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Title: Harper's New Monthly Magazine, Vol. 1. No 1, June 1850

Author: Various

Release date: March 19, 2012 [EBook #39190]

Language: English

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

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**HARPER'S  
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**

**VOLUME I.**

**JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1850.**

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**NEW YORK:  
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,  
329 & 331 PEARL STREET,  
FRANKLIN SQUARE.  
MDCCCL**

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## HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## A WORD AT THE START.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, of which this is the initial number, will be published every month, at the rate of three dollars per annum. Each number will contain as great an amount and variety of reading matter, and at least as many pictorial illustrations, and will be published in the same general style, as the present.

The design of the Publishers, in issuing this work, is to place within the reach of the great mass of the American people the unbounded treasures of the Periodical Literature of the present day. Periodicals enlist and absorb much of the literary talent, the creative genius, the scholarly accomplishment of the present age. The best writers, in all departments and in every nation, devote themselves mainly to the Reviews, Magazines, or Newspapers of the day. And it is through their pages that the most powerful historical Essays, the most elaborate critical Disquisitions, the most eloquent delineations of Manners and of Nature, the highest Poetry and the most brilliant Wit, have, within the last ten years, found their way to the public eye and the public heart.

This devotion to Periodical writing is rapidly increasing. The leading authors of Great Britain and of France, as well as of the United States, are regular and constant contributors to the Periodicals of their several countries. The leading statesmen of France have been for years the leading writers in her journals. LAMARTINE has just become the editor of a newspaper. DICKENS has just established a weekly journal of his own, through which he is giving to the world some of the most exquisite and delightful creations that ever came from his magic pen. ALISON writes constantly for Blackwood. LEVER is enlisted in the Dublin University Magazine. BULWER and CROLY publish their greatest and most brilliant novels first in the pages of the Monthly Magazines of England and of Scotland. MACAULAY, the greatest of living Essayists and Historians, has enriched the Edinburgh Review with volumes of the most magnificent productions of English Literature. And so it is with all the living authors of England. The ablest and the best of their productions are to be found in Magazines. The wealth and freshness of the Literature of the Nineteenth Century are embodied in the pages of its Periodicals.

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It is obviously impossible that all these sources of instruction and of interest should be accessible to any considerable number even of the reading public, much less that the great mass of the people of this country should have any opportunity of becoming familiar with them. They are scattered through scores and hundreds of magazines and journals, intermingled with much that is of merely local and transient interest, and are thus hopelessly excluded from the knowledge and the reach of readers at large.

The Publishers of the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE intend to remedy this evil, and to place every thing of the Periodical Literature of the day, which has permanent value and commanding interest, in the hands of all who have the slightest desire to become acquainted with it. Each number will contain 144 octavo pages, in double columns: the volumes of a single year, therefore, will present nearly two thousand pages of the choicest and most attractive of the Miscellaneous Literature of the Age. The MAGAZINE will transfer to its pages as rapidly as they may be issued all the continuous tales of DICKENS, BULWER, CROLY, LEVER, WARREN, and other distinguished contributors to British Periodicals: articles of commanding interest from all the leading Quarterly Reviews of both Great Britain and the United States: Critical Notices of the current publications of the day: Speeches and Addresses of distinguished men upon topics of universal interest and importance: Notices of Scientific discoveries, of the progress and fruits of antiquarian research, of mechanical inventions, of incidents of travel and exploration, and generally of all the events in Science, Literature, and Art in which the people at large have any interest. Constant and special regard will be had to such articles as relate to the Economy of Social and Domestic Life, or tend to promote in any way the education, advancement, and well-being of those who are engaged in any department of productive activity. A carefully prepared Fashion Plate, and other pictorial illustrations, will also accompany each number.

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The MAGAZINE is not intended exclusively for any class of readers, or for any kind of reading. The Publishers have at their command the exhaustless resources of current Periodical Literature in all its departments. They have the aid of Editors in whom both they and the public have long since learned to repose full and implicit confidence. They have no doubt that, by a careful, industrious, and intelligent use of these appliances, they can present a Monthly Compendium of the periodical productions of the day which no one who has the slightest relish for miscellaneous reading, or the slightest desire to keep himself informed of the progress and results of the literary genius of his own age, would willingly be without. And they intend to publish it at so low a rate, and to give to it a value so much beyond its price, that it shall make its way into the hands or the family circle of every intelligent citizen of the United States.

# MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

## CHAPTER I. "THE DAYS OF THE GUILLOTINE."

Neither the tastes nor the temper of the age we live in are such as to induce any man to boast of his family nobility. We see too many preparations around us for laying down new foundations, to think it a suitable occasion for alluding to the ancient edifice. I will, therefore, confine myself to saying, that I am not to be regarded as a mere Pretender because my name is not chronicled by Burke or Debrett. My great-grandfather, after whom I am called, served on the personal staff of King James at the Battle of the Boyne, and was one of the few who accompanied the monarch on his flight from the field, for which act of devotion he was created a peer of Ireland, by the style and title of Timmahoo—Lord Tiernay of Timmahoo the family called it—and a very rich-sounding and pleasant designation has it always seemed to me.

The events of the time—the scanty intervals of leisure enjoyed by the king, and other matters, prevented a due registry of my ancestors' claims; and, in fact, when more peaceable days succeeded it, it was judged prudent to say nothing about a matter which might revive unhappy recollections, and open old scores, seeing that there was now another king on the throne "who knew not Joseph;" and so, for this reason and many others, my great-grandfather went back to his old appellation of Maurice Tiernay, and was only a lord among his intimate friends and cronies of the neighborhood.

That I am simply recording a matter of fact, the patent of my ancestors' nobility now in my possession will sufficiently attest: nor is its existence the less conclusive, that it is inscribed on the back of his commission as a captain in the Shanabogue Fencibles—the well-known "Clear-the-way-boys"—a proud title, it is said, to which they imparted a new reading at the memorable battle afore-mentioned.

The document bears the address of a small public house called the Nest, on the Kells Road, and contains in one corner a somewhat lengthy score for potables, suggesting the notion that his majesty sympathized with vulgar infirmities, and found, as the old song says, "that grief and sorrow are dry."

The prudence which for some years sealed my grandfather's lips, lapsed, after a time, into a careless and even boastful spirit, in which he would allude to his rank in the peerage, the place he ought to be holding, and so on; till at last some of the government people, doubtless taking a liking to the snug house and demesne of Timmahoo, denounced him as a rebel, on which he was arrested and thrown into jail, where he lingered for many years, and only came out at last to find his estate confiscated and himself a beggar.

There was a small gathering of Jacobites in one of the towns of Flanders, and thither he repaired; but how he lived, or how he died, I never learned. I only know that his son wandered away to the east of Europe, and took service in what was called Trenck's Pandours—as jolly a set of robbers as ever stalked the map of Europe, from one side to the other. This was my grandfather, whose name is mentioned in various chronicles of that estimable corps, and who was hanged at Prague afterward for an attempt to carry off an archduchess of the empire, to whom, by the way, there is good reason to believe he was privately married. This suspicion was strengthened by the fact that his infant child, Joseph, was at once adopted by the imperial family, and placed as a pupil in the great military school of Vienna. From thence he obtained a commission in the Maria Theresa Hussars, and subsequently, being sent on a private mission to France, entered the service of Louis XVI., where he married a lady of the queen's household—a Mademoiselle de la Lasterie—of high rank and some fortune; and with whom he lived happily till the dreadful events of 17—, when she lost her life, beside my father, then fighting as a Garde du Corps, on the stair-case at Versailles. How he himself escaped on that day, and what were the next features in his history, I never knew; but when again we heard of him, he was married to the widow of a celebrated orator of the Mountain, and he himself an intimate friend of St. Just and Marat, and all the most violent of the Republicans.

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My father's history about this period is involved in such obscurity, and his second marriage followed so rapidly on the death of his first wife, that, strange as it may seem, I never knew who was my mother—the lineal descendant of a house, noble before the Crusades, or the humble "bourgeoise" of the Quartier St. Denis. What peculiar line of political action my father followed I am unable to say, nor whether he was suspected with or without due cause: but suspected he certainly was, and at a time when suspicion was all-sufficient for conviction. He was arrested, and thrown into the Temple, where I remember I used to visit him every week; and whence I accompanied him one morning, as he was led forth with a string of others to the Place de la Grève, to be guillotined. I believe he was accused of royalism; and I know that a white cockade was found among his effects, and in mockery was fastened on his shoulder on the day of his execution. This emblem, deep dyed with blood, and still dripping, was taken up by a bystander, and pinned on my cap, with the savage observation, "Voilà, it is the proper color; see that you profit by the way it became so." As with a bursting heart, and a head wild with terror, I turned to find my way homeward, I felt my hand grasped by another—I looked up, and saw an old man, whose threadbare black clothes and emaciated appearance bespoke the priest in the times of the Convention.

"You have no home now, my poor boy," said he to me; "come and share mine."

I did not ask him why. I seemed to have suddenly become reckless as to every thing present or future. The terrible scene I had witnessed had dried up all the springs of my youthful heart; and, infant as I was, I was already a skeptic as to every thing good or generous in human nature. I followed him, therefore, without a word, and we walked on, leaving the thoroughfares and seeking the less frequented streets, till we arrived in what seemed a suburban part of Paris—at least the houses were surrounded with trees and shrubs; and at a distance I could see the hill of Montmartre and its wind-mills—objects well known to me by many a Sunday visit.

Even after my own home, the poverty of the Père Michel's household was most remarkable: he had but one small room, of which a miserable settle-bed, two chairs, and a table constituted all the furniture; there was no fire-place, a little pan for charcoal supplying the only means for warmth or cookery; a crucifix and a few colored prints of saints decorated the whitewashed walls; and, with a string of wooden beads, a cloth skull-cap, and a bracket with two or three books, made up the whole inventory of his possessions; and yet, as he closed the door behind him, and drew me toward him to kiss my cheek, the tears glistened in his eyes with gratitude as he said,

"Now, my dear Maurice, you are at home."

"How do you know that I am called Maurice?" said I, in astonishment.

"Because I was an old friend of your poor father, my child; we came from the same country—we held the same faith, had the same hopes, and may one day yet, perhaps, have the same fate."

He told me that the closest friendship had bound them together for years past, and in proof of it showed me a variety of papers which my father had intrusted to his keeping, well aware, as it would seem, of the insecurity of his own life.

"He charged me to take you home with me, Maurice, should the day come when this might come to pass. You will now live with me, and I will be your father, so far at least as humble means will suffer me."

I was too young to know how deep my debt of gratitude ought to be. I had not tasted the sorrows of utter desertion; nor did I know from what a hurricane of blood and anarchy fortune had rescued me; still I accepted the Père's benevolent offer with a thankful heart, and turned to him at once as to all that was left to me in the world.

All this time, it may be wondered how I neither spoke nor thought of my mother, if she were indeed such; but for several weeks before my father's death I had never seen her, nor did he ever once allude to her. The reserve thus imposed upon me remained still, and I felt as though it would have been like a treachery to his memory were I now to speak of her whom, in his life-time I had not dared to mention.

The Père lost no time in diverting my mind from the dreadful events I had so lately witnessed. The next morning, soon after daybreak, I was summoned to attend him to the little church of St. Blois, where he said mass. It was a very humble little edifice, which once had been the private chapel of a chateau, and stood in a weed-grown, neglected garden, where broken statues and smashed fountains bore evidence of the visits of the destroyer. A rude effigy of St. Blois, upon whom some profane hand had stuck a Phrygian cap of liberty, and which none were bold enough to displace, stood over the doorway; besides, not a vestige of ornament or decoration existed. The altar, covered with a white cloth, displayed none of the accustomed emblems; and a rude crucifix of oak was the only symbol of the faith remaining. Small as was the building, it was even too spacious for the few who came to worship. The terror which prevailed on every side—the dread that devotion to religion should be construed into an adherence to the monarchy, that submission to God should be interpreted as an act of rebellion against the sovereignty of human will, had gradually thinned the numbers, till at last the few who came were only those whose afflictions had steeled them against any reverses, and who were ready martyrs to whatever might betide them. These were almost exclusively women—the mothers and wives of those who had sealed their faith with their blood in the terrible Place de la Grève. Among them was one whose dress and appearance, although not different from the rest, always created a movement of respect as she passed in or out of the chapel. She was a very old lady, with hair white as snow, and who led by the hand a little girl of about my own age; her large dark eyes and brilliant complexion giving her a look of unearthly beauty in that assemblage of furrowed cheeks, and eyes long dimmed by weeping. It was not alone that her features were beautifully regular, or that their lines were fashioned in the very perfection of symmetry, but there was a certain character in the expression of the face so different from all around it, as to be almost electrical in effect. Untouched by the terrible calamities that weighed on every heart, she seemed, in the glad buoyancy of her youth, to be at once above the very reach of sorrow, like one who bore a charmed fate, and whom Fortune had exempted from all the trials of this life. So at least did I read those features, as they beamed upon me in such a contrast to the almost stern character of the sad and sorrow-struck faces of the rest.

It was a part of my duty to place a foot-stool each morning for the "Marquise," as she was distinctively called, and on these occasions it was that I used to gaze upon that little girl's face with a kind of admiring wonder that lingered in my heart for hours after. The bold look with which she met mine, if it at first half abashed, at length encouraged me; and as I stole noiselessly away, I used to feel as though I carried with me some portion of that high hope which bounded within her own heart. Strange magnetism! it seemed as though her spirit whispered to me not to

be down-hearted or depressed—that the sorrows of life came and went as shadows pass over the earth—that the season of mourning was fast passing, and that for us the world would wear a brighter and more glorious aspect.

Such were the thoughts her dark eyes revealed to me, and such the hopes I caught up from her proud features.

It is easy to color a life of monotony; any hue may soon tinge the outer surface, and thus mine speedily assumed a hopeful cast; not the less decided, that the distance was lost in vague uncertainty. The nature of my studies—and the Père kept me rigidly to the desk—offered little to the discursiveness of fancy. The rudiments of Greek and Latin, the lives of saints and martyrs, the litanies of the church, the invocations peculiar to certain holy days, chiefly filled up my time, when not sharing those menial offices which our poverty exacted from our own hands.

Our life was of the very simplest; except a cup of coffee each morning at daybreak, we took but one meal; our drink was always water. By what means even the humble fare we enjoyed was procured, I never knew, for I never saw money in the Père's possession, nor did he ever appear to buy any thing.

For about two hours in the week I used to enjoy entire liberty, as the Père was accustomed every Saturday to visit certain persons of his flock who were too infirm to go abroad. On these occasions he would leave me with some thoughtful injunction about reflection or pious meditation, perhaps suggesting, for my amusement, the life of St. Vincent de Paul, or some other of those adventurous spirits whose missions among the Indians are so replete with heroic struggles; but still with free permission for me to walk out at large and enjoy myself as I liked best. We lived so near the outer Boulevard that I could already see the open country from our windows; but fair and enticing as seemed the sunny slopes of Montmartre—bright as glanced the young leaves of spring in the gardens at its foot—I ever turned my steps into the crowded city, and sought the thoroughfares where the great human tide rolled fullest.

There were certain spots which held a kind of supernatural influence over me—one of these was the Temple, another was the Place de la Grève. The window at which my father used to sit, from which, as a kind of signal, I have so often seen his red kerchief floating, I never could pass now, without stopping to gaze at; now, thinking of him who had been its inmate, now, wondering who might be its present occupant. It needed not the onward current of population that each Saturday bore along, to carry me to the Place de la Grève. It was the great day of the guillotine, and as many as two hundred were often led out to execution. Although the spectacle had now lost every charm of excitement to the population, from its frequency, it had become a kind of necessity to their existence, and the sight of blood alone seemed to slake that feverish thirst for vengeance which no sufferings appeared capable of satiating. It was rare, however, when some great and distinguished criminal did not absorb all the interest of the scene. It was at that period when the fierce tyrants of the Convention had turned upon each other, and sought, by denouncing those who had been their bosom friends, to seal their new allegiance to the people. There was something demoniacal in the exultation with which the mob witnessed the fate of those whom, but a few weeks back, they had acknowledged as their guides and teachers. The uncertainty of human greatness appeared the most glorious recompense to those whose station debarred them from all the enjoyments of power, and they stood by the death-agonies of their former friends with a fiendish joy that all the sufferings of their enemies had never yielded.

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To me the spectacles had all the fascination that scenes of horror exercise over the mind of youth. I knew nothing of the terrible conflict, nothing of the fierce passions enlisted in the struggle, nothing of the sacred names so basely polluted, nothing of that remorseless vengeance with which the low-born and degraded were still hounded on to slaughter. It was a solemn and a fearful sight, but it was no more; and I gazed upon every detail of the scene with an interest that never wandered from the spot whereon it was enacted. If the parade of soldiers, of horse, foot, and artillery, gave these scenes a character of public justice, the horrible mobs, who chanted ribald songs, and danced around the guillotine, suggested the notion of popular vengeance; so that I was lost in all my attempts to reconcile the reasons of these executions with the circumstances that accompanied them.

Not daring to inform the Père Michel of where I had been, I could not ask him for any explanation; and thus was I left to pick up from the scattered phrases of the crowd what was the guilt alleged against the criminals. In many cases the simple word "Chouan," of which I knew not the import, was all I heard; in others jeering allusions to former rank and station would be uttered; while against some the taunt would imply that they had shed tears over others who fell as enemies of the people, and that such sympathy was a costly pleasure to be paid for but with a life's-blood. Such entire possession of me had these awful sights taken, that I lived in a continual dream of them. The sound of every cart-wheel recalled the dull rumble of the hurdle—every distant sound seemed like the far-off hum of the coming multitude—every sudden noise suggested the clanking drop of the guillotine! My sleep had no other images, and I wandered about my little round of duties pondering over this terrible theme.

Had I been less occupied with my own thoughts, I must have seen that Père Michel was suffering under some great calamity. The poor priest became wasted to a shadow; for entire days long he would taste of nothing; sometimes he would be absent from early morning to late at night, and when he did return, instead of betaking himself to rest, he would drop down before the crucifix in an agony of prayer, and thus spend more than half the night. Often and often have I, when feigning sleep, followed him as he recited the litanies of the breviary, adding my own unuttered

prayers to his, and beseeching for a mercy whose object I knew not.

For some time his little chapel had been closed by the authorities; a heavy padlock and two massive seals being placed upon the door, and a notice, in a vulgar handwriting, appended, to the effect, that it was by the order of the Commissary of the Department. Could this be the source of the Père's sorrow? or did not his affliction seem too great for such a cause? were questions I asked myself again and again.

In this state were matters, when one morning, it was a Saturday, the Père enjoined me to spend the day in prayer, reciting particularly the liturgies for the dead, and all those sacred offices for those who have just departed this life.

"Pray unceasingly, my dear child—pray with your whole heart, as though it were for one you loved best in the world. I shall not return, perhaps, till late to-night; but I will kiss you then, and to-morrow we shall go into the woods together."

The tears fell from his cheek to mine as he said this, and his damp hand trembled as he pressed my fingers. My heart was full to bursting at his emotion, and I resolved faithfully to do his bidding. To watch him, as he went, I opened the sash, and as I did so, the sound of a distant drum, the well-known muffled roll, floated on the air, and I remembered it was the day of the guillotine—that day in which my feverish spirit turned, as it were in relief, to the reality of blood. Remote as was the part of the city we lived in, to escape from the hideous imaginings of my overwrought brain, I could still mark the hastening steps of the foot-passengers, as they listened to the far-off summons, and see the tide was setting toward the fatal Place de Grève. It was a lowering, heavy morning, overcast with clouds, and on its loaded atmosphere sounds moved slowly and indistinctly; yet I could trace through all the din of the great city, the incessant roll of the drums, and the loud shouts that burst forth, from time to time, from some great multitude.

Forgetting every thing, save my intense passion for scenes of terror, I hastened down the stairs into the street, and at the top of my speed hurried to the place of execution. As I went along, the crowded streets and thronged avenues told of some event of more than common interest; and in the words which fell from those around me I could trace that some deep Royalist plot had just been discovered, and that the conspirators would all on that day be executed. Whether it was that the frequent sight of blood was beginning to pall upon the popular appetite, or that these wholesale massacres interested less than the sight of individual suffering, I know not; but certainly there was less of exultation, less of triumphant scorn in the tone of the speakers. They talked of the coming event, as of a common occurrence, which, from mere repetition, was gradually losing interest.

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"I thought we had done with these Chouans," said a man in a blouse, with a paper cap on his head. "Pardie! they must have been more numerous than we ever suspected."

"That they were, citoyen," said a haggard-looking fellow, whose features showed the signs of recent strife; "they were the millions who gorged and fed upon us for centuries—who sipped the red grape of Bourdeaux, while you and I drank the water of the Seine."

"Well, their time is come now," cried a third.

"And when will ours come?" asked a fresh-looking, dark-eyed girl, whose dress bespoke her trade of *bouquetiere*—"Do you call this our time, my masters, when Paris has no more pleasant sight than blood, nor any music save the 'ça ira' that drowns the cries at the guillotine? Is this our time, when we have lost those who gave us bread, and got in their place only those who would feed us with carnage?"

"Down with her! down with the Chouan! à bas la Royaliste!" cried the pale-faced fellow; and he struck the girl with his fist upon the face, and left it covered with blood.

"To the lantern with her!—to the Seine!" shouted several voices; and now, rudely seizing her by the shoulders, the mob seemed bent upon sudden vengeance; while the poor girl, letting fall her basket, begged, with clasped hands, for mercy.

"See here, see here, comrades," cried a fellow, stooping down among the flowers, "she is a Royalist: here are lilies hid beneath the rest."

What sad consequences this discovery might have led to, there is no knowing; when, suddenly, a violent rush of the crowd turned every thought into a different direction. It was caused by a movement of the Gendarmerie à cheval, who were clearing the way for the approaching procession. I had just time to place the poor girl's basket in her hands, as the onward impulse of the dense mob carried me forward. I saw her no more. A flower—I know not how it came there—was in my bosom, and seeing that it was a lily, I placed it in my cap for concealment.

The hoarse clangor of the bassoons—the only instruments which played during the march—now told that the procession was approaching; and then I could see, above the heads of the multitude, the leopard-skin helmets of the dragoons, who led the way. Save this I could see nothing, as I was borne along in the vast torrent toward the place of execution. Slowly as we moved, our progress was far more rapid than that of the procession, which was often obliged to halt from the density of the mob in front. We arrived, therefore, at the Place a considerable time before it; and now I found myself beside the massive wooden railing placed to keep off the crowd from the space around the guillotine.

It was the first time I had ever stood so close to the fatal spot, and my eyes devoured every detail with the most searching intensity. The colossal guillotine itself, painted red, and with its massive ax suspended aloft—the terrible basket, half filled with sawdust, beneath—the coarse table, on which a rude jar and a cap were placed—and, more disgusting than all, the lounging group, who, with their newspapers in hand, seemed from time to time to watch if the procession were approaching. They sat beneath a misshapen statue of wood, painted red like the guillotine. This was the goddess of Liberty. I climbed one of the pillars of the paling, and could now see the great cart, which, like a boat upon wheels, came slowly along, dragged by six horses. It was crowded with people, so closely packed that they could not move their bodies, and only waved their hands, which they did incessantly. They seemed, too, as if they were singing; but the deep growl of the bassoons, and the fierce howlings of the mob, drowned all other sounds. As the cart came nearer, I could distinguish the faces, amid which were those of age and youth—men and women—bold-visaged boys and fair girls—some, whose air bespoke the very highest station, and beside them, the hardy peasant, apparently more amazed than terrified at all he saw around him. On they came, the great cart surging heavily, like a bark in a stormy sea; and now it cleft the dense ocean that filled the Place, and I could descry the lineaments wherein the stiffened lines of death were already marked. Had any touch of pity still lingered in that dense crowd, there might well have been some show of compassion for the sad convoy, whose faces grew ghastly with terror as they drew near the horrible engine.

Down the furrowed cheek of age the heavy tears coursed freely, and sobs and broken prayers burst forth from hearts that until now had beat high and proudly.

"There is the Duc d'Angeaç," cried a fellow, pointing to a venerable old man, who was seated at the corner of the cart, with an air of calm dignity; "I know him well, for I was his perruquier."

"His hair must be content with sawdust this morning, instead of powder," said another; and a rude laugh followed the ruffian jest.

"See! mark that woman with the long dark hair—that is La Bretonville, the actress of the St. Martin."

"I have often seen her represent terror far more naturally," cried a fashionably-dressed man, as he stared at the victim through his opera-glass.

"Bah!" replied his friend, "she despises her audience, *voilà tout*. Look, Henri, if that little girl beside her be not Lucille of the Pantheon."

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"Parbleu! so it is. Why, they'll not leave a pirouette in the Grand Opera. Pauvre petite, what had you to do with politics?"

"Her little feet ought to have saved her head any day."

"See how grim that old lady beside her looks: I'd swear she is more shocked at the company she's thrown into, than the fate that awaits her. I never saw a glance of prouder disdain than she has just bestowed on poor Lucille."

"That's the old Marquise d'Estelles, the very essence of our old nobility. They used to talk of their mesalliance with the Bourbons as the first misfortune of their house."

"Pardie! they have lived to learn deeper sorrows."

I had by this time discovered her they were speaking of, whom I recognized at once as the old marquise of the chapel of St. Blois. My hands nearly gave up their grasp as I gazed on those features, which so often I had seen fixed in prayer, and which now—a thought paler, perhaps—wore the self-same calm expression. With what intense agony I peered into the mass, to see if the little girl, her grand-daughter, were with her; and, oh! the deep relief I felt as I saw nothing but strange faces on every side. It was terrible to feel, as my eyes ranged over that vast mass, where grief and despair, and heart-sinking terror were depicted, that I should experience a spirit of joy and thankfulness; and yet I did so, and with my lips I uttered my gratitude that she was spared! But I had not time for many reflections like this; already the terrible business of the day had begun, and the prisoners were now descending from the cart, ranging themselves, as their names were called, in a line below the scaffold. With a few exception, they took their places in all the calm of seeming indifference. Death had long familiarized itself to their minds in a thousand shapes. Day by day they had seen the vacant places left by those led out to die, and if their sorrows had not rendered them careless of life, the world itself had grown distasteful to them. In some cases a spirit of proud scorn was manifested to the very last; and, strange inconsistency of human nature! the very men whose licentiousness and frivolity first evoked the terrible storm of popular fury, were the first to display the most chivalrous courage in the terrible face of the guillotine. Beautiful women, too, in all the pride of their loveliness, met the inhuman stare of that mob undismayed. Nor were these traits without their fruits. This noble spirit—this triumphant victory of the well-born and the great—was a continual insult to the populace, who saw themselves defrauded of half their promised vengeance, and they learned that they might kill, but they could never humiliate them. In vain they dipped their hands in the red life-blood, and, holding up their dripping fingers, asked, "How did it differ from that of the canaille?" Their hearts gave the lie to the taunt for they witnessed instances of heroism from gray hairs and tender womanhood, that would have shamed the proudest deeds of their new-born chivalry!

"Charles Gregoire Courcelles!" shouted out a deep voice from the scaffold.



"That is my name," said a venerable-looking old gentleman, as he arose from his seat, adding, with a placid smile, "but, for half a century my friends have called me the Duc de Riancourt."

"We have no dukes nor marquises; we know of no titles in France," replied the functionary. "All men are equal before the law."

"If it were so, my friend, you and I might change places; for you were my steward, and plundered my chateau."

"Down with the royalist—away with the aristocrat!" shouted a number of voices from the crowd.

"Be a little patient, good people," said the old man, as he ascended the steps with some difficulty; "I was wounded in Canada, and have never yet recovered. I shall probably be better a few minutes hence."

There was something of half simplicity in the careless way the words were uttered that hushed the multitude, and already some expressions of sympathy were heard; but as quickly the ribald insults of the hired ruffians of the Convention drowned these sounds, and "Down with the royalist" resounded on every side, while two officials assisted him to remove his stock and bare his throat. The commissary, advancing to the edge of the platform, and, as it were, addressing the people, read in a hurried, slurring kind of voice, something that purported to be the ground of the condemnation. But of this not a word could be heard. None cared to hear the ten-thousand-time told tale of suspected royalism, nor would listen to the high-sounding declamation that proclaimed the virtuous zeal of the government—their untiring energy—their glorious persistence in the cause of the people. The last words were, as usual, responded to with an echoing shout, and the cry of "Vive la Republique" rose from the great multitude.

"Vive le Roi!" cried the old man, with a voice heard high above the clamor; but the words were scarce out when the lips that muttered them were closed in death; so sudden was the act, that a cry burst forth from the mob, but whether in reprobation or in ecstasy I knew not.

I will not follow the sad catalogue, wherein nobles and peasants, priests, soldiers, actors, men of obscure fortune, and women of lofty station succeeded each other, occupying for a brief minute every eye, and passing away for ever. Many ascended the platform without a word; some waved a farewell toward a distant quarter, where they suspected a friend to be—others spent their last moments in prayer, and died in the very act of supplication. All bore themselves with a noble and proud courage; and now some five or six alone remained, of whose fate none seemed to guess the issue, since they had been taken from the Temple by some mistake, and were not included in the list of the commissary. There they sat, at the foot of the scaffold, speechless and stupefied—they looked as though it were matter of indifference to which side their steps should turn—to the jail or the guillotine. Among these was the marquise, who alone preserved her proud self-possession, and sat in all her accustomed dignity; while close beside her an angry controversy was maintained as to their future destiny—the commissary firmly refusing to receive them for execution, and the delegate of the Temple, as he was styled, as flatly asserting that he would not re-conduct them to prison. The populace soon grew interested in the dispute, and the most violent altercations arose among the partisans of each side of the question.

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Meanwhile, the commissary and his assistants prepared to depart. Already the massive drapery of red cloth was drawn over the guillotine, and every preparation made for withdrawing, when the mob, doubtless dissatisfied that they should be defrauded of any portion of the entertainment, began to climb over the wooden barricades, and, with furious cries and shouts, threatened vengeance upon any who would screen the enemies of the people.

The troops resisted the movement, but rather with the air of men entreating calmness, than with the spirit of soldiery. It was plain to see on which side the true force lay.

"If you will not do it, the people will do it for you," whispered the delegate to the commissary; "and who is to say where they will stop when their hands once learn the trick!"

The commissary grew lividly pale, and made no reply.

"See there!" rejoined the other; "they are carrying a fellow on their shoulders yonder; they mean him to be executioner."

"But I dare not—I can not—without my orders."

"Are not the people sovereign?—whose will have we sworn to obey, but theirs?"

"My own head would be the penalty if I yielded."

"It will be, if you resist—even now it is too late."

And as he spoke he sprang from the scaffold, and disappeared in the dense crowd that already thronged the space within the rails.

By this time, the populace were not only masters of the area around, but had also gained the scaffold itself, from which many of them seemed endeavoring to harangue the mob; others contenting themselves with imitating the gestures of the commissary and his functionaries. It was a scene of the wildest uproar and confusion—frantic cries and screams, ribald songs and fiendish yellings on every side. The guillotine was again uncovered, and the great crimson drapery, torn into fragments, was waved about like flags, or twisted into uncouth head-dresses. The

commissary failing in every attempt to restore order peaceably, and either not possessing a sufficient force, or distrusting the temper of the soldiers, descended from the scaffold, and gave the order to march. This act of submission was hailed by the mob with the most furious yell of triumph. Up to that very moment, they had never credited the bare possibility of a victory; and now they saw themselves suddenly masters of the field—the troops, in all the array of horse and foot, retiring in discomfiture. Their exultation knew no bounds; and, doubtless, had there been among them those with skill and daring to profit by the enthusiasm, the torrent had rushed a longer and more terrific course than through the blood-steeped clay of the Place de la Grève.

"Here is the man we want," shouted a deep voice. "St. Just told us, t'other day, that the occasion never failed to produce one; and see, here is 'Jean Gougon;' and though he's but two feet high, his fingers can reach the pin of the guillotine."

And he held aloft on his shoulders a misshapen dwarf, who was well known on the Pont Neuf, where he gained his living by singing infamous songs, and performing mockeries of the service of the mass. A cheer of welcome acknowledged this speech, to which the dwarf responded by a mock benediction, which he bestowed with all the ceremonious observance of an archbishop. Shouts of the wildest laughter followed this ribaldry, and in a kind of triumph they carried him up the steps, and deposited him on the scaffold.

Ascending one of the chairs, the little wretch proceeded to address the mob, which he did with all the ease and composure of a practiced public speaker. Not a murmur was heard in that tumultuous assemblage, as he, with a most admirable imitation of Hebert, then the popular idol, assured them that France was, at that instant, the envy of surrounding nations; and that, bating certain little weaknesses on the score of humanity—certain traits of softness and over-mercy—her citizens realized all that ever had been said of angels. From thence he passed on to a mimicry of Marat, of Danton, and of Robespierre—tearing off his cravat, baring his breast, and performing all the oft-exhibited antics of the latter, as he vociferated, in a wild scream, the well-known peroration of a speech he had lately made—"If we look to a glorious morrow of freedom, the sun of our slavery must set in blood!"

However amused by the dwarf's exhibition, a feeling of impatience began to manifest itself among the mob, who felt that, by any longer delay, it was possible time would be given for fresh troops to arrive, and the glorious opportunity of popular sovereignty be lost in the very hour of victory.

"To work—to work, Master Gougon!" shouted hundreds of rude voices; "we can not spend our day in listening to oratory."

"You forget, my dear friends," said he blandly, "that this is to me a new walk in life I have much to learn, ere I can acquit myself worthily to the republic." [Pg 9]

"We have no leisure for preparatory studies, Gougon," cried a fellow below the scaffold.

"Let me, then, just begin with monsieur," said the dwarf, pointing to the last speaker; and a shout of laughter closed the sentence.

A brief and angry dispute now arose as to what was to be done, and it is more than doubtful how the debate might have ended, when Gougon, with a readiness all his own, concluded the discussion by saying,

"I have it, messieurs, I have it. There is a lady here, who, however respectable her family and connections, will leave few to mourn her loss. She is, in a manner, public property, and if not born on the soil, at least a naturalized Frenchwoman. We have done a great deal for her, and in her name, for some time back, and I am not aware of any singular benefit she has rendered us. With your permission, then, I'll begin with *her*."

"Name, name—name her," was cried by thousands.

"*La voila*," said he, archly, as he pointed with his thumb to the wooden effigy of Liberty above his head.

The absurdity of the suggestion was more than enough for its success. A dozen hands were speedily at work, and down came the Goddess of Liberty! The other details of an execution were hurried over with all the speed of practiced address, and the figure was placed beneath the drop. Down fell the ax, and Gougon, lifting up the wooden head, paraded it about the scaffold, crying,

"Behold! an enemy of France. Long live the republic, one and 'indivisible.'"

Loud and wild were the shouts of laughter from this brutal mockery; and for a time it almost seemed as if the ribaldry had turned the mob from the sterner passions of their vengeance. This hope, if one there ever cherished it, was short-lived; and again the cry arose for blood. It was too plain, that no momentary diversion, no passing distraction, could withdraw them from that lust for cruelty, that had now grown into a passion.

And now a bustle and movement of those around the stairs showed that something was in preparation; and in the next moment the old marquise was led forward between two men.

"Where is the order for this woman's execution?" asked the dwarf, mimicking the style and air of the commissary.

"We give it: it is from us," shouted the mob, with one savage roar.

Gougou removed his cap, and bowed a token of obedience.

"Let us proceed in order, messieurs," said he, gravely; "I see no priest here."

"Shrive her yourself, Gougou; few know the mummeries better!" cried a voice.

"Is there not one here can remember a prayer, or even a verse of the offices," said Gougou, with a well-affected horror in his voice.

"Yes, yes, I do," cried I, my zeal overcoming all sense of the mockery in which the words were spoken; "I know them all by heart, and can repeat them from 'lux beatissima' down to 'hora mortis,'" and as if to gain credence for my self-laudation, I began at once to recite in the sing-song tone of the seminary,

"Salve, mater salvatoris,  
Fons salutis, vas honoris:  
Scala cœli porta et via  
Salve semper, O, Maria!"

It is possible I should have gone on to the very end, if the uproarious laughter which rung around had not stopped me.

"There's a brave youth!" cried Gougou, pointing toward me, with mock admiration. "If it ever come to pass—as what may not in these strange times?—that we turn to priest-craft again, thou shalt be the first archbishop of Paris. Who taught thee that famous canticle?"

"The Père Michel," replied I, in no way conscious of the ridicule bestowed upon me; "the Père Michel of St. Blois."

The old lady lifted up her head at these words, and her dark eyes rested steadily upon me; and then, with a sign of her hand, she motioned to me to come over to her.

"Yes; let him come," said Gougou, as if answering the half-reluctant glances of the crowd. And now I was assisted to descend, and passed along over the heads of the people till I was placed upon the scaffold. Never can I forget the terror of that moment, as I stood within a few feet of the terrible guillotine, and saw beside me the horrid basket, splashed with recent blood.

"Look not at these things, child," said the old lady, as she took my hand and drew me toward her, "but listen to me, and mark my words well."

"I will, I will," cried I, as the hot tears rolled down my cheeks.

"Tell the Père—you will see him to-night—tell him that I have changed my mind, and resolved upon another course, and that he is not to leave Paris. Let them remain. The torrent runs too rapidly to last. This can not endure much longer. We shall be among the last victims! You hear me, child?"

"I do, I do," cried I, sobbing. "Why is not the Père Michel with you now?"

"Because he is suing for my pardon; asking for mercy, where its very name is a derision. Kneel down beside me, and repeat the 'angelus.'"

I took off my cap, and knelt down at her feet, reciting, in a voice broken by emotion, the words of the prayer. She repeated each syllable after me, in a tone full and unshaken, and then stooping, she took up the lily which lay in my cap. She pressed it passionately to her lips; two or three times passionately. "Give it to her; tell her I kissed it at my last moment. Tell her—"

"This 'shrift' is beyond endurance. Away, holy father," cried Gougou, as he pushed me rudely back, and seized the marquise by the wrist. A faint cry escaped her. I heard no more; for, jostled and pushed about by the crowd, I was driven to the very rails of the scaffold. Stepping beneath these, I mingled with the mob beneath; and burning with eagerness to escape a scene, to have witnessed which would almost have made my heart break, I forced my way into the dense mass, and, by squeezing and creeping, succeeded at last in penetrating to the verge of the Place. A terrible shout, and a rocking motion of the mob, like the heavy surging of the sea, told me that all was over; but I never looked back to the fatal spot, but having gained the open streets, ran at the top of my speed toward home.

***(To be continued.)***

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**[From Bender's Monthly Miscellany.]**

**WOMEN IN THE EAST.**

**BY AN ORIENTAL TRAVELER.**

Within the gay kiosk reclined,  
Above the scent of lemon groves,  
Where bubbling fountains kiss the wind,  
And birds make music to their loves,  
She lives a kind of faery life,  
In sisterhood of fruits and flowers,  
Unconscious of the outer strife  
That wears the palpitating hours.

*The Hareem.* R.M. MILNES.

There is a gentle, calm repose breathing through the whole of this poem, which comes soothingly to the imagination wearied with the strife and hollowness of modern civilization. Woman in it is the inferior being; but it is the inferiority of the beautiful flower, or of the fairy birds of gorgeous plumage, who wing their flight amid the gardens and bubbling streams of the Eastern palace. Life is represented for the Eastern women as a long dream of affection; the only emotions she is to know are those of ardent love and tender maternity. She is not represented as the companion to man in his life battle, as the sharer of his triumph and his defeats: the storms of life are hushed at the entrance of the hareem; *there* the lord and master deposits the frown of unlimited power, or the cringing reverence of the slave, and appears as the watchful guardian of the loved one's happiness. Such a picture is poetical, and would lead one to say, alas for human progress, if the Eastern female slave is thus on earth to pass one long golden summer—her heart only tied by those feelings which keep it young—while her Christian sister has these emotions but as sun-gleams to lighten and make dark by contrast, the frequent gloom of her winter life.

But although the conception is poetical, to one who has lived many years in the East, it appears a conception, not a description of the real hareem life, even among the noble and wealthy of those lands. The following anecdote may be given us the other side of the picture. The writer was a witness of the scene, and he offers it as a consolation to those of his fair sisters, who, in the midst of the troubles of common-place life, might be disposed to compare their lot with that of the inmate of the mysterious and happy home drawn by the poet.

It was in a large and fruitful district of the south of India that I passed a few years of my life. In this district lived, immured in his fort, one of the native rajahs, who, with questionable justice, have gradually been shorn of their regal state and authority, to become pensioners of the East India Company. The inevitable consequence of such an existence, the forced life of inactivity with the traditions of the bold exploits of his royal ancestors, brilliant Mahratta chieftains, may be imagined. The rajah sunk into a state of slothful dissipation, varied by the occasional intemperate exercise of the power left him within the limits of the fortress, his residence. This fort is not the place which the word would suggest to the reader, but was rather a small native town surrounded by fortifications. This town was peopled by the descendants of the Mahrattas, and by the artisans and dependents of the rajah and his court. Twice a year the English resident and his assistants were accustomed to pay visits of ceremony to the rajah, and had to encounter the fatiguing sights of dancing-girls, beast-fights, and *music*, if the extraordinary assemblage of sounds, which in the East assume the place of harmony, can be so called.

We had just returned from one of these visits, and were grumbling over our headaches, the dust, and the heat, when, to our surprise, the rajah's vabul or confidential representative was announced. As it was nine o'clock in the evening this somewhat surprised us. He was, however, admitted, and after a short, hurried obeisance, he announced "that he must die! that there had been a sudden revolt of the hareem, and that when the rajah knew it, he would listen to no explanations, but be sure to imprison and ruin all round him; and that foremost in the general destruction would be himself, Veneat-Rao, who had always been the child of the English Sahibs, who were his fathers—that they were wise above all natives, and that he had come to them for help!" All this was pronounced with indescribable volubility, and the appearance of the speaker announced the most abject fear. He was a little wizened Brahmin, with the thin blue lines of his caste carefully painted on his wrinkled forehead. His dark black eyes gleamed with suppressed impotent rage, and in his agitation he had lost all that staid, placid decorum which we had been accustomed to observe in him when transacting business. When urged to explain the domestic disaster which had befallen his master, he exclaimed with ludicrous pathos, "By Rama! women are devils; by them all misfortunes come upon men! But, sahibs, hasten with me; they have broken through the guard kept on the hareem door by two old sentries; they ran through the fort and besieged my house; they are now there, and refuse to go back to the hareem. The rajah returns to-morrow from his hunting—what can I say? I must die! my children, who will care for them? what crime did my father commit that I should thus be disgraced?"

Yielding to these entreaties, and amused at the prospect of a novel scene, we mounted our horses and cantered to the fort. The lights were burning brightly in the bazaars as we rode through them, and except a few groups gathered to discuss the price of rice and the want of rain, we perceived no agitation till we reached the Vakeel's house. Arrived here we dismounted, and on entering the square court-yard a scene of indescribable confusion presented itself. The first impression it produced on me was that of entering a large aviary in which the birds, stricken with terror, fly madly to and fro against the bars. Such was the first effect of our entrance. Women and girls of all ages, grouped about the court, in most picturesque attitudes, started up and fled to its extreme end; only a few of the more matronly ladies stood their ground, and with terribly screeching voices, declaimed against some one or something, but for a long time we could, in this Babel of female tongues, distinguish nothing. At last we managed to distinguish the rajah's name,

coupled with epithets most disrespectful to royalty. This, and that they, the women, begged instantly to be put to death, was all that the clamor would permit us to understand. We looked appealingly at Veneat Rao, who stood by, wringing his hands. However, he made a vigorous effort, and raising his shrill voice, told them that the sahibs had come purposely to listen to, and redress their grievances, and that they would hold durbar (audience) then and there.

This announcement produced a lull, and enabled us to look round us at the strange scene. Scattered in various parts of the court were these poor prisoners, who now for the first time for many years tasted liberty. Scattered about were some hideous old women, partly guardians of the younger, partly remains, we were told, of the rajah's father's seraglio. Young children moved among them looking very much frightened. But the group which attracted our attention and admiration consisted of about twenty really beautiful girls, from fourteen to eighteen years of age, of every country and caste, in the various costume and ornament of their races; these were clustering round a fair and very graceful Mahratta girl, whose tall figure was seen to great advantage in the blaze of torchlight. Her muslin veil had half fallen from her face, allowing us to see her large, soft, dark eyes, from which the tears were fast falling, as in a low voice she addressed her fellow-sufferers. There was on her face a peculiar expression of patient endurance of ill, inexpressibly touching. This is not an unfrequent character in the beauty of Asiatic women; the natural result of habits of fear, and the entire submission to the will of others.

Her features were classically regular, with the short rounded chin, the long graceful neck, and that easy port of head so seldom seen except in the women of the East. Her arms were covered with rich bracelets, and were of the most perfect form; her hands long and tapering, the palms and nails dyed with the "henna." No barbarously-civilized restraint rendered her waist a contradiction of natural beauty; a small, dark satin bodice, richly embroidered, covered a bosom which had hardly attained womanly perfection; a zone of gold held together the full muslin folds of the lower portion of her dress, below which the white satin trowsers reached, without concealing a faultless ankle and foot, uncovered, except by the heavy anklet and rings which tinkled at every step she took. After the disturbance that our entrance had caused, had in a measure subsided, the children, who were richly dressed and loaded with every kind of fantastic ornament, came sidling timidly round us, peering curiously with their large black eyes, at the unusual sight of white men.

Considerably embarrassed at the very new arbitration which we were about to undertake, B. and I consulted for a little while, after which, gravely taking our seats, and Veneat Rao having begged them to listen with respectful attention, I, at B.'s desire, proceeded to address them, telling them,

"That we supposed some grave cause must have arisen for them to desert the palace of the rajah, their protector, during his absence, and by violently overpowering the guard, incur his serious anger (here my eye caught a sight of the said guard, consisting of two blear-eyed, shriveled old men, and I nearly lost all solemnity of demeanor) that if they complained of injustice, we supposed that it must have been committed without his highness's knowledge, but that if they would quietly return to the harem we would endeavor to represent to their master their case, and entreat him to redress their grievance."

I spoke this in Hindusthani, which, as the *lingua franca* of the greater part of India, I thought was most likely to be understood by the majority of my female audience. I succeeded perfectly in making myself understood, but was not quite so successful in convincing them that it was better that they should return to the rajah's palace. After rather a stormy discussion, the Mahratta girl, whom we had so much admired on our entrance, stepped forward, and, bowing lowly before us, and crossing her arms, in a very sweet tone of voice proceeded to tell her story, which, she said, was very much the history of them all. The simple, and at times picturesque expressions lose much by translation.

"Sir, much shame comes over me, that I, a woman, should speak before men who are not our fathers, husbands, nor brothers, who are strangers, of another country and religion; but they tell us that you English sahibs love truth and justice, and protect the poor.

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"I was born of Gentoo parents—rich, for I can remember the bright, beautiful jewels which, as a child, I wore on my head, arms, and feet, the large house and gardens where I played, and the numerous servants who attended me.

"When I had reached my eighth or ninth year I heard them talk of my betrothal,<sup>[1]</sup> and of the journey which we were, previous to the ceremony, to take to some shrine in a distant country. My father, who was advancing in years, and in bad health, being anxious to bathe in the holy waters, which should give him prolonged life and health.

"The journey had lasted for many days, and one evening after we had halted for the day I accompanied my mother when she went to bathe in a tank near to our encampment. As I played along the bank and picked a few wild flowers that grew under the trees I observed an old woman advancing toward me. She spoke to me in a kind voice, asked me my name? who were my parents? where we were going? and when I had answered her these questions she told me that if I would accompany her a little way she would give me some prettier flowers than those I was gathering, and that her servant should take me back to my people.

"I had no sooner gone far enough to be out of sight and hearing of my mother than the old woman threw a cloth over my head, and taking me up in her arms, hurried on for a short distance. There I could distinguish men's voices, and was sensible of being placed in a carriage,

which was driven off at a rapid pace. No answer was returned to my cries and entreaties to be restored to my parents, and at sunrise I found myself near hills which I had never before seen, and among a people whose language was new to me.

"I remained with these people, who were not unkind to me, three or four years; and I found out that the old woman who had carried me off from my parents, was an emissary sent from the rajah's hareem to kidnap, when they could not be purchased, young female children whose looks promised that they would grow up with the beauty necessary for the gratification of the prince's passions.

"Sahibs! I have been two years an inmate of the rajah's hareem—would to God I had died a child in my own country with those I loved, than that I should have been exposed to the miseries we suffer. The splendor which surrounds us is only a mockery. The rajah, wearied and worn out by a life of debauchery, takes no longer any pleasure in our society, and is only roused from his lethargy to inflict disgrace and cruelties upon us. We, who are of Brahmin caste, for his amusement, are forced to learn the work of men—are made to carry in the gardens of the hareem a palanquin, to work as goldsmiths—and, may our gods pardon us, to mingle with the dancing-girls of the bazaar. His attendants deprive us even of our food, and we sit in the beautiful palace loaded with jewels, and suffer from the hunger not felt even by the poor Pariah.

"Sahibs! you who have in your country mothers and sisters, save us from this cruel fate, and cause us to be restored to our parents; do not send us back to such degradation, but rather let us die by your orders."

As with a voice tremulous with emotion, she said these words, she threw herself at our feet, and burst into an agony of weeping.

Deeply moved by the simple expression of such undeserved misfortune, we soothed her as well as we were able, and promising her and her companions to make every effort with the rajah for their deliverance, we persuaded Rosambhi, the Mahratta girl (their eloquent pleader), to induce them to return for the night to the palace. Upon a repetition of our promise they consented, to the infinite relief of Veneat Rao, who alternately showered blessings on us, and curses on all womankind, as he accompanied us back to the Residency.

And now we had to set about the deliverance of these poor women. This was a work of considerable difficulty.

It was a delicate matter interfering with the rajah's domestic concerns, and we could only commission Veneat Rao to communicate to his highness the manner in which we had become implicated with so unusual an occurrence as a revolt of his seraglio; we told him to express to his highness our conviction that his generosity had been deceived by his subordinates. In this we only imitated the profound maxim of European diplomacy, and concealed our real ideas by our expressions. This to the rajah. On his confidential servant we enforced the disapprobation the resident felt at the system of kidnapping, of which his highness was the instigator, and hinted at that which these princes most dread—an investigation.

This succeeded beyond our expectation, and the next morning a message was sent from the palace, intimating that the charges were so completely unfounded, that the rajah was prepared to offer to his revolted women, the choice of remaining in the hareem, or being sent back to their homes.

Again they were assembled in Veneat Rao's house, but this time in much more orderly fashion, for their veils were down, and except occasionally when a coquettish movement showed a portion of some face, we were unrewarded by any of the bright eyes we had admired on the previous visit. The question was put to them one by one, and all with the exception of a few old women, expressed an eager wish not to re-enter the hareem.

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After much troublesome inquiry, we discovered their parents, and were rewarded by their happy and grateful faces, as we sent them off under escort to their homes. It was painful to reflect what their fate would be; they left us rejoicing at what they thought would be a happy change, but we well knew that no one would marry them, knowing that they had been in the rajah's hareem, and that they would either lead a life of neglect, or sink into vice, of which the liberty would be the only change from that, which by our means they had escaped.

In the inquiries we made into the circumstances of this curious case, we found that their statements were true.

Large sums were paid by the rajah to his creatures, who traveled to distant parts of the country, and wherever they could meet with parents poor enough, bought their female children from them, or when they met with remarkable beauty such as Rosambhi's, did not hesitate to carry the child off, and by making rapid marches, elude any vigilance of pursuit on the part of the parents.

The cruelties and degradations suffered by these poor girls are hardly to be described. We well know how degraded, even in civilized countries the pursuit of sensual pleasures renders men, to whom education and the respect they pay the opinion of society, are checks; let us imagine the conduct of the eastern prince, safe in the retirement of his court, surrounded by those dependents to whom the gratification of their master's worst passions was the sure road to favor and fortune.

Besides the sufferings they had to endure from him, the women of the hareem were exposed to

the rapacities of those who had charge of them, and Rosambhi did not exaggerate, when she described herself and her companions as suffering the pangs of want amid the splendors of a palace.

This is the reverse of the pleasing picture drawn by the poet of the Eastern woman's existence—but, though less pleasing, it is true—nor need we describe her in the lower ranks of life in those countries, where, her beauty faded, she has to pass a wearisome existence, the servant of a rival, whose youthful charms have supplanted her in her master's affections. The calm happiness of advancing age is seldom hers—she is the toy while young—the slave, or the neglected servant, at best, when, her only merit in the eyes of her master, physical beauty, is gone.

Let her sister in the western world, in the midst of her joys, think with pity on these sufferings, and when sorrow's cloud seems darkest, let her not repine, but learn resignation to her lot, as she compares it with the condition of the women of the East; let her be grateful that she lives in an age and land where woman is regarded as the helpmate and consolation of man, by whom her love is justly deemed the prize of his life.

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**[From The Ladies' Companion.]**

**LETTICE ARNOLD.**

**By the Author of "Two Old Men's Tales," "EMILIA WYNDHAM," &c.**

**CHAPTER I.**

"It is the generous spirit, who when brought  
Unto the task of common life, hath wrought  
Even upon the plan which pleased the childish thought

Who doomed to go in company with pain,  
And fear, and ruin—miserable train!—  
Makes that necessity a glorious gain,  
By actions that would force the soul to abate  
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate.

More gifted with self-knowledge—even more pure  
As tempted more—more able to endure,  
As more exposed to suffering and distress;  
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness."

WORDSWORTH. *Happy Warrior.*

"No, dearest mother, no! I can not. What! after all the tenderness, care, and love I have received from you, for now one-and-twenty years, to leave you and my father, in your old age, to yourselves! Oh, no! Oh, no!"

"Nay, my child," said the pale, delicate, nervous woman, thus addressed by a blooming girl whose face beamed with every promise for future happiness, which health and cheerfulness, and eyes filled with warm affections could give, "Nay, my child, don't talk so. You must not talk so. It is not to be thought of." And, as she said these words with effort, her poor heart was dying within her, not only from sorrow at the thought of the parting from her darling, but with all sorts of dreary, undefined terrors at the idea of the forlorn, deserted life before her. Abandoned to herself and to servants, so fearful, so weak as she was, and with the poor, invalided, and crippled veteran, her husband, a martyr to that long train of sufferings which honorable wounds, received in the service of country, too often leave behind them, a man at all times so difficult to sooth, so impossible to entertain—and old age creeping upon them both; the little strength she ever had, diminishing; the little spirit she ever possessed, failing; what should she do without this dear, animated, this loving, clever being, who was, in one word, every thing to her?

But she held to her resolution—no martyr ever more courageously than this trembling, timid woman. A prey to ten thousand imaginary fears, and, let alone the imaginary terrors, placed in a position where the help she was now depriving herself of was really so greatly needed.

"No, my dear," she repeated, "don't think of it; don't speak of it. You distress me very much. Pray don't, my dearest Catherine."

"But I should be a shocking creature, mamma, to forsake you; and, I am sure, Edgar would despise me as much as I should myself, if I could think of it. I can not—I ought not to leave you."

The gentle blue eye of the mother was fixed upon the daughter's generous, glowing face. She smothered a sigh. She waited a while to steady her faltering voice. She wished to hide, if possible, from her daughter the extent of the sacrifice she was making.

At last she recovered herself sufficiently to speak with composure, and then she said:

"To accept such a sacrifice from a child, I have always thought the most monstrous piece of selfishness of which a parent could be guilty. My love, this does not come upon me unexpectedly. I have, of course, anticipated it. I knew my sweet girl could not be long known and seen without inspiring and returning the attachment of some valuable man. I have resolved—and God strengthen me in this resolve," she cast up a silent appeal to the fountain of strength and courage—"that nothing should tempt me to what I consider so base. A parent accept the sacrifice of a life in exchange for the poor remnant of her own! A parent, who has had her own portion of the joys of youth in her day, deprive a child of a share in her turn! No, my dearest love, never—never! I would die, and I will die first."

But it was not death she feared. The idea of death did not appall her. What she dreaded was melancholy. She knew the unsoundness of her own nerves; she had often felt herself, as it were, trembling upon the fearful verge of reason, when the mind, unable to support itself, is forced to rest upon another. She had known a feeling, common to many very nervous people, I believe, as though the mind would be overset when pressed far, if not helped, strengthened, and cheered by some more wholesome mind; and she shrank appalled from the prospect.

But even this could not make her waver in her resolution. She was a generous, just, disinterested woman; though the exigencies of a most delicate constitution, and most susceptible nervous system, had too often thrown upon her—from those who did not understand such things, and whose iron nerves and vigorous health rendered sympathy at such times impossible—the reproach of being a tedious, whimsical, selfish hypochondriac.

Poor thing, she knew this well. It was the difficulty of making herself understood; the want of sympathy, the impossibility of rendering needs, most urgent in her case, comprehensible by her friends, which had added so greatly to the timorous cowardice, the fear of circumstances, of changes, which had been the bane of her existence.

And, therefore, this kind, animated, affectionate daughter, whose tenderness seemed never to weary in the task of cheering her; whose activity was never exhausted in the endeavor to assist and serve her; whose good sense and spirit kept every thing right at home, and more especially kept those terrible things, the servants, in order—of whom the poor mother, like many other feeble and languid people, was so foolishly afraid; therefore, this kind daughter was as the very spring of her existence; and the idea of parting with her was really dreadful. Yet she hesitated not. So did that man behave, who stood firm upon the rampart till he had finished his observation, though his hair turned white with fear. Mrs. Melwyn was an heroic coward of this kind.

She had prayed ardently, fervently, that day, for courage, for resolution, to complete the dreaded sacrifice, and she had found it.

"Oh, Lord! I am thy servant. Do with me what thou wilt. Trembling in spirit, the victim of my infirmity—a poor, selfish, cowardly being, I fall down before Thee. Thou hast showed me what is right—the sacrifice I ought to make. Oh, give me strength in my weakness to *be* faithful to complete it!"

Thus had she prayed. And now resolved in heart, the poor sinking spirit failing her within but, as I said, steadying her voice with an almost heroic constancy, she resisted her grateful and pious child's representation: "I have told Edgar—dear as he is to me—strong as are the claims his generous affection gives him over me—that I will not—I can not forsake you."

"You must not call it forsake," said the mother, gently. "My love, the Lord of life himself has spoken it: 'Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife.'"

"And so he is ready to do," cried Catherine, eagerly. "Yes, mother, he desires nothing better—he respects my scruples—he has offered, dear Edgar! to abandon his profession and come and live here, and help me to take care of you and my father. Was not that beautiful?" and the tears stood in her speaking eyes.

"Beautiful! generous! devoted! My Catherine will be a happy woman;" and the mother smiled. A ray of genuine pleasure warmed her beating heart. This respect in the gay, handsome young officer for the filial scruples of her he loved was indeed beautiful! But the mother knew his spirit too well to listen to this proposal for a moment.

"And abandon his profession? No, my sweet child, that would never, never do."

"But he says he is independent of his profession—that his private fortune, though not large, is enough for such simple, moderate people as he and I are. In short, that he shall be miserable without me, and all that charming stuff, mamma; and that he loves me better, for what he calls, dear fellow, my piety to you. And so, dear mother, he says if you and my father will but consent to take him in, he will do his very best in helping me to make you comfortable; and he is so sweet-tempered, so reasonable, so good, so amiable, I am quite sure he would keep his promise, mamma." And she looked anxiously into her mother's face waiting for an answer. The temptation was very, very strong.

Again those domestic spectres which had so appalled her poor timorous spirit rose before her. A desolate, dull fireside—her own tendency to melancholy—her poor maimed suffering, and, alas, too often peevish partner—encroaching, unmanageable servants. The cook, with her careless, saucy ways—the butler so indifferent and negligent—and her own maid, that Randall, who in



secret tyrannized over her, exercising the empire of fear to an extent which Catherine, alive as she was to these evils, did not suspect. And again she asked herself, if these things were disagreeable now, when Catherine was here to take care of her, what would they be when she was left alone?

And then such a sweet picture of happiness presented itself to tempt her—Catherine settled there—settled there forever. That handsome, lively young man, with his sweet, cordial ways and polite observance of every one, sitting by their hearth, and talking, as he did, to the general of old days and military matters, the only subject in which this aged military man took any interest, reading the newspaper to him, and making such lively, pleasant comments as he read! How should *she* ever get through the debates, with her breath so short, and her voice so indistinct and low? The general would lose all patience—he hated to hear her attempt to read such things, and always got Catherine or the young lieutenant-colonel to do it.

Oh! it was a sore temptation. But this poor, dear, good creature resisted it.

"My love," she said, after a little pause, daring which this noble victory was achieved—laugh if you will at the expression, but it *was* a noble victory over self—"my love," she said, "don't tempt your poor mother beyond her strength. Gladly, gladly, as far as we are concerned, would we enter into this arrangement; but it must not be. No, Catherine; Edgar must not quit his profession. It would not only be a very great sacrifice I am sure now, but it would lay the foundation of endless regrets in future. No, my darling girl, neither his happiness nor your happiness shall be ever sacrificed to mine. A life against a few uncertain years! No—no."

The mother was inflexible. The more these good children offered to give up for her sake, the more she resolved to suffer no such sacrifice to be made.

Edgar could not but rejoice. He was an excellent young fellow, and excessively in love with the charming Catherine, you may be sure, or he never would have thought of offering to abandon a profession for her sake in which he had distinguished himself highly—which opened to him the fairest prospects, and of which he was especially fond—but he was not sorry to be excused. He had resolved upon this sacrifice, for there is something in those who truly love, and whose love is elevated almost to adoration by the moral worth they have observed in the chosen one, which revolts at the idea of lowering the tone of that enthusiastic goodness and self-immolation to principle which has so enchanted them. Edgar could not do it. He could not attempt to persuade this tender, generous daughter, to consider her own welfare and his, in preference to that of her parents. He could only offer, on his own part, to make the greatest sacrifice which could have been demanded from him. Rather than part from her what would he not do? Every thing was possible but that.

However, when the mother positively refused to accept of this act of self-abnegation, I can not say that he regretted it. No: he thought Mrs. Melwyn quite right in what she said; and he loved and respected both her character and understanding very much more than he had done before.

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That night Mrs. Melwyn was very, very low indeed. And when she went up into her dressing-room, and Catherine, having kissed her tenderly, with a heart quite divided between anxiety for her, and a sense of happiness that would make itself felt in spite of all, had retired to her room, the mother sat down, poor thing, in the most comfortable arm-chair that ever was invented, but which imparted no comfort to her; and placing herself by a merry blazing fire, which was reflected from all sorts of cheerful pretty things with which the dressing-room was adorned, her feet upon a warm, soft footstool of Catherine's own working, her elbow resting upon her knee, and her head upon her hand, she, with her eyes bent mournfully upon the fire, began crying very much. And so she sat a long time, thinking and crying, very sorrowful, but not in the least repenting. Meditating upon all sorts of dismal things, filled with all kinds of melancholy forebodings, as to how it would, and must be, when Catherine was really gone, she sank at last into a sorrowful reverie, and sate quite absorbed in her own thoughts, till she—who was extremely punctual in her hour of going to bed—for reasons best known to herself, though never confided to any human being, namely, that her maid disliked very much sitting up for her—started as the clock in the hall sounded eleven and two quarters, and almost with the trepidation of a chidden child, rose and rang the bell. Nobody came. This made her still more uneasy. It was Randall's custom not to answer her mistress's bell the first time, when she was cross. And poor Mrs. Melwyn dreaded few things in this world more than cross looks in those about her, especially in Randall; and that Randall knew perfectly well.

"She must be fallen asleep in her chair, poor thing. It was very thoughtless of me," Mrs. Melwyn did not say, but would have said, if people ever did speak to themselves aloud.

Even in this sort of mute soliloquy she did not venture to say, "Randall will be very ill-tempered and unreasonable." She rang again; and then, after a proper time yielded to the claims of offended dignity, it pleased Mrs. Randall to appear.

"I am very sorry, Randall. Really I had no idea how late it was. I was thinking about Miss Catherine, and I missed it when it struck ten. I had not the least idea it was so late," began the mistress in an apologizing tone, to which Randall vouchsafed not an answer, but looked like a thunder cloud—as she went banging up and down the room, opening and shutting drawers with a

loud noise, and treading with a rough heavy step; two things particularly annoying, as she very well knew, to the sensitive nerves of her mistress. But Randall settled it with herself—that as her mistress had kept her out of bed an hour and a half longer than usual, for no reason at all but just to please herself, she should find she was none the better for it.

The poor mistress bore all this with patience for some time. She would have gone on bearing the roughness and the noise, however disagreeable, as long as Randall liked; but her soft heart could not bear those glum, cross looks, and this alarming silence.

"I was thinking of Miss Catherine's marriage, Randall. That was what made me forget the hour. What shall I do without her?"

"Yes, that's just like it," said the insolent abigail; "nothing ever can content some people. Most ladies would be glad to settle their daughters so well; but some folk make a crying matter of every thing. It would be well for poor servants, when they're sitting over the fire, their bones aching to death for very weariness, if *they'd* something pleasant to think about. They wouldn't be crying for nothing, and keeping all the world out of their beds, like those who care for naught but how to please themselves."

Part of this was said, part muttered, part thought; and the poor timid mistress—one of whose domestic occupations it seemed to be to study the humors of her servants—heard a part and divined the rest.

"Well, Randall, I don't quite hear all you are saying; and perhaps it is as well I do not; but I wish you would give me my things and make haste, for I'm really very tired, and I want to go to bed."

"People can't make more haste than they can."

And so it went on. The maid-servant never relaxing an atom of her offended dignity—continuing to look as ill-humored, and to do every thing as disagreeably as she possibly could—and her poor victim, by speaking from time to time in an anxious, most gentle, and almost flattering manner, hoping to mollify her dependent; but all in vain.

"I'll teach her to keep me up again for nothing at all," thought Randall.

And so the poor lady, very miserable in the midst of all her luxuries, at last gained her bed, and lay there not able to sleep for very discomfort. And the abigail retired to her own warm apartment, where she was greeted with a pleasant fire, by which stood a little nice chocolate simmering, to refresh her before she went to bed—not much less miserable than her mistress, for she was dreadfully out of humor—and thought no hardship upon earth could equal that she endured—forced to sit up in consequence of another's whim when she wanted so sadly to go to bed.

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While, thus, all that the most abundant possession of the world's goods could bestow, was marred by the weakness of the mistress and the ill-temper of the maid—the plentiful gifts of fortune rendered valueless by the erroneous facility upon one side, and insolent love of domination on the other; how many in the large metropolis, only a few miles distant, and of which the innumerable lights might be seen brightening, like an Aurora, the southern sky; how many laid down their heads supperless that night! Stretched upon miserable pallets, and ignorant where food was to be found on the morrow to satisfy the cravings of hunger; yet, in the midst of their misery, more miserable, also, because they were not exempt from those pests of existence—our own faults and infirmities.

And even, as it was, how many poor creatures *did* actually lay down their heads that night, far less miserable than poor Mrs. Melwyn. The tyranny of a servant is noticed by the wise man, if I recollect right, as one of the most irritating and insupportable of mortal miseries.

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Two young women inhabited one small room of about ten feet by eight, in the upper story of a set of houses somewhere near Mary-le-bone street. These houses appear to have been once intended for rather substantial persons, but have gradually sunk into lodging-houses for the very poor. The premises look upon an old grave-yard; a dreary prospect enough, but perhaps preferable to a close street, and are filled, with decent but very poor people. Every room appears to serve a whole family, and few of the rooms are much larger than the one I have described.

It was now half-past twelve o'clock, and still the miserable dip tallow candle burned in a dilapidated tin candlestick. The wind whistled with that peculiar wintry sound which betokens that snow is falling; it was very, very cold; the fire was out; and the girl who sat plying her needle by the hearth, which was still a little warmer than the rest of the room, had wrapped up her feet in an old worn-out piece of flannel, and had an old black silk wadded cloak thrown over her to keep her from being almost perished. The room was scantily furnished, and bore an air of extreme poverty, amounting almost to absolute destitution. One by one the little articles of property possessed by its inmates had disappeared to supply the calls of urgent want. An old four-post bedstead, with curtains of worn-out serge, stood in one corner; one mattress, with two small thin pillows, and a bolster that was almost flat; three old blankets, cotton sheets of the

coarsest description upon it: three rush-bottomed chairs, an old claw-table, very ancient dilapidated chest of drawers—at the top of which were a few battered band-boxes—a miserable bit of carpet before the fire-place; a wooden box for coals; a little low tin fender, a poker, or rather half a poker; a shovel and tongs, much the worse for wear, and a very few kitchen utensils, was all the furniture in the room. What there was, however, was kept clean; the floor was clean, the yellow paint was clean; and, I forgot to say, there was a washing-tub set aside in one corner.

The wind blew shrill, and shook the window, and the snow was heard beating against the panes; the clock went another quarter, but still the indefatigable toiler sewed on. Now and then she lifted up her head, as a sigh came from that corner of the room where the bed stood, and some one might be heard turning and tossing uneasily upon the mattress—then she returned to her occupation and plied her needle with increased assiduity.

The workwoman was a girl of from eighteen to twenty, rather below the middle size, and of a face and form little adapted to figure in a story. One whose life, in all probability, would never be diversified by those romantic adventures which *real* life in general reserves to the beautiful and the highly-gifted. Her features were rather homely, her hair of a light brown, *without* golden threads through it, her hands and arms rough and red with cold and labor; her dress ordinary to a degree—her clothes being of the cheapest materials—but then, these clothes were so neat, so carefully mended where they had given way; the hair was so smooth, and so closely and neatly drawn round the face; and the face itself had such a sweet expression, that all the defects of line and color were redeemed to the lover of expression, rather than beauty.

She did not look patient, she did not look resigned; she *could* not look cheerful exactly. She looked earnest, composed, busy, and exceedingly kind. She had not, it would seem, thought enough of self in the midst of her privations, to require the exercise of the virtues of patience and resignation; she was so occupied with the sufferings of others that she never seemed to think of her own.

She was naturally of the most cheerful, hopeful temper in the world—those people without selfishness usually are. And, though sorrow had a little lowered the tone of her spirits to composure, and work and disappointment had faded the bright colors of hope; still hope was not entirely gone, nor cheerfulness exhausted. But, the predominant expression of every word, and look, and tone, and gesture, was kindness—inexhaustible kindness.

I said she lifted up her head from time to time, as a sigh proceeded from the bed, and its suffering inhabitant tossed and tossed: and at last she broke silence and said,

"Poor Myra, can't you get to sleep?"

"It is so fearfully cold," was the reply; "and when *will* you have done, and come to bed?"

"One quarter of an hour more, and I shall have finished it. Poor Myra, you are so nervous, you never can get to sleep till all is shut up—but have patience, dear, one little quarter of an hour, and then I will throw my clothes over your feet, and I hope you will be a little warmer."

A sigh for all answer; and then the *true* heroine—for she was extremely beautiful, or rather had been, poor thing, for she was too wan and wasted to be beautiful now—lifted up her head, from which fell a profusion of the fairest hair in the world, and leaning her head upon her arm, watched in a sort of impatient patience the progress of the indefatigable needle-woman.

"One o'clock striking, and you hav'n't done yet, Lettice? how slowly you *do* get on."

"I can not work fast and neatly too, dear Myra. I can not get through as some do—I wish I could. But my hands are not so delicate and nimble as yours, such swelled clumsy things," she said, laughing a little, as she looked at them—swelled, indeed, and all mottled over with the cold! "I can not get over the ground nimbly and well at the same time. You are a fine race-horse, I am a poor little drudging pony—but I will make as much haste as I possibly can."

Myra once more uttered an impatient, fretful sigh, and sank down again, saying, "My feet are so dreadfully cold!"

"Take this bit of flannel then, and let me wrap them up."

"Nay, but you will want it."

"Oh, I have only five minutes more to stay, and I can wrap the carpet round my feet."

And she laid down her work and went to the bed, and wrapped her sister's delicate, but now icy feet, in the flannel; and then she sat down; and at last the task was finished. And oh, how glad she was to creep to that mattress, and to lay her aching limbs down upon it! Hard it might be, and wretched the pillows, and scanty the covering, but little felt she such inconveniences. She fell asleep almost immediately, while her sister still tossed and murmured. Presently Lettice, for Lettice it was, awakened a little, and said, "What is it, love? Poor, poor Myra! Oh, that you could but sleep as I do."

And then she drew her own little pillow from under her head, and put it under her sister's, and tried to make her more comfortable; and she partly succeeded, and at last the poor delicate suffering creature fell asleep, and then Lettice slumbered like a baby.

## CHAPTER II.



herself that if it possibly could be done, she would buy a bit of black ribbon, and make it a little more spruce when she got her money.

And now the bonnet is on, and she does not think it looks so *very* bad, and Myra's shawl, as reflected in the little threepenny glass, looks quite neat. Now she steals to the bed in order to make her apologies to Myra about the shawl and fire, but Myra still slumbers. It is half-past seven and more, and she must be gone.

The young lady for whom she made the linen lived about twenty miles from town, but she had come up about her things, and was to set off home at nine o'clock that very morning. The linen was to have been sent in the night before, but Lettice had found it impossible to get it done. It must *per force* wait till morning to be carried home. The object was to get to the house as soon as the servants should be stirring, so that there would be time for the things to be packed up and accompany the young lady upon her return home.

Now, Lettice is in the street. Oh, what a morning it was! The wind was intensely cold the snow was blown in buffets against her face; the street was slippery: all the mud and mire turned into inky-looking ice. She could scarcely stand; her face was blue with the cold; her hands, in a pair of cotton gloves, so numbed that she could hardly hold the parcel she carried.

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She had no umbrella. The snow beat upon her undefended head, and completed the demolition of the poor bonnet; but she comforted herself with the thought that its appearance would now be attributed to the bad weather having spoiled it. Nay (and she smiled as the idea presented itself), was it not possible that she might be supposed to have a better bonnet at home?

So she cheerfully made her way; and at last she entered Grosvenor-square, where lamps were just dying away before the splendid houses, and the wintry twilight discovered the garden, with its trees plastered with dirty snow, while the wind rushed down from the Park colder and bitterer than ever. She could hardly get along at all. A few ragged, good-for-nothing boys were almost the only people yet to be seen about; and they laughed and mocked at her, as, holding her bonnet down with one hand, to prevent its absolutely giving way before the wind, she endeavored to carry her parcel, and keep her shawl from flying up with the other.

The jeers and the laughter were very uncomfortable to her. The things she found it the most difficult to reconcile herself to in her fallen state were the scoffs, and the scorns, and the coarse jests of those once so far, far beneath her; so far, that their very existence, as a class, was once almost unknown, and who were now little, if at all, worse off than herself.

The rude brutality of the coarse, uneducated, and unimproved Saxon, is a terrible grievance to those forced to come into close quarters with such.

At last, however, she entered Green-street, and raised the knocker, and gave one timid, humble knock at the door of a moderate-sized house, upon the right hand side as you go up to the Park.

Here lived the benevolent lady of whom I have spoken, who took so much trouble to break through the barriers which in London separate the employers and the employed, and to assist the poor stitchers of her own sex, by doing away with the necessity of that hand, or those many hands, through which their ware has usually to pass, and in each of which something of the recompense thereof must of necessity be detained.

She had never been at the house before; but she had sometimes had to go to other genteel houses, and she had too often found the insolence of the pampered domestics harder to bear than even the rude incivility of the streets.

So she stood feeling very uncomfortable; still more afraid of the effect her bonnet might produce upon the man that should open the door, than upon his superiors.

But "like master, like man," is a stale old proverb, which, like many other old saws of our now despised as *childish* ancestors, is full of pith and truth.

The servant who appeared was a grave, gray-haired man, of somewhat above fifty. He stooped a little in his gait, and had *not* a very fashionable air; but his countenance was full of kind meaning, and his manner so gentle, that it seemed respectful even to a poor girl like this.

Before hearing her errand, observing how cold she looked, he bade her come in and warm herself at the hall stove; and shutting the door in the face of the chill blast, that came rushing forward as if to force its way into the house, he then returned to her, and asked her errand.

"I come with the young lady's work. I was so sorry that I could not possibly get it done in time to send it in last night; but I hope I have not put her to any inconvenience. I hope her trunks are not made up. I started almost before it was light this morning."

"Well, my dear, I hope not; but it was a pity you could not get it done last night. Mrs. Danvers likes people to be exact to the moment and punctual in performing promises, you must know. However, I'll take it up without loss of time, and I dare say it will be all right."

"Is it come at last?" asked a sweet, low voice, as Reynolds entered the drawing-room. "My love, I really began to be frightened for your pretty things, the speaker went on, turning to a young lady who was making an early breakfast before a noble blazing fire, and who was no other a person than Catherine Melwyn.

"Oh, madam! I was not in the least uneasy about them, I was quite sure they would come at last."

"I wish, my love," said Mrs. Danvers, sitting down by the fire, "I could have shared in your security. Poor creatures! the temptation is sometimes so awfully great. The pawnbroker is dangerously near. So easy to evade all inquiry by changing one miserably obscure lodging for another, into which it is almost impossible to be traced. And, to tell the truth, I had not used you quite well, my dear; for I happened to know nothing of the previous character of these poor girls, but that they were certainly very neat workwomen; and they were so out of all measure poor, that I yielded to temptation. And that you see, my love, had its usual effect of making me suspicious of the power of temptation over others."

Mrs. Danvers had once been one of the loveliest women that had ever been seen: the face of an angel, the form of the goddess of beauty herself; manners the softest, the most delightful. A dress that by its exquisite good taste and elegance enhanced every other charm, and a voice so sweet and harmonious that it made its way to every heart.

Of all this loveliness the sweet, harmonious voice alone remained. Yet had the sad eclipse of so much beauty been succeeded by a something so holy, so saint-like, so tender, that the being who stood now shorn by sorrow and suffering of all her earthly charms, seemed only to have progressed nearer to heaven by the exchange.

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Her life had, indeed, been one shipwreck, in which all she prized had gone down. Husband, children, parents, sister, brother—all!—every one gone. It had been a fearful ruin. That she could not survive this wreck of every earthly joy was expected by all her friends: but she had lived on. She stood there, an example of the triumph of those three: faith, hope, and charity, but the greatest of these was charity.

In faith she rested upon the "unseen," and the world of things "seen" around her shrunk into insignificance. In hope she looked forward to that day when tears should be wiped from all eyes, and the lost and severed meet to part never again. In charity—in other words, love—she filled that aching, desolate heart with fresh affections, warm and tender, if not possessing the joyous gladness of earlier days.

Every sorrowing human being, every poor sufferer, be they who they might, or whence they might, found a place in that compassionate heart. No wonder it was filled to overflowing: there are so many sorrowing sufferers in this world.

She went about doing good. Her whole life was one act of pity.

Her house was plainly furnished. The "mutton chops with a few greens and potatoes"—laughed at in a recent trial, as if indifference to one's own dinner were a crime—might have served her. She often was no better served. Her dress was conventual in its simplicity. Every farthing she could save upon herself was saved for her poor.

You must please to recollect that she stood perfectly alone in the world, and that there was not a human creature that could suffer by this exercise of a sublime and universal charity. Such peculiar devotion to one object is only permitted to those whom God has severed from their kind, and marked out, as it were, for the generous career.

Her days were passed in visiting all those dismal places in this great city, where lowly want "repairs to die," or where degradation and depravity, the children of want, hide themselves. She sat by the bed of the inmate of the hospital, pouring the soft balm of her consolations upon the suffering and lowly heart. In such places her presence was hailed as the first and greatest of blessings. Every one was melted, or was awed into good behavior by her presence. The most hardened of brandy-drinking nurses was softened and amended by her example.

The situation of the young women who have to gain their livelihood by their needle had peculiarly excited her compassion, and to their welfare she more especially devoted herself. Her rank and position in society gave her a ready access to many fine ladies who had an immensity to be done for them: and to many fine dress-makers who had this immensity to do.

She was indefatigable in her exertions to diminish the evils to which the young ladies—"improvers," I believe, is the technical term—are in too many of these establishments exposed. She it was who got the work-rooms properly ventilated, and properly warmed. She it was who insisted upon the cruelty and the wretchedness of keeping up these poor girls hour after hour from their natural rest, till their strength was exhausted; the very means by which they were to earn their bread taken away; and they were sent into decline and starvation. She made fine ladies learn to allow more time for the preparation of their dresses; and fine ladies' dress makers to learn to say, "No."

One of the great objects of her exertions was to save the poor plain-sewers from the necessary loss occasioned by the middlemen. She did not say whether the shops exacted too much labor, or not, for their pay; with so great a competition for work, and so much always lying unsold upon their boards, it was difficult to decide. But she spared no trouble to get these poor women employed direct by those who wanted sewing done; and she taught to feel ashamed of themselves those indolent fine ladies who, rather than give themselves a little trouble to increase a poor creature's gains, preferred going to the ready-made shops, "because the other was such a bore."

In one of her visits among the poor of Mary-lebone, she had accidentally met with these two sisters, Lettice Arnold and Myra. There was something in them both above the common stamp,

which might be discerned in spite of their squalid dress and miserable chamber; but she had not had time to inquire into their previous history—which, indeed, they seemed unwilling to tell. Catherine, preparing her wedding clothes, and well knowing how anxious Mrs. Danvers was to obtain work, had reserved a good deal for her; and Mrs. Danvers had entrusted some of it to Lettice, who was too wretchedly destitute to be able to give any thing in the form of a deposit. Hence her uneasiness when the promised things did not appear to the time.

And hence the rather grave looks of Reynolds, who could not endure to see his mistress vexed.

"Has the workwoman brought her bill with her, Reynolds?" asked Mrs. Danvers.

"I will go and ask."

"Stay, ask her to come up; I should like to inquire how she is going on, and whether she has any other work in prospect."

Reynolds obeyed; and soon the door opened, and Lettice, poor thing, a good deal ashamed of her own appearance, was introduced into this warm and comfortable breakfast-room, where, however, as I have said, there was no appearance of luxury, except the pretty, neat breakfast, and the blazing fire.

"Good morning, my dear," said Mrs. Danvers, kindly; "I am sorry you have had such a wretched walk this morning. Why did you not come last night? Punctuality, my dear, is the soul of business, and if you desire to form a private connection for yourself, you will find it of the utmost importance to attend to it. This young lady is just going off, and there is barely time to put up the things."

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Catherine had her back turned to the door, and was quietly continuing her breakfast. She did not even look round as Mrs. Danvers spoke, but when a gentle voice replied:

"Indeed, madam, I beg your pardon. Indeed, I did my very best, but—"

She started, looked up, and rose hastily from her chair. Lettice started, too, on her side, as she did so; and, advancing a few steps, exclaimed, "Catherine!"

"It must—it is—it is you!" cried Catherine hastily, coming forward and taking her by the hand. She gazed with astonishment at the worn and weather-beaten face, the miserable attire, the picture of utter wretchedness before her. "You!" she kept repeating, "Lettice! Lettice Arnold! Good Heavens! where are they all? Where is your father? Your mother? Your sister?"

"Gone!" said the poor girl. "Gone—every one gone but poor Myra!"

"And she—where is *she*? The beautiful creature, that used to be the pride of poor Mrs. Price's heart. How lovely she was! And you, dear, dear Lettice, how can you, how have you come to this?"

Mrs. Danvers stood like one petrified with astonishment while this little scene was going on. She kept looking at the two girls, but said nothing.

"Poor, dear Lettice!" Catherine went on in a tone of the most affectionate kindness, "have you come all through the streets and alone this most miserable morning? And working—working for me! Good Heavens! how has all this come about?"

"But come to the fire first," she continued, taking hold of the almost frozen hand.

Mrs. Danvers now came forward.

"You seem to have met with an old acquaintance, Catherine. Pray come to the fire, and sit down and warm yourself; and have you breakfasted?"

Lettice hesitated. She had become so accustomed to her fallen condition, that it seemed to her that she could no longer with propriety sit down to the same table with Catherine.

Catherine perceived this, and it shocked and grieved her excessively. "Do come and sit down," she said, encouraged by Mrs. Danvers's invitation, "and tell us, have you breakfasted? But though you have, a warm cup of tea this cold morning must be comfortable."

And she pressed her forward, and seated her, half reluctant, in an arm-chair that stood by the fire: then she poured out a cup of tea, and carried it to her, repeating,

"Won't you eat? Have you breakfasted?"

The plate of bread-and-butter looked delicious to the half-starved girl: the warm cup of tea seemed to bring life into her. She had been silent from surprise, and a sort of humiliated embarrassment; but now her spirits began to revive, and she said, "I never expected to have seen you again, Miss Melwyn!"

"*Miss Melwyn!* What does that mean? Dear Lettice, how has all this come about?"

"My father was ill the last time you were in Nottinghamshire, do you not recollect, Miss Melwyn? He never recovered of that illness; but it lasted nearly two years. During that time, your aunt, Mrs. Montague, died; and her house was sold, and new people came; and you never were at Castle Rising afterward."

"No—indeed—and from that day to this have never chanced to hear any thing of its inhabitants. But Mrs. Price, your aunt, who was so fond of Myra, what is become of her?"

"She died before my poor father."

"Well; but she was rich. Did she do nothing?"

"Every body thought her rich, because she spent a good deal of money; but hers was only income. Our poor aunt was no great economist—she made no savings."

"Well; and your mother? I can not understand it. No; I can not understand it," Catherine kept repeating. "So horrible! dear, dear Lettice—and your shawl is quite wet, and so is your bonnet, poor, dear girl. Why did you not put up your umbrella?"

"For a very good reason, dear Miss Melwyn; because I do not possess one."

"Call me Catherine, won't you? or I will not speak to you again." But Mrs. Danvers's inquiring looks seemed now to deserve a little attention. She seemed impatient to have the enigma of this strange scene solved. Catherine caught her eye, and, turning from her friend, with whom she had been so much absorbed as to forget every thing else, she said:

"Lettice Arnold is a clergyman's daughter, ma'am."

"I began to think something of that sort," said Mrs. Danvers; "but, my dear young lady, what can have brought you to this terrible state of destitution?"

"Misfortune upon misfortune, madam. My father was, indeed, a clergyman, and held the little vicarage of Castle Rising. There Catherine," looking affectionately up at her, "met me upon her visits to her aunt, Mrs. Montague."

"We have known each other from children," put in Catherine.

The door opened, and Reynolds appeared—

"The cab is waiting, if you please, Miss Melwyn."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I can't go just this moment. Bid the man wait."

"It is late already," said Reynolds, taking out his watch. "The train starts in twenty minutes."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! and when does the next go? I can't go by this. Can I, dear Mrs. Danvers? It is impossible."

"Another starts in an hour afterward."

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"Oh! that will do—tell Sarah to be ready for that. Well, my dear, go on, go on—dear Lettice, you were about to tell us how all this happened—but just another cup of tea. Do you like it strong?"

"I like it any way," said Lettice, who was beginning to recover her spirits, "I have not tasted any thing so comfortable for a very long time."

"Dear me! dear me!"

"You must have suffered very much, I fear, my dear young lady," said Mrs. Danvers, in a kind voice of interest, "before you could have sunk to the level of that miserable home where I found you."

"Yes," said Lettice. "Every one suffers very much, be the descent slow or rapid, when he has to fall so far. But what were my sufferings to poor Myra's!"

"And why were your sufferings as nothing in comparison with poor Myra's?"

"Ah, madam, there are some in this world not particularly favored by nature or fortune, who were born to be denied; who are used to it from their childhood—it becomes a sort of second nature to them, as it were. They scarcely feel it. But a beautiful girl, adored by an old relation, accustomed to every sort of indulgence and luxury! They doated upon the very ground she trod on. Oh! to be cast down to such misery, that *is* dreadful."

"I don't see—I don't know," said Catherine, who, like the world in general, however much they might admire, and however much too many might flatter Myra, greatly preferred Lettice to her sister.

"I don't know," said she, doubtfully.

"Ah! but you would know if you could see!" said the generous girl. "If you could see what she suffers from every thing—from things that I do not even feel, far less care for—you would be so sorry for her."

Mrs. Danvers looked with increasing interest upon the speaker. She seemed to wish to go on with the conversation about this sister, so much pitied; so she said, "I believe what you say is very true. Very true, Catherine, in spite of your skeptical looks. Some people really do suffer very much more than others under the same circumstances of privation."

"Yes, selfish people like Myra," thought Catherine, but she said nothing.



"Indeed, madam, it is so. They seem to feel every thing so much more. Poor Myra—I can sleep like a top in our bed, and she very often can not close her eyes—and the close room, and the poor food. I can get along—I was made to rough it, my poor aunt always said—but Myra!"

"Well but," rejoined Catherine, "do pray tell us how you came to this cruel pass? Your poor father —"

"His illness was very lingering and very painful—and several times a surgical operation was required. My mother could not bear—could any of us?—to have it done by the poor blundering operator of that remote village. To have a surgeon from Nottingham was very expensive; and then the medicines; and the necessary food and attendance. The kindest and most provident father can not save much out of one hundred and ten pounds a year, and what was saved was soon all gone."

"Well, well," repeated Catherine, her eyes fixed with intense interest upon the speaker.

"His deathbed was a painful scene," Lettice went on, her face displaying her emotion, while she with great effort restrained her tears: "he trusted in God; but there was a fearful prospect before us, and he could not help trembling for his children. Dear, dear father! he reproached himself for his want of faith, and would try to strengthen us, 'but the flesh,' he said, 'was weak.' He could not look forward without anguish. It was a fearful struggle to be composed and confiding—he could not help being anxious. It was for us, you know, not for himself."

"Frightful!" cried Catherine, indignantly; "frightful! that a man of education, a scholar, a gentleman, a man of so much activity in doing good, and so much power in preaching it, should be brought to this. One hundred and ten pounds a year, was that all? How could you exist?"

"We had the house and the garden besides, you know, and my mother was such an excellent manager; and my father! No religious of the severest order was ever more self-denying, and there was only me. My aunt Price, you know, took Myra—Myra had been delicate from a child, and was so beautiful, and she was never made to rough it, my mother and my aunt said. Now I seemed made expressly for the purpose," she added, smiling with perfect simplicity.

"And his illness, so long! and so expensive!" exclaimed Catherine, with a sort of cry.

"Yes, it was—and to see the pains he took that it should not be expensive. He would be quite annoyed if my mother got any thing nicer than usual for his dinner. She used to be obliged to make a mystery of it; and we were forced almost to go down upon our knees to get him to have the surgeon from Nottingham. Nothing but the idea that his life would be more secure in such hands could have persuaded him into it. He knew how important that was to us. As for the pain which the bungling old doctor hard by would have given him, he would have borne that rather than have spent money. Oh, Catherine! there have been times upon times when I have envied the poor. They have hospitals to go to; they are not ashamed to ask for a little wine from those who have it; they can beg when they are in want of a morsel of bread. It is natural. It is right—they feel it to be right. But oh! for those, as they call it, better born, and educated to habits of thought like those of my poor father!... Want is, indeed, like an armed man, when he comes into *their* dwellings."

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"Too true, my dear young lady," said Mrs. Danvers, whose eyes were by this time moist; "but go on, if it does not pain you too much, your story is excessively interesting. There is yet a wide step between where your relation leaves us, and where I found you."

"We closed his eyes at last in deep sorrow. Excellent man, he deserved a better lot! So, at least, it seems to me—but who knows? Nay, he would have reproved me for saying so. He used to say of *himself*, so cheerfully, 'It's a rough road, but it leads to a good place.' Why could he not feel this for his wife and children? He found that so very difficult!"

"He was an excellent and a delightful man," said Catherine. "Well?"...

"Well, my dear, when he had closed his eyes, there was his funeral. We *could* not have a parish funeral. The veriest pauper has a piety toward the dead which revolts at that. We did it as simply as we possibly could, consistently with common decency; but they charge so enormously for such things: and my poor mother would not contest it. When I remonstrated a little, and said I thought it was right to prevent others being treated in the same way, who could no better afford it than we could, I shall never forget my mother's face: 'I dare say—yes, you are right, Lettice; quite right—but not this—not *his*. I can not debate that matter. Forgive me, dear girl; it is weak—but I can not.'

"This expense exhausted all that was left of our little money: only a few pounds remained when our furniture had been sold, and we were obliged to give up possession of that dear, dear, little parsonage, and we were without a roof to shelter us. You remember it, Catherine!"

"Remember it! to be sure I do. That sweet little place. The tiny house, all covered over with honey-suckles and jasmines. How sweet they *did* smell. And your flower-garden, Lettice, how you used to work in it. It was that which made you so hale and strong, aunt Montague said. She admired your industry so, you can't think. She used to say you were worth a whole bundle of fine ladies."

"Did she?" and Lettice smiled again. She was beginning to look cheerful, in spite of her dismal story. There was something so inveterately cheerful in that temper, that nothing could entirely

subdue it. The warmth of her generous nature it was that kept the blood and spirits flowing.

"It was a sad day when we parted from it. My poor mother! How she kept looking back—looking back—striving not to cry; and Myra was drowned in tears."

"And what did you do?"

"I am sure I don't know; I was so sorry for them both; I quite forget all the rest."

"But how came you to London?" asked Mrs. Danvers. "Every body, without other resource, seem to come to London. The worst place, especially for women, they can possibly come to. People are so completely lost in London. Nobody dies of want, nobody is utterly and entirely destitute of help or friends, except in London."

"A person we knew in the village, and to whom my father had been very kind, had a son who was employed in one of the great linen-warehouses, and he promised to endeavor to get us needle-work; and we flattered ourselves, with industry, we should, all three together, do pretty well. So we came to London, and took a small lodging, and furnished it with the remnant of our furniture. We had our clothes, which, though plain enough, were a sort of little property, you know. But when we came to learn the prices they actually paid for work, it was really frightful! Work fourteen hours a day apiece, and we could only gain between three and four shillings a week each—sometimes hardly that. There was our lodging to pay, three shillings a week, and six shillings left for firing and food for three people; this was in the weeks of *plenty*. Oh! it was frightful!"

"Horrible!" echoed Catherine.

"We could not bring ourselves down to it at once. We hoped and flattered ourselves that by-and-by we should get some work that would pay better; and when we wanted a little more food, or in very cold days a little more fire, we were tempted to sell or pawn one article after another. At last my mother fell sick, and then all went; she died, and she *had* a pauper's funeral," concluded Lettice, turning very pale.

They were all three silent. At last Mrs. Danvers began again.

"That was not the lodging I found you in?"

"No, madam, that was too expensive. We left it, and we only pay one-and-sixpence a week for this, the furniture being our own."

"The cab is at the door, Miss Melwyn," again interrupted Reynolds.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I can't go, indeed, Mrs. Danvers, I can't go;" with a pleading look, "may I stay one day longer?"

"Most gladly would I keep you, my dearest love; but your father and mother.... And they will have sent to meet you."

"And suppose they have, John must go back, but stay, stay, Sarah shall go and take all my boxes, and say I am coming to-morrow; that will do."

"And you travel alone by railway? Your mother will never like that."

"I am ashamed," cried Catherine, with energy, "to think of such mere conventional difficulties, when here I stand in the presence of real misery. Indeed, my dear Mrs. Danvers, my mother will be quite satisfied when she hears why I staid. I must be an insensible creature if I could go away without seeing more of dear Lettice."

Lettice looked up so pleased, so grateful, so happy.

"Well, my love, I think your mother will not be uneasy, as Sarah goes; and I just remember Mrs. Sands travels your way to-morrow, so she will take care of you; for taken care of you must be, my pretty Catherine, till you are a little less young, and somewhat less handsome."

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And she patted the sweet, fall, rosy cheek.

Catherine was very pretty indeed, if you care to know that, and so it was settled.

And now, Lettice having enjoyed a happier hour than she had known for many a long day, began to recollect herself, and to think of poor Myra.

She rose from her chair, and taking up her bonnet and shawl, which Catherine had hung before the fire to dry, seemed preparing to depart.

Then both Catherine and Mrs. Danvers began to think of her little bill, which had not been settled yet. Catherine felt excessively awkward and uncomfortable at the idea of offering her old friend and companion money; but Mrs. Danvers was too well acquainted with real misery, had too much approbation for that spirit which is not above *earning*, but is above begging, to have any embarrassment in such a case.

"Catherine, my dear," she said, "you owe Miss Arnold some money. Had you not better settle it before she leaves?"

Both the girls blushed.

"Nay, my dears," said Mrs. Danvers, kindly; "why this? I am sure," coming up to them, and taking Lettice's hand, "I hold an honest hand here, which is not ashamed to labor, when it has been the will of God that it shall be by her own exertions that she obtains her bread, and part of the bread of another, if I mistake not. What you have nobly earned as nobly receive. Humiliation belongs to the idle and the dependent, not to one who maintains herself."

The eyes of Lettice glistened, and she could not help gently pressing the hand which held hers.

Such sentiments were congenial to her heart. She had never been able to comprehend the conventional distinctions between what is honorable or degrading, under the fetters of which so many lose the higher principles of independence—true honesty and true honor. To work for her living had never lessened her in her own eyes; and she had found, with a sort of astonishment, that it was to sink her in the eyes of others. To deny herself every thing in food, furniture, clothing, in order to escape debt, and add in her little way to the comforts of those she loved, had ever appeared to her noble and praiseworthy. She was as astonished, as many such a heart has been before her, with the course of this world's esteem, too often measured by what people *spend* upon themselves, rather than by what they spare. I can not get that story in the newspaper—the contempt expressed for the dinner of one mutton chop, potatoes, and a few greens—out of my head.

Catherine's confusion had, in a moment of weakness, extended to Lettice. She had felt ashamed to be paid as a workwoman by one once her friend, and in social rank her equal; but now she raised her head, with a noble frankness and spirit.

"I am very much obliged to you for recollecting it, madam, for in truth the money is very much wanted; and if—" turning to her old friend, "my dear Catherine can find me a little more work, I should be very greatly obliged to her."

Catherine again changed color. Work! she was longing to offer her money. She had twenty pounds in her pocket, a present from her godmother, to buy something pretty for her wedding. She was burning with desire to put it into Lettice's hand.

She stammered—she hesitated.

"Perhaps you *have* no more work just now," said Lettice. "Never mind, then; I am sure when there is an opportunity, you will remember what a pleasure it will be to me to work for you; and that a poor needlewoman is very much benefited by having private customers."

"My dear, dear Lettice!" and Catherine's arms were round her neck. She could not help shedding a few tears.

"But to return to business," said Mrs. Danvers, "for I see Miss Arnold is impatient to be gone. What is your charge, my dear? These slips are tucked and beautifully stitched and done."

"I should not get more than threepence, at most fourpence, at the shops for them. Should you think ninepence an unreasonable charge? I believe it is what you would pay if you had them done at the schools."

"Threepence, fourpence, ninepence! Good Heavens!" cried Catherine; "so beautifully done as these are; and then your needles and thread, you have made no charge for them."

"We pay for those ourselves," said Lettice.

"But my dear," said Mrs. Danvers, "what Catherine would have to pay for this work, if bought from a linen warehouse, would at least be fifteen pence, and not nearly so well done, for these are beautiful. Come, you must ask eighteen pence; there are six of them; nine shillings, my dear."

The eyes of poor Lettice quite glistened. She could not refuse. She felt that to seem over delicate upon this little enhancement of price would be really great moral indelicacy. "Thank you," said she, "you are very liberal; but it must only be for this once. If I am to be your needlewoman in ordinary, Catherine, I must only be paid what you would pay to others."

She smiled pleasantly as she said this; but Catherine could not answer the smile. She felt very sad as she drew the nine shillings from her purse, longing to make them nine sovereigns. But she laid the money at last before Lettice upon the table.

Lettice took it up, and bringing out an old dirty leathern purse, was going to put it in.

"At least, let me give you a better purse," said Catherine, eagerly, offering her own handsome one, yet of a strong texture, for it was her business purse.

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"They would think I had stolen it," said Lettice, putting it aside. "No, thank you, dear, kind Catherine. Consistency in all things; and my old leather convenience seems to me much more consistent with my bonnet than your beautiful one. Not but that I shall get myself a decent bonnet *now*, for really this is a shame to be seen. And so, good-by; and farewell, madam. When you *have* work, you won't forget me, will you, dear?"

"Oh, Catherine has plenty of work," put in Mrs. Danvers, "but somehow she is not quite herself this morning"—again looking at her very kindly. "You can not wonder, Miss Arnold, that she is much more agitated by this meeting than you can be. My dear, there are those pocket-handkerchiefs to be marked, which we durst not trust to an unknown person. That will be a profitable job. My dear, you would have to pay five shillings apiece at Mr. Morris's for having

them embroidered according to that pattern you fixed upon, and which I doubt not your friend and her sister can execute. There are six of them to be done."

"May I look at the pattern? Oh, yes! I think I can do it. I will take the greatest possible pains. Six at five shillings each! Oh! madam!—Oh, Catherine!—what a benefit this will be."

Again Catherine felt it impossible to speak. She could only stoop down, take the poor hand, so roughened with hardships, and raise it to her lips.

The beautiful handkerchiefs were brought.

"I will only take one at a time, if you please. These are too valuable to be risked at our lodgings. When I have done this, I will fetch another, and so on. I shall not lose time in getting them done, depend upon it," said Lettice, cheerfully.

"Take two, at all events, and then Myra can help you."

"No, only one at present, at least, thank you."

She did not say what she knew to be very true, that Myra could not help her. Myra's fingers were twice as delicate as her own; and Myra, before their misfortunes, had mostly spent her time in ornamental work—her aunt holding plain sewing to be an occupation rather beneath so beautiful and distinguished a creature. Nevertheless, when work became of so much importance to them all, and fine work especially, as gaining so much better a recompense in proportion to the time employed, Myra's accomplishments in this way proved very useless. She had not been accustomed to that strenuous, and, to the indolent, painful effort, which is necessary to do any thing *well*. To exercise self-denial, self-government, persevering industry, virtuous resistance against weariness, disgust, aching fingers and heavy eyes—temptations which haunt the indefatigable laborer in such callings, she was incapable of: the consequence was, that she worked in a very inferior manner. While Lettice, as soon as she became aware of the importance of this accomplishment as to the means of increasing her power of adding to her mother's comforts, had been indefatigable in her endeavors to accomplish herself in the art, and was become a very excellent workwoman.

### CHAPTER III.

"Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,  
As ever sullied the fair face of light."—POPE.

And now she is upon her way home. And oh! how lightly beats that honest simple heart in her bosom: and oh! how cheerily sits her spirit upon its throne. How happily, too, she looks about at the shops, and thinks of what she shall buy; not what she can possibly do without; not of the very cheapest and poorest that is to be had for money, but upon what she shall *choose!*

Then she remembers the fable of the Maid and the Milk-pail, and grows prudent and prosaic; and resolves that she will not spend her money till she has got it. She begins to limit her desires, and to determine that she will only lay out six shillings this morning, and keep three in her purse, as a resource for contingencies. Nay, she begins to grow a little Martha-like and careful, and to dream about savings-banks; and putting half-a-crown in, out of the way of temptation, when she is paid for her first pocket-handkerchief.

Six shillings, however, she means to expend for the more urgent wants. Two shillings coals; one shilling a very, very coarse straw bonnet; fourpence ribbon to trim it with; one shilling bread, and sixpence potatoes, a half-pennyworth of milk, and then, what is left?—one shilling and a penny-half-penny. Myra shall have a cup of tea, with sugar in it; and a muffin, that she loves so, and a bit of butter. Four-pennyworth of tea, three-pennyworth of sugar, two-pennyworth of butter, one penny muffin; and threepence-halfpenny remains in the good little manager's hands.

She came up the dark stairs of her lodgings so cheerfully, followed by a boy lugging up her coals, she carrying the other purchases herself—so happy! quite radiant with joy—and opened the door of the miserable little apartment.

It was a bleak wintry morning. Not a single ray of the sun could penetrate the gray fleecy covering in which the houses were wrapped; yet the warmth of the smoke and fires was sufficient so far to assist the temperature of the atmosphere as to melt the dirty snow; which now kept dripping from the roofs in dreary cadence, and splashing upon the pavement below.

The room looked so dark, so dreary, so dismal! Such a contrast to the one she had just left! Myra was up, and was dressed in her miserable, half-worn, cotton gown, which was thrown round her in the most untidy, comfortless manner. She could not think it worth while to care how *such* a gown was put on. Her hair was dingy and disordered; to be sure there was but a broken comb to straighten it with, and who could do any thing with *such* a comb? She was cowering over the fire, which was now nearly extinguished, and, from time to time, picking up bit by bit of the cinders, as they fell upon the little hearth, putting them on again—endeavoring to keep the fire alive. Wretchedness in the extreme was visible in her dress, her attitude, her aspect.

She turned round as Lettice entered, and saying pettishly, "I thought you never *would* come back, and I do *so* want my shawl," returned to her former attitude, with her elbows resting upon her knees, and her chin upon the palms of her hands.

"I have been a sad long time, indeed," said Lettice, good-humoredly; "you must have been tired to death of waiting for me, and wondering what I *could* be about. But I've brought something back which will make you amends. And, in the first place, here's your shawl," putting it over her, "and thank you for the use of it—though I would not ask your leave, because I could not bear to waken you. But I was *sure* you would lend it me—and now for the fire. For once in a way we *will* have a good one. There, Sim, bring in the coals, put them in that wooden box there. Now for a good lump or two." And on they went; and the expiring fire began to crackle and sparkle, and make a pleased noise, and a blaze soon caused even that room to look a little cheerful.

"Oh dear! I am so glad we may for *once* be allowed to have coal enough to put a spark of life into us," said Myra.

Lettice had by this time filled the little old tin kettle, and was putting it upon the fire, and then she fetched an old tea-pot with a broken spout, a saucer without a cup, and a cup without a saucer; and putting the two together, for they were usually divided between the sisters, said:

"I have got something for you which I know you will like still better than a blaze, a cup of tea. And to warm your poor fingers, see if you can't toast yourself this muffin," handing it to her upon what was now a two-pronged, but had once been a three-pronged fork.

"But what have you got for yourself?" Myra had, at least, the grace to say.

"Oh! I have had *such* a breakfast. And such a thing has happened! but I can not and will not tell you till you have had your own breakfast, poor, dear girl. You must be ravenous—at least, I should be in your place—but you never seem so hungry as I am, poor Myra. However, I was sure you could eat a muffin."

"That was very good-natured of you, Lettice, to think of it. It *will* be a treat. But oh! to think that we should be brought to this—to think a muffin—*one* muffin—a treat!" she added dismally.

"Let us be thankful when we get it, however," said her sister: "upon my word. Mrs. Bull has given us some very good coals. Oh, how the kettle does enjoy them! It must be quite a treat to our kettle to feel *hot*—poor thing! Lukewarm is the best it mostly attains to. Hear how it buzzes and hums, like a pleased child."

And so she prattled, and put a couple of spoonfuls of tea into the cracked tea-pot. There were but about six in the paper, but Myra liked her tea strong, and she should have it as she pleased this once. Then she poured out a cup, put in some milk and sugar, and, with a smile of ineffable affection, presented it, with the muffin she had buttered, to her sister. Myra *did* enjoy it. To the poor, weedy, delicate thing, a cup of good tea, with something to eat that she could relish, *was* a real blessing. Mrs. Danvers was right so far: things did really go much harder with her than with Lettice; but then she made them six times worse by her discontent and murmuring spirit, and Lettice made them six times better by her cheerfulness and generous disregard of self.

While the one sister was enjoying her breakfast, the other, who really began to feel tired, was very glad to sit down and enjoy the fire. So she took the other chair, and, putting herself upon the opposite side of the little table, began to stretch out her feet to the fender, and feel herself quite comfortable. Three shillings in her purse, and three-pence halfpenny to do just what she liked with! perhaps buy Myra a roll for tea: there would be butter enough left.

Then she began her story. But the effect it produced was not exactly what she had expected. Instead of sharing in her sister's thankful joy for this unexpected deliverance from the most abject want, through the discovery of a friend—able and willing to furnish employment herself, and to recommend them, as, in her hopeful view of things, Lettice anticipated, to others, and promising them work of a description that would pay well, and make them quite comfortable—Myra began to draw a repining contrast between Catherine's situation and her own.

The poor beauty had been educated by her silly and romantic old aunt to look forward to making some capital match. "She had such a sweet pretty face, and so many accomplishments of mind and manner," for such was the way the old woman loved to talk. Accomplishments of mind and manner, by the way, are indefinite things; any body may put in a claim for them on the part of any one. As for the more positive acquirements which are to be seen, handled, or heard and appreciated—such as dancing, music, languages, and so forth, Myra had as slender a portion of those as usually falls to the lot of indulged, idle, nervous girls. The poor beauty felt all the bitterness of the deepest mortification at what she considered this cruel contrast of her fate as compared to Catherine's. She had been indulged in that pernicious habit of the mind—the making claims. "With claims no better than her own" was her expression for though Catherine had more money, every body said Catherine was *only* pretty, which last sentence implied that there was another person of Catherine's acquaintance, who was positively and extremely beautiful.

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Lettice, happily for herself, had never been accustomed to make "claims." She had, indeed, never distinctly understood whom such claims were to be made upon. She could not quite see why it was very *hard* that other people should be happier than herself. I am sure she would have been very sorry if she had thought that every body was as uncomfortable.

She was always sorry when she heard her sister talking in this manner, partly because she felt it could not be quite right, and partly because she was sure it did no good, but made matters a great deal worse; but she said nothing. Exhortation, indeed, only made matters worse: nothing offended Myra so much as an attempt to make her feel more comfortable, and to reconcile her to

the fate she complained of as so *hard*.

Even when let alone, it would often be some time before she recovered her good humor; and this was the case now. I am afraid she was a little vexed that Lettice and not herself had met with the good luck first to stumble upon Catherine, and also a little envious of the pleasing impression it was plain her sister had made. So she began to fall foul of Lettice's new bonnet, and to say, in a captious tone,

"You got money enough to buy yourself a new bonnet, I see."

"Indeed, I did," Lettice answered with simplicity. "It was the very first thing I thought of. Mine was such a wretched thing, and wetted with the snow—the very boys hooted at it. Poor old friend!" said she, turning it upon her hand, "you have lost even the shape and pretension to be a bonnet. What must I do with thee? The back of the fire? Sad fate! No, generous companion of my cares and labors, that shall *not* be thy destiny. Useful to the last, thou shalt *light* to-morrow's fire; and that will be the best satisfaction to thy generous manes."

"My bonnet is not so *very* much better," said Myra, rather sulkily.

"*Not* so *very* much, alas! but better, far better than mine. And, besides, confess, please, my dear, that you had the last bonnet. Two years ago, it's true; but mine had seen three; and then, remember, I am going into grand company again to-morrow, and *must* be decent."

This last remark did not sweeten Myra's temper.

"Oh! I forgot. Of course you'll keep your good company to yourself. I am, indeed, not fit to be seen in it. But you'll want a new gown and a new shawl, my dear, though, indeed, you can always take mine, as you did this morning."

"Now, Myra!" said Lettice, "can you really be so naughty? Nay, you are cross; I see it in your face, though you won't look at me. Now don't be so foolish. Is it not all the same to us both? Are we not in one box? If you wish for the new bonnet, take it, and I'll take yours: I don't care, my dear. You were always used to be more handsomely dressed than me—it must seem quite odd for you not to be so. I only want to be decent when I go about the work, which I shall have to do often, as I told you, because I dare not have two of these expensive handkerchiefs in my possession at once. Dear me, girl! Have we not troubles enough? For goodness' sake don't let us *make* them. There, dear, take the bonnet, and I'll take yours; but I declare, when I look at the two, this is so horridly coarse, yours, old as it is looks the genteeler to my mind," laughing.

So thought Myra, and kept her own bonnet, Lettice putting upon it the piece of new ribbon she had bought, and after smoothing and rubbing the faded one upon her sister's, trimming with it her own.

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The two friends in Green-street sat silently for a short time after the door had closed upon Lettice; and then Catherine began.

"More astonishing things happen in the real world than one ever finds in a book. I am sure if such a reverse of fortune as this had been described to me in a story, I should at once have declared it to be impossible. I could not have believed it credible that, in a society such as ours—full of all sorts of kind, good-natured people, who are daily doing so much for the poor—an amiable girl like this, the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, could be suffered to sink into such abject poverty."

"Ah! my dear Catherine, that shows you have only seen life upon one side, and that its fairest side—as it presents itself in the country. You can not imagine what a dreadful thing it may prove in large cities. It can not enter into the head of man to conceive the horrible contrasts of large cities—the dreadful destitution of large cities—the awful solitude of a crowd. In the country, I think, such a thing hardly could have happened, however great the difficulty is of helping those who still preserve the delicacy and dignity with regard to money matters, which distinguishes finer minds—but in London what *can* be done? Like lead in the mighty waters, the moneyless and friendless sink to the bottom, Society in all its countless degrees closes over them: they are lost in its immensity, hidden from every eye, and they perish as an insect might perish; amid the myriads of its kind, unheeded by every other living creature. Ah, my love! if your walks lay where mine have done, your heart would bleed for these destitute women, born to better hopes, and utterly shipwrecked."

"She was such a dear, amiable girl," Catherine went on, "so cheerful, so sweet-tempered—so clever in all that one likes to see people clever about! Her mother was a silly woman."

"So she showed, I fear, by coming to London," said Mrs. Danvers.

"She was so proud of Myra's beauty, and she seemed to think so little of Lettice. She was always prophesying that Myra would make a great match; and so did her aunt, Mrs. Price, who was no wiser than Mrs. Arnold; and they brought up the poor girl to such a conceit of herself—to 'not to do this,' and 'it was beneath her to do that'—and referring every individual thing to her comfort and advancement, till, poor girl, she could hardly escape growing, what she certainly did grow into, a very spoiled, selfish creature. While dear Lettice in her simplicity—that simplicity 'which

thinketh no evil"—took it so naturally, that so it was, and so it ought to be; that sometimes one laughed, and sometimes one felt provoked, but one loved her above all things. I never saw such a temper."

"I dare say," said Mrs. Danvers, "that your intention in staying in town to-day was to pay them a visit, which, indeed, we had better do. I had only a glance into their apartment the other day, but it occurred to me that they wanted common necessaries. Ignorant as I was of who they were, I was thinking to get them put upon Lady A—'s coal and blanket list, but that can not very well be done now. However, presents are always permitted under certain conditions, and the most delicate receive them; and, really, this is a case to waive a feeling of that sort in some measure. As you are an old friend and acquaintance, there can be no harm in a few presents before you leave town."

"So I was thinking, ma'am, and I am very impatient to go and see them, and find out what they may be most in want of."

"Well, my dear, I do not see why we should lose time, and I will order a cab to take us, for it is rather too far to walk this terrible day."

They soon arrived at the place I have described, and, descending from their cab, walked along in front of this row of lofty houses looking upon the grave-yard, and inhabited by so much human misery. The doors of most of the houses stood open, for they were all let in rooms, and the entrance and staircase were common as the street. What forms of human misery and degradation presented themselves during one short walk which I once took there with a friend employed upon a mission of mercy!

Disease in its most frightful form, panting to inhale a little fresh air. Squalid misery, the result of the gin-shop—decent misery ready to starve. Women shut up in one room with great heartless, brutal, disobedient boys—sickness resting untended upon its solitary bed. Wailing infants—scolding mothers—human nature under its most abject and degraded forms. No thrift, no economy, no attempt at cleanliness and order. Idleness, recklessness, dirt, and wretchedness. Perhaps the very atmosphere of towns; perhaps these close, ill-ventilated rooms; most certainly the poisonous gin-shop, engender a relaxed state of nerves and muscles, which deprives people of the spirits ever to attempt to make themselves a little decent. Then water is so dear, and dirt so pervading the very atmosphere. Poor things, they give it up; and acquiesce in, and become accustomed to it, and "*avec un malheur sourd dont l'on ne se rend pas compte*," gradually sink and sink into the lowest abyss of habitual degradation.

It is difficult to express the painful sensations which Catherine experienced when she entered the room of the two sisters. To her the dirty paper, the carpetless floor, the miserable bed, the worm-eaten and scanty furniture, the aspect of extreme poverty which pervaded every thing, were so shocking, that she could hardly restrain her tears. Not so Mrs. Danvers.

Greater poverty, even she, could rarely have seen; but it was too often accompanied with what grieved her more, reckless indifference, and moral degradation. Dirt and disorder, those agents of the powers of darkness, were almost sure to be found where there was extreme want; but here the case was different. As her experienced eye glanced round the room, she could perceive that, poor as was the best, the best was made of it; that a cheerful, active spirit—the "How to make the best of it"—that spirit which is like the guardian angel of the poor, had been busy here.

The floor, though bare, was clean; the bed, though so mean, neatly arranged and made; the grate was bright; the chairs were dusted; the poor little plenishing neatly put in order. No dirty garments hanging about the room; all carefully folded and put away they were; though she could not, of course, see that, for there were no half-open drawers of the sloven, admitting dust and dirt, and offending the eye. Lettice herself, with hair neatly braided, her poor worn gown carefully put on, was sitting by the little table, busy at her work, looking the very picture of modest industry. Only one figure offended the nice moral sense of Mrs. Danvers: that of Myra, who sat there with her fine hair hanging round her face, in long, dirty, disheveled ringlets, her feet stretched out and pushed slip-shod into her shoes. With her dress half put on, and hanging over her, as the maids say, "no how," she was leaning back in the chair, and sewing very languidly at a very dirty piece of work which she held in her hand.

Both sisters started up when the door opened. Lettice's cheeks flushed with joy, and her eye sparkled with pleasure as she rose to receive her guests, brought forward her other only chair, stirred the fire, and sent the light of a pleasant blaze through the room. Myra colored also, but her first action was to stoop down hastily to pull up the heels of her shoes; she then cast a hurried glance upon her dress, and arranged it a little—occupied as usual with herself, her own appearance was the first thought—and never in her life more disagreeably.

Catherine shook hands heartily with Lettice, saying, "We are soon met again, you see;" and then went up to Myra, and extended her hand to her. The other took it, but was evidently so excessively ashamed of her poverty, and her present appearance, before one who had seen her in better days, that she could not speak, or make any other reply to a kind speech of Catherine's, but by a few unintelligible murmurs.

"I was impatient to come," said Catherine—she and Mrs. Danvers having seated themselves upon the two smaller chairs, while the sisters sat together upon the larger one—"because, you know, I must go out of town so very soon, and I wanted to call upon you, and have a little chat and talk of old times—and, really—really—" she hesitated. Dear, good thing, she was so dreadfully afraid of

mortifying either of the two in their present fallen state.

"And, really—really," said Mrs. Danvers, smiling, "out with it, my love—really—really, Lettice, Catherine feels as I am sure you would feel if the cases were reversed. She can not bear the thoughts of her own prosperity, and at the same time think of your misfortunes. I told her I was quite sure you would not be hurt if she did for you, what I was certain you would have done in such a case for her, and would let her make you a little more comfortable before she went. The poor thing's wedding-day will be quite spoiled by thinking about you, if you won't, Lettice."

Lettice stretched out her hand to Catherine by way of answer; and received in return the most warm and affectionate squeeze. Myra was very glad to be made more comfortable—there was no doubt of that; but half offended, and determined to be as little obliged as possible. And then, Catherine going to be married too. How hard!—every kind of good luck to be heaped upon *her*; and she herself so unfortunate in every way.

But nobody cared for her ungracious looks. Catherine knew her of old, and Mrs. Danvers understood the sort of thing she was in a minute. Her walk had lain too long amid the victims of false views and imperfect moral training, to be surprised at this instance of their effects. The person who surprised her was Lettice.

"Well, then," said Catherine, now quite relieved, and looking round the room, "where shall we begin? What will you have? What do you want most? I shall make you wedding presents, you see, instead of you making them to me. When your turn comes you shall have your revenge."

"Well," Lettice said, "what must be must be, and it's nonsense playing at being proud. I am very much obliged to you, indeed, Catherine, for thinking of us at this time; and if I must tell you what I should be excessively obliged to you for, it is a pair of blankets. Poor Myra can hardly sleep for the cold."

"It's not the cold—it's the wretched, hard, lumpy bed," muttered Myra.

This hint sent Catherine to the bed-side.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried she, piteously, "poor dear things, how could you sleep at all? Do they call this a bed? and such blankets! Poor Myra!" her compassion quite overcoming her dislike. "No wonder. My goodness! my goodness! it's very shocking indeed." And the good young thing could not help crying.

"Blankets, dear girls! and a mattress, and a feather bed, and two pillows. How have you lived through it? And you, poor Myra, used to be made so much of. Poor girl! I am so sorry for you."

And oh! how her heart smote her for all she had said and thought to Myra's disadvantage. And oh! how the generous eyes of Lettice beamed with pleasure as these compassionate words were addressed to her sister. Myra was softened and affected. She could almost forgive Catherine for being so fortunate.

"You are very kind, indeed, Catherine," she said.

Catherine, now quite at her ease, began to examine into their other wants; and without asking many questions, merely by peeping about, and forming her own conclusions, was soon pretty well aware of what was of the most urgent necessity. She was now quite upon the fidget to be gone, that she might order and send in the things; and ten of the twenty pounds given her for wedding lace was spent before she and Mrs. Danvers reached home; that lady laughing, and lamenting over the wedding gown, which would certainly not be flounced with Honiton, as Catherine's good god-mother had intended, and looking so pleased, contented, and happy, that it did Catherine's heart good to see her.

## CHAPTER IV.

"The swain in barren deserts with surprise  
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise:  
And starts amid the thirsty wilds to hear  
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear."—POPE.

In the evening Mrs. Danvers seemed rather tired, and the two sat over the fire a long time, without a single word being uttered; but, at last, when tea was finished, and they had both taken their work, Catherine, who had been in profound meditation all this time, began:

"My dear Mrs. Danvers, are you rested? I have a great deal to talk to you about, if you will let me."

"I must be very much tired, indeed, Catherine, when I do not like to hear *you* talk," was the kind reply.

Mrs. Danvers reposed very comfortably in her arm-chair, with her feet upon a footstool before the cheerful blazing fire; and now Catherine drew her chair closer, rested her feet upon the fender, and seemed to prepare herself for a regular confidential talk with her beloved old friend.

"My dear Mrs. Danvers, you are such a friend both of my dear mother's and mine, that I think I may, without scruple, open my whole heart to you upon a matter in which more than myself are



concerned. If you think me wrong stop me," said she, laying her hand affectionately upon that of her friend, and fixing those honest, earnest eyes of hers upon her face.

Mrs. Danvers pressed the hand, and said:

"My love, whatever you confide to me you know is sacred; and if I can be of any assistance to you, dear girl, I think you need not scruple opening your mind; for you know I am a sort of general mother-confessor to all my acquaintance, and am as secret as such a profession demands."

Catherine lifted up the hand; she held it, pressed it, and continued to hold it; then she looked at the fire a little while, and at last spoke.

"Did you never in your walk in life observe one evil under the sun, which appears to me to be a most crying one in many families, the undue influence exercised by, and the power allowed to servants?"

"Yes, my dear, there are few of the minor evils—if minor it can be called—that I have thought productive of more daily discomforts than that. At times the evils assume a much greater magnitude, and are very serious indeed. Alienated hearts—divided families—property to a large amount unjustly and unrighteously diverted from its natural channel—and misery, not to be told, about old age and a dying bed."

Catherine slightly shuddered, and said:

"I have not had an opportunity of seeing much of the world, you know; what you say is rather what I feared it might be, than what I have actually observed; but I have had a sort of divination of what might in future arise. It is inexplicable to me the power a servant may gain, and the tyrannical way in which she will dare to exercise it. The unaccountable way in which those who have every title to command, may be brought to obey is scarcely to be believed, and to me inexplicable."

"Fear and indolence, my dear. Weak spirits and a weak body, upon the one side; on the other, that species of force which want of feeling, want of delicacy, want of a nice conscience, want even of an enlarged understanding—which rough habits and coarse perceptions bestow. Believe me, dear girl, almost as much power is obtained in this foolish world by the absence of certain qualities as by the possession of others. Silly people think it so nice and easy to govern, and so hard to obey. It requires many higher qualities, and much more rule over the spirit to command obedience than to pay it."

"Yes, no doubt one does not think enough of that. Jeremy Taylor, in his fine prayers, has one for a new married wife just about to enter a family: he teaches her to pray for 'a right judgment in all things; not to be annoyed at trifles; nor discomposed by contrariety of accidents;' a spirit 'to overcome all my infirmities, and comply with and bear with the infirmities of others; giving offense to none, but doing good to all I can, but I think he should have added a petition for strength to rule and guide that portion of the household which falls under her immediate care with a firm and righteous hand, not yielding feebly to the undue encroachment of others, not suffering, through indolence or a mistaken love of peace, evil habits to creep over those who look up to us and depend upon us, to their own infinite injury as well as to our own.' Ah! that is the part of a woman's duty hardest to fulfill; and I almost tremble," said the young bride elect, "when I think how heavy the responsibility; and how hard I shall find it to acquit myself as I desire."

"In this as in other things," answered Mrs. Danvers, affectionately passing her hand over her young favorite's smooth and shining hair, "I have ever observed there is but one portion of real strength; one force alone by which we can move mountains. But, in that strength we assuredly are able to move mountains. Was this all that you had to say, my dear?"

"Oh, no—but—it is so disagreeable—yet I think. Did you ever notice how things went on at home, my dear friend?"

"Yes—a little I have. One can not help, you know, if one stays long in a house, seeing the relation in which the different members of a family stand to each other."

"I thought you must have done so; that makes it easier for me—well, then, *that* was one great reason which made me so unwilling to leave mamma."

"I understand."

"There is a vast deal of that sort of tyranny exercised in our family already. Ever since I have grown up I have done all in my power to check it, by encouraging my poor, dear mamma, to exert a little spirit; but she is so gentle, so soft, so indulgent, and so affectionate—for even *that* comes in her way.... She gets attached to every thing around her. She can not bear new faces, she says, and this I think the servants know, and take advantage of. They venture to do as they like, because they think it will be too painful an exertion for her to change them."

"Yes, my dear, that is exactly as things go on; not in your family alone, but in numbers that I could name if I chose. It is a very serious evil. It amounts to a sin in many households. The waste, the almost vicious luxury, the idleness that is allowed! The positive loss of what might be so much better bestowed upon those who really want it, to the positive injury of those who enjoy it! The demoralizing effect of pampered habits—the sins which are committed through the temptation of having nothing to do, will make, I fear, a dark catalogue against the masters and mistresses of

families; who, because they have money in abundance, and hate trouble, allow all this misrule, and its attendant ill consequences upon their dependents. Neglecting 'to rule with diligence,' as the Apostle commands us, and satisfied, provided they themselves escape suffering from the ill consequences, except as far as an overflowing plentiful purse is concerned. Few people seem to reflect upon the mischief they may be doing to these their half-educated fellow creatures by such negligence."

Catherine looked very grave, almost sorrowful, at this speech—she said:

"Poor mamma—but she *can not* help it—indeed she can not. She is all love, and is gentleness itself. The blessed one 'who thinketh no evil.' How can that Randall find the heart to tease her! as I am sure she does—though mamma never complains. And then, I am afraid, indeed, I feel certain, when I am gone the evil will very greatly increase. You, perhaps, have observed," added she, lowering her voice, "that poor papa makes it particularly difficult in our family—doubly difficult. His old wounds, his injured arm, his age and infirmities, make all sorts of little comforts indispensable to him. He suffers so much bodily, and he suffers, too, so much from little inconveniences, that he can not bear to have any thing done for him in an unaccustomed way. Randall and Williams have lived with us ever since I was five years old—when poor papa came back from Waterloo almost cut to pieces. And he is so fond of them he will not hear a complaint against them—not even from mamma. Oh! it is not her fault—poor, dear mamma!"

"No, my love, such a dreadful sufferer as the poor general too often is, makes things very difficult at times. I understand all that quite well; but we are still only on the preamble of your discourse, my Catherine; something more than vain lamentation is to come of it, I feel sure."

"Yes, indeed. Dear generous mamma! She would not hear of my staying with her and giving up Edgar; nor would she listen to what he was noble enough to propose, that he should abandon his profession and come and live at the Hazels, rather than that I should feel I was tampering with my duty, for his sake, dear fellow!"

And the tears stood in Catherine's eyes.

"Nothing I could say would make her listen to it. I could hardly be sorry for Edgar's sake. I knew what a sacrifice it would be upon his part—more than a woman ought to accept from a *lover*, I think—a man in his dotage, as one may say. Don't you think so, too, ma'am?"

"Yes, my dear, indeed I do. Well, go on."

"I have been so perplexed, so unhappy, so undecided what to do—so sorry to leave this dear, generous mother to the mercy of those servants of hers—whose influence, when she is alone, and with nobody to hearten her up a little, will be so terribly upon the increase—that I have not known what to do. But to-day, while I was dressing for dinner, a sudden, blessed thought came into my mind—really, just like a flash of light that seemed to put every thing clear at once—and it is about that I want to consult you, if you will let me. That dear Lettice Arnold!—I knew her from a child. You can not think what a creature she is. So sensible, so cheerful, so sweet-tempered, so self-sacrificing, yet so clever, and firm, and steady, when necessary. Mamma wants a daughter, and papa wants a reader and a backgammon player. Lettice Arnold is the very thing."

Mrs. Danvers made no answer.

"Don't you think so? Are you not sure? Don't you see it?" asked poor Catherine, anxiously.

"Alas! my dear, there is one thing I can scarcely ever persuade myself to do; and that is—advise any one to undertake the part of humble friend."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I know it's a terrible part in general; and I can't think why."

"Because neither party in general understands the nature of the relation, nor the exchange of duties it implies. For want of proper attention to this, the post of governess is often rendered so unsatisfactory to one side, and so very uncomfortable to the other, but in that case at least *something* is defined. In the part of the humble friend there is really nothing—every thing depends upon the equity and good-nature of the first party, and the candor and good-will of the second. Equity not to exact too much—good-nature to consult the comfort and happiness of the dependent. On that dependent's side, candor in judging of what *is* exacted; and good-will cheerfully to do the best in her power to be amiable and agreeable."

"I am not afraid of mamma. She will never be exacting *much*. She will study the happiness of all who depend upon her; she only does it almost too much, I sometimes think, to the sacrifice of her own comfort, and to the spoiling of them—and though papa is sometimes so suffering that he can't help being a little impatient, yet he is a perfect gentleman, you know. As for Lettice Arnold, if ever there was a person who knew 'how to make the best of it,' and sup cheerfully upon fried onions when she had lost her piece of roast kid, it is she. Besides, she is so uniformly good-natured, that it is quite a pleasure to her to oblige. The only danger between dearest mamma and Lettice will be—of their quarreling which shall give up most to the other. But, joking apart, she is a vast deal more than I have said—she is a remarkably clever, spirited girl, and shows it when she is called upon. You can not think how discreet, how patient, yet how firm, she can be. Her parents, poor people, were very difficult to live with, and were always running wrong. If it had not been for Lettice, affairs would have got into dreadful confusion. There is that in her so *right*, such an inherent downright sense of propriety and justice—somehow or other I am confident she will not let Randall tyrannize over mamma when I am gone."

"Really," said Mrs. Danvers, "what you say seems very reasonable. There are exceptions to every rule. It certainly is one of mine to have as little as possible to do in recommending young women to the situation of humble friends. Yet in some cases I have seen all the comfort you anticipate arise to both parties from such a connection; and I own I never saw a fairer chance presented than the present; provided Randall is not too strong for you all; which may be feared."

"Well, then, you do not *disadvise* me to talk to mamma about it, and I will write to you as soon as I possibly can; and you will be kind enough to negotiate with Lettice, if you approve of the terms. As for Randall, she shall *not* be too hard for me. Now is my hour; I am in the ascendant, and I will win this battle or perish; that is, I will tell mamma I *won't* be married upon any other terms; and to have 'Miss' married is quite as great a matter of pride to Mrs. Randall as to that dearest of mothers."

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The contest with Mrs. Randall was as fierce as Catherine, in her worst anticipations, could have expected. She set herself most doggedly against the plan. It, indeed, militated against all her schemes. She had intended to have every thing far more than ever her own way when "Miss Catherine was gone;" and though she had no doubt but that she should "keep the creature in her place," and "teach her there was only one mistress here" (which phrase usually means the maid, though it implies the lady), yet she had a sort of a misgiving about it. There would be one at her (Mrs. Melwyn's) ear as well as herself, and at, possibly, her master's, too, which was of still more importance. And then "those sort of people are so artful and cantankerous. Oh! she'd seen enough of them in her day! Poor servants couldn't have a moment's peace with a creature like that in the house, spying about and telling every thing in the parlor. One can't take a walk, or see a poor friend, or have a bit of comfort, but all goes up there. Well, those may put up with it who like. Here's one as won't, and that's me myself; and so I shall make bold to tell Miss Catherine. General and Mrs. Melwyn must choose between me and the new-comer."

Poor Catherine! Mrs. Melwyn cried, and said her daughter was very right; but she was sure Randall never *would* bear it. And the general, with whom Randall had daily opportunity for private converse while she bound up his shattered arm, and dressed the old wound, which was perpetually breaking out afresh, and discharging splinters of bone, easily talked her master into the most decided dislike to the scheme.

But Catherine stood firm. She had the support of her own heart and judgment; and the greater the difficulty, the more strongly she felt the necessity of the measure. Edgar backed her, too, with all his might. He could hardly keep down his vexation at this weakness on one side, and indignation at the attempted tyranny on the other, and he said every thing he could think of to encourage Catherine to persevere.

She talked the matter well over with her father. The general was the most testy, cross, and unreasonable of old men; always out of humor, because always suffering, and always jealous of every body's influence and authority, because he was now too weak and helpless to rule his family with a rod of iron, such as he, the greatest of martinets, had wielded in better days in his regiment and in his household alike. He suffered himself to be governed by Randall, and by nobody else; because in yielding to Randall, there was a sort of consciousness of the exercise of free will. He *ought* to be influenced by his gentle wife, and clever, sensible daughter; but there was no reason on earth, but because he *chose* to do it, that he should mind what Randall said.

"I hate the whole pack of them! I know well enough what sort of a creature you'll bring among us, Catherine. A whining, methodistical old maid, with a face like a hatchet, and a figure as if it had been pressed between two boards, dressed in a flimsy cheap silk, of a dingy brown color, with a cap like a grenadier's. Your mother and she will be sitting moistening their eyes all day long over the sins of mankind; and, I'll be bound, my own sins won't be forgotten among them. Oh! I know the pious creatures, of old. Nothing they hate like a poor old veteran, with a naughty word or two in his mouth now and then. Never talk to me, Catherine, I can't abide such cattle."

"Dearest papa, what a picture you *do* draw! just to frighten yourself. Why, Lettice Arnold is only about nineteen, I believe; and though she's not particularly pretty, she's the pleasantest-looking creature you ever saw. And as for bemoaning herself over her neighbors' sins, I'll be bound she's not half such a Methodist as Randall."

"Randall is a very pious, good woman, I'd have you to know, Miss Catherine."

"I'm sure I hope she is, papa; but you must own she makes a great fuss about it. And I really believe, the habit she has of whispering and turning up the whites of her eyes, when she hears of a neighbor's peccadillos, is one thing which sets you so against the righteous, dearest papa; now, you know it is."

"You're a saucy baggage. How old is this thing you're trying to put upon us, did you say?"

"Why, about nineteen, or, perhaps, twenty. And then, who's to read to you, papa, when I am gone, and play backgammon? You know mamma must *not* read, on account of her chest, and she plays so badly, you say, at backgammon; and it's so dull, husband and wife playing, you know." (Poor Mrs. Melwyn dreaded, of all things, backgammon; she invariably got ridiculed if she played ill, and put her husband into a passion if she beat him. Catherine had long taken this business upon herself.)

"Does she play backgammon tolerably? and can she read without drawling or galloping?"

"Just at your own pace, papa, whatever that may be. Besides, you can only try her; she's easily sent away if you and mamma don't like her. And then think, she is a poor clergyman's daughter; and it would be quite a kind action."

"A poor parson's! It would have been more to the purpose if you had said a poor officer's. I pay tithes enough to the black coated gentlemen, without being bothered with their children, and who ever pays tithes to us, I wonder? I don't see what right parsons have to marry at all; and then, forsooth, come and ask other people to take care of their brats!"

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"Ah! but she's not to be taken care of for nothing; only think what a comfort she'll be."

"To your mamma, perhaps, but not to me. And *she's* always the first person to be considered in this house, I know very well; and I know very well who it is that dresses the poor old soldier's wounds, and studies his comforts—and he'll study hers; and I won't have her vexed to please any of you."

"But why should she be vexed? It's nothing to *her*. *She's* not to live with Lettice. And I must say, if Randall sets herself against this measure, she behaves in a very unreasonable and unworthy manner, in my opinion."

"Hoity toity! To be sure; and who's behaving in an unreasonable and unworthy manner now, I wonder, abusing her behind her back, a worthy, attached creature, whose sole object it is to study the welfare of us all? She's told me so a thousand times."

"I daresay. Well, now, papa, listen to me. I'm going away from you for good—your little Catherine. Just for once grant me this as a favor. Only try Lettice. I'm sure you'll like her; and if, after she's been here a quarter of a year, you don't wish to keep her, why part with her, and I'll promise not to say a word about it. Randall has her good qualities, I suppose, like the rest of the world; but Randall must be taught to keep her place, and that's not in this drawing-room. And it's *here* you want Lettice, not in your dressing-room. Randall shall have it all her own way *there*, and that *ought* to content her. And besides, papa, do you know, I can't marry Edgar till you have consented, because I can not leave mamma and you with nobody to keep you company."

"Edgar and you be d—d! Well, do as you like. The sooner you're out of the house the better. I shan't have my own way till you're gone. You're a sad coaxing baggage, but you *have* a pretty face of your own, Miss Catherine."

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If the debate upon the subject ran high at the Hazels, so did it in the little humble apartment which the two sisters occupied.

"A humble friend! No," cried Myra, "that I would never, never be; rather die of hunger first."

"Dying of hunger is a very horrible thing," said Lettice, quietly, "and much more easily said than done. We have not, God be thanked for it, ever been quite so badly off as that; but I have stood near enough to the dreadful gulf to look down, and to sound its depth and its darkness. I am very thankful, deeply thankful, for this offer, which I should gladly accept, only what is to become of you?"

"Oh! never mind me. It's the fashion now, I see, for every body to think of *you*, and nobody to think of me. I'm not worth caring for, now those who cared for me are gone. Oh! pray, if you like to be a domestic slave yourself, let *me* be no hindrance."

"A domestic slave! why should I be a domestic slave? I see no slavery in the case."

"I call it slavery, whatever you may do, to have nothing to do all day but play toad-eater and flatterer to a good-for-nothing old woman; to bear all her ill-humors, and be the butt for all her caprices. That's what humble friends are expected to do, I believe; what else are they hired for?"

"I should neither toady nor flatter, I hope," said Lettice; "and as for bearing people's ill-humors, and being now and then the sport of their caprices, why that, as you say, is very disagreeable, yet, perhaps, it is what we must rather expect. But Mrs. Melwyn, I have always heard, is the gentlest of human beings. And if she is like Catherine, she must be free from caprice, and nobody could help quite loving her."

"Stuff!—love! love! A humble friend love her *unhumble* friend; for I suppose one must not venture to call one's mistress a tyrant. Oh, no, a friend! a dear friend!" in a taunting, ironical voice.

"Whomever it might be my fate to live with, I should *try* to love; for I believe if one tries to love people, one soon finds something lovable about them, and Mrs. Melwyn, I feel sure, I should soon love very much."

"So like you! ready to love any thing and every thing. I verily believe if there was nothing else to love but the little chimney-sweeper boy, you'd fall to loving him, rather than love nobody."

"I am sure that's true enough," said Lettice, laughing; "I have more than once felt very much inclined to love the little boy who carries the soot-bag for the man who sweeps these chimneys—such a saucy-looking, little sooty rogue."

"As if a person's love *could* be worth having," continued the sister, "who is so ready to love any body."

"No, that I deny. Some few people I *do* find it hard to love."

"Me for one."

"Oh, Myra!"

"Well, I beg your pardon. You're very kind to me. But I'll tell you who it will be impossible for you to love—if such a thing can be: that's that testy, cross, old general."

"I don't suppose I shall have much to do with the old general, if I go."

"If you go. Oh, you're sure to go. You're so sanguine; every new prospect is so promising. But pardon me, you seem quite to have forgotten that reading to the old general, and playing backgammon with him, are among your specified employments."

"Well, I don't see much harm in it if they are. A man can't be very cross with one when one's reading to him—and as for the backgammon, I mean to lose every game, if that will please him." [Pg 34]

"Oh, a man can't be cross with a reader? I wish you knew as much of the world as I do, and had heard people read. Why, nothing on earth puts one in such a fidget. I'm sure I've been put into such a worry by people's way of reading, that I could have pinched them. Really, Lettice, your simplicity would shame a child of five years old."

"Well, I shall do my best, and besides I shall take care to set my chair so far off that I can't get pinched, at least; and as for a poor, ailing, suffering old man being a little impatient and cross, why one can't expect to get fifty pounds a year for just doing nothing.—I do suppose it is expected that I should bear a few of these things in place of Mrs. Melwyn; and I don't see why I should not."

"Oh, dear! Well, my love, you're quite made for the place, I see; you always had something of the spaniel in you, or the walnut-tree, or any of those things which are the better for being ill-used. It was quite a proverb with our poor mother, 'a worm will turn, but not Lettice.'"

Lettice felt very much inclined to turn now. But the mention of her mother—that mother whose mismanagement and foolish indulgence had contributed so much to poor Myra's faults—faults for which she now paid so heavy a penalty—silenced the generous girl, and she made no answer.

No answer, let it proceed from never so good a motive, makes cross people often more cross; though perhaps upon the whole it is the best plan.

So Myra in a still more querulous voice went on:

"This room will be rather dismal all by one's self, and I don't know how I'm to go about, up and down, fetch and carry, and work as you are able to do.... I was never used to it. It comes very hard upon me." And she began to cry.

"Poor Myra! dear Myra! don't cry: I never intended to leave you. Though I talked as if I did, it was only in the way of argument, because I thought more might be said for the kind of life than you thought; and I felt sure if people were tolerably kind and candid, I could get along very well and make myself quite comfortable. Dear me! after such hardships as we have gone through, a little would do that. But do you think, poor dear girl, I could have a moment's peace, and know you were here alone? No, no."

And so when she went in the evening to carry her answer to Mrs. Danvers, who had conveyed to her Catherine's proposal, Lettice said, "that she should have liked exceedingly to accept Catherine's offer, and was sure she should have been very happy herself, and would have done every thing in her power to make Mrs. Melwyn happy, but that it was impossible to leave her sister."

"If that is your only difficulty, my dear, don't make yourself uneasy about that. I have found a place for your sister which I think she will like very well. It is with Mrs. Fisher, the great milliner in Dover-street, where she will be taken care of, and may be very comfortable. Mrs. Fisher is a most excellent person, and very anxious, not only about the health and comfort of those she employs, but about their good behavior and their security from evil temptation. Such a beautiful girl as your sister is, lives in perpetual danger, exposed as she is without protection in this great town."

"But Myra has such an abhorrence of servitude, as she calls it—such an independent high spirit—I fear she will never like it."

"It will be very good for her, whether she likes it or not. Indeed, my dear, to speak sincerely, the placing your sister out of danger in the house of Mrs. Fisher ought to be a decisive reason with you for accepting Catherine's proposal—even did you dislike it much more than you seem to do."

"Oh! to tell the truth, I should like the plan very much indeed—much more than I have wished to say, on account of Myra: but she never, never will submit to be ruled, I fear, and make herself happy where, of course, she must obey orders and follow regulations, whether she likes them or not. Unfortunately, poor dear, she has been so little accustomed to be contradicted."

"Well, then, it is high time she should begin; for contradicted, sooner or later, we all of us are certain to be. Seriously, again, my dear, good Lettice—I must call you Lettice—your innocence of heart prevents you from knowing what snares surround a beautiful young woman like your sister. I like you best, I own; but I have thought much more of her fate than yours, upon that account. Such a situation as is offered to you she evidently is quite unfit to fill: but I went—the very day Catherine and I came to your lodgings and saw you both—to my good friend Mrs. Fisher, and, with great difficulty, have persuaded her at last to take your sister. She disliked the idea very much; but she's an excellent woman: and when I represented to her the peculiar circumstances of the case, she promised she would consider the matter. She took a week to consider of it—for she is a very cautious person is Mrs. Fisher; and some people call her very cold and severe. However, she has decided in our favor, as I expected she would. Her compassion always gets the better of her prudence, when the two are at issue. And so you would not dislike to go to Mrs. Melwyn's?"

"How could I? Why, after what we have suffered, it must be like going into Paradise."

"Nay, nay—a little too fast. No dependent situation is ever exactly a Paradise. I should be sorry you saw things in a false light, and should be disappointed."

"Oh, no, I do not wish to do that—I don't think—thank you for the great kindness and interest you are so kind as to show by this last remark—but I think I never in my life enjoyed one day of unmixed happiness since I was quite a little child; and I have got so entirely into the habit of thinking that every thing in the world goes so—that when I say Paradise, or quite happy, or so on, it is always in a certain sense—a comparative sense."

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"I am glad to see you so reasonable—that is one sure way to be happy; but you will find your crosses at the Hazels. The general is not very sweet-tempered; and even dear mild Mrs. Melwyn is not perfect."

"Why, madam, what am I to expect? If I can not bear a few disagreeable things, what do I go there for? Not to be fed, and housed, and paid at other people's expense, just that I may please my own humors all the time. That *would* be rather an unfair bargain, I think. No: I own there are some things I could not and would not bear for any consideration; but there are a great many others that I can, and I shall, and I will—and do my best, too, to make happy, and be happy; and, in short, I don't feel the least afraid."

"No more you need—you right-spirited creature," said Mrs. Danvers, cordially.

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Many were the difficulties, endless the objections raised by Myra against the proposed plan of going to Mrs. Fisher. Such people's objections and difficulties are indeed endless. In their weakness and their selfishness, they *like* to be objects of pity—they take a comfort in bothering and wearying people with their interminable complaints. Theirs is not the sacred outbreak of the overloaded heart—casting itself upon another heart for support and consolation under suffering that is too strong and too bitter to be endured alone. Sacred call for sympathy and consolation, and rarely made in vain! It is the wearying and futile attempt to cast the burden of sorrow and suffering upon others, instead of seeking their assistance in enduring it one's self. Vain and useless endeavor, and which often bears hard upon the sympathy even of the kindest and truest hearts!

Ineffectually did Lettice endeavor to represent matters under a cheerful aspect. Nothing was of any avail. Myra would persist in lamenting, and grieving, and tormenting herself and her sister; bewailing the cruel fate of both—would persist in recapitulating every objection which could be made to the plan, and every evil consequence which could possibly ensue. Not that she had the slightest intention in the world of refusing her share in it, if she would have suffered herself to say so. She rather liked the idea of going to that fashionable *modiste*, Mrs. Fisher: she had the "*âme de dentelle*" with which Napoleon reproached poor Josephine. There was something positively delightful to her imagination in the idea of dwelling among rich silks, Brussels laces, ribbons, and feathers; it was to her what woods, and birds, and trees were to her sister. She fancied herself elegantly dressed, walking about a show-room, filled with all sorts of beautiful things; herself, perhaps, the most beautiful thing in it, and the object of a sort of flattering interest, through the melancholy cloud "upon her fine features." Nay, her romantic imagination traveled still farther—gentlemen sometimes come up with ladies to show-rooms,—who could tell? Love at first sight was not altogether a dream. Such things *had* happened.... Myra had read plenty of old, rubbishy novels when she was a girl.

Such were the comfortable thoughts she kept to herself; but it was, as I said, one endless complaining externally.

Catherine insisted upon being allowed to advance the money for the necessary clothes, which, to satisfy the delicacy of the one and the pride of the other, she agreed should be repaid by installments as their salaries became due. The sale of their few possessions put a sovereign or so into the pocket of each, and thus the sisters parted; the lovely Myra to Mrs. Fisher's, and Lettice, by railway, to the Hazels.

**(To be continued.)**

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## ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA IN 1669.

"For many days previous the sky had been overcast, and the weather, notwithstanding the season, oppressively hot. The thunder and lightning were incessant, and the eruption was at length ushered in by a violent shock of an earthquake, which leveled most of the houses at Nicolosi. Two great chasms then opened near that village, from whence ashes were thrown out in such quantities, that, in a few weeks, a double hill, called Monte Rosso, 450 feet high, was formed, and the surrounding country covered to such a depth, that, nothing but the tops of the trees could be seen. The lava ran in a stream fifty feet deep, and four miles wide, overwhelming in its course fourteen towns and villages; and had it not separated before reaching Catania, that city would have been virtually annihilated as were Herculaneum and Pompeii. The walls had been purposely raised to a height of sixty feet, to repel the danger if possible, but the torrent accumulated behind them, and poured down in a cascade of fire upon the town. It still continued to advance, and, after a course of fifteen miles, ran into the sea, where it formed a mole 600 yards long. The walls were neither thrown down nor fused by contact with the ignited matter, and have since been discovered by Prince Biscari, when excavating in search of a well known to have existed in a certain spot, and from the steps of which the lava may now be seen curling over like a monstrous billow in the very act of falling.

"The great crater fell in during this eruption, and a fissure, six feet wide and twelve miles long, opened in the plain of S. Leo. In the space of six weeks, the habitations of 27,000 persons were destroyed, a vast extent of the most fertile land rendered desolate for ages, the course of rivers changed, and the whole face of the district transformed."—*Marquis of Ormonde's Autumn in Sicily.*

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## VOLCANIC ERUPTION—MOUNT ETNA IN 1849.

"The mass extended for a breadth of about 1000 paces, advancing gradually, more or less rapidly according to the nature of the ground over which it moved, but making steady progress. It had formed two branches, one going in a northerly, and the other in a westerly direction. No danger beyond loss of trees or crops was apprehended from the former, but the second was moving in a direct line for the town of Bronte, and to it we confined our attention. The townspeople, on their part, had not been idle. I have before mentioned the clearance which they made of their goods, but precautions had also been taken outside the town, with a view, if possible, to arrest the progress of the lava; and a very massive wall of coarse loose work was in the course of erection across a valley down which the stream must flow. We heard afterward, that the impelling power was spent before the strength of this work was put to the test, but had it failed, Bronte had been lost. It is not easy to convey by words any very accurate idea. The lava appeared to be from thirty to forty feet in depth, and some notion of its aspect and progress may be formed by imagining a hill of loose stones of all sizes, the summit or brow of which is continually falling to the base, and as constantly renewed by unseen pressure from behind. Down it came in large masses, each leaving behind it a fiery track, as the red-hot interior was for a moment or two exposed. The impression most strongly left on my mind was that of its irresistible force. It did not advance rapidly; there was no difficulty in approaching it, as I did, closely, and taking out pieces of red-hot stone; the rattling of the blocks overhead gave ample notice of their descent down the inclined face of the stream, and a few paces to the rear, or aside, were quite enough to take me quite clear of them; but still onward, onward it came, foot by foot it encroached on the ground at its base, changing the whole face of the country, leaving hills where formerly valleys had been, overwhelming every work of man that it encountered in its progress, and leaving all behind one black, rough, and monotonous mass of hard and barren lava. It had advanced considerably during the night. On the previous evening I had measured the distance from the base of the moving hill to the walls of a deserted house which stood, surrounded by trees, at about fifty yards off, and, though separated from it by a road, evidently exposed to the full power of the stream. Not a trace of it was now left, and it was difficult to make a guess at where it had been. The owners of the adjacent lands were busied in all directions felling the timber that stood in the line of the advancing fire, but they could not in many instances do it fast enough to save their property from destruction; and it was not a little interesting to watch the effect produced on many a goodly tree, first thoroughly dried by the heat of the mass, and, in a few minutes after it had been reached by the lava, bursting into flames at the base, and soon prostrate and destroyed. It being Sunday, all the population had turned out to see what progress the enemy was making, and prayers and invocations to a variety of saints were every where heard around. 'Chiamate Sant' Antonio, Signor,' said one woman eagerly to me, 'per l'amor di Dio, chiamate la Santa Maria.' Many females knelt around, absorbed in their anxiety and devotion, while the men generally stood in silence gazing in dismay at the scene before them. Our guide was a poor fiddler thrown out of employment by the strict penance enjoined with a view to avert the impending calamity, dancing and music being especially forbidden, even had any one under such circumstances been inclined to indulge in them."

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The Marquis of Ormonde was adventurous enough, despite the fate of Empedocles and of Pliny, to ascend in the evening to see the Bocca di Fuoco, which is at an elevation of about 6000 feet.

The sight which met his eyes was, he tells us, and we may well believe it, one of the grandest and most awful it had ever been his fortune to witness:

"The evening had completely closed in, and it was perfectly dark, so that there was nothing which could in any way injure or weaken the effect. The only thing to which I can compare it is, as far as can be judged from representations of such scenes, the blowing up of some enormous vessel of war, the effect being permanent instead of momentary only. Directly facing us was the chasm in the mountain's side from which the lava flowed in a broad stream of liquid fire; masses of it had been forced up on each side, forming, as it got comparatively cool, black, uneven banks, the whole realizing the poetic description of Phlegethon in the most vivid manner. The flames ascended to a considerable height from the abyss, and high above them the air was constantly filled with large fiery masses, projected to a great height, and meeting on their descent a fresh supply, the roar of the flames and crash of the falling blocks being incessant. Advancing across a valley which intervened, we ascended another hill, and here commanded a view of the ground on which many of the ejected stones fell, and, though well to windward, the small ashes fell thickly around us. The light was sufficient, even at the distance we stood, to enable us to read small print, and to write with the greatest ease. The thermometer stood at about 40°, but, cold though it was, it was some time before we could resolve to take our last look at this extraordinary sight, and our progress, after we had done so, was retarded by the constant stoppages made by us to watch the beautiful effect of the light, as seen through the *Bosco*, which we had entered on our return."—*Marquis of Ormonde's Autumn in Sicily*.

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## AMERICAN LITERATURE.

We believe it was M. l'Abbé Raynal who said that America had not yet produced a single man of genius. The productions now under our notice will do more to relieve her from this imputation than the reply of President Jefferson:

"When we have existed," said that gentleman, "so long as the Greeks did before they produced Homer, the Romans Virgil, the French a Racine and a Voltaire, the English a Shakspeare and a Milton, we shall inquire from what unfriendly causes it has proceeded that the other countries of Europe, and quarters of the earth, shall not have inscribed any poet of ours on the roll of fame."

The ingenuity of this defense is more apparent than its truth; for although the existence of America, as a separate nation, is comparatively recent, it must not be forgotten that the origin of her people is identical with that of our own. Their language is the same; they have always had advantages in regard of literature precisely similar to those which we now enjoy; they have free trade, and a little more, in all our best standard authors. There is, therefore, no analogy whatever between their condition and that of the other nations with whom the attempt has been made to contrast them. With a literature ready-made, as it were, to their hand, America had never to contend against any difficulties such as they encountered. Beyond the ballads of the Troubadours and Trouveres, France had no stock either of literature or of traditions to begin upon; the language of Rome was foreign to its people; Greece had but the sixteen letters of Cadmus; the literature of England struggled through the rude chaos of Anglo-Saxon, Norman, French, and monkish Latin. If these difficulties in pursuit of knowledge be compared with the advantages of America, we think it must be admitted that the president had the worst of the argument.

But although America enjoys all these advantages, it can not be denied that her social condition presents impediments of a formidable character toward the cultivation of the higher and more refined branches of literature. Liberty, equality, and fraternity are not quite so favorable to the cultivation of elegant tastes as might be imagined; where every kind of social rank is obliterated, the field of observation, which is the province of fiction, becomes proportionately narrow; and although human nature must be the same under every form of government, the liberty of a thorough democracy by no means compensates for its vulgarity. It might be supposed that the very obliteration of all grades of rank, and the consequent impossibility of acquiring social distinction, would have a direct tendency to turn the efforts of genius in directions where the acquisition of fame might be supposed to compensate for more substantial rewards; and when men could no longer win their way to a coronet, they would redouble their exertions to obtain the wreath. The history of literature, however, teaches us the reverse: its most brilliant lights have shone in dark and uncongenial times. Amid the clouds of bigotry and oppression, in the darkest days of tyranny and demoralization, their lustre has been the most brilliant. Under the luxurious tyranny of the empire, Virgil and Horace sang their immortal strains; the profligacy of Louis the Fourteenth produced a Voltaire and a Rosseau; amid the oppression of his country grew and flourished the gigantic intellect of Milton; Ireland, in the darkest times of her gloomy history, gave birth to the imperishable genius of Swift; it was less the liberty of Athens than the tyranny of Philip, which made Demosthenes an orator; and of the times which produced our great dramatists it is scarcely necessary to speak. The proofs, in short, are numberless. Be this, however, as it may, the character of American literature which has fallen under our notice must demonstrate to every intelligent mind, what immense advantages she has derived from those



sources which the advocates of her claims would endeavor to repudiate. There is scarcely a page which does not contain evidence how largely she has availed herself of the learning and labors of others.

We do not blame her for this; far from it. We only say that, having reaped the benefit, it is unjust to deny the obligation; and that in discussing her literary pretensions, the plea which has been put forward in her behalf is untenable.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

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## MILKING IN AUSTRALIA.

This is a very serious operation. First, say at four o'clock in the morning, you drive the cows into the stock-yard, where the calves have been penned up all the previous night in a hutch in one corner. Then you have to commence a chase after the first cow, who, with a perversity common to Australian females, expects to be pursued two or three times round the yard, ankle deep in dust or mud, according to the season, with loud halloas and a thick stick. This done, she generally proceeds up to the *fail*, a kind of pillory, and permits her neck to be made fast. The cow safe in the fail, her near hind leg is stretched out to its full length, and tied to a convenient post with the universal cordage of Australia, a piece of green hide. At this stage, in ordinary cases, the milking commences; but it was one of the hobbies of Mr. Jumsorew, a practice I have never seen followed in any other part of the colony, that the cow's tail should be held tight during the operation. This arduous duty I conscientiously performed for some weeks, until it happened one day that a young heifer slipped her head out of an ill-fastened fail, upset milkman and milkpail, charged the head-stockman, who was unloosing the calves, to the serious damage of a new pair of fustians, and ended, in spite of all my efforts, in clearing the top rail of the stock-yard, leaving me flat and flabbergasted at the foot of the fence.—*From "Scenes in the Life of a Bushman" (Unpublished.)*

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### [From Household Words.]

## LIZZIE LEIGH.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I

When Death is present in a household on a Christmas Day, the very contrast between the time as it now is, and the day as it has often been, gives a poignancy to sorrow—a more utter blankness to the desolation. James Leigh died just as the far-away bells of Rochdale church were ringing for morning service on Christmas Day, 1836. A few minutes before his death, he opened his already glazing eyes, and made a sign to his wife, by the faint motion of his lips, that he had yet something to say. She stooped close down, and caught the broken whisper, "I forgive her, Anne! May God forgive me."

"Oh my love, my dear! only get well, and I will never cease showing my thanks for those words. May God in heaven bless thee for saying them. Thou'rt not so restless, my lad! may be—Oh God!"

For even while she spoke, he died.

They had been two-and-twenty years man and wife; for nineteen of those years their life had been as calm and happy, as the most perfect uprightness on the one side, and the most complete confidence and loving submission on the other, could make it. Milton's famous line might have been framed and hung up as the rule of their married life, for he was truly the interpreter, who stood between God and her; she would have considered herself wicked if she had ever dared even to think him austere, though as certainly as he was an upright man, so surely was he hard, stern, and inflexible. But for three years the moan and the murmur had never been out of her heart; she had rebelled against her husband as against a tyrant with a hidden, sullen rebellion, which tore up the old landmarks of wifely duty and affection, and poisoned the fountains whence gentlest love and reverence had once been forever springing.

But those last blessed words replaced him on his throne in her heart, and called out penitent anguish for all the bitter estrangement of later years. It was this which made her refuse all the entreaties of her sons, that she would see the kind-hearted neighbors, who called on their way from church, to sympathize and condole. No! she would stay with the dead husband that had spoken tenderly at last, if for three years he had kept silence; who knew but what, if she had only been more gentle and less angrily reserved he might have relented earlier—and in time!

She sat rocking herself to and fro by the side of the bed, while the footsteps below went in and out; she had been in sorrow too long to have any violent burst of deep grief now; the furrows were well worn in her cheeks, and the tears flowed quietly, if incessantly, all the day long. But when the winter's night drew on, and the neighbors had gone away to their homes, she stole to the window, and gazed out, long and wistfully, over the dark, gray moors. She did not hear her son's voice, as he spoke to her from the door, nor his footstep, as he drew nearer. She started when he touched her.

"Mother! come down to us. There's no one but Will and me. Dearest mother, we do so want you." The poor lad's voice trembled, and he began to cry. It appeared to require an effort on Mrs. Leigh's part to tear herself away from the window, but with a sigh she complied with his request.

The two boys (for though Will was nearly twenty-one, she still thought of him as a lad) had done every thing in their power to make the house-place comfortable for her. She herself, in the old days before her sorrow, had never made a brighter fire or a cleaner hearth, ready for her husband's return home, than now awaited her. The tea-things were all put out, and the kettle was boiling; and the boys had calmed their grief down into a kind of sober cheerfulness. They paid her every attention they could think of, but received little notice on her part; she did not resist—she rather submitted to all their arrangements; but they did not seem to touch her heart.

When tea was ended—it was merely the form of tea that had been gone through—Will moved the things away to the dresser. His mother leant back languidly in her chair.

"Mother, shall Tom read you a chapter? He's a better scholar than I."

"Ay, lad!" said she, almost eagerly. "That's it. Read me the Prodigal Son. Ay, ay, lad. Thank thee."

Tom found the chapter, and read it in the high-pitched voice which is customary in village-schools. His mother bent forward, her lips parted, her eyes dilated; her whole body instinct with eager attention. Will sat with his head depressed, and hung down. He knew why that chapter had been chosen; and to him it recalled the family's disgrace. When the reading was ended, he still hung down his head in gloomy silence. But her face was brighter than it had been before for the day. Her eyes looked dreamy, as if she saw a vision; and by and by she pulled the Bible toward her, and putting her finger underneath each word, began to read them aloud in a low voice to herself; she read again the words of bitter sorrow and deep humiliation; but most of all she paused and brightened over the father's tender reception of the repentant prodigal.

So passed the Christmas evening in the Upclose Farm.

The snow had fallen heavily over the dark waving moorland, before the day of the funeral. The black, storm-laden dome of heaven lay very still and close upon the white earth, as they carried the body forth out of the house which had known his presence so long as its ruling power. Two and two the mourners followed, making a black procession in their winding march over the unbeaten snow, to Milne-row church—now lost in some hollow of the bleak moors, now slowly climbing the heaving ascents. There was no long tarrying after the funeral, for many of the neighbors who accompanied the body to the grave had far to go, and the great white flakes which came slowly down, were the boding forerunners of a heavy storm. One old friend alone accompanied the widow and her sons to their home.

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The Upclose Farm had belonged for generations to the Leighs; and yet its possession hardly raised them above the rank of laborers. There was the house and outbuildings, all of an old-fashioned kind, and about seven acres of barren, unproductive land, which they had never possessed capital enough to improve; indeed, they could hardly rely upon it for subsistence; and it had been customary to bring up the sons to some trade—such as a wheelwright's, or blacksmith's.

James Leigh had left a will, in the possession of the old man who accompanied them home. He read it aloud. James had bequeathed the farm to his faithful wife, Anne Leigh, for her life-time; and afterward, to his son William. The hundred and odd pounds in the savings'-bank was to accumulate for Thomas.

After the reading was ended, Anne Leigh sat silent for a time; and then she asked to speak to Samuel Orme alone. The sons went into the back-kitchen, and thence strolled out into the fields, regardless of the driving snow. The brothers were dearly fond of each other, although they were very different in character. Will, the elder, was like his father, stern, reserved, and scrupulously upright. Tom (who was ten years younger) was gentle and delicate as a girl, both in appearance and character. He had always clung to his mother and dreaded his father. They did not speak as they walked, for they were only in the habit of talking about facts, and hardly knew the more sophisticated language applied to the description of feelings.

Meanwhile their mother had taken hold of Samuel Orme's arm with her trembling hand.

"Samuel, I must let the farm—I must."

"Let the farm! What's come o'er the woman?"

"Oh, Samuel!" said she, her eyes swimming in tears, "I'm just fain to go and live in Manchester. I mun let the farm."

Samuel looked and pondered, but did not speak for some time. At last he said,

"If thou hast made up thy mind, there's no speaking again it; and thou must e'en go. Thou'lt be sadly potted wi' Manchester ways; but that's not my look-out. Why, thou'lt have to buy potatoes, a thing thou hast never done afore in all thy born life. Well! it's not my look-out. It's rather for me than again me. Our Jenny is going to be married to Tom Higginbotham, and he was speaking of wanting a bit of land to begin upon. His father will be dying sometime, I reckon, and then he'll step into the Croft Farm. But meanwhile—"

"Then, thou'lt let the farm," said she, still as eagerly as ever.

"Ay, ay, he'll take it fast enough, I've a notion. But I'll not drive a bargain with thee just now; it would not be right; we'll wait a bit."

"No; I can not wait, settle it out at once."

"Well, well; I'll speak to Will about it. I see him out yonder. I'll step to him, and talk it over."

Accordingly he went and joined the two lads, and without more ado, began the subject to them.

"Will, thy mother is fain to go live in Manchester, and covets to let the farm. Now, I'm willing to take it for Tom Higginbotham; but I like to drive a keen bargain, and there would be no fun chaffering with thy mother just now. Let thee and me buckle to, my lad! and try and cheat each other; it will warm us this cold day."

"Let the farm!" said both the lads at once, with infinite surprise. "Go live in Manchester!"

When Samuel Orme found that the plan had never before been named to either Will or Tom, he would have nothing to do with it, he said, until they had spoken to their mother; likely she was "dazed" by her husband's death; he would wait a day or two, and not name it to any one; not to Tom Higginbotham himself, or may be he would set his heart upon it. The lads had better go in and talk it over with their mother. He bade them good day, and left them.

Will looked very gloomy, but he did not speak till they got near the house. Then he said,

"Tom, go to th' shippon, and supper the cows. I want to speak to mother alone."

When he entered the house-place, she was sitting before the fire, looking into its embers. She did not hear him come in; for some time she had lost her quick perception of outward things.

"Mother! what's this about going to Manchester?" asked he.

"Oh, lad!" said she, turning round and speaking in a beseeching tone, "I must go and seek our Lizzie. I can not rest here for thinking on her. Many's the time I've left thy father sleeping in bed, and stole to th' window, and looked and looked my heart out toward Manchester, till I thought I must just set out and tramp over moor and moss straight away till I got there, and then lift up every downcast face till I came to our Lizzie. And often, when the south wind was blowing soft among the hollows, I've fancied (it could but be fancy, thou knowest) I heard her crying upon me; and I've thought the voice came closer and closer, till it last it was sobbing out "Mother" close to the door; and I've stolen down, and undone the latch before now, and looked out into the still, black night, thinking to see her, and turned sick and sorrowful when I heard no living sound but the sigh of the wind dying away. Oh! speak not to me of stopping here, when she may be perishing for hunger, like the poor lad in the parable." And now she lifted up her voice and wept aloud.

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Will was deeply grieved. He had been old enough to be told the family shame when, more than two years before, his father had had his letter to his daughter returned by her mistress in Manchester, telling him that Lizzie had left her service some time—and why. He had sympathized with his father's stern anger; though he had thought him something hard, it is true, when he had forbidden his weeping, heart-broken wife to go and try to find her poor sinning child, and declared that henceforth they would have no daughter; that she should be as one dead; and her name never more be named at market or at meal-time, in blessing or in prayer. He had held his peace, with compressed lips and contracted brow, when the neighbors had noticed to him how poor Lizzie's death had aged both his father and his mother; and how they thought the bereaved couple would never hold up their heads again. He himself had felt as if that one event had made him old before his time; and had envied Tom the tears he had shed over poor, pretty, innocent, dead Lizzie. He thought about her sometimes, till he ground his teeth together, and could have struck her down in her shame. His mother had never named her to him until now.

"Mother!" said he at last. "She may be dead. Most likely she is."

"No, Will; she is not dead," said Mrs. Leigh. "God will not let her die till I've seen her once again. Thou dost not know how I've prayed and prayed just once again to see her sweet face, and tell her I've forgiven her, though she's broken my heart—she has, Will." She could not go on for a minute or two for the choking sobs. "Thou dost not know that, or thou wouldst not say she could be dead—for God is very merciful, Will; He is—He is much more pitiful than man—I could never ha' spoken to thy father as I did to Him—and yet thy father forgave her at last. The last words he said were that he forgave her. Thou'lt not be harder than thy father, Will? Do not try and hinder me going to seek her, for it's no use."

Will sat very still for a long time before he spoke. At last he said, "I'll not hinder you. I think she's dead, but that's no matter."

"She is not dead," said her mother, with low earnestness. Will took no notice of the interruption.

"We will all go to Manchester for a twelvemonth, and let the farm to Tom Higginbotham. I'll get blacksmith's work; and Tom can have good schooling for awhile, which he's always craving for. At the end of the year you'll come back, mother, and give over fretting for Lizzie and think with me that she is dead—and to my mind, that would be more comfort than to think of her living;" he dropped his voice as he spoke these last words. She shook her head, but made no answer. He asked again,

"Will you, mother, agree to this?"

"I'll agree to it a-this-ons," said she. "If I hear and see naught of her for a twelvemonth me being in Manchester looking out, I'll just ha' broken my heart fairly before the year's ended, and then I shall know neither love nor sorrow for her any more, when I'm at rest in the grave—I'll agree to that, Will."

"Well, I suppose it must be so. I shall not tell Tom, mother, why we're flitting to Manchester. Best spare him."

"As thou wilt," said she, sadly, "so that we go, that's all."

Before the wild daffodils were in flower in the sheltered copses round Upclose Farm, the Leighs were settled in their Manchester home; if they could ever grow to consider that place as a home, where there was no garden, or outbuilding, no fresh breezy outlet, no far-stretching view, over moor and hollow—no dumb animals to be tended, and, what more than all they missed, no old haunting memories, even though those remembrances told of sorrow, and the dead and gone.

Mrs. Leigh heeded the loss of all these things less than her sons. She had more spirit in her countenance than she had had for months, because now she had hope; of a sad enough kind, to be sure, but still it was hope. She performed all her household duties, strange and complicated as they were, and bewildered as she was with all the town-necessities of her new manner of life; but when her house was "sided," and the boys come home from their work, in the evening, she would put on her things and steal out, unnoticed, as she thought, but not without many a heavy sigh from Will, after she had closed the house-door and departed. It was often past midnight before she came back, pale and weary, with almost a guilty look upon her face; but that face so full of disappointment and hope deferred, that Will had never the heart to say what he thought of the folly and hopelessness of the search. Night after night it was renewed, till days grew to weeks, and weeks to months. All this time Will did his duty toward her as well as he could, without having sympathy with her. He staid at home in the evenings for Tom's sake, and often wished he had Tom's pleasure in reading, for the time hung heavy on his hands, as he sat up for his mother.

I need not tell you how the mother spent the weary hours. And yet I will tell you something. She used to wander out, at first as if without a purpose, till she rallied her thoughts, and brought all her energies to bear on the one point; then she went with earnest patience along the least known ways to some new part of the town, looking wistfully with dumb entreaty into people's faces; sometimes catching a glimpse of a figure which had a kind of momentary likeness to her child's, and following that figure with never wearying perseverance, till some light from shop or lamp showed the cold, strange face which was not her daughter's. Once or twice a kind-hearted passer-by, struck by her look of yearning woe, turned back and offered help, or asked her what she wanted. When so spoken to, she answered only, "You don't know a poor girl they call Lizzie Leigh, do you?" and when they denied all knowledge, she shook her head and went on again. I think they believed her to be crazy. But she never spoke first to any one. She sometimes took a few minutes' rest on the door-steps, and sometimes (very seldom) covered her face and cried; but she could not afford to lose time and chances in this way; while her eyes were blinded with tears, the lost one might pass by unseen.

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One evening, in the rich time of shortening autumn-days, Will saw an old man, who, without being absolutely drunk, could not guide himself rightly along the foot-path, and was mocked for his unsteadiness of gait by the idle boys of the neighborhood. For his father's sake, Will regarded old age with tenderness, even when most degraded and removed from the stern virtues which dignified that father; so he took the old man home, and seemed to believe his often-repeated assertions that he drank nothing but water. The stranger tried to stiffen himself up into steadiness as he drew nearer home, as if there were some one there, for whose respect he cared even in his half-intoxicated state, or whose feelings he feared to grieve. His home was exquisitely clean and neat even in outside appearance; threshold, window, and window-sill, were outward signs of some spirit of purity within. Will was rewarded for his attention by a bright glance of thanks, succeeded by a blush of shame, from a young woman of twenty or thereabouts. She did not speak, or second her father's hospitable invitation to him to be seated. She seemed unwilling that a stranger should witness her father's attempts at stately sobriety, and Will could not bear to stay and see her distress. But when the old man, with many a flabby shake of the hand, kept asking him to come again some other evening and see them, Will sought her downcast eyes, and, though he could not read their veiled meaning, he answered, timidly, "If it's agreeable to every body, I'll come—and thank ye." But there was no answer from the girl to whom this speech was in reality addressed; and Will left the house, liking her all the better for never speaking.

He thought about her a great deal for the next day or two; he scolded himself for being so foolish as to think of her, and then fell to with fresh vigor, and thought of her more than ever. He tried to depreciate her; he told himself she was not pretty, and then made indignant answer that he liked her looks much better than any beauty of them all. He wished he was not so country-looking, so red-faced, so broad-shouldered; while she was like a lady, with her smooth, colorless complexion, her bright dark hair, and her spotless dress. Pretty, or not pretty, she drew his footsteps toward her; he could not resist the impulse that made him wish to see her once more, and find out some fault which should unloose his heart from her unconscious keeping. But there she was, pure and maidenly as before. He sat and looked, answering her father at cross-purposes, while she drew more and more into the shadow of the chimney-corner out of sight. Then the spirit that possessed him (it was not he himself, sure, that did so impudent a thing!) made him get up and carry the candle to a different place, under the pretence of giving her more light at her sewing, but, in

reality, to be able to see her better; she could not stand this much longer, but jumped up, and said she must put her little niece to bed; and surely, there never was, before or since, so troublesome a child of two years old; for, though Will staid an hour and a half longer, she never came down again. He won the father's heart, though, by his capacity as a listener, for some people are not at all particular, and, so that they themselves may talk on undisturbed, are not so unreasonable as to expect attention to what they say.

Will did gather this much, however, from the old man's talk. He had once been quite in a genteel line of business, but had failed for more money than any greengrocer he had heard of: at least, any who did not mix up fish and game with greengrocery proper. This grand failure seemed to have been the event of his life, and one on which he dwelt with a strange kind of pride. It appeared as if at present he rested from his past exertions (in the bankrupt line), and depended on his daughter, who kept a small school for very young children. But all these particulars Will only remembered and understood, when he had left the house; at the time he heard them, he was thinking of Susan. After he had made good his footing at Mr. Palmer's, he was not long, you may be sure, without finding some reason for returning again and again. He listened to her father, he talked to the little niece, but he looked at Susan, both while he listened and while he talked. Her father kept on insisting upon his former gentility, the details of which would have appeared very questionable to Will's mind, if the sweet, delicate, modest Susan had not thrown an inexplicable air of refinement over all she came near. She never spoke much: she was generally diligently at work; but when she moved, it was so noiselessly, and when she did speak, it was in so low and soft a voice, that silence, speech, motion, and stillness, alike seemed to remove her high above Will's reach, into some saintly and inaccessible air of glory—high above his reach, even as she knew him! And, if she were made acquainted with the dark secret behind, of his sister's shame, which was kept ever present to his mind by his mother's nightly search among the outcast and forsaken, would not Susan shrink away from him with loathing, as if he were tainted by the involuntary relationship? This was his dread; and thereupon followed a resolution that he would withdraw from her sweet company before it was too late. So he resisted internal temptation, and staid at home, and suffered and sighed. He became angry with his mother for her untiring patience in seeking for one who, he could not help hoping, was dead rather than alive. He spoke sharply to her, and received only such sad, deprecatory answers as made him reproach himself, and still more lose sight of peace of mind. This struggle could not last long without affecting his health; and Tom, his sole companion through the long evenings, noticed his increasing languor, his restless irritability, with perplexed anxiety, and at last resolved to call his mother's attention to his brother's haggard, care-worn looks. She listened with a startled recollection of Will's claims upon her love. She noticed his decreasing appetite, and half-checked sighs.

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"Will, lad! what's come o'er thee?" said she to him, as he sat listlessly gazing into the fire.

"There's naught the matter with me," said he, as if annoyed at her remark.

"Nay, lad, but there is." He did not speak again to contradict her; indeed she did not know if he had heard her, so unmoved did he look.

"Would'st like to go back to Upclose Farm?" asked she, sorrowfully.

"It's just blackberrying time," said Tom.

Will shook his head. She looked at him a while, as if trying to read that expression of despondency and trace it back to its source.

"Will and Tom could go," said she; "I must stay here till I've found her, thou know'st," continued she, dropping her voice.

He turned quickly round, and with the authority he at all times exercised over Tom, bade him begone to bed.

When Tom had left the room he prepared to speak.

## CHAPTER II.

"Mother," then said Will, "why will you keep on thinking she's alive? If she were but dead, we need never name her name again. We've never heard naught on her since father wrote her that letter; we never knew whether she got it or not. She'd left her place before then. Many a one dies is—"

"Oh, my lad! dunnot speak so to me, or my heart will break outright," said his mother, with a sort of cry. Then she calmed herself, for she yearned to persuade him to her own belief. "Thou never asked, and thou'rt too like thy father for me to tell without asking—but it were all to be near Lizzie's old place that I settled down on this side o' Manchester; and the very day after we came, I went to her old missus, and asked to speak a word wi' her. I had a strong mind to cast it up to her, that she should ha' sent my poor lass away without telling on it to us first; but she were in black, and looked so sad I could na' find in my heart to threep it up. But I did ask her a bit about our Lizzie. The master would have her turned away at a day's warning (he's gone to t'other place; I hope he'll meet wi' more mercy there than he showed our Lizzie—I do); and when the missus asked her should she write to us, she says Lizzie shook her head; and when she speered at her again, the poor lass went down on her knees, and begged her not, for she said it would break my heart (as it has done, Will—God knows it has)," said the poor mother, choking with her struggle

to keep down her hard, overmastering grief, "and her father would curse her—Oh, God, teach me to be patient." She could not speak for a few minutes. "And the lass threatened, and said she'd go drown herself in the canal, if the missus wrote home—and so—

"Well! I'd got a trace of my child—the missus thought she'd gone to th' workhouse to be nursed; and there I went—and there, sure enough, she had been—and they'd turned her out as soon as she were strong, and told her she were young enough to work—but whatten kind o' work would be open to her, lad, and her baby to keep?"

Will listened to his mother's tale with deep sympathy, not unmixed with the old bitter shame. But the opening of her heart had unlocked his, and after a while he spoke.

"Mother! I think I'd e'en better go home. Tom can stay wi' thee. I know I should stay too, but I can not stay in peace so near—her—without craving to see her—Susan Palmer, I mean."

"Has the old Mr. Palmer thou telled me on a daughter?" asked Mrs. Leigh.

"Ay, he has. And I love her above a bit. And it's because I love her I want to leave Manchester. That's all."

Mrs. Leigh tried to understand this speech for some time, but found it difficult of interpretation.

"Why should'st thou not tell her thou lov's her? Thou'rt a likely lad, and sure o' work. Thou'lt have Upclose at my death; and as for that I could let thee have it now, and keep mysel' by doing a bit of charring. It seems to me a very backward sort o' way of winning her to think of leaving Manchester."

"Oh, mother, she's so gentle and so good—she's downright holy. She's never known a touch of sin; and can I ask her to marry me, knowing what we do about Lizzie, and fearing worse! I doubt if one like her could ever care for me; but if she knew about my sister, it would put a gulf between us, and she'd shudder up at the thought of crossing it. You don't know how good she is, mother!"

"Will, Will! if she's so good as thou say'st, she'll have pity on such as my Lizzie. If she has no pity for such, she's a cruel Pharisee, and thou'rt best without her."

But he only shook his head, and sighed; and for the time the conversation dropped.

But a new idea sprang up in Mrs. Leigh's head. She thought that she would go and see Susan Palmer, and speak up for Will, and tell her the truth about Lizzie; and according to her pity for the poor sinner, would she be worthy or unworthy of him. She resolved to go the very next afternoon, but without telling any one of her plan. Accordingly she looked out the Sunday clothes she had never before had the heart to unpack since she came to Manchester, but which she now desired to appear in, in order to do credit to Will. She put on her old-fashioned black mode bonnet, trimmed with real lace; her scarlet cloth cloak, which she had had ever since she was married; and always spotlessly clean, she set forth on her unauthorized embassy. She knew the Palmers lived in Crown-street, though where she had heard it she could not tell; and modestly asking her way, she arrived in the street about a quarter to four o'clock. She stopped to inquire the exact number, and the woman whom she addressed told her that Susan Palmer's school would not be loosed till four, and asked her to step in and wait until then at her house.

"For," said she, smiling, "them that wants Susan Palmer wants a kind friend of ours; so we, in a manner, call cousins. Sit down, missus, sit down. I'll wipe the chair, so that it shanna dirty your cloak. My mother used to wear them bright cloaks, and they're right gradely things again' a green field."

"Han ye known Susan Palmer long?" asked Mrs. Leigh, pleased with the admiration of her cloak.

"Ever since they comed to live in our street. Our Sally goes to her school."

"Whatten sort of a lass is she, for I ha' never seen her?"

"Well, as for looks, I can not say. It's so long since I first knowed her, that I've clean forgotten what I thought of her then. My master says he never saw such a smile for gladdening the heart. But may be it's not looks you're asking about. The best thing I can say of her looks is, that she's just one a stranger would stop in the street to ask help from if he needed it. All the little childer creeps as close as they can to her; she'll have as many as three or four hanging to her apron all at once."

"Is she cocket at all?"

"Cocket, bless you! you never saw a creature less set up in all your life. Her father's cocket enough. No! she's not cocket any way. You've not heard much of Susan Palmer, I reckon, if you think she's cocket. She's just one to come quietly in, and do the very thing most wanted; little things, maybe, that any one could do, but that few would think on, for another. She'll bring her thimble wi' her, and mend up after the childer o' nights—and she writes all Betty Harker's letters to her grandchild out at service—and she's in nobody's way, and that's a great matter, I take it. Here's the childer running past! School is loosed. You'll find her now, missus, ready to hear and to help. But we none on us frab her by going near her in schooltime."

Poor Mrs. Leigh's heart began to beat, and she could almost have turned round and gone home again. Her country breeding had made her shy of strangers, and this Susan Palmer appeared to

her like a real born lady by all accounts. So she knocked with a timid feeling at the indicated door, and when it was opened, dropped a simple curtsy without speaking. Susan had her little niece in her arms, curled up with fond endearment against her breast, but she put her gently down to the ground, and instantly placed a chair in the best corner of the room for Mrs. Leigh, when she told her who she was.

"It's not Will as has asked me to come," said the mother, apologetically, "I'd a wish just to speak to you myself!"

Susan colored up to her temples, and stooped to pick up the little toddling girl. In a minute or two Mrs. Leigh began again.

"Will thinks you would na respect us if you knew all; but I think you could na help feeling for us in the sorrow God has put upon us; so I just put on my bonnet, and came off unknownst to the lads. Every one says you're very good, and that the Lord has keeped you from falling from His ways; but maybe you've never yet been tried and tempted as some is. I'm perhaps speaking too plain, but my heart's welly broken, and I can't be choice in my words as them who are happy can. Well, now! I'll tell you the truth. Will dreads you to hear it, but I'll just tell it you. You mun know"—but here the poor woman's words failed her, and she could do nothing but sit rocking herself backward and forward, with sad eyes, straight-gazing into Susan's face, as if they tried to tell the tale of agony which the quivering lips refused to utter. Those wretched stony eyes forced the tears down Susan's cheeks, and, as if this sympathy gave the mother strength, she went on in a low voice, "I had a daughter once, my heart's darling. Her father thought I made too much on her, and that she'd grow marred staying at home; so he said she mun go among strangers, and learn to rough it. She were young, and liked the thought of seeing a bit of the world; and her father heard on a place in Manchester. Well! I'll not weary you. That poor girl were led astray; and first thing we heard on it, was when a letter of her father's was sent back by her missus, saying she'd left her place, or, to speak right, the master had turned her into the street soon as he had heard of her condition—and she not seventeen!"

She now cried aloud; and Susan wept too. The little child looked up into their faces, and, catching their sorrow, began to whimper and wail. Susan took it softly up, and hiding her face in its little neck, tried to restrain her tears, and think of comfort for the mother. At last she said:

"Where is she now?"

"Lass! I dunnot know," said Mrs. Leigh, checking her sobs to communicate this addition to her distress. "Mrs. Lomax telled me she went—"

"Mrs. Lomax—what Mrs. Lomax?"

"Her as lives in Brabazon-street. She telled me my poor wench went to the workhouse fra there. I'll not speak again' the dead; but if her father would but ha' letten me—but he were one who had no notion—no, I'll not say that; best say naught. He forgave her on his death-bed. I dare say I did na go th' right way to work."

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"Will you hold the child for me one instant?" said Susan.

"Ay, if it will come to me. Childer used to be fond on me till I got the sad look on my face that scares them, I think."

But the little girl clung to Susan; so she carried it up-stairs with her. Mrs. Leigh sat by herself—how long she did not know.

Susan came down with a bundle of far-worn baby-clothes.

"You must listen to me a bit, and not think too much about what I'm going to tell you. Nanny is not my niece, nor any kin to me that I know of. I used to go out working by the day. One night, as I came home, I thought some woman was following me; I turned to look. The woman, before I could see her face (for she turned it to one side), offered me something. I held out my arms by instinct: she dropped a bundle into them with a bursting sob that went straight to my heart. It was a baby. I looked round again; but the woman was gone. She had run away as quick as lightning. There was a little packet of clothes—very few—and as if they were made out of its mother's gowns, for they were large patterns to buy for a baby. I was always fond of babies; and I had not my wits about me, father says; for it was very cold, and when I'd seen as well as I could (for it was past ten) that there was no one in the street, I brought it in and warmed it. Father was very angry when he came, and said he'd take it to the workhouse the next morning, and flyted me sadly about it. But when morning came I could not bear to part with it; it had slept in my arms all night; and I've heard what workhouse bringing is. So I told father I'd give up going out working, and stay at home and keep school, if I might only keep the baby; and after a while, he said if I earned enough for him to have his comforts, he'd let me; but he's never taken to her. Now, don't tremble so—I've but a little more to tell—and may be I'm wrong in telling it; but I used to work next door to Mrs. Lomax's, in Brabazon-street, and the servants were all thick together; and I heard about Bessy (they called her) being sent away. I don't know that ever I saw her; but the time would be about fitting to this child's age, and I've sometimes fancied it was hers. And now, will you look at the little clothes that came with her—bless her!"

But Mrs. Leigh had fainted. The strange joy and shame, and gushing love for the little child had overpowered her; it was some time before Susan could bring her round. There she was all trembling, sick impatience to look at the little frocks. Among them was a slip of paper which

Susan had forgotten to name, that had been pinned to the bundle. On it was scrawled in a round stiff hand:

"Call her Anne. She does not cry much, and takes a deal of notice. God bless you and forgive me."

The writing was no clew at all; the name "Anne," common though it was, seemed something to build upon. But Mrs. Leigh recognized one of the frocks instantly, as being made out of part of a gown that she and her daughter had bought together in Rochdale.

She stood up, and stretched out her hands in the attitude of blessing over Susan's bent head.

"God bless you, and show you his mercy in your need, as you have shown it to this little child."

She took the little creature in her arms, and smoothed away her sad looks to a smile, and kissed it fondly, saying over and over again, "Nanny, Nanny, my little Nanny." At last the child was soothed, and looked in her face and smiled back again.

"It has her eyes," said she to Susan.

"I never saw her to the best of my knowledge I think it must be hers by the frock. But where can she be?"

"God knows," said Mrs. Leigh; "I dare not think she's dead. I'm sure she isn't."

"No! she's not dead. Every now and then a little packet is thrust in under our door, with may be two half-crowns in it; once it was half-a-sovereign. Altogether I've got seven-and-thirty shillings wrapped up for Nanny. I never touch it, but I've often thought the poor mother feels near to God when she brings this money. Father wanted to set the policeman to watch, but I said, No, for I was afraid if she was watched she might not come, and it seemed such a holy thing to be checking her in, I could not find in my heart to do it."

"Oh, if we could but find her! I'd take her in my arms, and we'd just lie down and die together."

"Nay, don't speak so!" said Susan gently, "for all that's come and gone, she may turn right at last. Mary Magdalen did, you know."

"Eh! but I were nearer right about thee than Will. He thought you would never look on him again, if you knew about Lizzie. But thou'rt not a Pharisee."

"I'm sorry he thought I could be so hard," said Susan in a low voice, and coloring up. Then Mrs. Leigh was alarmed, and in her motherly anxiety, she began to fear lest she had injured Will in Susan's estimation.

"You see Will thinks so much of you—gold would not be good enough for you to walk on, in his eye. He said you'd never look at him as he was, let alone his being brother to my poor wench. He loves you so, it makes him think meanly on every thing belonging to himself, as not fit to come near ye—but he's a good lad, and a good son—thou'lt be a happy woman if thou'lt have him—so don't let my words go against him; don't!"

But Susan hung her head and made no answer. She had not known until now, that Will thought so earnestly and seriously about her; and even now she felt afraid that Mrs. Leigh's words promised her too much happiness, and that they could not be true. At any rate the instinct of modesty made her shrink from saying any thing which might seem like a confession of her own feelings to a third person. Accordingly she turned the conversation on the child.

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"I'm sure he could not help loving Nanny," said she. "There never was such a good little darling; don't you think she'd win his heart if he knew she was his niece, and perhaps bring him to think kindly on his sister?"

"I dunnot know," said Mrs. Leigh, shaking her head. "He has a turn in his eye like his father, that makes me—. He's right down good though. But you see I've never been a good one at managing folk; one severe look turns me sick, and then I say just the wrong thing, I'm so fluttered. Now I should like nothing better than to take Nancy home with me, but Tom knows nothing but that his sister is dead, and I've not the knack of speaking rightly to Will. I dare not do it, and that's the truth. But you mun not think badly of Will. He's so good hissel, that he can't understand how any one can do wrong; and, above all, I'm sure he loves you dearly."

"I don't think I could part with Nancy," said Susan, anxious to stop this revelation of Will's attachment to herself. "He'll come round to her soon; he can't fail; and I'll keep a sharp look-out after the poor mother, and try and catch her the next time she comes with her little parcels of money."

"Ay, lass! we mun get hold of her; my Lizzie. I love thee dearly for thy kindness to her child; but, if thou can'st catch her for me, I'll pray for thee when I'm too near my death to speak words; and while I live, I'll serve thee next to her—she mun come first, thou know'st. God bless thee, lass. My heart is lighter by a deal than it was when I comed in. Them lads will be looking for me home, and I mun go, and leave this little sweet one," kissing it. "If I can take courage, I'll tell Will all that has come and gone between us two. He may come and see thee, mayn't he?"

"Father will be very glad to see him, I'm sure," replied Susan. The way in which this was spoken satisfied Mrs. Leigh's anxious heart that she had done Will no harm by what she had said; and with many a kiss to the little one, and one more fervent tearful blessing on Susan, she went



homeward.

### CHAPTER III.

That night Mrs. Leigh stopped at home; that only night for many months. Even Tom, the scholar, looked up from his books in amazement; but then he remembered that Will had not been well, and that his mother's attention having been called to the circumstance, it was only natural she should stay to watch him. And no watching could be more tender, or more complete. Her loving eyes seemed never averted from his face; his grave, sad, care-worn face. When Tom went to bed the mother left her seat, and going up to Will where he sat looking at the fire, but not seeing it, she kissed his forehead, and said,

"Will! lad, I've been to see Susan Palmer!"

She felt the start under her hand which was placed on his shoulder, but he was silent for a minute or two. Then he said,

"What took you there, mother?"

"Why, my lad, it was likely I should wish to see one you cared for; I did not put myself forward. I put on my Sunday clothes, and tried to behave as yo'd ha liked me. At least I remember trying at first; but after, I forgot all."

She rather wished that he would question her as to what made her forget all. But he only said,

"How was she looking, mother?"

"Will, thou seest I never set eyes on her before; but she's a good, gentle-looking creature; and I love her dearly as I have reason to."

Will looked up with momentary surprise; for his mother was too shy to be usually taken with strangers. But after all it was natural in this case, for who could look at Susan without loving her? So still he did not ask any questions, and his poor mother had to take courage, and try again to introduce the subject near to her heart. But how?

"Will!" said she (jerking it out, in sudden despair of her own powers to lead to what she wanted to say), "I've telled her all."

"Mother! you've ruined me," said he, standing up, and standing opposite to her with a stern, white look of affright on his face.

"No! my own dear lad; dunnot look so scared, I have not ruined you!" she exclaimed, placing her two hands on his shoulders and looking fondly into his face. "She's not one to harden her heart against a mother's sorrow. My own lad, she's too good for that. She's not one to judge and scorn the sinner. She's too deep read in her New Testament for that. Take courage, Will; and thou mayst, for I watched her well, though it is not for one woman to let out another's secret. Sit thee down, lad, for thou look'st very white."

He sat down. His mother drew a stool toward him, and sat at his feet.

"Did you tell her about Lizzie, then?" asked he, hoarse and low.

"I did, I telled her all; and she fell a crying over my deep sorrow, and the poor wench's sin. And then a light comed into her face, trembling and quivering with some new, glad thought; and what dost thou think it was, Will, lad? Nay, I'll not misdoubt but that thy heart will give thanks as mine did, afore God and His angels, for her great goodness. That little Nanny is not her niece, she's our Lizzie's own child, my little grandchild." She could no longer restrain her tears, and they fell hot and fast, but still she looked into his face.

"Did she know it was Lizzie's child? I do not comprehend," said he, flushing red.

"She knows now: she did not at first, but took the little helpless creature in, out of her own pitiful, loving heart, guessing only that it was the child of shame, and she's worked for it, and kept it, and tended it ever sin' it were a mere baby, and loves it fondly. Will! won't you love it?" asked she, beseechingly.

He was silent for an instant; then he said, "Mother, I'll try. Give me time, for all these things startle me. To think of Susan having to do with such a child!"

"Ay, Will! and to think (as may be yet) of Susan having to do with the child's mother! For she is tender and pitiful, and speaks hopefully of my lost one, and will try and find her for me, when she comes, as she does sometimes, to thrust money under the door for her baby. Think of that Will. Here's Susan, good and pure as the angels in heaven, yet, like them, full of hope and mercy, and one who, like them, will rejoice over her as repents. Will, my lad, I'm not afeared of you now, and I must speak, and you must listen. I am your mother, and I dare to command you, because I know I am in the right and that God is on my side. If He should lead the poor wandering lassie to Susan's door, and she comes back crying and sorrowful, led by that good angel to us once more, thou shalt never say a casting-up word to her about her sin, but be tender and helpful toward one 'who was lost and is found,' so may God's blessing rest on thee, and so mayst thou lead Susan home as thy wife."

She stood, no longer as the meek, imploring, gentle mother, but firm and dignified, as if the interpreter of God's will. Her manner was so unusual and solemn, that it overcame all Will's pride and stubbornness. He rose softly while she was speaking, and bent his head as if in reverence at her words, and the solemn injunction which they conveyed. When she had spoken, he said in so subdued a voice that she was almost surprised at the sound, "Mother, I will."

"I may be dead and gone—but all the same—thou wilt take home the wandering sinner, and heal up her sorrows, and lead her to her Father's house. My lad! I can speak no more; I'm turned very faint."

He placed her in a chair; he ran for water. She opened her eyes and smiled.

"God bless you, Will. Oh! I am so happy. It seems as if she were found; my heart is so filled with gladness."

That night, Mr. Palmer staid out late and long. Susan was afraid that he was at his old haunts and habits—getting tipsy at some public-house; and this thought oppressed her, even though she had so much to make her happy, in the consciousness that Will loved her. She sat up long, and then she went to bed, leaving all arranged as well as she could for her father's return. She looked at the little, rosy sleeping girl who was her bed-fellow, with redoubled tenderness, and with many a prayerful thought. The little arms entwined her neck as she lay down, for Nanny was a light sleeper, and was conscious that she, who was loved with all the power of that sweet childish heart, was near her, and by her, although she was too sleepy to utter any of her half-formed words.

And by-and-by she heard her father come home, stumbling uncertain, trying first the windows, and next the door-fastenings, with many a loud, incoherent murmur. The little innocent twined around her seemed all the sweeter and more lovely, when she thought sadly of her erring father; And presently he called aloud for a light; she had left matches and all arranged as usual on the dresser, but, fearful of some accident from fire, in his unusually intoxicated state, she now got up softly, and putting on a cloak, went down to his assistance.

Alas! the little arms that were unclosed from her soft neck belonged to a light, easily awakened sleeper. Nanny missed her darling Susy, and terrified at being left alone in the vast, mysterious darkness, which had no bounds, and seemed infinite, she slipped out of bed, and tottered in her little night-gown toward the door. There was a light below, and there was Susy and safety! So she went onward two steps toward the steep, abrupt stairs; and then dazzled with sleepiness, she stood, she wavered, she fell! Down on her head, on the stone floor she fell! Susan flew to her, and spoke all soft, entreating, loving words; but her white lids covered, up the blue violets of eyes, and there was no murmur came out of the pale lips. The warm tears that rained down, did not awaken her; she lay stiff, and weary with her short life, on Susan's knee. Susan went sick with terror. She carried her up-stairs, and laid her tenderly in bed; she dressed herself most hastily, with her trembling fingers. Her father was asleep on the settle down stairs; and useless, and worse than useless if awake. But Susan flew out of the door, and down the quiet, resounding street, toward the nearest doctor's house. Quickly she went; but as quickly a shadow followed, as if impelled by some sudden terror. Susan rung wildly at the night-bell—the shadow crouched near. The doctor looked out from an up-stairs window.

"A little child has fallen down stairs at No. 9, Crown-street, and is very ill—dying I'm afraid. Please, for God's sake, sir, come directly. No. 9, Crown-street."

"I'll be there directly," said he, and shut the window.

"For that God you have just spoken about—for His sake—tell me are you Susan Palmer? Is it my child that lies a-dying?" said the shadow, springing forward, and clutching poor Susan's arm.

"It is a little child of two years old—I do not know whose it is; I love it as my own. Come with me, whoever you are; come with me."

The two sped along the silent streets—as silent as the night were they. They entered the house; Susan snatched up the light, and carried it up-stairs. The other followed.

She stood with wild glaring eyes by the bed side, never looking at Susan, but hungrily gazing at the little, white, still child. She stooped down, and put her hand tight on her own heart, as if to still its beating, and bent her ear to the pale lips. Whatever the result was, she did not speak; but threw off the bed-clothes wherewith Susan had tenderly covered up the little creature, and felt its left side.

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Then she threw up her arms with a cry of wild despair.

"She is dead! she is dead!"

She looked so fierce, so mad, so haggard, that for an instant Susan was terrified—the next, the holy God had put courage into her heart, and her pure arms were round that guilty, wretched creature, and her tears were falling fast and warm upon her breast. But she was thrown off with violence.

"You killed her—you slighted her—you let her fall down those stairs! you killed her!"

Susan cleared off the thick mist before her, and gazing at the mother with her clear, sweet, angel-eyes, said, mournfully,

"I would have laid down my life for her."

"Oh, the murder is on my soul!" exclaimed the wild, bereaved mother, with the fierce impetuosity of one who has none to love her and to be beloved, regard to whom might teach self-restraint.

"Hush!" said Susan, her finger on her lips. "Here is the doctor. God may suffer her to live."

The poor mother turned sharp round. The doctor mounted the stair. Ah! that mother was right; the little child was really dead and gone.

And when he confirmed her judgment, the mother fell down in a fit. Susan, with her deep grief had to forget herself, and forget her darling (her charge for years), and question the doctor what she must do with the poor wretch, who lay on the floor in such extreme of misery.

"She is the mother!" said she.

"Why did not she take better care of her child?" asked he, almost angrily.

But Susan only said, "The little child slept with me; and it was I that left her."

"I will go back and make up a composing draught; and while I am away you must get her to bed."

Susan took out some of her own clothes, and softly undressed the stiff, powerless, form. There was no other bed in the house but the one in which her father slept. So she tenderly lifted the body of her darling; and was going to take it down stairs, but the mother opened her eyes, and seeing what she was about, she said,

"I am not worthy to touch her, I am so wicked; I have spoken to you as I never should have spoken; but I think you are very good; may I have my own child to lie in my arms for a little while?"

Her voice was so strange a contrast to what it had been before she had gone into the fit that Susan hardly recognized it; it was now so unspeakably soft, so irresistibly pleading, the features too had lost their fierce expression, and were almost as placid as death. Susan could not speak, but she carried the little child; and laid it in its mother's arms; then as she looked at them, something overpowered her, and she knelt down, crying aloud:

"Oh, my God, my God, have mercy on her, and forgive and comfort her."

But the mother kept smiling, and stroking the little face, murmuring soft, tender words, as if it were alive; she was going mad, Susan thought; but she prayed on, and on, and ever still she prayed with streaming eyes.

The doctor came with the draught. The mother took it, with docile unconsciousness of its nature as medicine. The doctor sat by her; and soon she fell asleep. Then he rose softly, and beckoning Susan to the door, he spoke to her there.

"You must take the corpse out of her arms. She will not awake. That draught will make her sleep for many hours. I will call before noon again. It is now daylight. Good-by."

Susan shut him out; and then gently extricating the dead child from its mother's arms, she could not resist making her own quiet moan over her darling. She tried to learn off its little placid face, dumb and pale before her.

"Not all the scalding tears of care  
Shall wash away that vision fair  
Not all the thousand thoughts that rise,  
Not all the sights that dim her eyes.  
Shall e'er usurp the place  
Of that little angel-face."

And then she remembered what remained to be done. She saw that all was right in the house; her father was still dead asleep on the settle, in spite of all the noise of the night. She went out through the quiet streets, deserted still, although it was broad daylight, and to where the Leighs lived. Mrs. Leigh, who kept her country hours, was opening her window-shutters. Susan took her by the arm, and, without speaking, went into the house-place. There she knelt down before the astonished Mrs. Leigh, and cried as she had never done before; but the miserable night had overpowered her, and she who had gone through so much calmly, now that the pressure seemed removed, could not find the power to speak.

"My poor dear! What has made thy heart so sore as to come and cry a-this-ons? Speak and tell me. Nay, cry on, poor wench, if thou canst not speak yet. It will ease the heart, and then thou canst tell me."

"Nanny is dead!" said Susan. "I left her to go to father, and she fell down stairs, and never breathed again. Oh, that's my sorrow but I've more to tell. Her mother is come—is in our house. Come and see if it's your Lizzie." Mrs. Leigh could not speak, but, trembling, put on her things, and went with Susan in dizzy haste back to Crown-street.

#### CHAPTER IV.

As they entered the house in Crown-street, they perceived that the door would not open freely on its hinges, and Susan instinctively looked behind to see the cause of the obstruction. She immediately recognized the appearance of a little parcel, wrapped in a scrap of newspaper, and evidently containing money. She stooped and picked it up. "Look!" said she, sorrowfully, "the mother was bringing this for her child last night."

But Mrs. Leigh did not answer. So near to the ascertaining if it were her lost child or no, she could not be arrested, but pressed onward with trembling steps and a beating, fluttering heart. She entered the bedroom, dark and still. She took no heed of the little corpse, over which Susan paused, but she went straight to the bed, and withdrawing the curtain, saw Lizzie—but not the former Lizzie, bright, gay, buoyant, and undimmed. This Lizzie was old before her time; her beauty was gone; deep lines of care, and alas! of want (or thus the mother imagined) were printed on the cheek, so round, and fair, and smooth, when last she gladdened her mother's eyes. Even in her sleep she bore the look of woe and despair which was the prevalent expression of her face by day; even in her sleep she had forgotten how to smile. But all these marks of the sin and sorrow she had passed through only made her mother love her the more. She stood looking at her with greedy eyes, which seemed as though no gazing could satisfy their longing; and at last she stooped down and kissed the pale, worn hand that lay outside the bed-clothes. No touch disturbed the sleeper; the mother need not have laid the hand so gently down upon the counterpane. There was no sign of life, save only now and then a deep, sob-like sigh. Mrs. Leigh sat down beside the bed, and, still holding back the curtain, looked on and on, as if she could never be satisfied.

Susan would fain have staid by her darling one; but she had many calls upon her time and thoughts, and her will had now, as ever, to be given up to that of others. All seemed to devolve the burden of their cares on her. Her father, ill-humored from his last night's intemperance, did not scruple to reproach her with being the cause of little Nanny's death; and when, after bearing his upbraiding meekly for some time, she could no longer restrain herself, but began to cry, he wounded her even more by his injudicious attempts at comfort: for he said it was as well the child was dead; it was none of theirs, and why should they be troubled with it? Susan wrung her hands at this, and came and stood before her father, and implored him to forbear. Then she had to take all requisite steps for the coroner's inquest; she had to arrange for the dismissal of her school; she had to summon a little neighbor, and send his willing feet on a message to William Leigh, who, she felt, ought to be informed of his mother's whereabouts, and of the whole state of affairs. She asked her messenger to tell him to come and speak to her—that his mother was at her house. She was thankful that her father sauntered out to have a gossip at the nearest coach-stand, and to relate as many of the night's adventures as he knew; for as yet he was in ignorance of the watcher and the watched, who silently passed away the hours up-stairs.

At dinner-time Will came. He looked red, glad, impatient, excited. Susan stood calm and white before him, her soft, loving eyes gazing straight into his.

"Will," said she, in a low, quiet voice, "your sister is up-stairs."

"My sister!" said he, as if affrighted at the idea, and losing his glad look in one of gloom. Susan saw it, and her heart sank a little, but she went on as calm to all appearance as ever.

"She was little Nanny's mother, as perhaps you know. Poor little Nanny was killed last night by a fall down stairs." All the calmness was gone; all the suppressed feeling was displayed in spite of every effort. She sat down, and hid her face from him, and cried bitterly. He forgot every thing but the wish, the longing to comfort her. He put his arm round her waist, and bent over her. But all he could say was, "Oh, Susan, how can I comfort you? Don't take on so—pray, don't!" He never changed the words, but the tone varied every time he spoke. At last she seemed to regain her power over herself, and she wiped her eyes, and once more looked upon him with her own quiet, earnest, unfeeling gaze.

"Your sister was near the house. She came in on hearing my words to the doctor. She is asleep now, and your mother is watching her. I wanted to tell you all myself. Would you like to see your mother?"

"No!" said he. "I would rather see none but thee. Mother told me thou knew'st all." His eyes were downcast in their shame.

But the holy and pure did not lower or veil her eyes.

She said, "Yes, I know all—all but her sufferings. Think what they must have been!"

He made answer low and stern, "She deserved them all—every jot."

"In the eye of God, perhaps she does. He is the judge: we are not."

"Oh," she said, with a sudden burst, "Will Leigh, I have thought so well of you; don't go and make me think you cruel and hard. Goodness is not goodness unless there is mercy and tenderness with it. There is your mother who has been nearly heart-broken, now full of rejoicing over her child—think of your mother."

"I do think of her," said he. "I remember the promise I gave her last night. Thou should'st give me time. I would do right in time. I never think it o'er in quiet. But I will do what is right and fitting, never fear. Thou hast spoken out very plain to me, and misdoubted me, Susan; I love thee so, that thy words cut me. If I did hang back a bit from making sudden promises, it was because, not even

for love of thee, would I say what I was not feeling; and at first I could not feel all at once as thou would'st have me. But I'm not cruel and hard; for if I had been, I should na' have grieved as I have done."

He made as if he were going away; and indeed he did feel he would rather think it over in quiet. But Susan, grieved at her incautious words, which had all the appearance of harshness, went a step or two nearer—paused—and then, all over blushes, said in a low, soft whisper,

"Oh, Will! I beg your pardon. I am very sorry—won't you forgive me?"

She who had always drawn back, and been so reserved, said this in the very softest manner; with eyes now uplifted beseechingly, now dropped to the ground. Her sweet confusion told more than words could do; and Will turned back, all joyous in his certainty of being beloved, and took her in his arms and kissed her.

"My own Susan!" he said.

Meanwhile the mother watched her child in the room above.

It was late in the afternoon before she awoke, for the sleeping draught had been very powerful. The instant she awoke, her eyes were fixed on her mother's face with a gaze as unflinching as if she were fascinated. Mrs. Leigh did not turn away, nor move. For it seemed as if motion would unlock the stony command over herself which, while so perfectly still, she was enabled to preserve. But by-and-by Lizzie cried out, in a piercing voice of agony,

"Mother, don't look at me! I have been so wicked!" and instantly she hid her face, and groveled among the bed-clothes, and lay like one dead—so motionless was she.

Mrs. Leigh knelt down by the bed, and spoke in the most soothing tones.

"Lizzie, dear, don't speak so. I'm thy mother, darling; don't be afeard of me. I never left off loving thee, Lizzie. I was always a-thinking of thee. Thy father forgave thee afore he died." (There was a little start here, but no sound was heard). "Lizzie, lass, I'll do aught for thee; I'll live for thee; only don't be afeard of me. Whate'er thou art or hast been, we'll ne'er speak on't. We'll leave th' oud times behind us, and go back to the Upclose Farm. I but left it to find thee, my lass; and God has led me to thee. Blessed be His name. And God is good, too, Lizzie. Thou hast not forgot thy Bible, I'll be bound, for thou wert always a scholar. I'm no reader, but I learnt off them texts to comfort me a bit, and I've said them many a time a day to myself. Lizzie, lass, don't hide thy head so, it's thy mother as is speaking to thee. Thy little child clung to me only yesterday; and if it's gone to be an angel, it will speak to God for thee. Nay, don't sob a that 'as; thou shalt have it again in heaven; I know thou'lt strive to get there, for thy little Nancy's sake—and listen! I'll tell thee God's promises to them that are penitent; only don't be afeard."

Mrs. Leigh folded her hands, and strove to speak very clearly, while she repeated every tender and merciful text she could remember. She could tell from the breathing that her daughter was listening; but she was so dizzy and sick herself when she had ended, that she could not go on speaking. It was all she could do to keep from crying aloud.

At last she heard her daughter's voice.

"Where have they taken her to?" she asked.

"She is down stairs. So quiet, and peaceful, and happy she looks."

"Could she speak? Oh, if God—if I might but have heard her little voice! Mother, I used to dream of it. May I see her once again—Oh, mother, if I strive very hard, and God is very merciful, and I go to Heaven, I shall not know her—I shall not know my own again—she will shun me as a stranger, and cling to Susan Palmer and to you. Oh woe! Oh woe!" She shook with exceeding sorrow.

In her earnestness of speech she had uncovered her face, and tried to read Mrs. Leigh's thoughts through her looks. And when she saw those aged eyes brimming full of tears, and marked the quivering lips, she threw her arms round the faithful mother's neck, and wept there as she had done in many a childish sorrow, but with a deeper, a more wretched grief. Her mother hushed her on her breast; and lulled her as if she were a baby; and she grew still and quiet.

They sat thus for a long, long time. At last Susan Palmer came up with some tea and bread and butter for Mrs. Leigh. She watched the mother feed her sick, unwilling child, with every fond inducement to eat which she could devise; they neither of them took notice of Susan's presence. That night they lay in each other's arms; but Susan slept on the ground beside them.

They took the little corpse (the little unconscious sacrifice, whose early calling-home had reclaimed her poor, wandering mother), to the hills, which in her life-time she had never seen. They dared not lay her by the stern grandfather in Milne-row church-yard, but they bore her to a lone moorland grave-yard, where long ago the Quakers used to bury their dead. They laid her there on the sunny slope, where the earliest spring-flowers blow.

Will and Susan live at the Upclose Farm. Mrs. Leigh and Lizzie dwell in a cottage so secluded that, until you drop into the very hollow where it is placed, you do not see it. Tom is a schoolmaster in Rochdale, and he and Will help to support their mother. I only know that, if the cottage be hidden in a green hollow of the hills, every sound of sorrow in the whole upland is

heard there—every call of suffering or of sickness for help, is listened to by a sad, gentle-looking woman, who rarely smiles (and when she does, her smile is more sad than other people's tears), but who comes out of her seclusion whenever there's a shadow in any household. Many hearts bless Lizzie Leigh, but she—she prays always and ever for forgiveness—such forgiveness as may enable her to see her child once more. Mrs. Leigh is quiet and happy. Lizzie is to her eyes something precious—as the lost piece of silver—found once more. Susan is the bright one who brings sunshine to all. Children grow around her and call her blessed. One is called Nanny. Her, Lizzie often takes to the sunny grave-yard in the up-lands, and while the little creature gathers the daisies, and makes chains, Lizzie sits by a little grave, and weeps bitterly.

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## STEAM.

How wonderful are the revolutions which steam has wrought in the world! The diamond, we are told, is but pure carbon; and the dream of the alchemist has long been to disentomb the gem in its translucent purity from the sooty mass dug up from the coal-field. But if the visionary has failed to extricate the fair spirit from its earthly cerements, the practical philosopher has produced from the grimy lump a gem, in comparison to which the diamond is valueless—has evoked a Titanic power, before which the gods of ancient fable could not hold their heaven for an hour; a power wielding the thunderbolt of Jove, the sledge of Vulcan, the club of Hercules; which takes to itself the talaria of Mercury, the speed of Iris, and the hundred arms of Briareus. Ay, the carbon gives us, indeed, the diamond after all; the white and feathery vapor that hisses from the panting tube, is the priceless pearl of the modern utilitarian. Without STEAM man is nothing—a mere zoological specimen—Lord Monboddos's ape, without the caudal elongation of the vertebræ. With steam, man is every thing. A creature that unites in himself the nature and the power of every animal; more wonderful than the ornithorhynchus—he is fish, flesh, and fowl. He can traverse the illimitable ocean with the gambolings of the porpoise, and the snort of the whale; rove through the regions of the earth with the speed of the antelope, and the patient strength of the camel; he essays to fly through the air with the steam-wing of the aeronauticon, though as yet his pinions are not well fledged, and his efforts have been somewhat Icarian. And, albeit our own steam aeronavigation is chiefly confined to those involuntary gambols (as Sterne happily called Sancho's blanket tossing), which we now and then take at the instance of an exploding boiler, yet may we have good hope that our grandchildren will be able to "take the wings of the morning," and sip their cup of tea genuine at Pekin. He is more than human, and little less than Divinity. Were Aristotle alive, he would define the genus "homo"—neither as "animal ridens," nor yet "animal sentiens," but "Animal VAPORANS." True it is, doubtless, that man alone can enjoy his joke. He hath his laugh, when the monkey can but grin and the ape jabber—his thinking he shares with the dog and the elephant; but who is there that can "get up the steam" but man? "Man," say we, "is an animal that VAPORETH!" and we will wager one of Stephenson's patent high-pressure engines against our cook's potato-steamer, that Dr. Whately will affirm our definition.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

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### [From The Ladies' Companion.]

## PAPERS ON WATER.—No. 1.

### WHY IS HARD WATER UNFIT FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES?

Few subjects have attracted more attention among sanitary reformers, than the necessity of obtaining a copious supply of water to the dwellers in large cities. Experience has shown that the supply should be at least twenty gallons daily for each inhabitant, although forty gallons are necessary to carry out to the full extent all the sanitary improvements deemed desirable for the well-being of a population. But in looking to quantity of supply, quality has been thought of less importance; there could not be a more gross error, or one more fatal to civic economy and domestic comfort. As we are anxious to instruct the readers of this Journal in the science of every-day life, we propose to consider the subject of water-supply in some detail, and in the present article to explain the serious inconveniences which result from an injudicious selection of hard water for domestic purposes.

The water found in springs, brooks, and rivers, has its primary origin in the rain of the district, unless there should happen to be some accidental infiltration from the sea or other great natural reservoirs. This rain, falling on the upper soil, either runs off in streams, or, percolating through it and the porous beds beneath, gushes out in the form of springs wherever it meets with an impervious bed which refuses it a passage; pits sunk down to the latter detect it there, and these form the ordinary wells. In its passage through the pervious rocks, it takes up soluble impurities, varying in their amount and character with the nature of the geological formations, these impurities being either mineral, vegetable, or animal matter. The mineral ingredients may be chalk, gypsum, common salt, and different other compounds but it is the earthy salts generally which impress peculiar qualities on the water.

The salts of lime and magnesia communicate to water the quality termed *hardness*, a property which every one understands, but which it would be very difficult to describe. By far the most common giver of hardness is chalk, or, as chemists term it, carbonate of lime; a substance not soluble in pure water, but readily so in water containing carbonic acid. Rain water always contains this acid, and is, therefore, a solvent for the chalk disseminated in the different geological formations through which it percolates. Gypsum, familiarly known as plaster of Paris, and termed sulphate of lime by chemists, is also extensively diffused in rocks, and being itself soluble in water, becomes a very common hardening ingredient, though not of such frequent occurrence as chalk. Any earthy salt, such as chalk or gypsum, decomposes soap, and prevents its action as a detergent. Soap consists of an oily acid combined generally with soda. Now, when this is added to water containing lime, that earth unites with the oily acid, forming an insoluble soap, of no use as a detergent; this insoluble lime-soap is the curd which appears in hard water during washing with soap. Hard water is of no use as a cleanser, until all the lime has been removed by uniting with the oily acid of the soap. Every hundred gallons of Thames water destroy in this way thirty ounces of soap before becoming a detergent. But as this is an enormous waste, the dwellers in towns, supplied with hard water, resort to other methods of washing, so as to economize soap. If our readers in London observe their habits in washing, they will perceive that the principal quantity of the water is used by them not as a cleanser, but merely for the purposes of rinsing off the very sparing amount employed for detergent purposes. In London, we do not wash ourselves *in* but *out* of the basin. A small quantity of water is taken on the hands and saturated with soap so as to form a lather; the ablution is now made with this quantity, and the water in the basin is only used to rinse it off. The process of washing with soft water is entirely different, the whole quantity being applied as a detergent. To illustrate this difference an experiment may be made, by washing the hands alternately in rain and then in hard water, such as that supplied to London; and the value of the soft water for the purposes of washing will be at once recognized. Even without soap, the soft water moistens the hand, while hard water flows off, just as if the skin had been smeared with oil. Now, although the soap may be economized in personal ablution by the uncomfortable method here described, it is impossible to obtain this economy in the washing of linen. In this case, the whole of the water must be saturated with soap before it is available. Soda is, to a certain extent, substituted with a view to economy, as much as £30,000 worth of soda being annually used in the metropolis to compensate for the hard quality of the water; and, perhaps, as an approximative calculation, £200,000 worth of soap is annually wasted without being useful as a detergent. This enormous tax on the community results from the hardness both of the well and river water; the former being generally much harder than the latter. But this expense, large as it may seem, is not the only consequence of a bad water supply. The labor required to wash with hard water is very much greater than that necessary when it is soft, this labor being represented in the excessive charges for washing. In fact, extraordinary as it may appear, it has recently been shown in evidence before the General Board of Health, that the washerwoman's interest in the community is actually greater than that of the cotton-spinner, with all his enormous capital. An instance of this will suffice to show our meaning: a gentleman buys one dozen shirts at a cost of £4, three of these are washed every week, the charge being fourpence each, making an annual account of £2 12s. The set of shirts, with careful management, lasts for three years, and has cost in washing £7 16s. The cotton-spinner's interest in the shirts and that of the shirt-maker's combined, did not exceed £4, while the washerwoman's interest is nearly double. A considerable portion of this amount is unavoidable; but a very large part is due to the excessive charges for washing rendered necessary by the waste of soap and increased labor required for cleansing. A family in London, with an annual income of £600, spends about one-twelfth of the amount, or £50, in the expenses of the laundry. On an average, every person in London, rich and poor, spends one shilling per week, or fifty-two shillings a year for washing. Hence, at least five million two hundred thousand pounds is the annual amount expended in the metropolis alone for this purpose. Yet, large as this amount is—and it matters not whether it be represented in the labors of household washing or that of the professed laundress—it is obvious that the greatest part of it is expended in actual labor, for the washerwoman is rarely a rich or even a thriving person. Hence, it follows that this labor, barely remunerative as it is, must be made excessive from some extraneous cause; for it is found by experience that one-half the charge is ample compensation in a country district supplied with soft water. The tear and wear of clothes by the system necessary for washing in hard water, is very important in the economical consideration of the question. The difference in this respect, between hard and soft water, is very striking. It has been calculated that the extra cost to ladies in London in the one article of collars, by the unnecessary tear and wear, as compared with country districts, is not less than, but probably much exceeds, £20,000.

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We now proceed to draw attention to the inconvenience of hard water in cooking. It is well known that greens, peas, French beans, and other green vegetables, lose much of their delicate color by being boiled in hard water. They not only become yellow, but assume a shriveled and disagreeable appearance, losing much of their delicacy to the taste. For making tea the evil is still more obvious. It is extremely difficult to obtain a good infusion of tea with hard water, however much may be wasted in the attempt. We endeavor to overcome the difficulty by the addition of soda, but the tea thus made is always inferior. One reason of this is, that it is difficult to adjust the quantity of the soda. Tea contains nearly 16 per cent. of cheese or casein, and this dissolves in water rendered alkaline by soda; and although the nutritious qualities are increased by this solution, the delicacy of the flavor is impaired. The water commonly used in London requires, at the very least, one-fifth more tea to produce an infusion of the same strength as that obtained by soft water. This, calculated on the whole amount of tea consumed in London, resolves itself into a pecuniary consideration of great magnitude.

The effect of hard water upon the health of the lower animals is very obvious. Horses, sheep, and pigeons, refuse it whenever they can obtain a supply of soft water. They prefer the muddiest pool of the latter to the most brilliant and sparkling spring of the former. In all of them it produces colic, and sometimes more serious diseases. The coats of horses drinking hard water soon become rough, and stare, and they quickly fall out of condition. It is not, however, known that it exerts similar influences upon the health of man, although analogy would lead us to expect that a beverage unsuited to the lower animals can not be favorable to the human constitution. Persons with tender skins can not wash in hard water, because the insoluble salts left by evaporation produce an intolerable irritation.

In order to simplify the explanation of the action of hard water, attention has been confined to that possessing lime. But hard waters frequently contain magnesia, and in that case a very remarkable phenomenon attends their use. At a certain strength the magnesian salt does not decompose the soap, or retard the formation of a lather, but the addition of soft water develops this latent hardness. With such waters, the extraordinary anomaly appears, that the more soft water is added to them, up to a certain point, the harder do they become. Some of the wells at Doncaster are very remarkable in this respect, for when their hard water is diluted with eight times the quantity of pure soft distilled water, the resulting mixture is as hard—that is, it decomposes as much soap—as the undiluted water. Thus the dilution of such water with four or five times its bulk of soft rain water actually makes it harder. The cause of this anomaly has not yet been satisfactorily made out, but it only occurs in waters abounding in magnesia.

Having now explained the inconveniences of the hardening ingredients of water, we propose to show in the next article the action of other deteriorating constituents; and after having done so, it will become our duty to point out the various modes by which the evils thus exposed may best be counteracted or remedied.

L.P.

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## EARLY RISING.

Did you but know, when bathed in dew,  
 How sweet the little violet grew,  
   Amidst the thorny brake;  
 How fragrant blew the ambient air,  
 O'er beds of primroses so fair,  
   Your pillow you'd forsake.

Paler than the autumnal leaf,  
 Or the wan hue of pining grief,  
   The cheek of sloth shall grow;  
 Nor can cosmetic, wash, or ball,  
 Nature's own favorite tints recall,  
   If once you let them go.

HERRICK.

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## [From Household Words.]

## A TALE OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

An alderman of the ancient borough of Beetlebury, and churchwarden of the parish of St. Wulfstan's, in the said borough, Mr. Blenkinsop might have been called, in the language of the sixteenth century, a man of worship. This title would probably have pleased him very much, it being an obsolete one, and he entertaining an extraordinary regard for all things obsolete, or thoroughly deserving to be so. He looked up with profound veneration to the griffins which formed the waterspouts of St. Wulfstan's church, and he almost worshiped an old boot under the name of a black jack, which on the affidavit of a foresworn broker, he had bought for a drinking-vessel of the sixteenth century. Mr. Blenkinsop even more admired the wisdom of our ancestors than he did their furniture and fashions. He believed that none of their statutes and ordinances could possibly be improved on, and in this persuasion had petitioned parliament against every just or merciful change, which, since he had arrived at man's estate, had been in the laws. He had successively opposed all the Beetlebury improvements, gas, water-works, infant schools, mechanics' institute, and library. He had been active in an agitation against any measure for the improvement of the public health, and being a strong advocate of intra-mural interment, was instrumental in defeating an attempt to establish a pretty cemetery outside Beetlebury. He had successfully resisted a project for removing the pig-market from the middle of High-street. Through his influence the shambles, which were corporation property, had been allowed to remain where they were, namely, close to the Town-hall, and immediately under his own and his brethren's noses. In short, he had regularly, consistently, and nobly done his best to frustrate



every scheme that was proposed for the comfort and advantage of his fellow creatures. For this conduct he was highly esteemed and respected, and, indeed, his hostility to any interference with disease, had procured him the honor of a public testimonial; shortly after the presentation of which, with several neat speeches, the cholera broke out in Beetlebury.

The truth is, that Mr. Blenkinsop's views on the subject of public health and popular institutions were supposed to be economical (though they were, in truth, desperately costly), and so pleased some of the rate-payers. Besides, he withstood ameliorations, and defended nuisances and abuses with all the heartiness of an actual philanthropist. Moreover, he was a jovial fellow—a boon companion; and his love of antiquity leant particularly toward old ale and old port wine. Of both of these beverages he had been partaking rather largely at a visitation-dinner, where, after the retirement of the bishop and his clergy, festivities were kept up till late, under the presidency of the deputy-registrar. One of the last to quit the Crown and Mitre was Mr. Blenkinsop.

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He lived in a remote part of the town, whither, as he did not walk exactly in a right line, it may be allowable perhaps, to say that he bent his course. Many of the dwellers in Beetlebury High-street, awakened at half-past twelve on that night, by somebody passing below, singing, not very distinctly,

"With a jolly full bottle let each man be armed,"

were indebted, little as they may have suspected it, to Alderman Blenkinsop, for their serenade.

In his homeward way stood the Market Cross; a fine medieval structure, supported on a series of circular steps by a groined arch, which served as a canopy to the stone figure of an ancient burgess. This was the effigies of Wynkyn de Vokes, once mayor of Beetlebury, and a great benefactor to the town; in which he had founded almshouses and a grammar-school, A.D. 1440. The post was formerly occupied by St. Wulfstan; but De Vokes had been removed from the Town Hall in Cromwell's time, and promoted to the vacant pedestal, *vice* Wulfstan, demolished. Mr. Blenkinsop highly revered this work of art, and he now stopped to take a view of it by moonlight. In that doubtful glimmer, it seemed almost life-like. Mr. Blenkinsop had not much imagination, yet he could well nigh fancy he was looking upon the veritable Wynkyn, with his bonnet, beard, furred gown, and staff, and his great book under his arm. So vivid was this impression, that it impelled him to apostrophize the statue.

"Fine old fellow!" said Mr. Blenkinsop. "Rare old buck! We shall never look upon your like again. Ah! the good old times—the jolly good old times! No times like the good old times, my ancient worthy. No such times as the good old times!"

"And pray, sir, what times do you call the good old times?" in distinct and deliberate accents, answered—according to the positive affirmation of Mr. Blenkinsop, subsequently made before divers witnesses—the Statue.

Mr. Blenkinsop is sure that he was in the perfect possession of his senses. He is certain that he was not the dupe of ventriloquism, or any other illusion. The value of these convictions must be a question between him and the world, to whose perusal the facts of his tale, simply as stated by himself, are here submitted.

When first he heard the Statue speak, Mr. Blenkinsop says, he certainly experienced a kind of sudden shock, a momentary feeling of consternation. But this soon abated in a wonderful manner. The Statue's voice was quite mild and gentle—not in the least grim—had no funereal twang in it, and was quite different from the tone a statue might be expected to take by any body who had derived his notions on that subject from having heard the representative of the class in "Don Giovanni."

"Well, what times do you mean by the good old times?" repeated the Statue, quite familiarly. The churchwarden was able to reply with some composure, that such a question coming from such a quarter had taken him a little by surprise.

"Come, come, Mr. Blenkinsop," said the Statue, "don't be astonished. 'Tis half-past twelve, and a moonlight night, as your favorite police, the sleepy and infirm old watchman, says. Don't you know that we statues are apt to speak when spoken to, at these hours? Collect yourself. I will help you to answer my own question. Let us go back step by step; and allow me to lead you. To begin. By the good old times, do you mean the reign of George the Third?"

"The last of them, sir," replied Mr. Blenkinsop, very respectfully, "I am inclined to think, were seen by the people who lived in those days."

"I should hope so," the Statue replied. "Those the good old old times? What! Mr. Blenkinsop, when men were hanged by dozens, almost weekly, for paltry thefts. When a nursing woman was dragged to the gallows with a child at her breast, for shop-lifting, to the value of a shilling. When you lost your American colonies, and plunged into war with France, which, to say nothing of the useless bloodshed it cost, has left you saddled with the national debt. Surely you will not call these the good old times, will you, Mr. Blenkinsop?"

"Not exactly, sir; no, on reflection I don't know that I can," answered Mr. Blenkinsop. He had now—it was such a civil, well-spoken statue—lost all sense of the preternatural horror of his situation, and scratched his head, just as if he had been posed in argument by an ordinary mortal.

"Well then," resumed the Statue, "my dear sir, shall we take the two or three reigns preceding?"

What think you of the then existing state of prisons and prison discipline? Unfortunate debtors confined indiscriminately with felons, in the midst of filth, vice, and misery unspeakable. Criminals under sentence of death tipling in the condemned cell, with the Ordinary for their pot-companion. Flogging, a common punishment of women convicted of larceny. What say you of the times when London streets were absolutely dangerous, and the passenger ran the risk of being hustled and robbed even in the daytime? When not only Hounslow and Bagshot Heath, but the public roads swarmed with robbers, and a stage-coach was as frequently plundered as a hen-roost. When, indeed, 'the road' was esteemed the legitimate resource of a gentleman in difficulties, and a highwayman was commonly called 'Captain'—if not respected accordingly. When cock-fighting, bear-baiting, and bull-baiting were popular, nay, fashionable amusements. When the bulk of the landed gentry could barely read and write, and divided their time between fox-hunting and guzzling. When duelist was a hero, and it was an honor to have 'killed your man.' When a gentleman could hardly open his mouth without uttering a profane or filthy oath. When the country was continually in peril of civil war; through a disputed succession; and two murderous insurrections, followed by more murderous executions, actually took place. This era of inhumanity, shamelessness, brigandage, brutality, and personal and political insecurity, what say you of it, Mr. Blenkinsop? Do you regard this wig and pigtail period as constituting the good old times, respected friend?"

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"There was Queen Anne's golden reign, sir," deferentially suggested Mr. Blenkinsop.

"A golden reign!" exclaimed the Statue. "A reign of favoritism and court trickery at home, and profitless war abroad. The time of Bolingbroke's, and Harley's, and Churchill's intrigues. The reign of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough and of Mrs. Masham. A golden fiddlestick! I imagine you must go farther back yet for your good old times, Mr. Blenkinsop."

"Well," answered the churchwarden, "I suppose I must, sir, after what you say."

"Take William the Third's rule," pursued the Statue. "War, war again; nothing but war. I don't think you'll particularly call these the good old times. Then what will you say to those of James the Second? Were they the good old times when Judge Jefferies sat on the bench? When Monmouth's rebellion was followed by the Bloody Assize. When the king tried to set himself above the law, and lost his crown in consequence. Does your worship fancy these were the good old times?"

Mr. Blenkinsop admitted that he could not very well imagine that they were.

"Were Charles the Second's the good old times?" demanded the Statue. "With a court full of riot and debauchery; a palace much less decent than any modern casino; while Scotch Covenanters were having their legs crushed in the 'Boots,' under the auspices and personal superintendence of His Royal Highness the Duke of York. The time of Titus Oates, Bedloe, and Dangerfield, and their sham plots, with the hangings, drawings, and quarterings, on perjured evidence, that followed them. When Russell and Sidney were judicially murdered. The time of the great plague and fire of London. The public money wasted by roguery and embezzlement, while sailors lay starving in the streets for want of their just pay; the Dutch about the same time burning our ships in the Medway. My friend, I think you will hardly call the scandalous monarchy of the 'Merry Monarch' the good old times."

"I feel the difficulty which you suggest, sir," owned Mr. Blenkinsop.

"Now, that a man of your loyalty," pursued the Statue, "should identify the good old times with Cromwell's Protectorate, is, of course, out of the question."

"Decidedly, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Blenkinsop. "*He* shall not have a statue, though you enjoy that honor," bowing.

"And yet," said the Statue, "with all its faults, this era was perhaps no worse than any we have discussed yet. Never mind! It was a dreary, cant-ridden one, and if you don't think those England's palmy days, neither do I. There's the previous reign, then. During the first part of it, there was the king endeavoring to assert arbitrary power. During the latter, the Parliament were fighting against him in the open field. What ultimately became of him I need not say. At what stage of King Charles the First's career did the good old times exist, Mr. Alderman? I need barely mention the Star Chamber and poor Prynne; and I merely allude to the fate of Strafford and of Laud. On consideration, should you fix the good old times any where thereabouts?"

"I am afraid not, indeed, sir," Mr. Blenkinsop responded, tapping his forehead.

"What is your opinion of James the First's reign? Are you enamored of the good old times of the Gunpowder Plot? or when Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded? or when hundreds of poor, miserable old women were burnt alive for witchcraft, and the royal wiseacre on the throne wrote as wise a book, in defense of the execrable superstition through which they suffered?"

Mr. Blenkinsop confessed himself obliged to give up the times of James the First.

"Now, then," continued the Statue, "we come to Elizabeth."

"There I've got you!" interrupted Mr Blenkinsop, exultingly. "I beg your pardon, sir," he added, with a sense of the freedom he had taken; "but everybody talks of the times of Good Queen Bess, you know."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Statue, not at all like Zamiel, or Don Guzman, or a pavior's rammer, but really with unaffected gayety. "Everybody sometimes says very foolish things. Suppose Everybody's lot had been cast under Elizabeth! How would Everybody have relished being subject to the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Commission, with its power of imprisonment, rack, and torture? How would Everybody have liked to see his Roman Catholic and Dissenting fellow-subjects butchered, fined, and imprisoned for their opinions; and charitable ladies butchered, too, for giving them shelter in the sweet compassion of their hearts? What would Everybody have thought of the murder of Mary Queen of Scots? Would Everybody, would Anybody, would *you*, wish to have lived in these days, whose emblems are cropped ears, pillory, stocks, thumb-screws, gibbet, ax, chopping-block, and scavenger's daughter? Will you take your stand upon this stage of history for the good old times, Mr. Blenkinsop?"

"I should rather prefer firmer and safer ground, to be sure, upon the whole," answered the worshiper of antiquity, dubiously.

"Well, now," said the Statue, "'tis getting late, and, unaccustomed as I am to conversational speaking, I must be brief. Were those the good old times when Sanguinary Mary roasted bishops, and lighted the fires of Smithfield? When Henry the Eighth, the British Bluebeard, cut his wives heads off, and burnt Catholic and Protestant at the same stake? When Richard the Third smothered his nephews in the Tower? When the Wars of the Roses deluged the land with blood? When Jack Cade marched upon London? When we were disgracefully driven out of France under Henry the Sixth, or, as disgracefully, went marauding there, under Henry the Fifth? Were the good old times those of Northumberland's rebellion? Of Richard the Second's assassination? Of the battles, burnings, massacres, cruel tormentings, and atrocities, which form the sum of the Plantagenet reigns? Of John's declaring himself the Pope's vassal, and performing dental operations on the Jews? Of the Forest Laws and Curfew under the Norman kings? At what point of this series of bloody and cruel annals will you place the times which you praise? Or do your good old times extend over all that period when somebody or other was constantly committing high treason, and there was a perpetual exhibition of heads on London Bridge and Temple Bar?"

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It was allowed by Mr. Blenkinsop that either alternative presented considerable difficulty.

"Was it in the good old times that Harold fell at Hastings, and William the Conqueror enslaved England? Were those blissful years the ages of monkery; of Odo and Dunstan, bearding monarchs and branding queens? Of Danish ravage and slaughter? Or were they those of the Saxon Heptarchy, and the worship of Thor and Odin? Of the advent of Hengist and Horsa? Of British subjugation by the Romans? Or, lastly, must we go back to the ancient Britons, Druidism, and human sacrifices, and say that those were the real, unadulterated, genuine, good old times, when the true-blue natives of this island went naked, painted with woad?"

"Upon my word, sir," said Mr. Blenkinsop, "after the observations that I have heard from you this night, I acknowledge that I *do* feel myself rather at a loss to assign a precise period to the times in question."

"Shall I do it for you?" asked the Statue.

"If you please, sir. I should be very much obliged if you would," replied the bewildered Blenkinsop, greatly relieved.

"The best times, Mr. Blenkinsop," said the Statue, "are the oldest. They are the wisest; for the older the world grows, the more experience it acquires. It is older now than ever it was. The oldest and best times the world has yet seen are the present. These, so far as we have yet gone, are the genuine good old times, sir."

"Indeed, sir!" ejaculated the astonished alderman.

"Yes, my good friend. These are the best times that we know of—bad as the best may be. But in proportion to their defects, they afford room for amendment. Mind that, sir, in the future exercise of your municipal and political wisdom. Don't continue to stand in the light which is gradually illuminating human darkness. The Future is the date of that happy period which your imagination has fixed in the Past. It will arrive when all shall do what is right; hence none shall suffer what is wrong. The true good old times are yet to come."

"Have you any idea when, sir?" Mr. Blenkinsop inquired, modestly.

"That is a little beyond me," the Statue answered. "I can not say how long it will take to convert the Blenkinsops. I devoutly wish you may live to see them. And with that, I wish you good-night, Mr. Blenkinsop."

"Sir," returned Mr. Blenkinsop, with a profound bow, "I have the honor to wish you the same."

Mr. Blenkinsop returned home an altered man. This was soon manifest. In a few days he astonished the Corporation by proposing the appointment of an Officer of Health to preside over the sanitary affairs of Beetlebury. It had already transpired that he had consented to the introduction of lucifer-matches into his domestic establishment, in which, previously, he had insisted on sticking to the old tinder-box. Next, to the wonder of all Beetlebury, he was the first to propose a great, new school, and to sign a requisition that a county penitentiary might be established for the reformation of juvenile offenders. The last account of him is, that he has not only become a subscriber to the mechanics' institute, but that he actually presided there at, lately, on the occasion of a lecture on Geology.

The remarkable change which has occurred in Mr. Blenkinsop's views and principles, he himself refers to his conversation with the Statue, as above related. That narrative, however, his fellow-townsmen receive with incredulous expressions, accompanied by gestures and grimaces of like import. They hint, that Mr. Blenkinsop had been thinking for himself a little, and only wanted a plausible excuse for recanting his errors. Most of his fellow-aldermen believe him mad; not less on account of his new moral and political sentiments, so very different from their own, than of his Statue story. When it has been suggested to them that he has only had his spectacles cleaned, and has been looking about him, they shake their heads, and say that he had better have left his spectacles alone, and that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and a good deal of dirt quite the contrary. *Their* spectacles have never been cleaned, they say, and any one may see they don't want cleaning.

The truth seems to be, that Mr. Blenkinsop has found an altogether new pair of spectacles, which enable him to see in the right direction. Formerly, he could only look backward; he now looks forward to the grand object that all human eyes should have in view—progressive improvement.

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He who can not live well to-day, will be less qualified to live well to-morrow.—MARTIAL.

Men are harassed, not by things themselves but by opinions respecting them.—EPICETUS.

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**[From the Dublin University Magazine.]**

**MEMOIRS OF THE FIRST DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.**

While the fortunes of the last Duchess of Orleans are still in uncertainty, it may not be unpleasing to read something of the family and character of the first princess who bore that title. The retrospect will carry us back to stirring times, and make us acquainted with the virtues and sufferings, as well as the crimes, which mark the family history of the great European houses. The story of Valentina Visconti links the history of Milan with that of Paris, and imparts an Italian grace and tenderness to the French annals. Yet although herself one of the gentlest of women, she was sprung from the fiercest of men. The history of the rise and progress of the family of Visconti is, in truth, one of the most characteristic that the Lombardic annalists have preserved.

The Sforzias, called Visconti from their hereditary office of *Vicecomes*, or temporal vicar of the Emperor, were a marked and peculiar race. With the most ferocious qualities, they combined high intellectual refinement, and an elegant and cultivated taste, in all that was excellent in art, architecture, poetry, and classical learning. The founder of the family was Otho, Archbishop of Milan at the close of the 13th century. He extended his vicarial authority into a virtual sovereignty of the Lombard towns, acknowledging only the German Emperor as his feudal lord. This self-constituted authority he transmitted to his nephew Matteo, "Il grande." In the powerful hands of Matteo the Magnificent, Milan became the capital of a virtual Lombardic kingdom. Three of the sons of Matteo were successively "tyrants" of Milan, the designation being probably used in its classical, rather than its modern sense. Galeazzo, the eldest, was succeeded by his son Azzo, the only one of the male representatives of the Visconti who exhibited any of the milder characteristics befitting the character of a virtuous prince. Luchino, his uncle and successor, was, however, a patron of learning, and has had the good fortune to transmit his name to us in illustrious company. At his court, in other respects contaminated by vice, and made infamous by cruelty, the poet Petrarch found a home and a munificent patron. Luchino cultivated his friendship. The poet was not above repaying attentions so acceptable by a no less acceptable flattery. Petrarch's epistle, eulogizing the virtues and recounting the glory of the tyrant, remains a humiliating record of the power of wealth and greatness, and the pliability of genius.

Luchino's fate was characteristic. His wife, Isabella of Fieschi, had frequently suffered from his caprice and jealousy; at length she learned that he had resolved on putting her to death. Forced to anticipate his cruel intent, she poisoned him with the very drugs he had designed for her destruction.

Luchino was succeeded by his brother Giovanni, Archbishop of Milan, the ablest of the sons of Matteo. Under his unscrupulous administration the Milanese territory was extended, until almost the whole of Lombardy was brought under the yoke of the vigorous and subtle tyrant. Although an ecclesiastic, he was as prompt to use the temporal as the spiritual sword. On his accession to power, Pope Clement the Sixth, then resident at Avignon, summoned him to appear at his tribunal to answer certain charges of heresy and schism. The papal legate sent with this commission had a further demand to make on behalf of the Pontiff—the restitution of Bologna, a fief of the church, which had been seized by the Milanese prelate, Giovanni Visconti, as well as the cession, by the latter, of either his temporal or spiritual authority, which the legate declared could not be lawfully united in the person of an archbishop. Giovanni insisted that the legate should repeat the propositions with which he was charged at church on the following Sunday: as prince and bishop he could only receive such a message in the presence of his subjects and the clergy of his province. On the appointed day, the archbishop having celebrated high-mass with unusual splendor, the legate announced the message with which he was charged by his Holiness.

The people listened in silence, expecting a great discussion. But their astonishment was not greater than that of the legate, when Archbishop Giovanni stepped forth, with his crucifix in one hand, while with the other he drew from beneath his sacerdotal robes a naked sword, and exclaimed, "Behold the spiritual and temporal arms of Giovanni Visconti! By the help of God, with the one I will defend the other."

The legate could obtain no other answer save that the archbishop declared that he had no intention of disobeying the pontiff's citation to appear at Avignon. He accordingly prepared, indeed, to enter such an appearance as would prevent citations of that kind in future.

He sent, as his precursor, a confidential secretary, with orders to make suitable preparations for his reception. Thus commissioned, the secretary proceeded to hire every vacant house in the city and surrounding neighborhood, within a circuit of several miles; and made enormous contracts for the supply of furniture and provisions for the use of the archbishop and his suite. These astounding preparations soon reached the ears of Clement. He sent for the secretary, and demanded the meaning of these extraordinary proceedings. The secretary replied, that he had instructions from his master, the Archbishop of Milan, to provide for the reception of 12,000 knights and 6,000 foot soldiers, exclusive of the Milanese gentlemen who would accompany their lord when he appeared at Avignon, in compliance with his Holiness's summons. Clement, quite unprepared for such a visit, only thought how he should extricate himself from so great a dilemma. He wrote to the haughty Visconti, begging that he would not put himself to the inconvenience of such a journey: and, lest this should not be sufficient to deter him, proposed to grant him the investiture of Bologna—the matter in dispute between them—for a sum of money: a proposal readily assented to by the wealthy archbishop.

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Giovanni Visconti bequeathed to the three sons of his brother Stephano a well-consolidated power; and, for that age, an enormous accumulation of wealth. The Visconti were the most skillful of financiers. Without overburthening their subjects, they had ever a well-filled treasury—frequently recruited, it is true, by the plunder of their enemies, or replenished by the contributions they levied on neighboring cities. The uniform success which attended their negotiations in these respects, encouraged them in that intermeddling policy they so often pursued. We can scarcely read without a smile the proclamations of their generals to the inoffensive cities, of whose affairs they so kindly undertook the unsolicited management.

"It is no unworthy design which has brought us hither," the general would say to the citizens of the towns selected for these disinterested interventions; "we are here to re-establish order, to destroy the dissensions and secret animosities which divide the people (say) of Tuscany. We have formed the unalterable resolution to reform the abuses which abound in all the Tuscan cities. If we can not attain our object by mild persuasions, we will succeed by the strong hand of power. Our chief has commanded us to conduct his armies to the gates of your city, to attack you at our swords' point, and to deliver over your property to be pillaged, unless (solely for your own advantage) you show yourselves pliant in conforming to his benevolent advice."

Giovanni Visconti, as we have intimated, was succeeded by his nephews. The two younger evinced the daring military talent which distinguished their race. Matteo, the eldest, on the contrary, abandoned himself to effeminate indulgences. His brothers, Bernabos and Galeazzo, would have been well pleased that he should remain a mere cipher, leaving the management of affairs in their hands; but they soon found that his unrestrained licentiousness endangered the sovereignty of all. On one occasion a complaint was carried to the younger brothers by an influential citizen. Matteo Visconti, having heard that this citizen's wife was possessed of great personal attractions, sent for her husband, and informed him that he designed her for an inmate of his palace, commanding him, upon pain of death, to fetch her immediately. The indignant burgher, in his perplexity, claimed the protection of Bernabos and Galeazzo. The brothers perceived that inconvenient consequences were likely to ensue. A dose of poison, that very day, terminated the brief career of Matteo the voluptuous.

Of the three brothers, Bernabos was the most warlike and the most cruel; Galeazzo the most subtle and politic. Laboring to cement his power by foreign alliances, he purchased from John, king of France, his daughter, Isabelle de Valois, as the bride of his young son and heir; and procured the hand of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III. of England, for his daughter Violante. While Galeazzo pursued these peaceful modes of aggrandizement, Bernabos waged successful war on his neighbors, subjecting to the most refined cruelties all who questioned his authority. It was he who first reduced the practice of the torture to a perfect system, extending over a period of forty-one days. During this period, every alternate day, the miserable victim suffered the loss of some of his members—an eye, a finger, an ear—until at last his torments ended on the fatal wheel. Pope after pope struggled in vain against these powerful tyrants. They laughed at excommunication, or only marked the fulmination of a papal bull by some fresh act of oppression on the clergy subject to their authority. On one occasion Urban the Fifth sent Bernabos his bull of excommunication, by two legates. Bernabos received the pontifical message unmoved. He manifested no irritation—no resentment; but courteously escorted the legates, on their return, as far as one of the principal bridges in Milan. Here he paused, about to take leave of them. "It would be inhospitable to permit you to depart," he said, addressing the legates, "without some refreshment; choose—will you eat or drink?" The legates, terrified at the tone in which the compliment was conveyed, declined his proffered civility. "Not so," he exclaimed, with a terrible oath; "you shall not leave my city without some remembrance of me; say, will you eat or drink?" The affrighted legates, perceiving themselves surrounded by the guards of the tyrant, and in immediate proximity to the river, felt no taste for drinking. "We had rather eat," said they;

"the *sight* of so much water is sufficient to quench our thirst." "Well, then," rejoined Bernabos, "here are the bulls of excommunication which you have brought to me; you shall not pass this bridge until you have eaten, in my presence, the parchments on which they are written, the leaden seals affixed to them, and the silken cords by which they are attached." The legates urged in vain the sacred character of their offices of ambassador and priest: Bernabos kept his word; and they were left to digest the insult as best they might. Bernabos and his brother, after having disposed of Matteo, became, as companions in crime usually do, suspicious of one another. In particular, each feared that the other would poison him. Those banquets and entertainments to which they treated one another must have been scenes of magnificent discomfort.

Galeazzo died first. His son, Giovanni-Galeazzo, succeeded, and matched the unscrupulous ambition of his uncle with a subtlety equal to his own. Not satisfied with a divided sway, he maneuvered unceasingly until he made himself master of the persons of Bernabos and his two sons. The former he kept a close prisoner for seven months, and afterward put to death by poison. The cruelty and pride of Bernabos had rendered him so odious to his subjects, that they made no effort on his behalf, but submitted without opposition to the milder government of Giovanni-Galeazzo. He was no less successful in obtaining another object of his ambition. He received from the Emperor Wenceslaus the investiture and dukedom of Milan, for which he paid the sum of 100,000 florins, and now saw himself undisputed master of Lombardy.

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The court of Milan, during such a period, seems a strange theatre for the display of graceful and feminine virtues. Yet it was here, and under the immediate eye of her father, this very Giovanni-Galeazzo, that Valentina Visconti, one of the most amiable female characters of history, passed the early days of her eventful life. As the naturalist culls a wild flower from the brink of the volcano, the historian of the dynasty of Milan pauses to contemplate her pure and graceful character, presenting itself among the tyrants, poisoners, murderers, and infidels who founded the power and amassed the wealth of her family. It would be sad to think that the families of the wicked men of history partook of the crimes of their parents. But we must remember that virtue has little charm for the annalist; he records what is most calculated to excite surprise or awake horror, but takes no notice of the unobtrusive ongoings of those who live and die in peace and quietness. We may be sure that among the patrons of Petrarch there was no want of refinement, or of the domestic amenities with which a youthful princess, and only child, ought to be surrounded. In fact, we have been left the most permanent and practical evidences of the capacity of these tyrants for the enjoyment of the beautiful. The majestic cathedral of Milan is a monument of the noble architectural taste of Valentina's father. In the midst of donjons and fortress-palaces it rose, an embodiment of the refining influence of religion; bearing in many respects a likeness to the fair and innocent being whose fortunes we are about to narrate, and who assisted at its foundation. The progress of the building was slow; it was not till a more magnificent usurper than any of the Visconti assumed the iron-crown of Lombardy, in our own generation, that the general design of the Duomo of Milan was completed. Many of the details still remain unfinished; many statues to be placed on their pinnacles; some to be replaced on the marble stands from which they were overthrown by the cannon of Radetski. Of the old castle of the Visconti two circular towers and a curtain wall alone remain: its court-yard is converted into a barrack, its moats filled up, its terraced gardens laid down as an esplanade for the troops of the Austrian garrison. The family of the Visconti have perished. Milan, so long the scene of their glory, and afterward the battle-ground of contending claimants, whose title was derived through them, has ceased to be the capital of a free and powerful Italian state: but the Cathedral, after a growth of nearly four centuries, is still growing; and the name of the gentle Valentina, so early associated with the majestic Gothic edifice, "smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust."

The year after the foundation of the Duomo, Valentina Visconti became the bride of Louis Duke of Orleans, only brother to the reigning monarch of France, Charles VI. Their politic father, the wise King Charles, had repaired the disasters occasioned by the successful English invasion, and the long captivity of John the Second. The marriage of Valentina and Louis was considered highly desirable by all parties. The important town of Asti, with an immense marriage portion in money, was bestowed by Giovanni-Galeazzo on his daughter. A brilliant escort of the Lombard chivalry accompanied the "promessa sposa" to the French frontier.

Charles VI. made the most magnificent preparations for the reception of his destined sister-in-law. The weak but amiable monarch, ever delighting in fêtes and entertainments, could gratify his childish taste, while displaying a delicate consideration and brotherly regard for Louis of Orleans. The marriage was to be celebrated at Méhun. Fountains of milk and choice wine played to the astonishment and delight of the bourgeois. There were jousts and tournaments, masks, and banquets, welcoming the richly-dowered daughter of Milan. All promised a life of secured happiness; she was wedded to the brave and chivalrous Louis of Orleans, the pride and darling of France. He was eminently handsome; and his gay, graceful, and affable manners gained for him the strong personal attachment of all who surrounded him. But, alas! for Valentina and her dream of happiness, Louis was a profligate; she found herself, from the first moment of her marriage, a neglected wife: her modest charms and gentle deportment had no attractions for her volatile husband. The early years of her wedded life were passed in solitude and uncomplaining sorrow. She bore her wrongs in dignified silence. Her quiet endurance, her pensive gentleness, never for a moment yielded; nor was she ever heard to express an angry or bitter sentiment. Still she was not without some consolation; she became the mother of promising children, on whom she could bestow the treasures of love and tenderness, of the value of which the dissolute Louis was insensible. Affliction now began to visit the French palace. Charles VI. had long shown evidences of a weak intellect. The events of his youth had shaken a mind never robust: indeed

they were such as one can not read of even now without emotion.

During his long minority the country, which, under the prudent administration of his father, had well nigh recovered the defeats of Cressy and Poitiers, had been torn by intestine commotions. The regency was in the hands of the young king's uncles, the dukes of Anjou and Burgundy. The latter inheriting by his wife, who was heiress of Flanders, the rich provinces bordering France on the northeast, in addition to his province of Burgundy, found himself, in some respects, more powerful than his sovereign. The commercial prosperity of the Low Countries filled his coffers with money, and the hardy Burgundian population gave him, at command, a bold and intrepid soldiery.

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From his earliest years, Charles had manifested a passion for the chase. When about twelve years old, in the forest of Senlis, he had encountered a stag, bearing a collar with the inscription, "*Cæsar hoc mihi donavit.*" This wonderful stag appeared to him in a dream a few years afterward, as he lay in his tent before Roosebeke in Flanders, whither he had been led by his uncle of Burgundy to quell an insurrection of the citizens of Ghent, headed by the famous Philip van Artevelde. Great had been the preparations of the turbulent burghers. Protected by their massive armor, they formed themselves into a solid square bristling with pikes. The French cavalry, armed with lances, eagerly waited for the signal of attack. The signal was to be the unfurling of the oriflamme, the sacred banner of France, which had never before been displayed but when battling against infidels. It had been determined, on this occasion, to use it against the Flemings because they rejected the authority of Pope Clement, calling themselves Urbanists, and were consequently looked on by the French as excluded from the pale of the church. As the young king unfurled this formidable banner, the sun, which had for days been obscured by a lurid fog, suddenly shone forth with unwonted brilliancy. A dove, which had long hovered over the king's battalion, at the same time settled on the flag-staff.

"Now, by the lips of those you love, fair gentlemen of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!"

The French chivalry did indeed execute a memorable charge on these burghers of Ghent. Their lance points reached a yard beyond the heads of the Flemish pikes. The Flemings, unable to return or parry their thrusts, fell back on all sides. The immense central mass of human beings thus forcibly compressed, shrieked and struggled in vain. Gasping for breath, they perished, *en masse*, suffocated by the compression, and crushed under the weight of their heavy armor. A reward had been offered for the body of Philip van Artevelde: it was found amid a heap of slain, and brought to the king's pavilion. The young monarch gazed on the mortal remains of his foe, but no wound could be discovered on the body of the Flemish leader—he had perished from suffocation. The corpse was afterward hanged on the nearest tree. When the king surveyed this horrible yet bloodless field, the appalling spectacle of this mass of dead, amounting, it is said, to 34,000 corpses, was more than his mind could bear. From this period unmistakable evidences of his malady became apparent. The marvelous stag took possession of his fancy; it seemed to him the emblem of victory, and he caused it to be introduced among the heraldic insignia of the kingdom.

In his sixteenth year, the king selected, as the partner of his throne, the beautiful Isabeau of Bavaria. She also was a Visconti by the mother's side, her father having wedded one of the daughters of Bernabos. In her honor various costly fêtes had been given. On one of these occasions the royal bridegroom displayed his eccentricity in a characteristic manner. The chroniclers of the time have given us very detailed accounts of these entertainments. The costumes were extravagantly fantastic: ladies carried on their head an enormous *hennin*, a very cumbrous kind of head-dress, surmounted by horns of such dimensions, that their exit or entrance into an apartment was a work of considerable difficulty. The shoes were equally absurd and inconvenient; their pointed extremities, half a yard in length, were turned up and fastened to the knees in various grotesque forms. The robes, the long open sleeves of which swept the ground, were emblazoned with strange devices. Among the personal effects of one of the royal princes we find an inventory of about a thousand pearls used in embroidering on a robe the words and music of a popular song.

The chronicle of the *Religieux de St. Denis* describes one of these masked balls, which was held in the court-yard of that venerable abbey, temporarily roofed over with tapestries for the occasion. The sons of the Duke of Anjou, cousins of the king, were prepared to invade Naples, in right of their father, to whom Joanna of Naples had devised that inheritance. Previous to their departure, their royal cousin resolved to confer on them the order of knighthood. An immense concourse of guests were invited to witness the splendid ceremonial, and take part in the jousts and tournaments which were to follow. The king had selected a strange scene for these gay doings. The Abbey of St. Denis was the last resting-place of the kings of France. Here mouldered the mortal remains of his predecessors, and here were to repose his bones when he, too, should be "gathered to his fathers." The celebrated "Captain of the Companies," the famous du Guesclin, the saviour of France in the reign of his father, had paid the debt of nature many years before, and reposed there among the mortal remains of those whose throne he had guarded so well. The astonishment of the guests was extreme, when it appeared that the exhumation and reinterment of du Guesclin formed part of the programme of the revels. The old warrior was taken up, the funeral rites solemnly gone through, three hundred livres appropriated to the pious use of masses for his soul, and the revelers dismissed to meditate on the royal eccentricities.

The murder of the Constable of France, Oliver de Clisson, followed soon after, and quite

completed the break down of poor Charles's mind. This powerful officer of the crown had long been feared and hated by the great feudal lords especially by the Duke of Brittany, who entertained an absurd jealousy of the one-eyed hero. Although Clisson, by his decisive victory at Auray, had secured to him the contested dukedom of Brittany, the jealous duke treacherously arrested his benefactor and guest, whom he kept prisoner in the dungeons of his castle of La Motte. In the first transports of his fury the duke had given orders that de Clisson should be put to death; but his servants, fearing the consequences of so audacious an act, left his commands unexecuted. Eventually, the Constable was permitted by his captor to purchase his freedom, a condition which was no sooner complied with, than the duke repented having allowed his foe to escape from his hands. He now suborned Pierre de Craon, a personal enemy of de Clisson, to be the executioner of his vengeance. The Constable was returning to his hotel, having spent a festive evening with his sovereign, when he was set on by his assassins. He fell, covered with wounds, and was left for dead. To increase his torments, the murderer announced to him, as he fell, his name and motives. But, though severely injured, Clisson was yet alive. The noise of the conflict reached the king, who was just retiring to rest. He hastened to the spot. His bleeding minister clung to his robe, and implored him to swear that he should be avenged.

"My fidelity to your majesty has raised up for me powerful enemies: this is my only crime. Whether I recover or perish from my wounds, swear to me that I shall not be unavenged."

"I shall never rest, so help me God," replied the excited monarch, "until the authors of this audacious crime shall be brought to justice."

Charles kept his word. Although suffering from fever, the result of this night's alarm and exposure, he collected a considerable army, and marched for Brittany. His impatient eagerness knew no bounds. Through the sultry, noonday heat, over the arid plains and dense forests of Brittany, he pursued the assassin of his Constable. He rode the foremost of his host; often silently and alone. One day, having undergone great personal fatigue, he had closed his eyes, still riding forward, when he was aroused by the violent curveting of his steed, whose bridle had been seized by a wild-looking man, singularly clad.

"Turn back, turn back, noble king," cried he; "to proceed further is certain death, you are betrayed!" Having uttered these words, the stranger disappeared in the recesses of the forest before any one could advance to arrest him.

The army now traversed a sandy plain, which reflected the intensity of the solar rays. The king wore a black velvet jerkin, and a cap of crimson velvet, ornamented with a chaplet of pearls. This ill-selected costume rendered the heat insufferable. While musing on the strange occurrence in the forest, he was aroused by the clashing of steel around him. The page, who bore his lance, had yielded to the drowsy influences of the oppressive noonday heat, and as he slumbered his lance had fallen with a ringing sound on the casque of the page before him. The succession of these alarms quite damaged Charles's intellect. He turned, in a paroxysm of madness, crying, "Down with the traitors!" and attacked his own body-guard. All made way, as the mad king assailed them. Several fell victims to his wildly-aimed thrusts, before he sunk at length, exhausted by his efforts, a fit of total insensibility followed. His brother of Orleans and kinsman of Burgundy had him conveyed by slow stages to Paris.

Charles's recovery was very tedious. Many remedies were tried—charms and incantations, as well as medicines; but to the great joy of the people, who had always loved him, his reason was at length pronounced to be restored, and his physicians recommended him to seek amusement and diversion in festive entertainments.

Another shock, and Charles VI. became confirmed lunatic. This tragical termination of an absurd frolic occurred as follows:

On a gala occasion the monarch and five knights of his household conceived the design of disguising themselves as satyrs. Close-fitting linen dresses, covered with some bituminous substance, to which was attached fine flax resembling hair, were stitched on their persons. Their grotesque figures excited much merriment. The dukes of Orleans and Bar, who had been supping elsewhere, entered the hall somewhat affected by their night's dissipation. With inconceivable folly, one of these tipsy noblemen applied a torch to the covering of one of the satyrs. The miserable wretch, burning frightfully and hopelessly, rushed through the hall in horrible torments, shrieking in the agonies of despair. The fire was rapidly communicated. To those of the satyrs, whose hairy garments were thus ignited, escape was hopeless. To detach the flaming pitch was impossible; they writhed and rolled about, but in vain: their tortures only ended with their lives. One alone beside the king escaped. Recollecting that the buttery was near, he ran and plunged himself in the large tub of water provided for washing the plates and dishes. Even so, he did not escape without serious injuries. The king had been conversing in his disguise with the young bride of the duke of Berri. She had recognized him, and with admirable presence of mind and devotion, she held him fast, covering him with her robe lest a spark should descend on him. To her care and energy he owed his preservation from so horrible a fate; but, alas! only to linger for years a miserable maniac. The terrible spectacle of his companions in harmless frolic perishing in this dreadful manner before his eyes, completed the wreck of his already broken intellect. His reason returned but partially. Even these slight amendments were at rare intervals. He became a squalid and pitiable object; his person utterly neglected, for his garments could only be changed by force. His heartless and faithless wife deserted him—indeed, in his insane fits his detestation of her was excessive—and neglected their children. One human being only could soothe and soften him, his sister-in-law, Valentina Visconti.



Charles had always manifested the truest friendship for the neglected wife of his brother. They were alike unhappy in their domestic relations; for the gallantries of the beautiful queen were scarcely less notorious than those of Louis of Orleans; and if scandal spoke truly, Louis himself was one of the queen's lovers. The brilliant and beautiful Isabeau was distinguished by the dazzlingly clear and fair complexion of her German fatherland, and the large lustrous eyes of the Italian. But Charles detested her, and delighted in the society of Valentina. He was never happy but when near her. In the violent paroxysms of his malady, she only could venture to approach him—she alone had influence over the poor maniac. He yielded to her wishes without opposition; and in his occasional glimpses of reason, touchingly thanked his "dear sister" for her watchful care and forbearance.

It must have been a dismal change, even from the barbaric court of Milan; but Valentina was not a stranger to the consolations which are ever the reward of those who prove themselves self-sacrificing in the performance of duty. She was eminently happy in her children. Charles, her eldest son, early evinced a delicate enthusiasm of mind—the sensitive organization of genius. He was afterward to become, *par excellence*, the poet of France. In his childhood he was distinguished for his amiable disposition and handsome person. Possibly at the time of which we now write, was laid the foundation of that sincere affection for his cousin Isabella, eldest daughter of the king, which many years afterward resulted in their happy union. One of the most touching poems of Charles of Orleans has been charmingly rendered into English by Mr. Carey. It is addressed to his deceased wife, who died in child-bed at the early age of twenty-two.

"To make my lady's obsequies,  
My love a minster wrought,  
And in the chantry, service there  
Was sung by doleful thought.  
The tapers were of burning sighs,  
That light and odor gave,  
And grief, illumined by tears,  
Irradiated her grave;  
And round about in quaintest guise  
Was carved, 'Within this tomb there lies  
The fairest thing to mortal eyes.'

"Above her lieth spread a tomb,  
Of gold and sapphires blue;  
The gold doth mark her blessedness,  
The sapphires mark her true;  
For blessedness and truth in her  
Were livelily portray'd,  
When gracious God with both his hands  
Her wondrous beauty made;  
She was, to speak without disguise,  
The fairest thing to mortal eyes.

"No more, no more; my heart doth faint,  
When I the life recall  
Of her who lived so free from taint,  
So virtuous deemed by all;  
Who in herself was so complete,  
I think that she was ta'en  
By God to deck his Paradise,  
And with his saints to reign;  
For well she doth become the skies,  
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize,  
The fairest thing to mortal eyes!"

The same delicate taste and sweet sensibility which are here apparent, break forth in another charming poem by Charles, composed while a prisoner in England, and descriptive of the same delightful season that surrounds us with light and harmony, while we write, "le premier printemps:"

"The Time hath laid his mantle by  
Of wind, and rain, and icy chill,  
And dons a rich embroidery  
Of sunlight pour'd on lake and hill.

"No beast or bird in earth or sky,  
Whose voice doth not with gladness thrill;  
For Time hath laid his mantle by  
Of wind, and rain, and icy dull.

"River and fountain, brook and rill,  
Bespangled o'er with livery gay  
Of silver droplets, wind their way.

All in their new apparel vie,  
For Time hath laid his mantle by."

We have said little of Louis of Orleans, the unfaithful husband of Valentina. This young prince had many redeeming traits of character. He was generous, liberal, and gracious; adored by the French people; fondly loved, even by his neglected wife. His tragical death, assassinated in cold blood by his cousin, Jean-sans-peur of Burgundy, excited in his behalf universal pity. Let us review the causes which aroused the vindictive hostility of the Duke of Burgundy, only to be appeased by the death of his gay and unsuspecting kinsman.

Among the vain follies of Louis of Orleans, his picture-gallery may be reckoned the most offensive. Here were suspended the portraits of his various mistresses; among others he had the audacity to place there the likeness of the Bavarian princess, wife of Jean-sans-peur. The resentment of the injured husband may readily be conceived. In addition to this very natural cause of dislike, these dukes had been rivals for that political power which the imbecility of Charles the Sixth placed within their grasp.

The unamiable elements in the character of the Duke of Burgundy had been called into active exercise in very early life. While Duke de Nevers, he was defeated at Nicopolis, and made prisoner by Bajazet, surnamed "Ilderim," or the Thunderer. What rendered this defeat the more mortifying was, the boastful expectation of success proclaimed by the Christian army. "If the sky should fall, we could uphold it on our lances," they exclaimed, but a few hours before their host was scattered, and its leaders prisoners to the Moslem. Jean-sans-peur was detained in captivity until an enormous ransom was paid for his deliverance. Giovanni-Galeazzo was suspected of connivance with Bajazet, both in bringing the Christians to fight at a disadvantage, and in putting the Turks on the way of obtaining the heaviest ransoms. The splenetic irritation of this disaster seems to have clung long after to the Duke of Burgundy. His character was quite the reverse of that of his confiding kinsman of Orleans. He was subtle, ambitious, designing, crafty—dishonorably resorting to guile, where he dared not venture on overt acts of hostility. For the various reasons we have mentioned, he bore a secret but intense hatred to his cousin Louis.

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In the early winter of 1407, the Duke of Orleans, finding his health impaired, bade a temporary adieu to the capital, and secluded himself in his favorite chateau of Beauté. He seems to have been previously awakened to serious reflections. He had passed much of his time at the convent of the Celestines, who, among their most precious relics, still reckon the illuminated manuscript of the Holy Scriptures presented to them by Louis of Orleans, and bearing his autograph. To this order of monks he peculiarly attached himself, spending most of the time his approaching death accorded to him. A spectre, in the solitude of the cloisters, appeared to him, and bade him prepare to stand in the presence of his Maker. His friends in the convent, to whom he narrated the occurrence, contributed by their exhortations to deepen the serious convictions pressing on his mind. There now seemed a reasonable expectation that Louis of Orleans would return from his voluntary solitude at his chateau on the Marne, a wiser and a better man, cured, by timely reflection, of the only blemish which tarnished the lustre of his many virtues.

The aged Duke of Berri had long lamented the ill-feeling and hostility which had separated his nephews of Orleans and Burgundy. It was his earnest desire to see these discords, so injurious to their true interests and the well-being of the kingdom, ended by a cordial reconciliation. He addressed himself to Jean-sans-peur, and met with un hoped-for success. The Duke of Burgundy professed his willingness to be reconciled, and acceded with alacrity to his uncle's proposition of a visit to the invalided Louis. The latter, ever trusting and warm-hearted, cordially embraced his former enemy. They received the sacrament together, in token of peace and good-will: the Duke of Burgundy, accepting the proffered hospitality of his kinsman, promised to partake of a banquet to be given on this happy occasion by Louis of Orleans, a few days later.

During the interval the young duke returned to Paris. His sister-in-law, Queen Isabeau, was then residing at the Hotel Barbette—a noble palace in a retired neighborhood, with fine gardens, almost completely secluded. Louis of Orleans, almost unattended, visited the queen, to condole with her on the loss of her infant, who had survived its birth but a few days. While they were supping together, Sas de Courteheuze, valet-de-chambre to Charles VI., arrived with a message to the duke: "My lord, the king sends for you, and you must instantly hasten to him, for he has business of great importance to you and to him, which he must communicate to you this night." Louis of Orleans, never doubting that this message came from his brother, hastened to obey the summons. His inconsiderable escort rendered him an easy prey to the ruffians who lay in wait for him. He was cruelly murdered; his skull cleft open, the brains scattered on the pavement; his hand so violently severed from the body, that it was thrown to a considerable distance; the other arm shattered in two places; and the body frightfully mangled. About eighteen were concerned in the murder: Raoul d'Oquetonville and Scas de Courteheuze acted as leaders. They had long waited for an opportunity, and lodged at an hotel "having for sign the image of Our Lady," near the Porte Barbette, where, it was afterward discovered, they had waited for several days for their victim. Thus perished, in the prime of life, the gay and handsome Louis of Orleans. The mutilated remains were collected, and removed to the Church of the Guillemins, the nearest place where they might be deposited. This confraternity were an order of hermits, who had succeeded to the church convent of the Blanc Manteax, instituted by St. Louis.

The church of the Guillemins was soon crowded by the friends and relatives of the murdered prince. All concurred in execrating the author or authors of this horrid deed. Suspicion at first fell upon Sir Aubert de Canny, who had good reason for hating the deceased duke. Louis of

Orleans, some years previously, had carried off his wife, Marietta D'Enghein, and kept her openly until she had borne him a son, afterward the celebrated Dunois. Immediate orders were issued by the king for the arrest of the Knight of Canny. Great sympathy was felt for the widowed Valentina, and her young and fatherless children. No one expressed himself more strongly than the Duke of Burgundy. He sent a kind message to Valentina, begging her to look on him as a friend and protector. While contemplating the body of his victim, he said, "Never has there been committed in the realm of France a fouler murder." His show of regret did not end here: with the other immediate relatives of the deceased prince, he bore the pall at the funeral procession. When the body was removed to the church of the Celestines, there to be interred in a beautiful chapel Louis of Orleans had himself founded and built, Burgundy was observed by the spectators to shed tears. But he was destined soon to assume quite another character, by an almost involuntary act. The provost of Paris, having traced the flight of the assassins, had ascertained beyond doubt that they had taken refuge at the hotel of this very Duke of Burgundy. He presented himself at the council, and undertook to produce the criminals, if permitted to search the residences of the princes. Seized with a sudden panic, the Duke of Burgundy, to the astonishment of all present, became his own accuser: Pale and trembling, he avowed his guilt: "It was I!" he faltered; "the devil tempted me!" The other members of the council shrunk back in undisguised horror. Jean-sans-peur, having made this astounding confession, left the council-chamber, and started, without a moment's delay, for the Flemish frontier. He was hotly pursued by the friends of the murdered Louis; but his measures had been taken with too much prompt resolution to permit of a successful issue to his Orleanist pursuers. Once among his subjects of the Low Countries, he might dare the utmost malice of his opponents.

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In the mean time, the will of the deceased duke was made public. His character, like Cæsar's, rose greatly in the estimation of the citizens, when the provisions of his last testament were made known. He desired that he should be buried without pomp in the church of the Celestines, arrayed in the garb of that order. He was not unmindful of the interests of literature and science; nor did he forget to make the poor and suffering the recipients of his bounty. Lastly, he confided his children to the guardianship of the Duke of Burgundy: thus evincing a spirit unmindful of injuries, generous, and confiding. This document also proved, that even in his wild career, Louis of Orleans was at times visited by better and holier aspirations.

Valentina mourned over her husband long and deeply; she did not long survive him; she sunk under her bereavement, and followed him to the grave ere her year of widowhood expired. At first the intelligence of his barbarous murder excited in her breast unwonted indignation. She exerted herself actively to have his death avenged. A few days after the murder, she entered Paris in "a litter covered with white cloth, and drawn by four white horses." All her retinue wore deep mourning. She had assumed for her device the despairing motto:

"Rien ne m'est plus,  
Plus ne m'est rien."

Proceeding to the Hôtel St. Pôl, accompanied by her children and the Princess Isabella, the affianced bride of Charles of Orleans, she threw herself at the king's knees, and, in a passion of tears, prayed for justice on the murderer of his brother, her lamented lord. Charles was deeply moved: he also wept aloud. He would gladly have granted her that justice which she demanded, had it been in his power to do so; but Burgundy was too powerful. The feeble monarch dared not offend his overgrown vassal. A process at law was all the remedy the king could offer.

Law was then, as now, a tedious and uncertain remedy, and a rich and powerful traverser could weary out his prosecutor with delays and quibbles equal to our own. Jean-sans-peur returned in defiance to Paris to conduct the proceedings in his own defense. He had erected a strong tower of solid masonry in his hôtel; here he was secure in the midst of his formidable guards and soldiery. For his defense, he procured the services of Jean Petit, a distinguished member of the University of Paris, and a popular orator. The oration of Petit (which has rendered him infamous), was rather a philippic against Louis of Orleans, than a defense of Jean-sans-peur. He labors to prove that the prince deserved to die, having conspired against the king and kingdom. One of the charges—that of having, by incantations, endeavored to destroy the monarch—gives us a singular idea of the credulity of the times, when we reflect that these absurd allegations were seriously made and believed by a learned doctor, himself a distinguished member of the most learned body in France, the University of Paris. The Duke of Orleans conspired "to cause the king, our lord, to die of a disorder, so languishing and so slow, that no one should divine the cause of it; he, by dint of money, bribed four persons, an apostate monk, a knight, an esquire, and a varlet, to whom he gave his own sword, his dagger, and a ring, for them to consecrate to, or more properly speaking, to make use of, in the name of the devil," &c. "The monk made several incantations.... And one grand invocation on a Sunday, very early, and before sunrise on a mountain near to the tower of Mont-joy.... The monk performed many superstitious acts near a bush, with invocations to the devil; and while so doing he stripped himself naked to his shirt and kneeled down: he then struck the points of the sword and dagger into the ground, and placed the ring near them. Having uttered many invocations to the devils, two of them appeared to him in the shape of two men, clothed in brownish-green, one of whom was called Hermias, and the other Estramain. He paid them such honors and reverence as were due to God our Saviour—after which he retired behind the bush. The devil who had come for the ring took it and vanished, but he who was come for the sword and dagger remained—but afterward, having seized them, he also vanished. The monk, shortly after, came to where the devils had been, and found the sword and dagger lying flat on the ground, the sword having the point broken—but he saw the point among some powder where

the devil had laid it. Having waited half-an-hour, the other devil returned and gave him the ring; which to the sight was of the color of red, nearly scarlet, and said to him: 'Thou wilt put it into the mouth of a dead man in the manner thou knowest,' and then he vanished."

To this oration the advocate of the Duchess of Orleans replied at great length. Valentina's answer to the accusation we have quoted, was concise and simple. "The late duke, Louis of Orleans, was a prince of too great piety and virtue to tamper with sorceries and witchcraft." The legal proceedings against Jean-sans-peur seemed likely to last for an interminable period. Even should they be decided in favor of the family of Orleans, the feeble sovereign dared not carry the sentence of the law into execution against so powerful an offender as the Duke of Burgundy. Valentina knew this; she knew also that she could not find elsewhere one who could enforce her claims for justice—justice on the murderer of her husband—the slayer of the father of her defenseless children. Milan, the home of her girlhood, was a slaughter-house, reeking with the blood of her kindred. Five years previously her father, Giovanni-Galeazzo Visconti, had died of the plague which then desolated Italy. To avoid this terrible disorder he shut himself up in the town of Marignano, and amused himself during his seclusion by the study of judicial astrology, in which science he was an adept. A comet appeared in the sky. The haughty Visconti doubted not that this phenomenon was an announcement to him of his approaching death. "I thank God," he cried, "that this intimation of my dissolution will be evident to all men: my glorious life will be not ingloriously terminated." The event justified the omen.

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By his second marriage with Katharina Visconti, daughter of his uncle Bernabos, Giovanni Galeazzo left two sons, still very young, Giovanni-Maria and Philippo-Maria, among whom his dominions were divided, their mother acting as guardian and regent.

All the ferocious characteristics of the Visconti seemed to be centred in the stepmother of Valentina. The Duchess of Milan delighted in executions; she beheaded, on the slightest suspicions, the highest nobles of Lombardy. At length she provoked reprisals, and died the victim of poison. Giovanni-Maria, nurtured in blood, was the worthy son of such a mother. His thirst for blood was unquenchable; his favorite pursuit was to witness the torments of criminals delivered over to bloodhounds, trained for the purpose, and fed only on human flesh. His huntsman and favorite, Squarcia Giramo, on one occasion, for the amusement of his master, threw to them a young boy only twelve years of age. The innocent child clung to the knees of the duke, and entreated that he might be preserved from so terrible a fate. The bloodhounds hung back. Squarcia Giramo seizing the child, with his hunting-knife cut his throat, and then flung him to the dogs. More merciful than these human monsters, they refused to touch the innocent victim.

Facino Cane, one of the ablest generals of the late duke, compelled the young princes to admit him to their council, and submit to his management of their affairs; as he was childless himself, he permitted them to live, stripped of power, and in great penury. To the sorrow and dismay of the Milanese, they saw this salutary check on the ferocious Visconti about to be removed by the death of Facino Cane. Determined to prevent the return to power of the young tyrant, they attacked and massacred Giovanni-Maria in the streets of Milan. While this tragedy was enacting, Facino Cane breathed his last.

Philippo-Maria lost not a moment in causing himself to be proclaimed duke. To secure the fidelity of the soldiery, he married, without delay, the widow of their loved commander. Beatrice di Tenda, wife of Facino Cane, was an old woman, while her young bridegroom was scarcely twenty years of age: so ill-assorted a union could scarcely be a happy one. Philippo-Maria, the moment his power was firmly secured, resolved to free himself from a wife whose many virtues could not compensate for her want of youth and beauty. The means to which he resorted were atrocious: he accused the poor old duchess of having violated her marriage vow, and compelled, by fear of the torture, a young courtier, Michel Orombelli, to become her accuser. The duke, therefore, doomed them both to be beheaded. Before the fatal blow of the executioner made her his victim, Beatrice di Tenda eloquently defended herself from the calumnies of her husband and the base and trembling Orombelli. "I do not repine," she said, "for I am justly punished for having violated, by my second marriage, the respect due to the memory of my deceased husband; I submit to the chastisement of heaven; I only pray that my innocence may be made evident to all; and that my name may be transmitted to posterity pure and spotless."

Such were the sons of Giovanni-Galeazzo Visconti, the half-brothers of the gentle Valentina of Orleans. When she sank broken-hearted into an early grave—her husband unavenged, her children unprotected—she felt how hopeless it would be to look for succor or sympathy to her father's house; yet her last moments were passed in peace. Her maternal solicitude for her defenseless orphans was soothed by the conviction that they would be guarded and protected by one true and faithful friend. Their magnanimous and high-minded mother had attached to them, by ties of affection and gratitude more strong, more enduring than those of blood, one well fitted by his chivalrous nature and heroic bravery to defend and shelter the children of his protectress. Dunois—"the young and brave Dunois"—the bastard of Orleans, as he is generally styled, was the illegitimate son of her husband. Valentina, far from slighting the neglected boy, brought him home to her, nurtured and educated him with her children, cherishing him as if he had indeed, been the son of her bosom. If the chronicles of the time are to be believed, she loved him more fondly than her own offspring. "My noble and gallant boy," she would say to him, "I have been robbed of thee; it is thou that art destined to be thy father's avenger; wilt thou not, for my sake, who have loved thee so well, protect and cherish these helpless little ones?"

Long years after the death of Valentina the vengeance of heaven did overtake Jean-sans-peur of

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Burgundy: he fell the victim of treachery such as he had inflicted on Louis of Orleans; but the cruel retaliation was not accomplished through the instrumentality or connivance of the Orleanists: Dunois was destined to play a far nobler part. The able seconder of Joan of Arc—the brave defender of Orleans against the besieging English host—he may rank next to his illustrious countrywoman, "La Pucelle," as the deliverer of his country from foreign foes. His bravery in war was not greater than his disinterested devotion to his half-brothers. Well and nobly did he repay to Valentina, by his unceasing devotion to her children, her tender care of his early years. Charles of Orleans, taken prisoner by the English at the fatal battle of Agincourt, was detained for the greater part of his life in captivity: his infant children were unable to maintain their rights. Dunois reconquered for them their hereditary rights, the extensive appanages of the house of Orleans. They owed every thing to his sincere and watchful affection.

Valentina's short life was one of suffering and trial; but she seems to have issued from the furnace of affliction "purified seven times." In the midst of a licentious court and age, she shines forth a "pale pure star." Her spotless fame has never been assailed. Piety, purity, and goodness, were her distinguishing characteristics. She was ever a self-sacrificing friend, a tender mother, a loving and faithful wife. Her gentle endurance of her domestic trials recalls to mind the character of one who may almost be styled her contemporary, the "patient Griselda," so immortalized by Chaucer and Boccaccio. Valentina adds another example to the many which history presents for our contemplation, to show that suffering virtue, sooner or later, meets with its recompense, even in this life. The broken-hearted Duchess of Orleans became the ancestress of two lines of French sovereigns, and through her the kings of France founded their claims to the Duchy of Milan. Her grandson, Louis the Twelfth, the "father of his people," was the son of the poet Duke of Orleans. On the extinction of male heirs to this elder branch, the descendant of her younger son, the Duke of Angoulême, ascended the throne as Francis the First. Her great-grand-daughter was the mother of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, the "magnanimo Alfonso" of the poet Tasso. His younger sister, Leonora, will ever be remembered as the beloved one of the great epic poet of Italy—the ill-starred Torquato Tasso.

The mortal remains of Valentina repose at Blois; her heart is buried with her husband, in the church of the Celestines at Paris. Over the tomb was placed the following inscription:

'Cy gist Loys Duc D'Orleans.  
Lequel sur tons duez terriens,  
Fut le plus noble en son vivant  
Mais ung qui voult aller devant,  
Par envye le feist mourir.'

M.N.

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## THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS IN NEW ZEALAND.

The "Wellington Independent" gives the following account of a recent expedition made by the Lieutenant-Governor to the Middle Island: After leaving the Wairau, having traversed the Kaparatehau district, his Excellency and his attendants reached the snowy mountains to the southward, about four short days' journey from the Wairau, and encamped at the foot of the Tapuenuko mountain, which they ascended. Previously to starting into the pass which is supposed to exist between the Wairau and Port Cooper plains, his Excellency ascended the great snowy mountain which forms the principal peak of the Kaikoras, and which attains an elevation of at least 9000 feet, the upper part being heavily covered with snow to a great depth. He succeeded in reaching the top of the mountain, but so late as to be unable to push on to the southern edge of the summit, when an extensive view southwards would have been obtained. In returning, a steep face of the hill (little less than perpendicular), down which hung a bed of frozen snow, had to be crossed for a considerable distance. Mr. Eyre, who had led the party up the dangerous ascent, was in advance with one native, the others being 200 feet before and behind him, on the same perpendicular of the snow. He heard a cry, and looking round, saw Wiremu Hoeta falling down the precipice, pitching from ledge to ledge, and rolling over and over in the intervals, till he fell dead, and no doubt smashed to pieces at a depth below of about 1500 feet, where his body could be seen in a sort of ravine, but where it was impossible to get at it. His Excellency narrowly escaped from similar destruction, having lost both feet from under him, and only saving himself by the use of an iron-shod pole which he carried. Another of the natives had a still narrower escape, having actually fallen about fifteen yards, when he succeeded in clutching a rock and saving himself. The gloom which this unfortunate event caused, and the uncertainty of crossing the rivers while the snows are melting, induced his Excellency to return.

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## GENIUS.

Self-communion and solitude are its daily bread; for what is genius but a great and strongly-marked individuality—but an original creative being, standing forth alone amidst the undistinguishable throng of our everyday world? Genius is a lonely power; it is not

communicative; it is not the gift of a crowd; it is not a reflection cast from without upon the soul. It is essentially an inward light, diffusing its clear and glorious radiance over the external world. It is a broad flood, pouring freely forth its deep waters; but with its source forever hidden from human ken. It is the creator, not the creature it calls forth glorious and immortal shapes; but it is called into being by none—save God.—*Women in France during the Eighteenth Century.*

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[From Household Words.]

**FRANCIS JEFFREY.**

Jeffrey was a year younger than Scott, whom he outlived eighteen years, and with whose career his own had some points of resemblance. They came of the same middle-class stock, and had played together as lads in the High School "yard" before they met as advocates in the Court of Session. The fathers of both were connected with that court; and from childhood, both were devoted to the law. But Scott's boyish infirmity imprisoned him in Edinburgh, while Jeffrey was let loose to Glasgow University, and afterward passed up to Queen's College, Oxford. The boys, thus separated, had no remembrance of having previously met, when they saw each other at the Speculative Society in 1791.

The Oxford of that day suited Jeffrey ill. It suited few people well who cared for any thing but cards and claret. Southey, who came just after him, tells us that the Greek he took there he left there, nor ever passed such unprofitable months; and Lord Malmesbury, who had been there but a little time before him, wonders how it was that so many men should make their way in the world creditably, after leaving a place that taught nothing but idleness and drunkenness. But Jeffrey was not long exposed to its temptations. He left after the brief residence of a single term; and what in after life he remembered most vividly in connection with it, seems to have been the twelve days' hard traveling between Edinburgh and London, which preceded his entrance at Queen's. Some seventy years before, another Scotch lad, on his way to become yet more famous in literature and law, had taken nearly as many weeks to perform the same journey; but, between the schooldays of Mansfield and of Jeffrey, the world had not been resting.

It was enacting its greatest modern incident, the first French Revolution, when the young Scotch student returned to Edinburgh and changed his College gown for that of the advocate. Scott had the start of him in the Court of Session by two years, and had become rather active and distinguished in the Speculative Society before Jeffrey joined it. When the latter, then a lad of nineteen, was introduced (one evening in 1791), he observed a heavy-looking young man officiating as secretary, who sat solemnly at the bottom of the table in a huge woolen night-cap, and who, before the business of the night began, rose from his chair, and, with imperturbable gravity seated on as much of his face as was discernible from the wrappings of the "portentous machine" that enveloped it, apologized for having left home with a bad toothache. This was his quondam schoolfellow Scott. Perhaps Jeffrey was pleased with the mingled enthusiasm for the speculative, and regard for the practical, implied in the woolen nightcap; or perhaps he was interested by the Essay on Ballads which the hero of the nightcap read in the course of the evening; but before he left the meeting he sought an introduction to Mr. Walter Scott, and they were very intimate for many years afterward.

The Speculative Society dealt with the usual subjects of elocution and debate prevalent in similar places then and since; such as, whether there ought to be an Established Religion, and whether the Execution of Charles I. was justifiable, and if Ossian's poems were authentic? It was not a fraternity of speculators by any means of an alarming or dangerous sort. John Allen and his friends, at this very time, were spouting forth active sympathy for French Republicanism at Fortune's Tavern under immediate and watchful superintendence of the Police; James Mackintosh was parading the streets with Horne Tooke's colors in his hat; James Montgomery was expiating in York jail his exulting ballad on the fall of the Bastille; and Southey and Coleridge, in despair of old England, had completed the arrangements of their youthful colony for a community of property, and proscription of every thing selfish, on the banks of the Susquehanna; but the speculative orators rarely probed the sores of the body politic deeper than an inquiry into the practical advantages of belief in a future state? and whether it was for the interest of Britain to maintain the balance of Europe? or if knowledge could be too much disseminated among the lower ranks of the people?

In short, nothing of the extravagance of the time, on either side, is associable with the outset of Jeffrey's career. As little does he seem to have been influenced, on the one hand, by the democratic foray of some two hundred convention delegates into Edinburgh in 1792, as, on the other, by the prominence of his father's name to a protest of frantic high-tory defiance; and he was justified, not many years since, in referring with pride to the fact that, at the opening of his public life, his view of the character of the first French revolution, and of its probable influence on other countries, had been such as to require little modification during the whole of his subsequent career. The precision and accuracy of his judgment had begun to show itself thus early. At the crude young Jacobins, so soon to ripen into Quarterly Reviewers, who were just now coquetting with Mary Woolstonecraft, or making love to the ghost of Madame Roland, or branding as worthy of the bowstring the tyrannical enormities of Mr. Pitt, he could afford to laugh from the first. From the very first he had the strongest liberal tendencies, but restrained

them so wisely that he could cultivate them well.

He joined the band of youths who then sat at the feet of Dugald Stewart, and whose first incentive to distinction in the more difficult paths of knowledge, as well as their almost universal adoption of the liberal school of politics, are in some degree attributable to the teaching of that distinguished man. Among them were Brougham and Homer, who had played together from boyhood in Edinburgh streets, had joined the Speculative on the same evening six years after Jeffrey (who in Brougham soon found a sharp opponent on colonial and other matters), and were still fast friends. Jeffrey's father, raised to a deputy clerk of session, now lived on a third or fourth flat in Buchanan's Court in the Lawn Market, where the worthy old gentleman kept two women servants and a man at livery; but where the furniture does not seem to have been of the soundest. This fact his son used to illustrate by an anecdote of the old gentleman eagerly setting to at a favorite dinner one day, with the two corners of the table cloth tied round his neck to protect his immense professional frills, when the leg of his chair gave way, and he tumbled back on the floor with all the dishes, sauces, and viands a-top of him. Father and son lived here together, till the latter took for his first wife the daughter of the Professor of Hebrew in the University of St. Andrew, and moved to an upper story in another part of town. He had been called to the bar in 1794, and was married eight years afterward. He had not meanwhile obtained much practice, and the elevation implied in removal to an upper flat is not of the kind that a young Benedict covets. But distinction of another kind was at length at hand.

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One day early in 1802, "in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey," Mr. Jeffrey had received a visit from Horner and Sydney Smith, when Sydney, at this time a young English curate temporarily resident in Edinburgh, preaching, teaching, and joking with a flow of wit, humanity, and sense that fascinated every body, started the notion of the Edinburgh Review. The two Scotchmen at once voted the Englishman its editor, and the notion was communicated to John Archibald Murray (Lord Advocate after Jeffrey, long years afterward), John Allen (then lecturing on medical subjects at the University, but who went abroad before he could render any essential service), and Alexander Hamilton (afterward Sanscrit professor at Haileybury). This was the first council; but it was extended, after a few days, till the two Thomsons (John and Thomas, the physician and the advocate), Thomas Brown (who succeeded to Dugald Stewart's chair), and Henry Brougham, were admitted to the deliberations. Horner's quondam playfellow was an ally too potent to be obtained without trouble; and, even thus early, had not a few characteristics in common with the Roman statesman and orator whom it was his greatest ambition in after life to resemble, and of whom Shakspeare has told us that he never followed any thing that other men began.

"You remember how cheerfully Brougham approved of our plan at first," wrote Jeffrey to Horner, in April, in the thick of anxious preparations for the start, "and agreed to give us an article or two without hesitation. Three or four days ago I proposed two or three books that I thought would suit him; when he answered with perfect good humor, that he had changed his view of our plan a little, and rather thought now that he should decline to have any connection with it." This little coquetry was nevertheless overcome; and before the next six months were over, Brougham had become an efficient and zealous member of the band.

It is curious to see how the project hung fire at first. Jeffrey had nearly finished four articles, Horner had partly written four, and more than half the number was printed; and yet well-nigh the other half had still to be written. The memorable fasciculus at last appeared in November, after a somewhat tedious gestation of nearly ten months; having been subject to what Jeffrey calls so "miserable a state of backwardness" and so many "symptoms of despondency," that Constable had to delay the publication some weeks beyond the day first fixed. Yet as early as April had Sydney Smith completed more than half of what he contributed, while nobody else had put pen to paper; and shortly after the number appeared, he was probably not sorry to be summoned, with his easy pen and his cheerful wit, to London, and to abandon the cares of editorship to Jeffrey.

No other choice could have been made. The first number settled the point. It is easy to discover that Jeffrey's estimation in Edinburgh had not, up to this time, been in any just proportion to his powers; and that, even with those who knew him best, his playful and sportive fancy sparkled too much to the surface of his talk to let them see the grave, deep currents that ran underneath. Every one now read with surprise the articles attributed to him. Sydney had yielded him the place of honor, and he had vindicated his right to it. He had thrown out a new and forcible style of criticism, with a fearless, unmisgiving, and unhesitating courage. Objectors might doubt or cavil at the opinions expressed; but the various and comprehensive knowledge, the subtle, argumentative genius the brilliant and definite expression, there was no disputing or denying. A fresh, and startling power was about to make itself felt in literature.

"Jeffrey," said his most generous fellow laborer, a few days after the Review appeared, "is the person who will derive most honor from this publication, as his articles in this number are generally known, and are incomparably the best; I have received the greater pleasure from this circumstance, because the genius of that little man has remained almost unknown to all but his most intimate acquaintances. His manner is not at first pleasing; what is worse, it is of that cast which almost irresistibly impresses upon strangers the idea of levity and superficial talents. Yet there is not any man, whose real character is so much the reverse; he has, indeed, a very sportive and playful fancy, but it is accompanied with an extensive and varied information, with a readiness of apprehension almost intuitive, with judicious and calm discernment, with a profound and penetrating understanding." This confident passage from a private journal of the 20th November, 1802 may stand as a remarkable monument of the prescience of Francis Horner.

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Yet it was also the opinion of this candid and sagacious man that he and his fellows had not gained much character by that first number of the Review. As a set-off to the talents exhibited, he spoke of the severity—of what, in some of the papers, might be called the scurrility—as having given general dissatisfaction; and he predicted that they would have to soften their tone, and be more indulgent to folly and bad taste. Perhaps it is hardly thus that the objection should have been expressed. It is now, after the lapse of nearly half a century, admitted on all hands that the tone adopted by these young Edinburgh reviewers was in some respects extremely indiscreet; and that it was not simply folly and bad taste, but originality and genius, that had the right to more indulgence at their hands. When Lord Jeffrey lately collected Mr. Jeffrey's critical articles, he silently dropped those very specimens of his power which by their boldness of view, severity of remark, and vivacity of expression, would still as of old have attracted the greatest notice; and preferred to connect with his name, in the regard of such as might hereafter take interest in his writings, only those papers which, by enforcing what appeared to him just principles and useful opinions, he hoped might have a tendency to make men happier and better. Somebody said by way of compliment of the early days of the Scotch Review, that it made reviewing more respectable than authorship; and the remark, though essentially the reverse of a compliment, exhibits with tolerable accuracy the general design of the work at its outset. Its ardent young reviewers took a somewhat too ambitious stand above the literature they criticised. "To all of us," Horner ingenuously confessed, "it is only matter of temporary amusement and subordinate occupation."

Something of the same notion was in Scott's thoughts when, smarting from a severe but not unjust or ungenerous review of Marmion, he said that Jeffrey loved to see imagination best when it is bitted and managed, and ridden upon the *grand pas*. He did not make sufficient allowance for starts and sallies and bounds, when Pegasus was beautiful to behold, though sometimes perilous to his rider. He would have had control of horse as well as rider, Scott complained, and made himself master of the ménage to both. But on the other hand this was often very possible; and nothing could then be conceived more charming than the earnest, playful, delightful way in which his comments adorned and enriched the poets he admired. Hogarth is not happier in Charles Lamb's company, than is the homely vigor and genius of Crabbe under Jeffrey's friendly leading; he returned fancy for fancy to Moore's exuberance, and sparkled with a wit as keen; he "tamed his wild heart" to the loving thoughtfulness of Rogers, his scholarly enthusiasm, his pure and vivid pictures; with the fiery energy and passionate exuberance of Byron, his bright, courageous spirit broke into earnest sympathy; for the clear and stirring strains of Campbell he had an ever lively and liberal response; and Scott, in the midst of many temptations to the exercise of severity never ceased to awaken the romance and generosity of his nature.

His own idea of the more grave critical claims put forth by him in his early days, found expression in later life. He had constantly endeavored, he said, to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism. He had earnestly sought to impress his readers with a sense, both of the close connection between sound intellectual attainments, and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment; and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter. Nor without good reason did he take this praise to himself. The taste which Dugald Stewart had implanted in him, governed him more than any other at the outset of his career; and may often have contributed not a little, though quite unconsciously, to lift the aspiring young metaphysician somewhat too ambitiously above the level of the luckless author summoned to his judgment seat. Before the third year of the review had opened, he had broken a spear in the lists of metaphysical philosophy even with his old tutor, and with Jeremy Bentham, both in the maturity of their fame; he had assailed, with equal gallantry, the opposite errors of Priestley and Reid; and, not many years later, he invited his friend Alison to a friendly contest, from which the fancies of that amiable man came out dulled by a superior brightness, by more lively, varied, and animated conceptions of beauty, and by a style which recommended a more than Scotch soberness of doctrine with a more than French vivacity of expression.

For it is to be said of Jeffrey, that when he opposed himself to enthusiasm, he did so in the spirit of an enthusiast; and that this had a tendency to correct such critical mistakes as he may occasionally have committed. And as of him, so of his Review. In professing to go deeply into the *principles* on which its judgments were to be rested, as well as to take large and original views of all the important question to which those works might relate—it substantially succeeded, as Jeffrey presumed to think it had done, in familiarizing the public mind with higher speculations, and sounder and larger views of the great objects of human pursuit; as well as in permanently raising the standard, and increasing the influence, of all such occasional writings far beyond the limits of Great Britain.

Nor let it be forgotten that the system on which Jeffrey established relations between his writers and publishers has been of the highest value as a precedent in such matters, and has protected the independence and dignity of a later race of reviewers. He would never receive an unpaid-for contribution. He declined to make it the interest of the proprietors to prefer a certain class of contributors. The payment was ten guineas a sheet at first, and rose gradually to double that sum, with increase on special occasions; and even when rank or other circumstances made remuneration a matter of perfect indifference, Jeffrey insisted that it should nevertheless be received. The Czar Peter, when working in the trenches, he was wont to say, received pay as a common soldier. Another principle which he rigidly carried out, was that of a thorough independence of publishing interests. The Edinburgh Review was never made in any manner tributary to particular bookselling schemes. It assailed or supported with equal vehemence or heartiness the productions of Albemarle-street and Paternoster-row. "I never asked such a thing



of him but once," said the late Mr. Constable, describing an attempt to obtain a favorable notice from his obdurate editor, "and I assure you the result was no encouragement to repeat such petitions." The book was Scott's edition of Swift; and the result one of the bitterest attacks on the popularity of Swift, in one of Jeffrey's most masterly criticisms.

He was the better able thus to carry his point, because against more potent influences he had already taken a decisive stand. It was not till six years after the Review was started that Scott remonstrated with Jeffrey on the virulence of its party politics. But much earlier even than this, the principal proprietors had made the same complaint; had pushed their objections to the contemplation of Jeffrey's surrender of the editorship; and had opened negotiations with writers known to be bitterly opposed to him. To his honor, Southey declined these overtures, and advised a compromise of the dispute. Some of the leading Whigs themselves were discontented, and Horner had appealed to him from the library of Holland House. Nevertheless, Jeffrey stood firm. He carried the day against Paternoster-row, and unassailably established the all-important principle of a perfect independence of his publishers' control. He stood as resolute against his friend Scott; protesting that on one leg, and the weakest, the Review could not and should not stand, for that its *right leg* he knew to be politics. To Horner he replied, by carrying the war into the Holland House country with inimitable spirit and cogency. "Do, for Heaven's sake, let your Whigs do something popular and effective this session. Don't you see the nation is now divided into two, and only two parties; and that *between* these stand the Whigs, utterly inefficient, and incapable of ever becoming efficient, if they will still maintain themselves at an equal distance from both. You must lay aside a great part of your aristocratic feelings, and side with the most respectable and sane of the democrats."

The vigorous wisdom of the advice was amply proved by subsequent events, and its courage nobody will doubt who knows any thing of what Scotland was at the time. In office, if not in intellect, the Tories were supreme. A single one of the Dundases named the sixteen Scots peers, and forty-three of the Scots commoners; nor was it an impossible farce, that the sheriff of a county should be the only freeholder present at the election of a member to represent it in Parliament, should as freeholder vote himself chairman, should as chairman receive the oaths and the writ for himself as sheriff, should as chairman and sheriff sign them, should propose himself as candidate, declare himself elected, dictate and sign the minutes of election, make the necessary indenture between the various parties represented solely by himself, transmit it to the Crown-office, and take his seat by the same night's mail to vote with Mr. Addington! We must recollect such things, when we would really understand the services of such men as Jeffrey. We must remember the evil and injustice he so strenuously labored to remove, and the cost at which his labor was given. We must bear in mind that he had to face day by day, in the exercise of his profession, the very men most interested in the abuses actively assailed, and keenly resolved, as far as possible, to disturb and discredit their assailant. "Oh, Mr. Smith," said Lord Stowell to Sydney, "you would have been a much richer man if you had come over to us!" This was in effect the sort of thing said to Jeffrey daily in the Court of Session, and disregarded with generous scorn. What it is to an advocate to be on the deaf side of "the ear of the Court," none but an advocate can know; and this, with Jeffrey, was the twenty-five years' penalty imposed upon him for desiring to see the Catholics emancipated, the consciences of dissenters relieved, the barbarism of jurisprudence mitigated, and the trade in human souls abolished.

The Scotch Tories died hard. Worsted in fair fight they resorted to foul; and among the publications avowedly established for personal slander of their adversaries, a pre-eminence so infamous was obtained by the Beacon, that it disgraced the cause irretrievably. Against this malignant libeler Jeffrey rose in the Court of Session again and again, and the result of its last prosecution showed the power of the party represented by it thoroughly broken. The successful advocate, at length triumphant even in that Court over the memory of his talents and virtues elsewhere, had now forced himself into the front rank of his profession; and they who listened to his advocacy found it even more marvelous than his criticism, for power, versatility, and variety. Such rapidity yet precision of thought, such volubility yet clearness of utterance, left all competitors behind. Hardly any subject could be so indifferent or uninviting, that this teeming and fertile intellect did not surround it with a thousand graces of allusion, illustration, and fanciful expression. He might have suggested Butler's hero,

"—who could not ope  
His mouth but out there flew a trope,"

with the difference that each trope flew to its proper mark, each fancy found its place in the dazzling profusion, and he could at all times, with a charming and instinctive ease, put the nicest restraints and checks on his glowing velocity of declamation. A worthy Glasgow baillie, smarting under an adverse verdict obtained by these facilities of speech, could find nothing so bitter to advance against the speaker as a calculation made with the help of Johnson's Dictionary, to the effect that Mr. Jeffrey, in the course of a few hours, had spoken the whole English language twice over!

But the Glasgow baillie made little impression on his fellow citizens; and from Glasgow came the first public tribute to Jeffrey's now achieved position, and legal as well as literary fame. He was elected Lord Rector of the University in 1821 and 1822. Some seven or eight years previously he had married the accomplished lady who survives him, a grand-niece of the celebrated Wilkes; and had purchased the lease of the villa near Edinburgh which he occupied to the time of his death, and whose romantic woods and grounds will long be associated with his name. At each step of his

career a new distinction now awaited him, and with every new occasion his unflagging energies seemed to rise and expand. He never wrote with such masterly success for his Review as when his whole time appeared to be occupied with criminal prosecutions, with contested elections, with journeyings from place to place, with examinings and cross-examinings, with speeches, addresses, exhortations, denunciations. In all conditions and on all occasions, a very atmosphere of activity was around him. Even as he sat, apparently still, waiting to address a jury or amaze a witness, it made a slow man nervous to look at him. Such a flush of energy vibrated through that delicate frame, such rapid and never ceasing thought played on those thin lips, such restless flashes of light broke from those kindling eyes. You continued to look at him, till his very silence acted as a spell; and it ceased to be difficult to associate with his small but well-knit figure even the giant-like labors and exertions of this part of his astonishing career.

At length, in 1829, he was elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates; and thinking it unbecoming that the official head of a great law corporation should continue the editing of a party organ, he surrendered the management of the Edinburgh Review. In the year following, he took office with the Whigs as Lord Advocate, and replaced Sir James Scarlett in Lord Fitzwilliam's borough of Malton. In the next memorable year he contested his native city against a Dundas; not succeeding in his election, but dealing the last heavy blow to his opponent's sinking dynasty. Subsequently he took his seat as Member for Perth, introduced and carried the Scotch Reform bill, and in the December of 1832 was declared member for Edinburgh. He had some great sorrows at this time to check and alloy his triumphs. Probably no man had gone through a life of eager conflict and active antagonism with a heart so sensitive to the gentler emotions, and the deaths of Mackintosh and Scott affected him deeply. He had had occasion, during the illness of the latter, to allude to him in the House of Commons; and he did this with so much beauty and delicacy, with such manly admiration of the genius and modest deference to the opinions of his great Tory friend, that Sir Robert Peel made a journey across the floor of the house to thank him cordially for it.

The House of Commons nevertheless was not his natural element, and when, in 1834, a vacancy in the Court of Session invited him to his due promotion, he gladly accepted the dignified and honorable office so nobly earned by his labors and services. He was in his sixty-second year at the time of his appointment, and he continued for nearly sixteen years the chief ornament of the Court in which he sat. In former days the judgment-seats in Scotland had not been unused to the graces of literature; but in Jeffrey these were combined with an acute and profound knowledge of law less usual in that connection; and also with such a charm of demeanor, such a play of fancy and wit sobered to the kindest courtesies, such clear sagacity, perfect freedom from bias, consideration for all differences of opinion; and integrity, independence, and broad comprehensiveness of view in maintaining his own; that there has never been but one feeling as to his judicial career. Universal veneration and respect attended it. The speculative studies of his youth had done much to soften all the asperities of his varied and vigorous life, and now, at its close, they gave to his judgments a large reflectiveness of tone, a moral beauty of feeling, and a philosophy of charity and good taste, which have left to his successors in that Court of Session no nobler models for imitation and example. Impatience of dullness *would* break from him, now and then; and the still busy activity of his mind might be seen as he rose often suddenly from his seat, and paced up and down before it; but in his charges or decisions nothing of this feeling was perceptible, except that lightness and grace of expression in which his youth seemed to linger to the last, and a quick sensibility to emotion and enjoyment which half concealed the ravages of time.

If such was the public estimation of this great and amiable man, to the very termination of his useful life, what language should describe the charm of his influence in his private and domestic circle? The affectionate pride with which every citizen of Edinburgh regarded him rose here to a kind of idolatry. For here the whole man was known—his kind heart, his open hand, his genial talk, his ready sympathy, his generous encouragement and assistance to all that needed it. The first passion of his life was its last, and never was the love of literature so bright within him as at the brink of the grave. What dims and deadens the impressibility of most men, had rendered his not only more acute and fresh, but more tributary to calm satisfaction, and pure enjoyment. He did not live merely in the past as age is wont to do, but drew delight from every present manifestation of worth, or genius, from whatever quarter it addressed him. His vivid pleasure where his interest was awakened, his alacrity and eagerness of appreciation, the fervor of his encouragement and praise, have animated the hopes and relieved the toil alike of the successful and the unsuccessful, who can not hope, through whatever checkered future may await them, to find a more, generous critic, a more profound adviser, a more indulgent friend.

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The present year opened upon Francis Jeffrey with all hopeful promise. He had mastered a severe illness, and resumed his duties with his accustomed cheerfulness; private circumstances had more than ordinarily interested him in his old Review; and the memory of past friends, giving yet greater strength to the affection that surrounded him, was busy at his heart. "God bless you!" he wrote to Sydney Smith's widow on the night of the 18th of January; "I am very old, and have many infirmities; but I am tenacious of old friendships, and find much of my present enjoyments in the recollections of the past." He sat in Court the next day, and on the Monday and Tuesday of the following week, with his faculties and attention unimpaired. On the Wednesday he had a slight attack of bronchitis; on Friday, symptoms of danger appeared; and on Saturday he died, peacefully and without pain. Few men had completed with such consummate success the work appointed them in this world; few men had passed away to a better with more assured hopes of their reward. The recollection of his virtues sanctifies his fame; and his genius will never cease to

awaken the gratitude, respect, and pride of his countrymen.

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

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## METAL IN SEA-WATER.

The French *savans*, MM. Malaguti, Derocher, and Sarzeaud, announce that they have detected in the waters of the ocean the presence of copper, lead, and silver. The water examined appears to have been taken some leagues off the coast of St. Malo, and the fucoidal plants of that district are also found to contain silver. The *F. serratus* and the *F. ceramoides* yielded ashes containing 1-100,000th, while the water of the sea contained but little more than 1-100,000,000th. They state also that they find silver in sea-salt, in ordinary muriatic acid, and in the soda of commerce; and that they have examined the rock-salt of Lorraine, in which also they discover this metal. Beyond this, pursuing their researches on terrestrial plants, they have obtained such indications as leave no doubt of the existence of silver in vegetable tissues. Lead is said to be always found in the ashes of marine plants, usually about an 18-100,000th part, and invariably a trace of copper. Should these results be confirmed by further examination, we shall have advanced considerably toward a knowledge of the phenomena of the formation of mineral veins.—*Athenæum*.

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[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

## DR. JOHNSON: HIS RELIGIOUS LIFE, AND HIS DEATH.

The title is a captivating one, and will allure many, but it very feebly expresses the contents of the volume, which brings under our observation the religious opinions of scores upon scores of other men, and is enriched with numerous anecdotes of the contemporaries of the great lexicographer. The book, indeed, may be considered as a condensation of all that was known and recorded of Dr. Johnson's practice and experience of religion from his youth to his death; of its powerful influence over him through many years of his life—of the nature of his faith, and of its fruits in his works; but there is added to this so much that is excellent of other people—the life of the soul is seen in so many other characters—so many subjects are introduced that are more or less intimately connected with that to which the title refers, and all are so admirably blended together, and interwoven with the excellent remarks of the author, as to justify us in saying of the book, that it is one of the most edifying and really useful we have for years past met with.

It has often been our lot to see the sneers of beardless boys at the mention of religion, and to hear the titter of the empty-headed when piety was spoken of, and we always then thought of the profound awe with which the mighty mind of Dr. Johnson was impressed by such subjects—of his deep humiliation of soul when he reflected upon his duties and responsibilities—and of his solemn and reverential manner when religion became the topic of discourse, or the subject of his thoughts. His intellect, one of the grandest that was ever given to man, humbled itself to the very dust before the Giver; the very superiority of his mental powers over those of other men, made him but feel himself the less in his own sight, when he reflected from whom he had his being, and to whom he must render an account of the use he made of the vast intellectual powers he possessed.

But the religion of Dr. Johnson consisted not in deep feeling only, nor in much talking nor professing, but was especially distinguished by its practical benevolence; when he possessed but two-pence, one penny was always at the service of any one who had nothing at all; his poor house was an asylum for the poor, a home for the destitute; there, for months and years together, he sheltered and supported the needy and the blind, at a time when his utmost efforts could do no more than provide bare support for them and himself. Those whom he loved not he would serve—those whom he esteemed not he would give to, and labor for, and devote the best powers of his pen to help and to benefit.

The cry of distress, the appeal of the afflicted, was irresistible with him—no matter whatever else pressed upon him—whatever literary calls were urging him—or however great the need of the daily toil for the daily bread—all was abandoned till the houseless were sheltered, till the hungry were fed, and the defenseless were protected; and it would be difficult to name any of all Dr. Johnson's contemporaries—he in all his poverty, and they in all their abundance—in whose lives such proofs could be found of the most enlarged charity and unwearied benevolence.

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But the book treats of so many subjects, of so much that is connected with religion in general, and with the Church of England in particular, that we can really do no more than refer our readers to the volume itself; with the assurance that they will find in it much useful and agreeable information on all those many matters which are connected in these times with Church interests, and which are more or less influencing all classes of the religious public.

The author writes freely, and with great power; he argues ably, and discusses liberally all the points of religious controversy, and a very delightful volume is the result of his labors. It must do

good, it must please and improve the mind, as well as delight the heart of all who read it. Indeed, no one not equal to the work could have ventured upon it without lasting disgrace had he failed in it; a dissertation upon the faith and morals of a man whose fame has so long filled the world, and in whose writings so much of his religious feelings are displayed, and so much of his spiritual life is unveiled, must be admirably written to receive any favor from the public; and we think that the author has so ably done what he undertook to do, that that full measure of praise will be awarded to him, which in our judgment he deserves.

A perusal of this excellent work reminds us of the recent sale of some letters and documents of Dr. Johnson from Mr. Linnecar's collection. The edifying example of this good and great man, so well set forth in the present volume, is fully borne out in an admirable prayer composed by Dr. Johnson, a few months before his death, the original copy of which was here disposed of. For the gratification of the reader, we may be allowed to give the following brief abstract of the contents of these papers:

"To DAVID GARRICK.

"Streatham, December 13, 1771.

"I have thought upon your epitaph, but without much effect; an epitaph is no easy thing. Of your three stanzas, the third is utterly unworthy of you. The first and third together give no discriminative character. If the first alone were to stand, Hogarth would not be distinguished from any other man of intellectual eminence. Suppose you worked upon something like this:

"The hand of Art here torpid lies,  
That traced th' essential form of grace,  
Here death has clos'd the curious eyes  
That saw the manners in the face.  
If genius warm thee, Reader, stay,  
If merit touch thee, shed a tear,  
Be Vice and Dullness far away,  
Great Hogarth's honor'd dust is here."

"To DR. FARMER.

"Bolt Court, July 22d, 1777.

"The booksellers of London have undertaken a kind of body of English Poetry, excluding generally the dramas, and I have undertaken to put before each author's works a sketch of his life, and a character of his writings. Of some, however, I know very little, and am afraid I shall not easily supply my deficiencies. Be pleased to inform me whether among Mr. Burke's manuscripts, or any where else at Cambridge any materials are to be found."

"To OZIAS HUMPHREY.

"May 31st, 1784.

"I am very much obliged by your civilities to my godson, and must beg of you to add to them the favor of permitting him to see you paint, that he may know how a picture is begun, advanced and completed. If he may attend you in a few of your operations, I hope he will show that the benefit has been properly conferred, both by his proficiency and his gratitude."

The following beautiful prayer is dated Ashbourne, Sept. 18, 1784:

"Make me truly thankful for the call by which Thou hast awakened my conscience and summoned me to repentance. Let not Thy call, O Lord, be forgotten, or Thy summons neglected, but let the residue of my life, whatever it shall be, be passed in true contrition, and diligent obedience. Let me repent of the sins of my past life, and so keep Thy laws for the time to come, that when it shall be Thy good pleasure to call me to another state, I may find mercy in Thy sight. Let Thy Holy Spirit support me in the hour of death, and, O Lord, grant me pardon in the day of Judgment."

Besides the above, Dr. Johnson's celebrated letter to the author of "Ossian's Poems," in which he says, "I will not be deterred from detecting what I think to be a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian," was sold at this sale for twelve guineas.

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## SONETTO.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BENEDETTO MENZINI.

I planted once a laurel tree,  
And breathed to heaven an humble vow  
That Phœbus' favorite it might be,  
And shade and deck a poet's brow!  
I prayed to Zephyr that his wing,  
Descending through the April sky,  
Might wave the boughs in early spring  
And brush rude Boreas frowning by.  
And slowly Phœbus heard the prayer,  
And slowly, slowly, grew the tree,  
And others sprang more fast and fair,  
Yet marvel not that this should be;  
For tardier still the growth of Fame—  
And who is *he* the crown may claim?

ETA

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**[From Household Words.]**

**A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.**

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes, Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear, shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little, weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star

was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the Home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him, and said,

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

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And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago,

"I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

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## LONGFELLOW.

The muse of Mr. Longfellow owes little or none of her success to those great national sources of inspiration which are most likely to influence an ardent poetic temperament. The grand old woods—the magnificent mountain and forest scenery—the mighty rivers—the trackless savannahs—all those stupendous and varied features of that great country, with which, from his boyhood, he must have been familiar, it might be thought would have stamped some of these characteristics upon his poetry. Such, however, has not been the case. Of lofty images and grand conceptions we meet with few, if any, traces. But brimful of life, of love, and of truth, the stream of his song flows on with a tender and touching simplicity, and a gentle music, which we have not met with since the days of our own Moore. Like him, too, the genius of Mr. Longfellow is essentially lyric; and if he has failed to derive inspiration from the grand features of his own country, he has been no unsuccessful student of the great works of the German masters of song. We could almost fancy, while reading his exquisite ballad of the "Beleaguered City," that Goethe, Schiller, or Uhland was before us; and yet, we must by no means be understood to insinuate that he is a mere copyist—quite the contrary. He has become so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of

these exquisite models, that he has contrived to produce pieces marked with an individuality of their own, and noways behind them in point of poetical merit. In this regard he affords another illustration of the truth of the proposition, that the legendary lore and traditions of other countries have been very serviceable toward the formation of American literature.

About the year 1837, Longfellow, being engaged in making the tour of Europe, selected Heidelberg for a permanent winter residence. There his wife was attacked with an illness, which ultimately proved fatal. It so happened, however, that some time afterward there came to the same romantic place a young lady of considerable personal attractions. The poet's heart was touched—he became attached to her; but the beauty of sixteen did not sympathize with the poet of six-and-thirty, and Longfellow returned to America, having lost his heart as well as his wife. The young lady, also an American, returned home shortly afterward. Their residences, it turned out, were contiguous, and the poet availed himself of the opportunity of prosecuting his addresses, which he did for a considerable time with no better success than at first. Thus foiled, he set himself resolutely down, and instead, like Petrarch, of laying siege to the heart of his mistress through the medium of sonnets, he resolved to write a whole book; a book which would achieve the double object of gaining her affections, and of establishing his own fame. "Hyperion" was the result. His labor and his constancy were not thrown away: they met their due reward. The lady gave him her hand as well as her heart; and they now reside together at Cambridge, in the same house which Washington made his head-quarters when he was first appointed to the command of the American armies. These interesting facts were communicated to us by a very intelligent American gentleman whom we had the pleasure of meeting in the same place which was the scene of the poet's early disappointment and sorrow.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

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## THE CHAPEL BY THE SHORE.

By the shore, a plot of ground  
Clips a ruined chapel round,  
Buttressed with a grassy mound;  
Where Day, and Night, and Day go by  
And bring no touch of human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas—  
Shaking of the guardian trees—  
Piping of the salted breeze—  
Day, and Night, and Day go by,  
To the endless tune of these.

Or when, as winds and waters keep  
A hush more dead than any sleep,  
Still morns to stiller evenings creep,  
And Day, and Night, and Day go by  
Here the stillness is most deep.

And the ruins, lapsed again  
Into Nature's wide domain,  
Sow themselves with seed and grain,  
As Day, and Night, and Day go by,  
And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

Here fresh funeral tears were shed;  
And now the graves are also dead:  
And suckers from the ash-tree spread,  
As Day, and Night, and Day go by  
And stars move calmly overhead.

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### [From Household Words.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHEAPNESS.

### THE LUCIFER MATCH.

Some twenty years ago the process of obtaining fire, in every house in England, with few exceptions, was as rude, as laborious, and as uncertain, as the effort of the Indian to produce a flame by the friction of two dry sticks.

The nightlamp and the rushlight were for the comparatively luxurious. In the bedrooms of the cottager, the artisan, and the small tradesman, the infant at its mother's side too often awoke, like Milton's nightingale, "darkling"—but that "nocturnal note" was something different from

"harmonious numbers." The mother was soon on her feet; the friendly tinder-box was duly sought. Click, click, click; not a spark tells upon the sullen blackness. More rapidly does the flint ply the sympathetic steel. The room is bright with the radiant shower. But the child, familiar enough with the operation, is impatient at its tediousness, and shouts till the mother is frantic. At length one lucky spark does its office—the tinder is alight. Now for the match. It will not burn. A gentle breath is wafted into the murky box; the face that leans over the tinder is in a glow. Another match, and another, and another. They are all damp. The toil-worn father "swears a prayer or two," the baby is inexorable; and the misery is only ended when the goodman has gone to the street door, and after long shivering has obtained a light from the watchman.

In this, the beginning of our series of Illustrations of Cheapness, let us trace this antique machinery through the various stages of its production.

The tinder-box and the steel had nothing peculiar. The tinman made the one as he made the saucepan, with hammer and shears; the other was forged at the great metal factories of Sheffield and Birmingham; and happy was it for the purchaser if it were something better than a rude piece of iron, very uncomfortable to grasp. The nearest chalk quarry supplied the flint. The domestic manufacture of the tinder was a serious affair. At due seasons, and very often if the premises were damp, a stifling smell rose from the kitchen, which, to those who were not intimate with the process, suggested doubts whether the house were not on fire. The best linen rag was periodically burnt, and its ashes deposited in the tinman's box, pressed down with a close fitting lid, upon which the flint and steel reposed. The match was chiefly an article of itinerant traffic. The chandler's shop was almost ashamed of it. The mendicant was the universal match-seller. The girl who led the blind beggar had invariably a basket of matches. In the day they were vendors of matches—in the evening manufacturers. On the floor of the hovel sit two or three squalid children, splitting deal with a common knife. The matron is watching a pipkin upon a slow fire. The fumes which it gives forth are blinding as the brimstone's liquifying. Little bundles of split deal are ready to be dipped, three or four at a time. When the pennyworth of brimstone is used up, when the capital is exhausted, the night's labor is over. In the summer, the manufacture is suspended, or conducted upon fraudulent principles. Fire is then needless; so delusive matches must be produced—wet splints dipped in powdered sulphur. They will never burn, but they will do to sell to the unwary maid-of-all-work.

About twenty years ago Chemistry discovered that the tinder-box might be abolished. But Chemistry set about its function with especial reference to the wants and the means of the rich few. In the same way the first printed books were designed to have a great resemblance to manuscripts, and those of the wealthy class were alone looked to as the purchasers of the skillful imitations. The first chemical light producer was a complex and ornamental casket, sold at a guinea. In a year or so, there were pretty portable cases of a phial and matches, which enthusiastic young housekeepers regarded as the cheapest of all treasures at five shillings. By-and-by the light-box was sold as low as a shilling. The fire revolution was slowly approaching. The old dynasty of the tinder-box maintained its predominance for a short while in kitchen and garret, in farm-house and cottage. At length some bold adventurer saw that the new chemical discovery might be employed for the production of a large article of trade—that matches, in themselves the vehicles of fire without aid of spark and tinder, might be manufactured upon the factory system—that the humblest in the land might have a new and indispensable comfort at the very lowest rate of cheapness. When Chemistry saw that phosphorus, having an affinity for oxygen at the lowest temperature, would ignite upon slight friction, and so ignited would ignite sulphur, which required a much higher temperature to become inflammable, thus making the phosphorus do the work of the old tinder with far greater certainty; or when Chemistry found that chlorate of potash by slight friction might be exploded so as to produce combustion, and might be safely used in the same combination—a blessing was bestowed upon society that can scarcely be measured by those who have had no former knowledge of the miseries and privations of the tinder-box. The Penny Box of Lucifers, or Congreves, or by whatever name called, is a real triumph of Science, and an advance in civilization.

Let us now look somewhat closely and practically into the manufacture of a Lucifer Match.

The combustible materials used in the manufacture render the process an unsafe one. It can not be carried on in the heart of towns without being regarded as a common nuisance. We must therefore go somewhere in the suburbs of London to find such a trade. In the neighborhood of Bethnal Green there is a large open space called Wisker's Gardens. This is not a place of courts and alleys, but a considerable area, literally divided into small gardens, where just now the crocus and the snowdrop are telling hopefully of the springtime. Each garden has the smallest of cottages—for the most part wooden—which have been converted from summer-houses into dwellings. The whole place reminds one of numberless passages in the old dramatists, in which the citizens' wives are described in their garden-houses of Finsbury or Hogsden, sipping syllabub and talking fine on summer holidays. In one of these garden-houses, not far from the public road, is the little factory of "Henry Lester, Patentee of the Domestic Safety Match-box," as his label proclaims. He is very ready to show his processes, which in many respects are curious and interesting.

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Adam Smith has instructed us that the business of making a pin is divided into about eighteen distinct operations; and further, that ten persons could make upward of forty-eight thousand pins a day with the division of labor; while if they had all wrought independently and separately, and without any of them having been educated to this peculiar business, they certainly could not each of them have made twenty. The Lucifer Match is a similar example of division of labor, and the



skill of long, practice. At a separate factory, where there is a steam-engine, not the refuse of the carpenter's shop, but the best Norway deals are cut into splints by machinery, and are supplied to the match-maker. These little pieces, beautifully accurate in their minute squareness, and in their precise length of five inches, are made up into bundles, each of which contains eighteen hundred. They are daily brought on a truck to the dipping-house, as it is called—the average number of matches finished off daily requiring two hundred of these bundles. Up to this point we have had several hands employed in the preparation of the match, in connection with the machinery that cuts the wood. Let us follow one of these bundles through the subsequent processes. Without being separated, each end of the bundle is first dipped into sulphur. When dry, the splints, adhering to each other by means of the sulphur, must be parted by what is called dusting. A boy sitting on the floor, with a bundle before him, strikes the matches with a sort of a mallet on the dipped ends till they become thoroughly loosened. In the best matches the process of sulphur-dipping and dusting is repeated. They have now to be plunged into a preparation of phosphorus or chlorate of potash, according to the quality of the match. The phosphorus produces the pale, noiseless fire; the chlorate of potash the sharp, crackling illumination. After this application of the more inflammable substance, the matches are separated, and dried in racks. Thoroughly dried, they are gathered up again into bundles of the same quantity; and are taken to the boys who cut them; for the reader will have observed that the bundles have been dipped at each end. There are few things more remarkable in manufactures than the extraordinary rapidity of this cutting process, and that which is connected with it. The boy stands before a bench, the bundle on his right hand, a pile of half opened empty boxes on his left, which have been manufactured at another division of this establishment. These boxes are formed of scale-board, that is, thin slices of wood, planed or scaled off a plank. The box itself is a marvel of neatness and cheapness. It consists of an inner box, without a top, in which the matches are placed, and of an outer case, open at each end, into which the first box slides. The matches, then, are to be cut, and the empty boxes filled, by one boy. A bundle is opened; he seizes a portion, knowing, by long habit, the required number with sufficient exactness; puts them rapidly into a sort of frame, knocks the ends evenly together, confines them with a strap which he tightens with his foot, and cuts them in two parts with a knife on a hinge, which he brings down with a strong leverage: the halves lie projecting over each end of the frame; he grasps the left portion and thrusts it into a half open box, which he instantly closes, and repeats the process with the matches on his right hand. This series of movements is performed with a rapidity almost unexampled; for in this way, two hundred thousand matches are cut, and two thousand boxes filled in a day, by one boy, at the wages of three halfpence per gross of boxes. Each dozen boxes is then papered up, and they are ready for the retailer. The number of boxes daily filled at this factory is from fifty to sixty gross.

The *wholesale* price per dozen boxes of the best matches is FOURPENCE, of the second quality, THREEPENCE.

There are about ten Lucifer Match manufactories in London. There are others in large provincial towns. The wholesale business is chiefly confined to the supply of the metropolis and immediate neighborhood by the London makers; for the railroad carriers refuse to receive the article, which is considered dangerous in transit. But we must not therefore assume that the metropolitan populations consume the metropolitan matches. Taking the population at upward of two millions, and the inhabited houses at about three hundred thousand, let us endeavor to estimate the distribution of these little articles of domestic comfort.

At the manufactory at Wisker's Gardens there are fifty gross, or seven thousand two hundred boxes, turned out daily, made from two hundred bundles, which will produce seven hundred and twenty thousand matches. Taking three hundred working days in the year, this will give for one factory, two hundred and sixteen millions of matches annually, or two millions one hundred and sixty thousand boxes, being a box of one hundred matches for every individual of the London population. But there are ten other Lucifer manufactories, which are estimated to produce about four or five times as many more. London certainly can not absorb ten millions of Lucifer boxes annually, which would be at the rate of thirty-three boxes to each inhabited house. London, perhaps, demands a third of the supply for its own consumption; and at this rate the annual retail cost for each house is eightpence, averaging those boxes sold at a halfpenny, and those at a penny. The manufacturer sells this article, produced with such care as we have described, at one farthing and a fraction per box.

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And thus, for the retail expenditure of three farthings per month, every house in London, from the highest to the lowest, may secure the inestimable blessing of constant fire at all seasons, and at all hours. London buys this for ten thousand pounds annually.

The excessive cheapness is produced by the extension of the demand, enforcing the factory division of labor, and the most exact saving of material. The scientific discovery was the foundation of the cheapness. But connected with this general principle of cheapness, there are one or two remarkable points, which deserve attention.

It is a law of this manufacture that the demand is greater in the summer than in the winter. The old match maker, as we have mentioned, was idle in the summer—without fire for heating the brimstone—or engaged in more profitable field-work. A worthy woman, who once kept a chandler's shop in a village, informs us, that in summer she could buy no matches for retail, but was obliged to make them for her customers. The increased summer demand for the Lucifer Matches shows that the great consumption is among the masses—the laboring population—those who make up the vast majority of the contributors to duties of customs and excise. In the houses

of the wealthy there is always fire; in the houses of the poor, fire in summer is a needless hourly expense. Then comes the Lucifer Match to supply the want; to light the candle to look in the dark cupboard—to light the afternoon fire to boil the kettle. It is now unnecessary to run to the neighbor for a light, or, as a desperate resource, to work at the tinder-box. The Lucifer Matches sometimes fail, but they cost little, and so they are freely used, even by the poorest.

And this involves another great principle. The demand for the Lucifer Match is always continuous, for it is a perishable article. The demand never ceases. Every match burnt demands a new match to supply its place. This continuity of demand renders the supply always equal to the demand. The peculiar nature of the commodity prevents any accumulation of stock; its combustible character—requiring the simple agency of friction to ignite it—renders it dangerous for large quantities of the article to be kept in one place. Therefore no one makes for store, but all for immediate sale. The average price, therefore, must always yield a profit, or the production would altogether cease. But these essential qualities limit the profit. The manufacturers can not be rich without secret processes or monopoly. The contest is to obtain the largest profit by economical management. The amount of skill required in the laborers, and the facility of habit, which makes fingers act with the precision of machines, limit the number of laborers, and prevent their impoverishment. Every condition of this cheapness is a natural and beneficial result of the laws that govern production.

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## TUNNEL OF THE ALPS.

The Sardinian Government is about to execute a grand engineering project; it is going to pierce the summit-ridge of the Alps with a tunnel twice as long as any existing tunnel in the world. A correspondent of the *Times* announces the fact. From London as far as Chambéry, by the Lyons railroad, all is at present smooth enough; and the Lyons road is indeed about to be pushed up the ascents of Mont Meillaud and St. Maurienne, even as far as Modane at the foot of the Northern crest of the Graian and Cottian Alps: but there all further progress is arrested; you can not hope to carry a train to Susa and Turin unless you pierce the snow capped barrier itself: this is the very step which the Chevalier Henry Maus projects. The Chevalier is Honorary Inspector of the Génie Civil; it was he who projected and executed the great works on the Liége railroad. After five years of incessant study, many practical experiments, and the invention of new machinery for boring the mountain, he made his final report to the Government on the 8th of February, 1849. A commission of distinguished civil engineers, artillery officers, geologists, senators, and statesmen, have reported unanimously in favor of the project; and the Government has resolved to carry it out forthwith. The "Railroad of the Alps," connecting the tunnel with the Chambéry railway on the one side and with that of Susa on the other side, will be 36,565 metres or 20 3/4 English miles in length, and will cost 21,000,000 francs. The connecting tunnel is thus described:

"It will measure 12,290 metres, or nearly seven English miles in length; its greatest height will be 19 feet, and its width 25 feet, admitting, of course, of a double line of rail. Its northern entrance is to be at Modane, and the southern entrance at Bardonneche, on the river Mardovine. This latter entrance, being the highest point of the intended line of rail, will be 4,092 feet above the level of the sea, and yet 2,400 feet below the highest or culminating point of the great road or pass over the Mont Cenis. It is intended to divide the connecting lines of rail leading to either entrance of the tunnel into eight inclined planes of about 5,000 metres or 2-1/2 English miles each, worked like those at Liége, by endless cables and stationary engines, but in the present case moved by water-power derived from the torrents."

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## THE FLOWER GATHERER.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.]

"God sends upon the wings of Spring,  
Fresh thoughts into the breasts of flowers."

MISS BREMER.

The young and innocent Theresa had passed the most beautiful part of the spring upon a bed of sickness; and as soon as ever she began to regain her strength, she spoke of flowers, asking continually if her favorites were again as lovely as they had been the year before, when she had been able to seek for and admire them herself. Erick, the sick girl's little brother, took a basket, and showing it to his mamma, said, in a whisper, "Mamma, I will run out and get poor Theresa the prettiest I can find in the fields." So out he ran, for the first time for many a long day, and he thought that spring had never been so beautiful before; for he looked upon it with a gentle and loving heart, and enjoyed a run in the fresh air, after having been a prisoner by his sister's couch, whom he had never left during her illness. The happy child rambled about, up hill and down hill. Nightingales sang, bees hummed, and butterflies flitted round him, and the most lovely flowers were blowing at his feet. He jumped about, he danced, he sang, and wandered from hedge to hedge, and from flower to flower, with a soul as pure as the blue sky above him, and eyes that

sparkled like a little brook bubbling from a rock. At last he had filled his basket quite full of the prettiest flowers; and, to crown all, he had made a wreath of field-strawberry flowers, which he laid on the top of it, neatly arranged on some grass, and one might fancy them a string of pearls, they looked so pure and fresh. The happy boy looked with delight at his full basket, and putting it down by his side, rested himself in the shade of an oak, on a carpet of soft green moss. Here he sat, looking at the beautiful prospect that lay spread out before him in all the freshness of spring, and listening to the ever-changing songs of the birds. But he had really tired himself out with joy; and the merry sounds of the fields, the buzzing of the insects, and the birds' songs, all helped to send him to sleep. And peacefully the fair child slumbered, his rosy cheek resting on the hands that still held his treasured basket.

But while he slept a sudden change came on. A storm arose in the heavens, but a few moments before so blue and beautiful. Heavy masses of clouds gathered darkly and ominously together; the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled louder and nearer. Suddenly a gust of wind roared in the boughs of the oak, and startled the boy out of his quiet sleep. He saw the whole heavens veiled by black clouds; not a sunbeam gleamed over the fields, and a heavy clap of thunder followed his waking. The poor child stood up, bewildered at the sudden change; and now the rain began to patter through the leaves of the oak, so he snatched up his basket, and ran toward home as fast as his legs could carry him. The storm seemed to burst over his head. Rain, hail, and thunder, striving for the mastery, almost deafened him, and made him more bewildered every minute. Water streamed from his poor soaked curls down his shoulders, and he could scarcely see to find his way homeward. All on a sudden a more violent gust of wind than usual caught the treasured basket, and scattered all his carefully-collected flowers far away over the field. His patience could endure no longer, for his face grew distorted with rage, and he flung the empty basket from him, with a burst of anger. Crying bitterly, and thoroughly wet, he reached at last his parents' house in a pitiful plight.

But soon another change appeared; the storm passed away, and the sky grew clear again. The birds began their songs anew, the countryman his labor. The air had become cooler and purer, and a bright calm seemed to lie lovingly in every valley and on every hill. What a delicious odor rose from the freshened fields! and their cultivators looked with grateful joy at the departing clouds, which had poured the fertilizing rain upon them. The sight of the blue sky soon tempted the frightened boy out again, and being by this time ashamed of his ill-temper, he went very quietly to look for his discarded basket, and to try and fill it again. He seemed to feel a new life within him. The cool breath of the air—the smell of the fields—the leafy trees—the warbling birds, all appeared doubly beautiful after the storm, and the humiliating consciousness of his foolish and unjust ill-temper softened and chastened his joy. After a long search he spied the basket lying on the slope of a hill, for a bramble bush had caught it, and sheltered it from the violence of the wind. The child felt quite thankful to the ugly-looking bush as he disentangled the basket.

But how great was his delight on looking around him, to see the fields spangled with flowers, as numerous as the stars of heaven! for the rain had nourished into blossom thousands of daisies, opened thousands of buds, and scattered pearly drops on every leaf. Erick flitted about like a busy bee, and gathered away to his heart's content. The sun was now near his setting, and the happy child hastened home with his basket full once more. How delighted he was with his flowery treasure, and with the pearly garland of fresh strawberry-flowers! The rays of the sinking sun played over his fair face as he wandered on, and gave his pretty features a placid and contented expression. But his eyes sparkled much more joyously when he received the kisses and thanks of his gentle sister. "Is it not true, dear," said his mother, "that the pleasures we prepare for others are the best of all?"

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ROYAL ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.—A Mr. Jules Aleix, of Paris, states that he has discovered a new method of education, by which a child can be taught to read in fifteen lessons, and has petitioned the Assembly to expend 50,000 francs on a model school to demonstrate the fact.

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**[From Household Words.]**

**SHORT CUTS ACROSS THE GLOBE.**

To a person who wishes to sail for California an inspection of the map of the world reveals a provoking peculiarity. The Atlantic Ocean—the highway of the globe—being separated from the Pacific by the great western continent, it is impossible to sail to the opposite coasts without going thousands of miles out of his way; for he must double Cape Horn. Yet a closer inspection of the map will discover that but for one little barrier of land, which is in size but as a grain of sand to the bed of an ocean, the passage would be direct. Were it not for that small neck of land, the Isthmus of Panama (which narrows in one place to twenty-eight miles) he might save a voyage of from six to eight thousand miles, and pass at once into the Pacific Ocean. Again, if his desires tend toward the East, he perceives that but for the Isthmus of Suez, he would not be obliged to double the Cape of Good Hope. The eastern difficulty has been partially obviated by the overland

route opened up by the ill-rewarded Waghorn. The western barrier has yet to be broken through.

Now that we can shake hands with Brother Jonathan in twelve days by means of weekly steamers; travel from one end of Great Britain to another, or from the Hudson to the Ohio, as fast as the wind, and make our words dance to distant friends upon the magic tight wire a great deal faster—now that the European and Columbian Saxon is spreading his children more or less over all the known habitable world: it seems extraordinary that the simple expedient of opening a twenty-eight mile passage between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, to save a dangerous voyage of some eight thousand miles, has not been already achieved. In this age of enterprise that so simple a remedy for so great an evil should not have been applied appears astonishing. Nay, we ought to feel some shame when we reflect that evidences in the neighborhood of both isthmuses exist of such junction having existed, in what we are pleased to designate "barbarous" ages.

Does nature present insurmountable engineering difficulties to the Panama scheme? By no means: for after the Croton aqueduct, our own railway tunneling, and the Britannia tubular bridge, engineering difficulties have become obsolete. Are the levels of the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico, which should be joined, so different, that if one were admitted the fall would inundate the surrounding country? Not at all. Hear Humboldt on these points.

Forty years ago he declared it to be his firm opinion that "the Isthmus of Panama is suited to the formation of an oceanic canal—one with fewer sluices than the Caledonian Canal—capable of affording an unimpeded passage, at all seasons of the year, to vessels of that class which sail between New York and Liverpool, and between Chili and California." In the recent edition of his "Views of Nature," he "sees no reason to alter the views he has always entertained on this subject." Engineers, both British and American, have confirmed this opinion by actual survey. As, then, combination of British skill, capital, and energy, with that of the most "go-ahead" people upon earth, have been dormant, whence the secret of the delay? The answer at once allays astonishment: Till the present time, the speculation would not have "paid."

Large works of this nature, while they create an inconceivable development of commerce, must have a certain amount of a trading population to begin upon. A gold-beater can cover the effigy of a man on horseback with a sovereign; but he must have the sovereign first. It was not merely because the full power of the iron rail to facilitate the transition of heavy burdens had not been estimated, and because no Stephenson had constructed a "Rocket engine," that a railway with steam locomotives was not made from London to Liverpool before 1836. Until the intermediate traffic between these termini had swelled to a sufficient amount in quantity and value to bear reimbursement for establishing such a mode of conveyance, its execution would have been impossible, even though men had known how to set about it.

What has been the condition of the countries under consideration? In 1839, the entire population of the tropical American isthmus, in the states of central America and New Grenada did not exceed three millions. The number of the inhabitants of pure European descent did not exceed one hundred thousand. It was only among this inconsiderable fraction that any thing like wealth, intelligence, and enterprise, akin to that of Europe, was to be found; the rest were poor and ignorant aboriginals and mixed races, in a state of scarcely demi-civilization. Throughout this thinly-peopled and poverty-stricken region, there was neither law nor government. In Stephens's "Central America," may be found an amusing account of a hunt after a government, by a luckless American diplomatist, who had been sent to seek for one in central America. A night wanderer running through bog and brake after a will-o'-the-wisp, could not have encountered more perils, or in search of a more impalpable phantom. In short, there was nobody to trade with. To the south of the isthmus, along the Pacific coast of America, there was only one station to which merchants could resort with any fair prospect of gain—Valparaiso. Except Chili, all the Pacific states of South America were retrograding from a very imperfect civilization, under a succession of petty and aimless revolutions. To the north of the isthmus matters were little, if any thing better. Mexico had gone backward from the time of its revolution; and, at the best, its commerce in the Pacific had been confined to a yearly ship between Acapulco and the Philippines. Throughout California and Oregon, with the exception of a few European and half-breed members, there were none but savage aboriginal tribes. The Russian settlements in the far north had nothing but a paltry trade in furs with Kamschatka, that barely defrayed its own expenses. Neither was there any encouragement to make a short cut to the innumerable islands of the Pacific. The whole of Polynesia lay outside of the pale of civilization. In Tahiti, the Sandwich group, and the northern peninsula of New Zealand, missionaries had barely sowed the first seeds of morals and enlightenment. The limited commerce of China and the Eastern Archipelago was engrossed by Europe, and took the route of the Cape of Good Hope, with the exception of a few annual vessels that traded from the sea-board states of the North American Union to Valparaiso and Canton. The wool of New South Wales was but coming into notice, and found its way to England alone round the Cape of Good Hope. An American fleet of whalers scoured the Pacific, and adventurers of the same nation carried on a desultory and inconsiderable traffic in hides with California, in tortoise-shell and mother of pearl with the Polynesian Islands.

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What, then, would have been the use of cutting a canal, through which there would not have passed five ships in a twelvemonth? But twenty years have worked a wondrous revolution in the state and prospects of these regions.

The traffic of Chili has received a large development, and the stability of its institutions has been fairly tried. The resources of Costa Rica, the population of which is mainly of European race, is steadily advancing. American citizens have founded a state in Oregon. The Sandwich Islands

have become for all practical purposes an American colony. The trade with China—to which the proposed canal would open a convenient avenue by a western instead of the present eastern route—is no longer restricted to the Canton river, but is open to all nations as far north as the Yang-tse-Kiang. The navigation of the Amur has been opened to the Russians by a treaty, and can not long remain closed against the English and American settlers between Mexico and the Russian settlements in America. Tahiti has become a kind of commercial emporium. The English settlements in Australia and New Zealand have opened a direct trade with the Indian Archipelago and China. The permanent settlements of intelligent and enterprising Anglo-Americans and English in Polynesia, and on the eastern and western shores of the Pacific, have proved so many *dépôts* for the adventurous traders with its innumerable islands, and for the spermaceti whalers. Then the last, but greatest addition of all, is California: a name in the world of commerce and enterprise to conjure with. There gold is to be had for fetching. Gold, the main-spring of commercial activity, the reward of toil—for which men are ready to risk life, to endure every sort of privation; sometimes, alas! to sacrifice every virtue; one most especially, and that is patience. They will away with her now.

Till the discovery of the new gold country how contentedly they dawdled round Cape Horn; creeping down one coast, and up another: but now such delay is not to be thought of. Already, indeed, Panama has become the seat of a great, increasing, and perennial transit trade. This can not fail to augment the settled population of the region, its wealth and intelligence. Upon these facts we rest the conviction that the time has arrived for realizing the project of a ship canal there or in the near neighborhood.

That a ship canal, and not a railway, is what is first wanted (for very soon there will be both), must be obvious to all acquainted with the practical details of commerce. The delay and expense to which merchants are subjected, when obliged to "break bulk" repeatedly between the port whence they sail and that of their destination, is extreme. The waste and spoiling of goods, the cost of the operation, are also heavy drawbacks, and to these they are subject by the stormy passage round Cape Horn.

Two points present themselves offering great facilities for the execution of a ship canal. The one is in the immediate vicinity of Panama, where the many imperfect observations which have hitherto been made, are yet sufficient to leave no doubt that, as the distance is comparatively short, the summit levels are inconsiderable, and the supply of water ample. The other is some distance to the northward. The isthmus is there broader, but is in part occupied by the large and deep fresh-water lakes of Nicaragua and Naragua. The lake of Nicaragua communicates with the Atlantic by a copious river, which may either be rendered navigable, or be made the source of supply for a side canal. The space between the two lakes is of inconsiderable extent, and presents no great engineering difficulties. The elevation of the lake of Naragua above the Pacific is inconsiderable; there is no hill range between it and the gulf of Canchagua; and Captain Sir Edward Belcher carried his surveying ship *Sulphur* sixty miles up the Estero Real, which rises near the lake, and falls into the gulf. The line of the Panama canal presents, as Humboldt remarks, facilities equal to those of the line of the Caledonian canal. The Nicaragua line is not more difficult than that of the canal of Languedoc, a work executed between 1660 and 1682, at a time when the commerce to be expedited by it did not exceed—it is equaled—that which will find its way across the Isthmus; when great part of the maritime country was as thinly inhabited by as poor a population as the Isthmus now is; and when the last subsiding storms of civil war, and the dragonnades of Louis XIV., unsettled men's minds, and made person and property insecure.

The cosmopolitan effects of such an undertaking, if prosecuted to a successful close, it is impossible even approximately to estimate. The acceleration it will communicate to the already rapid progress of civilization in the Pacific is obvious. And no less obvious are the beneficial effects it will have upon the mutual relations of civilized states, seeing that the recognition of the independence and neutrality in times of general war of the canal and the region through which it passes, is indispensable to its establishment.

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We have dwelt principally on the commercial, the economical considerations of the enterprise, for they are what must render it possible. But the friends of Christian missions, and the advocates of universal peace among nations, have yet a deeper interest in it. In the words used by Prince Albert at the dinner at the Mansion House respecting the forthcoming great exhibition of arts and industry, "Nobody who has paid any attention to the particular features of our present era, will doubt for a moment that we are living at a period of most wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end—to which, indeed, all history points—the realization of the unity of mankind. Not a unity which breaks down the limits and levels the peculiar characteristics of the different nations of the earth, but rather a unity the result and product of those very national varieties and antagonistic qualities. The distances which separated the different nations and parts of the globe are gradually vanishing before the achievements of modern invention, and we can traverse them with incredible speed; the languages of all nations are known, and their acquirements placed within the reach of every body; thought is communicated with the rapidity, and even by the power of lightning."

Every short cut across the globe brings man in closer communion with his distant brotherhood, and results in concord, prosperity, and peace.

TRUTH IN PLEASURE.—Men have been said to be sincere in their pleasures, but this is only that the tastes and habits of men are more easily discernible in pleasure than in business; the want of truth is as great a hindrance to the one as to the other. Indeed, there is so much insincerity and formality in the pleasurable department of human life, especially in social pleasures, that instead of a bloom there is a slime upon it, which deadens and corrupts the thing. One of the most comical sights to superior beings must be to see two human creatures with elaborate speech and gestures making each other exquisitely uncomfortable from civility; the one pressing what he is most anxious that the other should not accept, and the other accepting only from the fear of giving offense by refusal. There is an element of charity in all this too; and it will be the business of a just and refined nature to be sincere and considerate at the same time. This will be better done by enlarging our sympathy, so that more things and people are pleasant to us, than by increasing the civil and conventional part of our nature, so that we are able to do more seeming with greater skill and endurance.—*Friends in Council.*

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[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

## THE GERMAN MEISTERSINGERS—HANS SACHS.

We once chanced to meet with a rare old German book which contains an accurate history of the foundation of the Meistersingers, a body which exercised so important an influence upon the literary history, not only of Germany, but of the whole European Continent, that the circumstances connected with its origin can not prove uninteresting to our readers.

The burghers of the provincial towns in Germany had gradually formed themselves into guilds or corporations, the members of which, when the business of the day was discussed, would amuse themselves by reading some of the ancient traditions of their own country, as related in the old Nordic poems. This stock of literature was soon exhausted, and the worthy burghers began to try their hands at original composition. From these rude snatches of song sprung to life the fire of poetic genius, and at Mentz was first established that celebrated guild, branches of which soon after extended themselves to most of the provincial towns. The fame of these social meetings soon became widely spread. It reached the ears of the emperor, Otho I., and, about the middle of the ninth century, the guild received a royal summons to attend at Pavia, then the emperor's residence. The history of this famous meeting remained for upward of six hundred years upon record among the archives of Mentz, but is supposed to have been taken away, among other plunder, about the period of the Smalkaldic war. From other sources of information we can, however, gratify the curiosity of the antiquarian, by giving the names of the twelve original members of this guild:

Walter, Lord of Vogelweid,  
Wolfgang Eschenbach, Knight,  
Conrad Mesmer, Knight,  
Franenlob of  
Mentz,                    }  
Mergliny of            } Theologian,  
Ment,  
Klingsher,  
Starke Papp,  
Bartholomew Regenboger, a blacksmith,  
The Chancellor, a fisherman,  
Conrad of Wurtzburg,  
Stall Seniors,  
The Roman of Zgwickau.

These gentlemen, having attended the royal summons in due form, were subjected to a severe public examination before the court by the wisest men of their times, and were pronounced masters of their art; enthusiastic encomiums were lavished upon them by the delighted audience, and they departed, having received from the emperor's hands a crown of pure gold, to be presented annually to him who should be selected by the voice of his fellows as laureate for the year.

Admission to these guilds became, in process of time, the highest literary distinction; it was eagerly sought for by numberless aspirants, but the ordeal through which the candidate had to pass became so difficult that very few were found qualified for the honor. The compositions of the candidates were measured with a degree of critical accuracy of which candidates for literary fame in these days can form but little idea. The ordeal must have been more damping to the fire of young genius than the most slashing article ever penned by the most caustic reviewer. Every composition had of necessity to belong to a certain class; each class was distinguished by a limited amount of rhymes and syllables, and the candidate had to count each stanza, as he read it, upon his fingers. The redundancy or the deficiency of a single syllable was fatal to his claims, and was visited in addition by a pecuniary fine, which went to the support of the corporation.

Of that branch of this learned body which held its meetings at Nuremberg, Hans Sachs became,

in due time, a distinguished member. His origin was obscure—the son of a tailor, and a shoemaker by trade. The occupations of his early life afforded but little scope for the cultivation of those refined pursuits which afterward made him remarkable. The years of his boyhood were spent in the industrious pursuit of his lowly calling; but when he had arrived at the age of eighteen, a famous minstrel, Numenbach by name, chancing to pass his dwelling, the young cobbler was attracted by his dulcet strains, and followed him. Numenbach gave him gratuitous instruction in his tuneful art, and Hans Sachs forthwith entered upon the course of probationary wandering, which was an essential qualification for his degree. The principal towns of Germany by turns received the itinerant minstrel, who supported himself by the alternate manufacture of verses and of shoes. After a protracted pilgrimage of several years, he returned to Nuremberg, his native city, where, having taken unto himself a wife, he spent the remainder of his existence; not unprofitably, indeed, as his voluminous works still extant can testify. We had once the pleasure of seeing an edition of them in the library at Nuremberg, containing two hundred and twelve pieces of poetry, one hundred and sixteen sacred allegories, and one hundred and ninety-seven dramas—a fertility of production truly wonderful, and almost incredible, if we reflect that the author had to support a numerous family by the exercise of his lowly trade.

The writings of this humble artisan proved an era, however, in the literary history of Germany. To him may be ascribed the honor of being the founder of her school of tragedy as well as comedy; and the illustrious Goethe has, upon more than one occasion, in his works, expressed how deeply he is indebted to this poet of the people for the outline of his immortal tragedy of "Faust." Indeed, if we recollect aright, there are in his works several pieces which he states are after the manner of Hans Sachs.

The Lord of Vogelweid, whose name we find occupying so conspicuous a position in the roll of the original Meistersingers, made rather a curious will—a circumstance which we find charmingly narrated in the following exquisite ballad:

"WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID."

"Vogelweid, the Minnesinger,  
When he left this world of ours,  
Laid his body in the cloister,  
Under Wurtzburg's minster towers.

"And he gave the monks his treasure,  
Gave them all with this bequest—  
They should feed the birds at noontide,  
Daily, on his place of rest.

"Saying, 'From these wandering minstrels  
I have learned the art of song;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and long.

"Thus the bard of lore departed,  
And, fulfilling his desire,  
On his tomb the birds were feasted,  
By the children of the choir.

"Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
In foul weather and in fair—  
Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
Flocked the poets of the air.

"On the tree whose heavy branches  
Overshadowed all the place—  
On the pavement; on the tomb-stone,  
On the poet's sculptured face:

"There they sang their merry carols,  
Sang their lauds on every side;  
And the name their voices uttered,  
Was the name of Vogelweid.

"Till at length the portly abbot  
Murmured, 'Why this waste of food,  
Be it changed to loaves henceforward.  
For our fasting brotherhood.'

"Then in vain o'er tower and turret,  
From the walls and woodland nests.  
When the minster bell rang noontide,  
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

"Then in vain, with cries discordant,  
Clamorous round the gothic spire.

Screamed the feathered Minnesingers  
For the children of the choir.

"Time has long effaced the inscription  
On the cloister's funeral stones;  
And tradition only tells us  
Where repose the poet's bones.

"But around the vast cathedral,  
By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,  
And the name of Vogelweid."

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EDUCATION.—The striving of modern fashionable education is to make the character impressive; while the result of good education, though not the aim, would be to make it expressive.

There is a tendency in modern education to cover the fingers with rings, and at the same time to cut the sinews at the wrist.

The worst education, which teaches self denial, is better than the best which teaches every thing else, and not that.—*Tales and Essays by John Sterling.*

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[From Household Words.]

## GHOST STORIES—AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MAD<sup>LLE</sup> CLAIRON.

The occurrence related in the letter which we are about to quote, is a remarkable instance of those apparently supernatural visitations which it has been found so difficult (if not impossible) to explain and account for. It does not appear to have been known to Scott, Brewster, or any other English writer who has collected and endeavored to expound those ghostly phenomena.

Clairon was the greatest tragedian that ever appeared on the French stage; holding on it a supremacy similar to that of Siddons on our own. She was a woman of powerful intellect, and had the merit of affecting a complete revolution in the French school of tragic acting; substituted an easy, varied and natural delivery for the stilted and monotonous declamation which had till then prevailed, and being the first to consult classic taste and propriety of costume. Her mind was cultivated by habits of intimacy with the most distinguished men of her day; and she was one of the most brilliant ornaments of those literary circles which the contemporary memoir writers describe in such glowing colors. In an age of corruption, unparalleled in modern times, Mademoiselle Clairon was not proof against the temptations to which her position exposed her. But a lofty spirit, and some religious principles, which she retained amidst a generation of infidels and scoffers, saved her from degrading vices, and enabled her to spend an old age protracted beyond the usual period of human life, in respectability and honor.

She died in 1803, at the age of eighty. She was nearly seventy when the following letter was written. It was addressed to M. Henri Meister, a man of some eminence among the literati of that period; the associate of Diderot, Grimm, D'Holbach, M. and Madame Necker, &c., and the *collaborateur* of Grimm in his famous "Correspondence." This gentleman was Clairon's "literary executor;" having been intrusted with her memoirs, written by herself, and published after her death.

With this preface we give Mademoiselle Clairon's narrative, written in her old age, of an occurrence which had taken place half a century before.

"In 1743, my youth, and my success on the stage, had drawn round me a good many admirers. M. de S—, the son of a merchant in Brittany, about thirty years old, handsome, and possessed of considerable talent, was one of those who were most strongly attached to me. His conversation and manners were those of a man of education and good society, and the reserve and timidity which distinguished his attention made a favorable impression on me. After a green-room acquaintance of some time I permitted him to visit me at my house, but a better knowledge of his situation and character was not to his advantage. Ashamed of being only a *bourgeois*, he was squandering his fortune at Paris under an assumed title. His temper was severe and gloomy: he knew mankind too well, he said, not to despise and avoid them. He wished to see no one but me, and desired from me, in return, a similar sacrifice of the world. I saw, from this time, the necessity, for his own sake as well as mine, of destroying his hopes by reducing our intercourse to terms of less intimacy. My behavior brought upon him a violent illness, during which I showed him every mark of friendly interest, but firmly refused to deviate from the course I had adopted. My steadiness only deepened



his wound; and unhappily, at this time, a treacherous relative, to whom he had intrusted the management of his affairs, took advantage of his helpless condition by robbing him, and leaving him so destitute that he was obliged to accept the little money I had, for his subsistence, and the attendance which his condition required. You must feel, my dear friend, the importance of never revealing this secret. I respect his memory, and I would not expose him to the insulting pity of the world. Preserve, then, the religious silence which after many years I now break for the first time.

"At length he recovered his property, but never his health; and thinking I was doing him a service by keeping him at a distance from me, I constantly refused to receive either his letters or his visits.

"Two years and a half elapsed between this period and that of his death. He sent to beg me to see him once more in his last moments, but I thought it necessary not to comply with his wish. He died, having with him only his domestics, and an old lady, his sole companion for a long time. He lodged at that time on the Rempart, near the Chaussée d'Antin; I resided in the Rue de Bussy, near the Abbaye St. Germain. My mother lived with me; and that night we had a little party to supper. We were very gay, and I was singing a lively air, when the clock struck eleven, and the sound was succeeded by a long and piercing cry of unearthly horror. The company looked aghast; I fainted, and remained for a quarter of an hour totally insensible. We then began to reason about the nature of so frightful a sound, and it was agreed to set a watch in the street in case it were repeated.

"It was repeated very often. All our servants, my friends, my neighbors, even the police, heard the same cry, always at the same hour, always proceeding from under my windows, and appearing to come from the empty air. I could not doubt that it was meant entirely for me. I rarely supped abroad; but the nights I did so, nothing was heard; and several times, when I came home, and was asking my mother and servants if they had heard any thing, it suddenly burst forth, as if in the midst of us. One night, the President de B——, at whose house I had supped, desired to see me safe home. While he was bidding me 'good night' at my door, the cry broke out seemingly from something between him and me. He, like all Paris, was aware of the story; but he was so horrified, that his servants lifted him into his carriage more dead than alive.

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"Another time, I asked my comrade Rosely to accompany me to the Rue St. Honoré to choose some stuffs, and then to pay a visit to Mademoiselle de St. P——, who lived near the Porte Saint-Denis. My ghost story (as it was called) was the subject of our whole conversation. This intelligent young man was struck by my adventure, though he did not believe there was any thing supernatural in it. He pressed me to evoke the phantom, promising to believe if it answered my call. With weak audacity I complied, and suddenly the cry was heard three times with fearful loudness and rapidity. When we arrived at our friend's door both of us were found senseless in the carriage.

"After this scene, I remained for some months without hearing any thing. I thought it was all over; but I was mistaken.

"All the public performances had been transferred to Versailles on account of the marriage of the Dauphin. We were to pass three days there, but sufficient lodgings were not provided for us. Madame Grandval had no apartment; and I offered to share with her the room with two beds which had been assigned to me in the avenue of St. Cloud. I gave her one of the beds and took the other. While my maid was undressing to lie down beside me, I said to her, 'We are at the world's end here, and it is dreadful weather; the cry would be somewhat puzzled to get at us.' In a moment it rang through the room. Madame Grandval ran in her night-dress from top to bottom of the house, in which nobody closed an eye for the rest of the night. This, however, was the last time the cry was heard.

"Seven or eight days afterward, while I was chatting with my usual evening circle, the sound of the clock striking eleven was followed by the report of a gun fired at one of the windows. We all heard the noise, we all saw the fire, yet the window was undamaged. We concluded that some one sought my life, and that it was necessary to take precautions against another attempt. The Intendant des Menus Plaisirs, who was present, flew to the house of his friend, M. de Marville, the Lieutenant of Police. The houses opposite mine were instantly searched, and for several days were guarded from top to bottom. My house was closely examined; the street was filled with spies in all possible disguises. But, notwithstanding all this vigilance, the same explosion was heard and seen for three whole months always at the same hour, and at the same window-pane, without any one being able to discover from whence it proceeded. This fact stands recorded in the registers of the police.

"Nothing was heard for some days; but having been invited by Mademoiselle Dumesnil<sup>[2]</sup> to join a little evening party at her house near the *Barrière blanche*, I got into a hackney-coach at eleven o'clock with my maid. It was clear moonlight as we passed along the Boulevards, which were then beginning to be studded with houses. While we were looking at the half-finished buildings, my maid said, 'Was it not in this neighborhood that M. de S—— died?' 'From what I have heard,' I answered, 'I think it

should be there'—pointing with my finger to a house before us. From that house came the same gun-shot that I had heard before. It seemed to traverse our carriage, and the coachman set off at full speed, thinking we were attacked by robbers. We arrived at Mademoiselle Dumesnil's in a state of the utmost terror; a feeling I did not get rid of for a long time."

[Mademoiselle Clairon gives some further details similar to the above, and adds that the noises finally ceased in about two years and a half. After this, intending to change her residence, she put up a bill on the house she was leaving; and many people made the pretext of looking at the apartments an excuse for gratifying their curiosity to see, in her every-day guise, the great tragedian of the Théâtre Français.]

"One day I was told that an old lady desired to see my rooms. Having always had a great respect for the aged, I went down to receive her. An unaccountable emotion seized me on seeing her, and I perceived that she was moved in a similar manner. I begged her to sit down, and we were both silent for some time. At length she spoke, and, after some preparation, came to the subject of her visit.

"I was, mademoiselle, the best friend of M. de S—, and the only friend whom he would see during the last year of his life. We spoke of you incessantly; I urging him to forget you,—he protesting that he would love you beyond the tomb. Your eyes which are full of tears allow me to ask you why you made him so wretched; and how, with such a mind and such feelings as yours, you could refuse him the consolation of once more seeing and speaking to you?"

"We can not,' I answered, 'command our sentiments. M. de S— had merit and estimable qualities; but his gloomy, bitter, and overbearing temper made me equally afraid of his company, his friendship, and his love. To make him happy, I must have renounced all intercourse with society, and even the exercise of my talents. I was poor and proud; I desire, and hope I shall ever desire, to owe nothing to any one but myself. My friendship for him prompted me to use every endeavor to lead him to more just and reasonable sentiments: failing in this, and persuaded that his obstinacy proceeded less from the excess of his passion than from the violence of his character, I took the firm resolution to separate from him entirely. I refused to see him in his last moments, because the sight would have rent my heart; because I feared to appear too barbarous if I remained inflexible, and to make myself wretched if I yielded. Such, madame, are the motives of my conduct—motives for which, I think, no one can blame me.'

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"It would indeed,' said the lady, 'be unjust to condemn you. My poor friend himself in his reasonable moments acknowledged all that he owed you. But his passion and his malady overcame him, and your refusal to see him hastened his last moments. He was counting the minutes, when at half-past ten, his servant came to tell him that decidedly you would not come. After a moment's silence, he took me by the hand with a frightful expression of despair. Barbarous woman! he cried; but she will gain nothing by her cruelty. As I have followed her in life, I shall follow her in death! I endeavored to calm him; he was dead.'

"I need scarcely tell you, my dear friend, what effect these last words had upon me. Their analogy to all my apparitions filled me with terror, but time and reflection calmed my feelings. The consideration that I was neither the better nor the worse for all that had happened to me, has led me to ascribe it all to chance. I do not, indeed, know what *chance* is; but it can not be denied that the something which goes by that name has a great influence on all that passes in the world.

"Such is my story; do with it what you will. If you intend to make it public, I beg you to suppress the initial letter of the name, and the name of the province."

This last injunction was not, as we see, strictly complied with; but, at the distance of half a century, the suppression of a name was probably of little consequence.

There is no reason to doubt the entire truth of Mademoiselle Clairon's narrative. The incidents which she relates made such a deep and enduring impression on her mind, that it remained uneffaced during the whole course of her brilliant career, and, almost at the close of a long life spent in the bustle and business of the world, inspired her with solemn and religious thoughts. Those incidents can scarcely be ascribed to delusions of her imagination; for she had a strong and cultivated mind, not likely to be influenced by superstitious credulity; and besides, the mysterious sounds were heard by others as well as herself, and had become the subject of general conversation in Paris. The suspicion of a trick or conspiracy never seems to have occurred to her, though such a supposition is the only way in which the circumstances can be explained; and we are convinced that this explanation, though not quite satisfactory in every particular, is the real one. Several portentous occurrences, equally or more marvelous, have thus been accounted for.

Our readers remember the history of the Commissioners of the Roundhead Parliament for the sequestration of the royal domains, who were terrified to death, and at last fairly driven out of the Palace of Woodstock, by a series of diabolical sounds and sights, which were long afterward discovered to be the work of one of their own servants, Joe Tomkins by name, a loyalist in the disguise of a puritan. The famous "Cocklane Ghost," which kept the town in agitation for months,

and baffled the penetration of multitudes of the divines, philosophers, and literati of the day, was a young girl of some eleven or twelve years old, whose mysterious knockings were produced by such simple means, that their remaining so long undetected is the most marvelous part of the story. This child was the agent of a conspiracy formed by her father, with some confederates, to ruin the reputation of a gentleman by means of pretended revelations from the dead. For this conspiracy these persons were tried, and the father, the most guilty party, underwent the punishment of the pillory.

A more recent story is that of the "Stockwell Ghost," which forms the subject of a volume published in 1772, and is shortly told by Mr. Hone in the first volume of his "Every Day Book." Mrs. Golding, an elderly lady residing at Stockwell, in Surrey, had her house disturbed by portents, which not only terrified her and her family, but spread alarm through the vicinity. Strange noises were heard proceeding from empty parts of the house, and heavy articles of furniture, glass, and earthenware, were thrown down and broken in pieces before the eyes of the family and neighbors. Mrs. Golding, driven by terror from her own dwelling, took refuge, first in one neighboring house, and then in another, and thither the prodigies followed her. It was observed that her maid-servant, Ann Robinson, was always present when these things took place, either in Mrs. Golding's own house, or in those of the neighbors. This girl, who had lived only about a week with her mistress, became the subject of mistrust and was dismissed, after which the disturbances entirely ceased. But the matter rested on mere suspicion. "Scarcely any one," says Mr. Hone, "who lived at that time listened patiently to the presumption, or without attributing the whole to witchcraft." At length Mr. Hone himself obtained a solution of the mystery from a gentleman who had become acquainted with Ann Robinson many years after the affair happened, and to whom she had confessed that she alone had produced all these supernatural horrors, by fixing wires or horse-hairs to different articles, according as they were heavy or light, and thus throwing them down, with other devices equally simple, which the terror and confusion of the spectators prevented them from detecting. The girl began these tricks to forward some love affair, and continued them for amusement when she saw the effect they produced.

Remembering these cases, we can have little doubt that Mademoiselle Clairon's maid was the author of the noises which threw her mistress and her friends into such consternation. Her own house was generally the place where these things happened; and on the most remarkable occasions where they happened elsewhere, is expressly mentioned that the maid was present. At St. Cloud it was to the maid, who was her bed-fellow, that Clairon was congratulating herself on being out of the way of the cry, when it suddenly was heard in the very room. She had her maid in the carriage with her on the Boulevards, and it was immediately after the girl had asked her a question about the death of M. de S— that the gun-shot was heard, which seemed to traverse the carriage. Had the maid a confederate—perhaps her fellow-servant on the box—to whom she might have given the signal? When Mademoiselle Clairon went a-shopping to the Rue St. Honoré, she probably had her maid with her, either in or outside the carriage; and, indeed, in every instance the noises took place when the maid would most probably have been present, or close at hand. In regard to the unearthly cry, she might easily have produced it herself without any great skill in ventriloquism, or the art of imitating sounds; a supposition which is rendered the more probable, as its realization was rendered the more easy, by the fact of no words having been uttered—merely a wild cry. Most of the common itinerant ventriloquists on our public race-courses can utter speeches for an imaginary person without any perceptible motion of the lips; the utterance of a mere sound in this way would be infinitely less difficult.

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The noises resembling the report of fire-arms (very likely to have been unconsciously, and in perfect good faith, exaggerated by the terror of the hearers) may have been produced by a confederate fellow-servant, or a lover. It is to be observed, that the first time this seeming report was heard, the houses opposite were guarded by the police, and spies were placed in the street, but Mademoiselle Clairon's own house was merely "examined." It is evident that these precautions, however effectual against a plot conducted from without, could have no effect whatever against tricks played within her house by one or more of her own servants.

As to the maid-servant's motives for engaging in this series of deceptions, many may have existed and been sufficiently strong; the lightest, which we shall state last, would probably be the strongest. She may have been in communication with M. de S—'s relations for some hidden purpose which never was effected. How far this circumstance may be connected with the date of the first portent, the very night of the young man's death, or whether that coincidence was simply accidental, is matter for conjecture. The old lady, his relative, who afterward visited Clairon, and told her a tale calculated to fill her with superstitious dread, *may* herself have been the maid-servant's employer for some similar purpose; or (which is at least equally probable) the tale may have had nothing whatever to do with the sound, and may have been perfectly true. But all experience in such cases assures us that the love of mischief, or the love of power, and the desire of being important, would be sufficient motives to the maid for such a deception. The more frightened Clairon was, the more necessary and valuable her maid became to her, naturally. A thousand instances of long continued deception on the part of young women, begun in mere folly, and continued for the reasons just mentioned, though continued at an immense cost of trouble, resolution, and self-denial in all other respects, are familiar to most readers of strange transactions, medical and otherwise. There seem to be strong grounds for the conclusion that the maid was the principal, if not the sole agent in this otherwise supernatural part of this remarkable story.

## THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

We must not allow a poet of the tender and manly feeling of Mr. Bowles to pass away from among us with a mere notice of his death amid the common gossip of the week. The peculiar excellence of his Sonnets and his influence on English poetry deserve a further notice at our hands.

The Rev. William Lisle Bowles, of an ancient family in the county of Wilts, was born in the village of King's Sutton, in Northamptonshire—a parish of which his father was vicar—on the 24th of September, 1762. His mother was the daughter of Dr. Richard Gray, chaplain to Nathaniel Crew, bishop of Durham. He was educated at Winchester School, under Dr. Joseph Warton, and rose to be the senior boy. Warton took much notice of him; and, on his removal to Oxford, in 1782, was the means, we have heard, of inducing him to enter at Trinity College, of which Tom Warton was then the senior Fellow. "Among my contemporaries at Trinity," he says, "were several young men of talents and literature—Headley, Kett, Benwell, Dallaway, Richards, Dornford." Of these Headley is still remembered by some beautiful pieces of poetry, distinguished for imagery, pathos, and simplicity.

Mr. Bowles became a poet in print in his twenty-seventh year—publishing in 1789 a very small volume in quarto, with the very modest title of "Fourteen Sonnets." His excellencies were not lost on the public; and in the same year appeared a second edition, with seven additional sonnets. "I had just entered on my seventeenth year," says Coleridge, in his "Biographia Literaria," "when the Sonnets of Mr. Bowles, twenty-one in number, and just then published in a quarto pamphlet, were first made known and presented to me by a schoolfellow [at Christ's Hospital] who had quitted us for the University. As my school finances did not permit me to purchase copies, I made, within less than a year and a half, more than forty transcriptions—as the best presents I could offer to those who had in any way won my regard. And with almost equal delight did I receive the three or four following publications of the same author." Coleridge was always consistent in his admiration of Mr. Bowles. Charlotte Smith and Bowles, he says—writing in 1797—are they who first made the sonnet popular among the present generation of English readers; and in the same year in which this encomium was printed, his own volume of poetry contains "Sonnets attempted in the manner of Mr. Bowles." "My obligations to Mr. Bowles," he adds in another place, "were indeed important, and for radical good;" and that his approbation might not be confined to prose, he has said in verse:

"My heart has thanked thee, Bowles, for those soft strains  
Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring  
Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring."

Mr. Bowles's sonnets were descriptive of his personal feelings; and the manly tenderness which pervades them was occasioned, he tells us, by the sudden death of a deserving young woman with whom

"Sperabat longos, heu! ducere soles,  
Et fido acclinis consenuisse sinu."

An eighth edition appeared in 1802; and a ninth and a tenth have since been demanded.

While at Trinity—where he took his degree in 1792—Mr. Bowles obtained the Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem. On leaving the University he entered into holy orders, and was appointed to a curacy in Wiltshire; from which he was preferred to a living in Gloucestershire—and in 1803 to a canonry in Salisbury Cathedral. His next step was to the rectory of Bremhill in Wiltshire—to which he was presented by Archbishop Moore. Here he remained till his death—beloved by his parishioners and by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. A volume of his sermons ("Paulus Parochialis"), designed for country congregations, was published in 1826.

The Sonnets were followed, at an Horatian interval, by other poems hardly of an inferior quality: such, for instance, as his "Hope, an Allegorical Sketch"—"St. Michael's Mount"—"Coombe Ellen"—and "Grave of Howard." His "Spirit of Discovery by Sea," the longest of his productions, was published in 1804, and is now chiefly remembered by the unhappy notoriety which Lord Byron obtained for it by asserting in his "English Bards" that the poet had made the woods of Madeira tremble to a kiss. Lord Byron subsequently acknowledged that he had mistaken Mr. Bowles's meaning: too late, however, to remove the injurious impression which his hasty reading had occasioned. Generally, Mr. Bowles's more ambitious works may be ranked as superior to the poems of Crowe and Carrington—both of which in their day commanded a certain reputation—and as higher in academical elegance than the verse of Mr. James Montgomery; while they have neither the nerve and occasional nobility of Cowper, nor that intimate mixture of fancy, feeling, lofty contemplations, and simple themes and images which have placed Wordsworth at the head of a school.

The school of the Wartons was not the school of Pope; and the comparatively low appreciation of the great poetical satirist, which Mr. Bowles entertained and asserted in print, was no doubt imbibed at Winchester under Joseph Warton, and strengthened at Oxford under Tom. Mr. Bowles's edition of Pope is a very poor performance. He had little diligence, and few indeed of the requirements of an editor. He undertook to traduce the moral character of Pope; and the line in which Lord Byron refers to him on that account

"To do for hate what Mallet did for hire"

will long be remembered to his prejudice. His so-called "invariable principles of poetry" maintained in his Pope and in his controversy with Byron and Campbell, are better based than critics hitherto have been willing to admit. Considering how sharply the reverend Pamphleteer was hit by the Peer's ridicule, it must be always remembered, to the credit of his Christianity, that possibly the most popular of all the dirges written on Lord Byron's death came from Mr. Bowles's pen; and the following tributary stanza is deepened in its music by the memory of the former war.

"I will not ask sad Pity to deplore  
His wayward errors who thus sadly died,  
Still less, CHILDE HAROLD, now thou art no more,  
Will I say aught of Genius misapplied;  
Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride:  
But I will bid th' Arcadian cypress wave,  
Pluck the green laurel from the Perseus's side,  
And pray thy spirit may such quiet have  
That not one thought unkind be murmured o'er thy grave."

It only remains for us to add, that Mr. Bowles wrote a somewhat poor life of Bishop Ken—that he was famous for his Parson Adams-like forgetfulness—that his wife died in 1844, at the age of 72—and that he himself at the time of his death was in his eighty-eighth year.—*London Athenæum*.

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## MORNING IN SPRING.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV SOLLING.)

From the valleys to the hills  
See the morning mists arise;  
And the early dew distills  
Balmy incense to the skies.

Purple clouds, with vapory grace,  
Round the sun their soft sail fling;  
Now they fade—and from his face  
Beams the new-born bliss of Spring!

From the cool grass glitter bright  
Myriad drops of diamond dew;  
Bending 'neath their pressure light,  
Waves the green corn, springing new

Nought but the fragrant wind is heard,  
Whispering softly through the trees,  
Or, lightly perched, the early bird  
Chirping to the morning breeze

Dewy May-flowers to the sun  
Ope their buds of varied hue.  
Fragrant shades—his beams to shun—  
Hide the violet's heavenly blue

A joyous sense of life revived  
Streams through every limb and vein:  
I thank thee, Lord! that I have lived  
To see the bright young Spring again!

ETA.

[Pg 88]

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[From Household Words.]

## WORK! AN ANECDOTE.

A calvary officer of large fortune, who had distinguished himself in several actions, having been quartered for a long time in a foreign city, gradually fell into a life of extreme and incessant dissipation. He soon found himself so indisposed to any active military service, that even the ordinary routine became irksome and unbearable. He accordingly solicited and obtained leave of absence from his regiment for six months. But, instead of immediately engaging in some occupation of mind and body, as a curative process for his morbid condition, he hastened to

London, and gave himself up entirely to greater luxuries than ever, and plunged into every kind of sensuality. The consequence was a disgust of life and all its healthy offices. He became unable to read half a page of a book, or to write the shortest note; mounting his horse was too much trouble; to lounge down the street was a hateful effort. His appetite failed, or every thing disagreed with him; and he could seldom sleep. Existence became an intolerable burden; he therefore determined on suicide.

With this intention he loaded his pistols, and, influenced by early associations, dressed himself in his regimental frock-coat and crimson sash, and entered St. James's Park a little before sunrise. He felt as if he was mounting guard for the last time; listened to each sound, and looked with miserable affection across the misty green toward the Horse Guards, faintly seen in the distance.

A few minutes after the officer had entered the park, there passed through the same gate a poor mechanic, who leisurely followed in the same direction. He was a gaunt, half-famished looking man, and walked with a sad air, his eyes bent thoughtfully on the ground, and his large bony hands dangling at his sides.

The officer, absorbed in the act he meditated, walked on without being aware of the presence of another person. Arriving about the middle of a wide open space, he suddenly stopped, and drawing forth both pistols, exclaimed, "Oh, most unfortunate and most wretched man that I am! Wealth, station, honor, prospects, are of no avail! Existence has become a heavy torment to me! I have not strength—I have not courage to endure or face it a moment longer!"

With these words he cocked the pistols, and was raising both of them to his head, when his arms were seized from behind, and the pistols twisted out of his fingers. He reeled round, and beheld the gaunt scarecrow of a man who had followed him.

"What are you?" stammered the officer, with a painful air; "How dare you to step between me and death?"

"I am a poor, hungry mechanic;" answered the man, "one who works from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, and yet finds it hard to earn a living. My wife is dead—my daughter was tempted away from me—and I am a lone man. As I have nobody to live for, and have become quite tired of my life, I came out this morning, intending to drown myself. But as the fresh air of the park came over my face, the sickness of life gave way to shame at my own want of strength and courage, and I determined to walk onward and live my allotted time. But what are *you*? Have you encountered cannon-balls and death in all shapes, and now want the strength and courage to meet the curse of idleness?"

The officer was moving off with some confused words, but the mechanic took him by the arm, and threatening to hand him over to the police if he resisted, led him drooping away.

This mechanic's work was that of a turner, and he lived in a dark cellar, where he toiled at his lathe from morning to night. Hearing that the officer had amused himself with a little turnery in his youth, the poor artisan proposed to take him down into his work-shop. The officer offered him money; and was anxious to escape; but the mechanic refused it, and persisted.

He accordingly took the morbid gentleman down into his dark cellar, and set him to work at his lathe. The officer began very languidly, and soon rose to depart. Whereupon, the mechanic forced him down again on the hard bench, and swore that if he did not do an hour's work for him, in return for saving his life, he would instantly consign him to a policeman, and denounce him for attempting to commit suicide. At this threat the officer was so confounded, that he at once consented to do the work.

When the hour was over, the mechanic insisted on a second hour, in consequence of the slowness of the work—it had not been a fair hour's labor. In vain the officer protested, was angry, and exhausted—had the heartburn—pains in his back and limbs—and declared it would kill him. The mechanic was inexorable. "If it *does* kill you," said he, "then you will only be where you would have been if I had not stopped you." So the officer was compelled to continue his work with an inflamed face, and the perspiration pouring down over his cheeks and chin.

At last he could proceed no longer, come what would of it, and sank back in the arms of his persecuting preserver. The mechanic now placed before him his own breakfast, composed of a two-penny loaf of brown bread, and a pint of small beer; the whole of which the officer disposed of in no time, and then sent out for more.

Before the boy who was dispatched on this errand returned, a little conversation had ensued; and as the officer rose to go, he smilingly placed his purse, with his card, in the hands of the mechanic. The poor, ragged man received them with all the composure of a physician, and with a sort of dry, grim humor which appeared peculiar to him, and the only relief of his other wise rough and rigid character, made sombre by the constant shadows and troubles of life.

But the moment he read the name on the card all the hard lines in his deeply-marked face underwent a sudden contortion. Thrusting back the purse and card into the officer's hand, he seized him with a fierce grip by one arm—hurried him, wondering, up the dark broken stairs, along the narrow passage—then pushed him out at the door!

"You are the fine gentleman who tempted my daughter away!" said he.

"I—*your* daughter!" exclaimed the officer.

"Yes, my daughter; Ellen Brentwood!" said the mechanic. "Are there so many men's daughters in the list, that you forget her name?"

"I implore you," said the officer, "to take this purse. *Pray*, take this purse! If you will not accept it for yourself, I entreat you to send it to her!"

"Go and buy a lathe with it," said the mechanic. "Work, man! and repent of your past life!"

So saying, he closed the door in the officer's face, and descended the stairs to his daily labor.

IGNORANCE IN ENGLAND.—Taking the whole of northern Europe—including Scotland, and France and Belgium (where education is at a low ebb), we find that to every 2-1/4 of the population, there is one child acquiring the rudiments of knowledge; while in England there is only one such pupil to every fourteen inhabitants. It has been calculated that there are at the present day in England and Wales nearly 8,000,000 persons who can neither read nor write—that is to say, nearly one quarter of the population. Also, that of all the children between five and fourteen, more than one half attend no place of instruction. These statements would be hard to believe, if we had not to encounter in our every-day life degrees of illiteracy which would be startling, if we were not thoroughly used to it. Wherever we turn, ignorance, not always allied to poverty, stares us in the face. If we look in the *Gazette*, at the list of partnerships dissolved, not a month passes but some unhappy man, rolling, perhaps, in wealth, but wallowing in ignorance, is put to the *experimentum crucis* of "his mark." The number of petty jurors—in rural districts especially—who can only sign with a cross, is enormous. It is not unusual to see parish documents of great local importance defaced with the same humiliating symbol by persons whose office shows them to be not only "men of mark," but men of substance. A housewife in humble life need only turn to the file of her tradesmen's bills to discover hieroglyphics which render them so many arithmetical puzzles. In short, the practical evidences of the low ebb to which the plainest rudiments of education in this country have fallen, are too common to bear repetition. We can not pass through the streets, we can not enter a place of public assembly, or ramble in the fields, without the gloomy shadow of Ignorance sweeping over us.—*Dickens's "Household Words."*

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### [From The Ladies' Companion.]

## MEN AND WOMEN.

A woman is naturally gratified when a man singles her out, and addresses his conversation to her. She takes pains to appear to the best advantage, but without any thought of willfully misleading.

How different is it with men! At least it is thus that women in general think of men. The mask with them is deliberately put on and worn as a mask, and wo betide the silly girl who is too weak or too unsuspecting, not to appear displeased with the well-turned compliments and flattering attentions so lavishly bestowed upon her by her partner at the ball. If a girl has brothers she sees a little behind the scenes, and is saved much mortification and disappointment. She discovers how little men mean by attentions they so freely bestow upon the last new face which takes their fancy.

Men are singularly wanting in good feeling upon this subject; they pay a girl marked attention, flatter her in every way, and then, perhaps, when warned by some judicious friend that they are going too far, "can hardly believe the girl could be so foolish as to fancy that any thing was meant."

The fault which strikes women most forcibly in men is *selfishness*. They expect too much in every way, and become impatient if their comforts and peculiarities are interfered with. If the men of the present day were less selfish and self-indulgent, and more willing to be contented and happy upon moderate means, there would be fewer causes of complaint against young women undertaking situations as governesses when they were wholly unfit for so responsible an office. I feel the deepest interest in the present movement for the improvement of the female sex; and most cordially do I concur in the schemes for this desirable purpose laid down in "The Ladies' Companion;" but I could not resist the temptation of lifting up my voice in testimony against some of the every-day faults of men, to which I think many of the follies and weaknesses of women are mainly to be attributed.

Mr. Thackeray is the only writer of the present day who touches, with any severity, upon the faults of his own sex. He has shown us the style of women that he thinks men most admire, in "Amelia," and "Mrs. Pendennis." Certainly, my own experience agrees with his opinion; and until men are sufficiently improved to be able to appreciate higher qualities in women, and to choose their wives among women who possess such qualities, I do not expect that the present desirable movement will make much progress. The improvement of both sexes must be simultaneous. A "gentleman's horror" is still a "blue stocking," which unpleasing epithet is invariably bestowed upon all women who have read much, and who are able to think and act for themselves.

# THE RETURN OF POPE PIUS IX. TO ROME.

The banishment of a Pope has hitherto been a rare event: the following detailed and graphic description of the return of PIUS IX. to his seat of empire, superadds a certain degree of historical importance to its immediate interest. It is from the correspondence of the "London Times."

VELLETRI, *Thursday, April 11.*

All speculation is now set at rest—the last and the most important stage in the Papal progress has been made—the Pope has arrived at Velletri.

The Pope was expected yesterday at three o'clock, but very early in the morning every one in the town, whether they had business to execute or not, thought it necessary to rush about, here, there, and every where. I endeavored to emulate this activity, and to make myself as ubiquitous as the nature of the place, which is built on an ascent, and my own nature, which is not adapted to ascents, would allow me. At one moment I stood in admiration at the skill with which sundry sheets and napkins were wound round a wooden figure, to give it a chaste and classic appearance, which figure—supposed to represent Charity, Fortitude, Prudence, or Plenty—was placed as a *basso rilievo* on the triumphal arch, where it might have done for any goddess or virtue in the mythology or calendar. At another moment I stood on the Grand Place, marveling at the arch and dry manner in which half a dozen painters were inscribing to Pio Nono, over the doors of the Municipality, every possible quality which could have belonged to the whole family of saints—one man, in despair at giving adequate expression to his enthusiasm, having satisfied himself with writing *Pio Nono Immortale! Immortale! Immortale! Vero Angelo!*

But to say the truth, there was something very touching in the enthusiasm of this rustic and mountain people, although it was sometimes absurdly and quaintly expressed; for instance, in one window there was a picture, or rather a kind of transparency, representing little angels, which a scroll underneath indicated as the children of His Holiness. Whether the Velletrians intended to represent their own innocence or to question that of His Holiness, I did not choose to inquire. Then there were other pictures of the Pope in every possible variety of dress; sometimes as a young officer, at another as a cardinal; again, a corner shop had him as a benevolent man in a black coat and dingy neck-cloth; but, most curious of all, he at one place took the shape of a female angel placing her foot on the demon of rebellion. The circumstance of his Protean quality arose from each family having turned their pictures from the inside outside the houses, and printed Pio Nono under each; but if the features of each picture differed, not so the feelings that placed them there: it was a touching and graceful sight to see the people as they greeted each other that morning.

As the day drew on, the preparations were completed, and the material of which every house was built was lost under a mass of scarlet and green. But, alas! about three o'clock the clouds gathered upon Alba; Monte Calvi was enveloped in mist, which sailed over the top of Artemisio; the weather turned cold; and the whole appearance of the day became threatening. The figure of the Pope on the top of the triumphal arch, to compose which sundry beds must have been stripped of their sheets—for it was of colossal dimensions—quivered in the breeze, and at every blast I expected to see the worst possible omen—the mitre, which was only fastened by string to the sacred head, falling down headless; but having pointed this out to some persons who were too excited themselves to see anything practical, a boy was sent up, and with two long nails secured the mitre more firmly on the sacred head than even Lord Minto's counsels could do. At three o'clock the Municipality passed down the lines of troops amid every demonstration of noisy joy. There were half a dozen very respectable gentlemen in evening dress, all looking wonderfully alike, and remarkably pale, either from the excitement or the important functions which they had to perform; but I ought to speak well of them, for they invited me to the reserved part of the small entrance square, where I had the good fortune to shelter myself from the gusts of wind which drove down from the hills. From three to six we all waited, the people very patient, and fortunately so crowded that they could not well feel cold. The cardinal's servants—strange grotesque-looking fellows in patchwork liveries—were running up and down the portico, and the soldiers on duty began to give evident signs of a diminution of ardor. Some persons were just beginning to croak, "Well, I told you he would not come," when the cannon opened from the heights, the troops fell in—a carriage is seen coming down the hill, but it is the wrong road. Who can it be? The troops seem to know, for the chasseurs draw their swords, the whole line present arms, the band strikes up, and the French General Baraguay d'Hilliers dashes through the gates. Again roar the cannon—another carriage is seen, and this time in the right direction; it is preceded by the Pope's courier, covered with scarlet and gold. The people cheered loudly, although they could not have known whom it contained; but they cheered the magnificent arms and the reeking horses. It was the Vice-Legate of Velletri, Monsignore Beraldi. The Municipality rushed to the door of the carriage, and a little, energetic-looking man in lace and purple descended, and was almost smothered in the embraces of the half dozen municipal officers, who confused him with questions—"Dove e la sua Santita!" "Vicino! Vicino!" "E a Frosinone, e a Valomontone?" "Bellissimo, bellissimo, ricevimento! sorprendente! Tanto bello! tanto bello!" was all the poor little man could jerk out, and at each word he was stifled with fresh embraces; but he was soon set aside and forgotten, when half a dozen of the Papal couriers galloped up, splashed from head to foot. They were followed by several carriages with four or six horses, the postillions in their new liveries; then came a large squadron of Neapolitan cavalry, and immediately afterward the Pope. It was a touching sight. While the women cried, the men shouted; but



however absurd a description of enthusiasm may be, in its action it was very fine. As he passed on, the troops presented arms, and every one knelt. He drew up in front of the municipality, who were so affected or so frightened that their speech ended in nothing. The carriage door was opened, and then the scene which ensued was without parallel; every one rushed forward to kiss the foot which he put out. One little Abbate, Don Pietro Metranga, amused me excessively. Nothing could keep him back; he caught hold of the sacred foot, he hugged it, he sighed, he wept over it. A knot of gentlemen were standing on the steps of the entrance, among others Mr. Baillie Cochrane, in the Scotch Archers' uniform, whom His Holiness beckoned forward, and put out his hand for him to kiss. Again the carriages would have moved on, for it was late, and *Te Deum* had to be sung; but for some time it was quite impossible to shake off the crowd at the door. At last the procession moved, and I, at the peril of my life—for the crowd, couriers, and chasseurs rode like lunatics—ran down to the cathedral. To my surprise, the Pope had anticipated me, and the door was shut. I was about to retire in despair, when I saw a little man creeping silently up to a small gate, followed by a very tall and ungainly prince in a red uniform, which put me very much in mind of Ducrow in his worst days. I looked again, and I knew it was my friend the Abbé, and if I followed him I must go right. It was as I expected. While we had been abusing the arrangements, he had gone and asked for the key of the sacristy, by which way we entered the church. It was densely crowded in all parts, and principally by troops who had preoccupied it. When the host was raised, the effect was grand in the extreme. The Pope, with all his subjects, bowed their heads to the pavement, and the crash of arms was succeeded by the most perfect silence. The next ceremony was the benediction of the people from the palace, which is situate on the extreme height of the town. Nerving myself for this last effort, I struggled and stumbled up the hill. There the thousands from the country and neighborhood were assembled, and in a few minutes the Pope arrived. In the interval all the façades of the houses had been illuminated, and the effects of the light on the various picturesque groups and gay uniforms was very striking. A burst of music and fresh cannon announced the arrival of His Holiness. He went straight into the palace, and in a few minutes the priests with the torches entered the small chapel which was erected on the balcony. The Pope followed, and then arose one shout, such as I never remember to have heard: another and another, and all knelt, and not a whisper was heard. As the old man stretched out his hands to bless the people, his voice rung clear and full in the night:

"Sit nomen Dei benedictum."

And the people, with one voice, replied:

"Ex hoc et nunc et in seculum."

Then the Pope:

"Adjutorum nostrum in nomine Domini."

The people:

"Qui fecit cœlum et terram."

His Holiness:

"Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus Pater, Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus."

And the people, with one voice:

"Amen!"

*Thursday Evening.*

The Velletri fireworks were certainly a failure; the population understands genuflexions better than squibs and crackers; but the illumination, which consisted of large pots of grease placed on posts at intervals of a yard down every street, had really a very good effect, and might afford a good hint for cheap illuminations in England. What is most remarkable to an Englishman on such occasions is, the total absence of drunkenness and the admirable and courteous conduct of the people to each other. It seemed to me that the population never slept; they were perambulating the streets chanting "Viva Pio Nono" all night; and, at 8 o'clock this morning, there was the same crowd, with the same excitement. I went early to the Papal Palace to witness the reception of the different deputations; but, notwithstanding my activity, I arrived one of the last, and on being shown into a waiting-room found myself standing in a motley group of generals of every clime, priests in every variety of costume, judges, ambassadors, and noble guards. A long suite of ten rooms was thrown open, and probably the old and tapestried walls had never witnessed so strange a sight before as the gallery presented. There was a kind of order and degree preserved in the distribution of the visitors. The first room mostly contained priests of the lower ranks, in the second were gentlemen in violet colored dresses, looking proud and inflated; then came a room full of officers, then distinguished strangers, among whom might be seen General Baraguay d'Hilliers, Count Ludolf, the Neapolitan ambassador, the Princes Massimo, Corsini, Ruspoli, Cesareni, all covered with stars, ribbons, and embroidery. The door of each room was kept by the municipal troops, who were evidently very new to the work, for the pages in their pink silk dresses might be seen occasionally instructing them in the salute. Presently there was a move, every one drew back for Cardinal Macchi; he is the *doyen* of the college, and, as Archbishop of Velletri, appeared in his brightest scarlet robes—a fit subject for the pencil of the great masters.

He was followed by Cardinals Asquini and Dupont in more modest garb, and each as he passed received and gracefully acknowledged the homage of the crowd. While we were standing waiting, two priests in full canonicals marched by with stately steps, preceded by the cross, and bearing the consecrated elements which they were to administer to the Pope; they remained with him about twenty minutes, and again the doors were thrown open, and they came out with the same forms. The Sacrament was succeeded by the breakfast service of gold, which it would have made any amateurs of Benvenuto Cellini's workmanship envious to see. At last the breakfast was ended, and I began to hope there was some chance of our suspense terminating, when there was a great movement among the crowd at one end of the gallery, the pages rushed to their posts, flung back the two doors, and the Prime Minister, Cardinal Antonelli, entered. Standing in that old palace, and gazing on the Priest Premier, I could realize the times of Mazarin and Richelieu. Neither of these could have possessed a haughtier eye than Antonelli, or carried themselves more proudly: every action spoke the man self-possessed and confident in the greatness of his position. He is tall, thin, about forty-four or forty-five, of a dark and somewhat sallow complexion, distinguished not by the regularity or beauty of his features, but by the calmness and dignity of their expression. As the mass moved to let him pass to the Papal apartments at the other extremity of the gallery, there was nothing flurried in his manner or hurried in his step—he knew to a nicety the precise mode of courtesy which he should show to each of his worshipers; for instance, when the French general—ay, the rough soldier of the camp—bent to kiss his hand, he drew it back, and spoke a few low, complimentary words as he bowed low to him, always graciously, almost condescendingly. When the Roman princes wished to perform the same salute his hand met their lips half-way. When the crowd of abbots, monks, priests, and deacons, seized it, it passed on unresistingly from mouth to mouth, as though he knew that blessing was passing out of him, but that he found sufficient for all. I was beginning to marvel what had become of my little friend of the preceding evening, Don Pietro, when I observed a slight stoppage, occasioned by some one falling at the Cardinal's feet. It was Don Pietro. He had knelt down to get a better hold of the hanging fringes, and no power could withdraw them from his lips; he appeared determined to exhaust their valuable savor, and, for the first time, I saw a smile on Antonelli's countenance, which soon changed into a look of severity, which so frightened the little abbate that he gave up his prey. Cardinal Antonelli went in to the Pope, and expectation and patience had to be renewed. Then came all the deputations in succession, men with long parchments and long faces of anxiety. There could not have been less than eight or ten of these, who all returned from the interview looking very bright and contented, ejaculating "*Quanto e buono! quanto buono!*" To my great disappointment, a very officious little gentleman, who, it appears, is a nephew of Cardinal Borromeo, and who, only two days since, had been appointed a kind of deputy master of the ceremonies, informed me that it was very unlikely His Holiness could receive any more people, as he had to go out at eleven, which fact was confirmed by the Papal couriers, who marched, booted and spurred, whip in hand, into the ante-room. This announcement had scarcely been made, when Cardinal Antonelli appeared and informed us that the Pope would receive two or three at a time, but that they must not stop long. The first batch consisted of "our own correspondent," Don Flavio Ghigi, I looked round to see who was the third, it was the little abbate. As we entered the presence chamber, I made an inclination, but, to my surprise, both Don Flavio and Don Pietro rushed forward. The Ghigi gracefully, and with emotion, kissed the Sovereign's foot, and then his hand, which was extended to him. His Holiness had evidently been greatly excited. He took Don Flavio by the hand, saying, "Rise up, my son, our sorrows are over." Meanwhile Don Pietro had embraced not merely the foot, but the ankle. Vainly the Pope bade him rise. At last he exclaimed, looking at the little man with wonder, "Eh! Ché Don Pietro con una barba!" "Ah," said the unclerical priest, not in any degree taken by surprise, "Since our misfortunes, your Holiness, I never had the heart to shave." "Then, now that happier times are come, we shall see your face quite clean," was the Pope's reply. More genuflections, more embracings, and away we went. After a few minutes' delay, the gentlemen of the chamber gave notice that His Holiness was about to pass; he was preceded by priests bearing the crucifix, and this time wore a rich embroidered stole; his benevolent face lighted up as he blessed all his servants who knelt on his passage. He has a striking countenance, full of paternal goodness; nor does his tendency to obesity interfere with the dignity of his movements. Some half-dozen Capuchins fell down before him, and the guards had some difficulty in making them move out of the way. As the Pope moved he dispensed his blessing to the right and to the left. Meanwhile a great crowd had collected outside. When he appeared he was enthusiastically cheered. He entered his carriage—the scarlet couriers kicked, cracked, and spurred—the troops all knelt—the band played some strange anthem, for he has become rather tired of "*Viva Pio Nono*," with which he has no agreeable associations—and the pageant passed away.

I was compelled to decline the invitation from the Council of State; and, soon after his Holiness's departure, I started for Rome, in order to arrive before the gates were shut, for the passport system is in the strictest operation. All along the road fortunately the preparations have taken the turn of cleanliness—whitewash is at a premium. At Genzano and Albano the woods of Dunsinane seem to be moving through the towns. At the former place I saw General Baraguay d'Hilliers, who had to send to Albano for two cutlets and bread, the supplies of Genzano being exhausted. The Pope leaves Velletri to-morrow, Friday, 12th, at 8 o'clock. At Genzano the Neapolitan troops leave him, and are replaced by the French; at Albano he breakfasts, and enters Rome at 4 o'clock. Preparations are making for a grand illumination, and the town is all alive.

ROME, *Friday Evening, April 12.*

The history of the last two years has taught us to set very little reliance on any demonstrations of public opinion. But for this sad experience I should have warmly congratulated the Pope and his

French advisers on the success of their experiment, and augured well of the new Roman era from the enthusiasm which has ushered it in. It is true that there was wanting the delirious excitement which greeted our second Charles on his return from a sixteen years' exile; nor were the forms of courtly etiquette broken through as on that memorable 21st of March, when Napoleon, accompanied by Cambronne and Bertrand dashed into the court of the Tuileries and was borne on the shoulders of his troops into the Salle des Maréchaux. Even the genuine heartiness, the uncalculating expression of emotion, which delighted the Pope at Frosinone and Velletri, were not found in Rome; but then it must be remembered that it was from Rome the Pope was driven forth as an exile—that shame and silence are the natural expressions of regret and repentance; so, considering every thing, the Pope was very well received. Bright banners waved over his head, bright flowers were strewn on his path, the day was warm and sunny—in all respects it was a morning *albâ notanda credâ*, one of the *dies fasti* of the reformed Papacy.

And yet the thoughts which the gorgeous scene suggested were not of unmixed gratification. French troops formed the Papal escort; French troops lined the streets and thronged St. Peter's. At first the mind was carried back to the times when Pepin, as the eldest son of the Catholic church, restored the Pope to the throne of the Apostle, and for the moment we were disposed to feel that the event and the instrument were happily associated; but a moment's glance at the tri-color standard, at the free and easy manner of the general-in-chief when he met the Pope at the gate of the Lateran, recalled the mind back to the French Republic, with all its long train of intrigue, oppression, and infatuated folly.

But, whatever the change of scene may be, it must be admitted that the drama was full of interest and the decorations magnificent. When the sun shone on the masses collected in the Piazza of St. Giovanni, and the great gates of the Lateran being thrown open the gorgeous hierarchy of Rome, with the banners of the various Basilicæ, the insignia and costume of every office issued forth, the effect was beyond measure imposing. An artist must have failed in painting, as he must have failed in composing such a picture. Precisely at 4 o'clock the batteries on the Place announced that the *cortége* was in view, and presently the clouds of dust blown before it gave a less agreeable assurance of its approach. The procession was headed by a strong detachment of cavalry; then followed the tribe of couriers, outriders, and officials—whom I described from Velletri—more troops, and then the Pope. As he passed the drums beat the *générale*, and the soldiers knelt, it was commonly reported, but I know not with what truth; it was the first time they ever knelt before the head of the church. Certainly, with the Italians church ceremonies are an instinct—the coloring and grouping are so accidentally but artistically arranged; the bright scarlet of the numerous cardinals mingling with the solemn black of the *Conservatori*, the ermine of the senate, the golden vestments of the high-priests, and the soberer hues of the inferior orders of the clergy. When the Pope descended from the carriage a loud cheer was raised and handkerchiefs were waved in abundance; but, alas! the enthusiasm that is valuable is that which does not boast of such a luxury as handkerchiefs. Very few people seemed to think it necessary to kneel, and, on the whole, the mass were more interested in the pageant itself than in the circumstances in which it originated. The excitement of curiosity was, however, at its height, for many people in defiance of horse and foot broke into the square, where they afforded excellent sport to the chasseurs, who amused themselves in knocking off their hats and then in preventing them from picking them up. I ran down in time to see his Holiness march in procession up the centre of the magnificent St. Giovanni. This religious part of the ceremony was perhaps more imposing than that outside the church. The dead silence while the Pope prayed, the solemn strains when he rose from his knees, the rich draperies which covered the walls and cast an atmosphere of purple light around, the black dresses and the veils which the ladies wore, mingling with every variety of uniform, stars, and ribbons, produced an admirable effect. The great object, when this ceremony was half finished, was to reach St. Peter's before the Pope could arrive there, every body, of course, starting at the same moment, and each party thinking they were going to do a very clever thing in taking a narrow roundabout way to the Ponte Sisto, so choking it up and leaving the main road by the Coliseum and the Foro Trajano quite deserted. In the palmiest days of the circus Rome could never have witnessed such chariot-racing. All ideas of courtesy and solemnity befitting the occasion were banished. The only thing was who could arrive first at the bridge. The streets as we passed through were quite deserted—it looked like a city of the dead. As we passed that admirable institution, the Hospital St. Giovanni Colabita, which is always open to public view, the officiating priests and soldiers were standing in wonder at the entrance, and the sick men raised themselves on their arms and looked with interest on the excitement occasioned by the return of the Head of that Church, to which they owed the foundation where they sought repose, and the faith that taught them hope. By the time we arrived at St. Peter's the immense space was already crowded, but, thanks to my Irish pertinacity, I soon elbowed myself into a foremost place at the head of the steps. Here I had to wait for about an hour, admiring the untiring energy of the mob, who resisted all the attempts of the troops to keep them back, the gentle expostulations of the officers, and sometimes the less gentle persuasion of the bayonet. At 6 o'clock, the banners flew from the top of Adrian's Tomb, and the roar of cannon recommenced; but again the acclamations were very partial, and, but for the invaluable pocket-handkerchiefs of the ever-sympathizing ladies, the affair must have passed off rather coldly. It was, however, very different in St. Peter's. When his Holiness trod that magnificent temple the thousands collected within its walls appeared truly impressed with the grandeur, the almost awful grandeur of the scene. The man, the occasion, and the splendor, all so striking; never was the host celebrated under a more remarkable combination of circumstances. The word of command given to the troops rang through the immense edifice, then the crash of arms, and every man knelt for some moments amid a breathless silence, only broken by the

drums, which rolled at intervals. The mass was ended. St. Peter's sent forth the tens of thousands, the soldiers fell in, the pageantry was at an end. Then came the illumination, which was very beautiful, not from the brilliancy of the lights, but from its being so universal. St. Peter's was only lighted *en demi-toilette*, and is to appear in his glory to-morrow evening; but as the wind played among the lamps, and the flames flickered and brightened in the breeze, the effect from the Pincian was singularly graceful. The Campodoglio, that centre of triumph, was in a blaze of glory, and the statues of the mighty of old stood forth, like dark and solemn witnesses of the past, in the sea of light. But one by one the lamps died out, the silence and the darkness of the night resumed their sway, and the glory of the day became the history of the past.

Thus far prognostications have been defeated. The Pope is in the Vatican. Let us hope the prophets of evil may again find their predictions falsified; but, alas! it is impossible to be blind to the fact, that within the last few days the happiness of many homes has been destroyed, and that the triumph of the one has been purchased by the sorrows of the many. True, some 30,000 scudi have been given in charity, of which the Pope granted 25,000; but there is that which is even more blessed than food—it is liberty. There were conspiracies, it is true. An attempt was made to set fire to the Quirinal; a small *machine infernale* was exploded near the Palazzo Teodoli. There was the excuse for some arrests, but not for so many. But if the hand of the administration is to press too heavily on the people, the absence of prudence and indulgence on the part of the church can not be compensated for by the presence of its head. In former days of clerical ignorance and religious bigotry the master-writings of antiquity, which were found inscribed on old parchments, were obliterated to make way for missals, homilies, and golden legends, gorgeously illuminated but ignorantly expressed. Let not the church fall into the same error in these days, by effacing from its record the stern but solemn lessons of the past, to replace them by illiberal, ungenerous, and therefore erroneous views, clothed although they may be with all the pride and pomp of papal supremacy. Doubtless some time will elapse before any particular course of policy will be laid down. The Pope will for the moment bide his time and observe. No one questions his good intentions, no man puts his benevolence in doubt. Let him only follow the dictates of his own kindness of heart, chastened by his bitter experience, which will teach him alike to avoid the extremes of indulgence and the excesses of severity.

*Saturday Morning, April 13.*

I am glad to be able to add that the night has passed off in the most quiet and satisfactory manner, and I do not hear that in a single instance public tranquillity was disturbed. The decorations, consisting of bright colors and rich tapestry, which ornamented the windows and balconies yesterday, are kept up to-day, and the festive appearance of the city is fully maintained. There is an apparent increase of movement in all the principal thoroughfares. His Holiness is engaged to-day in receiving various deputations, but to-morrow the ceremonies will recommence with high mass at St. Peter's, after which the Pope will bless the people from the balcony, and no doubt for several days to come religious observances will occupy all the time and attention of his Holiness. I am very glad to find, from a gentleman who arrived last night, having followed the papal progress through Cesterna, Velletri, Genzano, and Albano, several hours after I had left, that the most perfect tranquillity prevailed on the whole line of road, and up to the gates of Rome, at four o'clock this morning not a single accident had occurred to disturb the general satisfaction. Of course the whole city is alive with reports of various descriptions; every body draws his own conclusions from the great events of yesterday, and indulges in vaticinations in the not improbable event of General Baraguay d'Hilliers' immediate departure, now that his mission has been accomplished. A fine field will be open for speculation. Meanwhile the presence of the sovereign has been of one inestimable advantage to the town—it has put the municipality on the alert. The heaps of rubbish have been removed from the centres of the squares and the corners of the different streets, to the great discomfiture of the tribes of hungry dogs which, for the comfort of the tired population, had not energy to bay through the night. Workpeople have been incessantly employed in carting away the remains of republican violence. I observe, however, that the causeway between the Vatican and St. Angelo, which was broken down by the mob, has not yet been touched. Are we to hail this as an omen that the sovereign will never again require to seek the shelter of the fortress, or as an evidence that the ecclesiastical and the civil power are not yet entirely united?

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**[From Bentley's Miscellany.]**

## **THE GENIUS OF GEORGE SAND.**

**THE COMEDY OF FRANÇOIS LE CHAMPI.**

Scarcely half a dozen years have elapsed since it was considered a dangerous experiment to introduce the name of George Sand into an English periodical. In the interval we have overcome our scruples, and the life and writings of George Sand are now as well known in this country as those of Charles Dickens, or Bulwer Lytton. The fact itself is a striking proof of the power of a great intellect to make itself heard in spite of the prejudices and aversion of its audience.

The intellectual power of George Sand is attested by the suffrages of Europe. The use to which she has put it is another question. Unfortunately, she has applied it, for the most part, to so bad a

use, that half the people who acknowledge the ascendancy of her genius, see too much occasion to deplore its perversion.

The principles she has launched upon the world have an inevitable tendency toward the disorganization of all existing institutions, political and social. This is the broad, palpable fact, let sophistry disguise or evade it as it may. Whether she pours out an intense novel that shall plow up the roots of the domestic system, or composes a proclamation for the Red Republicans that shall throw the streets into a flame, her influence is equally undeniable and equally pernicious.

It has been frequently urged, in the defense of her novels, that they do not assail the institution of marriage, but the wrongs that are perpetrated in its name. Give her the full benefit of her intention, and the result is still the same. Her eloquent expositions of ill-assorted unions—her daring appeals from the obligations they impose, to the affections they outrage—her assertion of the rights of nature over the conventions of society, have the final effect of justifying the violation of duty on the precarious ground of passion and inclination. The bulk of her readers—of all readers—take such social philosophy in the gross; they can not pick out its nice distinctions, and sift its mystical refinements. It is less a matter of reasoning than of feeling. Their sensibility, and not their judgment, is invoked. It is not to their understanding that these rhapsodies are addressed, but to their will and their passions. A writer who really meant to vindicate an institution against its abuses, would adopt a widely different course; and it is only begging George Sand out of the hands of the jury to assert that the *intention* of her writings is opposed to their *effect*, which is to sap the foundations upon which the fabric of domestic life reposes.

Her practice accords harmoniously with her doctrines. Nobody who knows what the actual life of George Sand has been, can doubt for a moment the true nature of her opinions on the subject of marriage. It is not a pleasant subject to touch, and we should shrink from it, if it were not as notorious as every thing else by which she has become famous in her time. It forms, in reality, as much a part of the philosophy she desires to impress upon the world, as the books through which she has expounded her theory. It is neither more nor less than her theory of freedom and independence in the matter of passion (we dare not dignify it by any higher name) put into action—rather vagrant action, we fear, but, on that account, all the more decisive. The wonder is, how any body, however ardent an admirer of George Sand's genius, can suppose for a moment that a woman who leads this life from choice, and who carries its excesses to an extremity of voluptuous caprice, could by any human possibility pass so completely out of herself into another person in her books. The supposition is not only absurd in itself, but utterly inconsistent with the boldness and sincerity of her character.

Some sort of justification for the career of Madame Dudevant has been attempted to be extracted from the alleged unhappiness of her married life, which drove her at last to break the bond, and purchase her liberty at the sacrifice of a large portion of her fortune, originally considerable. But all such justifications must be accepted with hesitation in the absence of authentic data, and more especially when subsequent circumstances are of a nature to throw suspicion upon the defense. Cases undoubtedly occur in which the violent disruption of domestic ties may be extenuated even upon moral grounds; but we can not comprehend by what process of reasoning the argument can be stretched so as to cover any *indiscretions* that take place afterward.

Madame Dudevant was married in 1822, her husband is represented as a plain country gentleman, very upright and literal in his way, and quite incapable, as may readily be supposed, of sympathizing with what one of her ablest critics calls her "aspirations toward the infinite, art and liberty." She bore him two children, lived with him eight years, and, shortly after the insurrection of July, 1830, fled from her dull house at Nohant, and went up to Paris. Upon this step nobody has a right, to pronounce judgment. Nor should the world penetrate the recesses of her private life from that day forward, if her life could be truly considered private, and if it were not in fact and in reality a part and parcel of her literary career. She has made so little scruple about publishing it herself, that nobody else need have any such scruple on that head. She has been interwoven in such close intimacies with a succession of the most celebrated persons, and has acted upon all occasions so openly, that there is not the slightest disguise upon the matter in the literary circles of Paris. But even all this publicity might not wholly warrant a reference to the erratic course of this extraordinary woman, if she had not made her own experiences, to some extent, the basis of her works, which are said by those most familiar with her habits and associations, to contain, in a variety of forms, the confession of the strange vicissitudes through which her heart and imagination have passed. The reflection is not limited to general types of human character and passion, but constantly descends to individualization; and her intimate friends are at no loss to trace through her numerous productions a whole gallery of portraits, beginning with poor M. Dudevant, and running through a remarkable group of contemporary celebrities. Her works then are, avowedly, transcripts of her life; and her life consequently becomes, in a grave sense, literary property, as the spring from whence has issued the turbid principles she glories in enunciating.

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We have no desire to pursue this view of George Sand's writings to its ultimate consequences. It is enough for our present purpose to indicate the source and nature of the influence she exercises. Taking her life and her works together, their action and re-action upon each other, it may be observed that such a writer could be produced and fostered only in such a state of society as that of Paris. With all her genius she would perish in London. The moral atmosphere of France is necessary alike to its culture and reception—the volcanic soil—the perpetual excitement—the instability of the people and the government—the eternal turmoil, caprice, and transition—a society agitated and polluted to its core. These elements of fanaticism and confusion, to which

she has administered so skillfully, have made her what she is. In such a country as England, calm, orderly, and conservative, her social philosophy would lack earth for its roots and air for its blossoms. The very institutions of France, upon which no man can count for an hour, are essential to her existence as a writer.

But time that mellows all things has not been idle with George Sand. After having written "Indiana," "Lelie," "Valentine," and sundry other of her most conspicuous works, she found it necessary to defend herself against the charge of advocating conjugal infidelity. The defense, to be sure, was pre-eminently sophistical, and rested on a complete evasion of the real question; but it was a concession to the feelings and decorum of society which could not fail in some measure to operate as a restraint in future labors. Her subsequent works were not quite so decisive on these topics; and in some of them marriage was even treated with a respectful recognition, and love was suffered to run its course in purity and tranquillity, without any of those terrible struggles with duty and conscience which were previously considered indispensable to bring out its intensity.

And now comes an entirely new phase in the development of George Sand's mind. Perhaps about this time the influences immediately acting upon her may have undergone a modification that will partly help to explain the miracle. Her daughter, the fair Solange, is grown up and about to be married; and the household thoughts and cares, and the tenderness of a serious and unselfish cast, which creep to a mother's heart on such occasions, may have shed their sweetness upon this wayward soul, and inspired it with congenial utterances. This is mere speculation, more or less corroborated by time and circumstance; but whatever may have been the agencies by which the charm was wrought, certain it is that George Sand has recently produced a work which, we will not say flippantly in the words of the song,

"Has for once a moral,"

but which is in the highest degree chaste in conception, and full of simplicity and truthfulness in the execution. This work is in the form of a three-act comedy, and is called "François le Champi." (For the benefit of the country gentlemen, we may as well at once explain that the word *champi* means a founding of the fields.)

The domestic morality, the quiet nature, the *home feeling* of this comedy may be described as something wonderful for George Sand; not that her genius was not felt to be plastic enough for such a display, but that nobody suspected she could have accomplished it with so slight an appearance of artifice or false sentiment, or with so much geniality and faith in its truth. But this is not the only wonder connected with "François le Champi." Its reception by the Paris audience was something yet more wonderful. We witnessed a few weeks ago at the Odeon its hundred and fourth or fifth representation—and it was a sight not readily forgotten. The acting, exquisite as it was through the minutest articulation of the scene, was infinitely less striking than the stillness and patience of the spectators. It was a strange and curious thing to see these mercurial people pouring in from their gay *cafés* and *restaurants*, and sitting down to the representation of this dramatic pastoral with much the same close and motionless attention as a studious audience might be expected to give to a scientific lecture. And it was more curious still to contrast what was doing at that moment in different places with a like satisfaction to other crowds of listeners; and to consider what an odd compound that people must be who can equally enjoy the rustic virtues of the Odeon, and the grossnesses and prurient humors of the Variétés. Paris and the Parisians will, probably, forever remain an enigma to the moral philosopher. One never can see one's way through their surprising contradictions, or calculate upon what will happen next, or what turn any given state of affairs will take. In this sensuous, sentimental, volatile, and dismal Paris, any body who may think it worth while to cross the water for such a spectacle, may see reproduced together, side by side, the innocence of the golden age, and the worst vices of the last stage of a high civilization.

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At the bottom of all this, no doubt, will be found a constitutional melancholy that goes a great way to account for the opposite excesses into which the national character runs. A Frenchman is at heart the saddest man in the universe; but his nature is of great compass at both ends, being deficient only in the repose of the middle notes. And this constitutional melancholy opposed to the habitual frivolity (it never deserved to be called mirth) of the French is now more palpable than ever. Commercial depression has brought it out in its darkest colors. The people having got what they wanted, begin now to discover that they want every thing else. The shops are empty—the Palais Royal is as *triste* as the suburb of a country town—and the drive in the Champs Elysées, in spite of its display of horsemen and private carriages, mixed up in motley cavalcade with hack cabriolets and omnibuses, is as different from what it used to be in the old days of the monarchy, as the castle of Dublin will be by-and-by, when the viceregal pageant is removed to London. The sparkling butterflies that used to flirt about in the gardens of the Tuileries, may now be seen pacing moodily along, their eyes fixed on the ground, and their hands in their pockets, sometimes with an old umbrella (which seems to be received by common assent as the emblem of broken-down fortunes), and sometimes with a brown paper parcel under their arms. The animal spirits of the Parisians are very much perplexed under these circumstances; and hence it is that they alternately try to drown their melancholy in draughts of fierce excitement, or to solace it by gentle sedatives.

George Sand has done herself great honor by this charming little drama. That she should have chosen such a turbulent moment for such an experiment upon the public, is not the least remarkable incident connected with it. Only a few months before we heard of her midnight revels

with the heads of the Republican party in the midst of the fury and bloodshed of an *emeute*; and then follows close upon the blazing track of revolution, a picture of household virtues so sweet and tranquil, so full of tenderness and love, that it is difficult to believe it to be the production of the same hand that had recently flung flaming addresses, like brands, into the streets to set the town on fire. But we must be surprised at nothing that happens in France, where truth is so much stranger than fiction, as to extinguish the last fragment of an excuse for credulity and wonder.

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## AMUSEMENTS OF THE COURT OF LOUIS XV.

At one time the whole court was thrown into great commotion by a sudden fancy which the king took for worsted work. A courier was instantly dispatched to Paris for wool, needles, and canvas. He only took two hours and a half to go and come back, and the same day all the courtiers in Versailles were seen, with the Duke of Gesvres at their head, embroidering like their sovereign. At a later period, both the new and the old nobility joined in the common pursuit of pleasure before their fall. Bad taste and frivolousness marked their amusements. Titled ladies, who eagerly sought the favor of being allowed a seat in the presence of Madame de Pompadour, visited in secret the popular ball of the Porcherons, or amused themselves by breaking plates and glasses in obscure cabarets, assuming the free and reckless tone of men. Their husbands in the meanwhile embroidered at home, or paced the stately galleries of Louis XIV, at Versailles, a little painted cardboard figure in one hand, while with the other they drew the string which put it in motion. This preposterous amusement even spread throughout the whole nation, and grave magistrates were to be met in the streets playing, like the rest, with their *pantins*, as these figures were called. This childish folly was satirized in the following epigram:

"D'un peuple frivole et volage  
Pantin fut la divinité.  
Faut-il être s'il chérissait l'image  
Dont il est la réalité?"

The general degeneracy of the times was acknowledged even by those who shared in it. The old nobles ascribed it to that fatal evil, the want of female chastity. Never, indeed, had this social stain been so universal and so great.—*Women in France during the Eighteenth Century*.

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THE PLEASURES OF OLD AGE.—One forenoon I did prevail with my mother to let them carry her to a considerable distance from the house, to a sheltered, sunny spot, whereunto we did often resort formerly to hear the wood-pigeons which frequented the fir trees hereabout. We seated ourselves, and did pass an hour or two very pleasantly. She remarked, how merciful it was ordered that these pleasures should remain to the last days of life; that when the infirmities of age make the company of others burdensome to us and ourselves a burden to them, the quiet contemplation of the works of God affords a simple pleasure which needeth not aught else than a contented mind to enjoy: the singing of birds, even a single flower, or a pretty spot like this, with its bank of primroses, and the brook running in there below, and this warm sunshine, how pleasant they are. They take back our thoughts to our youth, which ago doth love to look back upon.—*Diary of Lady Willoughby*.

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[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

## THE CIRCASSIAN PRIEST-WARRIOR AND HIS WHITE HORSE.

A TRUE TALE OF THE DAGHESTAN.

The Russian camp lay at the foot  
Of a bold and lofty hill,  
Where many a noble tree had root,  
And babbled many a rill;  
And the rill's laughter and the shade—  
The melody and shade combin'd—  
Men of most gentle feelings made,  
But of unbending mind.

On that hill's side, concealed by trees,  
Slumber'd Circassia's might,  
Awaiting till the war-horse neighs  
His welcome to the light.

The first gray light broke forth at length,  
And with it rose the Invader's strength.

Now, if the Vulture, reasoning bird,  
Foretelling blood and scenting strife,  
Had not among the hill-clouds stirr'd,  
One would have said that human life,  
Save that of shepherds tending flocks,  
Breathed not among yon silent rocks.

What Spectre, gliding tow'rd the rays  
Of rising sun, meets Russian gaze,  
And is it fright, amaze, or awe,  
Distends each eye and hangs each jaw?

A Horse, as snow on mountain height,  
His master clothed all, too, in white,  
Moved slowly up the mountain's side,  
Arching his neck in conscious pride.  
And though the cannon pointed stood,  
Charged with its slumb'ring lava flood,  
The rider gave no spur nor stroke,  
Nor did he touch the rein which lay  
Upon the horse's neck—who yoke  
Of spur nor rein did e'er obey.  
His master's voice he knew—the horse,  
And by it checked or strain'd his course.  
But even no voice was needed now,  
For when he reach'd the mountain's brow,  
He halted while his master spread  
His arms full wide, threw back his head,  
And pour'd to Allah forth a pray'r—  
Or seem'd to pray—for Russian ear  
Even in that pure atmosphere,  
The name of Allah 'lone could hear.

The sound, whose purport is to name  
God's name—it is an awful sound,  
No matter from what lips it came,  
Or in what form 'tis found—  
Jehovah! Allah! God alike,  
Most Christian heart with terror strike.  
For ignorant as may be man,  
Or with perverted learning stored,  
There is, within the soul's wide span,  
A deep unutterable word.

A music, and a hymn,  
Which any voice of love that breaks  
From pious spirit gently wakes,  
Like slumb'ring Cherubim.

And "Allah, Allah, Allah!" rose  
More thrilling still for Russian foes  
By Russian eyes unseen!  
Behind a thick wood's screen,  
Circassia's dreadful horsemen were  
Bowed to the earth, and drinking there  
Enthusiasm grand from pray'r,  
Ready to spring as soldier fir'd,  
When soldier is a Priest inspir'd.  
Ay, o'er that host the sacred name  
Of Allah rolled, a scorching flame,  
That thrilled into the heart's deep core,  
And swelled it like a heaving ocean  
Visited by Tempest's roar.  
Invader! such sublime emotion  
Bodes thee no good—so do not mock  
The sacred sound which fills each rock.

"Yon Priest must fall, and by his blood  
Damp the affrighted army's zeal,  
Who dream his body's proof and good  
'Gainst flying ball or flashing steel."

A gun was pointed—match applied—



The ball leaped forth; the smoke spread wide.  
And cleared away as the echo died,  
And "Allah! Allah! Allah!" rose  
From lips that never quiver'd:  
Nor changed the White Priest's grand repose,  
The White Horse never shiver'd.

The cannoneer, now trembling, blushed,  
For he rarely missed his aim,  
While his commander forward rushed,  
With words of bitter blame.

"There is no mark to guide the eye,"  
Faltered the chidden man;  
"Yon thing of white is as the sky—  
No difference can I scan!"  
"Let charge the gun with *mitraille* show'r,  
And Allah will be heard no more."

And the gun was charged, and fixed, and fired;  
Full fifty bullets flew.  
The smoke hung long, the men admired  
How the cannon burst not through.  
And the startled echoes thundered,  
And more again all wondered—  
As died away the echoes' roar—  
The name of Allah rose once more.

And "Allah! Allah! Allah!" rose,  
While horse and rider look'd repose,  
As statues on the mountain raised,  
Round whom the *mitraille* idly blazed,  
And rent and tore the earth around;  
But nothing shook except the ground,  
Still the untroubled lip ne'er quivered,  
Still that white altar-horse ne'er shivered.

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"Wait his return," the captain cried;  
"The mountain's side a mark supplies,  
And range in line some twenty guns:  
Fire one by one, as back he runs;  
With *mitraille* loaded be each gun—  
For him who kills a grade is won!"

But back the White Horse ran not—no!  
His pace was gentle, grand, and slow;  
His rider on the holy skies,  
In meditation fix'd his eyes.  
The enemy, with murderous plan,  
Knew not which to most admire,  
The grand White Steed, the grander man,  
When, lo! the signal—"Fire!"

"Unscath'd! unscath'd! now mark the race!"  
The laughing soldiers cried:  
The White Horse quickens not his pace,  
The Priest spurs not his side.

"Ha! mark his figure on the rock!"  
A second gun is ringing,  
The rock itself is springing,  
As from a mine's low shock,  
Its splinters flying in the air,  
And round the Priest and steed is there  
Of balls and stones an atmosphere.

What not one stain upon his side!  
The whited robe remains undyed—  
No bloody rain upon the path—  
Surprise subdues the soldier's wrath.  
"Give him a chance for life, one chance;  
(Now, hear the chance the captain gave)  
Let every gun be fired at once—  
At random, too—and he, the brave,  
If he escape, will have to tell  
A prodigy—a miracle—

Or meet the bloodiest grave  
That ever closed o'er human corse,  
O'er rider brave, or gallant horse."

And away, and away, like thunder weather,  
Full twenty cannon blaze together;  
Forth the volcano vomits wide.  
The men who fired them spring aside,  
As back the cannons wheeled.  
Then came a solemn pause;  
One would have thought the mountain reeled,  
As a crater opes its jaws.

But the smoke and sulphur clearing,  
Down the mountain's side, unfearing,  
Phantom-like glided horse and man,  
As though they had no danger ran.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" the soldiers cheer,  
And clap their hands in wild delight.  
Circassia's Priest, who scorn'd to fear,  
Bears the applause of Muscovite.  
But, soldiers, load your guns once more;  
Load them if ye have time,  
For ears did hear your cannons roar,  
To whom it is as sweet bells chime,  
Inviting to a battle feast.

Dark eyes did see the *mitraille* driven,  
With murderous intent,  
'Gainst the High Priest, to whom was given  
Protection by offended Heaven,  
From you on murder bent,  
Haste, sacrilegious Russian, haste,  
For behold, their forest-screen they form,  
With the ominous sounds of a gathering storm.

Promptly—swiftly—fatally burst,  
That storm by Patriot-piety nursed;  
Down it swept the mountain's side;  
Fast o'er the plain it pour'd,  
An avalanche—a deluge wide,  
O'er the invader roared.  
A White Horse, like a foaming wave,  
Dashed forward 'mong the foremost brave,  
And swift as is the silver light,  
He arrowy clear'd his way,  
And cut the mass as clouds a ray.  
Or meteor piercing night.  
Aimed at him now was many a lance,  
No spear could stop his fiery prance,  
Oft would he seize it with his mouth,  
With snort and fierce tempestuous froth,  
While swift the rider would cut down  
The lanceman rash, and then dash on  
Among advancing hosts, or flying,  
Marking his path with foemen dying.

Now, the morning after, when  
The gray light kiss'd the mountain,  
And down it, like a fountain,  
Freshly, clearly ran—oh, then  
The Priest and White Horse rose,  
So white they scarce threw shade,  
But now no sacrilegious blows  
At man nor horse are made.

The eyes profane that yester glared,  
Hung'ring for that sacred life,  
Were quenched in yester's fatal strife,  
And void of meaning stared.  
No lip could mock—no Russian ear  
Thanksgiving unto Allah hear,  
"To Allah, the deliverer!"  
The mountain look'd unchang'd, the plain is red;  
Peaceful be the fallen invaders' bed.

ON ATHEISM.—"I had rather," says Sir Francis Bacon, "believe all the fables in the Legend, the Talmud, and the Koran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. God never wrought miracles to convince Atheists, because His ordinary works are sufficient to convince them. It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth men's minds to Atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth them back to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest on them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."

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**[From the London Examiner.]**

## **UNSECTARIAN EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.**

Upon none of the various classes of official men who have been employed for the last twenty years in introducing or extending social and administrative reforms, has a more delicate, invidious, and thankless task devolved, than upon those who have had the charge of the preliminary arrangements for a system of national education.

A growing sense of the importance of this great subject has been slowly manifesting itself since the close of last century. The Edgeworths diffused practical views of individual education. Lancaster demonstrated the possibility, by judicious arrangement, of imparting instruction to great numbers of children at once, and, by thus reducing the cost of education, of rendering it acceptable to the poorest. Before Lancaster entered the field some benevolent persons, among whom Nonconformists were the most numerous and active, had set on foot Sunday schools for the benefit of those whose week-day toil left them no leisure for mental cultivation. The High Church and Tory parties at first very bitterly opposed these Sunday and Lancaster schools; but finding the tide too strong against them, they set up Dr. Bell, as a Churchman, against Lancaster the Dissenter, and organized the National School Society in opposition to the British and Foreign School Society. Controversy, as usual, not only increased the numbers of those who took an interest in the discussion, but rectified and improved public opinion on the matters at issue. The *Edinburgh Review* took the lead, and for a considerable time kept it, as the champion of unsectarian education; and the wit and wisdom of Sydney Smith did invaluable service in this field.

The result was, that, very gradually, by means of individuals and private associations, opportunities of education were extended to classes who had not previously enjoyed them; improved methods of tuition were introduced; and the good work went on in an imperfect, scrambling, amorphous way till after the passing of the reform bill, and the establishment of the Whigs in power. From this time we have to date the first regular efforts—poor enough at first, lamentably inadequate still, but steadily and progressively increasing—to countenance and extend general education by the government and legislature.

The beginnings were very feeble, as we have said. From 1833 to 1838, £20,000 was annually voted for the promotion of educational purposes, and this paltry sum was administered by the Lords of the Treasury. Since 1839 the annual grant has been administered by the Committee of Council on Education, and its amount has been progressively augmented. From 1839 to 1842 inclusive it was £30,000 per annum; in 1843 and 1844 it was £40,000; £75,000 in 1845; £100,000 in 1846 and in 1847; and in 1848 it was raised to £125,000. The distribution of this grant being intrusted to a committee of council, the president became to a certain extent invested with the character of a Minister of Education. A machinery of government inspectors of schools was organized, and a permanent educational secretary attached to the committee. Not to mention other valuable results, we may add that the establishment of workhouse and factory schools, and the institution of the normal school for training teachers at Kneller Hall, are among the most prominent benefits for which we are indebted to this growing recognition of a care for the extension of general education as one of the duties of government.

When we thus look back on the twenty years since 1830, it can not be denied that a great advance has been made. We have now the rudiments of an educational department of government. The grants annually voted by parliament for educational purposes are still, it must be confessed, unworthily small, when contrasted with the sums freely voted for less essential objects; and the operations of the committee on education have been thwarted, impeded, and obstructed by all kinds of narrow-minded and vexatious opposition. Still we can console ourselves by the reflection that we have got an educational department of government; that the public mind is becoming familiarized with its existence, and convinced of its utility; and that its organization, slowly indeed, but surely, is being extended and perfected.

This was substantially admitted by Mr. Fox in the able speech introducing his supplementary educational plan to the House of Commons; and with the strongest sense of the merits and claims of the government measure, we find ourselves able very heartily to approve of the proposal of Mr. Fox. It would remedy the defects of the existing system with the least possible jar to existing

prejudices. With nothing heretofore set on foot for the promotion of educational purposes would it in any way meddle—being addressed simply to the remedy of notorious defects, and for that purpose using and strengthening the machinery at present employed by government. It is on every account desirable that a fair and earnest consideration should be given to the second reading of this bill. It has been mixed up with other educational projects lately set on foot, and not a very correct impression prevails respecting it.

For here we must be allowed to remark, in passing, that of all the caviling and vexatious obstructions which the committee of council have had to encounter, the most ungracious and indefensible appear to have been those offered by advocates of unsectarian education less reasonable and considerate than Mr. Fox. We are not going to challenge any particular respect for the feelings of men in office. It is the well-understood fate of those who undertake reforms to be criticised sharply and unreflectingly; such unsparing treatment helps to harden them for the discharge of unpalatable duties; and even the most captious objections may be suggestive of improved arrangements. But making every allowance on this score, it remains incontrovertible that men entertaining sound abstract views respecting unsectarian education, and the importance of intrusting to the local public a large share in the control of educational institutions, like the members of the Lancashire School Association and others, have not only refused to make due allowance for the obstructions opposed to the committee of council on education by the prepossessions of the general public, but, by assuming an attitude of jealous opposition to it, have materially increased the difficulties with which it has had to labor. These gentlemen think no reform worth having unless it accord precisely with their preconceived notions; and are not in the least contented with getting what they wish, unless they can also have it in the exact way they wish it. Other and even more factious malcontents have been found among a class of very worthy but not very wise persons, who, before government took any charge of education, had exerted themselves to establish Sunday and other schools; and have now allowed the paltry jealousy lest under a new and improved system of general education their own local and congregational importance may be diminished, to drive them into a virulent opposition to any scheme of national education under the auspices or by the instrumentality of government. But all this parenthetically. Our immediate object is to comment upon an opposition experienced in carrying out the scheme of operations which the state of public opinion has compelled government to adopt, coming from the very parties who were most instrumental in forcing that scheme upon it.

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The committee of council, finding it impossible, in the face of threatened resistance from various religious bodies, to institute schools by the unaided power of the secular authorities, yielded so far as to enter into arrangements with the existing societies of promoters of schools, with a view to carry out the object through their instrumentality. The correspondence commenced in 1845 under the administration of Sir Robert Peel, and the arrangements were concluded under the ministry of Lord John Russell in 1846. It was agreed that money should be advanced by government to assist in founding and supporting schools in connection with various religious communions, on the conditions that the schools should be open to the supervision of government inspectors (who were, however, to be restrained from all interference "with the religious instruction, or discipline, or management of the schools"), and that certain "management clauses," drawn up in harmony with the religious views of the respective communions, should be adhered to. On these terms arrangements were concluded with the National Society, representing the promoters of Church of England schools; with the British and Foreign School Society; with the Wesleyan body; and with the Free Church of Scotland. A negotiation with the Poor-school Committee of the Roman Catholic Church is still pending.

With the exception of the National Society all the bodies who entered into these arrangements with the Committee of Council have co-operated with it in a frank and fair spirit, and to good purpose. A majority of the National Society, on the other hand, have made vehement efforts to recede from the very arrangements which they themselves had proposed; and have at length concluded a tedious and wrangling attempt to cajole or bully the committee on education to continue their grants, and yet emancipate them from the conditions on which they were made, by passing, on the 11th of December last, a resolution which virtually suspends all co-operation between the society and government. The state of the controversy may be briefly explained.

The "management clauses" relating to Church of England schools are few in number. They relate, first, to the constitution of the managing committee in populous and wealthy districts of towns; second, to the constitution of the committee in towns and villages having not less than a population of five hundred, and a few wealthy and well-educated inhabitants; third, to its constitution in very small parishes, where the residents are all illiterate, or indifferent to education; and, fourth, to its constitution in rural parishes having a population under five hundred, and where, from poverty and ignorance, the number of subscribers is limited to very few persons. There are certain provisions common to all these clauses. The master, mistress, assistant teachers, managers, and electors, must all be *bona fide* members of the church; the clergyman is *ex-officio* chairman of the committee, with power to place his curate or curates upon it, and with a casting vote; the superintendence of the religious and moral instruction is vested exclusively in the clergyman, with an appeal to the bishop, whose decision is final; the bishop has a veto on the use of any book, in school hours, which he deems contrary to the doctrines of the church; in matters not relating to religious and moral instruction, an appeal lies to the president of the council, who refers it to one of the inspectors of schools nominated by himself, to another commissioner nominated by the bishop of the diocese, and to a third named by the other two commissioners. It must be kept in mind as bearing on the composition of such

commissions, that the concurrence of the archbishop of the province is originally requisite in appointing inspectors of church schools, and that the third commissioner must be a magistrate and member of the church. We now come to the points of difference in these "management clauses." They relate exclusively to the constitution of the local school committees. In the first class of schools, the committee is elected by annual subscribers; in the second, it is nominated by the promoters, and vacancies are supplied by election; in the third it is nominated, as the promotions and vacancies are filled up, by the remaining members, till the bishop may direct the election to be thrown open to subscribers; in the fourth no committee is provided, but the bishop may order one to be nominated by the clergyman from among the subscribers.

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The management clauses, thus drawn, were accepted by the National Society. The provisions for appeal, in matters of moral and religious instruction, had been proposed by themselves, and were in a manner forced by them on the committee of council. Let us now look at the claims which the society has since advanced, and on account of the refusal of which it has suspended, if not finally broken off, its alliance with the committee.

The National Society required: 1st, that a free choice among the several clauses be left to the promoters of church schools; 2d, that another court of appeal be provided, in matters not relating to religious and moral instruction; and 3d, that all lay members of school committees shall qualify to serve, by subscribing a declaration not merely to the effect that they are members of the church, but that they have for three years past been communicants. And because demur is made to these demands, the committee of the society have addressed a letter to the committee of council, in which they state that they "deeply regret the resolution finally adopted by the committee of council to exclude from all share in the parliamentary grant for education, those church schools the promoters of which are unwilling to constitute their trust deeds on the model prescribed by their lordships."

It is a minor matter, yet, in connection with considerations to be hereafter alluded to, not unworthy of notice, that this statement is simply untrue. The committee of council have only declined to contribute, in the cases referred to, to the building of schools; they have not absolutely declined to contribute to their support when built. They have refused to give public money to build schools without a guarantee for their proper management; but they have not refused to give public money to support even such schools as withhold the guarantee, so long as they *are* properly conducted.

The object of the alterations in the management clauses demanded by the National Society is sufficiently obvious. It is asked that a free choice among the several clauses be left to the promoters of church schools. This is a Jesuitical plan for getting rid of the co-operation and control of lay committee-men. The fourth clause would uniformly be chosen, under which no committee is appointed, but the bishop may empower the clergyman to nominate one. It is asked that another court of appeal be provided in matters relating to the appointment, selection, and dismissal of teachers and their assistants. By this means the teachers would be placed, in all matters, secular as well as religious, under the despotic control of the clergy instead of being amenable, in purely secular matters, to a committee principally composed of laymen, with an appeal to lay judges. The third demand also goes to limit the range of lay interference with, and control of church schools. The sole aim of the demands of the National Society, however variously expressed, is to increase the clerical power. Their desire and determination is to invest the clergy with absolute despotic power over all Church of England Schools.

In short, the quarrel fastened by the National Society on the committee on education is but another move of that clerical faction which is resolute to ignore the existence of laymen as part of the church, except in the capacity of mere passing thralls and bondsmen of the clergy. It is a scheme to further their peculiar views. It is another branch of the agitation which preceded and has followed the appeal to the judicial committee of the privy council in the Gorham case. It is a trick to render the church policy and theories of Philpotts omnipotent. The equivocation to evade the arrangement investing a degree of control over church schools in lay contributors to their foundation and support, by insisting upon liberty to choose an inapplicable "management clause," is transparent. So is the factious complaint against the court of appeal provided in secular matters, and the allegation that Nonconformists have no such appeal, when the complainants know that this special arrangement was conceded at their own request. The untrue averment that the committee of council have refused to contribute to the support of schools not adopting the management clauses is in proper keeping with these equivocations. Let us add that the intolerant, almost blasphemous denunciations of the council, and of all who act with it, which some advancers of these falsehoods and equivocations have uttered from the platform, are no more than might have been expected from men so lost to the sense of honesty and shame.

The position of the committee of council on education is, simply and fairly, this: They have yielded to the religious sentiment of an overwhelming majority in the nation, and have consented to the experiment of conducting the secular education of the people by the instrumentality of the various ecclesiastical associations into which the people are divided. But with reference to the church, as to all other communions, they insist upon the laity having a fair voice in the administration of those schools which are in part supplied by the public money, and which have in view secular as well as religious instruction. The clergy of only two communions seek to thwart them in this object, and to arrogate all power over the schools to themselves. The conduct of the ultra-High Church faction in the Anglican establishment we have attempted to make clear. The conduct of the Roman Catholic clergy has been more temperate, but hardly less insincere or invidious. Their poor-school committee declare that their prelates would be unwilling "to accept,

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were it tendered to them, an appellate jurisdiction over schools in matters purely secular;" but at the same time they claim for their "ecclesiastical authorities" the power of deciding what questions do or do not affect "religion and morals." The committee of the council, on the one hand, are exerting themselves to give effect to the desire of a great majority of the English public, that religious and moral shall be combined with intellectual education; and, on the other, to guard against their compliance with this desire being perverted into an insidious instrument for enabling arrogant priesthoods to set their feet on the necks of the laity.

We challenge for public men thus honorably and usefully discharging important duties a more frank and cordial support than it has yet been their good fortune to obtain. Several ornaments of the church, conspicuous for their learning and moderation—such men as the Bishop of Manchester, Archdeacon Hare, and the Rev. Henry Parr Hamilton—have already borne direct and earnest testimony to the temper and justice, as well as straightforward, honesty of purpose, displayed by the committee of council. It is to be hoped that the laity of the church will now extend to them the requisite support; and that the Nonconformists and educational enthusiasts, who, by their waywardness, have been playing the game of the obscurantist priests, may see the wisdom of altering this very doubtful policy.

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[From the London Athenæum.]

**WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.**

The great philosophical poet of our age, William Wordsworth, died at Rydal Mount, in Westmoreland—among his native lakes and hills—on the 23d of April, in the eighty-first year of his age. Those who are curious in the accidents of birth and death, observable in the biographies of celebrated men, have thought it worthy of notice that the day of Wordsworth's death was the anniversary of Shakspeare's birth.

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770, and educated at Hawkeshead Grammar School, and at St. John's College, Cambridge. He was designed by his parents for the Church—but poetry and new prospects turned him into another path. His pursuit through life was poetry, and his profession that of Stamp Distributor for the Government in the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland: to which office he was appointed by the joint interest, as we have heard, of his friend, Sir George Beaumont, and his patron, Lord Lonsdale.

Mr. Wordsworth made his first appearance as a poet in the year 1793, by the publication of a thin quarto volume entitled "An Evening Walk—an Epistle in Verse, addressed to a young Lady from the Lakes of the North of England, by W. Wordsworth, B.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge." Printed at London, and published by Johnson in St. Paul's Church-yard from whose shop seven years before had appeared "The Task" of Cowper. In the same year he published "Descriptive Sketches in Verse, taken during a Pedestrian Tour in the Italian, Grison, Swiss and Savoyard Alps."

What was thought of these poems by a few youthful admirers may be gathered from the account given by Coleridge in his "Biographia Literaria." "During the last year of my residence at Cambridge, 1794, I became acquainted with Mr. Wordsworth's first publication, entitled 'Descriptive Sketches;' and seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced." The two poets, then personally unknown to each other, first became acquainted in the summer of 1796, at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire. Coleridge was then in his twenty-fourth year, and Wordsworth in his twenty-sixth. A congeniality of pursuit soon ripened into intimacy; and in September, 1798, the two poets, accompanied by Miss Wordsworth, made a tour in Germany.

Wordsworth's next publication was the first volume of his "Lyrical Ballads," published in the summer of 1798 by Mr. Joseph Cottle, of Bristol, who purchased the copyright for thirty guineas. It made no way with the public, and Cottle was a loser by the bargain. So little, indeed, was thought of the volume, that when Cottle's copyrights were transferred to the Messrs. Longman, the "Lyrical Ballads" was thrown in as a valueless volume, in the mercantile idea of the term. The copyright was afterward returned to Cottle; and by him transferred to the great poet, who lived to see it of real money value in the market of successful publications.

Disappointed but not disheartened by the very indifferent success of his "Lyrical Ballads," years elapsed before Mr. Wordsworth again appeared as a poet. But he was not idle. He was every year maturing his own principles of poetry and making good the remark of Coleridge, that to admire on principle is the only way to imitate without loss of originality. In the very year which witnessed the failure of his "Lyrical Ballads," he wrote his "Peter Bell," the most strongly condemned of all his poems. The publication of this when his name was better known (for he kept it by him till, he says, it nearly survived its *minority*) brought a shower of contemptuous criticisms on his head.

Wordsworth married in the year 1803 Miss Mary Hutchinson of Penrith, and settled among his beloved Lakes—first at Grasmere, and afterward at Rydal Mount. Southey's subsequent retirement to the same beautiful country, and Coleridge's visits to his brother poets, originated the name of the Lake School of Poetry—"the school of whining and hypochondriacal poets that

haunt the Lakes"—by which the opponents of their principles and the admirers of the *Edinburgh Review* distinguished the three great poets whose names have long been and will still continue to be connected.

Wordsworth's fame increasing, slowly, it is true, but securely, he put forth in 1807 two volumes of his poems. They were reviewed by Byron, then a young man of nineteen, and as yet not even a poet in print, in the *Monthly Literary Recreations* for the August of that year. "The poems before us," says the reviewer, "are by the author of 'Lyrical Ballads,' a collection which has not undeservedly met with a considerable share of public applause. The characteristics of Mr. Wordsworth's muse are, simple and flowing, though occasionally inharmonious verse, strong and sometimes irresistible appeals to the feelings, with unexceptionable sentiments. Though the present work may not equal his former efforts, many of the poems possess a native elegance, natural and unaffected, totally devoid of the tinsel embellishments and abstract hyperboles of several contemporary sonneteers. 'The Song at the feasting of Brougham Castle,' 'The Seven Sisters,' 'The Affliction of Margaret —, of —,' possess all the beauties and few of the defects of this writer. The pieces least worthy of the author are those entitled 'Moods of My Own Mind.' We certainly wish these moods had been less frequent." Such is a sample of Byron's criticism—and of the criticising indeed till very recently of a large class of people misled by the caustic notices of the *Edinburgh Review*, the pungent satires of Byron, and the admirable parody of the poet's occasional style contained in the "Rejected Addresses."

His next publication was "The Excursion, being a portion of The Recluse," printed in quarto in the autumn of 1814. The critics were hard upon it. "This will never do," was the memorable opening of the review in the *Edinburgh*. Men who thought for themselves thought highly of the poem—but few dared to speak out. Jeffrey boasted wherever he went that he had *crushed* it in its birth. "He crush 'The Excursion!'" said Southey, "tell him he might as easily crush Skiddaw." What Coleridge often wished, that the first two books of "The Excursion" had been published separately under the name of "The Deserted Cottage" was a happy idea—and one, if it had been carried into execution, that would have removed many of the trivial objections made at the time to its unfinished character.

While "The Excursion" was still dividing the critics much in the same way that Davenant's "Gondibert" divided them in the reign of Charles the Second, "Peter Bell" appeared, to throw among them yet greater difference of opinion. The author was evidently aware that the poem, from the novelty of its construction, and the still greater novelty of its hero, required some protection, and this protection he sought behind the name of Southey: with which he tells us in the Dedication, his own had often appeared "both for good and evil." The deriders of the poet laughed still louder than before—his admirers too were at first somewhat amazed—and the only consolation which the poet obtained was from a sonnet of his own, in imitation of Milton's sonnet, beginning:

A book was writ of late called "Tetrachordon."

This sonnet runs as follows—

A book came forth of late, called "Peter Bell;"  
Not negligent the style;—the matter?—good  
As aught that song records of Robin Hood;  
Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish dell;  
But some (who brook these hackneyed themes full wet  
Nor heat at Tam O'Shanter's name their blood)  
Waxed wrath, and with foul claws, a harpy brood  
On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.  
Heed not, wild Rover once through heath and glen.  
Who mad'st at length the better life thy choice.  
Heed not such onset! Nay, if praise of men  
To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,  
Lift up that gray-haired forehead and rejoice  
In the just tribute of thy poet's pen.

Lamb in thanking the poet for his strange but clever poem, asked "Where was 'The Wagoner?'" of which he retained a pleasant remembrance from hearing Wordsworth read it in MS. when first written in 1806. Pleased with the remembrance of the friendly essayist, the poet determined on sending "The Wagoner" to press—and in 1815 the poem appeared with a dedication to his old friend who had thought so favorably of it. Another publication of this period which found still greater favor with many of his admirers, was "The White Doe of Rylstone;" founded on a tradition connected with the beautiful scenery that surrounds Bolton Priory, and on a ballad in Percy's collection called "The Rising of the North."

His next poem of consequence in the history of his mind is "The River Duddon," described in a noble series of sonnets, and containing some of his very finest poetry. The poem is dedicated to his brother, the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, and appeared in 1820. The subject seems to have been suggested by Coleridge; who, among his many unfulfilled intentions, designed writing "The Brook," a poem which in his hands would surely have been a masterly performance.

The "Duddon" did much for the extension of Wordsworth's fame; and the public began to call, in consequence, for a fresh edition of his poems. The sneers of Byron, so frequent in his "Don Juan,"

such as,

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope,  
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey,  
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,  
The second drunk, the third so quaint and mouthey;

and again in another place,

"Peddlers" and "Boats" and "Wagons." Oh! ye shades  
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?

and somewhat further on,

The little boatman and his Peter Bell  
Can sneer at him who drew Achitophel,

fell comparatively harmless. The public had now found out (what was known only to a few before) that amid much novelty of construction and connected with some very homely heroes, there was a rich vein of the very noblest poetry throughout the whole of Wordsworth's works, such as was not to be found elsewhere in the whole body of English poetry. The author felt at the same time the truth of his own remark, that no really great poet had ever obtained an immediate reputation, or any popular recognition commensurate to his merits.

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Wordsworth's last publication of importance was his "Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems," published in 1835. The new volume, however, rather sustained than added to his reputation. Some of the finer poems are additions to his Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, which have always ranked among the most delightful of his works.

In the same year Mr. Wordsworth received a pension of £300 a year from Sir Robert Peel's government, and permission to resign his office of Stamp Distributor in favor of his son. The remaining fifteen years of his life were therefore even less diversified by events of moment than any fifteen years previous had been. He seems henceforth to have surrendered himself wholly to the muse—and to contemplations suitable to his own habits of mind and to the lovely country in which he lived. This course of life, however, was varied by a tour to Italy in company with his friend, Mr. Crabb Robinson. The result of his visit, as far as poetry is concerned, was not remarkable.

On Southey's death Mr. Wordsworth was appointed Poet Laureate: an appropriate appointment, if such an office was to be retained at all—for the laurel dignified by the brows of Ben Johnson, Davenant, Dryden, Tom Warton, and Southey, had been sullied and degraded by appearing on the unworthy temples of Tate, Eusden, Whitehead, and Pye. Once, and once only, did Wordsworth sing in discharge of his office—on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to the University of Cambridge. There is more obscurity, however, than poetry in what he wrote. Indeed, the Ode in question must be looked on as another addition to the numerous examples that we possess of how poor a figure the Muse invariably makes when the occasion of her appearance is such as the poet himself would not have selected for a voluntary invocation.

If Wordsworth was unfortunate—as he certainly was—in not finding any recognition of his merits till his hair was gray, he was luckier than other poets similarly situated have been in living to, a good old age, and in the full enjoyment of the amplest fame which his youthful dreams had ever pictured. His admirers have perhaps carried their idolatry too far: but there can be no doubt of the high position which he must always hold among British Poets. His style is simple, unaffected, and vigorous—his blank verse manly and idiomatic—his sentiments both noble and pathetic—and his images poetic and appropriate. His sonnets are among the finest in the language: Milton's scarcely finer. "I think," says Coleridge, "that Wordsworth possessed more of the genius of a great philosophic poet than any man I ever knew, or, as I believe, has existed in England since Milton; but it seems to me that he ought never to have abandoned the contemplative position which is peculiarly—perhaps I might say exclusively—fitted for him. His proper title is *Spectator ab extra*."

Mr. Wordsworth's works are rich in quotations suitable to the various phases of human life; and his name will be remembered not by his "Peter Bell," or his "Idiot Boy," or even his "Wagoner," but by his "Excursion," his "Laodamia," his "Tintern Abbey," some twenty of his sonnets, his "Daisy," and his "Yarrow Unvisited." The lineaments of his face will be perpetuated by Chantrey's noble bust; not by the pictures of it, which in too many cases justify the description that he gave of one of them in our hearing: "It is the head of a drover, or a common juryman, or a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, or a speaker in the House of Commons: ... as for the head of a poet, it is no such thing."

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## THE MOTHER'S FIRST DUTY.

I would wish every mother to pay attention to the difference between a course of action, adopted in compliance with *the authority*, and between a conduct pursued *for the sake of another*.



The first proceeds from reasoning; the second flows from affection. The first may be abandoned, when the immediate cause may have ceased to exist; the latter will be permanent, as it did not depend upon circumstances, or accidental considerations, but is founded in a moral and constant principle.

In the case now before us, if the infant does not disappoint the hope of the mother, it will be a proof, first of affection, secondly, of confidence.

Of affection—for the earliest, and the most innocent wish to please, is that of the infant to please the mother. If it be questioned, whether that wish can at all exist in one so little advanced in development. I would again, as I do upon almost all occasions, appeal to the experience of mothers.

It is a proof, also, of confidence. Whenever an infant has been neglected; when the necessary attention has not been paid to its wants; and when, instead of the smile of kindness, it has been treated with the frown of severity; it will be difficult to restore it to that quiet and amiable disposition, in which it will wait for the gratification of its desires without impatience, and enjoy it without greediness.

If affection and confidence have once gained ground in the heart, it will be the first duty of the mother to do every thing in her power to encourage, to strengthen, and to elevate this principle. —*Pestalozzi*.

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## PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

The revival of gymnastics is, in my opinion, the most important step that has been done in that direction. The great merit of the gymnastic art is not the facility with which certain exercises are performed, or the qualification which they may give for certain exertions that require much energy and dexterity; though an attainment of that sort is by no means to be despised. But the greatest advantage resulting from a practice of these exercises, is the natural progress which is observed in the arrangement of them, beginning with those which, while they are easy in themselves, yet lead as a preparatory practice to others which are more complicated and more difficult. There is not, perhaps, any art in which it may be so clearly shown, that energies which appeared to be wanting, are to be produced, as it were, or at least are to be developed, by no other means than practice alone. This might afford a most useful hint to all those who are engaged in teaching any object of instruction, and who meet with difficulties in bringing their pupils to that proficiency which they had expected. Let them recommence on a new plan, in which the exercises shall be differently arranged, and the subjects brought forward in a manner that will admit of the natural progress from the easier to the more difficult. When talent is wanting altogether, I know that it can not be imparted by any system of education. But I have been taught by experience to consider the cases, in which talents of any kind are absolutely wanting, but very few. And in most cases, I have had the satisfaction to find, that a faculty which had been quite given over, instead of being developed, had been obstructed rather in its agency by a variety of exercises which tended to perplex or to deter from further exertion.

And here I would attend to a prejudice, which is common enough, concerning the use of gymnastics; it is frequently said, that they may be very good for those who are strong enough; but that those who are suffering from weakness of constitution would be altogether unequal to, and even endangered by, a practice of gymnastics.

Now, I will venture to say, that this rests merely upon a misunderstanding of the first principles of gymnastics: the exercises not only vary in proportion to the strength of individuals; but exercises may be, and have been devised, for those also who were decidedly suffering. And I have consulted the authority of the first physicians, who declared, that in cases which had come under their personal observation, individuals affected with pulmonary complaints, if these had not already proceeded too far, had been materially relieved and benefited by a constant practice of the few and simple exercises, which the system in such cases proposes.

And for this very reason, that exercises may be devised for every age, and for every degree of bodily strength, however reduced, I consider it to be essential, that mothers should make themselves acquainted with the principles of gymnastics, in order that, among the elementary and preparatory exercises, they may be able to select those which, according to circumstances, will be most likely to suit and benefit their children.

If the physical advantage of gymnastics is great and incontrovertible, I would contend, that the moral advantage resulting from them is as valuable. I would again appeal to your own observation. You have seen a number of schools in Germany and Switzerland, of which gymnastics formed a leading feature; and I recollect that in our conversations on the subject, you made the remark, which exactly agrees with my own experience, that gymnastics, well conducted, essentially contribute to render children not only cheerful and healthy, which, for moral education, are two all-important points, but also to promote among them a certain spirit of union, and a brotherly feeling, which is most gratifying to the observer: habits of industry, openness and frankness of character, personal courage, and a manly conduct in suffering pain, are also among the natural and constant consequences of an early and a continued practice of

MARRIED MEN.—So good was he, that I now take the opportunity of making a confession which I have often had upon my lips, but have hesitated to make from the fear of drawing upon myself the hatred of every married woman. But now I will run the risk—so now for it—some time or other, people must unburden their hearts. I confess, then, that I never find, and never have found a man more lovable, more captivating than when he is a married man; that is to say, a good married man. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect in my eyes as when he is married, as when he is a husband, and the father of a family, supporting, in his manly arms, wife and children, and the whole domestic circle, which, in his entrance into the married state, closes around him and constitutes a part of his home and his world. He is not merely ennobled by this position, but he is actually *beautified* by it. Then he appears to me as the crown of creation; and it is only such a man as this who is dangerous to me, and with whom I am inclined to fall in love. But then propriety forbids it. And Moses, and all European legislators declare it to be sinful, and all married women would consider it a sacred duty to stone me.

Nevertheless, I can not prevent the thing. It is so, and it can not be otherwise, and my only hope of appeasing those who are excited against me is in my further confession, that no love affects me so pleasantly; the contemplation of no happiness makes me so happy, as that between married people. It is amazing to myself, because it seems to me, that I living unmarried, or mateless, have with that happiness little to do. But it is so, and it always was so.—*Miss Bremer.*

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[From the London Examiner.]

**SIDNEY SMITH ON MORAL PHILOSOPHY.**

*Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy*; delivered at the Royal Institution, in the years 1804, 1805, and 1806. By the late Rev. Sydney Smith, M.A. Longman and Co.

How difficult it is to discover the merits of a manuscript appears from the history of this book. Lord Jeffrey, consulted as to the expediency of its publication, while it yet existed but in pen and ink, gave a decidedly adverse opinion. But some hundred copies having been printed for private distribution, and a copy reaching Lord Jeffrey, he hastened, with his accustomed candor and sweetness of disposition, to retract his hostile verdict, after reading the book in print; and (only three days before he was attacked by the illness which terminated his valuable life) thus wrote to Sydney Smith's widow:

"I am now satisfied that in what I then said, I did great and grievous injustice to the merit of these lectures, and was quite wrong in dissuading their publication, or concluding they would add nothing to the reputation of the author; on the contrary, my firm impression is, that, with a few exceptions, they will do him as much credit as any thing he ever wrote, and produce, on the whole, a stronger impression of the force and vivacity of his intellect, as well as a *truer* and more engaging view of his character, than most of what the world has yet seen of his writings."

One practical application of this anecdote is to enforce the importance of calligraphical studies upon authors. A hieroglyphical hand is the false medium excluding British authors from the public; in general we should say that there is no class of men whose education in this respect is so deplorably imperfect, or to whom "only six lessons" would so often be priceless.

We must confess that the book before us has taken us by surprise, notwithstanding our affectionate esteem and admiration for its writer. It has raised our estimate of the power and range of his intellect, of his insight into human character, of his well-balanced judgment, of his tolerance and charity undebased by compromise with the vicious or mean, of the vigorous play of his thoughts, of the sustained beauty of his style, of his eloquence as well as his humor, and of his profundity no less than of his wit. Hurriedly composed and unrevised though the lectures obviously are, fragmentary as the condition is in which they have been preserved, they are an invaluable addition to English literature.

Their delivery is associated with the first outbreak of a fashion ridiculed by Lord Byron in his *Beppo* and his *Blues*. The poet's satirical touches notwithstanding, we think that those lectures at the Royal Institution were even more wanted by their fashionable auditors at the time, than the similar prelections at Mechanics' Institutes which came in vogue for less fashionable auditors some few years later. Had it only been possible to insure the services of a series of Sydney Smiths, the Institution might have gone on lecturing to the present day to the unspeakable advantage of all parties concerned. What innumerable fopperies in literature, in politics, in religion, we might thus have escaped, it is not easy to conjecture!

The "Elementary Sketches" were delivered soon after the commencement of Sydney's metropolitan career, and bear strong marks of his recent residence in Edinburgh. In their general outline they closely approximate to the course delivered from the moral philosophy chairs of Scotch Universities. The division of the subject is the same; the authorities most frequently and

panegyrically cited are the same; the principles and opinions set forth are in the main the same. Sydney Smith's moral philosophy belongs undeniably to the Scotch school—to the school of Reid, Stewart, and Adam Smith. But his "sketches" do not the less indicate an original thinker, a master in the science taught, and one who can suggest to the great men we have named almost as much as he receives from them.

The book is an excellent illustration of what could be gained by engrafting the Edinburgh philosophy on a full-grown healthy English intellect. The habits of English society, and the classical tastes imbibed at an English University, preserved Sydney Smith from that touch of pedantry which characterized the thinkers of the Scotch universities, trained in a provincial sphere, and trammled by the Calvinistic logic even after they had freed themselves from the Calvinistic theology. Without disparaging the Edinburgh school of literature, the fact must be admitted that its most prominent ornaments have generally had the advantage of a "foreign" education. Hume and Black studied in France; Adam Smith was the member of an English university; Jeffrey had become familiar with Oxford, though he did not stay there; Homer was caught young, and civilized at Hackney; and Mackintosh and Brougham, thoroughly Scotch-bred, expanded amazingly when transplanted to the south. It may be a national weakness, but it occurs to us that Sydney Smith, who was southern born as well as bred, is still more free from narrownesses and angularities than any of them.

The healthy and genial nature of the man accounts for his most characteristic excellencies, but this book exhibits much we had not looked for. The lectures on the passions evince a power of comprehending and sympathizing with what is great in the emotional part of human nature for which we were not prepared. The lectures on the conduct of the understanding, and on habit, show that the writer had studied profoundly and successfully the discipline of the mind and character. The lectures on the beautiful are pervaded by a healthy and unaffected appreciation of the loveliness of external nature. And combined with these high qualities, is that incessant play of witty and humorous fancy (perhaps the only certain safeguard against sentimental and systematic excesses, and, when duly restrained by the judgment and moral sense, the best corrective of hasty philosophizing), so peculiar to Sydney Smith. Much of all that we have mentioned is indeed and undoubtedly attributable to the original constitution of Smith's mind; but for much he was also, beyond all question, indebted to the greater freedom of thought and conversation which (as compared with the Scotch) has always characterized literary and social opinion in England.

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The topics discussed in the lectures naturally resolve themselves into, and are arranged in, three divisions. We have an analysis of the thinking faculties, or the powers of perception, conception, and reasoning; an analysis of the powers of taste, or of what Schiller and other Germans designate the *æsthetical* part of our nature; and an exposition of the "active powers of the mind," as they are designated in the nomenclature of the school of Reid, the appetites, passions, and will. All these themes are discussed with constant reference to a practical application of the knowledge conveyed. Every thing is treated in subordination to the establishment of rules for the right conduct of the understanding, and the formation of good habits. These practical lessons for the strengthening of the reason, and the regulation of the emotions and imagination, constitute what, in the language of Sydney Smith, and the school to which he belongs, is called "Moral Philosophy."

Apart from any particular school, the impression of the author left by the perusal of his lectures is that he was a man of considerable reading in books, but far more deeply read in the minds of those he encountered in society. It is in this extensive knowledge of the world, confirming and maturing the judgments suggested by his wisely-balanced powers of feeling and humor, that the superiority of Smith over the rest of his school consists. He knows men not merely as they are represented in books, but as they actually are; he knows them not only as they exist in a provincial sphere, narrowed by petty interests and trammled by pedantic opinion, but as they exist in the freest community of the world, where boundless ambition and enterprise find full scope.

It appears to us that Sydney Smith is most perfectly at home—most entirely in his element—when discussing the "active powers" of man, or those impulses in which originate the practical business of life. Scarcely, if at all, secondary in point of excellence to his remarks on these topics, are those which he makes on the sublime and beautiful (a fact for which many will not be prepared), and on wit and humor (which every body will have expected). The least conclusive and satisfactory of his discussions are those which relate to the intellectual powers, or the anatomy of mind. With reference to this part of the course, however, it must be kept in remembrance that here, more than in the other two departments, he was fettered by the necessity of being popular in his language, and brief and striking in his illustrations, in order to keep within the range of the understandings and intellects of his auditory. These earlier lectures, too, survive in a more fragmentary and dilapidated condition than the rest. And after all, even where we seem to miss a sufficiently extensive and intimate acquaintance with the greatest and best writers on the subjects handled, or a sufficiently subtle and precise phraseology, we always find the redeeming qualities of lively and original conception, of witty and forcible illustration, and of sound manly sense most felicitously expressed.

In the general tone and tendency of the lectures there is something Socratic. There is the pervading common sense and practical turn of mind which characterized the Greek philosopher. There is the liberal tolerance, and the moral intrepidity. There is the amusement always

insinuating or enforcing instruction. There is the conversational tone, and adaptation to the tastes and habits of the social circle. We feel that we are listening to a man who moves habitually in what is called the best society, who can relish and add a finishing grace to the pleasures of those portions of the community, but who retains unsophisticated his estimate of higher and more important matters, and whose incessant aim is to engraft a better and worthier tone of thought and aspiration upon the predominating frivolity of his associates. Nothing can be more graceful or charming than the way in which Sydney accommodates himself to the habitual language and thoughts of his brilliant auditory; nothing more manly or strengthening than the sound practical lessons he reads to them. Such a manual should now be invaluable to our aristocracy. Let them thoroughly imbue themselves with its precepts, and do their best to act as largely as possible upon its suggestions. They can have no better chance of maintaining their position in the front of English society.

To appreciate the book as a whole—and its purpose, thought, and sentiment impart to it a unity of the highest kind—it must be not only read but studied. A few citations, however, gleaned here and there at random, may convey some notion of the characteristic beauties and felicities of thought and expression which are scattered through every page of it.

SOCRATES.

Socrates was, in truth, not very fond of subtle and refined speculations; and upon the intellectual part of our nature, little or nothing of his opinions is recorded. If we may infer any thing from the clearness and simplicity of his opinions on moral subjects, and from the bent which his genius had received for the useful and the practical, he would certainly have laid a strong foundation for rational metaphysics. The slight sketch I have given of his moral doctrines contains nothing very new or very brilliant, but comprehends those moral doctrines which every person of education has been accustomed to hear from his childhood; but two thousand years ago they were great discoveries, two thousand years since, common sense was not invented. If Orpheus, or Linus, or any of those melodious moralists, sung, in bad verses, such advice as a grandmamma would now give to a child of six years old, he was thought to be inspired by the gods, and statues and altars were erected to his memory. In Hesiod there is a very grave exhortation to mankind to wash their faces: and I have discovered a very strong analogy between the precepts of Pythagoras and Mrs. Trimmer; both think that a son ought to obey his father, and both are clear that a good man is better than a bad one. Therefore, to measure aright this extraordinary man, we must remember the period at which he lived; that he was the first who called the attention of mankind from the pernicious subtleties which engaged and perplexed their wandering understandings to the practical rules of life; he was the great father and inventor of common sense, as Ceres was of the plow, and Bacchus of intoxication. First, he taught his contemporaries that they did not know what they pretended to know; then he showed them that they knew nothing; then he told them what they ought to know. Lastly, to sum the praise of Socrates, remember that two thousand years ago, while men were worshiping the stones on which they trod, and the insects which crawled beneath their feet; two thousand years ago, with the bowl of poison in his hand, Socrates said, "I am persuaded that my death, which is now just coming, will conduct me into the presence of the gods, who are the most righteous governors, and into the society of just and good men; and I derive confidence from the hope that something of man remains after death, and that the condition of good men will then be much better than that of the bad." Soon after this he covered himself up with his cloak and expired.

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PLATO.

Of all the disciples of Socrates, Plato, though he calls himself the least, was certainly the most celebrated. As long as philosophy continued to be studied among the Greeks and Romans, his doctrines were taught, and his name revered. Even to the present day his writings give a tinge to the language and speculations of philosophy and theology. Of the majestic beauty of Plato's style, it is almost impossible to convey an adequate idea. He keeps the understanding up to a high pitch of enthusiasm longer than any existing writer; and, in reading Plato, zeal and animation seem rather to be the regular feelings than the casual effervescence of the mind. He appears almost disdainful of the mutability and imperfection of the earth on which he treads, to be drawing down fire from heaven, and to be seeking among the gods above, for the permanent, the beautiful, and the grand! In contrasting the vigor and the magnitude of his conceptions with the extravagance of his philosophical tenets, it is almost impossible to avoid wishing that he had confined himself to the practice of eloquence; and, in this way giving range and expansion to the mind which was struggling within him, had become one of those famous orators who

"Wielded at will that fierce democratic,  
Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece  
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

After having said so much of his language, I am afraid I must proceed to his philosophy; observing always, that, in stating it, I do not always pretend to understand it, and do not even engage to defend it. In comparing the very few marks of sobriety and discretion with the splendor of his genius, I have often exclaimed as Prince Henry did about Falstaff's bill, "Oh, monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"

DR. REID.

In answer to these metaphysical lunacies, Dr. Reid has contended that, for all reasoning, there

must be some first principles from whence such reasoning originates, and which must *necessarily* be incapable of proof or they would not be *first principles*; and that facts so irresistibly ingrafted upon human belief as the existence of mind and matter, must be assumed for truths, and reasoned upon as such. All that these skeptics have said of the outer and the inner world may, with equal justice, be applied to every other radical truth. Who can prove his own personal identity? A man may think himself a clergyman, and believe he has preached for these ten years last past; but I defy him to offer any sort of *proof* that he has not been a fishmonger all the time ... ever doubt that all reasoning *must* end in arbitrary belief; that we must, at last, come to that point where the only reply can be, "I *am so*—this belief is the constitution of my nature—God willed it." I grant that this reasoning is a ready asylum for ignorance and imbecility, and that it affords too easy a relief from the pain of rendering a reason: but the most unwearied vigor of human talents must at last end there; the wisdom of ages can get no further; here, after all, the Porch, the Garden, the Academy, the Lyceum, must close their labors.

Much as we are indebted to Dr. Reid for preaching up this doctrine, he has certainly executed it very badly; and nothing can be more imperfect than the table of first principles which he has given us—an enumeration of which is still a desideratum of the highest importance. The skeptics may then call the philosophy of the human mind merely hypothetical; but if it be so, all other knowledge must, of course, be hypothetical also; and if it be so, and all is erroneous, it will do quite as well as reality, if we keep up a certain proportion in our errors: for there *may* be no such things as lunar tables, no sea, and no ships; but, by falling into one of these errors after the other, we avoid shipwreck, or, what is the same thing, as it gives the same pain, the idea of shipwreck. So with the philosophy of the human mind: I may have no memory, and no imagination—they may be mistakes; but if I cultivate them both, I derive honor and respect from my fellow-creatures, which may be mistakes also; but they harmonize so well together, that they are quite as good as realities. The only evil of errors is, that they are never supported by consequences; if they were, they would be as good as realities. Great merit is given to Dr. Reid for his destruction of what is called the ideal system, but I confess I can not see the important consequences to which it has yet led.

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#### PUNS.

I have mentioned puns. They are, I believe, what I have denominated them—the wit of words. They are exactly the same to words which wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfect in its kind, should contain two distinct meanings; the one common and obvious; the other, more remote; and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful, that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs*; but whenever he met with it he always pronounced it *partridges*. A friend of the writer observed to her, that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now, here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase; for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection and calls *game*; and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in the sudden discovery that two such different meanings are referable to one form of expression. I have very little to say about puns; they are in very bad repute, and so they *ought to* be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance which seems for a moment to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them; it is a radically bad race of wit. By unremitting persecution, it has been at last got under, and driven into cloisters—from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world.

#### IMPORTANCE OF BEING ABLE TO DESPISE RIDICULE.

I know of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachment of ridicule. Give up to the world, and to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion, every trifling question of manner and appearance; it is to toss courage and firmness to the winds, to combat with the mass upon such subjects as these. But learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule: you can no more exercise your reason, if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life, if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear—do it, not for insolence, but *seriously* and *grandly*—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean, if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you feel that you are firm: resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after-time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.

#### BULLS AND CHARADES.

A bull—which must by no means be passed over in this recapitulation of the family of wit and humor—a bull is exactly the counterpart of a witticism: for as wit discovers real relations that are not apparent, bulls admit apparent relations that are not real. The pleasure arising from bulls, proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering two things to be dissimilar in which a

resemblance might have been suspected. The same doctrine will apply to wit and bulls in action. Practical wit discovers connection or relation between actions, in which duller understandings discover none; and practical bulls originate from an apparent relation between two actions which more correct understandings immediately perceive to have none at all. In the late rebellion in Ireland, the rebels, who had conceived a high degree of indignation against some great banker, passed a resolution that they would burn his notes; which they accordingly did, with great assiduity; forgetting, that in burning his notes they were destroying his debts, and that for every note which went into the flames, a correspondent value went into the banker's pocket. A gentleman, in speaking of a nobleman's wife of great rank and fortune, lamented very much that she had no children. A medical gentleman who was present observed, that to have no children was a great misfortune, but he thought he had remarked it was *hereditary* in some families. Take any instance of this branch of the ridiculous, and you will always find an apparent relation of ideas leading to a complete inconsistency.

I shall say nothing of charades, and such sort of unpardonable trumpery: if charades are made at all, they should be made without benefit of clergy, the offender should instantly be hurried off to execution, and be cut off in the middle of his dullness, without being allowed to explain to the executioner why his first is like his second, or what is the resemblance between his fourth and his ninth.

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#### WIT AND PROFESSED WITS.

I wish, after all I have said about wit and humor, I could satisfy myself of their good effects upon the character and disposition; but I am convinced the probable tendency of both is, to corrupt the understanding and the heart. I am not speaking of wit where it is kept down by more serious qualities of mind, and thrown into the background of the picture; but where it stands out boldly and emphatically, and is evidently the master quality in any particular mind. Professed wits, though they are generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess. The habit of seeing things in a witty point of view, increases, and makes incursions from its own proper regions, upon principles and opinions which are ever held sacred by the wise and good. A witty man is a dramatic performer: in process of time, he can no more exist without applause than he can exist without air; if his audience be small, or if they are inattentive, or if a new wit defrauds him of any portion of his admiration, it is all over with him—he sickens, and is extinguished. The applauses of the theatre on which he performs are so essential to him, that he must obtain them at the expense of decency, friendship, and good feeling. It must always be *probable*, too, that a *mere* wit is a person of light and frivolous understanding. His business is not to discover relations of ideas that are *useful*, and have a real influence upon life, but to discover the more trifling relations which are only amusing; he never looks at things with the naked eye of common sense, but is always gazing at the world through a Claude Lorraine glass—discovering a thousand appearances which are created only by the instrument of inspection, and covering every object with factitious and unnatural colors. In short, the character of a *mere* wit it is impossible to consider as very amiable, very respectable, or very safe. So far the world, in judging of wit where it has swallowed up all other qualities, judge aright; but I doubt if they are sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a lesser degree, and as one out of many other ingredients of the understanding. There is an association in men's minds between dullness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a very powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is, that the *outward* signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much *more* than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be, that wit is very seldom the *only* eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times, have been witty, Cæsar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon, were witty men; so were Cicero, Shakspeare, Demosthenes, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Jonson, Waller, Cowley, Solon, Socrates, Dr. Johnson, and almost every man who has made a distinguished figure in the House of Commons. I have talked of the *danger* of wit: I do not mean by that to enter into commonplace declamation against faculties because they *are* dangerous; wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, *every* thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigor for its characteristics: nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something; to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible. The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much *better* than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit; wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness—teaching age, and care, and pain to smile—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this, is surely the *flavor of the mind!* Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by

tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marl."

#### INFLUENCE OF ASSOCIATION.

I remember once seeing an advertisement in the papers, with which I was much struck; and which I will take the liberty of reading: "Lost, in the Temple Coffee-house, and supposed to be taken away by mistake, an oaken stick, which has supported its master not only over the greatest part of Europe, but has been his companion in his journeys over the inhospitable deserts of Africa: whoever will restore it to the waiter, will confer a very serious obligation on the advertiser; or, if that be any object, shall receive a recompense very much above the value of the article restored." Now, here is a man, who buys a sixpenny stick, because it is useful; and, totally forgetting the trifling causes which first made his stick of any consequence, speaks of it with warmth and affection; calls it his companion; and would hardly have changed it, perhaps, for the gold stick which is carried before the king. But the best and the strongest example of this, and of the customary progress of association, is in the passion of avarice. A child only loves a guinea because it shines; and, as it is equally splendid, he loves a gilt button as well. In after-life, he begins to love wealth, because it affords him the comforts of existence; and then loves it so well, that he denies himself the common comforts of life to increase it. The uniting idea is so totally forgotten, that it is completely sacrificed to the ideas which it unites. Two friends unite against the person to whose introduction they are indebted for their knowledge of each other; exclude him their society, and ruin him by their combination.

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#### INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF ENJOYMENT.

Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence, by the memory of it. A childhood passed with a due mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure; and, in extreme old age, is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life, from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure: and it is most probably the recollection of their past pleasures, which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them; and carries them back to a world that is past, and to scenes never to be renewed again.

#### HAPPINESS AS A MORAL AGENT.

That virtue gives happiness we all know; but if it be true that happiness contributes to virtue, the principle furnishes us with some sort of excuse for the errors and excesses of able young man, at the bottom of life, fretting with impatience under their obscurity, and hatching a thousand chimeras of being neglected and overlooked by the world. The natural cure for these errors is the sunshine of prosperity: as they get happier, they get better, and learn, from the respect which they receive from others, to respect themselves. "Whenever," says Mr. Lancaster (in his book just published), "I met with a boy particularly mischievous, I made him a monitor: I never knew this fail." The *cause* for the promotion, and the kind of encouragement it must occasion, I confess appear rather singular, but of the *effect*, I have no sort of doubt.

#### POWER OF HABIT.

Habit uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions: whatever we do often, we become more and more apt to do. A snuff-taker begins with a pinch of snuff per day, and ends with a pound or two every month. Swearing begins in anger; it ends by mingling itself with ordinary conversation. Such-like instances are of too common notoriety to need that they be adduced; but, as I before observed, at the very time that the tendency to do the thing is every day increasing, the pleasure resulting from it is, by the blunted sensibility of the bodily organ, diminished, and the desire is irresistible, though the gratification is nothing. There is rather an entertaining example of this in Fielding's "Life of Jonathan Wild," in that scene where he is represented as playing at cards with the count, a professed gambler. "Such," says Mr. Fielding, "was the power of habit over the minds of these illustrious persons, that Mr. Wild could not keep his hands out of the count's pockets, though he knew they were empty; nor could the count abstain from palming a card, though he was well aware Mr. Wild had no money to pay him."

#### THE USE OF THE PASSIONS.

The passions are in morals, what motion is in physics; they create, preserve, and animate, and without them all would be silence and death. Avarice guides men across the deserts of the ocean; pride covers the earth with trophies, and mausoleums, and pyramids; love turns men from their savage rudeness; ambition shakes the very foundations of kingdoms. By the love of glory, weak nations swell into magnitude and strength. Whatever there is of terrible, whatever there is of beautiful in human events, all that shakes the soul to and fro, and is remembered while thought and flesh cling together, all these have their origin from the passions. As it is only in storms, and when their coming waters are driven up into the air, that we catch a sight of the depths of the sea, it is only in the season of perturbation that we have a glimpse of the real internal nature of man. It is then only that the might of these eruptions, shaking his frame, dissipates all the feeble coverings of opinion, and rends in pieces that cobweb veil with which fashion hides the feelings of the heart. It is then only that Nature speaks her genuine feelings; and, as at the last night of Troy, when Venus illumined the darkness, Æneas saw the gods themselves at work, so may we,

when the blaze of passion is flung upon man's nature, mark in him the signs of a celestial origin, and tremble at the invisible agents of God!

Look at great men in critical and perilous moments, when every cold and little spirit is extinguished: their passions always bring them out harmless, and at the very moment when they *seem* to perish, they emerge into greater glory. Alexander in the midst of his mutinous soldiers; Frederick of Prussia, combating against the armies of three kingdoms; Cortes, breaking in pieces the Mexican empire: their passions led all these great men to fix their attention strongly upon the objects of their desires; they saw them under aspects unknown to, and unseen by common men, and which enabled them to conceive and execute those hardy enterprises, deemed rash and foolish, till their wisdom was established by their success. It is, in fact, the great passions alone which enable men to distinguish between what is difficult and what is impossible; a distinction always confounded by merely *sensible* men, who do not even *suspect* the existence of those means which men of genius employ to effect their object. It is only passion which gives a man that high enthusiasm for his country, and makes him regard it as the only object worthy of human attention; an enthusiasm which to common eyes appears madness and extravagance, but which always creates fresh powers of mind, and commonly insures their ultimate success. In fact, it is only the great passions which, tearing us away from the seductions of indolence, endow us with that continuity of attention, to which alone superiority of mind is attached. It is to their passions alone, under the providence of God, that nations must trust, when perils gather thick about them, and their last moments seem to be at hand. The history of the world shows us that men are not to be counted by their numbers, but by the fire and vigor of their passions; by their deep sense of injury; by their memory of past glory; by their eagerness for fresh fame; by their clear and steady resolution of ceasing to live, or of achieving a particular object, which, when it is *once* formed, strikes off a load of manacles and chains, and gives free space to all heavenly and heroic feelings. All great and extraordinary actions come from the heart. There are seasons in human affairs, when qualities fit enough to conduct the common business of life, are feeble and useless, and when men must trust to emotion for that safety which reason at such times can never give. These are the feelings which led the ten thousand over the Carduchian mountains; these are the feelings by which a handful of Greeks broke in pieces the power of Persia: they have, by turns, humbled Austria, reduced Spain; and in the fens of the Dutch, and on the mountains of the Swiss, defended the happiness, and revenged the oppressions of man! God calls all the passions out in their keenness and vigor for the present safety of mankind. Anger, and revenge, and the heroic mind, and a readiness to suffer; all the secret strength, all the invisible array of the feelings, all that nature has reserved for the great scenes of the world. For the usual hopes and the common aids of man are all gone! Kings have perished, armies are subdued, nations mouldered away! Nothing remains, under God, but those passions which have often proved the best ministers of His vengeance, and the surest protectors of the world.

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In that, and similar passages, a sustained feeling and expression not ordinarily associated with Sydney Smith, impresses the reader with its unaffected eloquence and emotion. We close the book reluctantly, for we leave many things unquoted that had the most forcibly impressed us. In the two chapters on the conduct of the understanding, there are most masterly disquisitions on labor and study as connected with the manifestations of genius; on the importance of men adhering to the particular line of their powers or talents, and on the tendency of all varieties of human accomplishment to the same great object of exalting and gladdening life. We would also particularly mention a happy and noble recommendation of the uses of classical study at the close of the chapter on the sublime.

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## YOUNG POET'S PLAIN.

God, release our dying sister!  
Beauteous blight hath sadly kiss'd her  
Whiter than the wild, white roses,  
Famine in her face discloses  
Mute submission, patience holy,  
Passing fair! but passing slowly.

Though she said, "You know I'm dying."  
In her heart green trees are sighing;  
Not of them hath pain bereft her,  
In the city, where we left her:  
"Bring," she said, "a hedgeside blossom!"  
Love shall lay it on her bosom.

ELLIOTT.

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ALEXANDER AFTER THE RETREAT FROM LUTZEN.—"The Emperor of Russia passed the night of the battle at Pegau, whither his britcka containing his papers and camp-bed had been brought; and, after having been twenty-four hours on horseback, Lord Cathcart and his staff found the bare floor of a cottage so comfortable a couch, without even the luxury of straw, that no one seemed in a hurry



to rise when we were informed soon after daylight, that his imperial majesty was about to mount and depart, and that the enemy were approaching to dislodge us. The emperor slowly rode some miles toward the rear, along the Altenburg road, conversing with Lord Cathcart about the battle: he laid great stress upon the report of the commandant of artillery as to the want of ammunition, which he assigned as the principal reason for not renewing the action; he spoke of the result as a victory gained on our side; and it was afterward the fashion in the army to consider it as such, though not perhaps a victory so important in its consequences, or so decisive as could have been wished. At length the emperor observed that he did not like to be seen riding, fast to the rear, and that it was now necessary for him to go to Dresden with all expedition, and prepare for ulterior operations: he then entered his little traveling-carriage, which was drawn by relays of Cossack horses, and proceeded by Altenburg to Penig."—*Cathcart*.

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**[From the Dublin University Magazine.]**

**SONNETS FROM THE ITALIAN.**

**UPON THE DEATH OF THE REDEEMER.**

**BY MINZONI.**

When, in that last, loud wail, the Son of God  
Rent open graves and shook the mountain's steep—  
Adam, affrighted from his world-long sleep,  
Raised up his head; then stark and upright stood:  
With fear and wonder filled, he moved around  
His troubled eyes—then asked, with throbbing heart,  
Who was that awful One who hung apart,  
Gore-stained and lifeless, on the curst tree bound.  
Soon as he learned, his penitent hand defiled  
His shriveled brow and bloodless cheeks, and tore  
The hoary locks that streamed his shoulders o'er.  
Turning to Eve, in lamentation wild,  
He cried, 'till Calvary echoed to the cry—  
"WOMAN! FOR THEE I'VE GIVEN MY LORD TO DIE!"

**TWO SONNETS ON JUDAS.**

**BY MONTI.**

**I.**

Down on the Temple-floor the traitor flung  
The infamous bribe for which he sold the Lord,  
Then in despair rushed forth, and with a cord,  
From out the tree, his reprobate body hung.  
Pent in his throat, the struggling spirit poured  
A mingled sound of rage and wildest grief,  
And Christ it cursed, and its own sin in chief,  
Which glutted hell with triumphs so abhorred.  
Forth with a howl at last the spirit fled.  
Then Justice bore it to the holy mount,  
And dipping there her finger in the fount  
Of Christ's all-sacred blood, the sentence dread  
Wrote on its brow of everlasting woe,  
Then, loathing, plunged it into hell below.

**II.**

Down into hell that wretched soul she flung,  
When lo! a mighty earthquake shook the ground;  
The mountain reeled. The wind swept fierce around  
The black and strangled body where it hung.  
From Calvary at eve, the angels wending,  
On slow, hushed wing, their holy vigil o'er,  
Saw it afar, and swift their white wings, blending  
With trembling fear, their pure eyes spread before.  
Meanwhile fiends pluck the corse down in the gloom,  
And on their burning shoulders, as a bier,  
Convey the burden to its nameless doom.  
Cursing and howling, downward thus they steer

Their hell-ward course, and in its depths restore  
The wandering soul to its damned corse once more.

#### SONNET UPON JUDAS.

BY GIANNI.

Spent with the struggles of his mad despair,  
Judas hung gasping from the fatal tree;  
Then swift the tempter-fiend sprang on him there,  
Flapping his flame-red wings exultingly.  
With griping claws he clutched the noose that bound  
The traitor's throat, and hurled him down below,  
Where hell's hot depths, incessant bubbling glow  
His burning flesh and crackling bones around:  
There, mid the gloomy shades, asunder riven  
By storm and lurid flame, was SATAN seen;  
Relaxing his stern brow, with hideous grin.  
Within his dusky arms the wretch he caught,  
And with smutched lips, fuliginous and hot,  
*Repaid the kiss which he to Christ had given.*

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## THE CHARACTER OF BURNS.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Perhaps no falsehood has been more frequently repeated, than that men of genius are less fortunate and less virtuous than other men; but the obvious truth, that they who attempt little are less liable to failure than they who attempt much, will account for the proverbial good luck of fools. In our estimate of the sorrows and failings of literary men, we forget that sorrow is the common lot; we forget, too, that the misfortunes and the errors of men of genius are recorded; and that, although their virtues may be utterly forgotten, their minutest faults will be sure to find zealous historians. And this is as it should be. Let the dead instruct us. But slanderers blame, in individuals, what belongs to the species. "We women," says Clytemnestra in Eschylus, when meditating the murder of her husband, and in reply to an attendant who was praising the gentleness of the sex, "We women are—what we are." So is it with us all. Then let every fault of men of genius be known; but let not hypocrisy come with a sponge, and wipe away their virtues.

Of the misfortunes of Cowper we have all heard, and certainly he was unfortunate, for he was liable to fits of insanity. But it might be said of him, that he was tended through life by weeping angels. Warm-hearted friends watched and guarded him with intense and unwearied solicitude; the kindest hearted of the softer sex, the best of the best, seems to have been born only to anticipate his wants. A glance at the world, will show us that his fate, though sad, was not saddest; for how many madmen are there, and how many men still more unfortunate than madmen, who have no living-creature to aid, or soothe, or pity them! Think of Milton—"blind among enemies!"

But the saddest incident in the life of Cowper remains to be told. In his latter days, he was pensioned by the crown—a misfortune which I can forgive to him, but not to destiny. It is consoling to think, that he was not long conscious of his degradation after the cruel kindness was inflicted on him. But why did not his friends, if weary of sustaining their kinsman stricken by the arrows of the Almighty, suffer him to perish in a *beggars'* mad-house? Would he had died in a ditch rather than this shadow had darkened over his grave! Burns was more fortunate in his death than Cowper: he lived self-supported to the end. Glorious hearted Burns! Noble, but unfortunate Cowper!

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Burns was one of the few poets fit to be seen. It has been asserted that genius is a disease—the malady of physical inferiority. It is certain that we have heard of Pope, the hunchback: of Scott and Byron, the cripples: of the epileptic Julius Cæsar, who, it is said, never planned a great battle without going into fits; and of Napoleon, whom a few years of trouble killed: where Cobbett (a man of talent, not of genius) would have melted St. Helena, rather than have given up the ghost with a full belly. If Pope could have leaped over five-barred gates, he probably would not have written his inimitable sofa-and-lap-dog poetry; but it does not follow that he would not have written the "Essay on Man;" and they who assert that genius is a physical disease, should remember that, as true critics are more rare than true poets, we having only one in our language, William Hazlitt, so, very tall and complete men are as rare as genius itself, a fact well known to persons who have the appointment of constables. And if it is undeniable that God wastes nothing, and that we, therefore, perhaps seldom find a gigantic body combined with a soul of Æolian tones; it is equally undeniable, that Burns was an exception to the rule—a man of genius, tall, strong, and handsome, as any man that could be picked out of a thousand at a country fair.

But he was unfortunate, we are told. Unfortunate! He was a tow-heckler who cleared six hundred

pounds by the sale of his poems: of which sum he left two hundred pounds behind him, in the hands of his brother Gilbert: two facts which prove that he could neither be so unfortunate, nor so imprudent, as we are told he was. If he had been a mere tow-heckler, I suspect he would never have possessed six hundred shillings.

But he *was* imprudent, it is said. Now, he is a wise man who has done one act that influences beneficially his whole life. Burns did three such acts—he wrote poetry—he published it; and, despairing of his farm, he became an exciseman. It is true he did one imprudent act; and, I hope, the young persons around me will be warned by it; he took a farm, without thoroughly understanding the business of farming.

It does not appear that he wasted or lost any capital, except what he threw away on his farm. He was unlucky, but not imprudent in giving it up when he did. Had he held it a little longer, the Bank Restriction Act would have enriched him at the expense of his landlord; but Burns was an honest man, and, therefore, alike incapable of desiring and foreseeing that enormous villainy.

But he was neglected, we are told. Neglected! No strong man in good health *can* be neglected, if he is true to himself. For the benefit of the young, I wish we had a correct account of the number of persons who fail of success, in a thousand that resolutely strive to do well. I do not think it exceeds one per cent. By whom was Burns neglected? Certainly not by the people of Scotland: for they paid him the highest compliment that can be paid to an author: they bought his book! Oh, but he ought to have been pensioned. Pensioned! Can not we think of poets without thinking of pensions? *Are* they such poor creatures, that they can not earn an honest living? Let us hear no more of such degrading and insolent nonsense.

But he was a drunkard, it is said. I do not mean to exculpate him when I say that he was probably no worse, in that respect, than his neighbors; for he *was* worse if he was not better than they, the balance being against him; and his Almighty Father would not fail to say to him, "What didst thou with the lent talent?" But drunkenness, in his time, was the vice of his country—it is so still; and if the traditions of Dumfries are to be depended on, there are allurements which Burns was much less able to resist than those of the bottle; and the supposition of his frequent indulgence in the crimes to which those allurements lead, is incompatible with that of his habitual drunkenness.

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OF DELAYS.—Fortune is like the market where, many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and again, it is sometimes like the Sibyl's offer, who at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price.... There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things. Dangers are no more light if they once seem light: and more dangers have deceived men than forced them. Nay, it were better to meet some dangers half-way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleep. On the other side, to be deceived with too long shadows—as some have been, when the moon was low and shone on their enemies, and so to shoot off before the time—or to teach dangers to come on, by an over-early buckling toward them, is another extreme. The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion must ever be well weighed; and, generally, it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands; first to watch, and then to speed.—*Lord Bacon*.

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**[From the London Examiner.]**

## **THE PARIS ELECTION.**

All Paris is absorbed in the contest between the stationer Leclerc and Eugene Sue the novelist. Strange it is that the party which pretends to superior intelligence and refinement, should have put forward as their candidate merely a specimen of constabulary violence, an honest policeman, in fact; while the party accused of consisting of the mere dregs of society has selected for its representative one of the most refined and searching intellects of the day. If ever a man became a Socialist from conviction, it has been Sue; for his writings clearly show the progress and the changes of his mind. From depicting high society and influences he acquired a disgust for them; by diving among the vulgar, he discovered virtues whose existence he did not suspect. And though the conclusions he has drawn are erroneous, they would seem to be sincere.

It is remarkable indeed to observe how all the great literary geniuses of the day in France have taken the popular side. We know how boldly Lamartine plunged into it. Victor Hugo has taken the same part, and Eugene Sue. Alexandre Dumas, though in the employ of Louis Philippe in 1830, soon flung aside court livery and conservatism. Emile de Girardin, another man of first rate literary ability, is decidedly Socialist. Beranger, as far as age will permit him, is a stern republican. When a cause thus attracts and absorbs all the floating talent of a country, there is a vitality and respectability in it, more than we are at present inclined to allow to French democratic parties.

That the intellect, that is, the entire working intelligence of the country, has labored on the

Democratic, and, we fear even on the Socialist side, is too evident from the fact that the opinions of the latter have gained ground, and not retrograded even in the provinces, where property is subdivided, and where there are few of the indigent classes. In no place is property more generally possessed than in the South of France; and there the results of the last two years have been certainly to strengthen democratic ideas, and to make monarchic ones decline. There is no mistaking, indeed, in what direction the current of ideas has set.

The Conservatives, or Monarchists, or the old political class, whatever one pleases to call them, begin to perceive that they are beaten in the intellectual, the argumentative struggle. They therefore make an appeal to arms. This is evident in all their acts, arguments, and movements. Their efforts are directed to crush the press, proscribe and imprison writers, and abolish meetings and speeches, except those delivered in their own clubs. They give the universities over to the Jesuits, and elect for the Assembly no longer orators, but stout soldiers. Changarnier is the Alpha, and Leclerc the Omega of such a party. Strategy is its policy. It meditates no question of political economy or of trade, but bethinks it how streets are best defended, and how towns are fortified against themselves. A War Minister, a Tax Minister, and a Police Minister—these form the head Cabinet of France. As to foreign policy, trade policy, and the other paraphernalia of government, all this is as much a sham and a humbug, as an assembly must be of which the majority is marshaled and instructed in a club, before it dares proceed to its duties of legislation.

The entire tendency is to change an intellectual and argumentative into a physical struggle. What events may occur, and what fortune prevail in a war of this kind, it is utterly impossible to foretell. For, after all, the results of war depend infinitely upon chance, and still more on the talent of the leader which either party may choose to give itself. Nor is it always the one which conquers first that maintains its ascendancy to the last. A war of this kind in France would evidently have many soldiers enlisted on either side, and soldiers in that country make excellent officers. The Conservatives seem to think that the strife will be decided, as of old, in the streets of Paris; and they look to the field of battle, and prepare for it, with a forethought and a vigilance as sanguinary and destructive as it is determined. We doubt, however, whether any quantity of street-fighting in the metropolis can decide a quarrel which becomes every day more embittered and more universal. Socialism will not be put down in a night, nor yet in three days; no nor, we fear, even in a campaign.

Looking on the future in this light, it appears to us of trifling moment whether M. Leclerc or M. Sue carry the Paris election. Some thousand voters, more or less, on this side or on that, is no decision. The terrible fact is, the almost equal division of French society into two camps, either of which makes too formidable a minority to put up with defeat and its consequences, without one day or other taking up arms to advance fresh pretensions and defend new claims.

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MRS. HEMANS.—She reminds us of a poet just named, and whom she passionately admired, namely, Shelley. Like him, drooping, fragile, a reed shaken by the wind, a mighty mind, in sooth, too powerful for the tremulous reed on which it discoursed its music—like him, the victim of exquisite nervous organization—like him, verse flowed on and from her, and the sweet sound often overpowered the meaning, kissing it, as it were, to death; like him she was melancholy, but the sadness of both was musical, tearful, active, not stony, silent and motionless, still less misanthropical and disdainful; like him she was gentle, playful, they could both run about their prison garden, and dally with the dark chains which they knew bound them to death. Mrs. Hemans was not indeed a *Vates*, she has never reached his heights, nor sounded his depths, yet they are, to our thought, so strikingly alike as to seem brother and sister, in one beautiful but delicate and dying family.—*Gilfillan*.

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## THE POPE AT HOME AGAIN.

The Pope has returned to Rome, but the Papacy is not reinstated. The past can not be recalled. When Pius the Ninth abandoned the territorial seat of the Papal power, he relinquished the post that preserved to that power its place of command throughout many parts of Europe. It was the "Pope of Rome" to whom the many did homage, and the Pope could only be deemed to be "of Rome" so long as he was *at* Rome: for there can be no doubt that a great part of the spiritual influence possessed by the Sovereign Pontiff has been indissolubly connected with the temporal sovereignty and territorial abode of the Pontificate. Even after his dispossession, for a time, no doubt, heart might have been kept up among his more refined and cultivated followers; but the most faithful peoples have always demanded a tangible standard or beacon of their faith—a pillar of fire or a visible church. When Pius left Rome, the rock became tenantless; the mansion of St. Peter was vacant; a Pope in lodgings was no Pope of Europe. And so it was felt.

But the bodily restoration of Pius the Ninth to the capital of his states is not the restoration of the Pope to his spiritual throne. That can no more be effected. The riddle has been read, in these terrible days of reading and writing—so different from the days when a Papal rustication at Avignon disturbed the Catholic world, and verily shook the Papacy to its foundations even then. Some accounts describe the Pope's return as a triumph, and relate how the Romans submitted themselves in obedient ecstasy to his blessing: it is not true—it is not in the nature of things. It is

easy to get up an array of popular feeling, as in a theatre, which shall make a show—a frontage of delight; easy to hire twelve beggars that their feet may be washed. Mr. Anderson of Drury Lane can furnish any amount of popular feeling or pious awe at a shilling a head; and the managers know these things in Rome, where labor is much cheaper than with us. Pius returned to Rome under cover of the French bayonets, to find a people cowed and sulky—contrasting their traditions with the presence of the Gaul, remembering in bitterness the days before the Papacy, and imputing this crowning finish of their disgrace to the Pope forced back upon them.

Even were the people for a moment pleased to see the well-meaning and most unfortunate old man, the days of his inscrutable power are over. Nothing can again be inscrutable that he can hold. While he was away, the tongue of Rome was let loose, and can he make the ear of Rome forget what it heard in those days of license? Can he undo the knowledge which men then attained of each other, and their suppressed ideas? Assuredly not. When he left the keys of St. Peter in his flight, men unlocked the door of the sanctuary, and found out his secret—that it was bare. Political bondage to them will be, not the renewal of pious ignorance, but the rebinding of limbs that have learned to be free.

Nay, were Rome to resume her subjection, the past has been too much broken up elsewhere for a quiet return to the old régime, even in Italy. The ecclesiastical courts have been abolished in Piedmont, and the Sardinian states henceforth stand in point of free discussion on a level with Germany, if not with France. The Pope will be fain to permit more in Genoa or Turin than the eating of eggs during Lent—to permit a canvassing of Papal authority fatal to its existence. But in Tuscany, for many generations, a spirit of free discussion has existed among the educated classes: the reforming spirit of Ricci has never died in the capital of Tuscany, and the memory of Leopold protected the freedom of thought: a sudden and a new value has been given to that prepared state of the Tuscan mind by the existence of free institutions in Piedmont. Giusti will no longer need to traverse the frontier of Italy in search of a printer. With free discussion in two of the Italian states, Milan will not be deaf, nor Naples without a whisper. Italy *must* sooner or later get to know her own mind, and then the Bishop of Rome will have to devise a new position for himself.

Abroad, in Catholic Europe, there is the same disruption between the past and the future. The Archbishop of Cologne exposed, in his rashness, the waning sanctity of the Church; the Neo-Catholics have exposed its frangible condition. Sectarian distinctions are torn to pieces in Hungary by the temporal conflicts, and the dormant spirit of a national Protestantism survives in sullen hatred to alien rule. Austria proper is pledged to any course of political expediency which may defer the evil day of Imperial accountability, and will probably, in waxing indifference, see fit to put Lombardy on a spiritual par with Piedmont. France is precarious in her allegiance. Two countries alone remain in unaltered relation to the See of Rome—Spain, the most bigoted of the children of Rome; and Ireland, the most faithful. But Ireland is impotent. And to this day Spain asserts, and preserves, the *national* independence which she has retained throughout the most arrogant days of Romish supremacy, throughout the tyrant régime of Torquemada. Even court intrigue dares not prostitute the *nationality* of Spain to Roman influence. Rome is the talk of the world, and the return of Pius to the Vatican can not restore the silent submission of the faithful. He is but to be counted among the "fashionable arrivals."—*London Spectator*.

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CIVIL LIBERTY DEFINED.—This is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the commonwealth; that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for.—*John Milton*.

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**[From the London Examiner.]**

## **THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.**

The Jutland and Sleswick pirates, who fourteen centuries ago performed the great achievement of conquering and colonizing Britain, have since, in the persons of their descendants, achieved the still greater feat of colonizing and settling, while they are in a fair way of conquering and occupying, a whole continent, to the destruction or absorption of every other race. The Anglo-Saxon population of America, in fact, constitutes, at this moment, a people more numerous and mighty than any European nation of the period when their emigration commenced. The very same people is now engaged in achieving another great, although not equally great enterprise, the colonization of another continent, Australia; and the Australian colonies, within sixty years of their first foundation, are already calling loudly for self and responsible government, which is, by more than a century, sooner than the American Colonies made a similar claim. We have not the least doubt but that it will be to the mutual and permanent advantage of both parties, that these demands of the Colonists, which are in no respect unreasonable, should be liberally and readily granted.

The better to understand our position in relation to them, let us compare the two continents

alluded to. America has a greater extent of territory, and therefore more room for expansion than Australia. Its natural products are more valuable, its soil is more fertile, and its climates more varied and propitious to vegetation. Its greatest superiority over Australia, however, consists in its magnificent water communication—its great rivers, its splendid lakes, its navigable estuaries, and its commodious harbors. Finally, it possesses the vast advantage of being only one-sixth part of the distance that Australia is from the civilization and markets of Europe.

Let us now see what Australia is. It is said to contain three millions of square miles. But of this we take it that about one-half, or all of it that lies north of the twenty-fifth degree of south latitude, is unfit for our use as Europeans, and, most probably, for the profitable use of any people, on account of the comparative sterility of the land, or, what in such a situation is equivalent to sterility, the drought of the climate. But for these great and, we fear, insuperable disadvantages, the tropical portion of Australia might have been peopled from industrious and teeming China, which, with the help of steam navigation, is at an easy distance. Notwithstanding this serious deduction from its available area, Australia has extent enough for the abode of a great people, as what remains is equal to near twenty Britains, or above seven countries as large as France!

The absence of good water communication is the greatest defect of Australia. It has not one great river which at once penetrates deeply into the country and communicates by a navigable course with the sea. The best of its rivers are not equal to those of the fourth or fifth order in America, and it has no lake at all of commercial value. Another almost equally great disadvantage is frequent and long-continued droughts, even of its southern parts, which, however, as strength and wealth increase, may in time be, at least, mitigated by the erection of great works of irrigation, such as those on which the existence of whole populations depend in the warmer regions of Asia.

In salubrity of climate Australia has a great superiority, not only over America, but over every other country. For the rearing of sheep and the production of fine wool, it may be said to possess almost a natural monopoly; and in this respect, it will soon become as necessary to us, and probably as important, as America is for the growth of cotton. Its adaptation for pastoral husbandry is such, indeed, that we have often thought, had it been settled by Tartars or Arabs, or even by Anglo-Saxons of the time of Hengist and Horsa, that it would have been now thinly inhabited by nomade hordes, mere shepherds and robbers, if there was any one to rob. One immense advantage Australia possesses over America, which must not be omitted—the total absence of a servile population and an alien race. In America the bondsmen form a fourth part of the whole population, and in Australia little more than one sixtieth, speedily to vanish all together.

If the comparison between America and Australia have reference to the facility of achieving and maintaining independence, all the advantages are unquestionably on the side of Australia. It is at least six times as far away from Europe; and a military force sufficient to have even a chance of coercing the colonists could not get at them in less than four months, while the voyage would force it to run the gauntlet of the equator and both tropics. When it reached its destination, supposing its landing to be unopposed, it would have to march every step to seek the insurgents, for there is neither river nor estuary to transport it into the interior of the country. The colonists, rifle in hand, and driving their flocks and herds before them to the privation of the invader, would of course take to the bush, and do so with impunity, being without tents or equipage, or risk of starvation, having a wholesome sky over their heads, and abundant food in their cattle. With a thorough knowledge of localities, the colonial riflemen, under such circumstances, would be more than a match for regular troops, and could pick off soldiers with more ease than they bring down the kangaroo or opossum.

We should look, however, to the number and character of the Australian population. In 1828 the total colonial population of Australia was 53,000, of whom a large proportion were convicts. In 1848 it was 300,000, of which the convicts were but 6000. In the two years since, 37,000 emigrants have proceeded thither, and the total population at this moment can not be less than 350,000. It has, therefore, been multiplied in twenty-two years' time by near seven-fold; and if it should go on at this rate of increase, in the year 1872 it will amount to close on two millions and a half, which is a greater population than that of the old American colonies at the declaration of independence, and after an existence of 175 years. Such a population, or the one half of it, would, from numbers, position, and resources, be unconquerable.

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Such is a true picture, we conceive, of the position in which we stand in relation to our Australian colonies. Meanwhile, the colonists are loyal, affectionate, and devoted, and (the result of absence and distance) with really warmer feelings toward the mother country than those they left behind them. It will be the part of wisdom on our side to keep them in this temper. They demand nothing that is unreasonable—nothing that it is not equally for their advantage and ours that we should promptly and freely concede. They ask for responsible government, and doing so they ask for no more than what is possessed by their fellow-citizens. They ought to have perfect power over their own resources and their own expenditure; but, in justice and fairness, they ought also to defray their own military charges; and, seeing they have neither within nor without any enemy that can cope with a company of light infantry, the cost ought not to be oppressive to them.

The Australian colonies are, at present, governed in a fashion to produce discontent and recalcitration. They are, consequently, both troublesome and expensive. The nation absolutely gains nothing by them that it would not gain, and even in a higher degree, were they self-

governed, or, for that matter, were they even independent. Thus, emigration to them would go on at least in the same degree as it does now. It does so go on, to the self-governed colony of Canada, and to the country which was once colonies, and this after a virtual separation of three quarters of a century.

In like manner will our commercial intercourse with the Australian colonies proceed under self-government. In 1828, the whole exports of Australia amounted only to the paltry sum of £181,000, and in 1845, the last for which there is a return, they had come to £2,187,633, or in seventeen years' time, had been increased by above fourteen-fold, a rapidity of progress to which there is no parallel. At this ratio, of course, they can not be expected to proceed in future; for the Australians, having coal, iron, and wool in abundance, will soon learn to make coarse fabrics for themselves. The finer they will long receive from us, as America, after its long separation, still does. But that the Australian Colonies, under any circumstances, are destined to become one of the greatest marts of British commerce, may be considered as a matter of certainty. The only good market in the world, for the wool, the tallow, the train oil, and the copper ore of Australia, is England; and to England they must come, even if Australia were independent to-morrow; and they must be paid for, too, in British manufactures. Independence has never kept the tobacco of America from finding its best market in England, nor has it prevented American cotton from becoming the greatest of the raw materials imported by England.

A common lineage, a common language, common manners, customs, laws, and institutions, bind us and our Australian brethren together, and will continue to do so, perhaps longer than the British Constitution itself will last. They form, in fact, a permanent bond of union; whereas the influence of patronage, and the trickeries of Conservative legislation, do but provoke and hasten the separation which they are foolishly framed to prevent.

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**[From the Dublin University Magazine.]**

## **JEWISH VENERATION.**

The veneration of the Jew for the law is displayed by the grossest superstition, a copy of the Torah or Decalogue being carefully soldered into a narrow tin case, and hung over the entrance to their chambers, as old crones with us nail a horse-shoe to a door; it is even believed to avail as an amulet or charm capable of averting evil, or curing the most obstinate disease. "Ah," said a bed-ridden old Hebrew woman to me, as I visited the mission hospital in Jerusalem, "what can the doctors do for me? If I could only touch the Torah I should be made whole." Not exactly comprehending what she meant, I handed her a little tin-cased copy of the Ten Commandments; she grasped it in her emaciated hands, which trembled with anxiety, and her eyes were lit up with a transient gleam of joy. "Are you made whole?" I inquired; she made no answer, fell back on her pillow, let drop the Torah, and turned from me with a sigh.

Sitting one evening with an intelligent German Jew, who used often to pay me a visit at my lodgings, the conversation turned on Jewish religious rites and ceremonies. Alluding to the day of atonement, he assured me that on that day the Jews believe that ministers are appointed in heaven for the ensuing year: a minister over angels; one over the stars; one over earth; the winds, trees, plants, birds, beasts, fishes, men, and so forth.

That, on that day also, the good and evil deeds of every son of Abraham are actually summed up, and the balance struck for or against each, individually. Where the evil deeds preponderate, such individuals are brought in as in debt to the law; and ten days after the day of atonement, summonses are issued to call the defaulters before God. When these are served, the party summoned to appear is visited either with sudden death or a rapid and violent disease which must terminate speedily in death. "But can not the divine wrath be appeased?" said I. "Not appeased," said my informant; "*the decree must be evaded.*" "How so?" "Thus," he replied. "When a Jew is struck with sudden sickness about this time, if he apprehends that his call is come, he sends immediately for twelve elders of his people; they demand his name; he tells them, for example, my name is Isaac; they answer, thy name shall no more be Isaac, but Jacob shall thy name be called. Then kneeling round the sick roan, they pray for him in these words: O God, thy servant, Isaac, has not good deeds to exceed the evil, and a summons against him has gone forth; but this pious man before thee, is named Jacob, and not Isaac. There is a flaw in the indictment; the name in the angel's summons is not correct, therefore, thy servant Jacob can not be called on to appear." "After all," said I, "suppose this Jacob dies." "Then," replied my companion, "*the Almighty is unjust*; the summons was irregular, and its execution not according to law."

Does not this appear incredible? Another anecdote, and I have done.

On the same occasion we were speaking about vows, and the obligation of fulfilling them. "As to paying your vow," said my Jewish friend, "we consider it performed, if the vow be observed to the letter." He then gave me the following rather ludicrous illustration as a case in point: There was in his native village a wealthy Jew, who was seized with a dangerous illness. Seeing death approach, despite of his physician's skill, he bethought him of vowing a vow; so he solemnly promised, that if God would restore him to health, he, on his part, on his recovery, would sell a certain fat beast in his stall, and devote the proceeds to the Lord.

The man recovered, and in due time appeared before the door of the synagogue, driving before him a goodly ox, and carrying under one arm a large, black Spanish cock. The people were coming out of the synagogue, and several Jewish butchers, after artistically examining the fine, fat beast, asked our convalescent what might be the price of the ox. "This ox," replied the owner, "I value at *two shillings* (I substitute English money); but the cock," he added, ostentatiously exhibiting chanticleer, "I estimate at *twenty pounds*." The butchers laughed at him; they thought he was in joke. However, as he gravely persisted that he was in earnest, one of them, taking him at his word, put down two shillings for the ox. "Softly, my good friend," rejoined the seller, "*I have made a vow not to sell the ox without the cock*; you must buy both, or be content with neither." Great was the surprise of the bystanders, who could not conceive what perversity possessed their wealthy neighbor. But the cock being value for two shillings, and the ox for twenty pounds, the bargain was concluded, and the money paid.

Our worthy Jew now walks up to the Rabbi, cash in hand. "This," said he, handing the two shillings, "I devote to the service of the synagogue, being the price of the ox, which I had vowed; and this, placing the twenty pounds in his own bosom, is lawfully mine own, for is it not the price of the cock?" "And what did your neighbors say of the transaction? Did they not think this rich man an arrant rogue?" "Rogue!" said my friend, repeating my last words with some amazement, "they considered him a pious and a *clever* man." Sharp enough, thought I; but delicate about exposing my ignorance, I judiciously held my peace.

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[From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.]

## THE MODERN ARGONAUTS.

### I.

You have heard the ancient story,  
How the gallant sons of Greece,  
Long ago, with Jason ventured  
For the fated Golden Fleece;  
How they traversed distant regions,  
How they trod on hostile shores;  
How they vexed the hoary Ocean  
With the smiting of their oars;—  
Listen, then, and you shall hear another wondrous tale,  
Of a second Argo steering before a prosperous gale!

### II.

From the southward came a rumor,  
Over sea and over land;  
From the blue Ionian islands,  
And the old Hellenic strand,  
That the sons of Agamemnon,  
To their faith no longer true,  
Had confiscated the carpets  
Of a black and bearded Jew!  
Helen's rape, compared to this, was but an idle toy,  
Deeper guilt was that of Athens than the crime of haughty Troy.

### III.

And the rumor, winged by Ate,  
To the lofty chamber ran,  
Where great Palmerston was sitting  
In the midst of his Divan:  
Like Saturnius triumphant,  
In his high Olympian hall,  
Unregarded by the mighty,  
But detested by the small;  
Overturning constitutions—setting nations by the ears,  
With divers sapient plenipos, like Minto and his peers.

### IV.

With his fist the proud dictator  
Smote the table that it rang—  
From the crystal vase before him  
The blood-red wine upsprang!



"Is my sword a wreath of rushes,  
Or an idle plume my pen,  
That they dare to lay a finger  
On the meanest of my men?  
No amount of circumcision can annul the Briton's right—  
Are they mad, these lords of Athens, for I know they can not fight?"

v.

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"Had the wrong been done by others,  
By the cold and haughty Czar,  
I had trembled ere I opened  
All the thunders of my war.  
But I care not for the yelping  
Of these fangless curs of Greece—  
Soon and sorely will I tax them  
For the merchant's plundered Fleece.  
From the earth his furniture for wrath and vengeance cries—  
Ho, Eddisbury! take thy pen, and straightway write to Wyse!"

vi.

Joyfully the bells are ringing  
In the old Athenian town,  
Gayly to Piræus harbor  
Stream the merry people down;  
For they see the fleet of Britain  
Proudly steering to their shore,  
Underneath the Christian banner  
That they knew so well of yore,  
When the guns at Navarino thundered o'er the sea,  
And the Angel of the North proclaimed that Greece again was free.

vii.

Hark!—a signal gun—another!  
On the deck a man appears  
Stately as the Ocean-shaker—  
"Ye Athenians, lend your ears!  
Thomas Wyse am I, a herald  
Come to parley with the Greek;  
Palmerston hath sent me hither,  
In his awful name I speak—  
Ye have done a deed of folly—one that ye shall sorely rue!  
Wherefore did ye lay a finger on the carpets of the Jew?"

viii.

"Don Pacifico of Malta!  
Dull indeed were Britain's ear,  
If the wrongs of such a hero  
Tamely she could choose to hear!  
Don Pacifico of Malta!  
Knight-commander of the Fleece—  
For his sake I hurl defiance  
At the haughty towns of Greece.  
Look to it—For by my head! since Xerxes crossed the strait,  
Ye never saw an enemy so vengeful at your gate.

ix.

"Therefore now, restore the carpets,  
With a forfeit twenty-fold;  
And a goodly tribute offer  
Of your treasure and your gold  
Sapienza and the islet  
Cervi, ye shall likewise cede,  
So the mighty gods have spoken,  
Thus hath Palmerston decreed!  
Ere the sunset, let an answer issue from your monarch's lips;  
In the mean time, I have orders to arrest your merchants' ships."

x.

Thus he spoke, and snatched a trumpet  
Swiftly from a soldier's hand,  
And therein he blew so shrilly,  
That along the rocky strand  
Rang the war-note, till the echoes  
From the distant hills replied,  
Hundred trumpets wildly wailing,  
Poured their blast on every side;  
And the loud and hearty shout of Britain rent the skies,  
"Three cheers for noble Palmerston! another cheer for Wyse!"

XI.

Gentles! I am very sorry  
That I can not yet relate,  
Of this gallant expedition,  
What has been the final fate.  
Whether Athens was bombarded  
For her Jew-coercing crimes,  
Hath not been as yet reported  
In the columns of the *Times*.  
But the last accounts assure us of some valuable spoil:  
Various coasting vessels, laden with tobacco, fruit, and oil.

XII.

Ancient chiefs! that sailed with Jason  
O'er the wild and stormy waves—  
Let not sounds of later triumphs  
Stir you in your quiet graves!  
Other Argonauts have ventured  
To your old Hellenic shore,  
But they will not live in story  
Like the valiant men of yore.  
O! 'tis more than shame and sorrow thus to jest upon a theme  
That for Britain's fame and glory, all would wish to be dream!

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## MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE will present monthly a digest of all Foreign Events, Incidents, and Opinions, that may seem to have either interest or value for the great body of American readers. Domestic intelligence reaches every one so much sooner through the Daily and Weekly Newspapers, that its repetition in the pages of a Monthly would be dull and profitless. We shall confine our summary, therefore, to the events and movements of foreign lands.

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The AFFAIRS OF FRANCE continue to excite general interest. The election of member of the Assembly in Paris has been the great European event of the month. The Socialists nominated EUGENE SUE; their opponents, M. LECLERC. The first is known to all the world as a literary man of great talent, personally a profligate—wealthy, unprincipled, and unscrupulous. The latter was a tradesman, distinguished for nothing but having fought and lost a son at the barricades, and entirely unqualified for the post for which he had been put in nomination. The contest was thus not so much a struggle between the *men*, as the *parties* they represented; and those parties were not simply Socialists and Anti-Socialists. Each party included more than its name would imply. The Socialists in Paris are all Republicans: it suits the purposes of the Government to consider all Republicans as Socialists, inasmuch as it gives them an admirable opportunity to make war upon Republicanism, while they seem only to be resisting Socialism. In this adroit and dangerous manner LOUIS NAPOLEON was advancing with rapid strides toward that absolutism—that personal domination independent of the Constitution, which is the evident aim of all his efforts and all his hopes. He had gone on exercising the most high-handed despotism, and violating the most explicit and sacred guarantees of the Constitution. He had forbidden public meetings, suppressed public papers, and outraged private rights, with the most wanton disregard of those provisions of the Constitution by which they are expressly guaranteed. The nomination of EUGENE SUE was a declaration of hostility to this unconstitutional dynasty. He was supported not only by the Socialists proper, but by all citizens who were in favor of maintaining the Republic with its constitutional guarantees. The issue was thus between a Republic and a Monarchy, between the Constitution and a Revolution. For days previous to the election this issue was broadly marked, and distinctly recognized by all the leading royalist journals, and the Republic was attacked with all the power of argument and ridicule. Repressive laws, and a stronger form of government,

which should bridle the fierce democracy, were clamorously demanded. The very day before the polls were opened, the *Napoleon* journal, which derives its chief inspiration from the President, drew a colored parallel between the necessities of the 18th *Brumaire*, and those of the present crisis, and entered into a labored vindication of all the arbitrary measures which followed BONAPARTE'S dissolution of the Assembly, and his usurpation of the executive power. The most high-handed expedients were resorted to by the ministry to assure the success of the coalition. The sale of all the principal democratic journals in the streets was interdicted. The legal prosecutions of the Procureur General virtually reestablished the censorship of the Press. Placards in favor of the democratic candidate were excluded from the street walls, while those of his opponent were every where emblazoned. Electoral meetings were prohibited; democratic merchants and shop-keepers were threatened with a loss of patronage; and the whole republican party was officially denounced as a horde of imbeciles, and knaves, and fanatics. No means were left unemployed by the reactionists to secure a victory.

It was all in vain. On closing the polls the vote stood thus:

EUGENE SUE	128,007
M. LECLERC	119,420
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SUE'S majority	8,587

And, what is still more startling, *four-fifths* of all the votes given by the Army were cast for SUE. The result created a good deal of alarm in Paris. Stocks fell, and there seemed to be a general apprehension of an outbreak. If any such event occurs, however, it will be through the instigation of the Government. Finding himself outvoted, LOUIS NAPOLEON would undoubtedly be willing to try force. In any event, we do not believe it will be found possible to overthrow Republicanism in France.

Previous to the election there was a *Mutiny in the 11th Infantry*. On the march of the 2d battalion from Rennes to Toulon, on the 11th April, the popular cry was raised by the common soldiers, urged on by the democrats of the town, and they insulted their officers. At Angers the men were entertained at a fete; and in the evening the soldiers and subaltern officers, accompanied by their entertainers, paraded the streets, shouting again and again, "Vive la République démocratique et sociale!" The Minister of War, on receiving intelligence of this affair, ordered the battalion to be disbanded, and the subalterns and soldiers drafted into the regiments at Algiers.

Besides this disgrace, an involuntary and *Appalling Calamity* befell this regiment. When the 3d battalion was leaving Angers, on the 16th, at eleven o'clock in the morning they met a squadron of hussars coming from Nantes, which crossed over the suspension-bridge of the Basse Maine, without any accident. A fearful storm raged at the time. The last of the horses had scarcely crossed the bridge than the head of the column of the third battalion of the 11th appeared on the other side. Reiterated warnings were given to the troops to break into sections, as is usually done, but, the rain falling heavily, it was disregarded, and they advanced in close column. The head of the battalion had reached the opposite side—the pioneers, the drummers, and a part of the band were off the bridge, when a horrible crash was heard; the cast-iron columns of the right bank suddenly gave way, crushing beneath them the rear of the fourth company, which, with the flank company, had not stepped upon the bridge. To describe the frightful spectacle, and the cries of despair which were raised, is impossible. The whole town rushed to the spot to give assistance. In spite of the storm, all the boats that could be got at were launched to pick up the soldiers in the river, and a great number who were clinging to the parapets of the bridge, or who were afloat by their knapsacks, were immediately got out. The greater number were, however, found to be wounded by the bayonets, or by the fragments of the bridge falling on them. As the soldiers were got out, they were led into the houses adjoining, and every assistance given. A young lieutenant, M. Loup, rendered himself conspicuous for his heroic exertions; and a young workwoman, at the imminent danger of her life, jumped into the water, and saved the life of an officer who was just sinking. A journeyman hatter stripped and jumped into the river, and, by his strength and skill in swimming, saved a great many lives. One of the soldiers who had reached the shore unhurt, immediately stripped, and swam to the assistance of his comrades. The lieutenant-colonel, an old officer of the empire, was taken out of the river seriously wounded, but remained to watch over the rescue of his comrades. It appears that some people of the town were walking on the bridge at the time of the accident, for among the bodies found were those of a servant-maid and two children.

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When the muster-roll was called, it was found that there were 219 soldiers missing, whose fate was unknown. There were, besides, 33 bodies lying in the hospital, and 30 wounded men; 70 more bodies were found during the morning, 4 of whom were officers.

*M. Proudhon* was arrested on the 18th, and sent to the fortress of Doullens, for having charged the ministry in his own paper, the "Voix du Peuple," with having occasioned the disaster of Angers by sending the 11th Regiment of Light Infantry to Africa. In a letter from prison he acquitted the government of design in producing the catastrophe, but in a tone which hinted the possibility of so diabolical a crime having been meditated.

A *Notorious Murderer* has been arrested in France, whose mysterious and criminal career would afford the materials for a romance. He was taken at Ivry; in virtue of a writ granted by the President, on the demand of the Sardinian government, having been condemned for a murder under extraordinary circumstances. He was arrested in 1830, at Chambéry, his native town, for

being concerned in a murder; but he escaped from the prison of Bonneville, where he was confined, and by means of a disguise succeeded in reaching the town of Chene Tonnex, where he went to an inn which was full of travelers. There being no vacant beds, the innkeeper allowed him to sleep in a room with a cattle-dealer, named Claude Duret. The unfortunate cattle-dealer was found dead in the morning, he having been smothered with the mattress on which he had slept. He had a large sum of money with him, which was stolen, and this, as well as his papers, had, no doubt, been taken by Louis Pellet, who had disappeared. Judicial inquiries ensued, and the result was that Louis Pellet, already known to have committed a murder, was condemned, *par contumace*, to ten years' imprisonment at the galleys by the senate of Chambery. In the mean time Louis Pellet, profiting by the papers of the unfortunate Claude Duret, contrived to reach Paris, when he opened a shop, where he organized a foreign legion for Algeria, enrolled himself under the name of his victim, and sailed for Oran in a government vessel. From this time up to 1834 all trace of him was lost. He came to Paris, took a house, amassed a large sum of money, and it turns out he was mixed up with a number of cases of murder, swindling, and forgery. These facts came to the knowledge of the police, owing to Pellet having been taken before the Correctional Police for a trifling offense, when he appealed against the punishment of confinement for five days. The French government immediately sent an account of the arrest of this great criminal to the consul of the government of Savoy resident at Paris.

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Political movements in ENGLAND are not without interest and importance, although nothing startling has occurred. The birth of another Prince, christened ARTHUR, has furnished another occasion for evincing the attachment of the English people to their sovereign. The event, which, occurred on the 28th of April, was celebrated by the usual demonstrations of popular joy. Few years will elapse, however, before each of the princes and princesses, whose advent is now so warmly welcomed, will require a splendid and expensive establishment, which will add still more to the burdens of taxation which already press, with overwhelming weight, upon the great mass of the English people. Thus it is that every thing in that country, however fortunate and welcome it may appear, tends irresistibly to an increase of popular burdens which infallibly give birth to popular discontents.

The attention of Parliament has been attracted of late, in an unusual degree, to the intellectual wants of the humbler classes, and to the removal, by legislation, of some of the many restrictions which now deprive them of all access even to the most ordinary sources of information. Even newspapers, which in this country go into the hands of every man, woman, and child who can read, and which therefore enable every member of the community to keep himself informed concerning all matters of interest to him as a citizen, are virtually prohibited to the poorer classes in England by the various duties which are imposed upon them, and which raise the price so high as to be beyond their reach. Mr. GIBSON, in the House of Commons, brought forward resolutions, on the 16th of April, to abolish what he justly styled these *Taxes on Knowledge*: they proposed 1st, to repeal the excise duty only on paper; 2d, to abolish the stamp, and 3d, the advertisement duty on newspapers; 4th, to do away with the customs duty on foreign books. In urging these measures Mr. GIBSON said, that the sacrifice of the small excise duty on paper yearly, would lead to the employment of 40,000 people in London alone. The suppression of Chambers' Miscellany, and the prevented re-issue of Mr. Charles Knight's Penny Cyclopædia, from the pressure of the duty, were cited as gross instances of the check those duties impose on the diffusion of knowledge. Mr. GIBSON did not propose to alter the postal part of the newspaper stamp duties; all the duty paid for postage—a very large proportion—would therefore still be paid. He dwelt on the unjust Excise caprices which permit this privilege to humorous and scientific weekly periodicals, but deny it to the avowed "news" columns of the daily press. He especially showed by extracts from a heap of unstamped newspapers, that great evil is committed on the poorest reading classes, by denying them that useful fact and true exposition which would be the best antidote to the pernicious principles now disseminated among them by the cheap, unstamped press. There is no reason but this duty, which only gives £350,000 per annum, why the poor man should not have his penny and even his halfpenny newspaper, to give him the leading facts and the important ideas of the passing time. The tax on advertisements checks information, fines poverty, mulcts charity, depresses literature, and impedes every species of mental activity, to realize £150,000 per annum. That mischievous tax on knowledge, the duty on foreign books, is imposed for the sake of no more than £8000 a year! Mr. GIBSON concluded by expressing his firm conviction, that unless these taxes were removed, and the progress of knowledge by that and every other possible means facilitated, evils most terrible would arise in the future—a not unfit retribution for the gross impolicy of the legislature. He was supported by Mr. ROEBUCK, but the motion was negatived, 190 to 89. In his speech he instanced a curious specimen of the manner in which the act is sometimes evaded. A Greenock publisher himself informed him that, having given offense to the authorities by some political reflections in a weekly unstamped newspaper of his of the character of *Chambers's Journal*, he was prosecuted for violation of the Stamp Act, and fined for each of five numbers £25. Thereupon he diligently studied the Act; and finding that printing upon *cloth* was not within the prohibition, he set to work and printed his journal upon cloth—giving matter "savoring of intelligence" without the penny stamp—and calling his paper the *Greenock News-cloth*, sent it forth despite the Solicitor to the Stamp Office.

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The *Education Bill* introduced by Mr. Fox came up on the 17th, and was discussed at some length. The general character of the measure proposed, is very forcibly set forth in an article

from the *Examiner*, which will be found upon a preceding page of this Magazine. The bill was opposed mainly by Lord ARUNDEL, a Catholic, on the ground that it made no provision for religious education, and secular education he denounced as essentially atheistic. Mr. ROEBUCK advocated the bill in an able and eloquent speech, urging the propriety of education as a means of preventing crime. He asked for the education of the people, and he asked it upon the lowest ground. As a mere matter of policy, the state ought to educate the people; and why did he say so? Lord Ashley had been useful in his generation in getting up Ragged Schools. It was a great imputation upon the kingdom that such schools were needed. Why were they needed? Because of the vice which was swarming in all our great cities. "We pass laws," said he, "send forth an army of judges and barristers to administer them, erect prisons and place aloft gibbets to enforce them; but religious bigotry prevents the chance of our controlling the evil at the source, by so teaching the people as to prevent the crimes we strive to punish." It was because he believed that prevention was better than cure; it was because he believed that the business of government was to prevent crime in every possible way rather than to punish it after its commission, that he asked the house to divest themselves of all that prejudice and bigotry which was at the bottom of the opposition to this measure. The bill was warmly opposed, however, and its further consideration was postponed until the 20th of May.

The ministry during the month has been defeated upon several measures, though upon none of very great importance. In the first week of the meeting of parliament after the Easter holidays, the cabinet had to endure, in the House of Commons, three defeats—two positive, and one comparative; and, shortly after, a fourth. On a motion, having for its object improvement in the status and accommodation of assistant-surgeons on board Her Majesty's ships, ministers were placed in a minority equal to eight votes. On the measure for extending the jurisdiction of county courts, to which they were not disposed to agree, they voted with a minority, which numbered 67 against 144 votes. These were the positive defeats; the comparative one arose out of a motion to abolish the window-tax. Against this the cabinet made some effort, but its supporters only mustered in sufficient strength to afford a majority of three. Their last disaster was in a committee on the New Stamp Duties Bill. The ministry seem disposed to gratify the public by economy so far as possible. Lord JOHN RUSSELL having introduced and carried a motion for a select committee on the subject.

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Great preparations are making for the Industrial Exhibition of 1851. It has been decided that it is to take place in Hyde Park in a building made of iron to guard against fire. The *Literary Gazette* has the following paragraph in regard to it:

"We are informed that an overture has been received by the Royal Commissioners from the government of the United States of America, offering to remove the exhibition, after its close in London, to be reproduced at New York, and paying a consideration for the same which would go toward the increase of the English fund. With regard to this fund, while we again express our regret at its languishing so much, and at the continuance of the jobbing which inflicted the serious wound on its commencement, and is still allowed to paralyze the proceedings in chief, we adhere to the opinion that it will be sufficient for the Occasion. The Occasion, not as bombastically puffed, but as nationally worthy; and that the large sum which may be calculated upon for admissions (not to mention this new American element), will carry it through in as satisfactory a manner as could be expected."

The *Expeditions to the Arctic Seas* in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN attract a good deal of attention. It is stated that Captain Penny was to sail April 30th from Scotland, in command of the two ships the *Lady Franklin* and the *Sophia*. He will proceed without delay to Jones's Sound; which he purposes thoroughly to explore. The proposed expedition under the direction of Sir John Ross will also be carried into execution. He will sail from Ayr about the middle of May; and will probably be accompanied by Commander Philips, who was with Sir James Ross in his Antarctic Expedition. Another expedition, in connection with that of Sir John Ross, is under consideration. It has for its object the search of Prince Regent's Inlet by ship as far south as Brentford Bay; from whence walking and boating parties might be dispatched in various directions. This plan—which could be carried into effect by dispatching a small vessel with Sir John Ross, efficiently equipped for the service—is deemed highly desirable by several eminent authorities; as it is supposed—and not without considerable reason—that Sir John Franklin may be to the south of Cape Walker; and that he would, in such case, presuming him to be under the necessity of forsaking his ships this spring, prefer making for the wreck of the *Fury* stores in Prince Regent's Inlet, the existence of which he is aware of, to attempting to gain the barren shore of North America, which would involve great hazard and fatigue. As a matter of course this second expedition would be of a private nature, and wholly independent of those dispatched by the Admiralty. These various expeditions, in addition to that organized by Mr. HENRY GRINELL of New York, will do all that can be done toward rescuing Captain FRANKLIN, or, at least, obtaining some knowledge of his fate.

The death of WORDSWORTH, the Patriarch of English Poetry, and that of BOWLES, distinguished also in the same high sphere, have called forth biographical notices from the English press. A sketch of each of these distinguished men will be found in these pages. The propriety of discontinuing the laureateship is forcibly urged. About £2000 has been contributed toward the erection of a monument to Lord JEFFREY.

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The LONDON SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES present nothing of extraordinary interest for the month. At the

meeting of the Geological Society, March 28, Sir RODERICK MURCHISON read a paper of some importance on the Relations of the Hot Water and Vapor sources of Tuscany to the Volcanic Eruptions of Italy. On the 10th of April, a paper was read from Prof. LEPSIUS on the height of the Nile valley in Nubia, which was formerly much greater than it is now.

At the Royal Society, April 12, the Rev. Professor O'BRIEN, in a paper "on a Popular View of certain Points in the Undulatory Theory of Light," restricted his illustration to a single topic, namely, the analogy of the mixture of colors to the mixture of sounds, having first explained generally what the undulatory theory of light is, and the composition of colors and sounds. At the meeting on the 19th, Mr. STENHOUSE, in concluding a paper on the artificial production of organic bases, said he did not despair of producing artificially the natural alkaloids, and the more especially as, thirty years ago, we could not produce any alkaloids. Before the chair was vacated, Mr. FARADAY submitted a powerful magnet which had been sent to him by a foreign philosopher; indeed, it was the strongest ever made. A good magnet, Mr. Faraday said, weighing 8 lbs., would support a weight of about 40 lbs. The magnet he exhibited had surprised him; it weighed only 1 lb., and it supported 26-1/2 lbs. This magnet, so beautifully made, was, we believe, constructed by M. Lozeman, on a new method, the result of the researches of M. Elias, both of Haarlem.

At another meeting of the same society, Dr. MANTELL submitted a paper upon the *Pelorosaurus*, an undescribed, gigantic terrestrial reptile, of which an enormous arm-bone, or humerus, has recently been discovered in Sussex. It was found imbedded in sandstone, by Mr. Peter Fuller, of Lewes, at about twenty feet below the surface; it presents the usual mineralized condition of the fossil bones from the arneaceous strata of the Wealden. It is four and a half feet in length, and the circumference of its distal extremity is 32 inches! It has a medullary cavity 3 inches in diameter, which at once separates it from the Cetiosaurus and other supposed marine Saurians, while its form and proportions distinguish it from the humerus of the Iguanodon, Hylæosaurus, and Megalosaurus. It approaches most nearly to the Crocodilians, but possesses characters distinct from any known fossil genus. Its size is stupendous, far surpassing that of the corresponding bone even of the gigantic Iguanodon; and the name of *Pelorosaurus* (from [Greek: pelor], *pelōr*, monster) is, therefore, proposed for the genus, with the specific term *Conybeari*, in honor of the palæontological labors of the Dean of Llandaff. No bones have been found in such contiguity with this humerus as to render it certain that they belonged to the same gigantic reptile; but several very large caudal vertebræ of peculiar characters, collected from the same quarry, are probably referable to the *Pelorosaurus*; these, together with some distal caudals which belong to the same type, are figured and described by the author. Certain femora and other bones from the oolite of Oxfordshire, in the collection of the dean of Westminster, at Oxford, are mentioned as possessing characters more allied to those of the *Pelorosaurus*, or to some unknown terrestrial Saurian, than to the *Cetiosaurus*, with which they have been confounded. As to the magnitude of the animal to which the humerus belonged, Dr. Mantell, while disclaiming the idea of arriving at any certain conclusions from a single bone, stated that in a Gavial 18 feet long, the humerus is one foot in length, *i.e.*, one-eighteenth part of the length of the animal, from the end, of the muzzle to the tip of the tail. According to these admeasurements the *Pelorosaurus* would be 81 feet long, and its body 20 feet in circumference. But if we assume the length and number of the vertebræ as the scale, we should have a reptile of relatively abbreviated proportions; even in this case, however, the original creature would far surpass in magnitude the most colossal of reptilian forms. A writer in the *Athenæum*, in speaking of the expense of marble and bronze statues, which limits the possession of works of high art to the wealthy, calls attention to the fact that *lead* possesses every requisite for the casting of statues which bronze possesses, while it excels that costly material in two very important particulars—cheapness, and fusibility at a low temperature. As evidence that it may be used for that purpose, he cites the fact that the finest piece of statuary in Edinburgh is composed of lead. This is the equestrian statue of Charles the Second, erected in the Parliament Square by the magistrates of Edinburgh in honor of the restoration of that monarch. This statue is such a fine work of art that it has deceived almost every one who has mentioned its composition. Thus, a late writer in giving an account of the statuary in Edinburgh describes it as consisting of "hollow bronze;" and in "Black's Guide through Edinburgh" it is spoken of as "the best specimen of bronze statuary which Edinburgh possesses." *It is, however, composed of lead*, and has already, without sensible deterioration, stood the test of 165 years' exposure to the weather, and it still seems as fresh as if erected but yesterday. Lead, therefore, appears from this instance to be sufficiently durable to induce artists to make trial of it in metallic castings, instead of bronze.

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Intelligence from Mosul to the 4th ult. states that Mr. LAYARD and his party are still carrying on their excavations at Nimrood and Nineveh. A large number of copper vessels beautifully engraved have been found in the former; and from the latter a large assortment of fine slabs illustrative of the rule, conquests, domestic life, and arts of the ancient Assyrians, are daily coming to light, and are committed to paper by the artist, Mr. Cooper, one of the expedition. Mr Layard intends to make a trip to the Chaboor, the Chaboras of the Romans, and to visit Reish Aina, the Resen of Scripture, where he hopes to find a treasure of Assyrian remains.

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THE LITERARY INTELLIGENCE of the month is not of special interest. The first part of a new work by WILLIAM MURE, entitled a "Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece," has just been published in London, and elicits warm commendation from the critical journals. The three volumes thus far published are devoted mainly to a discussion of HOMER. Mr. CHARLES

MERIVALE has also completed and published two volumes of his "History of the Romans under the Empire," which extend to the death of Julius Caesar.

Mrs. SARA COLERIDGE, widow of HENRY NELSON, and daughter of S.T. COLERIDGE, has collected such of her father's supposed writings in the *Watchman*, *Morning Post*, and *Courier*, ranging between the years 1795 and 1817, as could with any certainty be identified for his, and, with such as he avowed by his signature, has published them in three duodecimo volumes, as *Essays on his own Times*, or a second series of *The Friend*. They are dedicated to Archdeacon Hare, and embody not a little of that system of thought, or method of regarding public affairs from the point of view of a liberal and enlarged Christianity, which is now ordinarily associated with what is called the German party in the English Church. The volumes are not only a valuable contribution to the history of a very remarkable man's mind, but also to the history of the most powerful influence now existing in the world—the Newspaper Press.

A more complete and elaborate work upon this subject, however, has appeared in the shape of two post octavo volumes by Mr. F. KNIGHT HUNT, entitled *The Fourth Estate*. Mr. Hunt describes his book very fairly as contributions toward a history of newspapers, and of the liberty of the press, rather than as a complete historical view of either; but he has had a proper feeling for the literature of his subject, and has varied his entertaining anecdotes of the present race of newspaper men, with extremely curious and valuable notices of the past.

Of books on mixed social and political questions the most prominent has been a new volume of Mr. LAING'S *Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People*, devoted to the last two years, from the momentous incidents of which Mr. Laing derives sundry warnings as to the instability of the future, the necessity of changes in education and political arrangements, and the certain ultimate predominance of material over imaginative influences in the progress of civilization, which his readers will very variously estimate, according to their habits of thinking; and Mr. KAY'S collections of evidence as to the present *Social Condition and Education of the People in England and Europe*, the object of which is to show that the results of the primary schools, and of the system of dividing landed property, existing on the Continent, has been to produce a certain amount of mental cultivation and social comfort among the lower classes of the people abroad, to which the same classes in England can advance no claim whatever. The book contains a great deal of curious evidence in support of this opinion. [Pg 127]

Of works strictly relating to modern history, the first volume of General KLAPKA'S memoirs of the *War in Hungary*, and a military treatise by Colonel CATHCART on the *Russian and German Campaigns of 1812 and 1813*, may be mentioned as having authority. Klapka was a distinguished actor in the war he now illustrates by his narrative, and Colonel Cathcart saw eight general actions lost and won in which Napoleon commanded in person.

In the department of biography, the principal publications have been a greatly improved edition of Mr. Charles Knight's illustrations of the *Life of Shakspeare*, with the erasure of many fanciful, and the addition of many authentic details; a narrative of the *Life of the Duke of Kent*, by Mr. Erskine Neale, in which the somewhat troubled career of that very amiable prince is described with an evident desire to do justice to his character and virtues; and a *Life of Dr. Andrew Combe*, of Edinburgh, an active and benevolent physician, who led the way in that application of the truths and teachings of physiology to health and education, which has of late occupied so largely the attention of the best thinkers of the time, and whose career is described with affectionate enthusiasm by his brother Mr. George Combe. Not as a regular biography, but as a delightful assistance, not only to our better knowledge of the wittiest and one of the wisest of modern men, but to our temperate and just judgments of all men, we may mention the publication of the posthumous fragments of Sydney Smith's *Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy*.

To the department of poetry, Mr. BROWNING'S *Christmas Eve and Easter Day* has been the most prominent addition. But we have also to mention a second and final volume of *More Verse and Prose* by the late Corn-law Rhymers; a new poetical translation of *Dante's Divine Comedy*, by Mr. Patrick Bannerman; and a dramatic poem, called the *Roman*, by a writer who adopts the fictitious name of Sydney Yendys, on the recent revolutionary movements in Italy. In prose fiction, the leading productions have been a novel entitled the *Initials*, depicting German social life, by a new writer; and an historical romance, called *Reginald Hastings*, of which the subject is taken from the English civil wars, by Mr. ELIOT Warburton.

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The DEATHS OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS, during the month, have not been very numerous, though they comprise names of considerable celebrity in various departments.

Of WORDSWORTH and BOWLES, both poets, and both friends of COLERIDGE, LAMB, SOUTHEY, and CRABBE, more detailed mention is made in preceding pages.

Lieut.-General Sir JAMES BATHURST, K.C.B., died at Kibworth Rectory, Leicestershire, on the 13th, in his 68th year. When he entered the army in 1794, if his age be correctly stated, he could have been only twelve years of age. He served at Gibraltar and in the West Indies, the capture of Surinam, the campaign in Egypt in 1801, in the expedition to Hanover, and in the actions fought for the relief of Dantzic, as well as in those of Lomitten, Deppen, Gutstadt, Heilsberg, and Friedland. Subsequently he served at Rugen, and at the siege of Copenhagen. In 1808 and 1809, he served with the army in Portugal and Spain as assistant quartermaster-general, and as

military secretary to the Duke of Wellington.

Madame DULCKEN died on the 13th, in Harley-street, aged 38. She was the sister of the celebrated violinist, David, and had been for many years resident in England, where she held a conspicuous position among the most eminent professors of the piano-forte.

Sir ARCHIBALD GALLOWAY, Chairman of the Hon. East India Company, died on the 6th, in London, aged 74, after a few hours' illness. He transacted business at the India House, on the 4th, and presided at the banquet recently given by the directors of the East India Company to Lord Gough.

Rear-Admiral HILLS died on the 8th, aged 73. He became a lieutenant in 1798, and a post-captain in 1814. The deceased was a midshipman of the *Eclair* at the occupation of Toulon, and was lieutenant of the *Amethyst* at the capture of various prizes during the late war.

Dr. PROUT, F.R.S., expired in Piccadilly, on the 9th, at an advanced age. He was till lately in extensive practice as a physician, besides being a successful author.

Captain SMITH, R.N., the Admiralty superintendent of packets at Southampton, died on the 8th, unexpectedly. He was distinguished as the inventor of paddle-box boats for steamers, and of the movable target for practicing naval gunnery. He entered the navy in 1808, and saw a good deal of service till the close of the war.

Madame TUSSAUD, the well-known exhibitor of wax figures, died on the 10th, in her 90th year. She was a native of Berne, but left Switzerland when but six years old for Paris, where she became a pupil of her uncle, M. Curtius, "artiste to Louis XVI.," by whom she was instructed in the fine arts, of which he was an eminent professor. Madame Tussaud prided herself upon the fact of having instructed Madame Elizabeth to draw and model, and she continued to be employed by that princess until October, 1789. She passed unharmed through the horrors of the Revolution, perhaps by reason of her peculiar ability as a modeler; for she was employed to take heads of most of the Revolutionary leaders. She came to England in 1802, and has from that time been occupied in gathering the popular exhibition now exhibiting in London.

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Affairs in ITALY seem very unpromising. The POPE returned to Rome on the 12th: and in this number of this Magazine will be found a detailed and very graphic account of his approach, entry, and reception. From subsequent accounts there is reason to fear that the POPE has fallen entirely under the influence of the Absolutist party, which now sways the councils of the Vatican; and the same arbitrary proceedings appear to be carried on in his immediate presence as were the order of the day when he resided at Portici. The secret press of the Republican party is kept at work, and its productions, somehow or other, find their way into the hands of PIO NONO himself, filling him with indignation. It is said that the Pontiff is very much dissatisfied with his present position, which he feels to be that of a prisoner or hostage. No one is allowed to approach him without permission, and all papers are opened beforehand by the authority of Cardinal ANTONELLI. It is generally feared that his Holiness is a tool in the hands of the Absolutists—a very pretty consummation to have been brought about by the republican bayonets of France! ITALY, for which so many hopes have been entertained, and of whose successful progress in political regeneration so many delightful anticipations have been indulged, seems to be overshadowed, from the Alps to the Abruzzi, with one great failure.

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The two Overland Mails from India which arrived during the month brought news that there had been some fighting in the newly acquired territories. On the 2d of February a body of Affredies, inhabitants of the Kohat hills, about a thousand strong, attacked the camp of a party of British sappers, employed in making a road in a pass between Peshawur and Kohat. Twelve of the latter were killed, six wounded, and the camp was plundered. To avenge this massacre a strong force under Colonel Bradshaw, Sir Charles Napier himself, with Sir John Campbell, accompanying him, marched from Peshawur on the 9th. The mountaineers made a stand in every pass and defile; but although the troops destroyed six villages and killed a great number of the enemy, they were obliged to return to Peshawur on the 11th without having accomplished their object. On the 14th February another force was sent to regain the passes and to keep them open for a larger armament.

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Accounts from EGYPT to the 6th, state that the Pacha, who had been residing at his new palace in the Desert, had returned to Cairo. The proximity of his residence has drawn his attention to the *Improvement of the Overland Route*; and he has said that means must be adopted to reduce the period of traveling between the ships in the Mediterranean and Red Sea to 60 or 65 hours, instead of 80 or 85 hours. He has sent a small landing steamer to ply in Suez harbor; and he is causing the work of Macadamizing the Desert road to be proceeded with vigorously. An agreement has been made with contractors to enlarge the station-houses on the Desert, so as to admit of the necessary stabling accommodation for eight or ten relays of horses, instead of four or five, by which means 50 or 60 persons will be moved across in one train, instead of, as at



present, half that number. Mules, again, are to be substituted for baggage camels in the transport of the Indian luggage and cargoes, with the view to a reduction of the time consumed in this operation between Suez and Cairo, from 36 to 24 hours. It is easy to perceive the benefits which will be derived from these measures.

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Mr. P. COLQUHON sends to the *Athenæum*, the following extract of a letter from Baron de Rennenkampff, the Chief Chamberlain of H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, and President of the Museum of Antiquities at Oldenburg, which is almost entirely indebted to that gentleman for its collection—narrating an important discovery of Roman silver coins:

"A most interesting circumstance, the particulars of which have much occupied my attention, has occurred here lately. Some poor day laborers in the neighborhood of the small town of Jever, on the border of Marsch and Gest, found, in a circle of a few feet, at a depth of from 7 to 8 feet, a heap of small Roman coins, of fine silver, being 5000 pieces of Roman denarii. The half of them immediately fell into the hands of a Jew of Altona, at a very inconsiderable price. The greatest portion of the remainder were dispersed before I gained intelligence of it, and I only succeeded in collecting some 500 pieces for the Grand Duke's collection, who permitted me to remunerate the discoverers with four times the value of the metal. The coins date between the years 69 and 170 after Christ while the oldest which have hitherto been discovered on the European Continent, in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, &c., date from 170 or 180. Each piece bears the effigy of one of the Emperors of the time, the reverse is adorned with the impression of some occurrence (a woman lying down with a chariot wheel, and beneath it the legend *via Trajaceæ*, a trophy, and on the escutcheon *Dacia capta*, &c.), and these are so various that pairs have only been found in a few cases. The discovery is so much the more wonderful, as, historically, no trace can be found of the Romans having penetrated so far down as Jever."

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The French Minister of the Interior has decided on postponing the Exhibition of Painting in Paris this year until November. The comparative absence from the capital during the fine season of strangers and of rich amateurs likely to be purchasers of pictures, is the motive for this change in the period of opening the Salon.

The French papers state that the submarine electric telegraph between Dover and Calais is to be opened to the public on the 4th of May, the anniversary of the proclamation of the French Republic by the Constituent Assembly.

The Indian Mail brings copies of a new journal published in China on the first day of the present year, and called the *Pekin Monitor*. It is written in Chinese, and carefully printed, on fine paper. The first number contains an ordinance of the emperor, Toa-kouang, forbidding the emigration of his subjects to California or the State of Costa Rica.

It is stated in the *Berliner Allgemeine Kirchen Zeitung*, that the Jews have obtained a firman from the Porte, granting them permission to build a temple on Mount Zion. The projected edifice is, it is said, to equal Solomon's Temple in magnificence.

The creation of a university for New South Wales is a striking expression of the rapid development of the history of a colony founded, in times comparatively recent, with the worst materials of civilization grafted on the lowest forms of barbarism existing on the earth. The new institution is to be at Sydney; and a sum of £30,000 has been, it is said, voted for the building and £5000 for its fittings-up. It will contain at first chairs of the Classical Languages, Mathematics, Chemistry, Natural History, Natural Philosophy, Mechanics, Physiology, and the Medical Sciences; and professorships of History, Philosophy, and Political Economy are to be hereafter added. There is to be no faculty of Theology—and no religious tests.

The late Dr. POTTS, inventor of the hydraulic pile-driving process, and other mechanical inventions, expired at his house in Buckingham-street, Strand, on the 23d ultimo. Dr. Potts belonged originally to the medical profession; but by inclination, even from school-boy days, and while a class-fellow with the present Premier and the Duke of Bedford, he appears to have devoted himself to mechanical and engineering pursuits. His name, however, will be most closely associated for the future with the ingenious process for driving piles.

It is said that "among the agriculturists of Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, and Herefordshire," there is a grand scheme of emigration afloat, which projects the purchase of a million acres of land in one of the Western States of America.

Some of the paper slips dropped by the telegraphing balloons, sent up experimentally by the Admiralty at Whitehall, have been returned by post from Hamburg and Altona, a distance of 450 miles direct.

Box tunnel, London, which is 3192 yards in length, was an object of some interest on Tuesday, the 9th of April, as on that morning at twenty-five minutes past five the sun shone through it. The only other periods that such an event occurs are on the 3d and 4th of September.

An oak tree, forty feet high, with three tons of soil on its roots, has been transplanted at Graisle, near Wolverhampton. The tree was mounted on a timber-carriage, and, with its branches lashed to prevent damage to windows, passed through the streets, a singular but beautiful sight.

The Plymouth Town-Council are about to lay down a quantity of glass pipes, jointed with gutta

percha, as an experiment, for the conveyance of water.

The French, Belgian, and Prussian governments appointed a commission in 1848 to draw up the base of an arrangement for an international railway communication; the commission is about to commence its sittings in Paris.

The Russian Geographical Society has decided upon exploring that portion of the Northern Ural which lies between Mount Kwognar and the pass of Koppol; an extent of 2000 wersts, which has not yet been explored by the Ural expedition. The expedition will consist of only three persons—a geognort, who also determines the altitude, a geographer, and one assistant. A great number of attendants, interpreters, workpeople, and rein-deer sledges, have already been engaged. The expedition will set out immediately, and it is hoped will complete the investigation by September.

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It is said that nothing indicates the social and moral condition of any community more accurately or impressively than its RECORDS OF CRIME. The following instances, selected from English journals of the month, will not, therefore, be without interest and instruction.

On the 2d, Thomas Denny was tried at Kingston-on-Thames, for *Murdering his Child*. He was a farm-servant, and so poor that he lived in a hay-loft on his master's premises, with his reputed wife. In August a child was born, and died immediately. Suspicions arose, and an investigation took place, which led to the prisoner's commitment, charged with murdering the infant. On the trial the prisoner's son, an intelligent boy of eight years old, told the following graphic story of his father's guilt: "We all," he said, "lived together in the hay-loft at Ewell. When mother had a baby, I went to my father and told him to come home directly. When we got back my father took up the baby in his arms. He then took up an awl. [Here the child became much affected, and cried bitterly, and it was some time before he could proceed with his testimony. At length he went on.] My father took up the awl, and killed the baby with it. He stuck the awl into its throat. The baby cried, and my father took the child to its mother, and asked her if he should make a coffin for it. Before he said this, he asked her if she would help to kill it, and gave her the awl. She tried to kill it also. My father gave her the child and the awl, and she did the same to it that he had done. I was very much frightened at what I saw, and ran away, and when I came back I found mother in bed." The woman (Eliza Tarrant) had been charged as an accomplice, but the bill against her was ignored by the grand jury. On the trial she was called as a witness; to which the prisoner's counsel objected, she being a presumed participator in the crime. The woman, however, was called, and partly corroborated her son's testimony; but denied that she took any share in killing her offspring. The prisoner was convicted, and Mr. Justice Maule passed sentence of death, informing him that there was no hope of respite. Subsequently, however, the objections of the prisoner's counsel proved more valid than the judge supposed, for the secretary of state thought proper to commute the sentence. The unfortunate man received the respite with heartfelt gratitude. Since his conviction he appeared to be overcome with grief at his awful position.

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*A Tale of Misery* was revealed on the 3d to Mr. à Beckett, the magistrate Of Southwark police court. He received a letter from a gentleman who stated that as he was walking home one evening, his attention was attracted to a young woman. She was evidently following an immoral career; but her appearance and demeanor interesting him he spoke to her. She candidly acknowledged, that having been deserted by her parents, she was leading an abandoned life to obtain food for her three sisters, all younger than herself. Her father had been in decent circumstances, but that unfortunately her mother was addicted to drink, and owing to this infirmity their parents had separated, and abandoned them. The writer concluded by hoping that the magistrate would cause an inquiry to be made. Mr. à Beckett directed an officer of the court to investigate into this case. On the 4th, the officer called at the abode of the young woman, in a wretched street, at a time when such a visit could not have been expected. He found Mary Ann Bannister, the girl alluded to, and her three sisters, of the respective ages of eight, eleven, and fourteen, in deep distress. The eldest was washing some clothing for her sisters. There was no food of any description in the place. Altogether the case was a very distressing one, and although accustomed to scenes of misery, in the course of his duties, yet this was one of the most lamentable the officer had met with. The publication of the case had the effect of inducing several benevolent individuals to transmit donations to Mr. à Beckett for these destitute girls, to the amount, as he stated on a subsequent day, of above £25. He added that it was in contemplation to enable the girls to emigrate to South Australia, and that meanwhile they had been admitted into the workhouse of St. George's parish, where they would be kept till a passage was procured for them to the colony. More than one person had offered to take Mary Ann Bannister into domestic service; but emigration for the whole four was thought more advisable.

A female named Lewis, who resided at Bassalleg, left her home on the 3d to go to Newport, about three miles distant, to make purchases. She never returned. A search was made by her son and husband, who is a cripple, and on the night of the following day they discovered her *murdered in a wood* at no very great distance from the village, so frightfully mangled as to leave no doubt that she had been waylaid and brutally murdered. The head was shockingly disfigured, battered by some heavy instrument, and the clothes were saturated with blood. For some days the perpetrators escaped detection, but eventually Murphy and Sullivan, two young Irishmen, were arrested at Cheltenham, on suspicion. Wearing apparel, covered with blood, and a number of trifling articles were found on them. They were sent off to Newport, where it was found they had been engaged in an atrocious outrage in Gloucestershire, on an old man whom they had assailed

and robbed on the road near Purby; his skull was fractured; and his life was considered to be in imminent peril. Both prisoners were fully committed to the county jail at Monmouth to take their trial for willful murder.

*A Dreadful Murder* has been discovered in the neighborhood of Frome, in Somersetshire. On the 3d, a young man named Thomas George, the son of a laborer residing near that town, left his father's house about eight in the evening, and never returned. Next morning, his father went in search of him, and found his body in a farmer's barn; he had been apparently dead for some hours, and there were deep wounds in his head and throat. A man named Henry Hallier, who had been seen in company with the deceased, the night he disappeared, close to the barn where his body was found, was apprehended on the 18th on suspicion, and committed to the county jail.

An act of *Unparalleled Atrocity* was committed during the Easter week in the Isle of Man. Two poor men named Craine and Gill went to a hill-side to procure a bundle of heather to make brooms. The proprietor of the premises observed them, and remarked that he would quickly make them remove their quarters. He at once set fire to the dry furze and heather, directly under the hilly place where the poor men were engaged. The fire spread furiously, and it was only by rolling himself down the brow of the hill, and falling over the edge of a precipice into the river underneath, that Gill escaped. His unfortunate companion, who was a pensioner, aged 80 years, and quite a cripple, was left in his helpless state a prey to the flames. After they had subsided, Gill went in search of Craine, whom he found burned to a cinder. The proprietor of the heath has been apprehended.

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*A Shot at his Sweetheart* was fired by John Humble Sharpe, a young man of 21, who was tried for it at the Norfolk Circuit on the 9th. The accused, a young carpenter, had courted and had been accepted by the prosecutrix, Sarah Lingwood. She, however, listened to other vows; the lover grew jealous, and was at length rejected. In the night after he had received his dismissal, the family of the girl's uncle with whom she lived were alarmed by the report of a gun. On examining her bedroom it was discovered that a bullet had been fired through the window, had crossed the girl's bed, close to the bottom where she lay, grazed a dress that was lying on the bed-clothes, and struck a chest of drawers beyond. Suspicion having fallen on the prisoner, he was apprehended. The prisoner's counsel admitted the fact, but denied the intent. The prisoner had, he said, no desire to harm the girl, whom he tenderly loved, but only to alarm her and induce her to return to him. The jury, after long deliberation, acquitted the prisoner.

Several shocking instances of *Agrarian Crime* have been mentioned in the Irish papers. At Glasslough, in the county of Monaghan, a shot was fired into the bed-room window of Mr. John Robertson, land steward to C.P. Leslie, Esq., on the night of the 10th. Arthur O'Donnel, Esq., of Pickwick Cottage, in Clare, was murdered near his own house, on the night of the 11th. He was attacked by a party of men and killed with a hatchet. The supposition was that this deed was committed by recipients of relief whom Mr. O'Donnel was wont to strike off the lists at the weekly revision by the board of the Kilrush union, of which he was one. A man was arrested on strong suspicion. There was another murder in Clare. The herdsman of Mr. Scanlon, of Fortune in that county, went out to look after some sheep, the property of his master, when he was attacked by some persons who had been lurking about the wood, and his throat cut.

Two evidences of the *Low Price of Labor* were brought before the magistrates. One at Bow-street on the 10th, when W. Gronnow, a journeyman shoemaker, was charged with pawning eight pairs of ladies' shoes intrusted to him for making up. He pleaded extreme distress, and said he intended to redeem the shoes that week. The prisoner's employer owned that the man was entitled to no more than 4s. 8d. for making and preparing the eight pairs of shoes. "Why," said the magistrate, "that price is only *sevenpence* a pair for the workman. I am not surprised to hear of so many persons pawning their employers' property, when they are paid so badly." The prisoner was fined 2s. and ordered to pay the money he had received upon the shoes within fourteen days; in default, to be imprisoned fourteen days. Being unable to pay the money, he was locked up.

On the previous day a man named Savage, a slop shirt seller, was summoned at Guildhall for 9d., the balance due to Mrs. Wallis for making three cotton shirts. When delivered, Savage found fault with them, and deferred payment. Eventually 1s. 3d. was paid instead of 2s. The alderman said he was surprised at any tradesman who only paid 8d. for making a shirt, deducting 3d. from so small a remuneration; it was disgraceful. He then ordered the money to be paid, with expenses.

Alexander Levey, a goldsmith, was tried at the Central Criminal Court on the 10th, for the *Murder of his Wife*. They were a quarrelsome pair: one day, while the husband, with a knife in his hand, was cooking a sweetbread, the wife came in, and, in answer to his inquiry where she had been, said she had been to a magistrate for a warrant against him. On this, with a violent exclamation, he stabbed her in the throat; she ran out of the house, while he continued eating with the knife with which he stabbed her, saying, however, he hoped she was not much hurt. She died in consequence of the wound. The defense was, that the blow had been given in the heat of passion, and the prisoner was found guilty of manslaughter only. He was sentenced to fifteen years' transportation.

On the same day, Jane Kirtland was tried for the *Manslaughter of her Husband*. They lived at Shadwell, and were both addicted to drinking and quarreling, in both which they indulged. Kirtland having called his wife an opprobrious name she took up a chopper, and said that if he repeated the offensive expression, she would chop him. He immediately repeated it with a still more offensive addition, and at the same time thrust his fist, in her face, when she struck him on

the elbow with the chopper, and inflicted a wound of which he died a few days afterward. The prisoner, when called upon for her defense, burst into tears, and said that her husband was constantly drunk, and that he was in the habit of going out all day, and leaving her and her children in a destitute state, and when he came home he would abuse her and insult her in every possible way. In a moment of anger she struck him with a chopper, but she had no intention to do him any serious injury. The jury found the prisoner Guilty, but recommended her to mercy on account of the provocation she had received. She was sentenced to be kept to hard labor in the House of Correction for six months.

A coroner's inquest was held in Southwark on the same day, respecting the death of Mrs. Mary Carpenter, *an Eccentric Old Lady*, of eighty-two. She had been left, by a woman who attended her, cooking a chop for her dinner; and soon afterward the neighbors were alarmed by smoke coming from the house. On breaking into her room on an upper floor, the place was found to be on fire. The flames were got under, but the old lady was burnt almost to a cinder. Mrs. Carpenter was a very singular person; she used at one time to wear dresses so that they did not reach down to her knees. Part of her leg was exposed, but the other was encased with milk-white stockings, tied up with scarlet garters, the ribbons extending to her feet, or flying about her person. In this extraordinary dress she would sally forth to market, followed by an immense crowd of men and children. For some years past she discontinued these perambulations, and lived entirely shut up in her house in Moss-alley, the windows of which she had bricked up, so that no light could enter from without. Though she had considerable freehold property, she had only an occasional female attendant, and would allow no other person, but the collector of her rents, to enter her preserve.

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On the 12th, Mrs. Eleanor Dundas Percival, a lady of thirty-five, destroyed herself by poison at the Hope Coffee-house, in Fetter-lane, where she had taken temporary apartments. *A Distressing History* transpired at the inquest. She was the daughter of a Scotch clergyman, and lost the countenance of her family by marrying a Catholic, a captain in the navy; while her husband suffered the same penalty for marrying a Protestant. About a year ago he and their infant died in the West Indies; she afterward became governess in the family of Sir Colin Campbell, governor of Barbadoes; her health failing, she returned to England in October last, and had since been reduced to extreme distress. Having been turned out of a West-end hotel, and had her effects detained on account of her debt contracted there, she had been received into the apartments in Fetter-lane, partly through the compassion of a person who resided in the house. While there, she had written to Miss Burdett Coutts, and, a few days before her death, a gentleman had called on her from that benevolent lady, who paid up the rent she owed, amounting to £2 14s., and left her 10s. On the evening above-mentioned she went out, and returned with a phial in her hand containing morphia, which, it appeared, she swallowed on going to bed between five and six, as she was afterward found in a dying state, and the empty phial beside her. The verdict was temporary insanity.

*Elias Lucas and Mary Reeder were executed* at Cambridge on the 13th. Lucas was the husband of the female convict's sister, whom they had poisoned. Morbid curiosity had attracted from twenty to thirty thousand spectators. In the procession from the jail to the scaffold there was a great parade of county magistrates.

Louisa Hartley was charged at the Southwark Police Court, on the 16th, with an *Attempt to poison her Father*, who is a fellowship porter. On the previous morning she made the coffee for breakfast, on tasting it, it burnt Harley's mouth, and he charged the girl with having put poison in his cup, which she denied; he then tasted her coffee, and found it had no unpleasant flavor. His daughter then snatched away his cup, and threw the contents into a wash-hand basin. But in spite of her tears and protestations of innocence, he took the basin to Guy's Hospital, where it was found that the coffee must have contained vitriol. The girl, who was said to be of weak intellect, and stood sobbing at the bar, being questioned, only shook her head, and said she had nothing to say. At a subsequent hearing the magistrate decided that there was sufficient evidence for a committal.

A man named William Bennison, a workman in an iron-foundry, has been committed to prison at Leith on suspicion of having *Poisoned his Wife*. The circumstances of the case are extraordinary. The scene of the murder is an old-fashioned tiled house in Leith. Bennison and his wife occupied the second floor of a house, in which also resides Alexander Milne, a cripple from his infancy, well known to the frequenters of Leith Walk, where he sits daily, in a small cart drawn by a dog. Mrs. Bennison, after, it is said, partaking of some gruel, became very ill, and died on Monday, the 22d inst. The dog which drew the cripple's cart died about the same time; suspicion was drawn upon the husband, and he was apprehended, and the dog's body conveyed to Surgeon's Hall for examination. Some weeks before, Bennison had purchased arsenic from a neighboring druggist, to kill rats, as he said. When suspected he called on the druggist, and requested him and his wife not to mention that he had purchased the arsenic. He even pressed for a written denial of the fact, adding that there might be arsenic found in his wife's stomach, but he did not put it there. On the Monday previous to her death it is said he enrolled her name in a benefit society, by which on her death he was entitled to a sum of £6. At the prisoner's examination before the sheriff, the report of the chemists pronounced the contents of the dog's stomach to have been metallic poison. The accused was eventually committed for trial. The deceased and her husband were members of the Wesleyan body, and bore an excellent character for piety. Bennison professed to be extremely zealous in behalf of religion, and was in the habit of administering its consolations to such as would accept of them. His "gifts" of extempore prayer are said to be extensive.

*Two Men were shot at by a Gamekeeper* lately in a wood belonging to Lord Wharnccliffe, near Barnsley. The game on this estate is preserved by a solicitor, who resides near Wokefield, who employs Joseph Hunter as gamekeeper. Both the men were severely injured, and Cherry, one of them, sued Hunter as the author of the offense, in the Barnsley County Court, and the case was heard on the 19th instant. Cherry stated, that on the 23d February he went to see the Badsworth hounds meet at the village of Notton, and in coming down by the side of a wood he saw the defendant, who asked plaintiff and two others where the hounds were. Plaintiff told him they were in Notton-park. These men left Hunter, and walked down by the side of Noroyds-wood. They went through the wood, when one of the men who was with him began cutting some sticks. Plaintiff then saw Hunter, who was about twenty-five yards from them, coming toward them: the men began to run away, when plaintiff said to the other, "He's going to shoot us;" and before he had well delivered the words, he was shot in the arm and side, and could not run with the others. A surgeon proved that the wounds were severe and in a dangerous part of the body. The two men who were with the plaintiff corroborated his evidence. The judge said that defendant deserved to be sent to York for what he had done already. The damages might have been laid at £100 or £1000 had plaintiff been acting lawfully; but he thought plaintiff had acted with discretion in laying the damages at £10 for which he should give a verdict, and all the costs the law would allow.

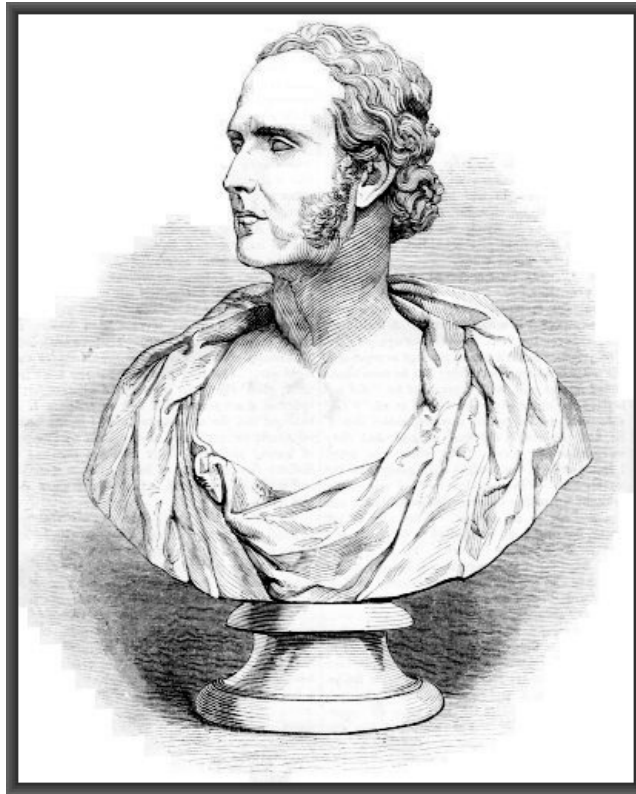
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*An Affecting Case* occurred at the Mansion House on the 23d. William Powers, a boy, was brought up on the charge of picking a gentleman's pocket of a handkerchief. A little boy, who had seen the theft, was witness against him. The prisoner made a feeble attempt to represent the witness as an accomplice; but he soon abandoned it, and said, with tears, that he "did not believe the other boy to be a thief at all." The alderman, moved by his manner, asked him if he had parents? He said he had, but they were miserably poor. "My father was, when I last saw him, six months ago, going into the workhouse. What was I to do? I was partly brought up to the tailoring business, but I can get nothing to do at that. I am able to job about, but still I am compelled to be idle. If I had work, wouldn't I work! I'd be glad to work hard for a living, instead of being obliged to thieve and tell lies for a bit of bread." Alderman Carden—If I send you for a month to Bridewell, and from thence into an industrial school, will you stick honestly to labor? The prisoner—Try me. You shall never see me here or in any other disgraceful situation again. Alderman Carden—I will try you. You shall go to Bridewell for a month, and to the School of Occupation afterward, where you will have an opportunity of reforming. The wretched boy expressed himself in terms of gratitude to the alderman, and went away, as seemed to be the general impression in the justice-room, for the purpose of commencing a new life.

On the 5th a pilot-boat brought into Cowes the master of the *Lincoln*, sailing from Boston for California. He had reached the latitude of 4° N. and longitude 25° W., and when at 10.30 p.m. of March 2, during a heavy shower of rain, and without any menacing appearance in the air, the ship was *Struck with Lightning*, which shivered the mainmast, and darted into the hold. On opening the scuttle, volumes of smoke were emitted, and finding it impossible to extinguish the fire, the crew endeavored to stifle it by closing every aperture. In this state they remained for nearly four days, with the fire burning in the hold, when they were relieved from their perilous situation by the providential appearance of the *Maria Christina*, and taken on board. Previous to leaving the ill-fated brig, the hatches were opened, when the flames burst forth, and in thirty minutes afterward the mainmast fell over the side. The unfortunate crew were most kindly treated by Captain Voss, the master of the *Maria Christina*, who did every thing in his power for their relief.

A Miss Downie met, on the 4th, with an *Extraordinary Death* at Traquair-on-the-Tweed. She had suffered, since childhood, from severe pains in the head and deafness; her health had been gradually declining for the last three years, and in August last she was seized with most painful inflammation in the left ear, accompanied by occasional bleedings also from the ear. On the 20th of March an ordinary-sized metallic pin was extracted from the left ear, which was enveloped in a firm substance with numerous fibres attached to it; several hard bodies, in shape resembling the grains of buckwheat, but of various colors, were also taken out of the right ear. The poor girl endured the most intense pain, which she bore with Christian fortitude till death terminated her sufferings. It is believed the pin must have lodged in the head for nearly twenty years, as she never recollected of having put one in her ear, but she had a distinct remembrance of having, when a child, had a pin in her mouth, which she thought she had swallowed.

THE POET BOWLES.—The canon's absence of mind was very great, and when his coachman drove him into Bath he had to practice all kinds of cautions to keep him to time and place. The poet once left our office in company with a well-known antiquary of our neighborhood, since deceased, and who was as absent as Mr. Bowles himself. The servant of the latter came to our establishment to look for him, and, on learning that he had gone away with the gentleman to whom we have referred, the man exclaimed, in a tone of ludicrous distress, "What! those two wandered away together? then they'll never be found any more!" The act of composition was a slow and laborious operation with him. He altered and re-wrote his MS. until, sometimes, hardly anything remained of the original, excepting the general conception. When we add that his handwriting was one of the worst that ever man wrote—insomuch that frequently he could not read that which he had written the day before—we need not say that his printers had very tough work in getting his works into type. At the time when we printed for Mr. Bowles we had one compositor in our office (his death is recorded in our paper of to-day), who had a sort of knack in making out the poet's hieroglyphics, and he was once actually sent for by Mr Bowles into Wiltshire to copy some MS. written a year or two before, which the poet had himself vainly



### ARCHIBALD ALISON.

Mr. Archibald Alison, author of the "History of Europe," is son of the author of the well-known "Essay on Taste." He holds the office of sheriff of Lanarkshire, and is much respected in the city of Glasgow, where his official duties compel him to reside. Though educated for the profession of the law, and daily administering justice as the principal local judge of a populous district, Mr. Alison's tastes are entirely literary. Besides the "History of Europe," in 20 volumes—a work which, we believe, originated in the pages of a "Scottish Annual Register," long since discontinued—Mr. Alison has written a "Life of Marlborough" and various economic and political pamphlets. He is also a frequent contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. It is, however, upon his "History of Europe" that his fame principally rests. If Mr. Alison be not the most successful of modern historians, we know not to whom, in preference to him, the palm can be conceded. His work is to be found in every library, and bids fair to rank hereafter as the most valuable production of the age in which he lived. This success is due, not only to the importance and interest of his theme, but to the skillful, eloquent, and generally correct manner in which he has treated it. He has, doubtless, been guilty of some errors of omission as well as of commission, as we have heard of a literary amateur, whose chief amusement for some years past, has been to make out a list of his mistakes; but, after all deductions of this kind, enough of merit remains in the work to entitle its author to a place in the highest rank of contemporary authors.

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The bust of Mr. Alison, of which we present an engraving, was executed in the year 1846, and presented in marble to Mr. Alison by a body of his private friends in Glasgow, as a testimonial of their friendship to him as an individual; of their esteem and respect for him in his public capacity, as one of their local judges; and of their admiration of his writings. It is considered a very excellent likeness.

### THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

Ebenezer Elliott not only possessed poetical spirit, or the apparent faculty of producing poetry, but he produced poems beautiful in description, touching in incident and feeling, and kindly in sentiment, when he was kept away from that bugbear of his imagination a landed gentleman. A man of acres, or any upholder of the corn-laws, was to him what brimstone and blue flames are to a certain species of devotee, or the giant oppressor of enchanted innocence to a mad knight-errant. In a squire or a farmer he could see no humanity; the agriculturist was an incarnate devil, bent upon raising the price of bread, reducing wages, checking trade, keeping the poor wretched and dirty, and rejoicing when fever followed famine, to sweep them off by thousands to an untimely grave. According to his creed, there was no folly, no fault, no idleness, no improvidence in the poor. Their very crimes were brought upon them by the gentry class. The squires, assisted

a little by kings, ministers, and farmers, were the true origin of evil in this world of England, whatever might be the cause of it elsewhere.

This rabid feeling was opposed to high poetical excellence. Temper and personal passion are fatal to art: "in the very torrent, tempest, and (I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you should acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." It is also fatal to more than art: where a person looks with the vulgar eyes that Ebenezer Elliott used on many occasions, there can be neither truth nor justice. Even the satirist must observe a partial truth and a measure in expressing it, or he sinks down to the virulent lampooner.

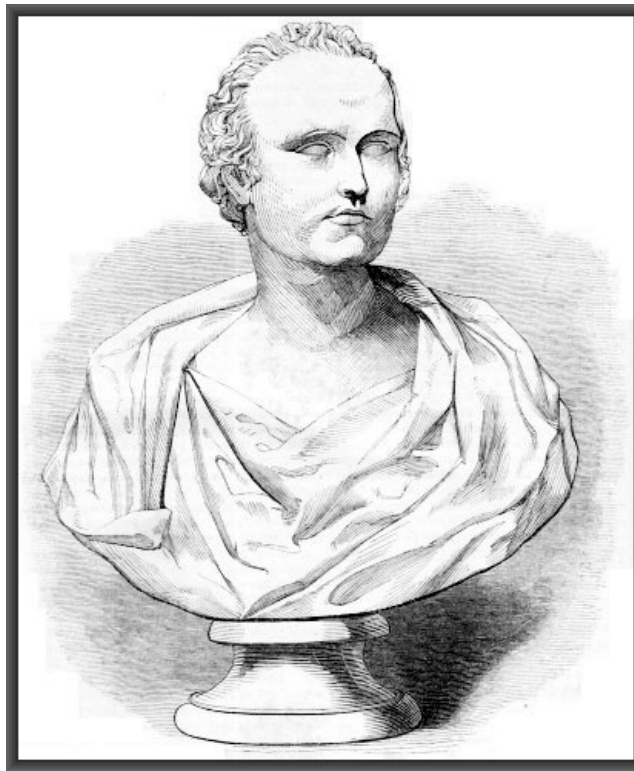
Part of this violence must be placed to the natural disposition of the man, but part of it was owing to his narrow education; by which we mean, not so much book-learning or reading, of which he had probably enough, but provincial and possibly low associates. Something, perhaps, should be ascribed to a self-sufficiency rather morbid than proud; for we think Elliott had a liking to be "head of the company," and that he resented any want of public notice as an affront, even when the parties could not know that he was entitled to notice.

These defects of character operated very mischievously upon his works. The temper marred his political poems; though the people, their condition, vices, and virtues, is a theme that, properly sung, might stir the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world and give immortality to a poet. The provincial mind affected the mass of Elliott's poems even where the subject was removed from his prejudices; for he had no habitual elevation or refinement of taste: it required a favorable theme or a happy moment to triumph over the deficiencies of nature and education. His self-sufficiency coupled with his provincialism seems to have prevented him from closely criticising his productions; so that he often published things that were prosaic as well as faulty in other respects.

The posthumous volumes before us naturally abound in the author's peculiarities; for the feelings of survivors are prone to err on the side of fullness, and the friends of the lately dead too often print indiscriminately. The consequence is, that the publication has an air of gatherings, and contains a variety of things that a critical stranger would wish away. It was proper, perhaps, to have given prose as a specimen of the author; and the review of his works by Southey, said to have been rejected by the *Quarterly*, is curious for its total disregard of the reviewer's own canons, since very little description is given of the poems, and not much of the characteristics of the poet. Much of the poetry in these volumes would have been better unpublished. Here and there we find a touching little piece, or a bit of power; but the greater part is not only unpoetical but trivial, or merely personal in the expression of feeling. There is, moreover, a savageness of tone toward the agricultural interest, even after the corn-laws were abolished, that looks as like malignity as honest anger.—*London Spectator*.

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MADAME GRANDIN, the widow of M. Victor Grandin, representative of the Seine Inférieure, who died about seven or eight months since, met with a melancholy end on the 6th, at her residence at Elbœuf. She was confined to her bed from illness, and the woman, who had been watching by her during the night, had left her but a short time, when the most piercing shrieks were heard to proceed from her room. Her brother ran in alarm to her assistance, but, unfortunately, he was too late, the poor lady had expired, having been burned in her bed. It is supposed that in reaching to take something from the table, her night-dress came in contact with the lamp, and thus communicated to the bed.



## T. BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Mr. Macaulay, though ambitious at one time, and perhaps still, of a reputation for poetry though an acute critic and a brilliant essayist, and though a showy and effective orator, who could command at all times the attention of an assembly that rather dislikes studied eloquence seems at present inclined to build up his fame upon his historical writings. Most of his admirers consider that, in this respect, he has judged wisely. As a poet—however pleasing his "Lays of Ancient Rome" and some of his other ballads maybe—he could never have succeeded in retaining the affection of the public. Depth of feeling, earnest and far-seeing thought, fancy, imagination, a musical ear, a brilliancy of expression, and an absolute mastery of words, are all equally essential to him who, in this or any other time, would climb the topmost heights of Parnassus. Mr. Macaulay has fancy but not imagination; and though his ear is good, and his command of language unsurpassed by any living writer, he lacks the earnestness and the deep philosophy of all the mighty masters of song. As a critic he is, perhaps, the first of his age; but criticism, even in its highest developments, is but a secondary thing to the art upon which it thrives. Mr. Macaulay has in him the stuff of which artists and originators are made, and we are of the number of those who rejoice that, in the vigor of his days; he has formed a proper estimate of his own powers, and that he has abandoned the poetical studies, in the prosecution of which he never could have attained the first rank; and those critical corruscations which, however beautiful, must always have been placed in a lower scale of merit than the compositions upon which they were founded; and that he has devoted his life to the production of an original work in the very highest department of literature.

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There was, at one time, a prospect before Mr. Macaulay of being one of the men who *make*, instead of those who *write* history; but his recent retirement from parliament and from public life has, for a while at least, closed up that avenue. In cultivating at leisure the literary pursuits that he loves, we trust that he, as well as the world, will be the gainer, and that his "History of England," when completed, will be worthy of so high a title. As yet the field is clear before him. The histories that have hitherto appeared are mostly bad or indifferent. Some are good, but not sufficiently good to satisfy the wants of the reader, or to render unnecessary the task of more enlightened, more impartial, more painstaking, and more elegant writers. There never was a work of art, whether in painting, sculpture, music, or literature, in which lynx-eyed criticism could not detect a flaw, or something deficient, which the lynx-eyed critic, and he alone, could have supplied. Mr. Macaulay's history has not escaped the ordeal, neither was it desirable that it should; but the real public opinion of the country has pronounced itself in his favor, and longs for the worthy completion of a task which has been worthily begun.

The bust of Mr. Macaulay was executed shortly after that of Mr. Alison, and is, we believe, in Mr. Macaulay's own possession. It is a very admirable likeness.

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## MOSCOW AFTER THE CONFLAGRATION.

It was both a strange and a horrible spectacle. Some houses appeared to have been razed; of others, fragments of smoke-blackened walls remained; ruins of all kinds encumbered the streets;



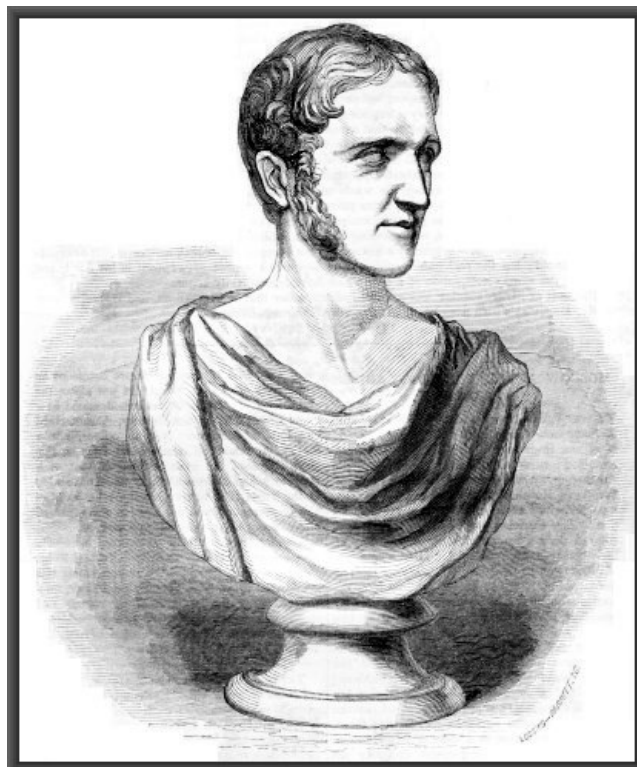
every where was a horrible smell of burning. Here and there a cottage, a church, a palace, stood erect amid the general destruction. The churches especially, by their many-colored domes, by the richness and variety of their construction, recalled the former opulence of Moscow. In them had taken refuge most of the inhabitants, driven by our soldiers from the houses the fire had spared. The unhappy wretches, clothed in rags, and wandering like ghosts amid the ruins, had recourse to the saddest expedients to prolong their miserable existence. They sought and devoured the scanty vegetables remaining in the gardens; they tore the flesh from the animals that lay dead in the streets; some even plunged into the river for corn the Russians had thrown there, and which was now in a state of fermentation.... It was with the greatest difficulty we procured black bread and beer; meat began to be very scarce. We had to send strong detachments to seize oxen in the woods where the peasants had taken refuge, and often the detachments returned empty-handed. Such was the pretended abundance procured us by the pillage of the city. We had liquors, sugar, sweetmeats, and we wanted for meat and bread. We covered ourselves with furs, but were almost without clothes and shoes. With great store of diamonds, jewels, and every possible object of luxury, we were on the eve of dying of hunger. A large number of Russian soldiers wandered in the streets of Moscow. I had fifty of them seized; and a general, to whom I reported the capture, told me I might have had them shot, and that on all future occasions he authorized me to do so. I did not abuse the authorization. It will be easily understood how many mishaps, how much disorder, characterized our stay in Moscow. Not an officer, not a soldier, but could tell strange anecdotes on this head. One of the most striking is that of a Russian whom a French officer found concealed in the ruins of a house; by signs he assured him of protection, and the Russian accompanied him. Soon, being obliged to carry an order, and seeing another officer pass at the head of a detachment, he transferred the individual to his charge, saying hastily—"I recommend this gentleman to you." The second officer, misunderstanding the intention of the words, and the tone in which they were pronounced, took the unfortunate Russian for an incendiary, and had him shot.—*Fezensac's Journal*.

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TRUTH.—Truth is a subject which men will not suffer to grow old. Each age has to fight with its own falsehoods: each man with his love of saying to himself and those around him pleasant things and things serviceable for to-day, rather than things which are. Yet a child appreciates at once the divine necessity for truth; never asks, "What harm is there in saying the thing there is not?" and an old man finds in his growing experience wider and wider applications of the great doctrine and discipline of truth.—*Friends in Council*.

A provincial paper mentions the discovery of the *Original Portrait of Charles the First*, by Vandyck, lost in the time of the Commonwealth, and which has been found at Barnstaple in Devonshire. It had been for many years in the possession of a furniture-broker in that town, from whom it was lately purchased by a gentleman of the name of Taylor, for two shillings. Mr. Taylor, the account adds, has since required £2000 for it.

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**WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.**

William H. Prescott, the American historian, is a native of Salem, Massachusetts, where he was born on the 4th of May 1796. He is a son of the late eminent lawyer WILLIAM PRESCOTT, LL.D., of Boston, and a grandson of Colonel WILLIAM PRESCOTT, who commanded the forces in the redoubt on Breed's Hill in the memorable battle fought there on the 17th of June 1775. Mr. Prescott entered Harvard college in 1811, where his chief delight consisted in the study of the works of ancient authors. He left Harvard in 1814, and resolved to devote a year to a course of historical study, before commencing that of the law, his chosen profession. His reading was suddenly checked by a rheumatic inflammation of his eyes, which for a long time, deprived him wholly of sight. He had already lost the use of one eye by an accidental blow while at college; doubtless the burden of study being laid upon the other overtaxed it, and produced disease. In the autumn of 1815 he went to Europe, where he remained two years, a greater portion of the time utterly unable to enjoy the pleasures of reading and study. He returned to Boston in 1817, and in the course of a few years married a grand-daughter of Captain Linzee who commanded one of the British vessels at the battle of Bunker Hill. His vision gradually strengthened with advancing age, and he began to use his eye sparingly in reading. The languages of continental Europe now attracted his attention, and he soon became proficient in their use. These acquirements, and his early taste for, and intimate acquaintance with, the best ancient writers, prepared him for those labors as a historian in which he has since been engaged.

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As early as 1819, Mr. Prescott conceived the idea of producing an historical work of a superior character. For this purpose, he allowed ten years for preliminary study, and ten for the investigation and preparation of the work. He chose for his theme the history of the life and times of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain; and at the end of nearly twenty years, pursuant to his original plan, that great work was completed. He had resolved not to allow it to be published during his lifetime, but the remark of his father, that "The man who writes a book which he is afraid to publish, is a coward" decided him, and it went forth to the world in 1838. It was quickly republished in London; every where it was pronounced a master-piece, and his fame was firmly established. But little did those who read his delightful pages know of the vast toil, and patient, persevering industry, in the midst of a great privation, which the historian had employed in his task. His rare volumes from Spain and other sources were consulted through the medium of a reader; the copious notes were written by a secretary; much of the work in its final shape was written by himself with a writing machine for the blind, and in the whole preparation of this and subsequent works, he relied far more upon his ear than his eye for aid.

The "Conquest of Mexico" next followed, and his publishers sold seven thousand copies the next year. It was published at the same time in London, and translated in Paris, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, and Mexico. His "Conquest of Peru" followed soon afterward, and was received at home and abroad with equal favor. The "Conquest of Mexico" has had three separate translations into the Castilian, and the "Peru," two. They have been reprinted in English in London and Paris, and have gone through repeated editions in this country. Whether we shall soon have another work from Mr. Prescott's pen, is a matter of doubt, as it is understood that he proposes to employ the last ten years of his historic life in preparing a History of the Reign of Philip the Second of Spain. His eyes have somewhat failed in strength, and he is now able to use them for reading less than an hour each day; "But," he says in a letter to a friend, "I am not, and never expect to be, in the category of the blind men."

Our allotted space will not permit us to take an analytical view of the character and writings of Mr. Prescott. We can only say that great industry, sound judgment, comprehensive views, purity of diction, and fine, flowing style in description and narrative, all governed by a genius eminently philosophical, place him in the first rank of modern historians. Americans love him as a cherished member of their household—throughout the Republic of Letters he is admired as one of its brightest ornaments.

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## THE ENCHANTED BATHS.

These warm springs are natural phenomena, which perhaps have not their equal in the whole world. I am, therefore, quite inconsolable at the thought of having made the long and difficult journey from Bona, and having been five whole days here in Guelma, within the distance of five-and-twenty miles from those wonderful springs, yet unable to see them. At the distance of a mile or two from Hammam Meskutine, thick clouds of vapor are seen rising from these warm springs. The water is highly impregnated with calcareous properties, whose accumulated deposits have formed conical heaps, some of which are upwards of thirty feet high. From amidst these cones the springs jet forth lofty columns of water, which descend in splendid cascades, flowing over the ancient masonry, and covering it with a white calcareous stratum.

The mass produced by the crystalization of the particles escaping from the seething waters, has been, after a long lapse of years, transformed into beautiful rose-colored marble. F— brought me a piece of this substance from the springs. It is precisely similar to that used in building the church at Guelma, which is obtained from a neighboring quarry. From the remains of an ancient tower and a fort, situated near Hammam Meskutine, it is evident that these springs were known to the Romans. An old Arab legend records that, owing to the extreme wickedness of the inhabitants of these districts, God visited them with a punishment similar to that of Lot's wife, by transforming them into the conical heaps of chalk I have mentioned above. To this day, the mass

of the people firmly believe that the larger cones represent the parents, and the smaller ones, the children.

Owing to the high temperature, the surrounding vegetation is clothed in the most brilliant green; and the water of a tepid brook, which flows at the foot of the cascades, though in itself as clear as a mirror, appears to be of a beautiful emerald color. F—— told me that he was not a little surprised to see in this warm rivulet a multitude of little fishes sporting about, as lively as though they had been in the coolest water. This curious natural phenomenon is explainable by the fact, that in this rivulet, which is of considerable depth, the under-currents are sufficiently cool to enable the fish to live and be healthy, though the upper current of water is so warm, that it is scarcely possible to hold the hand in it any longer than a few seconds. The hilly environs of Hammam Meskutine are exceedingly beautiful, and around the waters perpetual spring prevails.—*Travels in Barbary.*

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

LETTERS OF A TRAVELER; OR, Notes of Things seen in Europe and America. By William Cullen Bryant. 12mo, pp. 442. New York: G.P. Putnam.

Every one will welcome a volume of descriptive sketches from the eminent American poet. The author has made a collection of letters, written at wide intervals from each other, during different journeys both in Europe and in this country, rightly judging that they possess sufficient elements of interest to claim a less ephemeral form than that in which most of them have been already presented to the public. They consist of the reminiscences of travel in France, Italy, England, the Netherlands, Cuba, and the most interesting portions of the United States. Arranged in the order of time, without reference to subject or place, the transition from continent to continent is often abrupt, and sometimes introduces us without warning into scenes of the utmost incongruity with those where we had been lingering under the spell of enchantment which the author's pen throws around congenial objects. Thus we are transported at once from the delicious scenery and climate of Tuscany, and the dreamy glories of Venice, to the horse thieves and prairie rattlesnakes of Illinois, making a break in the associations of the reader which is any thing but agreeable. The method of grouping by countries would be more natural, and would leave more lively impressions both on the imagination and the memory.

Mr. Bryant's style in these letters is an admirable model of descriptive prose. Without any appearance of labor, it is finished with an exquisite grace, showing the habitual elegance and accuracy of his mental habits. The genial love of nature, and the lurking tendency to humor, which it every where betrays, prevent its severe simplicity from running into hardness, and give it a freshness and occasional glow, in spite of its entire want of *abandon*, and its prevailing conscious propriety and reserve.

The criticisms on Art, in the European portions of the work, are less frequent than we could have wished, and although disclaiming all pretensions to connoisseurship, are of singular acuteness and value. Mr. B.'s description of his first impressions of Power's Greek Slave, which he saw in London in 1845, has a curious interest at the present time, as predicting the reputation which has since been gained by that noble piece of statuary.

We notice rather a singular inadvertence for one who enjoys such distinguished opportunities of "stated preaching" in a remark in the first letter from Paris, that "Here, too, was the tree which was the subject of the first Christian miracle, the fig, its branches heavy with the bursting fruit just beginning to ripen for the market." If the first miracle was not the turning of water into wine, we have forgot our catechism.

ELDORADO; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE PATH OF EMPIRE; comprising a Voyage to California, *via* Panama; Life in San Francisco and Monterey; Pictures of the Gold Region, and Experiences of Mexican Travel. By Bayard Taylor. In two vols., 12mo, pp. 251, 247. New York: G.P. Putnam.

California opens as rich a field for adventure to the collector of literary materials, as to the emigrant in pursuit of gold. We shall yet have the poetry, the romance, the dramatic embodiment of the strange life in the country of yellow sands. Already it has drawn forth numerous authors, describing the results of their experience, in nearly every variety of style, from the unpretending statement of every-day occurrences, to the more ambitious attempts of graphic descriptive composition. The spectacle of a mighty nation, springing suddenly into life, has been made so familiar to us, by the frequent narratives of eye-witnesses, that we almost lose sight of its unique and marvelous character, surpassing the dreams of imagination which have so wildly reveled in the magnificent promises of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Taylor's book is presented to us at the right moment. It completes the series of valuable productions which have been born of the Californian excitement, supplying their deficiencies, and viewing the subject from the highest point that has yet been attained by any traveler. He possesses many admirable qualifications for the task which he has performed. With a natural enthusiasm for travel, a curiosity that never tires, and a rare power of adapting himself to novel

situations and strange forms of society, he combines a Yankee shrewdness of perception, a genial hilarity of spirit, and a freshness of poetical illustration, which place him in the very first rank of intelligent travelers. His European experiences were of no small value in his Californian expedition. He had learned from them the quickness of observation, the habit of just comparison, the facility of manners, and the familiarity with foreign languages, which are essential to the success of the tourist, and enable him to feel equally at home beneath the dome of St. Peter's, or in the golden streets of San Francisco.

Mr. Taylor visited California with no intention of engaging in traffic or gold-hunting. He had no private purposes to serve, no offices to seek, no plans of amassing sudden wealth to execute. He was, accordingly, able to look at every thing with the eye of an impartial spectator. He has described what he saw in a style which is equally remarkable for its picturesque beauty and its chaste simplicity. His descriptions not only give you a lively idea of the objects which they set forth, but the most favorable impression of the author, although he never allows any striking prominence to the first person singular. As a manual for the Californian traveler, as well as a delightful work for the home circle, these volumes will be found to be at once singularly instructive and charming, and will increase the enviable reputation which has been so well won by the youthful author, as a man both of genius and of heart.

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We must not close our notice without refreshing our pages with at least one specimen of Mr. Taylor's felicitous descriptions. Here is a bit of fine painting, which gives us a vivid idea of the scenery on the road between San Francisco and the San Joaquin:

#### SCENERY OF THE INLAND.

Our road now led over broad plains, through occasional belts of timber. The grass was almost entirely burned up, and dry, gravelly arroyos, in and out of which we went with a plunge and a scramble, marked the courses of the winter streams. The air was as warm and balmy as May, and fragrant with the aroma of a species of gnaphalium, which made it delicious to inhale. Not a cloud was to be seen in the sky, and the high, sparsely-wooded mountains on either hand showed softened and indistinct through a blue haze. The character of the scenery was entirely new to me. The splendid valley, untenanted except by a few solitary rancheros living many miles apart, seemed to be some deserted location of ancient civilization and culture. The wooded slopes of the mountains are lawns, planted by Nature with a taste to which Art could add no charm. The trees have nothing of the wild growth of our forests; they are compact, picturesque, and grouped in every variety of graceful outline. The hills were covered to the summit with fields of wild oats, coloring them, as far as the eye could reach, with tawny gold, against which the dark, glossy green of the oak and cypress showed with peculiar effect. As we advanced further, these natural harvests extended over the plain, mixed with vast beds of wild mustard, eight feet in height, under which a thick crop of grass had sprung up, furnishing sustenance to the thousands of cattle, roaming every where unherded. The only cultivation I saw was a small field of maize, green and with good ears.

Mr. Taylor occasionally indulges in a touch of natural transcendentalism, as in his comparison between the Palm and the Pine, with which we take our leave of his fascinating volumes:

I jogged steadily onward from sunrise till blazing noon, when, having accomplished about half the journey, I stopped under a palm-tree and let my horse crop a little grass, while I refreshed myself with the pine-apple. Not far off there was a single ranche, called Piedra Gorda—a forlorn-looking place where one can not remain long without being tortured by the sand-flies. Beyond it, there is a natural dome of rock, twice the size of St. Peter's, capping an isolated mountain. The broad intervals of meadow between the wastes of sand were covered with groves of the beautiful fan-palm, lifting their tufted tops against the pale violet of the distant mountains. In lightness, grace, and exquisite symmetry, the Palm is a perfect type of the rare and sensuous expression of Beauty in the South. The first sight of the tree had nearly charmed me into disloyalty to my native Pine; but when the wind blew, and I heard the sharp, dry, metallic rustle of its leaves, I retained the old allegiance. The truest interpreter of Beauty is in the voice, and no tree has a voice like the Pine, modulated to a rythmic accord with the subtlest flow of Fancy, touched with a human sympathy for the expression of Hope and Love and Sorrow, and sounding in an awful undertone, to the darkest excess of Passion.

STANDISH THE PURITAN. A Tale of the American Revolution. By Edward Grayson, Esq. 12mo, pp. 320. New York: Harper and Brothers.

A novel by a sharp-eyed Manhattaner, illustrating some of the more salient aspects of New York society at the period of the revolutionary war, and combining many of the quaint traditions of that day in a narrative of very considerable interest and power. The author wields a satirical pen of more than common vigor, and in his descriptions of the state of traffic and the legal profession at the time of his story, presents a series of piquant revelations which, if founded on personal history, would cause many "a galled jade to wince," if revived at the present day. His style does not exhibit a very practiced hand in descriptive composition, nor is it distinguished for its dramatic power; but it abounds in touches of humor and pathos, which would have had still

greater effect if not so freely blended with moral disquisitions, in which the author seems to take a certain mischievous delight. In spite of these drawbacks, his book is lively and readable, entitling the author to a comfortable place among the writers of American fiction, and if he will guard against the faults we have alluded to, his future efforts may give him a more eminent rank than he will be likely to gain from the production before us.

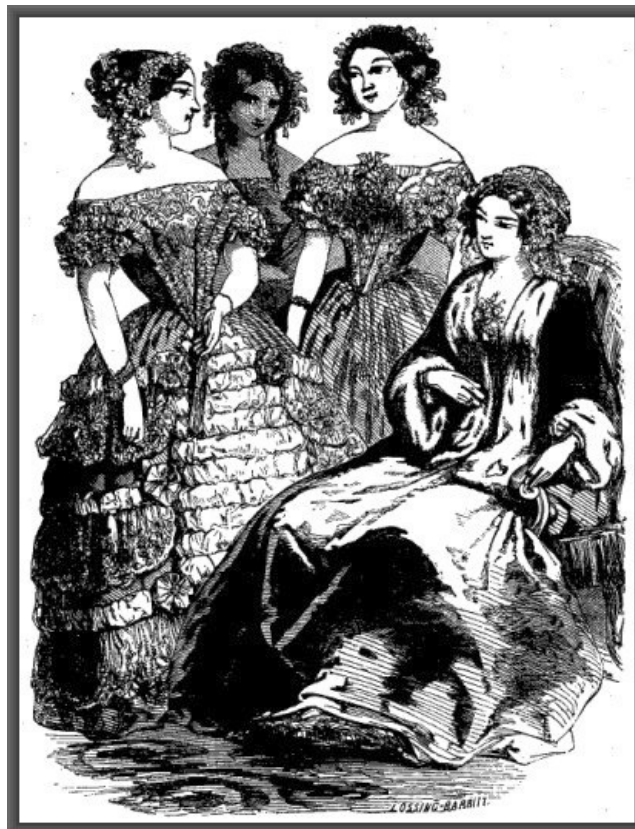
TALBOT AND VERNON. A Novel. 12mo, pp 513. New York: Baker and Scribner.

The plot of this story turns on a point of circumstantial evidence, by which the hero escapes the ruin of his reputation and prospects, when arraigned as a criminal on a charge of forgery. The details are managed with a good deal of skill, developing the course of affairs in such a gradual manner, that the interest of the reader never sleeps, until the final winding-up of the narrative. Familiar with the routine of courts of law, betraying no slight acquaintance with the springs of human action, and master of a bold and vigorous style of expression, the author has attained a degree of success in the execution of his plan, which gives a promising augury of future eminence. In the progress of the story, the scene shifts from one of the western cities of the United States to the camp of General Taylor on the plains of Mexico. Many stirring scenes of military life are introduced with excellent effect, as well as several graphic descriptions of Mexican scenery and manners. The battle of Buena Vista forms the subject of a powerful episode, and is depicted with a life-like energy. We presume the author is more conversant with the bustle of a camp than with the tranquil retirements of literature, although his work betrays no want of the taste and cultivation produced by the influence of the best books. But he shows a knowledge of the world, a familiarity with the scenes and topics of every day life, which no scholastic training can give, and which he has turned to admirable account in the composition of this volume.

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## Fashions for Early Summer.



There is a decided tendency in fashion this season to depart from simplicity in dress, and to adopt the extreme ornamental elegance of the middle ages. Bonnets, dresses, and mantles are trimmed all over with puffings of net, lace, and flowers. A great change has taken place in the width of skirts, which, from being very large, are now worn almost narrow. Ball dresses *à tablier* (apron trimming, as seen in the erect figure on the left of the above group) are much in vogue, covered with puffings of net. The three flounces of lace, forming the trimming of the bottom of the dress, have all a puffing of net at the top of them; the whole being fastened to the apron with a rosette of ribbon. A precious gem is sometimes worn in the centre of the rosette, either diamond, emerald, or ruby, according to the color of the dress. Wreaths are worn very full, composed of flowers and fruits of every kind; they are placed on the forehead, and the branches at the end of them are long, and fall on the neck. Bouquets, in shape of bunches, are put high up on the body of the dress. Such is the mania in Paris and London for mixing fruits of every kind, that some even wear small apples, an ornament far less graceful than bunches of currants, grapes, and tendrils of the vine. The taste for massive ornaments is so decided, that roses and poppies of

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enormous dimensions are preferred. For young persons, wreaths of delicate flowers, lightly fastened, and falling upon the shoulders, are always the prettiest. Silks of light texture, in the styles which the French manufacturers designate *chiné*, will be generally employed for walking dresses until the extreme heat of summer arrives, when they will be superseded by French barèges, having flounces woven with borders, consisting of either satin stripes or flowers. Many of the patterns are in imitation of *guipure* lace. The most admired of the French light silks are those wrought upon a white ground, the colors including almost every hue. In some the ground is completely covered by rich arabesque patterns. These *chinés*, on account of the Oriental designs, have obtained the name of Persian silks. Worsted lace is the height of fashion for mantles, which are trimmed with quillings of this article, plaited in the old style. The dresses are made with several flounces, narrower than last year, and more numerous. Nearly all the sleeves of visiting dresses are Chinese, or "pagoda" fashion. The bodies are open in front, and laced down to the waist, as seen in the figure in the group, standing behind the sitting figure. Low dresses are made falling on the shoulders, and straight across the chest; others are quite square, and others are made in the shape of a heart before and behind. Opera polkas are worn short, with wide sleeves, trimmed with large bands of ermine.



STRAW HATS FOR PROMENADE.



STRAW BONNET.



TULIP BONNET.

Broad-brimmed straw hats are used for the promenade; open-work straw bonnets, of different colors, are adopted for the earlier summer wear, trimmed with branches of lilac, or something as appropriate. White drawn silk bonnets, covered with foldings of net, are much worn. Also, drawn lace and crape bonnets, and black and white lace ones, are worn. Branches of fruit are much worn upon these last-mentioned bonnets. The tulip bonnet is composed of white silk, covered with white spotted *tulle*; the edges of the front foliated, so as to give it a graceful and airy appearance. Many of the straw bonnets are of dark-colored ground, ornamented with fine open straw work. *Crinoline* hats, of open pattern, trimmed generally with a flower or feathers, are worn to the opera. They are exceedingly graceful in appearance, and make a fine accompaniment to a fancy dress.



THE LACE JACQUETTE.

Elegant black lace jackets, with loosely-hanging sleeves, are worn, and form a beautiful portion of the dress of a well-developed figure. There is a style of walking dress, worn by those who have less love for ornaments. The robe is of a beautiful light apple-green silk, figured with white. The skirt is unflounced, but ornamented up the front with a row of green and white fancy silk buttons. Bonnet of pink crape, drawn in very full *bouillonnées*; strings of pink satin ribbon, and on one side a drooping bouquet of small pink flowers. Corresponding bouquets in the inside trimming. Shawl of pink China crape, richly embroidered with white silk.

## FOOTNOTES:

- [1] The usual age for the ceremony among the wealthy India.
- [2] The celebrated tragedian.

## Transcriber's Notes:

Obvious punctuation errors have been repaired, other punctuations have been left as printed in the paper book.

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. "death-bed" and "deathbed");
- accents (e.g. "Republique" and "République");
- any other inconsistent spellings (e.g. "fairy" and "faery").

Following proper names have been corrected:

- In the Table of Content: "Farraday" corrected to be "Faraday" (Faraday, and Mantell), "Oldenburgh" corrected to be "Oldenburg" (Duchy of Oldenburg);
- Pg 116, "Lecler" corrected to be "Leclerc" (whether M. Leclerc or).

In the Table of Content, word "of" added (Arrest of M. Proudhon).

Pg 33, word "I" removed (I [I] don't see).

Pg 77, title added to article (Tunnel of the Alps).

Pg 85, word "is" removed (is [is] expressly mentioned).

Pg 113, word "been" changed to "be seen" (to be seen riding).

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, VOL. 1. NO 1, JUNE 1850 \*\*\*

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