diabolical ingenuity, he had contrived to hit on some of the most vexatious doubts which disturbed my mind, and instinctively to detect the secret cares and difficulties that beset me. The lesson should never be lost on us, that the devil was depicted as a sneerer! I verily believe the powers of

temptation have no such advocacy as sarcasm. Many can resist the softest seductions of vice: many are proof against all the blandishments of mere enjoyment, come in what shape it will; but how few can stand firm against the assaults of clever irony, or hold fast to their convictions when assailed by the sharp shafts of witty depreciation.

I'm ashamed to own how little I could oppose to all his impertinences about our village, and its habits; or how impossible I found it not to laugh at his absurd descriptions of a life which, without having ever witnessed, he depicted with a rare accuracy. He was shrewd enough not to push this ridicule offensively, and long before I knew it I found myself regarding, with his eyes, a picture in which, but a few months back, I stood as a fore-ground figure. I ought to confess, that no artificial aid was derived from either good cheer, or the graces of hospitality; we sat by a miserable lamp, in a wretchedly cold chamber, our sole solace some bad cigars, and a can of flat, stale cider.

"I have not a morsel to offer you to eat, Maurice, but to-morrow we'll breakfast on my razors, dine on that old looking-glass, and sup on two hard brushes and the wig!"

Such were the brilliant pledges, and we closed a talk which the flickering lamp at last put an end to.

A broken, unconnected conversation followed for a little time, but at length, worn out and wearied, each dropped off to sleep—Eugene on the straw settle, and I in the old chair—never to awake till the bright sun was streaming in between the shutters, and dancing merrily on the tiled floor.

An hour before I awoke he had completed the sale of all his little stock in trade, and, with a last look round the spot where he had passed some months of struggling poverty, out we sallied into the town.

"We'll breakfast at Jonathan Hone's," said Santron. "It's the first place here. I'll treat you to rump steaks, pumpkin pie, and a gin twister that will astonish you. Then, while I'm arranging for our passage down the Hudson, you'll see the hospitable banker, and tell him how to forward all his papers, and so forth, to the settlement, with your respectful compliments and regrets, and the rest of it."

"But am I to take leave of them in this fashion?" asked I.

"Without you want *me* to accompany you there, I think it's by far the best way," said he, laughingly. "If, however, you think that my presence and companionship will add any lustre to your position, say the word and I'm ready. I know enough of the barber's craft now to make up a head 'en Puritan,' and, if you wish, I'll pledge myself to impose upon the whole colony."

Here was a threat there was no mistaking; and any imputation of ingratitude on my part were far preferable to the thought of such an indignity. He saw his advantage at once, and boldly declared that nothing should separate us.

"The greatest favor, my dear Maurice, you can ever expect at my hands is, never to speak of this freak of yours; or, if I do, to say that you performed the part to perfection."

My mind was in one of those moods of change when the slightest impulse is enough to sway it, and more from this cause than all his persuasion, I yielded; and the same evening saw me gliding down the Hudson, and admiring the bold Kaatskills, on our way to New York.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANECDOTES OF PAGANINI.

Paganini was in all respects a very singular being, and an interesting subject to study. His talents were by no means confined to his wonderful powers as a musician. On other subjects he was well-informed, acute, and conversible, of bland and gentle manners, and in society, perfectly well-bred. All this contrasted strangely with the [Pg 40] dark, mysterious stories which were bruited abroad, touching some passages in his early life. But outward semblance and external deportment are treacherous as quicksands, when taken as guides by which to sound the real depths of human character. Lord Byron remarks, that his pocket was once picked by the civilest gentleman he ever conversed with, and that by far the mildest individual of his acquaintance was the remorseless Ali Pacha of Yanina. The expressive lineaments of Paganini told a powerful tale of passions which had been fearfully excited, which might be roused again from temporary slumber, or were exhausted by indulgence and premature decay, leaving deep furrows to mark their intensity. Like the generality of his countrymen, he looked much older than he was. With them, the elastic vigor of youth and manhood rapidly subsides into an interminable and joyless old age, numbering as many years, but with far less both of physical and mental faculty to render them endurable, than the more equally poised gradations of our northern clime. It is by no means unusual to encounter a well developed Italian, whiskered to the eye-brows, and "bearded like the pard," who tells you, to your utter astonishment, that he is scarcely seventeen, when you have set him down from his appearance as, at least, five-and-thirty.

The following extract from Colonel Montgomery Maxwell's book of Military Reminiscences, entitled "My Adventures," dated Genoa, February 22d, 1815, supplies the earliest record which has been given to the public respecting Paganini, and affords authentic evidence that some of the mysterious tales which heralded his coming were not without foundation. He could scarcely have been at this time thirty years old. "Talking of music, I have become acquainted with the most *outré*, most extravagant, and strangest character I ever beheld, or heard, in the musical line. He has just been emancipated from durance vile, where he has been for a long time incarcerated on suspicion of murder. His long figure, long neck, long face, and long forehead; his hollow and deadly pale cheek, large black eye, hooked nose, and jet black hair, which is long, and more than half hiding his expressive Jewish face; all these rendered him the most extraordinary person I ever beheld. There is something scriptural in the *tout ensemble* of the strange physiognomy of this uncouth and unearthly figure. Not that, as in times of old, he plays, as Holy Writ tells us, on a ten-stringed instrument; on the contrary, he brings the most powerful, the most wonderful, and the most heart-rending tones from one string. His name is Paganini; he is very improvident and very poor. The D——s, and the Impressario of the theatre got up a concert for him the other night, which was well attended, and on which occasion he electrified the audience. He is a native of Genoa, and if I were a judge of violin playing, I would pronounce him the most surprising performer in the world!"

That Paganini was either innocent of the charge for which he suffered the incarceration Colonel Maxwell mentions, or that it could not be proved against him, may be reasonably inferred from the fact that he escaped the galleys or the executioner. In Italy, there was then, *par excellence* (whatever there may be now), a law for the rich, and another for the poor. As he was without money, and unable to buy immunity, it is charitable to suppose he was entitled to it from innocence. A nobleman, with a few *zecchini*, was in little danger of the law, which confined its practice entirely to the lower orders. I knew a Sicilian prince, who most wantonly blew a vassal's brains out, merely because he put him in a passion. The case was not even inquired into. He sent half a dollar to the widow of

the defunct (which, by the way, he borrowed from me, and never repaid), and there the matter ended. Lord Nelson once suggested to Ferdinand IV. of Naples, to try and check the daily increase of assassination, by a few salutary executions. "No, no," replied old Nasone, who was far from being as great a fool as he looked, "that is impossible. If I once began that system, my kingdom would soon be depopulated. One half my subjects would be continually employed in hanging the remainder."

Among other peculiarities, Paganini was an incarnation of avarice and parsimony, with a most contradictory passion for gambling. He would haggle with you for sixpence, and stake a rouleau on a single turn at *rouge et noir*. He screwed you down in a bargain as tightly as if you were compressed in a vice; yet he had intervals of liberality, and sometimes did a generous action. In this he bore some resemblance to the celebrated John Elwes, of miserly notoriety, who deprived himself of the common necessaries of life, and lived on a potato skin, but sometimes gave a check for £100 to a public charity, and contributed largely to private subscriptions. I never heard that Paganini actually did this, but once or twice he played for nothing, and sent a donation to the Mendicity, when he was in Dublin.

When he made his engagement with me, we mutually agreed to write no orders, expecting the house to be quite full every night, and both being aware that the "sons of freedom," while they add nothing to the exchequer, seldom assist the effect of the performance. They are not given to applaud vehemently; or, as Richelieu observes, "in the right places." What we can get for nothing we are inclined to think much less of than that which we must purchase. He who invests a shilling will not do it rashly, or without feeling convinced that value received will accrue from the risk. The man who pays is the real enthusiast; he comes with a predetermination to be amused, and his spirit is exalted accordingly. Paganini's valet surprised me one morning, by walking into my room, and, [Pg 41] with many "*eccellenzas*" and gesticulations of respect, asking me to give him an order. I said, "Why do you come to me? Apply to your master—won't he give you one?" "Oh, yes; but I don't like to ask him." "Why not?" "Because he'll stop the amount out of my wages!" My heart relented; I gave him the order, and paid Paganini the dividend. I told him what it was, thinking, as a matter of course, he would return it. He seemed uncertain for a moment, paused, smiled sardonically, looked at the three and sixpence, and with a spasmodic twitch, deposited it in his own waistcoat pocket instead of mine. Voltaire says, "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre," meaning, thereby, as I suppose, that being behind the scenes of every-day life, he finds out that Marshal Saxe, or Frederick the Great, is as subject to the common infirmities of our nature, as John Nokes or Peter Styles. Whether Paganini's squire of the body looked on his master as a hero, in the vulgar acceptation of the word, I can not say, but in spite of his stinginess, which he writhed under, he regarded him with mingled reverence and terror. "A strange person, your master," observed I. "*Signor*," replied the faithful Sancho Panza, "*e veramente grand uomo, ma da non potersi comprendere*." "He is truly a great man, but quite incomprehensible." It was edifying to observe the awful importance with which Antonio bore the instrument nightly intrusted to his charge to carry to and from the theatre. He considered it an animated something, whether dæmon or angel he was unable to determine, but this he firmly believed, that it could speak in actual dialogue when his master pleased, or become a dumb familiar by the same controlling volition. This especial violin was Paganini's inseparable companion. It lay on his table before him as he sat meditating in his solitary chamber; it was placed by his side at dinner, and on a chair within his reach when in bed. If he woke, as he constantly did, in the dead of night, and the sudden *estro* of inspiration seized him, he grasped his instrument, started up, and on the instant perpetuated the conception which otherwise he would have lost forever. This marvelous Cremona, valued at four hundred guineas, Paganini, on his death-bed, gave to De Kontski, his nephew and only pupil, himself an eminent performer, and in his possession it now remains.

When Paganini was in Dublin at the musical festival of 1830, the Marquis of Anglesea, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, came every night to the concerts at the theatre, and was greatly pleased with his performance. On the first evening, between the acts, his Excellency desired that he might be brought round to his box to be introduced, and paid him many compliments. Lord Anglesea was at that time residing in perfect privacy with his family, at Sir Harcourt Lees' country house, near Blackrock, and expressed a wish to get an evening from the great violinist, to gratify his domestic circle. The negotiation was rather a difficult one, as Paganini was, of all others, the man who did nothing, in the way of business, without an explicit understanding, and a clearly-defined con-sid-e-ra-ti-on. He was alive to the advantage of honor, but he loved money with a paramount affection. I knew that he had received enormous terms, such as £150 and £200 for fiddling at private parties in London, and I trembled for the viceregal purse; but I undertook to manage the affair, and went to work accordingly. The aid-de-camp in waiting called with me on Paganini, was introduced in due form, and handed him a card of invitation to dinner, which, of course, he received and accepted with ceremonious politeness. Soon after the officer had departed, he said, suddenly, "This is a great honor, but am I expected to bring my instrument?" "Oh, yes," I replied, "as a matter of course—the Lord Lieutenant's family wish to hear you in private." "*Caro amico*," rejoined he, with petrifying composure, "*Paganini con violino é Paganini senza violino,—ecco due animali distinti*." "Paganini with his fiddle, and Paganini without it, are two very different persons." I knew perfectly what he meant, and said, "The Lord Lieutenant is a nobleman of exalted rank and character, liberal in the extreme, but he is not Crœsus; nor do I think you could, with any consistency, receive such an honor as dining at his table, and afterward send in a bill for playing two or three tunes in the evening." He was staggered; and asked, "What do you advise?" I said, "Don't you think a present, in the shape of a ring, or a snuff-box, or something of that sort, with a short inscription, would be a more agreeable mode of settlement?" He seemed tickled by this suggestion, and closed with it at once. I dispatched the intelligence through the proper channel, that the violin and the *gran maestro* would both be in attendance. He went in his very choicest mood, made himself extremely agreeable, played away, unsolicited, throughout the evening, to the delight of the whole party; and on the following morning, a gold snuff-box was duly presented to him, with a few complimentary words engraved on the lid.

A year or two after this, when Paganini was again in England, I thought another engagement might be productive, as his extraordinary attraction appeared still to increase. I wrote to him on the subject, and soon received a very courteous communication, to the effect, that, although he had not contemplated including Ireland in his tour, yet he had been so impressed by the urbanity of the Dublin public, and had, moreover, conceived such a personal esteem for my individual character, that he might be induced to alter his plans, at some inconvenience, provided always I could make him a more enticing proposal than the former one. I was here completely puzzled, as, on that occasion, I gave him a clear two-thirds of each receipt, with a bonus of £25 per night, in addition, for two useless coadjutors. I replied, that having duly deliberated on his suggestion, and considered the terms of our last compact, [Pg 42] I saw no possible means of placing the new one in a more alluring shape, except by offering him the entire produce of the engagement. After I had dispatched my letter, I repented bitterly, and was terrified lest he should think me serious, and hold me to the bargain; but he deigned no answer, and this time I escaped for the fright I had given myself. When in London, I called to see him, and met with a cordial reception; but he soon alluded to the late correspondence, and half seriously said, "That was a curious letter you wrote to me, and the joke with which you concluded it, by no means a good one." "Oh," said I, laughing, "it would have been much worse if you had taken me at my word." He then laughed, too, and we parted excellent friends. I never saw him again. He returned to the Continent, and died, having purchased the title of Baron, with a patent of nobility, from some foreign potentate, which, with his accumulated earnings, somewhat dilapidated by gambling, he bequeathed to his only son. Paganini was the founder of his school, and the original inventor of those extraordinary *tours de force* with which all his

successors and imitators are accustomed to astonish the uninitiated. But he still stands at the head of the list, although eminent names are included in it, and is not likely to be pushed from his pedestal.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOS MORE.[2]

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

"Nulla dies sine linea."

Hearde mother say to Barbara, "Be sure the sirloin is well basted for ye king's physician:" which avised me that Dr. Linacre was expected. In truth, he returned with father in ye barge; and they tooke a turn on ye river bank before sitting down to table; I noted them from my lattice; and anon, father, beckoning me, cries, "Child, bring out my favorite Treatyse on Fisshynge, printed by Wynkyn de Worde; I must give the doctor my loved passage."

Joyning 'em with ye book, I found father telling him of ye roach, dace, chub, barbel, etc., we oft catch opposite ye church; and hastilie turning over ye leaves, he beginneth with unction to read ye passage ensuing, which I love to ye full as much as he:—

He observeth, if the angler's sport shoulde fail him, "he at ye best hathe his holsom walk and mery at his ease, a swete ayre of the swete savour of ye meade of flowers, that maketh him hungry; he heareth the melodious harmonie of fowles, he seeth ye young swans herons, ducks, cotes, and manie other fowles, with theire broods, which me seemeth better than alle ye noise of hounds, faukenors, and fowlers can make. And if the angler take fysshe, then there is noe man merrier than he is in his spryte." And, "Ye shall not use this forsaid crafty disporte for no covetysnesse in the encreasing and sparing of your money onlie, but pryncipallie for your solace, and to cause the health of your bodie, and speciallie of your soule, for when ye purpose to goe on your disportes of fysshynge, ye will not desire greatlie manie persons with you, which woulde lett you of your game. And thenne ye may serve God devoutlie, in saying affectuouslie your customable prayer; and thus doing, ye shall eschew and voyd manie vices."

"Angling is itselfe a vice," cries Erasmus from ye thresholde; "for my part I will fish none, save and except for pickled oysters."

"In the regions below," answers father; and then laughinglie tells Linacre of his firste dialogue with Erasmus, who had beene feasting in my Lord Mayor's cellar:—"'Whence come you?' 'From below.' 'What were they about there?' 'Eating live oysters, and drinking out of leather jacks.' 'Either you are Erasmus,' etc. 'Either you are More or nothing.'"

"'Neither more nor less,' you should have rejoyned," sayth the doctor.

"How I wish I had," says father; "don't torment me with a jest I might have made and did not make; 'speciallie to put downe Erasmus."

"Concedo nulli," sayth Erasmus.

"Why are you so lazy?" asks Linacre; "I am sure you can speak English if you will."

"Soe far from it," sayth Erasmus, "that I made my incapacitie an excuse for declining an English rectory. Albeit, you know how Wareham requited me; saying, in his kind, generous way, I served the Church more by my pen than I coulde by preaching sermons in a countrie village."

Sayth Linacre, "The archbishop hath made another remark, as much to ye purpose: to wit, that he has received from you the immortalitie which emperors and kings cannot bestow."

"They cannot even bid a smoking sirloin retain its heat an hour after it hath left the fire," sayth father. "Tilly-vally! as my good Alice says,—let us remember the universal doom, 'fruges consumere nati,' and philosophize over our ale and bracket."

"Not Cambridge ale, neither," sayth Erasmus.

"Will you never forget that unlucky beverage?" sayth father. "Why, man, think how manie poore scholars there be, that content themselves, as I have hearde one of St. John's declare, with a penny piece of beef amongst four, stewed into pottage with a little salt and oatmeal; and that after fasting from four o'clock in the morning! Say grace for us this daye, Erasmus, with goode heart."

At table, discourse flowed soe thicke and faste that I mighte aim in vayn to chronicle it—and why should I? dwelling as I doe at ye fountayn head? Onlie that I find pleasure, alreadie, in glancing over the foregoing pages whensoever they concern father and Erasmus, and wish they were more faithfullie recalled and better writ. One thing sticks by me,—a funny reply of father's to a man who owed him money and who put him off with "Memento Morieris." "I bid you," retorted father, "Memento Mori Æris, and I wish you woulde take as goode care to provide for ye one as I do for the other." [Pg 43]

Linacre laughed much at this, and sayd,—"That was real wit; a spark struck at the moment; and with noe ill-nature in it, for I am sure your debtor coulde not help laughing."

"Not he," quoth Erasmus. "More's drollerie is like that of a young gentlewoman of his name, which shines without burning." ... and, oddlie enow, he looked acrosse at *me*. I am sure he meant Bess.

Father broughte home a strange gueste to-daye,—a converted Jew, with grizzlie beard, furred gown, and eyes that shone like lamps lit in dark cavernes. He had beene to Benmarine and Tremeçen, to ye Holie Citie and to Damascus, to Urmia and Assyria, and I think alle over ye knowne world; and tolde us manie strange tales, one hardlie knew how to believe; as, for example, of a sea-coast tribe, called ye Balouches, who live on fish and build theire dwellings of the bones. Alsoe, of a race of his countrie-men beyond Euphrates who believe in Christ, but know nothing of ye Pope; and of whom were ye Magians yt followed ye Star. This agreeth not with our legend. He averred that, though soe far apart from theire brethren, theire speech was ye same, and even theire songs; and he sang or chaunted one which he sayd was common among ye Jews alle over ye world, and had beene so ever since

theire citie was ruinated and ye people captivated, and yet it was never sett down by note. Erasmus, who knows little or nought of Hebrew, listened to ye words with curiositie, and made him repeate them twice or thrice: and though I know not ye character, it seemed to me they sounded thus:—

Adir Hu yivne bethcha beccaro,
El, b'ne; El, b'ne; El, b'ne;
Bethcha beccaro.

Though Christianish, he woulde not eat pig's face; and sayd swine's flesh was forbidden by ye Hebrew law for its unwholesomenesse in hot countries and hot weather, rather than by way of arbitrarie prohibition. Daisy took a great dislike to this man, and woulde not sit next him.

In the hay-field alle ye evening. Swathed father in a hay-rope, and made him pay ye fine, which he pretended to resist. Cecy was just about to cast one round Erasmus, when her heart failed and she ran away, colouring to ye eyes. He sayd, he never saw such pretty shame. Father reclining on ye hay, with head on my lap and his eyes shut, Bess asked if he were asleep. He made answer, "Yes, and dreaming." I askt, "Of what?" "Of a far-off future daye, Meg; when thou and I shall looke back on this hour, and this hay-field, and my head on thy lap."

"Nay, but what a stupid dream, Mr. More," says mother. "Why, what woulde *you* dreame of, Mrs. Alice?" "Forsooth, if I dreamed at alle, when I was wide awake, it shoulde be of being Lord Chancellor at ye leaste." "Well, wife, I forgive thee for not saying at the *most*. Lord Chancellor quotha! And you woulde be Dame Alice, I trow, and ride in a whirlecote, and keep a Spanish jennet, and a couple of grey hounds, and wear a train before and behind, and carry a jerfalcon on your fist." "On my wrist." "No, that's not such a pretty word as t'other! Go to, go!"

Straying from ye others, to a remote corner of the meadow, or ever I was aware, I came close upon Gammer Gurney, holding somewhat with much care. "Give ye good den, Mistress Meg," quoth she, "I cannot abear to rob ye birds of theire nests; but I knows you and yours be kind to dumb creatures, soe here's a nest o' young owzels for ye —and I can't call 'em dumb nowther, for they'll sing bravelie some o' these days." "How hast fared, of late, Gammer?" quoth I. "Why, well enow for such as I," she made answer; "since I lost ye use o' my right hand, I can nowther spin, nor nurse sick folk, but I pulls rushes, and that brings me a few pence, and I be a good herbalist; and, because I says one or two English prayers and hates ye priests, some folks thinks me a witch." "But why dost hate ye priests?" quoth I. "Never you mind," she gave answer, "I've reasons manie; and for my English prayers, they were taught me by a gentleman I nursed, that's now a saint in heaven, along with poor Joan."

And soe she hobbled off, and I felt kindlie towards her, I scarce knew why—perhaps because she spake soe lovingly of her dead sister, and because of that sister's name. *My* mother's name was Joan.

Erasmus is gone. His last saying to father was, "They will have you at court yet;" and father's answer, "When Plato's year comes round."

To me he gave a copy, how precious! of his Testament. "You are an elegant Latinist, Margaret," he was pleased to say, "but, if you woulde drink deeplie of ye well-springs of wisdom, applie to Greek. The Latins have onlie shallow rivulets; the Greeks, copious rivers, running over sands of gold. Read Plato; he wrote on marble, with a diamond; but above alle, read ye New Testament. 'Tis the key to the kingdom of heaven."

To Mr. Gunnel, he said, smiling, "Have a care of thyself, dear Gonellus, and take a little wine for thy stomach's sake. The wages of most scholars nowadays, are weak eyes, ill-health, an empty purse, and shorte commons. I neede only bid thee beware of the two first."

To Bess, "Farewell, Bessy; thank you for mending my bad Latin. When I write to you, I will be sure to signe myselfe 'Roterodamius.' Farewell, sweete, Cecil; let me always continue your 'desired amiable.' And you, Jacky,—love your book a little more."

"Jack's deare mother, not content with her girls," sayth father, "was alwaies wishing for a boy, and at last she had one that means to remain a boy alle his life." [Pg 44]

"The Dutch schoolmasters thoughte *me* dulle and heavie," sayth Erasmus, "soe there is some hope of Jacky yet." And soe, stepped into ye barge, which we watched to Chelsea Reach. How dulle the house has beene ever since! Rupert and William have had me into ye pavillion to hear ye plot of a miracle-play they have alreadie begunne to talk over for Christmasse, but it seemed to me downrighte rubbish. Father sleeps in towne to-nighte, soe we shall be stupid enow. Bessy hath undertaken to work father a slipper for his tender foot; and is happie, tracing for ye pattern our three moor-cocks and colts; but I am idle and tiresome.

If I had paper, I woulde beginne my projected *opus*; but I dare not ask Gunnel for anie more just yet; nor have anie money to buy some. I wish I had a couple of angels. I think I shall write to father for them to-morrow; he alwaies likes to heare from us if he is twenty-four hours absent, providing we conclude not with "I have nothing more to say."

I have writ my letter to father. I almoste wish, now, that I had not sent it.

Rupert and Will still full of theire moralitie, which reallie has some fun in it. To ridicule ye extravagance of those who, as the saying is, carry theire farms and fields on theire backs, William proposes to come in, all verdant, with a reall model of a farm on his back and a windmill on his head.

How sweete, how gracious an answer from father! John Harris has broughte me with it ye two angels; less prized than this epistle.

July 10.

Sixteenth birthdaye. Father away, which made it sadde. Mother gave me a payr of blue hosen with silk clocks; Mr. Gunnel, an ivorie handled stylus; Bess, a bodkin for my hair; Daisy, a book-mark; Mercy, a saffron cake; Jack, a basket; and Cecil, a nosegay. William's present was fayrest of alle, but I am hurte with him and myselfe: for he offered it soe queerlie and tagged it with such.... I refused it, and there's an end. 'Twas unmannerlie and unkinde of me, and I've cried aboute it since.

Father alwaies gives us a birthdaye treat; soe, contrived that mother shoulde take us to see my Lord Cardinal of York goe to Westminster in state. We had a merrie water-party; got goode places and saw the show; crosse-bearers, pillar-bearers, ushers and alle. Himselfe in crimson engrayned sattin, and tippet of sables, with an orange in his hand helde to 's nose, as though ye common ayr were too vile to breathe. What a pompous priest it is! The archbishop mighte well say, "That man is drunk with too much prosperitie."

Between dinner and supper, we had a fine skirmish in ye straits of Thermopylæ. Mr. Gunnel headed the Persians, and Will was Leonidas, with a swashing buckler, and a helmet a yard high; but Mr. Gunnel gave him such a rap on the crest that it went over ye wall; soe then William thought there was nothing left for him but to die. Howbeit, as he had beene layd low sooner than he had reckoned on, he prolonged his last agonies a goode deal, and gave one of ye Persians a tremendous kick just as they were aboute to rifle his pouch. They therefore thoughte there must be somewhat in it they shoulde like to see; soe, helde him down in spite of his hitting righte and lefte, and pulled therefrom, among sundrie lesser matters, a carnation knot of mine. Poor varlet, I wish he would not be so stupid....

After supper, mother proposed a concert; and we were alle singing a rounde, when, looking up, I saw father standing in ye door-way, with such a happy smile on his face! He was close behind Rupert and Daisy, who were singing from ye same book, and advertised them of his coming by gentlie knocking theire heads together; but I had the firste kiss, even before mother, because of my birthdaye.

It turns out that father's lateness yester-even was caused by press of businesse; a forayn mission having beene proposed to him, which he resisted as long as he could, but was at lengthe reluctantlie induced to accept. Length of his stay uncertayn, which casts a gloom on alle; but there is soe much to doe as to leave little time to think, and father is busiest of alle; yet hath founde leisure to concert with mother for us a journey into ye country, which will occupy some of ye weeks of his absence. I am full of carefulle thoughts and forebodings, being naturallie of too anxious a disposition. Oh, let me caste alle my cares on another! Fecisti nos ad te, Domine; et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te.

'Tis soe manie months agone since that I made an entry in my libellus, as that my motto—"nulla dies sine linea—," hath somewhat of sarcasm in it. How manie things doe I beginne and leave unfinisht! and yet, less from caprice than lack of strength; like him of whom ye scripture was writ—"this man beganne to build and was not able to finish." My *opus*, for instance; the which my father's prolonged absence in ye autumn and my winter visitt to aunt Nan and aunt Fan gave me such leisure to carrie forward. But alack! leisure was less to seeke than learninge; and when I came back to mine olde taskes, leisure was awanting too; and then, by reason of my sleeping in a separate chamber, I was enabled to steale hours from ye earlie morn and hours from ye night, and, like unto Solomon's virtuous woman, my candle went not out. But 'twas not to purpose yt I worked, like ye virtuous woman, for I was following a Jack-o-lantern; having forsooke ye straight path laid downe by Erasmus for a foolish path of mine owne; and soe I toyled, and blundered, and puzzled, and was mazed; and then came on that payn in my head. Father [Pg 45] sayd, "What makes Meg soe pale!" and I sayd not: and, at ye last, I tolde mother there was somewhat throbbing and twisting in ye back of mine head like unto a little worm that woulde not die; and she made answer, "Ah, a maggot," and soe by her scoff I was shamed. Then I gave over mine opus, but ye payn did not yet goe; soe then I was longing for ye deare pleasure, and fondlie turning over ye leaves, and wondering woulde father be surprised and pleased with it some daye, when father himself came in or ever I was aware. He sayth, "What hast thou, Meg?" I faltered and would sett it aside. He sayth, "Nay, let me see;" and soe takes it from me; and after ye firste glance throws himself into a seat, his back to me, and firste runs it hastilie through, then beginnes with methode and such silence and gravitie as that I trembled at his side, and felt what it must be to stand a prisoner at the bar, and he ye judge. Sometimes I thought he must be pleased, at others not: at lengthe, alle my fond hopes were ended by his crying, "This will never doe. Poor wretch, hath this then beene thy toyl? How couldst find time for soe much labor? for here hath been trouble enow and to spare. Thou must have stolen it, sweet Meg, from the night, and prevented ye morning watch. Most dear'st! thy father's owne loved child;" and soe, caressing me till I gave over my shame and disappointment.

"I neede not to tell thee, Meg," father sayth, "of ye unprofitable labour of Sisyphus, nor of drawing water in a sieve. There are some things, most deare one, that a woman, if she trieth, may doe as well as a man; and some she can not, and some she had better not. Now, I tell thee firmlie, since ye first payn is ye leaste sharpe, that, despite ye spiritt and genius herein shewn, I am avised 'tis work thou canst not and work thou hadst better not doe. But judge for thyselfe; if thou wilt persist, thou shalt have leisure and quiet, and a chamber in my new building, and alle ye help my gallery of books may afford. But thy father says, forbear."

Soe, what could I say, but "My father shall never speak to me in vayn!"

Then he gathered ye papers up and sayd, "Then I shall take temptation out of your way;" and pressing 'em to his heart as he did soe, sayth, "They are as deare to me as they can be to you;" and soe left me, looking out as though I noted (but I noted not), the clear-shining Thames. 'Twas twilighte, and I stoode there I know not how long, alone and lonely; with tears coming, I knew not why, into mine eyes. There was a weight in ye ayr, as of coming thunder; the screaming, ever and anon, of Juno and Argus, inclined me to mellancholie, as it alwaies does: and at length I beganne to note ye moon rising, and ye deepening clearnesse of ye water, and ye lazy motion of ye barges, and ye flashes of light whene'er ye rowers dipt theire oars. And then I beganne to attend to ye cries and different sounds from acrosse ye water, and ye tolling of a distant bell; and I felle back on mine olde heart-sighinge, "Fecisti nos ad te, Domine; et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te."

Or ever the week was gone, my father had contrived for me another journey to New Hall, to abide with the lay nuns, as he calleth them, aunt Nan and aunt Fan, whom my step-mother loveth not, but whom I love and whom father loveth. Indeede, 'tis sayd in Essex that at first he inclined to aunt Nan rather than to my mother; but that, perceiving my mother affected his companie and aunt Nan affected it not, he diverted his hesitating affections

unto her and took her to wife. Albeit, aunt Nan loveth him dearlie as a sister ought: indeed, she loveth alle, except, methinketh, herself, to whom, alone, she is rigid and severe. How holie are my aunts' lives! Cloistered nuns could not be more pure, and could scarce be as usefulle. Though wise, they can be gay; though noe longer young, they love the young. And theire reward is, the young love them; and I am fulle sure, in this world they seeke noe better.

Returned to Chelsea, I spake much in prayse of mine aunts, and of single life. On a certayn evening, we maids were sett at our needles and samplers on y^{e} pavillion steps; and, as follie will out, 'gan talk of what we would fayn have to our lots, shoulde a good fairie starte up and grant eache a wish. Daisy was for a countess's degree, with hawks and hounds. Bess was for founding a college, Mercy a hospital, and she spake soe experimentallie of its conditions that I was fayn to goe partners with her in the same. Cecy commenced "Supposing I were married; if once that I were married"—on which, father, who had come up unperceived, burst out laughing and sayth, "Well, dame Cecily, and what state would you keep?" Howbeit as he and I afterwards paced together, juxta fluvium, he did say, "Mercy hath well propounded the conditions of an hospital or alms-house for aged and sick folk, and 'tis a fantasie of mine to sett even such an one afoot, and give you the conduct of the same."

From this careless speech, dropped, as 'twere, by y^{e} way, hath sprung mine house of refuge! and oh, what pleasure have I derived from it! How good is my father! how the poor bless him! and how kind is he, through them, to me! Laying his hand kindly on my shoulder, this morning, he sayd, "Meg, how fares it with thee now? Have I cured the payn in thy head?" Then, putting the house-key into mine hand, he laughingly added, "'Tis now yours, my joy, by Livery and Seisin."

Aug. 6.

I wish William w^{d} give me back my Testament. Tis one thing to steal a knot or a posie, and another to borrow y^{e} most valuable book in y^{e} house and keep it week after week. He soughte it with a kind of mysterie, soe as that I forbeare to ask it of him in companie, lest I s^{d} doe him an ill turn; and yet I have none other occasion. [Pg 46]

The emperor, the King of France, and Cardinal Ximenes are alle striving which shall have Erasmus, and alle in vayn. He hath refused a professor's chayr at Louvain, and a Sicilian bishoprick. E'en thus it was with him when he was here this spring—the Queen w^{d} have had him for her preceptor, the King and Cardinal prest on him a royall apartment and salarie, Oxford and Cambridge contended for him, but his saying was, "Alle these I value less than my libertie, my studdies, and my literarie toyls." How much greater is he than those who woulde confer on him greatness! Noe man of letters hath equall reputation or is soe much courted.

Yestereven, after overlooking the men playing at loggats, father and I strayed away along Thermopylæ into y^{e} home-field; and as we sauntered together under the elms, he sayth with a sigh, "Jack, is Jack, and no More ... he will never be any thing. An' 'twere not for my beloved wenches, I should be an unhappy father. But what though!—My Meg is better unto me than ten sons; and it maketh no difference at harvest time whether our corn were put into the ground by a man or a woman."

While I was turning in my mind what excuse I might make for John, father taketh me at unawares by a sudden change of subject; saying, "Come, tell me, Meg, why canst not affect Will Roper?"

I was a good while silent, at length made answer, "He is so unlike alle I esteem and admire ... so unlike alle I have been taught to esteem and admire by you."—

"Have at you," he returned laughing, "I knew not I had been sharpening weapons agaynst myself. True he is neither Achilles nor Hector, nor even Paris, but yet well enough, meseems, as times go—smarter and comelier than either Heron or Dancey."

I, faltering, made answer, "Good looks affect me but little—'tis in his better part I feel the want. He can not ... discourse, for instance, to one's mind and soul, like unto you, dear father, or Erasmus."

"I should marvel if he could," returned father gravelie, "thou art mad, my daughter, to look, in a youth of Will's years, for the mind of a man of forty or fifty. What were Erasmus and I, dost thou suppose, at Will's age? Alas, Meg, I should not like you to know what I was! Men called me the boy-sage, and I know not what, but in my heart and head was a world of sin and folly. Thou mightst as well expect Will to have my hair, eyes, and teeth, alle getting y^{e} worse for wear, as to have the fruits of my life-long experience, in some cases full dearly bought. Take him for what he is, match him by the young minds of his owne standing: consider how long and closelie we have known him. His parts are, surelie, not amiss: he hath more book-lore than Dancey, more mother wit than Allington."

"But why need I to concern myself about him?" I exclaymed, "Will is very well in his way: why s^{d} we cross each other's paths? I am young, I have much to learn, I love my studdies—why interrupt them with other and lesse wise thoughts?"

"Because nothing can be wise that is not practical," returned father, "and I teach my children philosophie to fitt them for living in y^{e} world, not above it. One may spend a life in dreaming over Plato, and yet goe out of it without leaving y^{e} world a whit y^{e} better for our having made part of it. 'Tis to little purpose we studdy, if it onlie makes us look for perfections in others which they may in vayn seek for in ourselves. It is not even necessary or goode for us to live entirelie with congeniall spiritts. The vigourous tempers the inert, the passionate is evened by the cool-tempered, the prosaic balances the visionarie. Woulde thy mother suit me better, dost thou suppose, if she coulde discuss polemicks like Luther or Melancthon? E'en thine owne sweet mother, Meg, was less affected to study than thou art—she learnt to love it for my sake, but I made her what she was."

And, with a suddain burste of fond recollection, he hid his eyes on my shoulder, and for a moment or soe, cried bitterlie. As for me, I shed, oh! such salt teares!...

THE PEARL-DIVERS.

At the commencement of the last year's fishery, there was a man whom, go wherever I would, I was always certain to meet. Like myself, he was a diver, and like myself moreover, he pretended to have no surname, but went simply

by the name of Rafael. At the cleansing-trough, beneath the surface of the sea, no matter where it was, we were always thrown together, so that we quickly became intimate; and his remarkable skill as a diver had inspired me with considerable esteem for him. Alike courageous as skillful, he snapped his fingers at the sharks, declaring his power to intimidate them by a particular expression of the eye. In fine, he was a fearless diver, an industrious workman, and, above all, a most jovial comrade.

Matters went smoothly enough between us, till the day when a girl and her mother took up their abode at the island Espiritu Sante.[3] Some business that I had to transact with the dealers in this island afforded me an opportunity of seeing her. I fell desperately in love; and as I enjoyed a certain amount of reputation, neither she nor her mother looked with an unfavorable eye on my suit or my presents. When the day's work was over, and every body supposed me asleep in my hut, I swam across to the island, whence I returned about an hour after midnight without my absence being at all surmised.

Some days had elapsed since my first nocturnal visit to Espiritu Sante, when, as I was one morning going to the [Pg 47] fishery just before daybreak, I met one of those old crones who pretend to be able to charm the sharks by their spells. She was seated near my hut, and appeared to be watching my arrival. As she perceived me, she exclaimed, "How fares it with my son, José Juan?"

"Good morning, mother!" I replied, and was passing on, when she approached me, and said, "Listen to me, José Juan; I have to speak to you of that which nearly concerns you."

"Nearly concerns me!" I repeated, in great surprise.

"Yes. Do you deny that your heart is in the island of Espiritu Sante, or that you cross the strait every night to see and converse with her on whom you have bestowed your love?"

"How know you that?"

"No matter; I know it well. José Juan, for you this voyage is fraught with a twofold peril. The foes whom my charms can hold harmless during the day only lie in wait for you each night beneath the waves; on the shore, foes more dangerous still, and over whom my arts are powerless, dog your steps. I come to offer you my aid to combat these double dangers."

My only answer was by a loud laugh of contempt. The old Indian's eyes sparkled with fiendish fury as she exclaimed, "And because you are without faith, you deem me without power? Be it so; there are those who believe in the influence you but scoff at."

As she spoke, she drew from her pocket a little case of printed cloth, and producing amid pearls of inferior value one of a large size and brilliant water, she replied, "Know you aught of this?" It was one I had given to Jesusita; for such was the girl's name.

"How came you by it?" cried I.

The witch gave me a look of hatred.

"How came I by it? Why, 'twas given me by a damsel the fairest that ever set foot on these shores; a damsel who would be the glory and happiness of a young man, and who came to crave my protection—that protection you hold so cheap—for one she fondly loves."

"His name!" I exclaimed, with a fearful sinking at my heart.

"What matters it," jeeringly returned the hag, "since *his* name is not the one you bear?"

I hardly know how I resisted the impulse to crush the cursed witch beneath my feet; but after a moment's reflection, I turned my back to her that she might not read in my face the anguish of my soul, and coolly saying, "You are a lying old dotard," I walked on to the fishery.

On the evening of that day, which seemed as if it would never close, I went as usual to Jesusita, and the welcome she gave me soon dispelled all lurking suspicions. I felt no doubt but that the old woman, in resentment of my contemptuous treatment, had purposely deceived me as to the name of him for whom Jesusita had craved that protection which I had despised.

I had utterly forgotten my scene with the witch, when, one night, I was as usual crossing the strait on my return home. The sky was dark and lowering, yet not so cloudy but that I could distinguish amid the waves something which, from its manner of swimming, I could make out to be a man. The object was alongside of me. The old crone's words rushed upon my memory, and I felt a thrill of agony convulse my frame. For an enemy I cared but little; the idea that I had a rival unnerved me at once.

I determined to ascertain who the unknown might be; and not wishing to be seen, I swam under water in his direction. When, according to my calculation, we must have crossed each other, he above and I below the surface, I rose above water. The blood had rushed to my head with such violence as to render me unable for some time to distinguish aught amidst the darkness beyond the phosphorescent light that played upon the crest of the waves; unerring signs of a coming storm. Nevertheless, I held on my course in the direction of Espiritu Sante. Some few minutes elapsed ere I again beheld the swimmer's head. He clove the waves with such rapidity that I could scarce keep pace with him. But one alone among all I knew could vie with me in swiftness; I redoubled my efforts, and soon gained so much on him as obliged me to strike out less quickly. In short, I saw him land upon a rock and ascend it; and as a flash of lightning played upon sea and shore, I recognized the face of Rafael. Here, as elsewhere, were we doomed to cross each other's path. A feeling of hatred, deadly and intense, was busy at my heart, and methought it were well we met but once again. However, we were destined to meet on one more occasion than I had reckoned upon.

At first I determined upon calling him by name and discovering my presence; but there are moments in one's life when our actions refuse to second the will. Spite of myself, I suffered him to pursue his way, while I gained the eminence he had just quitted. Thence was it easy for me to watch his course. I observed him take the same direction I was so wont to take, then knock at the door of that hut I knew so well. He entered, and disappeared.

I fancied for one moment I heard, borne along the howling of the gale, the old witch's scoffing laugh as she croaked out, "What matters it to you, since *his* name is not the one you bear?" and, looming amid the darkness, methought I saw her shriveled and withered arm stretched out in the direction of Jesusita's dwelling; and I rushed forward, knife in hand. A few strides, and I stood before the door, and stooped down to listen; but I heard naught beyond indistinct murmurings. I had now partially recovered my *sang-froid*, and bent my whole thoughts upon revenge.

I drew my knife, and passed it along a stone to assure its edge; but I did so with such carelessness or agitation that it shivered to the hilt. Thus deprived of the sole weapon that I could rely upon for my revenge, I felt that I had not [Pg 48] an instant to lose. I ran in all haste to the beach, and unmoored a boat that lay alongside. My rage renewed my

energies: I crossed the strait, rushed to my hut, procured another knife, and again set out to Espiritu Sante. The gale increased in violence. The sea gleamed like a fiery lake. The gavista's[4] wailing cry re-echoed along the rocks; the sea-wolf's howl was heard amid the darkness. All at once sounds of another kind broke upon my ear: they seemed to proceed from the very bosom of the ocean. I listened; but a sudden squall overpowered the confused murmurings of the waves, and I fancied my senses had deceived me, when, some seconds afterward, the cry was repeated. This time I was not mistaken: the cry I heard was that of a human being in the very extremity of anguish and despair. As the voice proceeded from the direction of the island, I at once conjectured it was Rafael who was calling for help. I looked out, but looked in vain; the obscurity was too thick, and I could distinguish nothing. Suddenly, I again heard the voice exclaim, "Boat ahoy, for God's blessed sake!"

It was Rafael's voice. 'Tis all very well to have sworn to do your enemy to death, to wreak your just revenge on him who has so bitterly aggrieved you; yet when, on a night murky and dark as that his tones arise from forth a sea swarming with monsters, and when those tones are uttered by a fearless man, and, albeit, wrestling in mortal peril, there is in that cry of last anguish somewhat that strikes awe to the very soul. I could not repress a shudder.

But my emotion was of short duration. I heard the sounds of a strong arm buffeting the waves, and I rowed in that direction. Amidst a luminous shower of spray and foam I discovered Rafael. Singular enough, instead of availing himself of his strength to gain the boat, he remained stationary. I quickly perceived the cause. At some distance from him, a little below the surface of the water, there was a strong phosphoric light; this light was slowly making way toward Rafael. Right well I knew what that light portended; it streamed from a *tintorera*[5] of the largest size. One stroke of the oar, and I was close to Rafael: he uttered a cry as he perceived me, but was too much exhausted to speak. He seized the gunwale of the boat by an effort of despair, but his arms were too wearied to enable him to raise his body. His eyes, though glazed with fear, yet bore so expressive a glance as they encountered mine, that I seized his hands in my own, and pressed them forcibly against the sides of the boat. The *tintorera* still gradually advanced. For a moment, but one brief moment, Rafael's legs hung motionless; he uttered a piercing shriek, his eyes closed, his hands let loose their hold, and the upper part of his body fell back into the sea. The shark had bitten him in two.

Ay! I might, perchance, have grasped his limbs too firmly in mine, possibly I prevented him from getting into the boat, but my knife was innocent of his blood; besides, was he not my rival—perchance my successful rival? However, scarcely had he disappeared than I plunged after him; for although the *tintorera* had ridded me of a hated foe, still I bore it a grudge for its brutal proceedings in thus summarily disposing of poor Rafael. Besides, the honor of the corporation of divers was at stake. Having once tasted human flesh, the shark would doubtless attack us in turn. Well, nothing so much excites the ferocity of the *tintorera* as such tempestuous nights as the one that bore its silent testimony to my rival's fate. A viscous substance that oozes from porous holes around the monster's mouth diffuses itself over the surface of the skin, rendering them as luminous as fire-flies, and this particularly during a thunderstorm. This luminous appearance is the more visible in proportion to the darkness of the night. By a merciful dispensation of nature, they are almost unable to see; so that the silent swimmer has at least one advantage over them. Moreover, they can not seize their prey without turning on their backs; so that it is not difficult to imagine that a courageous man and a skillful swimmer has some chances in his favor.

I dived to no great depth, in order to husband my wind, and also to cast a hasty glance above, beneath, and around me. The waves roared above my head, loud as a crash of thunder; fiery flakes of water drove around like dust before the winds of March; but in my immediate vicinity all was calm. A black and shapeless mass struck against me as I lay suspended in my billowy recess; 'twas all that was left of Rafael. Surely it was written in the book of doom that I should always find that man in my path.

I surmised that the brute I was in quest of would be at no great distance, for the fiery streak I had perceived waxed larger and larger. The *tintorera* and myself must, I inferred, be at equal depths; but the shark was preparing to rise. My breath began to fail, and I was unwilling to allow the monster to get above me, as then he could have made me share Rafael's fate without troubling himself to turn on his back. My hopes of obtaining the victory over it depended upon the time it required to execute this manœuvre. The *tintorera* swam diagonally toward me with such rapidity that at one time I was near enough to distinguish the membrane that half-covered its eyes, and to feel its dusky fins graze my body. Gobbets of human flesh still clung around the lower jaw. The monster gazed on me with its dim, glassy eye. My head had that moment attained the level of its own. I drank in the air with a gurgle I could not suppress, and struck out a lusty stroke in a parallel direction and turned round: well for me I did so. The moon lighted up for a single instant the whitish-gray colored belly of the *tintorera*—that instant was enough for as it opened its enormous mouth, bristling with its double row of long pointed teeth, I [Pg 49] plunged the dagger I had reserved for Rafael into its body, and drew it lengthwise forth. The *tintorera*, mortally wounded, sprung several feet out of the water, and fell striking out furiously with its tail, which fortunately did not reach me. For a space I struggled, half blinded by the crimson foam that beat against my face; but as I beheld the huge carcass of the enemy floating a lifeless mass upon the surface, I gave vent to a triumphant shout, which, spite of the storm, might be heard on either coast.

Day-light began to dawn as I gained the shore, in a state of utter exhaustion from the exertion I had undergone. The fishermen were raising their nets, and, as I arrived, the tide washed upon the coast the *tintorera* and Rafael's ghastly remains. It was soon spread abroad that I had endeavored to rescue my friend from his horrible fate, and my heroic conduct was lauded to the echo. But one person, and one alone, suspected the truth—that person is now my wife.

PHANTOMS AND REALITIES.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.[6]

PART THE SECOND—NOON.

IX.

Things happen in the world every day which appear incredible on paper. Individuals may secretly acknowledge to themselves the likelihood of such things, but the bulk of mankind feel it necessary to treat them openly with skepticism and ridicule. The real is sometimes too real for the line and plummet of the established criticism. It is the province of art to avoid these exceptional incidents, or to modify and adapt them so that they shall appear to harmonize with universal humanity. Hence it is that fiction is often more truthful than biography; and it is obvious enough that it ought to be so, if it deal only with materials that are reconcilable with the general experience.

But I am not amenable to the canons of art. I am not writing fiction. I am relating facts; and if they should appear unreasonable or improbable, I appeal, for their vindication, to the candor of the reader. Every man, if he looks back into the vicissitudes of his life, will find passages which would be pronounced pure exaggeration and

extravagance in a novel.

When I met Astræa the next morning, I could perceive those traces of deep anxiety which recent circumstances had naturally left behind, and which the flush and excitement of the preceding evening had concealed. She was very pale and nervous. She felt that the moment had come when all disguises between us must end forever, and she trembled on the verge of disclosures that visibly shook her fortitude.

The day was calm and breathless. Scarcely a leaf stirred in the trees, and the long shadows slept without a ruffle on the turf. The stillness of the place contrasted strangely with the tempest of emotions that was raging in my heart. I longed to get into the air. I felt the house stifling, and thought that I should breathe more freely among the branches of the little wood that looked so green and cool down by the margin of the stream. There was a rustic seat there under a canopy of drooping boughs, close upon the water and the bridge, where we could enjoy the luxury of perfect solitude. Requesting her to follow me, I went alone into the wood.

The interval seemed to me long before she came; and when she did come, she was paler and more agitated than before. I tried to give her confidence by repeated protestations of my devotion; and as she seemed to gather courage from the earnestness of my language, I again and again renewed the pledges which bound me to her, at any risk our position might demand.

"It is that," she exclaimed, "which gives me hope and comfort. You have had time to reflect on these pledges, and weigh the consequences they involve, and you now repeat them to me with an ardor which I should do you a great wrong to doubt. I entirely trust to you. If I am deceived, I will try still to be just, and hardly blame you so much as the world, which few men can relinquish for love."

There was a pause, during which she gradually recovered her self-composure. I felt that these expressions gave me a nobler motive for surrendering every thing for her sake. She seemed to make me a hero by the penalties my devotion enforced upon me; and I was eager to prove myself capable of the most heroic sacrifices. In the abyss of an overwhelming passion, where reason is imprisoned by the senses, every man is willing to be a martyr.

"You have required of me, Astræa," said I, "no, not required; but you have placed before me the possibility of sufferings and trials resulting from our union—loss of friends, the surrender of many things that enter into the ordinary scheme of married life, and that are considered by the world indispensable to its happiness. I am ready to relinquish them all. I have looked for this end. I know not why it should be so, nor does it give me a moment's concern. I only know that I love you passionately, and that life is desolation to me without you. Let us therefore have no further delay. All impediments are now out of our path. We have our destinies in our own hands. Let us knit them into one, and disappoint the scandal and malignity which, from that hour, can exercise no further influence over us."

"You spoke," returned Astræa, looking with a calm, clear gaze into my face, as if she penetrated my soul, "you spoke of married life."

The question surprised me. It was her look more than her words that conveyed a meaning, indistinct, but full of terrible suggestions. It was a key to a thousand painful conjectures, which flashed upon me in an instant, leaving confusion and giddiness behind, and nothing certain but the fear of what was to follow. I could not answer her; or, rather, did not know how to answer her, and merely tried to reassure her with a smile, which I felt was hollow and unnatural. [Pg 50]

"One word," she proceeded, in the same tone, "must dispel that dream forever. It is not for us that serene life you speak of. It is not for me. Our destinies, if they be knit together, must be cemented by our own hands, not at the altar in the church, but in the sight of heaven—a bond more solemn, and imposing a more sacred obligation."

I will not attempt to describe the effect of these expressions. A cold dew crept over my body, and I felt as if a paralysis had struck my senses. Yet at the same moment, and while she was speaking so quietly and deliberately, and uttering words, under the heavy weight of which the fabric I had reared in my imagination crumbled down, and fell with a crash that smote my brain—a crowd of memories came upon me—isolated words and gestures, the dark allusions of the dwarf, and the warnings of Astræa herself—a crowd of things that were all dark before were now lighted up. As the stream of electricity flies along the chain, traversing link after link and mile after mile, with a rapidity that baffles calculation, so my thoughts flashed over every incident of the past. I now understood it all—the mystery that lay buried in Astræa's words and abstractions—the vacant heart—the hope that looked out from her eyes, and then fled back to be quenched in silent despair—her yearnings for solitude and repose—the devotional spirit that, blighted in the world, and condemned to be shut out from seeking happiness in social conventions, had fallen back upon its own lonely strength, and made to itself a faith of passion! It was all plain to me now. But there were explanations yet to come.

"Astræa!" I cried, hoarsely, and I felt the echoes of the name moaning through the trees. "Astræa! What is the meaning of these dreadful words? Have you not pledged your faith to me?"

"Irrevocably!" she returned.

"Then what new impediment has arisen to our union?"

"None that has not existed all along. Have you not seen it darkening every hour of our intercourse? Have you not understood it in the fear that has given such intensity to feelings which, had all been open before us, would have been calm and unperturbed?—that has imparted to love, otherwise sweet and tranquil, the wild ardor of obstructed passion? Your instincts must have told you, had you allowed yourself a moment of reflection, that the woman who consents to immolate her pride, her delicacy, her fame, for the man she loves, must be fettered by ties which leave her no alternative between him and the world. Why am I here alone with you?"

This was not said in a tone of reproach, but it sounded like reproach, and wounded me. It was all true. I ought to have understood that suffering of her soul which, now that the clouds were rolling back from before my eyes, had become all at once intelligible. But to be surprised into such a discovery, to have misunderstood her unspoken agonies and sacrifices, jarred upon me, and made me feel as if my nature were not lofty enough to comprehend, by its own unassisted sympathies, the grandeur of her character. I imagined myself humiliated in her presence, and this consideration was paramount, for the moment, over all others. It stripped my devotion of all claim to a heroism kindred to her own, and deprived me of the only merit that could render me worthy of her love. Yet in the midst of this conflict, other thoughts came flooding upon me; and voices from the world I was about to relinquish for her rung like a knell upon my ears. There were still explanations to come that might afford me some refuge from these tortures.

"Yes, Astræa, I was conscious of some obstruction; but how could I divine what it was? Even now I must confess myself bewildered. But as all necessity for further reserve is at an end, you will be candid and explicit with me. What is the impediment that stands in the way of our union?"

I did not intend it, but I was aware, while I was speaking, that there was ice in my voice, and that the words issued

from my lips as if they were frozen.

"You mean," she replied, coldly, but in a tone that conveyed a feeling of rising scorn, "you mean our marriage?"

"Certainly."

"I never can be your wife."

As I had anticipated some such statement, I ought not to have betrayed the amazement with which I looked at her; but it was involuntary. I did not ask her to go on; seeing, however, that I expected it, she added,

"I am the wife of another!"

I started from my seat, and, in a paroxysm of frenzy, paced up and down before her. I did not exclaim aloud, "You have deceived me!" but my flashing eyes and flushed brow expressed it more eloquently than language. She bore this in silence for a few minutes, and then addressed me again,

"I said I would try not to blame you. I blame only myself. Like all men, you are strong in protestations, and feeble, timid, and vacillating in action. You are thinking now of the world, which only last night you so courageously despised. A few hours ago, you believed yourself so superior to the common weaknesses of your sex, that you were ready to make the most heroic sacrifices. What has become of that vehement resolution, that brave self-reliance? Vanished on the instant you are put to the proof. Believe me, you have miscalculated your own nature—all men do in such cases. A woman whose heart is her life, and who shrinks in terror from all other conflicts, is alone equal to such a struggle as this. The world is your proper sphere; do not deceive yourself. You could not sustain isolation; [Pg 51] you would be forever looking back, as you are at this moment, for the consolations and support you had abandoned."

"No, Astræa!" I exclaimed; "you wrong me. My resolution is unchanged; but you must allow something for the suddenness—the shock—"

"I give you credit," she resumed, "for the best intentions. It is not your fault that habit and a constitutional acquiescence in it have left you no power over your will in great emergencies. You are what the world has made you; and you should be thankful that you have found it out in time. For me, what does it matter? By coming here, I have violated obligations for which society will hold me accountable, though they pressed like prison-bars upon me, lacerating and corroding my soul. It will admit no excuse for their abandonment in the unutterable misery they entailed. I am as guilty by this one step as if I had plunged into the depths of crime. The world does not recognize the doctrine that the real crime is in the admission of the first disloyal thought; it only looks to appearances which I have outraged. I have compromised myself beyond redemption. I can not retrieve my disgrace, though I am as pure in act as if we had never met. But I have done it upon my own responsibility, and upon me alone let the penalty fall. From this hour I release you."

Her language, and the dignity of her manner, stung me. She seemed to tower above me in the strength of her will, and the firmness with which she went through a scene that shattered my nerves fearfully, and made me equally irresolute of speech and purpose. While I was harrowed by an agony that fluttered in every pulse, she was perfectly calm and collected, and, rising quietly from her seat, turned away to leave me.

This action roused me from the stupor of indecision. The situation in which she was placed—making so new a demand upon my feelings—gave me a sort of advantage which I thought might enable me to recover the ground I had lost. By the exercise of magnanimity in such circumstances, I should vindicate myself in her estimation, and prove myself once more worthy of the opinion she had originally formed of me. It was something nobler, I thought, to embrace ruin at this moment for her sake, than if I had known it all along, and had come to that conclusion by a deliberate process of reasoning. This train of subtle sophistry, which has taken up some space to detail, struck me like a flash of light on the instant I thought I was about to lose her. I could bear all things but that, and could suffer all things to avert it. And so again I became her suitor, in a kind of proud generosity, that flattered itself by stooping to gain its own ends. How mean and selfish the human heart is when our desires are set in opposition to our duties!

I sprang forward, and clasped her eagerly by the hands. I flung myself on my knees before her. Tears leaped into my eyes. I told her that I had wronged her—that we had wronged each other—that I had never wavered in my faith—that we were bound to each other—and that we could commit no crime now except that of doubting, at either side, the truth of the love which had brought us there, and for which I, like her, had relinquished the world forever.

She had a woman's heart, full of tenderness and pity; and it is the tendency of woman's nature to forgive and believe where the affections are interested, without exacting much proof or penalty. She bent over me, and raised me in her arms. The storm had passed away, and she trusted in me implicitly again.

Her history? What was it? We shall come to it presently.

X.

The storm had passed away; but it left traces of disorder behind, such as a tempest leaves in a garden over which it has recently swept. The collision had set us both thinking. We felt as if a mist had suddenly melted down, and enabled us, for the first time, to see clearly before us. We felt this differently, but we were equally conscious of the change.

"I am the wife of another!"

The words still throbbed in my brain. I could not escape from the images they conjured up. I could not rid myself of the doubts and distrusts, shapeless, but oppressive, thus forced upon me. I could not recall a single incident out of which, until these words were uttered, I could have extracted the remotest suspicion of her situation. To me, and to every person around her, Astræa had always appeared a free agent. She bore no man's name. She acted with perfect independence, so far as outward action was concerned; and the only restraint that ever seemed to hang upon her was some dark memory, or heavy sorrow, that clouded her spirit. Here was the mystery solved. She was a bond-woman, and had hidden her fetters from the world. In our English society, where usages are strict, and shadows upon a woman's reputation, even where there is not a solitary stain, blot it out forever, this was strange and painful. It looked like a deception, and, in the estimate of all others, it was a deception. This was the way in which it first presented itself to me. I had not emancipated myself from the influence of opinion, or habit, or prejudice, or whatever that feeling may be called which instinctively refers such questions to the social standard. The recoil was sudden and violent. Yet, nevertheless, I felt rebuked by the superiority of Astræa in the strength of purpose and moral courage she displayed under circumstances which would have overwhelmed most other women. Her steadfastness had a kind of grandeur in it, that seemed to look down upon my misgivings as failings or weaknesses of character. And she sat silently in this pomp of a clear and unfaltering resolution, while I, fretted and chafed, exhibited too plainly my double sense alike of the injury she had inflicted on me, and of the ascendency [Pg 52] which, even in the hour of injury, she exercised over me. It was the stronger mind, made stronger by the force of

love, overawing the weaker, made weaker by the prostration of the affections.

And she, too, had something to reflect upon in this moment of mutual revolt.

She loved me passionately. She loved me with a devotion capable of confronting all risks and perils. The profound unselfishness and truthfulness of her love made her serene at heart, and inspired her with a calmness which enabled her to endure the worst without flinching. There was not a single doubt of herself in her own mind. Her faith gave her the fortitude needful for the martyr. When a woman trusts every thing to this faith, and feels her reliance on it sufficient for the last sacrifice, she is prepared for an issue which no man contemplates, and which no man is able to encounter with an equal degree of courage or confidence in his own constancy. With her it is otherwise. By one step, the ground is closed up behind her forever; no remorse can help her, no suffering can make atonement, or propitiate reconciliation; she can not retract, she can not retreat, she can not return! No man is ever placed in this extremity, though his sin be of a ten-fold deeper dye. Such is the moral justice of society. He has always a space to fall back upon—he has always room to retrieve, to recover, to reinstate himself. But she is lost! The foreknowledge of her doom, which shuts out hope, makes her strong in endurance; the magnitude of her sacrifice enhances and deepens the idolatry from which it proceeded; she clings to it, and lives in it evermore, as the air which she must breathe, or die. But he? He has ever the backward hope, the consciousness of the power of retracing his steps. The world is there behind him, as he left it, its eager tumult still floating into his ears from afar off, its reckless gayeties, its panting ambition, its occupations, and its pleasures; and he knows he can re-enter it when he lists. He, then, if he consent to commit the great treason against a confiding devotion, can afford to be bold; that boldness which has always an escape and safeguard in reserve! But it is this consideration which makes him irresolute and infirm—it is this which dashes his resolves with hesitation, and makes him temporize and play fast and loose in his thoughts, while his lips overflow with the fervid declamation of passion. He may believe himself to be sincere; but no man understands himself who believes that he has renounced the world. The world has arranged it otherwise for him.

The whole conditions of her position were clear to Astræa. She had not now considered them for the first time; but the mistrust, not of my love for her, but of my character, was now first awakened; and if she trembled for the consequences, it was not for her own sake, but for mine. Men can not comprehend this abnegation of self in women, and, not being able to comprehend it, they do not believe in it. It requires an elevation and generosity rare in the crisis of temptation, and, perhaps, also, an entire change of surrounding circumstances and responsibilities, to enable them to estimate it justly; the power of bestowing happiness through a life-long sacrifice, instead of the privilege of receiving it at a trifling risk.

When we had become a little more at our ease, and I had endeavored by a variety of commonplaces to revive her faith in me, Astræa, with the most perfect frankness, entered upon her history. I will not break up the narrative by the occasional interruptions to which it was subjected by my curiosity and impatience, but preserve it as nearly entire as I can.

"There is a period," said Astræa, "in all our lives when we pass through delusions which an enlarged experience dispels. We too often begin by making deities, and end by total skepticism. I suppose, like every body else, I had my season of self-deception, although it has not made me an absolute infidel."

And as she said this, she looked at me with a smile so full of sweetness, that I yielded myself up implicitly to the enchantment.

"I was devotedly attached to my father," she continued; "he educated me, and was so proud of the faculties which his own careful tending drew into activity, that it was the greatest happiness of my life to deserve the kindness which anticipated their development. There was no task my father set to me I did not feel myself able to conquer by the mere energy of the love I bore him. The education he bestowed upon me was not the cultivation of the intellect alone—I owe him a deeper debt, fatally as I have discharged it—for it was his higher aim to educate my affections. He succeeded so well, that I would at any moment have cheerfully surrendered my own fondest desires, or have sacrificed life itself, to comply with any wish of his. You shall judge whether I have a right to say that I loved him better than I loved myself.

"My mother was a beauty. A woman of whom one can say nothing more than that she was a beauty, is misplaced in the home of a man of intellect. One can never cease wondering how it is that such men marry such women; but I believe there are no men so easily ensnared by their own imaginations, or who trouble themselves so little about calculating consequences. They make an ideal, and worship it; and, as your true believers contrive to refresh their motionless saints by new draperies and tinsel, so they go on perpetually investing their idols with fictitious attributes, to encourage and sustain their devotions. But that sort of self-imposition can not last very long; and the best possible recipe for stripping the idol of its false glitter is to marry it! My father made this discovery in due time. He found that beauty without enthusiasm or intellect is even less satisfying than a picture, which is, at least, [Pg 53] suggestive, and leaves something to the imagination. There was no sympathy between them. She existed only in company, which, from the languor of her nature, she hardly seemed to enjoy. Change, and variety, and the flutter of new faces were as necessary to her as they were wearisome to him; and so gradually and imperceptibly the distance widened between them, and his whole affections were concentrated on me. This may in some measure account for the formation of my character. I was neither weakened nor benefited by maternal tenderness; and my studies and habits, shaped and regulated by my father, imparted to me a strength and earnestness which—now that they avail me nothing—may speak of as existing in the past.

"It is nearly ten years since my mother died; she went out as a flower dies, drooping slowly, and retaining something of its sweetness to the end. My father outlived her several years. That was the happiest period of my life. There was not a break in the love that bound us together. But there came a struggle at last between us—a struggle in which that love was bitterly tried and tested on both sides.

"I made a deity to myself, as most young people do, especially when they are flattered into the belief that they are more *spirituelle* and capable of judging for themselves, than the rest of the world. It was a girlish fancy; all girls have such fancies, and look back upon them afterward as they look back upon their dreams, trying to collect and put together forms and colors that fade rapidly in the daylight of experience.

"One of our visitors made an impression upon me; perhaps that is the best way to describe it. He had a sombre and poetical air—that was the first thing that touched me—an oval face, very pale and thoughtful, and chiseled to an excess of refinement; a sensitive mouth; dark, melancholy eyes; and black, lustrous hair. I remember he had quite a Spanish or Italian cast of features; and that was dangerous to a young girl steeped in the lore of history and chivalry. You think it strange, perhaps, I should make this sort of confession to *you*; you expect that I should rather suffer you to believe that, until we met, I had never been disturbed by the sentiment of love; yet you may entirely believe it. This was a mere phantasy—the prescience of what was to come—the awakening of the consciousness of a capacity of loving which, until now, was never stirred in its depths. It merely showed me what was in my nature, but did not draw it out.

"The fascination was on the surface; but, while it lasted, I thought it intense; and such is the contradiction in the

constitution of youth, that a little opposition from my father only helped to strengthen it. In the presence of that sad face, into which was condensed an irresistible influence, I was silent and timid, frightened at the touch of his white hands, and so confused that I could neither speak to him, nor look at him: but in my father's presence, when we talked of him, and my father hinted distrusts and antipathies, I was bold in his defense, and soared into an enthusiasm that often surprised us both. It was evident that I was in love—to speak by the card—and that the admonitions of experience were thrown away upon me.

"My father was grieved at this discovery, when it really came to take a serious shape of resistance to his advice. As yet, we had only flirted round the confines of the subject, and neither of us had openly recognized it as a reality. The action of the drama was in my own brain. The hero of my fantastic reveries regarded me only as a precocious child: was amused, or, at the utmost, interested by my admiration of him, which he could not fail to detect; and it was not until he imagined he had traced a deeper sentiment in my shy and embarrassed looks, that he began to feel any emotion himself. But the emotions which spring out of vanity or compassion, which come only as a sort of generous or pitying acknowledgment of an unsought devotion, have no stability in them. It is more natural, and more likely to insure duration of love that they should originate at the other side. Woman was formed to be sued and won; it is the law of our organization. Men value our affection in proportion to the efforts it has cost to gain them. The rights of a difficult conquest are worn with pride and exultation, while the fruits of an easy victory are held in indifference. These things, however, were mysteries to me then.

"There was a kind of love-scene between us. I can hardly recall any thing of it, except that I thought him more grand and noble than ever, and full of a magnificent patronage of my nerves and my ignorance. He was several years older than I was, which made a great distance between us, and made me look up to him with a superstitious homage. I remember nothing more about it, only that when I left him, I felt as if I had suddenly grown up into a woman.

"And now came the beginning of the struggle.

"We had other visitors who were better liked by my father. I could not then understand his objections to my Orlando. I have understood them since, and know that he was right in that, if he erred in the rest.

"Among our visitors was one whom I can not speak of without a shudder. There was in him a combination of qualities calculated to inspire me with aversion, which grew from day to day into loathing. I do not believe my father really liked that man. Circumstances, however, had given him an influence in our house, against which it was vain for me to contend. His family was closely connected with my mother; and my father had acquired an estate through his marriage, with which these people were mixed up as trustees; they had, in fact, a lien upon us, [Pg 54] which it was impossible to shake off; and by this means maintained a position with us which was at once so familiar and harassing to me, that nothing but my devotion to my father restrained me from an open mutiny against them.

"This man, who was not much my senior in years, but who seemed to have been born old, and to have lived centuries for every year of my life, entertained the most violent passion for me. I had no suspicion of it at first; and as the closeness of our relations threw us constantly together, I was feeding it unknowingly for a long time before I discovered it. I will spare you what I felt when I made that discovery—the horror! the despair!

"When I compared this man, loathsome and hideous to me, with him who was the Orlando, the Bayard, the Crichton of my foolish dreams, it made me sick at heart. So deep was the detestation he inspired, that, young as I was, I would have gladly renounced my own choice to have escaped from him. But there was one consideration paramount even to that; it was my father's desire that I should marry him.

"By some such sorcery as wicked demons in the wise allegories of fable obtain a control over good spirits, the demon who had thus risen up in my path obtained an ascendency over my father. It was impossible that he could have persuaded my father, who was clear-sighted and sagacious, into the belief that he possessed a single attribute of goodness; it must have been by the force of a fascination, such as serpents are said to exercise over children, that he wrought his ends. And the comparison was never applied with greater justice, for my father was as guileless as a child in mere worldly affairs, while the other was a subtle compound of cunning and venom, glazed over with a most hypocritical exterior.

"He worked at his purpose for months and months in the dark, by artifices which assisted his progress without betraying his aim. He adroitly avoided an abrupt disclosure of his design, for he knew, or feared, that if it came too suddenly, it would have shocked even my father. He saw that my fancy was taken up elsewhere, and the first part of his plot was, to prejudice and poison my father's mind against his rival. In this he effectually succeeded. But it was a more difficult matter to bring round his own object, and he never could have achieved it, with all his skill, had he not been so mixed up with our affairs as to have it in his power to involve my father in a net-work of embarrassments. The meshes were woven round him with consummate ingenuity, and every effort at extrication only drew them tighter and tighter.

"Had I known as much of the world then as I do now I might have acted differently. But I was a girl; my sensibility was easily moved; my terrors were easily alarmed; and I loved my father too passionately to be able to exercise a calm judgment where his safety was concerned. It was this devotion—impetuous and unreflecting—that gave an advantage to the fiend, of which he availed himself unrelentingly, and which threw me, bound and fettered, at his feet.

"I will not dwell on these memories. My heart was harrowed by a terrible conflict. I know not how it might have been, had I not gathered a little strength from wounded pride. A circumstance came to my relief which crushed my enthusiasm, and from that instant determined my fate.

"My father had often thrown out doubts of the sincerity of him to whom I looked up with so much admiration; and at last he spoke more explicitly and urgently. He told me that the hero of my dreams was merely trifling with my feelings, and amusing himself at the expense of my credulity—in short, that he was no better than a libertine. I revolted against these cruel accusations, and repelled them by asserting that he was the noblest and truest of human beings. But my father knew more of him than I did. Even while these painful discussions were going on between us, news arrived that he had been detected in a heartless conspiracy to entrap and carry off a ward in chancery—a discovery which compelled him to fly the country.

"I was stunned and humiliated. The dream was over. The idol was broken, and the shrine degraded forever. What resource should women have in such cases if pride did not come to their help—that pride which smiles while the heart is bleeding, and makes the world think that we do not suffer! They know not what we suffer—what we hide! Our education trains us up in a mask, which is often worn to the end, when the secret that has fed upon our hearts, and consumed our lives, day by day, descends into the dark grave with us! My sufferings at the time were very great—I thought they would kill me. What mattered it to me then how they disposed of me. Poor fool! I looked in on my desolated fancy, and gave myself up for lost.

"It was in this mood the machinations of that man whom I abhorred triumphed over me. My father's affairs had

become hopelessly entangled in his, and a proposal to avert chancery suits and settle disputed titles by a union between the families of the litigants presented the only means of adjustment. My father listened to this insidious proposal at first reluctantly; then, day by day, as difficulties thickened, he became more reconciled to it; and, at length, he broke it to me, with a deprecating gentleness that never sued in vain to the heart that idolized him. I had nothing left in the world but my father to love. Under any circumstances my love for him would have made me waver. As it was, wounded and hopeless, galled, deceived, and cast off—for I felt as all girls do, and was thoroughly in earnest in my sentimental misery—my love for him lightened the sacrifice he prayed, rather than demanded at my hands. [Pg 55]

"Girl as I was. I could see the change that had passed over my father. The strong man was subdued and broken down. His clear understanding had given way; even his heart was no longer as generous and impulsive as it used to be. I could not bear to witness these alterations; and when I was told that it was in my power to relieve him from the weight that pressed upon him, what could I do?

"There were many violent struggles—many fits of tears and solitary remorse; but they all yielded to that imperative necessity, to that claim upon my feelings, which was paramount to every thing else. The first step was a contract of marriage, which I was simply required to sign. I was too young then to marry! This consideration was thrown in as a sort of tender forbearance to me, which, it was hoped, would propitiate my reluctant spirit. And from that hour, the demon, claiming me for his own, was incessant in his attendance upon me. I had hoped by that act to shake him off my father; but he was the Old Man of the Waters to his drowning victim, and at every moment only clutched and clung to him more closely.

"At last my father fell ill. First, he moped about the house, with a low, wearing cough. None of his old resources availed him. He couldn't read; the pleasant things he used to talk of—books, character, philosophy—no longer interested him. The placid mind was growing carped and restless. He was absorbed in his ailments. Trifles vexed him, and instead of the large and genial subjects which formerly engrossed him, he was taken up with petty annoyances. Oh, with what agony I watched that change from day to day! Then from the drawing-room to the bed, from whence he never rose again.

"It was in his last sickness—toward the close—when the wings of the Angel of Death were darkening his lids, and his utterance was thickening, and his vision becoming dimmer and dimmer, that he called me to his side. He knew the horror that was in my thoughts; but I was already pledged, and it was not a time for me to shrink, when he, in whom my affections were garnered up, besought me to make his death-bed happy by completing the sacrifice. There were those around us who said that it was merely to ease *his* mind, that he might feel he did not leave me behind him alone and without a protector; that the marriage would be performed in his presence; that we should then separate, and that my husband—oh, how I have hated that word! what images of wrong and cruelty are condensed into it!—would regard that ghastly ceremony only as a guarantee that when my grief had abated, and the signs of mourning were put off, I should consent to become his wife before the world. I believed in that and trusted to it. It was all written down and witnessed, that he would not enforce this marriage till time had soothed and reconciled me to it; and as the realization of it was to depend upon myself, I thought I was secure against the worst. Upon these conditions I was married beside the death-bed of my father.

"The plot was deeply laid. The snare was covered with flowers. I was nominally free. I was the wife, and not the wife, of him who, when a little time had passed away, and my father was in the grave, and I was at his mercy, assumed the right of asserting over me the authority of a husband. I did not then know the full extent of my dependence. Upon the failure of my consent, the whole property was to devolve upon him. Of that I thought little; it was a cheap escape from a bondage I abhorred, if, by surrendering all I possessed, I *could* escape. There was nothing left in my own hands, but the power of withholding my consent, and I did withhold it; and my aversion increased with the base, unmanly, and vindictive means he used to wring it from me.

"Years passed away; he was ever in my path, blighting me with threats and scoffs. My life was one continued mental slavery. He had the right, or he usurped it, of holding me in perpetual bondage—hovering about me, watching my actions, and subjecting me to a persecution which, invisible to every body else, was felt by me in the minutest trifles. And all this time my heart, shut up and stifled, felt a longing, such as prisoners feel, to breathe the free air, to find its wings and escape. I was conscious of a capacity for happiness; I felt that my existence was wasting under a hideous influence—that my situation was cruel and anomalous—that it was equally guilty to stay and feed the rebellion of my blood, that might at last drive me mad, or to fly from the evil thoughts that fascinated and beset me;—and long contemplation of this corroding misery convinced me that the greater guilt was the hourly falsehood—the constant mutiny of my soul—the sin I was committing against nature by continuing to tolerate the semblance of an obligation that made me almost doubt the justice of heaven!

"Again and again he renewed the subject, only to be again and again repulsed with increased bitterness and scorn. The sternness of my resolution gradually obtained a victory over his perseverance. No man, be his devotion as intense as it may, can persist in this way, when he is thoroughly assured that a woman hates or despises him; and *he* had ample reason to know that I did both. Threats failed—hints of scandal and defamation failed—prayers and entreaties failed—he tried them all; and he saw at last that my determination was irrevocable. I would not redeem my pledge. I took all the consequence of the perfidy. I submitted to the ignominy of his taunts and reproaches, and even admitted their justice, rather than stain my soul with a blacker crime. What was left to him? His arts were baffled—his pride turned to dust—his love rejected? What was left to him out of this ruin of his long cherished scheme? REVENGE!

"Although he could not force me to fulfill the contract, he could blast my life in its bloom—wither the tree to the core—make a desert round it—poison the very atmosphere that gave it nourishment and strength—and wait patient—to see it die, leaf by leaf, and branch by branch, This was his devilish project. Love—if ever so sacred a passion had found its way into his soul—was transformed into hate, deadly and unrelenting; the red current had become gall; and the same slow, insatiable energy, with which he had before urged and forced his suit, was now applied to torture and distract me. I wonder it did not drive me to some act of desperation! [Pg 56]

"And all this time I moved through society like others. Nobody suspected the vulture that was at my heart; and I had to endure the wretched necessity of acting a daily lie to the world. It gave a false severity to my manner—it made me seem austere and lofty, where I only meant to avert approaches which it would have been criminal to have admitted and deceived. And I had need of all that repellant armor; and it served me, and saved me—till I met you!

"Shall I proceed any farther? Shall I tell you how a new state of existence seemed insensibly opening before me?—how the want in my heart became unconsciously filled?—and that which had been a dream to me all my life long, vague, flitting, and undefined, was now a reality, clear, fixed, and distinct? What that sympathy was it is needless to ask, which made me feel that your history was something like my own—that you, too, had some discontent with the world, that made you yearn for peace and solitude, and the refuge of love, like me. I fought bravely at first. You know not how earnestly I questioned myself—how I probed my wounded spirit, and battled with the temptation. All that was hidden from you; but it was not the less fierce and agonizing. The blessed thought and hope of freedom, of a happiness which I had never trusted myself to contemplate, was a strong and blinding fascination. I saw my

wretchedness, and close at hand its perilous remedy. Doomed either way, which was I to choose? The world?—my soul? All was darkness and terror to me. Calamity had made me desperate; yet I was outwardly calm and self-sustained. But I was goaded too far at last; *he* goaded me; and my resolution was taken; it was one plunge—and all was over. I fled from the misery I could no longer endure, and live; and I know the cost—I know the penalty—I see before me the retribution. Let it come—my fate is sealed!"

XI.

This narrative occupied a longer time in the relation than in the shape to which I have reduced it, for it was frequently interrupted by questions and exclamations, which I have not thought it necessary to insert here. When she concluded, the day was already waning, and the long shadows from the woods were stretching down the stream, and the setting sun was, here and there, blazing through the trees, like focal rays caught on the surface of a burning-glass. The haze of evening was gathering round us, and settling over the little bridge which was now slowly fading into the distance.

Astræa had confided her whole life to me with the utmost candor. The strong emotions she exhibited throughout afforded the best proof, if any were wanted, of her perfect sincerity. There was nothing kept back—no *arrière-pensée*—no false coloring; her real character came out forcibly in this painful confession. Few women would have had the requisite fortitude to submit to such an ordeal, and take their final stand upon a position which marked them out as Pariahs in the eyes of the world. I felt how great the misery must have been from which she sought this terrible escape; and how much greater was the strength of will that sustained her in the resolution to embrace it. Her wild sense of natural justice had risen in resistance against laws which it appeared to her more criminal to obey than to violate. It was not a paroxysm of the passions—it was not the sophistry that seeks for its own convenience to arraign the dispensations of society; it was a strong mind, contending in its own right against obligations founded on force, and violence, and wrong—asserting its claim to liberate itself from trammels to which it had never given a voluntary assent—recoiling from a life of skepticism and hypocrisy, and the frightful conflicts it entails between duty and the instincts of reason and the heart—and prepared, since no other alternative was left, to suffer in itself alone, and in the consequences of its own act, all obloquy, all vengeance the world could inflict. That there lay beneath this a grave error, undermining the foundations upon which the whole social superstructure rested, was, in a certain large and general sense, sufficiently obvious to me. But who could argue such questions against convictions based upon individual and exceptional injuries? Who could require, in the very moment and agony of sacrifice, that she who had been thus wronged and tortured, and who had never, of her own free action, incurred the responsibility from which she revolted, should offer herself up a victim to laws that afforded her no protection, and condemned her to eternal strife, and the sins of a rebellious conscience? I would have saved her if I could. It was my first impulse—my most earnest desire. But of what avail was the attempt? Where was she to find refuge? Only one of two courses lay before her—to return and fulfil her contract, or to renounce the world: the first was doubtful, perhaps impossible; the second, she had resolved upon. Even if I were to hold back on the brink of the precipice, it would not shake her determination.

In this extremity and in the last resort, I felt myself bound to her by every consideration of love and honor. Honor! When that element enters into our casuistry, the peril is at its height! [Pg 57]

"Have you never endeavored to release yourself from this contract?" I inquired.

"He would not release me."

"Have you explicitly demanded it of him, so that you should have the satisfaction of feeling that you had tried all other means before you broke the bond yourself?"

"I have demanded and besought it of him—prayed to him—appealed to him, by his soul's hopes here and hereafter, to release me. I have laid my own perdition on his refusal—and he still refused. I gave up all; offered to leave England forever; to give him security that, be my fate what it might, neither he nor his should be troubled with me. To no purpose—he was iron. He could have procured a separation, which I could not. I gave him the means, and would have borne any humiliation to obtain my freedom. He would not release me; he held me bound, that he might gloat his vengeance upon my sufferings."

"And this man—this fiend—you have not told me, Astræa, who he is."

While I was speaking, I observed her looking keenly through the mist that was collecting about us. Some object had attracted her attention. My eyes followed the direction hers had taken, and I discerned a figure, apparently wrapped up in a cloak, about the centre of the bridge, on the near side. We watched it in silence for a space of two or three minutes, when it moved slowly from its position, and winding down among the trees, took the path that led directly to the spot where we were seated. She grasped my arm, and cried in a whisper—

"Stand firm. Speak not. It is my deed, not yours. The hour I have looked for through long years of anguish is come at last. Fear nothing for me!"

The figure approached, still enveloped in a cloak, and stood exactly opposite to us. For a moment—the most intense I ever remember—not a word was uttered. At last, the stranger spoke.

"It is, then, as I expected. I have tracked you to your hiding-place, and I find you with your paramour."

It was the voice of the dwarf! The blood leaped in my veins, and, hardly conscious of what I was doing, or meant to do, I sprang from my seat. Astræa rose at the same moment, and interposed.

"If you have the least regard or respect for me," she said, "do not interfere. For my sake, control yourself."

"For *your* sake!" echoed the dwarf. "Do you glory in *his* shame, as well as your own?"

"Shame!" cried Astræa. "Take back the foul word, and begone. You have no authority, no rights here. The shame is yours, not mine—yours, unmanly, pitiful, and mean, who have taken advantage of a contract wrung from a girl to doom the life of a woman to misery."

"Have I no authority?" quoth the dwarf. "Listen to me—you must—you shall—if it kill you in your heroics. I am your husband—my authority is law. I can command you to my foot, and you must obey me. You think you are secure; but I will show you that you have committed an egregious mistake. Believe me," he added, in a tone of supercilious mockery, for which I could have inflicted summary chastisement—"believe me, you only deceive yourself, as you have tried to deceive me."

"In what have I tried to deceive you?" she demanded. "I have been so explicit with you, that none but the most contemptible of your sex would have persisted at such a sacrifice of pride and feeling. Pride? You have none. Where you proffered love—oh! such love!—you found aversion;—where you sought, sued, and threatened, you received nothing in return but loathing and scorn. And now, henceforth and forever, I break all bonds between us. Since you will not do it, I will—I *have* done it! Obey you? I owe you no obedience. Be wise; take my answer, and leave me."

"Not at your bidding, madam. I did not come here to visit you in your retirement, and be turned away so unceremoniously. It is not my intention to leave you. Where you are, there must I be too."

The insolent coolness with which this was spoken, rendered it very difficult for me to submit to the injunction Astræa had imposed upon me. I began to feel that *I*, too, had rights, and that the course this husband-in-law was pursuing, was not the best calculated to induce me to surrender them.

"Where I am you shall never come again!" returned Astræa. "That is over. A gulf yawns between us. Do not tempt it any further."

"I will not be critical about words with you," said the dwarf. "If I am not to come where you are, you shall come to me. It is the same thing. You are only wasting your fine speeches. I have come here to take you back to London."

"To take me back?" she echoed. "Are you mad? Do you believe such a thing credible? I have chosen my own course; and no power, authority, or force can turn me from it. Take me back! Even were I willing to go—suppose I were weak enough to repent the step I have taken—can you not see—have you not eyes and understanding to see and comprehend, that it would be to your own eternal dishonor—that it would only bring upon you the contempt and derision of the world?"

"It is for me to judge of that. Come—we are losing time, and it is growing dark already."

"Then why do you stay? Why do you not go as you came. I have given you my answer; and if you were to stand here forever, you will get none other. Have you no particle of self-respect left?"

"Whatever self-respect or pride I had," returned the dwarf, in a low and bitter tone, "you have trampled upon, and raised up a demoniac spirit in this place. It might have been otherwise once. I loved you—ay! writhe under the word—I loved you; but I was ill-favored, misshapen, stunted, and loathsome to look upon. You thought that love and ambition and high thoughts could not take up with such a frame as this—that they all went with straight limbs and milky faces. Nature could not condescend to endow the dwarf with the attributes of humanity. But I was a man as well as they—had the passions and hopes of a man, the capabilities of good and evil. You never sought the good; you never felt it to be your duty to seek and cultivate the better qualities which my own consciousness of my outward defects made irresolute and wayward in development. You only looked upon the surface: and in the selfishness of your heart you spurned me from you. You never thought of asking yourself whether it was in your power to redeem and elevate, for noble ends, the human soul that was pent up in this weak and distorted body. You never stopped to reflect whether, by your contumely and pride of beauty, you were not destroying the germs of all self-respect, perverting the virtuous instincts into poisonous fangs, and shattering to the core the best resolves of a human being who might be better than yourself. A word of kindness in season—a generous construction of my character—an effort to call my moral strength into action, might have raised me to the dignity of the manhood it was your pleasure to disdain and degrade—might have given me the fortitude and the compensating motive to resign you—might have saved us both! But that word was never on your lips—that effort you were not generous enough to try. What I am, then, you have made me—bitter to the dregs, engrossed by one thought, living but for one object. Life is a curse to me. Every new day that rises upon me, humiliation and despair are before me. Do you believe I will suffer this tamely? What have I to lose? You hate me—I return you hate for hate, loaded with the recollections of years of scorn and defiance. Defiance? Ha! ha! It is my turn now, and no remorse shall step in between us to mitigate my vengeance!" [Pg 58]

His voice rose almost into a shriek at the close, he had worked himself up to such a height of fanatic excitement; yet, notwithstanding the denunciation with which he ended, it was impossible not to be touched with pity for the real suffering that had reduced him to this condition. A great sorrow had converted this wretched man into a human fiend; and I never before believed that there were the elements of tenderness in him which these references to the past seemed dimly to light up. Astræa heard it all very calmly.

"We are not answerable for our likings or antipathies," she replied; "and I am no more accountable for my feeling than you are for your shape. Had you possessed the instincts you speak of—the manhood you claim for yourself, you might have long since secured, at least, my gratitude, and spared us both the ignominy of this night. But it is useless to look back. I have nothing more to say. Let us part—in hate, if you will. I am indifferent alike to your opinions and your vengeance. Avail yourself of whatever power the law gives you; but here we now part, never to meet again!"

As she said this, she moved away, and I still lingered behind to protect her retreat, if it should be necessary.

"No, madam; not so easily. We do not part. I command you to leave this place, and go with me. It is my pleasure. Do not compel me to enforce it."

Seeing him rush forward to follow her, I placed myself between them.

"I charge you," cried the dwarf, "to stand out of my path. It will be dangerous."

"You have threatened me before," I exclaimed; "and it is full time that you and I should understand each other. I have an advantage over you which I do not desire to use, except in extremity; be careful, therefore, how you provoke it. Advance no further, or I will not answer for the consequences!"

"So, then, you champion her in her guilt," he cried.

"I know of no guilt," I replied. "I have not interfered hitherto; I had no right to do so. But I will not suffer any violence to be committed toward her; she must be free to act as she pleases!"

"And what right have you to interfere now?"

"The right which every man has to protect a woman against outrage."

"I warn you for the last time!" exclaimed the dwarf, his eyeballs flashing fire. "It is you who have done this; you who have tempted and destroyed her—destroyed us both. Do not urge me to the retribution I thirst for. Put your hand upon me; there is my outstretched arm—only touch it with your fingers, and put me on my defense!"

Astræa was standing at my side.

"I charge you," she said, "to leave him, and go into the house. He will not dare to follow me!"

"I will dare the depths of perdition, and follow you wherever you go. See how he shrinks from me!—this champion and bully, for whom you stand condemned and branded before the world!"

"Bully!" I cried, "if you were not the feeble, wretched thing you are, I would strike you to the earth. It is you, not I, that have worked out this shame for your own fiendish ends. Did you not tell me that you helped and encouraged our intercourse—that you saw feelings growing up, and used all your arts to heighten them into an attachment which you knew would bring misery upon us all? For what purpose, devil as you are, did you do this?"

"To break her heart—for she had broken mine!"

"Be content, then, with what you have done, and leave us. You have placed me in a position which no fear of consequences can induce me to abandon. I will protect her to the last. Look upon us henceforth as inseparable, and rid us of your presence, lest I lose all self-command." [Pg 59]

Grasping Astræa's hand, and controlling myself by a violent effort, I turned from him to lead her toward the house.

Perhaps it was this action which suddenly infuriated the demon, who now looked more horrible in the contortions of his unbridled rage than ever; and as I turned I felt, rather than saw, that he had coiled himself up to spring upon me. Relieving myself from her, I instantly faced him. His motions were as quick as light. One hand was upon my chest, and the other was fumbling under his cloak. Suspecting his intention, I seized his right arm and dragged it out. There was a pistol in his hand. It was not a time to exercise much forbearance in consideration of his physical inferiority, and by desperate force I wrenched the pistol from his grasp, and, tossing it over his head, flung it into the river. In the struggle, however, it had gone off, and, by the cry of pain he uttered, I concluded that he was wounded. But I was too much heated to think of that; and, in the fierceness of the conflict between us, I lifted him up by main strength, and flung him upon the ground.

Leaving him there, I hastened to Astræa, and we both went into the house, taking care to lock and bar the door, so that he could not follow us. The windows of the sitting-room went down close to the gravel-walk outside, upon which they opened. These were already secured, and we were safe.

As we sat there, half an hour afterward, a low, piteous voice came wailing through the shutters, uttering one word, which it repeated at intervals, in a tone that pierced me to the soul. "Astræa! Astræa! Astræa!" It was a voice so freighted with sorrow, that, had not evil passions intervened to shut our hearts to its petition, we must have relented and shown mercy to him out of whose despair it issued. But we held our breaths, hardly daring to look in each other's faces, and moved not!

God! all the long night that wailing voice seemed repeating, in fainter tones, "Astræa! Astræa! Astræa!" and she to whom it was addressed, and to whom it appealed in vain—let me not recall the memory! Many years have since trampled out other recollections, but that voice still seems to vibrate on my heart, and the name still surges up as I heard it then, sobbing through tears of mortal agony!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MADAME DE GENLIS AND MADAME DE STAËL.[7]

Before the Revolution, I was but very slightly acquainted with Madame de Genlis, her conduct during that disastrous period having not a little contributed to sink her in my estimation; and the publication of her novel, "The Knights of the Swan" (the *first* edition), completed my dislike to a person who had so cruelly aspersed the character of the queen, my sister in-law.

On my return to France, I received a letter full of the most passionate expressions of loyalty from beginning to end; the missive being signed Comtesse de Genlis: but imagining this could be but a *plaisanterie* of some intimate friend of my own, I paid no attention whatever to it. However, in two or three days it was followed by a second epistle, complaining of my silence, and appealing to the great sacrifices the writer had made in the interest of my cause, as giving her a *right* to my favorable attention. Talleyrand being present, I asked him if he could explain this enigma.

"Nothing is easier," replied he; "Madame de Genlis is unique. She has lost her own memory, and fancies others have experienced a similar bereavement."

"She speaks," pursued I, "of her virtues, her misfortunes, and Napoleon's persecutions."

"Hem! In 1789 her husband was quite ruined, so the events of that period took nothing from *him*; and as to the tyranny of Bonaparte, it consisted, in the first place, of giving her a magnificent suite of apartments in the Arsenal; and in the second place, granting her a pension of six thousand francs a year, upon the sole condition of her keeping him every month *au courant* of the literature of the day."

"What shocking ferocity!" replied I, laughing; "a case of infamous despotism indeed. And this martyr to our cause asks to see me!"

"Yes; and pray let your royal highness grant her an audience, were it only for once: I assure you she is most amusing."

I followed the advice of M. de Talleyrand, and accorded to the lady the permission she so pathetically demanded. The evening before she was to present herself, however, came a third missive, recommending a certain Casimir, the *phénix* of the *époque*, and several other persons besides; all, according to Madame de Genlis, particularly celebrated people; and the postscript to this effusion prepared me also beforehand for the request she intended to make, of being appointed governess to the children of my son the Duc de Berry, who was at that time not even married.

Just at this period it so happened that I was besieged by more than a dozen persons of every rank in regard to Madame de Staël, formerly exiled by Bonaparte, and who had rushed to Paris without taking breath, fully persuaded every one there, and throughout all France, was impatient to see her again. Madame de Staël had a double view in thus introducing herself to me; namely, to direct my proceedings entirely, and to obtain payment of the two million francs deposited in the treasury by her father during his ministry. I confess I was not prepossessed in favor of Madame de Staël, for she also, in 1789, had manifested so much hatred toward the Bourbons, that I thought all she could possibly look to from us, was the liberty of living in Paris unmolested: but I little knew her. She, on her side, imagined that we ought to be grateful to her for having quarreled with Bonaparte—her own pride being, in fact, the sole cause of the rupture. [Pg 60]

M. de Fontanes and M. de Châteaubriand were the first who mentioned her to me; and to the importance with which they treated the matter, I answered, laughing, "So Madame la Baronne de Staël is then a supreme power?"

"Indeed she is, and it might have very unfavorable effects did your royal highness overlook her: for what she asserts, every one believes, and then—she has suffered *so* much!"

"Very likely; but what did she make my poor sister-in-law the queen suffer? Do you think I can forget the abominable things she said, the falsehoods she told? and was it not in consequence of them, and the public's belief of them, that she owed the possibility of the embassadress of Sweden's being able to dare insult that unfortunate

princess in her very palace?"

Madame de Staël's envoys, who manifested some confusion at the fidelity of my memory, implored me to forget the past, think only of the future, and remember that the genius of Madame de Staël, whose reputation was European, might be of the utmost advantage, or the reverse. Tired of disputing I yielded; consented to receive this *femme célèbre*, as they all called her, and fixed for her reception the same day I had notified to Madame de Genlis.

My brother has said, "Punctuality is the politeness of kings"—words as true and just as they are happily expressed; and the princes of my family have never been found wanting in good manners; so I was in my study waiting when Madame de Genlis was announced. I was astonished at the sight of a long, dry woman, with a swarthy complexion, dressed in a printed cotton gown, any thing but clean, and a shawl covered with dust, her habit-shirt, her hair even, bearing marks of great negligence. I had read her works, and remembering all she said about neatness, and cleanliness, and proper attention to one's dress, I thought she added another to the many who fail to add example to their precepts. While making these reflections, Madame de Genlis was firing off a volley of courtesies; and upon finishing what she deemed the requisite number, she pulled out of a great huge bag four manuscripts of enormous dimensions.

"I bring," commenced the lady, "to your royal highness what will amply repay any kindness you may show to me—No. 1 is a plan of conduct, and the project of a constitution; No. 2 contains a collection of speeches in answer to those likely to be addressed to Monsieur; No. 3, addresses and letters proper to send to foreign powers, the provinces, &c.; and in No. 4 Monsieur will find a plan of education, the only one proper to be pursued by royalty, in reading which, your royal highness will feel as convinced of the extent of my acquirements as of the purity of my loyalty."

Many in my place might have been angry; but, on the contrary, I thanked her with an air of polite sincerity for the treasures she was so obliging as to confide to me, and then condoled with her upon the misfortunes she had endured under the tyranny of Bonaparte.

"Alas! Monsieur, this abominable despot dared to make a mere plaything of *me*! and yet I strove, by wise advice, to guide him right, and teach him to regulate his conduct properly: but he would not be led. I even offered to mediate between him and the Pope, but he did not so much as answer me upon this subject; although (being a most profound theologian) I could have smoothed almost all difficulties when the Concordat was in question."

This last piece of pretension was almost too much for my gravity. However, I applauded the zeal of this new mother of the church, and was going to put an end to the interview, when it came into my head to ask her if she was well acquainted with Madame de Staël.

"God forbid!" cried she, making a sign of the cross: "I have no acquaintance with *such people*; and I but do my duty in warning those who have not perused the works of that lady, to bear in mind that they are written in the worst possible taste, and are also extremely immoral. Let your royal highness turn your thoughts from such books; you will find in *mine* all that is necessary to know. I suppose monsieur has not yet seen *Little Necker*?"

"Madame la Baronne de Staël Holstein has asked for an audience, and I even suspect she may be already arrived at the Tuileries."

"Let your royal highness beware of this woman! See in her the implacable enemy of the Bourbons, and in me their most devoted slave!"

This new proof of the want of memory in Madame de Genlis amused me as much as the other absurdities she had favored me with; and I was in the act of making her the ordinary salutations of adieu, when I observed her blush purple, and her proud rival entered.

The two ladies exchanged a haughty bow, and the comedy, which had just finished with the departure of Madame de Genlis, recommenced under a different form when Madame de Staël appeared on the stage. The baroness was dressed, not certainly dirtily, like the countess, but quite as absurdly. She wore a red satin gown, embroidered with flowers of gold and silk; a profusion of diamonds; rings enough to stock a pawnbroker's shop; and, I must add, that I never before saw so low a cut corsage display less inviting charms. Upon her head was a huge turban, constructed on the pattern of that worn by the Cumean sibyl, which put a finishing stroke to a costume so little in harmony with her style of face. I scarcely understand how a woman of genius *can* have such a false, vulgar taste. [Pg 61] Madame de Staël began by apologizing for occupying a few moments which she doubted not I should have preferred giving to Madame de Genlis. "She is one of the illustrations of the day," observed she with a sneering smile—"a colossus of religious faith, and represents in her person, she fancies, all the literature of the age. Ah, ah, monsieur, in the hands of *such people* the world would soon retrograde; while it should, on the contrary, be impelled forward, and your royal highness be the first to put yourself at the head of this great movement. To you should belong the glory of giving the impulse, guided by *my experience*."

"Come," thought I, "here is another going to plague me with plans of conduct, and constitutions, and reforms, which I am to persuade the king my brother to adopt. It seems to be an insanity in France this composing of new constitutions." While I was making these reflections, madame had time to give utterance to a thousand fine phrases, every one more sublime than the preceding. However, to put an end to them, I asked her if there was any thing she wished to demand.

"Ah, dear!—oh yes, prince!" replied the lady in an indifferent tone. "A mere trifle—less than nothing—two millions, without counting the interest at five per cent.; but these are matters I leave entirely to my men of business, being for my own part much more absorbed in politics and the science of government."

"Alas! madame, the king has arrived in France with his mind made up upon most subjects, the fruit of twenty-five years' meditation; and I fear he is not likely to profit by your good intentions!"

"Then so much the worse for him and for France! All the world knows what it cost Bonaparte his refusing to follow my advice, and pay me my two millions. I have studied the Revolution profoundly, followed it through all its phases, and I flatter myself I am the only pilot who can hold with one hand the rudder of the state, if at least I have Benjamin for steersman."

"Benjamin! Benjamin—who?" asked I, in surprise.

"It would give me the deepest distress," replied she, "to think that the name of M. le Baron de Rebecque Benjamin de Constant has never reached the ears of your royal highness. One of his ancestors saved the life of Henri Quatre. Devoted to the descendants of this good king, he is ready to serve them; and among several *constitutions* he has in his portfolio, you will probably find one with annotations and reflections by myself, which will suit you. Adopt it, and choose Benjamin Constant to carry out the idea."

It seemed like a thing resolved—an event decided upon—this proposal of inventing a constitution for us. I kept as long as I could upon the defensive; but Madame de Staël, carried away by her zeal and enthusiasm, instead of speaking of what personally concerned herself, knocked me about with arguments, and crushed me under threats

and menaces; so, tired to death of entertaining, instead of a clever, humble woman, a roaring politician in petticoats, I finished the audience, leaving her as little satisfied as myself with the interview. Madame de Genlis was ten times less disagreeable, and twenty times more amusing.

That same evening I had M. le Prince de Talleyrand with me, and I was confounded by hearing him say, "So your royal highness has made Madame de Staël completely quarrel with me now?"

"Me! I never so much as pronounced your name."

"Notwithstanding that, she is convinced that I am the person who prevents your royal highness from employing her in your political relations, and that I am jealous of Benjamin Constant. She is resolved on revenge."

"Ha, ha—and what can she do?"

"A very great deal of mischief, monseigneur. She has numerous partisans; and if she declares herself Bonapartiste, we must look to ourselves."

"That *would* be curious."

"Oh, I shall take upon myself to prevent her going so far; but she will be Royalist no longer, and we shall suffer from that."

At this time I had not the remotest idea what a mere man, still less a mere woman, could do in France; but now I understand it perfectly, and if Madame de Staël was living—Heaven pardon me!—I would strike up a flirtation with her.

THE TWO ROADS.

It was New-Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep-blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies, on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment, when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!"

But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away. He saw wandering lights floating far away over [Pg 62] dark marshes, and then disappear—these were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now happy and honored on this New-Year's night. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and, with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New-Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God, fervently, that time was still his own, that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain: "O youth, return! O give me back my early days!"

STORIES OF SHIPWRECK.

The Magpie, commanded by Lieutenant Edward Smith, was lost during a hurricane in the West Indies, in 1826. At the moment of the vessel going down, a gunner's mate of the name of Meldrum struck out and succeeded in reaching a pair of oars that were floating in the water; to these he clung, and, having divested himself of a part of his clothing, he awaited, in dreadful anxiety, the fate of his companions. Not a sound met his ear; in vain his anxious gaze endeavored to pierce the gloom, but the darkness was too intense. Minutes appeared like hours, and still the awful silence remained unbroken: he felt, and the thought was agony, that, out of the twenty-four human beings who had so lately trod the deck of the schooner, he alone was left. This terrible suspense became almost beyond the power of endurance; and he already began to envy the fate of his companions, when he heard a voice at no great distance inquiring if there was any one near. He answered in the affirmative; and, pushing out in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, he reached a boat to which seven persons were clinging; among whom was Lieutenant Smith, the commander of the sloop. So far, this was a subject of congratulation; he was no longer alone; but yet the chances of his ultimate preservation were as distant as ever. The boat, which had been placed on the booms of the schooner, had, fortunately, escaped clear of the sinking vessel, and, if the men had waited patiently, was large enough to have saved them all; but the suddenness of the calamity had deprived them of both thought and prudence. Several men had attempted to climb in on one side; the consequence was, the boat heeled over, became half filled with water, and then turned keel uppermost; and, when Meldrum reached her, he found some stretched across the keel, and others hanging on by the sides.

Matters could not last long in this way; and Mr. Smith, seeing the impossibility of any of the party being saved if they continued in their present position, endeavored to bring them to reason, by pointing out the absurdity of their conduct. To the honor of the men, they listened with the same respect to their commander as if they had been on board the schooner; those on the keel immediately relinquished their hold, and succeeded, with the assistance of their comrades, in righting the boat. Two of their number got into her, and commenced baling with their hats, while the others remained in the water, supporting themselves by the gunwales.

Order being restored, their spirits began to revive, and they entertained hopes of escaping from their present peril: but this was of short duration; and the sufferings which they had as yet endured were nothing in comparison with what they had now to undergo. The two men had scarcely commenced baling, when a cry was heard of "A shark! a shark!" No words can describe the consternation which ensued; it is well known the horror sailors have of these voracious animals, who seem apprised, by instinct, when their prey is at hand. All order was at an end; the boat again capsized, and the men were left struggling in the waters. The general safety was neglected, and it was every man for himself; no sooner had one got hold of the boat than he was pushed away by another, and in this fruitless contest more than one life was nearly sacrificed. Even in this terrible hour, their commander remained cool and collected; his voice was still raised in words of encouragement, and, as the dreaded enemy did not make its appearance, he again succeeded in persuading them to renew their efforts to clear the boat. The night had passed away—It was about ten o'clock on the morning of the 28th: the baling had progressed without interruption; a little more exertion, and the boat would have been cleared, when again was heard the cry of "The sharks! the sharks!" But this was no false alarm; the boat a second time capsized, and the unhappy men were literally cast among a shoal of these terrible monsters. The men, for a few minutes, remained uninjured, but not untouched, for the sharks actually rubbed against their victims, and, to use the exact words of one of the survivors, "frequently passed over the boat and between us while resting on the gunwale." This, however, did not last long; a shriek soon told the fate of one of the men: a shark had seized him by the leg, dyeing the water with his blood; another shriek followed, and another man disappeared. [Pg 63]

But these facts are almost too horrible to dwell upon; human nature revolts from so terrible a picture; we will, therefore, hurry over this part of our tale.

Smith had witnessed the sufferings of his followers with the deepest distress; and, although aware that, in all probability, he must soon share the same fate, he never for a moment appeared to think of himself. There were but six men left; and these he endeavored to sustain by his example, cheering them on to further exertions. They had, once more, recommenced their labors to clear out the boat, when one of his legs was seized by a shark. Even while suffering the most horrible torture, he restrained the expression of his feelings, for fear of increasing the alarm of the men; but the powers of his endurance were doomed to be tried to the utmost; another limb was scrunched from his body, and, uttering a deep groan, he was about to let go his hold, when he was seized by two of his men, and placed in the stern-sheets.

Yet, when his whole frame was convulsed with agony, the energies of his mind remained as strong as ever; his own pain was disregarded; he thought only of the preservation of his crew. Calling to his side a lad of the name of Wilson, who appeared the strongest of the remaining few, he exhorted him, in the event of his surviving, to inform the admiral that he was going to Cape Ontario, in search of the pirate, when the unfortunate accident occurred. "Tell him," he continued, "that my men have done their duty, and that no blame is attached to them. I have but one favor to ask, and that is, that he will promote Meldrum to be a gunner."

He then shook each man by the hand, and bade them farewell. By degrees his strength began to fail, and at last became so exhausted that he was unable to speak. He remained in this state until the sun set, when another panic seized the men from a re-appearance of the sharks; the boat gave a lurch, and the gallant commander found an end to his sufferings in a watery grave.

The Anson was lost, in 1807, off the coast of France. The ship was no longer an object of consideration; Captain Lydiard felt that he had done his utmost to save her, but in vain, and that now every energy must be put forth for the preservation of human life. The tempest raged with such fury, that no boat could possibly come to their aid, nor could the strongest swimmer hope to gain the shore. It appeared to Captain Lydiard, that the only chance of escape for any of the crew was in running the ship as near the coast as possible. He gave the necessary orders, and the master ran the vessel on the sand which forms the bar between the Loe Pool and the sea, about three miles from Helstone. The tide had been ebbing nearly an hour when she took the ground, and she broached to, leaving her broadside heeling over, and facing the beach.

The scene of horror and confusion which ensued, on the Anson striking against the ground, was one which baffles all description. Many of the men were washed away by the tremendous sea which swept over the deck; many others were killed by the falling of the spars, the crashing sound of which, as they fell from aloft, mingled with the shrieks of the women on board, was heard even amidst the roar of the waters and the howling of the winds. The coast was lined with crowds of spectators, who watched with an intense and painful interest the gradual approach of the ill-fated vessel toward the shore, and witnessed the subsequent melancholy catastrophe.

Calm and undaunted amidst the terrors of the scene, Captain Lydiard is described as displaying, in a remarkable degree, that self-possession and passive heroism which has been so often the proud characteristic of the commander of a British ship-of-war under similar harassing circumstances. Notwithstanding the confusion of the scene, his voice was heard, and his orders were obeyed with that habitual deference which, even in danger and in death, an English seaman rarely fails to accord to his commanding officer. He was the first to restore order, to assist the wounded, to encourage the timid, and to revive expiring hope. Most providentially, when the vessel struck, the mainmast, in falling overboard, served to form a communication between the ship and the shore, and Captain Lydiard was the first to point out this circumstance to the crew. Clinging with his arm to the wheel of the rudder, in order to prevent his being washed overboard by the waves, he continued to encourage one after another as they made the perilous attempt to reach the shore. It was fated that this gallant officer should not enjoy in this world the reward of his humanity and his heroism. After watching with thankfulness the escape of many of his men, and having seen, with horror, many others washed off the mast, in their attempts to reach the land, he was about to undertake the dangerous passage himself, when he was attracted by the cries of a person seemingly in an agony of terror. The brave man did not hesitate for a moment, but turned and made his way to the place whence the cries proceeded. There he found a boy, a protégé of his own, whom he had entered on board the Anson only a few months before, clinging, in despair to a part of the wreck, and without either strength or courage to make the least effort for his own preservation. Captain Lydiard's resolution was instantly taken: he would save the lad if possible, though he might himself perish in the attempt. He threw one arm round the boy, while he cheered him by words of kind encouragement; with the other arm, he clung to the spars and mast to support himself and his burden. But the struggle did not last long; nature was exhausted by the mental and physical sufferings he had endured; he lost his hold, not of the boy, but of the mast, the wild waves swept over them, and they perished together. [Pg 64]

JOE SMITH AND THE MORMONS.

BY PROF. JAMES F.W. JOHNSTON.

In the future history of mankind, if present appearances are to be trusted, the counties of Wayne and Ontario,

N.Y., are likely to derive an interest and importance, in the eyes of a numerous body of people, from a circumstance wholly unconnected either with their social progress, or with their natural productions or capabilities. In these counties lie the scenes of the early passages in the life of Joe Smith, the founder of the sect of the Mormons.

Born in December, 1805, in Sharon, Windsor County, State of Vermont, he removed with his father, about 1815, to a small farm in Palmyra, Wayne County, New York, and assisted him on the farm till 1826. He received little education, read indifferently, wrote and spelt badly, knew little of arithmetic, and, in all other branches of learning he was, to the day of his death, exceedingly ignorant.

His own account of his religious progress is, that as early as fifteen years of age he began to have serious ideas regarding the future state, that he got into occasional ecstasies, and that in 1823, during one of these ecstasies, he was visited by an angel, who told him that his sins were forgiven—that the time was at hand when the gospel in its fullness was to be preached to all nations—that the American Indians were a remnant of Israel, who, when they first emigrated to America, were an enlightened people, possessing a knowledge of the true God, and enjoying his favor—that the prophets and inspired writers among them had kept a history or record of their proceedings—that these records were safely deposited—and that, if faithful, he was to be the favored instrument for bringing them to light.

On the following day, according to instructions from the angel, he went to a hill which he calls Cumorah, in Palmyra township, Wayne County, and there, in a stone chest, after a little digging, he saw the records; but it was not till four years after, in September 1827, that "the angel of the Lord delivered the records into his hands."

"These records were engraved on plates which had the appearance of gold, were seven by eight inches in size, and thinner than common tin, and were covered on both sides with Egyptian characters, small and beautifully engraved. They were bound together in a volume like the leaves of a book, and were fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. The volume was about six inches in thickness, bore many marks of antiquity, and part of it was sealed. With the records was found a curious instrument, called by the ancients Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, and set in two rims of a bow"—a pair of pebble spectacles, in other words, or "helps to read" unknown tongues.

The report of his discovery having got abroad, his house was beset, he was mobbed, and his life was endangered by persons who wished to possess themselves of the plates. He therefore packed up his goods, concealed the plates *in a barrel of beans*, and proceeded across the country to the northern part of Pennsylvania, near the Susquehannah river, where his father-in-law resided. Here, "by the gift and power of God, through the means of the Urim and Thummim, he began to translate the record, and, being a poor writer, he employed a scribe to write the translation as it came from his mouth." In 1830 a large edition of the *Book of Mormon* was published. It professes to be an abridgment of the records made by the prophet Mormon, of the people of the Nephites, and left to his son Moroni to finish. It is regarded by the Latter-day Saints with the same veneration as the New Testament is among Christians.

The Church of the Latter-day Saints was organized on the 6th of April, 1830, at Manchester, in Ontario County, New York. Its numbers at first were few, but they rapidly increased, and in 1833 removed to the State of Missouri, and purchased a large tract of land in Jackson County. Here their neighbors tarred and feathered some, killed others, and compelled the whole to remove. They then established themselves in Clay County, in the same State, but on the opposite side of the river. From this place again, in 1835, they removed eastward to the State of Ohio, settled at Kirtland, in Geauga County, about twenty miles from Cleveland, and began to build a temple, upon which sixty-thousand dollars were expended. At Kirtland a bank was incorporated by Joe and his friends, property was bought with its notes, and settled upon the Saints, after which the bank failed—as many others did about the same time—and Ohio became too hot for the Mormons. Again, therefore, the Prophet, his apostles, and a great body of the Saints, left their home and temple, went westward a second time to the State of Missouri, purchased a large tract of land in Caldwell County, in Missouri, and built the city of the "Far West." Here difficulties soon beset them, and in August, 1838, became so serious that the military were called in; and the Mormons were finally driven, unjustly, harshly, and oppressively, by force of arms, from the State of Missouri, and sought protection in the State of Illinois, on the eastern bank of the Mississippi. They were well received in this State, and after wandering for some time—while their leader, Joe Smith, was in jail—they bought a beautiful tract of land in Hancock County, and, in the spring of 1840, began to build the city and temple of Nauvoo. The Legislature of Illinois at first passed an act giving great, and, probably, injudicious privileges to this city, which, in 1844, was already the largest in the State, and contained a population of about twenty thousand souls. The temple, too, was of great size and magnificence—being 128 feet long and 77 feet high, and stood on an elevated situation, from which it was visible to a distance of 25 or 30 miles. In the interior was an immense baptismal font, in imitation of the brazen sea of Solomon—"a stone reservoir, resting upon the backs of twelve oxen, also cut out of stone, and as large as life." [Pg 65]

But persecution followed them to Illinois, provoked in some degree, no doubt, by their own behavior, especially in making and carrying into effect city ordinances, which were contrary to the laws of the State. The people of the adjoining townships rose in arms, and were joined by numbers of the old enemies of the Mormons from Missouri. The militia were called out; and, to prevent further evils, Joe Smith and one of his brothers, with several other influential Saints, on an assurance of safety and protection from the Governor of the State, were induced to surrender themselves for trial in respect of the charges brought against them, and were conducted to prison. Here they were inconsiderately left by the Governor, on the following day, under a guard of seven or eight men. These were overpowered the same afternoon by an armed mob, who killed Joe Smith and his brother, and then made their escape. After this, the Mormons remained a short time longer in the Holy City; but the wound was too deep seated to admit of permanent quiet on either part, and they were at last driven out by force, and compelled to abandon or sacrifice their property. Such as escaped this last persecution, after traversing the boundless prairies, the deserts of the Far West, and the Rocky Mountains, appear at last to have found a resting-place near the Great Salt Lake in Oregon. They are increasing faster since this last catastrophe than ever; and are daily receiving large accessions of new members from Europe, especially from Great Britain. They form the nucleus of the new State of Utah, this year erected into a Territory of the United States, and likely, in the next session of Congress, to be elevated to the dignity of an independent State. So rapidly has persecution helped on this offspring of ignorance, and tended to give a permanent establishment, and a bright future, to a system, not simply of pure invention, but of blasphemous impiety, and folly the most insane.

The *Book of Mormon*, which is the written guide of this new sect, consists of a series of professedly historical books—a desultory and feeble imitation of the Jewish chronicles and prophetical books—in which, for the poetry and warnings of the ancient prophets, are substituted a succession of unconnected rhapsodies and repetitions such as might form the perorations of ranting addresses by a field preacher, to a very ignorant audience.

The book, in the edition I possess, consists in all of 634 pages, of which the first 580 contain the history of a fictitious personage called Lehi and that of his descendants for the space of a thousand years.

This Lehi, a descendant of Joseph the son of Jacob, with his family left Jerusalem in the beginning of the reign of Zedekiah, six hundred years before Christ, and, passing the Red Sea, journeyed eastward for eight years till they

reached the shore of a wide sea. There they built a ship, and, embarking, were carried at length to the promised land, where they settled and multiplied. Among the sons of Lehi one was called Laman and another Nephi. The former was wicked, and a disbeliever in the law of Moses and the prophets; the latter, obedient and faithful, and a believer in the coming of Christ. Under the leadership of these two opposing brothers, the rest of the family and their descendants arranged themselves, forming the Lamanites and the Nephites, between whom wars and perpetual hostilities arose. The Lamanites were idle hunters, living in tents, eating raw flesh, and having only a girdle round their loins. The skin of Laman and his followers became black; while that of Nephi and his people, who tilled the land, retained its original whiteness. As with the Jews, the Nephites were successful when they were obedient to the law; and, when they fell away to disobedience and wickedness, the Lamanites had the better, and put many to death. At the end of about four hundred years, a portion of the righteous Nephites under Mosiah, having left their land, traveled far across the wilderness, and discovered the city of Zarahemla, which was peopled by the descendants of a colony of Jews who had wandered from Jerusalem when King Zedekiah was carried away captive to Babylon, twelve years after the emigration of Lehi. But they were heathens, possessed no copy of the law, and had corrupted their language. They received the Nephites warmly, however, learned their language, and gladly accepted the law of Moses.

This occupies 158 pages. The history of the next two hundred years follows this new people, and that of occasional converts from the Lamanites—called still by the general name of Nephites in their struggles with the Lamanites, and the alternations of defeat and success which accompany disobedience or the contrary. This occupies several books, and brings us to the 486th page, and the period of the birth of Christ. This event is signified to the people of Zarahemla by a great light, which made the night as light as mid-day. And thirty-three years after there was darkness for three days, and thunderings and earthquakes, and the destruction of cities and people. This was a sign of the crucifixion. Soon after this, Christ himself appears to this people of Zarahemla in America, repeats to them in long addresses the substance of his numerous sayings and discourses, as recorded by the apostles; chooses twelve to go forth and preach and baptize; and then disappears. On occasion of a great baptizing by the apostles, however, he appears again; imparts the Holy Spirit to all, makes long discourses, and disappears. And, finally, to the apostles themselves he appears a third time; and addresses them in ill-assorted extracts and paraphrases of his New Testament sayings. [Pg 66]

The account of these visits of our Saviour to the American Nephites, and of his sayings, occupies about 48 pages. For about 400 years, the Christian doctrine and church thus planted among the Nephites had various fortune; increasing at first, and prospering, but, as corruptions came in, encountering adversity. The Lamanites were still their fierce enemies; and as wickedness and corrupt doctrine began to prevail among the Christians, the Lamanites gained more advantages. It would appear, from Joe Smith's descriptions, that he means the war to have begun at the Isthmus of Darien—where the Nephites were settled, and occupied the country to the north, while the Lamanites lived south of the isthmus. From the isthmus the Nephites were gradually driven toward the east, till finally, at the hill of Cumorah, near Palmyra, in Wayne County, western New York, the last battle was fought, in which, with the loss of 230,000 fighting men, the Nephites were exterminated! Among the very few survivors was Moroni the last of the scribes, who deposited in this hill the metal plates which the virtuous Joe Smith was selected to receive from the hands of the angel. This occupies to the 580th page.

But now, in the Book of Ether, which follows, Joe becomes more bold, and goes back to the tower of Babel for another tribe of fair people, whom he brings over and settles in America. At the confusion of the languages, Ether and his brethren journeyed to the great sea, and, after a sojourn of four years on the shore, built boats under the Divine direction, water-tight, and covered over like walnuts, with a bright stone in each end to give light! And when they had embarked in their tight boats, a strong wind arose, blowing toward the promised land, and for 344 days it blew them along the water, till they arrived safe at the shore. Here, like the sons of Lehi, they increased and prospered, and had kings and prophets and wars, and were split into parties, who fought with each other. Finally, Shiz rose in rebellion against Coriantumr, the last king, and they fought with alternate success, till two millions of mighty men, with their wives and children, had been slain! And, after this, all the people were gathered either on the one side or the other, and fought for many days, till only Coriantumr alone remained alive!

This foolish history is written with the professedly religious purpose of showing the punishment from the hand of God which wicked behavior certainly entails; and, with some trifling moralities of Moroni, completes the *Book of Mormon*.

Joseph Smith does not affect in this gospel of his to bring in any new doctrine, or to supersede the Bible, but to restore "many plain and precious things which have been taken away from the first book by the abominable church, the Mother of Harlots." It is full of sillinesses, follies, and anachronisms; but I have not discovered, in my cursory review, any of the immoralities or positive licentiousness which he himself practiced, directly inculcated. He teaches faith in Christ, human depravity, the power of the Holy Ghost, the doctrine of the Trinity, of the atonement, and of salvation only through Christ. He recommends the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper; and, whatever his own conduct and that of his people may be, certainly in his book prohibits polygamy and priestcraft.

The wickedness of his book consists in its being a lie from beginning to end, and of himself in being throughout an impostor. Pretending to be a "seer"—which, he says, is greater than a prophet—he puts into the hands of his followers a work of pure invention as a religious guide inspired by God, and which, among his followers, is to take the place of the Bible. Though an ignorant man, he was possessed of much shrewdness. He courted persecution, though he hoped to profit, not to die by it. Unfortunately, his enemies, by their inconsiderate persecution, have made him a martyr for his opinions, and have given a stability to his sect which nothing may now be able to shake. It was urged by Smith himself that the New World was as deserving of a direct revelation as the Old; and his disciples press upon their hearers that, as an *American revelation*, this system has peculiar claims upon their regard and acceptance. The feeling of nationality being thus connected with the new sect, weak-minded native-born Americans might be swayed by patriotic motives in connecting themselves with it. But it is mortifying to learn that most numerous accessions are being made to the body in their new home by converts proceeding from England.[8] Under the name of the "Latter-day Saints," professing the doctrines of the gospel, the delusions of the system are hidden from the masses by the emissaries who have been dispatched into various countries to recruit their numbers among the ignorant and devoutly-inclined lovers of novelty. Who can tell what two centuries may do in the way of giving a historical position to this rising heresy?

AN ICE-HILL PARTY IN RUSSIA.

The reader, I hope, will have no objection to quit his comfortable fire-side, put on his furs, and accompany me to a sledge, or ice-hill party.

An army of about ten or fifteen sledges start from a house where all the party assemble, the gentlemen driving

themselves, and each family taking some provisions with them. After about an hour and three-quarters' drive, the whole caravan arrives at the house of a *starosto* (president) of the work-people employed by the foreign commercial houses in Russia. The *starosto* is usually a wealthy man, and mostly looked up to by his neighbors, as he has by some most extraordinary means acquired some few townish manners, which suit *his* country appearance as much as glazed boots, and a polka tie would suit the true English country farmer. [Pg 67]

After having warmed themselves before a good hot Russian stove, the party begin operations by getting the sledges ready, and ascending the ice-hills. The hills are made of a wooden scaffold, covered with huge bits of ice, all of an equal size, placed side-by-side, so as to fit closely together. By being constantly watered, they gradually become one solid mass, as smooth as a mirror. The hill, which usually is of a considerable height, and rather sloping, ends in a long, narrow plain of ice called the run, which is just broad enough for three narrow sledges to pass each other, and long enough to carry you to the foot of a second hill.

The sledges are usually of iron, long and narrow, and covered by cushions, often embroidered by the fair hand of a lady. They are low, and so constructed that they can hold one or two persons, as the case may be. Both the run and the hill are bordered by fir trees on each side, and on such evening parties are illuminated with Chinese lamps placed between the branches of the trees. Fancy yourself on the top of the hill looking down this illuminated avenue of firs, which is reflected in the mirror of the ice, as if determining to outshine the lights in the clear sky, and the gay laughing crowds moving up and down the hills, and you have before you the finest and most perfect picture of sorrowless enjoyment, as a striking contrast to the lifeless nature surrounding it. The briskness of the movement, and the many accidents happening to the clumsy members of the party, keep up the excitement, while the contest of young men to obtain this or the other lady for their partner on their down-hill journey (not in life), never allows the conversation or the laugh to flag for one moment. I remember once getting into what school-boys would call an awful scrape with one of the ice-hill heroes. We both started together from the second hill on a race, and I, having a faster sledge, overtook him by the length of my conveyance, and arrived at the top of the hill before him. Seeing that the *belle* of the evening was disengaged, I approached her with all the formality with which the newly-admitted youth requests the queen of a ball-room for the pleasure and honor to dance a polka with her, and asked her to go down. Forgetting a previous appointment with my former antagonist, she accepted my offer, and the latter just arrived in time to see us start from the hill. In his rage he determined to do me some mischief by upsetting my sledge, as soon as he had an opportunity of doing so without any damage to another party. He soon had an occasion, but, unfortunately I had a sledge with a lady before me; passing me, he hit me, and I, hitting against the sledge before me, without being able to avoid it, at the same time getting hold of his legs, upset all three. Luckily, no injury was done, as the whole lot were upset into the snow, to the great enjoyment of all spectators.

Gradually the time to retire approaches. The lamps begin to go out, and the hills, divested of their beauty, appear like the ruins of a magnificent city of olden times. Here and there you see a single lamp peeping out from the branches of the trees, wistfully looking round in search of its brothers, as if it wanted to assure itself of the absence of any other enlightening object.

The party go in to refresh themselves with tea and other warm beverages. The gentlemen wait on the ladies, and a new contest begins, as each tries to surpass the other in politeness and quickness. If it is a supper, you see these youthful and useful members of society running about with plates of sandwiches, or steering along with a cup of *bouillon* in one and a glass of wine in the other hand, through the intricate passages formed by the numberless tables occupied by members of the fair sex. And then having, after a great deal of danger, at last arrived at their destination, they find the lady they wanted to serve already provided with every necessary comfort; and, perchance, she is so much engaged in conversation with their more fortunate rival, that she can not even give them a grateful smile for their trouble. Now the ladies adjourn, and the field of action is left to the gentlemen. All restraint seems to have gone. The clatter of knives, the jingling of glasses, the hubbub of voices, all this makes such a chaos of strange and mysterious noises, that it has quite a deafening effect. At last a cry of order is heard from the top of the table. One of the directors of the party, after having requested the audience to fill their glasses, in flowery language proposes the health of the ladies, which, of course, is drunk with tremendous applause, manifested by acts, such as beating with the handles of knives and forks on the table, and clapping hands.

After several other toasts, the party adjourn to join the ladies. Merry-making now begins, and an hour or so is passed in social games, such as hunting the slipper, cross-questions, crooked answers, and others. At last, the parties wrap themselves up again in their furs, and prepare to go home. On their homeward tour, one of the finest phenomena in nature may, perchance, appear to them. A streak of light, suddenly appearing on the horizon, shoots like lightning up to the sky. One moment longer, and the whole sky is covered by such streaks, all of different colors amalgamating together, and constantly changing and lighting up the objects as bright as daylight. This is the Aurora Borealis, one of the numerous spectacles of nature, which the common people regard with astonishment, while the cultivated mind finds sermon on the glory of our Maker in every object he meets on his journey through life; looks at it with admiration and reverence. [Pg 68]

THE BLIND LOVERS OF CHAMOUNY.[9]

It was during a second visit to the beautiful and melancholy valley of Chamouny that I became acquainted with the following touching and interesting story. A complete change of ideas had become absolutely necessary for me; I sought, therefore, to kindle those emotions which must ever be awakened by the sublime scenes of Nature; my wearied heart required fresh excitement to divert it from the grief which was devouring it; and the melancholy grandeur of Chamouny seemed to present a singular charm to my then peculiar frame of mind.

Again I wandered through the graceful forest of fir-trees, which surrounds the Village des Bois, and, this time, with a new kind of pleasure; once more I beheld that little plain upon which the glaciers every now and then make an in-road, above which the peaks of the Alps rise so majestically, and which slopes so gently down to the picturesque source of the Arveyron. How I enjoyed gazing upon its portico of azure crystal, which every year wears a new aspect. On one occasion, when I reached this spot, I had not proceeded very far, when I perceived that Puck, my favorite dog, was not by my side. How could this have happened, for he would not have been induced to leave his master, even for the most dainty morsel? He did not answer to my call, and I began to feel uneasy, when, suddenly, the pretty fellow made his appearance, looking rather shy and uncomfortable, and yet with caressing confidence in my affection; his body was slightly curved, his eyes were humid and beseeching, he carried his head very low—so low, that his ears trailed upon the ground, like those of Zadig's dog; Puck, too, was a spaniel. If you had but seen Puck, in that posture, you would have found it impossible to be angry with him. I did not attempt to scold him, but, nevertheless, he continued to leave me, and return to me again; he repeated this amusement several times; while I followed in his track till I gradually came toward the point of his attraction; it appeared as if a similar kind of sympathy drew me to the same spot.

Upon a projection of a rock sat a young man, with a most touching and pleasing countenance; he was dressed in a sort of blue blouse, in the form of a tunic, and had a long stick of Cytisus in his hand; his whole appearance reminded me strongly of Poussin's antique shepherds. His light hair clustered in thick curls round his uncovered throat, and fell over his shoulders, his features wore an expression of gravity, but not of austerity, and he seemed sad, though not desponding. There was a singular character about his eyes, the effect of which I could scarcely define; they were large and liquid, but their light was quenched, and they were fixed and unfathomable. The murmur of the wind had disguised the sound of my footsteps, and I soon became aware that I was not perceived. At length, I felt sure that the young man was blind. Puck had closely studied the emotions which became visible in my face; but as soon as he discovered that I was kindly disposed toward his new friend, he jumped up to him. The young man stroked Puck's silky coat, and smiled good-naturedly at him.

"How is it that you appear to know me," said he, "for you do not belong to the valley? I once had a dog as full of play as you, and, perhaps, as pretty; but he was a French water-spaniel, with a coat of curly wool; he has left me, like many others—my last friend, my poor Puck."

"How curious! was your dog called Puck, too?"

"Ah, pardon me, sir!" exclaimed the young man, rising, and supporting himself on his stick. "My infirmity must excuse me."

"Pray sit down, my good friend; you are blind, I fear?"

"Yes, blind since my infancy."

"Have you never been able to see?"

"Ah, yes, but for so very short a time! yet, I have some recollection of the sun, and when I lift up my eyes toward the point in the heavens where it should be, I can almost fancy I see a globe, which reminds me of its color. I have, too, a faint remembrance of the whiteness of the snow, and the hue of our mountains."

"Was it an accident which deprived you of your sight?"

"Yes, an accident which was the least of my misfortunes. I was scarcely more than two years old, when an avalanche fell down from the heights of La Flégère, and crushed our little dwelling. My father, who was the guide among these mountains, had spent the evening at the Priory; you can easily picture to yourself his despair when he found his family swallowed up by this horrible scourge. By the aid of his comrades, he succeeded in making a hole in the snow, and was thus able to get into our cottage, the roof which was still supported on its frail props. The first thing which met his eyes was my cradle, he placed this at once in safety, for the danger was rapidly increasing; the work of the miners caused fresh masses of ice to crumble, and served rather to hasten the overthrow of our fragile abode; he pushed forward to save my mother, who had fainted, and he was afterward seen for a moment carrying her in his arms, by the light of the torches which burnt outside; and then all gave way. I was an orphan, and the next day it was discovered that my sight had been destroyed."

"Poor child! so you were left alone in the world, quite alone!"

"In our valley, a person visited by misfortune is never quite alone, all our good Chamouniers united in endeavoring to relieve my wretchedness; Balmat give me shelter, Simon Coutet afforded me food, Gabriel Payot clothed me; [Pg 69] and a good widow who had lost her children, undertook the care of me. She still performs a mother's part to me, and guides me to this spot every day in summer."

"And are these all the friends you have?"

"I have had more," said the young man, while he placed his finger on his lip in a mysterious manner; "but they are gone."

"Will they never come back again?"

"I should think not, from appearances; yet a few days ago I imagined that Puck would return, that he had only strayed, but nobody strays among our glaciers with impunity. I shall never feel him bound again at my side, or hear him bark at the approach of travelers," and he brushed away a tear.

"What is your name?"

"Gervais."

"Listen, Gervais; you must tell me about these friends whom you have lost;" at the same time I prepared to seat myself by his side, but he sprang up eagerly, and took possession of the vacant place.

"Not here, not here, sir; this is Eulalie's seat, and since her departure nobody has occupied it."

"Eulalie," replied I, seating myself in the place from which he had just risen; "tell me about Eulalie, and yourself; your story interests me."

Gervais proceeded:

"I explained to you that my life had not been devoid of happiness, for Heaven compensates bountifully to those in misfortune, by inspiring good people with pity for their wretchedness. I lived in happy ignorance of the extent of my deprivation; suddenly, however, a stranger came to reside in the village des Bois, and formed the topic of conversation in our valley. He was only known by the name of M. Robert, but the general opinion was, that he was a person of distinction, who had met with great losses, and much sorrow, and consequently had resolved to pass his latter years in perfect solitude. He was said to have lost a wife, to whom he was tenderly attached; the result of their union, a little girl, had occasioned him much grief, for she was born blind. While the father was held up as a model for his virtues, the goodness and charms of his daughter were equally extolled. My want of sight prevented me from judging of her beauty, but could I have beheld her she could not have left a more lovely impression on my mind. I picture her to myself sometimes as even more interesting than my mother."

"She is dead, then?" inquired I.

"Dead!" replied he, in an accent in which there was a strange mixture of terror and wild joy! "dead! who told you so?"

"Pardon me, Gervais, I did not know her; I was only endeavoring to find out the reason of your separation."

"She is alive," said he, smiling bitterly, and he remained silent for a moment. "I do not know whether I told you that she was called Eulalie. Yes, her name was Eulalie, and this was her place;" he broke off abruptly. "Eulalie," repeated he, while he stretched out his hand as if to find her by his side. Puck licked his fingers, and looked pityingly at him: I would not have parted from Puck for a million.

"Calm yourself, Gervais, and forgive me for opening a wound which is scarcely yet healed. I can guess the rest of your story. The strange similarity of Eulalie's and your misfortune awakened her father's interest in you, and you became another child to him."

"Yes, I became another child to him, and Eulalie was a sister to me; my kind adopted mother and I went to take up our abode in the new house, which is called the Chateau. Eulalie's masters were mine; together we learned those divine strains of harmony which raise the soul to heaven, and together, by means of pages printed in relief, we read with our fingers the sublime thoughts of the philosophers, and the beautiful creations of the poets. I endeavored to imitate some of their graceful images, and to paint what I had not seen. Eulalie admired my verses, and this was all I desired. Ah! if you had heard her sing, you would have thought that an angel had descended to entrance the valley. Every day in the fine season we were conducted to this rock, which is called by the inhabitants of this part 'le Rocher des Aveugles;' here too the kindest of fathers guided our steps, and bestowed on us numberless fond attentions. Around us were tufts of rhododendrons, beneath us was a carpet of violets and daisies, and when our touch had recognized, by its short stalk and its velvety disk, the last-named flower, we amused ourselves in stripping it of its petals, and repeated a hundred times this innocent diversion, which served as a kind of interpretation to our first avowal of love."

As Gervais proceeded, his face acquired a mournful expression, a cloud passed over his brow, and he became suddenly sad and silent; in his emotion he trod unthinkingly upon an Alpine rose, which was, however, already withered on its stalk; I gathered it without his being aware of it, for I wished to preserve it in remembrance of him. Some minutes elapsed before Gervais seemed inclined to proceed with his narrative, and I did not like to speak to him; suddenly he passed his hand over his eyes, as if to drive away a disagreeable dream, and then turning toward me with an ingenuous smile, he continued.

"Be charitable to my weakness, for I am young, and have not yet learned to control the emotions of my heart; some day, perhaps, I shall be wiser."

"I fear, my good friend," said I, "that this conversation is too fatiguing for you; do not recall to your mind circumstances which appear so painful. I shall never forgive myself for occasioning you such an hour of grief."

"It is not you," replied Gervais, "who bring back these recollections, for these thoughts are never absent from my mind, and I would rather that it was annihilated than that they should ever cease to occupy it; my very existence is mixed up with my sorrow." I had retained Gervais's hand; he understood, therefore, that I was listening to him. [Pg 70]

"After all, my reminiscences are not entirely made up of bitterness; sometimes I imagine that my present affliction is only a dream—that my real life is full of the happiness which I have lost. I fancy that she is still near me, only, perhaps, a little further off than usual—that she is silent because she is plunged in deep meditation, of which our mutual love forms a principal part. One day we were seated as usual on this rock, and were enjoying the sweetness and serenity of the air, the perfume of our violets, and the song of the birds; upon this occasion we listened with a curious kind of pleasure to the masses of ice which, being loosened by the sun, shot hissingly down from the peaks of the mountain. We could distinguish the rushing of the waters of the Arveyron. I do not know how it was, but we were both suddenly impressed with a vague sensation of the uncertainty of happiness, and at the same time with a feeling of terror and uneasiness; we threw ourselves into each other's arms, and held each other tightly, as if somebody had wished to separate us, and both of us exclaimed eagerly, 'Ah, yes! let it be always thus, always thus.' I felt that Eulalie scarcely breathed, and that her overwrought state of mind required to be soothed. 'Yes, Eulalie, let us ever be thus to one another; the world believes that our misfortune renders us objects only of pity, but how can it possibly judge of the happiness that I enjoy in your tenderness, or that you find in mine? How little does the turmoil and excitement of society affect us; we may be regarded by many as imperfect beings, and this is quite natural, for they have not yet discovered that the perfection of happiness consists in loving and in being loved. It is not your beauty which has captivated me, it is something which can not be described when felt, nor forgotten when once experienced; it is a charm which belongs to you alone—which I can discover in your voice, in your mind, in every one of your actions. Oh! if ever I enjoyed sight, I would entreat God to extinguish the light of my eyes in order that I might not gaze at other women—that my thoughts might only dwell upon you. It is you who have rendered study pleasing to me—who have inspired me with taste for art; if the beauties of Rossini and Weber impressed me strongly, it was because you sang their glorious ideas. I can well afford to dispense with the superfluous luxuries of art, I who possess the treasure from which it would derive its highest price; for surely thy heart is mine, if not thou couldst not be happy.'

"'I am happy,' replied Eulalie, 'the happiest of girls.'

"'My dear children,' said M. Robert, while he joined our trembling hands, 'I hope you will always be equally happy, for it is my desire that you should never be separated.'

"M. Robert was never long absent from us, he was ever bestowing upon us marks of his tenderness. Upon this occasion he had reached the spot where we were seated without our having been aware of his presence, and he had heard us without intentionally listening. I did not feel that I was in fault, and yet I was overwhelmed, embarrassed. Eulalie trembled. M. Robert placed himself between us, for we had withdrawn a little from each other.

"'Why should it not be as you wish?' said he, as he threw his arms around us, and pressed us close together, and embraced us with more than usual warmth. 'Why not? Am I not sufficiently rich to procure you servants and friends? You will have children who will replace your poor old father; your infirmity is not hereditary. Receive my blessing, Gervais, and you, my Eulalie. Thank God, and dream of to-morrow, for the day which will shine upon us to-morrow will be beautiful even to the blind.'

"Eulalie embraced her father, and then threw her arms round me; for the first time my lips touched hers. This happiness was too great to be called happiness. I thought that my heart would burst; I wished to die at that moment, but, alas! I did not die. I do not know how happiness affects others, but mine was imperfect, for it was without hope or calmness. I could not sleep, or rather I did not attempt to sleep, for it seemed to me a waste of time, and that eternity would not be sufficiently long to enjoy the felicity which was in store for me; I almost regretted the past, which, though it lacked the delicious intoxication of the present moment, was yet free from doubts and fears. At length I heard the household stirring; I got up, dressed myself, performed my morning devotions, and then went to my window, which looked out upon the Arve. I opened it, stretched forth my head in the morning mists to cool my burning brow. Suddenly my door opened, and I recognized a man's footstep; it was not M. Robert; a hand took hold of mine—'M. Maunoir!' exclaimed I.

"It was a great many years since he had been to the Valley; but the sound of his footstep, the touch of his hand, and something frank and affectionate in his manner, brought him back to my remembrance.

"'It is indeed he,' observed M. Maunoir, in a faltering voice, to some one near him, 'It is indeed my poor Gervais. You remember what I said to you about it at that time.' He then placed his fingers on my eyelids, and kept them up for a few seconds. 'Ah,' said he, 'God's will be done! You are happy at any rate, are you not Gervais?'

"'Yes, very happy,' replied I. 'M. Robert considers that I have profited by all his kindness; I assure you I can read as well as a person who is gifted with sight; above all, Eulalie loves me.' [Pg 71]

"'She will love you, if possible, still more if she should one day be able to see you.'

"'If she sees me, did you say?'

"I thought he alluded to that eternal home where the eyes of the blind are opened, and darkness visits them no more.

"My mother, as was her custom, brought me here, but Eulalie had not arrived; she was later than usual. I began to wonder how this could have happened. My poor little Puck went to meet her, but he returned to me again without her. At length he began to bark violently, and to jump so impatiently up and down on the bench, that I felt sure she must be near me, though I could not hear her myself. I stretched myself forward in the direction she would come, and presently my arms were clasped in hers. M. Robert had not accompanied her as usual, and then I began at once to feel sure that his absence, and Eulalie's delay in reaching our accustomed place of rendezvous, was to be attributed to the presence of strangers at the Chateau. You will think it very extraordinary when I tell you that Eulalie's arrival, for which I had so ardently longed, filled me with a restless sensation, which had hitherto been unknown to me. I was not at ease with Eulalie as I had been the day before. Now that we belonged to each other, I did not dare to make any claim on her kindness; it seemed to me that her father, in bestowing her on me had imposed a thousand restrictions; I felt as if I might not indulge in a word or caress; I was conscious that she was more than ever mine, and yet I did not venture to embrace her. Perhaps she experienced the same feelings, for our conversation was at first restrained, like that of persons who are not much acquainted with each other; however, this state of things could not last long, the delicious happiness of the past day was still fresh in our minds. I drew near to Eulalie, and sought her eyes with my lips, but they met a bandage.

"'You are hurt, Eulalie?'

"'A little hurt,' replied she, 'but very slightly, since I am going to spend the day with you, as I am in the habit of doing; and that the only difference is, that there is a green ribbon between your mouth and my eyes.'

"'Green! green! Oh, God! what does that mean? What is a green ribbon?'

"'I have seen,' said she, 'I can see,' and her hand trembled in mine, as if she had apprised me of some fault or misfortune.

"'You have seen,' exclaimed I, 'you will see! Oh! unfortunate creature that I am! Yes, you will see, and the glass which has hitherto been to you a cold and polished surface, will reflect your living image; its language, though mute, will be animated; it will tell you each day that you are beautiful! and when you return to me it will make you entertain only one feeling toward me, that of pity for my misfortunes. Yet what do I say? you will not return to me; for who is the beautiful girl who would bestow her affection on a blind lover? Oh! unfortunate creature that I am to be blind;' in my despair I fell to the earth; she wound her arms round me, twined her fingers in my hair, and covered me with kisses, while she sobbed like a child.

"'No, no! I will never love any one but Gervais. You were happy yesterday, in thinking we were blind, because our love would never be likely to change. I will be blind again, if my recovery of sight makes you unhappy. Shall I remove this bandage, and cause the light of my eyes to be for ever extinguished? Horrible idea, I had actually thought of it.'

"'Stop, stop,' cried I, 'our language is that of madness, because we are both unnerved and ill—you from excess of happiness, and I from despair. Listen,' and I placed myself beside her, but my heart felt ready to break. 'Listen,' continued I, 'it is a great blessing that you are permitted to see, for now you are perfect; it matters not, if I do not see, or if I die; I shall be abandoned, for this is the destiny which God has reserved for me; but promise me that you will never see me, that you will never attempt to see me; if you see me, you will, in spite of yourself, compare me to others—to those whose soul, whose thoughts may be read in their eyes, to those who set a woman fondly dreaming with a single glance of fire. I would not let it be in your power to compare me; I would be to you what I was in the mind of a little blind girl, as if you saw me in a dream. I want you to promise me that you will never come here without your green bandage; that you will visit me every week, or every month, or at least once every year;—ah! promise me to come back once more, without seeing me.'

"'I promise to love you always,' said Eulalie, and she wept.

"I was so overcome that my senses left me, and I fell at her feet. M. Robert lifted me from the ground, bestowed many kind words and embraces upon me, and placed me under the care of my adopted mother. Eulalie was no longer there; she came the next day, and the day after, and several days following, and each day my lips touched the green bandage which kept up my delusion; I fancied I should continue to be the same to her as long as she did not see me. I said to myself with an insane kind of rapture, 'my Eulalie still visits me without seeing me; she will never see me, and therefore I shall be always loved by her.' One day, a little while after this, when she came to visit me, and my lips sought her eyes as usual, they, in wandering about, encountered some long, silky eye-lashes beneath her green bandage.

"'Ah!' exclaimed I, 'if you were likely to see me.'

"'I have seen you,' said she, laughingly; 'what would have been the good of sight to me, if I had not looked upon you? Ah! vain fellow, who dares set limits to a woman's curiosity, whose eyes are suddenly opened to the light?' [Pg 72]

"'But it is impossible, Eulalie, for you promised me.'

"'I did not promise you any thing, dearest, for when you asked me to make you this promise, I had already seen you.'

"'You had seen me, and yet you continued to come to me; that is well; but whom did you see first?'

"'M. Maunoir, my father, Julie, then this great world, with its trees and mountains, the sky and the sun.'

"'And whom have you seen since?'

"'Gabriel Payot, old Balmat, the good Terraz, the giant Cachat, and Marguerite.'

"'And nobody else?'

"'Nobody.'

"'How balmy the air is this evening! take off your bandage, or you may become blind again?'

"'Would that grieve me so much? I tell you again and again, that the chief happiness I have in seeing, is to be able to look at you, and to love you through the medium of another sense. You were pictured in my soul as you now are

in my eyes. This faculty, which has been restored to me, serves but as another link to bring me closer to your heart; and this is why I value the gift of sight.'

"These words I shall never forget. My days now flowed on calmly and happily, for hope so easily seduces; our mode of life was considerably changed, and Eulalie endeavored to make me prefer excitement and variety of amusement, instead of the tranquil enjoyment which had formerly charmed us. After some little time I thought I observed that the books which she selected for reading to me were of a different character to those she used to like; she seemed now to be more pleased with those writers who painted the busy scenes of the world, she unconsciously showed great interest in the description of a fête, in the numerous details of a woman's toilet, and in the preparations for, and the pomps of a ceremony. At first I did not imagine that she had forgotten that I was blind, so that though this change chilled, it did not break my heart. I attributed the alteration in her taste, in some measure, to the new aspect things had assumed at the Chateau; for since M. Maunoir had performed one of the miracles of his art upon Eulalie, M. Robert was naturally much more inclined to enjoy society and the luxuries which fortune had bestowed upon him; and as soon as his daughter was restored to him in all the perfection of her organization, and the height of her beauty, he sought to assemble, at the Chateau, the numerous travelers that the short summer season brought to the neighborhood.

"The winter came at length, and M. Robert told me, after slightly preparing me, that he was going to leave me for a few days—for a few days at the most—he assured me that he only required time to procure and get settled in a house at Geneva, before he would send for me to join them; he told me that Eulalie was to accompany him; and at length, that he intended to pass the winter at Geneva; the winter which would so soon be over, which had already begun. I remained mute with grief. Eulalie wound her arms affectionately round my neck. I felt they were cold and hung heavily on me; if my memory still serves me she bestowed on me all kinds of endearing and touching appellations; but all this was like a dream. After some hours I was restored to my senses, and then my mother said, 'Gervais, they are gone, but we shall remain at the Chateau.' From that time I have little or nothing to relate.

"In the month of October she sent me a ribbon with some words printed in relief, they were these: 'This ribbon is the green ribbon which I wore over my eyes—it has never left me; I send it you.' In the month of November, which was very beautiful, some servants of the house brought me several presents from her father, but I did not inquire about them. The snow sets in in December, and, oh! heavens, how long that winter was! January, February, March, April, were centuries of calamities and tempests. In the month of May the avalanches fell every where except on me. When the sun peeped forth a little, I was guided, by my wish, to the road which led to Bossons, for this was the way the muleteers came; at length, one arrived, but with no news for me; and then another, and after the third I gave up all hope of hearing from my absent friends; I felt that the crisis of my fate was over. Eight days after, however, a letter from Eulalie was read to me; she had spent the winter at Geneva, and was going to pass the summer at Milan. My poor mother trembled for me, but I smiled; it was exactly what I expected. And now, sir, you know my story, it is simply this, that I believed myself loved by a woman, and I have been loved by a dog. Poor Puck!" Puck jumped on the blind man.

"Ah!" said he, "You are not my Puck, but I love you because you love me."

"Poor fellow," cried I, "you will be loved by another, though not by her, and you will love in return; but listen, Gervais, I must leave Chamouny, and I shall go to Milan. I will see her. I will speak to Eulalie, I swear to you, and then I will return to you. I, too, have some sorrows which are not assuaged; some wounds which are not yet healed." Gervais sought for my hand, and pressed it fervently. Sympathy in misfortune is so quickly felt. "You will, at least, be comfortably provided for; thanks to the care of your protector, your little portion of land has become very fruitful, and the good Chamouniers rejoice in your prosperity. Your prepossessing appearance will soon gain you a mistress, and will enable you to find a friend."

"And a dog?" replied Gervais.

"Ah! I would not give mine for your valley or mountains if he had not loved you, but now I give him to you."

"Your dog!" exclaimed he. "Your dog ah! he can not be given away." [Pg 73]

"Adieu, Gervais!"

I did not speak to Puck, or he would have followed me; as I was moving on I saw Puck looked uneasy and ashamed; he drew back a step, stretched out his paws, and bent down his head to the ground. I stroked his long silky coat, and with a slight pang at my heart, in which there was no feeling of anger, I said, so. He flew back to Gervais like an arrow. Gervais will not be alone at any rate, thought I.

A few days afterward I found myself at Milan. I was not in spirits for enjoying society, yet I did not altogether avoid mixing in it; a crowded room is, in its way, a vast solitude, unless you are so unfortunate a person as to stumble upon one of those never-tiring tourists whom you are in the habit of meeting occasionally on the Boulevards, at Tortoni's, or with whom you have gaped away an hour at Favert's, one of those dressed-up puppies with fashionable cravat and perfumed hair, who stare through an eye-glass, with the most perfect assurance imaginable, and talk at the highest pitch of their voice.

"What! are you here?" cried Roberville.

"Is it you?" replied I. He continued to chatter, but his words were unheeded by me, for my eyes suddenly fixed upon a young girl of extraordinary beauty; she was sitting alone, and leaning against a pillar in a kind of melancholy reverie.

"Ah! ah!" said Roberville, "I understand; your taste lies in that direction. Well, well, really in my opinion you show considerable judgment. I once thought of her myself, but now I have higher views."

"Indeed," replied I, as I gazed at him from head to foot, "you do not say so."

"Come, come," said Roberville, "I perceive your heart is already touched, you are occupied only with her; confess that it would have been a sad pity if those glorious black eyes had never been opened to the light."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? why, that she was born blind. She is the daughter of a rich merchant of Anvers, and his only child; he lost his wife very young, and was plunged in consequence in the profoundest grief."

"Do you believe it?"

"I should think so, for he quitted Anvers, gave up his mercantile pursuits, which had never been more profitable to him than at that time, and, after making magnificent presents to those persons employed in his service, and pensions to his servants, left his house and occupation."

"And what became of him afterward?" said I, somewhat impatiently, for my curiosity was gradually increasing.

"Oh! it's a romance, a perfect romance. This good man retired to Chamouny, where we have all been once in our life, for the sake of saying that we have been, though, for my part, I can never understand the charms of its melancholy grandeur, and there he remained several years. Have you never heard him mentioned? let me see, it's a plebeian name—M. Robert, that's it."

"Well?" said I.

"Well," continued he, "an occulist succeeded in restoring his daughter's sight. Her father took her to Geneva, and at Geneva she fell in love with an adventurer, who carried her off because her father would not have him for a son-in-law."

"Her father felt that he was unworthy of her," said I.

"Yes, and he had formed a correct opinion of him, for no sooner had they reached Milan than the adventurer disappeared, with all the gold and diamonds of which he had been able to possess himself; it was asserted that this gallant gentleman was already married, and that he had incurred capital punishment at Padua, so that the law punished him."

"And M. Robert?"

"Oh, M. Robert died of grief; but this affair did not create a great sensation, for he was a very singular man, who had some extraordinary ideas; one of the absurd plans he had formed was, to marry his daughter to a blind youth."

"Oh, the poor girl!"

"She is not so much to be pitied either, but look at her instead of talking of her, and confess that she has many advantages, with two hundred thousand francs a year, and such a pair of eyes!"

"Eyes, eyes, curses rest upon her eyes, for they have been her ruin!" There is a leaven of cruelty in my composition, and I like to make those, who have caused others suffering, suffer in their turn. I fixed one of those piercing looks upon Eulalie, which, when they do not flatter a woman, make her heart sink within her; she raised herself from the pillar, against which she was leaning, and stood motionless and tremblingly before me. I went up to her slowly, and whispered Gervais.

"Who?"

"Gervais."

"Ah, Gervais," replied she, while she placed her hand before her eyes.

The scene was so singular that it would have shaken the nerves of the most composed person, for my appearance there was altogether so sudden, my acquaintance with her history so extraordinary.

"Ah, Gervais," exclaimed I, vehemently seizing her at the same time by the arm, "what have you done to him?" She sank to the ground in a swoon. I never heard any more of her from that memorable night.

I entered Savoy by Mount St. Bernard, and again found myself once more in the valley of Chamouny. Again I sought the rock where Gervais was accustomed to sit, but though it was his usual hour for sitting there, he was not to be seen. I came up to the old spot, and discovered his stick of Cytisus, and perceiving that it was ornamented with a piece of green ribbon, on which were some words printed in relief, the circumstance of his leaving this behind him made me feel very uneasy. I called Gervais, loudly; a voice repeated Gervais; it seemed to me like an [Pg 74] echo; I turned round; and beheld Marguerite, leading a dog by a chain. They stopped, and I recognized Puck, though he did not know me, for he seemed occupied by some idea; he sniffed his nose in the air, raised his ears, and stretched forth his paws, as if he was going to start off.

"Alas, sir," said Marguerite, "have you met with Gervais?"

"Gervais," replied I, "where is he?" Puck looked at me as if he had understood what I had said, he stretched himself toward me, as far as his chain would permit; I stroked him with my hand, the poor thing licked my fingers and then remained still.

"I remember now, sir, that it was you who gave him this dog to console him for one which he had lost, a little while before you came here; this poor animal had not been eight days in the valley before he lost his sight like his master."

"I lifted up Puck's silky head, and discovered that he was indeed blind. Puck licked my hand, and then howled.

"It was because he was blind," said Marguerite, "that Gervais would not take him with him yesterday."

"Yesterday, Marguerite! what, has he not been home since yesterday?"

"Ah, sir, that is exactly what astonishes us all so much. Only think on Sunday, in the midst of a tremendous storm, a gentleman came to the Valley; I could have declared he was an English milord; he wore a straw hat, covered with ribbons."

"Well, but what has all this to do with Gervais?"

"While I was running to fetch some fagots to make a fire for drying M. Roberville's clothes, he remained with Gervais. M. de Roberville! yes, that was his name. I do not know what he said, but yesterday Gervais was so melancholy; he, however, seemed more anxious than ever to go to the rock; indeed he was in such a hurry that I had scarcely time to throw his blue cloak over his shoulders; and I think I told you that the evening before was very cold and damp. 'Mother,' said he, as we went along, 'be so kind as to prevent Puck from following me, and take charge of him; his restlessness inconveniences me sometimes, and if he should pull his chain out of my hand, we should not be able to find each other again perhaps.'"

"Alas, Gervais!" cried I, "my poor Gervais!"

"Oh, Gervais! Gervais, my son! my little Gervais!" sobbed the poor woman.

Puck gnawed his chain, and jumped impatiently about us.

"If you were to set Puck at liberty, perhaps he might find Gervais," said I.

The chain was unfastened, and before I had time to see that Puck was free, he had darted off, and the next moment I heard the sound of a body falling into the depths of the Arveyron. "Puck! Puck!" shouted I; but when I reached the spot, the little dog had disappeared, and all that could be seen was a blue mantle floating on the surface of the waters.

THE DAUGHTER OF BLOOD—A TALE OF SPANISH LIFE.

At Aranjuez, some twenty years ago, there lived a youth of the poorer class, whose good nature and industry were the proverb of the village. His name was Julio. His disposition was naturally indolent, morally I mean rather than physically; and although he was by no means deficient in understanding, he allowed himself to be guided by any person who, for any purpose, thought fit to undertake the task. Julio delighted in doing a kindness and, as his good-nature equalled his ductility, he granted every request, whether it lay in his power or not. No one was more ready to play at the village dance than Julio; and though he loved to dance himself, he never thought of indulging in this predilection until his companions, knowing his weakness, insisted on his allowing some one else to take the guitar. It was to him always that damsels resorted who had quarreled with their sweethearts, or youths who had fallen under the displeasure of their Chloe; for, on behalf of the first, he was best able to soften jealousy and extort promises of future amendment, and for the latter, he would smooth matters by appropriate words, nay, often by a small gift purchased by a sacrifice of part of his own scanty store, and presented as though from the culprit. Great were this charming young man's accomplishments; and not only were his companions, but the higher class of inhabitants, grieved when his facile disposition brought him into any scrape. It had always been supposed that Julio was attached to a young girl, with whom he had been brought up. His patrimonial cottage adjoined to that of her parents, and he had ever seemed to court her society more than that of his other fair acquaintances. As for her, she adored him. She was much of the same disposition as himself, and undecided; but in her love for him, she had come out of herself; she would have followed him to the scaffold, and would infinitely have preferred a disagreeable death in his society, than the most agreeable life without him. As yet he had scarcely sufficiently reciprocated her attachment; he liked her society; he perhaps did not object to her devotion! nay, he wished to marry her; but she had not inspired him with the same absorbing love she herself felt; she had not sufficient command over him to draw forth his passion in its full tide; and while that passion was accumulating, pent up for some event, she was content with his simmering affection. Her name was Faustina.

But his love was soon to be proved, and poor Faustina's heart was to be sorely tried. While she confidingly looked up to him who was virtually her betrothed, she little thought how slight was the bond that attached him to her. She [Pg 75] knew his love did not reach one tithe of that she would have wished, but she thought it infinitely more than what it eventually appeared.

An Italian family from Madrid came to reside during the spring months at Aranjuez. In their retinue came Ursula, an Italian *femme-de-chambre*, a woman whose name is never uttered in the *pueblo* but with a curse.

She was older than Julio, who became acquainted with her while employed in the house in his trade as carpenter; but as she saw his pliable disposition, and perhaps his nascent passion, her experience and acuteness taught her to turn them to account; and in a short time she obtained such an ascendency over him, that he became a perfect plaything in her hands. He ruined himself in purchasing presents for the artful woman; he furnished her with all she required; he gave her money; in fact, had she requested his life, it would not have been considered an exorbitant demand. Ursula was handsome, tall, dark, and fierce-looking flashing eyes she had, with heavy arched brows; and considering these advantages, folks wondered that she would condescend to turn her ideas so humbly; but after inquiries showed that in her own land, and in Madrid, her conduct had been so very profligate, that all was now fish that came to her net, and that, to obtain the consummation of the wishes of every woman, a husband and independence, she must stoop far below what must have been her original expectations.

Meanwhile poor Faustina wept and prayed, now scorned by Julio, but pitied by the little world in which she had lived. She wept and prayed, but tears seemed to afford no relief to the maiden in her anguish, and prayers appeared to have lost their efficacy: they brought no success, nay, worse, no comfort. Still Julio pursued his headlong career, heedless of the past, the present, or the future. It was dreadful to see the change in him: he seemed as one possessed. The reckless passion that had been roused by the wily Italian, burst all bounds, knew no restraint, no path; it was like a torrent that has been for some time dammed up, which, when set free, acknowledges no demarkation, no rule of banks or bed, but tears forward, involving in its impetuous rage the verdure and bloom that are around it.

Such was the state of affairs that occupied the attention of all the Aranjovites, when one morning Ursula the Italian disappeared. Julio was at work when the fact was communicated to him, which being done, he fell to the ground, as though the intelligence had struck him dead; and when he recovered from the swoon, he raved, frantic. He wandered to Madrid, but could discover no intelligence of her; he visited all the neighboring towns, he inquired of the police, but no trace of the woman could be found, till at last the reaction of his spirits, after the tense excitement, the grief, the balked passion, seemed to have prostrated his senses; he walked as a spectre, taking heed of no passer-by, callous to all changes, careless of remark and of appearance, a noonday ghoul preying on his own misery. But now the prayers of the poor girl who loved him so fondly seemed to her to have been granted. She had not besought a return of his former lukewarm regard, only an opportunity of proving her own devotion; and in his dull apathy she indeed proved herself a loving woman. She followed him in his walks, she arranged his cottage, sang to him the songs she thought he best loved; nay, to cheer him, would endeavor to repeat the airs she had at times heard from the lips of her Italian rival, though the attempt was but a self-inflicted wound; and in the heat of the day, she would take him often her own share of the domestic meal, or placing his unconscious head on her bosom, would tend him like a child, as he lay half sleeping, half senseless.

Her constancy received a qualified reward—Count ——, an officer having the chief authority in the royal demesnes, hearing the story, offered to Julio a good appointment in the gardens, with the proviso that he should espouse Faustina. To this Julio yielded without a sigh; poverty was beginning to make itself felt, and having resigned all hope of happiness he did not anticipate increased misery. His marriage did not alter his late mode of life. Listless and stupid he wandered about the gardens, inspecting, with an uninterested eye, the workmen over whom he had been placed, and he would soon have lost his appointment had it not been for his wife, who, "tender and true," in addition to her household duties, executed those which had been committed to his charge, slaving night and day for him she loved, careless of suffering and of labor, her only object to win his approbation, and some, however slight, token of returned affection: but she labored in vain; Julio did not see, or affected not to see, these exertions; he would enter the house or leave it, without uttering a syllable, while his wife continued her thankless office, rewarded only by her conscience. And how disheartening a task it is to practice self-denial unappreciated, to resign all for one who deigns not even to bestow a word of kind approval. But thus Faustina lived her life—one uninterrupted self-sacrifice. Alas! how often are such lives passed by women in every rank of life! How little can a stranger tell the heroism that occurs beneath the roofs of the noble or on the cold hearth of the beggar; at odd times, at sudden epochs, the world may hear of deeds practiced, that, of old, would have deified the performer; but often, how often, will noble acts, such as these, receive a thankless return; years passed as this, acknowledged only when too late; their premium in life, perchance, may be harsh words or curses, or transitory tears may moisten the grave when the gentle spirit passes from its earthly frame. These observations may be just, but they are somewhat trite. [Pg 76]

Thus they lived for five years, one pretty little girl being the only fruit of this union; a child who, in her earliest days, was taught to suffer, and who partook her mother's disposition, nay, even her mother's character, as it

appeared, tempered by the grief of womanhood; when one day, to the horror and disgust of the township, Ursula, the *teterrima causa*, reappeared at Aranjuez. She was grown much older in appearance—years and evident care had worn furrows in her cheeks; but the flashing eye of sin was not yet dimmed, her head not bent, nor the determination that had of old gained such a baneful influence on the mind of Julio. One morning Faustina, leaving her house, beheld her husband in conversation with her rival. That day had sealed her doom. Morning, noon, and night, Julio was at the side of Ursula, as before, obeying her slightest command, groveling at her feet, like a slave; his ancient energy of passion had returned, but only to brutalize his nature; instead of cold looks to his wife, he now treated her with blows at the rare interviews he held with her; the cold apathy was changed into deep hate, and though no direct act of violence caused her death, the shock, the harshness, added to neglect, soon broke her heart. Poor Faustina died, blessing with her latest breath, the being who had by his cruelty killed her, and deprecating even remorse to visit him, she left the world, in which she had loved in vain.

At her death, Julio found himself comparatively wealthy—wealthy by her exertion; and ere another moon shone over his roof, his bride, the dark Italian, beat his child on the spot where the mother had so lately died.

Dark rumors soon spread over the village, a scowling Italian, given out by Ursula as her brother, came and took up his abode in her newly-acquired house; curious neighbors whispered tales how, peeping in at night, they had beheld the three deal heavy blows to poor Faustina's daughter; screams often were heard from the desecrated habitation, and the child was never seen to leave the house. Julio had recovered, to a certain extent, the use of his faculties, and was enabled now himself to attend to his affairs, but his subordinates soon felt the loss of Faustina's mild rule, and with the discrimination of the Spanish peasantry, attributed their sufferings, not to the miserable tool, but to the fiend-hearted woman.

Julio was walking in the garden alone, during the time usually devoted to the mid-day sleep; his underlings were reclining beneath the shade of the trees; and, at last, overcome by the heat, he himself gave way to slumber; his dreams were troubled, but were not of long duration; for he had not long laid himself on the sward, when he felt himself rudely shaken, and, awaking, discovered an officer of justice standing near him, who desired his society. The alguazil led him to his own abode, and, on reaching it, what did he behold? His wife, who was then with child, pinioned, between two villagers acting for the nonce as constables, one of whom held in his hand a bloody *navaja*; the brother(!), also pinioned, standing near her; and on the ground, surrounded by a knot of peasants, glad at the vengeance that was to overtake the guilty pair, he saw the child of Faustina, decapitated, dismembered, discovered thus on the floor of the cottage, ere the murderous couple had been enabled to conceal the mangled remains. A workman, a near relation of Julio's first wife, who had, by chance, heard a suppressed scream in passing, hastily summoning assistance, had arrived in time only to apprehend the assassins, the shedders of innocent blood. There was no flaw in the evidence, and, ere long, Ursula and her paramour, for such was the true relative position in which she stood with the stranger, were sentenced to the doom they so richly deserved. I have not, however, ended, my narrative, but I will endeavor to curtail the rest of my history, to me the strangest part of it. Julio was not disenchanted; by extraordinary exertions to save the mother of a child, shrewdly suspected not to be his own, he prevailed on his patron, Count ——, to procure the commutation of his wife's sentence to a term of imprisonment; and though the murderer forfeited his life, the murderess escaped after some years' incarceration, having given birth to a child shortly after her trial, who, innocent, bore on her brow the mark of the instrument of her mother's crime; and, can it be credited!—Julio took the woman to his home, his love unabated, his subserviency undiminished!

They now live in Aranjuez, and the child is left to wander about unnoticed, except with punishment; my kind-hearted landlady alone feeds the poor creature, whom all others shun: and even she feels uncomfortable in the presence of one born under such auspices. Her fellow-townsfolk, as they pass the scene of virtue and of crime, bless the memory of Faustina, and curse the life of Ursula, praying for the peace of the first one and of her child; and, while execrating the latter, refuse shelter or relief to her innocent offspring, who, in the universal spirit of poetry that reigns in Spain, is known far and near, and pointed to the stranger as *La Hija de Sangre*, the Daughter of Blood.

THE EXECUTION OF FIESCHI, MOREY, AND PEPIN.

About one o'clock on a cold winter night in 1835, a party of four persons were seated in the coffee-room of the Hôtel Meurice, at Paris. It was chilly, sloppy, miserable weather; half-melted snow, mixed with the Paris mud, and a driving, sleety rain hissed against the ill-fitting windows.

Our four convives were drinking—not the wines of sunny France, but something much more appropriate and homely—a curiously-fine sample of gin, artfully compounded into toddy, by Achille, the waiter.

When the clock struck one, three of the party made a show of retiring; but the fourth, a punchy gentleman from Wolverhampton, entreated that the rest would not all desert him while he discussed one glass more—nay, perhaps, would join him! But here Achille was inexorable: the master was in bed, and had taken the keys. [Pg 77]

Our four friends have taken their candles, and are moving from the room, when a cab drives rapidly to the door—there is a smart ring at the bell, and a gentleman in full evening dress, and enveloped in a Spanish cloak, hastily enters the room.

"Who is inclined to see Fieschi's head chopped off?" said the stranger, unfolding himself from the cloak. "The execution is to take place at daylight—I had it from a peer of France, and the guillotine has been sent off an hour ago."

"Where?"

Our informant could not tell. It was known only to the police—there was an apprehension of some attempt at a rescue, and ten thousand troops were to be on the ground. It will be either the Place St. Jaques, or the Barrière du Trône—the first, most likely; let us try that to begin with, and there will be plenty of time to go on to the other afterward: but we must be early, to get a good place.

We are not of those who make a practice of attending executions with a morbid appetite for such horrors. Under any circumstances, the deliberate cutting off a life is a melancholy spectacle. The mortal agony, unrelieved by excitement, is painful in the extreme to witness, but worse still is reckless bravado. Rarest of all is it to see the inevitable fate met with calm dignity. Here, however, was a miscreant, who, to gratify a political feeling—dignified, in his opinion, with the name of patriotism—deliberately fired the contents of a battery of gun-barrels into a mass of innocent persons, many of whom, it was quite certain, would be killed, for the chance of striking down one man,

and, probably, some of his family. That this family, with their illustrious father, should have escaped altogether, is an instance of good fortune as remarkable as the attempt was flagitious. But the magnitude of the crime invested the perpetrators with a terrible interest, which overcame any lingering scruples, and the whole party decided upon setting out forthwith. We made for the nearest coach-stand, which was that upon the quay, near the Pont Neuf.

In something more than half an hour, we jingled into the Place St. Jaques, and, pausing at the corner, had the satisfaction to hear the sounds of hammers busily plied upon a dark mass rising in the centre of the square—it was the platform upon which to erect the guillotine. On all sides of this, workmen were busily engaged, their labor quickened by the exhortations of one who walked about, lantern in hand, upon the top. This was the executioner, who, seen by the light he carried, bore a remarkable resemblance to the great English comedian, the late Mr. Liston. There was the same square form of the countenance, the small nose, the long upper lip, the mirth-provoking gravity, and the same rich, husky chuckle. This curious likeness was at once acknowledged by all present, and an Englishman took the liberty of interrupting the grave functionary with the information that he was the very image of *le plus grand farceur que nous avons en Angleterre*, a piece of information which the French scion of the House of Ketch received, after the manner of Frenchmen, as a high compliment, being moved to bow and chuckle much thereat.

By this time, the hammering had roused the dwellers in the place, and lights were seen rapidly moving about the windows. A café-keeper had opened his saloon, arranged his little tables, and was bustling about with his waiters attending to the wants of the guests already assembled. An execution is a godsend to the Place St. Jaques at any time, but the execution of three great state criminals, such as these, would go far to pay the year's rent of the houses. As cabs and *fiacres* began to arrive, we thought it necessary to make arrangement for securing a room from whence to see the execution, and chance conducted us to the corner house, one side of which looked upon the square, directly opposite the guillotine, from which it was scarcely fifty yards distance; and the other side fronted the road by which the prisoners were to be conveyed from their prison to the scaffold.

We found the situation well adapted for our purpose, though only one window looked into the square, the two others were easily made to command a view of the scaffold, which was nearly in a line with that side of the house. Our host had also with much propriety made the bed, set the furniture to rights, raked up the ashes of the wood-fire, and put on another block or two; and the fact of meeting with an open fire-place instead of the eternal stove, made us feel at home at once. The Wolverhampton man declared that it was dangerous to British lungs to be out in these raw mornings in a foreign country without something warm to qualify the air; so a bottle of brandy was sent for to the neighboring *café*, and our hostess had busied herself in producing hot water and tumblers, as if, through the frequenters of executions, she had arrived at considerable knowledge of the national tastes. Our ancient host, being accommodated with a cigar, narrated the particulars of the many beheadings which had fallen under his observation since his occupancy of the house. One may be mentioned as exhibiting a rare instance of irresistible curiosity. The man had been guilty of an atrocious murder, either of a wife or some near relative, and when his neck was placed under the ax, he contrived to slue himself partly round to see its descent, and had a part of his chin taken off in consequence.

About two hours before day-light a body of mounted municipal guards arrived, and formed round the scaffold. The object of this appeared to be to hide the proceedings as much as possible from those on foot, who could only hope for a very imperfect view between the bodies and the bear-skins of these troops. Soon after the municipal guard the infantry of the line began to arrive, and were formed in a circle four deep outside the municipals, and nearly as far back as the houses of the Place. A considerable crowd had also collected, though extremely orderly and good-humored; in fact, to see the general hilarity, and listen to the bursts of loud laughter, it would seem to be regarded in the light of *fête*. There was certainly no appearance of sympathy with the criminals. Finding the municipals so materially interfered with the show, the people soon began to occupy the trees and lamp-posts, the adjacent walls, and the roofs of the neighboring houses; while the infantry, having piled arms, waltzed and danced to keep themselves warm. [Pg 78]

Soon after daylight the hammering ceased, and the preparations appeared to be completed; and shortly afterward strong bodies of cavalry began to take up their positions in all the streets leading into the Place. The first care of the officer commanding these was to clear the square entirely of all the people who had collected in rear of the infantry, and to drive them out along the adjacent streets; an order was also given to dislodge the people out of the trees, and from the walls and lamp-posts, and this caused much grumbling and swearing of all concerned. Some merriment, however, was excited by the discovery of some women in the trees, and their descent, superintended by the dragoons below, gave occasion for the exercise of much not over decent wit among the troopers. It struck me that in their manner of dealing with the crowd there was much unnecessary harshness on the part of the troops, an irritability and fretfulness often exhibited by persons doubtful of their own authority, and very unlike the calm, good-humored superiority with which our own men are wont to handle the masses.

Presently came two general officers with their staff, and each followed by a mounted "jockey," lads dressed as English grooms, of whom one, as well by his fair complexion and honest round face, the whiteness of his tops and leathers, and the general superiority of his turn-out, as by his firm and easy seat on horseback, was evidently a native of our own country.

About an hour after sun-rise three caleches came rapidly down the road, passing our windows, each carriage containing three persons, the condemned, and two police officers. The troops opened out, and the men were landed at the foot of the platform. It may be well to describe the general appearance of the scaffold.

On a platform about twelve feet square, and seven feet above the ground, are erected the two upright posts, between which is suspended the ax. They somewhat resemble a narrow gallows, scarcely more than a foot between the posts. The ax, which is not unlike a hay-knife, though much heavier and broader, is drawn up to the top of the posts, between which it runs in grooves, and is held suspended by a loop in the halyards, passed over a button at the bottom. The edge of the ax, as it hangs suspended, is not horizontal, or at a right angle with the post, but diagonal, giving the instrument a fearful power, in conjunction with its weight and long fall, of shearing through a resisting substance of many times more opposing force than a human neck. On the centre of the platform stands a frame, or large box, much resembling a soldier's arm-chest, about six feet long by two and a half wide, and probably as much high. One end of this abuts upon the upright posts, at the other end is a small frame like a truck, connected about its centre with the chest by hinges, and with a strap and buckle, to make it fast to the man's body.

The prisoners having dismounted, were placed in a line on the ground facing the guillotine, their arms pinioned. They were very different in appearance. Fieschi had a most sinister and ferocious expression of face, rendered more so by the scars, scarcely healed apparently, inflicted by the bursting of his gun-barrels. He was plainly dressed, and appeared like a workman of the better class; his age about thirty-five. Morey was a man advanced in life, perhaps seventy; his bald head was partly covered with a black cap revealing the white hairs behind, and at the sides: he was a corpulent large figure, dressed completely in black, with a mild intelligent face, and altogether a very gentlemanly air and manner. Pepin was a small, thin-faced, insignificant man.

Pepin was chosen first for execution. Having been deprived of his coat and neck-handkerchief, and the collar of his

shirt turned down, he was led by the executioner up the steps of the platform. He ascended with an air of considerable bravado, shook himself, and looked round with much confidence, and spoke some words which we could not catch, and which the executioner appeared disposed to cut short. Having advanced with his breast against the truck, to which his body was rapidly strapped, he was then tilted down, truck and all, upon his face; and the truck moving upon small wheels or castors in grooves upon the chest, he was moved rapidly forward, till his neck came directly under the chopper, when the rope being unhooked from the button, the ax fell with a loud and awful "chop!" the head rolling down upon the bare platform. After the separation of the head, the body moved with much convulsive energy, and had it not been made fast to what I have called the truck, and that also connected with the raised platform, would probably have rolled down on the lower stage. The executioner then held up the head to view for a moment, and I suspect, from some laughter among the troops, made a facetious remark. The lid of a large basket alongside the chest was then raised, and the body rolled into it.

Morey was the next victim. He ascended the steps feebly, and requiring much assistance; he was also supported during the process of strapping him. His bald head and venerable appearance made a favorable impression upon the spectators, and elicited the only expressions of sympathy observable throughout the executions. [Pg 79]

Fieschi came last, and was the most unnerved of the three. He appeared throughout in a fainting condition, and hung his head in a pitiable state of prostration. Very little consideration was shown him, or rather he was pushed and thrust about in a way which was indecent, if not disgusting, whatever might have been his crimes. Some little difficulty occurred in placing his head conveniently under the ax, from a recoiling motion of the prisoner. He was certainly the least brave of the three. The executioner having rolled his body into the larger basket with the others, took up that containing the three heads, which having emptied upon the bodies, he gave the bottom of the basket a jocular tap, which, being accompanied with a lifting of his foot behind, and probably some funny and seasonable observation, created a good deal of merriment among the spectators.

The guillotine is apparently the most merciful, but certainly the most terrible to witness, of any form of execution in civilized Europe. The fatal chop, the raw neck, the spouting blood, are very shocking to the feelings, and demoralizing; as such exhibitions can not fail to generate a spirit of ferocity and a love of bloodshed among those who witness them. It was not uncommon at this period in Paris to execute sheep and calves with the guillotine; and fathers of families would pay a small sum to obtain such a gratifying show for their children. In such a taste may we not trace the old leaven of the first Revolution, and the germ of future ones?

The fate of poor Dr. Guillotin was a singular one. He lived to see the machine which he had invented, from feelings of pure philanthropy, made the instrument of the most horrible butcheries, the aptness of the invention notoriously increasing the number of the victims who fell by it; and he died in extreme old age, with the bitter reflection that his name would be handed down to posterity, in connection with the most detestable ferocities which have ever stained the annals of mankind.

PERSONAL HABITS AND CHARACTER OF THE WALPOLES.

BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

We are not disposed to consider the elder Horace Walpole a great statesman, or claim for him the consideration accorded to his mere celebrated brother; but he was superior in talent to many of his contemporaries who attained a much higher eminence; and his honesty and zeal would have rendered creditable a much less amount of political accomplishments than he could boast of. Measured with the diplomatists of a more modern period, Lord Walpole will probably fall below par; but he had no genius for that fine subtlety which is now expected to pervade every important negotiation, and knew nothing of that scientific game of words, in which diplomatists of the new school are so eager to distinguish themselves.

In appearance he was more fitted to appear as a republican representative, than as an embassador from a powerful sovereign to the most polished court in Europe; his manners were so unpolished, his form so inelegant, and his address so unrefined. He rendered valuable support to the English monarchy, and won the confidence of the shrewd and calculating Queen Caroline, as well as the esteem of the sagacious and prudent States-general. A trustworthy authority has styled him "a great master of the commercial and political interests of this country," and accorded him the merits of unwearied zeal, industry, and capacity. With such advantages, he might well confess, without much regret, that he had never learned to dance, and could not pride himself on making a bow.

Though blunt and unpolished, he was extremely agreeable in conversation; abounding in pleasant anecdote, and entertaining reminiscences; fond of society, affable to every one, sumptuous in his hospitality, and not less estimable in his domestic than in his social relations. Though he wrote, and printed, and spoke lessons of political wisdom, that met with the fate of entire disregard, it is impossible not to admire the unselfish zeal that would almost immediately afterward induce him to write, print, and speak similar instructive lessons, to the same set of negligent scholars.

There is a statement which having found its way into such an authority as "Chandler's Debates," has been incorporated in works pretending to historical accuracy. On a debate arising out of the Bill for the Encouragement and increase of Seamen, in 1740, Pitt is represented as attacking Mr. Horace Walpole for having ventured on a reference to his youth. The fact is, that these debates were imaginary or constructed on a very slight foundation. Dr. Johnson, as is well known, before he had obtained his colossal reputation, drew up fictitious reports of what took place in the House of Commons.

Mr. Walpole having in a discussion been severely handled by Pitt, Lyttleton, and the Granvilles, all of whom were much his juniors, lamented that though he had been so long in business, young men should be found so much better informed in political matters than himself. He added that he had at least one consolation in remembering that his own son being twenty years of age, must be as much the superior of Pitt, Lyttleton, and the Granvilles, as they were wiser than himself. Pitt having his youth thus mercilessly flung in his face, got up in a rage, commencing —"With the greatest reverence to the gray hairs of the gentleman," but was stopped by Mr. Walpole pulling off his wig, and disclosing a grizzled poll beneath. This excited very general laughter, in which Pitt joined with such heartiness, as quite to forget his anger. [Pg 80]

The younger Walpole always preserved a delicacy of figure, approaching effeminacy: his dress was simple: his manners studiously courteous: but his features, though agreeable, were not handsome; the most expressive portion being his eyes, which, when animated in conversation, flashed with intelligence. A close observer has stated, that "his laugh was forced and uncouth, and even his smile not the most pleasing." This may, perhaps, be attributed to the pain he habitually suffered, since the age of twenty-five, from the gout, which in the latter part of his life attacked his hands and feet with great severity. During the last half of his existence he was not only extremely abstemious, but his habits indicated a constitution that could brave alterations of temperature, from

which much stronger men would shrink.

His hour of rising was usually nine, and then, preceded by his favorite little dog, which was sure to be as plump as idleness and good feeding could render it, he entered the breakfast-room. The dog took his place beside him on the sofa. From the silver tea-kettle, kept at an even temperature by the lamp beneath, he poured into a cup of the rarest Japan porcelain, the beverage "that cheers, but not inebriates." This was replenished two or three times, while he broke his fast on the finest bread, and the sweetest butter that could be obtained. He, at the same time, fed his four-footed favorite, and then, mixing a basin of bread and milk, he opened the window, and threw it out to the squirrels, who instantly sprang from bough to bough in the neighboring trees, and then bounded along the ground to their meal.

At dinner, which was usually about four o'clock, he ate moderately of the lightest food, quenching his thirst from a decanter of water that stood in an ice-pail under the table. Coffee was served almost immediately, to which he proceeded up stairs, as he dined in the small parlor or large dining-room, according to the number of his guests. He would take his seat on the sofa, and amuse the company with a current of lively gossip and scandal, relieved with observations on books and art, in illustration of objects brought from the library or any other portion of the house—for the whole might be regarded as a museum. His snuff-box, filled from a canister of *tabac d'etrennes* from Fribourg's, placed in a marble urn at one of the windows to keep it moist, was handed round, and he frequently enjoyed its pungent fragrance till his guests had departed—this was rarely till about two o'clock. If earlier, Walpole was sure to be found with pen in hand, continuing whatever work he might have in progress, or communicating to some of his numerous friends the news and gossip of the day.

The whole of the forenoon, till dinner-time, was often employed by him in attending upon visitors, rambling about the grounds, or taking excursions upon the river. He rarely wore a hat, his throat was generally exposed, and he was quite regardless of the dew, replying, to the earnest solicitude of his friends, "My back is the same with my face, and my neck is like my nose."

Sometimes of an evening he would go out to pay a visit to his neighbor, Kitty Clive, and then the hours passed by in a rivalry of anecdote and pleasantry; for Kitty, like himself had seen a great deal of the world, and was full of its recollections.

AN INCIDENT OF INDIAN LIFE.

In the year 1848 I found myself traveling through the Mysorean country of Seringapatam, so familiar to every reader of Indian history, for the rapid rise of that crafty but talented Asiatic Hyder Ali.

I had been reflecting as I passed through the country on the warlike exploits and barbarous cruelties by which it has been disfigured, and on the short space of time in which, from the first settlement by a few enterprising merchants at Surat, in the year 1612, the English had, either by force or diplomacy, possessed themselves of the entire territory from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya mountains; and, by an anomaly of which history furnishes no parallel, holding and enforcing their authority in great measure by means of the very natives and troops they have conquered, and who now lend themselves to enslave their own country, and rivet the shackles of bondage on their fatherland. I asked myself the question—was the time approaching when their fame, colonies, and possessions would be among the things that were? would they in process of development be swept away before some nation not yet cradled, or only in its infancy; or—proving an exception to the whole experience of ages—would they remain imperishably great and renowned till the final dissolution of nature?

Bewildered at last with these reflections, I left my palanquin; and, walking forward, with a Manton across my shoulder, accompanied by a Coolie carrying a double-barreled rifle, was soon busily engaged peering into the thick grass and underwood that lay on each side of the path, intent only on scattering destruction among some innocent and tender little bipeds, with the laudable design of furnishing some trifling addition to natural history, and a distant hope of perhaps securing a shot among a herd of deer faintly discernible in the outline.

In the incautious pursuit of a wild boar that had crossed my path, I at length found myself in the midst of a dense jungle—not the most secure position in the world, with only a single ebony gentleman at your side—for on the least indication of danger, this representative of Lucifer judiciously prefers present safety to future reputation, and performs a retrograde movement with undignified rapidity, leaving you alone to apologize for your intrusion to a brute that can not be persuaded to adopt polite manners, but evinces an unmistakable desire to exhibit his gratitude for your visit by a passionate and unceremonious embrace. The tendency of long ages of lost liberty and slavish superstition to produce national degradation is forcibly exemplified in the lower castes of the natives, who may truthfully be said to have acquired all the vices of their various conquerors, without any of their redeeming qualities. [Pg 81]

To return:—tired at last with my exertions and the intensity of the heat, I dispatched my sable attendant in quest of that peculiar Indian luxury, the palanquin; and looking round for some sheltered spot to await its coming up, perceived a wide-spreading banyan tree. Trusting to its friendly shelter, I was soon stretched beneath a canopy of densely-clustered foliage, sufficient to exclude all direct rays of the solar star; and, lighting one of my best Indian pipes, resigned myself to what brother Jonathan terms a "tarnation smoke."

The scene before me was such as that which Johnson in one of his rich and genial moods would delight to portray—the image of beauty reposing in the lap of sublimity was never more aptly applied. The sun had attained its culminating point, and was showering down its fervid rays with a scorching influence; not a breath stirred the forest air: all was hushed in repose, and silent as the last breathings of the departing soul—while a foreboding sensation o'ershadowed the whole, as that beautiful couplet in Campbell's "Lochiel" ominously crowded on my memory,

> 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before.

I could not account for the oppressive silence, for often before I had reclined at the foot of some forest giant, and experienced widely different feelings; all here seemed indescribably grand and ennobling. The various tribes of baboons, monkeys, and apes, screeching, chattering and grinning overhead, anon leaping from tree to tree, luxuriating in all the enjoyment of freedom and revelry; while the jay, the parrot, the peacock, with minor and sweeter minstrels in every splendid variety of tropical plumage, might be seen soaring or darting amidst the foliage of forest verdure, combined with the beauty and number of parasitical plants and wild flowers. Such a scene of loveliness and life had often enraptured me, till a second Eden seemed realized; when, as if its aspect were too beautiful for sinful earth, the illusion was dissipated on observing the slender and graceful form of a snake gliding swiftly in mazy folds through the long grass—by that curious association of ideas, suggesting at once the primal fall, and the probable vicinity of a cobra couched on the branch of a tree overhead, whose color so

closely approximates its tinge, that it is almost impossible, without careful scrutiny, to detect its presence, and if unconsciously disturbed in its leafy cradle, the oscillation is resented by darting its poisoned fang in the invader's face. These insidious foes, and the probability of a struggle with some carnivorous denizen of the glen, suggest strong doubts as to the security of your woodland abode, and damp the pleasure the scene otherwise might afford. And thus surely do we find that, in nature as in life, under the most lovely and entrancing aspects often lurk the most seductive and deadly influences. The prospect loses nothing at night, when effulgent with the pensive moonbeams, and the myriads of fire-flies like living stars broke loose from the dominion of old night, delighted with their new-found liberty, and dancing in a perfect jubilee of joyous light through the embowering arcades, illuminating every note of forest life; and on the one side is heard the amorous roar of the antelope's midnight suitor, as pending to the crashing march of the gregarious elephant; and on the other the nightly concert of a pack of jackalls, resembling so closely the music of those "delightful" babies, that it is only by continuous rehearsals the ear can receive them with indifference—render the whole indescribably magnificent, though rather trying to delicate nerves.

All such sublimity and active life, however, were now absent; not a living creature was to be seen, and actuated by some indefinable impulse, I involuntarily clutched my rifle. Scarcely had I done so, when an agonizing shriek re-echoed through the forest; rushing in the direction, I encountered a sight that struck me with horror and dismay—for a moment I stood paralyzed!

A Brahmin, with his wife and only daughter, were making a pilgrimage to the banks of the sacred Ganges. With the characteristic indifference of their caste, they had incautiously halted in the midst of the jungle to cook some rice. The little girl, while the mother was occupied in preparing the frugal meal, had thoughtlessly wandered into the long grass in quest of some gaudy insect flitting past: on a sudden the father, who had thrown himself on the ground to snatch a few moments' repose, was aroused by the screams of his child, and, regaining his feet, perceived a full-grown cheetah in the act of springing on his tender girl. To see, and rush to her rescue, armed only with a knife, was the work of an instant; he arrived too late to arrest the tiger as he made his rarely missing, and in this case fatal spring on the beautiful and dark-bosomed maid. A terrible struggle now ensued, the infuriated animal relaxed its grasp of the child, and fastened on the father. The tender and loving wife, only now fully awakened to the extent of the danger, forgetting her sex, insensible to aught but her husband's peril, recklessly rushed forward; but ere she could reach the spot to become a third victim to the insatiate monster, the providential flight of a bullet from a stranger's rifle, penetrating the animal's brain, stretched him dead at her feet. The brave husband, on approaching the spot, lay extended on the grass in the last agonies of death, dreadfully mangled, the brute having torn away the greater part of his brain and face. The little girl had already expired. [Pg 82]

Never can I forget the calmness and apparently stoical indifference of this Indian woman while her husband lay extended before her, gasping his last. She supported his head, gently wiping the blood from his face and lips; no sign of her feelings could be detected in her features. I gazed upon her with astonishment; but no sooner was it evident that death had effectually terminated the loved one's sufferings, than she gave way to the most frantic and heart-rending expressions of grief. The anguish of that woman death alone can obliterate from my memory—words can not picture it. I see her before me as I write, alternately embracing the lifeless and bloody bodies of her husband and child, lavishing over them the most tender, endearing invocations of affection, then as suddenly turning round and seizing the crimson knife of her heroic husband, plunged it again and again into the body of the insensible animal, uttering all the time the most fearful and violent imprecations of despair and anguish.

It was with the greatest difficulty she could at length be removed from the tragic scene, and confided to the care of some neighboring villagers. I had occasion to revisit the same scenes some few months after, and found the bereaved wife, but, indeed, how changed! I could hardly recognize her. Day and night, I was informed, she wandered about, calling on her husband and child. A deep, settled gloom, beyond any thing I ever witnessed, was upon her features; her eyes had a wandering, restless expression. She knew me immediately, and talked in the most pathetic strain of her hapless child and husband. Poor creature! I tried to console her, but in vain. She said, her only wish was, as soon as the monsoon, or rainy season abated, to prosecute her journey to the Ganges, and die by its sacred stream. I remonstrated with her on this folly, and, explained to her the divine truths of Christianity. All in vain! She was fixed in her resolution; and when I pointed to the heavens, and spoke of the mercies of God and His power, she replied, "that were He powerful, He could not be merciful, or He would not have taken her husband and child away without taking her also." All I could say made no impression, nor seemed to abate her determination, and time would not permit my stay, nor did I ever chance again to traverse the same scenes; but I have no doubt, from my knowledge of Indian character, she subsequently carried her resolution into effect.

COFFEE PLANTING IN CEYLON.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

In the month of September, 1840, I started from Kandy, the ancient capital of Ceylon, to visit a friend who was in charge of one of the many new coffee clearings then in progress. I was accompanied by a young planter well acquainted with the country and the natives, and who had offered to act as my guide. The clearing was distant about twenty-five miles. The route we took has since become famous. Rebellion and martial law have stalked over it; and concerning it, the largest blue books of last session have been concocted.

We mounted our horses a good hour before day-break, so as to insure getting over the most exposed part of our journey before the sun should have risen very high, an important matter for man and beast in tropical countries. Toward noon, we pulled up at a little bazaar, or native shop, and called for "*Hoppers and Coffee*." I felt that I could have eaten almost any thing, and, truly, one needs such an appetite to get down the dreadful black-draught which the Cingalese remorselessly administer to travelers, under the name of coffee.

The sun was high in the horizon when we found ourselves suddenly, at a turn of the road, in the midst of a "clearing." This was quite a novelty to me; so unlike any thing one meets with in the low country, or about the vicinity of Kandy. The present clearing lay at an elevation of fully three thousand feet above the sea-level, while the altitude of Kandy is not more than sixteen hundred feet. I had never been on a Hill Estate, and the only notions formed by me respecting a plantation of coffee, were of continuous, undulating fields, and gentle slopes. Here it was not difficult to imagine myself among the recesses of the Black Forest. Pile on pile of heavy, dark jungle, rose before my astonished sight, looking like grim fortresses defending some hidden city of giants. The spot we had opened upon was at the entrance of a long valley of great width, on one side of which lay the young estate we were bound to. Before us were, as near as I could judge, fifty acres of felled jungle in thickest disorder; just as the monsters of the forest had fallen, so they lay, heap on heap, crushed and splintered into ten thousand fragments. Fine brawny old fellows some of them; trees that had stood many a storm and thunder-peal; trees that had sheltered the wild elephant, the deer, and the buffalo, lay there prostrated by a few inches of sharp steel. The "fall"

had taken place a good week before, and the trees would be left in this state until the end of October, by which time they would be sufficiently dry for a good "burn." Struggling from trunk to trunk, and leading our horses slowly over the huge rocks that lay thickly around, we at last got through the "fall," and came to a part of the forest where the heavy, quick click of many axes told us there was a working-party busily employed. Before us, a short distance in the jungle, were the swarthy, compact figures of some score or two of low country Cingalese, plying their small axes with a rapidity and precision that was truly marvelous. It made my eyes wink again, to see how quickly their sharp tools flew about, and how near some of them went to their neighbors' heads. [Pg 83]

In the midst of these busy people I found my planting friend, superintending operations, in full jungle costume. A sort of wicker helmet was on his head, covered with a long padded white cloth, which hung far down his back, like a baby's quilt. A shooting-jacket and trowsers of checked country cloth; immense leech-gaiters fitting close inside the roomy canvas boots; and a Chinese-paper umbrella, made up his curious outfit.

To me it was a pretty, as well as a novel sight, to watch the felling work in progress. Two ax-men to small trees; three, and sometimes four, to larger ones; their little bright tools flung far back over their shoulders with a proud flourish, and then, with a "whirr," dug deep in the heart of the tree, with such exactitude and in such excellent time, that the scores of axes flying about me seemed impelled by some mechanical contrivance, and sounding but as one or two instruments. I observed that in no instance were the trees cut through, but each one was left with just sufficient of the heart to keep it upright; on looking around, I saw that there were hundreds of them similarly treated. The ground on which we were standing was extremely steep and full of rocks, between which lay embedded rich veins of alluvial soil. Where this is the case, the masses of stone are not an objection; on the contrary, they serve to keep the roots of the young coffee plants cool during the long dry season, and, in the like manner, prevent the light soil from being washed down the hill-side by heavy rains. My planter-friend assured me that, if the trees were to be at once cut down, a few at a time, they would so encumber the place as to render it impossible for the workmen to get access to the adjoining trees, so thickly do they stand together, and so cumbersome are their heavy branches. In reply to my inquiry as to the method of bringing all these cut trees to the ground, I was desired to wait until the cutting on the hill-side was completed, and then I should see the operation finished.

The little axes rang out a merry chime—merrily to the planter's ear, but the death-knell of many a fine old forest tree. In half an hour the signal was made to halt, by blowing a conch shell; obeying the signal of the superintendent, I hastened up the hill as fast as my legs would carry me, over rocks and streams, halting at the top, as I saw the whole party do. Then they were ranged in order, axes in hand, on the upper side of the topmost row of cut trees. I got out of their way, watching anxiously every movement. All being ready, the manager sounded the conch sharply: two score voices raised a shout that made me start again; forty bright axes gleamed high in air, then sank deeply into as many trees, which at once yielded to the sharp steel, groaned heavily, waved their huge branches to and fro, like drowning giants, then toppled over, and fell with a stunning crash upon the trees below them. These having been cut through previously, offered no resistance, but followed the example of their upper neighbors, and fell booming on those beneath. In this way the work of destruction went rapidly on from row to row. Nothing was heard but groaning, crackling, crashing, and splintering; it was some little time before I got the sounds well out of my ears. At the time it appeared as though the whole of the forest-world about me was tumbling to pieces; only those fell, however, which had been cut, and of such not one was left standing. There they would lie until sufficiently dry for the torch that would blacken their massive trunks, and calcine their many branches into dusty heaps of alkali. By the time this was completed, and the men put on to a fresh "cut," we were ready for our mid-day meal, the planter's breakfast. Away we toiled toward the *bungalow*. Passing through a few acres of standing forest, and over a stream, we came to a small cleared space well sheltered from wind, and quite snug in every respect. It was thickly sown with what I imagined to be young lettuces, or, perhaps, very juvenile cabbage-plants, but I was told this was the "Nursery," and those tiny green things were intended to form the future Soolookande Estate. On learning that we had reached the "Bungalow," I looked about me to discover its locality, but in vain; there was no building to be seen; but presently my host pointed out to me what I had not noticed before—a small, low-roofed, thatched place, close under a projecting rock, and half hid by thorny creepers. I imagined this to be his fowl-house, or, perhaps, a receptacle for tools; but was not a little astonished when I saw my friend beckon me on, and enter at the low, dark door. This miserable little cavern could not have been more than twelve feet long by about six feet wide, and as high at the walls. This small space was lessened by heaps of tools, coils of string, for "lining" the ground before planting, sundry boxes and baskets, an old rickety table, and one chair. At the farther end—if any thing could be far in that hole—was a jungle bedstead, formed by driving green stakes in the floor and walls, and stretching rope across them. I could not help expressing astonishment at the miserable quarters provided for one who had so important a charge, and such costly outlay to make. My host, however, treated the matter very philosophically. Every thing, he observed, is good or bad by comparison; and wretched as the accommodation appeared to me, who had been accustomed to the large, airy houses of Colombo, he seemed to be quite satisfied; indeed, he told me, that when he had finished putting up this little crib, had moved in his one table and chair, and was seated, cigar in mouth, inside the still damp mud walls, he thought himself the happiest of mortals. I felt somewhat curious to know where he had dwelt previous to the erection of this unique building—whether he had perched up in the forest trees, or in holes in the rocks, like the wild Veddahs of Bintenne. [Pg 84]

I was told that his first habitation, when commencing work up there, was then suspended over my head. I looked up to the dark, dusty roof, and perceived a bundle of what I conceived to be old dirty, brown paper, or parchment-skin. Perceiving my utter ignorance of the arrangement, he took down the roll, and spread it open outside the door. It turned out to be a huge *talipot-leaf*, which he assured me was the only shelter he had possessed for nearly two months, and that, too, during the rainy season. It might have measured ten feet in length, and possibly six in width; pretty well for a leaf; it was used by fastening a stout pole lengthways to two stakes driven in the ground; the leaf was hung across this ridgepole, midway, and the corners of it made fast by cords: common mats being hung at each end, and under the leaf.

The "Lines," a long row of mud huts for the coolies, appeared to be much more comfortable than their master's dwelling. But this is necessarily the case, for, unless they be well-cared for, they will not remain on a remote estate, such as this one was then considered. The first thing a good planter sees to is a roomy and dry set of "Lines" for the people: then the "Nursery" of coffee plants; and, thirdly, a hut for himself.

The superintendent assured me that none but those who had opened an estate in a remote district, could form any idea of the difficulties and privations encountered by the planter. "Folks may grumble as they like, down in Colombo, or in England," said my friend, "about the high salaries paid to managers, but if some of them had only a month of it up here, in the rains, I suspect they'd change their notions."

He had had the greatest difficulty at first in keeping but a dozen men on the place to clear ground for lines and nurseries: so strong is the objection felt by Malabars to new and distant plantations. On one occasion he had been quite deserted: even his old cook ran away, and he found himself with only a little Cingalese boy, and his rice, biscuit, and dried fish, all but exhausted. As for meat, he had not tasted any for many days. There was no help for it, he saw, but to send off the little boy to the nearest village, with a rupee, to buy some food, and try to persuade some of the village people to come up and assist him. When evening came on, there was no boy back, and the

lonely planter had no fire to boil his rice. Night came on and still he was alone: hungry, cold, and desolate. It was a Sabbath evening, and he pointed out to me the large stone on which he had sat down to think of his friends in the old country; the recollection of his distance from them, and of his then desolate, Crusoe-like, position, came so sadly upon him that he wept like a child. I almost fancied I saw a tear start to his large eye as he related the circumstance.

Ceylon planters are proverbially hospitable: the utmost stranger is at all times sure of a hearty welcome for himself and his horse. On this occasion, my jungle friend turned out the best cheer his small store afforded. It is true we had but one chair among us, but that only served to give us amusement in making seats of baskets, boxes, and old books. A dish of rice, and curry, made of dry salt fish, two red herrings, and the only fowl on the estate, formed our meal; and, poor as the repast may appear to those who have never done a good day's journey in the jungles of Ceylon, I can vouch for the keen relish with which we all partook of it.

In the afternoon we strolled out to inspect the first piece of planting on the Soolookande estate. It was in extent about sixty acres, divided into fields of ten acres by narrow belts of tall trees. This precaution was adopted, I learnt, with a view to protect the young plants from the violence of the wind, which at times rushes over the mountains with terrific fury. Unless thus sheltered by belts or "staking," the young plants get loosened, or are whirled round until the outer bark becomes worn away, and then they sicken and die, or if they live, yield no fruit. "Staking" is simply driving a stout peg in the ground, and fastening the plant steadily to it; but it is an expensive process. The young trees in these fields had been put out during the previous rains of July, and though still very small, looked fresh and healthy. I had always imagined planting out to be a very easy and rough operation; but I now learnt that exceeding care and skill are required in the operation. The holes to receive the young coffee-plant must be wide and deep—they can scarcely be too large; the earth must be kept well about the roots of the seedling in removing it; and care must be taken that the *tap-root* be neither bent, nor planted over any stone or other hard substance; neglect of these important points is fatal to the prosperity of the estate. The yellow drooping leaves, and stunted growth, soon tell the proprietor that his superintendent has done his work carelessly; but, alas! it is then too late to apply any remedy, save that of re-planting the ground.

I left this estate impressed with very different notions concerning the life and trials of a planter in the far jungle, from those I had contracted below from mere Colombo gossip; and I felt that superintendents were not so much overpaid for their skill, patience, privations, and hard work.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Having seen almost the commencement of the Soolookande Coffee Estate, I felt a strong desire toward the end of the year 1846, to pay it a second visit, while in its full vigor. I wished to satisfy myself as to the correctness of the many reports I had heard of its heavy crops, of its fine condition, its excellent works, and, not least, of the good management during crop-time. My old acquaintance was no longer in charge; he had been supplanted by a stranger. However, I went armed with a letter from the Colombo agents, which would insure more attention than a bed and a meal. [Pg 85]

I journeyed this time by another and rather shorter route. Instead of taking the Matelle road, I struck off to the right, past Davy's Tree, celebrated as the scene of the massacre of a large body of British officers and troops by the treacherous Kandians, and crossing the Mahavilla Ganga, at Davy's Ferry, made the best of my way across the beautiful vale of Dombera, and thence toward the long range of mountains forming one flank of the Kallibokke Valley. At the period of my former excursion this long tract of fertile country was one unbroken mass of heavy jungle; now a dozen large estates, with bungalows and extensive works, were to be seen, enlivening the journey, and affording a much readier passage for the horseman; for wherever plantations are formed, good jungle paths are sure to be made. The ride was a most interesting one; mile upon mile of coffee lay before and around me, in various stages of growth, from the young seedling just put out, to the full-bearing bush, as heavily laden with red, ripe coffee berries as any currant-bush in England with its fruit.

It was then the middle of November, and the very height of the planter's harvest. All appeared busy as I rode along, gathering on the old properties; weeding and "supplying," or filling up failures on the young estates. I halted but once for a cup of good, wholesome coffee, and gladly pushed on, so as to reach my destination in good time for breakfast.

The many lovely prospects opening before me caused some little delay in admiration; and, by the time I had ridden through the last piece of jungle, and pulled up at the upper boundary of "Soolookande," it was not far from mid-day. The sun was blazing high above me, but its rays were tempered by a cool breeze that swept over from the neighboring mountain-tops. The prospect from that lofty eminence was lovely in the extreme: steep ridges of coffee extended in all directions, bounded by piles of mossy forest; white spots, here and there, told of bungalows and stores; a tiny cataract rushed down some cleft rock, on one side; on the other, a rippling stream ran gently along, thickly studded with water-cresses. Before me, in the far distance, lay outstretched, like a picture-scroll, the Matelle district, with its paddy fields, its villages, and its Vihares, skirted by a ridge of mountains and terminated by the Cave Rocks of Dambool. At my feet, far below, lay the estate, bungalow, and works, and to them I bent my way by a narrow and very steep bridle-path. So precipitous was the land just here, that I felt rather nervous on looking down at the white buildings. The pathway, for a great length, was bordered by rose-bushes, or trees, in fullest blossom, perfuming the air most fragrantly: as I approached the bungalow, other flowering shrubs and plants were mingled with them, and in such excellent order was every thing there that the place appeared to me more like a magnified garden than an estate. How changed since my former visit! I could scarcely recognize it as the same property. The bungalow was an imposing-looking building, the very picture of neatness and comfort. How different to the old talipot-leaf, and the dirty little mud hut! The box of a place I had slept in six years before would have stood, easily, on the dining-table in this bungalow. A wide verandah surrounded the building, the white pillars of which were polished like marble. The windows were more like doors; and, as for the doors, one may speak of them as lawyers do of Acts of Parliament, it would be easy to drive a coach-and-six through them.

The superintendent was a most gentlemanly person, and so was his Bengalee servant. The curry was delightfully hot; the water was deliciously cool. The chairs were like sofas; and so exquisitely comfortable, after my long ride, that, when my host rose and suggested a walk down to the works, I regretted that I had said any thing about them, and had half a mind to pretend to be poorly.

The store was a zinc-roofed building, one hundred feet in length, by twenty-five wide; it was boarded below, but the sides upward were merely stout rails, for insuring a thorough circulation of air through the interior. It presented a most busy appearance. Long strings of Malabar coolies were flocking in, along narrow paths, from all sides, carrying bags and baskets on their heads, filled with the ripe coffee. These had to pass in at one particular door of the store, into the receiving-floor, in the upper part of the building. A Canghany was stationed there to see each man's gathering fairly measured; and to give a little tin ticket for every bushel, on the production of which the coolies were paid, at the end of the month. Many coolies, who had their wives and children to assist them in the field, brought home very heavy parcels of coffee.

Passing on to the floor where the measuring was in progress, I saw immense heaps of ripe, cherry-looking fruit, waiting to be passed below to the pulpers. All this enormous pile must be disposed of before the morning, or it will not be fit for operating on, and might be damaged. I saw quantities of it already gliding downward, through little openings in the floor, under which I could hear the noise of some machinery in rapid motion, but giving out sounds like sausage-machines in full "chop." Following my guide, I descended a ladder, between some ugly-looking wheels and shafting, and landed safely on the floor of the pulping-room. "Pulping" is the operation of removing the outer husk, or "cherry," which incloses the parchment-looking husk containing the pair of coffee beans. This is performed by a machine called a "pulper." It is a stout wooden or iron frame, supporting a fly-wheel and barrel of wood, covered with sheet copper, perforated coarsely outward, very like a huge nutmeg-grater. This barrel is made to revolve rapidly, nearly in contact with two chocks of wood. The coffee in the cherry being fed on to this by a hopper, is forced between the perforated barrel and the chocks; the projecting copper points tear off the soft cherry, while the coffee beans, in their parchment case, fall through the chocks into a large box. These pulpers (four in number) were worked by a water-wheel of great power, and turned out in six hours as much coffee as was gathered by three hundred men during the whole day. [Pg 86]

From the pulper-box the parchment coffee is shoveled to the "cisterns"—enormous square wooden vats. In these the new coffee is placed, just covered with water, in which state it is left for periods varying from twelve to eighteen hours, according to the judgment of the manager. The object of this soaking is to produce a slight fermentation of the mucilaginous matter adhering to "the parchment," in order to facilitate its removal, as otherwise it would harden the skin, and render the coffee very difficult to peel or clean. When I inspected the works on Soolookande, several cisterns of fermented coffee were being turned out, to admit other parcels from the pulper, and also to enable the soaked coffee to be washed. Coolies were busily employed shoveling the berries from one cistern to another; others were letting on clean water. Some were busy stirring the contents of the cisterns briskly about; while some, again, were letting off the foul water; and a few were engaged in raking the thoroughly-washed coffee from the washing platforms to the barbecues.

The barbecues on this property were very extensive: about twenty thousand square feet, all gently sloped away from their centres, and smooth as glass. They were of stone, coated over with lime well polished, and so white, that it was with difficulty I could look at them with the sun shining full upon their bright surfaces. Over these drying grounds the coffee, when quite clean and white, is spread, at first thickly, but gradually more thinly, until, on the last day, it is placed only one bean thick. Four days' sunning are usually required, though occasionally many more are necessary before the coffee can be heaped away in the store without risk of spoiling. All that is required is to dry it sufficiently for transport to Kandy, and thence to Colombo, where it undergoes a final curing previous to having its parchment skin removed, and the faulty and broken berries picked out. Scarcely any estates are enabled to effectually dry their crops, owing to the long continuance of wet weather on the hills.

The "dry floor" of this store resembled very much the inside of a malting-house. It was nicely boarded, and nearly half full of coffee, white and in various stages of dryness. Some of it, at one end, was being measured into two bushel bags, tied up, marked and entered in the "packed" book, ready for dispatch to Kandy. Every thing was done on a system; the bags were piled up in tens; and the loose coffee was kept in heaps of fixed quantities as a check on the measuring. Bags, rakes, measures, twine, had all their proper places allotted them. Each day's work must be finished off-hand at once; no putting off until to-morrow can be allowed, or confusion and loss will be the consequence. Any heaps of half dried coffee, permitted to remain unturned in the store, or not exposed on the "barbecue," will heat, and become discolored, and in that condition is known among commercial men as "Country Damaged."

The constant ventilation of a coffee store is of primary importance in checking any tendency to fermentation in the uncured beans; an ingenious planter has recently availed himself of this fact, and invented an apparatus which forces an unbroken current of dry, warm air, through the piles of damp coffee, thus continuing the curing process in the midst of the most rainy weather.

When a considerable portion of the gathering is completed, the manager has to see to his means of transport before his store is too crowded. A well conducted plantation will have its own cattle to assist in conveying the crop to Kandy; it will have roomy and dry cattle-pens, fields of guinea-grass, and pasture grounds attached, as well as a manure-pit, into which all refuse and the husks of the coffee are thrown, to be afterward turned to valuable account.

The carriage of coffee into Kandy is performed by pack-bullocks, and sometimes by the coolies, who carry it on their heads, but these latter can seldom be employed away from picking during the crop time. By either means, however, transport forms a serious item in the expenses of a good many estates. From some of the distant hill-estates possessing no cattle, and with indifferent jungle-paths, the conveyance of their crops to Kandy will often cost fully six shillings the hundred weight of clean coffee, equal to about three pence per mile. From Kandy to Colombo, by the common bullock-cart of the country, the cost will amount to about two or three shillings the clean hundred weight, in all, eight or nine shillings the hundred weight from the plantation to the port of shipment, being twice as much for conveying it less than a hundred miles, as it costs for freight to England, about sixteen thousand miles. One would imagine that it would not require much sagacity to discern that, in such a country as this, a railroad would be an incalculable benefit to the whole community. To make this apparent even to the meanest Cingalese capacity, we may mention that, even at the present time, transit is required from the interior of the island to its seaports, for enough coffee for shipment to Great Britain alone, to cause a railroad to be remunerative. The quantity of coffee imported from British possessions abroad in 1850, was upward of forty millions of pounds avoirdupois; and a very large proportion of this came from Ceylon. What additional quantities are required for the especially coffee-bibbing nations which lie between Ceylon and this country, surpass all present calculation; enough, we should think, sails away from this island in the course of every year, the transit of which to its sea-board, would pay for a regular net-work of railways. [Pg 87]

A BRETON WEDDING.

The customs and habits of the Bretons bear a close and striking resemblance to those of their kindred race[10] in the principality of Wales.

When a marriage in Lower Brittany has been definitely resolved upon, the bride makes choice of a bridesmaid, and the bridegroom of a groomsman. These, accompanied by an inviter, or "bidder," as the personage is called in Wales, bearing a long white wand, invite the members of their respective families to the wedding. On so important and solemn an occasion, no one is forgotten, however humble his condition in life may happen to be; and in no country in the world are the ties of kindred so strong as in Lower Brittany.

These consequently include a very large circle; and it happens that the task of "bidding" very frequently occupies many days. A thousand persons have been known to assist at the wedding of a prosperous farmer.

On the Sunday preceding the wedding-day, every one who has accepted the invitation must send some present to the youthful pair, by one of their farm servants, who has been very carefully dressed, in order to produce a high idea of their consequence. These gifts are sometimes of considerable value, but for the most part confined to some article of domestic use, or of consumption on the wedding-day, which is usually fixed for the following Tuesday.

At an early hour of that day the young men assemble in a village near to the residence of the bride, where the bridegroom meets them. As soon as they are collected in sufficiently imposing numbers, they depart in procession, preceded by the *basvalan* (embassador of love), with a band of music, of which the bagpipe is a conspicuous instrument, to take possession of the bride. On arriving at the farm, every thing, save the savage wolf-dogs, is in the most profound silence. The doors are closed, and not a soul is to be seen; but on closely surveying the environs of the homestead, there is sufficient indication of an approaching festivity, chimneys and caldrons are smoking, and long tables ranged in every available space.

The *basvalan* knocks loudly and repeatedly at the door, which at length brings to the threshold the *brotaër* (envoy of the bride's family), who, with a branch of broom in his hand, replies in rhyme, and points out to some neighboring chateau, where he assures the *basvalan* such a glorious train as his is sure to find welcome on account of its unparalleled splendor and magnificence. This excuse having been foreseen, the *basvalan* answers his rival, verse for verse, compliment for compliment, that they are in search of a jewel more brilliant than the stars, and that it is hidden in that "palace."

The *brotaër* withdraws into the interior; but presently leads forth an aged matron, and presents her as the only jewel which they possess.

"Of a verity," retorts the *basvalan*, "a most respectable person; but it appears to us that she is past her festal time; we do not deny the merit of gray hair, especially when it is silvered by age and virtue; but we seek something far more precious. The maiden we demand is at least three times younger—try again—you can not fail to discover her from the splendor which her unequaled beauty sheds around her."

The *brotaër* then brings forth, in succession, an infant in arms, a widow, a married woman, and the bridesmaid; but the embassador always rejects the candidates, though without wounding their feelings. At last the dark-eyed blushing bride makes her appearance in her bridal attire.

The party then enters the house, and the *brotaër*, falling on his knees, slowly utters a *Pater* for the living, and a *De Profundis* for the dead, and demands the blessing of the family upon the young maiden. Then the scene, recently so joyous, assumes a more affecting character, and the *brotaër* is interrupted by sobs and tears. There is always some sad episode in connection with all these rustic but poetic festivals in Brittany. How many sympathies has not the following custom excited? At the moment of proceeding to church, the mother severs the end of the bride's sash, and addresses her: "The tie which has so long united us, my child, is henceforward rent asunder, and I am compelled to yield to another the authority which God gave me over thee. If thou art happy—and may God ever grant it—this will be no longer thy home; but should misfortune visit thee, a mother is still a mother, and her arms ever open for her children. Like thee, I quitted my mother's side to follow a husband. Thy children will leave thee in their turn. When the birds are grown, the maternal nest can not hold them. May God bless thee, my child, and grant thee as much consolation as he has granted me!" The procession is then formed, and the cavalcade proceeds to the parish church; but every moment it is interrupted in its progress by groups of mendicants, who climb up the slopes bordering the roads—which are extremely deep and narrow—to bar the passage by means of long briars, well armed with prickly thorns, which they hold up before the faces of the wedding party. The groomsman is the individual appointed to lower these importunate barriers; which he does by casting among the mendicants small pieces of money. He executes his commission with good temper, and very frequently with liberality; but when the distance is great, these fetters become so numerous that his duties grow exceedingly wearisome and expensive.

After the religious ceremony, comes the feast; which is one of the most incredible things imaginable. Nothing can give an idea of the multitude of guests, of all ages, and of each sex; they form a lively, variegated, and confused picture. The tables having been laid out the previous day, at the coppers, which are erected in the open air, all the neighbors, and the invited, who have any pretension to the culinary art, are ready with advice and assistance. It is curious to see them, in the blazing atmosphere of the huge fires, watching enormous joints of meat and other comestibles cooking in the numerous and vast utensils; nevertheless, however zealous they may be, there are few who do not desert their post when the firing of guns and the distant sound of the bagpipes announce the return of the wedding procession. [Pg 88]

The newly married couple are at the head of the train, preceded by pipers, and fiddlers, and single-stick players, who triumphantly lead the way; the nearest relatives of the young pair next follow; then the rest of the guests without order, rushing on helter-skelter, each in the varied and picturesque costume of his district; some on foot, some on horseback, most frequently two individuals on the same beast, the man seated upon a stuffed pad which serves as a saddle, and the wife, with arm around his waist, seated upon the crupper;—an every-day sight, not many years ago, in the rural districts of England, when roads were bad, and the gig and taxed-cart uninvented. The mendicants follow at their heels by hundreds, to share the remnants of the feast.

As soon as the confusion occasioned by the arrival of such a multitude has subsided, the guests place themselves at the tables. These are formed of rough and narrow planks, supported by stakes driven into the ground, the benches constructed after the same fashion; and they are raised in proportion to the height of the tables, so that you may have your knees between your plate and yourself; if, in a real Breton wedding, you happen to be supplied with such an article—for a luxury of this description has not yet reached very far into Brittany: the soup is eaten out of a wooden bowl, and the meat cut up and eaten in the hand, or, as the phrase goes, "upon the thumb." Every individual, as a matter of course, carries his own case or pocket knife; the liquids are served in rude earthenware, and each drinks out of a cup apportioned to five or six individuals. It is the height of civility to hand one's cup to a neighbor, so that he may assist in emptying it; and a refusal would be considered extremely rude and insolent.

The husband and his immediate relatives are in waiting, and anticipate every one's wants and wishes—pressing each to take care of himself: they themselves share in no part of the entertainment, save the compliments which are showered, and the cups of cider and wine which civility obliges them to accept. After each course music strikes up, and the whole assembly rise from the tables. One party gets up a wrestling-match; the Bretons are as famous as their cousins in Cornwall at this athletic game—or a match at single-stick; another a foot-race, or a dance; while the dishes are collected together, and handed to the hungry groups of mendicants who are seated in adjoining paddocks. From the tables to rustic games, reels, gavottes, and jabadoos; then to the tables again; and they continue in this manner till midnight announces to the guests that it is time to retire.

The company having diminished by degrees, at length leave the groomsman and the bridesmaid the only strangers remaining, who are bound to disappear the last, and put the bride and bridegroom, with due and proper solemnity, to rest: they then retire singing "Veni Creator." In some districts they are compelled, by custom, to watch during the whole night in the bridal chamber; in others, they hold at the foot of the bed a lighted candle, between the fingers, and do not withdraw until the flame has descended to the palm of the hand. In another locality the groom's-man is bound during the whole long night to throw nuts at the husband, who cracks them, and gives the

kernel to his bride to eat. The festivity which a marriage occasions generally lasts three days, and, on Friday, the youthful wife embraces the companions of her childhood and bids them farewell, as if she never meant to return. Indeed, from the period of marriage, a new life commences for the Breton, whose days of single blessedness have been days of festivity and freedom; and it would seem that when once the wedding-ring has been placed upon the finger, her only business is the care of her household—her only delight, the peace of her domestic hearth.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Joanna Baillie was born in the year 1762, at the manse of Bothwell, in Lanarkshire. Her father had just been translated from the parish of Shotts to that of Bothwell; and on the very first day of the family's removal into the new manse, while the furniture still lay tied up in bundles on the floors, Mrs. Baillie was taken ill, probably from over-fatigue, and was prematurely brought to bed of twin-daughters, one of whom died in the birth, and the other, named Joanna—after her maternal uncle, the celebrated John Hunter—lived for eighty-nine years, and became the most celebrated of her race, and one of the most celebrated women of her time.

Those who like to trace the descent of fine qualities, will be interested to know that Joanna's mother—herself a beautiful and agreeable woman—was the only sister of those remarkable men, William and John Hunter; and that her father, a clergyman of respectable abilities, was of the same descent with that Baillie of Jarviswood who nobly suffered for the religion and independence of his country.

Although Mrs. Baillie was forty years of age when she married, she gave birth to five children. Of these, three grew up: the eldest, Agnes who still survives; the celebrated Matthew physician to George III.; and Joanna. [Pg 89]

When Joanna was seven years old, her father removed to Hamilton. There he was colleague to the Rev. Mr. Miller, father to the well-known professor of law at Glasgow of that name, whose daughters were throughout life among Joanna's most intimate and cherished friends. All that is known of her before she quitted Bothwell seems to be, that she was an active, sprightly child, fond of play, and very unfond of lessons—the difficulty of fixing her attention long enough to enable her to learn the alphabet having been in her case rather greater than it is with ordinary children. At twelve years of age, though still no scholar, she was a clever, lively, shrewd girl, and even then showed something of the creative power for which she was afterward so remarkable. Miss Miller well recollects being closeted with her and other young companions for the purpose of hearing her narrate little stories of her own invention, which she did in a graphic and amusing manner.

After being seven years at Hamilton, Mr. Baillie was promoted to the chair of divinity in the University of Glasgow. There Joanna attended Miss M'Intosh's boarding-school, and made some proficiency in the accomplishments of music and drawing; for both of which she had a fine taste, though it was never fully cultivated. A constant residence in the crowded and smoky town of Glasgow would have proved very irksome to those accustomed, like the Baillies, to the sweet, healthful seclusion of a country manse; but they were never condemned to it. William Hunter, then accoucheur to Queen Charlotte, and in good general practice as a physician, was in possession of the little family property of Long Calderwood in Lanarkshire; and being himself confined to London by his professional duties, he invited his sister and her family to reside at his house there during the summer months. Nothing could have been more agreeable or beneficial to Joanna than this manner of life, had it continued. Her father had now a sufficiently large income to enable him to give his children the full advantage of the best teaching, and he was most anxious that they should enjoy it. Unfortunately, he only survived his removal to Glasgow two years; and by his premature death, his widow and family were left not only entirely unprovided for, but in very involved circumstances. The living at Hamilton had been too small to admit of any thing being saved from it; and the expense of removing, the purchase of furniture suitable to their new position, the repairing and furnishing of the house at Long Calderwood, besides the increased cost of living in a town, had in combination brought their family into an expenditure which two years of an enlarged income were by no means sufficient to meet. Dr. William Hunter came immediately to their assistance. He was at that time fast acquiring the large fortune which enabled him to leave behind him so noble a monument as the Hunterian Museum in Glasgow. He generously settled an adequate income on his sister and her family, and offered to relieve her mind by entirely discharging her husband's liabilities. Here the widow and her high-spirited young people had the opportunity of manifesting the true delicacy and respectable pride which have ever distinguished the family. They carefully avoided disclosing to their generous relative any thing more than was unavoidable of these obligations, preferring, with noble self-denial, and at the expense of being looked down upon as niggardly and poor-spirited by neighbors who knew nothing of their motives, to pay the remainder out of their moderate income. Such a trait as this is surely well worth being recorded.

Even after they were clear with the world, Mrs. Baillie and her daughters continued to live in the strictest seclusion at Long Calderwood. Soon after his father's death, young Matthew obtained a Glasgow exhibition to Oxford; and having studied successfully there for some years, joined his uncle William in London, for the purpose of assisting him in his lectures. John Hunter, who had been originally intended for a humbler occupation, had long before this time been called to London by the successful William—had been brought forward by him in the medical profession—and had, in a few months, acquired such a knowledge of anatomy, as to be capable of demonstrating to the pupils in the dissecting-room. His health having been impaired by intense study, he had gone abroad for a year or two as staff-surgeon, and served in Portugal. On his return to London, he had devoted his powerful energies to the study of comparative anatomy, and before Matthew Baillie came to London, had erected a menagerie at Brompton for carrying on that useful branch of science. By his extraordinary genius, he subsequently rose to be inspector-general of hospitals and surgeon-general, and became one of the most famous men of his age.

Agnes, the elder sister—Joanna's faithful and beloved companion through a long life; and to whom, on entering her seventieth year, she addressed the exquisite poem of the "Birthday"—which no one will ever read unmoved—was very early an accomplished girl. Unlike Joanna, she had always been a diligent, attentive scholar; and unlike her also, was possessed of a remarkably retentive memory. In her companionship, and in the entire leisure of her six years' seclusion among the picturesque scenery of Long Calderwood, it may be supposed that Joanna's powerful intellect would have been awakened, and her wonderfully fertile imagination begun to assume some of those varied forms of truth and beauty which have since impressed themselves so vividly on the hearts and minds of her contemporaries. But like the graceful forms which the eye of the young sculptor has only yet seen in vision, those divine creations of her genius, before which the world was afterward to bow, still slumbered in the marble. Her genius partook of the slow growth, as well as the hardy vigor, of the pine-tree of her native rocks; but it had inherent power to shoot its roots deep down in the human heart, and to spread its branches toward the heavens in [Pg 90] green and enduring beauty. In these years (from her sixteenth to her twenty-second), the only tendency she showed toward what afterward became the master-current of her mind, was in being a fervent worshiper of Shakspeare. She carefully studied select passages; delighted in getting her two favorite young friends—Miss

Miller, and the lively Miss Graham of Gairbraid—to take different parts with her, and would so spout through a whole play with infinite satisfaction. Still she was no general student; and we are doubtful if at any time of her life she can be considered to have been a *great* reader.

About a dozen years previous to his death, which took place in 1783, Dr. William Hunter had completed his house in Great Windmill-street. He had attached to it an anatomical theatre, apartments for lectures and dissections, and a magnificent room as a museum. At his death, the use of this valuable museum, which was destined ultimately to enrich the city of Glasgow, was bequeathed for the term of twenty years to his nephew Matthew, who had for some time past assisted him ably in his anatomical lectures. Besides this valuable bequest, the small family property of Long Calderwood was also left to Matthew Baillie, instead of his uncle, John Hunter, who was the heir-at-law. William had taken offense at his brother's marriage—not finding fault with his bride, who was an estimable woman, the sister of Dr., afterward Sir Everard Home—but, as it was whimsically said—disapproving of a philosopher marrying at all! But, however this may have been, young Matthew, with characteristic generosity, disliking to be enriched at the expense of those among his kindred who seemed to him to have a nearer claim, absolutely refused to take advantage of the bequest. The rejected little property thus, after all, fell legally to John; and only on the death of his son and daughter, a few years ago (without children), descended to William, the only son of Dr. Matthew Baillie, as their heir.

Soon after his uncle's death, Matthew, who had succeeded him as lecturer on anatomy, and was rising fast in the esteem of his professional brethren, prevailed on his mother and sisters to join him in London. Their uncle had left them all a small independence, and there they lived most happily with their brother in the house adjoining the museum, from about the year 1784 to 1791, when he married Miss Denman, daughter of Dr. Denman, and sister of Lord Denman, the late admirable lord chief-justice. This marriage was productive of great happiness to Joanna, as well as to her brother and the rest of the family.

Throughout their lives the most tender affection subsisted among them all. Mrs. Baillie and her daughters now retired to the country—at first a little way up the Thames, then to Hythe, near Dover; but they did not settle any where permanently till they located themselves in a pretty cottage at Hampstead—that flowery, airy, charming retreat with which Joanna's name has now been so long and so intimately associated. How long she there courted the muses in secret is not known. Her reserved nature and Scottish prudence at all events secured her from making any display of their crude favors. Toward the end of the century she first appears to have been quietly feeling her way toward the light. In sending some books to Scotland, to her ever-dear friend Miss Graham, she slipped into the parcel a small volume of poems, but without a hint as to the authorship. The poems were chiefly of a light, unassuming, and merry cast. They were read by Miss Graham, and others of her early associates—freely discussed and criticised among them, and certainly not much admired. Though light mirth and humor seem to have been more the characteristics of her mind then than they were afterward, and though Miss Graham remarked that there was a something in the little poems that brought Joanna to her remembrance, still so improbable did it seem, that no suspicion of their true origin suggested itself to any of their thoughts. The authorship of this little volume was never claimed by her; but some of the best poems and songs it contained, which were afterward published in one of her works, at last disclosed the secret.

In 1799, her thirty-eighth year, she gave to the world her first volume of plays on the Passions. It contained her two great tragedies on love and on hatred—"Basil" and "De Montfort;" and one comedy, also on love—the "Tryal." They were prefaced by a long, plausible introductory discourse, in which she explained that these formed but a small portion of an extensive plan she had in view, hitherto unattempted in any language, and for the accomplishment of which a lifetime would be limited enough. Her project we must very shortly describe as a design to write a series of plays, the chief object of which should be the delineation of all the higher passions of the human breast—each play exhibiting in the principal character some one great passion in all the stages of its development, from its origin to its final catastrophe; and in which, in order to produce the strongest moral effect, the aim should be the expression and delineation of just sentiments and characteristic truth, rather than of marvelous incident, novel situation, or beautiful and sublime thought.

Although published anonymously, this volume excited an immediate sensation. In spite of theoretical limitations, it was found to be as full of original power, and delicate poetical beauty, as of truth and moral sentiment. Of course the authorship was keenly inquired into. As the publication had been negotiated by the accomplished Mrs. John Hunter—herself a follower of the muses, and the author of several lyrical poems of great sweetness and beauty, which were set to music by Haydn—the credit was at first naturally given to her. But Joanna's incognito could not [Pg 91] be long preserved; and the impression already made was deepened by the discovery, that this skillful anatomist of the heart of man, who had bodied forth creations bearing the stamp of lofty intellect and most original power, was a woman still young, unlearned, and so inexperienced in the world that it must have been chiefly to her own imagination and feeling she owed the materials which, by the force of her genius, she had thus so wonderfully combined into striking and lifelike portraits.

The band of distinguished persons—poets, wits, and philosophers—with which the beginning of the century was enriched, now crowded eagerly to welcome to their ranks this new and highly-gifted sister, and were received by her with simple but dignified frankness. The gay and fashionable also would fain have wooed her to lionize in their fevering circles; but her well-balanced mind, and intuitive sense of what is really best and most favorable to human happiness and progress, seem from the first to have secured her youthful female heart from being inflated by the incense offered to her on all sides. Though touched, and deeply gratified by the warmly-expressed approbation of those among her great contemporaries whose applause was fame, she could not be won from the quiet healthful privacy of her life to join frequently even in the brilliant society which now so gladly claimed her as one of its brightest ornaments. Equally unspoiled and undistracted, she kept the even tenor of her way. The tragedies contained in her first volume—among the greatest efforts of her genius—were undoubtedly written by her in the fond hope of their being acted. "To receive the approbation of an audience of her countrymen," she confesses in the preface, "would be more grateful to her than any other praise." Believing that it is in the nature of man to delight in representations of passion and character, she regarded the stage, when properly managed, as an admirable organ for the instruction of the multitude; and that the poetical teacher of morality and virtue could not better employ his high powers than in supplying it with pieces the tendency of which would be, while pleasing and amusing, to refine and elevate the mind. Mrs. Siddons was then in the very zenith of her power; and it was a glimpse of that splendid presence—

> "So queenly, so commanding, and so noble"—

as it accidentally flashed upon her in turning the corner of a street, to which Miss Baillie has always fondly ascribed her first conception of the character of the pure, elevated, and noble Jane de Montfort. In 1800, the tragedy of "De Montfort" was adapted to the stage by John Kemble, and brought out at Drury-lane theatre; and the gratification may well be imagined with which the high-hearted poetess must have listened to

> "Thoughts by the soul brought forth in silent joy—
> Words often muttered by the timid voice,
> Tried by the nice ear delicate of choice;"

as with their loftiest meanings heightened and spiritualized, she now heard them poured forth in the deep eloquent tones of that incomparable brother and sister!

Her second volume of plays on the Passions appeared in 1802, and with her name. It contained four plays: "The Election," a comedy upon hatred; and two tragedies and a comedy on ambition—"Ethwald," in two parts, and the "Second Marriage." Hitherto the fair authoress had received almost unqualified praise. She was now to undergo the other ordeal of almost unqualified censure. Since the publication of her first volume, the "Edinburgh Review" had been established, and its brilliant young editor had been suddenly, and almost by universal consent, promoted to the chair, as the first of critics. Jeffrey's real gentleness of heart, and lively sensibility to every form of literary beauty and excellence, are now too generally admitted to require vindication here; but the lamblike heart and kindly-indulgent feelings which in his middle and declining years seemed to warm and brighten the very atmosphere in which he lived, were at the beginning of his literary censorship carefully, and only too successfully, concealed under the formidable beak and claws, as well as the keen eye of the eagle.

Starting with the idea that, above all things, it was his duty to guard against false principles, the hymn of a seraph would probably have jarred upon his ear if composed upon what he supposed to be mistaken rules of art. He regarded Miss Baillie's project of confining the interest of every piece to the development of a single passion as a vicious system, by which her young and promising genius was likely to be cabined and confined; and that if such fallacy in one so well calculated to adorn the field of literature were met with indulgence, the result might be to narrow and degrade it. It seemed to him little better than a return to that barbarism which could unscrupulously extinguish the eyesight, that the hearing might be more acute. His faith was too catholic to brook the sectarian limitations which were involved in the theory she had so boldly propounded. He therefore waged war against the formidable heresy, cruelly, unsparingly; and if with something of the heat and petulance of a boy, yet with an unerring dexterity of aim, and a subtle poignancy of weapon, that could not fail to inflict both pain and injury. Gentler practice would probably have been followed by a better result. It is certain that Miss Baillie was hurt and offended by the uncourteous castigation inflicted on her by her countryman, rather than convinced by it that her notions were wrong. But the time happily came when—with that clairvoyance which, though it may be denied for a season, time and experience of life seldom fail to bestow in full measure upon true genius—these two fine spirits were able to read each other more clearly.

A single volume of miscellaneous plays containing two tragedies and a comedy by Miss Baillie's pen, appeared in 1804. These dramas—"Rayner," "The Country Inn," and "Constantine Paleologus"—had been offered singly to the theatres for representation, and been rejected. Though full of eloquence, knowledge of human nature, and tragic power, they were found, like all her plays, deficient in the lifelike movement and activity indispensable to that perfectly successful theatrical effect which, without an experimental acquaintance with the whole nature and artifices of the stage has never been attained to even by the most gifted of pens. [Pg 92]

The first time Miss Baillie revisited her native country after her name had become known to fame was in 1808. After exploring with a full heart the often-recalled scenery of the Clyde, and the still dearer haunts of the sweet Calder Water, she passed a couple of months in Edinburgh, dividing her time between her old friends Miss Maxwell and Mrs. John Thomson. She was somewhat changed since these friends had seen her last. Her manner had become more silent and reserved. Mere acquaintances, or strangers who had not the art of drawing forth the rich stream—ever ready to flow if the rock were rightly struck—found her cold and formidable. In external appearance the change was for the better. Her early youth had neither bloomed with physical nor intellectual beauty; but now, in her fine, healthy middle life, to the exquisite neatness of form and limb, the powerful gray eye, and well-defined, noticeable features she had always possessed, were added a graceful propriety of movement, and a fine elevated, spiritual expression, which are far beyond mere beauty.

She had now the happiness of being personally made known to Sir Walter Scott, who had always been an enthusiastic admirer of her genius, as she of his. They had been too long congenial spirits not to become immediately dear, personal friends. His noble poem of "Marmion," which appeared during her stay, was read aloud by her for the first time to her two friends Miss Miller and Miss Maxwell. In the introduction to the third canto occurs that splendid tribute to her genius which, well-known as it is, we can not resist quoting once more. The bard describes himself as advised by a friend, since he will lend his hours to thriftless rhyme, to

> "Restore the ancient tragic line,
> And emulate the notes that rung
> From the wild harp, which silent hung
> By silver Avon's holy shore,
> Till twice an hundred years rolled o'er;
> When she, the bold enchantress, came,
> With fearless hand and heart on flame!
> From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
> And swept it with a kinder measure,
> Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
> With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
> Awakening at the inspired strain,
> Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived again."

Deeply gratified and touched as she must have been, the strong-minded poetess was able to read these exquisite lines unfalteringly to the end, and only lost her self-possession when one of her affectionate friends rising, and throwing her arms round her, burst into tears of delight.

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

In 1809 her Highland play, the "Family Legend"—a tragedy founded on a story of one of the M'Leans of Appin—was successfully produced in the Edinburgh theatre. Sir Walter Scott, who took a lively interest in its success, contributed the prologue, and Henry Mackenzie (the "Man of Feeling") the epilogue. It was acted with great applause for fourteen successive nights, and gave occasion for the passage of many pleasant letters between Sir Walter and the authoress, afterward published by Mr. Lockhart. In 1812 followed the third and last volume of her

plays illustrative of the higher passions of the mind. It contained four plays—one in verse and one in prose on fear ("Orra" and the "Dream"); the "Siege," a comedy on the same passion; and "The Beacon," a serious musical drama —perhaps the most faultless of Miss Baillie's productions, and generally allowed to be one of the most exquisite dramatic poems in the English language. This fresh attempt, at the end of nine years, to follow out, against all warning and advice, her narrow and objectionable system of dramatic art, was certainly ill-judged. Of course it brought upon the pertinacious theorist another tremendous broadside from the provoked reviewer. But though we can sympathize in a considerable degree with him in denouncing her whole scheme—and more bitterly than ever—as perverse, fantastic, and utterly impracticable—it is not easy to forgive the accusation so liberally added as to the execution—of poverty of incident and diction, want of individual reality of character, and the total absence of wit, humor, or any species of brilliancy. That Miss Baillie's plays are better suited to the sober perusal of the closet [Pg 93] than the bustle and animation of the theatre must at once be admitted; but we think nobody can read even a single volume of these remarkable works, without finding in it, besides the good sense, good feeling, and intelligent morality to which her formidable critic is fretted into limiting her claims, abundant proof of that deep and intuitive knowledge of the mystery of man's nature, which can alone fit its possessor for the successful delineation of either wayward passion or noble sacrifice—of skillful and original creative power—of delicate discrimination of character —and of a command of simple, forcible, and eloquent language, that has not often been equaled, and, perhaps, never surpassed.

But our limits forbid us to linger, and a mere enumeration of her remaining productions is all they will permit. This is the less to be regretted, that our object is rather to give a sketch, however slight and imperfect, of her long and honored life, than to attempt a studied analysis of works to which the world has long ago done justice. In 1821 were published her "Metrical Legends of Exalted Character," the subjects of which were—"Wallace, the Scottish Chief," "Columbus," and "Lady Griseld Baillie." They are written in irregular verse, avowedly after the manner of Scott, and are among the noblest of her productions. Some fine ballads complete the volume. In 1823 appeared a volume of "Poetical Miscellanies," which had been much talked of beforehand. It included, besides some slight pieces by Mrs. Hemans and Miss Catherine Fanshaw, Scott's fine dramatic sketch of "Macduff's Cross." "The Martyr," a tragedy on religion, appeared in 1826. It was immediately translated into the Cingalese language; and, flattered by the appropriation, Miss Baillie, in 1828, published another tragedy—"The Bride," a story of Ceylon, and dedicated in particular to the Cingalese. Of the three volumes of dramas written many years before, but not published till 1836—though they were eagerly welcomed by the public, and greatly admired as dramatic poems—only two, the tragedies of "Henriquez" and "The Separation," have ever been acted. These, besides many charming songs, sung by our greatest minstrels, and always listened to with delight by the public, and a small volume of "Fugitive Verses," complete the long catalogue of her successful labors. They were collected by herself, and published, with many additions and corrections, in the popular form of one monster volume, only a few weeks before her death.

To return, for a brief space, to the course of her life. It was in the autumn of 1820 that Miss Baillie paid her last visit to Scotland, and passed those delightful days with Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, the second of which is so pleasantly given in Mr. Lockhart's life of the bard. Her friends again perceived a change in her manners. They had become blander, and much more cordial. She had probably been now too long admired and reverently looked up to, not to understand her own position, and the encouragement which, essentially unassuming as she was, would be necessary from her to reassure the timid and satisfy the proud. She had magnanimously forgiven and lived down the unjust severity of her Edinburgh critic, and now no longer refused to be made personally known to him. He was presented to her by their mutual friend, the amiable Dr. Morehead. They had much earnest and interesting talk together, and from that hour to the end of their lives entertained for each other a mutual and cordial esteem. After this Jeffrey seldom visited London without indulging himself in a friendly pilgrimage to the shrine of the secluded poetess; and it is pleasing to find him writing of her in the following cordial way in later years: "*London, April* 28, 1840.—I forgot to tell you that we have been twice out to Hampstead to hunt out Joanna Baillie, and found her the other day as fresh, natural, and amiable as ever—and as little like a Tragic Muse. Since old Mrs. Brougham's death, I do not know so nice an old woman." And again, in January 7, 1842—"We went to Hampstead, and paid a very pleasant visit to Joanna Baillie, who is marvelous in health and spirits, and youthful freshness and simplicity of feeling, and not a bit deaf, blind, or torpid."

About two years after her last visit to Scotland, Miss Baillie had the grief of losing her brother and beloved friend, Dr. Matthew Baillie, who, after a life of remarkable activity and usefulness, died full of honors in 1823. He left, besides a widow, who long survived him, a son and daughter, who with their families have been the source of much delightful and affectionate interest to the declining years of the retired sisters. In the composition and careful revisal of her numerous and varied works—in receiving at her modest home the friends she most loved and respected, a list of whom would include many of the best-known names of her time for talent and genius—in the active exercise of friendship, benevolence, and charity—ever contented with the lot assigned to her, and as grateful for the enjoyment of God's blessings as she was submissive to his painful trials—her unusually complete life glided calmly on, and was peacefully closed on the 23d of February last.

It will be easily believed, that in spite of all the natural modesty and reserve of Miss Baillie's character, the impression made by the appearance of one so highly gifted on those who had the happiness of being admitted to her intimacy, was neither slight nor evanescent. "Dear, venerable Joanna!" writes one of those, "I wish I could, for my own or others' benefit, recall, and in any way fix, the features of your countenance and mind! The ever-thoughtful brow—the eye that in old age still dilated with expression, or was suffused with a tear. I never felt [Pg 94] afraid of her. How could I, having experienced nothing but the most constant kindness and indulgence? I had heard of the 'awful stillness of the Hampstead drawing-room;' and when I first saw her in her own quiet home (she must have been then bordering on seventy, and I on twenty), I remember likening myself to the devil in Milton. I felt 'how awful goodness is—and virtue in her shape, how lovely!' One could not help feeling a constant reverence for her worth, even more than an admiration of her intellectual gifts. There was something, indeed, in her appearance that quite contrasted with one's ideas of authorship, which made one forget her works in her presence —nay, almost wonder if the neat, precise old maid before one could really be the same person who had painted the warm passion of a Basil, or soared to and sympathized with the ambition of a Mohammed or a Paleologus."

In a little tract, published about twenty years before her death, she indicates her religious creed. After studying the Scriptures carefully—examining the gospels and epistles, and comparing them with one another, which she thinks is all the unlearned can do—she faithfully sets down every passage relating to the divinity and mission of Christ; and, looking to the bearing of the whole, is able to rest her mind upon the Arian doctrine, which supposes Him to be "a most highly-gifted Being, who was with God before the creation of the world, and by whose agency it probably was created, by power derived from Almighty God." That she was no bigoted sectarian in religion, whatever she may once have been in poetry, is pleasingly shown by the following sentences. They occur in a letter to her ever esteemed and admired friend Mrs. Siddons, to whom she had sent a copy of this tract. They do honor to both the ladies:—"You have treated my little book very handsomely, and done all that I wish people to do in regard to it; for you have read the passages from Scripture, I am sure, with attention, and have considered them with candor. That after doing so, your opinions, on the main point, should be different from mine, is no presumption that either of us is in the wrong, or that our humble, sincere faith, though different, will not be equally accepted by the great father and master of us all. Indeed, this tract was less intended for Christians, whose faith is already

fixed, than for those who, supposing certain doctrines to be taught in Scripture (which do not, when taken in one general view, appear to be taught there), and which they can not bring their minds to agree to, throw off revealed religion altogether. No part of your note, my dear madam, has pleased me more than that short parenthesis ('for I still hold fast my own faith without wavering'), and long may this be the case! The fruits of that faith, in the course of your much-tried and honorable life, are too good to allow any one to find fault with it."

A VISIT AT MR. WEBSTER'S.[11]

We have been much charmed with our visit to Green Harbor, Marshfield, the beautiful domain of Mr. Webster. It is a charming and particularly enjoyable place, almost close to the sea. The beach here is something marvelous, eight miles in breadth, and of splendid, hard, floor-like sand, and when this is covered by the rolling Atlantic, the waves all but come up to the neighboring green, grassy fields. Very high tides cover them.

This house is very prettily fitted up. It strikes me as being partly in the English and partly in the French style, exceedingly comfortable, and with a number of remarkably pretty drawing-rooms opening into one another, which always is a judicious arrangement I think; it makes a party agreeable and unformal. There are a variety of pictures and busts by American artists, and some of them are exceedingly good. There is a picture in the chief drawing-room of Mr. Webster's gallant son, who was killed in the Mexican war. The two greatest of America's statesmen each lost a son in that war, Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster. There is also a fine picture of Mr. Webster himself, which, however, though a masterly painting, does not do justice to the distinguished original. It was executed some years ago; but I really think it is not so handsome as the great statesman is now, with his Olympus-like brow, on which are throned such divinities of thought, and with that wonderful countenance of might and majesty.

The dining-room here is a charming apartment, with all its windows opening to the ground, looking on the garden; and it is deliciously cool, protected from the sun by the overshadowing masses of foliage of the most magnificent weeping (American) elms. These colossal trees stand just before the house, and are pre-eminently beautiful: they seem to unite in their own gigantic persons the exquisite and exceeding grace of the weeping willow, with the strength and grandeur of the towering elm. I was told a curious fact last night. Every where, through the length and breadth of the States, the sycamore trees this year are blighted and dying.

The walls of the dining-room are adorned chiefly with English engravings, among which there is one of my father. My bed-room is profusely decorated with prints of different English country houses and castles. The utmost good taste and refinement are perceptible in the arrangements of the house, and a most enchanting place of residence it is. All the domestics of the house are colored persons, which is very seldom indeed the case in this part of the United States. Mr. Webster tells me he considers them the best possible servants, much attached, contented, and grateful, and he added, he would "fearlessly trust them with *untold gold*." They certainly must be good ones, to judge by the exquisite neatness and order of every thing in the establishment. [Pg 95]

Mr. Webster's farm here consists of one thousand five hundred acres: he has a hundred head of cattle.

Mr. F. Webster has been a good deal in India, and he was mentioning the other evening that he was struck, in several of the English schools in that country, by the tone of some political lessons that were taught there. For instance, with regard to freedom and representation of the people, &c.; the natives were forcibly reminded of their own unrepresented state, by questions bearing on the subject—the United States being instanced as an example of almost universal suffrage; Great Britain itself of a less extensive elective franchise; France, of whatever France was then; and Hindostan *especially* pointed out as having nothing of the kind, as if they really wished to make the poor Hindoos discontented with their present state. To be sure they might as well go to Persia and Turkey for their examples. Mr. F. Webster seemed to think the Hindoos were beginning a little to turn their thoughts to such political subjects.

While we were at dinner a day or two ago, a new guest, who had arrived rather late from New York, walked in, being announced as a general. He was a very military-looking man, indeed, with a formidable pair of mustaches. Some turn in the conversation reminding me of the Mexican war, I asked if General —— had served in Mexico. Mr. —— laughed, and told me he was in the militia, and had never smelt powder in his life.

What enterprising travelers American ladies sometimes are! My Atlantic-crossing performances seem very little in comparison with some of their expeditions. It would not surprise me that any who have ever gone to settle in the far-off portions of the country, and been doomed to undergo such rugged experiences as those described in the American work (by a lady) called "A New Home, Who'll Follow?" should laugh at hardships and discomforts which might reasonably deter less seasoned and experienced travelers; but it must be a very different case with those habituated only to refinements and luxuries. Mr. Webster had told me he had expected for some little time past the arrival of a lady, a relative of his, who had lately left China for the United States; she was to leave her husband in the Celestial flowery land, her intention being, I believe, to see her relatives and friends at home, and then to rejoin him in the course of some months in China.

Like the gallant chieftain spoken of before, he arrived late, and during dinner the doors were thrown open and "Mrs. P——, from China," was announced. She came in, and met her relatives and friends, as quietly as if she had merely made a "petite promenade de quinze jours" (as the French boasted they should do when they went to besiege Antwerp). She seated herself at table, when a few questions were asked relative to her voyage.

"Had you a good passage?"

"Very—altogether."

"How long?"

"About one hundred and three days" (I think this is correct, but I can not answer to a day).

"Pleasant companions?"

"Very much so, and with books the time passed very agreeably."

All this was as quietly discussed as if the passage had been from Dover to Boulogne, and the length of the time of absence a fortnight.

Mr. Webster was good enough to drive me out yesterday, and a most splendid drive we had. At one part, from a rather high eminence, we had a glorious panoramic view: it was really sublime: ocean, forest, hill, valley, promontory, river, field, glade, and hollow, were spread before us; altogether they formed a truly magnificent prospect. One almost seemed to be looking into boundless space. We paused at this spot a little while to admire the beautiful scene. How meet a companion the giant Atlantic seemed for that mighty mind, to some of whose noble sentiments I had just been listening with delight and veneration, and yet how far beyond the widest sweep of

ocean, is the endless expanse of the immortal intellect—time-overcoming—creation-compelling!

However, while I was thus up in the clouds, they (condescendingly determining, I suppose, to return my call) suddenly came down upon us, and unmercifully. St. Swithin! what a rain it was! The Atlantic is a beautiful object to look at, but when either he, or some cousin-german above, takes it into his head to act the part of shower-bath-extraordinary to you, it is not so pleasant. My thoughts immediately fled away from ocean (except the *descending* one), forest, hill, dale, and all the circumjacent scenery, to centre ignominiously on my bonnet, to say nothing of the tip of my nose, which was drenched and drowned completely in a half second. My vail—humble defense against the fury of the elements!—accommodated its dripping self to the features of my face, like the black mask of some desperate burglar, driven against it, also, by the wind, that blew a "few," I can assure the reader.

How Mr. Webster contrived to drive, I know not, but drive he did, at a good pace too, for "after us," indeed, was "the deluge;" I could scarcely see him; a wall of water separated us, but ever and anon I heard faintly, through the hissing, and splashing, and lashing, and pattering of the big rain, his deep, sonorous voice, recommending me to keep my cloak well about me, which no mortal cloak of any spirit will ever allow you to do at such needful moments—not it! "My kingdom for a pin."

When we arrived at Green Harbour, we found Mrs. Webster very anxious for the poor rain-beaten wayfarers. She took every kind care of me, and, except a very slight *soupçon* of a cold, the next morning, I did not suffer any inconvenience. Mr. Webster had complained of not being very well before (I think a slight attack of hay-asthma), [Pg 96] but I was glad to meet him soon afterward at dinner, not at all the worse for the tempestuous drive; and for my part, I could most cordially thank him for the glorious panorama he had shown me, and the splendid drive through what seemed almost interminable woods: and (since we had got safely through it), I was not sorry to have witnessed the very excellent imitation of the Flood which had been presented before (and some of it into) my astonished eyes. Mr. Webster told me the drive through the woods would have been extended, but for the rain, ten miles!

I can not describe to you the almost adoration with which Mr. Webster is regarded in New England. The newspapers chronicle his every movement, and constantly contain anecdotes respecting him, and he invariably is treated with the greatest respect by everybody, and, in fact, his intellectual greatness seems all but worshiped. Massachusetts boasts, with a commendable pride and exultation, that he is one of her children. A rather curious anecdote has been going the round of the papers lately. It appears Mr. Webster was at Martha's Vineyard a short time ago, and he drove up to the door of the principal hotel, at Edgartown, the capital, accompanied by some of his family, and attended, as usual, by his colored servants. Now, it must be observed that Mr. Webster has a swarthy, almost South-Spanish complexion, and when he put his head out of the window and inquired for apartments, the keeper of the hotel, casting dismayed glances, first at the domestics of different shades of sable and mahogany, and then at the fine dark face of Mr. Webster, excused himself from providing them with accommodation, declaring he made it a rule never to receive any *colored persons*. (This in New England, if the tale be true!). The great statesman and his family were about to seek for accommodation elsewhere—thinking the hotel-keeper alluded to his servants—when the magical name of "glorious Dan" becoming known, mine host, penitent and abashed, after profuse apologies, intreated him to honor his house with his presence. "All's well that ends well."

One can not wonder at the Americans' extreme admiration of the genius and the statesman-like qualities of their distinguished countryman, his glorious and electrifying eloquence, his great powers of ratiocination, his solid judgment, his stores of knowledge, and his large and comprehensive mind—a mind of that real expansion and breadth which, heaven knows, too few public men can boast of.

THE JEWELED WATCH.

Among the many officers who, at the close of the Peninsular war, retired on half-pay, was Captain Dutton of the — th regiment. He had lately married the pretty, portionless daughter of a deceased brother officer; and filled with romantic visions of rural bliss and "love in a cottage," the pair, who were equally unskilled in the practical details of housekeeping, fancied they could live in affluence, and enjoy all the luxuries of life, on the half-pay which formed their sole income.

They took up their abode near a pleasant town in the south of England, and for a time got on pretty well; but when at the end of the first year a sweet little boy made his appearance, and at the end of the second an equally sweet little girl, they found that nursemaids, baby-linen, doctors, and all the etceteras appertaining to the introduction and support of these baby-visitors, formed a serious item in their yearly expenditure.

For a while they struggled on without falling into debt; but at length their giddy feet slipped into that vortex which has engulfed so many, and their affairs began to assume a very gloomy aspect. About this time an adventurer named Smith, with whom Captain Dutton became casually acquainted, and whose plausible manners and appearance completely imposed on the frank, unsuspecting soldier, proposed to him a plan for insuring, as he represented it, a large and rapid fortune. This was to be effected by embarking considerable capital in the manufacture of some new kind of spirit-lamps, which Smith assured the captain would, when once known, supersede the use of candles and oil-lamps throughout the kingdom.

To hear him descant on the marvelous virtues and money-making qualities of his lamp, one would be inclined to take him for the lineal descendant of Aladdin, and inheritor of that scampish individual's precious heirloom. Our modern magician, however, candidly confessed that he still wanted the "slave of the lamp," or, in other words, ready money, to set the invention a-going; and he at length succeeded in persuading the unlucky captain to sell out of the army, and invest the price of his commission in this luminous venture. If Captain Dutton had refused to pay the money until he should be able to pronounce correctly the name of the invention, he would have saved his cash, at the expense probably of a semi-dislocation of his jaws; for the lamp rejoiced in an eight syllabled title, of which each vocable belonged to a different tongue—the first being Greek, the fourth Syriac, and the last taken from the aboriginal language of New Zealand; the intervening sounds believed to be respectively akin to Latin, German, Sanscrit, and Malay. Notwithstanding, however, this *prestige* of a name, the lamp was a decided failure: its light was brilliant enough; but the odor it exhaled in burning was so overpowering, so suggestive of an evil origin, so every way abominable, that those adventurous purchasers who tried it once, seldom submitted their olfactory nerves to a second ordeal. The sale and manufacture of the lamp and its accompanying spirit were carried on by Mr. Smith alone in one of the chief commercial cities of England, he having kindly arranged to take all the trouble off his partner's hands, and only requiring him to furnish the necessary funds. For some time the accounts of the [Pg 97] business transmitted to Captain Dutton were most flourishing, and he and his gentle wife fondly thought they were about to realize a splendid fortune for their little ones; but at length they began to feel anxious for the arrival of the cent.-per-cent. profits which had been promised, but which never came; and Mr. Smith's letters suddenly ceasing, his partner one morning set off to inspect the scene of operations.

Arrived at L——, he repaired to the street where the manufactory was situated, and found it shut up! Mr. Smith had gone off to America, considerably in debt to those who had been foolish enough to trust him; and leaving more rent due on the premises than the remaining stock in trade of the unpronounceable lamp would pay. As to the poor ex-captain, he returned to his family a ruined man.

But strength is often found in the depths of adversity, courage in despair; and both our hero and his wife set resolutely to work to support themselves and their children. Happily they owed no debts. On selling out, Captain Dutton had honorably paid every farthing he owed in the world before intrusting the remainder of his capital to the unprincipled Smith; and now this upright conduct was its own reward.

He wrote a beautiful hand, and while seeking some permanent employment, earned a trifle occasionally by copying manuscripts, and engrossing in an attorney's office. His wife worked diligently with her needle; but the care of a young family, and the necessity of dispensing with a servant, hindered her from adding much to their resources. Notwithstanding their extreme poverty, they managed to preserve a decent appearance, and to prevent even their neighbors from knowing the straits to which they were often reduced. Their little cottage was always exquisitely clean and neat; and the children, despite of scanty clothing, and often insufficient food, looked as they were, the sons and daughters of a gentleman.

It was Mrs. Dutton's pride to preserve the respectable appearance of her husband's wardrobe; and often did she work till midnight at turning his coat and darning his linen, that he might appear as usual among his equals. She often urged him to visit his former acquaintances, who had power to befriend him, and solicit their interest in obtaining some permanent employment; but the soldier, who was as brave as a lion when facing the enemy, shrank with the timidity of a girl from exposing himself to the humiliation of a refusal, and could not bear to confess his urgent need. He had too much delicacy to press his claims; he was too proud to be importunate; and so others succeeded where he failed.

It happened that the general under whom he had served, and who had lost sight of him since his retirement from the service, came to spend a few months at the watering-place near which the Duttons resided, and hired for the season a handsome furnished house. Walking one morning on the sands, in a disconsolate mood, our hero saw, with surprise, his former commander approaching; and with a sudden feeling of false shame, he tried to avoid a recognition. But the quick eye of General Vernon was not to be eluded, and intercepting him with an outstretched hand, he exclaimed—"What, Dutton! is that you? It seems an age since we met. Living in this neighborhood, eh?"

"Yes, general; I have been living here since I retired from the service."

"And you sold out, I think—to please the mistress, I suppose, Dutton? Ah! these ladies have a great deal to answer for. Tell Mrs. Dutton I shall call on her some morning, and read her a lecture for taking you from us."

Poor Dutton's look of confusion, as he pictured the general's visit surprising his wife in the performance of her menial labors, rather surprised the veteran; but its true cause did not occur to him. He had had a great regard for Dutton, considering him one of the best and bravest officers under his command, and was sincerely pleased at meeting him again; so, after a ten minutes' colloquy, during the progress of which the ex-soldier, like a war-horse who pricks up his ears at the sound of the trumpet, became gay and animated, as old associations of the camp and field came back on him, the general shook him heartily by the hand, and said—"You'll dine with me to-morrow, Dutton, and meet a few of your old friends? Come, I'll take no excuse; you must not turn hermit on our hands."

At first Dutton was going to refuse, but on second thoughts accepted the invitation, not having, indeed, any good reason to offer for declining it. Having taken leave of the general, therefore, he proceeded toward home, and announced their rencontre to his wife. She, poor woman, immediately took out his well-saved suit, and occupied herself in repairing, as best she might, the cruel ravages of time; as well as in starching and ironing an already snowy shirt to the highest degree of perfection.

Next day, in due time, he arrived at General Vernon's handsome temporary dwelling, and received a cordial welcome. A dozen guests, civilians as well as soldiers, sat down to a splendid banquet. After dinner, the conversation happened to turn on the recent improvements in arts and manufactures; and comparisons were drawn between the relative talent for invention displayed by artists of different countries. Watch-making happening to be mentioned as one of the arts which had during late years been wonderfully improved, the host desired his valet to fetch a most beautiful little watch, a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* of workmanship, which he had lately purchased in Paris; and which was less valuable for its richly jeweled case, than for the exquisite perfection of the mechanism it enshrined. The trinket passed from hand to hand, and was greatly admired by the guests; then the [Pg 98] conversation turned on other topics, and many subjects were discussed, until they adjourned to the drawing-room to take coffee.

After sitting there a while, the general suddenly recollected his watch, and ringing for his valet, desired him to take it from the dining-room table, where it had been left, and restore it to its proper place. In a few moments the servant returned, looking somewhat frightened: he could not find the watch. General Vernon, surprised, went himself to search, but was not more fortunate.

"Perhaps, sir, you or one of the company may have carried it by mistake into the drawing-room?"

"I think not; but we will try."

Another search, in which all the guests joined, but without avail.

"What I fear," said the general, "is that some one by chance may tread upon and break it."

General Vernon was a widower, and this costly trinket was intended as a present to his only child, a daughter, who had lately married a wealthy baronet.

"We will none of us leave this room until it is found!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen with ominous emphasis.

"That decision," said a young man, who was engaged that night to a ball, "might quarter us on our host for an indefinite time. I propose a much more speedy and satisfactory expedient: let us all be searched."

This suggestion was received with laughter and acclamations; and the young man, presenting himself as the first victim, was searched by the valet, who, for the nonce, enacted the part of custom-house officer. The general, who at first opposed this piece of practical pleasantry, ended by laughing at it; and each new inspection of pockets produced fresh bursts of mirth. Captain Dutton alone took no share in what was going on: his hand trembled, his brow darkened, and he stood as much apart as possible. At length his turn came; the other guests had all displayed the contents of their pockets, so with one accord, and amid renewed laughter, they surrounded him, exclaiming that he must be the guilty one, as he was the last. The captain, pale and agitated, muttered some excuses, unheard amid the uproar.

"Now for it, Johnson!" cried one to the valet.

"Johnson, we're watching you!" said another; "produce the culprit."

The servant advanced; but Dutton crossing his arms on his breast, declared in an agitated voice, that, except by violence, no one should lay a hand on him. A very awkward silence ensued, which the general broke by saying: "Captain Dutton is right; this child's play has lasted long enough. I claim exemption for him and for myself."

Dutton, trembling and unable to speak, thanked his kind host by a grateful look, and then took an early opportunity of withdrawing; General Vernon did not make the slightest remark on his departure, and the remaining guests, through politeness, imitated his reserve; but the mirth of the evening was gone, every face looked anxious, and the host himself seemed grave and thoughtful.

Captain Dutton spent some time in wandering restlessly on the sands before he returned home. It was late when he entered the cottage, and his wife could not repress an exclamation of affright when she saw his pale and troubled countenance.

"What has happened?" cried she.

"Nothing," replied her husband, throwing himself on a chair, and laying a small packet on the table. "You have cost me very dear," he said, addressing it. In vain did his wife try to soothe him, and obtain an explanation. "Not now, Jane," he said; "to-morrow we shall see. To-morrow I will tell you all."

Early next morning he went to General Vernon's house. Although he walked resolutely, his mind was sadly troubled. How could he present himself? In what way would he be received? How could he speak to the general without risking the reception of some look or word which he could never pardon? The very meeting with Johnson was to be dreaded.

He knocked; another servant opened the door, and instantly gave him admission. "*This* man, at all events," he thought, "knows nothing of what has passed." Will the general receive him? Yes; he is ushered into his dressing-room. Without daring to raise his eyes, the poor man began to speak in a low hurried voice.

"General Vernon, you thought my conduct strange last night; and painful and humiliating as its explanation will be, I feel it due to you and to myself to make it—"

His auditor tried to speak, but Dutton went on, without heeding the interruption. "My misery is at its height: that is my only excuse. My wife and our four little ones are actually starving!"

"My friend!" cried the general with emotion. But Dutton proceeded.

"I can not describe my feelings yesterday while seated at your luxurious table. I thought of my poor Jane, depriving herself of a morsel of bread to give it to her baby; of my little pale thin Annie, whose delicate appetite rejects the coarse food which is all we can give her; and in an evil hour I transferred two *patés* from my plate to my pocket, thinking they would tempt my little darling to eat. I should have died of shame had these things been produced from my pocket, and your guests and servant made witnesses of my cruel poverty. Now, general, you know all; and but for the fear of being suspected by you of a crime, my distress should never have been known!"

"A life of unblemished honor," replied his friend, "has placed you above the reach of suspicion; besides, look here!" And he showed the missing watch. "It is I," continued he, "who must ask pardon of you all. In a fit of absence I had dropped it into my waistcoat pocket, where, in Johnson's presence, I discovered it while undressing." [Pg 99]

"If I had only known!" murmured poor Dutton.

"Don't regret what has occurred," said the general, pressing his hand kindly. "It has been the means of acquainting me with what you should never have concealed from an old friend, who, please God, will find some means to serve you."

In a few days Captain Dutton received another invitation to dine with the general. All the former guests were assembled, and their host, with ready tact, took occasion to apologize for his strange forgetfulness about the watch. Captain Dutton found a paper within the folds of his napkin: it was his nomination to an honorable and lucrative post, which insured competence and comfort to himself and his family.

NEW PROOF OF THE EARTH'S ROTATION.

"The earth does move notwithstanding," whispered Galileo, leaving the dungeon of the Inquisition: by which he meant his friends to understand, that if the earth did move, the fact would remain so in spite of his punishment. But a less orthodox assembly than the conclave of Cardinals might have been staggered by the novelty of the new philosophy. According to Laplace, the apparent diurnal phenomena of the heavens would be the same either from the revolution of the sun or the earth; and more than one reason made strongly in favor of the prevalent opinion that the earth, not the sun, was stationary. First, it was most agreeable to the impression of the senses; and next, to disbelieve in the fixity of the solid globe, was not only to eject from its pride of place our little planet, but to disturb the long-cherished sentiment that we ourselves are the centre—the be-all and end-all of the universe. However, the truth will out; and this is its great distinction from error, that while every new discovery adds to its strength, falsehood is weakened and at last driven from the field.

That the earth revolves round the sun, and rotates on its polar axis, have long been the settled canons of our system. But the rotation of the earth has been rendered *visible* by a practical demonstration, which has drawn much attention in Paris, and is beginning to excite interest in this country. The inventor is M. Foucault; and the following description has been given of the mode of proof:

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

the pendulum between two successive vibrations. It is, in fact, apparent that the ball, or rather the point attached to the bottom of the ball, does not return precisely to the same point of the circumference of the table after two successive vibrations. Thus is rendered visible the motion which the table has in common with the earth."

Crowds are said to flock daily to the Panthéon to witness this interesting experiment. It has been successfully repeated at the Russell Institution, and preparations are being made in some private houses for the purpose. A lofty staircase or room twelve or fourteen feet high would suffice; but the dome of St. Paul's, or, as suggested by Mr. Sylvestre in the *Times*, the transept of the Crystal Palace, offers the most eligible site. The table would make its revolution at the rate of 15° per hour. Explanations, however, will be necessary from lecturers and others who give imitations of M. Foucault's ingenuity, to render it intelligible to those unacquainted with mathematics, or with the laws of gravity and spherical motion. For instance, it will not be readily understood by every one why the pendulum should vibrate in the same plane, and not partake of the earth's rotation in common with the table; but this could be *shown* with a bullet suspended by a silk-worm's thread. Next, the apparent horizontal revolution of the table round its centre will be incomprehensible to many, as representative of its own and the earth's motion round its axis. Perhaps Mr. Wyld's colossal globe will afford opportunities for simplifying these perplexities to the unlearned.

The pendulum is indeed an extraordinary instrument, and has been a useful handmaid to science. We are familiar with it as the time-regulator of our clocks, and the ease with which they may be made to go faster or slower by adjusting its length. But neither this nor the Panthéon elucidation constitutes its sole application. By it the latitude maybe approximately ascertained, the density of the earth's strata in different places, and its elliptical eccentricity [Pg 100] of figure. The noble Florentine already quoted was its inventor; and it is related of Galileo, while a boy, that he was the first to observe how the height of the vaulted roof of a church might be measured by the times of the vibration of the chandeliers suspended at different altitudes. Were the earth perforated from London to our antipodes, and the air exhausted, a ball dropped through would at the centre acquire a velocity sufficient to carry it to the opposite side, whence it would again descend, and so oscillate forward and backward from one side of the globe's surface to the other in the manner of a pendulum. Very likely the Cardinals of the Vatican would deem this heresy, or "flat blasphemy."

To clearly appreciate the following popular explanation, it will be necessary for the reader to convince himself of one property of the pendulum, viz., that of constantly vibrating in the same plane. Let it be imagined that a pendulum is suspended over a common table, *the parts bearing the pendulum being also attached to the table*. Suppose, also, that the table can move freely on its centre like a music-stool: the pendulum being put in motion will continue to move in the same plane between the eye and any object on the walls of the room, although the table is made to revolve, and during one revolution will have *radiated* through the whole circumference. A few moments' reflection are only necessary to prove this.

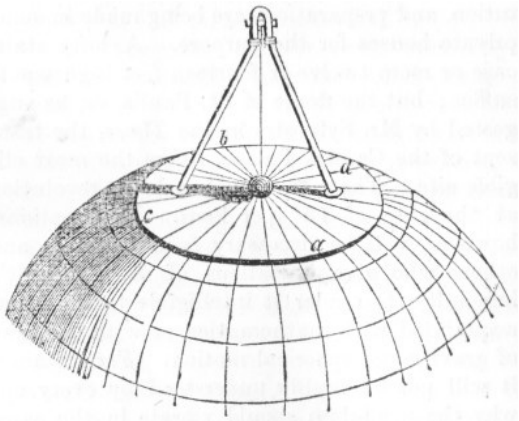


FIGURE 1.

The above figure represents a plane or table on the top of a globe, or at the north pole of the earth. To this table are fixed two rods, from which is suspended a pendulum, moving freely in any direction. The pendulum is made to vibrate in the path *a b*; it will continue to vibrate in this line, and have no apparent circular or angular motion until the globe revolves, when it will appear to have vibrated through the entire circle, *to an object fixed on the table and moving with it*. It is scarcely necessary to say the circular motion of the pendulum is only apparent, since it is the table that revolves—the apparent motion of the pendulum in a circle being the same as the apparent motion of the land to a person on board ship, or the recession of the earth to a person in a balloon. The pendulum vibrates always in the same plane at the pole, and in planes parallel to each other at any intermediate point.

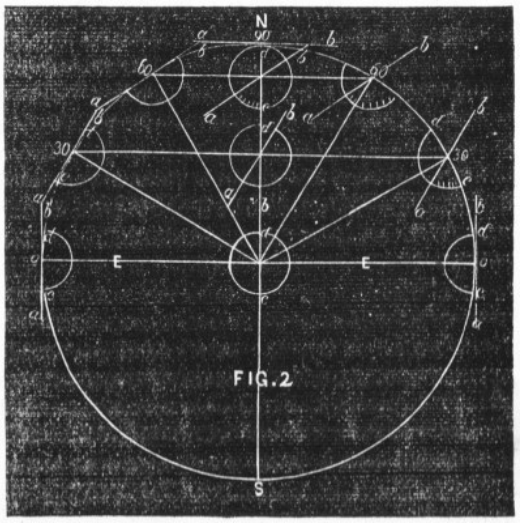


FIG. 2

Fig. 2 represents the earth or a globe revolving once in twenty-four hours on its axis (S N). It is divided, on its upper half, by lines parallel to each other, representing the latitudes 60 degrees, 30 degrees, and the equator, where the latitude is nothing. The lines *a b*, at 90, 60, 30, and 0 represent the planes of those latitudes; or, in more

familiar terms, tables, over which a pendulum is supposed to vibrate, and moving with them in their revolutions round the axis (S N). This being clearly understood, the next object is to show how the pendulum moves round the tables, for each of the latitudes; also to show the gradual diminution of its circular motion as it approaches the equator (E E), where, as was before observed, the latitude is nothing.

A pendulum vibrating over the plane, or table (*a b*), on the top of the globe, has been already shown (by Fig. 1) to go round the entire circle in twenty-four hours; or to have an angular velocity of 90, or quarter of a circle, in six hours. The plane (*a b*), at 60, has an inclination to the axis (S N), which will cause a pendulum vibrating over it to move through its circumference at a diminished rate. This will be shown by reference to the figure. The globe is revolving in the direction from left to right; the pendulum is vibrating over the line *a b*, which, at all times during its course, is parallel with the first path of vibration. The plane may now be supposed to have moved during six hours, or to have gone through a quarter of an entire revolution, equal to 90; but the pendulum has only moved from *c* to *a*, considerably less than 90. Again, if the plane is carried another six hours, making together 180, the Figure shows the pendulum to have moved only from *c* to *a*, considerably less than 180. The same remarks apply to the lower latitude of 30, where, it will be seen, the circular, or angular motion of the pendulum, is considerably slower than in the latitude of 60, continuing to diminish, until it becomes nothing at the equator, where it is clearly shown by the Figure to be always parallel to itself, and constant over its path of vibration through the entire circle. [Pg 101]

ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.[12]

I now took a long farewell of the horses, and turned northward, selecting a line close in by the base of the hills, going along at an improved pace, with a view of reaching the trading-post the same night; but stopping in a gully to look for water, I found a little pool, evidently scratched out by a bear, as there were foot-prints and claw-marks about it; and I was aware instinct prompts that brute where water is nearest the surface, when he scratches until he comes to it. This was one of very large size, the foot-mark behind the toes being full nine inches; and although I had my misgivings about the prudence of a *tête-à-tête* with a great grizzly bear, still the "better part of valor" was overcome, as it often is, by the anticipated honor and glory of a single combat, and conquest of such a ferocious beast. I was well armed, too, with my favorite rifle, a Colt's revolver, that never disappointed me, and a non-descript weapon, a sort of cross betwixt a claymore and a bowie-knife; so, after capping afresh, hanging the bridle on the horn of the saddle, and, staking my mule, I followed the trail up a gully, and much sooner than I expected came within view and good shooting distance of Bruin, who was seated erect, with his side toward me, in front of a manzanita bush, making a repast on his favorite berry.

The sharp click of the cock causing him to turn quickly round, left little time for deliberation; so, taking a ready good aim at the region of the heart, I let drive, the ball (as I subsequently found) glancing along the ribs, entering the armpit, and shattering smartly some of the shoulder bones. I exulted as I saw him stagger and come to his side; the next glance, however, revealed him, to my dismay, on all fours, in direct pursuit, but going lame; so I bolted for the mule, sadly encumbered with a huge pair of Mexican spurs, the nervous noise of the crushing brush close in my rear convincing me he was fast gaining on me; I therefore dropped my rifle, putting on fresh steam, and reaching the rope, pulled up the picket-pin, and springing into the saddle with merely a hold of the lariat, plunged the spurs into the mule, which, much to my affright produced a kick and a retrograde movement; but in the exertion having got a glimpse of my pursuer, uttering; snort of terror, he went off at a pace I did not think him capable of, soon widening the distance betwixt us and the bear; but having no means of guiding his motions, he brought me violently in contact with the arm of a tree, which unhorsed and stunned me exceedingly. Scrambling to my feet as well as I could, I saw my relentless enemy close at hand, leaving me the only alternative of ascending a tree; but, in my hurried and nervous efforts, I had scarcely my feet above his reach, when he was right under, evidently enfeebled by the loss of blood, as the exertion made it well out copiously. After a moment's pause, and a fierce glare upward from his blood-shot eyes, he clasped the trunk; but I saw his endeavors to climb were crippled by the wounded shoulder. However, by the aid of his jaws, he just succeeded in reaching the first branch with his sound arm, and was working convulsively to bring up the body, when, with a well-directed blow from my cutlass, I completely severed the tendons of the foot, and he instantly fell with a dreadful souse and horrific growl, the blood spouting up as if impelled from a jet; he rose again somewhat tardily, and limping round the tree with upturned eyes, kept tearing off the bark with his tusks. However, watching my opportunity, and leaning downward, I sent a ball from my revolver with such good effect immediately behind the head, that he dropped; and my nerves being now rather more composed, I leisurely distributed the remaining five balls in the most vulnerable parts of his carcase.

By this time I saw the muscular system totally relaxed, so I descended with confidence, and found him quite dead, and myself not a little enervated with the excitement and the effects of my wound, which bled profusely from the temple; so much so, that I thought an artery was ruptured. I bound up my head as well as I could, loaded my revolver anew, and returned for my rifle; but as evening was approaching, and my mule gone, I had little time to survey the dimensions of my fallen foe, and no means of packing much of his flesh. I therefore hastily hacked off a few steaks from his thigh, and hewing off one of his hind feet as a sure trophy of victory, I set out toward the trading-post, which I reached about midnight, my friend and my truant mule being there before me, but no horses.

I exhibited the foot of my fallen foe in great triumph, and described the conflict with due emphasis and effect to the company, who arose to listen; after which I made a transfer of the flesh to the traders, on condition that there was not to be any charge for the hotel or the use of the mule. There was an old experienced French trapper of the party, who, judging from the size of the foot, set down the weight of the bear at 1500 lbs., which, he said they frequently over-run, he himself, as well as Colonel Frémont's exploring party, having killed several that came to 2000 lbs. He advised me, should I again be pursued by a bear, and have no other means of escape, to ascend a small-girthed tree, which they can not get up, for, not having any central joint in the fore-legs, they can not climb any with a branchless stem that does not fully fill their embrace; and in the event of not being able to accomplish the ascent before my pursuer overtook me, to place my back against it, when, if it and I did not constitute a bulk capable of filling his hug, I might have time to rip out his entrails before he could kill me, being in a most favorable posture for the operation. They do not generally use their mouth in the destruction of their victims, but, hugging them closely, lift one of the hind-feet, which are armed with tremendous claws, and tear out the bowels. The [Pg 102] Frenchman's advice reads rationally enough, and is a feasible theory on the art of evading unbearable compression; but, unfortunately, in the haunts of that animal those slim juvenile saplings are rarely met with, and a person closely confronted with such a grizzly *vis-à-vis* is not exactly in a tone of nerve for surgical operations.

A VISIT TO THE NORTH CAPE.

Having hired an open boat and a crew of three hands, I left Hammerfest at nine P.M., July 2, 1850, to visit the celebrated Nordkap. The boat was one of the peculiar Nordland build—very long, narrow, sharp, but strongly built, with both ends shaped alike, and excellently adapted either for rowing or sailing. We had a strong head-wind from northeast at starting, and rowed across the harbor to the spot where the house of the British consul, Mr. Robertson, a Scotchman, is situated, near to the little battery (*fæstning*) which was erected to defend the approach to Hammerfest, subsequently to the atrocious seizure of the place by two English ships during the last war. Mr. Robertson kindly lent me a number of reindeer skins to lie on at the bottom of the boat; and spreading them on the rough stones we carried for ballast, I was thus provided with an excellent bed. I have slept for a fortnight at a time on reindeer skins, and prefer them to any feather bed. Mr. Robertson warned me that I should find it bitterly cold at sea, and expressed surprise at my light clothing; but I smiled, and assured him that my hardy wandering life had habituated me to bear exposure of every kind with perfect impunity. By an ingenious contrivance of a very long tiller, the pilot steered with one hand and rowed with the other, and we speedily cleared the harbor, and crept round the coast of Qual Oe (Whale-Island), on which Hammerfest is situated. About midnight, when the sun was shining a considerable way above the horizon, the view of a solitary little rock, in the ocean ahead, bathed in a flood of crimson glory, was most impressive. We proceeded with a tolerable wind until six in the morning, when heavy squalls of wind and torrents of rain began to beat upon us, forcing us to run, about two hours afterward, into Havösund; a very narrow strait between the island of Havöe and the mainland of Finmark. As it was impossible to proceed in such a tempest, we ran the boat to a landing-place in front of the summer residence of Herr Ulich, a great magnate in Finmark. This is undoubtedly the most northern gentleman's house in the world. It is a large, handsome, wooden building, painted white, and quite equal in appearance to the better class of villas in the North. The family only reside there during the three summer months; and extensive warehouses for the trade in dried cod or stockfish, &c. are attached. My crew obtained shelter in an outbuilding, and I unhesitatingly sought the hospitality of the mansion. Herr Ulich himself was absent, being at his house at Hammerfest, but his amiable lady, and her son and two daughters, received me with a frank cordiality as great as though I were an old friend; and in a few minutes I was thoroughly at home. Here I found a highly accomplished family, surrounded with the luxuries and refinements of civilization, dwelling amid the wildest solitudes, and so near the North Cape, that it can be distinctly seen from their house in clear weather. Madame Ulich and her daughters spoke nothing but Norwegian; but the son, a very intelligent young man of about nineteen, spoke English very well. He had recently returned from a two years' residence at Archangel, where the merchants of Finmark send their sons to learn the Russian language, as it is of vital importance for their trading interests—the greater portion of the trade of Finmark being with the White-Sea districts, which supply them with meal and other necessaries in exchange for stockfish, &c. Near as they were to the North Cape, it was a singular fact that Herr Ulich and his son had only once visited it; and the former had resided ten years at Havösund—not more than twenty-five miles distant—ere that visit took place! They said that very few travelers visited the Cape; and, strange to say, the majority are French and Italians.

I declined to avail myself of the pressing offer of a bed, and spent the morning in conversation with this very interesting family. They had a handsome drawing-room, containing a grand colossal bust in bronze of Louis-Philippe, King of the French. The ex-king, about fifty-five years ago, when a wandering exile (under the assumed name of Müller) visited the North Cape. He experienced hospitality from many residents in Finmark, and he had slept in this very room; but the house itself then stood on Maas Island, a few miles further north. Many years ago, the present proprietor removed the entire structure to Havöe; and his son assured me the room itself was preserved almost exactly as it was when Louis Philippe used it, though considerable additions and improvements have been made to other parts of the house. About sixteen years ago, Paul Garnard, the president of the commission shortly afterward sent by the French government to explore Greenland and Iceland, called on Herr Ulich, and said he was instructed by the king to ask what present he would prefer from his majesty as a memorial of his visit to the North. A year afterward, the corvette of war, *La Recherche*, on its way to Iceland, &c. put into Havösund, and left the bust in question, as the express gift of the king. It is a grand work of art, executed in the finest style, and is intrinsically very valuable, although of course the circumstances under which it became Herr Ulich's property add inestimably to its worth in his eyes. The latter gentleman is himself a remarkable specimen of the highly-educated Norwegian. He has traveled over all Europe, and speaks, more or less, most civilized languages. On my return to Hammerfest I enjoyed the pleasure of his society, and his eager hospitality; and he favored me with an introduction for the Norwegian states minister at Stockholm. I merely mention these things to show the warm-hearted kindness which even an unintroduced, unknown traveler may experience in the far North. Herr Ulich has resided twenty-five years at Havösund; and he says he thinks that not more than six English travelers have visited the North Cape within twenty years—that is to say, by way of Hammerfest; but parties of English gentlemen occasionally proceed direct in their yachts.

[Pg 103]

Fain would my new friends have delayed my departure; but, wind and tide serving, I resumed my voyage at noon, promising to call on my return. In sailing through the sound, I noticed a neat little wooden church, the most northern in Finmark. A minister preaches in it to the Fins and Laps at intervals, which depend much on the state of the weather; but I believe once a month in summer. The congregation come from a circle of immense extent. If I do not err, Mr. Robert Chambers mentions in his tour having met with the clergyman of this wild parish.

Passing Maas Oe, we sailed across an open arm of the sea, and reached the coast of Mager Oe, the island on which the North Cape is situated. Mager Oe is perhaps twenty miles long by a dozen broad, and is separated from the extreme northern mainland of Finmark by Magerösund. Although a favorable wind blew, my crew persisted in running into a harbor here, where there is a very extensive fish-curing establishment, called Gjesvohr, belonging to Messrs Agaard of Hammerfest. There are several houses, sheds, &c. and immense tiers of the split stockfish drying across horizontal poles. At this time about two hundred people were employed, and one or two of the singular three-masted White-Sea ships were in the harbor, with many Finmark fishing-boats. The water was literally black with droves of young cod, which might have been killed by dozens as they basked near the surface. My men loitered hour after hour; but as I was most anxious to visit the North Cape when the midnight sun illumined it, I induced them to proceed.

On resuming our voyage, we coasted along the shore, which was one mass of savage, precipitous rock, until the black massive Cape loomed very distinctly in the horizon. I landed at a bluff headland called Tunoes, and collected a few flowers growing in crevices in the rock. A little beyond that, in Sandbugt, a fragment of wreck was discernible, and I ordered the boat to be pulled toward it. It proved to be a portion of the keel of a large ship, about fifty feet long, and much worn. It had evidently been hauled on the reefs by some fishermen, and the fortunate salvors had placed their rude marks upon it. I mused over this fragment of wreck, which was mutely eloquent with melancholy suggestiveness. How many prayers had gone forth with the unknown ship! how many fathers, brothers, sisters, lovers, and unconscious widows and orphans, might at that moment be hoping against hope for her return! To what port did she belong? In what remote ocean had she met her doom? Perchance this keel had been borne by wind and tide from some region of thick-ribbed ice, and was the only relic to tell of the dark fate of a gallant bark and brave crew! Alas, what a thrilling history might that weed-tangled piece of wood be linked with, and what food did it supply for the wanderer's imagination!

Resuming the voyage, we came to a long promontory of solid rock, stretching far into the sea, where it tapers down to the level of the water. It is called Kniuskjœrodden; and I particularly draw attention to it for the following reason: at Hammerfest the consul favored me with an inspection of the charts recently published by the

Norwegian government, from express surveys by scientific officers of their navy. The instant I cast my eye over the one containing Mager Oe, I perceived that Kniuskjœrodden was set down *further north than the North Cape itself*! The consul said that such was the actual fact, though he will not consent to its disputing the legitimacy of the ancient fame which the Cape worthily enjoys; since it is merely a low, narrow projection, of altogether insignificant character. I walked to its extremity, and narrowly escaped being washed by the roaring breakers into the deep transparent sea.

Rounding Kniuskjœrodden, the North Cape burst in all its sunlit grandeur on my delighted view. It was now a dead calm, and my vikings pulled very slowly across the grand bay of Kniusvœrig, to afford me an opportunity of sketching the object, which is one enormous mass of solid rock, upward of a thousand feet in elevation. I can compare it to nothing more fitly than the keep of a castle of a tremendous size; for it very gently tapers upward from the base, and presents a surface marvelously resembling time-worn masonry. The front approaches the perpendicular, and so does much of the western side also. The color of this mighty rock is a dark, shining, speckled gray, relieved by dazzling masses of snow lying in the gigantic fissures, which seem to have been riven by some dread convulsion. The impression I felt as the boat glided beneath its shadow was one of thrilling awe; for its magnificent stern proportions—its colossal magnitude—its position as the lonely, unchanging sentinel of nature, which for countless ages has stood forth as the termination of the European continent, frowning defiance to the maddening fury of the mystic Arctic Queen—all combine to invest it with associations and attributes of overpowering majesty. My ideas of its sublimity were more than realized; and as I landed on its base, in the blaze of the midnight sun, I felt an emotion of proud joy, that my long-feasted hope of gazing upon it at such an hour, and under such circumstances, was literally fulfilled. [Pg 104]

The only place where a landing can be effected is on the western side, about a mile and a half from the head of the Cape; and it is usual for those who ascend it to go many miles round from this starting-place to gain the summit, because a direct upward ascent is considered impracticable. But having much confidence in my climbing capabilities, I resolved to adventure the latter feat; and although burdened with my sea-cloak and other things, I instantly commenced the task, leaving the crew to slumber in the boat until my return. I found the whole of the western side, opposite the landing-place, clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation to the height of about a hundred yards. There were myriads of flowers, including exquisite white violets with hairy stems; purple, red, and white star-flowers; the beautiful large yellow cup-flower, growing on stems two feet high, and called by the Norwegians *knap-sul-len-öie-blomster* (literally, button-sun-eye-flower); and many other varieties of species unknown to me. There were also several kinds of dwarf shrubs, including the juniper, then in green berry. Butterflies and insects flitted gayly from flower to flower. After resting on a ledge of rock to take breath, and look down on the glassy waters and the boat at my feet—now dwindled to a speck—I resumed my clambering; but to my extreme mortification, when I had ascended two-thirds of the way, at no small risk to my bones, I was mastered by overhanging masses of rock, all trickling with slimy moisture from the congealed snow above. Here I had a narrow escape from being killed by a fragment of loose rock giving way beneath me, and drawing down other pieces after it; but I clung tenaciously to a firm part, and the heavy stones bounded harmlessly over my head. I descended with difficulty; and after carefully surveying the face of the rocks, tried at a more favorable place, and even then I was above an hour in gaining the summit. I understand that I am the first adventurer who has scaled the Cape at that place; and I certainly was thankful when I could throw my weary frame down, and eat some frugal fare, slaking my thirst with a handful of snow from the solid patch by my side. Though I had been more than forty-eight hours without rest, bodily fatigue was little felt. I could behold from my airy elevation many miles of the surface of the island. The higher peaks and the sheltered hollows were clothed with snow, glittering in the midnight sun, and several dark lakes nestled amid the frowning rocks.

Resuming my progress, I passed over the surface of the Cape. It is covered with slaty *débris*, and, what struck me as very remarkable, quantities of a substance resembling coarse white marble, totally different from the Cape itself. The only vegetation on the summit is a species of moss, which bears most beautiful flowers, generally of a purple hue, blooming in hundreds and thousands together. These dumb witnesses of nature's benevolent handiwork filled my soul with pleasing, grateful thoughts, and uplifted it to the Divine Being who maketh flowers to bloom and waters to gush in the most desolate regions of the earth. In the bed of a ravine, crossed in my way toward the end of the Cape, I found a rapid stream of the purest water, which proved deliciously refreshing. I wandered along; and, after skirting much of the western precipice, drew nigh the bourne of my pilgrimage. The Cape terminates in a shape approaching a semicircle, but the most northern part swells out in a clear appreciable point. About a hundred yards from the latter I came upon a circle of stones, piled nearly breast high, inclosing a space some dozen feet in diameter. This had evidently been erected by a party of visitors as a shelter from the winds. Not far distant, a block of black rock rises above the level, which is otherwise smooth as a bowling-green, and covered with minute fragments of rock. Within two or three yards of the extreme point is a small pole, sustained in the centre of a pile of stones. I found several initials and dates cut on this very perishable register, and added my own. I believe it was set up by the government expedition three or four years ago as a signal-post for their trigonometrical survey.

I can not adequately describe the tide of emotion which filled my soul as I walked up to the dizzy verge. I only know that, after standing a moment with folded arms, beating heart, and tear-dimmed eye, I knelt, and with lowly-bowed head, returned thanks to God for permitting me to thus realize one darling dream of my boyhood!

Despite the wind, which here blew violently, I sat down by the side of the pole, and wrapping my cloak around me, long contemplated the grand spectacle of nature in one of her sublimest aspects. I was truly alone. Not a living being was in sight: far beneath was the boundless expanse of ocean, with a sail or two on its bosom, at an immense distance; above was the canopy of heaven, flecked with snowy cloudlets; the sun was gleaming through a broad belt of blood-red horizon; the only sounds were the whistling of the wind, and the occasional plaintive scream of hovering sea-fowl. My pervading feeling was a calm though deep sense of intellectual enjoyment and triumph—very natural to an enthusiastic young wanderer upon achieving one of the long-cherished enterprises of his life.

With reluctant and wildly-devious steps, I bade what is probably an eternal adieu to the wondrous Cape, and effected a comparatively easy descent to the place whence I had started. My men had dropped grapnel a considerable distance from the rock; and being unwilling to disturb their slumber, I spent some further time in exploring the western base. There is a very curious cavernous range of rock washed out by the terrific beating of wintry storms, so as to form a species of arcade. The sides are of immense thickness, but the sea has worn them open at the top. The water here, as along the whole coast of Norway and Finmark, is marvelously transparent. Weeds and fish may be seen at a prodigious depth clearly as in a mirror. [Pg 105]

On the return voyage, we ran into a creek near Sandbugt, and the crew went ashore to a Lap *gamme* (hut) to sleep; but as I had no desire to furnish a dainty fresh meal to the vermin with which every gamme swarms, I slept soundly on my reindeer skins in the boat, although it was now rainy and intensely cold. After the lapse of a few hours I joined them at the gamme, and bought a fine *pœsk* or tunic of reindeer skin from an old Lap; and learning that his herd of reins was in the vicinity, I had a long ramble in search of them, but without avail; for they had wandered far away, influenced by that remarkable instinct which impels reindeer to invariably run *against* the wind. I gathered some fine specimens of sponge in marshy hollows. In the course of our subsequent voyage, I made another pause of a few hours at Giesvohr, where I examined the works for curing the fish and extracting the

oil, but declined taking any repose. Next morning, being favored with a powerful wind, our little craft fairly leaped over the waves; and I noted her dextrous management with the eye of an amateur receiving a valuable lesson. The old pilot kept the sheet of the lug-sail constantly ready to slip, and another hand stood by the greased halyard to let all go by the run; for there are frequent eddies and squalls of wind along this very dangerous coast, which would upset a boat in an instant, were not great tact and unremitting vigilance exercised. The sea ran exceedingly high, and we shipped water from stem to stern every time we settled in its trough, in such a way that the baling never ceased. Safely, however, did we run into Havösund once more at about eight o'clock.

Young Ulich welcomed my unexpectedly early return at the landing-place, and I was delighted to again become the eagerly-welcomed guest of his house. Happily, and only too quickly, did the time speed. I chatted in my sadly-broken Norwegian—the first to laugh at my own comical blunders; and the eldest young lady sweetly sang to me several of the most ancient and popular of her native ballads, accompanying them on her guitar—the fashionable instrument of music in the North, where many things which have fallen into desuetude with us universally flourish. As she could understand no other language, I in return did my best to chant the celebrated national Danish song, *Den tappre Landsoldat*, the fame of which has penetrated to the far North. So popular is this song in Denmark, that its author and composer have both recently received an order of knighthood for it. In the library were translations of Marryat, and other English novelists; and they showed me a copy of—Cruikshank's *Bottle*! I thought that if that gifted artist could have thus beheld how his fame and a genuine copy of his greatest work has penetrated, and is highly appreciated in the vicinity of the North Cape, he would have experienced a glow of enviable, and not undeserved satisfaction. The only teetotaller, by the way, whom I ever met with in Scandinavia, was one of the crew of the boat with me. He invariably declined the *brændiviin*, as I passed it round from time to time, and assured me he drank only water and milk.

The young ladies had about a score of pretty tame pigeons; and to my extreme regret a couple were killed, to give me an additional treat at a dinner served in a style which I should rather have expected to meet with in an English hotel than at a solitary house on an arctic island. They afterward conducted me to their—garden! Yes, a veritable garden, the fame of which has extended far and wide in Finmark; for there is nothing to compare to it for at least four hundred miles southward. It is of considerable size, inclosed by high wooden walls, painted black to attract the sun's rays, which are very fervid in the latter end of summer. Potatoes, peas, and other table vegetables, were in a thriving state, but only come to maturity in favorable seasons. I had some radishes at dinner, and excellent they were. Glazed frames protected cucumber and other plants, and many very beautiful and delicate flowers bloomed in the open air. The young ladies gathered some of the finest specimens of these, including large blue forget-me-nots, and placed them within the leaves of my Bible. Highly do I treasure them, for they will ever vividly recall a host of pleasant and romantic associations.

Most pressing were they all to induce me to stay some days with them, and gladly indeed would I have complied had circumstances permitted; but I felt compelled to hasten back to Hammerfest. In the afternoon, therefore, I bade adieu to a family which had shown me a degree of engaging kindness greater than any I had experienced since I left my warmly-attached Danish friends.

The remainder of our return voyage was wet and tempestuous. We sailed and rowed all night, and reached Hammerfest at eight A.M. on July 5, much to the astonishment of the good folks there, who had not anticipated seeing us again in less than a week or ten days. The consul and many others assured me that my voyage had been performed with unprecedented speed, the whole time occupied being not quite three and a half days.

A CONVERSATION IN A KENTUCKY STAGE COACH.[13]

I can not refrain from giving a conversation which I heard as we came by the coach to Louisville. One of the speakers was a very agreeable and apparently well-informed gentleman, who seemed to have seen a great deal of [Pg 106] the world. When he first entered the "stage," it would seem it was with the benignant intention of giving a sort of *converzatione* in the coach, in which, after a few preliminary interrogatories to the various passengers (as if to take the size and measure of their capacities), he sustained all the active part, not calling upon them for the slightest exercise of their conversational powers. He varied the entertainment occasionally, by soliloquizing and monopolyguizing; and ever and anon it appeared as if he addressed the human race generally, or was speaking for posterity in a very elevated tone indeed, and seemingly oblivious of that fraction of the contemporaneous generation who were then largely benefiting by his really most animated and amusing discourse—for he was thoroughly original and very shrewd and entertaining.

Where had he not been? What had he not seen? what not met, tried, suffered, sought, found, dared, done, won, lost, said? The last we could give the most implicit credence to, no matter how large the demand. Now he told us, or the ceiling of the coach, how he had been eighteen months in the prairies (which keep very open house for all visitors), shooting herds of buffaloes, and with his cloak for his only castle, and all his household furniture, and how he had been all this time without bed or bread: and he described the longing for the last, much in the way Mr. Ruxton does in his account of prairie excursions; and now—but I will not attempt to follow him in all his wondrous adventures.

Suffice it to say, Robinson Crusoe, placed in juxtaposition with him, was a mere fire-side stay-at-home sort of personage, one who had never left his own comfortable arm-chair, in comparison. In short, the adventures were marvelous and manifold, and all told in the same agreeable, lively, Scheherezade-like sort of a manner—so agreeable, indeed, that I am sure had Judge Lynch himself had any little account to settle with him, he would have postponed—*à la* Sultan of the Indies—any trifling beheading or strangling, or unpleasant little operation of the sort, to hear the end of the tale.

After these narratives and amusing lectures had been poured forth continuously for a length of time, it chanced that a quiet countryman-like person got into the coach, bundle and stick in hand. After a few questions to this rustic wayfarer, our eloquent orator left off his historic and other tales, and devoted himself to drawing out, and "squeezing the orange of the brains" of this apparently simple-minded and unlettered man. The discourse that ensued was a singular one—to take place, too, in the United States between Americans.

The new-comer was a Kentuckian by birth, who had not very long ago gone to settle in Indiana. He called himself a mechanic—these facts came out in answer to the queries put to him by our unwearied talker—but he had, as I have said, much more the appearance of a respectable country farming man—and, indeed, I believe, mechanic means here, in a general sense, a laborer. He seemed a fine, honest-hearted, straight-forward, noble-spirited son of the plow; and his lofty, earnest, generous sentiments were spoken in somewhat unpolished but energetic and good language; and what particularly struck me was a really beautiful and almost child-like simplicity of mind and manner, that was combined with the most uncompromising firmness and unflinching adherence in argument, to what he conceived to be right.

His features were decidedly plain, but the countenance was very fine, chiefly characterized by great ingenuousness, commingled with gentleness and benevolence; and yet bearing evident traces of strength, determination, and energetic resolution. It was rather a complicated countenance, so to say, notwithstanding its great openness and expression of downright truth and goodness.

After opening the conversation with him, as you would an oyster, by the introduction of a pretty keen knife of inquisitorial questions, the chief speaker began to hold forth, capriciously enough, on the essentials and distinguishing attributes of a gentleman. He declared, emphatically, that one qualification alone was necessary, and that money only made a gentleman, according to the world, and, above all, in the United States (quite a mistake is this, I fully believe). "Let a man," said he, "be dressed here in every thing of the best, with splendid rings on his fingers, and plenty of money to spend at the ends of them, and he may go where he will, and be received as a gentleman; ay, though he may be a gambler, a rogue, or a swindler, and you, now, *you* may be a good honest mechanic; but *he* will at once get into the best society in these parts, which you would never dream even of attempting to accomplish—"

"But he would not be a gentleman," broke in the Kentuckian, indignantly. "No, sir; nor will I ever allow that money only makes the gentleman: it is the principle, sir, and the inner feeling, and the mind—and no fine clothes can ever make it; and no rough ones unmake it, that's a fact. And, sir, there's many a better gentleman following the plow in these parts than there is among the richer classes: I mean those poor men who're contented with their lot, and work hard and try no mean shifts and methods to get on an' up in the world; for there's little some 'ill stick at to get at money; and such means a true gentleman (what *I* call a gentleman) will avoid like poison, and scorn utterly."

"Now, that's all very well for you to talk so here just now; but you know yourself, I don't doubt, that *your own* object, as well as all the world's around you, is to make money. It is with that object that you work hard and save up: you do not work only to live, or make yourself more comfortable, but to get money: and money is the be-all and end-all of all and every body; and that only commands consideration and respect." [Pg 107]

"That *only*, sir, would never command *mine*, and—"

"Why, how you talk now! if you meet a fine dressed-out gentleman in one of these stages, you look on him as one directly—you don't ask him did he *make* or *take* his money—what's that to you?—there he is, and it is not for you to busy or bother yourself to find out all the private particulars of his history; and if you find him, as I say, well dressed in superfine, and he acts the gentleman to you, he may be the greatest rogue in existence, but he will be treated by you like a gentleman—yes, even by you."

"Yes, sir, that maybe while I know nothing of him—while, as you say, he acts the gentleman to me; but let me *once find out* what he is, and I would never show him respect more—no! though he had all the gold of California."

"Ah, California! just look at *that* now—look at people by scores and thousands, leaving their families, and friends, and homes—and what for but for gold? people with a comfortable competence already; but it's fine talking. Why, what are *you* taking this very journey for?—why, I can answer for you—for gold, I doubt not; and every other action of your life is for that object: confess the real truth now."

"I will, sir—I am come here from Indiana, for though I'm a Kentucky man, I live in the Hoosier State. I'm come here to see a dear brother; and instead of *gaining* money I'm *spending* it in these stages to get to see him and 'old Kentuck' agin. So you see, Sir, I love my brother—I do, more than money, poor man as I am; ay, and that I do, too."

"Well, I dare say you do; but come now, just tell me—haven't you a little bit of a *speculation*, now, here, that you're come after, as well as your brother—some trifle of a speculation afoot? You know you have now. You *must* have. Some horse, perhaps—"

It was quite delightful to see and hear the indignant burst of eager denial which this elicited from the ingenuous Kentuckian.

"No, sir! *no*, I have *not*—none whatever, indeed I have not:" his voice quivered with emotion; the earnest expression of his countenance was more than eloquent. If his interrogator had accused him of a serious crime he could hardly more anxiously and more earnestly have disclaimed it. To him, I thought the bare suspicion seemed like a coarse desecration of his real motives, a kind of undervaluing even of his "dear brother," to suppose he must have had a "little speculation on hand" to make it worth his while to go to see *him*.

He went on in an agitated, eager tone:

"And look ye here; I am *leaving off* my work and money-making for some days on purpose—only for that, and spending money at it, too!"

His somewhat case-hardened antagonist looked the least in the world discomfited; for that angry denial was a magnificent burst, and uttered in a tone that actually seemed to give an additional jolt to the rough coach; and I might say it had really a splendid theatrical effect, but that I should hesitate to use that expression with reference to one of the most beautiful natural exhibitions of deep feeling and generous sentiment I ever witnessed.

"Where are you going to?" at last inquired the other, apparently about to commence a little cross-examination.

"About twenty miles beyond Munsfordville," replied Kentucky, in his simple direct manner, "to"—I forget the name.

"Why, you're come by the wrong stage, then," exclaimed the other, "you should have waited till to-morrow, and then taken the stage to ——, and then you would have gone direct."

"Well, yes, sir; it's true enough, sir; but you see—in short, I couldn't *wait*—no, that I couldn't. I was so anxious, and I felt so like seeing my brother; and I was in such a mortal hurry to get to him."

"Hurry, man! why how will you see him any sooner by this? Why, you might as well have walked up and down Main-street till to-morrow; it would have advanced you just as much on your journey."

"You're right, sir, I know that; but I really *couldn't* wait: I wanted to feel I was going ahead, and getting *nearer* my brother at any rate; I got so impatient-like. No, sir; I couldn't have staid till the morning any how you could fix it."

"You'll have to walk for your folly, for you'll get no conveyance this way, I tell you."

"I'll have to walk the twenty miles to-night, I suppose," said Kentucky, with the most imperturbable smiling composure; "but never mind that! I shall be getting near my brother, then. Ha," he said, after a pause, "you see I *do* love my brother, sir, and I don't regard trouble for him. I'll have to walk the twenty miles to-night with my bundle, I dare say, and spending money at that, too, perhaps, for a bit of food; but I couldn't have *waited*—no! not another hour at Louisville—I felt so like getting *nearer* to my brother."

At the end of the argument about money-making being the all in all, one or two of us signified briefly that we thought Kentucky was right. You never saw any body so surprised. He had evidently entertained a deep conviction

that all in the stage-coach were opposed to his opinions, and that he stood alone in his view on the matter. He replied he was glad any body thought as he did, and reiterated with strong emphasis to his opponent:

"I'm sure, sir, I'm right; it is the principle, and the manners, and the mind, and *not* money that makes a gentleman. No, no; money can never make half a one."

I shall feel a respect for "old Kentucky" forever after for his sake. [Pg 108]

ANECDOTES OF JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.[14]

CURRAN'S START IN LIFE.

After toiling for a very inadequate recompense at the sessions of Cork, and wearing, as he said himself, his teeth almost to their stumps, Curran proceeded to the metropolis, taking for his wife and young children a miserable lodging upon *Hay Hill*. Term after term, without either profit or professional reputation, he paced the hall of the Four Courts. Among those who had the discrimination to appreciate, and the heart to feel for him, luckily for Curran, was Mr. Arthur Wolfe, afterward the unfortunate but respected Lord Kilwarden. The first fee of any consequence which he received was through his recommendation; and his recital of the incident can not be without its interest to the young professional aspirant whom a temporary neglect may have sunk into dejection. "I then lived," said he, "upon Hay Hill; my wife and children were the chief furniture of my apartments; and as to my rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation with the national debt. Mrs. Curran, however, was a barrister's lady, and what she wanted in wealth she was well determined should be supplied by dignity. The landlady, on the other hand, had no idea of any gradation except that of pounds, shillings, and pence. I walked out one morning to avoid the perpetual altercations on the subject, with my mind, you may imagine, in no very enviable temperament. I fell into the gloom to which, from my infancy, I had been occasionally subject. I had a family for whom I had no dinner, and a landlady for whom I had no rent. I had gone abroad in despondence—I returned home almost in desperation. When I opened the door of my study, where *Lavater* alone could have found a library, the first object which presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, twenty golden guineas wrapped up beside it, and the name of *Old Bob Lyons* marked upon the back of it. I paid my landlady—bought a good dinner—gave Bob Lyons a share of it—and that dinner was the date of my prosperity." Such was his own exact account of his professional advancement.

SINGULAR ATTEMPT UPON CURRAN'S LIFE.

In one of Curran's professional excursions, a very singular circumstance had almost rendered this the termination of his biography. He was on a temporary visit to the neighboring town of Sligo, and was one morning standing at his bedroom window, which overlooked the street, occupied, as he told me, in arranging his portmanteau, when he was stunned by the report of a blunderbuss in the very chamber with him, and the panes above his head were all shivered into atoms. He looked suddenly around in the greatest consternation. The room was full of smoke, the blunderbuss on the floor just discharged, the door closed, and no human being but himself discoverable in the apartment! If this had happened in his rural retreat, it could readily have been reconciled through the medium of some offended spirit of the village mythology; but, as it was, he was in a populous town, in a civilized family, among Christian doctrines, where the fairies had no power, and their gambols no currency; and, to crown all, a poor cobbler, into whose stall on the opposite side of the street the slugs had penetrated, hinted in no very equivocal terms that the whole affair was a conspiracy against his life. It was by no means a pleasant addition to the chances of assassination to be loudly declaimed against by a crazed mechanic as an assassin himself. Day after day passed away without any solution of the mystery; when one evening, as the servants of the family were conversing round the fire on so miraculous an escape, a little urchin, not ten years old, was heard so to wonder how *such an aim* was missed, that a universal suspicion was immediately excited. He was alternately flogged and coaxed into a confession, which disclosed as much precocious and malignant premeditation as perhaps ever marked the annals of juvenile depravity. This little miscreant had received a box on the ear from Mr. Curran for some alleged misconduct a few days before; the Moor's blow did not sink into a mind more furious for revenge, or more predisposed by nature for such deadly impressions. He was in the bedroom by mere chance when Mr. Curran entered; he immediately hid himself in the curtains till he observed him too busy with his portmanteau for observation; he then leveled at him the old blunderbuss, which lay charged in the corner, the stiffness of whose trigger, too strong for his infant fingers, alone prevented the aim which he confessed he had taken, and which had so nearly terminated the occupations of the cobbler. The door was ajar, and, mid the smoke and terror, he easily slipped out without discovery. I had the story verbatim a few months ago from Mr. Curran's lips, whose impressions on the subject it was no wonder that forty years had not obliterated.

CURRAN AS A CROSS-EXAMINER.

At cross-examination, the most difficult and by far the most hazardous part of a barrister's profession, Curran was quite inimitable. There was no plan which he did not detect, no web which he did not disentangle; and the unfortunate wretch, who commenced with all the confidence of preconcerted perjury, never failed to retreat before him in all the confusion of exposure. Indeed, it was almost impossible for the guilty to offer a successful resistance. He argued, he cajoled, he ridiculed, he mimicked, he played off the various artillery of his talent upon the witness; he would affect earnestness upon trifles, and levity upon subjects of the most serious import, until at length he succeeded in creating a security that was fatal, or a sullenness that produced all the consequences of prevarication. No matter how unfair the topic, he never failed to avail himself of it; acting upon the principle that, [Pg 109] in law as well as in war, every stratagem was admissible. If he was hard pressed, there was no peculiarity of person, no singularity of name, no eccentricity of profession at which he would not grasp, trying to confound the self-possession of the witness by the, no matter how excited, ridicule of the audience. To a witness of the name of *Halfpenny* he once began: "Halfpenny, I see you're a *rap*, and for that reason you shall be nailed to the counter." "Halfpenny is *sterling*," exclaimed the opposite counsel. "No, no," said he, "he's exactly like his own conscience—only *copper washed*." This phrase alluded to an expression previously used on the trial.

To *Lundy Foot*, the celebrated tobacconist, once hesitating on the table: "Lundy, Lundy—that's a poser—*a devil of a pinch*." This gentleman applied to Curran for a motto when he first established his carriage. "Give me one, my dear Curran," said he, "of a serious cast, because I am afraid the people will laugh at a tobacconist setting up a carriage, and, *for the scholarship's sake*, let it be in Latin." "I have just hit on it," said Curran; "it is only two words, and it will at once explain your profession, your elevation, and your contempt for their ridicule, and it has the advantage of being in two languages, Latin or English, just as the reader chooses. Put up '*Quid rides*' upon your carriage."

Inquiring his master's age from a horse-jockey's servant, he found it almost impossible to extract an answer.

"Come, come, friend, has he not lost his teeth?" "Do you think," retorted the fellow, "that I know his age, as he does his horse's, by *the mark of mouth*?" The laugh was against Curran, but he instantly recovered: "You were very right not to try, friend, for you know your master's a *great bite*."

Having one day a violent argument with a country schoolmaster on some classical subject, the pedagogue, who had the worst of it, said, in a towering passion, that he would lose no more time, and must go back to his scholars. "Do, my dear doctor," said Curran, "but *don't indorse my sins upon their backs*."

Curran was told that a very stingy and slovenly barrister had started for the Continent with a shirt and a guinea: "He'll not change either till he comes back," said he.

It was well known that Curran entertained a dislike and a contempt for Downes. "Bushe," said he, "came up to me one day with a very knowing look, and said, 'Do you know, Curran, I have just left the pleasantest fellow I ever met?' 'Indeed! who is he?' 'The chief justice,' was the answer. My reply was compendious and witty. I looked into his eye, and said '*hum*.' It required all his oil to keep his countenance smooth."

A very stupid foreman once asked a judge how they were to ignore a bill. "Why, sir," said Curran, "when you mean to find a *true* one, just write *Ignoramus* for self and fellows on the back of it."

A gentleman just called to the bar took up a pauper case. It was remarked upon. "The man's right," said Curran; "a barber begins on a beggar, that when he arrives at the dignity he may know how to shave a duchess."

He was just rising to cross-examine a witness before a judge who could not comprehend any jest that was not written in *black letter*. Before he said a single word, the witness began to laugh. "What are you laughing at, friend—what are you laughing at? Let me tell you that a laugh without a joke is like—is like—" "Like what, Mr. Curran?" asked the judge, imagining he was nonplused. "Just exactly, my lord, like a *contingent remainder* without any particular *estate* to support it." I am afraid that none but my legal readers will understand the admirable felicity of the similitude, but it was quite to his lordship's fancy, and rivaled with him all "the wit that Rabelais ever scattered."

Examining a country squire who disputed a collier's bill: "Did he not give you the *coals*, friend?" "He did, sir, but—" "But what? On your oath, wasn't your payments *slack*?"

It was thus that, in some way or other, he contrived to throw the witnesses off their centre, and he took care they seldom should recover it. "My lard, my lard!" vociferated a peasant witness, writhing under this mental excruciation, "I can't answer yon little gentleman, *he's putting me in such a doldrum*." "A doldrum! Mr. Curran, what does he mean by a doldrum!" exclaimed Lord Avonmore. "Oh! my lord, it's a very common complaint with persons of this description: it's merely a *confusion of the head arising from the corruption of the heart*."

To the bench he was at times quite as unceremonious; and if he thought himself reflected on or interfered with, had instant recourse either to ridicule or invective. There is a celebrated reply in circulation of Mr. Dunning to a remark of Lord Mansfield, who curtly exclaimed at one of his legal positions, "O! if that be law, Mr. Dunning, I may *burn* my law-books!" "Better *read* them, my lord," was the sarcastic and appropriate rejoinder. In a different spirit, but with similar effect, was Mr. Curran's retort upon an Irish judge, quite as remarkable for his good-humor and raillery as for his legal researches. He was addressing a jury on one of the state trials in 1803, with his usual animation. The judge, whose political bias, if any judge can have one, was certainly supposed not to be favorable to the prisoner, *shook his head* in doubt or denial of one of the advocate's arguments. "I see, gentlemen," said Mr. Curran, "I see the motion of his lordship's head; common observers might imagine that implied a difference of opinion, but they would be mistaken: it is merely accidental. Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will, yourselves perceive that, when his lordship *shakes his head*, there's *nothing in it*!" [Pg 110]

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND HABITS OF GRATTAN.

Grattan was short in stature, and unprepossessing in appearance. His arms were disproportionably long. His walk was a stride. With a person swaying like a pendulum, and an abstracted air, he seemed always in thought, and each thought provoked an attendant gesticulation. Such was the outward and visible form of one whom the passenger would stop to stare at as a droll, and the philosopher to contemplate as a study. How strange it seems that a mind so replete with grace and symmetry, and power and splendor, should have been allotted such a dwelling for its residence. Yet so it was; and so also was it one of his highest attributes, that his genius, by its "excessive light," blinded the hearer to his physical imperfections. It was the victory of mind over matter. The man was forgotten in the orator. Mr. Grattan, whose father represented the city of Dublin in Parliament, and was also its recorder, was born in the year 1746. He entered the Middle Temple in 1767 and was called to the Irish bar in 1772. In the University of Dublin he was eminently distinguished, sharing its honors, in *then* amicable contention, with Fitzgibbon—not merely the antagonist, but the enemy, and the bitter one of an after day. We have a record, more authentic than usual, of his pursuits while at the Temple. The study of the law occupied but little of his attention. He never relished it, and soon abandoned the profession altogether. Of the theatre he was very fond—little wonder in the zenith of Garrick—and it was a taste he indulged in to the last. I well remember, somewhere about the year 1813, being in Crow-street when he entered with Catalani leaning on his arm. The house was crowded, and he was hailed with acclamations. In vain he modestly consigned them to the lovely siren his companion. His name rang wildly through the theatre. I think I still hear the shouts when his person was recognized, and still behold his venerable figure bowing its awkward gratitude. No one knew better the true value of that bubble tribute. Another of his amusements, if indeed it was not something more, when he was at the Temple, seems to have been a frequent attendance in both houses of Parliament. He sketched the debates and the speakers by whom he was most attracted.

O'CONNELL'S DUEL.

Living, as he did, in constant turmoil, and careless, as he was, to whom he gave offense, O'Connell of course had a multitude of enemies. Of this, himself the cause, he had no right to complain; but he had a right to complain of the calumnies they circulated. Most rife of these was a charge of want of courage—in Ireland a rare and very detrimental accusation. O'Connell, during his latter years, declined dueling, and publicly avowed his determination. The reason given, and given in the House of Commons, was, that having "blood upon his hands, he had registered a vow in heaven." To this there could have been no possible objection had he included in the registry a vow not to offend. The real charge to which he made himself amenable was his perseverance at once in insult and irresponsibility. The truth is, O'Connell's want of courage consisted in his fighting the duel in which the vow originated. The facts of the case are few and simple. In one of his many mob speeches he called the corporation of Dublin a "beggarly corporation." A gentleman named D'Esterre affected to feel this as a personal affront, he being one of that very numerous body, and accordingly fastened a quarrel on the offender. It is quite true that O'Connell endeavored to avoid the encounter. He did not do enough. He should have summoned D'Esterre before the tribunals of the country, after failing to appease him by a repeated declaration that he meant him no personal offense, and could not, he being a total stranger to him. However, in an evil hour, he

countenanced a savage and anti-Christian custom—the unfortunate D'Esterre paid for his perverseness with his life, and the still more unfortunate O'Connell expiated his moral timidity with much mental anguish to the day of his death. The perpetration of a duel appears to me no proof whatever of personal courage; the refusal, in the then state of society, would have shown much more. However, on the occasion in question he showed a total absence of what is vulgarly called fear; indeed, his frigid determination was remarkable. Let those who read the following anecdote remember that he most reluctantly engaged in the combat; that he was then the father of seven children; and that it was an alternative of life or death with him, D'Esterre being reputed an unerring marksman. Being one of those who accompanied O'Connell, he beckoned me aside to a distant portion of the very large field, which had a slight covering of snow. "Phillips," said he, "this seems to me not a personal, but a political affair. I am obnoxious to a party, and they adopt a false pretense to cut me off. I shall not submit to it. They have reckoned without their host, I promise you. I am one of the best shots in Ireland at a mark, having, as a public man, considered it a duty to prepare, for my own protection, against such unprovoked aggression as the present. Now, remember what I say to you. I may be struck myself, and then skill is out of the question; but if I am not, my antagonist may have cause to regret his having forced me into this conflict." The parties were then very soon, placed on the ground, at, I think, twelve paces distance, *each* having a case of pistols, with directions to fire when they chose after a given signal. D'Esterre rather agitated himself by making a short speech, disclaiming all hostility to his Roman Catholic countrymen, and took his ground, somewhat theatrically crossing his pistols upon his bosom. They fired almost together, and instantly on the signal. D'Esterre fell, mortally wounded. There was the greatest self-possession displayed by both. It seemed to me a duty to narrate these details in O'Connell's lifetime wherever I heard his courage questioned, and justice to his memory now prompts me to record them here. [Pg 111]

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.[15]

Book V.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

"I hope, Pisistratus," said my father, "that you do not intend to be dull!"

"Heaven forbid, sir! what could make you ask such a question? *Intend!* No! if I am dull it is from innocence."

"A very long Discourse upon Knowledge!" said my father; "very long. I should cut it out!"

I looked upon my father as a Byzantian sage might have looked on a Vandal. "Cut it out!"

"Stops the action, sir!" said my father, dogmatically.

"Action! But a novel is not a drama."

"No, it is a great deal longer—twenty times as long, I dare say," replied Mr. Caxton, with a sigh.

"Well, sir—well! I think my Discourse upon Knowledge has much to do with the subject—is vitally essential to the subject; does not stop the action—only explains and elucidates the action. And I am astonished, sir, that you, a scholar, and a cultivator of knowledge—"

"There—there!" cried my father, deprecatingly. "I yield—I yield. What better could I expect when I set up for a critic! What author ever lived that did not fly into a passion—even with his own father, if his father presumed to say—'Cut out!' *Pacem imploro*—"

Mrs. Caxton.—"My dear Austin, I am sure Pisistratus did not mean to offend you, and I have no doubt he will take your—"

Pisistratus (hastily).—"Advice *for the future*, certainly. I will quicken the action, and—"

"Go on with the Novel," whispered Roland, looking up from his eternal account-book. "We have lost £200 by our barley!"

Therewith I plunged my pen into the ink, and my thoughts into the "Fair Shadowland."

CHAPTER II.

"Halt!" cried a voice; and not a little surprised was Leonard when the stranger who had accosted him the preceding evening got into the chaise.

"Well," said Richard, "I am not the sort of man you expected, eh? Take time to recover yourself." And with these words Richard drew forth a book from his pocket, threw himself back, and began to read. Leonard stole many a glance at the acute, hardy, handsome face of his companion, and gradually recognized a family likeness to poor John, in whom, despite age and infirmity, the traces of no common share of physical beauty were still evident. And with that quick link in ideas which mathematical aptitude bestows, the young student at once conjectured that he saw before him his uncle Richard. He had the discretion, however, to leave that gentleman free to choose his own time for introducing himself, and silently revolved the new thoughts produced by the novelty of his situation. Mr. Richard read with notable quickness—sometimes cutting the leaves of the book with his penknife, sometimes tearing them open with his forefinger, sometimes skipping whole pages altogether. Thus he galloped to the end of the volume—flung it aside—lighted his cigar, and began to talk.

He put many questions to Leonard relative to his rearing, and especially to the mode by which he had acquired his education; and Leonard, confirmed in the idea that he was replying to a kinsman, answered frankly.

Richard did not think it strange that Leonard should have acquired so much instruction with so little direct tuition. Richard Avenel himself had been tutor to himself. He had lived too long with our go-ahead brethren, who stride the world on the other side the Atlantic with the seven-leagued boots of the Giant-killer, not to have caught their glorious fever for reading. But it was for a reading wholly different from that which was familiar to Leonard. The books he read must be new; to read old books would have seemed to him going back in the world. He fancied that new books necessarily contained new ideas—a common mistake—and our lucky adventurer was the man of his day.

Tired with talking, he at length chucked the book he had run through to Leonard, and, taking out a pocket-book and pencil, amused himself with calculations on some detail of his business, after which he fell into an absorbed train of thought—part pecuniary, part ambitious.

Leonard found the book interesting; it was one of the numerous works, half-statistic, half-declamatory, relating to the condition of the working classes, which peculiarly distinguish our century, and ought to bind together rich and poor, by proving the grave attention which modern society bestows upon all that can affect the welfare of the last.

"Dull stuff—theory—claptrap," said Richard, rousing himself from his reverie at last: "it can't interest you."

"All books interest me, I think," said Leonard, "and this especially; for it relates to the working class, and I am one of them."

"You were yesterday, but you mayn't be to-morrow," answered Richard, good-humoredly, and patting him on the shoulder. "You see, my lad, that it is the middle class which ought to govern the country. What the book says about the ignorance of country magistrates is very good; but the man writes pretty considerable trash when he wants to regulate the number of hours a free-born boy should work at a factory—only ten hours a day—pooh! and so lose two to the nation! Labor is wealth: and if we could get men to work twenty-four hours a day, we should be just [Pg 112] twice as rich. If the march of civilization is to proceed," continued Richard, loftily, "men, and boys, too, must not lie a-bed doing nothing *all night*, sir." Then with a complacent tone—"We shall get to the twenty-four hours at last; and, by gad, we must, or we shan't flog the Europeans as we do now."

On arriving at the inn at which Richard had first made acquaintance with Mr. Dale, the coach by which he had intended to perform the rest of the journey was found to be full. Richard continued to perform the journey in post-chaises, not without some grumbling at the expense, and incessant orders to the post-boys to make the best of the way. "Slow country this, in spite of all its brag," said he—"very slow. Time is money—they know that in the States; for why, they are all men of business there. Always slow in a country where a parcel of lazy, idle lords, and dukes, and baronets, seem to think 'time is pleasure.'"

Toward evening the chaise approached the confines of a very large town, and Richard began to grow fidgety. His easy cavalier air was abandoned. He withdrew his legs from the window, out of which they had been luxuriously dangling; pulled down his waistcoat; buckled more tightly his stock: it was clear that he was resuming the decorous dignity that belongs to state. He was like a monarch who, after traveling happy and incognito, returns to his capital. Leonard divined at once that they were nearing their journey's end.

Humble foot-passengers now looked at the chaise, and touched their hats. Richard returned the salutation with a nod—a nod less gracious than condescending. The chaise turned rapidly to the left, and stopped before a smart lodge, very new, very white, adorned with two Doric columns in stucco, and flanked by a large pair of gates. "Hollo!" cried the post-boy, and cracked his whip.

Two children were playing before the lodge, and some clothes were hanging out to dry on the shrubs and pales round the neat little building.

"Hang those brats! they are actually playing," growled Dick. "As I live, the jade has been washing again! Stop, boy." During this soliloquy, a good-looking young woman had rushed from the door—slapped the children as, catching sight of the chaise, they ran toward the house—opened the gates, and, dropping a courtesy to the ground, seemed to wish that she could drop into it altogether, so frightened and so trembling seemed she to shrink from the wrathful face which the master now put out of the window.

"Did I tell you, or did I not," said Dick, "that I would not have these horrid disreputable cubs of yours playing just before my lodge gates?"

"Please, sir—"

"Don't answer me. And did I tell you, or did I not, that the next time I saw you making a drying-ground of my lilacs, you should go out, neck and crop—"

"Oh, please, sir—"

"You leave my lodge next Saturday: drive on, boy. The ingratitude and insolence of those common people are disgraceful to human nature," muttered Richard, with an accent of the bitterest misanthropy.

The chaise wheeled along the smoothest and freshest of gravel roads, and through fields of the finest land, in the highest state of cultivation. Rapid as was Leonard's survey, his rural eye detected the signs of a master in the art agranomial. Hitherto he had considered the Squire's model farm as the nearest approach to good husbandry he had seen: for Jackeymo's finer skill was developed rather on the minute scale of market-gardening than what can fairly be called husbandry. But the Squire's farm was degraded by many old-fashioned notions, and concessions to the whim of the eye, which would not be found in model farms nowadays—large tangled hedgerows, which, though they constitute one of the beauties most picturesque in old England, make sad deductions from produce; great trees, overshadowing the corn, and harboring the birds; little patches of rough sward left to waste; and angles of woodland running into fields, exposing them to rabbits, and blocking out the sun. These and suchlike blots on a gentleman farmer's agriculture, common-sense and Giacomo had made clear to the acute comprehension of Leonard. No such faults were perceptible in Richard Avenel's domain. The fields lay in broad divisions, the hedges were clipped and narrowed into their proper destination of mere boundaries. Not a blade of wheat withered under the cold shade of a tree: not a yard of land lay waste; not a weed was to be seen, not a thistle to waft its baleful seed through the air: some young plantations were placed, not where the artist would put them, but just where the farmer wanted a fence from the wind. Was there no beauty in this? Yes, there was beauty of its kind—beauty at once recognizable to the initiated—beauty of use and profit—beauty that could bear a monstrous high rent. And Leonard uttered a cry of admiration which thrilled through the heart of Richard Avenel.

"This *is* farming!" said the villager.

"Well, I guess it is," answered Richard, all his ill-humor vanishing. "You should have seen the land when I bought it. But we new men, as they call us—(damn their impertinence)—are the new blood of this country."

Richard Avenel never said any thing more true. Long may the new blood circulate through the veins of the mighty giantess; but let the grand heart be the same as it has beat for proud ages.

The chaise, now passed through a pretty shrubbery, and the house came into gradual view—a house with a portico—all the offices carefully thrust out of sight.

The post-boy dismounted and rang the bell. [Pg 113]

"I almost think they are going to keep me waiting," said Mr. Richard, well-nigh in the very words of Louis XIV.

But that fear was not realized—the door opened; a well-fed servant out of livery presented himself. There was no hearty welcoming smile on his face, but he opened the chaise-door with demure and taciturn respect.

"Where's George? why does not he come to the door?" asked Richard, descending from the chaise slowly, and leaning on the servant's outstretched arm with as much precaution as if he had had the gout.

Fortunately, George here came into sight, settling himself hastily into his livery coat.

"See to the things, both of you," said Richard, as he paid the post-boy.

Leonard stood on the gravel sweep, gazing at the square white house.

"Handsome elevation—classical, I take it—eh?" said Richard, joining him. "But you should see the offices."

He then, with familiar kindness, took Leonard by the arm, and drew him within. He showed him the hall, with a carved mahogany stand for hats; he showed him the drawing-room, and pointed out its beauties—though it was summer the drawing-room looked cold, as will look rooms newly furnished, with walls newly papered, in houses newly built. The furniture was handsome, and suited to the rank of a rich trader. There was no pretense about it, and therefore no vulgarity, which is more than can be said for the houses of many an honorable Mrs. Somebody in Mayfair, with rooms twelve feet square, chokeful of buhl, that would have had its proper place in the Tuileries. Then Richard showed him the library, with mahogany book-cases and plate glass, and the fashionable authors handsomely bound. Your new men are much better friends to living authors than your old families who live in the country, and at most subscribe to a book-club. Then Richard took him up-stairs, and led him through the bedrooms—all very clean and comfortable, and with every modern convenience; and, pausing in a very pretty single gentleman's chamber, said, "This is your den. And now, can you guess who I am?"

"No one but my Uncle Richard could be so kind," answered Leonard.

But the compliment did not flatter Richard. He was extremely disconcerted and disappointed. He had hoped that he should be taken for a lord at least, forgetful of all that he had said in disparagement of lords.

"Pish!" said he at last, biting his lip—"so you don't think that I look like a gentleman! Come, now, speak honestly."

Leonard wonderingly saw he had given pain, and with the good breeding which comes instinctively from good-nature, replied—"I judged you by your heart, sir, and your likeness to my grandfather—otherwise I should never have presumed to fancy we could be relations."

"Hum!" answered Richard. "You can just wash your hands, and then come down to dinner; you will hear the gong in ten minutes. There's the bell; ring for what you want."

With that, he turned on his heel; and descending the stairs, gave a look into the dining-room, and admired the plated salver on the sideboard, and the king's pattern spoons and forks on the table. Then he walked to the looking-glass over the mantle-piece; and wishing to survey the whole effect of his form, mounted a chair. He was just getting into an attitude which he thought imposing, when the butler entered, and being London bred, had the discretion to try to escape unseen; but Richard caught sight of him in the looking-glass, and colored up to the temples.

"Jarvis," said he mildly, "Jarvis, put me in mind to have these inexpressibles altered."

CHAPTER III.

Apropos of the inexpressibles, Mr. Richard did not forget to provide his nephew with a much larger wardrobe than could have been thrust into Dr. Riccabocca's knapsack. There was a very good tailor in the town, and the clothes were very well made. And, but for an air more ingenuous, and a cheek that, despite study and night vigils, retained much of the sunburnt bloom of the rustic, Leonard Fairfield might now have almost passed, without disparaging comment, by the bow-window at White's. Richard burst into an immoderate fit of laughter when he first saw the watch which the poor Italian had bestowed upon Leonard; but, to atone for the laughter, he made him a present of a very pretty substitute, and bade him "lock up his turnip." Leonard was more hurt by the jeer at his old patron's gift than pleased by his uncle's. But Richard Avenel had no conception of sentiment. It was not for many days that Leonard could reconcile himself to his uncle's manner. Not that the peasant could pretend to judge of its mere conventional defects; but there is an ill breeding to which, whatever our rank and nurture, we are almost equally sensitive—the ill breeding that comes from want of consideration for others. Now, the Squire was as homely in his way as Richard Avenel, but the Squire's bluntness rarely hurt the feelings: and when it did so, the Squire perceived and hastened to repair his blunder. But Mr. Richard, whether kind or cross, was always wounding you in some little delicate fibre—not from malice, but from the absence of any little delicate fibres of his own. He was really, in many respects, a most excellent man and certainly a very valuable, citizen. But his merits wanted the fine tints and fluent curves that constitute beauty of character. He was honest, but sharp in his practice, and with a keen eye to his interests. He was just, but as a matter of business. He made no allowances, and did not leave to his justice the large margin of tenderness and mercy. He was generous, but rather from an idea of what was due to [Pg 114] himself than with much thought of the pleasure he gave to others; and he even regarded generosity as capital put out to interest. He expected a great deal of gratitude in return, and, when he obliged a man, considered that he had bought a slave. Every needy voter knew where to come, if he wanted relief or a loan; but woe to him if he had ventured to express hesitation when Mr. Avenel told him how he must vote.

In this town Richard had settled after his return from America, in which country he had enriched himself—first, by spirit and industry—lastly, by bold speculation and good luck. He invested his fortune in business—became a partner in a large brewery—soon bought out his associates—and then took a principal share in a flourishing corn-mill. He prospered rapidly—bought a property of some two or three hundred acres, built a house, and resolved to enjoy himself, and make a figure. He had now become the leading man of the town, and the boast to Audley Egerton that he could return one of the members, perhaps both, was by no means an exaggerated estimate of his power. Nor was his proposition, according to his own views, so unprincipled as it appeared to the statesman. He had taken a great dislike to both the sitting members—a dislike natural to a sensible man of modern politics, who had something to lose. For Mr. Slappe, the active member—who was head-over-ears in debt—was one of the furious democrats rare before the Reform Bill—and whose opinions were held dangerous even by the mass of a Liberal constituency; while Mr. Sleekie, the gentleman member, who laid by £5000 every year from his dividends in the Funds, was one of those men whom Richard justly pronounced to be "humbugs"—men who curry favor with the extreme party by voting for measures sure not to be carried; while, if there were the least probability of coming to a decision that would lower the money-market, Mr. Sleekie was seized with a well-timed influenza. Those politicians are common enough now. Propose to march to the Millennium, and they are your men. Ask them to march a quarter of a mile, and they fall to feeling their pockets, and trembling for fear of the foot-pads. They are never so joyful as when there is no chance of a victory. Did they beat the Minister, they would be carried out of the house in a fit.

Richard Avenel—despising both these gentlemen, and not taking kindly to the Whigs since the great Whig leaders were Lords—looked with a friendly eye to the Government as it then existed, and especially to Audley Egerton, the enlightened representative of commerce. But in giving Audley and his colleagues the benefit of his influence, through conscience, he thought it all fair and right to have a *quid pro quo*, and, as he had so frankly confessed, it was his whim to rise up "Sir Richard." For this worthy citizen abused the aristocracy much on the same principle as the fair Olivia depreciated Squire Thornhill—he had a sneaking affection for what he abused. The society of Screwstown was like most provincial capitals, composed of two classes—the commercial and the exclusive. These last dwelt chiefly apart, around the ruins of an old abbey; they affected its antiquity in their pedigrees, and had much of its ruin in their finances. Widows of rural thanes in the neighborhood—genteel spinsters—officers retired

on half-pay—younger sons of rich squires, who had now become old bachelors—in short, a very respectable, proud, aristocratic set—who thought more of themselves than do all the Gowers and Howards, Courtenays and Seymours, put together. It had early been the ambition of Richard Avenel to be admitted into this sublime coterie, and, strange to say, he had partially succeeded. He was never more happy than when he was asked to their card-parties, and never more unhappy than when he was actually there. Various circumstances combined to raise Mr. Avenel into this elevated society. First, he was unmarried, still very handsome, and in that society there was a large proportion of unwedded females. Secondly, he was the only rich trader in Screwstown who kept a good cook, and professed to give dinners, and the half-pay captains and colonels swallowed the host for the sake of the venison. Thirdly, and principally, all these exclusives abhorred the two sitting members, and "idem nolle idem velle de republica, ea firma amicitia est;" that is, congeniality in politics pieces porcelain and crockery together better than the best diamond cement. The sturdy Richard Avenel—who valued himself on American independence—held these ladies and gentlemen in an awe that was truly Brahminical. Whether it was that in England, all notions, even of liberty, are mixed up historically, traditionally, socially, with that fine and subtle element of aristocracy which, like the press, is the air we breathe; or whether Richard imagined that he really became magnetically imbued with the virtues of these silver pennies and gold seven-shilling pieces, distinct from the vulgar coinage in popular use, it is hard to say. But the truth must be told—Richard Avenel was a notable tuft-hunter. He had a great longing to marry out of this society; but he had not yet seen any one sufficiently high-born and high-bred to satisfy his aspirations. In the mean while, he had convinced himself that his way would be smooth could he offer to make his ultimate choice "My Lady;" and he felt that it would be a proud hour in his life when he could walk before stiff Colonel Pompley to the sound of "Sir Richard." Still, however disappointed at the ill-success of his bluff diplomacy with Mr. Egerton, and however yet cherishing the most vindictive resentment against that individual—he did not, as many would have done, throw up his political convictions out of personal spite. He resolved still to favor the ungrateful and undeserving Administration; and as Audley Egerton had acted on the representations of the mayor and deputies, and shaped his bill to meet their views, so Avenel and the Government rose together in the popular estimation of the citizens of Screwstown. [Pg 115]

But duly to appreciate the value of Richard Avenel, and in just counterpoise to all his foibles, one ought to have seen what he had effected for the town. Well might he boast of "new blood;" he had done as much for the town as he had for his fields. His energy, his quick comprehension of public utility, backed by his wealth, and bold, bullying, imperious character, had sped the work of civilization as if with the celerity and force of a steam-engine.

If the town were so well paved and so well lighted—if half-a-dozen squalid lanes had been transformed into a stately street—if half the town no longer depended on tanks for their water—if the poor-rates were reduced one-third—praise to the brisk new blood which Richard Avenel had infused into vestry and corporation. And his example itself was so contagious! "There was not a plate-glass window in the town when I came into it," said Richard Avenel; "and now look down the High-street!" He took the credit to himself, and justly; for, though his own business did not require windows of plate-glass, he had awakened the spirit of enterprise which adorns a whole city.

Mr. Avenel did not present Leonard to his friends for more than a fortnight. He allowed him to wear off his rust. He then gave a grand dinner, at which his nephew was formally introduced, and, to his great wrath and disappointment, never opened his lips. How could he, poor youth, when Miss Clarina Mowbray only talked upon high life, till proud Colonel Pompley went in state through the history of the siege of Seringapatam.

CHAPTER IV

While Leonard accustoms himself gradually to the splendors that surround him, and often turns with a sigh to the remembrance of his mother's cottage and the sparkling fount in the Italian's flowery garden, we will make with thee, O reader, a rapid flight to the metropolis, and drop ourselves amidst the gay groups that loiter along the dusty ground, or loll over the roadside palings of Hyde Park. The season is still at its height; but the short day of fashionable London life, which commences two hours after noon, is in its decline. The crowd in Rotten-row begins to thin. Near the statue of Achilles, and apart from all other loungers, a gentleman, with one hand thrust into his waistcoat, and the other resting on his cane, gazed listlessly on the horsemen and carriages in the brilliant ring. He was still in the prime of life, at the age when man is usually the most social—when the acquaintances of youth have ripened into friendship, and a personage of some rank and fortune has become a well-known feature in the mobile face of society. But though, when his contemporaries were boys scarce at college, this gentleman had blazed foremost among the princes of fashion, and though he had all the qualities of nature and circumstance which either retain fashion to the last, or exchange its false celebrity for a graver repute, he stood as a stranger in that throng of his countrymen. Beauties whirled by to the toilet—statesmen passed on to the senate—dandies took flight to the clubs; and neither nods, nor becks, nor wreathed smiles, said to the solitary spectator, "Follow us—thou art one of our set." Now and then, some middle-aged beau, nearing the post of the loiterer, turned round to look again; but the second glance seemed to dissipate the recognition of the first, and the beau silently continued his way.

"By the tombs of my fathers!" said the solitary to himself, "I know now what a dead man might feel if he came to life again, and took a peep at the living."

Time passed on—the evening shades descended fast. Our stranger in London had well-nigh the Park to himself. He seemed to breathe more freely as he saw that the space was so clear.

"There's oxygen in the atmosphere now," said he, half aloud; "and I can walk without breathing in the gaseous fumes of the multitude. O those chemists—what dolts they are! They tell us crowds taint the air, but they never guess why! Pah! it is not the lungs that poison the element—it is the reek of bad hearts. When a periwig-pated fellow breathes on me, I swallow a mouthful of care. *Allons!* my friend Nero; now for a stroll." He touched with his cane a large Newfoundland dog, who lay stretched near his feet; a dog and man went slow through the growing twilight, and over the brown dry turf. At length our solitary paused, and threw himself on a bench under a tree. "Half-past eight!" said he, looking at his watch—"one may smoke one's cigar without shocking the world."

He took out his cigar-case, struck a light, and in another moment, reclined at length on the bench, seemed absorbed in regarding the smoke, that scarce colored ere it vanished into air.

"It is the most barefaced lie in the world, my Nero," said he, addressing his dog—"this boasted liberty of man! Now, here am I, a freeborn Englishman, a citizen of the world, caring—I often say to myself—caring not a jot for Kaisar or Mob; and yet I no more dare smoke this cigar in the Park at half-past six, when all the world is abroad, than I dare pick my Lord Chancellor's pocket, or hit the Archbishop of Canterbury a thump on the nose. Yet no law in England forbids me my cigar, Nero! What is law at half-past eight, was not crime at six and a half! Britannia says, "Man, thou art free," and she lies like a commonplace woman. O Nero, Nero! you enviable dog!—you serve but from liking. No thought of the world costs you one wag of the tail. Your big heart and true instinct suffice you for reason and law. You would want nothing to your felicity, if in these moments of ennui you would but smoke a cigar. Try it, Nero!—try it!" And, rising from his incumbent posture, he sought to force the end of the weed between the teeth of the dog. [Pg 116]

While thus gravely engaged, two figures had approached the place. The one was a man who seemed weak and sickly. His threadbare coat was buttoned to the chin, but hung large on his shrunken breast. The other was a girl of about fourteen, on whose arm he leant heavily. Her cheek was wan, and there was a patient sad look on her face, which seemed so settled that you would think she could never have known the mirthfulness of childhood.

"Pray rest here, papa," said the child softly; and she pointed to the bench, without taking heed of its pre-occupant, who now, indeed, confined to one corner of the seat, was almost hidden by the shadow of a tree.

The man sate down, with a feeble sigh; and then, observing the stranger, raised his hat, and said, in that tone of voice which betrays the usages of polished society, "Forgive me, if I intrude on you, sir."

The stranger looked up from his dog, and seeing that the girl was standing, rose at once as if to make room for her on the bench.

But still the girl did not heed him. She hung over her father, and wiped his brow tenderly with a little kerchief which she took from her own neck for the purpose.

Nero, delighted to escape the cigar, had taken to some unwieldy curvets and gambols, to vent the excitement into which he had been thrown; and now returning, approached the bench with a low look of surprise, and sniffed at the intruders on his master's privacy.

"Come here, sir," said the master. "You need not fear him," he added, addressing himself to the girl.

But the girl, without turning round to him, cried in a voice rather of anguish than alarm, "He has fainted! Father! father!"

The stranger kicked aside his dog, which was in the way, and loosened the poor man's stiff military stock. While thus charitably engaged, the moon broke out, and the light fell full on the pale care-worn face of the unconscious sufferer.

"This face seems not unfamiliar to me, though sadly changed," said the stranger to himself; and bending toward the girl, who had sunk on her knees and was chafing her father's hands, he asked, "My child, what is your father's name?"

The child continued her task, too absorbed to answer.

The stranger put his hand on her shoulder, and repeated the question.

"Digby," answered the child, almost unconsciously; and as she spoke the man's senses began to return. In a few minutes more he had sufficiently recovered to falter forth his thanks to the stranger. But the last took his hand, and said, in a voice at once tremulous and soothing, "Is it possible that I see once more an old brother in arms? Algernon Digby, I do not forget you; but it seems England has forgotten?"

A hectic flush spread over the soldier's face, and he looked away from the speaker as he answered—

"My name is Digby, it is true, sir; but I do not think we have met before. Come, Helen, I am well now—we will go home."

"Try and play with that great dog, my child," said the stranger—"I want to talk with your father."

The child bowed her submissive head, and moved away; but she did not play with the dog.

"I must re-introduce myself, formally, I see," quoth the stranger. "You were in the same regiment with myself, and my name is L'Estrange."

"My lord," said the soldier, rising, "forgive me that—"

"I don't think that it was the fashion to call me 'my lord' at the mess-table. Come, what has happened to you?—on half-pay?"

Mr. Digby shook his head mournfully.

"Digby, old fellow, can you lend me £100?" said Lord L'Estrange, clapping his *ci-devant* brother officer on the shoulder, and in a tone of voice that seemed like a boy's—so impudent was it, and devil-me-carish. "No! Well, that's lucky, for I can lend it to you."

Mr. Digby burst into tears.

Lord L'Estrange did not seem to observe the emotion. "We were both sad extravagant fellows in our day," said he, "and I dare say I borrowed of you pretty freely."

"Me! Oh, Lord L'Estrange?"

"You have married since then, and reformed, I suppose. Tell me, old friend, all about it."

Mr. Digby, who by this time had succeeded in restoring some calm to his shattered nerves, now rose, and said in brief sentences, but clear firm tones,

"My Lord, it is idle to talk of me—useless to help me. I am fast dying. But, my child there, my only child (he paused an instant, and went on rapidly). I have relations in a distant country, if I could but get to them—I think they would at least provide for her. This has been for weeks my hope, my dream, my prayer. I can not afford the journey except by your help. I have begged without shame for myself; shall I be ashamed, then, to beg for her?"

"Digby," said L'Estrange, with some grave alteration of manner, "talk neither of dying, nor begging. You were nearer death when the balls whistled round you at Waterloo. If soldier meets soldier and says, 'Friend, thy purse,' it is not begging, but brotherhood. Ashamed! By the soul of Belisarius! if I needed money, I would stand at a crossing with my Waterloo medal over my breast, and say to each sleek citizen I had helped to save from the sword of the Frenchman, 'It is your shame if I starve.' Now, lean upon me; I see you should be at home—which way?" [Pg 117]

The poor soldier pointed his hand toward Oxford-street, and reluctantly accepted the proffered arm.

"And when you return from your relations, you will call on me? What!—hesitate? Come, promise."

"I will."

"On your honor."

"If I live, on my honor."

"I am staying at present at Knightsbridge, with my father; but you will always hear of my address at No. — Grosvenor-square, Mr. Egerton's. So you have a long journey before you?"

"Very long."

"Do not fatigue yourself—travel slowly. Ho, you foolish child!—I see you are jealous of me. Your father has another arm to spare you."

Thus talking, and getting but short answers, Lord L'Estrange continued to exhibit those whimsical peculiarities of character, which had obtained for him the repute of heartlessness in the world. Perhaps the reader may think the world was not in the right. But if ever the world does judge rightly of the character of a man who does not live for the world, nor talk for the world, nor feel with the world, it will be centuries after the soul of Harley L'Estrange has done with this planet.

CHAPTER V.

Lord L'Estrange parted company with Mr. Digby at the entrance of Oxford-street. The father and child there took a cabriolet. Mr. Digby directed the driver to go down the Edgeware-road. He refused to tell L'Estrange his address, and this with such evident pain, from the sores of pride, that L'Estrange could not press the point. Reminding the soldier of his promise to call, Harley thrust a pocket-book into his hand, and walked off hastily toward Grosvenor-square.

He reached Audley Egerton's door just as that gentleman was getting out of his carriage; and the two friends entered the house together.

"Does the nation take a nap to-night?" asked L'Estrange. "Poor old lady! She hears so much of her affairs, that she may well boast of her constitution: it must be of iron."

"The House is still sitting," answered Audley seriously, and with small heed of his friend's witticism. "But it is not a Government motion, and the division will be late, so I came home; and if I had not found you here, I should have gone into the Park to look for you."

"Yes—one always knows where to find me at this hour. 9 o'clock P.M.—cigar—Hyde Park. There is not a man in England so regular in his habits."

Here the friends reached a drawing-room in which the Member of Parliament seldom sat, for his private apartments were all on the ground floor.

"But it is the strangest whim of yours, Harley," said he.

"What?"

"To affect detestation of ground-floors."

"Affect! O sophisticated man, of the earth, earthy! Affect!—nothing less natural to the human soul than a ground-floor. We are quite far enough from heaven, mount as many stairs as we will, without groveling by preference."

"According to that symbolical view of the case," said Audley, "you should lodge in an attic."

"So I would, but that I abhor new slippers. As for hair-brushes, I am indifferent!"

"What have slippers and hair-brushes to do with attics?"

"Try! Make your bed in an attic, and the next morning you will have neither slippers nor hair-brushes!"

"What shall I have done with them?"

"Shied them at the cats!"

"What odd things you do say, Harley!"

"Odd! By Apollo and his nine spinsters! there is no human being who has so little imagination as a distinguished Member of Parliament. Answer me this, thou solemn right honorable—Hast thou climbed to the heights of august contemplation? Hast thou gazed on the stars with the rapt eye of song? Hast thou dreamed of a love known to the angels, or sought to seize in the Infinite the mystery of life?"

"Not I indeed, my poor Harley."

"Then no wonder, poor Audley, that you can not conjecture why he who makes his bed in an attic, disturbed by base catterwauls, shies his slippers at cats. Bring a chair into the balcony. Nero spoiled my cigar to-night. I am going to smoke now. You never smoke. You can look on the shrubs in the square."

Audley slightly shrugged his shoulders, but he followed his friend's counsel and example, and brought his chair into the balcony. Nero came too, but at sight and smell of the cigar prudently retreated, and took refuge under the table.

"Audley Egerton, I want something from Government."

"I am delighted to hear it."

"There was a cornet in my regiment, who would have done better not to have come into it. We were, for the most part of us, puppies and fops."

"You all fought well, however."

"Puppies and fops do fight well. Vanity and valor generally go together. Cæsar, who scratched his head with due care of his scanty curls, and, even in dying, thought of the folds in his toga; Walter Raleigh, who could not walk twenty yards, because of the gems in his shoes; Alcibiades, who lounged into the Agora with doves in his bosom, and an apple in his hand; Murat, bedizened in gold-lace and furs; and Demetrius, the City-Taker, who made himself [Pg 118] up like a French *Marquise*—were all pretty good fellows at fighting. A slovenly hero like Cromwell is a paradox in nature, and a marvel in history. But to return to my cornet. We were rich; he was poor. When the pot of clay swims down the stream with the brass-pots, it is sure of a smash. Men said Digby was stingy; I saw he was extravagant. But every one, I fear, would be rather thought stingy than poor. *Bref.*—I left the army, and saw him no more till to-night. There was never shabby poor gentleman on the stage more awfully shabby, more pathetically gentleman. But, look ye, this man has fought for England. It was no child's play at Waterloo, let me tell you, Mr. Egerton; and, but for such men, you would be at best a *sous-prefet*, and your Parliament a Provincial Assembly. You must do something for Digby. What shall it be?"

"Why, really, my dear Harley, this man was no great friend of yours—eh?"

"If he were, he would not want the Government to help him—he would not be ashamed of taking money from me."

"That is all very fine, Harley; but there are so many poor officers, and so little to give. It is the most difficult thing in the world that which you ask me. Indeed, I know nothing can be done; he has his half-pay."

"I think not; or, if he has it, no doubt it all goes on his debts. That's nothing to us: the man and his child are starving."

"But if it is his own fault—if he has been imprudent?"

"Ah—well, well; where the devil is Nero?"

"I am so sorry I can't oblige you. If it were any thing else—"

"There is something else. My valet—I can't turn him adrift—excellent fellow, but gets drunk now and then. Will you find him a place in the Stamp Office?"

"With pleasure."

"No, now I think of it—the man knows my ways: I must keep him. But my old wine-merchant—civil man, never dunned—is a bankrupt. I am under great obligations to him, and he has a very pretty daughter. Do you think you could thrust him into some small place in the colonies, or make him a king's messenger, or something of the sort?"

"If you very much wish it, no doubt I can."

"My dear Audley, I am but feeling my way: the fact is, I want something for myself."

"Ah, that indeed gives me pleasure!" cried Egerton, with animation.

"The mission to Florence will soon be vacant—I know it privately. The place would quite suit me. Pleasant city; the best figs in Italy—very little to do. You could sound Lord —— on the subject."

"I will answer beforehand. Lord —— would be enchanted to secure to the public service a man so accomplished as yourself, and the son of a peer like Lord Lansmere."

Harley L'Estrange sprang to his feet, and flung his cigar in the face of a stately policeman, who was looking up at the balcony.

"Infamous and bloodless official!" cried Harley L'Estrange; "so you could provide for a pimpled-nosed lackey—for a wine-merchant who has been poisoning the king's subjects with white lead or sloe-juice—for an idle sybarite, who would complain of a crumpled rose-leaf; and nothing in all the vast patronage of England for a broken down soldier, whose dauntless breast was her rampart."

"Harley," said the Member of Parliament, with his calm, sensible smile, "this would be very good clap-trap at a small theatre; but there is nothing in which Parliament demands such rigid economy as the military branch of the public service; and no man for whom it is so hard to effect what we must plainly call a job, as a subaltern officer, who has done nothing more than his duty—and all military men do that. Still, as you take it so earnestly, I will use what interest I can at the War Office, and get him, perhaps, the mastership of a barrack."

"You had better; for, if you do not, I swear I will turn radical, and come down to your own city to oppose you, with Hunt and Cobbett to canvass for me."

"I should be very glad to see you come into parliament, even as a radical, and at my expense," said Audley, with great kindness. "But the air is growing cold, and you are not accustomed to our climate. Nay, if you are too poetic for catarrhs and rheums, I'm not—come in."

CHAPTER VI.

Lord L'Estrange threw himself on a sofa, and leaned his cheek on his hand thoughtfully. Audley Egerton sat near him, with his arms folded, and gazed on his friend's face with a soft expression of aspect, which was very unusual to the firm outline of his handsome features. The two men were as dissimilar in person as the reader will have divined that they were in character. All about Egerton was so rigid, all about L'Estrange so easy. In every posture of Harley's there was the unconscious grace of a child. The very fashion of his garments showed his abhorrence of restraint. His clothes were wide and loose; his neckcloth, tied carelessly, left his throat half bare. You could see that he had lived much in warm and southern lands, and contracted a contempt for conventionalities; there was as little in his dress as in his talk of the formal precision of the north. He was three or four years younger then Audley, but he looked at least twelve years younger. In fact, he was one of those men to whom old age seems impossible—voice, look, figure, had all the charm of youth; and, perhaps it was from this gracious youthfulness—at all events, it was characteristic of the kind of love he inspired—that neither his parents, nor the few friends admitted into his intimacy, ever called him, in their habitual intercourse, by the name of his title. He was not L'Estrange with them, he was Harley; and by that familiar baptismal I will usually designate him. He was not one of those men whom author or reader wish to view at a distance, and remember as "my Lord"—it was so rarely that he remembered it himself. For the rest, it had been said of him by a shrewd wit—"He is so natural that every one calls him affected." Harley L'Estrange was not so critically handsome as Audley Egerton; to a commonplace observer he was, at best, rather good-looking than otherwise. But women said that he had "a beautiful countenance," and they were not wrong. He wore his hair, which was of a fair chestnut, long, and in loose curls; and instead of the Englishman's whiskers, indulged in the foreigner's mustache. His complexion was delicate, though not effeminate; it was rather the delicacy of a student, than of a woman. But in his clear gray eye there was wonderful vigor of life. A skillful physiologist, looking only into that eye, would have recognized rare stamina of constitution—a nature so rich that, while easily disturbed, it would require all the effects of time, or all the fell combinations of passion and grief, to exhaust it. Even now, though so thoughtful, and even so sad, the rays of that eye were as concentred and steadfast as the light of the diamond.

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"You were only, then, in jest," said Audley, after a long silence, "when you spoke of this mission to Florence. You have still no idea of entering into public life."

"None."

"I had hoped better things when I got your promise to pass one season in London. But, indeed, you have kept your promise to the ear to break it to the spirit. I could not presuppose that you would shun all society, and be as much of a hermit here as under the vines of Como."

"I have sate in the Strangers' Gallery, and heard your great speakers; I have been in the pit of the Opera, and seen your fine ladies; I have walked your streets, I have lounged in your parks, and I say that I can't fall in love with a faded dowager, because she fills up her wrinkless with rouge."

"Of what dowager do you speak?" asked the matter-of-fact Audley.

"She has a great many titles. Some people call her fashion, you busy men, politics: it is all one—tricked out and artificial. I mean London life. No, I can't fall in love with her, fawning old harridan!"

"I wish you could fall in love with something."

"I wish I could, with all my heart."

"But you are so *blasé*."

"On the contrary, I am so fresh. Look out of the window—what do you see?"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing—"

"Nothing but houses and dusty lilacs, my coachman dozing on his box, and two women in pattens crossing the kennel."

"I see none of that where I lie on the sofa. I see but the stars. And I feel for them as I did when I was a schoolboy at Eton. It is you who are *blasé*, not I—enough of this. You do not forget my commission, with respect to the exile who has married into your brother's family?"

"No; but here you set me a task more difficult than that of saddling your cornet on the War Office."

"I know it is difficult, for the counter influence is vigilant and strong; but on the other hand, the enemy is so damnable a traitor that one must have the Fates and the household gods on one's side."

"Nevertheless," said the practical Audley, bending over a book on the table, "I think that the best plan would be to attempt a compromise with the traitor."

"To judge of others by myself," answered Harley with spirit, "it were less bitter to put up with wrong than to palter with it for compensation. And such wrong! Compromise with the open foe—that may be done with honor; but with the perjured friend—that were to forgive the perjury!"

"You are too vindictive," said Egerton; "there may be excuses for the friend, which palliate even—"

"Hush! Audley, hush! or I shall think the world has indeed corrupted you. Excuse for the friend who deceives, who betrays! No, such is the true outlaw of Humanity; and the Furies surround him even while he sleeps in the temple."

The man of the world lifted his eye slowly on the animated face of one still natural enough for the passions. He then once more returned to his book, and said, after a pause, "It is time you should marry, Harley."

"No," answered L'Estrange, with a smile at this sudden turn in the conversation—"not time yet; for my chief objection to that change in life is, that all the women nowadays are too old for me, or I am too young for them; a few, indeed, are so infantine that one is ashamed to be their toy; but most are so knowing that one is a fool to be their dupe. The first, if they condescend to love you, love you as the biggest doll they have yet dandled, and for a doll's good qualities—your pretty blue eyes, and your exquisite millinery. The last, if they prudently accept you, do so on algebraical principles; you are but the X or the Y that represents a certain aggregate of goods matrimonial—pedigree, title, rent-roll, diamonds, pin-money, opera-box. They cast you up with the help of mamma, and you wake some morning to find that *plus* wife *minus* affection equals—the Devil!"

"Nonsense," said Audley, with his quiet grave laugh. "I grant that it is often the misfortune of a man in your station to be married rather for what he has, than for what he is; but you are tolerably penetrating, and not likely to be deceived in the character of the woman you court." [Pg 120]

"Of the woman I *court*?—No! But of the woman I *marry*, very likely indeed. Woman is a changeable thing, as our Virgil informed us at school; but her change *par excellence* is from the fairy you woo to the brownie you wed. It is not that she has been a hypocrite, it is that she is a transmigration. You marry a girl for her accomplishments. She paints charmingly, or plays like St. Cecilia. Clap a ring on her finger, and she never draws again—except perhaps your caricature on the back of a letter, and never opens a piano after the honeymoon. You marry her for her sweet temper; and next year, her nerves are so shattered that you can't contradict her but you are whirled into a storm of hysterics. You marry her because she declares she hates balls and likes quiet; and ten to one but what she becomes a patroness at Almacks, or a lady in waiting."

"Yet most men marry, and most men survive the operation."

"If it were only necessary to live, that would be a consolatory and encouraging reflection. But to live with peace, to live with dignity, to live with freedom, to live in harmony with your thoughts, your habits, your aspirations—and this in the perpetual companionship of a person to whom you have given the power to wound your peace, to assail your dignity, to cripple your freedom, to jar on each thought and each habit, and bring you down to the meanest details of earth, when you invite her, poor soul, to soar to the spheres—that makes the to be, or not to be, which is the question."

"If I were you, Harley, I would do as I have heard the author of *Sandford and Merton* did—choose out a child and educate her yourself after your own heart."

"You have hit it," answered Harley, seriously. "That has long been my idea—a very vague one, I confess. But I fear I shall be an old man before I find even the child."

"Ah," he continued, yet more earnestly, while the whole character of his varying countenance changed again—"ah! if indeed I could discover what I seek—one who with the heart of a child has the mind of a woman; one who beholds in nature the variety, the charm, the never feverish, ever healthful excitement that others vainly seek in the bastard sentimentalities of a life false with artificial forms; one who can comprehend, as by intuition, the rich poetry with which creation is clothed—poetry so clear to the child when enraptured with the flower, or when wondering at the star! If on me such exquisite companionship were bestowed—why, then"—he paused, sighed deeply, and, covering his face with his hand, resumed in faltering accents,

"But once—but once only, did such visions of the Beautiful made human rise before me—amidst 'golden exhalations of the dawn.' It beggared my life in vanishing. You know only—you only—how—how—"

He bowed his head, and the tears forced themselves through his clenched fingers.

"So long ago!" said Audley, sharing his friend's emotion. "Years so long and so weary, yet still thus tenacious of a mere boyish memory."

"Away with it, then!" cried Harley, springing to his feet, and with a laugh of strange merriment. "Your carriage still waits; set me home before you go to the House."

Then laying his hand lightly on his friend's shoulder, he said, "Is it for you, Audley Egerton, to speak sneeringly of boyish memories? What else is it that binds us together? What else warms my heart when I meet you? What else draws your thoughts from blue-books and beer-bills, to waste them on a vagrant like me? Shake hands. Oh, friend of my boyhood! recollect the oars that we plied and the bats that we wielded in the old time, or the murmured talk on the moss-grown bank, as we sate together, building in the summer air castles mightier than Windsor. Ah! they are strong ties, those boyish memories, believe me! I remember as if it were yesterday my translation of that lovely passage in Persius, beginning—let me see—ah!—

"Quum primum pavido custos mihi purpura cessit,"

that passage on friendship which gushes out so livingly from the stern heart of the satirist. And when old ——— complimented me on my verses, my eye sought yours. Verily, I now say as then,

"Nescio quod, certe est quod me tibi temperet astrum."[16]

Audley turned away his head as he returned the grasp of his friend's hand; and while Harley, with his light elastic footstep, descended the stairs, Egerton lingered behind, and there was no trace of the worldly man upon his countenance when he took his place in the carriage by his companion's side.

Two hours afterward, weary cries of "Question, question!" "Divide, divide!" sank into reluctant silence as Audley Egerton rose to conclude the debate—the man of men to speak late at night, and to impatient benches: a man who would be heard; whom a Bedlam broke loose would not have roared down; with a voice clear and sound as a bell, and a form as firmly set on the ground as a church-tower. And while, on the dullest of dull questions, Audley Egerton thus, not too lively himself, enforced attention, where was Harley L'Estrange? Standing alone by the river at Richmond, and murmuring low fantastic thoughts as he gazed on the moonlit tide.

When Audley left him at home, he had joined his parents, made them gay with his careless gayety, seen the old-fashioned folks retire to rest, and then—while they, perhaps, deemed him once more the hero of ball-rooms and the cynosure of clubs—he drove slowly through the soft summer night, amidst the perfumes of many a garden and many a gleaming chestnut grove, with no other aim before him than to reach the loveliest margin of England's loveliest river, at the hour the moon was fullest and the song of the nightingale most sweet. And so eccentric a humorist was this man, that I believe, as be there loitered—no one near to cry "How affected!" or "How romantic!"—he enjoyed himself more than if he had been exchanging the politest "how-d'ye-do's" in the hottest of London drawing-rooms, or betting his hundreds on the odd trick with Lord De R—— for his partner. [Pg 121]

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARY KINGSFORD.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

Toward the close of the year 1836, I was hurriedly dispatched to Liverpool for the purpose of securing the person of one Charles James Marshall, a collecting clerk, who, it was suddenly discovered, had absconded with a considerable sum of money belonging to his employers. I was too late—Charles James Marshall having sailed in one of the American liners the day before my arrival in the northern commercial capital. This fact well ascertained, I immediately set out on my return to London. Winter had come upon us unusually early; the weather was bitterly cold; and a piercing wind caused the snow, which had been falling heavily for several hours, to gyrate in fierce, blinding eddies, and heaped it up here and there into large and dangerous drifts. The obstruction offered by the rapidly-congealing snow greatly delayed our progress between Liverpool and Birmingham; and at a few miles only distant from the latter city, the leading engine ran off the line. Fortunately, the rate at which we were traveling was a very slow one, and no accident of moment occurred. Having no luggage to care for, I walked on to Birmingham, where I found the parliamentary train just on the point of starting, and with some hesitation, on account of the severity of the weather, I took my seat in one of the then very much exposed and uncomfortable carriages. We traveled steadily and safely, though slowly along, and reached Rugby Station in the afternoon, where we were to remain, the guard told us, till a fast down-train had passed. All of us hurried as quickly as we could to the large room at this station, where blazing fires and other appliances soon thawed the half-frozen bodies, and loosened the tongues of the numerous and motley passengers. After recovering the use of my benumbed limbs and faculties, I had leisure to look around and survey the miscellaneous assemblage about me.

Two persons had traveled in the same compartment with me from Birmingham, whose exterior, as disclosed by the dim light of the railway carriage, created some surprise that such finely-attired, fashionable gentlemen should stoop to journey by the plebeian penny-a-mile train. I could now observe them in a clearer light, and surprise at their apparent condescension vanished at once. To an eye less experienced than mine in the artifices and expedients familiar to a certain class of "swells," they might perhaps have passed muster for what they assumed to be, especially amidst the varied crowd of a "parliamentary;" but their copper finery could not for a moment impose upon me. The watch-chains were, I saw, mosaic; the watches, so frequently displayed, gilt; eye-glasses the same; the coats, fur-collared and cuffed, were ill-fitting and second-hand; ditto of the varnished boots and renovated velvet waistcoats; while the luxuriant mustaches and whiskers, and flowing wigs, were unmistakably mere *pièces d'occasion*—assumed and diversified at pleasure. They were both apparently about fifty years of age; one of them perhaps one or two years less than that. I watched them narrowly, the more so from their making themselves ostentatiously attentive to a young woman—girl rather she seemed—of a remarkably graceful figure, but whose face I had not yet obtained a glimpse of. They made boisterous way for her to the fire, and were profuse and noisy in their offers of refreshment—all of which, I observed, were peremptorily declined. She was dressed in deep, unexpensive mourning; and from her timid gestures and averted head, whenever either of the fellows addressed her, was, it was evident, terrified as well as annoyed by their rude and insolent notice. I quietly drew near to the side of the fire-place at which she stood, and with some difficulty obtained a sight of her features. I was struck with extreme surprise—not so much at her singular beauty, as from an instantaneous conviction that she was known to me, or at least that I had seen her frequently before, but where or when I could not at all call to mind. Again I looked, and my first impression was confirmed. At this moment the elder of the two men I have partially described placed his hand, with a rude familiarity, upon the girl's shoulder, proffering at the same time a glass of hot brandy-and-water for her acceptance. She turned sharply and indignantly away from the fellow; and looking round as if for protection, caught my eagerly-fixed gaze.

"Mr. Waters!" she impulsively ejaculated. "Oh, I am so glad!"

"Yes," I answered, "that is certainly my name; but I scarcely remember—Stand back, fellow!" I angrily continued, as her tormentor, emboldened by the spirits he had drunk, pressed with a jeering grin upon his face, toward her,

still tendering the brandy and water. "Stand back!" He replied by a curse and a threat. The next moment his flowing wig was whirling across the room, and he standing with his bullet-head bare but for a few locks of iron-gray, in an attitude of speechless rage and confusion, increased by the peals of laughter which greeted his ludicrous, unwigged aspect. He quickly put himself in a fighting attitude, and, backed by his companion, challenged me to battle. This was quite out of the question; and I was somewhat at a loss how to proceed, when the bell announcing the instant departure of the train rang out, my furious antagonist gathered up and adjusted his [Pg 122] wig, and we all sallied forth to take our places—the young woman holding fast by my arm, and in a low, nervous voice, begging me not to leave her. I watched the two fellows take their seats, and then led her to the hind-most carriage, which we had to ourselves as far as the next station.

"Are Mrs. Waters and Emily quite well?" said the young woman, coloring, and lowering her eyes beneath my earnest gaze, which she seemed for a moment to misinterpret.

"Quite—entirely so," I almost stammered. "You know us then?"

"Surely I do," she replied, reassured by my manner. "But you, it seems," she presently added, with a winning smile, "have quite forgotten little Mary Kingsford."

"Mary Kingsford!" I exclaimed, almost with a shout. "Why, so it is! But what a transformation a few years have effected!"

"Do you think so? Not *pretty* Mary Kingsford now, then, I suppose?" she added, with a light, pleasant laugh.

"You know what I mean, you vain puss you!" I replied, quite gleefully, for I was overjoyed at meeting with the gentle, well remembered playmate of my own eldest girl. We were old familiar friends—almost father and daughter—in an instant.

Little Mary Kingsford, I should state, was, when I left Yorkshire, one of the prettiest, most engaging children I had ever seen; and a petted favorite not only with us, but of every other family in the neighborhood. She was the only child of Philip and Mary Kingsford—a humble, worthy, and much respected couple. The father was gardener to Sir Pyott Dalzell, and her mother eked out his wages to a respectable maintenance by keeping a cheap children's school. The change which a few years had wrought in the beautiful child was quite sufficient to account for my imperfect recognition of her; but the instant her name was mentioned, I at once recognized the rare comeliness which had charmed us all in her childhood. The soft brown eyes were the same, though now revealing profounder depths, and emitting a more pensive expression; the hair, though deepened in color, was still golden; her complexion, lit up as it now was by a sweet blush, was brilliant as ever; while her child-person had become matured and developed into womanly symmetry and grace. The brilliancy of color vanished from her cheek as I glanced meaningly at her mourning dress.

"Yes," she murmured, in a sad, quivering voice—"yes, father is gone! It will be six months come next Thursday that he died! Mother is well," she continued more cheerfully, after a pause, "in health, but poorly off; and I—and I," she added, with a faint effort at a smile, "am going to London to seek my fortune!"

"To seek your fortune!"

"Yes; you know my cousin, Sophy Clarke? In one of her letters, she said she often saw you."

I nodded without speaking. I knew little of Sophia Clarke, except that she was the somewhat gay, coquettish shopwoman of a highly respectable confectioner in the Strand, whom I shall call by the name of Morris.

"I am to be Sophy's fellow shop-assistant," continued Mary Kingsford; "not, of course, at first at such good wages as she gets. So lucky for me, is it not, since I must go to service? And so kind, too, of Sophy, to interest herself for me!"

"Well, it may be so. But surely I have heard—my wife at least has—that you and Richard Westlake were engaged? —Excuse me, Mary, I was not aware the subject was a painful or unpleasant one."

"Richard's father," she replied with some spirit, "has higher views for his son. It is all off between us now," she added; "and perhaps it is for the best that it should be so."

I could have rightly interpreted these words without the aid of the partially-expressed sigh which followed them. The perilous position of so attractive, so inexperienced, so guileless a young creature, amidst the temptations and vanities of London, so painfully impressed and preoccupied me, that I scarcely uttered another word till the rapidly-diminishing rate of the train announced that we neared a station, after which it was probable we should have no further opportunity for private converse.

"Those men—those fellows at Rugby—where did you meet with them?" I inquired.

"About thirty or forty miles below Birmingham, where they entered the carriage in which I was seated. At Birmingham I managed to avoid them."

Little more passed between us till we reached London. Sophia Clarke received her cousin at the Euston station, and was profuse of felicitations and compliments upon her arrival and personal appearance. After receiving a promise from Mary Kingsford to call and take tea with my wife and her old playmate on the following Sunday, I handed the two young women into a cab in waiting, and they drove off. I had not moved away from the spot when a voice a few paces behind me, which I thought I recognized, called out, "Quick, coachee, or you'll lose sight of them!" As I turned quickly round, another cab drove smartly off, which I followed at a run. I found, on reaching Lower Seymour-street, that I was not mistaken as to the owner of the voice, nor of his purpose. The fellow I had unwigged at Rugby thrust his body half out of the cab window, and, pointing to the vehicle which contained the two girls, called out to the driver "to mind and make no mistake." The man nodded intelligence, and lashed his horse into a faster pace. Nothing that I might do could prevent the fellows from ascertaining Mary Kingsford's place of abode; and as that was all that, for the present at least, need be apprehended, I desisted from pursuit, and bent my steps homeward.

Mary Kingsford kept her appointment on the Sunday, and in reply to our questioning, said she liked her situation very well. Mr. and Mrs. Morris were exceedingly kind to her; so was Sophia. "Her cousin," she added in reply to a look which I could not repress, "was perhaps a little gay and free of manner, but the best-hearted creature in the [Pg 123] world." The two fellows who had followed them had, I found, already twice visited the shop; but their attentions appeared now to be exclusively directed toward Sophia Clarke, whose vanity they not a little gratified. The names they gave were Hartley and Simpson. So entirely guileless and unsophisticated was the gentle country maiden, that I saw she scarcely comprehended the hints and warnings which I threw out. At parting, however, she made me a serious promise that she would instantly apply to me should any difficulty or perplexity overtake her.

I often called in at the confectioner's, and was gratified to find that Mary's modest propriety of behavior, in a somewhat difficult position, had gained her the goodwill of her employers, who invariably spoke of her with

kindness and respect. Nevertheless, the cark and care of a London life, with its incessant employment and late hours, soon, I perceived, began to tell upon her health and spirits; and it was consequently with a strong emotion of pleasure I heard from my wife that she had seen a passage in a letter from Mary's mother, to the effect that the elder Westlake was betraying symptoms of yielding to the angry and passionate expostulations of his only son, relative to the enforced breaking off of his engagement with Mary Kingsford. The blush with which she presented the letter was, I was told, very eloquent.

One evening, on passing Morris's shop, I observed Hartley and Simpson there. They were swallowing custards and other confectionary with much gusto; and, from their new and costly habiliments, seemed to be in surprisingly good case. They were smirking and smiling at the cousins with rude confidence; and Sophia Clarke, I was grieved to see, repaid their insulting impertinence by her most elaborate smiles and graces. I passed on; and presently meeting with a brother-detective, who, it struck me, might know something of the two gentlemen, I turned back with him, and pointed them out. A glance sufficed him.

"Hartley and Simpson you say?" he remarked after we had walked away to some distance: "those are only two of their numerous *aliases*. I can not, however, say that I am as yet on very familiar terms with them; but as I am especially directed to cultivate their acquaintance, there is no doubt we shall be more intimate with each other before long. Gamblers, blacklegs, swindlers I already know them to be; and I would take odds they are not unfrequently something more, especially when fortune and the bones run cross with them." "They appear to be in high feather just now," I remarked.

"Yes: they are connected, I suspect, with the gang who cleaned out young Garslade last week in Jermyn-street. I'd lay a trifle," added my friend, as I turned to leave him, "that one or both of them will wear the Queen's livery, gray turned up with yellow, before many weeks are past. Good-by."

About a fortnight after this conversation, I and my wife paid a visit to Astley's, for the gratification of our youngsters, who had long been promised a sight of the equestrian marvels exhibited at that celebrated amphitheatre. It was the latter end of February; and when we came out of the theatre, we found the weather had changed to dark and sleety, with a sharp, nipping wind. I had to call at Scotland-yard; my wife and children consequently proceeded home in a cab without me; and after assisting to quell a slight disturbance originating in a gin-palace close by, I went on my way over Westminster Bridge. The inclement weather had cleared the streets and thoroughfares in a surprisingly short time; so that, excepting myself, no foot-passenger was visible on the bridge till I had about half-crossed it, when a female figure, closely muffled up about the head, and sobbing bitterly, passed rapidly by on the opposite side. I turned and gazed after the retreating figure: it was a youthful, symmetrical one; and after a few moments' hesitation, I determined to follow at a distance, and as unobservedly as I could. On the woman sped, without pause or hesitation, till she reached Astley's, where I observed her stop suddenly, and toss her arms in the air with a gesture of desperation. I quickened my steps, which she observing, uttered a slight scream, and darted swiftly off again, moaning and sobbing as she ran. The slight momentary glimpse I had obtained of her features beneath the gas-lamp opposite Astley's, suggested a frightful apprehension, and I followed at my utmost speed. She turned at the first cross-street, and I should soon have overtaken her, but that in darting round the corner where she disappeared, I ran full butt against a stout, elderly gentleman, who was hurrying smartly along out of the weather. What with the suddenness of the shock and the slipperiness of the pavement, down we both reeled; and by the time we had regained our feet, and growled savagely at each other, the young woman, whoever she was, had disappeared, and more than half an hour's eager search after her proved fruitless. At last I bethought me of hiding at one corner of Westminster Bridge. I had watched impatiently for about twenty minutes, when I observed the object of my pursuit stealing timidly and furtively toward the bridge on the opposite side of the way. As she came nearly abreast of where I stood, I darted forward; she saw, without recognizing me, and uttering an exclamation of terror, flew down toward the river, where a number of pieces of balk and other timber were fastened together, forming a kind of loose raft. I followed with desperate haste, for I saw that it was indeed Mary Kingsford, and loudly called to her by name to stop. She did not appear to hear me, and in a few moments the unhappy girl had gained the end of the timber-raft. One instant she paused with clasped hands upon the brink, and in another had thrown herself into the dark and moaning river. On reaching the spot where she had disappeared, I could not at first see her, in consequence of the dark mourning dress she had on. Presently I caught sight of her, still upborne by her spread clothes, but already carried by the swift current beyond my reach. The only chance was to crawl along a piece of round timber which projected farther into the river and by [Pg 124] the end of which she must pass. This I effected with some difficulty; and laying myself out at full length, vainly endeavored, with outstretched, straining arms, to grasp her dress. There was nothing left for it but to plunge in after her. I will confess that I hesitated to do so. I was encumbered with a heavy dress, which there was no time to put off, and moreover, like most inland men, I was but an indifferent swimmer. My indecision quickly vanished. The wretched girl, though gradually sinking, had not yet uttered a cry, or appeared to struggle; but when the chilling waters reached her lips, she seemed to suddenly revive to a consciousness of the horror of her fate: she fought wildly with the engulphing tide, and shrieked piteously for help. Before one could count ten, I had grasped her by the arm, and lifted her head above the surface of the river. As I did so, I felt as if suddenly encased and weighed down by leaden garments, so quickly had my thick clothing and high boots sucked in the water. Vainly, thus burdened and impeded, did I endeavor to regain the raft; the strong tide bore us outward, and I glared round, in inexpressible dismay, for some means of extrication from the frightful peril in which I found myself involved. Happily, right in the direction the tide was drifting us, a large barge lay moored by a chain-cable. Eagerly I seized and twined one arm firmly round it, and thus partially secure, hallooed with renewed power for assistance. It soon came: a passer-by had witnessed the flight of the girl and my pursuit, and was already hastening with others to our assistance. A wherry was unmoored: guided by my voice, they soon reached us; and but a brief interval elapsed before we were safely housed in an adjoining tavern.

A change of dress, with which the landlord kindly supplied me, a blazing fire, and a couple of glasses of hot brandy and water, soon restored warmth and vigor to my chilled and partially-benumbed limbs; but more than two hours elapsed before Mary, who had swallowed a good deal of water, was in a condition to be removed. I had just sent for a cab, when two police-officers, well known to me, entered the room with official briskness. Mary screamed, staggered toward me, and clinging to my arm, besought me with frantic earnestness to save her.

"What *is* the meaning of this?" I exclaimed, addressing one of the police-officers.

"Merely," said he, "that the young woman that's clinging so tight to you has been committing an audacious robbery —"

"No—no—no!" broke in the terrified girl.

"Oh! of course you'll say so," continued the officer. "All I know is, that the diamond brooch was found snugly hid away in her own box. But come, we have been after you for the last three hours; so you had better come along at once."

"Save me! save me!" sobbed poor Mary, as she tightened her grasp upon my arm and looked with beseeching agony in my face.

"Be comforted," I whispered; "you shall go home with me. Calm yourself, Miss Kingsford," I added in a louder tone: "I no more believe you have stolen a diamond brooch than that I have." "Bless you! bless you!" she gasped in the intervals of her convulsive sobs.

"There is some wretched misapprehension in this business, I am quite sure," I continued; "but at all events I shall bail her—for this night at least."

"Bail her! That is hardly regular."

"No; but you will tell the superintendent that Mary Kingsford is in my custody, and that I answer for her appearance to-morrow."

The men hesitated, but I stood too well at head-quarters for them to do more than hesitate; and the cab I had ordered being just then announced, I passed with Mary out of the room as quickly as I could, for I feared her senses were again leaving her. The air revived her somewhat, and I lifted her into the cab, placing myself beside her. She appeared to listen in fearful doubt whether I should be allowed to take her with me; and it was not till the wheels had made a score of revolutions that her fears vanished; then throwing herself upon my neck in an ecstasy of gratitude, she burst into a flood of tears, and continued till we reached home sobbing on my bosom like a broken-hearted child. She had, I found, been there about ten o'clock to seek me, and being told that I was gone to Astley's, had started off to find me there.

Mary still slept, or at least she had not risen, when I left home the following morning to endeavor to get at the bottom of the strange accusation preferred against her. I first saw the superintendent, who, after hearing what I had to say, quite approved of all that I had done, and intrusted the case entirely to my care. I next saw Mr. and Mrs. Morris and Sophia Clarke, and then waited upon the prosecutor, a youngish gentleman of the name of Saville, lodging in Essex Street, Strand. One or two things I heard necessitated a visit to other officers of police, incidentally, as I found, mixed up with the affair. By the time all this was done, and an effectual watch had been placed upon Mr. Augustus Saville's movements, evening had fallen, and I wended my way homeward, both to obtain a little rest, and hear Mary Kingsford's version of the strange story.

The result of my inquiries may be thus briefly summed up. Ten days before, Sophia Clarke told her cousin that she had orders for Covent-Garden Theatre; and as it was not one of their busy nights, she thought they might obtain leave to go. Mary expressed her doubt of this, as both Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who were strict, and somewhat fanatical Dissenters, disapproved of play-going, especially for young women. Nevertheless Sophia asked, informed Mary that the required permission had been readily accorded, and off they went in high spirits; Mary especially, who had never been to a theatre in her life before. When there, they were joined by Hartley and Simpson, much to Mary's annoyance and vexation, especially as she saw that her cousin expected them. She had, in fact, accepted the orders from them. At the conclusion of the entertainments, they all four came out together when suddenly there arose a hustling and confusion, accompanied with loud outcries, and a violent swaying to and fro of the [Pg 125] crowd. The disturbance was, however, soon quelled; and Mary and her cousin had reached the outer-door, when two police-officers seized Hartley and his friend, and insisted upon their going with them. A scuffle ensued; but other officers being at hand, the two men were secured, and carried off. The cousins, terribly frightened, called a coach, and were very glad to find themselves safe at home again. And now it came out that Mr. and Mrs. Morris had been told that they were going to spend the evening at *my* house, and had no idea they were going to the play! Vexed as Mary was at the deception, she was too kindly-tempered to refuse to keep her cousin's secret; especially knowing as she did that the discovery of the deceit Sophia had practiced would in all probability be followed by her immediate discharge. Hartley and his friend swaggered on the following afternoon into the shop, and whispered to Sophia that their arrest by the police had arisen from a strange mistake, for which the most ample apologies had been offered and accepted. After this, matters went on as usual, except that Mary perceived a growing insolence and familiarity in Hartley's manner toward her. His language was frequently quite unintelligible, and once he asked her plainly "if she did not mean that he should go *shares* in the prize she had lately found?" Upon Mary replying that she did not comprehend him, his look became absolutely ferocious, and he exclaimed, "Oh, that's your game, is it? But don't try it on with me, my good girl, I advise you!" So violent did he become, that Mr. Morris was attracted by the noise, and ultimately bundled him, neck and heels, out of the shop. She had not seen either him or his companion since.

On the evening of the previous day, a gentleman whom she never remembered to have seen before, entered the shop, took a seat, and helped himself to a tart. She observed that after awhile he looked at her very earnestly, and, at length, approaching quite close, said, "You were at Covent-Garden Theatre last Tuesday evening week." Mary was struck, as she said, all of a heap, for both Mr. and Mrs. Morris were in the shop, and heard the question.

"Oh, no, no! you mistake," she said, hurriedly, and feeling at the same time her cheeks kindle into flame.

"Nay, but you were, though," rejoined the gentleman. And then, lowering his voice to a whisper, he said, "And let me advise you, if you would avoid exposure and condign punishment, to restore me the diamond brooch you robbed me of on that evening."

Mary screamed with terror, and a regular scene ensued. She was obliged to confess she had told a falsehood in denying she was at the theatre on the night in question, and Mr. Morris after that seemed inclined to believe any thing of her. The gentleman persisted in his charge; but at the same time vehemently iterating his assurance that all he wanted was his property; and it was ultimately decided that Mary's boxes, as well as her person, should be searched. This was done; and, to her utter consternation, the brooch was found concealed, they said, in a black-silk reticule. Denials, asseverations, were vain. Mr. Saville identified the brooch, but once more offered to be content with its restoration. This Mr. Morris, a just, stern man, would not consent to, and he went out to summon a police-officer. Before he returned, Mary, by the advice of both her cousin and Mrs. Morris, had fled the house, and hurried, in a state of distraction, to find me, with what result the reader already knows.

"It is a wretched business," I observed to my wife, as soon as Mary Kingsford had retired to rest, at about nine o'clock in the evening. "Like you, I have no doubt of the poor girl's perfect innocence; but how to establish it by satisfactory evidence is another matter. I must take her to Bow-street the day after to-morrow."

"Good God, how dreadful! Can nothing be done? What does the prosecutor say the brooch is worth?"

"His uncle," he says, "gave a hundred and twenty guineas for it. But that signifies little; for were its worth only a hundred and twenty farthings, compromise is out of the question."

"I did not mean that. Can you show it me? I am a pretty good judge of the value of jewels."

"Yes, you can see it." I took it out of the desk in which I had locked it up, and placed it before her. It was a splendid emerald, encircled by large brilliants.

My wife twisted and turned it about, holding it in all sorts of lights, and at last said—"I do not believe that either the emerald or the brilliants are real—that the brooch is, in fact, worth twenty shillings intrinsically."

"Do you say so?" I exclaimed as I jumped up from my chair, for my wife's words gave color and consistence to a dim and faint suspicion which had crossed my mind. "Then this Saville is a manifest liar; and perhaps confederate with—But give me my hat; I will ascertain this point at once."

I hurried to a jeweler's shop, and found that my wife's opinion was correct; apart from the workmanship, which was very fine, the brooch was valueless. Conjectures, suspicions, hopes, fears, chased each other with bewildering rapidity through my brain; and in order to collect and arrange my thoughts, I stepped out of the whirl of the streets into Dolly's Chop-house, and decided, over a quiet glass of negus, upon my plan of operations.

The next morning there appeared at the top of the second column of the 'Times' an earnest appeal, worded with careful obscurity, so that only the person to whom it was addressed should easily understand it, to the individual who had lost or been robbed of a false stone and brilliants at the theatre, to communicate with a certain person—whose address I gave—without delay, in order to save the reputation, perhaps the life, of an innocent person.

I was at the address I had given by nine o'clock. Several hours passed without bringing any one, and I was beginning to despair, when a gentleman of the name of Bagshawe was announced: I fairly leaped for joy, for this was beyond my hopes. [Pg 126]

A gentleman presently entered, of about thirty years of age, of a distinguished, though somewhat dissipated aspect.

"This brooch is yours?" said I, exhibiting it without delay or preface.

"It is; and I am here to know what your singular advertisement means?"

I briefly explained the situation of affairs.

"The rascals!" he broke in almost before I had finished; "I will briefly explain it all. A fellow of the name of Hartley, at least that was the name he gave, robbed me, I was pretty sure, of this brooch. I pointed him out to the police, and he was taken into custody; but nothing being found upon him, he was discharged."

"Not entirely, Mr. Bagshawe, on that account. You refused, when arrived at the station-house, to state what you had been robbed of; and you, moreover, said, in presence of the culprit, that you were to embark with your regiment for India the next day. That regiment, I have ascertained, did embark, as you said it would."

"True; but I had leave of absence, and shall take the Overland route. The truth is, that during the walk to the station-house, I had leisure to reflect that if I made a formal charge, it would lead to awkward disclosures. This brooch is an imitation of one presented to me by a valued relative. Losses at play—since, for this unfortunate young woman's sake, I *must* out with it—obliged me to part with the original; and I wore this, in order to conceal the fact from my relative's knowledge."

"This will, sir," I replied, "prove, with a little management, quite sufficient for all purposes. You have no objection to accompany me to the superintendent?"

"Not in the least: only I wish the devil had the brooch as well as the fellow that stole it."

About half-past five o'clock on the same evening, the street door was quietly opened by the landlord of the house in which Mr. Saville lodged, and I walked into the front-room on the first floor, where I found the gentleman I sought languidly reclining on a sofa. He gathered himself smartly up at my appearance, and looked keenly in my face. He did not appear to like what he read there.

"I did not expect to see you to-day," he said at last.

"No, perhaps not: but I have news for you. Mr. Bagshawe, the owner of the hundred-and-twenty guinea brooch your deceased uncle gave you, did *not* sail for India, and—"

The wretched cur, before I could conclude, was on his knees begging for mercy with disgusting abjectness. I could have spurned the scoundrel where he crawled.

"Come, sir!" I cried, "let us have no sniveling or humbug: mercy is not in my power, as you ought to know. Strive to deserve it. We want Hartley and Simpson, and can not find them: you must aid us."

"Oh, yes; to be sure I will!" eagerly rejoined the rascal. "I will go for them at once," he added, with a kind of hesitating assurance.

"Nonsense! *Send* for them, you mean. Do so, and I will wait their arrival."

His note was dispatched by a sure hand; and meanwhile I arranged the details of the expected meeting. I, and a friend, whom I momently expected, would ensconce ourselves behind a large screen in the room, while Mr. Augustus Saville would run playfully over the charming plot with his two friends, so that we might be able to fully appreciate its merits. Mr. Saville agreed. I rang the bell, an officer appeared, and we took our posts in readiness. We had scarcely done so, when the street-bell rang, and Saville announced the arrival of his confederates. There was a twinkle in the fellow's green eyes which I thought I understood. "Do not try that on, Mr. Augustus Saville," I quietly remarked; "we are but two here certainly, but there are half-a-dozen in waiting below."

No more was said, and in another minute the friends met. It was a boisterously-jolly meeting, as far as shaking hands and mutual felicitations on each other's good looks and health went. Saville was, I thought, the most obstreperously gay of all three.

"And yet now I look at you, Saville, closely," said Hartley, "you don't look quite the thing. Have you seen a ghost?"

"No; but this cursed brooch affair worries me."

"Nonsense!—humbug!—it's all right; we are all embarked in the same boat. It's a regular three handed game. I prigged it; Simmy here whipped it into pretty Mary's reticule, which she, I suppose, never looked into till the row came; and *you* claimed it—a regular merry-go-round, ain't it, eh? Ha! ha! ha!—ha!"

"Quite so, Mr. Hartley," said I, suddenly facing him, and at the same time stamping on the floor; "as you say, a delightful merry-go-round; and here, you perceive," I added, as the officers entered the room, "are more gentlemen to join in it."

I must not stain the paper with the curses, imprecations, blasphemies, which for a brief space resounded through the apartment. The rascals were safely and separately locked up a quarter of an hour afterward; and before a month had passed away, all three were transported. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that they believed the brooch to be genuine, and of great value.

Mary Kingsford did not need to return to her employ. Westlake the elder withdrew his veto upon his son's choice, and the wedding was celebrated in the following May with great rejoicing; Mary's old playmate officiating as bride-

maid, and I as bride's-father. The still young couple have now a rather numerous family, and a home blessed with affection, peace, and competence. It was some time, however, before Mary recovered from the shock of her London adventure; and I am pretty sure that the disagreeable reminiscences inseparably connected in her mind with the metropolis will prevent at least *one* person from being present at the World's Great Fair.—*Chambers's Journal.*

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

UNITED STATES.

Reports of the same general tendency, although somewhat vague and contradictory in details, indicate that plans are on foot to organize another expedition for a descent upon Cuba. New Orleans, Savannah, and various places on the coast of Florida, would appear to be the centres to which the parties tend. It is supposed that funds to a large amount have been furnished from Cuba. The design seems to be to proceed in separate parties to some point beyond the jurisdiction of the United States before effecting any formal organization. The President, under date of April 25, issued his proclamation, attributing the project mainly to foreigners, "who have dared to make our shores the scenes of guilty and hostile preparations against a friendly power." These expeditions, he says, can only be regarded as adventures for plunder and robbery, undertaken in violation alike of the law of nations and of this country; by the latter of which they are punishable by fine and imprisonment. He warns all citizens of the United States who connect themselves with such expeditions, that they thereby "forfeit all claims to the protection of this Government, or any interference on their behalf, no matter to what extremities they may be reduced in consequence of their illegal conduct;" and calls upon every civil and military officer of the Government to use his efforts for the arrest of all who thus offend against the laws of their country.

In New York, information was given to the United States Marshal that a vessel had been chartered by persons concerned in the proposed expedition, and was anchored in the Bay, provided with munitions of war, and waiting for the arrival of a large number of men. On searching the harbor, no vessel answering this description was found, but a steamboat lying at a pier on the North River fell under suspicion, and was seized by the United States authorities. This was the Cleopatra, a large boat, formerly employed on Long Island Sound, and now in such a decayed condition as to be nearly unfit for service, having been built upward of fourteen years. Nothing was found on board to indicate the purpose for which she was destined. The forward hold and boiler room were filled with coal, of which a large quantity also covered the forward deck. She had on board a great number of empty water casks, but no firearms or gunpowder were discovered. She was placed in charge of a guard of marines from the Navy Yard, and no communication was permitted with persons on shore. The final disposition of the steamer has not yet been determined, but orders have been given by the Government to deliver her cargo to any claimant who could show evidence of proprietorship.

Soon after the seizure of the Cleopatra, the collector of this port received notice that a vessel engaged for the transportation of emigrants from South Amboy to Sandy Hook, was lying at her wharf, in the former place, under suspicious circumstances. Officers were immediately dispatched to the spot; the vessel was seized and ordered to anchor at Perth Amboy; and intelligence was obtained which resulted in the arrest of five persons, who were held to bail in the sum of $3000 each to appear for examination. These were John L. O'Sullivan, formerly editor of the *Democratic Review*, Captain Lewis, formerly of the steamer Creole, Pedro Sanches, a Spanish resident of New York, Dr. D.H. Burnett, and Major Louis Schlesinger of the Hungarian patriots. The offense with which they were charged was the violation of the Neutrality Act of April 20, 1818, in preparing the means for a military expedition against Cuba.

In consequence of various rumors which prevailed in the City of Savannah, concerning the invasion of Cuba, the United States Marshal chartered a steamboat for an exploring trip to the South. He proceeded as far as Jacksonville, Florida, and returned after a cruise of three or four days. Throughout the whole line of his route, he was met with accounts of encampments of armed men, but they proved to be without foundation, and no discoveries, pointing to any overt acts, were made. It was the general belief, among all with whom he conversed, that a movement of importance had been projected against the island of Cuba, but that from causes which have not transpired, the organization had been broken up, and the men connected with it had entirely dispersed. Between Savannah and Jacksonville, public opinion was found to be decidedly favorable to the expedition, the great majority of the people sympathizing with the Cubans, and ready to aid them in a struggle for independence.

The session of the Legislature of New York came to a sudden and unexpected close on the 17th of April, two days after the conclusion of our last Monthly Record. It being apparent that the bill for the enlargement of the Erie Canal, which had already passed the House by a large majority, would likewise pass the Senate, twelve of the fifteen Democratic Senators resigned their seats. One other Senator announced his intention to resign if the proposed measure were pressed; in which case there would be only nineteen members remaining; the Constitution requiring three-fifths of the whole, or twenty Senators, to form a quorum. When the bill came up for a third reading, there were 17 votes in its favor, and 2 against it. No quorum being present, the bill was laid upon the table. The Senate thereupon voted to adjourn *sine die*; in which resolution the House concurred. On the same day the Democratic members of the Legislature, comprising fifteen Senators and forty Representatives, issued an address to the Democratic Republican Electors of the State, in justification of their procedure. They bring severe charges against their opponents of mal-administration of the financial affairs of the State; and denounce the proposed measure as a palpable violation of the express provisions of the Constitution, and as an expedient to secure to their opponents the political supremacy in the State. The Whig members also issued a long address to the People of the State of New York, in which they denounce the conduct of the resigning Senators as a willful violation of the Constitution which they had sworn to support and as an outrage upon the fundamental principle of a republican government—the right of the majority to rule. They defend the course of adjournment adopted by the majority, on the ground that two-fifths of the State was unrepresented in the Senate; that for various important purposes for which the assent of two-thirds of the members elected is requisite, there was virtually no Senate at all; that it was in the power of a single member of that body, by a threat of resignation, to dictate upon any legislative question; and that one member had threatened, unless the order of business fixed by the Senate should be laid aside, that he would vacate his seat, and thus render any legislation impossible. They proceed to argue at great length the constitutionality and expediency of the bill. The Governor has issued his proclamation, convoking an extra session of the Legislature on the 10th June, and appointing an election to be held on the 27th of May, to fill the vacancies occasioned by the resignations of the Senators. Contrary opinions as to the constitutionality of the bill in question have been furnished by the ablest counsel. Among others Mr. Chatfield, the Attorney General of the State, pronounces it to be unconstitutional; while Mr. Webster argues in favor of the opposite opinion.

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The steamer Pacific, which sailed from Liverpool April 10, accomplished the passage to New York in 9 days and 20 hours, being the shortest westerly passage ever made. The greatest distance run in a single day was 328, the least 302 miles. The shortest westerly passage previously made was by the same vessel, which was 10 days 4 hours. The shortest similar passage by a Cunarder was by the Asia, 10 days and 22 hours.

The number of passengers from foreign countries who arrived at the port of New York within the four months ending May 1, was above 60,000, being an increase of more than 30,000 over the arrivals of last year. During the month of April the arrivals were 27,779, of which 15,968 were from Ireland, 6372 from Germany, and 2679 from England.

The anniversaries of the principal religious and benevolent societies were celebrated as usual in New York in the early part of May. The occasion drew together a large attendance of persons from every section of the country. *The Seaman's Friend's Society* maintains chaplains in the Sandwich Islands, South America, California, the West Indies, France, and Sweden. At the Sailor's Home in New York, there have been, during the year, 2525 sailor boarders. A single bank has upon deposit, bearing interest, more than a million of dollars belonging to seamen. The receipts of the Society for the year were $20,399 21; the expenditures $20,446 27.—*The American and Foreign Christian Union* has for its object opposition to Romanism, by acting upon both Catholics and Protestants at home and abroad. It has during the past year employed at home, for greater or less portions of time, 78 missionaries, of whom the greater number are foreigners, preaching in seven different languages, and belonging to almost all the branches of the Protestant Church. It also employs 30 missionaries in foreign countries. The Society received during the year $56,265 20, and expended $55,169 12.—*The American Tract Society* has issued during the year 886,692 volumes, 7,837,692 publications; of its Almanacs have been circulated 310,000 copies; of the *American Messenger* 186,000, and of the *German Messenger* 18,000 copies are published monthly. It has employed 569 colporteurs, of whom 135 are students in colleges and seminaries. The receipts of the Society exceed those of any other kindred institution in the country. For the past year they were $310,728 32, of which $200,720 33 were the proceeds of the sales of publications, the remainder being donations. The expenditures were, for publishing, $179,984 48; for colportage, $73,278 23; donations to foreign countries, $20,000; miscellaneous expenses, $37,356 59, in all, $310,616 30.—*The American Home Missionary Society* has had in its service during the year 1065 ministers, who have performed an amount of labor equal to 853 years; these have been employed in twenty-six States and Territories: in New England, 311; in the Middle States, 224; in the Western States and Territories, 515; in the Southern States, 15. The resources of the Society for the year were $166,493 94; the liabilities, $163,457 18.—*The American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society* presented at its anniversary no statistics of its operations.—*The American Anti-Slavery Society* (known as the Garrison Society), whose meetings last year were violently interrupted, was unable to procure a place of meeting in this city. Its anniversary was accordingly held in Syracuse.—*The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions* have received for nine months of the current year $186,500, being an increase above the receipts of last year, of $17,384.—*The* ("Old School") *Presbyterian Board of Missions* have sent out during the past year 25 laborers. The operations of this Board are carried on mainly among the Indians and Jews of our country, in Western Africa, Northern India, Siam, China, and Catholic Europe. The Board has received and expended a trifle more than $140,000 during the year.—*The American Bible Society* has issued during the year 592,432 Bibles and Testaments, making a total, since the formation of the Society, of 7,572,967 copies. In addition to new editions of the English Scriptures, they have issued the Testament in Swedish and English in parallel columns, and have in preparation a similar Testament in French and English. They have also prepared a Spanish Bible, conformed to the Hebrew and Greek originals. A translation executed by Rev. Mr. Payne, a missionary to Western Africa, of the books of Genesis and Acts into the Grebo language, has been published at the Society's house. The receipts of the Society for the year past have been $276,882 52, which is somewhat less than those of the preceding year, when they were swelled by unusually large amounts given by way of legacy.—The anniversaries of those noble charities the *Institution for the Deaf and Dumb* and the *New York Institution for the Blind* were, as usual, of the utmost interest, and attracted large and delighted audiences. In the former of these are 247 pupils, of whom 163 are supported by the State, 30 by their friends or by other States, and 16 are maintained by the Institution. The Institution for the Blind contains 105 pupils, of whom 52 are males and 53 females; there are besides connected with it 39 other blind persons, in various capacities.—The meetings of several of the minor associations presented some interesting features. Among these we specify that of the New York Colonization Society, at which a letter was read from Hon. Edward Everett, describing the great benefits conferred by the colonization of Africa, in introducing civilization, and suppressing the slave-trade.—The total receipts of eleven of the principal religious societies of the country for the past year were $1,237,875 17, exceeding those of the preceding year by about $15,000.

The Erie Railroad is now completed, from the Hudson River to Dunkirk, 470 miles from New York. A train having on board the Directors of the road, went over the whole distance on the 28th and 29th of April. At the commencement of the enterprise, the State loaned to the road its bonds to the amount of three millions of dollars. Subsequently, an act was passed relieving the Company from the lien imposed by these bonds, on condition that a single track was completed, and engines passed over it, from the Hudson to Lake Erie, before the middle of May. On the day, therefore, in which the first train passed over the road, the earnings of the Company were three millions of dollars. The formal celebration of the opening of the Road took place on the 14th of May, and was attended by the President of the United States and a portion of the Cabinet, as will be seen by a somewhat detailed account in another page of our Magazine. [Pg 129]

In Massachusetts, the Hon. Charles Sumner has at length been elected to the United States Senate, for the full term of six years. He has taken no prominent part in politics, but is widely known as a scholar and philanthropist. —Soon after the decision of an exciting Fugitive Slave case in Boston, a number of citizens who had invited Mr. Webster to address them on the political condition of the country, petitioned the Board of Aldermen for the use of Faneuil Hall on that occasion. A similar petition having been previously denied to the opponents of the Fugitive Slave Law, that of the friends of Mr. Webster was not granted. The Board subsequently reconsidered their action, and passed a vote concurring with the Common Council in raising a joint committee to invite an address from Mr. Webster, and tendering the use of the Hall for the purpose. The invitation was not accepted.—A violent storm commenced on the 15th of April, and raged for more than a week along the whole extent of the Atlantic coast. During the night of the 17th, the light-house on Minot's Ledge, near Cohasset, was swept away; two assistant keepers who were in the structure were lost.—The secret-ballot law has passed both branches of the Legislature. It provides that the ballots of voters shall be inclosed in envelopes previously to being deposited in the ballot boxes.

In Connecticut there was no choice by the people of State officers at the late election. Hon. Thomas H. Seymour, the Democratic candidate, has been re-elected as Governor by the Legislature. The Democratic candidates for Secretary and Comptroller, and the Whig candidates for Lieutenant-Governor and Treasurer, were elected by the Legislature. In his Message the Governor represents the finances of the State to be in a prosperous condition; recommends the passage of general corporation and banking laws; and of a law limiting the hours of labor, to contain a provision making it a misdemeanor to work children under fourteen years of age more than eight hours a day. He speaks in favor of the Compromise measures, which he says must be supported in good faith, or we can not hope to see this form of Government continue. "Whatever action then," he adds, "the Legislature may feel called upon to take, upon any of the questions to which reference has been made, I feel at liberty to indulge the hope that its course will be such as to place the State of Connecticut on patriotic and dignified ground in the

presence of sister States and the nation, and the world."

A Convention of the Southern Rights Association assembled at Charleston, May 5. There were between three and four hundred members in attendance. Ex-Governor J.P. Richardson acted as President. In his address upon taking the chair, he said that the question was simply as to the time and manner of resistance. He spoke strongly of the want of affinity between the two sections of the country, and declared that no one should join together those whom God and nature have put asunder. A letter from Hon. Langdon Cheves was read, deprecating separate action on the part of South Carolina, which ought to wait awhile longer for the action of other States. An address and resolutions advocating the right and expediency of secession, were adopted. Mr. Rhett, one of the United States Senators from this State, has developed what he supposes to be the results of the policy of secession. Free trade would be proclaimed with all States south and west of the Potomac, and a duty of ten per cent. levied upon goods from the other States and from foreign countries. The result would be that goods would be twenty per cent. cheaper in Charleston than in New York. The trade of Georgia and North Carolina would be carried on with South Carolina; and it would not be in the power of the General Government to prevent it, by a line of custom-houses along the frontier. He declared the idea of a blockade of the ports of South Carolina to be ridiculous. Blockade was war, and Congress alone could declare war; and Congress must either let them go peaceably out of the Union or fight; and fight they would in defense of their rights, liberties, and institutions; and even if South Carolina should be subdued, the Union was not preserved; other Southern States would join in the contest. Should that State secede and remain for five years an independent State, a Southern Confederacy must be the result, or the South would have enforced the guarantees to which she is entitled. "I have been battling," he says, "in this cause for twenty-five years, and have now but a few more years to give to your service. As a citizen of South Carolina, I demand that she make me free. My counsel is, secede from the union of these United States. At every hazard, and to the last extremity secede. If I was about to draw my last breath, with that breath I would exhort you to secede."

In the Virginia Constitutional Convention some votes have been taken, which afford indications that the mixed basis proposition in a somewhat modified form, will prevail. The motion to strike out the proposition apportioning representation on the basis of the white population was carried by a vote of 65 to 56. Four Eastern men, among whom was Hon. Henry A. Wise, voted with the West. One of the mixed basis propositions failed by a single vote.

From the mining region of Lake Superior, the latest intelligence is highly favorable; large quantities of copper are preparing for market.—The President has directed that the lands occupied by the Hungarian Exiles in Iowa shall not be offered for sale previous to the meeting of Congress, when a petition will be presented for the grant of them to the exiles.—A riot occurred lately at Milwaukie upon occasion of a lecture upon Catholicism by Mr. Leahy, who claims to have once been a Trappist monk. More than a score of persons were seriously injured, and considerable damage was done to the Methodist church in which the lecture was given. The principal Catholic laity and the clergy published a card in which they express their unqualified condemnation of the conduct of the rioters, and engage to make good the pecuniary injury inflicted.—The Central Railroad of Michigan has for some time been annoyed by a gang, which has at length been brought to light. Their detection was effected by an agent of the [Pg 130] Railroad, who in order to secure their confidence undertook to set fire to the dépôt; after, however, taking precautions to prevent any serious injury. Nearly fifty persons have been arrested and indicted; among whom are a judge, justices of the peace, constables, and professional men. The trial will come on in June.—The Legislature of Wisconsin have passed a bill for the protection of Seventh Day Baptists. It provides that any civil process issued against a person who habitually observes the seventh day as a day of rest, which is made returnable on that day, may be laid over until the Monday following, as though that were the return-day of the writ.—The small pox is raging with fearful violence among the Sioux Indians upon the Upper Missouri. It is also extending down the river, among the Sacs and Foxes. Several hundred are reported to have already died.

The Governor of Texas has issued an order for the arrest of the members of the Boundary Commission who took part in the recent summary executions of the desperadoes at Socorro. They are probably beyond the jurisdiction of Texas. Severe charges are in circulation against the officers at the head of the Commission; public opinion will, however, remain undecided until both sides are heard.—The population of New Mexico, according to the recent census, is 61,574, of whom 850 are Americans. Of the Mexican population above the age of twenty, only one in 103 is able to read.—A treaty has been concluded with the Apache Chief Chacon, who binds himself to keep the peace, under penalty of forfeiting his life.—An attempt is to be made to diminish the enormous expense of the military occupation of New Mexico. Colonel Sumner, the new commander, will take out with him seed, grains, stock, and farming utensils, and every effort will be made to develop the agricultural resources of the Territory. The head-quarters of the army will probably be removed from Santa Fé to Los Vegos.

From California the most striking feature of intelligence is the unexampled frequency of extra-judicial punishment for crime. The newspapers are filled with accounts of summary executions, not only for murder but for robbery and theft. Under the peculiar state of things occasioned by the great temptations to crime, and the utter want of all the ordinary apparatus of justice, during the earlier periods of the settlement of California, this was unavoidable. But instances of this sort, instead of becoming more unfrequent, seem to be rapidly increasing. A bill has passed the Legislature, and become a law, inflicting the punishment of death, at the discretion of the jury, upon the crime of grand larceny. This measure was insisted upon by the mining counties on the ground that, owing to the unexampled influx of desperadoes and criminals from all parts of the world, thefts and robberies had become so frequent, while prisons and places of detention were so few, that the only possible punishment was death; and the people had become so exasperated that the punishment would and must be inflicted, either by or against the law. The law imposing a tax upon foreign miners has been repealed, having been found to work most disastrously. It drove out of the country many thousands of the most industrious miners, especially Mexicans and Chilians, whose labors the State could ill spare. Indian hostilities have nearly ceased. A number of the tribes have signified a willingness to accept of fixed localities, and to enter into a treaty. The Legislature having granted to the Governor authority to call out 500 men to repress Indian hostilities in the Mariposa region, he made a tour of inspection, and came to the conclusion that the force was unnecessary. The population of the State is estimated at 314,000, of whom about 100,000 are supposed to be engaged in mining; and the whole amount of gold produced in the course of last year is estimated at about one hundred millions of dollars, giving about three and one-third dollars a day to each individual. It is anticipated that the amount produced the ensuing year will not fall short of one hundred and fifty millions. The recent accounts of the lately discovered gold bluffs are encouraging, and promise a large amount of gold from that source. A mine of quicksilver, stated to be the richest in the world, has been discovered about twelve miles from San José. In the case of a slave brought into the State by his master, it has been decided that he can not be removed against his will. A vessel has arrived at San Francisco having on board seventeen Japanese, who were picked up at sea from a wreck. It is supposed that they will be conveyed to their native country in a government vessel. They are thought to be the first Japanese who have ever set foot upon the American continent. A rich coal mine is stated to have been discovered about eight miles from Benicia. The quantity of land under cultivation has greatly increased. Professor Forrest Shepard, of New Haven, has made some remarkable discoveries of thermal action. In one place, where there was nothing on the surface to excite attention, on digging down the heat increased so rapidly that at the depth of two feet he could not bear his hand in the earth, and the thermometer indicated a temperature of 130 degrees. At another place, after wandering for four days through dense thickets, he came upon a chasm a thousand feet deep, through which followed a stream, the banks of which, on the 8th of February, were covered with vegetation. Following up the stream, the earth grew so hot as to burn

the feet through the boots. There was no appearance of lava, and the rocks were being dissolved by a powerful *catalytic* action. From innumerable orifices steam was forced to the height of two hundred feet. The number of spouting geysers and boiling springs, on a half mile square, exceeded two hundred. The Professor, in the course of a lecture on the mineral resources of California, delivered in the Senate Chamber at San José, said that he did not doubt that silver, lead, and iron abounded in California.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In MEXICO the finances are in a most deplorable condition. The revenue had fallen to about eight and a half millions of dollars, while the expenses exceed twelve millions. The indemnity paid by our government can afford only temporary relief in the face of so alarming a deficiency. The Minister of Finance has resigned his post, and has prepared a memoir on the condition of the department. The Government has made a formal complaint against that of the United States for failure in carrying out the provisions of the treaty in relation to the suppression of Indian depredations on the frontier; and assigns this failure as a ground for refusing to ratify the Tehuantepec treaty. The Commissioners of Public Works have been directed to ascertain the names, employment, and places of nativity of foreigners residing in the city. Several projects for a change of government are entertained. One party are desirous of returning to the dominion of Spain; another is in favor of annexation to the United States; the return of Santa Anna is desired by another. The Northern States are still harassed by Indian depredations. The hostilities in Yucatan are supposed to be nearly at an end. The municipality of the capital have petitioned for the suppression of bull-fights throughout the state. [Pg 131]

Hostilities are brooding between Brazil and the Argentine Republic; but it is hoped that war may be averted. The dissentions in the latter state are favorable to the recognition of the claims of Brazil. Government is endeavoring to suppress the slave-trade, and its efforts meet with some success.

In Peru the eligibility of Echenique for the Presidency is disputed, on the ground that he is not a native of that republic. An especial congress has been summoned to decide the question, but so violent is party spirit between his partisans and those of Vivanco, that apprehensions of a civil war are entertained.

CUBA is in a state of intense excitement in regard to the anticipated invasion. The flower of the Spanish army, to the number, as it is said, of 40,000 men, are concentrated on the island, which is encircled by the entire disposable naval forces of Spain. The steamer Georgia, on her late trip, had the misfortune to run aground at the mouth of the Mississippi, by which she suffered a considerable detention. It was reported and believed at Havana that she was lying off for the purpose of taking on board the marauding expedition. On the day of her arrival, a man was executed for having endeavored to procure pilots for Lopez. He had been previously subjected to torture, in order to extort a confession. This is the first public execution that has taken place for political offenses.

From HAYTI we have the particulars of a conspiracy against the Emperor Soulouque, in which a number of officers of the Government were implicated. Many arrests and some executions have taken place in consequence. The attempt of the American Commissioner and the French and English Consuls to settle the controversy between the Haytians and Dominicans, is supposed to have been unsuccessful. The Government has declined to pay the claims of certain American merchants to which our Government has repeatedly called its attention.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The event of the month has been the opening of the Great Exhibition. As if to concentrate attention upon it, all other affairs of interest have been withdrawn from the stage. No little surprise and indignation were aroused by the announcement made on the 15th of April, that the Queen would open the Exhibition in person, but that the holders of tickets and exhibitors would be excluded from the ceremony. Those who had purchased tickets for the express purpose of being present at the opening, were naturally indignant at losing the most interesting part of the show. The press was unanimous in condemnation of the contemplated exclusion. It was denounced as an unworthy insinuation that the person of the Queen would not be secure in public; and as giving countenance to certain absurd rumors of a projected insurrection. The opposition was so general that the offensive announcement was withdrawn, and a new programme substituted, in accordance with which holders of season tickets were allowed to be present. The rush for these was so great, that the Commissioners immediately raised the price another guinea. The Queen proved a greater attraction than Jenny Lind had ever been. We can only glance at the opening ceremonies. Early in the morning the exhibitors took their places at their stands; and the spectators came trooping in. At half-past eleven the Commissioners, foreign and domestic, stationed themselves in front of a platform of state, under the arch of the transept. Upon the platform were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Ministers and great Officers of State, the Embassadors and Ministers from foreign Powers, in full dress. At high noon, the royal cortège entered the Crystal Palace, the choir upraising the national anthem of "God save the Queen." Then came addresses to the Queen from the Commissioners and the foreign Embassadors, to which the Queen read answers handed to her by the Secretary of State; then followed a prayer pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and an anthem; a marching in procession along the nave; a return to the platform, and the announcement by the Queen that the Exhibition was opened, proclaimed to the thousands without by a flourish of trumpets and a royal salute from the park.

Among the visitors to the Crystal Palace during the preparations, was the Duke of Wellington. Once as he entered the French department, the workmen uncovered two small silver statuettes of the duke himself and his great rival Napoleon. The bearded foreigners raised their hats to the conqueror of Waterloo, who, returning a military salute, passed on.

The proceedings of Parliament are not wholly destitute of interest. A motion was offered by Mr. Disraeli to the effect, that in the re-adjustment of taxation, due regard should be had to the distressed condition of the agricultural classes. This was looked upon as a covert attack upon the principle of free-trade and upon the Ministers. The Ministers had a majority of only 13 in a house of 513.—The income-tax has been renewed for the third time, by a vote of 278 to 230.—Mr. Locke King's bill for extending the franchise, upon the first reading of which, in February, the Ministers suffered the defeat which led to their resignation, came up for a second reading, April 2. It was lost by an overwhelming majority—299 to 83.—Lord John Russell introduced a motion that the House should resolve itself into a committee to consider the mode of administering the oath of abjuration to persons professing the Jewish religion. It was a simple question whether religious belief should disqualify men for the exercise of civil rights and political power. The proposed alteration consists merely in omitting from the oath, when tendered to Jews, the words, "on the true faith of a Christian." The motion was vehemently opposed by one or two ultra members. Sir Robert Inglis took occasion to remind the House that "the Jews regarded him whom we regarded as our Redeemer, as a crucified impostor." Mr. Newdegate thought that the Pope might well think it safe to adopt the course he had recently pursued, when he saw the British Government and one branch of the Legislature ready to put an end to the last remnant which distinguished it as a Christian assembly. The motion prevailed by a vote of 166 to 98. It will pass the Commons, but be lost in the House of Peers; and Baron Rothschild be as far as ever from his seat in Parliament.—Lord Ashley proposed a bill to encourage the establishment of lodging-houses for the laboring classes. It empowers the authorities of cities and towns to erect buildings for this

purpose and to levy a small tax to defray the cost. When the sum expended shall have been met by the proceeds of the rents, the surplus rental, after defraying expenses and the cost of repairs, is to be applied in aid of the poor rates of the place. Startling statistics are presented, setting forth the condition of the laboring classes in this respect, and the consequent disease and immorality.—The subject of the management of the colonies excites no small interest. A most elaborate speech has been made on this subject in the House of Commons by Sir William Molesworth. He proposes that all the colonies, with the exception of those which possess a peculiar value as military stations, such as Gibraltar and St. Helena, and the penal colonies, should be made to pay the expense of their own government and protection; and that ample powers of self-government should be given them. The speech, which discussed all the details of the subject, was listened to with great attention. Lord John Russell, in reply, contended that difference in race would of itself prevent the colonies from profiting by free constitutions; and if the national troops were withdrawn, the colonies would fall into hands hostile to the mother country. [Pg 132]

Lord Torrington, whose course as Governor of Ceylon, had been brought into question in the Commons, defended himself in the House of Peers in a labored speech. His conduct in declaring and enforcing rigid martial law, during a native insurrection, was defended by Earl Grey, who referred to the Duke of Wellington as having been obliged, under similar circumstances, to adopt measures of great severity. The "Iron Duke" sharply protested against being brought into comparison, and denied that he had ever been placed in similar circumstances; as he had never been suspected of acting as Lord Torrington was charged with having done. To govern by martial law was to do so by the sole authority of the military commander; but in such circumstances he had always acted on the principle, that the government should be conducted in accordance with the laws of the country itself.

The election of Member from Aylesbury, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the late Lord Nugent, the biographer of Hampden, has been declared void, on account of bribery by Mr. Calvert, the successful candidate. A new election was ordered.

A dinner has been given to Lord Stanley by a large number of Members of Parliament, in the course of which he made a speech which derives some importance from the great probability that he will in a few months be placed at the head of the Government. The gist of the speech was the assertion of the principle of "moderate duties on foreign imports, at once to afford a certain check to the unlimited importation of foreign articles, and at the same time to obtain from foreigners, in imitation of all other nations, a contribution toward the revenue of the State, and enable us to take off other taxes." This points to a renewal of the corn-laws. He also criticised the conduct of Government in relation to the "Papal Aggression," ridiculing the bill proposed as a "little microscopic measure."

There is rather more trouble than usual in the Established Church. More secessions to Rome are announced, some of them being men of rank. One clergyman falls into an unseemly dispute at the font with the nurse and parents of an infant brought for baptism, as to whether the child's cap shall be removed. Neither will yield, and the ceremony is left unfinished. Another is suspended for addressing Cardinal Wiseman as "Your Eminence." Another will not read the burial service over the corpse of a dissenter. The vigilant Bishop of Exeter in a Pastoral Letter charges the Archbishop of York with a multiplicity of heretical statements; and summons the clergy of his diocese to express or refuse their concurrence with him in a declaration of adherence to the article of the creed respecting baptism, which, he says, was virtually denied in the decision of the Gorham case, and more than hints at secession from the Established Church. The Archbishops and twenty two of the Bishops have issued a letter to their clergy, exhorting them to peace and unity on the subject of ritual observances, deprecating all innovations, and recommending them in case of doubt to have resort to the decision of their bishop.

The general opinion is that the Kaffir war will be protracted and costly. The savages have committed the most frightful ravages in the colony. The Governor has issued a second proclamation, demanding a levy *en masse*. He declares that unless the well-affected and able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 25, turn out as before called upon, the rebellion can not be checked, and if allowed to extend itself, will be the means of occasioning the most serious evils. Whenever an action can be brought about the Kaffirs are invariably worsted; but these actions are so little decisive, that the policy pursued by the United States in the case of the Seminoles in Florida, of ravaging their country, and destroying the crops, seems likely to be adopted. The colonists are debating the question whether they must defray the expenses of the war; they deny that they are liable, as they had no voice in the policy which occasioned the outbreak.

The Chartists have issued a new manifesto setting forth their doctrines and principles. They affirm that the soil is the inalienable inheritance of all mankind, and the monopoly of it repugnant to the laws of God and nature, and its nationalization the true source of national prosperity. They propose a scheme by which the state shall gradually assume possession of the soil, for the purpose of locating upon it the surplus population. Of taxation and the national debt they say: "Taxation on industry represses the production of wealth; on luxuries, encourages Government in fostering excess; on necessary commodities, acts injuriously on the people's health and comfort. All taxes, therefore, ought to be levied on land and accumulated property." "The National Debt having been incurred by a class government, for class purposes, can not be considered as legally contracted by the people. It is, moreover, absurd that future generations should be mortgaged to eternity for the follies or misfortunes of their ancestors, and the debt be thus repaid several times over. The National Debt, therefore, ought to be liquidated by the money now annually paid as interest, applied as repayment of the capital, until such payment is completed."

The papers are filled with notices of the great increase of emigration, especially to America. The emigrants are uniformly of a better class than those who have hitherto decided to leave their country. From Ireland especially, emigration is almost an epidemic, in the case of those who have any thing to lose.

A singular instance of legal nicety occurred in a recent trial of a man charged with threatening to burn the house and ricks of a neighbor. He wrote, "Perhaps you may have read of Samson and the Philistines. If no foxes are to be bought there may be something instead." In defence it was urged that in the passage from the Book of Judges referred to, it is said that Samson "burnt up the shocks and also the standing corn;" but no allusion was made to houses or stacks. The prisoner could only have intended to do what Samson did. Now it was no offense under the statute to set fire to standing corn; and so an acquittal was demanded. The judge decided that the plea was valid, and directed the jury to bring in a verdict of acquittal. They being less perspicacious than the judge, hesitated for a while, but finally complied. [Pg 133]

FRANCE.

Affairs continue to present a critical aspect. It is difficult to see how Bonaparte can be removed from the Presidency; and still more difficult to see how he can be continued. The Constitution forbids his re-election until after an interval of four years from the expiration of his term. A revisal of the Constitution can be legally effected only by a Constituant Assembly called by three-fourths of the present Legislative Assembly; and a bill summoning a Constituant Assembly can only pass after three readings, with three months intervening between the readings; and then does not go into effect until two months after the last reading. Eleven months is therefore the shortest period in which the alteration can be effected, supposing not a day were lost in deliberation. In eleven months the election must take place. Meanwhile a new Ministry has been formed to take the place of the avowedly provisional one which has carried on the government for some months. It is composed as follows: Foreign Affairs, M. Baroche;

Justice, M. Rouher; Finances, M. Fould; Interior, M. Léon Faucher; Commerce and Agriculture, M. Buffet; Marine, M. Chasseloup-Laubat; Public Instruction, M. de Crousseillies; War, General Randon; Public Works, M. Magne. The last two were members of the Transition Ministry just displaced. MM. Baroche, Rouher, Fould, and Buffet, belonged to the Ministry which was broken up by the Assembly during the Changarnier difficulties. M. Léon Faucher was Minister of the Interior for a short time, in 1849, but resigned in consequence of a vote of censure from the Assembly. The other two are new men. What measures this Ministry proposes nobody is able to say. M. Léon Faucher, who has the reputation of firmness and ability and who seems to be the master spirit of the Ministry, presented the official programme to the Assembly. It only stated that the new cabinet would defend order, would endeavor to unite the fractions of the majority, and hoped to be able to calm the public mind, restore confidence, and promote commerce and manufactures. M. de Saint Beauve, proposed a vote of want of confidence in the Ministry, which was lost by 327 to 275, showing a ministerial majority of 52. A reconciliation between the President and General Changarnier is thought to be probable.

Leading political men are endeavoring to secure the control of a newspaper to advocate their views. M. Guizot assumes the direction of the *Assemblée Nationale*, in which he advocates the cause of Bourbon and Orleans; the fusion of whose interests is by no means abandoned. Lamartine has added to his multifarious avocations the editorship in chief of *La Pays*, in which he urges a strict adherence to the Constitution. Cavaignac has attached himself to *La Siècle*, to uphold Republicanism. The *Constitutionnel*, the acknowledged organ of the Bonapartists, suggests that lists should be opened in the several departments for consulting the wishes of the citizens as to an immediate revision of the Constitution; each citizen to attach to his signature a simple *yes* or *no*; and the lists to be verified by the municipal authorities.

The five departments of which Lyons is the centre, are the most unquiet of any in the country. The malcontents are organized into secret societies, and take occasion of the funerals of any of their confederates to parade in great numbers. On some occasions from 10,000 to 20,000 have been present. The military commandant has forbidden the assemblage of more than 300 persons at any funeral. This has called forth a general expression of indignation from the Republican press.

The students of the University of Paris have made some demonstrations of sympathy in favor of M. Michelet. One of their meetings was dispersed by the police, and a number of the students were arrested and thrown into prison. The printer and publisher of the report of a banquet of the French refugees in London have been sentenced to a fine of 1000 francs each, and imprisonment for three and six months. The editor of the *Courrier de la Somme* has been tried for publishing an article, expressing a wish that France, by a signal act of her sovereign will, "should efface from her brow the lowest stigma, the name of Republic;" and predicting that the time would come when the inhabitants would offer up thanks to God upon the grave of the Republic. He was acquitted.—A Society has been formed in Paris, under the patronage of the Archbishop, for the purpose of supplying the poor with bread below the cost price.—A public dinner has been given by the Polish refugees to Dembinski and Chryzanowski, who have recently arrived, the former from Turkey, the latter from Italy. Toasts were drank to the Sclavic fraternity and to the memory of Bem. Warm gratitude was expressed to the Sultan Abdul Medjid, to whose firmness it was owing that Dembinski was not then immured in a dungeon.—At the celebration of Holy Week various sacred relics were exposed to view in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame; among them, if tradition is to be believed, are several fragments of the true cross, portions of the crown of thorns, and portions of the nails used at the crucifixion.—An engagement took place on the 10th of April at Oued-Sahel, in Algeria, between the French troops and a body of natives; a number of the latter were killed, and the remainder put to flight. The victors set fire to and destroyed the village of Selloum. The French had eleven men killed, and thirty-seven wounded.—The Marquis of Londonderry, who once made a similar attempt in favor of Louis Napoleon when a prisoner at Ham, has addressed a letter to the President to induce him to use his influence for the liberation of Abd-el-Kader, or at least to grant him a personal audience. The ex-prisoner of Ham replies that the captivity of the Arab chief weighs upon his heart, and that he is studying the means to effect his liberation. He would be most happy to see the Emir, but could only do so to announce good news; and can not therefore accede to the request for an interview until that period arrives.

GERMANY.

It seems to be settled, if we may speak with confidence of any thing in the present state of German politics, that the old Frankfort Diet is to be resuscitated. All that has been attempted during the last three years, is to be set aside. The Frankfort Parliaments, Erfurt Congresses, and Dresden Conferences have shown that people and princes are alike incapable of accomplishing anything; and so they fall back upon the system formed five-and-thirty years ago by the Holy Alliance. Prussia, who not six months ago brought half a million soldiers into the field rather than concede to the recognition of the Diet, is now the first to demand its restoration. Austria, who was in arms to enforce the decrees of the Diet, at first coyly hesitated; but by the latest intelligence, does not seem inclined to oppose it. It still remains doubtful whether she will persist in the claim for the incorporation of her Sclavic and Italian possessions into the German Confederation, in spite of the remonstrances of England and France, who maintain that as the German Confederation was established, and its limits defined by the Powers of Europe, for the express purpose of settling the balance of power, the extending of the limits of the Confederation is properly a European question. Austria, that seemed two years ago on the point of dissolution, has gained new vigor, and presents a front apparently stronger than ever. The Democratic journals of Europe, however, maintain that all the appearance of prosperity is unreal; that discontent is growing deeper and deeper throughout her vast and heterogeneous population; that her immense armies are maintained at a cost far beyond the means of the Empire to defray; and that national and individual bankruptcy is impending over her. The minor German States have no choice but to follow the lead of the two great powers, and from them we have accounts of petty quarrels between princes and people, but they are hardly worth the trouble of chronicling. The German refugees, in imitation of Mazzini and the Italians, have issued notes by way of raising a loan; the name of Kinkel heads the committee.

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SOUTHERN EUROPE.

In Portugal an insurrection has broken out, the result of which is still undecided. The Marquis of Saldanha took up arms for the overthrow of the ministry of the Count of Thomar. His attempt met at first with so little success, that the marquis was on the point of abandoning it, and taking refuge in England. Subsequently, however, the garrison of Oporto declared in his favor, and he was recalled. The inhabitants of Oporto likewise declared for the insurgents.

From Spain we hear of Ministerial crises and changes, dissolution of Cortes, and political movements of various kinds, all growing out of the impossibility of making the revenues of the Kingdom meet the expenditures. A royal decree has been issued appointing commissioners to examine and report on the railroads of France, Germany, Belgium, and England, with a view to the introduction of similar works in the Peninsula.

In Italy the States of the Church have been relieved from one great annoyance by the death of *Il Passatore*, the leader of a band half brigands half revolutionists, who was surprised and shot by the soldiery. The list of prohibited books has received a few recent additions, among which are D'Harmonville's Dictionary of Dates, Whately's Logic,

and Seymour's Pilgrimage to Rome. On the 29th of March, the young Emperor of Austria reached Venice, on a tour through his dominions, when he immediately gave orders, at the instance of Radetsky, it is said, for the restoration of the freedom of the port of that city. The 23d of March, the anniversary of the battle of Novara, so fatal to the dreams of Italian Unity, has been solemnized in various parts of Italy under the very eyes of the Austrians, by chanting the *De Profundis* and other funeral ceremonies. Some students have suffered punishment for taking part in the solemnities.

THE EAST.

In TURKEY a series of insurrectionary movements has taken place in the wild districts along the Russian and Austrian frontiers. The latest intelligence indicates the subjection of the insurgents. Austria is suspected of complicity in the outbreak, which has no tendency to render the Porte more contented with the task of acting as jailer to the remainder of the Hungarian exiles. Austria and Russia seem determined to push their imperial justice to the utmost, and insist that the refugees shall be detained two years longer; within which time it is supposed that death must intervene, to spare any further discussion. The Sultan is inclined to refuse their demand, and throw himself upon the protection of France and England. Severe shocks of an earthquake occurred in various parts of the empire, from April 28, to March 7. At Macri, in Anatolia, the upper part of the castle was thrown down, overwhelming the offices of the Austrian Lloyd Steam Navigation Company. The fortifications and houses likewise suffered great damage. Fissures were opened in the streets from which poured forth bituminous gases; springs were stopped up, and new ones opened. A number of towns are mentioned as having been destroyed. Livessy, containing some 1500 houses, was utterly overthrown, not a dwelling being left standing, and 600 of the inhabitants were buried under the ruins.

From EGYPT we learn that a railroad across the Isthmus of Suez is to be commenced forthwith, apparently to be constructed mainly by English capital and engineers. A revolt had broken out in the district of Senaar. Troops were to be dispatched from Cairo to the scene of insurrection; but the efforts of the Pacha were seriously shackled by the exhausted condition of the country, and the apprehended difficulties with the Porte.

In INDIA, the frontiers of the Company's possessions are infested with the incursions of the hill robbers, who commit their depredations almost within gun-shot of the British camps. It is difficult to devise effectual means of dealing with these plunderers. Regular military operations are altogether useless, for the robbers will not risk a contest, except in rare cases. It has been proposed to make the head man of each village responsible for all outrages committed within its limits. A number of railroads are in course of construction in different parts of the country. A plot has been frustrated in Nepaul for the destruction of Jung Bahadoor, the Nepaulese Embassador, who excited so much attention in England a few months ago; he acted with most un-Asiatic decision and promptitude in the suppression of the conspiracy. The Embassador has refused admittance into Nepaul of a scientific expedition, having discovered that the entrance of English travelers and explorers is often followed in India by the appearance of troops.

Disturbances have recommenced in CHINA. The insurgents were assembled at late dates at a distance of about sixty miles from Canton, with the avowed object of overthrowing the present dynasty. The *Friend of China* says, "His Imperial Majesty's continued possession of the throne, is quite a matter of uncertainty."

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, PERSONAL MOVEMENTS, ETC.

The PRESIDENT of the United States accompanied by Secretaries WEBSTER, and GRAHAM, Attorney-General CRITTENDEN, and Postmaster-General HALL, are at the time when we are obliged to close our Record for the month, upon a tour to the North. The main reason of this journey is to take part in the ceremonies which celebrated the successful [Pg 135] completion of the New York and Erie Railroad—the second of those great links which bind the interior with the seaboard, the great Lakes and the West with the Atlantic and the East. They left Washington on the morning of May 12; the affairs of Government being temporarily committed to the charge of the Secretaries of the Interior, of the Treasury, and of War. At various places on the route they were welcomed with appropriate ceremonies, and reached Philadelphia in the afternoon of the same day. Here Mr. Fillmore briefly addressed the crowd from the piazza of his hotel; and Mr. Webster, yielding to repeated calls, made a speech in which he spoke of the influences that surrounded him in the State where the Declaration of Independence was pronounced, and the Constitution framed. The Union which was then formed, he said, would last until it had spread from the Pole to the Equator; and notwithstanding the dangers through which it had passed, it was now safe. On the morning of the 13th, the President and Cabinet set out for New York. At Amboy, they were received by the President and Directors of the Erie Railroad Company, in whose name CHARLES M. LEUPP, Esq., delivered an appropriate address welcoming the Chief Magistrate of the nation, to an examination of the great work which would so largely develop the resources of the country, and continue to bind still more closely distant portions of the Union. Mr. Fillmore, in reply, spoke of the work on the completion of which he hoped soon to congratulate his native State, as one of the most important enterprises in the world. Passing up the magnificent harbor, the President and suite were received at Castle Garden as the guests of the City, by the authorities of New York; the Mayor in his address alluding to the fact that this was the first moment that the President had trod the soil of his native State as the Chief Magistrate of the nation. From Castle Garden a procession was formed, passing up Broadway and down the Bowery to the City Hall, amid the warmest demonstrations of welcome. The nature of the occasion deprived the celebration of all partisan character; the General Committees of the two great political parties occupied prominent parts of the procession. At one time there were not less than a hundred thousand spectators between the Battery and the Park. On the 14th, in company with 480 invited guests, among whom were Senator Fish, Ex-Governor Marcy, and a large number of the members of the Legislature, the President and suite left the City by a special train. All along the route, the utmost enthusiasm was displayed. At Elmira, where the train arrived at 7 P.M., the night was spent; and the following day they proceeded to Dunkirk, the terminus of the road, where extraordinary preparations had been made to celebrate the event which must result in building a large and flourishing town upon that spot.

At the annual meeting of the *St. George's Society*, the British Embassador, Mr. BULWER was the principal speaker. In the course of one of his speeches he alluded to a forgery published in the *American Celt*, a paper published at Boston, purporting to be a copy of an intercepted dispatch from him to his Government. He used certain expressions which a portion of the residents of this City, of Celtic origin, construed into an insult to themselves and their race; whereupon they held a public meeting, and prepared a request to be transmitted to the President, asking him to procure the recall of the offending minister.

WM. L. MACKENZIE, who took a very prominent part in the Canadian rebellion of 1837, and subsequently resided for some years as an exile in this city, has been elected a member of the Canadian Parliament, beating the candidate supported by Government.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science held during the past month a very interesting meeting at Cincinnati. Among the papers read was one upon the "Azoic System of Lake Superior," by Messrs. FOSTER and WHITNEY, United States Geologists. This system derives its name from the entire absence in its structure of organic remains, and comprises the most ancient of the strata constituting the crust of the globe. Professor AGASSIZ

characterized these investigations as conclusive evidence that we had reached the commencement of animal life, and had a starting-point from which to proceed. The only event of higher interest would be the discovery of the skeleton of the first man. Col. Whittlesey presented two skulls found in a bed of marl in Ohio. They are characterized by great deficiency in the development of the intellectual organs. The age of the skulls is calculated, from indications surrounding them, at two thousand years; thus establishing the fact of the peopling of America at a period much earlier than that usually assigned. Professor Pierce read a paper on "the Constitution of Saturn's Rings," in which he argued that these were not solid but liquid; and that no irregularities, or combination of irregularities, consistent with an actual ring, would permit a solid ring to be permanently maintained by the primary planet; and that a fluid ring could not be retained by the direct action of its primary. Saturn's rings are maintained by the constant disturbing force of its satellites; and no planet can have a ring unless, like Saturn, it have a sufficient number of properly arranged satellites. One of the most interesting papers read was the report of the committee upon Professor Mitchel's system of observing Declinations and Right Ascensions. The statements of the distinguished Western Astronomer, made last year at New Haven, were received with considerable doubt by the members of the Association. Among the foremost of the doubters was Professor Pierce, who, at the solicitation of Mr. Mitchel, was appointed Chairman of the Investigating Committee. This Committee, composed of the leading names in astronomical science, after examining his methods and apparatus, made a partial report, in which the highest and most unqualified approbation is bestowed upon the entire system adopted by Professor Mitchel. This triumph was honorable alike to the Professor and his late opponents; and the victor bore his honors with the modesty appropriate to a lover of science for its own sake. Professor Agassiz read a paper upon the coral reefs of Florida, embodying the results of recent investigations made by him, under the auspices of the United States Coast Survey.

Professor Morse has received from the Prussian Government the "Prussian Gold Medal of Scientific Merit," as a testimonial for his improvements in the Magnetic Telegraph. According to the report of the Prussian commissioner charged with the construction of telegraphic lines, Morse's telegraph has been found most efficient for great distances.

Jenny Lind has returned to New York after a Southern and Western tour of unexampled success. So meekly has she borne her honors, that even Envy would not wish them less. Castle Garden, the scene of her earliest Transatlantic triumphs, is thronged at each successive concert by appreciative audiences.

The Gallery of the Art-Union is now open. Subscribers for the ensuing year will receive a large engraving from Woodville's picture of *Mexican News*, and the second part of the *Gallery of American Art*, comprising engravings after Cropsey's *Harvesting*, Kensett's *Mount Washington*, Woodville's *Old Seventy-six and Young Forty-eight*, Ranney's *Marion Crossing the Pedee*, and Mount's *Bargaining for a Horse*. The *Bulletin* of the Union, to which members are also entitled, in addition to much valuable information on matters relating to art, will contain original etchings and wood-cuts. The number for April is embellished with a cut from Cropsey's *Temple of the Sibyl*, drawn on wood by C.E. Döpler, to whom we are indebted for the drawings illustrative of the Novelty Works in our last Number. It also contains one of Darley's spirited outlines, illustrative of a scene from Cooper's Prairie. [Pg 136]

Leutze has nearly completed his second picture of *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, the original of which was destroyed by fire last January. It has been purchased by Goupil and Vibert, of Paris, for about $6000. It will be exhibited in Europe and the United States, and will also be engraved by François, who has so admirably rendered some of the works of Delaroche. The picture in its unfinished state has been warmly praised by German critics.

We transfer from the Art-Union *Bulletin* a notice of the *Game of Chess*, a picture of great merit, recently painted by Woodville in Paris. It has been purchased by the Union, and is now in its Gallery. "This is an exquisitely finished cabinet-piece, which in technical qualities is probably superior to any thing he has done excepting the *Old Captain*. It represents the interior of the sitting-room of a noble mansion in the days of the Tudors. On the right rises the immense fire-place, with its frontispiece of variegated marbles, supported by statues and richly carved in the style of the Rennaissance. On the right of this, in the immediate fore-ground, is a lecturn, upon which rests a book and a lady's 'kerchief. Standing with his back to the fire, before the chimney, is a portly gentleman—probably the father of the family about going forth for a ride, as he has his cap on his head, wears high boots of buff leather, with spurs, and an outer-coat of velvet trimmed with fur. He stands with his hands behind him in an easy attitude, overlooking a game of chess which a visitor is playing with the daughter of the house. The visitor is on the left of the picture, and sits with his back to the spectator; and in front is a table which supports the chess-board. On the other side is the young lady, whose eyes are fixed upon the game, while the cavalier is lifting a piece with his hand and looking toward the father as if for approbation of his move. The mother, and a page, complete the group. This is a tranquil, pleasant picture, in which the characters of the personages are very nicely indicated. It places the spectator in the very midst of the domestic life of the times it portrays. It is, however, in the distribution of light and shadow, and the wonderful fidelity of its imitations, that the work is most remarkable. The effect of the light upon the carved marble is done with wonderful skill, and the representation of violet, fur, satin, and metals, worthy of a Micris or a Metzu."

Powers, writing from Florence, thus describes the statue of California, upon which he is engaged: "I am now making a statue of 'La Dorado,' or California, an Indian figure surrounded with pearls and precious stones. A kirtle surrounds her waist, and falls with a feather fringe down to just above the knees. The kirtle is ornamented with Indian embroidery, with tracings of gold, and her sandals are tied with golden strings. At her side stands an inverted cornucopia, from which is issuing at her feet lumps and grains of native gold, to which she points with her left hand, which holds the divining rod. With her right hand she conceals behind her a cluster of thorns. She stands in an undecided posture—making it doubtful whether she intends to advance or retire—while her expression is mystical. The gold about her figure must be represented, of course, by the color as well as the form. She is to be the Genius of California."

Mr. Whitney, the projector of the railroad to the Pacific is now in London to urge upon Government to undertake the construction of the road through the British possessions.

Mr. Gilbert, Member of Congress from California, himself a printer, has presented to the Typographical Society of New York a double number of the *Alta California* newspaper, printed upon white satin in letters of gold.

The *Philadelphia Art Union* has contracted for an original painting by Rothermel, which is to be engraved for distribution to its subscribers the present year. It has likewise provided a portfolio of sketches from which subjects for commissions may be selected. The plan of this Association differs from that of the Art Union of this city, in that it distributes prizes, not pictures, allowing those who draw the prizes to select their own subjects.

Chilly McIntosh, head war-chief of the Choctaw nation, has been ordained as a clergyman, and is now preaching in connection with the Baptist Board.

Sir Charles Lyell has delivered a Lecture before the Royal Institution on Impressions of Rain drops in Ancient and Modern Strata. These impressions were first observed in 1828, by Dr. Buckland. A close analogy was discovered between the impressions on the rocks, and those made by showers of rain upon soft mud. In conclusion, the lecturer remarked on the important inferences deducible from the discovery of rain-prints in rocks of remote

antiquity. They confirm the ideas entertained of the humid climate of the carboniferous period, the forests of which we know were continuous over areas several miles in diameter. The average dimensions of the drops indicate showers of ordinary force, and show that the atmosphere corresponded in density, as well as in the varying temperature of its different currents, with that which now invests the globe. The triassic hail (indicated by indentations deeper than those made by rain-drops) implies that some regions of the atmosphere were at this period intensely cold; and, coupled with footprints, worm-tracks, and casts of cracks formed by the drying of mud, which were often found upon the same slabs, these impressions of rain clearly point to the existence of sea-beaches where tides rose and fell, and therefore lead us to presume the joint influence of the moon and the sun. Hence we are lead on to infer that at this ancient era, the earth with its attendant satellite was revolving as now around the sun, as the centre of our system, which probably belonged then as now to one of those countless clusters of stars with which space is filled.

John Chapman, Manager of the Peninsular Railway Company in India, has published a pamphlet on the supply of cotton which India may be made to furnish, in which he undertakes to show, that cotton of a quality which can be used for three fourths of the manufactures of England, such as is worth there from three to five pence a pound, [Pg 137] can be produced in any required quantity for from one and one-fourth to one and three-fourths of a penny per pound. He says it is the difficulty of transportation which prevents the extensive culture of cotton in India.

M. Eoelmen, the director of the National Porcelain Manufactory of Sèvres, has succeeded in producing crystalized minerals, resembling very closely those produced by nature—chiefly precious and rare stones employed by jewelers. To obtain this result, he has dissolved, in boric acid, alum, zinc, magnesia, oxydes of iron, and chrome, and then subjecting the solution to evaporation during three days, has obtained crystals of a mineral substance, equaling in hardness, and in beauty, and clearness of color, the natural stones. With chrome M. Eoelmen has made most brilliant rubies, from two to three millimetres in length, and about as thick as a grain of corn. If rubies can be artificially made, secrets which the old alchymists pursued can not be far off.

OBITUARIES.

Philip Hone for many years an eminent merchant and prominent citizen of New York, died May 8, in the 71st year of his age. Having at an unusually early period accumulated what he regarded as a competent fortune, he withdrew from the distinguished mercantile house of which he was one of the founders, and devoted his time and means to intellectual pursuits, dignified and generous hospitality, and the promotion of all enterprises designed to benefit and honor the city, of which he was proud to be a citizen. Possessed of a warm and social disposition, a ready wit, great intelligence, and no ordinary acquirements he gathered around him a fine library and beautiful works of art, without ever withdrawing his interest from public affairs. In 1825-6 he was chosen mayor of New York, and discharged the duties of that post with a decision, energy, and promptitude which have rarely been equaled. But his most useful services to the community were in connection with various associations formed for the public good. He was president of the first Bank for Savings, and one of the original Board of Trustees, of which there are now only three surviving members; and one of the earliest and most efficient friends of the Mercantile Library Association. A marble bust of him, which adorns the library of that noble institution, sculptured at the request of the members, testifies to their appreciation of his character and services. Some few years since his fortune was considerably impaired by pecuniary reverses, which befell a near relative; and, although Mr. Hone was not legally responsible for his obligations, his high sense of mercantile honor impelled him to discharge them in full. At the accession of General Taylor, Mr. Hone was appointed Naval Officer of the port of New York, which office he held at the time when, beloved, prized, and honored by all who knew him, having honorably maintained through life the character of an high-minded American merchant, he sank to rest calmly and in full possession of his faculties.

Commodore James Barron, Senior Officer in the United States Navy, died at Norfolk, Virginia, April 21, at the age of 83 years. He commenced his naval career under the auspices of his father, who commanded the naval forces of the Commonwealth of Virginia during the Revolutionary War. In 1798 young Barron entered the navy of the United States, with the rank of lieutenant, and served in the brief war with France. In the year following he received his commission of captain, and was ordered to the Mediterranean. In 1807, going out as commander of the Mediterranean squadron, he was on board the frigate Chesapeake, when she was treacherously attacked, in a time of profound peace, in our own waters, by a British vessel of superior force. He was acquitted by a court martial, from all blame in the affair. His subsequent services were rendered on shore, mostly at Philadelphia and Norfolk. He early acquired the reputation of one of the most accomplished and efficient officers in the service. He originated the first code of signals introduced into the American navy.

David Daggett, LL.D., late Chief Justice of Connecticut, died April 12, aged 86 years. He was born in Attleboro, Mass., on the last day of the year, 1764. After graduating at Yale College, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1786. In 1791 he was elected to the House of Representatives of the State, of which he was chosen Speaker in 1794, at the early age of 29. He continued a member of one of the Legislative Houses almost constantly till 1813, when he was elected to the Senate of the United States. In 1824 he was chosen Kent Professor of Law in Yale College, which post he continued to occupy until the infirmities of age compelled him to resign. In 1826 he was appointed Associate Judge of the Superior Court of the State by a Legislature, a majority of whom were opposed to him in politics. Six years after he was made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. This office he held until December, 1834, when, having reached the age of 70 years, he vacated it in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution. Thus for forty years, from the close of his 26th to the completion of his 70th year, was Mr. Daggett almost continually engaged in public service.

Hon. William Steele died at Big Flats, Steuben County, N.Y., on the 4th of April. He was born at New York in 1762, and was actively engaged during the closing years of the Revolution. In 1780 he was on board the gun-ship Aurora, which was captured by the British brig Iris, bearing the news of the surrender of Charleston to the British. On this occasion he was severely wounded, and detained a prisoner of war for some months. In 1785 he was appointed clerk in the Treasury Board. In 1794 he commanded a troop of horse which took part in the suppression of the Pennsylvania Insurrection. He resided in New Jersey till 1819, when he removed to the western part of the State of New York.

Gen. Hugh Brady, one of the oldest officers in the army of the United States, was killed at Detroit by a fall from his carriage, at the age of 80 years. He was born in Northumberland County, Penn., and entered the army in 1792, as an ensign. In 1812 he was appointed Colonel of the 22d Infantry. At battle of Chippewa his regiment was almost annihilated and he himself severely wounded. He received the rank of brevet Brigadier-General in 1822. During the disturbances in Canada he did much to preserve the peace of the frontier. A few years ago his native State presented him with a splendid sword, as an acknowledgment of his character and services. [Pg 138]

LITERARY NOTICES

The Philosophy of Mathematics (published by Harper and Brothers), is a translation by Professor W.H. Gillespie, of Union College, of that portion of Comte's "Course of Positive Philosophy" which treats of the theory of the higher Mathematics. The treatise, in the original, forms about two-thirds of the first volume of his great work, the whole of which extends to six large octavo volumes, of six or seven hundred pages each. The magnitude of this work is alone sufficient to account for the slow progress which it has made among American mathematical students, to many of whom it is probably known only by name. In the present form, it is made accessible to every reader. Its publication will constitute a new epoch in the mathematical culture of this country, as the original has done in the development of European science. The opinion of its merits, expressed by the translator, is by no means extravagant. "Clearness and depth, comprehensiveness and precision have never, perhaps, been so remarkably united as in Auguste Comte. He views his subject from an elevation which gives to each part of the complex whole its true position and value, while his telescopic glance loses none of the needful details, and not only itself pierces to the heart of the matter, but converts its opaqueness into such transparent crystal, that other eyes are enabled to see as deeply into it as his own." The opinion of the translator is supported by the emphatic testimonials of several competent English authorities. Mill, in his "Logic," calls the work of M. Comte, "by far the greatest yet produced on the Philosophy of the Sciences," and adds, "of this admirable work, one of the most admirable portions is that in which he may truly be said to have created the Philosophy of the higher Mathematics." Moreil, in his "Speculative Philosophy of Europe," remarks that, "the classification given of the sciences at large, and their regular order of development is unquestionably a master-piece of scientific thinking, as simple as it is comprehensive." Lewes, in his "Biographical History of Philosophy," speaks of Comte as "the Bacon of the Nineteenth Century," and adds, "I unhesitatingly record my conviction that this is the greatest work of our age."

With his remarkable profoundness and lucidity of thought, M. Comte does not combine a mastery of language in equal proportion. His style is never flowing, and often harsh and complicated. It is difficult to render his peculiar phraseology in an adequate translation. Prof. Gillespie has evidently performed his task with conscientious diligence, and has succeeded as well as the nature of the case permits, in doing justice to his author. He has conferred an important benefit on the cause of science by the reproduction of this great master-piece of philosophical discussion, and will, no doubt, receive a grateful appreciation from his scientific countrymen.

Charles Scribner has published an original *Life of Algernon Sidney*, by G. Van Santvoord, including copious sketches of several of the distinguished republicans who were his fellow-laborers in the cause of political freedom. Among the biographical portraits introduced by the author, are those of Cromwell, Milton, Sir Henry Vane, Bradshaw, Marten, Scot, and others. They are drawn with considerable spirit, and evident historical fidelity. The character of Sidney is described in terms of warm appreciation, though the partialities of the author have not clouded the fairness of his judgment. Devoted with enthusiastic admiration to the memory of the English martyrs for freedom, in the investigation of their history, he has not neglected the sound principles of critical research. His volume hears internal marks of authenticity; its opinions are expressed with discretion and gravity; its tone partakes of the dignity of its subject; and its style, though not sparkling with the adornments of rhetoric, is sincere and forcible, and presents occasional specimens of chaste beauty.

The first American edition of *The Journal and Letters of the Rev. Henry Martyn*, edited by Rev. S. Wilberforce, has been published by M.W. Dodd, containing a variety of interesting matter, which now appears for the first time in this country. The original English edition is reduced by the omission of certain portions, which seemed to be of less value to the general reader, but no change has been made in the passages retained, which are a faithful transcript of the language which fell from the pen of the author. They were written in moments of intimate self-communion, or in the freedom of familiar correspondence, revealing the hidden experience of the heart, with the most child-like simplicity; while every expression betrays the intensity of humiliation and the yearnings after holiness, which were so deeply inwrought into the character of the distinguished missionary. With an acute and cultivated intellect, which enabled him to bear away the highest University honors, Henry Martyn combined a fervor of devotion, an unworldly forgetfulness of self, and a passion for the spiritual welfare of his fellow-men, which in another age would not have failed to win him the canonization of a saint. The transparent confessions of such a man, describing the struggles and triumphs of the interior life, must be welcomed by every religious reader. Nor are they less valuable as an illustration of the workings of human nature, when under the influence of the strong emotions engendered by the austere and sublime faith with which the subject identified his conceptions of Christianity. The American editor appropriately commends the work to young men in our colleges and seminaries of learning, with the remark that "Martyn was a scholar of varied and profound attainments, but he counted it his highest honor to lay his laurels at his Saviour's feet, and could all the young men in our colleges go forth in his spirit, the strongholds of error and sin would be speedily shaken."

The Water Witch forms the last volume of J. Fenimore Cooper's Collective Works, in Geo. P. Putnam's tasteful and convenient edition. The opinion of the author on the comparative merits of this novel is briefly stated in the Preface. "The book has proved a comparative failure. The facts of this country are all so recent and so familiar, that every innovation on them, by means of the imagination is coldly received, if it be not absolutely frowned upon. Nevertheless this is probably the most imaginative book ever written by the author. Its fault is in blending too much of the real with the purely ideal. Halfway measures will not do in matters of this sort; and it is always safer [Pg 139] to preserve the identity of a book by a fixed and determinate character, than to make the effort to steer between the true and the false." In another passage, Mr. Cooper gives utterance to the fears which haunt his imagination, in regard to the innovating tendencies of the present day. "As for the Patroons of Kinderbook, the genus seems about to expire among us. Not only are we to have no more patroons, but the decree has gone forth from the virtuous and infallible voters that there are to be no more estates.

> 'All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass.'

The collected wisdom of the State has decided that it is true policy to prevent the affluent from converting their money into land. The curse of mediocrity weighs upon us, and its blunders can be repaired only through the hard lessons of experience." Mr. Cooper alludes to the great number of typographical errors which are found in the former editions of this work. It was written in Italy and first printed in Germany. The American compositor, conceiving that he had a right to correct the blunders of a foreigner, took the law into his own hands, and exercised a sovereign power over the author's orthography. He has endeavored to do himself justice in this particular, and accordingly claims a greater degree of improvement for the Water Witch in the present edition, than for any other work which has passed through his hands.

The serial publication of *London Labor*, by Henry Mayhew, from the press of Harper and Brothers, has reached its fifth number, and thus far, we discover no diminution of interest in its contents. Mr. Mayhew has plunged into the thick of what he appropriately styles the nomadic life of London, and brings up its startling revelations to the light of day, without the slightest disguise or embellishment. His work contains the stuff for many novels of real life, which, in the hands of a master, would rival the creations of Dickens or Thackeray. Some of the most interesting scenes, which he describes, are related in the words of the parties concerned, with whom the author appears to have had a perfectly good understanding. As a contribution to the history of social development in the nineteenth century, we regard this work as one of the most important of the day.

The Fruit Garden, by P. Barry (published by Charles Scribner), is a practical treatise on the cultivation of fruit-

trees, with over one hundred and fifty illustrations, representing the different parts of trees, all practical operations, designs for plantations, and other important points in this branch of arboriculture. The extent and variety of information which it presents, with the clearness of its practical directions, and its adaptation to American cultivation, will make it a standard work of reference with intelligent fruit growers.

The Female Jesuit (published by M.W. Dodd), is the title of a narrative, purporting to be the history of a religious impostor, who, after a complicated career of intrigue and duplicity in England, was at length detected in her plots, although no light is thrown on their origin and purposes. The work is issued with the conviction on the part of the English editors, that she was the agent of some great system in the Catholic interest, that may have been brought into action far more widely than Protestants are aware. In the absence of positive proof, they hesitate to charge her deception on the Jesuits, but they are evidently of opinion that the suspicion is warranted by the facts in the case. The volume, it must be confessed has too much the air of a romance to command implicit reliance. We should have greater confidence in it as a history, if it did not show such a studious concealment of responsible names, with the omission of other circumstances that are essential to authentic investigation.

The Wife's Sister; or, The Forbidden Marriage is the title of a novel by Mrs. Hubback, niece of Miss Austen (published by Harper and Brothers), written with more than common graphic power, and unfolding a plot of great intensity of passion. It was written previously to the great agitation on the question of the Law of Marriage in England, and was published without reference to that much debated subject, although it presents a vivid illustration of the possible effects of the enactment alluded to, both in its social and personal bearings. Apart from these considerations, however, it is a story of remarkable interest, and is well worth perusal by all who have an appetite for a good novel.

A new volume of *Poems*, by Mrs. E.H. Evans, has been published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co., with an Introduction by her brother, the distinguished pulpit orator, Rev. T.H. Stockton. The volume consists principally of effusions marked by a strong religious spirit, and a vein of modest and tender domestic sentiment. Many of them indicate a true poetic imagination, but without sufficient affluence or aptness of diction to do it justice in expression.

Dealings with the Inquisition, by Dr. Giacinto Achilli (published by Harper and Brothers), is a work that has attracted great attention in England, on account of its relation to the Roman Catholic controversy, and for the same reason, will find many readers in this country. Falling under the suspicion of heresy, the author was subjected to the power of the Inquisition, which, though kept in the back-ground, appears, from his statements, to have lost none of its vitality with the lapse of ages. His book is full of curious disclosures, which are apparently sustained by competent authority.

Geo. P. Putnam has issued *A Treatise on Political Economy*, by George Opdyke, in which the author undertakes to present a system in perfect harmony with the other portions of our political edifice—a system grounded on the broad principles of justice and equality, and in all its doctrines and legislative applications solely designed to illustrate and enforce those principles. Maintaining the policy of freedom in its broadest sense—freedom of industry, freedom of trade, and freedom of political institutions, the volume has been especially prompted by the desire of the author to disseminate his peculiar views on the subject of Money. He claims to have discovered a plan for furnishing a paper currency, which, although irredeemable, and therefore free from the cost of production, he believes will perform the offices of money much better than either bank-notes or coin. He sustains his theories with considerable force of argument, and in a lucid and compact style; but he has not succeeded in freeing them from difficulties, which must embarrass their reception by cautious thinkers on the complicated science to which his work is devoted.

Harper's New York and Erie Railroad Guide, by William Macleod, is a seasonable publication, which will form an indispensable appendage to the preparations of the pleasure-hunter, who is about to view, for the first time, the magnificent scenery on this great public avenue. It contains nearly a hundred and fifty engravings, from original sketches made expressly for the work, and executed in the usual admirable style of Lossing and Barritt. The letter-press descriptions are written in a lively and pleasing style, and furnish a great amount of geographical and local information, with regard to the interior of the Empire State. Every traveler on this route, which is destined to be the favorite choice of the lover of the grand and imposing in American scenery, no less than of the hurried business-man with whom time is money, will find the enjoyment of his tour greatly enhanced by the cheerful and instructive companionship of this agreeable volume.

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Lindsay and Blakiston have published a second series of *Characteristics of Literature*, by Henry T. Tuckerman, containing essays on Manzoni, Steele, Humboldt, Madame de Sévigné, Horne Tooke, Wilson, Talfourd, Beckford, Hazlitt, Everett, and Godwin. They are written in the style of polished elegance and graceful facility which has given the author such a high reputation with most cultivated readers. Free from extravagance of conception or diction, pervaded with a tone of natural and manly feeling, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the best literary productions, they claim a favorable reception from the public on the ground of their purity of taste, their refinement of expression, and their genial and appreciative principles of criticism. The essays on Humboldt and Horne Tooke, in particular, are, in a high degree, original and suggestive, and present a very favorable specimen of a kind of discussion in which the author excels.

The Gold-Worshipers (published by Harper and Brothers), is the title of a brilliant satirical novel illustrating the mania for speculation, and the extravagance of fashionable life, which have recently exhibited such remarkable developments in the highest English society. The characters are drawn with amusing life-likeness, and must have been copied from well-known originals. A more spirited and sparkling commentary on the times has not been issued by the London press.

Robert Carter and Brothers have issued a new volume by Mrs. L.H. Sigourney, entitled *Letters to my Pupils*, comprising a selection from her correspondence with the young ladies of her different classes, during their course of instruction at her private seminary in Connecticut. They are filled with valuable counsels, marked with the good sense, affectionate feeling, and practical tendency which are conspicuous features of the author's mind. In addition to the letters, the volume contains some pleasing reminiscences of Mrs. Sigourney's experience as a teacher, with sketches of the character and personal history of several of her more distinguished pupils, now deceased. The work will be found to offer a variety of attractive and useful matter for family reading.

Maurice Tiernay, by Charles Lever, has been issued by Harper and Brothers in their Library of Select Novels. The readers of this Magazine will no doubt welcome in a permanent shape this favorite story, which has formed such an agreeable feature in our pages.

Charles Scribner has published a new volume by N.P. Willis, with the characteristic title of *Hurry-Graphs*, containing sketches of scenery, celebrities, and society, taken from life. It is marked with the nice, microscopic observation of character and manners which, in the department of natural science, would make the fortune of an entomologist, and which, as employed by the author, has given him an unrivaled reputation as the delineator of the minutest phases of society. The verbal felicity of his expositions is no less remarkable than the subtlety of his insight, and so gracefully does he trample on the received usages of language, that the most obstinate adherent to

the dictionary can not grudge him the words, which he combines in such bright and fanciful forms in his unlicensed kaleidoscope. In the present volume, which is filled with all sorts of enticements, we prefer the descriptions of nature to the sketches of character. Even the dusty road-side grows delightful under the touches of Willis's blossom-dropping pen, and when we come to the mountain and lake, it is like reveling in all the fragrant odors of Paradise. Here the author feels genially at home, and abandons himself to the natural, joyous, unreflective impulses of the scene; while, in his portraitures of character, which are usually more elaborate, he betrays the consciousness of an obligation to say something, which, if not original, shall at least astonish the reader with its appearance of novelty. His judgments, however, are often strikingly acute, and show his ready perception of individual life, no less than of the motley aspects of society. In this work they are singularly free from any tincture of bitterness, the result of a catholic appreciation of character, rather than of any milky sweetness of temperament.

Eastbury is the title of a recent English novel (published by Harper and Brothers), which even the opponents of fictitious literature must commend for its elevated moral tendency, and its pure religious spirit. It is free from the exaggerated views of life, and the morbid, inflated sentiment which form the staple of so many fashionable novels. With its reserved and quiet tone, it may at first disappoint the reader accustomed to a higher stimulus, but its cool domestic pictures, its fine illustrations of character, and its truthfulness and beauty of feeling will win the admiration of the most intelligent judges.

One of the most beautiful books of the season has been issued by J.S. Redfield, entitled *Episodes of Insect Life*, with copious engravings illustrative of the department of natural history to which it is devoted. The anonymous author is a passionate lover of nature, and describes the results of personal observation in glowing and picturesque language. Since the elaborate work of Kirby and Spence, nothing has proceeded from the English press more eminently adapted to inspire a taste for entomological researches, or treating the curious phenomena of insect economy with more animation and beauty of style. The fruits of accurate investigation are embellished with the charm of a lively fancy, making a volume no less delightful than instructive.

Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. have commenced a new serial publication, entitled *Arthur's Library for the Household*, consisting of original tales and sketches by T.S. Arthur. The two volumes already published contain *Woman's Trials* and *Married Life*. They will speedily be followed by other volumes, to the number of twelve, printed in uniform style, and with great typographical neatness. The chaste and elevated tone of Mr. Arthur's writings, with his uncommon skill in describing the scenes of real life, has deservedly made him a favorite with a large class of readers, and will, we have no doubt, guarantee a wide success to the present publication.

A cheap edition of Arthur's *Works* is now passing through the press of T.B. Peterson, Phil., and commands an extensive circulation. The last volume issued is *The Banker's Wife*, a tale illustrative of American society, and conveying an admirable moral. [Pg 141]

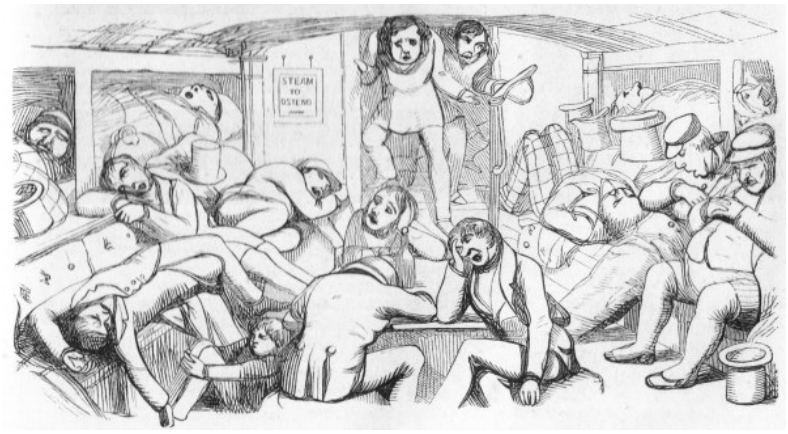
A Leaf from Punch.

TIRED OF THE WORLD.

Grandmamma.—"Why what's the matter with my Pet?"

Child.—"Why, Grandma, after giving the subject every consideration, I have come to the conclusion that—the World is Hollow, and my Doll is stuffed with Sawdust, so—I—should—like—if you please, to be a Nun?"

PLEASURE TRIP OF Messrs. ROBINSON AND JONES.



It is cold on deck, and they think it would be better to lie down below. Robinson and Jones are here represented at the moment of entering the cabin. It is inconveniently full already, and every body is snoring.

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Robinson returns to the deck, and, in despair, seats himself upon what he considers a pile of cable, coats, canvas, luggage, &c. How is he to know that it is a lady and gentleman?

Robinson before and after a sea voyage.

A PERFECT WRETCH.

Wife.—"Why, dear me, William; how Time flies! I declare we have been married Ten Years to-day."

Wretch.—"Have we, love? I am sure I thought it had been a great deal longer."

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Fashions for Early Summer.

Fig. 1.—Visiting and Carriage Costumes.

The early days of June often exhibit the coyness of her sister, May; and while the leaves are broadly expanding, and the buds are every where bursting into blossom, in full exuberance, cool breezes from the North, or chilling vapors from the East, sometimes remind those who are riding or walking, of the breath of Winter. It is not safe permanently to employ the thin dress fabrics of flowing summer before the middle of the month. Silks form the most suitable material for out-of-door costume, and mantelets are more in vogue than the gossamer-like shawls of July.

Mantelets.—Those composed of *glacé* silks are greatly in favor, being of moderate size, loose, and rather short; they have, nevertheless, a novel appearance, the variety in their style depending greatly upon their trimmings. The waist and shoulders are gracefully marked. The principal trimmings consist of frillings, or flounces, cut *falbalas* and *passamenteries arachneés*. These decorations are intended principally for morning or demi-toilets, those of a more full-dress description being trimmed with a very deep fall of black lace, or two or three frillings equally deep and ample.

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Dresses.—Plain bodies, slightly stiffened, are much in fashion. Those intended for pelisses are of the waistcoat form, cut in the Amazonian shape, somewhat like that seen in Figure 2 of our first illustration. Among other elegant styles, is a *robe à la myon* of gray taffeta, having the corsage formed of narrow plaits, in style resembling that in Figure 1 of the above illustration. It forms a kind of fan back; in front, the folds are made deep upon the top, and descend in a straight line toward the lower part of the waist.

Figure 1 in our first illustration represents an elegant style of Visiting Dress. It is of light blue silk; the skirt trimmed with three rather narrow flounces, waved at the edge, and caught up in a point up the centre of the front, where they are each confined with a small *nœud* of ribbon, the same color of the dress. The high, close-fitting corsage is entirely formed of narrow folds placed close together; the opening up the front being concealed by a fluting of ribbon, gradually narrowing toward the lower part of the waist. Long plain sleeves, ornamented round the top with a puffing of silk, forming an epaulette. The sleeves are open up the front of the arm as far as the bend, and caught across at regular intervals, so as to admit of the under full white sleeves showing through and forming puffings. Bonnet of white silk or satin: the exterior decorated with two white ostrich feathers, and the interior with a wreath of white rose-buds.

Figure 2 in our first picture, represents a beautiful Carriage Costume. Plain high dress of violet silk; the body fitting tight has a small jacket trimmed round with a narrow *rûche*. The body opens in the front and has a fulling of white lace to give the appearance of the frill of the habit shirt. The sleeves are not very wide, and are three-quarters length. They have cuffs cut in points, turned back, and edges with a narrow *rûche*. The skirt is long and fall, trimmed with rosettes of ribbon, from which hang two small tassels. *Mantilla* of rich silk, trimmed with broad black lace, lined with white silk. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, decorated with splendid drooping flowers on the right, of a primrose color.

Fig. 2.—Evening Dress.

Figure 2 represents an Evening Costume. Dress of pink *crèpe*: the corsage low; the waist pointed, and of a moderate length. The cape pointed in the front, falls deep on the shoulders, entirely covering the plain short sleeves. The cape and the front of the skirt, are trimmed with white *tûlle* and roses. The skirt is long and full, the trimming, *en tabliére*, corresponds with the cape. Jupe of rich white silk is worn underneath. Shoes of pink satin.

Fig. 3.—Head-Dress.

Figure 3 shows a neat style of head-dress for a Morning Costume, which is composed of folds of ribbon, partly covering a braid of hair on one side. The dress is high, edged with a lace collar, with a ribbon hanging in loops in front. The sleeves in morning costumes are generally very wide from the elbow, three-quarters length, and trimmed to correspond. The skirt is long and full, bias on each side, the front breadth turned back; trimmed with *guimpe*.

Bonnets are generally of white silk, formed in various designs, decorated with different sorts of violets and lilacs of the most opposite shades. They are very gay, yet very simple. They are generally somewhat small, having the front rather open at the sides, allowing the hair to be arranged in full bands, with becoming and fanciful ears in the interior. Figure 4 represents a bonnet of white satin, covered with two rows of white lace, divided with a double row of fancy light green ribbon, and decorated with white daisies in the interior. Bonnets composed of *crèpe* and *paille*, are decorated with bunches of flowers composed of the wild violet, with grass and delicate herbs. A very elegant style of bonnet is composed partly of blonde and fillings of light green *velours épinglé*, ornamented in a fanciful manner with marabouts.

Fig. 4.—Bonnet.

Caps are extremely pretty and light in appearance. Some formed of inlet, relieved with drawings, through which is passed a narrow satin ribbon, and decorated with *coques*, placed sidewise, are very pretty. A very charming style of morning caps are those formed of muslin, surmounted with four small *torsades* of lilac silk drooping over the forehead, and encircling the ears. Upon each side is placed a very large *nœud* of silk, and at the back two *rachons* of embroidered muslin, headed with *torsades* of ribbon. Another style forms upon the

summit of the head, advancing a little in front, "à la Marie Stuart," having three papillons of Brussels point lace, divided with pink ribbons. On the sides tufts of lace, and black and pink ribbons in corkscrews, hanging low.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Continued from Vol. II. p. 747.

[2] Continued from the May Number.

[3] Island in the Gulf of California, famous for the quantity of oyster-beds and the quality of the pearls.

[4] Seamew.

[5] Species of shark most especially dreaded by divers for pearls, whose intrepidity is such that they fearlessly attack all other species.

[6] Continued from Vol. II. p. 762.

[7] This curious piece has recently appeared in the "Gazette de France," and has excited much remark. It is given out to be the production of Charles X. when Monsieur, and was communicated to M. Neychens by the Marquis de la Roche Jaqueline.

[8] It has been recently stated that the Mormon emigration from Liverpool alone, up to the present year, has been 13,500, and that they have, on the whole, been superior to and better provided than the other classes of emigrants. Of course, many more of his sect must have emigrated from other ports, and many even from the port of Liverpool, whose faith and ultimate destination was not known.

[9] From the French of Charles Nodier.

[10] Pitre-Chevalier says, in his "Brittany," ("*La Brètagne*,") "We Celts of Lower Brittany require nothing more to recognize as brothers the primitive inhabitants of Wales, than the ability to salute them in their maternal tongue, after a separation of more than a thousand years."

[11] From Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley's "Travels in the United States in 1849-50," in the press of Harper and Brothers.

[12] From Kelly's "Excursion to California."

[13] From Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley's "Travels in the United States in 1849-50," in the press of Harper and Brothers.

[14] From "Curran and his Contemporaries" by Charles Phillips, just published by Harper and Brothers.

[15] Continued from the May Number.

[16] "What was the star I know not, but certainly some star it was that attuned me unto thee."

Transcriber's Notes:

Obvious punctuation errors have been repaired, other punctuations have been left as printed in the paper book.

Titles added to Table of Content and List of Illustrations.

Erroneous page numbers in Table of Content corrected.

Obvious printer's errors have been repaired, other inconsistent spellings have been kept, including:
- use of hyphen (e.g. "clap-trap" and "claptrap");
- accents (e.g. "chateau" and "château");
- any other inconsistent spellings (e.g. "diversion" and "divarsion").

Following proper names have been corrected:
- In the Table of Content: "Novarra" corrected to be "Novara" (battle of Novara), "Paginini" corrected to be "Paganini" (Anecdotes of Paganini), "Waterwitch" corrected to be "Water Witch" (Cooper's "Water Witch");
- Pg 16, "Penmaen Mawr" corrected to be "Penmaenmawr" (Of Penmaenmawr);
- Pg 43, "Gunnell" corrected to be "Gunnel" (To Mr. Gunnel);
- Pg 129, "Fanueil" corrected to be "Faneuil" (Faneuil Hall).

Pg 4, word "the" removed (Attacks the {the} nightly thief).

Pg 5, word "a" removed (As if {a} upon).

Pg 66, word "him" removed (have made him {him} a martyr).

Pg 125, word "to" added (whispered to Sophia).

Pg 134, word "April" corrected to "February" (from February 28).

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