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November 1850, Vol. I, by Various**

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VI, NOVEMBER 1850, VOL. I ***

**HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**

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No. VI.—NOVEMBER, 1850.—VOL. I.

**A PILGRIMAGE TO THE CRADLE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.
WITH PEN AND PENCIL.**

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.^[1]

"How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft
Shot thwart the earth! in crown of living fire
Up comes the day! As if they conscious quaff'd
The sunny flood, hill, forest, city spire
Laugh in the waking light."

RICHARD H. DANA.



It was a glorious October morning, mild and brilliant, when I left Boston to visit Concord and Lexington. A gentle land-breeze during the night had borne the clouds back to their ocean birth-place, and not a trace of the storm was left except in the saturated earth. Health returned with the clear sky, and I felt a rejuvenescence in every vein and muscle when, at dawn, I strolled over the natural glory of Boston, its broad and beautifully-arborescent Common. I breakfasted at six, and at half-past seven left the station of the Fitchburg rail-way for Concord, seventeen miles northwest of Boston. The country through which the road passed is rough and broken, but thickly settled. I arrived at the Concord station, about half a mile from the centre of the village, before nine o'clock, and procuring a conveyance, and an intelligent young man for a guide, proceeded at once to visit the localities of interest in the vicinity. We rode to the residence of Major James Barrett, a surviving grandson of Colonel Barrett, about two miles north of the village, and near the residence of his venerated ancestor. Major Barrett was eighty-seven years of age when I visited him; and his wife, with whom he had lived nearly sixty years, was eighty. Like most of the few survivors of the Revolution, they were remarkable for their mental and bodily vigor. Both, I believe, still live. The old lady—a small, well-formed woman—was as sprightly as a girl of twenty, and moved about the house with the nimbleness of foot of a matron in the prime of life. I was charmed with her vivacity, and the sunny radiance which it seemed to shed throughout her household; and the half hour that I passed with that venerable couple is a green spot in the memory.

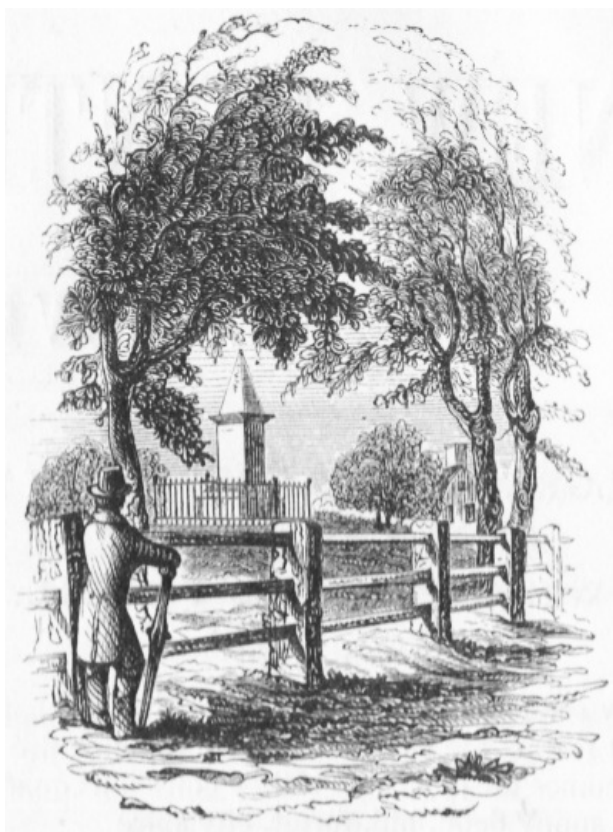
Major Barrett was a lad of fourteen when the

British incursion into Concord took place. He was too young to bear a musket, but, with every lad and woman in the vicinity, he labored in concealing the stores and in making cartridges for those who went out to fight. With oxen and a cart, himself, and others about his age, removed the stores deposited at the house of his grandfather, into the woods, and concealed them, a cart-load in a place, under pine boughs. In such haste were they obliged to act on the approach of the British from Lexington, that, when the cart was loaded, lads would march on each side of the oxen and goad them into a trot. Thus all the stores were effectually concealed, except some carriage-wheels. Perceiving the enemy near, these were cut up and burned; so that Parsons found nothing of value to destroy or carry away.

From Major Barrett's we rode to the monument erected at the site of the old North Bridge, where the skirmish took place. The road crosses the Concord River a little above the site of the North Bridge. The monument stands a few rods westward of the road leading to the village, and not far from the house of the Reverend Dr. Ripley, who gave the ground for the purpose. The monument is constructed of granite from Carlisle, and has an inscription upon a marble tablet inserted in the eastern face of the pedestal.^[2] The view is from the green shaded lane which leads from the highway to the monument, looking westward. The two trees standing, one upon each side, without the iron railing, were saplings at the time of the battle; between them was the entrance to the bridge. The monument is reared upon a mound of earth a few yards from the left bank of the river. A little to the left, two rough, uninscribed stones from the field mark the graves of the two British soldiers who were killed and buried upon the spot.

We returned to the village at about noon, and started immediately for Lexington, six miles eastward.

Concord is a pleasant little village, including within its borders about one hundred dwellings. It lies upon the Concord River, one of the chief tributaries of the Merrimac, near the junction of the Assabeth and Sudbury Rivers. Its Indian name was Musketaquid. On account of the peaceable manner in which it was obtained, by purchase, of the aborigines, in 1635, it was named Concord. At the north end of the broad street, or common, is the house of Col. Daniel Shattuck, a part of which, built in 1774, was used as one of the depositories of stores when the British invasion took place. It has been so much altered, that a view of it would have but little interest as representing a relic of the past.



MONUMENT AT CONCORD.

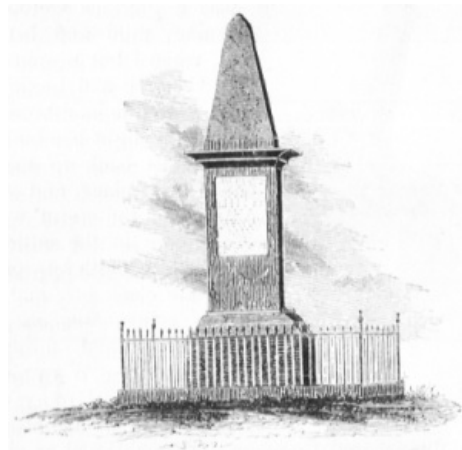
[Pg 722]

The road between Concord and Lexington passes through a hilly but fertile country. It is easy for the traveler to conceive how terribly a retreating army might be galled by the fire of a concealed enemy. Hills and hillocks, some wooded, some bare, rise up every where, and formed natural breast-works of protection to the skirmishers that hung upon the flank and rear of Colonel Smith's troops. The road enters Lexington at the green whereon the old meeting-house stood when the battle occurred. The town is upon a fine rolling plain, and is becoming almost a suburban residence for citizens of Boston. Workmen were inclosing the Green, and laying out the grounds in handsome plats around the monument, which stands a few yards from the street. It is upon a spacious mound; its material is granite, and it has a marble tablet on the south front of the pedestal, with a long inscription.^[3] The design of the monument is not at all graceful, and, being surrounded by tall trees, it has a very "dumpy" appearance. The people are dissatisfied with it, and doubtless, ere long, a more noble structure will mark the spot where the curtain of the revolutionary drama was first lifted.

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After making the drawings here given, I visited

sketch of "Clark's House." There I found a remarkably intelligent old lady, Mrs. Margaret Chandler, aged eighty-three years. She has been an occupant of the house, I believe, ever since the Revolution, and has a perfect recollection of the events of the period. Her version of the escape of Hancock and Adams is a little different from the published accounts. She says that on the evening of the 18th of April, 1775, some British officers, who had been informed where these patriots were, came to Lexington, and inquired of a woman whom they met, for "Mr. Clark's house." She pointed to the parsonage; but in a moment, suspecting their design, she called to them and inquired if it was Clark's *tavern* that they were in search of. Uninformed whether it was a *tavern* or a *parsonage* where their intended victims were staying, and supposing the former to be the most likely place, the officers replied, "Yes, Clark's tavern." "Oh," she said, "Clark's tavern is in that direction," pointing toward East Lexington. As soon as they departed, the woman hastened to inform the patriots of their danger, and they immediately arose and fled to Woburn. Dorothy Quincy, the intended wife of Hancock, who was at Mr. Clark's, accompanied them in their flight.



NEAR VIEW OF THE
MONUMENT.

I next called upon the venerable Abijah Harrington, who was living in the village. He was a lad of fourteen at the time of the engagement. Two of his brothers were among the minute men, but escaped unhurt. Jonathan and Caleb Harrington, near relatives, were killed. The former was shot in front of his own house, while his wife stood at the window in an agony of alarm. She saw her husband fall, and then start up, the blood gushing from his breast. He stretched out his arms toward her, and then fell again. Upon his hands and knees he crawled toward his dwelling, and expired just as his wife reached him. Caleb Harrington was shot while running from the meeting-house. My informant saw almost the whole of the battle, having been sent by his mother to go near enough, and be safe, to obtain and convey to her information respecting her other sons, who were with the minute men. His relation of the incidents of the morning was substantially such as history has recorded. He dwelt upon the subject with apparent delight, for his memory of the scenes of his early years, around which cluster so much of patriotism and glory, was clear and full. I would gladly have listened until twilight to the voice of such experience, but time was precious, and I hastened to East Lexington, to visit his cousin, Jonathan Harrington, an old man of ninety, who played the fife when the minute men were marshaled on the Green upon that memorable April morning. He was splitting fire-wood in his yard with a vigorous hand when I rode up; and as he sat in his rocking-chair, while I sketched his placid features, he appeared no older than a man of seventy. His brother, aged eighty-eight, came in before my sketch was finished, and I could not but gaze with wonder upon these strong old men, children of one mother, who were almost grown to manhood when the first battle of our Revolution occurred! Frugality and temperance, co-operating with industry, a cheerful temper, and a good constitution, have lengthened their days, and made their protracted years hopeful and happy.^[5] The aged fifer apologized for the rough appearance of his signature, which he kindly wrote for me, and charged the tremulous motion of his hand to his labor with the ax. How tenaciously we cling even to the appearance of vigor, when the whole frame is tottering to its fall! Mr. Harrington opened the ball of the Revolution with the shrill war-notes of the fife, and then retired from the arena. He was not a soldier in the war, nor has his life, passed in the quietude of rural pursuits, been distinguished except by the glorious acts which constitute the sum of the achievements of a GOOD CITIZEN.



I left Lexington at about three o'clock, and arrived at Cambridge at half past four. It was a lovely autumnal afternoon. The trees and fields were still green, for the frost had not yet been busy with their foliage and blades. The road is Macadamized the whole distance; and so thickly is it lined with houses, that the village of East Lexington and Old Cambridge seem to embrace each other in close union.

Cambridge is an old town, the first settlement there having been planted in 1631, contemporaneous with that of Boston. It was the original intention of the settlers to make it the metropolis of Massachusetts, and Governor Winthrop commenced the erection of his dwelling there. It was called New Town, and in 1632 was palisaded. The Reverend Mr. Hooker, one of the earliest settlers of Connecticut, was the first minister in Cambridge. In 1636, the General Court provided for the erection of a public school in New Town, and appropriated two thousand dollars for that purpose. In 1638, the Reverend John Harvard, of Charlestown, endowed the school with about four thousand dollars. This endowment enabled them to exalt the academy into a college, and it was called Harvard University in honor of its principal benefactor.

Cambridge has the distinction of being the place where the first printing-press in America was established. Its proprietor was named Day, and the capital that purchased the materials was furnished by the Rev. Mr. Glover. The first thing printed was the "Freeman's Oath," in 1636; the next was an almanac; and the next the Psalms, in metre.^[6] Old Cambridge (West Cambridge, or Metonomy, of the Revolution), the seat of the University, is three miles from West Boston Bridge, which connects Cambridge with Boston. Cambridgeport is about half way between Old Cambridge and the bridge, and East Cambridge occupies Lechmere's Point, a promontory fortified during the siege of Boston in 1775.



WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT CAMBRIDGE.

Arrived at Old Cambridge, I parted company with the vehicle and driver that conveyed me from Concord to Lexington, and hither; and, as the day was fast declining, I hastened to sketch the head-quarters of Washington, an elegant and spacious edifice, standing in the midst of shrubbery and stately elms, a little distance from the street, once the highway from Harvard University to Waltham. At this mansion, and at Winter Hill, Washington passed most of his time, after taking command of the Continental army, until the evacuation of Boston in the following spring. Its present owner is HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, Professor of Oriental languages in Harvard University, and widely known in the world of literature as one of the most gifted men of the age. It is a spot worthy of the residence of an American bard so endowed, for the associations which hallow it are linked with the noblest themes that ever awakened the inspiration of a child of song.

"When the hours of Day are number'd
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumber'd
To a holy, calm delight,
Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall,"

then to the thoughtful dweller must come the spirit of the place and hour to weave a gorgeous tapestry, rich with pictures, illustrative of the heroic age of our young republic. My tarry was brief and busy, for the sun was rapidly descending—it even touched the forest tops before I finished the drawing—but the cordial reception and polite attentions which I received from the proprietor, and his warm approval of, and expressed interest for the success of my labors, occupy a space in memory like that of a long, bright summer day.

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This mansion stands upon the upper of two terraces, which are ascended each by five stone steps. At each front corner of the house is a lofty elm—mere saplings when Washington beheld them, but now stately and patriarchal in appearance. Other elms, with flowers and shrubbery, beautify the grounds around it; while within, iconoclastic innovation has not been allowed to enter with its mallet and trowel, to mar the work of the ancient builder, and to cover with the vulgar stucco of modern art the carved cornices and paneled wainscots that first enriched it. I might give a long list of eminent persons whose former presence in those spacious rooms adds interest to retrospection, but they are elsewhere identified with scenes more personal and important. I can not refrain, however, from noticing the visit of one, who, though a dark child of Africa and a bond-woman, received the most polite attention from the commander-in-chief. This was PHILLIS, a slave of Mr. Wheatley, of Boston. She was brought from Africa when between seven and eight years old. She seemed to acquire knowledge intuitively; became a poet of considerable merit, and corresponded with such eminent persons as the Countess of Huntingdon, Earl of Dartmouth, Reverend George Whitefield, and others. Washington invited her to visit him at Cambridge, which she did a few days before the British evacuated Boston; her master among others, having left the city by permission, and retired, with his family, to Chelsea. She passed half an hour with the commander-in-chief, from whom and his officers she received marked attention.



THE RIEDESEL HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.^[8]

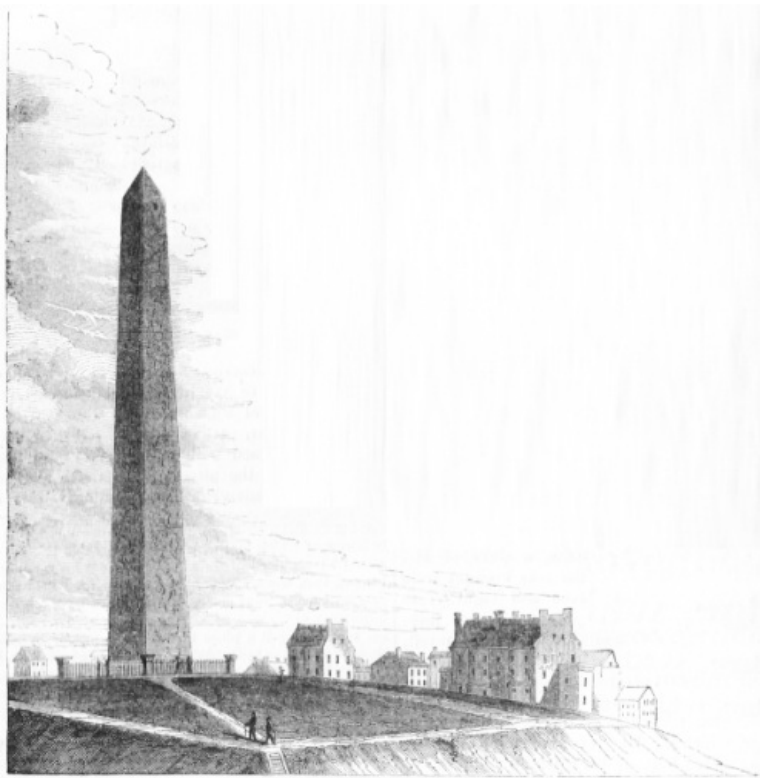
A few rods above the residence of Professor Longfellow is the house in which the Brunswick general, the Baron Riedesel, and his family were quartered, during the stay of the captive army of Burgoyne in the vicinity of Boston. I was not aware when I visited Cambridge, that the old mansion was still in existence; but, through the kindness of Mr. Longfellow, I am able to present the features of its southern front, with a description. In style it is very much like that of Washington's head-quarters, and the general appearance of the grounds around is similar. It is shaded by noble linden-trees, and adorned with shrubbery, presenting to the eye all the attractions noticed by the Baroness of Riedesel in her charming letters.^[9] Upon a window-pane on the north side of the house may be seen the undoubted autograph of that accomplished woman, inscribed with a diamond point. It is an interesting memento, and is preserved with great care. The annexed is a facsimile of it.

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During the first moments of the soft evening twilight I sketched the "Washington elm," one of the ancient *anakim* of the primeval forest, older, probably, by a half century or more, than the welcome of Samoset to the white settlers. It stands upon Washington-street, near the westerly corner of the Common, and is distinguished by the circumstance that, beneath its broad shadow, General Washington first drew his sword as commander-in-chief of the Continental army, on the 3d of July, 1775. Thin lines of clouds, glowing in the light of the setting sun like bars of gold, streaked the western sky, and so prolonged the twilight by reflection, that I had ample time to finish my drawing before the night shadows dimmed the paper.

Early on the following morning I procured a chaise to visit Charlestown and Dorchester Heights. I rode first to the former place, and climbed to the summit of the great obelisk that stands upon the site of the redoubt upon Breed's Hill. As I ascended the steps which lead from the street to the smooth gravel-walks upon the eminence whereon the "Bunker Hill Monument" stands, I experienced a feeling of disappointment and regret, not easily to be expressed. Before me was the great memento, huge and grand—all that patriotic reverence could wish—but the ditch scooped out by Prescott's toilers on that starry night in June, and the mounds that were upheaved to protect them from the shots of the astonished Britons, were effaced, and no more vestiges remain of the handiwork of those in whose honor and to whose memory this obelisk was raised, than of Roman conquests in the shadow of Trajan's column—of the naval battles of Nelson around his monument in Trafalgar-square, or of French victories in the Place Vendôme. The fosse and the breast-works were all quite prominent when the foundation-stone of the monument was laid, and a little care, directed by good taste, might have preserved them in their interesting state of half ruin until the passage of the present century, or, at least, until the sublime centenary of the battle should be celebrated. Could the visitor look upon the works of the patriots themselves, associations a hundred-fold more interesting would crowd the mind, for wonderfully suggestive of thought are the slightest relics of the past when linked with noble deeds. A soft green sward, as even as the rind of a fair apple, and cut by eight straight gravel-walks, diverging from the monument, is substituted by art for the venerated irregularities made by the old mattock and spade. The spot is beautiful to the eye untrained by appreciating affection for hallowed things; nevertheless, there is palpable desecration that may hardly be forgiven.

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BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.^[10]

The view from the top of the monument, for extent, variety, and beauty, is certainly one of the finest in the world. A "York shilling" is charged for the privilege of ascending the monument. The view from its summit is "a shilling show" worth a thousand miles of travel to see. Boston, its harbor, and the beautiful country around, mottled with villages, are spread out like a vast painting, and on every side the eye may rest upon localities of great historical interest, Cambridge, Roxbury, Chelsea, Quincy, Medford, Marblehead, Dorchester, and other places, where

"The old Continentals,
In their ragged regimentals,
Falter'd not,"

and the numerous sites of small fortifications which the student of history can readily call to mind. In the far distance, on the northwest, rise the higher peaks of the White Mountains of New Hampshire; and on the northeast, the peninsula of Nahant, and the more remote Cape Anne may be seen. Wonders which present science and enterprise are developing and forming are there exhibited in profusion. At one glance from this lofty observatory may be seen seven railroads,^[11] and many other avenues connecting the city with the country; and ships from almost every region of the globe dot the waters of the harbor. Could a tenant of the old grave-yard on Copp's Hill, who lived a hundred years ago, when the village upon Tri-mountain was fitting out its little armed flotillas against the French in Acadia, or sending forth its few vessels of trade along the neighboring coasts, or occasionally to cross the Atlantic, come forth and stand beside us a moment, what a new and wonderful world would be presented to his vision! A hundred years ago!

"Who peopled all the city streets
A hundred years ago?
Who fill'd the church with faces meek
A hundred years ago?"

They were men wise in their generation, but ignorant in practical knowledge when compared with the present. In their wildest dreams, incited by tales of wonder that spiced the literature of their times, they never fancied any thing half so wonderful as our mighty dray-horse,

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"The black steam-engine! steed of iron power—
The wond'rous steed of the Arabian tale,
Lanch'd on its course by pressure of a touch—
The war-horse of the Bible, with its neck
Grim, clothed with thunder, swallowing the way
In fierceness of its speed, and shouting out,
'Ha! ha!'^[12] A little water, and a grasp
Of wood, sufficient for its nerves of steel,
Shooting away, 'Ha! ha!' it shouts, as on
It gallops, dragging in its tireless path
Its load of fire."

I lingered in the chamber of the Bunker Hill monument as long



WASHINGTON.^[13]

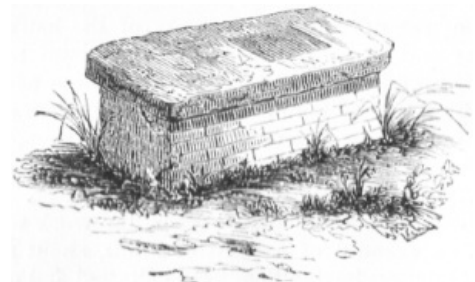
as time would allow, and descending, rode back to the city, crossed to South Boston, and rambled for an hour among the remains of the fortifications upon the heights of the peninsula of Dorchester. The present prominent remains of fortifications are those of intrenchments cast up during the war of 1812, and have no other connection with our subject than the circumstance that they occupy the site of the works constructed there by order of Washington. These were greatly reduced in altitude when the engineers began the erection of the forts now in ruins, which are properly preserved with a great deal of care. They occupy the summits of two hills, which command Boston Neck on the left, the city of Boston in front, and the harbor on the right. Southeast from the heights, pleasantly situated among gentle hills, is the village of Dorchester, so called in memory of a place in England of the same name, whence many of its earliest settlers came. The stirring events which rendered Dorchester Heights famous are universally known.

I returned to Boston at about one o'clock, and passed the remainder of the day in visiting places of interest within the city—the old South meeting-house, Faneuil Hall, the Province House, and the Hancock House. I am indebted to John Hancock, Esq., nephew of the patriot, and present proprietor and occupant of the "Hancock House," on Beacon-street, for polite attentions while visiting his interesting mansion, and for information concerning matters that have passed under the eye of his experience of threescore years. He has many mementoes of his eminent kinsman, and among them a beautifully-executed miniature of him, painted in London, in 1761, while he was there at the coronation of George III.

Near Mr. Hancock's residence is the State House, a noble structure upon Beacon Hill, the corner-stone of which was laid in 1795, by Governor Samuel Adams, assisted by Paul Revere, master of the Masonic grand lodge. There I sketched the annexed picture of the colossal statue of Washington, by Chantrey, which stands in the open centre of the first story; also the group of trophies from Bennington, that hang over the door

of the Senate chamber. Under these trophies, in a gilt frame, is a copy of the reply of the Massachusetts Assembly to General Stark's letter, that accompanied the presentation of the trophies. It was written fifty years ago.

After enjoying the view from the top of the State House a while, I walked to Copp's Hill, a little east of Charlestown Bridge, at the north end of the town, where I tarried until sunset in the ancient burying-ground. The earliest name of this eminence was Snow Hill. It was subsequently named after its owner, William Copp.^[14] It came into the possession of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company by mortgage; and when, in 1775, they were forbidden by Gage to parade on the Common, they went to this, their own ground, and drilled in defiance of his threats. The fort, or battery, that was built there by the British, just before the battle of Bunker Hill, stood near its southeast brow, adjoining the burying-ground. The remains of many eminent men repose in that little cemetery. Close by the entrance is the vault of the Mather family. It is covered by a plain, oblong structure of brick, three feet high and about six feet long, upon which is laid a heavy brown stone slab, with a tablet of slate, bearing the names of the principal tenants below.^[15]



MATHER'S VAULT.

I passed the forenoon of the next day in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society, where every facility was afforded me by Mr. Felt, the librarian, for examining the assemblage of things curious collected there.^[16] The printed books and manuscripts, relating principally to American history, are numerous, rare, and valuable.

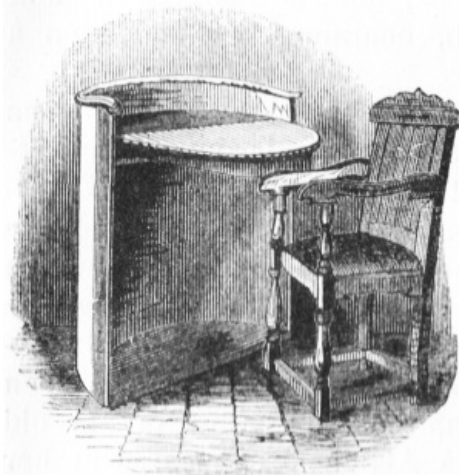
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There is also a rich depository of the autographs of the Pilgrim fathers and their immediate descendants. There are no less than twenty-five large folio volumes of valuable manuscript letters and other documents; besides which are six thick quarto manuscript volumes—a commentary on the Holy Scriptures—in the handwriting of Cotton Mather. From an autograph letter of that singular man the annexed fac-simile of his writing and signature is given. Among the portraits in the cabinet of the society are those of Governor Winslow, supposed to have been painted by Vandyke, Increase Mather, and Peter Faneuil, the founder of Faneuil Hall.

While I was preaching at a private fast (kept for
 a possessed young woman,)— on March
 9. 28, 29. — ye Devil on ye Devil
 flew upon mee, & tore ye Leaf, as
 it is now torn, over against ye Text;
 Nov. 29. 1692.

Cotton Mather.

MATHER'S WRITING.



**SPEAKER'S DESK AND
 WINTHROP'S CHAIR.**



PHILIP'S SAMP-PAN.

I had the pleasure of meeting, at the rooms of the society, that indefatigable antiquary, Dr. Webb, widely known as the American correspondent of the "Danish Society of Northern Antiquarians" at Copenhagen. He was sitting in the chair that once belonged to Governor Winthrop, writing upon the desk of the speaker of the Colonial Assembly of Massachusetts, around which the warm debates were carried on concerning American liberty, from the time when James Otis denounced the Writs of Assistance, until Governor Gage adjourned the Assembly to Salem, in 1774. Hallowed by such associations, the desk is an interesting relic. Dr. Webb's familiarity with the collections of the society, and his kind attentions, greatly facilitated my search among the six thousand articles for things curious connected with my subject and made my brief visit far more profitable to myself than it would otherwise have been. Among the relics preserved are the chair that belonged to Governor Carver; the sword of Miles Standish; the huge key of Port Royal gate; a *samp-pan*, that belonged to Metacomet, or King Philip; and the sword reputed to have been used by Captain Church when he cut off that unfortunate sachem's head. The dish is about twelve inches in diameter, wrought out of an elm knot with great skill. The sword is very rude, and was doubtless made by a blacksmith of the colony. The handle is a roughly-wrought piece of ash, and the guard is made of a wrought-iron



**CHURCH'S
 SWORD.**

plate.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

FATE DAYS AND OTHER POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

It is a difficult puzzle to reconcile the existence of certain superstitions that continue to have wide influence with the enlightenment of the nineteenth century. When we have read glowing paragraphs about the wonderful progress accomplished by the present generation; when we have regarded the giant machinery in operation for the culture of the people—moved, in great part, by the collective power of individual charity; when we have examined the stupendous results of human genius and ingenuity which are now laid bare to the lowliest in the realm; we turn back, it must be confessed, with a mournful despondency, to mark the debasing influence of the old superstitions which have survived to the present time.

The superstitions of the ancients formed part of their religion. They consulted oracles as now men pray. The stars were the arbiters of their fortunes. Natural phenomena, as lightning and hurricanes, were, to them, awful expressions of the anger of their particular deities. They had their *dies atri* and *dies albi*; the former were marked down in their calendars with a black character to denote ill-luck, and the latter were painted in white characters to signify bright and propitious days. They followed the finger posts of their teachers. Faith gave dignity to the tenets of the star-gazer and fire-worshiper.

The priests of old taught their disciples to regard six particular days in the year as days fraught

with unusual danger to mankind. Men were enjoined not to let blood on these black days, nor to imbibe any liquid. It was devoutly believed that he who ate goose on one of those black days would surely die within forty more; and that any little stranger who made his appearance on one of the *dies atri* would surely die a sinful and violent death. Men were further enjoined to let blood from the right arm on the seventh or fourteenth of March; from the left arm on the eleventh of April; and from either arm on the third or sixth of May, that they might avoid pestilential diseases. These barbaric observances, when brought before people in illustration of the mental darkness of the ancients, are considered at once to be proof positive of their abject condition. We thereupon congratulated ourselves upon living in the nineteenth century; when such foolish superstitions are laughed at; and perhaps our vanity is not a little flattered by the contrast which presents itself, between our own highly cultivated condition, and the wretched state of our ancestors.

Yet Mrs. Flimmins will not undertake a sea-voyage on a Friday; nor would she on any account allow her daughter Mary to be married on that day of the week. She has great pity for the poor Red Indians who will not do certain things while the moon presents a certain appearance, and who attach all kinds of powers to poor dumb brutes; yet if her cat purrs more than usual, she accepts the warning, and abandons the trip she had promised herself on the morrow.

Miss Nippers subscribes largely to the fund for eradicating superstitions from the minds of the wretched inhabitants of Kamschatka; and while she is calculating the advantages to be derived from a mission to the South Sea Islands, to do away with the fearful superstitious reverence in which these poor dear islanders hold their native flea: a coal pops from her fire, and she at once augurs from its shape an abundance of money, that will enable her to set her pious undertaking in operation; but on no account will she commence collecting subscriptions for the anti-drinking-slave-grown-sugar-in-tea society, because she has always remarked that Monday is her unlucky day. On a Monday her poodle died, and on a Monday she caught that severe cold at Brighton, from the effects of which she is afraid she will never recover.

Mrs. Carmine is a very strong-minded woman. Her unlucky day is Wednesday. On a Wednesday she first caught that flush which she has never been able to chase from her cheeks, and on one of these fatal days her Maria took the scarlet fever. Therefore, she will not go to a pic-nic on a Wednesday, because she feels convinced that the day will turn out wet, or that the wheel will come off the carriage. Yet the other morning, when a gipsy was caught telling her eldest daughter her fortune, Mrs. Carmine very properly reproached the first-born for her weakness, in giving any heed to the silly mumblings of the old woman. Mrs. Carmine is considered to be a woman of uncommon acuteness. She attaches no importance whatever to the star under which a child is born—does not think there is a pin to choose between Jupiter and Neptune; and she has a positive contempt for ghosts; but she believes in nothing that is begun, continued, or ended on a Wednesday.

Miss Crumple, on the contrary, has seen many ghosts, in fact, is by this time quite intimate with one or two of the mysterious brotherhood; but at the same time she is at a loss to understand how any woman in her senses, can believe Thursday to be a more fortunate day than Wednesday, or why Monday is to be black-balled from the Mrs. Jones's calendar. She can state on her oath, that the ghost of her old schoolfellow, Eliza Artichoke, appeared at her bedside on a certain night, and she distinctly saw the mole on its left cheek, which poor Eliza, during her brief career, had vainly endeavored to eradicate, with all sorts of poisonous things. The ghost, moreover, lisped—so did Eliza! This was all clear enough to Miss Crumple, and she considered it a personal insult for any body to suggest that her vivid apparitions existed only in her over-wrought imagination. She had an affection for her ghostly visitors, and would not hear a word to their disparagement.

The unearthly warnings which Mrs. Piptoss had received had well-nigh spoiled all her furniture. When a relative dies, the fact is not announced to her in the commonplace form of a letter; no, an invisible sledge-hammer falls upon her Broadwood, an invisible power upsets her loo-table, all the doors of her house unanimously blow open, or a coffin flies out of the fire into her lap.

Mrs. Grumple, who is a very economical housewife, looks forward to the day when the moon reappears, on which occasion she turns her money, taking care not to look at the pale lady through glass. This observance, she devoutly believes, will bring her good fortune. When Miss Caroline has a knot in her lace, she looks for a present; and when Miss Amelia snuffs the candle out, it is her faith that the act defers her marriage a twelvemonth. Any young lady who dreams the same dream two consecutive Fridays, will tell you that her visions will "come true."

Yet these are exactly the ladies, who most deplore the "gross state of superstition" in which many "benighted savages" live, and willingly subscribe their money for its eradication. The superstition so generally connected with Friday, may easily be traced to its source. It undoubtedly and confessedly has its origin in scriptural history: it is the day on which the Saviour suffered. The superstition is the more revolting from this circumstance; and it is painful to find that it exists among persons of education. There is no branch of the public service, for instance, in which so much sound mathematical knowledge is to be found, as in the Navy. Yet who are more superstitious than sailors, from the admiral down to the cabin boy? Friday fatality is still strong among them. Some years ago, in order to lessen this folly, it was determined that a ship should be laid down on a Friday, and launched on a Friday; that she should be called "Friday," and that she should commence her first voyage on a Friday. After much difficulty a captain was found who owned to the name of Friday; and after a great deal more difficulty men were obtained, so little

superstitious, as to form a crew. Unhappily, this experiment had the effect of confirming the superstition it was meant to abolish. The "Friday" was lost—was never, in fact, heard of from the day she set sail.

Day-fatality, as Miss Nippers interprets it, is simply the expression of an undisciplined and extremely weak mind; for, if any person will stoop to reason with her on her aversion to Mondays, he may ask her whether the death of the poodle, or the catching of her cold, are the two greatest calamities of her life; and, if so, whether it is her opinion that Monday is set apart, in the scheme of Nature, so far as it concerns her, in a black character. Whether for her insignificant self there is a special day accursed! Mrs. Carmine is such a strong-minded woman, that we approach her with no small degree of trepidation. Wednesday is her *dies ater*, because, in the first place, on a Wednesday she imprudently exposed herself, and is suffering from the consequences; and, in the second place, on a Wednesday her Maria took the scarlet fever. So she has marked Wednesday down in her calendar with a black character; yet her contempt for stars and ghosts is prodigious. Now there is a consideration to be extended to the friends of ghosts, which Day-fatalists can not claim. Whether or not deceased friends take a more airy and flimsy form, and adopt the invariable costume of a sheet to visit the objects of their earthly affections, is a question which the shrewdest thinkers and the profoundest logicians have debated very keenly, but without ever arriving at any satisfactory conclusion.

The strongest argument against the positive existence of ghosts, is, that they appear only to people of a certain temperament, and under certain exciting circumstances. The obtuse, matter-of-fact man, never sees a ghost; and we may take it as a natural law, that none of these airy visitants ever appeared to an attorney. But the attorney, Mr. Fee Simple, we are assured, holds Saturday to be an unlucky day. It was on a Saturday that his extortionate bill in poor Mr. G.'s case, was cut down by the taxing master; and it was on a Saturday that a certain heavy bill was duly honored, upon which he had hoped to reap a large sum in the shape of costs. Therefore Mr. Fee Simple believes that the destinies have put a black mark against Saturday, so far as he is concerned.

The Jew who thought that the thunder-storm was the consequence of his having eaten a slice of bacon, did not present a more ludicrous picture, than Mr. Fee Simple presents with his condemned Saturday.

We have an esteem for ghost-inspectors, which it is utterly impossible to extend to Day-fatalists. Mrs. Piptoss, too, may be pitied; but Mog, turning her money when the moon makes her re-appearance, is an object of ridicule. We shall neither be astonished, nor express condolence, if the present, which Miss Caroline anticipates from the knot in her lace, be not forthcoming; and as for Miss Amelia, who has extinguished the candle, and to the best of her belief lost her husband for a twelvemonth, we can only wish for her, that when she is married, her lord and master will shake her faith in the prophetic power of snuffers. But of all the superstitions that have survived to the present time, and are to be found in force among people of education and a thoughtful habit, Day-fatalism is the most general, as it is the most unfounded and preposterous. It is a superstition, however, in which many great and powerful thinkers have shared, and by which they have been guided; it owes much of its present influence to this fact; but reason, Christianity, and all we have comprehended of the great scheme of which we form part, alike tend to demonstrate its absurdity, and utter want of all foundation.

"BATTLE WITH LIFE!"

Bear thee up bravely,
Strong heart and true!
Meet thy woes gravely,
Strive with them too!
Let them not win from thee
Tear of regret.
Such were a sin from thee,
Hope for good yet!

Rouse thee from drooping,
Care-laden soul;
Mournfully stooping
'Neath griefs control!
Far o'er the gloom that lies,
Shrouding the earth,
Light from eternal skies
Shows us thy worth.

Nerve thee yet stronger,
Resolute mind!
Let care no longer
Heavily bind.
Rise on thy eagle wings

Gloriously free!
Till from material things
Pure thou shalt be!

Bear ye up bravely,
Soul and mind too!
Droop not so gravely,
Bold heart and true!
Clear rays of streaming light
Shine through the gloom,
God's love is beaming bright
E'en round the tomb

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TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF MADAME ROLAND.

BY REV. JOHN S.C. ABBOTT.^[17]



MADAME ROLAND.

The Girondists were led from their dungeons in the Conciergerie to their execution on the 31st of October, 1793. Upon that very day Madame Roland was conveyed from the prison of St. Pélagie to the same gloomy cells vacated by the death of her friends. She was cast into a bare and miserable dungeon, in that subterranean receptacle of woe, where there was not even a bed. Another prisoner, moved with compassion, drew his own pallet into her cell, that she might not be compelled to throw herself for repose upon the cold, wet stones. The chill air of winter had now come, and yet no covering was allowed her. Through the long night she shivered with the cold.

The prison of the Conciergerie consists of a series of dark and damp subterranean vaults, situated beneath the floor of the Palace of Justice. Imagination can conceive of nothing more dismal than these sombre caverns, with long and winding galleries opening into cells as dark as the tomb. You descend by a flight of massive stone steps into this sepulchral abode, and, passing through double doors, whose iron strength time has deformed but not weakened, you enter upon the vast labyrinthine prison, where the imagination wanders affrighted through intricate mazes of halls, and arches, and vaults, and dungeons, rendered only more appalling by the dim light which struggles through those grated orifices which pierced the massive walls. The Seine flows by upon one side, separated only by the high way of the quays. The bed of the Seine is above the floor of the prison. The surrounding earth was consequently saturated with water, and the oozing moisture diffused over the walls and the floors the humidity of the sepulchre. The splash of the river; the rumbling of carts upon the pavements overhead; the heavy tramp of countless footfalls, as the multitude poured into and out of the halls of justice, mingled with the moaning of the prisoners in those solitary cells. There were one or two narrow courts scattered in this vast structure, where the prisoners could look up the precipitous walls, as of a well, towering high above them, and see a few square yards of sky. The gigantic quadrangular tower, reared above these firm foundations, was formerly the imperial palace from which issued all power and law. Here the French kings reveled in voluptuousness, with their prisoners groaning beneath their feet. This strong-hold of feudalism had now become the tomb of the monarchy. In one of the most loathsome of these cells, Maria Antoinette, the daughter of the Cæsars, had languished in misery

as profound as mortals can suffer, till, in the endurance of every conceivable insult, she was dragged to the guillotine.

It was into a cell adjoining that which the hapless queen had occupied that Madame Roland was cast. Here the proud daughter of the emperors of Austria and the humble child of the artisan, each, after a career of unexampled vicissitudes, found their paths to meet but a few steps from the scaffold. The victim of the monarchy and the victim of the Revolution were conducted to the same dungeons and perished on the same block. They met as antagonists in the stormy arena of the French Revolution. They were nearly of equal age. The one possessed the prestige of wealth, and rank, and ancestral power; the other, the energy of vigorous and cultivated mind. Both were endowed with unusual attractions of person, spirits invigorated by enthusiasm, and the loftiest heroism. From the antagonism of life they met in death.

The day after Madame Roland was placed in the Conciergerie, she was visited by one of the notorious officers of the revolutionary party, and very closely questioned concerning the friendship she had entertained for the Girondists. She frankly avowed the elevated affection and esteem with which she cherished their memory, but she declared that she and they were the cordial friends of republican liberty; that they wished to preserve, not to destroy, the Constitution. The examination was vexatious and intolerant in the extreme. It lasted for three hours, and consisted in an incessant torrent of criminations, to which she was hardly permitted to offer one word in reply. This examination taught her the nature of the accusations which would be brought against her. She sat down in her cell that very night, and, with a rapid pen, sketched that defense which has been pronounced one of the most eloquent and touching monuments of the Revolution.

Having concluded it, she retired to rest, and slept with the serenity of a child. She was called upon several times by committees sent from the revolutionary tribunal for examination. They were resolved to take her life, but were anxious to do it, if possible, under the forms of law. She passed through all their examinations with the most perfect composure, and the most dignified self-possession. Her enemies could not withhold their expressions of admiration as they saw her in her sepulchral cell of stone and of iron, cheerful, fascinating, and perfectly at ease. She knew that she was to be led from that cell to a violent death, and yet no faltering of soul could be detected. Her spirit had apparently achieved a perfect victory over all earthly ills.

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The upper part of the door of her cell was an iron grating. The surrounding cells were filled with the most illustrious ladies and gentlemen of France. As the hour of death drew near, her courage and animation seemed to increase. Her features glowed with enthusiasm; her thoughts and expressions were refulgent with sublimity, and her whole aspect assumed the impress of one appointed to fill some great and lofty destiny. She remained but a few days in the Conciergerie before she was led to the scaffold. During those few days, by her example and her encouraging words, she spread among the numerous prisoners there an enthusiasm and a spirit of heroism which elevated, above the fear of the scaffold, even the most timid and depressed. This glow of feeling and exhilaration gave a new impress of sweetness and fascination to her beauty. The length of her captivity, the calmness with which she contemplated the certain approach of death, gave to her voice that depth of tone and slight tremulousness of utterance which sent her eloquent words home with thrilling power to every heart. Those who were walking in the corridor, or who were the occupants of adjoining cells, often called for her to speak to them words of encouragement and consolation.

Standing upon a stool at the door of her own cell, she grasped with her hands the iron grating which separated her from her audience. This was her tribune. The melodious accents of her voice floated along the labyrinthine avenues of those dismal dungeons, penetrating cell after cell, and arousing energy in hearts which had been abandoned to despair. It was, indeed, a strange scene which was thus witnessed in these sepulchral caverns. The silence, as of the grave, reigned there, while the clear and musical tones of Madame Roland, as of an angel of consolation, vibrated through the rusty bars, and along the dark, damp cloisters. One who was at that time an inmate of the prison, and survived those dreadful scenes, has described, in glowing terms, the almost miraculous effects of her soul-moving eloquence. She was already past the prime of life, but she was still fascinating. Combined with the most wonderful power of expression, she possessed a voice so exquisitely musical, that, long after her lips were silenced in death, its tones vibrated in lingering strains in the souls of those by whom they had ever been heard. The prisoners listened with the most profound attention to her glowing words, and regarded her almost as a celestial spirit, who had come to animate them to heroic deeds. She often spoke of the Girondists who had already perished upon the guillotine. With perfect fearlessness she avowed her friendship for them, and ever spoke of them as *our friends*. She, however, was careful never to utter a word which would bring tears into the eye. She wished to avoid herself all the weakness of tender emotions, and to lure the thoughts of her companions away from every contemplation which could enervate their energies.

Occasionally, in the solitude of her cell, as the image of her husband and of her child rose before her, and her imagination dwelt upon her desolated home and her blighted hopes—her husband denounced and pursued by lawless violence, and her child soon to be an orphan—woman's tenderness would triumph over the heroine's stoicism. Burying, for a moment, her face in her hands, she would burst into a flood of tears. Immediately struggling to regain composure, she would brush her tears away, and dress her countenance in its accustomed smiles. She remained in the Conciergerie but one week, and during that time so endeared herself to all as to become the prominent object of attention and love. Her case is one of the most extraordinary the history

of the world has presented, in which the very highest degree of heroism is combined with the most resistless charms of feminine loveliness. An unfeminine woman can never be *loved* by men. She may be respected for her talents, she may be honored for her philanthropy, but she can not win the warmer emotions of the heart. But Madame Roland, with an energy of will, an inflexibility of purpose, a firmness of stoical endurance which no mortal man has ever exceeded, combined that gentleness, and tenderness, and affection—that instinctive sense of the proprieties of her sex—which gathered around her a love as pure and as enthusiastic as woman ever excited. And while her friends, many of whom were the most illustrious men in France, had enthroned her as an idol in their hearts, the breath of slander never ventured to intimate that she was guilty even of an impropriety.

The day before her trial, her advocate, Chauveau de la Garde, visited her to consult respecting her defense. She, well aware that no one could speak a word in her favor but at the peril of his own life, and also fully conscious that her doom was already sealed, drew a ring from her finger, and said to him,

"To-morrow, I shall be no more. I know the fate which awaits me. Your kind assistance can not avail aught for me, and would but endanger you. I pray you, therefore, not to come to the tribunal, but to accept of this last testimony of my regard."

The next day she was led to her trial. She attired herself in a white robe, as a symbol of her innocence, and her long dark hair fell in thick curls on her neck and shoulders. She emerged from her dungeon the vision of unusual loveliness. The prisoners who were walking in the corridors gathered around her, and with smiles and words of encouragement she infused energy into their hearts. Calm and invincible she met her judges. She was accused of the crimes of being the wife of M. Roland and the friend of his friends. Proudly she acknowledged herself guilty of both those charges. Whenever she attempted to utter a word in her defense, she was browbeaten by the judges, and silenced by the clamors of the mob which filled the tribunal. The mob now ruled with undisputed sway in both legislative and executive halls. The serenity of her eye was untroubled, and the composure of her disciplined spirit unmoved, save by the exaltation of enthusiasm, as she noted the progress of the trial, which was bearing her rapidly and resistlessly to the scaffold. It was, however, difficult to bring any accusation against her by which, under the form of law, she could be condemned. France, even in its darkest hour, was rather ashamed to behead a woman, upon whom the eyes of all Europe were fixed, simply for being the *wife of her husband and the friend of his friends*. At last the president demanded of her that she should reveal her husband's asylum. She proudly replied,

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"I do not know of any law by which I can be obliged to violate the strongest feelings of nature."

This was sufficient, and she was immediately condemned. Her sentence was thus expressed:

"The public accuser has drawn up the present indictment against Jane Mary Phlippon, the wife of Roland, late Minister of the Interior, for having wickedly and designedly aided and assisted in the conspiracy which existed against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic, against the liberty and safety of the French people, by assembling at her house, in secret council, the principal chiefs of that conspiracy, and by keeping up a correspondence tending to facilitate their treasonable designs. The tribunal having heard the public accuser deliver his reasons concerning the application of the law, condemns Jane Mary Phlippon, wife of Roland, to the punishment of death."

She listened calmly to her sentence, and then rising, bowed with dignity to her judges, and, smiling, said,

"I thank you, gentlemen, for thinking me worthy of sharing the fate of the great men whom you have assassinated. I shall endeavor to imitate their firmness on the scaffold."

With the buoyant step of a child, and with a rapidity which almost betokened joy, she passed beneath the narrow portal, and descended to her cell, from which she was to be led, with the morning light, to a bloody death. The prisoners had assembled to greet her on her return, and anxiously gathered around her. She looked upon them with a smile of perfect tranquillity, and, drawing her hand across her neck, made a sign expressive of her doom. But a few hours elapsed between her sentence and her execution. She retired to her cell, wrote a few words of parting to her friends, played upon a harp, which had found its way into the prison, her requiem, in tones so wild and mournful, that, floating in the dark hours of the night, through these sepulchral caverns, they fell like unearthly music upon the despairing souls there incarcerated.

The morning of the 10th of November, 1793, dawned gloomily upon Paris. It was one of the darkest days of that reign of terror which, for so long a period enveloped France in its sombre shades. The ponderous gates of the court-yard of the Conciergerie opened that morning to a long procession of carts loaded with victims for the guillotine. Madame Roland had contemplated her fate too long, and had disciplined her spirit too severely, to fail of fortitude in this last hour of trial. She came from her cell scrupulously attired for the bridal of death. A serene smile was upon her cheek, and the glow of joyous animation lighted up her features as she waved an adieu to the weeping prisoners who gathered around her. The last cart was assigned to Madame Roland. She entered it with a step as light and elastic as if it were a carriage for a pleasant morning's drive. By her side stood an infirm old man, M. La Marche. He was pale and trembling, and his fainting heart, in view of the approaching terror, almost ceased to beat. She sustained him by her arm, and addressed to him words of consolation and encouragement in cheerful accents and with a

benignant smile. The poor old man felt that God had sent an angel to strengthen him in the dark hour of death. As the cart heavily rumbled along the pavement, drawing nearer and nearer to the guillotine, two or three times, by her cheerful words, she even caused a smile faintly to play upon his pallid lips.

The guillotine was now the principal instrument of amusement for the populace of Paris. It was so elevated that all could have a good view of the spectacle it presented. To witness the conduct of nobles and of ladies, of boys and of girls, while passing through the horrors of a sanguinary death, was far more exciting than the unreal and bombastic tragedies of the theatre, or the conflicts of the cock-pit and the bear garden. A countless throng flooded the streets; men, women, and children, shouting, laughing, execrating. The celebrity of Madame Roland, her extraordinary grace and beauty, and her aspect, not only of heroic fearlessness, but of joyous exhilaration, made her the prominent object of the public gaze. A white robe gracefully enveloped her perfect form, and her black and glossy hair, which for some reason the executioners had neglected to cut, fell in rich profusion to her waist. A keen November blast swept the streets, under the influence of which, and the excitement of the scene, her animated countenance glowed with all the ruddy bloom of youth. She stood firmly in the cart, looking with a serene eye upon the crowds which lined the streets, and listening with unruffled serenity to the clamor which filled the air. A large crowd surrounded the cart in which Madame Roland stood, shouting, "To the guillotine! to the guillotine!" She looked kindly upon them, and, bending over the railing of the cart, said to them, in tones as placid as if she were addressing her own child, "My friends, I *am* going to the guillotine. In a few moments I shall be there. They who send me thither will ere long follow me. I go innocent. They will come stained with blood. You who now applaud our execution will then applaud theirs with equal zeal."

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Madame Roland had continued writing her memoirs until the hour in which she left her cell for the scaffold. When the cart had almost arrived at the foot of the guillotine, her spirit was so deeply moved by the tragic scene—such emotions came rushing in upon her soul from departing time and opening eternity, that she could not repress the desire to pen down her glowing thoughts. She entreated an officer to furnish her for a moment with pen and paper. The request was refused. It is much to be regretted that we are thus deprived of that unwritten chapter of her life. It can not be doubted that the words she would then have written would have long vibrated upon the ear of a listening world. Soul-utterances will force their way over mountains, and valleys, and oceans. Despotism can not arrest them. Time can not enfeeble them.

The long procession arrived at the guillotine, and the bloody work commenced. The victims were dragged from the carts, and the ax rose and fell with unceasing rapidity. Head after head fell into the basket, and the pile of bleeding trunks rapidly increased in size. The executioners approached the cart where Madame Roland stood by the side of her fainting companion. With an animated countenance and a cheerful smile, she was all engrossed in endeavoring to infuse fortitude into his soul. The executioner grasped her by the arm. "Stay," said she, slightly resisting his grasp; "I have one favor to ask, and that is not for myself. I beseech you grant it me." Then turning to the old man, she said, "Do you precede me to the scaffold. To see my blood flow would make you suffer the bitterness of death twice over. I must spare you the pain of witnessing my execution." The stern officer gave a surly refusal, replying, "My orders are to take you first." With that winning smile and that fascinating grace which were almost resistless, she rejoined, "You can not, surely, refuse a woman her last request." The hard-hearted executor of the law was brought within the influence of her enchantment. He paused, looked at her for a moment in slight bewilderment, and yielded. The poor old man, more dead than alive, was conducted upon the scaffold and placed beneath the fatal ax. Madame Roland, without the slightest change of color, or the apparent tremor of a nerve, saw the ponderous instrument, with its glittering edge, glide upon its deadly mission, and the decapitated trunk of her friend was thrown aside to give place for her. With a placid countenance and a buoyant step, she ascended the platform. The guillotine was erected upon the vacant spot between the gardens of the Tuileries and the Elysian Fields, then known as the Place de la Revolution. This spot is now called the Place de la Concorde. It is unsurpassed by any other place in Europe. Two marble fountains now embellish the spot. The blood-stained guillotine, from which crimson rivulets were ever flowing, then occupied the space upon which one of these fountains has been erected; and a clay statue to Liberty reared its hypocritical front where the Egyptian obelisk now rises. Madame Roland stood for a moment upon the elevated platform, looked calmly around upon the vast concourse, and then bowing before the colossal statue, exclaimed, "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name." She surrendered herself to the executioner, and was bound to the plank. The plank fell to its horizontal position, bringing her head under the fatal ax. The glittering steel glided through the groove, and the head of Madame Roland was severed from her body.

Thus died Madame Roland, in the thirty-ninth year of her age. Her death oppressed all who had known her with the deepest grief. Her intimate friend Buzot, who was then a fugitive, on hearing the tidings, was thrown into a state of perfect delirium, from which he did not recover for many days. Her faithful female servant was so overwhelmed with grief, that she presented herself before the tribunal, and implored them to let her die upon the same scaffold where her beloved mistress had perished. The tribunal, amazed at such transports of attachment, declared that she was mad, and ordered her to be removed from their presence. A man-servant made the same application, and was sent to the guillotine.

The grief of M. Roland, when apprized of the event, was unbounded. For a time he entirely lost his senses. Life to him was no longer endurable. He knew not of any consolations of religion.

Philosophy could only nerve him to stoicism. Privately he left, by night, the kind friends who had hospitably concealed him for six months, and wandered to such a distance from his asylum as to secure his protectors from any danger on his account. Through the long hours of the winter's night he continued his dreary walk, till the first gray of the morning appeared in the east. Drawing a long stiletto from the inside of his walking-stick, he placed the head of it against the trunk of a tree, and threw himself upon the sharp weapon. The point pierced his heart, and he fell lifeless upon the frozen ground. Some peasants passing by discovered his body. A piece of paper was pinned to the breast of his coat, upon which there were written these words: "Whoever thou art that findest these remains, respect them as those of a virtuous man. After hearing of my wife's death, I would not stay another day in a world so stained with crime."

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[From Dickens's Household Words.]

CHEMICAL CONTRADICTIONS.

Science, whose aim and end is to prove the harmony and "eternal fitness of things," also proves that we live in a world of paradoxes; and that existence itself is a whirl of contradictions. Light and darkness, truth and falsehood, virtue and vice, the negative and positive poles of galvanic or magnetic mysteries, are evidences of all-pervading antitheses, which, acting like the good and evil genii of Persian Mythology, neutralize each other's powers when they come into collision. It is the office of science to solve these mysteries. The appropriate symbol of the lecture-room is a Sphinx; for a scientific lecturer is but a better sort of unraveler of riddles.

Who would suppose, for instance, that water—which every body knows, extinguishes fire—may, under certain circumstances, add fuel to flame, so that the "coming man," who is to "set the Thames on fire," may not be far off. If we take some mystical gray-looking globules of potassium (which is the metallic basis of common pearl-ash) and lay them upon water, the water will instantly appear to ignite. The globules will swim about in flames, reminding us of the "death-fires" described by the Ancient Mariner, burning "like witches' oil" on the surface of the stagnant sea. Sometimes even, without any chemical ingredient being added, fire will appear to spring spontaneously from water; which is not a simple element, as Thales imagined, when he speculated upon the origin of the Creation, but two invisible gases—oxygen and hydrogen, chemically combined. During the electrical changes of the atmosphere in a thunder-storm, these gases frequently combine with explosive violence, and it is this combination which takes place when "the big rain comes dancing to the earth." These fire-and-water phenomena are thus accounted for; certain substances have peculiar affinities or attractions for one another; the potassium has so inordinate a desire for oxygen, that the moment it touches, it decomposes the water, abstracts all the oxygen, and sets free the hydrogen or inflammable gas. The potassium, when combined with the oxygen, forms that corrosive substance known as caustic potash, and the heat, disengaged during this process, ignites the hydrogen. Here the mystery ends; and the contradictions are solved; Oxygen and hydrogen when combined, become water; when separated the hydrogen gas burns with a pale, lambent flame. Many of Nature's most delicate deceptions are accounted for by a knowledge of these laws.

Your analytical chemist sadly annihilates, with his scientific machinations, all poetry. He bottles up at pleasure the Nine Muses, and proves them—as the fisherman in the Arabian Nights did the Afrite—to be all smoke. Even the Will-o'-the-Wisp can not flit across its own morass without being pursued, overtaken, and burnt out by this scientific detective policeman. He claps an extinguisher upon Jack-o'-Lantern thus: He says that a certain combination of phosphorus and hydrogen, which rises from watery marshes, produces a gas called phosphureted hydrogen, which ignites spontaneously the moment it bubbles up to the surface of the water and meets with atmospheric air. Here again the Ithuriel wand of science dispels all delusion, pointing out to us, that in such places animal and vegetable substances are undergoing constant decomposition; and as phosphorus exists under a variety of forms in these bodies, as phosphate of lime, phosphate of soda, phosphate of magnesia, &c., and as furthermore the decomposition of water itself is the initiatory process in these changes, so we find that phosphorus and hydrogen are supplied from these sources; and we may therefore easily conceive the consequent formation of phosphureted hydrogen. This gas rises in a thin stream from its watery bed, and the moment it comes in contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, it bursts into a flame so buoyant, that it flickers with every breath of air, and realizes the description of Goethe's Mephistopheles, that the course of Jack-o'-Lantern is generally "zig-zag."

Who would suppose that absolute darkness may be derived from two rays of light! Yet such is the fact. If two rays proceed from two luminous points very close to each other, and are so directed as to cross at a given point on a sheet of white paper in a dark room, their united light will be twice as bright as either ray singly would produce. But if the difference in the distance of the two points be diminished only one-half, the one light will extinguish the other, and produce absolute darkness. The same curious result may be produced by viewing the flame of a candle through two very fine slits near to each other in a card. So, likewise, strange as it may appear, if two musical strings be so made to vibrate, in a certain succession of degrees, as for the one to gain half a vibration on the other, the two resulting sounds will antagonize each other and produce an interval of perfect silence. How are these mysteries to be explained? The Delphic Oracle of

science must again be consulted, and among the high priests who officiate at the shrine, no one possesses more recondite knowledge, or can recall it more instructively than Sir David Brewster. "The explanation which philosophers have given," he observes, "of these remarkable phenomena, is very satisfactory, and may easily be understood. When a wave is made on the surface of a still pool of water by plunging a stone into it, the wave advances along the surface, while the water itself is never carried forward, but merely rises into a height and falls into a hollow, each portion of the surface experiencing an elevation and a depression in its turn. If we suppose two waves equal and similar, to be produced by two separate stones, and if they reach the same spot at the same time, that is, if the two elevations should exactly coincide, they would unite their effects, and produce a wave twice the size of either; but if the one wave should be put so far before the other, that the hollow of the one coincided with the elevation of the other, and the elevation of the one with the hollow of the other, the two waves would obliterate or destroy one another; the elevation, as it were, of the one filling up half the hollow of the other, and the hollow of the one taking away half the elevation of the other, so as to reduce the surface to a level. These effects may be exhibited by throwing two equal stones into a pool of water; and also may be observed in the Port of Batsha, where the two waves arriving by channels of different lengths actually obliterate each other. Now, as light is supposed to be produced by waves or undulations of an ethereal medium filling all nature, and occupying the pores of the transparent bodies; and as sound is produced by undulations or waves in the air: so the successive production of light and darkness by two bright lights, and the production of sound and silence by two loud sounds, may be explained in the very same manner as we have explained the increase and obliteration of waves formed on the surface of water."

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The apparent contradictions in chemistry are, indeed, best exhibited in the lecture-room, where they may be rendered visible and tangible, and brought home to the general comprehension. The Professor of Analytical Chemistry, J.H. Pepper, who demonstrates these things in the Royal Polytechnic Institution, is an expert manipulator in such mysteries; and, taking a leaf out of his own magic-book, we shall conjure him up before us, standing behind his own laboratory, surrounded with all the implements of his art. At our recent visit to this exhibition we witnessed him perform, with much address, the following experiments: He placed before us a pair of tall glass vessels, each filled, apparently, with water; he then took two hen's eggs, one of these he dropped into one of the glass vessels, and, as might have been expected, it immediately sank to the bottom. He then took the other egg, and dropped it into the other vessel of water, but, instead of sinking as the other had done, it descended only half way, and there remained suspended in the midst of the transparent fluid. This, indeed, looked like magic—one of Houdin's sleight-of-hand performances—for what could interrupt its progress? The water surrounding it appeared as pure below as around and above the egg, yet there it still hung like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, contrary to all the well-established laws of gravity. The problem, however, was easily solved. Our modern Cagliostro had dissolved in one half of the water in this vessel as much common salt as it would take up, whereby the density of the fluid was so much augmented that it opposed a resistance to the descent of the egg after it had passed through the unadulterated water, which he had carefully poured upon the briny solution, the transparency of which, remaining unimpaired, did not for a moment suggest the suspicion of any such impregnation. The good housewife, upon the same principle, uses an egg to test the strength of her brine for pickling.

Every one has heard of the power which bleaching gas (chlorine) possesses in taking away color, so that a red rose held over its fumes will become white. The lecturer, referring to this fact, exhibited two pieces of paper; upon one was inscribed, in large letters, the word "PROTEUS;" upon the other no writing was visible; although he assured us the same word was there inscribed. He now dipped both pieces of paper in a solution of bleaching-powder, when the word "Proteus" disappeared from the paper upon which it was before visible; while the same word instantly came out, sharp and distinct, upon the paper which was previously a blank. Here there appeared another contradiction: the chlorine in the one case obliterating, and in the other reviving the written word; and how was this mystery explained? Easily enough! Our ingenious philosopher, it seems, had used indigo in penning the one word which had disappeared; and had inscribed the other with a solution of a chemical substance, iodide of potassium and starch; and the action which took place was simply this: the chlorine of the bleaching solution set free the iodine from the potassium, which immediately combined with the starch, and gave color to the letters which were before invisible. Again—a sheet of white paper was exhibited, which displayed a broad and brilliant stripe of scarlet—(produced by a compound called the bin-iodide of mercury)—when exposed to a slight heat the color changed immediately to a bright yellow, and, when this yellow stripe was crushed by smartly rubbing the paper, the scarlet color was restored, with all its former brilliancy. This change of color was effected entirely by the alteration which the heat, in the one case, and the friction, in the other, produced in the particles which reflected these different colors; and, upon the same principle, we may understand the change of the color in the lobster-shell, which turns from black to red in boiling; because the action of the heat produces a new arrangement in the particles which compose the shell.

With the assistance of water and fire, which have befriended the magicians of every age, contradictions of a more marvelous character may be exhibited, and even the secret art revealed of handling red-hot metals, and passing through the fiery ordeal. If we take a platinum ladle, and hold it over a furnace until it becomes of a bright red heat, and then project cold water into its bowl, we shall find that the water will remain quiescent and give no sign of ebullition—not so much as a single "fizz;" but, the moment the ladle begins to cool, it will boil up and quickly evaporate. So also, if a mass of metal, heated to whiteness, be plunged in a vessel of cold water,

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the surrounding fluid will remain tranquil so long as the glowing white heat continues; but, the moment the temperature falls, the water will boil briskly. Again—if water be poured upon an iron sieve, the wires of which are made red hot, it will not run through; but, on the sieve cooling, it will run through rapidly. These contradictory effects are easily accounted for. The repelling power of intense heat keeps the water from immediate contact with the heated metal, and the particles of the water, collectively, retain their globular form; but, when the vessel cools, the repulsive power diminishes, and the water coming into closer contact with the heated surface its particles can no longer retain their globular form, and eventually expand into a state of vapor. This globular condition of the particles of water will account for many very important phenomena; perhaps it is best exhibited in the dew-drop, and so long as these globules retain their form, water will retain its fluid properties. An agglomeration of these globules will carry with them, under certain circumstances, so much force that it is hardly a contradiction to call water itself a solid. The water-hammer, as it is termed, illustrates this apparent contradiction. If we introduce a certain quantity of water into a long glass tube, when it is shaken, we shall hear the ordinary splashing noise as in a bottle; but, if we exhaust the air, and again shake the tube, we shall hear a loud ringing sound, as if the bottom of the tube were struck by some hard substance—like metal or wood—which may fearfully remind us of the blows which a ship's side will receive from the waves during a storm at sea, which will often carry away her bulwarks.

It is now time to turn to something stronger than water for more instances of chemical contradictions. The chemical action of certain poisons (the most powerful of all agents), upon the human frame, has plunged the faculty into a maze of paradoxes; indeed, there is actually a system of medicine, advancing in reputation, which is founded on the principle of contraries. The famous Dr. Hahnemann, who was born at Massieu in Saxony, was the founder of it, and, strange to say, medical men, who are notorious for entertaining contrary opinions, have not yet agreed among themselves whether he was a very great quack or a very great philosopher. Be this as it may, the founder of this system, which is called HOMŒOPATHY, when translating an article upon bark in Dr. Cullen's *Materia Medica*, took some of this medicine, which had for many years been justly celebrated for the cure of ague. He had not long taken it, when he found himself attacked with aguish symptoms, and a light now dawned upon his mind, and led him to the inference that medicines which give rise to the symptoms of a disease, are those which will specifically cure it, and however curious it may appear, several illustrations in confirmation of this principle were speedily found. If a limb be frost-bitten, we are directed to rub it with snow; if the constitution of a man be impaired by the abuse of spirituous liquors, and he be reduced to that miserable state of enervation when the limbs tremble and totter, and the mind itself sinks into a state of low muttering delirium, the physician to cure him must go again to the bottle and administer stimulants and opiates.

It was an old Hippocratic aphorism that two diseases can not co-exist in the same body, wherefore, gout has actually been cured by the afflicted person going into a fenny country and catching the ague. The fatality of consumption is also said to be retarded by a common catarrh; and upon this very principle depends the truth of the old saying, that rickety doors hang long on rusty hinges. In other words, the strength of the constitution being impaired by one disease has less power to support the morbid action of another.

We thus live in a world of apparent contradictions; they abound in every department of science, and beset us even in the sanctuary of domestic life. The progress of discovery has reconciled and explained the nature of some of them; but many baffle our ingenuity, and still remain involved in mystery. This much, however, is certain, that the most opposed and conflicting elements so combine together as to produce results, which are strictly in unison with the order and harmony of the universe.

DESCENT INTO THE CRATER OF A VOLCANO. [18]

BY REV. H. T. CHEEVER.

A descent into the Crater of the Volcano of Kilauea in the Sandwich Islands, may be accomplished with tolerable ease by the north-eastern cliff of the crater, where the side has fallen in and slidden downward, leaving a number of huge, outjutting rocks, like giants' stepping-stones, or the courses of the pyramid of Ghizeh.

By hanging to these, and the mere aid of a pole, you may descend the first precipice to where the avalanche brought up and was stayed—a wild region, broken into abrupt hills and deep glens, thickly set with shrubs and old ohas, and producing in great abundance the Hawaiian whortleberry (formerly sacred to the goddess of the volcano), and a beautiful lustrous blackberry that grows on a branching vine close to the ground. Thousands of birds find there a safe and warm retreat; and they will continue, I suppose, the innocent warblers, to pair and sing there, till the fires from beneath, having once more eaten through its foundations, the entire tract, with all its miniature mountains and woody glens, shall slide off suddenly into the abyss below to feed the hunger of all-devouring fire.

No one who passes over it, and looks back upon the tall, jagged cliffs at the rear and side, can doubt that it was severed and shattered by one such ruin into its present forms. And the

bottomless pits and yawning caverns, in some places ejecting hot steam, with which it is traversed, prove that the raging element which once sapped its foundations is still busy beneath.

The path that winds over and down through this tract, crossing some of these unsightly seams by a natural bridge of only a foot's breadth, is safe enough by daylight, if one will keep in it. But be careful that you do not diverge far on either side, or let the shades of night overtake you there, lest a single mis-step in the grass and ferns, concealing some horrible hole, or an accidental stumble, shall plunge you beyond the reach of sunlight into a covered pen-stock of mineral fire, or into the heart of some deep, sunken cavern.

One can hardly wander through that place alone, even in the daytime (as I was in coming up from the crater at evening), without having his fancy swarm with forms of evil. In spite of himself, there will

"Throng thick into his mind the busy shapes
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! of precipices huge—
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death."

The way through this tract descends not abruptly for about half a mile, to a steep bank of partially decomposed lava, somewhat furrowed by water-courses, by which you go down some hundreds of feet more to what every body calls the Black Ledge.

This is an immense rampart or gallery of grisly black scoria and lava, about half a mile wide, running all round the pit, slightly sloping inward, and not unfrequently overflowed in eruptions. By it you learn the dimensions of the great lake to which this is now the shore. It may be compared to the wide beach of an ocean, seldom flooded all over except in very high tides; or to a great field of thick shore ice, from under which the tide has retired, leaving it cracked and rent, but not so as to break up the general evenness of its surface.

The upper crust is generally glossy, cellular, and cinder-like, brittle and crackling under the feet; but directly underneath the superficies, hard and compact, as proved by inspecting the great seams and fissures, from some of which flickering currents of hot air, and from others scalding steam and smoke are continually issuing. Pound on it, and you will hear deep, hollow reverberations, and sometimes your pole will break through a place like the rotten trap-door of some old ruin, and open upon you a hideous black hole without bottom.

Over this great volcanic mole or offset, we proceeded to make our way toward the caldron in the southeast, pounding before us with our pole, like men crossing a river to find whether the ice ahead will bear them. We stopped every now and then to examine and get up on to some great cone or oven, which had been formed after the congelation of the crust, by pent up gas blowing out from beneath the cooling lava, raising it as in great bubbles, and letting its black, viscous vomit dribble from the top, and flow down sluggishly and congeal before it had found a level, like ice in very cold weather over a waterfall. Thus it would flow over the Black Ledge, hardening sometimes in round streams like a cable, or in serpentine forms like a great anaconda; and again it would spread out from the foot of the cone a little way, in forms like a bronze lion's foot.

The surface was frequently broken, or ready to break, with the weight of one's body, from the fiery liquid having subsided after the petrification of the crust. Generally, too, the hardened lava seemed to have been flowed over, like ice near the shore when the tide rises and goes down, with a thin scum of lava that became shelly and crepitated under the foot like shelly ice.

Then, as we went further into the bed of the crater, gradually going down, we would come to places where, like as in frozen mill-ponds, whence the water has been drawn off, the congealed lava had broken in to the depth sometimes of fifty and one hundred feet. Every where, too, there were great fissures and cracks, as in fields of river ice, now and then a large air-hole, and here and there great bulges and breaks, and places from which a thin flame would be curling, or over which you would see a glimmer like that which trembles over a body of fresh coals or a recently-burned lime-kiln. Touch your stick there, and it would immediately kindle.

There were also deep, wide ditches, through which a stream of liquid lava had flowed since the petrification of the main body through which it passed. Cascades of fire are said to be often seen in the course of these canals or rivers as they leap some precipice, presenting in the night a scene of unequalled splendor and sublimity. In some places the banks or dikes of these rivers are excavated and fallen in with hideous crash and ruin; and often you may go up, if you dare, to the edge on one side and look over into the gulf, and away under the opposite overhanging bank, where the igneous fluid has worn away and scooped it out till the cliff hangs on air, and seems to topple and lean, like the tower of Pisa, just ready to fall.

It would be no very comfortable reflection, if a man were not too curiously eager and bold and intent upon the novelties he is drinking in by the senses, to have much reflection or fear at such a time, to think how easily an earthquake might tumble down the bank on which he is standing, undermined in like manner with that which you are looking at right opposite.

On our left, as we passed on to the Great Caldron, we explored, as far as was possible between the heat and vapor, the great bank, or, more properly, mountain-side of sulphur and sulphate of lime (plaster of Paris), and obtained some specimens of no little beauty. There are cliffs of sulphur through which scalding hot vapor is escaping as high up above you as eight hundred feet; and lower down there are seams from which lambent and flickering flames are darting, and jets

of hot air will sometimes whirl by you, involving no little danger by their inhalation. Around these fissures are yellow and green incrustations of sulphur, which afford a new variety of specimens.

When we had got to the leeward of the caldron, we found large quantities of the finest threads of metallic vitrified lava, like the spears and filaments of sealing-wax, called Pele's hair. The wind has caught them from the jets and bubbling springs of gory lava, and carried them away on its wings till they have lodged in nests and crevices, where they may be collected like shed wool about the time of sheep-shearing. Sometimes this is found twenty miles to the leeward of the volcano.

The heat and sulphur gas, irritating the throat and lungs, are so great on that side, that we had to sheer away off from the brim of the caldron, and could not observe close at hand the part where there was the most gushing and bubbling of the ignifluous mineral fluid. But we passed round to the windward, and were thus enabled to get up to the brim so as to look over for a minute in the molten lake, burning incessantly with brimstone and fire—

"A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
O'erboiling with a mad, sulphureous tide."

But the lava which forms your precarious foothold, melted, perhaps, a hundred times, can not be handled or trusted, and the heat even there is so great as to burn the skin of one's face, although the heated air, as it rises, is instantly swept off to the leeward by the wind. It is always hazardous, not to say fool-hardy, to stand there for a moment, lest your uncertain foothold, crumbling and crispy by the action of fire, shall suddenly give way and throw you instantly into the fiery embrace of death.

At times, too, the caldron is so furiously boiling, and splashing, and spitting its fires, and casting up its salient, angry jets of melted lava and spume, that all approach to it is forbidden. We slumped several times near it, as a man will in the spring who is walking over a river of which the ice is beginning to thaw, and the upper stratum, made of frozen snow, is dissolved and rotten. A wary native who accompanied us wondered at our daring, and would not be kept once from pulling me back, as with the eager and bold curiosity of a discoverer, all absorbed in the view of such exciting wonders, I was getting too near.

At the time we viewed it, the brim all round was covered with splashes and spray to the width of ten or twelve feet. The surface of the lake was about a mile in its longest diameter, at a depth of thirty or forty feet from its brim, and agitated more or less all over, in some places throwing up great jets and spouts of fiery red lava, in other places spitting it out like steam from an escape-pipe when the valves are half lifted, and again squirting the molten rock as from a pop-gun.

The surface was like a river or lake when the ice is *going out* and broken up into cakes, over which you will sometimes see the water running, and sometimes it will be quite hidden. In the same manner in this lake of fire, while its surface was generally covered with a crust of half-congealed, dusky lava, and raised into elevations, or sunk into depressions, you would now and then see the live coal-red stream running along. Two cakes of lava, also, would meet like cakes of ice, and their edges crushing, would pile up and fall over, precisely like the phenomena of moving fields of ice; there was, too, the same rustling, grinding noise.

Sometimes, I am told, the roar of the fiery surges is like the heavy beating of surf. Once, when Mr. Coan visited it, this caldron was heaped up in the middle, higher above its brim than his head, so that he ran up and thrust in a pyrometer, while streams were running off on different sides. At another time when he saw it, it had sunk four or five hundred feet below its brim, and he had to look down a dreadful gulf to see its fires.

Again, when Mr. Bingham was there, it was full, and concentric waves were flowing out and around from its centre. Having carefully observed its movements a while, he threw a stick of wood upon the thin crust of a moving wave where he thought it would bear him, even if it should bend a little, and then stood upon it a few moments. In that position, thrusting his cane down through the cooling tough crust, about half an inch thick, and immediately withdrawing it, forthwith there gushed up, like ooze in a marsh or melted tar under a plank, enough of the viscid lava to form a globular mass, which afterward, as it cooled, he broke off and bore away.

It is not easy for one that has not himself been in a similar position, to sympathize with and pardon the traveler at such a point, for he is unwilling to forbear and leave it till fairly surfeited and seared with heat and admiration, or driven off by some sudden spout and roar, or splash of the caldron. You gaze, and gaze, and gaze in amazement, without conscious thought, like a man in a trance, reluctant to go away, and you want to spend at least a day and night, viewing close at hand its ever-varying phenomena.

Had we only brought with us wrappers, I believe we should have been the first to have slept on the Black Ledge. Now that the edge of curiosity is a little blunted and the judgment cool, we can see that there would be a degree of hazard and temerity in it which is not felt under the excitement of novelty, and in the full tide of discovery. Forced by startling admonitions, of instant danger, I had to quit suddenly the precarious footing I had gained on the caldron's edge, like a hungry man hurried from his repast ere he has snatched a mouthful. But the look I caught there, and the impression of horror, awfulness, and sublimity thence obtained, live and will live in my conscious being forever and ever; and it is this shall help me utter what many have experienced, and have wished to say before the poet said it for them:

"One compact hour of crowded life
Is worth an age without a name."

A moment of being under such circumstances is an epoch in the history of one's mind; and he, perhaps, may be deemed the most highly favored of mortals who has the most of such epochs in remembrance, provided only that the incommunicable thoughts and emotions which, in the moment of that experience, seemed to permeate the very substance of the mind, have given it a moral tone and impulse running through all its subsequent life. It is thus that thoughts are waked "to perish never," being instamped ineffaceably upon the spiritual frame-work and foundation stones of the soul, dignifying and consecrating them to noble uses.

It was not, I trust, without some valuable additions to our stock of impressions in this line, that we reluctantly left that spot. Departing thence, we passed over a tract between the level of the brim of the caldron and the Black Ledge, in order to gain again the latter, most strangely rugged and wild, as if convulsion after convulsion had upheaved, and sunk, and rent, and piled the vast mineral and rocky masses; forming here great hills like the ruins of a hundred towers, and there deep indentations, while every block lay upon its fellow, ready to be dislodged, edge-wise, crosswise, endwise, sidewise, angle-wise, and every-wise, in the wildest confusion and variety possible, as if Typhœan giants had been hurling them at each other in war; or as when the warring angels

"From their foundations loosening to and fro,
Uptore the seated hills, with all their load,
And sent them thundering upon their adversaries.
Then hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
Hurled to and fro with jaculation dire:
Horrid confusion heap'd upon confusion rose."

Rocks, too, in earthquake commotions, have been started from the perpendicular sides of the crater in this part, and have rolled down eight hundred or a thousand feet with a force, one might think, that would almost shake the world.

When we had thus encompassed the crater, and had returned to the point where we first came down upon the Black Ledge, it was getting toward night, and I found myself so excessively heated and feverish, and throbbing with the headache, which most persons there suffer from, as to be unable to go for the castellated and Gothic specimens into some ovens that are found in the sides near by.

Leaving, therefore, my companion and the natives to hunt for them, I proceeded slowly back, and toiled up, with difficulty, the steep side of this stupendous crater, which may be set down at a moderate calculation as not less than twelve miles in circumference, and one thousand feet deep. In the centre of this vast sunken amphitheatre of volcanic fire,

"A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flaming,"

a man looks up to heaven, and to the seared walls of this great prison, and feels like a pigmy, or the veriest insect, in contrast with so mighty and terrible a work of the Lord God Almighty.

The person who can go down into it, and come up safe from it, with a light mind, unthankful and unawed, is as wanting in some of the best attributes of mental manhood as of piety; and, let me say with Cowper,

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,"

the man who should prove himself so brutishly insensible to the sublime vestiges of Divine power, and to the providential care of Divine goodness.

We spent the night by the volcano. I slept a little at intervals, just raising myself at every awakening to look at Pele's fires, which spouted and played like fountains, and leaped suddenly with a flash from place to place, like electricity on wire in the experiments of the lecture-room.

Once when I arose at midnight and went out a little beyond the range of our screen, to enjoy in silence the august and grand spectacle, the violence of the wind was such as to take off my unguarded hat, and carry it clear over the brink of the crater, where it lodged for the night, but was recovered with little injury in the morning by one of our courageous natives.

One of the early visitors there said that, on coming near the rim, he fell upon his hands and knees awe-struck, and crept cautiously to the rocky brink, unwilling at once to walk up to the giddy verge and look down as from a mast-head upon the fiery gulf at his feet. In a little time, however, like a landsman after a while at sea, he was able to stand very near and gaze unalarmed upon this wonder of the world.

I have myself known seamen that had faced unfearedly all the perils of the deep, and had rushed boldly into battle with its mammoth monsters, to stand appalled on the brink of Kilauea, and depart without daring to try its abyss. Gazing upon it, then, at midnight, so near its brink as we were, was rather venturing upon the edge of safety, as I found to my cost. But woe to the man that should have a fit of somnambulism on the spot where our tent was pitched that last night.

Baron Munchausen's seven-leagued boots could hardly save him from a warm bath in flowing lava cherry-red.

Morning broke again upon our open encampment, clear and bracing as upon the Green Mountains of Vermont. With fingers burned and bleeding from the climbing and crystal-digging of yesterday, we made all the dispatch possible in collecting and packing specimens, but it was one o'clock before we were ready to leave. Having at length got off the natives with their burdens, two for Hilo and two for Kau, we kneeled for the last time by that wonderful old furnace, where the hand of God works the bellows and keeps up his vast laboratory of elemental fire. Then we mounted our horses and bade a final good-by, the one for Hilo, and the other for his happy Hawaiian home.

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[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

THE EVERY-DAY YOUNG LADY.

The every-day young lady is neither tall nor short, neither fat nor lean. Her complexion is not fair, but clear, and her color not bright, but healthy. She is not vulgarly well, but has not the least illness in the world. Her face is oval, and her hair, moderate in quantity, is usually of a soft brown. Her features are small and unobtrusive: her nose being what the French passports call *moyen*—that is, neither one thing nor t'other—and her eyes as gray as glass, but clear and gentle. It is not the eyes that give her any little character she has; although, if you have nothing else to do, and happen to look at them for a minute or so, they win upon you. They are not varnished eyes, in which you can see nothing but the brightness; and not deep eyes, into which your soul plunges as into a gulf: they are mere common skylights, winning into them a little bit of heaven, and giving you an inkling of good temper and feminine gentleness. Neither is it her air, nor manner, nor dress, that stamps her individuality, if she has any, for these belong to the class of society in which she moves; but altogether she gives you an idea of young-womanish refinement and amiableness, and you would think of her again when alone, if there were not so many of her friends about her as to divide and dilute, as it were, your impressions.

The every-day young lady is usually dependent upon somebody or other, but sometimes she has a small independence, which is much worse. In the former case she clings like ivy, adorning, by her truth and gentleness, the support she is proud of; while in the other she gives her £30 a year to a relation as an inadequate compensation for her board and clothing, and lives in a state of unheard-of bondage and awful gratitude. Her life is diversified by friendships, in which her own feelings last the longest; by enmities, in which she suffers and forgives; and by loves—though almost always at second-hand. She is a confidant, a go-between, a bridemaid; but if she finds herself on the brink of a serious flirtation, she shrinks into her own foolish little heart in surprise and timidity, and the affair never becomes any thing but a mystery, which she carries with her through life, and which makes her shake her head on occasions, and look conscious and experienced, so as to give people the idea that this young lady has a history. If the affair does go on, it is a public wonder how she came to get actually married. Many persons consider that she must have been playing a part all along for this very purpose; that her timidity and bashfulness were assumed, and her self-denial a *ruse*; and that, in point of fact, she was not by any means what she gave herself out to be—an every-day young lady.

For our part we have known many such young ladies in our day—and so have you, and you, and you: the world of society is full of them. We have a notion of our own, indeed, that they are *the sex*; or, in other words, that they are the class from which are drawn our conventional notions of womankind, and that the rest—that is those women who have what is called character—are counterfeit women. The feminine virtues are all of a retiring kind, which does not mean that they are invisible even to strangers, but that they are seen through a half-transparent veil of feminine timidity and self-postponement. In like manner, the *physique* of women, truly so called, is not remarkable or obtrusive: their eyes do not flash at you like a pistol, nor their voices arrest suddenly your attention, as if they said "Stand and deliver!" That men in general admire the exceptions rather than the rule, may be true, but that is owing to bad taste, coarseness of mind, or the mere hurry of society, which prevents them from observing more than its salient points. For our part we have always liked every-day young ladies, and sometimes we felt inclined to love a few of them; but somehow it never went beyond inclination. This may have been owing in part to the headlong life one leads in the world, but in part likewise—if we may venture the surmise—to our own sensitiveness preventing us from poking ourselves upon the sensitiveness of other people.

A great many every-day young ladies have been represented in the character of heroines of romance; but there they are called by other names, and made to run about, and get into predicaments, so that one does not know what to make of them. The Countess Isabelle of Croye is an extremely every-day young lady; but look how she runs away, and how she sees a bishop murdered at supper, and how she is going to be married to a Wild Boar, and how at last, after running away again, she gives her hand and immense possessions to a young Scotsman as poor as a church mouse! Who can tell, in such a hurry-scurry, what she is in her individuality, or what she would turn out to be if let alone, or if the author had a turn for bringing out every-day characters? Then we have every-day young ladies set up for heroines without doing any thing for

it at all, and who look in the emergencies of life just as if they were eating bread and butter, or crying over a novel at home. Of such is Evelina, who has a sweet look for every person, and every thing, in every possible situation, and who is expected, on the strength of that sole endowment, to pass for a heroine of every-day life. This is obviously improper; for an every-day young lady has a principle of development within her like every body else. If you expose her to circumstances, these circumstances must act upon her in one way or another; they must bring her out; and she must win a husband for herself, not get him by accident, blind contact, or the strong necessity of marrying—a necessity which has no alternative in the case of a heroine but the grave.

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Such blunders, however, are now at an end; for a real every-day young lady has come out into public life, and an illumination has been thrown upon the class, which must proceed either from one of themselves or from inspiration.^[19] But we are not going to criticise the book; for that would bring us to loggerheads with the critics, not one of whom has the least notion of the nature of the charm they all confess. This charm consists in its painting an every-day young lady to the life, and for the first time; and it by no means consists, as it is said to do, in the plot, which is but indifferently concocted, or in the incidents, that are sometimes destitute both of social and artistical truth. Anne Dysart herself, however, is a masterly portrait. Its living eyes are upon us from first to last, following us like the eyes of those awful pictures in the dining-room of long ago, which we could not escape from in any corner of the room. But Anne's eyes are not awful: they are sweet, calm, gentle. The whole figure is associated with the quieter and better parts of our nature. It comes to us, with its shy looks and half-withdrawn hands, like somebody we knew all our lives, and still know; somebody who walks with us, mellowing, but not interrupting our thoughts; somebody who sits by us when we are writing or reading, and throws a creamy hue upon the paper; somebody whose breath warms us when it is cold, and whose shadow stands between us and the scorching sun; somebody, in short, who gives us assurance, we know not how, of an every-day young lady.

To paint a character which has no salient points demands a first-rate artist; but to see the inner life of a quiet, timid, retiring mind, is the exclusive privilege of a poet. To suppose that there is no inner life in such minds, or none worth observing, is a grand mistake. The crested wave may be a picturesque or striking object in itself; but under the calm, smooth surface of the passionless sea there are beautiful things to behold—painted shells, and corals, and yellow sands, and sea-plants stretching their long waving arms up to the light. How many of us sail on without giving a glance to such things, our eyes fixed on the frowning or inviting headland, or peopling the desert air with phantoms! Just so do we turn away from what seems to us the void of every-day life to grapple with the excitements of the world.

Anne Dysart is not Miss Douglas's Anne Dysart: she is yours, ours, everybody's. She is the very every-day young lady. The author did not invent her: she found her where the Highlandman found the tongs—by the fireside. And that is her true position, where alone she is at home. When she goes into society, unless it be among associates, she is always under some sort of alarm. She is told that there is company in the drawing-room, strangers come to visit—young ladies celebrated for their beauty and accomplishments—and she treads the stairs with a beating heart, feeling awkward and ignorant, and enters with a desperate calmness. The visitors, however, like her, she is so modest and unobtrusive; and the every-day young lady is charmed and even affected by their patronizing kindness. She is reputed by these persons as a "nice girl, rather amiable-looking, but not in the least like the heroine of a novel." When she visits them in return, she is at first oppressed with a feeling of shyness, but at length still more overpowered by the kindness with which she is received, and she walks to the window to conceal her emotion. In this position our Anne—for we deny that Miss Douglas has any special property in her—comes out strong: "As Anne now stood, dressed in deep mourning, the blackness of her garments only relieved by a small white collar and a pair of cuffs, the expression of her countenance very pensive, her eyes shining mildly in the sunlight which was reflected from the crimson curtain upon her at present somewhat pale cheek, Mrs. Grey, as she whispered to Charlotte, 'Really, poor thing, she does look very interesting!' felt the influence of her peculiar charm, without, however, comprehending its source."

Anne attracts the attention of one of the company, a harsh-featured, ungraceful person, under forty, with a large mouth, determined lips, deep-set, thoughtful eyes, and a confused mass of dark hair hanging over a large and full forehead. Whereupon she instantly feels uncomfortable and frightened. But for all that, it is settled that the *bête noir* walks home with her; and resting the tips of her fingers on his arm, onward they go, these two fated individuals, in solemn silence. The conversation which at length begins consists of unpolite questions on the gentleman's part, and constrained answers on that of the lady; but at length she is saved from replying to a specially disagreeable and impertinent interrogatory by stumbling over a stone.

"*Did you fall on purpose?*" said he. The every-day young lady is both frightened and displeased, and being further urged, feels something actually resembling indignation. When they part, it is with a feeling on her part of inexpressible relief, and she thinks to herself that she had never before met so singular or so disagreeable a man.

This is unpromising: but it is correct. The every-day young lady *thinks* of the rough, odd man; and he is struck now and then by a word or a look in her which piques his curiosity or interests his feelings. He at length learns to look into her calm, soft eyes, and sees through the passionless surface of her character some precious things gleaming in its depths. The following quotation will show at what length he arrives: "Anne pondered for a few minutes. She had a rather slow though a sound understanding. There was some truth in what Mr. Bolton said, but so great a want of

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charity, that she felt from the first as if, some way or other, he could not be quite right. It was some time, however, ere she discovered how he was wrong, and even then perhaps could not have defined it." She answered gravely and modestly, but with less timidity than usual.

"But still, Mr. Bolton, it is possible to be both agreeable and sincere. I know it is possible, because I have seen it; and I think that though there is some truth in what you say, yet, as far as my very limited experience justifies me in forming an opinion, I should say that truth, united with kindness, *is* appreciated; indeed I am sure some people have been liked who never flattered: I knew one person at least whom every body loved, who would not have told a falsehood for the world, and who *was* all he *seemed*."

"I suppose you mean your father? Well, without exactly sharing in your filial enthusiasm, I am inclined to believe that he was a superior man."

"Are you indeed? Why, may I ask?" said Anne very timidly, and venturing for the first time to put a question in her turn.

"Why?" he repeated, with a momentary return of the wonderful smile. "Because his daughter has rather more simplicity of mind, rather more purity of heart, rather more intelligence, rather less frivolity, rather less artifice, rather fewer coquettish tricks to flatter the vanity, and entrap the admiration, of silly men—in short, rather more *sincerity* than one meets every day; I guess she must have had a father somewhat above the average." Mr. Bolton spoke in a low tone, and there was in his voice a depth and a softness that struck his listener's ear as being altogether different from its wont. Whatever this difference might be, however, it was not lasting, for when, after a moment's pause, he spoke again, it was with an exaggeration even of his ordinary harshness both of voice and manner: "But you need not fancy I am paying you a compliment. You are no angel; and even during our short acquaintance, I have discovered in you some faults and follies, and doubtless there are others behind. In some respects you are very childish, or perhaps it would be as correct to say *womanish*." With this rude speech, Mr. Bolton concluded, drawing back with an air of having nothing more to say, and assuming a look which seemed to forbid any one to speak to him.

But this wild man chooses her for a wife, proposes for her hand—and is refused. Why so? Because she was an every-day young lady. He was rich; he had good points—nay, great ones, in his character: but he was an uncomfortable man. She could not love him, and she could not think of marrying a man she could not love. Had it been the young clergyman, the case would have been different. A nice young man was he; and, like all other young ladies of her class, Anne had her dreams of gentle happiness, and congeniality of temper, and poetry, and flowers, and sunsets, and a genteel cottage. But the young clergyman could not afford to think of an almost penniless girl for a wife; and so poor Anne's episode was ended before it was well begun; and the affair would have assumed in her solitary heart the enduring form of a Mystery, if exigencies had not arisen to call forth feelings and resolves that brook no such unsubstantial companions.

This every-day young lady had a brother in Edinburgh, and the brother fell into folly, and misery, and sickness, and desperate poverty. He wanted a friend, a nurse, a servant, and she knew that his bedside was her natural post. The difficulty was to get so far with her poor little funds; but this is accomplished, and instead of the outside of the mail on a wintry night, she has even had the good-fortune to enjoy an inside seat, some gentleman being seized with the caprice of encountering the frost and snow. This gentleman, she discovers afterward, is her discarded lover; and he—how many discoveries does he make! The every-day young lady, thrown into the battle of circumstances, rises with the strife. She who had been accustomed to sit silent, seeming to agree with others in what was untrue, merely from want of courage, now endures without flinching the extremities even of actual want. Now come out, one by one, obvious to the sight, the thousand beautiful things in the depths of her quiet mind; and the eyes of the odd gentleman are dimmed with emotion as he looks at them. Already had she begun to wonder at this man, to call his austerity melancholy, to grieve that he was unhappy, to think what he could be thinking about; and now, when she and her darling brother are saved, protected, held up by his strong hand, the hold he takes of her imagination communicates itself insensibly to her heart. His features lose their harshness; his deep-set eyes become soft; his lips relax; and finally, he cuts his hair. What more needs be said?

But we take leave to disagree with this individual in his idea that Anne Dysart has more simplicity, purity, and quiet intelligence than other every-day young ladies. She is, on the contrary, nothing more than a type of the class; and the fact is proved by the resemblance in her portrait being at once recognized. We do not stand upon the color of her hair, or eyes, or other physical characteristics, for these are mere averages, and may be very different in our Anne and yours; but her shyness, hesitation, and cowardice—her modesty, gentleness, and truth—these are stereotyped traits, and are the same in all. But when such qualities rise, or become metamorphosed, to meet the exigencies of life, how do we recognize them? By intuition. We acknowledge in others the principle of development we feel in ourselves. Our fault is, that we pass over as worthy of no remark, no careful tending, no holy reverence, the slumbering germs of all that is good and beautiful in the female character, and suffer our attention to be engrossed by its affectations and monstrosities. Let us correct this fever of the taste. Let us learn to enjoy the still waters and quiet pastures. When we see an every-day young lady flitting about our rooms, or crossing our paths, or wandering by our side, let us regard her no more as if she were a shadow, or a part of the common atmosphere, necessary, though unheeded; let us look upon her with fondness and respect, and if we would be blessed ourselves, let us say—God bless her!

HISTORY AND ANECDOTES OF BANK NOTE FORGERIES.

Viotti's division of violin-playing into two great classes—good playing and bad playing—is applicable to Bank note making. The processes employed in manufacturing good Bank notes have been often described; we shall now cover a few pages with a faint outline of the various arts, stratagems, and contrivances employed in concocting bad Bank notes. The picture can not be drawn with very distinct or strong markings. The tableaux from which it is copied are so intertwined and complicated with clever, slippery, ingenious scoundrelism, that a finished chart of it would be worse than morally displeasing: it would be tedious.

All arts require time and experience for their development. When any thing great is to be done, first attempts are nearly always failures. The first Bank note forgery was no exception to this rule, and its story has a spice of romance in it. The affair has never been circumstantially told; but some research enables us to detail it:

In the month of August, 1757, a gentleman living in the neighborhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields, named Bliss, advertised for a clerk. There were, as was usual even at that time, many applicants; but the successful one was a young man of twenty-six, named Richard William Vaughan. His manners were so winning, and his demeanor so much that of a gentleman (he belonged indeed to a good county family in Staffordshire, and had been a student at Pembroke Hall, Oxford), that Mr. Bliss at once engaged him. Nor had he occasion, during the time the new clerk served him, to repent the step. Vaughan was so diligent, intelligent, and steady, that not even when it transpired that he was, commercially speaking, "under a cloud," did his master lessen confidence in him. Some inquiry into his antecedents showed that he had, while at College, been extravagant; that his friends had removed him thence; set him up in Stafford as a wholesale linen-draper, with a branch establishment in Aldersgate-street, London; that he had failed, and that there was some difficulty about his certificate. But so well did he excuse his early failings, and account for his misfortunes, that his employer did not check the regard he felt growing toward him. Their intercourse was not merely that of master and servant. Vaughan was a frequent guest at Bliss's table; by-and-by a daily visitor to his wife, and—to his ward.

Miss Bliss was a young lady of some attractions, not the smallest of which was a handsome fortune. Young Vaughan made the most of his opportunities. He was well-looking, well-informed, dressed well, and evidently made love well, for he won the young lady's heart. The guardian was not flinty-hearted, and acted like a sensible man of the world. "It was not," he said on a subsequent and painful occasion, "till I learned from the servants, and observed by the girl's behavior, that she greatly approved Richard Vaughan, that I consented; but on condition that he should make it appear that he could maintain her. I had no doubt of his character as a servant, and I knew his family were respectable. His brother is an eminent attorney." Vaughan boasted that his mother (his father was dead) was willing to re-instate him in business with a thousand pounds; five hundred of which was to be settled upon Miss Bliss for her separate use.

So far all went on prosperously. Providing Richard Vaughan could attain a position satisfactory to the Blisses, the marriage was to take place on the Easter Monday following, which, the Calendar tells us, happened early in April, 1758. With this understanding, he left Mr. Bliss's service, to push his fortune.

Months passed on, and Vaughan appears to have made no way in the world. He had not even obtained his bankrupt's certificate. His visits to his affianced were frequent, and his protestations passionate; but he had effected nothing substantial toward a happy union. Miss Bliss's guardian grew impatient; and, although there is no evidence to prove that the young lady's affection for Vaughan was otherwise than deep and sincere, yet even she began to lose confidence in him. His excuses were evidently evasive, and not always true. The time fixed for the wedding was fast approaching; and Vaughan saw that something must be done to restore the young lady's confidence.

About three weeks before the appointed Easter Tuesday, Vaughan went to his mistress in high spirits. All was right: his certificate was to be granted in a day or two; his family had come forward with the money, and he was to continue the Aldersgate business he had previously carried on as a branch of the Stafford trade. The capital he had waited so long for, was at length forthcoming. In fact, here were two hundred and forty pounds of the five hundred he was to settle on his beloved. Vaughan then produced twelve twenty-pound notes; Miss Bliss could scarcely believe her eyes. She examined them. The paper she remarked seemed rather thicker than usual. "Oh," said Bliss, "all Bank bills are not alike." The girl was naturally much pleased. She would hasten to apprise Mistress Bliss of the good news.

Not for the world! So far from letting any living soul know he had placed so much money in her hands, Vaughan exacted an oath of secrecy from her, and sealed the notes up in a parcel with his own seal; making her swear that she would on no account open it till after their marriage.

Some days after, that is, "on the twenty-second of March," (1758)—we are describing the scene in Mr. Bliss's own words—"I was sitting with my wife by the fireside. The prisoner and the girl were sitting in the same room—which was a small one—and, although they whispered, I could

distinguish that Vaughan was very urgent to have something returned which he had previously given to her. She refused, and Vaughan went away in an angry mood. I then studied the girl's face, and saw that it expressed much dissatisfaction. Presently a tear broke out. I then spoke, and insisted on knowing the dispute. She refused to tell, and I told her that, until she did, I would not see her. The next day I asked the same question of Vaughan; he hesitated. 'Oh!' I said, 'I dare say it is some ten or twelve pound matter—something to buy a wedding bauble with.' He answered that it was much more than that—it was near three hundred pounds! 'But why all this secrecy?' I said; and he answered it was not proper for people to know he had so much money till his certificate was signed. I then asked him to what intent he had left the notes with the young lady? He said, as I had of late suspected him, he designed to give her a proof of his affection and truth. I said, 'You have demanded them in such a way that it must be construed as an abatement of your affection toward her.'" Vaughan was again exceedingly urgent in asking back the packet; but Bliss, remembering his many evasions, and supposing that this was a trick, declined advising his niece to restore the parcel without proper consideration. The very next day it was discovered that the notes were counterfeit.

This occasioned stricter inquiries into Vaughan's previous career. It turned out that he bore the character in his native place of a dissipated, and not very scrupulous person. The intention of his mother to assist him was an entire fabrication, and he had given Miss Bliss the forged notes solely for the purpose of deceiving her on that matter. Meanwhile the forgeries became known to the authorities, and he was arrested. By what means, does not clearly appear. The "Annual Register" says that one of the engravers gave information; but we find nothing in the newspapers of the time to support that statement; neither was it corroborated at Vaughan's trial.

When Vaughan was arrested he thrust a piece of paper into his mouth, and began to chew it violently. It was, however, rescued, and proved to be one of the forged notes; fourteen of them were found on his person, and when his lodgings were searched twenty more were discovered.

Vaughan was tried at the Old Bailey, on the seventh of April, before Lord Mansfield. The manner of the forgery was detailed minutely at the trial: On the first of March (about a week before he gave the twelve notes to the young lady), Vaughan called on Mr. John Corbould, an engraver, and gave an order for a promissory note to be engraved with these words:

"No. —.

"I promise to pay to —, or Bearer, —, London —."

There was to be a Britannia in the corner. When it was done, Mr. Sneed (for that was the *alias* Vaughan adopted), came again, but objected to the execution of the work. The Britannia was not good, and the words "I promise" were too near the edge of the plate. Another was in consequence engraved, and on the fourth of March, Vaughan took it away. He immediately repaired to a printer, and had forty-eight impressions taken on thin paper, provided by himself. Meanwhile, he had ordered, on the same morning, of Mr. Charles Fourdrinier, another engraver, a second plate, with what he called "a direction," in the words, "For the Governor and Company of the Bank of England." This was done, and about a week later he brought some paper, each sheet "folded up," said the witness, "very curiously, so that I could not see what was in them. I was going to take the papers from him, but he said he must go up-stairs with me, and see them worked off himself. I took him up-stairs; he would not let me have them out of his hands. I took a sponge and wetted them, and put them one by one on the plate in order for printing them. After my boy had done two or three of them, I went down-stairs, and my boy worked the rest off, and the prisoner came down and paid me."

Here the court pertinently asked, "What imagination had you when a man thus came to you to print on secret paper, 'the Governor and Company of the Bank of England?'"

The engraver's reply was: "I then did not suspect any thing. But I shall take care for the future." As this was the first Bank of England note forgery that was ever perpetrated, the engraver was held excused.

It may be mentioned as an evidence of the delicacy of the reporters, that, in their account of the trial, Miss Bliss's name is not mentioned. Her designation is "a young lady." We subjoin the notes of her evidence:

"A young lady (sworn). The prisoner delivered me some bills; these are the same (producing twelve counterfeit bank notes sealed up in a cover, for twenty pounds each), said that they were Bank bills. I said they were thicker paper—he said all bills are not alike. I was to keep them till after we were married. He put them into my hands to show he put confidence in me, and desired me not to show them to any body; sealed them up with his own seal, and obliged me by an oath not to discover them to any body. And I did not till he had discovered them himself. He was to settle so much in stock on me."

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Vaughan urged in his defense, that his sole object was to deceive his affianced, and that he intended to destroy all the notes after his marriage. But it had been proved that the prisoner had asked one John Ballingar to change first one, and then twenty of the notes; but which that person was unable to do. Besides, had his sole object been to dazzle Miss Bliss with his fictitious wealth, he would, most probably, have intrusted more, if not all the notes, to her keeping.

He was found guilty, and passed the day that had been fixed for his wedding, as a condemned criminal.

On the 11th of May, 1758, Richard William Vaughan was executed at Tyburn. By his side, on the same gallows, there was another forger: William Boodgere, a military officer, who had forged a draught on an army agent named Calcroft, and expiated the offense with the first forger of Bank of England notes.

The gallows may seem hard measure to have meted out to Vaughan, when it is considered that none of his notes were negotiated, and no person suffered by his fraud. Not one of the forty-eight notes, except the twelve delivered to Miss Bliss, had been out of his possession; indeed, the imitation must have been very clumsily executed, and detection would have instantly followed any attempt to pass the counterfeits. There was no endeavor to copy the style of engraving on a real bank note. That was left to the engraver; and as each sheet passed through the press twice, the words added at the second printing, "For the Governor and Company of the Bank of England," could have fallen into their proper place on any one of the sheets, only by a miracle. But what would have made the forgery clear to even a superficial observer, was the singular omission, of the second "n" in the word England.^[20]

The criticism on Vaughan's note of a bank clerk examined on the trial was: "There is some resemblance, to be sure; but this note" (that upon which the prisoner was tried) "is numbered thirteen thousand eight hundred and forty, and we never reach so high a number." Besides there was no water-mark in the paper. The note of which a fac-simile appeared in our eighteenth number, and dated so early as 1699, has a regular design in the texture of the paper; showing that the water-mark is as old as the bank notes themselves.

Vaughan was greatly commiserated. But despite the unskillfulness of the forgery, and the insignificant consequences which followed it, the crime was considered of too dangerous a character not to be marked, from its very novelty, with exemplary punishment. Hanging created at that time no remorse in the public mind, and it was thought necessary to set up Vaughan as a warning to all future bank-note forgers. The crime was too dangerous not to be marked with the severest penalties. Forgery differs from other crimes not less in the magnitude of the spoil it may obtain, and of the injury it inflicts, than in the facilities attending its accomplishment. The common thief finds a limit to his depredations in the bulkiness of his booty, which is generally confined to such property as he can carry about his person; the swindler raises insuperable and defeating obstacles to his frauds if the amount he seeks to obtain is so considerable as to awaken close vigilance or inquiry. To carry their projects to any very profitable extent, these criminals are reduced to the hazardous necessity of acting in concert, and thus infinitely increasing the risks of detection. But the forger need have no accomplice; he is burdened with no bulky and suspicious property; he needs no receiver to assist his contrivances. The skill of his own individual right hand can command thousands; often with the certainty of not being detected, and oftener with such rapidity as to enable him to baffle the pursuit of justice.

It was a long time before Vaughan's rude attempt was improved upon: but in the same year (1758), another department of the crime was commenced with perfect success; namely, an ingenious alteration, for fraudulent purposes, of real bank notes. A few months after Vaughan's execution, one of the northern mails was stopped and robbed by a highwayman; several bank notes were comprised in the spoil, and the robber, setting up with these as a gentleman, went boldly to the Hatfield Post-office, ordered a chaise and four, rattled away down the road, and changed a note at every change of horses. The robbery was, of course, soon made known, and the numbers and dates of the stolen notes were advertised as having been stopped at the bank. To the genius of a highwayman this offered but a small obstacle, and the gentleman-thief changed all the figures "1" he could find into "4's." These notes passed currently enough; but, on reaching the bank, the alteration was detected, and the last holder was refused payment. As that person had given a valuable consideration for the note, he brought an action for the recovery of the amount; and at the trial it was ruled by the Lord Chief Justice, that "any person paying a valuable consideration for a bank note, payable to bearer, in a fair course of business, has an understood right to receive the money of the bank."

It took a quarter of a century to bring the art of forging bank notes to perfection. In 1779, this was nearly attained by an ingenious gentleman, named Mathison, a watchmaker from the matrimonial village of Gretna Green. Having learned the arts of engraving and of simulating signatures, he tried his hand at the notes of the Darlington Bank; but, with the confidence of skill, was not cautious in passing them, was suspected, and absconded to Edinburgh. Scorning to let his talent be wasted, he favored the Scottish public with many spurious Royal Bank of Scotland notes, and regularly forged his way by their aid to London. At the end of February he took handsome lodgings in the Strand, opposite Arundel-street. His industry was remarkable: for, by the 12th of March, he had planed and polished rough pieces of copper, engraved them, forged the water-mark, printed and negotiated several impressions. His plan was to travel and to purchase articles in shops. He bought a pair of shoe-buckles at Coventry with a forged note, which was eventually detected at the Bank of England. He had got so bold that he paid such frequent visits in Threadneedle-street, that the bank clerks became familiar with his person. He was continually changing notes of one, for another denomination. These were his originals, which he procured to make spurious copies of. One day seven thousand pounds came in from the Stamp Office. There was a dispute about one of the notes. Mathison, who was present, though at some distance, declared, oracularly, that the note was a good one. How could he know so well? A dawn of suspicion arose in the minds of the clerks; one trail led into another, and Mathison was finally apprehended. So well were his notes forged that, on the trial, an experienced bank clerk declared, he could not tell whether the note handed him to examine was forged or not. Mathison

offered to reveal his secret of forging the water-mark, if mercy were shown to him; this was refused, and he suffered the penalty of his crime.

Mathison was a genius in his criminal way, but a greater than he appeared in 1786. In that year perfection seemed to have been reached. So considerable was the circulation of spurious paper-money, that it appeared as if some unknown power had set up a bank of its own. Notes were issued from it, and readily passed current, in hundreds and thousands. They were not to be distinguished from the genuine paper of Threadneedle-street. Indeed, when one was presented there, in due course, so complete were all its parts; so masterly the engraving; so correct the signatures; so skillful the water-mark, that it was promptly paid; and only discovered to be a forgery when it reached a particular department. From that period forged paper continued to be presented, especially at the time of lottery drawing. Consultations were held with the police. Plans were laid to help detection. Every effort was made to trace the forger. Clarke, the best detective of his day, went, like a sluth-hound, on the track; for in those days the expressive word "blood-money" was known. Up to a certain point there was little difficulty; but, beyond that, consummate art defied the ingenuity of the officer. In whatever way the notes came, the train of discovery always paused at the lottery-offices. Advertisements offering large rewards were circulated; but the unknown forger baffled detection.

While this base paper was in full currency, there appeared an advertisement in the Daily Advertiser for a servant. The successful applicant was a young man, in the employment of a musical-instrument maker; who, some time after, was called upon by a coachman, and informed that the advertiser was waiting in a coach to see him. The young man was desired to enter the conveyance, where he beheld a person with something of the appearance of a foreigner, sixty or seventy years old, apparently troubled with the gout. A camlet surtout was buttoned round his mouth; a large patch was placed over his left eye; and nearly every part of his face was concealed. He affected much infirmity. He had a faint hectic cough; and invariably presented the patched side to the view of the servant. After some conversation—in the course of which he represented himself as guardian to a young nobleman of great fortune—the interview concluded with the engagement of the applicant; and the new servant was directed to call on Mr. Brank, at 29, Titchfield-street, Oxford-street. At this interview, Brank inveighed against his whimsical ward for his love of speculating in lottery tickets; and told the servant that his principal duty would be to purchase them. After one or two meetings, at each of which Brank kept his face muffled, he handed a forty and twenty pound bank note; told the servant to be very careful not to lose them; and directed him to buy lottery-tickets at separate offices. The young man fulfilled his instructions, and at the moment he was returning, was suddenly called by his employer from the other side of the street, congratulated on his rapidity, and then told to go to various other offices in the neighborhood of the Royal Exchange, and to purchase more shares. Four hundred pounds in Bank of England notes were handed him, and the wishes of the mysterious Mr. Brank were satisfactorily effected. These scenes were continually enacted. Notes to a large amount were thus circulated; lottery-tickets purchased; and Mr. Brank—always in a coach, with his face studiously concealed—was ever ready on the spot to receive them. The surprise of the servant was somewhat excited; but had he known that from the period he left his master to purchase the tickets, one female figure accompanied all his movements; that when he entered the offices, it waited at the door, peered cautiously in at the window, hovered around him like a second shadow, watched him carefully, and never left him until once more he was in the company of his employer—that surprise would have been greatly increased.^[21] Again and again were these extraordinary scenes rehearsed. At last the Bank obtained a clew, and the servant was taken into custody. The directors imagined that they had secured the actor of so many parts; that the flood of forged notes which had inundated that establishment would at length be dammed up at its source. Their hopes proved fallacious, and it was found that "Old Patch" (as the mysterious forger was, from the servant's description, nick-named) had been sufficiently clever to baffle the Bank directors. The house in Titchfield-street was searched; but Mr. Brank had deserted it, and not a trace of a single implement of forgery was to be seen.

[Pg 749]

All that could be obtained was some little knowledge of "Old Patch's" proceedings. It appeared that he carried on his paper coining entirely by himself. His only confidant was his mistress. He was his own engraver. He even made his own ink. He manufactured his own paper. With a private press he worked his own notes; and counterfeited the signatures of the cashiers, completely. But these discoveries had no effect; for it became evident that Mr. Patch had set up a press elsewhere. Although his secret continued as impenetrable, his notes became as plentiful as ever. Five years of unbounded prosperity ought to have satisfied him; but it did not. Success seemed to pall him. His genius was of that insatiable order which demands new excitements, and a constant succession of new flights. The following paragraph from a newspaper of 1786 relates to the same individual:

"On the 17th of December, ten pounds were paid into the Bank, for which the clerk, as usual, gave a ticket to receive a Bank note of equal value. This ticket ought to have been carried immediately to the cashier, instead of which the bearer took it home, and curiously added a 0 to the original sum, and returning, presented it so altered to the cashier, for which he received a note of one hundred pounds. In the evening, the clerks found a deficiency in the accounts; and on examining the tickets of the day, not only that but two others were discovered to have been obtained in the same manner. In the one, the figure 1 was altered to 4, and in another to 5, by which the artist received, upon the whole, nearly one thousand pounds."

To that princely felony, Old Patch, as will be seen in the sequel, added smaller misdemeanors

which one would think were far beneath his notice; except to convince himself and his mistress of the unbounded facility of his genius for fraud.

At that period, the affluent public were saddled with a tax on plate; and many experiments were made to evade it. Among others, one was invented by a Mr. Charles Price, a stock-jobber and lottery-office keeper, which, for a time, puzzled the tax-gatherer. Mr. Charles Price lived in great style, gave splendid dinners, and did every thing on the grandest scale. Yet Mr. Charles Price had no plate! The authorities could not find so much as a silver tooth-pick on his magnificent premises. In truth, what he was too cunning to possess, he borrowed. For one of his sumptuous entertainments, he hired the plate of a silversmith in Cornhill, and left the value in bank notes as security for its safe return. One of these notes having proved a forgery, was traced to Mr. Charles Price; and Mr. Charles Price was not to be found at that particular juncture. Although this excited no surprise—for he was often an absentee from his office for short periods—yet in due course, and as a formal matter of business, an officer was set to find him, and to ask his explanation regarding the false note. After tracing a man, who he had a strong notion was Mr. Charles Price, through countless lodgings and innumerable disguises, the officer (to use his own expression) " nabbed " Mr. Charles Price. But, as Mr. Clarke observed, his prisoner and his prisoner's lady were even then "too many" for him; for, although he lost not a moment in trying to secure the forging implements, after he had discovered that Mr. Charles Price, and Mr. Brank, and Old Patch, were all concentrated in the person of his prisoner, he found the lady had destroyed every trace of evidence. Not a vestige of the forging factory was left. Not the point of a graver, nor a single spot of ink, nor a shred of silver paper, nor a scrap of any body's handwriting, was to be met with. Despite, however, this paucity of evidence to convict him, Mr. Charles Price had not the courage to face a jury, and eventually he saved the judicature and the Tyburn executive much trouble and expense, by hanging himself in Bridewell.

The success of Mr. Charles Price has never been surpassed; and even after the darkest era in the history of Bank forgeries—which dates from the suspension of cash payments, in February, 1797—"Old Patch" was still remembered as the Cæsar of Forgers.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF THE PLACE DE GREVE.

The Police Courts of London have often displayed many a curious character, many a strange scene, many an exquisite bit of dialogue; so have the Police Courts in Ireland, especially at the Petty Sessions in Kilrush; but we are not so well aware of how often a scene of rich and peculiar humor occurs in the Police *tribuneaux* of Paris. We will proceed to give the reader a "taste of their quality."

An extremely old woman, all in rags, was continually found begging in the streets, and the Police having good-naturedly let her off several times, were at last obliged to take her in charge, and bring her into the court. Several magistrates were sitting. The following dialogue took place between the President and the old woman.

President.—Now, my good woman, what have you to say for yourself? You have been frequently warned by the Police, but you have persisted in troubling people with begging. [Pg 750]

Old Woman (in a humble, quavering tone).—Ah, Monsieur le President, it is not so much trouble to other people as it is to me. I am a very old woman.

Pres.—Come, come, you must leave off begging, or I shall be obliged to punish you.

Old W.—But, Monsieur le President, I can not live without—I must beg—pardon me, Monsieur—I am obliged to beg.

Pres.—But I say you must not. Can you do no work?

Old W.—Ah, no, Monsieur; I am too old.

Pres.—Can't you sell something—little cakes—bonbons?

Old W.—No, Monsieur, I can't get any little stock to begin with; and, if I could, I should be robbed by the *gamins*, or the little girls, for I'm not very quick, and can't see well.

Pres.—Your relations must support you, then. You can not be allowed to beg. Have you no son—no daughter—no grandchildren?

Old W.—No, Monsieur; none—none—all my relations are dead.

Pres.—Well then, your friends must give you assistance.

Old W.—Ah, Monsieur, I have no friends; and, indeed, I never had but one, in my life; but he too is gone.

Pres.—And who was he?

Old W.—Monsieur de Robespierre—*le pauvre, cher homme!* (The poor, dear man!)

Pres.—Robespierre!—why what did you know of him?

Old W.—Oh, Monsieur, my mother was one of the *tricoteurs* (knitting-women) who used to sit round the foot of the guillotine, and I always stood beside her. When Monsieur de Robespierre was passing by, in attending his duties, he used to touch my cheek, and call me (here the old woman shed tears) *la belle Marguerite: le pauvre, cher homme!*

We must here pause to remind the reader that these women, the *tricoteurs*, who used to sit round the foot of the guillotine on the mornings when it was at its hideous work, were sometimes called the "Furies;" but only as a grim jest. It is well known, that, although there were occasionally some sanguinary hags among them, yet, for the most part, they were merely idle, gossiping women, who came there dressed in neat white caps, and with their knitting materials, out of sheer love of excitement, and to enjoy the *spectacle*.

Pres.—Well, Goody; finish your history.

Old W.—I was married soon after this, and then I used to take my seat as a *tricoteur* among the others; and on the days when Monsieur de Robespierre passed, he used always to notice me—*le pauvre, cher homme*. I used then to be called *la belle tricoteuse*, but now—now, I am called *la vieille radoteuse* (the old dotardess). Ah, Monsieur le President, it is what we must all come to!

The old woman accompanied this reflection with an inimitable look at the President, which completely involved him in the *we*, thus presenting him with the prospect of becoming an old dotardess; not in the least meant offensively, but said in the innocence of her aged heart.

Pres.—Ahem!—silence! You seem to have a very tender recollection of Monsieur Robespierre. I suppose you had reason to be grateful to him?

Old W.—No, Monsieur, no reason in particular; for he guillotined my husband.

Pres.—Certainly this ought to be no reason for loving his memory.

Old W.—Ah, Monsieur, but it happened quite by accident. Monsieur de Robespierre did not intend to guillotine my husband—he had him executed by mistake for somebody else—*le pauvre, cher homme!*

Thus leaving it an exquisite matter of doubt, as to whether the "poor dear man" referred to her husband, or to Monsieur de Robespierre; or whether the tender epithet was equally divided between them.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

STORY OF A KITE.

The setting sun beamed in golden light over the country; long shadows lay on the cool grass; the birds, which had been silent through the sultry heat of the day, sang their joyous evening hymn: the merry voices of the village children sounded through the clear air, while their fathers loitered about enjoying the luxury of rest after labor. A sun-burned traveler, with dusty shoes, walked sturdily along the high road: he was young and strong, and his ruddy cheeks glowed in the warm light: he carried his baggage on a stick over his shoulder, and looked straight on toward the cottages of the village; and you might see, by the expression of his face, that his eye was earnestly watching for the first glimpse of the home that lay among them, to which he was returning.

The same setting sun threw his golden beams over the great metropolis: they lighted up streets, and squares, and parks, whence crowds were retiring from business or pleasure to their various places of abode or gay parties: they pierced even through the smoke of the city, and gilded its great central dome; but when they reached the labyrinth of lanes and courts which it incloses, their radiance was gone, for noxious vapors rose there after the heat of the day, and quenched them. The summer sun is dreaded in those places.

The dusky light found its way with difficulty through a small and dim window into an upper room of a house in one of these lanes, and any one entering it would at first have thought it was void of any living inhabitant, had not the restless tossing and oppressed breathing that proceeded from a bed in one corner borne witness to the contrary. A weak sickly boy lay there, his eye fixed on the door. It opened, and he started up in bed; but at the sight of another boy, a few years older than himself, who came in alone, he sunk back again, crying in a plaintive voice, "Don't you see her coming yet?"

"No, she is not in sight: I ran to the corner of the lane, and could see nothing of her," replied the elder boy, who, as he spoke, knelt down before the grate, and began to arrange some sticks in it.

Every thing in the room bespoke poverty; yet there was an appearance of order, and as much cleanliness as can be attained in such an abode. Among the scanty articles of furniture there was one object that was remarkable as being singularly out of place, and apparently very useless there: it was a large paper kite, that hung from a nail on the wall, and nearly reached from the low ceiling to the floor.

"There's eight o'clock just struck, John," said the little boy in bed. "Go and look once more if mother's not coming yet."

"It's no use looking, Jem. It won't make her come any faster; but I'll go to please you."

"I hear some one on the stairs."

"It's only Mrs. Willis going into the back-room."

"Oh dear, dear, what *shall* I do?"

"Don't cry, Jem. Look, now I've put the wood all ready to boil the kettle the minute mother comes, and she'll bring you some tea: she said she would. Now I'm going to sweep up the dust, and make it all tidy."

Jem was quieted for a few minutes by looking at his brother's busy operations, carried on in a bustling, rattling way, to afford all the amusement possible; but the feverish restlessness soon returned.

"Take me up, do take me up," he cried; "and hold me near the broken pane, please, John;" and he stretched out his white, wasted hands.

John kindly lifted out the poor little fellow, and dragging a chair to the window, sat down with him on his knee, and held his face close to the broken pane, through which, however, no air seemed to come, and he soon began to cry again.

"What is it, Jem?—what's the matter?" said a kind voice at the door, where a woman stood, holding by the hand a pale child.

"I want mother," sobbed Jem.

"Mother's out at work, Mrs. Willis," said John; "and she thought she should be home at half-past seven; but she's kept later sometimes."

"Don't cry," said Mrs. Willis's little girl, coming forward. "Here's my orange for you."

Jem took it, and put it to his mouth; but he stopped, and asked John to cut it in two; gave back half to the little girl, made John taste the portion he kept, and then began to suck the cooling fruit with great pleasure, only pausing to say, with a smile, "Thank you, Mary."

"Now lie down again, and try to go to sleep; there's a good boy," said Mrs. Willis; "and mother will soon be here. I must go now."

Jem was laid in bed once more; but he tossed about restlessly, and the sad wail began again.

"I'll tell you what," said John, "if you will stop crying, I'll take down poor Harry's kite, and show you how he used to fly it."

"But mother don't like us to touch it."

"No; but she will not mind when I tell her why I did it this once. Look at the pretty blue and red figures on it. Harry made it, and painted it all himself; and look at the long tail!"

"But how did he fly it? Can't you show me how poor Harry used to fly it?"

John mounted on a chest, and holding the kite at arm's length, began to wave it about, and to make the tail shake, while Jem sat up admiring.

"This was the way he used to hold it up. Then he took the string that was fastened here—mother has got it in the chest—and he held the string in his hand, and when the wind came, and sent the kite up, he let the string run through his hand, and up it went over the trees, up—up—and he ran along in the fields, and it flew along under the blue sky."

John waved the kite more energetically as he described, and both the boys were so engrossed by it, that they did not observe that the mother, so longed for, had come in, and had sunk down on a chair near the door, her face bent and nearly hidden by the rusty crape on her widow's bonnet, while the tears fell fast on her faded black gown.

"Oh mother, mother!" cried Jem, who saw her first, "come and take me—come and comfort me!"

The poor woman rose quickly, wiped her eyes, and hastened to her sick child, who was soon nestled in her arms, and seemed to have there forgotten all his woes.

The kind, good-natured John had meanwhile hung up the kite in its place, and was looking rather anxiously at his mother, for he well understood the cause of the grief that had overcome her at the sight of his occupation, when she first came in; but she stroked his hair, looked kindly at him, and bade him make the kettle boil, and get the things out of her basket. All that was wanted for their simple supper was in it, and it was not long before little Jem was again laid down after the refreshment of tea; then a mattress was put in a corner for John, who was soon asleep; and the mother, tired with her day's hard work, took her place in the bed by the side of her child.

But the tears that had rolled fast down her cheeks as her lips moved in prayer before sleep came upon her, still made their way beneath the closed eyelids, and Jem awoke her by saying, as he stroked her face with his hot hand, "Don't cry, mother; we won't touch it again!"

"It's not that, my child; no, no: it's the thought of my own Harry. I think I see his pleasant face, and his curly hair, and his merry eyes looking up after his kite." It was not often she spoke out her griefs; but now, in the silent night, it seemed to comfort her.

"Tell me about him, mother, and about his going away? I like to hear you tell about him."

"He worked with father, you know, and a clever workman he learned to be."

"But he was much older than me. Shall I ever be a good workman, mother?"

The question made her heart ache with a fresh anguish, and she could not answer it; but replied to his first words, "Yes, he was much older. We laid three of our children in the grave between him and John. Harry was seventeen when his uncle took him to serve out his time in a merchant-ship. Uncle Ben, that was ship's carpenter, it was that took him.—The voyage was to last a year and a half, for they were to go to all manner of countries far, far away. One letter I had. It came on a sad day the day after poor father died, Jem. And then I had to leave our cottage in our own village, and bring you two to London, to find work to keep you; but I have always taken care to leave word where I was to be found, and have often gone to ask after letters. Not one has ever come again; and it's six months past the time when they looked for the ship, and they don't know what to think. But I know what I think: the sea has rolled over my dear boy, and I shall never see him again—never, never in this weary world."

"Don't cry so, mother dear; I'll try to go to sleep, and not make you talk."

"Yes—try; and if you can only get better, that will comfort me most."

Both closed their eyes, and sleep came upon them once more.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when the little boy awoke, and then he was alone; but to that he was accustomed. His mother was again gone to work, and John was out cleaning knives and shoes in the neighborhood. The table, with a small piece of bread and a cup of blue milk and water on it, stood beside him. He drank a little, but could not eat, and then lay down again with his eyes fixed on Harry's kite.

"Could he fly it," or rather, "could he see John fly it—really out of doors and in the air?" That was of all things what he most longed to do. He wondered where the fields were, and if he could ever go there and see the kite fly under the blue sky. Then he wondered if John could fly it in the lane. He crept out of bed, and tottered to the window.

The lane was very wet and slushy, and a nasty black gutter ran down it, and oozed out among the broken stones. There had been a heavy thunder-shower in the night, and as there was no foot pavement, and what stones there were, were very uneven and scattered, the black pools lodged among them, and altogether it seemed impossible for a boy to fly a kite there; for "how could he run along holding the string? he would tumble among the dirty pools. There were only four children to be seen in it now, out of all the numbers that lived in the houses, though it was a warm summer morning, and they were dabbling with naked feet in the mud, and their ragged clothes were all dragged. Mother would never let him and John do like that."

Still he stood, first examining the window, then looking at the kite; then putting his hand out through the broken pane, and pondered over a scheme that had entered his mind.

"John," he cried, as the door opened, "don't you think we could fly Harry's kite out of the broken pane?"

At first this idea seemed to John perfectly chimerical; but after some consultation and explanation a plan was devised between the two boys, to complete which they only waited for their mother's return. They expected her at one, for this was only half a day's work.

Jem was dressed when she returned, and his excitement made him appear better; but she saw with grief that he could not touch his dinner; and her anxiety about him made her, less unwillingly than she otherwise would have done, consent to the petition he made, that "only for this once she would let him and John fly the kite outside the window." She stifled her sigh as she sat down to needlework, lest she should cast a gloom over the busy preparations that immediately commenced.

The difficulty had been how to get the kite out, because the window would not open. To surmount this, John was to go down to the lane, taking the kite with him, while Jem lowered the string out of the broken pane.

"When you get hold of the string, you know, John, you can fasten it, and then stand on that large stone opposite, just by where that gentleman is, and hold up the kite, and then I will pull."

All was done accordingly. John did his part well. Jem pulled; the kite rose to the window, and fluttered about, for the thunder had been followed by a high wind, which was felt a little even in this close place, and the boys gazed at it with great pleasure. As it dangled loosely by the window in this manner, the tail became entangled, and John was obliged to run up to help to put it right.

"Let it down to me again when I have run out," said he, as he tried to disentangle it; "and I will stand on the stone, and hold it up, and you can pull again. There's the gentleman still, and now there's a young man besides. The gentleman has made him look up at the kite."

"Come and look, mother," said Jem: but she did not hear. "The young man has such a brown face,

and such curly hair."

"And he's like—mother, he is crossing over!" cried John. "He has come into the house!"

The mother heard now. A wild hope rushed through her heart; she started up; a quick step was heard on the stairs; the door flew open, and the next moment she was clasped in her son's arms! [Pg 753]

The joy nearly took away her senses. Broken words mingled with tears, thanksgivings, and blessings, were all that were uttered for some time between them. Harry had Jem on his knee, and John pressed close to his side, and was holding his mother tight by the hand, and looking up in her face, when at last they began to believe and understand that they once more saw each other. And then he had to explain how the ship had been disabled by a storm in the South Seas; and how they got her into one of the beautiful islands there, and refitted her, and after six months' delay, brought her back safe and sound, cargo and all; and how he and Uncle Ben were both strong and hearty.

"How well you look, my dear boy!" said the happy mother. "How tall, and stout, and handsome you are!"

"And he's got his curly hair and bright eyes still," said poor wan little Jem, speaking for the first time.

"But you, mother, and all of you, how pale you are, and how thin! I know—yes, don't say it—I know who's gone. I went home last night, mother. I walked all the way to the village, and found the poor cottage empty, and heard how he died."

"Home! You went there?"

"Yes, and the neighbors told me you were gone to London. But I slept all night in the kitchen, on some straw. There I lay, and thought of you, and of him we have lost, and prayed that I might be a comfort to you yet."

Joy and sorrow seemed struggling for the mastery in the widow's heart; but the present happiness proved the stronger, and she was soon smiling, and listening to Harry.

"I had a hard matter to find you," he said. "You had left the lodging they directed me to at first."

"But I left word where I had come to."

"Ay, so you had; and an old woman there told me you were at No. 10 Paradise Row."

"What could she be thinking of?"

"No one had heard of you in that place. However, as I was going along back again to get better information, keeping a sharp look-out in hopes I might meet you, I passed the end of this lane, and saw it was called Eden-lane, so I thought perhaps the old lady had fancied Paradise and Eden were all the same; and sure enough, they are both as like one as the other, for they are wretched, miserable places as ever I saw. I turned in here, and then No. 10 proved wrong too; and as I was standing looking about, and wondering what I had better do next, a gentleman touched my arm, and pointing first at the black pools in the broken pavement, and then up at this window, he said—I remember his very words, they struck me so—'Do not the very stones rise up in judgment against us! Look at these poor little fellows trying to fly their kite out of a broken pane!' Hearing him say so, I looked up, and saw my old kite—by it I found you at last."

They all turned gratefully toward it, and saw that it still swung outside, held there safely by its entangled tail. The talk, therefore, went on uninterruptedly. Many questions were asked and answered, and many subjects discussed; the sad state of poor little Jem being the most pressing. At the end of an hour a great bustle was going on in the room: they were packing up all their small stock of goods, for Harry had succeeded, after some argument, in persuading his mother to leave her unhealthy lodging that very evening, and not to risk even one more night for poor Jem in that poisonous air. He smoothed every difficulty. Mrs. Willis gladly undertook to do the work she had engaged to do; and with her he deposited money for the rent, and the key of the room. He declared he had another place ready to take his mother to; and to her anxious look he replied, "I did good service in the ship, and the owners have been generous to us all. I've got forty pounds."

"Forty pounds!" If he had said, "I have got possession of a gold district in California," he would not have created a greater sensation. It seemed an inexhaustible amount of wealth.

A light cart was soon hired and packed, and easily held not only the goods (not forgetting the kite), but the living possessors of them; and they set forth on their way.

The evening sun again beamed over the country; and the tall trees, as they threw their shadow across the grass, waved a blessing on the family that passed beneath, from whose hearts a silent thanksgiving went up that harmonized with the joyous hymn of the birds. The sun-burnt traveler, as he walked at the horse's head, holding his elder brother's hand, no longer looked anxiously onward, for he knew where he was going, and saw by him his younger brother already beginning to revive in the fresh air, and rejoiced in his mother's expression of content and happiness. She had divined for some time to what home she was going.

"But how did you contrive to get it fixed so quickly, my kind, good boy?" she said.

"I went to the landlord, and he agreed at once: and do not be afraid, I can earn plenty for us all."

"But must you go to sea again?"

"If I must, do not fear. Did you not always teach me that His hand would keep me, and hold me, even in the uttermost parts of the sea?"

And she felt that there was no room for fear.

A week after this time, the evening sun again lighted up a happy party. Harry and John were busied in preparing the kite for flying in a green field behind their cottage. Under the hedge, on an old tree trunk, sat their mother, no longer in faded black and rusty crape, but neatly dressed in a fresh, clean gown and cap, and with a face bright with hope and pleasure. By her was Jem, with cheeks already filling out, a tinge of color in them, and eyes full of delight. On her other side was little Mary Willis. She had just arrived, and was telling them how, the very day after they left, some workmen came and put down a nice pavement on each side of the lane, and laid a pipe underground instead of the gutter; and that now it was as dry and clean as could be; and all the children could play there, and there were such numbers of games going on; and they all said it was the best thing they had done for them for many a day; and so did their mothers too, for now the children were not all crowded into their rooms all day long, but could play out of doors.

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"Depend upon it," said Harry, "it is that gentleman's doing that spoke to me of it the day I came first. This good old kite has done good service, and now it shall be rewarded by sailing up to a splendid height."

As he spoke, he held it up, the light breeze caught it, and it soared away over their heads under the blue sky; while the happy faces that watched it bore witness to the truth of his words—that "the good old kite had done good service."

[From Sharp's Magazine.]

THE STATE OF THE WORLD BEFORE ADAM'S TIME.

Among the millions of human beings that dwell on the earth, how few are those who think of inquiring into its past history. The annals of Greece and Rome are imparted to our children as a necessary and important branch of education, while the history of the world itself is neglected, or at the most is confined to those who are destined for a scientific profession; even adults are content to receive on hearsay a vague idea that the globe was in being for some undefined period preceding the era of human history, but few seek to know in what state it existed, or what appearance it presented.

This is owing, partly, to the hard names and scientific language in which geologists have clothed their science, and partly to ignorance of the beauty and attractive nature of the study; we dread the long, abstruse-sounding titles of Ichthyosaurus and Plesiosaurus, and are repelled by the dry disquisitions on mineralogy into which professors of the science are apt to stray. The truth is, however, that geology properly is divided into two distinct branches; one of these consists of the less attractive, though equally useful, investigation of the chemical constituents of the strata, and the classification of the fossil flora and fauna which belong to the various formations; this, which may be styled geology proper, is the department which belongs almost exclusively to men of science, and, inasmuch as it involves the necessity of acquaintance with the sister sciences of chemistry, mineralogy, zoology, and botany, is least adapted to the understanding of the uninitiated. The other branch, which may be called the history of geology, presents none of these difficulties; it is as easy of comprehension, and as suitable to the popular mind, as any other historical account; while it presents a variety of interest, and a revolution of events, before which the puny annals of modern history sink into insignificance.

Such of our readers as are unacquainted with the science, will probably be inclined to doubt the possibility of our being aware of events which took place ages before Adam was created; here, however, nature herself steps in, and becoming her own historian, writes "in the living rock" the chronicles of past ages, and so accurately and circumstantially, that we can say positively, "Here existed the sea at such a period, and here the tide ebbed and flowed for centuries;" nay, she shows us the footmarks of extinct animals, and tells us the size, nature, habits, and food of creatures which have for unnumbered ages been buried in the grave of time. She informs us that here the ocean was calm, and that there a river flowed into it; here forests grew and flourished, and there volcanoes vomited forth lava, while mighty earthquakes heaved up mountains with convulsive throes. Such are the events that mark the world's history, and we now purpose giving a short sketch of the various eras in its existence.

Hundreds of thousands of years ago, the earth, now so busy and full of life, rolled on its ceaseless course, a vast, desolate, and sterile globe. Day and night succeeded one another, and season followed season, while yet no living form existed, and still the sun rose upon arid, verdureless continents, and hot, caldron-like seas, on which the steaming vapor and heavy fogs sat like an incubus. This is the earliest period of which we glean any positive record, and it is probable that previous to this era the universe was in a state of incandescence, or intense heat, and that by the gradual cooling of the globe, the external surface became hard, and formed a firm crust, in the

same manner that molten lead, when exposed to the cold air, hardens on the surface. The vapors which previously floated around this heated mass, in like manner became partially condensed, and gradually accumulating in the hollows, formed the boiling seas which in after ages were destined to be vast receptacles teeming with life.

How long such a period continued it is impossible to say, and were we even able to number its years, we should in all probability obtain a total of such magnitude as would render us unable to form any accurate idea of its extent. Our ideas of time, like those of space, are comparative, and so immense was this single period in geological history, that any interval taken from human records would fail to present an adequate idea of it.

As might be expected, this era was marked by vast and violent convulsions; volcanoes raged and threw up molten granite, earthquakes heaved and uplifted continents, seas were displaced and inundated the land, and still the earth was enveloped in vapor and mist, arising from the high temperature, and the light most probably penetrated only sufficiently to produce a sickly twilight, while the sun shot lurid rays through the dense and foggy atmosphere. Such a world must have been incompatible with either animal or vegetable life, and we accordingly find no remains of either in the rocks which belong to this early period; their principal characteristic is a highly crystalline appearance, giving strong presumptive evidence of the presence of great heat.

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After this era of desolation and gloom, we enter upon what is technically termed the "Transition period," and here we begin to mark the gradual preparation of the globe for the reception of its destined inhabitants. The change is, however, at first very slight, and there is evidence of frequent convulsions and of a high degree of temperature; but the action of fire appears to have declined in force, and aqueous agencies are exerting themselves. The earlier portion of this formation is rendered peculiarly interesting by the fact, that during it the most ancient forms of life sprang into existence. It is true that merely a few species of shell-fish, with some corals, inhabited the depths of the ocean, while the dry land still remained untenanted; nevertheless, humble and scanty as they were, we can not fail to look with interest on the earliest types of that existence, which has subsequently reached such perfection in ourselves.

The presence of corals shows, that although the transition seas had lost their high temperature, yet they retained a sufficient degree of heat to encourage the development of animals requiring warmth. These minute animals possess the remarkable property of extracting from the elementary bodies held in solution in the waters, the materials for forming new rocks. To the coral animalcule or polype we owe much of the vast limestone beds which are found in every part of the world, and many a vessel laden with the riches and productions of the earth finds a grave on the sunken reefs that are the fruit of its labors.

As ages elapsed, and the universe became better adapted for the reception of life, the waters swarmed with zoophytes and corals, and in the silurian strata we find organic remains abundant; shell-fish are numerous and distinct in form, and in some instances display a very interesting anatomical construction. As an instance we may mention the Trilobite, an animal of the crustacean order; the front part of its body formed a large crescent-shaped shield, while the hinder portion consisted of a broad triangular tail, composed of segments folding over each other like the tail of a lobster; its most peculiar organ, however, was the eye, which was composed of four hundred minute spherical lenses placed in separate compartments, and so situated, that in the animal's usual place at the bottom of the ocean it could see every thing around. This kind of eye is also common to the existing butterfly and dragon-fly, the former of which has 35,000, and the latter 14,000 lenses.

Continuing to trace the history of this ancient period, we reach what is called among geologists the Old Red Sandstone age. The corals, and the shell-fish, and the crustacea of the former period have passed away, and in their place we find *fishes*; thus presenting to us the earliest trace of the highest order of the animal kingdom—vertebrata. The plants in this system are few, and it would seem as if the condition of the world was ill-adapted for their growth. Another peculiar characteristic of this era is the state of calm repose in which the ocean appears to have remained; in many rocks the *ripple mark* left by the tide on the shores of the ancient seas is clearly visible; nevertheless considerable volcanic action must have taken place, if we are to believe geologists, who find themselves unable to account otherwise for the preponderance of mineral matter which seems to have been held in solution by the waters.

We now pass on to the Carboniferous period, and a marked change at once strikes us as having taken place. In the previous era few plants appear to have existed; now they flourished with unrivaled luxuriance. Ferns, cacti, gigantic equisetums, and many plants of which there are no existing types, grew, and lived, and died in vast impenetrable forests; while the bulrush and the cane, or genera nearly allied to them, occupied the swamps and lowlands. This is the period when the great coal beds and strata of ironstone were deposited, which supply us with fuel for our fires, and materials for our machinery. The interminable forests that grew and died in the lapse of centuries were gradually borne down by the rivers and torrents to the ocean, at whose bottom they ultimately found a resting place. A considerable portion of the land also seems to have been slowly submerged, as in some cases fossil trees and plants are found in an upright position, as they originally grew.

There is no period in geological history so justly deserving of examination as this. To the coal beds then deposited Great Britain in a great measure owes national and mercantile greatness. Dr. Buckland, in speaking of this remote age, remarks in his Bridgewater Treatise, that "the important uses of coal and iron in administering to the supply of our daily wants, give to every

individual among us, in almost every moment of our lives, a personal concern, of which but few are conscious, in the geological events of these very distant eras. We are all brought into immediate connection with the vegetation that clothed the ancient earth before one half of its actual surface had yet been formed. The trees of the primeval forests have not, like modern trees, undergone decay, yielding back their elements to the soil and atmosphere by which they have been nourished; but treasured up in subterranean store-houses, have been transformed into enduring beds of coal, which in these latter ages have been to man the sources of heat, and light, and wealth. My fire now burns with fuel, and my lamp is shining with the light of gas derived from coal, that has been buried for countless ages in the deep and dark recesses of the earth. We prepare our food, and maintain our forges and furnaces, and the power of our steam-engines, with the remains of plants of ancient forms and extinct species, which were swept from the earth ere the formation of the transition strata was completed. Our instruments of cutlery, the tools of our mechanics, and the countless machines which we construct by the infinitely varied applications of iron, are derived from ore, for the most part coeval with, or more ancient than the fuel, by the aid of which we reduce it to its metallic state, and apply it to innumerable uses in the economy of human life. Thus, from the wreck of forests that waved upon the surface of the primeval lands, and from ferruginous mud that was lodged at the bottom of the primeval waters, we derive our chief supplies of coal and iron, those two fundamental elements of art and industry, which contribute more than any other mineral production of the earth to increase the riches, and multiply the comforts, and ameliorate the condition of mankind."

This may justly be styled the golden age of the pre-adamite world; the globe having now cooled to a sufficient temperature to promote the growth of plants without being injurious to them, is for the first time clothed in all the rich verdure of a tropical climate. Doubtless the earth would have presented a lovely aspect, had it been possible to have beheld it; the mighty forests unawakened by a sound save that of the sighing of the wind; the silent seas, in which the new-born denizens of the deep roamed at will; the vast inland lakes for ages unruffled but by the fitful breeze; all present to the mind's eye a picture of surpassing, solitary grandeur.

The creatures that existed, though differing from those of the previous age, were still confined to the waters; as yet the dry land remained untenanted. The fishes give evidence of a higher organization, and many of them appear to have been of gigantic dimensions. Some teeth which have been found of one kind, the *Megalichthys*, equal in size those of the largest living crocodiles.

There is one peculiarity respecting fossil fishes which is worthy of remark. It is that, in the lapse of time from one era to another, their character does not change *insensibly*, as in the case of many zoophytes and testacea; on the contrary, species seem to succeed species *abruptly*, and at certain definite intervals. A celebrated geologist^[22] has observed, that not a single species of fossil fish has yet been found that is common to any two great geological formations, or that is living in our own seas.

Continuing our investigation, we next find the fruitful coal era passing away; scarcely a trace of vegetation remains; a few species of zoophytes, shells, and fishes are to be found, and we observe the impression of footsteps, technically called *ichnites*, from the Greek *ichnon*, a footmark. These marks present a highly interesting memento of past ages. Persons living near the sea-shore must have frequently observed the distinctness with which the track of birds and other animals is imprinted in the sand. If this sand were to be hardened by remaining exposed to the action of the sun and air, it would form a perfect mould of the foot; this is exactly what occurred in these early ages, and the hollow becoming subsequently filled by the deposition of new sediment, the lower stone retained the impression, while the upper one presented a cast in relief. Many fossil footmarks have been found in the rocks belonging to this period.

It is evident from the fact of footmarks being found, that creatures capable of existing on dry land were formed about this time, and we accordingly find the remains of a new order—Reptiles. These animals, which now constitute but a small family among existing quadrupeds, then flourished in great size and numbers. Crocodiles and lizards of various forms and gigantic stature roamed through the earth. Some of the most remarkable are those which belong to the genus *Ichthyosaurus*, or fish-lizard, so called from the resemblance of their vertebræ to those of fishes. This saurian Dr. Buckland describes as something similar in form to the modern porpoise; it had four broad feet, and a long and powerful tail; its jaws were so prodigious that it could probably expand them to a width of five or six feet, and its powers of destruction must have been enormous. The length of some of these reptiles exceeded thirty feet.

Another animal which lived at this period was the *Plesiosaurus*. It lived in shallow seas and estuaries, and would seem, from its organs of respiration, to have required frequent supplies of fresh air. Mr. Conybeare describes it as "swimming upon, or near the surface, arching its long neck like the swan, and occasionally darting it down at the fish which happened to float within its reach."

This reptile, which was smaller than the *Ichthyosaurus*, has been found as long as from twelve to fifteen feet. Its appearance and habits differed from the latter materially. The *Ichthyosaurus*, with its short neck, powerful jaws, and lizard-like body, seems admirably suited to range through the deep waters, unrivaled in size or strength, and monarch of the then existing world; the *Plesiosaurus*, smaller in size and inferior in strength, shunned its powerful antagonist, and, lurking in shallows and sheltered bays, remained secure from the assaults of its dangerous foe, its long neck and small head being well adapted to enable it to dart on its prey, as it lay concealed amid the tangled sea-weed.

This has been called by geologists the "age of reptiles;" their remains are found in great numbers in the lias, oolite, and wealden strata. These creatures seem to form a connecting link between the fishes of the previous era, and the mammalia of the Tertiary age; the Ichthyosaurus differed little from a fish in shape, and its paddles or feet are not unlike fins, the Plesiosaurus, on the contrary, as its name denotes, partook more of the quadruped form. Dr. Buckland in describing it, says: "To the head of a lizard it united the teeth of a crocodile; a neck of enormous length, resembling the body of a serpent; a trunk and tail having the proportions of an ordinary quadruped; the ribs of a camelion, and the paddles of a whale." Besides these animals we find the Pterodactyle, half bird and half reptile; the Megalosaurus, or gigantic lizard; the Hylæosaurus, or forest lizard; the Geosaurus, or land lizard, and many others, all partaking more or less of affinity to both the piscatory and saurian tribes.

Passing on now to the period when the great chalk rocks which prevail so much in the southeastern counties of Great Britain were deposited, we find the land in many places submerged; the fossil remains are eminently marine in character, and the earth must literally have presented a "world of waters" to the view. Sponges, corals, star-fish, and marine reptiles inhabited the globe, and plants, chiefly of marine types, grew on its surface. Although, however, a great portion of the earth was under water, it must not therefore be supposed that it was returning to its ancient desolation and solitude. The author whom we last quoted, in speaking of this subject, says: "The sterility and solitude which have sometimes been attributed to the depths of the ocean, exist only in the fictions of poetic fancy. The great mass of water that covers nearly three-fourths of the globe is crowded with life, perhaps more abundantly than the air and the surface of the earth; and the bottom of the sea, within a certain depth accessible to light, swarms with countless hosts of worms and creeping things, which represent the kindred families of low degree which crawl upon the land."

This era seems to have been one of peculiar tranquillity, for the most part undisturbed by earthquakes or other igneous forces. The prevailing characteristic of the scenery was flatness, and low continents were surrounded by shallow seas. The earth is now approaching the state when it will be fit for the reception of man, and in the next age we find some of the existing species of animals.

It is worthy of observation, that at the different periods when the world had attained a state suitable for their existence, the various orders of animal and vegetable life were created. In the "dark ages" of geological history, when the globe had comparatively lately subsided from a state of fusion,^[23] it was barren, sterile, and uninhabited; next, the waters having become cool enough, some of the lowest orders of shell-fish and zoophytes peopled them; subsequently, fishes were formed, and for ages constituted the highest order of animal life; after this we enter on the age of reptiles, when gigantic crocodiles and lizard-like forms dwelt in fenny marshes, or reposed on the black mud of slow moving rivers, as they crept along toward the ocean betwixt their oozy banks; and we now reach the period when the noblest order of animal life, the class to which man himself belongs, Mammalia, began to people the earth.

The world now probably presented an appearance nearly similar to what it does at present. The land, which in the chalk formation was under water, has again emerged, and swarms with life; vast savannahs rich in verdure, and decked in a luxuriant garb with trees, plants, grasses, and shrubs, and inland lakes, to which the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus, with many extinct races of animals, came to slake their thirst, form the principal characteristics of this period.

There is something peculiarly interesting in looking back to this early age, while Adam was yet dust. We picture to the mind's eye the gigantic Deinotherium, the largest creature of terrestrial life, raking and grabbing with its huge tusks the aquatic plants that grew in the pools and shallow lakes, or, as Dr. Buckland describes it, sleeping with its head hooked on to the bank, and its nostrils sustained above water so as merely to breathe, while the body remained floating at ease beneath the surface. We see its twin-brother in greatness, the Megatherium, as it comes slowly stalking through the thick underwood, its foot, of a yard in length, crushing where it treads, and its impenetrable hide defying the attacks of rhinoceros or crocodile. In the waters we behold the mighty whale, monarch of the deep, sporting in the pre-adamite seas as he now does amid the icebergs of the Arctic ocean; the walrus and the seal, now denizens of the colder climes, mingling with the tropical manati; while in the forests the owl, the buzzard, and the woodcock, dwelt undisturbed, and the squirrel and monkey leaped from bough to bough.

Arrived at the close of the pre-adamite history, after having traced it from the earliest ages of which we possess any evidence, down to the eve of human existence, the reflection that naturally presents itself to the mind is the strangeness of the fact, that myriads of creatures should have existed, and that generation after generation should have lived and died and passed away, ere yet man saw the light. We are so accustomed to view all creatures as created solely for human use, rather than for the pleasure of the Divine Creator, that we can at first scarcely credit the history, though written by the hand of nature herself; and the human race sinks into insignificance when it is shown to be but the last link in a long chain of creations. Nevertheless, that such, however humbling it may be, is the fact, we possess indubitable evidence: and when we consider, as Mr. Bakewell observes, "that more than three-fifths of the earth's present surface are covered by the ocean, and that if from the remainder we deduct the space occupied by polar ice and eternal snows, by sandy deserts, sterile mountains, marshes, rivers, and lakes, that the habitable portion will scarcely exceed one-fifth of the whole globe; that the remaining four-fifths, though untenanted by mankind, are, for the most part, abundantly stocked with animated beings, that

exult in the pleasure of existence, independent of human control, and in no way subservient to the necessities or caprices of men; that such is and has been, for several thousand years, the actual condition of our planet; we may feel less reluctance in admitting the prolonged ages of creation, and the numerous tribes that lived and flourished, and left their remains imbedded in the strata which compose the outer crust of the earth."

THE MANIA FOR TULIPS IN HOLLAND.

The inordinate passion, which at one time prevailed for Tulips, amounted to actual madness, and well deserved the name of Tulipomania, by which it is distinguished. The Tulip was introduced into Europe from Constantinople in the year 1559, according to Gesner. After it became known to the Dutch merchants and nobility at Vienna, it became a most important branch of trade in Holland, and they sent frequently to Constantinople for roots and seeds of the flower. In the year 1634, and for three years after, little else was thought of in Holland but this traffic; all embarked in it, from the nobleman to the common laborer, and so successful were many that they rose rapidly from abject poverty to affluence; and those who had been barely able to procure the most scanty means of subsistence were enabled to set up their carriages, and enjoy every convenience and luxury of life; indeed, when we read of the enormous sums paid for a single root, we can feel no surprise at the immense and rapid fortunes which were made. It is on record, that one wealthy merchant gave his daughter no other portion to secure an eligible match than a single root. The plant to this day bears the name of the "marriage portion." We find that 2 hogsheads of wine, 4 tuns of beer, 2 lasts of wheat, 4 lasts of rye, 2 tons of butter, 1000 pounds of cheese, 4 fat oxen, 8 fat swine, and 12 fat sheep, a complete bed, a suit of clothes, a silver becess, valued at 2500 florins, were given in exchange for a single root of the tulip called the Viceroy. This mode of barter, being attended with inconvenience, could not be general, and gave place to sale by weight, by which immense sums were made. Single roots have sold for 4400 florins; 2000 florins was a common price for a root of the Semper Augustus; and it happened that once, when only two roots of this species could be procured, the one at Amsterdam, and the other at Haarlem, 4600 florins, a new carriage, and a pair of horses, with complete harness, were given for one; and for the other an exchange made of 12 acres of land: indeed, land was frequently parted with when cash could not be advanced for the purchase of a desired root; and houses, cattle, furniture, and even clothes, were all sacrificed to the Tulipomania. In the course of four months, a person has been known to realize 60,000 florins. These curious bargains took place in taverns, where notaries and clerks were regularly paid for attending; and after the contracts were completed, the traders of all ranks sat down together to a splendid entertainment. At these sales, the usual price of a root of the Viceroy was £250; a root of the Admiral Liefkuns, £440; a root of the Admiral Von Eyk, £160; a root of the Grebbu, £148; a root of the Schilder, £160; a root of the Semper Augustus, £550. A collection of Tulips of Wouter Brockholmsminster was disposed of by his executors for £9000; but they sold a root of the Semper Augustus separately, for which they got £300, and a very fine Spanish cabinet, valued at £1000. The Semper Augustus was, indeed, in great request. A gentleman received £3000 for three roots which he sold; he had also the offer of £1500 a year for his plant for seven years, with an engagement that it should be given up as found, the increase alone having been retained during the period. One gentleman made £6000 in the space of six months. It was ascertained that the trade in Tulips in one city alone, in Holland, amounted to £1,000,000 sterling. To such an extent was this extraordinary traffic carried on, that a system of stock-jobbing was introduced; and Tulips, which were bought and sold for much more than their weight in gold, were nominally purchased without changing hands at all. Beekmann, in describing this curious traffic, for which all other merchandise and pursuit was neglected, mentions that engagements were entered into, which were to be fulfilled in six months, and not to be affected by any change in the value of the root during that time. Thus, a bargain might be made with a merchant for a root at the price of 1000 florins. At the time specified for its delivery, its value may have risen to 1500 florins, the purchaser being a gainer of 500 florins. Should it, on the contrary, have fallen to 800 florins, the purchaser was then a loser to the amount of 200 florins. If there had been no fluctuation in the market, the bargain terminated without an exchange of the money for the root, so that it became a species of gambling, at which immense sums were lost and won. The decline of the trade was as unexpected as its rise had been surprising. When settling day came, there were many defaulters; some from inability to meet their engagements, and many from dishonesty. Persons began to speculate more cautiously, and the more respectable to feel that the system of gambling, in which they were engaged, was by no means creditable. The Tulip-holders then wished to dispose of their merchandise really, and not *nominally*, but found, to their disappointment, that the demand had decreased. Prices fell—contracts were violated—appeals were made to the magistrates in vain; and, after violent contentions, in which the venders claimed, and the purchasers resisted payment, the state interposed, and issued an order invalidating the contracts, which put an end at once to the stock-jobbing; and the roots, which had been valued at £500 each, were now to be had for £5: and thus ended the most strange commerce in which Europe had been ever engaged.

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Some curious anecdotes connected with the mania may be found. Among them is one of a burgomaster, who had made interest for a friend, and succeeded in obtaining a very lucrative situation for him. The friend, anxious to testify his gratitude, entreated of the burgomaster to allow him to show it by some substantial proof. His generous benefactor would accept no favor in return; all he asked was the gratification of seeing his flower-garden, which was readily granted.

The friends did not meet again for two years. At the end of that time, the gentleman went to visit the burgomaster. On going into his garden, the first thing that attracted his observation was a rare Tulip of great value, which he instantly knew must have been purloined from his garden, when his treacherous friend had been admitted into it, two years before. He gave vent to the most frantic passion—immediately resigned his place of £1000 per annum—returned to his house merely to tear up his flower-garden—and, having completed the work of destruction, left it, never to return.

We have read of a sailor, who had brought a heavy load to the warehouse of a merchant, who only gave him a herring as payment and refreshment. This was very inadequate to satisfy the man's hunger, but perceiving, as he thought, some onions lying before him, he snatched up one, and bit it. It happened to be a Tulip-root, worth a king's ransom; so we may conceive the consternation of the merchant, which is said to have nearly deprived him of reason.

It has been said that John Barclay, the author of the romance of "Angenis," was a victim to the Tulipomania. Nothing could induce him to quit the house to which his flower-garden was attached, though the situation was so unwholesome that he ran the risk of having his health destroyed. He kept two fierce mastiffs to guard the flowers, which he determined never to abandon.

The passion for Tulips was at its height in England toward the close of the seventeenth and the commencement of the eighteenth century. The tulip is a native of the Levant, and of many of the eastern countries. Though common in Persia, it is highly esteemed, and considered an emblem of love. Chardin tells us, that when a young Persian wishes to make his sentiments known to his mistress, he presents her with one of these flowers, which, of course, must be the flame-colored one, with black anthers, so often seen in our gardens; as, Chardin adds, "He thus gives her to understand, that he is all on fire with her beauty, and his heart burned to a coal." The flower is still highly esteemed by florists, and has its place among the few named florists' flowers. Many suppose it to be "the Lily of the Field," mentioned in the Sermon on the Mount, from its growing in wild profusion in Syria, and from the extreme delicacy of the texture of its petals, and from the wonderful variety and dazzling beauty of its colors. It may be so; and the flower acquires from this an interest which nothing else could give.

THE SALT MINES OF EUROPE.

The salt-mines of Cheshire, and the brine-pits of Worcestershire, according to the best authority, not only supply salt sufficient for the consumption of nearly the whole of England, but also upward of half a million of tons for exportation. Rock-salt is by no means confined to England, it is found in many countries, especially where strata of more recent date than those of the coal measures abound. Though in some instances the mineral is pure and sparkling in its native state, it is generally dull and dirty, owing to the matter with which it is associated. The ordinary shade is a dull red, from being in contact with marls of that color. But notwithstanding, it possesses many interesting features. When the extensive subterranean halls have been lighted up with innumerable candles, the appearance is most interesting, and the visitor, enchanted with the scene, feels himself richly repaid for the trouble he may have incurred in visiting the excavations.

The Cheshire mines are from 50 to 150 yards below the surface. The number of salt-beds is five; the thinnest of them being only about six inches, while the thickest is nearly forty feet. Besides these vast masses, there is a large quantity of salt mixed up with the marl beds that intervene. The method of working the rock-salt is like that adopted for the excavation of coal; but it is much more safe and pleasant to visit these than the other, owing to the roof of the excavations being much more secure, and the absence of all noxious gases, with the exception of carbonic acid gas. In the thinner coal-seams, the roof, or rock lying above the coal, is supported by wooden pillars as the mineral is withdrawn; while, in the thicker seams, pillars of coal are left at intervals to support the superincumbent mass. The latter is the plan adopted in the salt-mines. Large pillars of various dimensions are left to support the roof at irregular intervals; but these bear a small proportion to the mass of mineral excavated. The effect is most picturesque; in the deep gloom of the excavation, the pillars present tangible objects on which the eye can rest, while the intervening spaces stretch away into night. The mineral is loosened from the rock by blasting, and the effect of the explosions, heard from time to time re-echoing through the wide spaces, and from the distant walls of rock, gives a peculiar grandeur and impressiveness to the scene. The great charm, indeed, on the occasion of a visit to these mines, even when they are illuminated by thousands of lights, is chiefly owing to the gloomy and cavernous appearance, the dim endless perspective, broken by the numerous pillars, and the lights half disclosing and half concealing the deep recesses which are formed and terminated by these monstrous and solid projections. The pillars, owing to the great height of the roof, are very massive. For twenty feet of rock they are about fifteen feet thick. The descent to the mines is by a shaft—a perpendicular opening of six, eight, or ten feet square; this opening is used for the general purposes of ventilation, drainage, lifting the mineral, as well as the miners. It varies in dimensions according to the extent of the excavations. In some of the English mines the part of the bed of rock-salt excavated amounts to several acres; but in some parts of Europe the workings are even more extensive. The Wilton mine, one of the largest in England, is worked 330 feet below the surface, and from it, and one or two adjacent mines, upward of 60,000 tons of salt are annually obtained, two-thirds of

which are immediately exported, and the rest is dissolved in water, and afterward reduced to a crystalline state by evaporating the solution. It is not yet two hundred years since the Cheshire mines were discovered. In the year 1670, before men were guided by science in their investigations, an attempt was made to find coal in the district. The sinking was unsuccessful relative to the one mineral, but the disappointment and loss were amply met by the discovery of the other. From that time till the present, the rock-salt has been dug, and, as we have seen, most extensively used in England, while the surplus supply has become an article of exportation. Previous to this discovery the consumption was chiefly supplied from the brine-pits of Worcestershire.

There is a remarkable deposit of salt in the valley of Cardona, in the Pyrenees. Two thick masses of rock-salt, says Ansted, apparently united at their bases, make their appearance on one of the slopes of the hill of Cardona. One of the beds, or rather masses, has been worked, and measures about 130 yards by 250; but its depth has not been determined. It consists of salt in a laminated condition, and with confused crystalization. That part which is exposed is composed of eight beds, nearly horizontal, having a total thickness of fifteen feet; but the beds are separated from one another by red and variegated marls and gypsum. The second mass, not worked, appears to be unstratified, but in other respects resembles the former; and this portion, where it has been exposed to the action of the weather, is steeply scarped, and bristles with needle-like points, so that its appearance has been compared to that of a glacier. There is also an extensive salt-mine at Wieliczka, in Poland, and the manner of working it was accurately described some years since. The manner of descending into the mine was by means of a large cord wound round a wheel and worked by a horse. The visitor, seated on a small piece of wood placed in the loop of the cord, and grasping the cord with both hands, was let down two hundred feet, the depth of the first galleries, through a shaft about eight feet square, sunk through beds of sand, alternating with limestone, gypsum, variegated marls, and calcareous schists. Below the stage, the descent was by wooden staircases, nine or ten feet wide. In the first gallery was a chapel, measuring thirty feet in length by twenty-four in breadth, and eighteen in height; every part of it, the floor, the roof, the columns which sustained the roof, the altar, the crucifix, and several statues, were all cut out of the solid salt; the chapel was for the use of the miners. It had always been said that the salt in this mine had the qualities which produced magic appearances to an uncommon degree; but it is now ascertained that its scenery is not more enchanting than that of the mines in Cheshire. Gunpowder is now used in the Polish as in the English mines; but the manner of obtaining the salt at the time of the visit we are recording was peculiar, and too ingenious to be passed over, even though it be now superseded by the more modern and more successful mode of blasting. "In the first place, the overman, or head miner, marked the length, breadth, and thickness of a block he wished to be detached, the size of which was generally the same, namely, about eight feet long, four feet wide, and two feet thick. A certain number of blocks being marked, the workman began by boring a succession of holes on one side from top to bottom of the block, the holes being three inches deep, and six inches apart. A horizontal groove was then cut, half an inch deep, both above and below, and, having put into each of the holes an iron wedge, all the wedges were struck with moderate blows, to drive them into the mass; the blows were continued until two cracks appeared, one in the direction of the line of the holes, and the other along the upper horizontal line. The block was now loosened and ready to fall, and the workman introduced into the crack produced by the driving of the wedges a wooden ruler, two or three inches broad, and, moving it backward and forward on the crack, a tearing sound was soon heard, which announced the completion of the work. If proper care had been taken, the block fell unbroken, and was then divided into three or four parts, which were shaped into cylinders for the greater convenience of transport. Each workman was able to work out four such blocks every day, and the whole number of persons employed in the mine, varied from twelve hundred to about two thousand." The mine was worked in galleries; and, at the time of this visit, these galleries extended to at least eight English miles. Since then the excavations have become much more extensive.

The method of preparing rock-salt is very simple, and differs little from that employed in manufacturing salt from springs. The first step in the process is, to obtain a proper strength of brine, by saturating fresh water with the salt brought from the mine. The brine obtained in a clear state is put into evaporating pans, and brought as quickly as possible to a boiling heat, when a skin is formed on the surface, consisting chiefly of impurities. This skin is taken off, so also are the first crystals that are formed, and either thrown aside as useless, or used for agricultural purposes. The heat is kept at the boiling point for eight hours, during which period evaporation is going on—the liquid becoming gradually reduced, and the salt meanwhile is being deposited. When this part of the process is finished, the salt is raked out, put into moulds, and placed in a drying stove, where it is dried perfectly, and made ready for the market.

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MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

(Continued from page 672.)

CHAPTER X.

In my next chapter I shall present Squire Hazeldean in patriarchal state—not exactly under the

fig tree he has planted, but before the stocks he has reconstructed. Squire Hazeldean and his family on the village green! The canvas is all ready for the colors.

But in this chapter I must so far afford a glimpse into antecedents as to let the reader know that there is one member of the family whom he is not likely to meet at present, if ever, on the village green at Hazeldean.

Our squire lost his father two years after his birth; his mother was very handsome—and so was her jointure; she married again at the expiration of her year of mourning—the object of her second choice was Colonel Egerton.

In every generation of Englishmen (at least since the lively reign of Charles II.) there are a few whom some elegant Genius skims off from the milk of human nature, and reserves for the cream of society. Colonel Egerton was one of these *terque, quaterque beati*, and dwelt apart on a top shelf in that delicate porcelain dish—not bestowed upon vulgar buttermilk—which persons of fashion call The Great World. Mighty was the marvel of Pall Mall, and profound was the pity of Park-lane, when this supereminent personage condescended to lower himself into a husband. But Colonel Egerton was not a mere gaudy butterfly; he had the provident instincts ascribed to the bee. Youth had passed from him—and carried off much solid property in its flight; he saw that a time was fast coming when a home, with a partner who could help to maintain it, would be conducive to his comforts, and an occasional humdrum evening by the fire-side beneficial to his health. In the midst of one season at Brighton, to which gay place he had accompanied the Prince of Wales, he saw a widow who, though in the weeds of mourning, did not appear inconsolable. Her person pleased his taste—the accounts of her jointure satisfied his understanding; he contrived an introduction, and brought a brief wooing to a happy close. The late Mr. Hazeldean had so far anticipated the chance of the young widow's second espousals, that, in case of that event, he transferred, by his testamentary dispositions, the guardianship of his infant heir from the mother to two squires whom he had named his executors. This circumstance combined with her new ties somewhat to alienate Mrs. Hazeldean from the pledge of her former loves; and when she had borne a son to Colonel Egerton, it was upon that child that her maternal affections gradually concentrated.

William Hazeldean was sent by his guardians to a large provincial academy, at which his forefathers had received their education time out of mind. At first he spent his holidays with Mrs. Egerton; but as she now resided either in London, or followed her lord to Brighton to partake of the gayeties at the Pavilion—so, as he grew older, William, who had a hearty affection for country life, and of whose bluff manners and rural breeding Mrs. Egerton (having grown exceedingly refined) was openly ashamed, asked and obtained permission to spend his vacations either with his guardians or at the old Hall. He went late to a small college at Cambridge, endowed in the fifteenth century by some ancestral Hazeldean; and left it, on coming of age, without taking a degree. A few years afterward he married a young lady, country born and bred like himself.

Meanwhile his half-brother, Audley Egerton, may be said to have begun his initiation into the *beau monde* before he had well cast aside his coral and bells; he had been fondled in the lap of duchesses, and galloped across the room astride on the canes of ambassadors and princes. For Colonel Egerton was not only very highly connected—not only one of the *Dii majores* of fashion—but he had the still rarer good fortune to be an exceedingly popular man with all who knew him; so popular, that even the fine ladies whom he had adored and abandoned forgave him for marrying out of "the set," and continued to be as friendly as if he had not married at all. People who were commonly called heartless, were never weary of doing kind things to the Egertons. When the time came for Audley to leave the preparatory school, at which his infancy budded forth among the stateliest of the little lilies of the field, and go to Eton, half the fifth and sixth forms had been canvassed to be exceedingly civil to young Egerton. The boy soon showed that he inherited his father's talent for acquiring popularity, and that to this talent he added those which put popularity to use. Without achieving any scholastic distinction, he yet contrived to establish at Eton the most desirable reputation which a boy can obtain—namely, that among his own contemporaries—the reputation of a boy who was sure to do something when he grew to be a man. As a gentleman commoner at Christ Church, Oxford, he continued to sustain this high expectation, though he won no prizes and took but an ordinary degree; and at Oxford the future "something" became more defined—it was "something in public life" that this young man was to do.

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While he was yet at the university, both his parents died—within a few months of each other. And when Audley Egerton came of age, he succeeded to a paternal property which was supposed to be large, and, indeed, had once been so; but Colonel Egerton had been too lavish a man to enrich his heir, and about £1500 a year was all that sales and mortgages left of an estate that had formerly approached a rental of ten thousand pounds.

Still, Audley was considered to be opulent, and he did not dispel that favorable notion by any imprudent exhibition of parsimony. On entering the world of London, the Clubs flew open to receive him; and he woke one morning to find himself, not indeed famous—but the fashion. To this fashion he at once gave a certain gravity and value—he associated as much as possible with public men and political ladies—he succeeded in confirming the notion that he was "born to ruin or to rule the State."

Now, his dearest and most intimate friend was Lord L'Estrange, from whom he had been inseparable at Eton: and who now, if Audley Egerton was the fashion, was absolutely the rage in London.

Harley Lord L'Estrange was the only son of the Earl of Lansmere, a nobleman of considerable wealth, and allied by intermarriages to the loftiest and most powerful families in England. Lord Lansmere, nevertheless, was but little known in the circles of London. He lived chiefly on his estates, occupying himself with the various duties of a great proprietor, and rarely came to the metropolis; so that he could afford to give his son a very ample allowance, when Harley, at the age of sixteen (having already attained to the sixth form at Eton), left school for one of the regiments of the Guards.

Few knew what to make of Harley L'Estrange—and that was, perhaps, the reason why he was so much thought of. He had been by far the most brilliant boy of his time at Eton—not only the boast of the cricket-ground, but the marvel of the school-room—yet so full of whims and oddities, and seeming to achieve his triumphs with so little aid from steadfast application, that he had not left behind him the same expectations of solid eminence which his friend and senior, Audley Egerton, had excited. His eccentricities—his quaint sayings and out-of-the-way actions, became as notable in the great world as they had been in the small one of public school. That he was very clever there was no doubt, and that the cleverness was of a high order might be surmised not only from the originality but the independence of his character. He dazzled the world, without seeming to care for its praise or its censure—dazzled it, as it were, because he could not help shining. He had some strange notions, whether political or social, which rather frightened his father. According to Southey, "A man should be no more ashamed of having been a republican than of having been young." Youth and extravagant opinions naturally go together. I don't know whether Harley L'Estrange was a republican at the age of eighteen; but there was no young man in London who seemed to care less for being heir to an illustrious name and some forty or fifty thousand pounds a year. It was a vulgar fashion in that day to play the exclusive, and cut persons who wore bad neckcloths and called themselves Smith or Johnson. Lord L'Estrange never cut any one, and it was quite enough to slight some worthy man because of his neckcloth or his birth, to insure to the offender the pointed civilities of this eccentric successor to the Dorimonts and the Wildairs.

It was the wish of his father that Harley, as soon as he came of age, should represent the borough of Lansmere (which said borough was the single plague of the Earl's life). But this wish was never realized. Suddenly, when the young idol of London still wanted some two or three years of his majority, a new whim appeared to seize him. He withdrew entirely from society—he left unanswered the most pressing three-cornered notes of inquiry and invitation that ever strewed the table of a young Guardsman; he was rarely seen anywhere in his former haunts—when seen, was either alone or with Egerton; and his gay spirits seemed wholly to have left him. A profound melancholy was written in his countenance, and breathed in the listless tones of his voice. At this time the Guards were achieving in the Peninsula their imperishable renown; but the battalion to which Harley belonged was detained at home; and whether chafed by inaction or emulous of glory, the young Lord suddenly exchanged into a cavalry regiment, from which a recent memorable conflict had swept one half the officers. Just before he joined, a vacancy happening to occur for the representation of Lansmere, he made it his special request to his father that the family interest might be given to his friend Egerton—went down to the Park, which adjoined the borough, to take leave of his parents—and Egerton followed, to be introduced to the electors. This visit made a notable epoch in the history of many personages who figure in my narrative, but at present I content myself with saying, that circumstances arose which, just as the canvass for the new election commenced, caused both L'Estrange and Audley to absent themselves from the scene of action, and that the last even wrote to Lord Lansmere expressing his intention of declining to contest the borough.

Fortunately for the parliamentary career of Audley Egerton, the election had become to Lord Lansmere not only a matter of public importance, but of personal feeling. He resolved that the battle should be fought out, even in the absence of the candidate, and at his own expense. Hitherto the contest for this distinguished borough had been, to use the language of Lord Lansmere, "conducted in the spirit of gentlemen"—that is to say, the only opponents to the Lansmere interest had been found in one or the other of two rival families in the same county; and as the Earl was a hospitable, courteous man, much respected and liked by the neighboring gentry, so the hostile candidate had always interlarded his speeches with profuse compliments to his Lordship's high character, and civil expressions as to his Lordship's candidate. But, thanks to successive elections, one of these two families had come to an end, and its actual representative was now residing within the Rules of the Bench; the head of the other family was the sitting member, and, by an amicable agreement with the Lansmere interest, he remained as neutral as it is in the power of any sitting member to be amidst the passions of an intractable committee. Accordingly, it had been hoped that Egerton would come in without opposition, when, the very day on which he had abruptly left the place, a handbill, signed "Haverill Dashmore, Captain R.N., Baker-street, Portman-square," announced, in very spirited language, the intention of that gentleman to emancipate the borough from the unconstitutional domination of an oligarchical faction, not with a view to his own political aggrandizement—indeed, at great personal inconvenience—but actuated solely by abhorrence to tyranny, and patriotic passion for the purity of election.

This announcement was followed, within two hours, by the arrival of Captain Dashmore himself, in a carriage-and-four covered with yellow favors, and filled, inside and out, with harum-scarum looking friends who had come down with him to aid the canvass and share the fun.

Captain Dashmore was a thorough sailor, who had, however, taken a disgust to the profession

from the date in which a Minister's nephew had been appointed to the command of a ship to which the Captain considered himself unquestionably entitled. It is just to the Minister to add, that Captain Dashmore had shown as little regard for orders from a distance, as had immortalized Nelson himself; but then the disobedience had not achieved the same redeeming success as that of Nelson, and Captain Dashmore ought to have thought himself fortunate in escaping a severer treatment than the loss of promotion. But no man knows when he is well off; and retiring on half-pay, just as he came into unexpected possession of some forty or fifty thousand pounds bequeathed by a distant relation, Captain Dashmore was seized with a vindictive desire to enter parliament, and inflict oratorical chastisement on the Administration.

A very few hours sufficed to show the sea-captain to be a most capital electioneerer for a small and not very enlightened borough. It is true that he talked the saddest nonsense ever heard from an open window; but then his jokes were so broad, his manner so hearty, his voice so big, that in those dark days, before the schoolmaster was abroad, he would have beaten your philosophical Radical and moralizing Democrat hollow. Moreover he kissed all the women, old and young, with the zest of a sailor who has known what it is to be three years at sea without sight of a beardless lip; he threw open all the public-houses, asked a numerous committee every day to dinner, and, chucking his purse up in the air, declared "he would stick to his guns while there was a shot in the locker." Till then, there had been but little political difference between the candidate supported by Lord Lansmere's interest and the opposing parties—for country gentlemen, in those days, were pretty much of the same way of thinking, and the question had been really local—viz., whether the Lansmere interest should or should not prevail over that of the two squirearchical families who had alone, hitherto, ventured to oppose it. But though Captain Dashmore was really a very loyal man, and much too old a sailor to think that the State (which, according to established metaphor, is a vessel, *par excellence*), should admit Jack upon quarter-deck, yet, what with talking against lords and aristocracy, jobs and abuses, and searching through no very refined vocabulary for the strongest epithets to apply to those irritating nouns-substantive, his bile had got the better of his understanding, and he became fuddled, as it were, by his own eloquence. Thus, though as innocent of Jacobinical designs as he was incapable of setting the Thames on fire, you would have guessed him, by his speeches, to be one of the most determined incendiaries that ever applied a match to the combustible materials of a contested election; while, being by no means accustomed to respect his adversaries, he could not have treated the Earl of Lansmere with less ceremony if his Lordship had been a Frenchman. He usually designated that respectable nobleman by the title of "Old Pompous;" and the Mayor, who was never seen abroad but in top-boots, and the Solicitor, who was of a large build, received from his irreverent wit the joint sobriquet of "Tops and Bottoms!" Hence the election had now become, as I said before, a personal matter with my Lord, and, indeed, with the great heads of the Lansmere interest. The Earl seemed to consider his very coronet at stake in the question. "The man from Baker-street," with his preternatural audacity, appeared to him a being ominous and awful—not so much to be regarded with resentment, as with superstitious terror: he felt as felt the dignified Montezuma, when that ruffianly Cortez, with his handful of Spanish rapsallions, bearded him in his own capital, and in the midst of his Mexican splendor—"The gods were menaced if man could be so insolent!" wherefore said my Lord, tremulously, "The Constitution is gone if the Man from Baker-street comes in for Lansmere!"

But, in the absence of Audley Egerton, the election looked extremely ugly, and Captain Dashmore gained ground hourly, when the Lansmere Solicitor happily bethought him of a notable proxy for the missing candidate. The Squire of Hazeldean, with his young wife, had been invited by the Earl in honor of Audley; and in the Squire the Solicitor beheld the only mortal who could cope with the sea-captain—a man with a voice as burly, and a face as bold—a man who, if permitted for the nonce by Mrs. Hazeldean, would kiss all the women no less heartily than the Captain kissed them; and who was, moreover, a taller, and a handsomer, and a younger man—all three, great recommendations in the kissing department of a contested election. Yes, to canvass the borough, and to speak from the window, Squire Hazeldean would be even more popularly presentable than the London-bred and accomplished Audley Egerton himself.

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The Squire, applied to and urged on all sides, at first said bluntly, "that he would do any thing in reason to serve his brother, but that he did not like, for his own part, appearing, even in proxy, as a Lord's nominee; and, moreover, if he was to be sponsor for his brother, why, he must promise and vow, in his name, to be stanch and true to the land they lived by; and how could he tell that Audley, when once he got into the House, would not forget the land, and then he, William Hazeldean, would be made a liar, and look like a turncoat!"

But these scruples being overruled by the arguments of the gentlemen and the entreaties of the ladies, who took in the election that intense interest which those gentle creatures usually do take in all matters of strife and contest, the Squire at length consented to confront the Man from Baker-street, and went, accordingly, into the thing with that good heart and old English spirit with which he went into every thing whereon he had once made up his mind.

The expectations formed of the Squire's capacities for popular electioneering were fully realized. He talked quite as much nonsense as Captain Dashmore on every subject except the landed interest; there he was great, for he knew the subject well—knew it by the instinct that comes with practice, and compared to which all your showy theories are mere cobwebs and moonshine.

The agricultural outvoters—many of whom, not living under Lord Lansmere, but being small yeomen, had hitherto prided themselves on their independence, and gone against my Lord—could not in their hearts go against one who was every inch the farmer's friend. They began to share in

the Earl's personal interest against the Man from Baker-street; and big fellows, with legs bigger round than Captain Dashmore's tight little body, and huge whips in their hands, were soon seen entering the shops, "intimidating the electors," as Captain Dashmore indignantly declared.

These new recruits made a great difference in the muster-roll of the Lansmere books; and, when the day for polling arrived, the result was a fair question for even betting. At the last hour, after a neck-and-neck contest, Mr. Audley Egerton beat the Captain by two votes. And the names of these voters were John Avenal, resident freeman, and his son-in-law, Mark Fairfield, an outvoter, who, though a Lansmere freeman, had settled in Hazeldean, where he had obtained the situation of head carpenter on the Squire's estate.

These votes were unexpected; for, though Mark Fairfield had come to Lansmere on purpose to support the Squire's brother, and though the Avenals had been always staunch supporters of the Lansmere Blue interest, yet a severe affliction (as to the nature of which, not desiring to sadden the opening of my story, I am considerably silent) had befallen both these persons, and they had left the town on the very day after Lord L'Estrange and Mr. Egerton had quitted Lansmere Park.

Whatever might have been the gratification of the Squire, as a canvasser and a brother, at Mr. Egerton's triumph, it was much damped when, on leaving the dinner given in honor of the victory, at the Lansmere Arms, and about, with no steady step, to enter the carriage which was to convey him to his Lordship's house, a letter was put into his hands by one of the gentleman who had accompanied the Captain to the scene of action; and the perusal of that letter, and a few whispered words from the bearer thereof, sent the Squire back to Mrs. Hazeldean a much soberer man than she had ventured to hope for. The fact was, that on the day of nomination, the Captain having honored Mr. Hazeldean with many poetical and figurative appellations—such as "Prize Ox," "Tony Lumpkin," "Blood-sucking Vampyre," and "Brotherly Warming-Pan," the Squire had retorted by a joke upon "Salt Water Jack;" and the Captain, who, like all satirists, was extremely susceptible and thin-skinned, could not consent to be called "Salt Water Jack" by a "Prize Ox" and a "Blood-sucking Vampyre." The letter, therefore, now conveyed to Mr. Hazeldean by a gentleman, who, being from the Sister Country, was deemed the most fitting accomplice in the honorable destruction of a brother mortal, contained nothing more nor less than an invitation to single combat; and the bearer thereof, with the suave politeness enjoined by etiquette on such well-bred homicidal occasions, suggested the expediency of appointing the place of meeting in the neighborhood of London, in order to prevent interference from the suspicious authorities of Lansmere.

The natives of some countries—the warlike French in particular—think little of that formal operation which goes by the name of DUELLING. Indeed, they seem rather to like it than otherwise. But there is nothing your thorough-paced Englishman—a Hazeldean of Hazeldean—considers with more repugnance and aversion, than that same cold-blooded ceremonial. It is not within the range of an Englishman's ordinary habits of thinking. He prefers going to law—a much more destructive proceeding of the two. Nevertheless, if an Englishman must fight, why, he will fight. He says "it is very foolish;" he is sure "it is most unchristian-like;" he agrees with all that Philosopher, Preacher, and Press have laid down on the subject; but he makes his will, says his prayers, and goes out, like a heathen!

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It never, therefore, occurred to the Squire to show the white feather upon this unpleasant occasion. The next day, feigning excuse to attend the sale of a hunting stud at Tattersall's, he ruefully went up to London, after taking a peculiarly affectionate leave of his wife. Indeed, the Squire felt convinced that he should never return home except in a coffin. "It stands to reason," said he, to himself, "that a man, who has been actually paid by the King's Government for shooting people ever since he was a little boy in a midshipman's jacket, must be a dead hand at the job. I should not mind if it was with double-barreled Mantons and small shot; but ball and pistol! they aren't human nor sportsmanlike!" However, the Squire, after settling his worldly affairs, and hunting up an old College friend, who undertook to be his second, proceeded to a sequestered corner of Wimbledon Common, and planted himself, not sideways, as one ought to do in such encounters (the which posture the Squire swore was an unmanly way of shirking), but full front to the mouth of his adversary's pistol, with such sturdy composure, that Captain Dashmore, who, though an excellent shot, was at bottom as good-natured a fellow as ever lived, testified his admiration by letting off his gallant opponent with a ball in the fleshy part of his shoulder; after which he declared himself perfectly satisfied. The parties then shook hands, mutual apologies were exchanged, and the Squire, much to his astonishment to find himself still alive, was conveyed to Limmer's Hotel, where, after a considerable amount of anguish, the ball was extracted, and the wound healed. Now it was all over, the Squire felt very much raised in his own conceit; and, when he was in a humor more than ordinarily fierce, that perilous event became a favorite allusion with him.

He considered, moreover, that his brother had incurred at his hand the most lasting obligations; and that, having procured Audley's return to Parliament, and defended his interests at the risk of his own life, he had an absolute right to dictate to that gentleman how to vote—upon all matters at least connected with the landed interest. And when, not very long after Audley took his seat in Parliament (which he did not do for some months), he thought proper both to vote and to speak in a manner wholly belying the promises the Squire had made on his behalf, Mr. Hazeldean wrote him such a trimmer, that it could not but produce an unconciliatory reply. Shortly afterward, the Squire's exasperation reached the culminating point, for, having to pass through Lansmere on a market-day, he was hooted by the very farmers whom he had induced to vote for his brother; and, justly imputing the disgrace to Audley, he never heard the name of that traitor to the land

mentioned, without a heightened color and an indignant expletive. Monsieur de Ruqueville—who was the greatest wit of his day—had, like the Squire, a half-brother, with whom he was not on the best of terms, and of whom he always spoke as his "*frère de loin*." Audley Egerton was thus Squire Hazeldean's "*distant brother!*"—Enough of these explanatory antecedents—let us return to the Stocks.

CHAPTER XI.

The Squire's carpenters were taken from the park pales, and set to work at the parish stocks. Then came the painter and colored them, a beautiful dark blue, with a white border—and a white rim round the holes—with an ornamental flourish in the middle. It was the gayest public edifice in the whole village—though the village possessed no less than three other monuments of the Vitruvian genius, of the Hazeldeans: to wit, the alms-house, the school, and the parish pump.

A more elegant, enticing, coquettish pair of stocks never gladdened the eye of a justice of the peace.

And Squire Hazeldean's eye was gladdened. In the pride of his heart he brought all the family down to look at the stocks. The Squire's family (omitting the *frère de loin*) consisted of Mrs. Hazeldean, his wife; next, of Miss Jemima Hazeldean, his first cousin; thirdly, of Master Francis Hazeldean, his only son; and fourthly, of Captain Barnabas Higginbotham, a distant relation—who, indeed, strictly speaking, was not of the family, but only a visitor ten months in the year. Mrs. Hazeldean was every inch the lady—the lady of the parish. In her comely, florid, and somewhat sunburnt countenance, there was an equal expression of majesty and benevolence; she had a blue eye that invited liking, and an aquiline nose that commanded respect. Mrs. Hazeldean had no affectation of fine airs—no wish to be greater and handsomer and cleverer than she was. She knew herself, and her station, and thanked heaven for it. There was about her speech and manner something of that shortness and bluntness which often characterizes royalty; and if the lady of a parish is not a queen in her own circle, it is never the fault of the parish. Mrs. Hazeldean dressed her part to perfection. She wore silks that seemed heirlooms—so thick were they, so substantial and imposing. And over these, when she was in her own domain, the whitest of aprons; while at her waist was seen no fiddle-daddle *chatelaine*, with *breloques* and trumpery, but a good honest gold watch to mark the time, and a long pair of scissors to cut off the dead leaves from her flowers, for she was a great horticulturist. When occasion needed, Mrs. Hazeldean could, however, lay by her more sumptuous and imperial raiment for a stout riding-habit of blue Saxony, and canter by her husband's side to see the hounds throw off. Nay, on the days on which Mr. Hazeldean drove his famous fast-trotting cob to the market town, it was rarely that you did not see his wife on the left side of the gig. She cared as little as her lord did for wind and weather, and, in the midst of some pelting shower, her pleasant face peeped over the collar and capes of a stout dreadnought, expanding into smiles and bloom as some frank rose, that opens from its petals, and rejoices in the dews. It was easy to see that the worthy couple had married for love; they were as little apart as they could help it. And still, on the first of September, if the house was not full of company which demanded her cares, Mrs. Hazeldean "stepped out" over the stubbles by her husband's side, with as light a tread and as blithe an eye as when in the first bridal year she had enchanted the Squire by her genial sympathy with his sports.

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So there now stands Harriet Hazeldean, one hand leaning on the Squire's broad shoulder, the other thrust into her apron, and trying her best to share her husband's enthusiasm for his own public-spirited patriotism, in the renovation of the parish stocks. A little behind, with two fingers leaning on the thin arm of Captain Barnabas, stood Miss Jemima, the orphan daughter of the Squire's uncle, by a runaway imprudent marriage with a young lady who belonged to a family which had been at war with the Hazeldeans since the reign of Charles I., respecting a right of way to a small wood (or rather spring) of about an acre, through a piece of furze land, which was let to a brick-maker at twelve shillings a year. The wood belonged to the Hazeldeans, the furze land to the Sticktorights (an old Saxon family, if ever there was one). Every twelfth year, when the fagots and timber were felled, this feud broke out afresh; for the Sticktorights refused to the Hazeldeans the right to cart off the said fagots and timber, through the only way by which a cart could possibly pass. It is just to the Hazeldeans to say that they had offered to buy the land at ten times its value. But the Sticktorights, with equal magnanimity, had declared that they would not "alienate the family property for the convenience of the best squire that ever stood upon shoe leather." Therefore, every twelfth year, there was always a great breach of the peace on the part of both Hazeldeans and Sticktorights, magistrates, and deputy-lieutenants though they were. The question was fairly fought out by their respective dependents, and followed by various actions for assault and trespass. As the legal question of right was extremely obscure, it never had been properly decided: and, indeed, neither party wished it to be decided, each at heart having some doubt of the propriety of its own claim. A marriage between the younger son of the Hazeldeans, and a younger daughter of the Sticktorights, was viewed with equal indignation by both families; and the consequence had been that the runaway couple, unblessed and unforgiven, had scrambled through life as they could, upon the scanty pay of the husband, who was in a marching regiment, and the interest of £1000, which was the wife's fortune, independent of her parents. They died, and left an only daughter, upon whom the maternal £1000 had been settled, about the time that the Squire came of age and into possession of his estates. And though he inherited all the ancestral hostility toward the Sticktorights, it was not in his nature to be unkind to a poor orphan who was, after all, the child of a Hazeldean. Therefore, he had educated and fostered

Jemima with as much tenderness as if she had been his sister; put out her £1000 at nurse, and devoted, from the ready money which had accrued from the rents during his minority, as much as made her fortune (with her own accumulated at compound interest) no less than £4000, the ordinary marriage portion of the daughters of Hazeldean. On her coming of age, he transferred this sum to her absolute disposal, in order that she might feel herself independent, see a little more of the world than she could at Hazeldean, have candidates to choose from if she deigned to marry; or enough to live upon if she chose to remain single. Miss Jemima had somewhat availed herself of this liberty, by occasional visits to Cheltenham and other watering-places. But her grateful affection to the Squire was such, that she could never bear to be long away from the Hall. And this was the more praise to her heart, inasmuch as she was far from taking kindly to the prospect of being an old maid. And there were so few bachelors in the neighborhood of Hazeldean, that she could not but have that prospect before her eyes whenever she looked out of the Hall windows. Miss Jemima was indeed one of the most kindly and affectionate of beings feminine—and if she disliked the thought of single blessedness, it really was from those innocent and womanly instincts toward the tender charities of hearth and home, without which a lady, however otherwise estimable, is little better than a Minerva in bronze. But whether or not, despite her fortune and her face, which last, though not strictly handsome, was pleasing—and would have been positively pretty if she had laughed more often (for when she laughed there appeared three charming dimples, invisible when she was grave)—whether or not, I say, it was the fault of our insensibility or her own fastidiousness, Miss Jemima approached her thirtieth year, and was still Miss Jemima. Now, therefore, that beautifying laugh of hers was very rarely heard, and she had of late become confirmed in two opinions, not at all conducive to laughter. One was a conviction of the general and progressive wickedness of the male sex, and the other was a decided and lugubrious belief that the world was coming to an end. Miss Jemima was now accompanied by a small canine favorite, true Blenheim, with a snub nose. It was advanced in life, and somewhat obese. It sate on its haunches with its tongue out of its mouth, except when it snapped at the flies. There was a strong Platonic friendship between Miss Jemima and Captain Barnabas Higginbotham; for he too was unmarried, and he had the same ill opinion of your sex, my dear madam, that Miss Jemima had of ours. The captain was a man of a slim and elegant figure—the less said about the face the better—a truth of which the Captain himself was sensible, for it was a favorite maxim of his, "that in a man, every thing is a slight, gentlemanlike figure." Captain Barnabas did not absolutely deny that the world was coming to an end, only he thought it would last his time.

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Quite apart from the rest, with the nonchalant survey of virgin dandyism, Francis Hazeldean looked over one of the high starched neck-cloths which were then the fashion—a handsome lad, fresh from Eton for the summer holidays, but at that ambiguous age, when one disdains the sports of the boy, and has not yet arrived at the resources of the man.

"I should be glad, Frank," said the Squire, suddenly turning round to his son, "to see you take a little more interest in duties which, one day or other you may be called upon to discharge. I can't bear to think that the property should fall into the hands of a fine gentleman, who will let things go to rack and ruin, instead of keeping them up as I do."

And the Squire pointed to the stocks.

Master Frank's eye followed the direction of the cane, as well as his cravat would permit; and he said, dryly,

"Yes, sir; but how came the stocks to be so long out of repair?"

"Because one can't see to every thing at once," retorted the Squire, tartly. "When a man has got eight thousand acres to look after, he must do a bit at a time."

"Yes," said Captain Barnabas. "I know that by experience."

"The deuce you do!" cried the Squire, bluntly. "Experience in eight thousand acres!"

"No; in my apartments in the Albany. Number 3A. I have had them ten years, and it was only last Christmas that I bought my Japan cat."

"Dear me!" said Miss Jemima; "a Japan cat! that must be very curious! What sort of a creature is it?"

"Don't you know? Bless me, a thing with three legs, and holds toast! I never thought of it, I assure you, till my friend Cosey said to me, one morning, when he was breakfasting at my rooms, 'Higginbotham, how is it, that you, who like to have things comfortable about you, don't have a cat?' 'Upon my life,' said I, 'one can't think of every thing at a time;' just like you, Squire."

"Pshaw," said Mr. Hazeldean, gruffly; "not at all like me. And I'll thank you another time, Cousin Higginbotham, not to put me out when I am speaking on matters of importance; poking your cat into my stocks! They look something like now, don't they, Harry? I declare that the whole village seems more respectable. It is astonishing how much a little improvement adds to the—to the—"

"Charm of a landscape," put in Miss Jemima, sentimentally.

The Squire neither accepted nor rejected the suggested termination; but leaving his sentence uncompleted, broke suddenly off with,

"And if I had listened to Parson Dale—"

"You would have done a very wise thing," said a voice behind, as the Parson presented himself in the rear.

"Wise thing! Why surely, Mr. Dale," said Mrs. Hazeldean, with spirit, for she always resented the least contradiction to her lord and master; perhaps as an interference with her own special right and prerogative: "why, surely if it is necessary to have stocks, it is necessary to repair them."

"That's right, go it, Harry!" cried the Squire, chuckling, and rubbing his hands, as if he had been setting his terrier at the Parson. "St—St—at him! Well, Master Dale, what do you say to that?"

"My dear ma'am," said the Parson, replying in preference to the lady; "there are many institutions in the country which are very old, look very decayed, and don't seem of much use; but I would not pull them down for all that."

"You would reform them, then," said Mrs. Hazeldean, doubtfully, and with a look at her husband, as much as to say, "He is on politics now; that's your business."

"No, I would not, ma'am," said the Parson, stoutly.

"What on earth would you do, then?" quoth the Squire.

"Just let 'em alone," said the Parson. "Master Frank, there's a Latin maxim which was often in the mouth of Sir Robert Walpole, and which they ought to put in the Eton grammar—'*Quieta non movere*.' If things are quiet, let them be quiet! I would not destroy the stocks, because that might seem to the ill-disposed like a license to offend, and I would not repair the stocks, because that puts it into people's heads to get into them."

The Squire was a stanch politician of the old school, and he did not like to think that in repairing the stocks, he had perhaps been conniving at revolutionary principles.

"This constant desire of innovation," said Miss Jemima, suddenly mounting the more funereal of her two favorite hobbies, "is one of the great symptoms of the approaching crash. We are altering, and mending, and reforming, when in twenty years at the utmost the world itself may be destroyed!" The fair speaker paused, and—

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Captain Barnabas said, thoughtfully, "Twenty years!—the insurance offices rarely compute the best life at more than fourteen." He struck his hand on the stocks as he spoke, and added, with his usual consolatory conclusion—"The odds are, that it will last our time, Squire."

But whether Captain Barnabas meant the stocks or the world, he did not clearly explain, and no one took the trouble to inquire.

"Sir," said Master Frank to his father, with that furtive spirit of quizzing, which he had acquired among other polite accomplishments at Eton; "sir, it is no use now considering whether the stocks should or should not have been repaired. The only question is, whom you will get to put into them."

"True," said the Squire, with much gravity.

"Yes, there it is!" said the Parson, mournfully. "If you would but learn '*quieta non movere*!'"

"Don't spout your Latin at me, Parson!" cried the Squire, angrily; "I can give you as good as you bring, any day—

'Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur mascula dicas—
As in presenti, perfectum format in avi.'

There," added the Squire, turning triumphantly toward his Harry, who looked with great admiration at this unprecedented burst of learning on the part of Mr. Hazeldean; "there, two can play at that game! And now that we have all seen the stocks, we may as well go home, and drink tea. Will you come up and play a rubber, Dale? No! hang it, man, I've not offended you—you know my ways."

"That I do, and they are among the things I would not have altered," cried the Parson, holding out his hand cheerfully. The Squire gave it a hearty shake, and Mrs. Hazeldean hastened to do the same. "Do come; I am afraid we've been very rude; we are sad blunt folks. Do come; that's a dear good man; and of course poor Mrs. Dale too." Mrs. Hazeldean's favorite epithet for Mrs. Dale was *poor*; and that for reasons to be explained hereafter.

"I fear my wife has got one of her bad headaches, but I will give her your kind message, and at all events you may depend upon me."

"That's right," cried the Squire, "in half-an-hour, eh? How d'ye do, my little man?" as Lenny Fairfield, on his way home from some errand in the village, drew aside and pulled off his hat with both hands. "Stop—you see those stocks—eh? Tell all the bad little boys in the parish to take care how they get into them—a sad disgrace—you'll never be in such a quandary!"

"That at least I will answer for," said the Parson.

"And I too," added Mrs. Hazeldean, patting the boy's curly head. "Tell your mother I shall come and have a good chat with her to-morrow evening."

And so the party passed on, and Lenny stood still on the road, staring hard at the stocks, which

stared back at him from its four great eyes.

But Lenny did not remain long alone. As soon as the great folks had fairly disappeared, a large number of small folks emerged timorously from the neighboring cottages, and approached the site of the stocks with much marvel, fear, and curiosity.

In fact, the renovated appearance of this monster—à *propos des bottes*, as one may say—had already excited considerable sensation among the population of Hazeldean. And even as when an unexpected owl makes his appearance in broad daylight, all the little birds rise from tree and hedge-row, and cluster round their ominous enemy, so now gathered all the much excited villagers round the intrusive and portentous Phenomenon.

"D'ye know what the diggins the Squire did it for, Gaffer Solomons?" asked one many-childed matron, with a baby in arms, an urchin of three years old clinging fast to her petticoat, and her hand maternally holding back a more adventurous hero of six, who had a great desire to thrust his head into one of the grisly apertures. All eyes turned to a sage old man, the oracle of the village, who, leaning both hands on his crutch, shook his head bodingly.

"Maw be," said Gaffer Solomons, "some of the boys ha' been robbing the orchards."

"Orchards," cried a big lad, who seemed to think himself personally appealed to, "why the bud's scarce off the trees yet!"

"No more it isn't!" said the dame with many children, and she breathed more freely.

"Maw be," said Gaffer Solomons, "some o' ye has been setting snares."

"What for?" said a stout sullen-looking young fellow, whom conscience possibly pricked to reply. "What for, when it beant the season? And if a poor man did find a hear in his pocket i' the hay time, I should like to know if ever a squire in the world would let un off wi' the stocks—eh?"

That last question seemed a settler, and the wisdom of Gaffer Solomons went down fifty per cent. in the public opinion of Hazeldean.

"Maw be," said the Gaffer, this time with a thrilling effect, which restored his reputation, "Maw be some o' ye ha' been getting drunk, and making beestises o' yoursels!"

There was a dead pause, for this suggestion applied too generally to be met with a solitary response. At last one of the women said, with a meaning glance at her husband, "God bless the Squire; he'll make some on us happy women, if that's all!"

There then arose an almost unanimous murmur of approbation among the female part of the audience; and the men looked at each other, and then at the Phenomenon, with a very hang-dog expression of countenance.

"Or, maw be," resumed Gaffer Solomons, encouraged to a fourth suggestion by the success of its predecessor, "Maw be some o' the Misseses ha' been making a rumpus, and scolding their goodmen. I heard say in my granfeythir's time, that arter old Mother Bang nigh died o' the ducking-stool, them 'ere stocks were first made for the women, out o' compassion like! And every one knows the Squire is a koind-hearted man, God bless un!"

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"God bless un!" cried the men heartily; and they gathered lovingly round the Phenomenon, like heathens of old round a tutelary temple. But then rose one shrill clamor among the females, as they retreated with involuntary steps toward the verge of the green, whence they glared at Solomons and the Phenomenon with eyes so sparkling, and pointed at both with gestures so menacing, that Heaven only knows if a morsel of either would have remained much longer to offend the eyes of the justly enraged matronage of Hazeldean, if fortunately Master Stirn, the Squire's right-hand man, had not come up in the nick of time.

Master Stirn was a formidable personage—more formidable than the Squire himself—as, indeed, a squire's right-hand is generally more formidable than the head can pretend to be. He inspired the greater awe, because, like the stocks, of which he was deputed guardian, his powers were undefined and obscure, and he had no particular place in the out-of-door establishment. He was not the steward, yet he did much of what ought to be the steward's work; he was not the farm-bailiff, for the Squire called himself his own farm-bailiff; nevertheless, Mr. Hazeldean sowed and plowed, cropped and stocked, bought and sold, very much as Mr. Stirn condescended to advise. He was not the park-keeper, for he neither shot the deer nor superintended the preserves; but it was he who always found out who had broken a park-pale or snared a rabbit. In short, what may be called all the harsher duties of a large landed proprietor devolved by custom and choice upon Mr. Stirn. If a laborer was to be discharged, or a rent enforced, and the Squire knew that he should be talked over, and that the steward would be as soft as himself, Mr. Stirn was sure to be the avenging [Greek: angelos] or messenger, to pronounce the words of fate; so that he appeared to the inhabitants of Hazeldean like the Poet's *Sæva Necessitas*, a vague incarnation of remorseless power, armed with whips, nails, and wedges. The very brute creation stood in awe of Mr. Stirn. The calves knew that it was he who singled out which should be sold to the butcher, and huddled up into a corner with beating hearts at his grim footstep; the sow grunted, the duck quacked, the hen bristled her feathers and called to her chicks when Mr. Stirn drew near. Nature had set her stamp upon him. Indeed it may be questioned whether the great M. de Chambray himself, surnamed the Brave, had an aspect so awe-inspiring as that of Mr. Stirn; albeit the face of that hero was so terrible, that a man who had been his lackey, seeing his portrait after he had

been dead twenty years, fell a-trembling all over like a leaf!

"And what the plague are you all doing here?" said Mr. Stirn, as he waved and smacked a great cart-whip which he held in his hand, "making such a hullabaloo, you women, you! that I suspect the Squire will be sending out to know if the village is on fire. Go home, will ye? High time indeed to have the stocks ready, when you get squalling and conspiring under the very nose of a justice of the peace, just as the French Revolutioners did afore they cut off their King's head; my hair stands on end to look at ye." But already, before half this address was delivered, the crowd had dispersed in all directions—the women still keeping together, and the men sneaking off toward the ale-house. Such was the beneficent effect of the fatal stocks on the first day of their resuscitation!

However, in the break up of every crowd there must be always some one who gets off the last; and it so happened that our friend Lenny Fairfield, who had mechanically approached close to the stocks, the better to hear the oracular opinions of Gaffer Solomons, had no less mechanically, on the abrupt appearance of Mr. Stirn, crept, as he hoped, out of sight behind the trunk of the elm tree which partially shaded the stocks; and there now, as if fascinated, he still cowered, not daring to emerge in full view of Mr. Stirn, and in immediate reach of the cart-whip, when the quick eye of the right-hand man detected his retreat.

"Hallo, you sir—what the deuce, laying a mine to blow up the stocks! just like Guy Fox and the Gunpowder Plot, I declares! What ha' you got in your willainous little fist, there?"

"Nothing, sir," said Lenny, opening his palm.

"Nothing—um!" said Mr. Stirn, much dissatisfied; and then, as he gazed more deliberately, recognizing the pattern boy of the village, a cloud yet darker gathered over his brow; for Mr. Stirn, who valued himself much on his learning—and who, indeed, by dint of more knowledge as well as more wit than his neighbors, had attained his present eminent station in life—was extremely anxious that his only son should also be a scholar; that wish,

"The Gods dispersed in empty air."

Master Stirn was a notable dunce at the Parson's school, while Lenny Fairfield was the pride and boast of it; therefore Mr. Stirn was naturally, and almost justifiably ill-disposed toward Lenny Fairfield, who had appropriated to himself the praises which Mr. Stirn had designed for his son.

"Um!" said the right-hand man, glowering on Lenny malignantly, "you are the pattern boy of the village, are you? Very well, sir—then I put these here stocks under your care—and you'll keep off the other boys from sitting on 'em, and picking off the paint, and playing three holes and chuck farthing, as I declare they've been a-doing, just in front of the elewation. Now you knows your sponsibilities, little boy—and a great honor they are too, for the like o' you. If any damage be done, it is to you I shall look; d'ye understand? and that's what the Squire says to me; so you sees what it is to be a pattern boy, Master Lenny!"

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With that Mr. Stirn gave a loud crack of the cart-whip, by way of military honors, over the head of the vicegerent he had thus created, and strode off to pay a visit to two young unsuspecting pups, whose ears and tails he had graciously promised their proprietor to crop that evening. Nor, albeit few charges could be more obnoxious than that of deputy governor or *chargé d'affaires extraordinaire* to the Parish Stocks, nor one more likely to render Lenny Fairfield odious to his contemporaries, ought he to have been insensible to the signal advantage of his condition over that of the two sufferers, against whose ears and tails Mr. Stirn had no especial motives of resentment. To every bad there is a worse—and fortunately for little boys, and even for grown men, whom the Stirns of the world regard malignly, the majesty of law protects their ears, and the merciful forethought of nature deprived their remote ancestors of the privilege of entailing tails upon them. Had it been otherwise—considering what handles tails would have given to the oppressor, how many traps envy would have laid for them, how often they must have been scratched and mutilated by the briars of life, how many good excuses would have been found for lopping, docking, and trimming them—I fear that only the lap-dogs of fortune would have gone to the grave tail-whole.

CHAPTER XII.

The card-table was set out in the drawing-room at Hazeldean Hall; though the little party were still lingering in the deep recess of the large bay window—which (in itself of dimensions that would have swallowed up a moderate-sized London parlor) held the great round tea-table with all appliances and means to boot—for the beautiful summer moon shed on the sward so silvery a lustre, and the trees cast so quiet a shadow, and the flowers and new-mown hay sent up so grateful a perfume, that, to close the windows, draw the curtains, and call for other lights than those of heaven, would have been an abuse of the prose of life which even Captain Barnabas, who regarded whist as the business of town and the holiday of the country, shrank from suggesting. Without, the scene, beheld by the clear moonlight, had the beauty peculiar to the garden ground round those old-fashioned country residences which, though a little modernized, still preserve their original character: the velvet lawn, studded with large plots of flowers, shaded and scented here, to the left, by lilacs, laburnums, and rich seringas—there, to the right, giving glimpses, over low-clipped yews, of a green bowling alley, with the white columns of a summer house built after the Dutch taste, in the reign of William III.; and in front—stealing away under covert of those still

cedars, into the wilder landscape of the well-wooded, undulating park. Within, viewed by the placid glimmer of the moon, the scene was no less characteristic of the abodes of that race which has no parallel in other lands, and which, alas, is somewhat losing its native idiosyncracies in this—the stout country gentleman, not the fine gentleman of the country—the country gentleman somewhat softened and civilized from the mere sportsman or farmer, but still plain and homely, relinquishing the old hall for the drawing-room, and with books not three months' old on his table, instead of *Fox's Martyrs* and *Baker's Chronicle*—yet still retaining many a sacred old prejudice, that, like the knots in his native oak, rather adds to the ornament of the grain than takes from the strength of the tree. Opposite to the window, the high chimney-piece rose to the heavy cornice of the ceiling, with dark pannels glistening against the moonlight. The broad and rather clumsy chintz sofas and settees of the reign of George III., contrasted at intervals with the tall backed chairs of a far more distant generation, when ladies in fardingales, and gentlemen in trunk-hose, seemed never to have indulged in horizontal positions. The walls, of shining wainscot, were thickly covered, chiefly with family pictures; though now and then some Dutch fair, or battle-piece, showed that a former proprietor had been less exclusive in his taste for the arts. The piano-forte stood open near the fire-place; a long dwarf bookcase at the far end, added its sober smile to the room. That bookcase contained what was called "The Lady's Library," a collection commenced by the Squire's grandmother, of pious memory, and completed by his mother, who had more taste for the lighter letters, with but little addition from the bibliomaniac tenderness of the present Mrs. Hazeldean—who, being no great reader, contented herself with subscribing to the Book Club. In this feminine Bodleian, the sermons collected by Mrs. Hazeldean, the grandmother, stood cheek-by-jowl beside the novels purchased by Mrs. Hazeldean, the mother.

"Mixtaque ridenti fundet colocasia acantho!"

But, to be sure, the novels, in spite of very inflammatory titles, such as "Fatal Sensibility," "Errors of the Heart," &c., were so harmless that I doubt if the sermons could have had much to say against their next-door neighbors—and that is all that can be expected by the rest of us.

A parrot dozing on his perch—some gold fish fast asleep in their glass bowl—two or three dogs on the rug, and Flimsey, Miss Jemima's spaniel, curled into a ball on the softest sofa—Mrs. Hazeldean's work-table, rather in disorder, as if it had been lately used—the *St. James's Chronicle* dangling down from a little tripod near the Squire's arm-chair—a high screen of gilt and stamped leather fencing off the card table; all these, dispersed about a room large enough to hold them all and not seem crowded, offered many a pleasant resting-place for the eye, when it turned from the world of nature to the home of man.

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But see, Captain Barnabas, fortified by his fourth cup of tea, has at length summoned courage to whisper to Mrs. Hazeldean, "don't you think the Parson will be impatient for his rubber?" Mrs. Hazeldean glanced at the Parson, and smiled; but she gave the signal to the Captain, and the bell was rung, lights were brought in, the curtains let down; in a few moments more the group had collected round the card-tables. The best of us are but human—that is not a new truth, I confess, but yet people forget it every day of their lives—and I dare say there are many who are charitably thinking at this very moment, that my Parson ought not to be playing at whist. All I can say to these rigid disciplinarians is, "Every man has his favorite sin: whist was Parson Dale's!—ladies and gentlemen, what is yours?" In truth, I must not set up my poor parson, nowadays, as a pattern parson—it is enough to have one pattern in a village no bigger than Hazeldean, and we all know that Lenny Fairfield has bespoken that place—and got the patronage of the stocks for his emoluments! Parson Dale was ordained, not indeed so very long ago, but still at a time when churchmen took it a great deal more easily than they do now. The elderly parson of that day played his rubber as a matter of course, the middle-aged parson was sometimes seen riding to cover (I knew a schoolmaster, a doctor of divinity, and an excellent man, whose pupils were chiefly taken from the highest families in England, who hunted regularly three times a week during the season), and the young parson would often sing a capital song—not composed by David—and join in those rotary dances, which certainly David never danced before the ark.

Does it need so long a prolegomenon to excuse thee, poor Parson Dale, for turning up that ace of spades with so triumphant a smile at thy partner? I must own that nothing that well could add to the Parson's offense was wanting. In the first place he did not play charitably, and merely to oblige other people. He delighted in the game—he rejoiced in the game—his whole heart was in the game—neither was he indifferent to the mammon of the thing, as a Christian pastor ought to have been. He looked very sad when he took his shillings out of his purse, and exceedingly pleased when he put the shillings that had just before belonged to other people into it. Finally, by one of those arrangements common with married people, who play at the same table, Mr. and Mrs. Hazeldean were invariably partners, and no two people could play worse; while Captain Barnabas, who had played at Graham's with honor and profit, necessarily became partner to Parson Dale, who himself played a good steady parsonic game. So that, in strict truth, it was hardly fair play—it was almost swindling—the combination of those two great dons against that innocent married couple! Mr. Dale, it is true, was aware of this disproportion of force, and had often proposed either to change partners or to give odds, propositions always scornfully scouted by the Squire and his lady; so that the Parson was obliged to pocket his conscience together with the ten points which made his average winnings.

The strangest thing in the world is the different way in which whist affects the temper. It is no test of temper, as some pretend—not at all! The best tempered people in the world grow snappish at whist; and I have seen the most testy and peevish in the ordinary affairs of life bear their

losses with the stoicism of Epictetus. This was notably manifested in the contrast between the present adversaries of the Hall and the Rectory. The Squire who was esteemed as choleric a gentleman as most in the county, was the best humored fellow you could imagine when you set him down to whist opposite the sunny face of his wife. You never heard one of these incorrigible blunderers scold each other; on the contrary, they only laughed when they threw away the game, with four by honors in their hands. The utmost that was ever said was a "Well, Harry, that was the oddest trump of yours. Ho—ho—ho!" or a "Bless me, Hazeldean—why, they made three tricks, and you had the ace in your hand all the time! Ha—ha—ha!"

Upon which occasions Captain Barnabas, with great good humor, always echoed both the Squire's ho—ho—ho! and Mrs. Hazeldean's ha—ha—ha!

Not so the Parson. He had so keen and sportsmanlike an interest in the game, that even his adversaries' mistakes ruffled him. And you would hear him, with elevated voice and agitated gestures, laying down the law, quoting Hoyle, appealing to all the powers of memory and common sense against the very delinquencies by which he was enriched—a waste of eloquence that always heightened the hilarity of Mr. and Mrs. Hazeldean. While these four were thus engaged, Mrs. Dale, who had come with her husband despite her headache, sate on the sofa beside Miss Jemima, or rather beside Miss Jemima's Flimsey, which had already secured the centre of the sofa, and snarled at the very idea of being disturbed. And Master Frank—at a table by himself—was employed sometimes in looking at his pumps, and sometimes at Gilray's Caricatures, with which his mother had provided him for his intellectual requirements. Mrs. Dale, in her heart, liked Miss Jemima better than Mrs. Hazeldean, of whom she was rather in awe, notwithstanding they had been little girls together, and occasionally still called each other Harry and Carry. But those tender diminutives belonged to the "Dear" genus, and were rarely employed by the ladies, except at those times when—had they been little girls still, and the governess out of the way—they would have slapped and pinched each other. Mrs. Dale was still a very pretty woman, as Mrs. Hazeldean was still a very fine woman. Mrs. Dale painted in water colors and sang, and made card-racks and pen-holders, and was called an "elegant, accomplished woman." Mrs. Hazeldean cast up the Squire's accounts, wrote the best part of his letters, kept a large establishment in excellent order, and was called "a clever, sensible woman." Mrs. Dale had headaches and nerves, Mrs. Hazeldean had neither nerves nor headaches. Mrs. Dale said, "Harry had no real harm in her, but was certainly very masculine." Mrs. Hazeldean said, "Carry would be a good creature, but for her airs and graces." Mrs. Dale said, "Mrs. Hazeldean was just made to be a country squire's lady." Mrs. Hazeldean said, "Mrs. Dale was the last person in the world who ought to have been a parson's wife." Carry, when she spoke of Harry to a third person, said, "Dear Mrs. Hazeldean." Harry, when she referred incidentally to Carry, said, "Poor Mrs. Dale." And now the reader knows why Mrs. Hazeldean called Mrs. Dale "poor," at least as well as I do. For, after all, the word belonged to that class in the female vocabulary which may be called "obscure significants," resembling the Knox Ompax, which hath so puzzled the inquirers into the Eleusinian Mysteries; the application is rather to be illustrated than the meaning to be exactly explained.

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"That's really a sweet little dog of yours, Jemima," said Mrs. Dale, who was embroidering the word CAROLINE on the border of a cambric pocket-handkerchief, but edging a little farther off, as she added, "he'll not bite, will he?" "Dear me, no!" said Miss Jemima; but (she added, in a confidential whisper), "don't say *he*—'tis a lady dog." "Oh," said Mrs. Dale, edging off still farther, as if that confession of the creature's sex did not serve to allay her apprehensions—"oh, then, you carry your aversion to the gentlemen even to lap-dogs—that is being consistent indeed, Jemima!"

MISS JEMIMA.—"I had a gentleman dog once—a pug!—they are getting very scarce now. I thought he was so fond of me—he snapped at every one else; the battles I fought for him! Well, will you believe, I had been staying with my friend Miss Smilecox at Cheltenham. Knowing that William is so hasty, and his boots are so thick, I trembled to think what a kick might do. So, on coming here, I left Buff—that was his name—with Miss Smilecox." (A pause.)

MRS. DALE, looking up languidly.—"Well, my love."

MISS JEMIMA.—"Will you believe it, I say, when I returned to Cheltenham, only three months afterward, Miss Smilecox had seduced his affections from me, and the ungrateful creature did not even know me again. A pug, too—yet people say pugs are faithful!!! I am sure they ought to be, nasty things. I have never had a gentleman dog since—they are all alike, believe me—heartless, selfish creatures."

MRS. DALE.—"Pugs? I dare say they are!"

MISS JEMIMA, with spirit.—"MEN!—I told you it was a gentleman dog!"

MRS. DALE, apologetically.—"True, my love, but the whole thing was so mixed up!"

MISS JEMIMA.—"You saw that cold-blooded case of Breach of Promise of Marriage in the papers—an old wretch, too, of sixty-four. No age makes them a bit better. And when one thinks that the end of all flesh is approaching, and that—"

MRS. DALE, quickly, for she prefers Miss Jemima's other hobby to that black one upon which she is preparing to precede the bier of the universe.—"Yes, my love, we'll avoid that subject, if you please. Mr. Dale has his own opinions, and it becomes me, you know, as a parson's wife," (said smilingly; Mrs. Dale has as pretty a dimple as any of Miss Jemima's, and makes more of that one than Miss Jemima of three), "to agree with him—that is, in theology."

MISS JEMIMA, earnestly.—"But the thing is so clear, if you would but look into—"

MRS. DALE, putting her hand on Miss Jemima's lips playfully.—"Not a word more. Pray, what do you think of the Squire's tenant at the Casino, Signor Riccabocca? An interesting creature, is not he?"

MISS JEMIMA.—"Interesting! Not to me. Interesting! Why is he interesting?"

Mrs. Dale is silent, and turns her handkerchief in her pretty little white hands, appearing to contemplate the R. in Caroline.

MISS JEMIMA, half pettishly, half coaxingly.—"Why is he interesting? I scarcely ever looked at him; they say he smokes, and never eats. Ugly, too!"

MRS. DALE.—"Ugly—no. A fine head—very like Dante's—but what is beauty?"

MISS JEMIMA.—"Very true; what is it indeed? Yes, as you say, I think there *is* something interesting about him; he looks melancholy, but that may be because he is poor."

MRS. DALE.—"It is astonishing how little one feels poverty when one loves. Charles and I were very poor once—before the Squire—" Mrs. Dale paused, looked toward the Squire, and murmured a blessing, the warmth of which brought tears into her eyes. "Yes," she added, after a pause, "we were very poor, but we were happy even then, more thanks to Charles than to me," and tears from a new source again dimmed those quick, lively eyes, as the little woman gazed fondly on her husband, whose brows were knit into a black frown over a bad hand.

MISS JEMIMA.—"It is only those horrid men who think of money as a source of happiness. I should be the last person to esteem a gentleman less because he was poor."

MRS. DALE.—"I wonder the Squire does not ask Signor Riccabocca here more often. Such an acquisition *we* find him!"

The Squire's voice from the card table.—"Whom ought I to ask more often, Mrs. Dale?"

Parson's voice impatiently.—"Come—come—come, Squire; play to my queen of diamonds—do!"

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SQUIRE.—"There, I trump it—pick up the trick, Mrs. H."

PARSON.—"Stop! stop! trump my diamond?"

The Captain, solemnly.—"Trick turned—play on, Squire."

SQUIRE.—"The king of diamonds."

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"Lord! Hazeldean—why, that's the most barefaced revoke—ha—ha—ha! trump the queen of diamonds and play out the king! well I never—ha—ha—ha!"

CAPTAIN BARNABAS, in tenor.—"Ha, ha, ha!"

SQUIRE.—"And so I have, bless my soul—ho, ho, ho!"

CAPTAIN BARNABAS, in bass.—"Ho—ho—ho."

Parson's voice raised, but drowned by the laughter of his adversaries and the firm clear tone of Captain Barnabas: "Three to our score!—game!"

SQUIRE, wiping his eyes.—"No help for it, Harry—deal for me! Whom ought I to ask, Mrs. Dale? (waxing angry). First time I ever heard the hospitality of Hazeldean called in question!"

MRS. DALE.—"My dear sir, I beg a thousand pardons, but listeners—you know the proverb."

SQUIRE, growling like a bear.—"I hear nothing but proverbs ever since we have had that Mounseer among us. Please to speak plainly, marm."

MRS. DALE, sliding into a little temper at being thus roughly accosted.—"It was of Mounseer, as you call him, that I spoke, Mr. Hazeldean."

SQUIRE.—"What! Rickeybockey?"

MRS. DALE, attempting the pure Italian accentuation.—"Signor Riccabocca."

PARSON, slapping his cards on the table in despair: "Are we playing at whist, or are we not?"

The Squire, who is fourth player drops the king to Captain Higginbotham's lead of the ace of hearts. Now the Captain has left queen, knave, and two other hearts—four trumps to the queen and nothing to win a trick with in the two other suits. This hand is therefore precisely one of those in which, especially after the fall of that king of hearts in the adversary's hand, it becomes a matter of reasonable doubt whether to lead trumps or not. The Captain hesitates, and not liking to play out his good hearts with the certainty of their being trumped by the Squire, nor, on the other hand, liking to open the other suits in which he has not a card that can assist his partner, resolves, as becomes a military man, in such a dilemma, to make a bold push and lead out trumps, in the chance of finding his partner strong, and so bringing in his long suit.

SQUIRE, taking advantage of the much meditating pause made by the Captain.—"Mrs. Dale, it is not my fault. I have asked Rickeybockey—time out of mind. But I suppose I am not fine enough

for those foreign chaps—he won't come—that's all I know!"

PARSON, aghast at seeing the Captain play out trumps, of which he, Mr. Dale, has only two, wherewith he expects to ruff the suit of spades of which he has only one (the cards all falling in suits) while he has not a single other chance of a trick in his hand: "Really, Squire, we had better give up playing if you put out my partner in this extraordinary way—jabber—jabber—jabber!"

SQUIRE.—"Well, we must be good children, Harry. What!—trumps, Barney? Thank ye for that!" And the Squire might well be grateful, for the unfortunate adversary has led up to ace, king, knave—with two other trumps. Squire takes the Parson's ten with his knave, and plays out ace, king; then, having cleared all the trumps except the Captain's queen and his own remaining two, leads off tierce major in that very suit of spades of which the Parson has only one—and the Captain, indeed, but two—forces out the Captain's queen, and wins the game in a canter.

PARSON, with a look at the Captain which might have become the awful brows of Jove, when about to thunder: "That, I suppose, is the new fashioned London play! In my time the rule was 'First save the game, then try to win it.'"

CAPTAIN.—"Could not save it, sir."

PARSON, exploding.—"Not save it!—two ruffs in my own hand—two tricks certain till you took them out! Monstrous! The rashest trump."—Seizes the cards—spreads them on the table, lip quivering, hands trembling—tries to show how five tricks could have been gained—(N.B. it is *short* whist, which Captain Barnabas had introduced at the Hall) can't make out more than four—Captain smiles triumphantly—Parson in a passion, and not at all convinced, mixes all the cards together again, and falling back in his chair, groans, with tears in his voice: "The cruelest trump! the most wanton cruelty!"

The Hazeldeans in chorus. "Ho—ho—ho! Ha—ha—ha!"

The Captain, who does not laugh this time, and whose turn it is to deal, shuffles the cards for the conquering game of the rubber with as much caution and prolixity as Fabius might have employed in posting his men. The Squire gets up to stretch his legs, and the insinuation against his hospitality recurring to his thoughts, calls out to his wife—"Write to Rickeybockey to-morrow yourself, Harry, and ask him to come and spend two or three days here. There, Mrs Dale, you hear me?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dale, putting her hands to her ears in implied rebuke at the loudness of the Squire's tone. "My dear sir, do remember that I'm a sad nervous creature."

"Beg pardon," muttered Mr. Hazeldean, turning to his son, who, having got tired of the caricatures, had fished out for himself the great folio County History, which was the only book in the library that the Squire much valued, and which he usually kept under lock and key, in his study, together with the field-books and steward's accounts, but which he had reluctantly taken into the drawing-room that day, in order to oblige Captain Higginbotham. For the Higginbothams—an old Saxon family, as the name evidently denotes—had once possessed lands in that very county. And the Captain—during his visits to Hazeldean Hall—was regularly in the habit of asking to look into the County History, for the purpose of refreshing his eyes, and renovating his sense of ancestral dignity with the following paragraph therein: "To the left of the village of Dunder, and pleasantly situated in a hollow, lies Botham Hall, the residence of the ancient family of Higginbotham, as it is now commonly called. Yet it appears by the county rolls, and sundry old deeds, that the family formerly styled itself Higges, till, the Manor House lying in Botham, they gradually assumed the appellation of Higges-in-botham, and in process of time, yielding to the corruptions of the vulgar, Higginbotham."

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"What, Frank! my County History!" cried the Squire. "Mrs. H., he has got my County History!"

"Well, Hazeldean, it is time he should know something about the County."

"Ay, and History too," said Mrs. Dale, malevolently—for the little temper was by no means blown over.

FRANK.—"I'll not hurt it, I assure you, sir. But I'm very much interested just at present."

The CAPTAIN, putting down the cards to cut.—"You've got hold of that passage about Botham Hall, page 706, eh?"

FRANK.—"No; I was trying to make out how far it is to Mr. Leslie's place, Rood Hall. Do you know, mother?"

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"I can't say I do. The Leslies don't mix with the county; and Rood lies very much out of the way."

FRANK.—"Why don't they mix with the county?"

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"I believe they are poor, and therefore I suppose they are proud: they are an old family."

PARSON, thrumming on the table with great impatience: "Old fiddledee!—talking of old families when the cards have been shuffled this half hour."

CAPTAIN BARNABAS.—"Will you cut for your partner, ma'am?"

SQUIRE, who has been listening to Frank's inquiries with a musing air: "Why do you want to know the distance to Rood Hall?"

FRANK, rather hesitatingly.—"Because Randal Leslie is there for the holidays, sir."

PARSON.—"Your wife has cut for you, Mr. Hazeldean. I don't think it was quite fair; and my partner has turned up a deuce—deuce of hearts. Please to come and play, if you *mean* to play."

The Squire returns to the table, and in a few minutes the game is decided, by a dexterous finesse of the Captain, against the Hazeldeans. The clock strikes ten: the servants enter with a tray; the Squire counts up his and his wife's losings; and the Captain and Parson divide sixteen shillings between them.

SQUIRE.—"There, Parson, I hope now you'll be in a better humor. You win enough out of us to set up a coach and four."

"Tut," muttered the parson; "at the end of the year, I'm not a penny the richer for it all."

And, indeed, monstrous as that assertion seemed, it was perfectly true, for the Parson portioned out his gains into three divisions. One-third he gave to Mrs. Dale, for her own special pocket-money; what became of the second third he never owned, even to his better half—but certain it was, that every time the Parson won seven-and-sixpence, half-a-crown which nobody could account for found its way to the poor-box; while the remaining third, the Parson, it is true, openly and avowedly retained: but I have no manner of doubt that, at the year's end, it got to the poor quite as safely as if it had been put into the box.

The party had now gathered round the tray, and were helping themselves to wine and water, or wine without water—except Frank, who still remained poring over the map in the County History, with his head leaning on his hands, and his fingers plunged in his hair.

"Frank," said Mrs. Hazeldean, "I never saw you so studious before."

Frank started up, and colored, as if ashamed of being accused of too much study in any thing.

The SQUIRE, with a little embarrassment in his voice: "Pray, Frank, what do you know of Randal Leslie?"

"Why, sir, he is at Eton."

"What sort of a boy is he?" asked Mrs. Hazeldean.

Frank hesitated, as if reflecting, and then answered: "They say he is the cleverest boy in the school. But then he saps."

"In other words," said Mr. Dale with proper parsonic gravity, "he understands that he was sent to school to learn his lessons, and he learns them. You call that sapping—I call it doing his duty. But pray, who and what is this Randal Leslie, that you look so discomposed, Squire?"

"Who and what is he?" repeated the Squire, in a low growl. "Why, you know, Mr. Audley Egerton married Miss Leslie the great heiress, and this boy is a relation of hers. I may say," added the Squire, "that he is as near a relation of mine, for his grandmother was a Hazeldean. But all I know about the Leslies is, that Mr. Egerton, as I am told, having no children of his own, took up young Randal, (when his wife died, poor woman), pays for his schooling, and has, I suppose, adopted the boy as his heir. Quite welcome. Frank and I want nothing from Mr. Audley Egerton, thank heaven."

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"I can well believe in your brother's generosity to his wife's kindred," said the Parson, sturdily, "for I am sure Mr. Egerton is a man of strong feeling."

"What the deuce do you know about Mr. Egerton? I don't suppose you could ever have even spoken to him."

"Yes," said the Parson, coloring up and looking confused, "I had some conversation with him once;" and observing the Squire's surprise, he added—"when I was curate at Lansmere—and about a painful business connected with the family of one of my parishioners."

"Oh! one of your parishioners at Lansmere—one of the constituents Mr. Audley Egerton threw over, after all the pains I had taken to give him his seat. Rather odd you should never have mentioned this before, Mr. Dale!"

"My dear sir," said the Parson, sinking his voice, and in a mild tone of conciliatory expostulation, "you are so irritable whenever Mr. Egerton's name is mentioned at all."

"Irritable!" exclaimed the Squire, whose wrath had been long simmering, and now fairly boiled over. "Irritable, sir! I should think so; a man for whom I stood godfather at the hustings, Mr. Dale! a man for whose sake I was called a 'prize ox,' Mr. Dale! a man for whom I was hissed in a market-place, Mr. Dale! a man for whom I was shot at, in cold blood, by an officer in his Majesty's service, who lodged a ball in my right shoulder, Mr. Dale! a man who had the ingratitude, after all this, to turn his back on the landed interest—to deny that there was any agricultural distress in a year which broke three of the best farmers I ever had, Mr. Dale!—a man, sir, who made a speech on the Currency which was complimented by Ricardo, a Jew! Good heavens! a pretty parson you are, to stand up for a fellow complimented by a Jew! Nice ideas you must have of

Christianity. Irritable, sir!" now fairly roared the Squire, adding to the thunder of his voice the cloud of a brow, which evinced a menacing ferocity that might have done honor to Bussy D'Amboise or Fighting Fitzgerald. "Sir, if that man had not been my own half-brother, I'd have called him out. I have stood my ground before now. I have had a ball in my right shoulder. Sir, I'd have called him out."

"Mr. Hazeldean! Mr. Hazeldean! I'm shocked at you," cried the Parson; and, putting his lips close to the Squire's ear, he went on in a whisper: "What an example to your son! You'll have him fighting duels one of these days, and nobody to blame but yourself."

This warning cooled Mr. Hazeldean; and muttering, "Why the deuce did you set me off?" he fell back into his chair, and began to fan himself with his pocket-handkerchief.

The Parson skillfully and remorselessly pursued the advantage he had gained. "And now, that you may have it in your power, to show civility and kindness to a boy whom Mr. Egerton has taken up, out of respect to his wife's memory—a kinsman you say of your own—and who has never offended you—a boy whose diligence in his studies proves him to be an excellent companion to your son. Frank," (here the Parson raised his voice), "I suppose you wanted to call on young Leslie, as you were studying the county map so attentively?"

"Why, yes," answered Frank, rather timidly. "If my father did not object to it. Leslie has been very kind to me, though he is in the sixth form, and, indeed, almost the head of the school."

"Ah," said Mrs. Hazeldean, "one studious boy has a fellow-feeling for another; and though you enjoy your holidays, Frank, I am sure you read hard at school."

Mrs. Dale opened her eyes very wide, and stared in astonishment.

MRS. HAZELDEAN retorted that look with great animation. "Yes, Carry," said she, tossing her head, "though *you* may not think Frank clever, his master finds him so. He got a prize last half. That beautiful book, Frank—hold up your head, my love—what did you get it for?"

FRANK, reluctantly.—"Verses, ma'am."

MRS. HAZELDEAN, with triumph.—"Verses!—there, Carry, verses!"

FRANK, in a hurried tone.—"Yes, but Leslie wrote them for me."

MRS. HAZELDEAN, recoiling.—"O Frank! a prize for what another did for you—that was mean."

FRANK, ingenuously.—"You can't be more ashamed, mother, than I was when they gave me the prize."

MRS. DALE, though previously provoked at being snubbed by Harry, now showing the triumph of generosity over temper: "I beg your pardon, Frank. Your mother must be as proud of that shame as she was of the prize."

Mrs. Hazeldean puts her arm round Frank's neck, smiles beamingly on Mrs. Dale, and converses with her son in a low tone about Randal Leslie. Miss Jemima now approached Carry, and said in an "aside,"—"But we are forgetting poor Mr. Riccabocca. Mrs. Hazeldean, though the dearest creature in the world, has such a blunt way of inviting people—don't you think if you were to say a word to him, Carry?"

MRS. DALE kindly, as she wraps her shawl round her: "Suppose you write the note yourself. Meanwhile I shall see him, no doubt."

PARSON, putting his hand on the Squire's shoulder: "You forgive my impertinence, my kind friend. We parsons, you know, are apt to take strange liberties, when we honor and love folks, as I do you."

"Pish!" said the Squire, but his hearty smile came to his lips in spite of himself: "You always get your own way, and I suppose Frank must ride over and see this pet of my—"

"*Brother's*," quoth the Parson, concluding the sentence in a tone which gave to the sweet word so sweet a sound that the Squire would not correct the Parson, as he had been about to correct himself.

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Mr. Dale moved on; but as he passed Captain Barnabas, the benignant character of his countenance changed sadly.

"The cruelest trump, Captain Higginbotham!" said he sternly, and stalked by—majestic.

The night was so fine that the Parson and his wife, as they walked home, made a little *detour* through the shrubbery.

MRS. DALE.—"I think I have done a good piece of work to-night."

PARSON, rousing himself from a reverie.—"Have you, Carry?—it will be a very pretty handkerchief."

MRS. DALE.—"Handkerchief—nonsense, dear. Don't you think it would be a very happy thing for both, if Jemima and Signor Riccabocca could be brought together?"

PARSON.—"Brought together!"

MRS. DALE.—"You do snap one up so, my dear—I mean if I could make a match of it."

PARSON.—"I think Riccabocca is a match already, not only for Jemima, but yourself into the bargain."

MRS. DALE, smiling loftily.—"Well, we shall see. Was not Jemima's fortune about £4000?"

PARSON dreamily, for he is relapsing fast into his interrupted reverie: "Ay—ay—I daresay."

MRS. DALE.—"And she must have saved! I dare say it is nearly £6000 by this time; eh! Charles dear, you really are so—good gracious, what's that!"

As Mrs. Dale made this exclamation they had just emerged from the shrubbery, into the village green.

PARSON.—"What's what?"

MRS. DALE, pinching her husband's arm very nippingly.—"That thing—there—there."

PARSON.—"Only the new stocks, Carry; I don't wonder they frighten you, for you are a very sensible woman. I only wish they would frighten the Squire."

CHAPTER XIII.

Supposed to be a Letter from Mrs. Hazeldean to --- Riccabocca, Esq., The Casino; but edited, and indeed composed, by Miss Jemima Hazeldean.

"DEAR SIR—To a feeling heart it must always be painful to give pain to another, and (though I am sure unconsciously) you have given the *greatest* pain to poor Mr. Hazeldean and myself, indeed to *all* our little circle, in so cruelly refusing our attempts to become better acquainted with a gentleman we so highly ESTEEM. Do, pray, dear sir, make us the *amende honorable*, and give us the *pleasure* of your company for a few days at the Hall! May we expect you Saturday next?—our dinner-hour is six o'clock.

"With the best compliments of Mr. and Miss Jemima Hazeldean.

"Believe me, my dear sir, yours truly,

"H.H.

"*Hazeldean Hall.*"

Miss Jemima having carefully sealed this note, which Mrs. Hazeldean had very willingly deputed her to write, took it herself into the stable-yard, in order to give the groom proper instructions to wait for an answer. But while she was speaking to the man, Frank, equipped for riding with more than his usual dandyism, came also into the yard, calling for his pony in a loud voice, and singling out the very groom whom Miss Jemima was addressing—for, indeed, he was the smartest of all in the Squire's stables—told him to saddle the gray pad, and accompany the pony.

"No, Frank," said Miss Jemima, "you can't have George; your father wants him to go on a message—you can take Mat."

"Mat, indeed!" said Frank, grumbling with some reason; for Mat was a surly old fellow, who tied a most indefensible neckcloth, and always contrived to have a great patch in his boots; besides, he called Frank "Master," and obstinately refused to trot down hill; "Mat, indeed!—let Mat take the message, and George go with me."

But Miss Jemima had also her reasons for rejecting Mat. Mat's foible was not servility, and he always showed true English independence in all houses where he was not invited to take his ale in the servants' hall. Mat might offend Signor Riccabocca, and spoil all. An animated altercation ensued, in the midst of which the Squire and his wife entered the yard, with the intention of driving in the conjugal gig to the market town. The matter was referred to the natural umpire by both the contending parties.

The Squire looked with great contempt on his son. "And what do you want a groom at all for? Are you afraid of tumbling off the pony?"

FRANK.—"No, sir; but I like to go as a gentleman, when I pay a visit to a gentleman!"

"SQUIRE, in high wrath.—"You precious puppy! I think I'm as good a gentleman as you, any day, and I should like to know when you ever saw me ride to call on a neighbor, with a fellow jingling at my heels, like that upstart Ned Spankie, whose father kept a cotton-mill. First time I ever heard of a Hazeldean thinking a livery-coat was necessary to prove his gentility!"

MRS. HAZELDEAN, observing Frank coloring, and about to reply.—"Hush, Frank, never answer your father—and you are going to call on Mr. Leslie?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I am very much obliged to my father for letting me," said Frank, taking the Squire's hand.

"Well, but, Frank," continued Mrs. Hazeldean, "I think you heard that the Leslies were very poor."

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"And would you run the chance of wounding the pride of a gentleman, as well born as yourself, by affecting any show of being richer than he is?"

SQUIRE, with great admiration.—"Harry, I'd give £10 to have said that!"

FRANK, leaving the Squire's hand to take his mother's.—"You're quite right, mother—nothing could be more *snobbish!*"

SQUIRE.—"Give us your fist too, sir; you'll be a chip of the old block, after all."

Frank smiled, and walked off to his pony.

MRS. HAZELDEAN to Miss Jemima.—"Is that the note you were to write for me?"

MISS JEMIMA.—"Yes, I supposed you did not care about seeing it, so I have sealed it and given it to George."

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"But Frank will pass close by the Casino on his way to the Leslies'. It may be more civil if he leaves the note himself."

MISS JEMIMA, hesitatingly.—"Do you think so?"

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"Yes, certainly. Frank—Frank—as you pass by the Casino, call on Mr. Riccabocca, give this note, and say we shall be heartily glad if he will come."

Frank nods.

"Stop a bit," cried the Squire. "If Rickeybockey's at home, 'tis ten to one if he don't ask you to take a glass of wine! If he does, mind, 'tis worse than asking you to take a turn on the rack. Faugh! you remember, Harry?—I thought it was all up with me."

"Yes," cried Mrs. Hazeldean, "for Heaven's sake, not a drop! Wine indeed!"

"Don't talk of it," cried the Squire, making a wry face.

"I'll take care, sir!" said Frank, laughing as he disappeared within the stable, followed by Miss Jemima, who now coaxingly makes it up with him, and does not leave off her admonitions to be extremely polite to the poor foreign gentleman, till Frank gets his foot into the stirrup; and the pony, who knows who he has got to deal with, gives a preparatory plunge or two and then darts out of the yard.

To be continued.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

THE EVERY-DAY MARRIED LADY.

It might be supposed that the every-day married lady was formerly the every-day young lady, and has now merely changed her condition. But this is not the case, for nothing is more common than to see the most holiday spinsters settle down into the most working-day matrons. The married lady, in fact, of the species we would describe, has no descent in particular. If you can imagine a pupa coming into the world of itself without any connection with the larva, or an imago unconscious of the pupa, that is the every-day married lady. She is born at the altar, conjured into life by the ceremonial, and having utterly lost her individual existence, becomes from that moment a noun of multitude. People may say, "Oh, this is our old acquaintance, Miss Smith!" but that is only calling names, for the identity is gone. If she is any thing at all but what appertains to the present, she is the late Miss Smith, who has survived herself, and changed into a family.

We would insist upon this peculiarity of the every-day married lady—that her existence is collective. Her very language is in the plural number—such as we, ours, and us. She respects the rights of paternity so much, as never to permit herself to talk of her children as peculiarly her own. Her individuality being merged in her husband and their actual or possible offspring, she has no private thoughts, no wishes, no hopes, no fears but for the concern. And this is all the better for her tranquillity: for although a part of her husband, she does not quite fancy that he is a part of her. She leaves at least the business to his management, and if she does advise and suggest on occasions, she thinks that somehow things will come out very well. She feels that she is only a passenger; and although, as such, she may recommend the skipper to shorten sail when weathering a critical point, or, for the sake of safety, to come to anchor in the middle of the sea, she has still a certain faith in his skill or luck, and sleeps quietly in the storm. For this reason the every day married lady is comfortable in the figure, and has usually good round features of her own. The Miss Smith she has survived had a slender waist and small delicate hands; but this lady is a very tolerable armful, and the wedding-ring makes such a hollow on her finger, that one might think it would be difficult to get off.

The every-day married lady is commonly reported to be selfish; but this is a mistake. At least her

selfishness embraces the whole family circle: it has no personality. When the wife of a poor man, she will sit up half the night sewing and darning, but not a stitch for herself: that can be done at any time; but the boys must go comfortably to school, and the girls look genteel on the street, and the husband—to think of Mr. Brown wanting a button on his shirt! She looks selfish, because her eye is always on her own, and because she talks of what she is always thinking about; but how can one be selfish who is perpetually postponing herself, who dresses the plainest, eats the coarsest, and sleeps the least of the family? She never puts herself forward in company unless her young ladies want backing; but yet she never feels herself overlooked, for every word, every glance bestowed upon them, is communicated electrically to her. She is, indeed, in such perfect *rapport* with the concern, that it is no uncommon thing for her to go home chuckling with amusement, overpowered with delight, from a party at which she had not once opened her lips. This is the party which she pronounces to have "gone off" well. Half-observant people fancy that the calculation is made on the score of the jellies and ice, and singing and dancing, and so on, and influenced by a secret comparison with her own achievements; but she has more depth than they imagine, and finer sympathies—they don't understand her.

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Not that the every-day married lady is unsocial—not at all: all comfortable people are social; but she is partial to her own class, and does not care to carry her confidences out of it. She has several intimate friends whom she is fond of meeting; but besides that, she is a sort of freemason in her way, and finds out every-day people by the word and sign. Rank has very little to do with this society, as you will find if you observed her sitting at a cottage door, where, in purchasing a draught of milk, she has recognized a sister. If these two every-day married women had been rocked in the same cradle, they could not talk more intimately; and, indeed, they have heavy matters to talk about, for of all the babies that ever came into this breathing world, theirs were the most extraordinary babies. The miracle is, that any of them are extant after such outrageous measles, and scarlet fevers, and chicken-poxes—prophesied of, so to speak, even before their birth, by memorabilia that might have alarmed Dr. Simson. The interlocutors part very well pleased with each other: the cottager proud to find that she has so much in common with a real lady, and the lady pronouncing the reflection of herself she had met with to be a most sensible individual.

Although careless in this instance of the circumstance of rank, the every-day married lady has but little sympathy with the class of domestic servants. She looks upon her servants, in fact, as in some sort her natural enemies, and her life may therefore be said to be passed at the best in a state of armed neutrality. She commonly proceeds on the allowance system; and this is the best way, as it prevents so many sickening apprehensions touching that leg of mutton. Indeed the appetite of servants is a constant puzzle to her: she can not make it out. She has a sharp eye, too, upon the policeman, and wonders what on earth he always looks down her area for. As for followers, that is quite out of the question. Servants stay long enough upon their errands to talk to all the men and women in the parish; and the idea of having an acquaintance now and then besides—more especially of the male sex—tramping into the kitchen to see them, is wildly unnatural. She tells of a sailor whom she once detected sitting in the coolest possible manner by the fireside. When she appeared, the man rose up and bowed—and then sat down again. Think of that! The artful girl said he was her brother!—and here all the every-day married ladies in the company laugh bitterly. Since that time she has been haunted by a sailor, and smells tar in all sorts of places.

If she ever has a passable servant, whom she is able to keep for a reasonable number of years, she gets gradually attached to her, and pets and coddles her. Betty is a standing testimony to her nice discrimination, and a perpetual premium on her successful rearing of servants. But alas! the end of it all is, that the respectable creature gets married to the green grocer, and leaves her indulgent mistress: a striking proof of the heartlessness and ingratitude of the whole tribe! If it is not marriage, however, that calls her away, but bad health; if she goes home unwell, or is carried to the infirmary—what then? Why, then, we are sorry to say, she passes utterly away from the observation and memory of the every-day married lady. This may be reckoned a bad trait in her character; and yet it is in some degree allied to the great virtue of her life. Servants are the evil principle in her household, which it is her business to combat and hold in obedience. A very large proportion of her time is spent in this virtuous warfare; and success on her part ought to be considered deserving of the gratitude of the vanquished, without imposing burdens upon the victor.

The every-day married lady is the inventor of a thing which few foreign nations have as yet adopted either in their houses or languages. This thing is Comfort. The word can not well be defined, the items that enter into its composition being so numerous, that a description would read like a catalogue. We all understand, however, what it means, although few of us are sensible of the source of the enjoyment. A widower has very little comfort, and a bachelor none at all; while a married man—provided his wife be an every-day married lady—enjoys it in perfection. But he enjoys it unconsciously, and therefore ungratefully: it is a thing of course—a necessary, a right, of the want of which he complains without being distinctly sensible of its presence. Even when it acquires sufficient intensity to arrest his attention, when his features and his heart soften, and he looks round with a half smile on his face, and says, "This is comfort!" it never occurs to him to inquire where it all comes from. His every-day wife is sitting quietly in the corner: it was not she who lighted the fire, or dressed the dinner, or drew the curtains, and it never occurs to him to think that all these, and a hundred other circumstances of the moment, owe their virtue to her spiriting, and that the comfort which enriches the atmosphere, which sparkles in the embers, which broods in the shadowy parts of the room, which glows in his own

full heart, emanates from her, and encircles her like an aureola. We have suggested, on a former occasion, that our conventional notions of the sex, in its gentle, modest, and retiring characteristics, are derived from the every-day young lady; and in like manner we venture to opine that the every-day married lady is *the* English wife of foreigners and moralists. Thus she is a national character, and a personage of history; and yet there she sits all the while in that corner, knitting something or other, and thinking to herself that she had surely smelt a puff of tar as she was passing the pantry.

The curious thing is, that the dispenser of comfort can do with a very small share of it herself. When her husband does not dine at home, it is surprising what odds and ends are sufficient to make up the dinner. Perhaps the best part of it is a large slice of bread-and-butter; for it is wasting the servants' time to make them cook when there is *nobody* to be at the table. But she makes up for this at tea: that *is* a comfortable meal for the every-day married lady. The husband, a matter-of-fact, impassive fellow, swallows down his two or three cups in utter unconsciousness of the poetry of the occasion; while the wife pauses on every sip, drinks in the aroma as well as the infusion, fills slowly and lingeringly out, and creams and sugars as if her hands dallied over a labor of love. With her daughters, in the mean time, grown up, or even half-grown up, she exchanges words and looks of motherly and masonic intelligence: she is moulding them to comfort, initiating them in every-dayism; and as their heads bend companionably toward each other, you see at a glance that the girls will do honor to their breeding. The husband calls this "dawdling," and already begins to fret. Let him: he knows nothing about it.

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It is surprising the affection of the daughters for their every-day mother. Not that the sentiment is steady and uniform in its expression, for sometimes one might suppose mamma to be forgotten, or at least considered only as a daily necessary not requiring any special notice. But wait till a grief comes, and mark to what bosom the panting girl flies for refuge and comfort; see with what *abandon* she flings her arms round that maternal neck, and with what a passionate burst the hitherto repressed tears gush forth. This is something more than habit, something more than filial trust. There are more senses than five in human nature—or seven either: there is a fine and subtle link between these two beings—a common atmosphere of thought and feeling, impalpable and imperceptible, yet necessary to the souls of both. If you doubt it—if you doubt that there is a moral attraction in the every-day married lady, irrespective of blood-affinity, carry your view forward to another generation, and interrogate those witnesses who are never mistaken in character, and who never give false testimony—little children. They dote on their every-day grandmamma. Their natures, not yet seared and hardened by the world, understand hers; and with something of the fresh perfume of Eden about them still, they recognize instinctively those blessed souls to whom God has given to love little children.

This is farther shown when the every-day married lady dies. What is there in the character we have drawn to account for the shock the whole family receives? The husband feels as if a thunder-cloud had fallen, and gathered, and blackened upon his heart, through which he could never again see the sun. The grown-up children, especially the females, are distracted; "their purposes are broken off;" they desire to have nothing more to do with the world: they lament as those who will not be comforted. Even common acquaintances look round them, when they enter the house, with uneasiness and anxiety—

"We miss her when the morning calls,
As one that mingled in our mirth:
We miss her when the evening falls—
A trifle wanted on the earth!

"Some fancy small, or subtle thought,
Is checked ere to its blossom grown;
Some chain is broken that we wrought,
Now—she hath flown!"

And so she passes away—this every-day married lady—leaving memorials of her commonplace existence every where throughout the circle in which she lived, moved, and had her being, and after having stamped herself permanently upon the constitution, both moral and physical, of her descendants.

ANECDOTE OF A SINGER.

Signora Grassini, the great Italian singer, died a few months since at Milan. She was distinguished not only for her musical talents, but also for her beauty and powers of theatrical expression. One evening in 1810, she and Signor Crescentini performed together at the Tuileries, and sang in "Romeo and Juliet." At the admirable scene in the third act, the Emperor Napoleon applauded vociferously, and Talma, the great tragedian, who was among the audience, wept with emotion. After the performance was ended, the Emperor conferred the decoration of a high order on Crescentini, and sent Grassini a scrap of paper, on which was written, "Good for 20,000 livres. —NAPOLEON."

"Twenty thousand francs!" said one of her friends—"the sum is a large one."

"It will serve as a dowry for one of my little nieces," replied Grassini quietly.

Indeed few persons were ever more generous, tender, and considerate toward their family than this great singer.

Many years afterward, when the Empire had crumbled into dust, carrying with it in its fall, among other things, the rich pension of Signora Grassini, she happened to be at Bologna. There another of her nieces was for the first time presented to her, with a request that she would do something for her young relative. The little girl was extremely pretty, but not, her friends thought, fitted for the stage, as her voice was a feeble contralto. Her aunt asked her to sing; and when the timid voice had sounded a few notes, "Dear child," said Grassini, embracing her, "you will not want *me* to assist you. Those who called your voice a contralto were ignorant of music. You have one of the finest sopranos in the world, and will far excel me as a singer. Take courage, and work hard, my love: your throat will win a shower of gold." The young girl did not disappoint her aunt's prediction. She still lives, and her name is Giulia Grisi.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

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WHEN THE SUMMER COMES.

I once knew a little boy, a little child of three years old; one of those bright creatures whose fair loveliness seems more of heaven than of earth—even at a passing glimpse stirring our hearts, and filling them with purer and holier thought. But this, the little Francie, was more of a cherub than an angel,—as we picture them—with his gladsome hazel eyes, his dazzling fairness, his clustering golden hair, and his almost winged step. Such he was, at least, until sickness laid its heavy hand on him; then, indeed, when, after days of burning, wasting fever—hours of weary restlessness—the little hand at last lay motionless outside the scarcely whiter coverlet of his tiny bed, the fair, still head, pressed down upon the pillow, and the pale face gazing with the silent wonder of returning consciousness on the anxious ones around it; then, indeed, a bright yet pitying look would flit across it, or dwell in the earnest eyes—a look such as we assign to angels in our dreams, when some fond fancy seems to bring them near us, weeping for mortal griefs beyond their remedy.

It was a strange sickness for one so young—the struggle of typhus fever with a baby frame; but life and youth obtained the victory; and quicker even than hope could venture to expect, the pulses rallied, the cheeks grew round and rosy, and the little wasted limbs filled up again. Health was restored—health, but not strength: we thought this for a while. We did not wonder that the weakened limbs refused their office, and still we waited on in hope, until days, and even weeks, passed by: then it was found that the complaint had left its bitter sting, and little Francie could not walk a step, or even stand.

Many and tedious and painful were the remedies resorted to; yet the brave little heart bore stoutly up, with that wonderful fortitude, almost heroism, which all who have watched by suffering childhood, when the tractable spirit bends to its early discipline, must at some time or other have remarked. Francie's fortitude might have afforded an example to many; but a dearer lesson was given in the hopeful spirit with which the little fellow himself noted the effect of each distressing remedy, marking each stage of progress, and showing off with eager gladness every step attained, from the first creeping on the hands and knees, to the tiptoe journey round the room, holding on by chairs and tables; then to the clinging to some loving hand; and then, at last, the graceful balancing of his light body, until he stood quite erect alone, and so moved slowly on.

It was in autumn this illness seized on the little one, just when the leaves were turning, and the orchard fruits becoming ripe. His nurse attributed it all to his sitting on a grassy bank at play on one of those uncertain autumn days; but he, in his childish way, always maintained "It was Francie himself—eating red berries in the holly bower." However this may have been, the season and the time seemed indelibly impressed upon his mind. In all his long confinement to the house, his thoughts continually turned to outward objects, to the external face of nature and the season's change, and evermore his little word of hope was this, "When the *summer* comes!"

He kept it up throughout the long winter, and the bleak cold spring. A fairy little carriage had been provided for him, in which, well wrapped up from the cold, and resting on soft cushions, he was lightly drawn along by a servant, to his own great delight, and the admiration of many a young beholder. But when any one—attempting to reconcile him the better to his position—expatiated on the beauty or comfort of his new acquisition, his eager look and word would show how far he went beyond it, as, quickly interrupting, he would exclaim, "Wait till the summer comes—then Francie will walk again!"

During the winter there was a fearful storm, it shook the windows, moaned in the old trees, and howled down the chimneys with a most menacing voice. Older hearts than Francie's quailed that night, and he, unable to sleep, lay listening to it all—quiet, but asking many a question, as his excited fancy formed similitudes to the sounds. One time it was poor little children cruelly turned out, and wailing; then something trilling, with its last hoarse cry; then wolves and bears, from far-off other lands. But all the while Francie knew he was snug and safe himself: no fears disturbed him, whatever the noise may have done. Throughout the whole of it he carried his one steadfast

hope, and, in the morning telling of it all, with all his marvelous thoughts, he finished his relation with the never-failing word of comfort, "Ah! there shall be no loud wind, no waking nights, when once the summer comes!"

The summer came with its glad birds and flowers, its balmy air; and who can paint the exquisite delight of the suffering child that had waited for it so long? Living almost continually in the open air he seemed to expect fresh health and strength from each reviving breath he drew, and every day would deem himself capable of some greater effort, as if to prove that his expectation had not been in vain.

One lovely day he and his little playfellows were in a group amusing themselves in part of the garden, when some friends passed through. Francie, longing to show how much he could do, entreated hard to be taken with them "along the walk, just to the holly bower." His request was granted, and on he did walk; quick at first, then slowly slower: but still upheld by his strong faith in the summer's genial influence, he would not rest in any of the offered arms, though the fitful color went and came, and the pauses grew more and more frequent. No, with a heavy sigh he admitted, "'Tis a very, very long walk *now*; but Francie must not be tired: sure the summer is come." And so, determined not to admit fatigue in the face of the season's bright proofs around him, he succeeded in accomplishing his little task at last.

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Thus the summer passed away, and again came the changing autumn, acting on poor little Francie to a degree he had never reckoned on, and with its chill, damp airs, nearly throwing him back again. With a greater effort even than before, he had again tried the walk to the holly bower, the scene of his self-accusing misdemeanor as the cause of all his sufferings. He sat down to rest; above his head, as the autumnal breeze swept through them, "the polished leaves and berries red did rustling play;" and as little Francie looked upward toward them, a memory of the former year, and of all the time that had passed since then, seemed for the first time mournfully to steal over his heart. He nestled in closer to his mother's side; and still looking up, but with more thoughtful eyes, he said, "Mamma, is the summer *quite* gone?"

"Yes, my darling. Don't you see the scarlet berries, the food of winter for the little birds?"

"Quite gone, mamma, and Francie not quite well?"

His mother looked away; she could not bear her child to see the tell-tale tears his mournful little words called up, or know the sad echo returned by her own desponding thoughts. There was a moment's silence, only broken by the blackbird's song; and then she felt a soft, a little kiss, upon her hand, and looking down, she saw her darling's face—yes, surely now it was as an angel's—gazing upward to her, brightly beaming, brighter than ever; and his rosy lips just parted with their own sweet smile again, as he exclaimed in joyous tones, "Mamma, the summer will come again!"

Precious was that heaven-born word of childish faith to the careworn mother, to cheer her then, and, with its memory of hope, still to sustain her through many an after-experiment and anxious watch, until, at last, she reaped her rich reward in the complete realization of her bright one's hope. Precious to more than her such words may be, if bravely stemming our present trouble, whatsoever it be—bravely enduring, persevering, encouraging others and ourselves, even as that little child—we hold the thought, that as the revolving year brings round its different seasons, as day succeeds to night—and even as surely as we look for this, and know it—so to the trusting heart there comes a time—it may be soon or late, it may be now, or it may be *then*—when this grief or grievance will have passed away; and so 'twill all seem nothing—when the summer comes!

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

VILLAINY OUTWITTED—FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

The respectable agent of a rather eminent French house arrived one morning in great apparent distress at Scotland Yard, and informed the superintendent that he had just sustained a great, almost ruinous loss, in notes of the Bank of England, and commercial bills of exchange, besides a considerable sum in gold. He had, it appeared, been absent in Paris about ten days, and on his return but a few hours previously, discovered that his iron chest had been completely rifled during his absence. False keys must have been used, as the empty chest was found locked, and no sign of violence could be observed. He handed in full written details of the property carried off, the numbers of the notes, and every other essential particular. The first step taken was to ascertain if any of the notes had been tendered at the bank. Not one had been presented; payment was of course stopped, and advertisements descriptive of the bills of exchange, as well as of the notes, were inserted in the evening and following morning papers. A day or two afterward, a considerable reward was offered for such information as might lead to the apprehension of the offenders. No result followed; and in spite of the active exertions of the officers employed, not the slightest clew could be obtained to the perpetrators of the robbery. The junior partner in the firm, M. Bellebon, in the mean time arrived in England, to assist in the

investigation, and was naturally extremely urgent in his inquiries; but the mystery which enveloped the affair remained impenetrable. At last a letter, bearing the St. Martin-le-Grand post-mark, was received by the agent, M. Alexandre le Breton, which contained an offer to surrender the whole of the plunder, with the exception of the gold, for the sum of one thousand pounds. The property which had been abstracted was more than ten times that sum, and had been destined by the French house to meet some heavy liabilities falling due in London very shortly. Le Breton had been ordered to pay the whole amount into Hoare's to the account of the firm, and had indeed been severely blamed for not having done so as he received the different notes and bills; and it was on going to the chest immediately on his return from Paris, for the purpose of fulfilling the peremptory instructions he had received, that M. le Breton discovered the robbery.

The letter went on to state that should the offer be acceded to, a mystically-worded advertisement—of which a copy was inclosed—was to be inserted in the "Times," and then a mode would be suggested for safely—in the interest of the thieves of course—carrying the agreement into effect. M. Bellebon was half-inclined to close with this proposal, in order to save the credit of the house, which would be destroyed unless its acceptances, now due in about fourteen days, could be met; and without the stolen moneys and bills of exchange, this was, he feared, impossible. The superintendent, to whom M. Bellebon showed the letter, would not hear of compliance with such a demand, and threatened a prosecution for composition of felony if M. Bellebon persisted in doing so. The advertisement was, however, inserted, and an immediate reply directed that Le Breton, the agent, should present himself at the Old Manor-House, Green Lanes, Newington, unattended, at four o'clock on the following afternoon, bringing with him of course the stipulated sum *in gold*. It was added, that to prevent any possible treason (*trahison*, the letter was written in French), Le Breton would find a note for him at the tavern, informing him of the spot—a solitary one, and far away from any place where an ambush could be concealed—where the business would be concluded, and to which he must proceed unaccompanied, and on foot! This proposal was certainly quite as ingenious as it was cool, and the chance of out-witting such cunning rascals seemed exceedingly doubtful. A very tolerable scheme was, however, hit upon, and M. le Breton proceeded at the appointed hour to the Old Manor-House. No letter or message had been left for him, and nobody obnoxious to the slightest suspicion could be seen near or about the tavern. On the following day another missive arrived, which stated that the writer was quite aware of the trick which the police had intended playing him, and he assured M. Bellebon that such a line of conduct was as unwise as it would be fruitless, inasmuch as if "good faith" was not observed, the securities and notes would be inexorably destroyed or otherwise disposed of, and the house of Bellebon and Company be consequently exposed to the shame and ruin of bankruptcy.

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Just at this crisis of the affair I arrived in town from an unsuccessful hunt after some fugitives who had slipped through my fingers at Plymouth. The superintendent laughed heartily, not so much at the trick by which I had been duped, as at the angry mortification I did not affect to conceal. He presently added, "I have been wishing for your return, in order to intrust you with a tangled affair, in which success will amply compensate for such a disappointment. You know French too, which is fortunate; for the gentleman who has been plundered understands little or no English." He then related the foregoing particulars, with other apparently slight circumstances; and after a long conversation with him, I retired to think the matter over, and decide upon the likeliest mode of action. After much cogitation, I determined to see M. Bellebon *alone*; and for this purpose I dispatched the waiter of a tavern adjacent to his lodgings, with a note expressive of my wish to see him instantly on pressing business. He was at home, and immediately acceded to my request. I easily introduced myself; and after about a quarter of an hour's conference, said carelessly—for I saw he was too heedless of speech, too quick and frank, to be intrusted with the dim suspicions which certain trifling indices had suggested to me—"Is Monsieur le Breton at the office where the robbery was committed?"

"No: he is gone to Greenwich on business, and will not return till late in the evening. But if you wish to re-examine the place, I can of course enable you to do so."

"It will, I think, be advisable; and you will, if you please," I added, as we emerged into the street, "permit me to take you by the arm, in order that the *official* character of my visit may not be suspected by any one there."

He laughingly complied, and we arrived at the house arm-in-arm. We were admitted by an elderly woman; and there was a young man—a mustached clerk—seated at a desk in an inner room writing. He eyed me for a moment, somewhat askance, I thought, but I gave him no opportunity for a distinct view of my features; and I presently handed M. Bellebon a card, on which I had contrived to write, unobserved, "send away the clerk." This was more naturally done than I anticipated; and in answer to M. Bellebon's glance of inquiry, I merely said, "that as I did not wish to be known there as a police-officer, it was essential that the minute search I was about to make should be without witnesses." He agreed; and the woman was also sent away upon a distant errand. Every conceivable place did I ransack; every scrap of paper that had writing on it I eagerly perused. At length the search was over, apparently without result.

"You are quite sure, Monsieur Bellebon, as you informed the superintendent, that Monsieur le Breton has no female relations or acquaintances in this country?"

"Positive," he replied. "I have made the most explicit inquiries on the subject both of the clerk Dubarle, and of the woman-servant."

Just then the clerk returned, out of breath with haste, I noticed, and I took my leave without even

now affording the young gentleman so clear a view of my face as he was evidently anxious to obtain.

"No female acquaintance!" thought I, as I re-entered the private room of the tavern I had left an hour before. "From whom came, then, these scraps of perfumed note-paper I have found in his desk, I wonder?" I sat down and endeavored to piece them out, but after considerable trouble, satisfied myself that they were parts of different notes, and so small, unfortunately, as to contain nothing which separately afforded any information except that they were all written by one hand, and that a female one.

About two hours after this I was sauntering along in the direction of Stoke-Newington, where I was desirous of making some inquiries as to another matter, and had passed the Kingslaw Gate a few hundred yards, when a small discolored printed handbill, lying in a haberdasher's shop window, arrested my attention. It ran thus: "Two guineas reward.—Lost, an Italian gray-hound. The tip of its tail has been chopped off, and it answers to the name of Fidèle." Underneath, the reader was told in writing to "inquire within."

"Fidèle!" I mentally exclaimed. "Any relation to M. le Breton's fair correspondent Fidèle, I wonder?" In a twinkling my pocket-book was out, and I reperused by the gas-light on one of the perfumed scraps of paper the following portion of a sentence, "*ma pauvre Fidèle est per—*" The bill, I observed, was dated nearly three weeks previously. I forthwith entered the shop, and pointing to the bill, said I knew a person who had found such a dog as was there advertised for. The woman at the counter said she was glad to hear it, as the lady, formerly a customer of theirs, was much grieved at the animal's loss.

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"What is the lady's name?" I asked.

"I can't rightly pronounce the name," was the reply. "It is French, I believe; but here it is, with the address, in the day-book, written by herself."

I eagerly read—"Madame Levasseur, Oak Cottage; about one mile on the road from Edmonton to Southgate." The handwriting greatly resembled that on the scraps I had taken from M. le Breton's desk; and the writer was French too! Here were indications of a trail which might lead to un hoped-for success, and I determined to follow it up vigorously. After one or two other questions, I left the shop, promising to send the dog to the lady the next day. My business at Stoke-Newington was soon accomplished. I then hastened westward to the establishment of a well-known dog-fancier, and procured the loan, at a reasonable price, of an ugly Italian hound: the requisite loss of the tip of its tail was very speedily accomplished, and so quickly healed, that the newness of the excision could not be suspected. I arrived at the lady's residence about twelve o'clock on the following day, so thoroughly disguised as a vagabond Cockney dog-stealer, that my own wife, when I entered the breakfast parlor just previous to starting, screamed with alarm and surprise. The mistress of Oak Cottage was at home, but indisposed, and the servant said she would take the dog to her, though, if I would take it out of the basket, she herself could tell me if it was Fidèle or not. I replied that I would only show the dog to the lady, and would not trust it out of my hands. This message was carried up-stairs, and after waiting some time outside—for the woman, with natural precaution, considering my appearance, for the safety of the portable articles lying about, had closed the street-door in my face—I was re-admitted, desired to wipe my shoes carefully, and walk up. Madame Levasseur, a showy-looking woman, though not over-refined in speech or manners, was seated on a sofa, in vehement expectation of embracing her dear Fidèle; but my vagabond appearance so startled her, that she screamed loudly for her husband, M. Levasseur. This gentleman, a fine, tall, whiskered, mustached person, hastened into the apartment half-shaved, and with his razor in his hand.

"Qu'est ce qu'il y a donc?" he demanded.

"Mais voyez cette horreur là," replied the lady, meaning me, not the dog, which I was slowly emancipating from the basket-kennel. The gentleman laughed; and reassured by the presence of her husband, Madame Levasseur's anxieties concentrated themselves upon the expected Fidèle.

"Mais, mon Dieu!" she exclaimed again as I displayed the aged beauty I had brought for her inspection, "why, that is not Fidèle!"

"Not, marm?" I answered, with quite innocent surprise. "Vy, ere is her wery tail;" and I held up the mutilated extremity for her closer inspection. The lady was not, however, to be convinced even by that evidence; and as the gentleman soon became impatient of my persistence, and hinted very intelligibly that he had a mind to hasten my passage down stairs with the toe of his boot, I, having made the best possible use of my eyes during the short interview, scrambled up the dog and basket, and departed.

"No female relative or acquaintance hasn't he?" was my exulting thought as I gained the road. "And yet if that is not M. le Breton's picture between those of the husband and wife, I am a booby, and a blind one." I no longer in the least doubted that I had struck a brilliant trail; and I could have shouted with exultation, so eager was I not only to retrieve my, as I fancied, somewhat tarnished reputation for activity and skill, but to extricate the plundered firm from their terrible difficulties; the more especially as young M. Bellebon, with the frankness of his age and nation, had hinted to me—and the suddenly-tremulous light of his fine expressive eyes testified to the acuteness of his apprehensions—that his marriage with a long-loved and amiable girl depended upon his success in saving the credit of his house.

That same evening, about nine o'clock, M. Levasseur, expensively, but withal snobbishly attired, left Oak Cottage, walked to Edmonton, hailed a cab, and drove off rapidly toward town, followed by an English swell as stylishly and snobbishly dressed, wigged, whiskered, and mustached as himself: this English swell being no other than myself, as prettily metamorphosed and made up for the part I intended playing as heart could wish.

M. Levasseur descended at the end of the Quadrant, Regent-street, and took his way to Vine-street, leading out of that celebrated thoroughfare. I followed; and observing him enter a public-house, unhesitatingly did the same. It was a house of call and general rendezvous for foreign servants out of place. Valets, couriers, cooks, of many varieties of shade, nation, and respectability, were assembled there, smoking, drinking, and playing at an insufferably noisy game, unknown, I believe, to Englishmen, and which must, I think, have been invented in sheer despair of cards, dice, or other implements of gambling. The sole instruments of play were the gamesters' fingers, of which the two persons playing suddenly and simultaneously uplifted as many, or as few as they pleased, each player alternately calling a number; and if he named precisely how many fingers were held up by himself and opponent, he marked a point. The hubbub of cries—"cinq," "neuf," "dix," &c.—was deafening. The players—almost every body in the large room—were too much occupied to notice our entrance; and M. Levasseur and myself seated ourselves, and called for something to drink, without, I was glad to see, exciting the slightest observation. M. Levasseur, I soon perceived, was an intimate acquaintance of many there; and somewhat to my surprise, for he spoke French very well, I found that he was a Swiss. His name was, I therefore concluded, assumed. Nothing positive rewarded my watchfulness that evening; but I felt quite sure Levasseur had come there with the expectation of meeting some one, as he did not play, and went away about half-past eleven o'clock with an obviously discontented air. The following night it was the same; but the next, who should peer into the room about half-past ten, and look cautiously round, but M. Alexandre le Breton! The instant the eyes of the friends met, Levasseur rose and went out. I hesitated to follow, lest such a movement might excite suspicion; and it was well I did not, as they both presently returned, and seated themselves close by my side. The anxious, haggard countenance of Le Breton—who had, I should have before stated, been privately pointed out to me by one of the force early on the morning I visited Oak Cottage—struck me forcibly, especially in contrast with that of Levasseur, which wore only an expression of malignant and ferocious triumph, slightly dashed by temporary disappointment. Le Breton staid but a short time; and the only whispered words I caught were—"He has, I fear, some suspicion."

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The anxiety and impatience of M. Bellebon while this was going on became extreme, and he sent me note after note—the only mode of communication I would permit—expressive of his consternation at the near approach of the time when the engagements of his house would arrive at maturity, without any thing having in the meantime been accomplished. I pitied him greatly, and after some thought and hesitation, resolved upon a new and bolder game. By affecting to drink a great deal, occasionally playing, and in other ways exhibiting a reckless, devil-may-care demeanor, I had striven to insinuate myself into the confidence and companionship of Levasseur, but hitherto without much effect; and although once I could see, startled by a casual hint I dropped to another person—one of ours—just sufficiently loud for him to hear—that I knew a sure and safe market for stopped Bank of England notes, the cautious scoundrel quickly subsided into his usual guarded reserve. He evidently doubted me, and it was imperatively necessary to remove those doubts. This was at last effectually, and, as I am vain enough to think, cleverly done. One evening a rakish-looking man, who ostentatiously and repeatedly declared himself to be Mr. Trelawney, of Conduit-street, and who was evidently three parts intoxicated, seated himself directly in front of us, and with much braggart impudence boasted of his money, at the same time displaying a pocket-book, which seemed pretty full of Bank of England notes. There were only a few persons present in the room besides us, and they were at the other end of the room. Levasseur I saw noticed with considerable interest the look of greed and covetousness which I fixed on that same pocket-book. At length the stranger rose to depart. I also hurried up and slipped after him, and was quietly and slyly followed by Levasseur. After proceeding about a dozen paces, I looked furtively about, but *not* behind; robbed Mr. Trelawney of his pocket-book, which he had placed in one of the tails of his coat; crossed over the street, and walked hurriedly away, still, I could hear, followed by Levasseur. I entered another public-house, strode into an empty back-room, and was just in the act of examining my prize, when in stepped Levasseur. He looked triumphant as Lucifer, as he clapped me on the shoulder, and said in a low exulting voice, "I saw that pretty trick, Williams, and can, if I like, transport you!"

My consternation was naturally extreme, and Levasseur laughed immensely at the terror he excited. "*Soyez tranquille*," he said at last, at the same time ringing the bell, "I shall not hurt you." He ordered some wine, and after the waiter had fulfilled the order, and left the room, said, "Those notes of Mr. Trelawney's will of course be stopped in the morning, but I think I once heard you say you knew of a market for such articles?"

I hesitated, coyly unwilling to further commit myself. "Come, come," resumed Levasseur, in a still low but menacing tone, "no nonsense. I have you now; you are, in fact, entirely in my power: but be candid, and you are safe. Who is your friend?"

"He is not in town now," I stammered.

"Stuff—humbug! I have myself some notes to change. There, now we understand each other. What does he give, and how does he dispose of them?"

"He gives about a third generally, and gets rid of them abroad. They reach the Bank through *bonâ-fide* and innocent holders, and in that case the Bank is of course bound to pay."

"Is that the law also with respect to bills of exchange?"

"Yes, to be sure it is."

"And is *amount* of any consequence to your friend?"

"None, I believe, whatever."

"Well, then, you must introduce me to him."

"No, that I can't," I hurriedly answered. "He won't deal with strangers."

"You *must*, I tell you, or I will call an officer." Terrified by this threat, I muttered that his name was Levi Samuel.

"And where does Levi Samuel live?"

"That," I replied, "I *can not* tell; but I know how to communicate with him."

Finally, it was settled by Levasseur that I should dine at Oak Cottage the next day but one, and that I should arrange with Samuel to meet us there immediately afterward. The notes and bills he had to dispose of, I was to inform Samuel, amounted to nearly twelve thousand pounds, and I was promised £500 for effecting the bargain.

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"Five hundred pounds, remember, Williams," said Levasseur, as we parted; "or, if you deceive me, transportation. You can prove nothing regarding *me*, whereas, I could settle *you* offhand."

The superintendent and I had a long and rather anxious conference the next day. We agreed that, situated as Oak Cottage was, in an open space away from any other building, it would not be advisable that any officer except myself and the pretended Samuel should approach the place. We also agreed as to the probability of such clever rogues having so placed the notes and bills that they could be consumed or otherwise destroyed on the slightest alarm, and that the open arrest of Levasseur, and a search of Oak Cottage, would in all likelihood prove fruitless. "There will be only two of them," I said, in reply to a remark of the superintendent as to the somewhat dangerous game I was risking with powerful and desperate men, "even should Le Breton be there; and surely Jackson and I, aided by the surprise and our pistols, will be too many for them." Little more was said, the superintendent wished us luck, and I sought out and instructed Jackson.

I will confess that, on setting out the next day to keep my appointment, I felt considerable anxiety. Levasseur *might* have discovered my vocation, and set this trap for my destruction. Yet that was hardly possible. At all events, whatever the danger, it was necessary to face it; and having cleaned and loaded my pistols with unusual care, and bade my wife a more than usually earnest farewell, which, by the way, rather startled her, I set off, determined, as we used to say in Yorkshire, "to win the horse or lose the saddle."

I arrived in good time at Oak Cottage, and found my host in the highest possible spirits. Dinner was ready, he said, but it would be necessary to wait a few minutes for the two friends he expected.

"*Two* friends!" I exclaimed, really startled. "You told me last evening there was to be only one, a Monsieur le Breton."

"True," rejoined Levasseur carelessly; "but I had forgotten that another party as much interested as ourselves would like to be present, and invite himself if I did not. But there will be enough for us all, never fear," he added, with a coarse laugh, "especially as Madame Levasseur does not dine with us."

At this moment a loud knock was heard. "Here they are!" exclaimed Levasseur, and hastened out to meet them. I peeped through the blind, and to my great alarm saw that Le Breton was accompanied by the clerk Dubarle! My first impulse was to seize my pistols and rush out of the house; but calmer thoughts soon succeeded, and the improbability that a plan had been laid to entrap me recurred forcibly. Still, should the clerk recognize me? The situation was undoubtedly a critical one; but I was in for it, and must therefore brave the matter out in the best way I could.

Presently a conversation, carried on in a loud, menacing tone in the next room between Levasseur and the new-comers, arrested my attention, and I softly approached the door to listen. Le Breton, I soon found was but half a villain, and was extremely anxious that the property should not be disposed of till at least another effort had been made at negotiation. The others, now that a market for the notes and securities had been obtained, were determined to avail themselves of it, and immediately leave the country. The almost agonizing entreaties of Le Breton that they would not utterly ruin the house he had betrayed, were treated with scornful contempt, and he was at length silenced by their brutal menaces. Le Breton, I further learned, was a cousin of Madame Levasseur, whose husband had first pillaged him at play, and then suggested the crime which had been committed as the sole means of concealing the defalcations of which he, Levasseur, had been the occasion and promoter.

After a brief delay, all three entered the dining-room, and a slight but significant start which the clerk Dubarle gave, as Levasseur, with mock ceremony, introduced me, made my heart, as folk say, leap into my mouth. His half-formed suspicions seemed, however, to be dissipated for the

moment by the humorous account Levasseur gave him of the robbery of Mr. Trelawney, and we sat down to a very handsome dinner.

A more uncomfortable one, albeit, I never assisted at. The furtive looks of Dubarle, who had been only partially reassured, grew more and more inquisitive and earnest. Fortunately Levasseur was in rollicking spirits and humor, and did not heed the unquiet glances of the young man; and as for Le Breton, he took little notice of any body. At last this terrible dinner was over, and the wine was pushed briskly round. I drank much more freely than usual, partly with a view to calm my nerves, and partly to avoid remark. It was nearly the time for the Jew's appearance, when Dubarle, after a scrutinizing and somewhat imperious look at my face, said abruptly, "I think, Monsieur Williams, I have seen you somewhere before?"

"Very likely," I replied, with as much indifference as I could assume. "Many persons have seen me before—some of them once or twice too often."

"True!" exclaimed Levasseur, with a shout; "Trelawney, for instance!"

"I should like to see monsieur with his wig off!" said the clerk, with increasing insolence.

"Nonsense, Dubarle; you are a fool," exclaimed Levasseur; "and I will not have my good friend Williams insulted."

Dubarle did not persist, but it was plain enough that some dim remembrance of my features continued to haunt and perplex him. [Pg 786]

At length, and the relief was unspeakable, a knock at the outer door announced Jackson—Levi Samuel I mean. We all jumped up and ran to the window. It was the Jew sure enough, and admirably he had dressed and now looked the part. Levasseur went out, and in a minute or two returned, introducing him. Jackson could not suppress a start as he caught sight of the tall, mustached addition to the expected company; and, although he turned it off very well, it drove the Jewish dialect in which he had been practicing, completely out of his thoughts and speech, as he said, "You have more company than my friend Williams led me to expect?"

"A friend—one friend extra, Mr. Samuel," said Levasseur; "that is all. Come, sit down, let me help you to a glass of wine. You are an English Jew I perceive?"

"Yes."

A silence of a minute or two succeeded, and then Levasseur said, "You are, of course, prepared for business?"

"Yes—that is, if you are reasonable."

"Reasonable! the most reasonable men in the world," rejoined Levasseur, with a loud laugh. "But pray, where is the gold you mean to pay us with?"

"If we agree, I will fetch it in half an hour. I do not carry bags of sovereigns about with me into *all* companies," replied Jackson, with much readiness.

"Well, that's right enough: and how much discount do you charge?"

"I will tell you when I see the securities."

Levasseur arose without another word, and left the apartment. He was gone about ten minutes, and on his return, deliberately counted out the stolen Bank-of-England notes, and bills of exchange. Jackson got up from his chair, peered close to them, and began noting down the amounts in his pocket-book. I also rose, and pretended to be looking at a picture by the fire-place. The moment was a nervous one, as the signal had been agreed upon, and could not now be changed or deferred. The clerk Dubarle also hastily rose, and eyed Jackson with flaming but indecisive looks. The examination of the securities was at length terminated, and Jackson began counting the Bank-of-England notes aloud, "One—two—three—four—FIVE!" As the signal word passed his lips, he threw himself upon Le Breton, who sat next to him; and at the same moment I passed one of my feet between Dubarle's, and, with a dexterous twist hurled him violently on the floor; another instant and my grasp was on the throat of Levasseur, and my pistol at his ear. "Hurra!" we both shouted, with eager excitement; and, before either of the villains could recover from his surprise, or indeed perfectly comprehend what had happened, Levasseur and Le Breton were handcuffed, and resistance was out of the question. Young Dubarle was next easily secured.

Levasseur, the instant he recovered the use of his faculties, which the completeness and suddenness of the surprise and attack had paralyzed, yelled like a madman with rage and anger, and but for us, would, I verily believe, have dashed his brains out against the walls of the room. The other two were calmer, and having at last thoroughly pinioned and secured them, and carefully gathered up the recovered plunder, we left Oak Cottage in triumph, letting ourselves out, for the woman-servant had gone off, doubtless to acquaint her mistress with the disastrous turn affairs had taken. No inquiry was made after either of them.

An hour afterward the prisoners were securely locked up, and I hurried to acquaint M. Bellebon with the fortunate issue of our enterprise. His exultation, it will be readily believed, was unbounded; and I left him busy with letters to the firm, and doubtless one to "cette chère et aimable Louise," announcing the joyful news.

The prisoners, after a brief trial, were convicted of felonious conspiracy, and were all sentenced

to ten years' transportation. Le Breton's sentence, the judge told him, would have been for life, but for the contrition he had exhibited shortly before his apprehension.

As Levasseur passed me on leaving the dock, he exclaimed in French, and in a desperately savage tone, "I will repay you for this when I return, and that infernal Trelawney too." I am too much accustomed to threats of this kind to be in any way moved by them, and I therefore contented myself by smiling, and a civil "Au revoir—allons!"

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

ATLANTIC WAVES.

One brisk March morning, in the year 1848, the brave Steam-Ship Hibernia rolled about in the most intoxicated fashion on the broad Atlantic, in north latitude fifty-one, and west longitude thirty-eight, fifty—the wind blowing a hard gale from the west-southwest. To most of the passengers the grandeur of the waters was a mockery, the fine bearing of the ship only a delusion and a snare. Every thing was made tight on deck; if any passenger had left a toothpick on one of the seats, he would assuredly have found it lashed to a near railing. Rope was coiled about every imaginable item; and water dripped from every spar of the gallant vessel. Now it seemed as though she were traveling along through a brilliant gallery, flanked on either side by glittering walls of water; now she climbed one of the crested walls, and an abyss dark and terrible as the famous Maelstrom, which can't be found any where, yawned to receive her. The snorts of the engine seemed to defy the angry waters; and occasionally when a monster wave coiled about the ship, and thundered against her, she staggered for a moment, only to renew the battle with fresh energy.

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The cooks and stewards went placidly through their several daily avocations on board this rolling, fighting, shaking craft. If they had been Belgravian servants, or club-house waiters, they could not have performed their duties with more profound unconcern. Their coolness appeared nothing less than heroic to the poor tumbled heaps of clothes with human beings inside, who were scattered about the cabins below. An unhappy wight, who had never before been five miles from Boston, was anxiously inquiring of the chief steward the precise time in the course of that evening that the vessel might be expected to founder; while another steward, with provoking pertinacity, was asking how many would dine in the saloon at six, with the same business-like unconcern, as if the ship were gliding along on glass. So tremendous was the tossing, so extreme the apparent uncertainty of any event except a watery terminus to all expectation, that this sort of coolness appeared almost wicked.

Then there was a monster in British form actually on deck—not braving, it was said, but tempting the storm to sweep him into eternity. He astonished even the ship's officers. The cook did not hesitate to venture a strong opinion against the sanity of a man who might, if he chose, be snugly ensconced in the cabin out of harm's way, but who *would* remain upon deck, in momentary danger of being blown overboard. The cook's theory was not ill supported by the subject of it; for he was continually placing himself in all manner of odd places and grotesque postures. Sometimes he scrambled up on the cuddy-roof; then he rolled down again on the saloon deck; now he got himself blown up on the paddle-box; *that* was not high enough for him, for when the vessel sunk into a trough of the sea, he stood on tip-toe, trying to look over the nearest wave. A consultation was held in the cuddy, and a resolution was unanimously passed that the amateur of wind and water (which burst over him every minute) was either an escaped lunatic or—a College Professor.

It was resolved *nem. con.* that he was the latter; and from that moment nobody was surprised at any thing he might choose to do, even while the Hibernia was laboring in what the mate was pleased to call the most "lively" manner. The Professor, however, to the disgust of the sufferers below, who thought it was enough to *feel* the height of the waves, without going to the trouble of measuring them, pursued his observations in the face of the contempt of the official conclave above mentioned. He took up his position on the cuddy roof, which was exactly twenty-three feet three inches above the ship's line of flotation, and there watched the mighty mountains that sported with the brave vessel. He was anxious to ascertain the height of these majestic waves, but he found that the crests rose so far above the horizon from the point where he was standing, that it was utterly impossible, without gaining a greater height for observation, that he could arrive at any just estimate on the subject. His observations from the cuddy-roof proved, however, beyond a doubt, that the majority of these rolling masses of water attained a height of considerably more than twenty-four feet, measuring from the trough of the sea to the crests of the waves. But the Professor was not satisfied with this negative proof; and in the pursuit of his interesting inquiry, did not feel inclined to be baffled. It is impossible to know what the secret thoughts of the men at the wheel were, when the valiant observer announced his intention of making the best of his way from the cuddy-roof to the larboard paddle-box. Now he was to be seen tumbling about with the motion of the ship; at one moment clinging to a chain-box; at the next, throwing himself into the arms of the second mate. Now he is buried in spray, and a few minutes afterward his spare form is seen clinging to the rails which connect the paddle-boxes.

Despite the storm without, a calm mathematical process is going on within the mind of that

ardent observer. The Professor knew he was standing at a height of twenty-four feet nine inches above the flotation mark of the ship: and allowing five feet six inches as the height of his eye, he found the elevation he had obtained to be altogether thirty feet three inches. He now waited till the vessel subsided fairly for a few minutes into the trough of the sea in an even and upright position, while the nearest approaching wave had its maximum altitude. Here he found also, that at least one-half part of the wave intercepted by a considerable elevation his view of the horizon. He declared that he frequently observed long ranges extending one hundred yards on one or both sides of the ship—the sea then coming right aft—which rose so high above the visible horizon, as to form an angle estimated at two to three degrees when the distance of the wave's crest, was about a hundred yards off. This distance would add about thirteen feet to the level of the eye. This immense elevation occurred about every sixth wave. Now and then, when the course of a gigantic wave was impertinently interfered with by another liquid giant, and they thundered together, their breaking crests would shoot upward at least ten or fifteen feet higher—about half the height of the monument—and then pour down a mighty flood upon the poor Professor in revenge for his attempt to measure their majesties. No quantity of salt water, however, could wash him from his post, till he had satisfactorily proved, by accurate observation, that the average wave which passed the vessel was fully equal to the height of his eye—or thirty feet three inches—and that the mean highest waves, not including the fighting or broken waves, were about forty-three feet above the level of the hollow occupied at the moment by the ship.

Satisfied at length of the truth of his observations, the Professor, half-pickled by the salt water, and looking, it must be confessed, very cold and miserable, descended to the cabin. Throughout dinner-time a conversation was kept up between the Professor and the captain—the latter appearing to be about the only individual on board who took any interest whatever in these scientific proceedings. The ladies, one and all, vowed that the Professor was a monster, only doing "all this stuff" in mockery of their sufferings. Toward night the wind increased to a hurricane; the ship trembled like a frightened child before the terrible combat of the elements. Night, with her pall, closed in the scene: it was a wild and solemn time. Toward morning the wind abated. For thirty hours a violent northwest gale had swept over the heaving bosom of the broad Atlantic.

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This reflection hastened the dressing and breakfasting operations of the Professor, who tumbled up on deck at about ten o'clock in the morning. The storm had been subdued for several hours, and there was a visible decrease in the height of the waves. He took up his old position on the cuddy-roof, and soon observed, that, even then, when the sea was comparatively quiet, ten waves overtook the vessel in succession, which all rose above the apparent horizon; consequently they must have been more than twenty-three feet—probably about twenty-six feet—from ridge to hollow. From the larboard paddle-box, to which the Professor once more scrambled, he observed that occasionally four or five waves in succession rose above the visible horizon—hence they must have been more than thirty feet waves. He also observed that the waves no longer ran in long ridges, but presented more the form of cones of moderate elongation.

Having so far satisfied himself as to the height of Atlantic waves in a gale of wind (the Professor's estimate must not be taken as the measurement of the highest known waves, but simply as that of a rough Atlantic sea), he directed his attention to minuter and more difficult observations. He determined to measure the period of time occupied by the regular waves in overtaking the ship, their width from crest to crest, and the rate of their traveling. The first point to be known was the speed of the ship; this he ascertained to be nine knots. His next object was to note her course in reference to the direction of the waves. He found that the true course of the vessel was east, and that the waves came from the west-northwest, so that they passed under the vessel at a considerable angle. The length of the ship was stated to be two hundred and twenty feet. Provided with this information the Professor renewed his observations. He proceeded to count the seconds the crest of a wave took to travel from stern to stem of the vessel; these he ascertained to be six. He then counted the time which intervened between the moment when one crest touched the stern of the vessel, and the next touched it, and he found the average interval to be sixteen seconds and a fraction. These results gave him at once the width between crest and crest. As the crest traveled two hundred and twenty feet (or the length of the vessel) in six seconds, and sixteen seconds elapsed before the next crest touched the stern, it was clear that the wave was nearly three times the length of the vessel; to write accurately, there was a distance of six hundred and five feet from crest to crest.

The Professor did not forget that the oblique course of the ship elongated her line over the waves; this elongation he estimated at forty-five feet, reducing the probable average distance between crest and crest to five hundred and fifty-nine feet.

Being quite satisfied with the result of this experiment, the hardy Professor, still balancing himself on his giddy height, to the wonder and amusement of the sailors, found that the calculations he had already made did not give him the actual velocity of the waves. A wave-crest certainly passed from stern to stem in six seconds, but then the ship was traveling in the same direction, at the rate of nine geographical miles per hour, or 15.2 feet per second; this rate the Professor added to the former measure, which gave 790.5 feet for the actual distance traversed by the wave in 16.5 seconds, being at the rate of 32.67 English miles per hour. This computation was afterward compared with calculations made from totally different data by Mr. Scott Russell, and found to be quite correct.

With these facts the Professor scrambled from the larboard paddle-box of the Hibernia. He had also made some observations on the forms of waves. When the wind blows steadily from one

point, they are generally regular; but when it is high and gusty, and shifts from point to point, the sea is broken up, and the waves take a more conical shape, and assume fantastical crests. While the sea ran high, the Professor observed now and then a ridge of waves extending from about a quarter to a third of a mile in length, forming, as it were, a rampart of water. This ridge was sometimes straight, and sometimes bent as of a crescent form, with the central mass of water higher than the rest, and not unfrequently with two or three semi-elliptical mounds in diminishing series on either side of the highest peak.

When the wind had subsided, a few of the bolder passengers crawled upon deck in the oddest imaginable costumes. They had not much to encounter, for about a third part of the greater undulations averaged only twenty-four feet, from crest to hollow, in height. These higher waves could be seen and selected from the pigmy waves about them, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the ship.

The Professor had been very unpopular on board while the stormy weather lasted, and the ladies had vowed that he was a sarcastic creature, who *would* have his little joke on the gravest calamities of life, but as the waves decreased in bulk, and the wind lulled, and the sun shone, and the men took off their oil-skin coats, and the cabin-windows were opened, the frowns of the fair voyagers wore off. Perfect good-will was general before the ship sighted Liverpool; and even the cook, as he prepared the last dinner for the passengers, was heard to declare (in confidence to one of the stokers) that, after all, there might be something worth knowing in the Professor's observations.

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When the Professor landed at Liverpool, he would, on no account, suffer the carpet-bag, containing his calculations, to be taken out of his sight. Several inquisitive persons, however, made the best use of their own eyes, to ascertain the name of the extraordinary observer, and found it to be legibly inscribed with the well-known name of Scoresby.

That his investigations may be the more readily impressed on the reader's mind, we conclude with a summary of them. It would seem from Dr. Scoresby's intrepid investigations, that the highest waves of the Atlantic average in

Altitude	43	feet
Mean Distance between each Wave	559	"
Width from Crest to Crest	600	"
Interval of Time between each wave	16	seconds
Velocity of each Wave per hour	32-1/2	miles.

HOW TO KILL CLEVER CHILDREN. [24]

At any time in life, excessive and continued mental exertion is hurtful; but in infancy and early youth, when the structure of the brain is still immature and delicate, permanent injury is more easily produced by injudicious treatment than at any subsequent period. In this respect, the analogy is complete between the brain and the other parts of the body, as is exemplified in the injurious effects of premature exercise of the bones and muscles. Scrofulous and rickety children are the most usual sufferers in this way. They are generally remarkable for large heads, great precocity of understanding, and small, delicate bodies. But in such instances, the great size of the brain, and the acuteness of the mind, are the results of morbid growth, and even with the best management, the child passes the first years of its life constantly on the brink of active disease. Instead, however, of trying to repress its mental activity, as they should, the fond parents, misled by the promise of genius, too often excite it still further by unceasing cultivation and the never-failing stimulus of praise; and finding its progress, for a time, equal to their warmest wishes, they look forward with ecstasy to the day when its talents will break forth and shed a lustre on their name. But in exact proportion as the picture becomes brighter to their fancy, the probability of its becoming realized becomes less; for the brain, worn out by premature exertion, either becomes diseased or loses its tone, leaving the mental powers feeble and depressed for the remainder of life. The expected prodigy is thus, in the end, easily outstripped in the social race by many whose dull outset promised him an easy victory.

To him who takes for his guide the necessities of the constitution, it will be obvious that the modes of treatment commonly resorted to should in such cases be reversed; and that, instead of straining to the utmost the already irritable powers of the precocious child, leaving his dull competitors to ripen at leisure, a systematic attempt ought to be made, from early infancy, to rouse to action the languid faculties of the latter, while no pains should be spared to moderate and give tone to the activity of the former. But instead of this, the prematurely intelligent child is generally sent to school, and tasked with lessons at an unusually early age, while the healthy but more backward boy, who requires to be stimulated, is kept at home in idleness merely on account of his backwardness. A double error is here committed, and the consequences to the active-minded boy are not unfrequently the permanent loss both of health and of his envied superiority of intellect.

In speaking of children of this description, Dr. Brigham, in an excellent little work on the influence of mental excitement on health, remarks as follows: "Dangerous forms of scrofulous

disease among children have repeatedly fallen under my observation, for which I could not account in any other way than by supposing that the brain had been excited at the expense of the other parts of the system, and at a time in life when nature is endeavoring to perfect all the organs of the body; and after the disease commenced, I have seen, with grief, the influence of the same cause in retarding or preventing recovery. I have seen several affecting and melancholy instances of children, five or six years of age, lingering a while with diseases from which those less gifted readily recover, and at last dying, notwithstanding the utmost efforts to restore them. During their sickness they constantly manifested a passion for books and mental excitement, and were admired for the maturity of their minds. The chance for the recovery of such precocious children is, in my opinion, small when attacked by disease; and several medical men have informed me that their own observations had led them to form the same opinion, and have remarked that, in two cases of sickness, if one of the patients was a child of superior and highly-cultivated mental powers, and the other one equally sick, but whose mind had not been excited by study, they should feel less confident of the recovery of the former than of the latter. This mental precocity results from an unnatural development of one organ of the body at the expense of the constitution."

There can be little doubt but that ignorance on the part of parents and teachers, is the principal cause that leads to the too early and excessive cultivation of the minds of children, and especially of such as are precocious and delicate. Hence the necessity of imparting instruction on this subject to both parents and teachers, and to all persons who are in any way charged with the care and education of the young. This necessity becomes the more imperative from the fact that the cupidity of authors and publishers has led to the preparation of "children's books," many of which are announced as purposely prepared "for children from *two* to *three* years old!" I might instance advertisements of "Infant Manuals" of botany, geometry, and astronomy!

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In not a few isolated families, but in many neighborhoods, villages, and cities, in various parts of the country, children *under three years of age* are not only required to commit to memory many verses, texts of Scripture, and stories, but are frequently sent to school for six hours a day. Few children are kept back later than the age of *four*, unless they reside a great distance from school, and some not even then. At home, too, they are induced by all sorts of excitements to learn additional tasks, or peruse juvenile books and magazines, till the nervous system becomes enfeebled, and the health broken. "I have myself," says Dr. Brigham, "seen many children who are supposed to possess almost miraculous mental powers, experiencing these effects and sinking under them. Some of them died early, when but six or eight years of age, but manifested to the last a maturity of understanding, which only increased the agony of separation. Their minds, like some of the fairest flowers were "no sooner blown than blasted;" others have grown up to manhood, but with feeble bodies and disordered nervous system, which subjected them to hypochondriasis, dyspepsy, and all the Protean forms of nervous disease; others of the class of early prodigies exhibit in manhood but small mental powers, and are the mere passive instruments of those who in early life were accounted far their inferiors."

This hot-bed system of education is not confined to the United States, but is practiced less or more in all civilized countries. Dr. Combe, of Scotland, gives an account of one of these early prodigies, whose fate he witnessed. The circumstances were exactly such as those above described. The prematurely developed intellect was admired, and constantly stimulated by injudicious praise, and by daily exhibition to every visitor who chanced to call. Entertaining books were thrown in its way, reading by the fireside encouraged, play and exercise neglected, the diet allowed to be full and heating, and the appetite pampered by every delicacy. The results were the speedy deterioration of a weak constitution, a high degree of nervous sensibility, deranged digestion, disordered bowels, defective nutrition, and, lastly, *death*, at the very time when the interest excited by the mental precocity was at its height.

Such, however, is the ignorance of the majority of parents and teachers on all physiological subjects, that when one of these infant prodigies dies from erroneous treatment, it is not unusual to publish a memoir of his life, that other parents and teachers may see by what means such transcendent qualities were called forth. Dr. Brigham refers to a memoir of this kind, in which the history of a child, aged four years and eleven months, is narrated as approved by "several judicious persons, ministers and others, all of whom united in the request that it might be published, and all agreed in the opinion that a knowledge of the manner in which the child was treated, together with the results, would be profitable to both parents and children, and a benefit to the cause of education." This infant philosopher was "taught hymns before he could speak plainly;" "reasoned with," and constantly instructed until his last illness, which, "*without any assignable cause*," put on a violent and unexpected form, and carried him off!

As a *warning to others* not to force education too soon or too fast, this case may be truly profitable to both parents and children, and a benefit to the cause of education; but *as an example to be followed*, it assuredly can not be too strongly or too loudly condemned.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XVI.

"AN OLD GENERAL OF THE IRISH BRIGADE."

In obedience to an order which arrived at Saumur one morning in the July of 1798, I was summoned before the commandant of the school, when the following brief colloquy ensued:

"Maurice Tiernay," said he, reading from the record of the school, "why are you called l'Irlandais?"

"I am Irish by descent, sir."

"Ha! by descent. Your father was then an Emigré?"

"No, sir—my great grandfather."

"*Parbleu!* that is going very far back. Are you aware of the causes which induced him to leave his native country?"

"They were connected with political troubles, I've heard, sir. He took part against the English, my father told me, and was obliged to make his escape to save his life."

"You then hate the English, Maurice?"

"My grandfather certainly did not love them, sir."

"Nor can you, boy, ever forgive their having exiled your family from country and home: every man of honor retains the memory of such injuries."

"I can scarcely deem that an injury, sir, which has made me a French citizen," said I, proudly.

"True, boy—you say what is perfectly true and just; any sacrifice of fortune or patrimony is cheap at such a price; still you have suffered a wrong—a deep and irreparable wrong—and as a Frenchman you are ready to avenge it." [Pg 791]

Although I had no very precise notion, either as to the extent of the hardships done me, nor in what way I was to demand the reparation, I gave the assent he seemed to expect.

"You are well acquainted with the language, I believe?" continued he.

"I can read and speak English tolerably well, sir."

"But I speak of Irish, boy—of the language which is spoken by your fellow-countrymen," said he, rebukingly.

"I have always heard, sir, that this has fallen into disuse, and is little known, save among the peasantry in a few secluded districts."

He seemed impatient as I said this, and referred once more to the paper before him, from whose minutes he appeared to have been speaking.

"You must be in error, boy. I find here that the nation is devotedly attached to its traditions and its literature, and feels no injury deeper than the insulting substitution of a foreign tongue for their own noble language."

"Of myself I know nothing, sir; the little I have learned was acquired when a mere child."

"Ah, then you probably forget, or may never have heard the fact; but it is as I tell you. This, which I hold here, is the report of a highly-distinguished and most influential personage, who lays great stress upon the circumstance. I am sorry, Tiernay, very sorry, that you are unacquainted with the language."

He continued for some minutes to brood over this disappointment, and, at last, returned to the paper before him.

"The geography of the country—what knowledge have you on that subject?"

"No more, sir, than I may possess of other countries, and merely learned from maps."

"Bad again," muttered he to himself. "Madyett calls these 'essentials;' but we shall see." Then addressing me, he said, "Tiernay, the object of my present interrogatory is to inform you that the Directory is about to send an expedition to Ireland to assist in the liberation of that enslaved people. It has been suggested that young officers and soldiers of Irish descent might render peculiar service to the cause, and I have selected you for an opportunity which will convert those worsted epaulets into bullion."

This, at least, was intelligible news, and now I began to listen with more attention.

"There is a report," said he, laying down before me a very capacious manuscript, "which you will carefully peruse. Here are the latest pamphlets setting forth the state of public opinion in Ireland; and here are various maps of the coast, the harbors, and the strongholds of that country,

with all of which you may employ yourself advantageously; and if, on considering the subject, you feel disposed to volunteer—for as a volunteer only could your services be accepted—I will willingly support your request by all the influence in my power."

"I am ready to do so at once, sir," said I, eagerly; "I have no need to know any more than you have told me."

"Well said, boy; I like your ardor. Write your petition, and it shall be forwarded to-day. I will also try and obtain for you the same regimental rank you hold in the school"—I was a sergeant—"it will depend upon yourself afterward to secure a further advancement. You are now free from duty; lose no time, therefore, in storing your mind with every possible information, and be ready to set out at a moment's notice."

"Is the expedition so nearly ready, sir?" asked I, eagerly.

He nodded, and with a significant admonition as to secrecy, dismissed me, bursting with anxiety to examine the stores of knowledge before me, and prepare myself with all the details of a plan in which already I took the liveliest interest. Before the week expired, I received an answer from the minister, accepting the offer of my services. The reply found me deep in those studies, which I scarcely could bear to quit even at meal-times. Never did I experience such an all-devouring passion for a theme as on that occasion. "Ireland" never left my thoughts; her wrongs and sufferings were everlastingly before me; all the cruelties of centuries—all the hard tyranny of the penal laws—the dire injustice of caste oppression—filled me with indignation and anger; while, on the other hand, I conceived the highest admiration of a people who, undeterred by the might and power of England, resolved to strike a great blow for liberty.

The enthusiasm of the people—the ardent darings of a valor whose impetuosity was its greatest difficulty—their high romantic temperament—their devotion—their gratitude—the child-like trustfulness of their natures, were all traits, scattered through the various narratives, which invariably attracted me, and drew me more strongly to their cause—even from affection than reason.

Madyett's memoir was filled with these, and he, I concluded, must know them well, being, as it was asserted, one of the ancient nobility of the land, and who now desired nothing better than to throw rank, privilege, and title into the scale, and do battle for the liberty and equality of his countrymen. How I longed to see this great man, whom my fancy arrayed in all the attributes he so lavishly bestowed upon his countrymen, for they were not only, in his description, the boldest and the bravest, but the handsomest people of Europe.

As to the success of the enterprise, whatever doubts I had at first conceived, from an estimate of the immense resources of England, were speedily solved, as I read of the enormous preparations the Irish had made for the struggle. The Roman Catholics, Madyett said, were three millions, the Dissenters another million, all eager for freedom and French alliance, wanting nothing but the appearance of a small armed force to give them the necessary organization and discipline. They were somewhat deficient, he acknowledged, in fire-arms—cannon they had none whatever; but the character of the country, which consisted of mountains, valleys, ravines, and gorges, reduced war to the mere chivalrous features of personal encounter. What interminable descriptions did I wade through of clubs and associations, the very names of which were a puzzle to me—the great union of all appearing to be a society called "Defenders," whose oath bound them to "fidelity to the united nations of France and Ireland."

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So much for the one side. For the other, it was asserted that the English forces then in garrison in Ireland, were below contempt: the militia, being principally Irish, might be relied on for taking the popular side; and as to the Regulars, they were either "old men, or boys," incapable of active service; and several of the regiments, being Scotch, greatly disaffected to the government. Then, again, as to the navy, the sailors in the English fleet were more than two-thirds Irishmen, all Catholics, and all disaffected.

That the enterprise contained every element of success, then, who could doubt? The nation, in the proportion of ten to one, were for the movement. On their side lay not alone the wrongs to avenge, but the courage, the energy, and the daring. Their oppressors were as weak as tyrannical, their cause was a bad one, and their support of it a hollow semblance of superiority.

If I read these statements with ardor and avidity, one lurking sense of doubt alone obtruded itself on my reasonings. Why, with all these guarantees of victory, with every thing that can hallow a cause, and give it stability and strength—why did the Irish ask for aid? If they were, as they alleged, an immense majority—if theirs was all the heroism and the daring—if the struggle was to be maintained against a miserably inferior force, weakened by age, incapacity, and disaffection—what need had they of Frenchmen on their side? The answer to all such doubts, however, was "the Irish were deficient in organization."

Not only was the explanation a very sufficient one, but it served in a high degree to flatter our vanity. We were, then, to be organizers of Ireland; from us were they to take the lessons of civilization, which should prepare them for freedom—ours was the task to discipline their valor, and train their untaught intelligence. Once landed in the country, it was to our standard they were to rally; from us were to go forth the orders of every movement and measure; to us this new land was to be an *Eldorado*. Madyett significantly hinted every where at the unbounded gratitude of Irishmen; and more than hinted at the future fate of certain confiscated estates. One phrase, ostentatiously set forth in capitals, asserted that the best general of the French Republic could

not be any where employed with so much reputation and profit. There was, then, every thing to stimulate the soldier in such an enterprise—honor, fame, glory, and rich rewards were all among the prizes.

It was when deep in the midst of these studies poring over maps and reports, taxing my memory with hard names, and getting off by heart dates, distances, and numbers, that the order came for me to repair at once to Paris, where the volunteers of the expedition were to assemble. My rank of sergeant had been confirmed, and in this capacity, as "sous officier," I was ordered to report myself to General Kilmaine, the Adjutant-General of the expedition, then living in the "Rue Chantereine." I was also given the address of a certain Lestaing—Rue Tarbout—a tailor, from whom, on producing a certificate, I was to obtain my new uniform.

Full as I was of the whole theme, thinking of the expedition by day, and dreaming of it by night, I was still little prepared for the enthusiasm it was at that very moment exciting in every society of the capital. For some time previous a great number of Irish emigrants had made Paris their residence; some were men of good position and ample fortune; some were individuals of considerable ability and intelligence. All were enthusiastic, and ardent in temperament—devotedly attached to their country—hearty haters of England, and proportionately attached to all that was French. These sentiments, coupled with a certain ease of manner, and a faculty of adaptation, so peculiarly Irish, made them general favorites in society; and long before the Irish question had found any favor with the public, its national supporters had won over the hearts and good wishes of all Paris to the cause.

Well pleased, then, as I was, with my handsome uniform of green and gold, my small chapeau, with its plume of cock's feathers, and the embroidered shamrock on my collar, I was not a little struck by the excitement my first appearance in the street created. Accustomed to see a hundred strange military costumes—the greater number, I own, more singular than tasteful—the Parisians, I concluded, would scarcely notice mine in the crowd. Not so, however; the print-shops had already given the impulse to the admiration, and the "Irish Volunteer of the Guard" was to be seen in every window, in all the "glory of his bravery." The heroic character of the expedition, too, was typified by a great variety of scenes, in which the artist's imagination had all the credit. In one picture the "jeune Irlandais" was planting a national flag of very capacious dimensions on the summit of his native mountains; here he was storming "La chateau de Dublin," a most formidable fortress perched on a rock above the sea; here he was crowning the heights of "La citadelle de Cork," a very Gibraltar in strength, or he was haranguing the native chieftains, a highly picturesque group—a cross between a knight crusader and a south-sea islander.

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My appearance, therefore, in the streets was the signal for general notice and admiration, and more than one compliment was uttered, purposely loud enough to reach me, on the elegance and style of my equipment. In the pleasant flurry of spirits excited by this flattery, I arrived at the general's quarters in the Rue Chantereine. It was considerably before the time of his usual receptions, but the glitter of my epaulets, and the air of assurance I had assumed, so far imposed upon the old servant who acted as valet, that he at once introduced me into a small saloon, and after a brief pause presented me to the general, who was reclining on a sofa at his breakfast. Although far advanced in years, and evidently broken by bad health, General Kilmaine still preserved traces of great personal advantages, while his manner exhibited all that polished ease and courtesy which was said to be peculiar to the Irish gentleman of the French court. Addressing me in English, he invited me to join his meal; and on my declining, as having already breakfasted, he said, "I perceive, from your name, we are countrymen; and as your uniform tells me the service in which you are engaged, we may speak with entire confidence. Tell me then, frankly, all that you know of the actual condition of Ireland."

Conceiving that this question applied to the result of my late studies, and was meant to elicit the amount of my information, I at once began a recital of what I had learned from the books and reports I had been reading. My statistics were perfect—they had been gotten off by heart; my sympathies were, for the same reason, most eloquent; my indignation was boundless on the wrongs I deplored, and in fact, in the fifteen minutes during which he permitted me to declaim without interruption, I had gone through the whole "cause of Ireland," from Henry II. to George III.

"You have been reading Mr. Madyett, I perceive," said he, with a smile; "but I would rather hear something of your own actual experience. Tell me, therefore, in what condition are the people at this moment, as regards poverty?"

"I have never been in Ireland, general," said I, not without some shame at the avowal coming so soon after my eloquent exhortation.

"Ah, I perceive," said he, blandly, "of Irish origin, and a relative probably of that very distinguished soldier, Count Maurice de Tiernay, who served in the Garde du Corps."

"His only son, general," said I, blushing with eagerness and pleasure at the praise of my father.

"Indeed!" said he, smiling courteously, and seeming to meditate on my words. "There was not a better nor a braver sabre in the corps than your father—a very few more of such men might have saved the monarchy—as it was, they dignified its fall. And to whose guidance and care did you owe your early training, for I see you have not been neglected?"

A few words told him the principal events of my early years, to which he listened with deep attention. At length he said, "And now you are about to devote your acquirements and energy to

this new expedition?"

"All, general! Every thing that I have is too little for such a cause."

"You say truly, boy," said he, warmly; "would that so good a cause had better leaders. I mean," added he, hurriedly, "wiser ones. Men more conversant with the actual state of events, more fit to cope with the great difficulties before them, more ready to take advantage of circumstances, whose outward meaning will often prove deceptive. In fact, Irishmen of character and capacity, tried soldiers, and good patriots. Well, well, let us hope the best. In whose division are you?"

"I have not yet heard, sir. I have presented myself here to-day to receive your orders."

"There again is another instance of their incapacity," cried he, passionately. "Why, boy, I have no command, nor any function. I did accept office under General Hoche, but he is not to lead the present expedition."

"And who is, sir?"

"I can not tell you. A week ago they talked of Grouchy, then of Hardy; yesterday it was Humbert; to-day it may be Bonaparte, and to-morrow yourself! Ay, Tiernay, this great and good cause has its national fatality attached to it, and is so wrapped up in low intrigue and falsehood, that every minister becomes in turn disgusted with the treachery and mendacity he meets with, and bequeaths the question to some official underling, meet partisan for the mock patriot he treats with."

"But the expedition will sail, general?" asked I, sadly discomfited by this tone of despondency.

He made me no answer, but sat for some time absorbed in his own thoughts. At last he looked up, and said, "You ought to be in the army of Italy, boy; the great teacher of war is there."

"I know it, sir, but my whole heart is in this struggle. I feel that Ireland has a claim on all who derived even a name from her soil. Do you not believe that the expedition will sail?"

Again he was silent and thoughtful.

"Mr. Madyett would say, Yes," said he, scornfully, "though, certes, he would not volunteer to bear it company."

"Colonel Cherin, general!" said the valet, as he flung open the door for a young officer in a staff-uniform. I arose at once to withdraw, but the general motioned to me to wait in an adjoining room, as he desired to speak with me again.

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed when I was summoned once more before him.

"You have come at a most opportune moment, Tiernay," said he; "Colonel Cherin informs me that an expedition is ready to sail from Rochelle at the first favorable wind. General Humbert has the command; and if you are disposed to join him I will give you a letter of presentation."

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Of course I did not hesitate in accepting the offer; and while the general drew over his desk to write the letter, I withdrew toward the window to converse with Colonel Cherin.

"You might have waited long enough," said he, laughing, "if the affair had been in other hands than Humbert's. The delays and discussions of the official people, the difficulty of any thing like agreement, the want of money, and fifty other causes, would have detained the fleet till the English got scent of the whole. But Humbert has taken the short road in the matter. He only arrived at La Rochelle five days ago, and now he is ready to weigh anchor."

"And in what way has he accomplished this?" asked I, in some curiosity.

"By a method," replied he, laughing again, "which is usually reserved for an enemy's country. Growing weary of a correspondence with the minister, which seemed to make little progress, and urged on by the enthusiastic stories of the Irish refugees, he resolved to wait no longer; and so he has called on the merchants and magistrates to advance him a sum on military requisition, together with such stores and necessaries as he stands in need of."

"And they have complied?" asked I.

"Parbleu! that have they. In the first place, they had no other choice; and in the second, they are but too happy to get rid of him and his 'Legion Noir,' as they are called, so cheaply. A thousand louis and a thousand muskets would not pay for the damage of these vagabonds each night they spent in the town."

I confess that this description did not tend to exalt the enthusiasm I had conceived for the expedition; but it was too late for hesitation—too late for even a doubt. Go forward I should, whatever might come of it. And now the general had finished his letter, which, having sealed and addressed, he gave into my hand, saying, "This will very probably obtain you promotion, if not at once, at least on the first vacancy. Good-by, my lad; there may be hard knocks going where you will be, but I'm certain you'll not disgrace the good name you bear, nor the true cause for which you are fighting. I would that I had youth and strength to stand beside you in the struggle. Good-by."

He shook me affectionately by both hands; the colonel, too, bade me adieu not less cordially; and I took my leave with a heart overflowing with gratitude and delight.

CHAPTER XVII.

LA ROCHELLE.

La Rochelle is a quiet little town at the bottom of a small bay, the mouth of which is almost closed up by two islands. There is a sleepy, peaceful air about the place—a sort of drowsy languor pervades every thing and every body about it, that tells of a town whose days of busy prosperity have long since passed by, and which is dragging out life, like some retired tradesman—too poor for splendor, but rich enough to be idle. A long avenue of lime-trees incloses the harbor; and here the merchants conduct their bargains, while their wives, seated beneath the shade, discuss the gossip of the place over their work. All is patriarchal and primitive as Holland itself; the very courtesies of life exhibiting that ponderous stateliness which insensibly reminds one of the land of dykes and broad breeches. It is the least "French" of any town I have ever seen in France; none of that light merriment, that gay volatility of voice and air which form the usual atmosphere of a French town. All is still, orderly, and sombre; and yet on the night in which—something more than fifty years back—I first entered it, a very different scene was presented to my eyes.

It was about ten o'clock; and by a moon nearly full, the diligence rattled along the covered ways of the old fortress, and crossing many a moat and draw-bridge, the scenes of a once glorious struggle, entered the narrow streets, traversed a wide place, and drew up within the ample portals of "La Poste."

Before I could remove the wide capote which I wore, the waiter ushered me into a large sal^on where a party of about forty persons were seated at supper. With a few exceptions they were all military officers, and sous-officiers of the expedition, whose noisy gayety and boisterous mirth sufficiently attested that the entertainment had begun a considerable time before.

A profusion of bottles, some empty, others in the way to become so, covered the table, amidst which lay the fragments of a common table-d'h^ote supper—large dishes of segars and basins of tobacco figuring beside the omelettes and the salad.

The noise, the crash, the heat, the smoke, and the confusion—the clinking of glasses, the singing, and the speech-making, made a scene of such turmoil and uproar, that I would gladly have retired to some quieter atmosphere, when suddenly an accidental glimpse of my uniform caught some eyes among the revelers, and a shout was raised of "Holloa, comrades! here's one of the 'Gardes' among us." And at once the whole assembly rose up to greet me. For full ten minutes I had to submit to a series of salutations, which led to every form, from hand-shaking and embracing to kissing; while, perfectly unconscious of any cause for my popularity, I went through the ceremonies like one in a dream.

"Where's Kilmaine?" "What of Hardy?" "Is Grouchy coming?" "Can the Brest fleet sail?" "How many line-of-battle ships have they?" "What's the artillery force?" "Have you brought any money?" This last question, the most frequent of all, was suddenly poured in upon me, and with a fortunate degree of rapidity, that I had no time for a reply, had I even the means of making one.

"Let the lad have a seat and a glass of wine before he submits to this interrogatory," said a fine, jolly-looking old chef-d'escadron at the head of the table, while he made a place for me at his side. "Now, tell us, boy, what number of the Gardes are to be of our party?"

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I looked a little blank at the question, for in truth I had not heard of the corps before, nor was I aware that it was their uniform I was then wearing.

"Come, come, be frank with us, lad," said he; "we are all comrades here. Confound secrecy, say I."

"Ay, ay!" cried the whole assembly together—"confound secrecy. We are not bandits nor highwaymen; we have no need of concealment."

"I'll be as frank as you can wish, comrades," said I; "and if I lose some importance in your eyes by owning that I am not the master of a single state secret, I prefer to tell you so, to attempting any unworthy disguise. I come here, by orders from General Kilmaine, to join your expedition; and except this letter for General Humbert, I have no claim to any consideration whatever."

The old chef took the letter from my hands and examined the seal and superscription carefully, and then passed the document down the table for the satisfaction of the rest.

While I continued to watch with anxious eyes the letter on which so much of my own fate depended, a low whispering conversation went on at my side, at the end of which the chef said:

"It's more than likely, lad, that your regiment is not coming; but our general is not to be balked for that. Go he will; and let the government look to themselves if he is not supported. At all events, you had better see General Humbert at once; there's no saying what that dispatch may contain. Santerre, conduct him up stairs."

A smart young fellow arose at the bidding, and beckoned me to follow him.

It was not without difficulty that we forced our way up stairs, down which porters, and sailors, and soldiers were now carrying a number of heavy trunks and packing-cases. At last we gained an ante-room, where confusion seemed at its highest, crowded as it was by soldiers, the greater number of them intoxicated, and all in a state of riotous and insolent insubordination. Among

these were a number of the townspeople, eager to prefer complaints for outrage and robbery, but whose subdued voices were drowned amid the clamor of their oppressors. Meanwhile, clerks were writing away receipts for stolen and pillaged articles, and which, signed with the name of the general, were grasped at with eager avidity. Even personal injuries were requited in the same cheap fashion, orders on the national treasury being freely issued for damaged noses and smashed heads, and gratefully received by the confiding populace.

"If the wind draws a little more to the southward before morning, we'll pay our debts with the top-sail sheet, and it will be somewhat shorter, and to the full as honest," said a man in a naval uniform.

"Where's the officer of the 'Regiment des Guides,'" cried a soldier from the door at the further end of the room; and before I had time to think over the designation of rank given me, I was hurried into the general's presence.

General Humbert, whose age might have been thirty-eight or forty, was a tall, well-built, but somewhat over-corpulent man; his features frank and manly, but with a dash of coarseness in their expression, particularly about the mouth; a sabre-cut, which had divided the upper lip, and whose cicatrix was then seen through his mustache, heightening the effect of his sinister look; his carriage was singularly erect and soldierlike, but all his gestures betrayed the habits of one who had risen from the ranks, and was not unwilling to revive the recollection.

He was parading the room from end to end when I entered, stopping occasionally to look out from an open window upon the bay, where by the clear moonlight might be seen the ships of the fleet at anchor. Two officers of his staff were writing busily at a table, whence the materials of a supper had not been removed. They did not look up as I came forward, nor did he notice me in any way for several minutes. Suddenly he turned toward me, and snatching the letter I held in my hand, proceeded to read it. A burst of coarse laughter broke from him as he perused the lines; and then throwing down the paper on the table, he cried out,

"So much for Kilmaine's contingent. I asked for a company of engineers and a battalion of 'les Gardes,' and they send me a boy from the cavalry-school of Saumur. I tell them that I want some fellows conversant with the language and the people, able to treat with the peasantry, and acquainted with their habits, and here I have got a raw youth whose highest acquirement, in all likelihood, is to daub a map with water-colors, or take fortifications with a pair of compasses! I wish I had some of these learned gentlemen in the trenches for a few hours. Parbleu! I think I could teach them something they'd not learn from Citizen Carnot. Well, sir," said he, turning abruptly toward me, "how many battalions of the 'Guides' are completed?"

"I can not tell, general," was my timid answer.

"Where are they stationed?"

"Of that also I am ignorant, sir."

"Peste!" cried he, stamping his foot passionately; then suddenly checking his anger, he asked, "How many are there coming to join this expedition? Is there a regiment, a battalion, a company? Can you tell me with certainty that a sergeant's guard is on the way hither?"

"I can not, sir; I know nothing whatever about the regiment in question."

"You have never seen it?" cried he, vehemently.

"Never, sir."

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"This exceeds all belief," exclaimed he, with a crash of his closed fist upon the table. "Three weeks letter-writing! Estafettes, orderlies, and special couriers to no end! And here we have an unfledged cur from a cavalry institute, when I asked for a strong reinforcement. Then what brought you here, boy?"

"To join your expedition, general."

"Have they told you it was a holiday-party that we had planned? Did they say it was a junketing we were bent upon?"

"If they had, sir, I would not have come."

"The greater fool *you*, then! that's all," cried he, laughing; "when I was your age, I'd not have hesitated twice between a merry-making and a bayonet-charge."

While he was thus speaking, he never ceased to sign his name to every paper placed before him by one or other of the secretaries.

"No, parbleu!" he went on, "La maitresse before the mitraille any day for me. But what's all this, Girard. Here I'm issuing orders upon the national treasury for hundreds of thousands without let or compunction."

The aid-de-camp whispered a word or two in a low tone.

"I know it, lad; I know it well," said the general, laughing heartily; "I only pray that all our requisitions may be as easily obtained in future. Well, Monsieur le Garde, what are we to do with you."

"Not refuse me, I hope, general," said I, diffidently.

"Not refuse you, certainly; but in what capacity to take you, lad, that's the question. If you had served—if you had even walked a campaign—"

"So I have, general—this will show you where I have been;" and I handed him the "livret" which every soldier carries of his conduct and career.

He took the book, and casting his eyes hastily over it, exclaimed,

"Why, what's this lad? You've been at Kehl, at Emenendingen, at Rorshach, at Huyningen, through all that Black Forest affair with Moreau! You *have* seen smoke, then. Ay! I see honorable mention of you besides, for readiness in the field and zeal during action. What! more brandy! Girard. Why, our Irish friends must have been exceedingly thirsty. I've given them credit for something like ten thousand 'velts' already! No matter, the poor fellows may have to put up with short rations for all this yet—and there goes my signature once more. What does that blue light mean, Girard?" said he, pointing to a bright blue star that shone from a mast of one of the ships of war.

"That is the signal, general, that the embarkation of the artillery is complete."

"Parbleu!" said he, with a laugh, "it need not have taken long; they've given in two batteries of eights, and one of them has not a gun fit for service. There goes a rocket, now. Isn't that the signal to heave short on the anchors? Yes, to be sure. And now it is answered by the other! Ha! lads, this does look like business at last!"

The door opened as he spoke, and a naval officer entered.

"The wind is drawing round to the south, general; we can weigh with the ebb if you wish it."

"Wish it!—if I wish it! Yes, with my whole heart and soul I do! I am just as sick of La Rochelle as is La Rochelle of me. The salute that announces our departure will be a 'feu-de-joie' to both of us. Ay, sir, tell your captain that I need no further notice than that *he* is ready. Girard, see to it that the marauders are sent on board in irons. The fellows must learn at once that discipline begins when we trip our anchors. As for you," said he, turning to me, "you shall act upon my staff with provisional rank as sous-lieutenant: time will show if the grade should be confirmed. And now hasten down to the quay, and put yourself under Colonel Lerrasin's orders."

Colonel Lerrasin, the second in command, was, in many respects, the very opposite of Humbert. Sharp, petulant, and irascible, he seemed quite to overlook the fact, that, in an expedition which was little better than a foray, there must necessarily be a great relaxation of the rules of discipline, and many irregularities at least winked at, which, in stricter seasons, would call for punishment. The consequence was, that a large proportion of our force went on board under arrest, and many actually in irons. The Irish were, without a single exception, all drunk; and the English soldiers, who had procured their liberation from imprisonment on condition of joining the expedition, had made sufficiently free with the brandy-bottle to forget their new alliance, and vent their hatred of France and Frenchmen in expressions whose only alleviation was, that they were nearly unintelligible.

Such a scene of uproar, discord, and insubordination never was seen. The relative conditions of guard and prisoner elicited national animosities that were scarcely even dormant, and many a bloody encounter took place between those whose instinct was too powerful to feel themselves any thing but enemies. A cry, too, was raised, that it was meant to betray the whole expedition to the English, whose fleet, it was asserted, had been seen off Oleron, that morning; and although there was not even the shadow of a foundation for the belief, it served to increase the alarm and confusion. Whether originating or not with the Irish, I can not say, but certainly they took advantage of it to avoid embarking; and now began a schism which threatened to wreck the whole expedition, even in the harbor.

The Irish, as indifferent to the call of discipline as they were ignorant of French, refused to obey orders save from officers of their own country; and, although Lerrasin ordered two companies to "load with ball and fire low," the similar note for preparation from the insurgents, induced him to rescind the command and try a compromise. In this crisis I was sent by Lerrasin to fetch what was called the "Committee," the three Irish deputies who accompanied the force. They had already gone aboard of the *Dedalus*, little foreseeing the difficulties that were to arise on shore.

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Seated in a small cabin next the wardroom, I found these three gentlemen, whose names were Tone, Teeling, and Sullivan. Their attitudes were gloomy and despondent, and their looks anything but encouraging, as I entered. A paper on which a few words had been scrawled, and signed with their three names underneath, lay before them, and on this their eyes were bent with a sad and deep meaning. I knew not then what it meant, but I afterward learned that it was a compact formally entered into and drawn up, that if, by the chance of war, they should fall into the enemy's hands, they would anticipate their fate by suicide, but leave to the English government all the ignominy and disgrace of their death.

They seemed scarcely to notice me as I came forward, and even when I delivered my message they heard it with a half indifference.

"What do you want us to do, sir?" said Teeling, the eldest of the party. "We hold no command in the service. It was against our advice and counsel that you accepted these volunteers at all. We

have no influence over them."

"Not the slightest," broke in Tone. "These fellows are bad soldiers and worse Irishmen. The expedition will do better without them."

"And *they* better without the expedition," muttered Sullivan, drily.

"But you will come, gentlemen, and speak to them," said I. "You can at least assure them that their suspicions are unfounded."

"Very true, sir," replied Sullivan, "we can do so, but with what success? No, no. If you can't maintain discipline here on your own soil, you'll make a bad hand of doing it when you have your foot on Irish ground. And, after all, I for one am not surprised at the report gaining credence."

"How so, sir," asked I, indignantly.

"Simply that when a promise of fifteen thousand men dwindles down to a force of eight hundred; when a hundred thousand stand of arms come to be represented by a couple of thousand; when an expedition, pledged by a government, has fallen down to a marauding party; when Hoche or Kleber—But never mind, I always swore that if you sent but a corporal's guard, I'd go with them."

A musket-shot here was heard, followed by a sharp volley and a cheer, and, in an agony of anxiety, I rushed to the deck. Although above half a mile from the shore, we could see the movement of troops hither and thither, and hear the loud words of command. Whatever the struggle, it was over in a moment, and now we saw the troops descending the steps to the boats. With an inconceivable speed the men fell into their places, and, urged on by the long sweeps, the heavy launches swept across the calm water of the bay.

If a cautious reserve prevented any open questioning as to the late affray, the second boat which came alongside revealed some of its terrible consequences. Seven wounded soldiers were assisted up the side by their comrades, and in total silence conveyed to their station between decks.

"A bad augury this!" muttered Sullivan, as his eye followed them. "They might as well have left that work for the English!"

A swift six-oar boat, with the tricolor flag floating from a flag-staff at her stern, now skimmed along toward us, and as she came nearer, we could recognize the uniforms of the officers of Humbert's staff, while the burly figure of the general himself was soon distinguishable in the midst of them.

As he stepped up the ladder, not a trace of displeasure could be seen on his broad bold features. Greeting the assembled officers with a smile, he asked how the wind was?

"All fair, and freshening at every moment," was the answer.

"May it continue!" cried he, fervently. "Welcome a hurricane, if it only waft us westward!"

The foresail filled out as he spoke, the heavy mass heaved over to the wind, and we began our voyage.

(To be continued.)

[From Colburn's Magazine.]

THE WAHR-WOLF; OR, THE LOVERS OF HUNDERSDORF.

There are few rambles that so well repay the summer wanderer who seeks for novelty, after the fatigues of a London season, as a voyage down the Danube from Ratisbon to Vienna. In the days when the charming "Lady Mary" passed along the swelling waters of the dark river in one of the "wooden houses" which she found so convenient, the romantic solitudes of the majestic Böhmerwald had never been disturbed by the hissing of steam; and swiftly as her boat glided onward between the solemn banks of the then little frequented stream, the pace of the steamer which now bears the traveler to his destination, would shame the rowers of the enterprising embassadress, and leave her far behind.

The native boats, *Weitz-zille*, are not, however, altogether banished from the watery way which they traversed alone but a few years since; and very picturesque is it to meet them as they float lazily on, urged by their two rowers, and guided by primitive-looking paddles. Many are the long, deal, raft-shaped vessels which still convey goods from one town to another; and strange do they appear with their sides painted with broad black stripes, some of them upward of a hundred feet long.

From the deck of the narrow and elongated steamer the traveler can now with proud pity watch those relics of a simple period, and congratulate himself that his course is both swifter and surer.

A party of strangers from Ratisbon had taken their places on board the steam-packet, and were

rapidly clearing the waters beneath the rock of Donaustauf, gazing with admiration on the evidence of two eras presented in the gray ruins of the formidable middle-age fortress which crowns one height, and the piled-up white marble blocks of the recently completed temple of Valhalla, which shines so gloriously on the other, fairly eclipsing its antique brother, and lording it over the spreading waters, in which the image of its snowy columns lies reflected.

There were travelers of many nations on board, and all, attracted by the sudden vision of this magnificent structure, fraternized to welcome it with exclamations of delight, uttered in various languages. Germans, French, and English were alike carried away with admiration; and those who had already beheld its wonders within became quite eloquent in describing to their neighbors the treasures with which this unapproachably splendid temple is filled to overflowing.

This incident, at the very beginning of the voyage, made most of the passengers acquainted, so that the usual coldness and reserve common to northern nations was at once swept away, and animated conversation ensued. Among the passengers were two young Englishmen, who had been pointed out to the party leaving Ratisbon, by the porter of the Goldene Kreutz—the house in which it is said Don Juan of Austria, the famous son of Charles V., was born in secrecy—as "milors," though their weather-worn costumes gave but little idea of the importance of their station; they had attached themselves to a stately but courteous Bohemian baron, who, with a train of servants and carriages more than commonly well-appointed, was on his way to his castle situated opposite Vilshofen on the left bank of the river.

The baron was well acquainted with every nook and corner in every valley of the winding Danube; and as he was full of good-humor, and described well, and, besides, was flattered at the interest his hearers took in his conversation, he enlivened the voyage by a continuous narration of circumstances which had fallen under his observation.

A legend seldom comes amiss to an Englishman, and enthusiasm is never wanting in his mind for magnificent scenery, such as abounds on this glorious river, which possesses much of the beauty of the Rhine, and superior grandeur and sublimity. Perhaps its waters are scarcely so abounding, or its bed so filled to the brim, as that of the Rhine throughout its course; but, at times, one is half inclined to give the palm, even in this respect, to the more majestic rival of the beautiful torrent now so familiar to tourists as to have become an unappreciated treasure of picturesque riches.

The baron directed the attention of his companions to all that was wild and striking in the scenes around them. As they passed Straubing he told the sad tale of poor Agnes Bernauer, the Agnes de Castro of the Danube, whose fate was even more terrible. The Englishmen shuddered as they looked on the spot where the old bridge stood, from whence the fair unfortunate was cast, and felt inclined to reproach the very waves which submitted to assist the crime of the cruel wretch whose hook dragged the shrieking beauty under water, and drowned her as she struggled to reach the shore.

He told stories of the dark Bogenberg, as they now approached, now lost it in the windings of the capricious river; and related how the Emperor Charlemagne had visited a holy hermit there, whom he beheld, after cutting down a tree, hang his ax upon a sunbeam, a feat frequently performed by saints, who, in days of yore, seemed to have no other pegs for their mantles, caps, &c.

His Satanic Majesty also figured as a conspicuous actor in the baron's legends, and the evidences of his prowess are sufficiently remarkable, it must be confessed, in these regions.

For instance, it would be absurd to imagine any influence but that of the foul fiend could have been exerted to place the perpendicular rock of Natternberg in the way of the steamer, rising up suddenly, as it does, several hundred feet above the waters, and exhibiting on its rugged summit the ruins of the famous castle of Bogen, to reach which must have required help from the bad spirit himself, perched thus high out of reach. The lords of this castle were, however, such zealous worshipers of his, that doubtless he was not niggardly to them in lending a helping hand when called upon.

It was while the steamer was gliding past the village of Hundertsdorf, which lies at the embouchure of the stream of Kinzach, that the baron bethought himself of a circumstance which occasioned him to smile, as he exclaimed,

"There is nothing very striking, you will say, in that little place; but a story was once told me concerning it which gives it a sort of fearful interest. But I have already tired you with too many of my legends, and will spare you this."

"By no means," said one of the Englishmen. "We can not let you off so. Of course, in a place so close to the mysterious Bogenberg, there must be something more than common."

"Oh, if you really like to hear what attracts me toward this insignificant village," replied the baron, "I am ready to tell the story as it was told to me."

His auditors, grouping themselves round him as he spoke, he accordingly continued as follows:

After a gloomy cold day the evening set in chill and dreary, and in spite of all the efforts I had made to reach Vilshofen before dark, I found myself, owing to various vexatious delays, benighted in one of the desolate passes of the majestic mountain range which borders the left bank of the Danube. The gloom became every moment deeper and deeper, and to proceed

appeared almost impracticable; however, as the prospect of passing the night in the woods held out but small temptation, I urged my people forward, and accordingly we drove rapidly on, hoping at least to reach some spot more sheltered than the spectral valley where we found ourselves. Our haste was of little avail; the spirits of the mountains seemed to laugh our efforts to scorn; and to prove how much travelers are in their power, they so contrived it that the wheels of my carriage coming in contact with a heap of rugged stones, a violent overturn took place, and our further progress was altogether stopped. We had no choice now but to kindle a fire under a huge tree, dispose our cloaks and baggage so as to afford us some protection from the night air, and wait for dawn before we attempted to trust ourselves again in the shattered vehicle.

Resolving to submit with a good grace to our misfortune, we produced our stock of provisions, which hunger made particularly palatable. The fire soon blazed cheerfully; and as masters and men drew round it, we began to think our adventure less woeful than we at first considered it. It was agreed that those of our party who were the most fatigued should endeavor to procure some sleep, while the watchful should nurse the useful flame which not only warmed but might protect us from the visits of wild animals, should any be attracted toward our neighborhood. We had with us a stout Bavarian, whose lively eyes told that he had little more inclination to sleep than myself: he and I therefore seated ourselves on the knotted roots of the ancient oak, and to beguile the time I asked him some particulars of the country, new at that time to me, but with which he seemed well acquainted. We are at this moment passing the places he named; and he said he had traversed these mountains during many years, indeed, had we followed his advice at Straubing, we had not then been sitting by the fire, benighted wanderers, listening to him as you now listen to me.

"It is unlucky," said the Bavarian, "that there is no moon, for these heights look well in her broad light and shade; I could otherwise point out to you many a remarkable spot hereabouts. On the summit of the highest of these mountains stand the ruins of the famous Stammschloss of Bogenberg, once belonging to the powerful counts of that race, who lorded it over all the country they could see from their strong-hold, far into Bohemia. But it is long since their revels are over, and all is silent enough in those walls, except on the festivals of the Wahr-wolves, and then indeed there is such a noise and riot that one might think the old knights and their vassals were once more engaged in contest with their ancient enemies of Ortenburg."

"What mean you," asked I, "by the Wahr-wolves?"

He stared with astonishment.

"Is it possible," said he, "that you have not heard of them? They are certainly more rare of late years, yet there are still too many in the country."

"Are they banditti?" said I, instinctively laying my hand on my pistol.

"Not so," he replied; "since you seem so surprised I will explain. A Wahr-wolf is a man who has entered into a compact with the Black Huntsman, which enables him to change his human shape for that of a wolf, and resume his own form at will. There are many men whom you would never suspect of such a thing who are known to be of the fraternity. They meet sometimes in bands and scour the country, doing more mischief than natural wolves, for when they get into a farm they make wild havoc, and are mighty beer-drinkers; sometimes, not content with drinking up all the beer they can find, they pile up the empty barrels in the middle of the cellar, and go off howling loud enough to scare the whole country. You smile, but I know a fact relating to one of them which many besides myself can vouch for as having occurred. A farmer from Straubing, with some of his people, was passing through these very mountains, and being overtaken by night, as we are, but not like us furnished with provisions, one of his men offered to procure some food, if they would all promise not to tell how he did it. Whereupon he went away, and in a short time they heard the howling of a wolf; presently one came in sight bearing a sheep which he had killed. They ran to hide themselves, but he quietly laid down his prey, and, turning about, ran off to the heights. Their companion returned not long after, quite out of breath and much fatigued. They proceeded to cut up and roast part of the slaughtered animal; but none of them would hold fellowship with the man afterward, because they knew him at once to be a Wahr-wolf."

"Do you really credit this?" said I; "and could you suspect a companion of so incredible a propensity?"

"When I tell you what was witnessed and recounted to me by my own father," said the Bavarian, with great gravity, "you will allow that I have reasons for my belief."

"Hundersdorf is the native place of our family, and there, when my father was quite young, lived a mother and her two daughters, Margaret and Agatha. The first was soon married to a worthy man, a farmer, who by ill-luck took into his service a young fellow named Augustin Schultes. No one, to look at him, would have thought his face boded aught but good, he was so handsome, so gay, and obliging.

"It was not long before he fell in love with the pretty Agatha, who was the general favorite of the village, though somewhat proud and shy. At first she looked down upon the servant of her brother-in-law, but by degrees was won by his insinuating behavior, for women seldom look beyond the outside. Her mother, however, would not listen to his or her entreaties, and nothing but weeping, scolding, and discontent was to be found in the cottage. All on a sudden every thing seemed altered; and whereas Augustin never dared to cross the threshold of their house, he was now a constant guest. By-and-by he left off service and bought a bit of land of his own and some

sheep, having had, according to his own report, a legacy left him. This latter circumstance explained the change in the behavior of Agatha's mother, for a poor suitor and a rich one are widely different persons, and many who had never said a word in Augustin's favor, now came forward with offers of friendship. Heinrich Ziegler, however, an unsuccessful lover of Agatha's, was still heard on all occasions to speak slightly of Augustin, throwing out hints that his money was not got in an honest way, so that his insinuations filled the minds of the neighbors with suspicions which they could not account for. Some thought he dealt in magic, or had found the Great Secret; but none imagined the truth, which at last came to light.

"It happened one evening that my father was returning from work, and had to pass through a small wood which leads to the village; and, as the shades began to fall, he hurried on, because there are many strange things happen in these places which no good Christian should care to look upon. Suddenly he heard voices not far off, and, as he thought he recognized them, he stopped to ascertain, when he clearly distinguished those of Heinrich and Augustin, at least so it seemed to him.

"Augustin,' said the former, 'it is of no use; if you do not resign her I will tell the whole truth, and force you to give her up; for as soon as it is known what you are—'

"Tush!' interrupted the other, 'what better are you yourself? Did we not take the oath together, and are not you as deeply implicated as I am. Our master provides us with all we want, and our duty is not so very hard.'

"I tell you,' muttered Heinrich, sullenly, 'my duty is much worse than yours; the worst of yours is over, mine is but begun. Am I not obliged to scour the country in the darkest night *to bring sheep to your fold?*'

"My father shuddered, a fearful suspicion darkened his mind, which was soon confirmed by what followed. Heinrich continued:

"You get the reward and I the pain; but I will no longer endure it; either give me up the gold you obtain through my means, or give me up Agatha.'

"They then spoke together, too low to be heard, but my father gathered enough to learn that Augustin promised to take from his comrade the hard duty he complained of being obliged to perform at night; and still muttering to each other words of import which my father could not comprehend, they passed on, and he, terrified and his hair bristling with horror, hurried through the wood and reached home he scarcely knew how.

"He resolved to watch the proceedings of the two comrades narrowly, and in a little time observed that Augustin's looks were much impaired; that he went about in the daytime fatigued and haggard, while Heinrich, who before was dull and heavy, assumed a more cheerful aspect. At length the time was fixed for the marriage of Agatha and Augustin, and as it approached he felt greatly disturbed, on considering the conversation he had overheard: he tried to persuade himself that he had mistaken the voices or the words, but he still could not divest himself of the conviction that the two men whose mysterious words he had listened to were no other than Augustin and Heinrich, and they were, beyond all possibility of doubt, Wahr-wolves!

"The day before the wedding was to take place, he directed his steps to the cottage, and there found Agatha's mother alone; she was sitting in the window, with a face of wonder and alarm, and held in her hand a small piece of paper, which, as he entered, she handed to him.

"Read this,' said she; 'you are an old friend, advise me what to do to save my poor child.'

"On the paper was written, 'Let Agatha fly from the Wahr-wolf.'

"My father turned pale, and on the widow's earnest entreaties that he would assist her with his advice, he related all he knew. Great was her amazement and despair; the more so, as she felt certain that Agatha would never credit the fact, and must inevitably fall a sacrifice. While we were in this perplexity, we were startled by the sudden appearance of Heinrich. His face was very pale, and his eyes wild.

"You doubtless wonder,' said he, 'to see me here, and the more so when I tell you that I come as a saviour to your daughter. I alone have the means of delivering her, and if you will confide in me, she shall escape the fate which hangs over her.'

"He then proceeded to relate that, won over by the deceitful persuasions of Augustin, he had consented to become his companion in his unhallowed proceedings; but, having repented, he now resolved to reveal the wicked practices of his late friend; and if the mother of Agatha would be guided by him, he would deliver her daughter from all harm. After much difficulty the mother, by my father's persuasions, at last agreed to trust him, as no better means offered; and accordingly, having obliged Heinrich to take a solemn oath of his sincerity, they resolved to assemble several neighbors, and to put themselves under the guidance of this new friend.

"It was night when the whole party met, not far from the gate of Augustin's cottage. Heinrich advanced first, and, at a signal from him, every man concealed himself till it was observed that Augustin came out of the house, and proceeded cautiously onward till he reached the cemetery just without the village; the watchful band still close on his track.

"He there began to undress himself, and having done so, hid his clothes under a grave-stone.

Scarcely had he finished this arrangement, when the hoarse cry of a raven seemed to startle him, and the sound was presently answered by a low howl, when, to the inexpressible horror of all present, a hideous wolf rushed forth, as if from the tombs, and was lost in the surrounding gloom.

"No one could stir from the spot where each stood but Heinrich, who darted toward the place where the garments were hid, and drawing them forth, wrapped them in a heap, and calling to the petrified group who looked on, bade them follow. They did so, and having returned to the village, prepared to complete the directions of Heinrich, who ordered a large fire to be made, into which all the clothes were thrown; but, to the surprise of all, among them was discovered the hood and veil of a female. They were burned with the rest, and as the last spark of the fire died away, the face of Heinrich seemed to have caught its glow, so fierce was the expression of his eyes, as he exclaimed,

"Now the work of vengeance is complete; now the Black Huntsman has his own!"

"He told the trembling lookers-on that on the destruction of these habiliments depended the Wahr-wolf's power of resuming his human shape, which had now become quite impossible.

"After all these ceremonies, each person returned to his respective dwelling; but my father was unable to obtain a moment's rest all night, for the continual shrieking of a raven close to his window. As day dawned the annoyance ceased, and he rose the next morning hoping all he had witnessed the preceding night was a dream. However, he hastened to the house of Agatha, and there he found all in confusion and dismay. She could be nowhere found, nor any trace of her discovered. Heinrich was in more consternation than any one, and hurried up and down almost distracted.

"My father now related how his rest had been disturbed by the hoarse cries of the raven, and said that such an omen boded no good. He then proposed seeking for the unfortunate girl in the cemetery, as perhaps, her mysterious lover had murdered and buried her in one of the tombs. At the mention of this suspicion, a new light seemed to burst on the awe-struck Heinrich. He suddenly called out in a piercing voice,

"The hood—the veil!—it is too plain, I have betrayed him, and lost her forever. I burnt her garments, and doubtless, he had taught her his infernal art, so that she can never be restored to her human form. She will remain a raven, and he a Wahr-wolf, forever!"

"So saying, he gnashed his teeth with rage, and, with a wild look, rushed from the house. No one observed where he went, but, from that hour, neither he, nor Augustin, nor Agatha, were ever beheld in the village of Hundesdorf; though often, on a wintry night, the howling of wolves is heard not far off, and the ill-boding scream of the raven is sure to echo their horrid yells."

Such was the wild tale of the Bavarian; and when he had finished, I was so impressed with the earnestness of his manner, and the firm belief he attached to this strange relation, that I was not sorry to hear the voices of my awaking companions, nor unrelieved to observe that day was breaking. We soon resumed our journey, and it was with little regret I quitted the gloomy valley where I had listened to the fearful legend of the Wahr-wolf.

The superstition is scarcely even yet done away with in these parts, in spite of the march of civilization, which has sent steam-boats on the Danube to drive away such follies. I believe, however, there are few places now, except in the Böhmer-wald, where such monstrous fables are believed. Such a belief was once current all over France, and, indeed, wherever wolves existed; but as our robber chiefs and black bands are pretty well rooted out, no one has any interest in keeping up the credit of these imaginary culprits.

"But see," exclaimed the baron, "we are arrived at Vilshofen, and I am obliged to leave off my gossip, and allow you to pursue your way toward Vienna. Yonder are the walls of my domicile, and here I must bid you farewell."

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

"Did you ever hear," said a friend once to me, "a real true ghost story, one you might depend upon?"

"There are not many such to be heard," I replied, "and I am afraid it has never been my good fortune to meet with those who were really able to give me a genuine, well-authenticated story."

"Well, you shall never have cause to say so again; and as it was an adventure that happened to myself, you can scarcely think it other than well authenticated. I know you to be no coward, or I might hesitate before I told it to you. You need not stir the fire; there is plenty of light by which you can hear it. And now to begin. I had been riding hard one day in the autumn for nearly five or six hours, through some of the most tempestuous weather to which it had ever been my ill luck to be exposed. It was just about the time of the Equinox, and perfect hurricanes swept over the hills, as if every wind in heaven had broken loose, and had gone mad, and on every hill the rain and driving sleet poured down in one unbroken shower.

"When I reached the head of Wentford valley—you know the place, a narrow ravine with rocks on

one side, and those rich full woods (not that they were very full then, for the winds had shaken them till there was scarcely a leaf on their bare rustling branches) on the other, with a clear little stream winding through the hollow dell—when I came to the entrance of this valley, weather-beaten veteran as I was, I scarcely knew how to hold on my way; the wind, as it were, held in between the two high banks, rushed like a river just broken loose into a new course, carrying with it a perfect sheet of rain, against which my poor horse and I struggled with considerable difficulty: still I went on, for the village lay at the other end, and I had a patient to see there, who had sent a very urgent message, entreating me to come to him as soon as possible. We are slaves to a message, we poor medical men, and I urged on my poor jaded brute with a keen relish for the warm fire and good dinner that awaited me as soon as I could see my unfortunate patient, and get back to a home doubly valued on such a day as that in which I was then out. It was indeed dreary riding in such weather; and the scene altogether, through which I passed, was certainly not the most conducive toward raising a man's spirits; but I positively half wished myself out in it all again, rather than sit the hour I was obliged to spend by the sick-bed of the wretched man I had been summoned to visit. He had met with an accident the day before, and as he had been drinking up to the time, and the people had delayed sending for me, I found him in a frightful state of fever; and it was really an awful thing either to look at or to hear him. He was delirious, and perfectly furious; and his face, swelled with passion, and crimson with the fever that was burning him up, was a sight to frighten children, and not one calculated to add to the tranquillity even of full-grown men. I dare say you think me very weak, and that I ought to have been inured to such things, minding his ravings no more than the dash of the rain against the window; but, during the whole of my practice, I had never seen man or woman, in health or in fever, in so frightful a state of furious frenzy, with the impress of every bad passion stamped so broadly and fearfully upon the face; and, in the miserable hovel that then held me with his old witch-like mother standing by, the babel of the wind and rain outside added to the ravings of the wretched creature within. I began to feel neither in a happy nor an enviable frame of mind. There is nothing so frightful as where the reasonable spirit seems to abandon man's body, and leave it to a fiend instead.

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"After an hour or more waiting patiently by his bedside, not liking to leave the helpless old woman alone with so dangerous a companion (for I could not answer for any thing he might do in his frenzy), I thought that the remedies by which I hoped in some measure to subdue the fever, seemed beginning to take effect, and that I might leave him, promising to send all that was necessary, though fearing much that he had gone beyond all my power to restore him; and desiring that I might immediately be called back again, should he get worse instead of better, which I felt almost certain would be the case, I hastened homeward, glad enough to be leaving wretched huts and raving men, driving rain and windy hills, for a comfortable house, dry clothes, a warm fire, and a good dinner. I think I never saw such a fire in my life as the one that blazed up my chimney; it looked so wonderfully warm and bright, and there seemed an indescribable air of comfort about the room which I had never noticed before. One would have thought I should have enjoyed it all intensely after my wet ride, but throughout the whole evening, the scenes of the day would keep recurring to my mind with most uncomfortable distinctness, and it was in vain that I endeavored to forget it all in a book, one of my old favorites too; so at last I fairly gave up the attempt, as the hideous face would come continually between my eyes and an especially good passage; and I went off to bed heartily tired, and expecting sleep very readily to visit me. Nor was I disappointed: I was soon deep asleep, though my last thought was on the little valley I had left. How long this heavy and dreamless sleep continued, I can not tell, but gradually I felt consciousness returning, in the shape of the very thoughts with which I fell asleep, and at last I opened my eyes, thoroughly roused by a heavy blow at my window. I can not describe my horror, when, by the light of a moon struggling among the heavy surge-like clouds, I saw the very face, the face of *that* man looking in at me through the casement, the eyes distended and the face pressed close to the glass. I started up in bed, to convince myself that I really was awake, and not suffering from some frightful dream; there it staid, perfectly moveless, its wide ghastly eyes fixed unwaveringly on mine, which, by a kind of fascination, became equally fixed and rigid, gazing upon the dreadful face, which alone without a body was visible at the window, unless an indefinable black shadow, that seemed to float beyond it, might be fancied into one. I can scarcely tell how long I so sat looking at it, but I remember something of a rushing sound, a feeling of relief, a falling exhausted back upon my pillow, and then I awoke in the morning ill and unrefreshed. I was ill at ease, and the first question I asked, on coming down stairs, was, whether any messenger had come to summon me to Wentford. A messenger had come, they told me, but it was to say I need trouble myself no further, as the man was already beyond all aid, having died about the middle of the night. I never felt so strangely in my life as when they told me this, and my brain almost reeled as the events of the previous day and night passed through my mind in rapid succession. That I had seen something supernatural in the darkness of the night, I had never doubted, but when the sun shone brightly into my room in the morning, through the same window, where I had seen so frightful and strange a sight by the spectral light of the moon, I began to believe more it was a dream, and endeavored to ridicule myself out of all uncomfortable feelings, which, nevertheless, I could not quite shake off. Haunted by what I considered a painful dream, I left my room, and the first thing I heard was a confirmation of what I had been for the last hour endeavoring to reason and ridicule myself out of believing. It was some hours before I could recover my ordinary tranquillity; and then it came back, not slowly as you might have expected, as the impression gradually wore off, and time wrought his usual changes in mind as in body, but suddenly—by the discovery that our large white owl had escaped during the night, and had honored my window with a visit before he became quite accustomed to his liberty."

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SKETCHES OF LIFE. BY A RADICAL.

It was an error to call this work^[25] the autobiography of an individual. It is a picturing—faithful, minute, and eloquent—of the hardships, the sufferings, and the miseries endured by a large mass of our fellow men. It is an earnest and honest exposure of the hollowness that infests English society—an insight to the weakness of the substratum. It shows what education should have done, and what corruption really has done. ALTON LOCKE is also a personification of the failings, as well as of the sufferings, that make up the sum of existence of a large class.

The author has effectually carried out his design—we will not say altogether with artistic consistency, or with book-making propriety. We know it is deemed a great offense against taste to make a novel the medium of exposing social dangers, or political inequalities and wrongs. We know that those who stick up for "the model," would have a fiction all fiction, or at least that the philosophy be very subordinate and the social aim be hidden so completely as not to be discernible excepting to the professional reader. But *Alton Locke* is an exception to all these objections. Spite of its defects, it is a perfect work—perfect, that it is invested with an air of the wildest romance, while it goes home to the heart and the judgment as a faithful picture—perfect, that it is eloquent and natural, and consistent with itself. It is one of those books which defy classification. We have not seen its like. And to those readers who accept our eulogy in earnest, *Alton Locke* will ever remain a token of rich enjoyment, and a memento that 1850 did produce at least one cherishable book.

The story of the biography will not impress so much or so favorably as the style. The hero is a widow's only child: his mother is a stern Calvinist. Her teachings, and the teaching of the vipers in religious form who come to administer consolation and to drink the old lady's tea, are hateful to an intense degree to ALTON. He is of a poetic temperament, and a great admirer of nature. Opportunities of indulging his natural tastes are denied him. Born in a close London street, very rigidly watched and governed by his mother and the good men who come to visit her, his life is any thing but pleasant. But he subsequently becomes a tailor, reads largely, writes verses, turns Chartist, falls in love, and is imprisoned for spouting Chartism. The upshot of his rough life is, that he becomes a true Christian.

Several characters are hit off with great perfection. Such is the mother of ALTON; and such is SANDYE MACKAYE, a friend to whom the boy occasionally ran for sympathy, and to borrow books.

But we will now draw upon the pages of the work itself, merely repeating that it is a remarkable composition, and one which men in high places would do well to ponder. It is a growth from the defects of our time, and should be taken as a presage that change must come. The working-men of this country will be indebted to ALTON LOCKE for the manner in which he pleads their cause; all men should be gratified that the warning voice, which he will inevitably be deemed, is so moderate in tone and so philosophical in manner.

ALTON's youth, we have said, was not happy. The following are his descriptions of his mother, and one of her associates:

ALTON'S MOTHER AND THE MISSIONARY.

"My mother moved by rule and method; by God's law, as she considered, and that only. She seldom smiled. Her word was absolute. She never commanded twice, without punishing. And yet there were abysses of unspoken tenderness in her, as well as clear, sound, womanly sense and insight. But she thought herself as much bound to keep down all tenderness as if she had been some ascetic of the middle ages—so do extremes meet! It was 'carnal,' she considered. She had as yet no right to have any 'spiritual affection' for us. We were still 'children of wrath and of the devil'—not yet 'convinced of sin,' 'converted, born again.' She had no more spiritual bond with us, she thought, than she had with a heathen or a papist. She dared not even pray for our conversion, earnestly as she prayed on every other subject. For though the majority of her sect would have done so, her clear, logical sense would yield to no such tender inconsistency. Had it not been decided from all eternity? We were elect, or we were reprobate. Could her prayers alter that? If He had chosen us, He would call us in His own good time: and, if not, ——. Only, again and again, as I afterward discovered from a journal of hers, she used to beseech God with agonized tears to set her mind at rest by revealing to her His will toward us. For that comfort she could at least rationally pray. But she received no answer. Poor, beloved mother! If thou couldst not read the answer, written in every flower and every sunbeam, written in the very fact of our existence here at all, what answer would have sufficed thee? And yet, with all this, she kept the strictest watch over our morality. Fear, of course, was the only motive she employed; for how could our still carnal understandings be affected with love to God? And love to herself was too paltry and temporary to be urged by one who knew that her life was uncertain, and who was always trying to go down to deepest eternal ground and reason of every thing, and take her stand upon that. So our god, or gods rather, till we were twelve years old, were hell, the rod, the Ten Commandments, and public opinion. Yet under them, not they, but something deeper far, both in her and us, preserved us pure. Call it natural character, conformation of the spirit—conformation

of the brain, if you like, if you are a scientific man and a phrenologist. I never yet could dissect and map out my own being, or my neighbor's, as you analysts do.

"My heart was in my mouth as I opened the door to them, and sunk back again to the very lowest depths of my inner man when my eyes fell on the face and figure of the missionary—a squat, red-faced, pig-eyed, low-browed man, with great soft lips that opened back to his very ears; sensuality, conceit, and cunning marked on every feature—an innate vulgarity, from which the artisan and the child recoil with an instinct as true, perhaps truer, than that of the courtier, showing itself in every tone and motion—I shrunk into a corner, so crest-fallen that I could not even exert myself to hand round the bread-and-butter, for which I got duly scolded afterward. Oh! that man!—how he bawled and contradicted, and laid down the law, and spoke to my mother in a fondling, patronizing way, which made me, I knew not why, boil over with jealousy and indignation. How he filled his teacup half full of the white sugar to buy which my mother had curtailed her yesterday's dinner—how he drained the few remaining drops of the three-penny worth of cream, with which Susan was stealing off to keep it as an unexpected treat for my mother at breakfast next morning—how he talked of the natives, not as St. Paul might of his converts, but as a planter might of his slaves; overlaying all his unintentional confessions of his own greed and prosperity, with cant, flimsy enough for even a boy to see through, while his eyes were not blinded with the superstition that a man must be pious who sufficiently interlard his speech with a jumble of old English picked out of our translation of the New Testament. Such was the man I saw. I don't deny that all are not like him. I believe there are noble men of all denominations doing their best, according to their light, all over the world; but such was the one I saw—and the men who are sent home to plead the missionary cause, whatever the men may be like who stay behind and work, are, from my small experience, too often such. It appears to me to be the rule that many of those who go abroad as missionaries, go simply because they are men of such inferior powers and attainments that if they staid in England they would starve."

ALTON'S STUDY.

"I slept in a little lean-to garret at the back of the house, some ten feet long by six wide. I could just stand upright against the inner wall, while the roof on the other side ran down to the floor. There was no fire-place in it or any means of ventilation. No wonder I coughed all night accordingly, and woke about two every morning with choking throat and aching head. My mother often said that the room was 'too small for a Christian to sleep in, but where could she get a better?' Such was my only study. I could not use it as such, however, at night without discovery; for my mother carefully looked in every evening, to see that my candle was out. But when my kind cough woke me, I rose, and creeping like a mouse about the room—for my mother and sister slept in the next chamber, and every sound was audible through the narrow partition—I drew my darling books out from under a board in the floor one end of which I had gradually loosened at odd minutes, and with them a rushlight, earned by running on messages, or by taking bits of work home, and finishing them for my fellows. No wonder that with this scanty rest, and this complicated exertion of hands, eyes, and brain, followed by the long dreary day's work of the shop, my health began to fail; my eyes grew weaker and weaker; my cough became more acute; my appetite failed me daily. My mother noticed the change, and questioned me about it, affectionately enough. But I durst not, alas! tell the truth. It was not one offense, but the arrears of months of disobedience which I should have had to confess; and so arose infinite false excuses, and petty prevarications, which embittered and clogged still more my already overtaxed spirit. Before starting forth to walk two miles to the shop at six o'clock in the morning, I sat some three or four hours shivering on my bed, putting myself into cramped and painful postures, not daring even to cough, lest my mother should fancy me unwell, and come in to see me, poor dear soul!—my eyes aching over the page, my feet wrapped up in the bed-clothes to keep them from the miserable pain of the cold; longing, watching, dawn after dawn, for the kind summer mornings, when I should need no candlelight. Look at the picture awhile, ye comfortable folks, who take down from your shelves what books you like best at the moment, and then lie back, amid prints and statuettes, to grow wise in an easy chair, with a blazing fire and a camphine lamp. The lower classes uneducated! Perhaps you would be so too, if learning cost you the privation which it costs some of them."

But ALTON read largely, notwithstanding his privations. What of his time was not spent on the tailor's board, was devoted to the writings of the great spirits of the age. On a holiday he visited the National Gallery, and learned to love and bless the painters. He studied narrowly MILTON and TENNYSON, and many other writers, and among them "that great prose poem, the single epic of modern days, THOMAS CARLYLE'S *French Revolution*." ALTON'S daydreams were more numerous than we should imagine are those of the majority of men who are steeped in poverty as he was; and he has described them well. When he did learn to walk into the fields, he truly enjoyed the liberty thus attained.

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THE FIRST SIP OF FREEDOM.

"It was a glorious morning at the end of May; and when I escaped from the pall of smoke which hung over the city, I found the sky a sheet of cloudless blue. How I watched for the ending of the rows of houses, which lined the road for miles—the great roots of London, running far out into the country, up which poured past me an endless stream of food, and merchandise, and human beings—the sap of the huge metropolitan life-tree! How each turn of the road opened a fresh line of terraces or villas, till hope deferred made the heart sick, and the country seemed—like the place where the rainbow touches the ground, or the El Dorado of Raleigh's Guiana settlers—always a little farther off! How, between gaps in the houses right and left, I caught tantalizing glimpses of green fields, shut from me by dull lines of high-spiked palings! How I peeped through gates and over fences at trim lawns and gardens, and longed to stay, and admire, and speculate on the names of the strange plants and gaudy flowers; and then hurried on, always expecting to find something still finer ahead—something really worth stopping to look at—till the houses thickened again into a street, and I found myself, to my disappointment, in the midst of a town! And then more villas and palings; and then a village: when would they stop, those endless houses? At last they did stop. Gradually the people whom I passed began to look more and more rural, and more toil-worn and ill-fed. The houses ended, cattle yards and farm buildings appeared; and right and left, far away, spread the low rolling sheet of green meadows and corn-fields. Oh, the joy! The lawns with their high elms and firs, the green hedgerows, the delicate hue and scent of the fresh clover-fields, the steep clay banks where I stopped to pick nosegays of wild flowers, and became again a child—and then recollected my mother, and a walk with her on the river bank toward the Red House. I hurried on again, but could not be unhappy, while my eyes ranged free, for the first time in my life, over the checkered squares of cultivation, over glittering brooks, and hills quivering in the green haze, while above hung the skylarks, pouring out their souls in melody. And then, as the sun grew hot, and the larks dropped one by one into the growing corn, the new delight of the blessed silence! I listened to the stillness; for noise had been my native element; I had become in London quite unconscious of the ceaseless roar of the human sea, casting up mire and dirt. And now, for the first time in my life, the crashing, confusing hubbub had flowed away, and left my brain calm and free. How I felt at that moment a capability of clear, bright meditation, which was as new to me, as I believe it would have been to most Londoners in my position. I can not help fancying that our unnatural atmosphere of excitement, physical as well as moral, is to blame for very much of the working-men's restlessness and fierceness. As it was, I felt that every step forward, every breath of fresh air, gave me new life. I had gone fifteen miles before I recollected that, for the first time for many months, I had not coughed since I rose."

The following is the utterance in a more eloquent mode, of some startling facts revealed by the London Correspondent of *The Morning Chronicle*:

THE TERRORS OF THE COMPETITIVE SYSTEM.

"Well: one day our employer died. He had been one of the old sort of fashionable West-end tailors in the fast decreasing honorable trade; keeping a modest shop, hardly to be distinguished from a dwelling-house, except by his name on the window blinds. He paid good prices for work, though not as good, of course, as he had given twenty years before, and prided himself upon having all his work done at home. His work-rooms, as I have said, were no elysiums; but still, as good, alas! as those of three tailors out of four. He was proud, luxurious, foppish; but he was honest and kindly enough, and did many a generous thing by men who had been long in his employ. At all events, his journeymen could live on what he paid them.

"But his son, succeeding to the business, determined, like Rehoboam of old, to go ahead with the times. Fired with the great spirit of the nineteenth century—at least with that one which is vulgarly considered its especial glory—he resolved to make haste to be rich. His father had made money very slowly of late; while dozens, who had begun business long after him, had now retired to luxurious ease and suburban villas. Why should he remain in the minority? Why should he not get rich as fast as he could? Why should he stick to the old, slow-going, honorable trade? Out of some 450 West-end tailors, there were not one hundred left who were old-fashioned and stupid enough to go on keeping down their own profits by having all their work done at home and at first-hand. Ridiculous scruples! The government knew none such. Were not the army clothes, the post-office clothes, the policemen's clothes, furnished by contractors and sweaters, who hired the work at low prices, and let it out again to journeymen at still lower ones? Why should he pay his men two shillings where the government paid them one? Were there not cheap houses even at the West-end, which had saved several thousands a year merely by reducing their workmen's wages? And if the workmen chose to take lower wages, he was not bound actually to make them a present of more than they asked for. They would go to the cheapest market for any thing they wanted, and so must he. Besides, wages had really been quite exorbitant. Half his men threw each of them as much money away in gin and beer yearly, as would pay two workmen at a cheap house. Why was he to be robbing his family of comforts to pay for their extravagance? And charging his customers, too, unnecessarily high prices—it was really robbing the public!

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"Such, I suppose, were some of the arguments which led to an official announcement, one Saturday night, that our young employer intended to enlarge his establishment, for the purpose of commencing business in the 'show trade;' and that, emulous of Messrs. Aaron, Levi, and the rest of that class, magnificent alterations were to take place in the premises, to make room for

which our work-rooms were to be demolished, and that for that reason—for of course it was only for that reason—all work would in future be given out, to be made up at the men's own homes....

"We were all bound to expect this. Every working tailor must come to this at last, on the present system; and we are only lucky in having been spared so long. You all know where this will end—in the same misery as fifteen thousand out of twenty thousand of our class are enduring now. We shall become the slaves, often the bodily prisoners, of Jews, middlemen, and sweaters, who draw their livelihood out of our starvation. We shall have to face, as the rest have, ever decreasing prices of labor, ever increasing profits made out of that labor by the contractors who will employ us—arbitrary fines, inflicted at the caprice of hirelings—the competition of women, and children, and starving Irish—our hours of work will increase one-third, our actual pay decrease to less than one-half; and in all this we shall have no hope, no chance of improvement in wages, but ever more penury, slavery, misery, as we are pressed on by those who are sucked by fifties—almost by hundreds—yearly, out of the honorable trade in which we were brought up, into the infernal system of contract work, which is devouring our trade and many others, body and soul. Our wives will be forced to sit up night and day to help us; our children must labor from the cradle without chance of going to school, hardly of breathing the fresh air of heaven; our boys, as they grow up, must turn beggars or paupers; our daughters, as thousands do, must eke out their miserable earnings by prostitution. And after all, a whole family will not gain what one of us had been doing, as yet, single-handed.'...

"Government—government? You a tailor, and not know that government are the very authors of this system? Not to know that they first set the example, by getting the army and navy clothes made by contractors, and taking the lowest tenders? Not to know that the police clothes, the postmen's clothes, the convicts' clothes, are all contracted for on the same infernal plan, by sweaters, and sweaters' sweaters, and sweaters' sweaters' sweaters, till government work is just the very last, lowest resource to which a poor, starved-out wretch betakes himself to keep body and soul together? Why, the government prices, in almost every department, are half, and less than half, the very lowest living price. I tell you, the careless iniquity of government about these things will come out some day. It will be known, the whole abomination; and future generations will class it with the tyrannies of the Roman emperors and the Norman barons. Why, it's a fact, that the colonels of the regiments—noblemen, most of them—make their own vile profit out of us tailors—out of the pauperism of the men, the slavery of the children, the prostitution of the women. They get so much a uniform allowed them by government to clothe the men with; and then—then, they let out the jobs to the contractors at less than half what government give them, and pocket the difference. And then you talk of appealing to government!"

Only DICKENS or THACKERAY could have rivaled the following sketch of a discussion on

THE REAL OFFICE OF POETRY.

"What do you mean, Mr. Mackaye!" asked I, with a doleful and disappointed visage.

"Mean—why, if God had meant ye to write about Pacifics, He'd ha put ye there—and because He means ye to write about London town, He's put ye there—and gien ye an unco sharp taste o' the ways o't; and I'll gie ye anither. Come along wi' me.'

"And he seized me by the arm, and hardly giving me time to put on my hat, marched me out into the streets, and away through Clare Market to St. Giles's.

"It was a foul, chilly, foggy Saturday night. From the butchers' and greengrocers' shops the gas-lights flared and flickered, wild and ghastly, over haggard groups of slip-shod, dirty women, bargaining for scraps of stale meat, and frost-bitten vegetables, wrangling about short weight and bad quality. Fish-stalls and fruit-stalls lined the edge of the greasy pavement, sending up odors as foul as the language of the sellers and buyers. Blood and sewer-water crawled from under doors and out of spouts, and reeked down the gutters among offal, animal and vegetable, in every stage of putrefaction. Foul vapors rose from cow-sheds and slaughter-houses, and the doorways of undrained alleys, where the inhabitants carried the filth out on their shoes from the back yard into the court, and from the court up into the main street; while above hanging like cliffs over the streets—those narrow, brawling torrents of filth, and poverty, and sin—the houses with their teeming load of life were piled up into the dingy choking night. A ghastly, deafening, sickening sight it was. Go, scented Belgravian! and see what London is! and then go to the library which God has given thee—one often fears in vain—and see what science says this London might be!

"Ay,' he muttered to himself, as he strode along, 'sing awa; get yoursel' wi' child wi' pretty fancies and gran' words, like the rest of the poets, and gang to hell for it.'

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"To hell, Mr. Mackaye?"

"Ay, to a verra real hell, Alton Locke, laddie—a warse ane than ony fiend's' kitchen, or subterranean Smithfield that ye'll hear o' in the pulpits—the hell on earth o' being a flunkey, and a humbug, and a useless peacock, wasting God's gifts on your ain lusts and pleasures—and kenning it—and not being able to get oot o' it, for the chains o' vanity and self-indulgence. I've warned ye. Now look there—'

"He stopped suddenly before the entrance of a miserable alley:

"Look! there's not a soul down that yard, but's either beggar, drunkard, thief, or warse. Write about that! Say how ye saw the mouth o' hell, and the twa pillars thereof at the entry—the pawnbroker's shop o' one side and the gin palace at the other—twa monstrous deevils, eating up men and women, and bairns, body and soul. Look at the jaws o' the monsters, how they open and open, and swallow in anither victim and anither. Write about that.'

"What jaws, Mr. Mackaye!'

"Thae faulding-doors o' the gin shop, goose. Are na they a mair damnable man-devouring idol than ony red-hot statue o' Moloch, or wicker Gogmagog, wherein thae auld Britons burnt their prisoners? Look at *thae barefooted, barebacked hizzies, with their arms roun' the men's necks, and their mouths full o' vitriol and beastly words!* Look at that Irishwoman pouring the gin down the babbie's throat! Look at that raff o' a boy gaun out o' the pawnshop, where he's been pledging the handkerchief he stole the morning, into the ginshop, to buy beer poisoned wi' grains o' paradise, and cocculus indicus, and saut, and a' damnable, maddening, thirst-breeding, lust-breeding drugs! Look at that girl that went in wi' a shawl on her back and cam out wi'out ane! *Drunkards frae the breast!—harlots frae the cradle!—damned before they're born!* John Calvin had an inkling o' the truth there, I'm a'most driven to think, wi' his reprobation deevil's doctrines!'

"Well—but—Mr. Mackaye, I know nothing about these poor creatures.'

"Then ye ought. What do ye ken about the Pacific? Which is maist to your business?—thae barebacked hizzies that play the harlot o' the other side o' the world, or these—these thousands o' barebacked hizzies that play the harlot o' your ain side—made out o' your ain flesh and blude? You a poet! True poetry, like true charity, my laddie, begins at hame. If ye'll be a poet at a', ye maun be a cockney poet; and while the cockneys be what they be, ye maun write, like Jeremiah of old, o' lamentation and mourning and woe, for the sins o' your people. Gin ye want to learn the spirit o' a people's poet, down wi' your Bible and read thae auld Hebrew prophets; gin ye wad learn the style, read your Burns frae morning till night; and gin ye'd learn the matter, just gang after your nose, and keep your eyes open, and ye'll no miss it.'"

One other extract, and we will have done with this original but captivating and convincing volume. ALTON speaks prophetically of

THE DANGERS THAT ARE LOOMING.

"Ay, respectable gentlemen and ladies, I will confess all to you—you shall have, if you enjoy it, a fresh opportunity for indulging that supreme pleasure which the press daily affords you of insulting the classes whose powers most of you know as little as you do their sufferings. Yes; the Chartist poet is vain, conceited, ambitious, uneducated, shallow, inexperienced, envious, ferocious, scurrilous, seditious, traitorous.—Is your charitable vocabulary exhausted? Then ask yourselves, how often have you yourself, honestly resisted and conquered the temptation to any one of these sins, when it has come across you just once in a way, and not as they came to me, as they come to thousands of the working-men, daily and hourly, 'till their torments do, by length of time, become their elements?' What, are we covetous, too? Yes? And if those who have, like you, still covet more what wonder if those who have nothing, covet something? Profligate too? Well, though that imputation as a generality is utterly calumnious, though your amount of respectable animal enjoyment per annum is a hundred times as great as that of the most self-indulgent artisan, yet, if you had ever felt what it is to want, not only every luxury of the senses, but even bread to eat, you would think more mercifully of the man who makes up by rare excesses, and those only of the limited kinds possible to him, for long intervals of dull privation, and says in his madness, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!' We have our sins, and you have yours. Ours may be the more gross and barbaric, but yours are none the less damnable; perhaps all the more so, for being the sleek, subtle, respectable, religious sins they are. You are frantic enough if our part of the press calls you hard names, but you can not see that your part of the press repays it back to us with interest. *We* see those insults, and feel them bitterly enough; and do not forget them, alas! soon enough, while they pass unheeded by your delicate eyes as trivial truisms. Horrible, unprincipled, villainous, seditious, frantic, blasphemous, are epithets of course when applied to—to how large a portion of the English people, you will some day discover to your astonishment. When will that day come, and how? In thunder, and storm, and garments rolled in blood? Or like the dew on the mown grass, and the clear shining of the sunlight after April rain?"

BURKE AND THE PAINTER BARRY.

Burke delighted in lending a helping hand to genius struggling against adversity; and many who were wasting their powers in obscurity were led by his assistance to the paths of eminence. Barry, the painter, was among those to whom he had shown great kindness; he found pleasure in the society of that eccentric being. A long time had passed without his having seen him, when

one day they met accidentally in the street. The greeting was cordial, and Barry invited his friend to dine with him the next day. Burke arrived at the appointed hour, and the door was opened by Dame Ursula, as she was called. She at first denied her master, but when Burke mentioned his name, Barry, who had overheard it, came running down stairs. He was in his usual attire; his thin gray hair was all disheveled; an old and soiled green shade and a pair of mounted spectacles assisted his sight; the color of his linen was rather equivocal, but was evidently not fresh from the bleach-green; his outward garment was a kind of careless *roquelaire*. He gave Burke a most hearty welcome, and led him into the apartment which served him for kitchen, parlor, studio, and gallery; it was, however, so filled with smoke that its contents remained a profound mystery, and Burke was almost blinded and nearly suffocated. Barry expressed the utmost surprise, and appeared utterly at a loss to account for the state of the atmosphere. Burke, however, without endeavoring to explain the mystery on philosophical principles, at once brought the whole blame of the annoyance home to Barry—as it came out that he had removed the stove from its wonted situation by the chimney-piece, and drawn it into the very middle of the room. He had mounted it on an old dripping-pan, to defend the carpet from the burning ashes; he had in vain called in the assistance of the bellows, no blaze would come—but volumes of smoke were puffed out ever and anon, as if to show that the fire could do something if it pleased. Burke persuaded Barry to reinstate the stove in its own locality, and helped him to replace it; this done and the windows opened, they got rid of the smoke, and the fire soon looked out cheerfully enough on them, as if nothing had happened. Barry invited Burke to the upper rooms to look at his pictures. As he went on from one to the other, he applied the sponge and water with which he was supplied, to wash away the dust which obscured them. Burke was delighted with them, and with Barry's history of each, and his dissertation as he pointed out its particular beauties. He then brought him to look at his bedroom; its walls were hung with unframed pictures, which had also to be freed from the thick covering of dust before they could be admired; these, like the others, were noble specimens of art. In a recess near the fire-place the rough stump-bedstead stood, with its coverlet of coarse rug.

"That is my bed," said the artist; "you see I use no curtains; they are most unwholesome, and I breathe as freely and sleep as soundly as if I lay upon down and snored under velvet. Look there," said he, as he pointed to a broad shelf high above the bed, "that I consider my *chef-d'œuvre*; I think I have been more than a match for them; I have outdone them at last."

Mr. Burke asked of whom it was he spoke.

"The rats," replied he, "the nefarious rats, who robbed me of every thing in the larder. But now all is safe; I keep my food beyond their reach. I may now defy all the rats in the parish."

Barry had no clock, so depended on the cravings of his stomach to regulate his meals. By this unerring guide, which might have shamed the most correct regulator in a watchmaker's shop, he perceived that it was time for dinner; but forgot that he had invited Burke to partake of it, till reminded by a hint.

"I declare, my dear friend, I had totally forgotten, I beg your pardon—it quite escaped my memory; but if you'll just sit down here and blow the fire, I'll get a nice beef-steak in a minute."

Burke applied all his energies to the bellows, and had a nice clear fire when Barry returned with the steak rolled up in cabbage-leaves, which he drew from his pocket; from the same receptacle he produced a parcel of potatoes; a bottle of port was under each arm, and each hand held a fresh French-roll. A gridiron was placed on the fire, and Burke was deputed to act as cook while Barry performed the part of butler. While he laid the cloth the old woman boiled the potatoes, and at five o'clock, all being duly prepared, the friends sat down to their repast. Burke's first essay in cookery was miraculously successful, for the steak was done to admiration, and of course greatly relished by the cook. As soon as dinner was dispatched the friends chatted away over their two bottles of port till nine o'clock. Burke was often heard to say that this was one of the most amusing and delightful days he had ever spent.

[From Hogg's Instructor.]

THE IRON RING.

A TALE OF GERMAN ROBBERS AND GERMAN STUDENTS.

"I am inclined to side with our friend," said the venerable pastor, "and I would rather not see you so skeptical, Justus. I have known, in my own experience, several remarkable instances of presentiments; indeed, on one occasion, I and those who were with me, all save one, greatly profited by the strange prophetic apprehension of one of our party. Would we had listened to him sooner! But it was not so to be."

"Come, tell us the story, dear grandfather," said Justus; "it will doubtless edify our guest; and, as for me, I do not object to be mystified now and then."

"Justus, Justus, lay aside that scoffing mask. You put it on, I know, to look like another Mephistopheles, but you don't succeed."

"Don't I?" returned Justus, with a smile. "Well, grandfather, that ought to be a comfort to you."

"No, you don't, so you may as well give up trying. But come, if you would really like to hear the story" (the fact was, that the good man was anxious to tell it, and feared to lose the opportunity), "I shall be happy to please you. I think, however, we shall be better out of doors. Let us go and take our wine under the great plane-tree. You had as well bring your chair with you, my young friend" (this was addressed to me), "for the bench is somewhat hard. And Trinchen, my girl, put glasses on a tray, and some bottles of wine in a pail, and bring them out to us under the great plane-tree. And you, Justus, my boy, be kind enough to transport thither this big chair of mine, like a dutiful grandson and a stout, as you are."

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We were soon established in the pleasant shade. The pastor took an easy posture in his chair, when, after many efforts, Justus had coaxed it into touching the ground with all its four legs at once; I straddled across the seat of mine, and, placing my arms on the back, reposed the bowl of my long pipe on the ground; and Justus, with his cigar in his mouth—the twentieth, or thereby, that day—threw himself down on the turf at a convenient distance from the wine-pail, prepared to replenish our glasses, as need might be. Noble glasses they were, tall and green, with stalks to be grasped, not fingered.

"It is now nearly sixty years ago," began the pastor, when our arrangements were complete, "a long time—a long time, indeed, to bear the staff of one's pilgrimage. I was then in my third year at the university, and was something like what you are now, Justus—a merry, idle, and thoughtless student, but not a very bad boy either."

"Thank you, grandfather," said Justus; "however, that accounts for your being the man you are at your years."

"No, it does not," said the old man, smiling; "but let me tell my story, my boy, without interrupting me—at least, unless you have something better to say than that. As I was saying, I was in my third year, and, of course, I had many acquaintances. I had, however, only two friends. One was a countryman of yours, young gentleman, and his name was Macdonald. The name of the other was Laurenberg."

"Why, that was my grandmother's name!" said Justus.

"Laurenberg was your grandmother's brother," continued the pastor, "and the event I am about to relate to you was the means of my becoming acquainted with her. But has any one ever told you his fate, Justus?"

"No," said Justus, "I never before even heard of him."

"That is not wonderful, my boy; for, since his sister was taken from me, there has been no one but me to remember my poor Laurenberg. But, as I was saying, these two were my only friends. That summer, when the vacation came, we three resolved to make a pedestrian tour together. (Fill our glasses, Justus.) So, after some discussion, we decided on visiting the great Thuringian Forest, and one fine morning off we set. Just as we got beyond the town, Macdonald said, 'My dear brothers, let us return; this expedition will bring us no good.' 'You would almost make one think you were a prophet,' said Laurenberg, with mock gravity. 'And what if I be?' cried the other, quickly. 'Why, then, don't be a prophet of evil—that is to say, unless you can not help it. Come, my dear fellow.' 'I tell you,' interrupted Macdonald, 'that, if we go on, one of us will never see Göttingen again—and Laurenberg, my beloved Laurenberg, it is you who will be that one. You will never return, unless you return now. I tell you this, for I know it.' 'Oh, nonsense,' said the other; 'pray, how do you know it?' It seemed to me that Macdonald slightly shuddered at the question, but he went on as if not heeding it: 'He of us three who first left the house, is destined never to enter it again, and that was the reason why I tried to get out before you. You, Laurenberg, in your folly, ran past me, and it is thus on you that the lot has fallen. Laugh if you will; if you had let me go before you, I would have said nothing; but as it is, I say, laugh if you will, and call me a dreamer, or what you please, only return, my friends, return. Let us go back.' 'Let us go on. Forward!' cried Laurenberg; 'I do not laugh at you, my brother, but I think you are scarcely reasonable; for either you have truly foreseen what is to happen, or you have not. If you have, then what is to happen *will* happen, and we can not avoid it; if you have not, why, then it will not happen, and that is all. Either you foresee truly my destiny—' He was going on, but Macdonald interrupted him: 'It is with such reasoning that men lose themselves in this world—and in the next,' he added, after a pause. 'Oho! dear schoolfox,' returned the other, 'we have not undertaken our march to chop logic and wind metaphysics, but, on the contrary, to be merry and enjoy ourselves. So,' and he sung,

'There wander'd three Burschen along by the Rhine;
At the door of a wine-house, they knocked and went in,
Landlady, have you got good beer and wine?'

'Laurenberg, your gayety is oppressive,' interrupted Macdonald; 'why sing that song? You know there is death in it.' 'It is true,' replied Laurenberg, somewhat gravely, 'the poor little daughter of the landlady lies in her coffin. Another stave, then, if you like it better,

'Up, brothers! up! enjoy your life!'

and so on he went with that stupid song."

"Stupid!" cried Justus, rising suddenly on his elbow; "stupid, did you say, grandfather?"

"Well, my boy, I think it stupid now, though at your age, perhaps, I thought differently. But there," continued the pastor, "I was sure of it; I never can keep both my pipe and my story going at the same time. Give me a light, Justus. Thank you. Those matches are a great invention. In our time, it was all flint, and steel, and trouble. Now, fill our glasses, and then I shall go on again."

Justus obeyed, and his worthy relative thus proceeded:

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"Notwithstanding all his singing, Laurenberg was evidently more impressed by our companion's words than he was willing to own; and, as for me, I was much struck with them, for your countryman, young stranger, was no common man. But all that soon wore off. Even Macdonald seemed to forget his own forebodings. We marched on right cheerfully. That night we stopped at Heiligenstadt, very tired, for it was a long way for lads so little used to walking as we were."

"Did you put up at the Post, grandfather?" asked Justus. "It is a capital inn, and the landlady is both pretty and civil. I staid there when I went from Cassel to Halle."

"I don't remember where we put up," replied the pastor, "but it is scarcely likely we put up at the Post. In those days, students preferred more modest hostelries. Don't interrupt me. The next night we slept at Dingelstadt; and I remember that at supper Laurenberg knocked over the salt-cellar, and that Macdonald said, 'See, I told you! every thing shows it!' Next night we were at Mülhausen, making short journeys, you see; for, after all, our object was to enjoy, not to tire ourselves. Mülhausen is a very prettily situated town, and, though I have never been there since, I remember it quite well. The next afternoon we got to a place whose name I forget at this moment. Stay—I think it was Langensalza; yes, it was Langensalza; and the following day we arrived in Gotha, and lodged at the sign of the Giant, in the market-place. Gotha is the chief town in the duchy, and—"

Here the worthy pastor diverged into a description of Gotha and its environs. This, however, I lost, for, the interest of the story ceasing, I went off into a sort of reverie, from which I was awakened only by the abrupt cessation of the tale, and the words, "Justus, my boy, you are not asleep, are you? Give me a cigar; my pipe is out again."

Justus complied, and the old man, leaning his long pipe, with the rich bowl, against the great plane-tree, received "fire" from his grandson, lit the Cuba, and, after admonishing the youth to fill our glasses, thus went on:

"Our new friends were students from Jena. They were each of a different country. One was a Frenchman; one a Pole; the third alone was a German. They were making a sort of pilgrimage to the different places remarkable for events in the life of Luther—had been at Erfurt, to see his cell in the orphan-house there, and were now going to Eisenach and the Castle of Wartburg, to visit the Patmos of 'Junker George.' However, on hearing that we proposed marching through the Thuringian Forest, they gave up their original plan, and agreed to join us, which pleased us much, for all three were fine fellows. That night we got to Ohrdruff, and the next day we set off for Suhl. But we were not destined ever to reach that town. About noon, Laurenberg said, 'Come, brothers, do you not find this road tiresome? This is the way every body goes. Suppose we strike off the road, and take this footpath through the wood. Is it not a pleasure to explore an unknown country, and go on without knowing where you will come to? For my part, I would not have come so far only to follow a beaten track, where you meet carts and carriages, and men and women, at every step. If all we wanted was to walk along a road, why, there are better roads near Göttingen. Into the wood, say I! Why, who knows but there may be an adventure before us? Follow me!' Macdonald would have remonstrated, but our new friends, and I also, I am sorry to say, felt much as Laurenberg did, so we took the footpath, and plunged into the forest. We soon thought ourselves repaid. The solitude seemed to deepen as we proceeded. Excepting the almost imperceptible footpath, every thing bespoke the purest state of nature. The enormous pines that towered over our heads seemed the growth of ages. Great red deer stared at us from a distance through the glades, as if they had never before seen such animals as we, and then bounded away in herds. High up we saw many bustards—"

Here my excellent host launched in a current of descriptive landscape, which, though doubtless very fine, was almost entirely lost to me, for my thoughts again wandered. From time to time, the words "valleys," "mountains," "craggs," "streamlets," "gloom," "rocks," "Salvator Rosa," "legends," "wood-nymphs," and the like, fell on my ear, but failed to recall my attention. And this must have lasted no little time, for I was at length aroused by his asking for another cigar, the first being done.

"The glen gradually opened out into a plain," resumed the pastor, "and our progress became easier. We, however, had no idea where we were, or which way to turn in order to find a resting-place for the night; we were completely lost, in short. Nevertheless, we pressed on as fast as our tired limbs would admit of, and after half an hour's march across the wooded level, we were rewarded by coming on a sort of road. It was, indeed, nothing more than the tracks of hoofs upon the turf, but we were in ecstasies at its appearance. After some deliberation as to whether we should take to the right or to the left along it, we resolved on following it to the right. Half an hour more, and we saw before us a house among the trees. It was a cheerful sight to us, and we gave a shout of joy. 'I trust they will give us hospitality,' said Richter, the German from Jena. 'If not,' exclaimed his French friend, 'it is my opinion that we will take it.' 'What! turn robbers?' said the Pole, laughing. 'It is a likely looking place for robbers,' remarked Macdonald, looking rather

uneasily round him. We soon reached the house. It was a long building, with low walls, but a very high thatched roof. At one end was a kind of round tower, which seemed much older than the rest of the structure. It might at one time have been much higher than it then was, but in its actual state it scarcely overtopped the gable built against it. Fill our glasses, Justus, if you please."

"Ready, grandfather," said Justus. "But, before you go on, tell us something of the personal appearance of Laurenberg and Macdonald. As for the Jena boys, I don't care about them."

"Laurenberg, Justus, was a tall and very handsome lad. His golden hair curled over his shoulders, for he wore it very long, and his blue eyes were like his sister's. Macdonald, again, was rather under the middle height; his features were dark, and his expression composed, or perhaps, I should rather say, melancholy. Laurenberg was always gay, vivacious, and even restless; Macdonald, on the contrary, was usually listless, almost indolent. But, as you will see, when the time of need came, he was a man of iron. But where was I? Yes, I remember. Well, we came up to the door, and knocked at it. It was opened, after a short delay, by a young girl. The evening shadows were closing in, but, even by the imperfect light we had, we could see she was very beautiful."

"Ha! grandfather, come, that is very interesting!" cried Justus.

"Don't interrupt me, my boy. We could see she was very beautiful. We asked if we could be accommodated for the night, and she answered very readily that we could, but that we should have to sleep all in one room, and that we must be content with a poor supper. 'You will give us the best you have, at all events,' said Richter; 'we are well able to pay for it;' and he jingled his money-pouch. 'Oh, that I do not doubt!' said she, her eyes glistening at the sound; 'but my old grandmother and I live alone here, so we have not much to offer.' 'You two live alone in this large house?' said Macdonald, rather harshly. The girl turned her eyes on him for the first time—Richter had been our spokesman—and she seemed somewhat confused at the scrutinizing glance she met. 'Yes,' said she, at last; 'my father, and his father before him, were foresters here—we were not always so poor—and since their death, we have been allowed still to occupy the place.' 'I beg your pardon,' said Macdonald, in a softer tone. 'But why,' resumed he, in a sharp, quick way—'why must we all sleep in one room?' The girl gave him a keen, inquiring look, as if to ask what he meant by his questions, and then answered, firmly, 'Because, sir, besides our own room, we have only one other furnished. But had you not better walk in? You seem tired, gentlemen; have you come far?' 'To be sure we have, my pretty girl,' said the Frenchman; 'and the fact is, we have lost our way. But why do we stand talking here? Let us go in, my lads.' 'Stay a moment, my friends,' interposed Macdonald. 'We should perhaps be burdensome to you,' said he, addressing the girl: 'how far is it to the nearest inn?' 'About two hours' good walking,' replied she. 'And which is the way?' he asked. 'This bridle-road,' said she, 'will bring you in an hour to a country-road. By turning to your left, you will then reach Arnstadt in another.' 'Good,' said Macdonald, 'many thanks. It is my advice, my friends, that we push on to Arnstadt.' 'What!' cried the Pole, 'two hours more walking! If we were on horseback it would be different; but on foot, I will not go another yard;' and, as he spoke, he entered the house. 'I beg you a thousand pardons, mademoiselle, for keeping you here so long, and a heavy dew falling, too. Come, let us in at once,' said the Frenchman, and he followed the Pole. 'It would certainly be far more comfortable to have good beds at Arnstadt,' said Richter, 'instead of sleeping six in a room; but I am too tired;' and he, too, went in. Macdonald cast an imploring look at Laurenberg, who seemed irresolute. But at the same moment the girl, who had already made a step to follow our Jena companions into the house, turned slowly round, and, throwing a bewitching glance at my poor friend, said, in a voice full of persuasion, 'And you, fair young sir?' At that moment, the moon, which had risen, passed from behind a cloud, and, throwing her light on the maiden's features, gave them an almost unearthly beauty. As for Macdonald, he remained in the shade; but his expressive eye flashed a look of stern warning such as I had never seen it assume before. I shall never forget that scene. Laurenberg was between his good and his evil angel. But so it is ever. Poor humanity is constantly called on to make the choice; and, alas! how much oftener is the evil preferred than the good! In this world—"

But here Justus, who seemed greatly to dread his grandfather's homilies, and to have an instinctive presentiment of their approach, rose on his knees to fill our glasses. This done, he exclaimed, "That's a bad cigar, grandfather. It does not burn even, and, besides, the ash is quite black: throw it away, and take another."

The interruption was successful. "Thank you, my boy," said the pastor. "Don't, however, break in so often on my story. Where was I?"

"Laurenberg was just about to go into the house with the beautiful maiden—at least, I suppose so," said Justus.

"Yes," resumed the old man. "After a moment's hesitation, he took her hand, which she yielded easily, and they entered together. 'Come,' said Macdonald to me, with a sigh, 'since it must be so, we must go with them.' He took my arm, and continued, 'We enter here according to our degrees of wisdom and folly—the Pole first, you and I last; but who is to pay for their blindness?' Give me a light, Justus. Is that the same wine? It seems to me a little hard."

"It is the same wine," said Justus. "Perhaps you find it hard, because it is cooler than the first."

"It may be so. Well, we went in, entering by a passage into a kind of hall. Here we heard the

Frenchman's voice: 'Come along, my beauty, and show us your wonderful and enchanted chamber, where we are to sleep; for I suppose it is there we are to sup, too. I have been trying all the doors, and not one of them will open.' 'This way, gentlemen,' said the girl, disengaging herself from Laurenberg, and opening one of several doors which entered off the place we were in. 'That is your grandmother, I suppose?' said Macdonald, pointing to a figure bending over a small fire, which was expiring on the hearth. 'Good evening, my good woman; you seem to feel chilly;' and, as he addressed these latter words to the crouching creature, he made a step as if he would approach; but the girl, quickly grasping his arm, whispered in his ear, 'Do not disturb her. Since my father's death, she scarcely ever speaks to any one but me. She is very old and feeble. Pray, leave her alone.' Macdonald threw another of his penetrating glances at the girl, but said nothing, and he and I followed her along a passage, some twenty paces in length, and very narrow. At the end of it was another door, and this opened into the chamber we were to occupy. It was a round room, and we immediately guessed that it formed the under story of the tower we had remarked. The girl brought a lamp, and we found that the furniture consisted of a table and some stools, a large press, a heap of mattresses and bedding, a few mats of plaited straw, and a pile of fire-wood. The most curious thing about the place, however, was a strong pole, or rather mast, which stood in the very centre, and seemed to pass through the roof of the room. This roof, which was at a considerable distance from the floor, was formed—a thing I had never seen before—of furze-bushes, supported upon slender branches of pine, and appeared so rickety as to threaten every moment to come down about our heads. On questioning the girl, I was told that the mast supported the outer roof, which was possible enough. 'In the first place,' said Richter to the damsel, when we had seated ourselves, and she seemed to wait for our orders, 'is this an inn, or is it not?' 'You may see, gentlemen,' replied she, 'by the scantiness of the accommodation, that it is not exactly an inn. Nevertheless, you can make yourselves at home, as if it was, and welcome.' 'Good. Then, in the second place, have you any wine?' 'Plenty. We sell a good deal to the foresters, who pass here often, and so have always a supply.' 'Where is it?' asked Macdonald. 'Below, in the cellar.' 'Very well,' returned he. 'I and two more of us will go down and help you to bring up a dozen bottles or so, if you will show us the way.' 'Certainly,' said she. While Macdonald and two of the others were absent with her, I contrived to light a fire, and the Frenchman, on exploring the press, having found that it contained plates, knives, and forks, he and the Pole laid the table; so that when the others, laden with bottles, re-appeared, the place had somewhat of a more cheerful look. 'They have not had time to drug our wine, at least,' whispered Macdonald to me. 'Pooh, my friend,' returned I, 'you are far too suspicious. You will smile to-morrow at having had such ideas.' 'We shall see,' said he. Presently, the girl brought in some bacon, some eggs, and a piece of venison. These we cooked ourselves, staying our appetite, in the mean time, with bread and wine. Then we made a hearty supper, and became very merry. Richter and the Pole plied the bottle vigorously, while Laurenberg and the Frenchman vied with each other in somewhat equivocal gallantries to the damsel. As for Macdonald, he wore an expression of mingled resignation, vigilance, and resolution, which made me uncomfortable, I knew not why—"

"Come, grandfather, don't keep us so long in suspense. Tell us at once if Macdonald's suspicions were well-founded," exclaimed Justus. "Had you fallen into a den of thieves, or were you among honest people? Were you all robbed and murdered before morning, or were you not?"

"Justus, my boy, you must let me tell my story my own way," said the old pastor; "and pray don't interrupt me again. Where was I?"

"At supper grandfather."

"True. When we had supped, smoked a few pipes, and finished our wine, we began to make our beds. As we were so occupied, the girl came in and offered to help us. We readily consented, for we were tired enough. In a very short time, she had made six beds on the floor. 'Why do you lay them all with the head to the middle of the room?' asked Macdonald, observing that all the pillows were ranged round the mast in a circle, and as near it as possible.—'That is the way I always do,' said she, with a careless air. But she did not succeed in concealing a certain strange expression which her features assumed for a moment, and which both Macdonald and I remarked, without understanding it. We well understood afterward what it meant. As she was retiring, the Frenchman and Laurenberg assailed her with some rather too free jokes. She turned, and cast on them a look of ineffable indignation and scorn; then, without a word, she passed out at the door, and closed it behind her. We all admired her for her modesty and virtue. Fill our glasses, Justus. But appearances are deceitful; this world is but a vain show; all is not gold that glitters; and—"

But, a second time, Justus cut short the homily. He dextrously spilt some of the wine, as he performed his Ganymedian office, and so drew down on himself a mild sarcasm for his awkwardness.

Forgetting the sermon he had begun, the old man therefore thus went on: "All, except Macdonald, were soon in bed. We had, however, only half undressed. As for Macdonald, he drew a stool toward the fire, and, seating himself, buried his face in his hands, as if in thought. I almost immediately fell asleep, and must have slept for some time, for when I awoke the fire was out. But I did not awaken of myself; it was Macdonald who aroused me. He did the same to the others. He had thrown himself on his bed, and spoke in a whisper, which, however, as our heads were close together, was audible to all. 'Brothers,' said he, 'listen; but for your lives make no noise, and, above all, do not speak. From the first moment we arrived at this house, I feared that all was not right; now I am sure of it. It seemed odd to me that two solitary women should inhabit so large a house; that the girl should have been so ready, or rather so anxious to receive us; that she

should have shown no fear of six young men, all strangers to her; and I said to myself, 'She and her grandmother do not live here alone; she depends upon aid, if aid be necessary, and that aid is not far off.' Again, I am used to read the character in the countenance, and, despite her beauty, if ever treachery was marked on the human face, it is on hers. Then why make us all sleep in one room? If the others are empty, our beds would be as well on the floor in them as in this one. However, all that was mere suspicion. But there is more. You saw me examine the windows during supper. I could then open the outside shutters; they have since been fastened; and, what is more, the door is locked or barred on us, and will not yield. But, what is most important, my ear, which is very quick, caught the sound of steps in the passage—heavy steps, though taken on tiptoe—steps, in short, of a man, or rather, I should say of men, for there were at least two. I stole to the door, and I distinctly heard whisperings. Now, what do you think of all that? Speak one at a time, and low.'—'Bah!' whispered the Frenchman, 'I think nothing of it. It is quite common to fasten the shutters outside; and, as for the door, your friend and I were rather free with the girl last night, and she may have locked us in for her own security, or she might be afraid of our decamping in the morning without paying the reckoning. As for the footsteps, I doubt if you can distinguish a man's from a woman's; and the whisperings were probably the girl and the old woman conversing. Their voices, coming along the passage, would sound like whisperings.' This explanation was so plausible, that all expressed themselves satisfied with it. But Macdonald resumed, and this time he spoke in a whisper so terrible—so full of mysterious power, that it went straight to every heart, and curdled all our blood. 'Brothers,' he said, 'be wise in time. If you will not listen to common sense, take warning of a supernatural sense. Have you never had a dim presentiment of approaching evil? I know you have. Now, mark. I have at this moment the sure certitude of coming evil. I know, I *know*, I KNOW, that if you continue to lie here, and will not listen to my words, neither you nor I will ever see another sun. I *know* that we shall all certainly die before the morning. Will you be advised? If not, your blood be on your own heads! As for mine, I forgive it you. Decide!—resolve!'—These words, the tones in which they were uttered, and our knowledge of the speaker, produced a profound impression. As for me, I shuddered; but it was less at the idea of the threatened material danger, than at that of an occult influence hovering round us, inspiring Macdonald, and filling the place with its mysterious presence. Laurenberg was the first to speak, or rather to whisper. 'Macdonald,' said he, 'I yield myself to your guidance.' I immediately said, 'And I.' The others followed the example. Macdonald immediately took the command on himself. 'Rise,' said he, 'but make not the slightest noise. Collect yourselves and pay attention to the slightest thing. Leave your shoes; take your swords'—I should tell you, my young friend," said the pastor, addressing me, "that in those days students wore swords, especially when they traveled. And they were not such swords, Justus, as you fight your absurd duels with—not slim things, that you can bend double, and of which only a foot or so is sharp—not playthings to scratch each other's faces with; but good steel blades, meant for thrusting as well as cutting—blades not to be trifled with when wielded by a skillful and strong arm. But where was I? I remember. 'Take your swords,' said Macdonald. 'As it is so dark, there will probably be confusion. We must have watchwords, therefore. Let them be *Jena* and *Göttingen*. Also, to avoid our blindly encountering each other, let each of us, if it comes to a fight, keep calling *Burschen! Burschen!* I believe the attack I apprehend will come from the door. Let us range ourselves three on each side of it. We from Göttingen will take the right side, you from Jena the left. When they open the door, we rush into the passage. I will lead my file, and do you brother,' said he to the Frenchman, 'lead yours. When you hear me cry *Burschen!* follow me, and, remember, you strike for your lives.' All this was said in the lowest whisper, but at the same time so distinctly and deliberately, that we did not lose a word. We took the places assigned us, grasping our bared swords. For a time—it seemed an interminable time—so we stood silent, and hearing nothing. Of course, we could not see each other, for the place was quite dark. At last our excited ears heard footsteps cautiously approaching. Some one came to the door, and was evidently listening. In about a minute, we heard the listener whisper to some one in the passage—'They must all be asleep now. Tell Hans to cut loose.' Our hearts beat quick. There was a pause of some minutes; then suddenly we heard overhead a cracking sound among the furze bushes which composed the roof of the room, and the next instant something fell to the ground with a crash so tremendous that the whole house seemed to shake. Then we heard a bolt withdrawn, then a key was turned. The door began to open. '*Burschen!*' cried Macdonald, as he dashed it wide ajar, and sprang into the passage. '*Burschen!*' cried the Frenchman, and the next moment he was by our comrade's side. '*Burschen!*' cried we all, as we made in after them."

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"*Die Burschen sollen leben!*" (Students forever!) exclaimed Justus, in a state of no little excitement.

"The robbers retreated precipitately into the hall, where we had seen the old woman the previous night. It was brightly illuminated by a large fire which was blazing on the hearth. Here we fought. '*Burschen!*' thundered Macdonald, as he struck down a man armed with a hatchet. '*A bas les voleurs!*' cried the Frenchman, quitting German for his mother tongue, in the heat of the moment. '*Jena! Göttingen!*' shouted some of us, forgetting in our excitement that these names were our passwords and not our war-cry. '*Burschen!*' cried Laurenberg, as he drove into a corner one of the enemy armed with a dagger and a sword. '*Burschen!*' cried he again, as he passed his weapon twice through the robber's body. '*Jena!*' yelled Richter, as his left arm, which he interposed to defend his head, was broken by a blow with an iron bar. '*And Göttingen!*' added he with a roar, as he laid his assailant at his feet. Meanwhile the Pole and I had sustained a fierce attack from three robbers, who, on hearing the cries and the clashing of arms, had rushed out of one of the doors opening into the hall. The Pole was already slightly wounded, and it was going hard with us, when the others came to our assistance. This decided the fight, and we found

ourselves victors."

"Bravo!" cried Justus, throwing his cap into the air. "That wasn't bad, grandfather!" and taking the old man's hand, he kissed his cheek.

"You are a good boy, Justus," said the pastor, "but don't interrupt me. Where was I? Oh, yes. We had gained the victory, and all the robbers lay about the floor, killed or wounded. We stood still a moment to take breath. At this moment, the girl of the previous evening rushed into the hall, and threw herself on the body of the man who had fallen by the hand of Laurenberg. She put her hand on his heart, then she approached her cheek to his mouth. 'He is dead!' cried she, starting to her feet. 'You have killed my Heinrich! my beloved Heinrich! you have killed my Heinrich! Dead! dead! dead!' Still speaking, she disappeared. But she returned almost instantly. She had a pistol in each hand. 'It was *you*, young sir,' said she, calmly and deliberately. 'I saw you,' and, as she spoke, she covered Laurenberg with her weapon, taking a cool aim. With a bound, Macdonald threw himself before the victim. But the generous movement was in vain. She fired; and the bullet, grazing Macdonald's shoulder, passed through poor Laurenberg's throat, and lodged in a door behind him. He staggered and fell."

"Oh, weh!" exclaimed Justus.

"We all stood thunderstruck. 'Your life for his—and mine,' said the girl. With these words, she discharged her other pistol into her bosom, and sank slowly upon the corpse of her lover."

"What a tragedy!" cried Justus.

"It was indeed a tragedy," resumed the pastor, in a low voice. "I knelt down beside my friend, and took his hand. Macdonald raised him up a little, supporting him in a sitting posture. He said, 'My pocket-book—the letter—my last wish.' Then he pressed my hand. Then he said, 'Farewell, comrades—farewell, my brothers. Remember me to my mother and Anna.' Then he pressed my hand again. And so he died."

Here the worthy pastor's voice faltered a little, and he paused. Justus and I were silent. At last the old man began again. "Many, many years have passed since then, but I have never forgotten my early friend, nor ceased to mourn him. We laid him gently on his back; I closed his blue eyes. Macdonald placed his sword upon his gallant breast, now still forever, and crossed his arms over it. Meanwhile the Frenchman and the Pole, finding the girl quite dead, had laid her decently by the side of the man she had called Heinrich. 'That is enough in the mean time,' then said Macdonald, 'the living before the dead. We must see to our own safety first, and attend to the wounded.' We accordingly went over the house, and satisfied ourselves that no one else was concealed in it; we examined the fastenings of all the doors and windows, to guard against an attack from any members of the gang who might be outside. We found a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition, and congratulated ourselves on having surprised our enemies, as otherwise we might have been shot down like dogs. Returning to the door where we had supped, we found that the thing which had fallen from the roof, with such a crash, was an enormous ring or circle of iron, bigger than a cart-wheel. It was lying on our beds, the mast being exactly in the centre of it, and serving, as we found, to sustain it when it was hoisted up. Had we not obeyed Macdonald's voice, we certainly should all have been crushed to death, as it was plain many a victim had already been, for the infernal thing was stained with blood, and in some places, patches of hair were still sticking to it."

"And the old woman? the old grandmother?" asked Justus.

"We found her clothes, but not herself. Hence, we guessed that some one of the gang had personated the character, and Macdonald reminded us how the girl had prevented his approaching her supposed relative, and how he had got no answer to his address, the man in disguise being probably afraid that his voice might betray him. On examining the field of battle, we found that the robbers were nine in number, and that two besides Heinrich were dead. We bound the wounds of the others as well as we could. They were all sturdy fellows, and, when we considered their superior strength and numbers, we wondered at our own success. It was to be attributed solely—of course, I mean humanly speaking—to our attack being so unexpected, sudden, and impetuous. Indeed the combat did not last five minutes, if nearly so long. On our side, there was the irreparable loss of Laurenberg. Richter's broken arm gave him much pain, and the Pole had lost a considerable quantity of blood; but, besides this, we had only a few scratches. 'Now, lie down and rest,' said Macdonald, 'for you have all need of it. As for me, I can not sleep, and so will keep watch till morning.' We did as he recommended, for in truth, now that the excitement was over, I could scarcely keep my eyes open, and the rest were like me. Even Richter slept. Give us some wine, Justus, my boy."

"He was a fine fellow that Macdonald," said Justus, as he obeyed.

"It was several hours before he awakened us," continued the pastor. "My first thoughts were of poor Laurenberg. I remembered what he said about a pocket-book. I searched his dress, and found it. What it contained, I shall tell you presently. We breakfasted on some bread and wine, and then Macdonald called a council of war. After putting a negative on the absurd proposal of the Pole, that we should set fire to the house, and to the stupid suggestion of Richter (he was in a state of fever from his hurt) that, before doing any thing else, we should empty the cellar, we unanimously agreed that our first step should be to give information to the proper authorities of all that had happened. The Frenchman and I were deputed to go and seek them out. 'You remember what the girl said about the way to Arnstadt?' said Macdonald. 'I think you may so far

rely on it; but you must trust a good deal to your own judgment to find your way.' With this piece of advice, we started."

The journey to Arnstadt, the interview with the *bürgermeister*, the reference to the rural *amptman*, the expedition of that functionary to the scene of the tragedy, the imprisonment of the surviving robbers, their trial, confession, and punishment, were all minutely dwelt upon by the worthy but somewhat diffuse narrator; none of these circumstances, however, interested me, and I took little note of them. At last, the pastor returned to personages more attractive of attention.

"We buried Laurenberg by night," said he. "There chanced to be some students from other universities in the neighborhood of Arnstadt, and they joined us in paying him all due honor. We followed the coffin, on which lay his sword and cap, walking two-and-two, and each bearing a torch. When the body was lowered into the grave, we quenched the torches, and sung a Latin dirge. Such was the end of my friend."

"And the pocket-book?" asked Justus.

"It contained a letter to me, a very curious letter. It was dated Gotha, and bore, in substance, that Macdonald's presentiments were weighing on the mind of the writer, more than he was willing should be known until *after* the anticipated catastrophe, if, indeed, any should take place. But, that such a thing being *possible*, he took that opportunity of recommending his mother and sister to my care, and of expressing his hope that I should find I could love Anna, and that so I would one day make her my wife. I need not relate to you how I performed the sad duty of bearing the news of his death to his two dear relatives. As you know, Justus, Anna in about three years afterward became mine. And here, in this house, young stranger, we lived very happily for thirty years. Here, too, she died. And yonder, in the church-yard, near the west porch, she awaits being rejoined by her own—by her children, and her husband."

We were all silent for some time. At length Justus, whose emotions were yet as summer clouds, inquired of his grandfather, "And your other comrades in the Thuringian Forest affair?"

"Of the Jena students I heard no more till many years afterward. It was in November, 1813; Napoleon was retreating from the nation-fight at Leipsic. The battle of Hanau, too, had been fought. A wounded French officer asked hospitality of me here. Of course, I granted it, and he remained more than two months with me; for, though not for several days after his arrival, I discovered that he was the French student who, with Richter and the Pole, had joined our party at Gotha. He had returned to France about a year after our fatal adventure, had entered the army, and had been fighting almost ever since. When he left me, he was sent to Mainz, a prisoner on parole; but, at the Restoration in his own country, he was allowed to return. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, he however once more took up arms for his old master, and, with the many other victims of one man's ambition, and the, alas! too prevalent thirst for military glory common among his countrymen, he was killed at Waterloo. When will such things cease? When—"

"And Richter?" asked Justus, nipping in the bud the dreaded moralizing.

"Richter was killed in a duel—"

"And Macdonald?"

"Don't interrupt me, my boy; fill our glasses instead. Richter was killed in a duel; so the Frenchman told me. I also heard of the fate of the Pole through him. It was a strange and melancholy one. He, too, had gone to France, and entered the army, serving zealously and with distinction. In 1807, being then with the division that was advancing on the Vistula, he obtained leave to visit his father, whom he had not seen for years, but whom he hoped to find in the paternal mansion, situated in a wild part of the country, but not very far from the route which his corps was taking. He was, however, surprised by the night, as he was still riding through a forest of firs which seemed interminable. He therefore put up at a small roadside inn, which presented itself just as he reached the limits of the wood. Here the Frenchman's account of the matter became rather obscure, indeed, his friend the Pole had never told him very exactly all the circumstances. Suffice it that there were two ladies in the inn—a mother and daughter—two Polish ladies, who were hurrying to meet the husband of one of them, a colonel in Jerome Bonaparte's army. They were in a great state of alarm, the conduct of the people about the place having roused their suspicions. At their request, the Pole took up his quarters in a room from which their chamber entered, so that no one could reach them without passing by him. The room he thus occupied was on the first floor, and at the top of a staircase, from which access was obtained by a trap-door. This trap the officer shut, and fastened by a wooden bolt belonging to it. Then, telling the ladies to fear nothing, he placed his sword and pistols on a table beside him, and resolved to keep good watch. About midnight, he heard steps on the staircase. No answer was returned to the challenge he immediately made; on the contrary, some one tried to force the trap. The officer observing a hole two or three inches square in it, passed the muzzle of one of his pistols through it, and fired. There was the sound of a body rolling down the staircase. But the attempt was soon after renewed; this time, however, differently. A hand appeared through the hole, and grasped the bolt. The bolt was even half withdrawn, when the Pole, at a single blow, severed the hand from the body it belonged to. There followed groans and horrid imprecations; but nothing more took place that night. In the morning, a squadron of French cavalry arrived, and the ladies were placed in safety. Not a single person was found in the inn. The officer continued his way to his father's house. One thing, however, had much struck him; the hand he had cut off was very small, delicate, and white; moreover, one of the fingers wore a ring of

considerable value. This ring he took possession of, with a strange, uncomfortable feeling of coming evil, which increased as he went on. Arrived at his father's house, he was told that his parent was ill, and in bed. He was, however, soon introduced to his presence. The old man was evidently suffering great pain; but he conversed with his son for some time, with tolerable composure. Suddenly, however, by a convulsive movement, he threw off the bedclothes, and the officer, to his horror, saw that his father's right hand was wanting. 'It was then you! and this is your ring!' he cried, in an agony of conflicting passions, as, throwing the jewel on the floor, he rushed out of the house, mounted his horse, and rode off at full speed. A few weeks afterward, he sought and found his death amid the bloody snows of Prussian Eylau."

"Poor fellow!" said Justus. "And Macdonald?"

"Of Macdonald's fate," said the pastor, gravely, "I know nothing. When I returned to Göttingen, after visiting Anna and her mother, he was gone. He had left his rooms the previous day with a stranger, an elderly man, dressed in gray. And he never returned. I made every inquiry all round Göttingen, but could get no tidings of him, no one on any road had seen him or his companion pass. In short, I never saw or heard any thing more of him. His books and things were sold some two or three months after; I bought every thing I thought he cared for, in order some day to restore them to him. But he has never appeared to claim them, and so I have them still. His sword hangs between Laurenberg's and mine, in my study. But come, the dew is falling, let us go in. Justus, my boy, be kind enough to carry in my chair for me. Trinchen will come out for the rest of the things."

So ended the worthy pastor's story.

THE COUNTESS—A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

The Citizen Aristides Godard was the very beau ideal of a republican patriot during the early times of the Terror. During the day, the Citizen Godard sold cloth to his brother and sister democrats, and talked politics by the yard all the while. He was of the old school—hated an aristocrat and a poet with an intensity which degenerated into the comic, and never once missed a feast of reason, or any other solemnity of those days. Enter his shop to purchase a few yards of cloth, and he would eagerly ask you for the latest news, discuss the debate of the previous night in the Convention, and invite you to his club. His club! for it was here the Citoyen Godard was great. The worthy clothier could scarcely read, but he could talk, and better still, he could perorate with remarkable emphasis and power, knew by heart all the peculiar phrases of the day, and even descended to the slang of political life.

The Citoyen Godard was a widower, with an only son, who having inherited a small fortune from his mother, had abandoned trade, and given up his whole time to the affairs of the nation. Paul Godard was a young man, of handsome form and mien, of much talent, full of sincerity and enthusiasm; and with these characteristics was, though not more than four-and-twenty, president and captain of his section, where he was distinguished for his eloquence, energy, and civism. Sincerely attached to the new ideas of the hour, he, however, had none of the violence of a party man; and though some very exaggerated patriots considered him lukewarm, the majority were of a very different opinion.

It was eight o'clock on one gloomy evening in winter, when the Citizen Godard entered the old convent, where sat the Jacobin Club. The hall was, as usual, very full. The locality contained nearly fourteen hundred men, seated upon benches placed across the room, in all the strange and varied costumes of the time. Red caps covered many heads, while tricolored vests and pantaloons were common. The chief characteristic was poverty of garb, some of the richest present wearing wooden shoes, and using a bit of cord for strings and buttons. The worst dressed were, of course, the men who assumed the character of Jacobins as a disguise.

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One of these was speaking when Godard entered, and though there was serious business before the club, was wasting its time in denouncing some fabulous aristocratic conspiracy. Godard, who was late, had to take his place in the corner, where the faint glimmer of the taller candles scarcely reached him. Still, from the profound silence which as usual prevailed, he could hear every word uttered by the orator. The Jacobins, except when there was a plot to stifle an unpopular speaker, listened attentively to all. The eloquent rhetorician, and the unlettered stammerer, were equally attended to—the matter, not the manner, being cared for.

The orator who occupied the tribune was young. His face was covered with a mass of beard, while his uncombed hair, coarse garments, dirty hands, and a club of vast dimensions, showed him to be a politician by profession. His language was choice and eloquent, though he strove to use the lowest slang of the day.

"Word of a patriot!" said the Citoyen Godard, after eying the speaker suspiciously for some time.

"I know that voice. He is fitter for the *Piscine des Carmagnoles*^[26] than for the tribune."

"Who is the particular?" asked a friend of the clothier, who stood by.

"It is the Citizen Gracchus Bastide," said a third, in a soft and shrill tone, preventing the reply of Godard; and then the speaker bent low, and added—"Citoyen Godard, you are a father and a good man. I am Helene de Clery; the orator is my cousin. Do not betray him!"

The Citoyen Godard looked wildly at the speaker, and then drew the young woman aside. Her garb was that of a man. A red cap confined her luxuriant hair; a full coat, loose tricolored pantaloons, and a sword and brace of pistols completed her attire.

"*Citoyenne!*" said the revolutionary clothier, drily, "thou art an aristocrat. I should denounce thee!"

"But thou wilt not?" replied the young woman, with a winning smile, "nor my cousin, though playing so foolish, so unworthy a part."

"Oh!" said Godard, "thou ownest this, then?"

"Papa Godard," answered the young countess, in a low, imploring tone, "my father was once thy best customer, and thou hadst never reason to complain of him. He was a good man. For his and for my sake, spare my cousin, led away by bad counsels and by fatal ambition."

"I will spare him," said the clothier, moving away, "but let him take the warning I shall give him."

The clothier had noticed that the Citoyen Gracchus Bastide was about to finish, and he hurried to ask a hearing, which was instantly granted him. The Citoyen Godard was not an orator, and, as is the case under such circumstances, his head, arms, and feet were more active than his tongue. Ascending the tribune, he struck the desk three times with his feet, while his eyes seemed ready to start out of his head, at the same time that his lips moved inarticulately. At length, however, he spoke:

"The truths spoken by the citizen who preceded me are truths of which every man is fully aware, and I am not here in consequence to reiterate them. The friends of the defunct Louis Capet are conspiring in the midst of us every day. But the citoyen *preopinant* forgot to say, that they come to our very forum—that they dress like true patriots—that they take names which belong rightly only to the faithful—and denounce often true men to cheat us. Many a Gracchus hides a marquis—many a *bonnet rouge* a powdered crown! I move the order of the day."

The citizen Gracchus Bastide had no sooner caught sight of Godard advancing toward the tribune, than he hurried toward the door, and ere the conclusion of the other's brief oration, had vanished. Godard's object gained, he descended from the forum, and gave way to a speaker big with one of those propositions which were orders to the Legislature, and which swayed the fate of millions at that eventful period.

Godard reassumed his former post, which he patiently kept until a late hour, when the sitting being terminated, after speeches from Danton, Robespierre, and Camille Desmoulins, he sallied forth into the open air.

It was eleven o'clock, and the streets of Paris were dark and gloomy. The order for none to be out after ten, without a *carte de civisme*, was in force, and few were inclined to disobey it. At that time, Paris went to bed almost at night-fall, with the exception of those who did the government business of the hour, and they never rested. Patriots, bands of armed men guarding prisoners, volunteers returning from festivals, the chiefs of different parties sitting in committees, the orators writing their speeches for next day, the sections organizing public demonstrations—such was the picture of this great town by night. Dawn was the most unwelcome of times, for then the statesman had to renew his struggle for existence, the accused had to defend himself, the suspected began again to watch the hours as they flew, and the terrific machine that depopulated the earth was at work—horrid relic of ignorance and barbarism, that killed instead of converting.

Father Godard had scarcely left the Jacobins, when from a narrow passage darted a slight figure, which he instantly recognized as that of Helene de Clery. The young girl caught hold of his arm and began speaking with extreme volubility, she said that her father had been dead six months, leaving her and a hot-headed cousin alone in the world. This young man embraced with fiery zeal the cause of the exiled royal family, and had already twice narrowly escaped—once on the occasion of the king's execution, and on that of the queen's. Every royalist conspiracy, every movement for insurrection against the Committee of Public Safety, found him mixed up in it. For some time they had been able to exist on what remained of her father's money, but now their resources were utterly exhausted. It was only by the charity of royalist friends that she starved not, and to obtain even this she had to disguise herself, and act with her party. But Helene said, that she had no political instinct. She loved her country, but she could not join with one party against another.

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"Give me some work to do—show me how to earn a livelihood, with my fingers, Father Godard, and I will bless you."

"No person shall ask me how to be a good citizen in vain. Citoyenne Helene, thou art under my protection. My wife is dead: wilt thou be too proud to take charge of my household?"

"Surely too grateful."

"And thy cousin?"

"Heaven have mercy on him. He will hear no reason. I have begged and implored him to leave the

dark road of conspiracy, and to seek to serve his country, but in vain. Nothing will move him."

"Let the wild colt have his course," replied Godard, adding rather coarsely, "he will end by sneezing in Samson's sack."

Helene shuddered, but made no reply, clinging firmly to the old *sans-culotte's* arm as he led her through the deserted streets.

It was midnight when the residence of the clothier was reached. It was in a narrow street running out of the Rue St. Honore. There was no coach-door, and Godard opened with a huge key that hung suspended at his girdle. Scarcely had the old man inserted the key in the key-hole when a figure darted forth from a guard-house close at hand.

"I thought I should find the old Jacobin," said a merry, hearty voice; "he never misses his club. I am on duty to-night in the neighborhood, and, says I, let us see the father, and get a crust out of him."

"Paul, my boy, thou art a good son, and I am glad to see thee. Come in: I want to talk seriously to thee."

The clothier entered, Helene followed him closely, and Paul closed the door. A lantern burned in the passage, by which some candles were soon lit in the cosy back sitting-room of the old *sans-culotte*. Paul looked curiously at the stranger, and was about to let a very impertinent grin cross his face, when his father taking off his red cap, spoke with some emotion, laying aside, under the impression of deep feeling, all his slang.

"My son, you have heard me speak often of my benefactor and friend, the Count de Clery, who for some trifling service, rendered when a lad, gave me the means of starting in life. This is his daughter and only child. My boy, we know how terrible are the days. The daughter of the royalist Count de Clery is fated to die if discovered. We must save her."

Paul, who was tall, handsome, and intellectual in countenance, bowed low to the agitated girl. He said little, but what he said was warm and to the point. Helene thanked both with tears in her eyes, begging them also to look to her cousin. Paul turned to his father for an explanation, which Papa Godard gave.

"Let him beware," said Paul, drily. "He is a spy, and merits death. Ah! ah! what noise is that?"

"Captain," cried half a dozen voices in the street, "thou art wanted. We have caught a suspicious character."

"'Tis perhaps Albert, who has followed me," cried Helene. "He thinks I would betray him."

Paul rushed to the door. Half a dozen national guards were holding a man. It was Citizen Gracchus Bastide. Paul learned that no sooner had he entered the house, than this man crept up to the door, listened attentively, and stamped his feet as if in a passion. Looking on this as suspicious, the patriots had rushed out and seized him.

"Captain," cried the Citizen Gracchus, "what is the meaning of this? I am a Jacobin, and a known patriot."

"Hum!" said Paul, "let me look at thee. Ah! pardon, citizen, I recognize thee now; but why didst thou not knock? We wait supper for thee. Come in. Bravo, my lads, be always on the alert. I will join you soon."

And pushing the other into the passage, he led him without another word into the parlor. For an instant all remained silent. Paul then spoke:

"Thou art a spy and a traitor, and as such worthy of death. Not content with foreign armies and French traitors on the frontiers, we must have them here in Paris. Albert de Clery, thou hast thy choice—the guillotine, or a voluntary enrollment in the army. Go forth, without regard to party, and fight the enemies of thy country, and in one year thou shalt find a cousin, a friend, and, I suppose, a wife."

Godard, Helene, Paul, all spoke in turns. They joined in regretting the misery of Frenchmen fighting against Frenchmen. They pointed out that, no matter what was its form of government, France was still France. Albert resisted for some time, but at last the strong man yielded. The four men then supped in common, and the young royalist, as well as the republican, found that men may differ in politics, and yet not be obliged to cut each other's throats. They found ample subjects for agreement in other things. Before morning, Albert, led away by the eloquence of young Paul, voluntarily pledged himself not to fight against France. Next day he took service, and, after a tearful adieu, departed. He went with a ragged band of raw recruits to fight the battles of his country, a little bewildered at his new position; but not unconvinced that he was acting more wisely than in fomenting the evil passions of the hour.

Immediately after the leave-taking, Helene commenced her new existence in plain and ordinary garb, taking her post as the old clothier's housekeeper. An old woman was cook and housemaid, and with her aid Helene got on comfortably. The warm-hearted *sans-culotte* found, in additional comfort, and in her society, ample compensation for his hospitality. Helene, by gentle violence, brought him to the use of clean linen, which, like Marat, and other semi-insane individuals, Godard had originally affected to reject, as a sign of inferior civism. He became, too, more

humanely disposed in general to his enemies, and, ere three months, ardently longed for the end of the awful struggle which was desolating the land. Aristides Godard felt the humanizing influence of woman, the best attribute of civilization—an influence which, when men can not feel it, they at once stamp their own character.

Paul became an assiduous visitor at his father's house. He brought the fair countess news from the army, flowers, books, and sometimes letters from cousin Albert. They soon found much mutual pleasure in each other's society, but Paul never attempted to offer serious court to the affianced wife of the young Count de Clery. Paul was of a remarkably honorable character. Of an ardent and passionate temperament, he had imbibed from his mother a set of principles which were his guide through life. He saw this young girl, taken away from the class in which she was brought up, deprived of the pleasures of her age and rank, and compelled to earn her living, and he did his utmost to make her time pass pleasantly. Helene was but eighteen, and the heart at this age, knows how to bound away from sorrow, as from a precipice, when a better prospect offers; and Helene, deeply grateful at the attention paid her, both by father and son, soon became reconciled to her new mode of existence, and then quite happy. Paul devoted every spare hour to her, and as he had read, thought, and studied, the once spoiled child of fortune found much advantage in his society.

At the end of three months, Albert ceased to write, and his friend became anxious. Inquiries were made, which proved that he was alive and well, and then they ceased to hear of him. A year passed, two years, and calmer days came round, but no tidings reached of the absent one. Helene was deeply anxious—her cheeks grew pale—she became thin. Paul did all he could to rouse her. He took her out, he showed her all the amusements and gayeties of Paris, but nothing seemed to have any effect. The poor fellow was in despair, as he was deeply attached to the orphan girl. Once a week, at least, he pestered the war office with inquiries about Bastide, the name under which the cousin had enrolled himself.

Father Godard, when the days of the club were over, doubly grateful for the good deed he had done, and which had its full reward, retired from business, took a simple lodging in a more lively quarter, and found in Helene a dutiful and attached daughter. For a wonder, there was a garden attached to the house, and here the retired tradesman, on a summer's evening, would smoke his pipe and take his coffee, while Paul and Helene strolled about the alleys or chatted by his side.

One evening in June—one of those lovely evenings which makes Paris half Italian in look, when the boulevards are crowded with walkers, when thousands crowd open-air concerts, and all is warm, and balmy, and fragrant, despite a little dust—the trio were collected. Father Godard was smoking his second pipe, Helene was sipping some sugar and water, and Paul, seated close by her side, was thinking. The young man's face was pale, while his eyes were fixed on Helene with a half-melancholy, half-passionate expression. There was a world of meaning in that look, and Paul perhaps felt that he was yielding to an unjustifiable emotion, for he started.

"A flower for your thoughts, Paul," said Helene, quietly.

"My thoughts," replied Paul, with rather a forced laugh, "are not worth a flower."

Helene seemed struck by the tone, and she bowed her head and blushed.

"Helene," said Paul, in a low, hushed, and almost choking tone, "this has been too much; the cup has at last overflowed. I was wrong, I was very wrong to be near you so much, and it has ended as I should have expected. I love you, Helene! I feel it, and I must away and see you no more. I have acted unwisely—I have acted improperly."

"And why should you not love me, Paul?" replied Helene, with a great effort, but so faintly none else but a lover could have heard.

"Are you not Albert's affianced wife?" continued Paul, gravely.

"At last I can explain that which fear of being mistaken has made me never say before. I and Albert were never affianced, never could be, for I could not love him."

"Helene! Helene!" cried Paul, passionately, "why spoke you not two years ago? I said he should find his cousin, his friend, and his affianced wife when he came back, and I must keep my word."

"True, true—but Paul, he could not have heard you. But you are right—you are right."

"Let me know all," said the young man, moodily, "but for this unfortunate accident."

"Paul, you have been to me more than a brother and I will be just toward you. Influenced by this mistake you clearly did not care more for me than a friend, and what else has made me ill, and pale, and gloomy but shame, because—"

"Because what?" asked the young man, eagerly.

"Because, under the circumstances in which I was placed, I had let my heart lean where it could find no support."

No man could hear such a confession unmoved, and Paul was half wild with delight; but he soon checked himself, and, gravely rising, took Helene's hand respectfully.

"But I have been wrong to ask you this until Albert gives me back my word."

At this instant a heavy step was heard, the clanking of spurs and arms on the graveled way, and now a tall cavalry officer of rank, preceded by a woman-servant running, was seen coming toward them. Both trembled—old Godard was asleep—and stood up, for both recognized Albert de Clery.

"Ah! ah! my friend," cried the soldier, gayly; "I find you at last, Helene, my dear cousin. Let me embrace you! Eh! how is it? Still mademoiselle, or are you madam by this time? Paul, my good friend, give me your hand again. But come into the house. I have brought my wife to show you—an Italian, a beauty, and an heiress. How do you do, Papa Godard?"

"Hum—ah! I was asleep. Ah! Citizen Gracchus—Monsieur Albert, I mean—glad to see you."

"Guide me to the house," continued the soldier, "my wife is impatient to see you. Give me your arm, Papa Godard; follow, cousin, and let us talk of old times."

One look, one pressure of the hand, and arm-in-arm they followed, happy in reality for the first time for two years.

Madame de Clery was indeed a fascinating and beautiful Italian, and upon her Albert laid the blame of his not writing. He had distinguished himself greatly, and, remarked by his officers, had risen with surprising rapidity to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. On the Rhine, he was one day located in the house of a German baron, with two handsome daughters. An Italian girl, an heiress, a relation by marriage, was there, and an attachment sprung up between the young people. The difficulties in the way of marriage were many; but it is an old story, how love delights in vanquishing them. Antonia contrived to enter France under a safe conduct, and then was married. Albert had obtained a month's leave of absence. He thought at once of those who had paved the way for his success.

Godard, who had seen something of what had been going on, frankly explained why Helene was still unmarried. Albert turned round, and shook Paul by the hand.

"My dear friend, I scarcely heard your sentence. But you are a noble fellow. I shall not leave Paris until you are my cousin."

This sentence completed the general delight. The meeting became doubly interesting to all, and ere ten days the wedding took place, Albert carrying every thing with a high hand, as became a gallant soldier. He did more. He introduced Paul to influential members of the government, and obtained for him an excellent position, one that gave him an occupation, and the prospect of serving his country. Old Godard was delighted, but far more so when some years after, in a garden near Paris, he scrambled about with the children of Madame Paul and Madame de Clery, who resided with the first, her husband being generally on service. Paul and his wife were very happy. They had seen adversity, and been chastened by it. Helene doubly loved her husband, from his nobility of character in respecting her supposed affianced state; and never once did the descendant of the "ancient and noble" House of Clery regret that in finding that great and sterling treasure, a good husband, she had lost the vain and empty satisfaction of being called Madame "the Countess."

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

A MIDNIGHT DRIVE.—A TALE OF TERROR.

I was sitting one night in the general coach-office in the town of —, reflecting upon the mutability of human affairs, and taking a retrospective glance at those times when I held a very different position in the world, when one of the porters of the establishment entered the office, and informed the clerk that the coach, which had long been expected, was in sight, and would be at the inn in a few minutes. I believe it was the old Highflyer, but at this distance of time I can not speak with sufficient certainty. The strange story I am about to relate, occurred when stage-coaches were the usual mode of conveyance, and long before any more expeditious system of traveling had engaged the attention of mankind.

I continued to sit by the fire till the coach arrived, and then walked into the street to count the number of the passengers, and observe their appearance. I was particularly struck with the appearance of one gentleman, who had ridden as an inside passenger. He wore a large black cloak, deeply trimmed with crape; his head was covered with a black traveling-cap, surmounted with two or three crape rosettes, and from which depended a long black tassel. The cap was drawn so far over his eyes that he had some difficulty to see his way. A black scarf was wrapped round the lower part of his face, so that his countenance was completely concealed from my view. He appeared anxious to avoid observation, and hurried into the inn as fast as he could. I returned to the office and mentioned to the clerk the strange appearance of the gentlemen in question, but he was too busy to pay any attention to what I had said.

Presently afterward a porter brought a small carpet-bag into the office, and placed it upon the table.

"Whose bag is that, Timms?" inquired the clerk.

"I don't wish to be personal," replied the man, "but I think it belongs to —," and the fellow pointed to the floor.

"You don't mean *him*, surely?" said the clerk.

"Yes, I do though; at any rate, if he is not the gentleman I take him for, he must be a second cousin of his, for he is the most unaccountable individual that ever I clapped my eyes on. There is not much good in him, I'll be bound."

I listened with breathless anxiety to these words. When the man had finished, I said to him,

"How was the gentleman dressed?"

"In black."

"Had he a cloak on?"

"Yes."

"A traveling-cap drawn over his eyes?"

"Yes."

"It's the man I saw descend from the coach," I said to the clerk.

"Where is he?" inquired that gentleman.

"In the inn," replied the porter.

"Is he going to stay all night?" I inquired.

"I don't know."

"It's very odd," observed the clerk, and he put his pen behind his ear, and placed himself in front of the fire; "very odd," he repeated.

"It don't look well," said the porter; "not at all."

Some further conversation ensued upon the subject, but as it did not tend to throw any light upon the personage in question, it is unnecessary for me to relate it.

Awhile afterward, the clerk went into the hotel to learn, if possible, something more relative to this singular visitor. He was not absent more than a few minutes, and when he returned his countenance, I fancied, was more sedate than usual. I asked him if he had gathered any further information.

"There is nobody knows any thing concerning him," he replied; "for when the servants enter the room, he always turns his back toward them. He has not spoken to a single individual since he arrived. There is a man who came by the same coach, who attends upon him, but he does not look like a servant."

"There is something extraordinary in his history, or I am much deceived."

"I am quite of your opinion," observed the clerk.

While we were conversing, some persons entered the office to take places by the mail, which was to leave early on the following morning. I hereupon departed, and entered the inn with the view of satisfying my curiosity, if possible, which was now raised to the utmost pitch. The servants, I remarked, moved about more silently than usual, and sometimes I saw two or three of them conversing together, *sotto voce*, as though they did not wish their conversation to be overheard by those around them. I knew the room that the gentleman occupied, and stealthily and unobserved stole up to it, hoping to hear or see something that might throw some light upon his character. I was not, however, gratified in either respect.

I hastened back to the office and resumed my seat by the fire. The clerk and I were still conversing upon the subject, when one of the girls came in, and informed me that I was to get a horse and gig ready immediately, to drive a gentleman a distance of fifteen or twenty miles.

"To-night!" I said in surprise.

"Immediately!"

"Why, it's already ten o'clock!"

"It's the master's orders; I can not alter them," tartly replied the girl.

This unwelcome intelligence caused me to commit a great deal of sin, for I made use of a number of imprecations and expressions which were quite superfluous and perfectly unavailing. It was not long before I was ready to commence the journey. I chose the fastest and strongest animal in the establishment, and one that had never failed me in an emergency. I lit the lamps, for the night was intensely dark, and I felt convinced that we should require them. The proprietor of the hotel gave me a paper, but told me not to read it till we had proceeded a few miles on the road, and informed me at the same time in what direction to drive. The paper, he added, would give me further instructions.

I was seated in the vehicle, busily engaged in fastening the leathern apron on the side on which I sat, in order to protect my limbs from the cold, when somebody seated himself beside me. I heard the landlord cry, "Drive on;" and, without looking round, I lashed the mare into a very fast trot. Even now, while I write, I feel in some degree the trepidation which stole over me when I discovered who my companion was. I had not gone far before I was made acquainted with this astounding fact. It was as though an electric shock had suddenly and unexpectedly been imparted to my frame, or as, in a moment of perfect happiness, I had been hastily plunged into the greatest danger and distress. A benumbing chilliness ran through me, and my mouth all at once became dry and parched. Whither was I to drive? I knew not. Who and what was my companion? I was equally ignorant. It was the man dressed so fantastically whom I had seen alight from the coach; whose appearance and inexplicable conduct had alarmed a whole establishment, whose character was a matter of speculation to every body with whom he had come in contact. This was the substance of my knowledge. For aught I knew, he might be—. But no matter. The question that most concerned me was, how was I to extricate myself from this dilemma? Which was the best course to adopt? To turn back, and declare I would not travel in such a night, with so strange a person, or to proceed on my journey? I greatly feared the consequences of the former step would be fatal to my own interests. Besides, I should be exposed to the sneers and laughter of all who knew me. No: I had started, and I would proceed, whatever might be the issue of the adventure.

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In a few minutes we had emerged from the town. My courage was now put to the severest test. The cheerful aspect of the streets, and the light thrown from the lamps and a few shop-windows, had hitherto buoyed me up, but my energy and firmness, I felt, were beginning to desert me. The road on which we had entered was not a great thoroughfare at any time, but at that late hour of the night I did not expect to meet either horseman or pedestrian to enliven the long and solitary journey. I cast my eyes before me, but could not discern a single light burning in the distance. The night was thick and unwholesome, and not a star was to be seen in the heavens. There was another matter which caused me great uneasiness. I was quite unarmed, and unprepared for any attack, should my companion be disposed to take advantage of that circumstance. These things flashed across my mind, and made a more forcible impression than they might otherwise have done, from the fact of a murder having been committed in the district only a few weeks before, under the most aggravated circumstances. An hypothesis suggested itself. Was this man the perpetrator of that deed—the wretch who was endeavoring to escape from the officers of justice, and who was stigmatized with the foulest, the blackest crime that man could be guilty of? Appearances were against him. Why should he invest himself with such a mystery? Why conceal his face in so unaccountable a manner? What but a man conscious of great guilt, of the darkest crimes, would so furtively enter an inn, and afterward steal away under the darkness of the night, when no mortal eye could behold him? If he was sensible of innocence, he might have deferred his journey till the morning, and faced, with the fortitude of a man, the broad light of day, and the scrutiny of his fellow-men. I say, appearances were against him, and I felt more and more convinced, that whatever his character was—whatever his deeds might have been—that the present journey was instigated by fear and apprehension for his personal safety. But was I to be the instrument of his deliverance? Was I to be put to all this inconvenience in order to favor the escape of an assassin? The thought distracted me. I vowed that it should not be so. My heart chafed and fretted at the task that had been put upon me. My blood boiled with indignation at the bare idea of being made the tool of so unhallowed a purpose. I was resolved. I ground my teeth with rage. I grasped the reins with a tighter hold. I determined to be rid of the man—nay, even to attempt to destroy him rather than it should be said that I had assisted in his escape. At some distance further on there was a river suitable for that purpose. When off his guard, he could in a moment be pushed into the stream; in certain places it was sufficiently deep to drown him. One circumstance perplexed me. If he escaped, he could adduce evidence against me. No matter; it would be difficult to prove that I had any intention of taking away his life. But should he be the person I conceived, he would not dare to come forward.

Hitherto we had ridden without exchanging a word. Indeed, I had only once turned my eyes upon him since we started. The truth was, I was too busy with my own thoughts—too intent upon devising some plan to liberate myself from my unparalleled situation. I now cast my eyes furtively toward him. I shuddered as I contemplated his proximation to myself. I fancied I already felt his contaminating influence. The cap, as before, was drawn over his face; the scarf muffled closely round his chin, and only sufficient space allowed for the purpose of respiration. I was most desirous of knowing who he was; indeed, had he been "the Man with the Iron Mask," so many years incarcerated in the French Bastille, he could scarcely have excited a greater curiosity.

I deemed it prudent to endeavor to draw him into conversation, thinking that he might drop some expression that would, in some measure, tend to elucidate his history. Accordingly, I said,

"It's a very dark, unhealthy night, sir."

He made no reply. I thought he might not have heard me.

"A bad night for traveling!" I shouted, in a loud tone of voice.

The man remained immovable, without in the least deigning to notice my observation. He either did not wish to talk, or he was deaf. If he wished to be silent, I was contented to let him remain so.

It had not occurred to me till now that I had received a paper from the landlord which would inform me whither my extraordinary companion was to be conveyed. My heart suddenly received

a new impulse—it beat with hope and expectation. This document might reveal to me something more than I was led to expect; it might unravel the labyrinth in which I was entangled, and extricate me from all further difficulty. But how was I to decipher the writing? There was no other means of doing so than by stopping the vehicle and alighting, and endeavoring to read it by the aid of the lamp, which, I feared, would afford but a very imperfect light, after all. Before I had recourse to this plan, I deemed it expedient to address once more my taciturn companion.

"Where am I to drive you to?" I inquired, in so loud a voice that the mare started off at a brisker pace, as though I had been speaking to her. I received no reply, and, without further hesitation, I drew in the reins, pulled the paper from my pocket, and alighted. I walked to the lamp, and held the paper as near to it as I could. The handwriting was not very legible, and the light afforded me so weak, that I had great difficulty to discover its meaning. The words were few and pointed. The reader will judge of my surprise when I read the following laconic sentence: "*Drive the gentleman to Grayburn Church-yard!*" I was more alarmed than ever; my limbs shook violently, and in an instant I felt the blood fly from my cheeks. What did my employer mean by imposing such a task upon me? My fortitude in some degree returned, and I walked up to the mare and patted her on the neck.

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"Poor thing—poor thing!" I said; "you have a long journey before you, and it may be a dangerous one."

I looked at my companion, but he appeared to take no notice of my actions, and seemed as indifferent as if he were a corpse. I again resumed my seat, and in part consoled myself with the prospect of being speedily rid of him in some way or other, as the river I have already alluded to was now only two or three miles distant. My thoughts now turned to the extraordinary place to which I was to drive—Grayburn Church-yard! What could the man do there at that hour of the night? Had he somebody to meet? something to see or obtain? It was incomprehensible—beyond the possibility of human divination. Was he insane, or was he bent upon an errand perfectly rational, although for the present wrapped in the most impenetrable mystery? I am at a loss for language adequate to convey a proper notion of my feelings on that occasion. He shall never arrive, I internally ejaculated, at Grayburn Church-yard; he shall never pass beyond the stream, which even now I almost heard murmuring in the distance! Heaven forgive me for harboring such intentions! but when I reflected that I might be assisting an assassin to fly from justice, I conceived I was acting perfectly correct in adopting any means (no matter how bad) for the obviation of so horrid a consummation. For aught I knew, his present intention might be to visit the grave of his victim, for now I remembered that the person who had so lately been murdered was interred in this very church-yard.

We gradually drew nearer to the river. I heard its roaring with fear and trepidation. It smote my heart with awe when I pondered upon the deed I had in contemplation. I could discover, from its rushing sound, that it was much swollen, and this was owing to the recent heavy rains. The stream in fine weather was seldom more than a couple of feet deep, and could be crossed without danger or difficulty; there however were places where it was considerably deeper. On the occasion in question, it was more dangerous than I had ever known it. There was no bridge constructed across it at this place, and people were obliged to get through it as well as they could. Nearer and nearer we approached. The night was so dark that it was quite impossible to discern any thing. I could feel the beatings of my heart against my breast, a cold, clammy sweat settled upon my brow, and my mouth became so dry that I fancied I was choking. The moment was at hand that was to put my resolution to the test. A few yards only separated us from the spot that was to terminate my journey, and, perhaps, the mortal career of my incomprehensible companion. The light of the lamps threw a dull, lurid gleam upon the surface of the water. It rushed furiously past, surging and boiling as it leaped over the rocks that here and there intersected its channel. Without a moment's hesitation, I urged the mare forward, and in a minute we were in the midst of the stream. It was a case of life or death! The water came down like a torrent—its tide was irresistible. There was not a moment to be lost. My own life was at stake. With the instinctive feeling of self-preservation, I drove the animal swiftly through the dense body of water, and in a few seconds we had gained the opposite bank of the river. We were safe, but the opportunity of ridding myself of my companion was rendered, by the emergency of the case, unavailable.

I know not how it was, but I suddenly became actuated by a new impulse. Wretch though he was, he had intrusted his safety, his life, into my hands. There was, perhaps, still some good in the man; by enabling him to escape, I might be the instrument of his eternal salvation. He had done me no injury, and at some period of his life he might have rendered good offices to others. I pitied his situation, and determined to render him what assistance I could. I applied the whip to the mare. In a moment she seemed to be endowed with supernatural energy and swiftness. Though he was a murderer—though he was henceforth to be driven from society as an outcast, he should not be deserted in his present emergency. On, on we sped; hedges, trees, houses were passed in rapid succession. Nothing impeded our way. We had a task to perform—a duty to fulfill; dangers and difficulties fled before us. A human life depended upon our exertions, and every nerve required to be strained for its preservation. On, on we hurried. My enthusiasm assumed the appearance of madness. I shouted to the mare till I was hoarse, and broke the whip in several places. Although we comparatively flew over the ground, I fancied we did not go fast enough. My body was in constant motion, as though it would give an impetus to our movements. My companion appeared conscious of my intentions, and, for the first time, evinced an interest in our progress. He drew out his handkerchief, and used it incessantly as an incentive to swiftness.

Onward we fled. We were all actuated by the same motive. This concentration of energy gave force and vitality to our actions.

The night had hitherto been calm, but the rain now began to descend in torrents, and at intervals we heard distant peals of thunder. Still we progressed; we were not to be baffled, not to be deterred; we would yet defy pursuit. Large tracts of country were passed over with amazing rapidity. Objects, that at one moment were at a great distance, in another were reached, and in the next left far behind. Thus we sped forward—thus we seemed to annihilate space altogether. We were endowed with superhuman energies—hurried on by an impulse, involuntary and irresistible. My companion became violent, and appeared to think we did not travel quick enough. He rose once or twice from his seat, and attempted to take the remnant of the whip from my hand, but I resisted, and prevailed upon him to remain quiet.

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How long we were occupied in this mad and daring flight, I can not even conjecture. We reached, at length, our destination; but, alas! we had no sooner done so, than the invaluable animal that had conveyed us thither dropped down dead!

My companion and I alighted. I walked up to where the poor animal lay, and was busy deploring her fate, when I heard a struggle at a short distance. I turned quickly round, and beheld the mysterious being with whom I had ridden so fatal a journey, in the custody of two powerful looking men.

"Ha, ha! I thought he would make for this here place," said one of them. "He still has a hankering after his mother's grave. When he got away before, we nabbed him here."

The mystery was soon cleared up. The gentleman had escaped from a lunatic asylum, and was both deaf and dumb. The death of his mother, a few years before, had caused the mental aberration.

The horrors of the night are impressed as vividly upon my memory as though they had just occurred. The expenses of the journey were all defrayed, and I was presented with a handsome gratuity. I never ceased, however, to regret the loss of the favorite mare.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

SPIDER'S SILK.

Urged by the increased demand for the threads which the silk-worm yields, many ingenious men have endeavored to turn the cocoons of other insects to account. In search of new fibres to weave into garments, men have dived to the bottom of the sea, to watch the operations of the pinna and the common mussel. Ingenious experimentalists have endeavored to adapt the threads which hold the mussel firmly to the rock, to the purposes of the loom; and the day will probably arrive when the minute thread of that diminutive insect, known as the money-spinner, will be reeled, thrown, and woven into fabrics fit for Titania and her court.

In the early part of last century, an enthusiastic French gentleman turned his attention to spiders' webs. He discovered that certain spiders not only erected their webs to trap unsuspecting flies, but that the females, when they had laid their eggs, forthwith wove a cocoon, of strong silken threads, about them. These cocoons are known more familiarly as spiders' bags. The common webs of spiders are too slight and fragile to be put to any use; but the French experimentalist in question, Monsieur Bon, was led to believe that the cocoons of the female spiders were more solidly built than the mere traps of the ferocious males. Various experiments led M. Bon to adopt the short-legged silk spider as the most productive kind. Of this species he made a large collection. He employed a number of persons to go in search of them; and, as the prisoners were brought to him, one by one, he inclosed them in separate paper cells, in which he pricked holes to admit the air. He kept them in close confinement, and he observed that their imprisonment did not appear to affect their health. None of them, so far as he could observe, sickened for want of exercise; and, as a jailer, he appears to have been indefatigable, occupying himself catching flies, and delivering them over to the tender mercies of his prisoners. After a protracted confinement in these miniature Bastiles, the grim M. Bon opened the doors, and found that the majority of his prisoners had beguiled their time in forming their bags. Spiders exude their threads from papillæ or nipples, placed at the hinder part of their body. The thread, when it leaves them, is a glutinous liquid, which hardens on exposure to the air. It has been found that, by squeezing a spider, and placing the finger against its papillæ, the liquid of which the thread or silk is made may be drawn out to a great length.

M. Reaumur, the rival experimentalist to M. Bon, discovered that the papillæ are formed of an immense number of smaller papillæ, from each of which a minute and distinct thread is spun. He asserted that, with a microscope, he counted as many as seventy distinct fibres proceeding from the papillæ of one spider, and that there were many more threads too minute and numerous to compute. He jumped to a result, however, that is sufficiently astonishing, namely, that a thousand distinct fibres proceed from each papillæ; and there being five large papillæ, that every thread of spider's silk is composed of at least five thousand fibres. In the heat of that enthusiasm, with which the microscope filled speculative minds in the beginning of last century, M. Leuwenhoek

ventured to assert that a hundred of the threads of a full-grown spider were not equal to the diameter of one single hair of his beard. This assertion leads to the astounding arithmetical deduction, that if the spider's threads and the philosopher's hair be both round, ten thousand threads are not bigger than such a hair; and, computing the diameter of a thread spun by a young spider as compared with that of an adult spider, four millions of the fibres of a young spider's web do not equal a single hair of M. Leuwenhoek's beard. The enthusiastic experimentalist must have suffered horrible martyrdom under the razor, with such an exaggerated notion of his beard as these calculations must have given him. A clever writer, in Lardner's Cyclopædia notices these measurements, and shows that M. Leuwenhoek went far beyond the limits of reality in his calculation.

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M. Bon's collection of spiders continued to thrive; and, in due season, he found that the greater number of them had completed their cocoons or bags. He then dislodged the bags from the paper boxes; threw them into warm water, and kept washing them until they were quite free from dirt of any kind. The next process was to make a preparation of soap, saltpetre, and gum-arabic dissolved in water. Into this preparation the bags were thrown, and set to boil over a gentle fire for the space of three hours. When they were taken out and the soap had been rinsed from them, they appeared to be composed of fine, strong, ash-colored silk. Before being carded on fine cards, they were set out for some days to dry thoroughly. The carding, according to M. Bon, was an easy matter: and he affirmed that the threads of the silk he obtained were stronger and finer than those of the silk-worm. M. Reaumur, however, who was dispatched to the scene of M. Bon's investigations by the Royal Academy of Paris, gave a different version of the matter. He found, that whereas the thread of the spider's bag will sustain only thirty-six grains, that of the silkworm will support a weight of two drachms and a half—or four times the weight sustained by the spider-thread. Though M. Bon was certainly an enthusiast on behalf of spiders, M. Reaumur as undoubtedly had a strong predilection in favor of the bombyx; and the result of these contending prejudices was, that M. Bon's investigations were overrated by a few, and utterly disregarded by the majority of his countrymen. He injured himself by rash assertions. He endeavored to make out that spiders were more prolific, and yielded a proportionably larger quantity of silk than silkworms. These assertions were disproved, but in no kindly spirit, by M. Reaumur. To do away with the impression that spiders and their webs were venomous, M. Bon not only asserted, with truth, that their bite was harmless, but he even went so far as to subject his favorite insect to a chemical analysis, and he succeeded in extracting from it a volatile salt which he christened Montpellier drops, and recommended strongly as an efficacious medicine in lethargic states.

M. Bon undoubtedly produced, from the silk of his spiders, a material that readily absorbed all kinds of dyes, and was capable of being worked in any loom. With his carded spider's silk the enthusiastic experimentalist wove gloves and stockings, which he presented to one or two learned societies. To these productions several eminent men took particular exceptions. They discovered that the fineness of the separate threads of the silk detracted from its lustre, and inevitably produced a fabric less refulgent than those woven from the silkworm. M. Reaumur's most conclusive fact against the adoption of spider's silk as an article of manufacture, was deduced from his observations on the combativeness of spiders. He discovered that they had not arrived at that state of civilization when communities find it most to the general advantage to live on terms of mutual amity and confidence; on the contrary, the spider-world, according to M. Reaumur (we are writing of a hundred and forty years ago), was in a continual state of warfare; nay, not a few spiders were habitual cannibals. Having collected about five thousand spiders (enough to scare the most courageous old lady), M. Reaumur shut them up in companies varying in number from fifty to one hundred. On opening the cells, after the lapse of a few days, "what was the horror of our hero," as the graphic novelist writes, "to behold the scene which met his gaze!" Where fifty spiders, happy and full of life, had a short time before existed, only about two bloated insects now remained—they had devoured their fellow spiders! This horrible custom of the spider-world accounts for the small proportion of spiders in comparison to the immense number of eggs which they produce. So formidable a difficulty could only be met by rearing each spider in a separate cage; whether this separation is practicable—that is to say, whether it can be made to repay the trouble it would require—is a matter yet to be decided.

Against M. Bon's treatise on behalf of spider's silk, M. Reaumur urged further objections. He asserted that, when compared with silkworm's silk, spider's silk was deficient both in quality and in quantity. His calculation went to show that the silk of twelve spiders did not more than equal that of one bombyx; and that no less than fifty-five thousand two hundred and ninety-six spiders must be reared to produce one pound of silk. This calculation is now held to be exaggerated; and the spirit of partisanship in which M. Reaumur's report was evidently concocted, favors the supposition that he made the most of any objections he could bring to bear against M. Bon.

M. Bon's experiments are valuable as far as they go; spider's silk may be safely set down as an untried raw material. The objections of M. Reaumur, reasonable in some respects, are not at all conclusive. It is of course undeniable that the silkworm produces a larger quantity of silk than any species of spider; but, on the other hand, the spider's silk may possess certain qualities adapted to particular fabrics, which would justify its cultivation. At the Great Industrial Show, we shall probably find some specimens of spider's silk; such contributions would be useful and suggestive. The idea of brushing down cobwebs to convert them into ball-room stockings, forces upon us the association of two most incongruous ideas; but that this transformation is not impossible, the Royal Society, who are the possessors of some of M. Bon's spider-fabric, can satisfactorily demonstrate.

THE RAILWAY.

The silent glen, the sunless stream,
 To wandering boyhood dear,
And treasur'd still in many a dream,
 They are no longer here;
A huge red mound of earth is thrown
Across the glen so wild and lone,
 The stream so cold and clear;
And lightning speed, and thundering sound,
Pass hourly o'er the unsightly mound.

Nor this alone—for many a mile
 Along that iron way,
No verdant banks or hedgerows smile
 In summer's glory gay;
Thro' chasms that yawn as though the earth
Were rent in some strange mountain-birth,
 Whose depth excludes the day,
We're born away at headlong pace,
To win from time the wearying race!

The wayside inn, with homelike air,
 No longer tempts a guest
To taste its unpretending fare,
 Or seek its welcome rest.
The prancing team—the merry horn—
The cool fresh road at early morn—
 The coachman's ready jest;
All, all to distant dream-land gone,
While shrieking trains are hurrying on.

Yet greet we them with thankful hearts,
 And eyes that own no tear,
'Tis nothing now, the space which parts
 The distant from the dear;
The wing that to her cherish'd nest
Bears home the bird's exulting breast,
 Has found its rival here.
With speed like hers we too can haste,
The bliss of meeting hearts to taste.

For me, I gaze along the line
 To watch the approaching train,
And deem it still, 'twixt me and mine,
 A rude, but welcome chain
To bind us in a world, whose ties
Each passing hour to sever tries,
 But here may try in vain;
To bring us near home many an art,
Stern fate employs to keep apart.

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

THE BLIND SISTER, OR CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

For real comfort, snugness, and often rural beauty, where are there in the wide world any dwellings that can equal the cottage homes of England's middle classes? Whether they be clad with ivy and woodbine, half hidden by forest-trees, and approached by silent, shady lanes, or, glaring with stucco and green paint, stand perched upon flights of steps, by the side of dusty suburban roads—whether they be cockney-christened with fine titles, and dignified as villas, halls, or lodges, or rejoice in such sweet names as Oak Cottage or Linden Grove—still within their humble walls, before all other places, are to be found content, and peace, and pure domestic love.

Upon the slope of a gentle hill, about a mile from a large town, where I was attending to the practice of an absent friend, there stood a neat and pretty residence, with slated roof and trellised porch. A light verandah shaded the narrow French windows, opening from the favorite

drawing-room upon a trim, smooth lawn, studded with gay parterres, and bounded by a sweetbriar hedge; and here old Mrs. Reed, the widow of a clergyman, was busily employed, one lovely autumn afternoon, peering through her spectacles at the fast-fading flowers, or plucking from some favorite shrub the "sear and yellow leaf" that spoke of the summer passed away, and the dreary season hurrying on apace. Her daughter, a pale and delicate-looking girl, sat with her drooping head leant against the open window-frame, watching her mother sorrowfully as she felt her own declining health, and thought how her parent's waning years might pass away, uncared for, and unsolaced by a daughter's love. Within the room, a young man was reclining lazily upon a sofa; rather handsome, about the middle height, *but* had it not been for a stubby mustache, very long hair, and his rather slovenly costume—peculiarities which he considered indispensable to his profession as an artist—there was nothing in his appearance to distinguish him from the generality of young English gentlemen of his age and station. Presently there fell upon his ear the notes of a beautiful symphony, played with most exquisite taste upon the harp, and gradually blending with a woman's voice, deep, soft and tremulous, every now and then, as if with intense feeling, in one of those elaborate yet enervating melodies that have their birth in sunny Italy. The performer was about twenty-five years of age, of haughty and dazzling beauty. Her dark wavy hair, gathered behind into a large glossy knot, was decked on one side with a bunch of pink rose buds. A full white robe, that covered, without hiding, the outline of her bust and arms, was bound at the waist with a thick cord and tassel of black silk and gold, adding all that dress could add to the elegance of her tall and splendid figure. Then, as she rose and stretched out her jeweled hand to tighten a loose string, the ineffable grace of the studied attitude in which she stood for some moments showed her to be well skilled in those fascinating arts that so often captivate the senses before the heart is touched.

This lady was the daughter of Mrs. Reed's only sister, who in her youth had run away with an Italian music master. Signor Arnatti, although a poor adventurer, was not quite devoid of honor, for, when first married, he really loved his English wife, and proudly introduced her to his friends at Florence, where her rank and fortune were made much of, and she was caressed and fêted until half wild with pleasure and excitement. But this was not to last. Her husband, a man of violent and ungovernable temper, was heard to utter certain obnoxious political opinions; and it being discovered that he was connected with a dangerous conspiracy against the existing government, a speedy flight alone saved him from the scaffold or perpetual imprisonment. They sought a temporary home in Paris, where, after dissipating much of their little fortune at the gambling-table, he met with a sudden and violent death in a night-brawl, just in time to save his wife and child from poverty. The young widow, who of late had thought more of her infant than its father, was not long inconsolable. Discarded by her own relations, who, with bitter and cruel taunts, had refused all communication with her, and now too proud to return to them again, she settled with her little girl in Italy, where a small income enabled her to lead a life of unrestrained gayety, that soon became almost necessary to her existence. Here young Catherine was reared and educated, flattered and spoiled by all about her; and encouraged by her vain mother to expect nothing less than an alliance with high rank and wealth, she refused many advantageous offers of marriage, and ere long gained the character of a heartless and unprincipled coquette, especially among the English visitors, who constituted a great part of the society in which she moved. Her mother corresponded occasionally with Mrs. Reed; and the sisters still cherished an affection for each other, which increased as they advanced in years; but their ideas, their views, even their religion was different, and the letters they exchanged once, or at most twice a year, afforded but little satisfaction to either. When the cholera visited Italy, Madame Arnatti was seized with a presentiment that fate had already numbered her among its victims, and, under the influence of this feeling, wrote a long and touching letter to her sister, freely confessing the sin and folly of her conduct in regard to her daughter's management, of whom she gave a long description, softened, it is true, by a mother's hand, yet containing many painful truths, that must have caused the doting parent infinite sorrow to utter. She concluded by repeating her conviction that her end was near, and consigning Catherine to her sister's care, with an entreaty that she would take her from the immoral and polluted atmosphere in which they lived, and try the effect of her piety, and kindness, and steady English habits on the young woman's violent and ungovernable passions. Months passed away; and then Mrs. Reed received a letter from Catherine herself, telling of her mother's death; also one from a lady, in whose company she was traveling homeward, in accordance with her mother's dying wish. Another long interval elapsed, and the good lady was preparing to visit London for the purpose of consulting an eminent physician on her daughter's state of health when news reached the cottage of Miss Arnatti's arrival in that city, which had been retarded thus long by tedious quarantine laws, illness, and other causes.

Her guardian was apparently glad enough to get rid of the charge she had undertaken, and within a week Catherine removed to her aunt's lodgings, where she was received and treated with every affectionate attention; but a constant yearning after gayety and amusements, indelicate and unfeeling as it appeared to her relatives, so soon after the loss of an only parent; the freedom and boldness of her manners when in company or in public, and her overbearing conduct to those about her, augured but little in favor of such an addition to their circle. However, the good aunt hoped for better things from the removal to her quiet country-home. Their stay in London was even shorter than they had intended, and, for some time after their return to the cottage, Miss Arnatti endeavored to adapt herself to the habits that must have been so strange and new to her; she even sought, and made herself agreeable in the very orderly but cheerful society where her aunt and cousin introduced her, although Annie Reed's increasing weakness prevented them from receiving much company at their own house.

Edwin Reed, Catherine's other cousin, was absent on a tour in Wales, and had only returned a few days previous to the afternoon on which we have described him as listening, enraptured, to the lady's native music. Seating herself at the piano, she followed this by a brilliant waltz, the merry, sparkling notes of which made the eye brighten and the brain whirl, from very sympathy; and then returning to her favorite instrument, she sang, to a low, plaintive accompaniment, a simple English ballad, telling of man's heartlessness, and woman's frailty and despair. The last verse ran:

So faith and hope her soul forsaking,
Each day to heavier sorrow waking
This cruel love her heart was breaking
 Yet, ere her breath
 Was hushed in death,
 She breathed a prayer
 For her betrayer—
Angels to heaven her poor soul taking.

Scarcely had she finished, when, as if in thorough contempt of the maiden's weakness, she drew her hand violently across the strings with a discordant crash, that startled poor little Annie painfully, and pushing the harp from her with an impatient gesture, abruptly quitted the room.

The old lady had gone in to enjoy a gossip with her next-door neighbor, and so the brother and sister were alone. The signs of tears were on the latter's cheek as Edwin approached and sat down by her side; attributing this to her extreme sensibility wrought upon by what they had just heard, he spoke some kind and cheering words, and then began to talk enthusiastically of their cousin's beauty and accomplishments. She listened to him quietly for some time, and then,

"Dear brother," she said, timidly, "you must forgive me for what I am about to say, when it is to warn and caution you against those very charms that have already made such an impression on you. I am not one, Edwin, as you know, to speak ill, even of my enemies, if such there be; and to any other but yourself would hide her faults, and try to think of some pleasing trait on which to dwell, when her name was mentioned. Nay, do not interrupt me, for rest assured, I am only prompted by a sister's love. I have seen much of Catherine, and heard more; I fear her dreadful temper—her different faith; although, indeed, she seems to neglect all religious duties, even those of her own church. Then I think of her rudeness and inattention to our dear mother, who is so kind and gentle to her. Had you been in London when we first met, you would not wonder at our being shocked and pained at all we witnessed there."

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"But, Annie, dear," said her brother, "why should you talk thus earnestly to me? Surely I may admire and praise a handsome woman, without falling hopelessly in love."

"You may, or you may not," continued Annie, warmly. "But this I know and feel, that, unless she were to change in every manner, thought, and action, she is the last person in the world that I would see possess a hold upon my brother's heart. Why, do you know, she makes a boast of the many lovers she has encouraged and discarded; and even shows, with ill-timed jests, letters from her admirers, containing protestations of affection, and sentiments that any woman of common feeling would at least consider sacred."

"And have you nothing, then, to say in her favor?" said young Reed, quietly. "Can you make no allowance for the manner in which she has been brought up? or, may she never change from what you represent her?"

"She may, perhaps; but let me beg of you, Edwin, to pause, and think, and not be infatuated and led away, against your better judgment, as so many have already been."

"Why, my dear sister," he replied, "if we were on the point of running off together, you could not be more earnest in the matter; but I have really never entertained such thoughts as you suggest, and if I did, should consider myself quite at liberty to act as I pleased, whether I were guided by your counsel or not."

"Well, Edwin, be not angry with me; perhaps I have spoken too strongly on the subject. You know how much I have your happiness at heart, and this it is that makes me say so much. I often think I have not long to live, but while I am here would have you promise me—"

A chilly breeze swept over the lawn, and the invalid was seized with a violent fit of coughing; her brother shut the casement, and wrapped the shawl closer round her slight figure. Mrs. Reed entered the room at the same instant, and their conversation ended.

Catherine Arnatti was in her own chamber, the open window of which was within a few yards of where her cousins had been talking. Attracted thither by the sound, she listened intently, and leaning out, apparently employed in training the branches of a creeping plant, she had heard every word they uttered.

The winter passed away pleasantly enough, for two at least of the party at the cottage.

Catherine and Edwin were of necessity much thrown together; she sat to him as a model, accompanied him in his walks, and flattered him by innumerable little attentions, that were unnoticed by the others; but still her conduct to his mother and sister, although seemingly more kind of late, was insincere, and marked by a want of sympathy and affection, that often grieved

him deeply. Her temper she managed to control, but sometimes not without efforts on her part that were more painful to witness than her previous outbreaks of passion. Six months had elapsed since Miss Arnatti had overheard, with feelings of hatred toward one, and thorough contempt of both speakers, the dialogue in which her faults had been so freely exposed. Yet she fully expected that young Reed would soon be at her feet, a humble follower, as other men had been; but although polite, attentive, and ever seeking her society, he still forbore to speak of love, and then, piqued and angry at his conduct, she used every means to gain his affection, without at first any real motive for so doing; soon, however, this wayward lady began to fancy that the passion she would only feign was really felt—and being so unexpectedly thwarted gave strength to this idea—and in proportion also grew her hatred toward Miss Reed, to whose influence she attributed her own failure. Before long she resolved that Edwin *should* be her husband, by which means her revenge on Annie would be gratified, and a tolerable position in the world obtained for herself, for she had ascertained that the young man's fortune, although at present moderate, was yet sufficient to commence with, and that his prospects and expectations were nearly all that could be desired.

Neither was Edwin altogether proof against her matchless beauty. At times he felt an almost irresistible impulse to kneel before her, and avow himself a slave forever, and as often would some hasty word or uncongenial sentiment turn his thoughts into another channel; and then they carried him away to an old country seat in Wales, where he had spent the summer of last year on a visit to some friends of his family. A young lady, of good birth and education, resided there as governess to some half-dozen wild and turbulent children. Her kind and unobtrusive manners and gentle voice first attracted his attention toward her; and although perhaps not handsome, her pale sweet face and dark blue eye made an impression that deepened each day as he discovered fresh beauties in her intellectual and superior mind. After an acquaintance of some months he made an offer of his hand, and her conduct on this occasion only confirmed the ardent affection he entertained for her. Candidly admitting that she could joyfully unite her lot with his, she told her previous history, and begged the young man to test his feelings well before allying himself to a poor and portionless girl, and for this purpose prayed that twelve months might elapse before the subject of their marriage were renewed. She would not doubt him then; still he might see others, who would seem more worthy of his regard: but if, in that time, his sentiments were unchanged, all that she had to give was his forever. In vain he tried to alter this resolution; her arguments were stronger than his own, and so at last, with renewed vows of fidelity, he reluctantly bade her farewell. For various reasons he had kept this attachment a secret from his family, not altogether sure of the light in which they might view it; and the position of the young governess would have been rendered doubly painful, had those under whose roof she dwelt been made acquainted with the circumstances. Although fully aware in cooler moments that, even had he known no other, his cousin Catherine was a person with whom, as a companion for life, he could never hope for real happiness, still he knew the danger of his situation, and resolved not without a struggle, to tear himself away from the sphere of her attractions; and so, one evening, Edwin announced his intention of setting off next day on a walking excursion through Scotland, proposing to visit Wales on his return. Different were the feelings with which each of the ladies received this intelligence. Catherine, who had but the day before refused a pressing invitation to join a gay party, assembled at the London mansion of one of her old acquaintances, turned away and bit her lip with rage and chagrin, as Miss Reed repeated to her mother, who had grown deaf of late, over and over again to make her understand, that Edwin was about to leave them for a time—was going to Scotland, and purposed leaving by the mail on the morrow night. She had of course no objection to offer, being but too glad to believe that nothing more than friendship existed between her son and sister's child; yet wondered much what had led to such a sudden resolution.

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Catherine Arnatti never closed her eyes that night; one instant fancying that Edwin loved her, and only paused to own it for fear of a refusal, and flattering herself that he would not leave without. These thoughts gave way to bitter disappointment, hatred, and vows of revenge against him, and all connected with him, more particularly his sister, whose words she now recalled, torturing herself with the idea that Annie had extorted a promise from her brother never to wed his cousin while she lived; and the sickly girl had improved much since then, and might, after all, be restored to perfect health; then, the first time for years, she wept—cried bitterly at the thought of being separated from one against whom she had but just before been breathing threats and imprecations, and yet imagined was the only man she had ever really loved. A calmer mood succeeded, and she lay down, resolving and discarding schemes to gain her wishes, that occupied her mind till daylight.

The next day passed in busy preparations; Edwin avoiding, as he dreaded, the result of a private interview with his cousin. Toward the afternoon Miss Reed and her mother happened to be engaged with their medical attendant, who opportunely called that day, and often paid longer visits than were absolutely necessary; and Catherine, who with difficulty had restrained her emotions, seizing on the opportunity, and scarcely waiting to knock at the door, entered Edwin's apartment. He was engaged in packing a small portmanteau, and looking up, beheld her standing there, pale and agitated, more beautiful he thought than ever, and yet a combination of the angel and the fiend. Some moments passed in silence; then, advancing quickly, holding out her hand, she spoke in a husky voice:

"Edwin, I have come to bid you a farewell—if, indeed, you go to-night, in this world we shall never meet again; neither hereafter, if half that you believe is true. It sets one thinking, does it not? a parting that we feel to be for ever, from those with whom we have been in daily intercourse, even

for a few short months."

"And pray, Catherine," he asked, trying to talk calmly, "why should we not meet again? Even if I were about to visit the antipodes I should look forward to return some day; indeed it would grieve me much to think that I should never enjoy again your company, where I have spent so many pleasant hours, and of which, believe me, I shall ever cherish a grateful recollection. Be kind to poor Annie and my mother when I am gone, and if you think it not too great a task, I shall be very glad sometimes to hear the news from you, and in return will write you of my wanderings in the Highlands."

"Well, good-by, Edwin," she repeated; "for all you say, my words may yet prove true."

"But I do not go yet for some hours, and we shall meet again below before I leave; why not defer good-by till then?"

There was another pause before she answered, with passionate energy, and grasping his arm tightly:

"And is this all you have to say? Now listen to me, Edwin: know that I love you, and judge of its intensity by my thus owning it. I am no bashful English girl, to die a victim to concealment or suspense, but *must* and *will* know all at once. Now, tell me, sir, have I misplaced my love? Tell me, I say, and quickly; for, by the powers above, you little know how much depends upon your answer."

She felt his hand, cold and trembling; his face was even paler than her own, as, overwhelmed with confusion, Edwin stammered out,

"Really, Miss Arnatti—Catherine—I was not aware; at least, I am so taken by surprise. Give me time to think, for—"

"What, then, you hesitate," she said, stamping her foot; and then, with desperate calmness, added, in a softer tone, "Well, be it so; body and soul I offer, and you reject the gift." A violent struggle was racking the young man's breast, and, by the working of his countenance she saw it, and paused. But still he never raised his eyes to hers, that were so fixed on him; and she continued, "You ask for time to think, oh! heaven and hell, that I should come to this! But take it, and think well; it is four hours before you quit this roof; I will be there to say adieu. Or better, perhaps, if you will write, and give at leisure the result of your deliberations."

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She spoke the last words with a bitter sneer; yet Edwin caught at the suggestion, and replied,

"Yes, I will write, I promise you, within a month. Forgive my apparent coldness; forgive—"

"Hush!" interrupted Catherine; "your sister calls; why does she come here now? You will not mention what has passed, I know; remember, within a month I am to hear. Think of me kindly, and believe that I might make you love me even as I love you. Now, go to her, go before she finds you here."

Edwin pressed her hand in parting, and she bent down her forehead, but the kiss imprinted there was cold and passionless. He met his sister at the door, and led her back affectionately to the drawing-room she had just quitted.

The old gardener had deposited a portmanteau and knapsack on the very edge of the footpath by the side of the high road, and had been watching for the mail, with a great horn lantern, some half-hour or so before it was expected; while the housemaid was stationed inside the gate, upon the gravel-walk, ready to convey the intelligence, as soon as the lights were visible coming up the hill; and cook stood at the front-door, gnawing her white apron. The family were assembled in that very unpleasant state of expectation, that generally precedes the departure of a friend or relative; Edwin walking about the room, wrapped up for traveling, impatient and anxious to be off. At last, the gardener halloed out lustily; Betty ran toward the house, as if pursued by a wild beast, and screaming, "It's a-coming;" and cook, who had been standing still all the time, rushed in, quite out of breath, begging Mr. Edwin to make haste, for the coach never waited a minute for nobody; so he embraced his mother and sister; and then, taking Catherine's hand, raised it hastily, but respectfully to his lips. Miss Reed watched the movement, and saw how he avoided the piercing gaze her cousin fixed upon him, not so intently though, but that she noted the faint gleam of satisfaction that passed over Annie's pale face; and cursed her for it. Strange, that the idea of any other rival had never haunted her.

"Good-by, once more," said Edwin. "I may return before you expect me; God bless you all!"

And, in another five minutes, he was seated by the side of the frosty old gentleman who drove the mail, puffing away vigorously at his meerschaum.

The ladies passed a dismal evening; more so, indeed, than the circumstances would seem to warrant. Annie commenced a large piece of embroidery, that, judging from its size and the slow progress made, seemed likely to afford her occupation and amusement until she became an old woman; while Mrs. Reed called to mind all the burglaries and murders that had been committed in the neighborhood during the last twenty years; deploring their unprotected situation, discussing the propriety of having an alarm-bell hung between two of the chimney-pots, and making arrangements for the gardener to sleep on the premises for the future. Miss Arnatti never raised her eyes from the book over which she bent. Supper, generally their most cheerful meal,

remained untouched, and, earlier than usual, they retired to their respective chambers.

For several hours, Catherine sat at her open window, looking out into the close, hazy night. The soft wind, that every now and then had rustled through the trees, or shaken dewdrops from the thick ivy clustered beneath the overhanging eaves, had died away. As the mist settled down, and a few stars peeped out just over head, a black curtain of clouds seemed to rise up from the horizon, hiding the nearest objects in impenetrable darkness. The only sounds now heard were those that told of man's vicinity, and his restlessness: the occasional rumble of a distant vehicle; the chime of bells; sometimes the echo of a human voice, in the direction of the town; the ticking of a watch, or the hard breathing of those that slept; and these fell on the ear with strange distinctness, amid the awful stillness of nature. Presently, the clouds, that hung over a valley far away, opened horizontally for an instant, while a faint flash of lightning flickered behind, showing their cumbrous outline. In a few minutes a brighter flash in another quarter was followed by the low roll of distant thunder; and so the storm worked round, nearer and nearer, until it burst in all its fury over the hill on which the cottage stood.

Miss Reed, who from her childhood had always felt an agonizing and unconquerable fear during a thunder-storm, roused from her light slumber, lay huddled up, and trembling, with her face buried in the pillow. She did not hear the door open or the footstep that approached so stealthily, before a hand was laid upon her shoulder; and starting up she recognized her cousin.

"Oh, Catherine!" she faltered, covering her eyes, "do stay with me awhile; I am so terrified—and think of Edwin, too, exposed as he must be to it."

"I *have* been thinking of him, Annie."

"But you are frightened, also, a little, are you not—with all your courage, or what made you shake so then?" said the poor girl, trying to draw her cousin nearer as flash after flash glared before her eyelids, and louder claps of thunder followed each other at shorter intervals.

"I frightened?" replied the dauntless woman, "I frightened; and what at? Not at the thunder, surely; and as for lightning, if it strikes, they say, it brings a sudden and painless death, leaving but seldom even a mark upon the corpse. Who would not prefer this, to lingering on a bed of sickness."

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"Do not say so, Catherine, pray do not; only think if—O God, have mercy on us! Was not *that* awful?"

"Was it not grand? Magnificent—awful if you will. Think of its raging and reveling uncontrolled, and striking where and what it will, without a bound or limit to its fury. And fancy such a storm pent up in the narrow compass of a human breast, and yet not bursting its frail prison. What can the torments that they tell us of, hereafter, be to this?"

"And what reason can you have, dear cousin, for talking thus. Kneel down by me, for once, and pray; for surely, at such a time as this, if at no other, you must feel there is a God."

"No; you pray, Annie Reed, if it will comfort you; pray for us both. There, now, lie down again, and hide your face. I will stand by your side and listen to you."

She drew the slender figure gently back. Then, with a sudden movement, seizing a large pillow dashed it over Annie's face, pressing thereon with all her strength. The long, half-smothered, piteous cry that followed, was almost unheard in the roaring of the storm that now was at its height. By the vivid light that every instant played around, she saw the violent efforts of her victim, whose limbs were moving up and down, convulsively, under the white bed-clothes. Then, throwing the whole weight of her body across the bed, she clutched and strained upon the frame, to press more heavily. Suddenly all movement ceased, and the murderess felt a short and thrilling shudder underneath her. Still, her hold never relaxed; untouched by pity or remorse, exulting in the thought that the cruel deed was nearly done, so easily, and under circumstances where no suspicion of the truth was likely to arise; dreading to look upon the dead girl's face too soon, lest the mild eyes should still be open, and beaming on her with reproach and horror. But what was it she felt then, so warm and sticky, trickling down her arm? She knew it to be blood, even before the next flash showed the crimson stain, spreading slowly over the pillow. Again the electric fluid darted from the clouds, but this time charged with its special mission from on high. The murderess was struck! and springing up, she fell back with one shrill, wild, piercing shriek, that reached the ears of those below, before it was drowned in the din of falling masonry, and the tremendous crash that shook the house to its foundation, until the walls quivered, like the timbers of a ship beating on a rocky shore.

That night I had been to visit a patient at some distance, and finding no shelter near when returning, had ridden on through the storm. Just entering the town, I overtook a man, pressing on quickly in the same direction. Making some passing remark upon the weather, I was recognized by the old gardener, who begged me for God's sake to hurry back; the cottage, he said, was struck by lightning, and two of the ladies either dying or dead from the injuries they had received. In a few minutes my horse was at the gate. I had just time to observe that two of the chimneys were thrown down, and some mischief done to the roof. On entering the house, I was guided, by the low, wailing sound of intense grief, to an upper room, where I beheld one of those scenes that, in an instant, stamp themselves upon the memory, leaving their transfer there forever.

Day was just breaking; a cold gray light slowly gaining strength over the yellow glare of some unsnuffed candles, while the occasional boom of distant thunder told that the storm was not yet exhausted. Extended on a low couch, and held by the terrified servants, was the wreck of the once beautiful Catherine Arnatti; at short intervals her features became horribly distorted by an epileptic spasm, that seized one side of the body, while the other half appeared to be completely paralyzed; and the unmeaning glare of the eye, when the lid was raised, told that the organ of vision was seriously injured, if not entirely destroyed. Close by, the mother bent sobbing over the helpless form of her own child, blanched and inanimate, with a streak of blood just oozing from her pallid lips. I found afterward, that Miss Reed, in her fearful struggle, had ruptured a vessel, and, fainting from the loss of blood, had lain for some time to all appearance dead. Shortly, however, a slight fluttering over the region of the heart, and a quiver of the nostril, told that the principle of life still lingered in the shattered tenement. With the aid of gentle stimulants, she recovered sufficiently to recognize her mother; but as her gaze wandered vacantly around, it fell on the wretched and blasted creature, from whose grasp she had been so wonderfully rescued. As if some magnetic power was in that glance, Catherine rose up suddenly, despair and horror in the glassy stare she fixed on the corpse-like form before her, as, with another yell, such as burst forth when first struck by the hand of God, she relapsed into one of the most dreadful and violent paroxysms I have ever witnessed. Annie clung tightly to her mother, crying, in a faint, imploring voice, "Oh, save me—save me from her!" ere, with a heavy sigh, she once more sank into insensibility. It was not until late in the afternoon, and then only with great difficulty, that she was able to make those around her understand what had taken place, and account for the intense horror that seized upon her, when at times a groan or cry was heard from the adjoining chamber, in which Miss Arnatti lay. It became, therefore, necessary that this person should be removed, and accordingly, the same night she was taken to lodgings in the town. Her conduct there was such as to induce a belief that she might be insane, and steps were taken toward placing her in a private asylum. Once only, a few days after her removal, she asked, suddenly, if Miss Reed were not dead; but appeared to betray no emotion on being informed, that although still alive, her cousin was in most imminent danger, and, turning away, from that time maintained a determined silence, which nothing could induce her to break, obstinately refusing all medical aid.

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I visited her in company with the physician in attendance, about six weeks afterward, when she appeared to have recovered, in a great measure, the use of her limbs; but every lineament of the face was altered; the sight of one eye quite destroyed, and drawn outward, until little could be seen but a discolored ball, over which the lid hung down flabby and powerless; while a permanent distortion of the mouth added to the frightful appearance this occasioned. The beautiful hair was gone, and the unsightly bristles that remained were only partly concealed by the close-fitting cap she wore. It was indeed a sight to move the sternest heart. That proud and stately woman who had so cruelly abused the power her personal beauty alone had given her; trifling alike with youth's ardent and pure first love, as with the deeper and more lasting affection of manhood, and glorying in the misery and wretchedness she caused! Stopped in her full career, her punishment began already. Yet was there no index on that stolid face to tell how the dark spirit worked within; whether it felt remorse or sorrow for the crime, and pity for its victim, fearing a further punishment in this world or the next; whether the heart was torn by baffled rage and hatred still, scheming and plotting, even now that all hope was gone. Or was the strong intellect really clouded?

That night her attendant slept long and heavily; she might have been drugged, for Miss Arnatti had access to her desk and jewel case, in the secret drawers of which were afterward found several deadly and carefully prepared poisons.

In a room below was a large chimney-glass, and here Catherine first saw the full extent of the awful judgment that had befallen her. A cry of rage and despair, and the loud crash of broken glass, aroused the inmates early in the morning: they found the mirror shivered into a thousand fragments, but their charge was gone. We learned that day, that a person answering to her description, wearing a thick veil, and walking with pain and difficulty, had been one of the passengers on board a steam-packet that left the town at daylight.

For a long time Annie Reed lay in the shadow of death. She lived, however, many years, a suffering and patient invalid. Edwin married his betrothed and brought her home, where his fond mother and sister soon loved her as they loved him; and Annie played aunt to the first-born, and shared their happiness awhile; and when her gentle spirit passed away, her mother bent to the heavy blow, living resigned and peacefully with her remaining children to a good old age.

All efforts to trace the unhappy fugitive proved unavailing, and much anxiety was felt on her account; but about ten months after her disappearance, Mrs. Reed received a letter relative to the transfer of what little property her niece had possessed to a convent in Tuscany. The lady-abbess, a distant relative of Miss Arnatti's, had also written much concerning her, from which the following is extracted:

"When a child, Catherine was for two years a boarder in this very house. Fifteen years passed since then, and she came to us travel-worn, and weak, and ill. Her history is known only to her confessor and myself; and she has drawn from us a promise that the name of England should never more be mentioned to her; and whatever tidings we may hear, in consequence of this communication, from those she had so cruelly injured, whether of life and health, or death—of forgiveness, or hatred and disgust at her ingratitude—that no allusion to it should be ever made to her. She follows rigidly the most severe rules of the establishment, but avoids all intercourse with the sisters. Much of her time is spent at the organ, and often, in the dead of night, we are

startled or soothed by the low melancholy strains that come from the dark chapel. Her horror always on the approach of thunder-storms is a thing fearful to witness, and we think she can not long survive the dreadful shocks she suffers from this cause. They leave her, too, in total darkness many days. A mystery to all, we only speak of her as the BLIND SISTER."

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

FORTUNES OF THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.

Between Passy and Auteuil were still to be seen, some few years ago, the remains of what had been a gentleman's residence. The residence and the family to whom it had belonged had both fallen during the first Revolution. The bole of a once magnificent tree, stag-headed, owing to the neighboring buildings having hurt the roots, was all the evidence that remained of a park; but bits of old moss-grown wall—broken steps that led to nothing—heads and headless trunks of statues that once adorned the edges of what, now a marsh, had formerly been a piece of ornamental water—little thickets of stunted trees stopped in their growth by want of care—all hinted of what had been, although they could give no idea of the beauty which had once made Bouloinvilliers the pride of the neighborhood and its possessor. Such was the aspect of the place recently; but when the following anecdote begins, France was to external appearance prosperous, and Bouloinvilliers was still in its bloom.

At a cottage within the gate which entered the grounds lived the gardener and his wife. They had been long married, had lost all their children, and were considered by every body a staid, elderly couple, when, to the astonishment of all, a girl was born. This precious plant, the child of their old age, was the delight especially of Pierre's life: he breathed but in little Marie, and tended her with the utmost care. Although attired in the costume appropriate to her station, her clothes were of fine materials; every indulgence in their power was lavished upon her, and every wish gratified, except the very natural one of going outside the grounds—*that* was never permitted to her whom they had dedicated to the blessed Virgin, and determined to keep "unspotted from the world." Pierre himself taught her to read very well, and to write a little; Cécilon to knit, sew, and prepare the *pot-au-feu*; and amusement she easily found for herself. She lived among green leaves and blossoms: she loved them as sisters: all her thoughts turned toward the flowers that surrounded her on every side; they were her sole companions, and she never wearied playing with them. An old lime, the branches of which drooped round like a tent, and where the bees sought honey as long as there was any lingering on its sweetly-odorous branches, was her house, as she termed it; a large acorn formed a coffee-pot; its cups her cups, plates, porringers, and saucers, according to their size and flatness; and bits of broken porcelain, rubbed bright, enlivened the knotted stump, which served for shelves, chimney, and all; a water-lily was her *marmite*; fir-cones her cows; a large mushroom her table, when mushrooms were in season, at other times a bit of wood covered with green moss or wild sorrel. Her dolls even were made of flowers—bunches of lilies and roses formed the faces, a bundle of long beech-sprigs the bodies; and for hours would she sit rocking them, her low song chiming in with the drowsy hum of the insects.

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When grown older, and become more adventurous, she used to weave little boats from rushes upon bits of cork, and freight them with flowers. These she launched on the lake, where the fresh air and fresh water kept them sometimes longer from fading than would have otherwise been their fate, during the hot dry days of July and August, on their native beds. Thus passed her happy childhood: often and often she dreamed over it in after-life, pleasing herself with the fancy, that perhaps as God, when he made sinless man in his own image, gave him a garden as his home, so for those who entered into "the joy of our Lord" a garden might be prepared in heaven, sweeter far than even that of Bouloinvilliers—one where sun never scorched, cold never pinched, flowers never faded, birds never died. The death of a bird was the greatest grief she had known, a cat the most ferocious animal she had as yet encountered. She attended the private chapel on Sundays and saints' days. The day she made her first communion was the first of her entry into the world, and much distraction of mind did the unwonted sight of houses, shops, and crowds of people, cause to our little recluse, which served for reflection, conversation, and curious questioning for many a day after. On a white-painted table with a drawer there stood a plaster-cast of the Virgin Mary, much admired by its innocent namesake, and associated in her mind with praises and sugar-plums—for whenever she had been particularly good she found some there for her. It was her office to dust it with a feather brush, supply water to the flowers amid which the little figure stood, and replace them with fresh ones when faded. Whenever she was petulant a black screen was placed before the table, and Marie was not suffered to approach it. This was her only punishment; indeed the only one she required, for she heard and saw nothing wrong; her parents never disputed, and they were so gentle and indulgent to her, that she never felt tempted to disguise the truth. The old priest often represented to the father that unless he intended his child for the cloister, this mode of bringing her up in such total seclusion and ignorance was almost cruel; but Pierre answered that he could give her a good fortune, and would take care to secure a good husband for her; and her perfect purity and innocence were so beautiful, that the kind-hearted but unwise ecclesiastic did not insist farther.

In the mean time she grew apace; and her mother being dead, Marie lived on as before with her

father, whose affection only increased with his years, both of them apparently thinking that the world went on as they did themselves, unchanged in a single idea. Alas! "we know not what a day may bring forth," even when we have an opportunity of seeing and hearing all that passes around us. Pierre and Marie were scarcely aware of the commencement of the Revolution until it was at its height—the marquis, his son, and the good priest massacred—madame escaped to England—and the property divided, and in the possession of others of a very different stamp from his late kind patron, a model of suavity and grace of manner even in that capital which gave laws of politeness to the rest of Europe. All this came like a clap of thunder upon the astonished Pierre; and although he continued to live in his old cottage, he never more held up his head. Finally he became quite childish, and one day died sitting in his chair, his last words being "Marie," his last action pointing to the little figure of the Virgin. When his death, however, became known, the new propriétaire desired that the cottage should be vacated, and came himself to look after its capabilities. He was astonished at the innocent beauty of the youthful Marie, but not softened by it; for his bold, coarse admiration, and loud, insolent manner, so terrified the gentle recluse, that as soon as it was dark she made a bundle of her clothes, and taking the cherished little earthen image in her hand, went forth, like Eve from paradise, though, alas! not into a world without inhabitants. Terrified to a degree which no one not brought up as she had been can form the least idea of, but resolved to dare any thing rather than meet that bold, bad man again, she plunged into the increasing gloom, and wandered, wearied and heart broken, she knew not whither, until, hungry and tired, she could go no farther. She lay down, therefore, at the foot of a tree, with her head on her bundle, and the Virgin in her hand, and soon fell sound asleep.

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She was awakened from a dream of former days by rough hands, and upon regaining her recollection, found that some one had snatched the bundle from beneath her head, and that nothing remained to her but the little image, associated in her mind with that happy childhood to which her present destitute and friendless condition formed so terrible a contrast. The sneers, and in some cases the insults of the passers-by, terrified her to such a degree, that, regardless of consequences, she penetrated further into the Bois de Boulogne, when at length weak, and indeed quite exhausted, from want of food, she sank down, praying to God to let her die, and take her to heaven. She waited patiently for some time, hoping, and more than half expecting, that what she asked so earnestly would be granted to her. About an hour passed, and Marie, wondering in her simple faith that she was still alive, repeated her supplications, uttering them in her distraction in a loud tone of voice. Suddenly she fancied she heard sounds of branches breaking, and the approach of footsteps, and filled with the utmost alarm lest it might be some of those much-dreaded men who had derided and insulted her, she attempted to rise and fly; but her weakness was so great, that after a few steps she fell.

"My poor girl," said a kind voice, "are you ill? What do you here, so far from your home and friends?"

"I have no home, no friend but God, and I want to go to Him. Oh, my God, let me die! let me die!"

"You are too young to die yet: you have many happy days in store, I hope. Come, come; eat something, or you *will* die."

"But eating will make me live, and I want to die, and go to my father and mother."

"But that would be to kill yourself, and then you would never see either God or your parents, you know. Come, eat a morsel, and take a mouthful of wine."

"But when *you* go, there is no one to give me any more, so I shall only be longer in dying."

"Self-destruction, you ought to know, if you have been properly brought up, is the only sin for which there *can* be no pardon, for that is the only sin we *can not* repent."

Marie looked timidly up at the manly, sensible, kind face which bent over her, and accepted the food he offered. He was dressed as a workman, and had on his shoulders a hod of glass: in fact, he was an itinerant glazier. His look was compassionate, but his voice, although soft, was authoritative. Refreshed by what she had taken, Marie sat up, and very soon was able to walk. She told her little history, one word of which he never doubted.

"But what do you mean to do?" asked the young man.

"To stay with you always, for you are kind and good, and no one else is so to me."

"But that can not be: it would not be right, you know."

"And why would it not be right? Oh, *do* let me! don't send me away! I will be so good!" answered she, her entire ignorance and innocence preventing her feeling what any girl, brought up among her fellow-creatures, however carefully, would at once have done.

Auguste was a Belgian, without any relations at Paris, and with little means of supporting a wife; but young, romantic, and kind-hearted, he resolved at once to marry his innocent protégée, as soon at least as he could find a priest to perform the ceremony—no easy task at that time, and in the eyes of the then world of Paris no necessary one, for profligacy was at its height, and the streets were yet red with the blood of the virtuous and noble. They began life, then, with his load of glass and her gold cross and gold ear-rings, heir-looms of considerable value, which providentially the robbers had not thought of taking from her. With the produce of the ear-rings they hired a garret and some humble furniture, where they lived from hand to mouth, Marie taking in coarse sewing, and her husband sometimes picking up a few sous at his trade. Often,

however, they had but one meal a day, seldom any fire; and when their first child was born, their troubles of course materially increased, and Auguste often returned from a weary ramble all over Paris just as he had set out—without having even gained a solitary sou. The cross soon followed the ear-rings, and they had now nothing left that they could part with except the little plaster figure so often alluded to, which would not bring a franc, and which was loved and cherished by Marie as the sole remaining object connected with Bouloinvilliers, and the last thing her father had looked at on earth. The idea of parting with this gave her grief which is better imagined than described; for, although the furniture of the cottage undoubtedly belonged to Marie, her husband knew too well that at a time when might was right, any steps taken toward recovering its value would be not only fruitless, but dangerous: he, therefore, never even attempted to assert their rights.

One day, however, they had been without food or firing for nearly twenty-four hours, and the little Cécile was fractious with hunger, incessantly crying, "Du pain! du pain!" Marie rose, and approaching the Virgin, said, "It is wicked to hesitate longer: go, Auguste, and sell it for what you can get."

She seized it hastily, as though afraid of changing her resolution, and with such trepidation, that it slipped through her fingers, and broke in two. Poor Marie sank upon her face at this sight, with a superstitious feeling that she had meditated wrong, and was thus punished. She was weeping bitterly, when her husband almost roughly raised her up, exclaiming in joyful accents, "Marie, Marie, give thanks to God! Now I know why your father pointed when he could not speak! Sorrow no more: we are rich!"

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In the body of the statuette were found bills to the amount of fifteen hundred francs—Marie's fortune, in fact, which her father had told the chaplain he had amassed for her. We need not dwell upon the happiness of this excellent couple, or the rapture, mingled with gratitude, in which the remainder of this day was passed. Those who disapprove of castle-building may perhaps blame them; for several castles they constructed, on better foundations, however, than most of those who spend their time in this pleasing but unprofitable occupation. Next day they took a glazier's shop, stocked it, provided themselves with decent clothing and furniture, and commenced their new life with equal frugality and comfort—Marie doing her own work, and serving in the shop when her husband was out engaged in business. But in time he was able to hire an assistant, and she a young girl, to look after the children while she pursued the avocation of a *couturière*, in which she soon became very expert. The little image was fastened together again, placed upon a white table, similar to that which used to stand in her childhood's home, surrounded with flowers, and made, as of old, the abode of sugar-plums and rewards of good conduct. But alas! there are not many Mariés in the world. In spite of her good example and good teaching, her children would at times be naughty. They sometimes quarreled, sometimes were greedy; and what vexed their simple-minded mother more than all the rest, sometimes told stories of one another. Still they were good children, as children go; and when the black screen was superseded by punishments a little more severe, did credit to their training. They were not permitted to play in the street, or to go to or from school alone, or remain there after school-hours. Their father took pains with their deportment, corrected false grammar, and recommended the cultivation of habits more refined than people in his humble although respectable position deem necessary. As their prosperity increased, Marie was surprised to observe her husband devote all his spare time to reading, and not only picture-cleaning and repairing, but painting, in which he was such an adept, that he was employed to paint several signs.

"How did you learn so much?" she said one day. "Did your father teach you?"

"No; I went to school."

"Then he was not so *very* poor?"

"He was very poor, but he lived in hopes that I might one day possess a fortune."

"It would seem as if he had a foreknowledge of what my little statue contained?"

"No, my love; he looked to it from another source; for a title without a fortune is a misfortune."

"A title! Nay, now you are playing with my simplicity."

"No, Marie; I am the nephew of the Vicomte de —, and for aught I know, may be the possessor of that name at this moment—the legal heir to his estate. My father, ruined by his extravagance, and, I grieve to add, by his crimes, had caused himself to be disowned by all his relations. He fled with me to Paris, where he soon after died, leaving me nothing but his seal and his papers. I wrote to my uncle for assistance; but although being then quite a boy, and incapable of having personally given him offense, he refused it in the most cruel manner; and I was left to my own resources at a time when my name and education were rather a hindrance than a help, and I found no opening for entering into any employment suited to my birth. My uncle had then two fine, healthy, handsome boys; the youngest is dead; and the eldest, I heard accidentally, in such a state of health that recovery is not looked for by the most sanguine of his friends. I never breathed a word of all this to you, because I never expected to survive my cousins, and resolved to make an independent position for myself sooner or later. Do you remember the other day an old gentleman stopping and asking some questions about the coat of arms I was painting?"

"Yes; he asked who had employed you to paint those arms, but I was unable to inform him."

"Well, my dear, he came again this morning to repeat the question to myself; and I am now going to satisfy him, when I expect to bring you some news."

Marie was in a dream. Unlike gardeners' daughters of the present day, she had read no novels or romances, and it appeared to her as impossible that such an event should happen as that the cap on her head should turn into a crown. It *did* happen, however. The old gentleman, a distant relation and intimate friend of the uncle of Auguste, had come to Paris, at his dying request, to endeavor to find out his nephew and heir; and the proofs Auguste produced were so plain, that he found no difficulty in persuading M. B—de that he was the person he represented himself to be. He very soon after went to Belgium, took legal possession of all his rights, and returned to hail the gentle and long-suffering Marie as Vicomtesse de —, and conduct her and the children to a handsome apartment in the Rue —, dressed in habiliments suitable to her present station, and looking as lady-like as if she had been born to fill it. She lived long and happily, and continued the same pure, humble-minded being she had ever been, whether blooming among the flowers at Bouloinvilliers, or pining for want in a garret in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Two of her daughters are alive now. Her son, after succeeding to his father, died, without children, of the cholera, in 1832; and the son of his eldest sister has taken up the *title*, under a different name, these matters not being very strictly looked after in France.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

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THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Many travelers know the "Rutland Arms" at Bakewell, in the Peak of Derbyshire. It is a fine large inn, belonging to his Grace of Rutland, standing in an airy little market-place of that clean-looking little town, and commanding from its windows pleasant peeps of the green hills and the great Wicksop Woods, which shut out the view of Chatsworth, the Palace of the Peak, which lies behind them. Many travelers who used to traverse this road from the south to Manchester, in the days of long coaches and long wintry drives, know well the "Rutland Arms," and will recall the sound of the guard's bugle, as they whirled up to the door, amid a throng of grooms, waiters, and village idlers, the ladder already taken from its stand by the wall, and placed by the officious Boots in towering position, ready, at the instant of the coach stopping, to clap it under your feet, and facilitate your descent. Many travelers will recall one feature of that accommodating inn, which, uniting aristocratic with commercial entertainment, has two doors; one lordly and large in front, to which all carriages of nobility, prelacy, and gentility naturally draw up; and one at the end, to which all gigs, coaches, mails, and still less dignified conveyances, as naturally are driven. Our travelers will as vividly remember the passage which received them at this entrance, and the room to the left, the Travelers'-room, into which they were ushered. To that corner room, having windows to the market-place in front, and one small peeping window at the side, commanding the turn of the north road, and the interesting arrivals at the secondary entrance, we now introduce our readers.

Here sat a solitary gentleman. He was a man apparently of five-and-thirty; tall, considerably handsome; a face of the oval character, nose a little aquiline, hair dark, eyebrows dark and strong, and a light, clear, self-possessed look, that showed plainly enough that he was a man of active mind, and well to do in the world. You would have thought, from his gentlemanly air, and by no means commercial manner, that he would have found his way in at the great front door, and into one of the private rooms; but he came over night by the mail, and, on being asked, on entering the house, by the waiter, to what sort of room he would be shown, answered, carelessly and abruptly, "any where."

Here he was, seated in the back left-hand corner of the room, a large screen between himself and the door, and before him a table spread with a goodly breakfast apparatus—coffee, eggs, fresh broiled trout from the neighboring Weye, and a large round of corned beef, as a *dernier ressort*.

It was a morning as desperately and delugingly rainy as any that showery region can send down. In the phrase of the country, it *siled* down, or run, as if through a sieve. Straight down streamed the plenteous element, thick, incessant, and looking as if it would hold on the whole day through. It thundered on the roof, beat a sonorous tune on porches and projections of door and window, splashed in torrents on window-sills, and streaming panes, and rushed along the streets in rivers. The hills were hidden, the very fowls driven to roost—and not a soul was to be seen out of doors.

Presently there was a sound of hurrying wheels, a spring-cart came up to the side door, with two men in it, in thick great coats, and with sacks over their shoulders; one huge umbrella held over their heads, and their horse yet looking three parts drowned. They lost no time in pitching their umbrella to the hostler, who issued from the passage, descending and rushing into the inn. In the next moment the two countrymen, divested of their sacks and great coats, were ushered into this room, the waiter, making a sort of apology, because there was a fire there—it was in the middle of July. The two men, who appeared Peak farmers, with hard hands, which they rubbed at the fire, and tanned and weather-beaten complexions, ordered breakfast—of coffee and broiled ham—which speedily made its appearance, on a table placed directly in front of the before solitary stranger, between the side look-out window and the front one.

They looked, and were soon perceived by our stranger to be, father and son. The old man, of apparently upward of sixty, was a middle-sized man, of no Herculean mould, but well knit together, and with a face thin and wrinkled as with a life-long acquaintance with care and struggle. His complexion was more like brown leather than any thing else, and his hair, which was thin and grizzled, was combed backward from his face, and hung in masses about his ears. The son was much taller than the father, a stooping figure, with flaxen hair, a large nose, light blue eyes, and altogether a very gawky look.

The old man seemed to eat with little appetite, and to be sunk into himself, as if he was oppressed by some heavy trouble. Yet he every now and then roused himself, cast an anxious look at his son, and said, "Joe, lad, thou eats nothing."

"No, fayther," was the constant reply; "I towd you I shouldn't. This reen's enough te tak any body's appetite—and these t'other things," casting a glance at the stranger.

The stranger had, indeed, his eyes fixed curiously upon the two, for he had been watching the consumptive tendency of the son; not in any cough or hectic flush, or peculiar paleness, for he had a positively sunburnt complexion of his own, but by the extraordinary power he possessed of tossing down coffee and ham, with enormous pieces of toast and butter. Under his operations, a large dish of broiled ham rapidly disappeared, and the contents of the coffee-pot were in as active demand. Yet the old man, ever and anon, looked up from his reverie, and repeated his paternal observation:

"Joe, lad, thou eats nothing!"

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"No, fayther," was still the reply; "I towd you I shouldn't. It's this reen, and these t'other things"—again glancing at the stranger.

Presently the broiled ham had totally vanished—there had been enough for six ordinary men. And while the son was in the act of holding the coffee-pot upside down, and draining the last drop from it, the old man once more repeated his anxious admonition: "Joe, lad, thou eats nothing!"—and the reply was still, "No, fayther, I towd you I shouldn't. It's this reen, and these t'other things."

This was accompanied by another glance at the stranger, who began to feel himself very much in the way, but was no little relieved by the son rising with his plate in his hand, and coming across the room, saying, "You've a prime round of beef there, sir; might I trouble you for some?"

"By all means," said the stranger, and carved off a slice of thickness and diameter proportioned to what appeared to him the appetite of this native of the Peak. This speedily disappeared; and as the son threw down the knife and fork, the sound once more roused the old man, who added, with an air of increased anxiety, "Joe, lad, thou eats nothing."

"No, fayther," for the last time responded the son. "I towd you I shouldn't. It's this reen, and this t'other matter—but I've done, and so let's go."

The father and son arose and went out. The stranger who had witnessed this extraordinary scene, but without betraying any amusement at it, arose, too, the moment they closed the door after them, and, advancing to the window, gazed fixedly into the street. Presently the father and son, in their great coats, and with their huge drab umbrella hoisted over them, were seen proceeding down the market-place in the midst of the still pouring rain, and the stranger's eyes followed them intently till they disappeared in the winding of the street. He still stood for some time, as if in deep thought, and then turning, rung the bell, ordered the breakfast-things from his table, and producing a writing-case, sat down to write letters. He continued writing, pausing at intervals, and looking steadily before him as in deep thought, for about an hour, when the door opened, and the Peak farmer and his son again entered. They were in their wet and steaming greatcoats. The old man appeared pale and agitated; bade the son see that the horse was put in the cart, rung the bell, and asked what he had to pay. Having discharged his bill, he continued to pace the room, as if unconscious of the stranger, who had suspended his writing, and was gazing earnestly at him. The old man frequently paused, shook his head despairingly, and muttered to himself, "Hard man!—no fellow feeling!—all over! all over!" With a suppressed groan, he again continued his pacing to and fro.

The stranger arose, approached the old man, and said, with a peculiarly sympathizing tone,

"Excuse me, sir, but you seem to have some heavy trouble on your mind; I should be glad if it were any thing that were in my power to alleviate."

The old man stopped suddenly—looked sternly at the stranger—seemed to recollect, himself, and said rather sharply, as if feeling an unauthorized freedom—"Sir!"

"I beg pardon," said the stranger. "I am aware that it must seem strange in me to address you thus; but I can not but perceive that something distresses you, and it might possibly happen that I might be of use to you."

The old man looked at him for some time in silence, and then said,

"I forgot any one was here; but you can be of no manner of use to me. I thank you."

"I am truly sorry for it; pray excuse my freedom," said the stranger with a slight flush; "but I am an American, and we are more accustomed to ask and communicate matters than is consistent

with English reserve. I beg you will pardon me."

"You are an American?" asked the old man, looking at him. "You are quite a stranger here?"

"Quite so, sir," replied the stranger, with some little embarrassment. "I was once in this country before, but many years ago."

The old man still looked at him, was silent awhile, and then said, "You can not help me, sir; but I thank you all the same, and heartily. You seem really a very feeling man, and so I don't mind opening my mind to you—I am a ruined man, sir."

"I was sure you were in very deep trouble, sir," replied the stranger. "I will not seek to peer into your affairs; but I deeply feel for you, and would say that many troubles are not so deep as they seem. I would hope yours are not."

"Sir," replied the old man—the tears starting into his eyes, "I tell you I am a ruined man. I am heavily behind with my rent, all my stock will not suffice to pay it; and this morning we have been to entreat the steward to be lenient, but he will not hear us; he vows to sell us up next week."

"That is hard," said the stranger. "But you are hale, your son is young; you can begin the world anew."

"Begin the world anew!" exclaimed the old man, with a distracted air. "Where?—how? when? No, no! sir, there is no beginning anew in this country. Those days are past. That time is past with me. And as for my son: Oh, God! Oh, God! what shall become of him, for he has a wife and family, and knows nothing but about a farm."

"And there are farms still," said the stranger.

"Yes; but at what rentals? and, then, where is the capital?"

The old man grew deadly pale, and groaned.

"In this country," said the stranger, after a deep silence, "I believe these things are hard, but in mine they are not so. Go there, worthy old man; go there, and a new life yet may open to you." [Pg 838]

The stranger took the old man's hand tenderly; who, on feeling the stranger's grasp, suddenly, convulsively, caught the hand in both his own, and shedding plentiful tears, exclaimed, "God bless you, sir; God bless you for your kindness! Ah! such kindness is banished from this country, but I feel that it lives in yours—but there!—no, no!—there I shall never go. There are no means."

"The means required," said the stranger, tears, too, glittering in his eyes, "are very small. Your friends would, no doubt—"

"No, no!" interrupted him the old man, deeply agitated; "there are no friends—not here."

"Then why should I not be a friend so far?" said the stranger. "I have means—I know the country. I have somehow conceived a deep interest in your misfortunes."

"You!" said the old man, as if bewildered with astonishment; "you!—but come along with us, sir. Your words, your kindness, comfort me; at least you can counsel with us—and I feel it does me good."

"I will go with all my heart," said the stranger. "You can not live far from here. I will hence to Manchester, and I can, doubtless, make it in my way."

"Exactly in the way!" said the old man, in a tone of deep pleasure, and of much more cheerfulness, "at least, not out of it to signify—though not in the great highway. We can find you plenty of room, if you do not disdain our humble vehicle."

"I have heavy luggage," replied the stranger, ringing the bell. "I will have a post-chaise, and you shall go in it with me. It will suit you better this wet day."

"Oh no! I can not think of it, sir," said the farmer. "I fear no rain. I am used to it, and I am neither sugar nor salt. I shall not melt."

The old man's son approached simultaneously with the waiter, to say that the cart was ready. The stranger ordered a post-chaise to accompany the farmer, at which the son stood with an open-mouthed astonished stare, which would have excited the laughter of most people, but did not move a muscle of the stranger's grave and kindly face.

"This good gentleman will go with us," said the old man.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said the son, taking off his hat and making a low bow, "you are heartily welcome; but it's a poor place, sir."

"Never mind that," said the old man. "Let us be off and tell Millicent to get some dinner for the gentleman."

But the stranger insisted that the old man should stay and accompany him in the chaise, and so the son walked off to prepare for their coming. Soon the stranger's trunks were placed on the top of the chaise, and the old man and he drove off.

Their way was for some time along the great high-road; then they turned off to the left, and

continued their course up a valley till they ascended a very stony road, which wound far over the swell of the hill, and then approached a large gray stone house, backed by a wood that screened it from the north and east. Far around, lay an immense view, chiefly of green, naked, and undulating fields, intersected by stone walls. No other house was near; and villages lying at several miles distant, naked and gray on the uplands, were the only evidences of human life.

The house was large enough for a gentleman's abode, but there were no neatly kept walks; no carefully cultivated shrubberies; no garden lying in exquisite richness around it. There was no use made of the barns and offices. There were no servants about. A troop of little children who were in the field in front, ran into the house and disappeared.

On entering the house, the stranger observed that its ample rooms were very naked and filled only by a visible presence of stern indigence. The woodwork was unpainted. The stone floors were worn, and merely sanded. The room into which he was conducted, and where the table was already laid for dinner, differed only in having the uncarpeted floor marked in figures of alternating ochre and pipe-clay, and was furnished with a meagre amount of humblest chairs and heavy oak tables, a little shelf of books and almanacs, and a yellow-faced clock. A shabby and tired-looking maid-servant was all the domestics seen within or without.

Joe, the simple-looking son, received them, and the only object which seemed to give a cheering impression to the stranger, was Joe's wife, who presented herself with a deep courtesy. The guest was surprised to see in her a very comely, fresh colored, and modestly sensible woman, who received him with a kindly cordiality and native grace, which made him wonder how such a woman could have allied herself to such a man. There were four or five children about her, all evidently washed and put into their best for his arrival, and who were pictures of health and shyness.

Mrs. Warilow took off the old man's great coat with an affectionate attention, and drew his plain elbow chair, with a cushion covered with a large-patterned check on its rush bottom, toward the fire; for there was a fire, and that quite acceptable in this cold region after the heavy rain. Dinner was then hastily brought in; Mrs. Warilow apologizing for its simplicity, from the short notice she had received, and she might have added from the painful news which Joe brought with him; for it was very evident, though she had sought to efface the trace of it, by copious washing, that she had been weeping.

The old man was obviously oppressed by the ill result of his morning's journey to the steward, and the position of his affairs. His daughter-in-law cast occasional looks of affectionate anxiety at him, and endeavored to help him in such a manner as to induce him to eat; but appetite he had little. Joe played his part as valiantly as in the morning; and the old man occasionally rousing from his reverie, again renewed the observation of the breakfast-table.

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"Joe, lad, thou eats nothing;" adding too now, "Milly, my dear, thou eats nothing. You eat nothing, sir. None of you have any appetite, and I have none myself. God help me!"

An ordinary stranger would scarcely have resisted a smile—none appeared on the face of the guest.

After dinner they drew to the fire, which consisted of large lumps of coal burning under a huge beamed chimney. There a little table was set with spirits and home-made wine, and the old man and Joe lit their pipes, inviting the stranger to join them, which he did with right good-will. There was little conversation, however; Joe soon said that he must go over the lands to see that the cattle was all right; he did more, and even slept in his chair, and the stranger proposed to Mrs. Warilow a walk in the garden, where the afternoon sun was now shining warmly. In his drive hither in the chaise, he had learned the exact position of the old farmer. He was, as he had observed, so heavily in arrear of rent, that his whole stock would not discharge it. When they had seated themselves in the old arbor, he communicated his proposal to her father-in-law to remove to America; observing, that he had conceived so great a sympathy for him, that he would readily advance him the means of conveying over the whole family.

Mrs. Warilow was naturally much surprised at the disclosure. Such an offer from a casual stranger, when all friends and family connections had turned a deaf ear to all solicitations for aid, was something so improbable that she could not realize it. "How can you, sir, a stranger to us, volunteer so large a sum, which we may never be in a position to repay?"

The stranger assured her that the sum was by no means large. That to him it was of little consequence, and that such was the scope for industry and agricultural skill in America, that in a few years they could readily refund the money. Here, from what the old gentleman had told him of the new augmented rate of rental, there was no chance of recovering a condition of ease and comfort.

Mrs. Warilow seemed to think deeply on the new idea presented to her, and then said, "Surely God has sent Mr. Vandeleur (so the stranger had given his name), for their deliverance. Oh, sir!" added she, "what shall we not owe you if by your means we can ever arrive at freedom from the wretched trouble that now weighs us down. And oh! if my poor father should ever, in that country, meet again his lost son!"

"He has lost a son?" said the stranger, in a tone of deep feeling.

"Ah, it is a sad thing, sir," continued Mrs. Warilow, "but it is that which preys on father's mind.

He thinks he did wrong in it, and he believes that the blessing of Heaven has deserted him ever since. Sure enough, nothing has prospered with him, and yet he feels that if the young man lives he has not been blameless. He had not felt and forgiven as a son should. But he can not be living—no, he can not for all these years have borne resentment, and sent no part of his love or his fortune to his family. It is not in the heart of a child to do that, except in a very evil nature, and such was not that of this son."

"Pray go on," said the stranger, "you interest me deeply."

"This thing occurred twenty years ago. Mr. Warilow had two sons. The eldest, Samuel, was a fine active youth, but always with a turn for travel and adventure, which was very trying to his father's mind, who would have his sons settle down in this their native neighborhood, and pursue farming as their ancestors had always done. But his eldest son wished to go to sea, or to America. He read a vast deal about that country, of winter nights, and was always talking of the fine life that might be led there. This was very annoying to his father, and made him very angry, the more so that Joseph, the younger son, was a weakly lad, and had something left upon him by a severe fever, as a boy, that seemed to weaken his limbs and his mind. People thought he would be an idiot, and his father thought that his eldest brother should stay and take care of him, for it was believed that he would never be able to take care of himself. But this did not seem to weigh with Samuel. Youths full of life and spirit don't sufficiently consider such things. And then it was thought that Samuel imagined that his father cared nothing for him, and cared only for the poor weakly son. He might be a little jealous of this, and that feeling once getting into people, makes them see things different to what they otherwise would, and do things that else they would not.

"True enough, the father was always particularly wrapped up in Joseph. He seemed to feel that he needed especial care, and he appeared to watch over him and never have him out of his mind, and he does so to this day. You have no doubt remarked, sir, that my husband is peculiar. He never got over that attack in his boyhood, and he afterward grew very rapidly, and it was thought he would have gone off in a consumption. It is generally believed that he is not quite sharp in all things. I speak freely to you, sir, and as long habit, and knowing before I married Joseph what was thought of him, only could enable me to speak to one who feels so kindly toward us. But it is not so—Joseph is more simple in appearance than in reality. No, sir, he has a deal of sense, and he has a very good heart; and it was because I perceived this that I was willing to marry him, and to be a true help to him, and, sir, though we have been very unfortunate, I have never repented it, and I never shall."

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The stranger took Mrs. Warilow's hand, pressed it fervently, and said, "I honor you, Madam—deeply, truly—pray go on. The eldest son left, you say."

"Oh yes, sir! Their mother died when the boys were about fifteen and seventeen. Samuel had always been strongly attached to his mother, and that, no doubt, kept him at home; but after that he was more restless than ever, and begged the father to give him money to carry himself to America. The father refused. They grew mutually angry; and one day, when they had had high words, the father thought Samuel was disrespectful, and struck him. The young man had a proud spirit. That was more than he could bear. He did not utter a word in reply, but turning, walked out of the house, and from that hour has never once been heard of.

"His father was very angry with him, and for many years never spoke of him but with great bitterness and resentment, calling him an unnatural and ungrateful son. But of late years he has softened very much, and I can see that it preys on his mind, and as things have gone against him, he has come to think that it is a judgment on him for his hardness and unreasonableness in not letting the poor boy try his fortune as he so yearned to do.

"Since I have been in the family, I have led him by degrees to talk on this subject, and have endeavored to comfort him, telling him he had meant well, and since, he had seen the thing in a different light. Ah, sir! how differently we see things when our heat of mind is gone over, and the old home heart begins to stir in us again. But, since he has done this, and repented of it, God can not continue his anger, and so that can not be the cause of his misfortunes. No, sir, I don't think that—but things have altered very much of late years in this country. The farms up in this Peak country used to be let very low, very low indeed; and now they have been three several times valued and raised since I can remember. People can not live on them now, they really can not. Then the old gentleman, as farming grew bad, speculated in lead mines, and that was much worse; he did not understand it, and was sorely imposed on, and lost a power of money; oh! so much that it is a misery to think of. Then, as troubles, they say, fly like crows in companies, there came a very wet summer, and all the corn was spoiled. That put a finish to father's hopes. He was obliged to quit the old farm where the Warilows had been for ages, and that hurt him cruelly—it is like shifting old trees, shifting old people is—they never take to the new soil.

"But as Joseph was extremely knowing in cattle, father took this farm—it's a great grazing farm, sir, seven hundred acres, and we feeden cattle. You would not believe it, sir, but we have only one man on this farm besides Joseph and father."

"It is very solitary," said the stranger.

"Ah, sir, very, but that we don't mind—but it is a great burden, it does not pay. Well, but as to the lost son. I came to perceive how sorely this sat on father's mind, by noticing that whenever I used to read in the old Bible, on the shelf in the house-place, there, that it opened of itself at the Prodigal Son. A thought struck me, and so I watched, and I saw that whenever the old gentleman

read in it on Sundays, he was always looking there. It was some time before I ventured to speak about it; but, one day when father was wondering what could have been Samuel's fate, I said, 'Perhaps, father, he will still come home like the Prodigal Son in the Scripture, and if he does we'll kill the fatted calf for him, and no one will rejoice in it more truly than Joseph will.'

"When I had said it, I wished I had not said it—for father seemed struck as with a stake. He went as pale as death, and I thought he would fall down in a fit; but, at last, he burst into a torrent of tears, and, stretching out his arms, said, 'And if he does come, he'll find a father's arms open to receive him.'

"Ah, sir! it was hard work to comfort him again. I thought he would never have got over it again; but, after that, he began at times to speak of Samuel to me of himself, and we've had a deal of talk together about him. Sometimes father thinks he is dead, and sometimes he thinks he is not; and, true enough, of late years, there have come flying rumors from America, from people who have gone out there, who have said they have seen him there—and that he was a very great gentleman—they were sure it was him. But then there was always something uncertain in the account, and, above all, father said he never could believe that Samuel was a great gentleman, and yet never could forgive an angry blow, and write home through all these years. These things, sir, pull the old man down, and, what with his other troubles, make me tremble to look forward."

Mrs. Warilow stopped, for she was surprised to hear a deep suppressed sob from the stranger; and, turning, she saw him sitting with his handkerchief before his face. Strange ideas shot across her mind. But at this moment the old farmer, having finished his after-dinner nap, was coming out to seek them. Mr. Vandeleur rose, wiped some tears from his face, and thanked Mrs. Warilow for her communication. "You can not imagine," he said, with much feeling, "how deeply you have touched me. You can not believe how much what you have said resembles incidents in my own life. Depend upon it, madam, your brother will turn up. I feel strongly incited to help in it. We will have a search after him, if it be from the St. Lawrence to the Red River. If he lives, he will be found; and I feel a persuasion that he will be."

They now met the old man, and all walked into the house. After tea, there was much talk of America. Mr. Vandeleur related many things in his own history. He drew such pictures of American life, and farming, and hunting in the woods; of the growth of new families, and the prosperous abundance in which the people lived; that all were extremely interested in his account. Joe sate devouring the story with wonder, luxuriating especially in the idea of those immense herds of cattle in the prairies; and the old man even declared that there he should like to go and lay his bones. "Perhaps," added he, "there I should, some day, find again my Sam. But no, he must be dead, or he would have written: Many die in the swamps and from fever, don't they, sir?"

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"Oh! many, many," said Mr. Vandeleur, "and yet there are often as miraculous recoveries. For many years I was a government surveyor. It was my business to survey new tracts for sale. I was the solitary pioneer of the population; with a single man to carry my chain, and to assist me in cutting a path through the dense woods. I lived in the woods for years, for months seeing no soul but a few wandering Indians. Sometimes we were in peril from jealous and savage squatters; sometimes were compelled to flee before the monster grisly bear. I have a strange fascinating feeling now of those days, and of our living for weeks in the great caves in the White Mountains, since become the resort of summer tourists, with the glorious 'Notch' glittering opposite, far above us, and above the ancient woods. These were days of real hardship, and we often saw sights of sad sorrow. Families making their way to distant and wild localities, plundered by the inhuman squatters, or by the Indians, and others seized by the still more merciless swamp fever, perishing without help, and often all alone in the wilderness.

"Ah! I remember now one case—it is nearly twenty years ago, but I never can forget it. It was a young, thin man—he could scarcely be twenty. He had been left by his party in the last stage of fever. They had raised a slight booth of green bushes over him, and placed a pumpkin-shell of water by his side, and a broken tea-cup to help himself with; but he was too weak, and was fast sinking there all alone in that vast wilderness. The paleness of death appeared in his sunken features, the feebleness of death in his wasted limbs. He was a youth who, like many others, had left his friends in Europe, and now longed to let them know his end. He summoned his failing powers to give me a sacred message. He mentioned the place whence he last came."

"Where was it?" exclaimed the old man, in a tone of wild excitement. "Where—what was it? It must be my Sam!"

"No, that could not be," said the stranger, startled by the old man's emotion; "it was not this place—it was—I remember it—it was another name—Well—Well—Welland was the place."

The old man gave a cry, and would have fallen from his chair, but the stranger sprung forward and caught him in his arms. There was a moment's silence, broken only by a deep groan from the old man, and a low murmur from his lips, "Yes! I knew it—he is dead!"

"No, no! he is not dead!" cried the stranger; "he lives—he recovered!"

"Where is he, then? Where is my Sam? Let me know!" cried the old man, recovering and standing wildly up—"I must see him!—I must to him!"

"Father! father! it is Sam!" cried his son Joe; "I know him!—I know him!—this is he!"

"Where?—who?" exclaimed the father, looking round bewildered.

"Here!" said the stranger, kneeling before the old man, and clasping his hand and bathing it with tears. "Here, father, is your lost and unworthy son. Father!—I return like the Prodigal Son. 'I have sinned before Heaven and in thy sight; make me as one of thy hired servants.'"

The old man clasped his son in his arms, and they wept in silence.

But Joe was impatient to embrace his recovered brother, and he gave him a hug as vigorous as one of those grisly bears that Sam had mentioned. "Ah! Sam!" he said, "how I have wanted thee; but I always saw thee a slim chap, such as thou went away, and now thou art twice as big, and twice as old, and yet I knew thee by thy eyes."

The two brothers cordially embraced, and the returned wanderer also embraced his comely sister affectionately, and said, "You had nearly found me out in the garden."

"Ah, what a startle you gave me!" she replied, wiping away her tears; "but this is so unexpected—so heavenly." She ran off, and returning with the whole troop of her children, said, "There, there is your dear, lost uncle!"

The uncle caught them up, one after another, and kissed them rapturously.

"Do you know," said the mother, laying her hand on the head of the eldest boy, a fine, rosy-looking fellow, "what name this has? It is Samuel Warilow! We did not forget the one that was away."

"He will find another Samuel in America," said his uncle, again snatching him up, "and a Joe, and a Thomas, the grandfather's name. My blessed mother there lives again in a lovely blue-eyed girl; and should God send me another daughter, there shall be a Millicent, too!"

Meantime, the old man stood gazing insatiably on his son. "Ah, Sam!" said he, as his son again turned, and took his hand, "I was very hard to thee, and yet thou hast been hard to us, too. Thou art married, too, and, with all our names grafted on new stems, thou never wrote to us. It was not well."

"No, father, it was not well. I acknowledge my fault—my great fault; but let me justify myself. I never forgot you; but for many years I was a wanderer, and an unsuccessful man. My pride would not let me send, under these circumstances, to those who had always said that I should come to beggary and shame. Excuse me, that I mention these hard words. My pride was always great; and those words haunted me.

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"But at length, when Providence had blessed me greatly, I could endure it no longer. I determined to come and seek forgiveness and reconciliation; and, God be praised! I have found both. We will away home together, father. I have wealth beyond all my wants and wishes; my greatest joy will be to bestow some of it on you. My early profession of a surveyor gave me great opportunities of perceiving where the tide of population would direct itself, and property consequently rise rapidly in value. I therefore purchased vast tracts for small sums, which are now thickly peopled, and my possessions are immense. I am a member of Congress."

The next day, the two brothers drove over to Bakewell, where Joe had the satisfaction to see the whole arrears paid down to the astonished steward, on condition that he gave an instant release from the farm; and Joe ordered, at the auctioneer's, large posters to be placarded in all the towns and villages of the Peak, and advertisements to be inserted in all the principal papers of the Midland counties, of the sale of his stock that day fortnight.

We have only to record that it sold well, and that the Warilows of Welland, and more recently of Scarthin Farm, are now flourishing on another and more pleasant Welland on the Hudson. There is a certain tall, town-like house which the traveler sees high on a hill among the woods, on the left bank of the river, as the steamer approaches the Catskill Mountains. There live the Warilows; and, far back on the rich slopes that lie behind the mountains, and in richer meadows, surrounded by forests and other hills, rove the flocks and herds of Joe; and there comes Squire Sam, when the session at Washington is over, and, surrounded by sons and nephews, ranges the old woods, and shoots the hill-turkey and the roe. There is another comely and somewhat matronly lady sitting with the comely and sunny-spirited Millicent, the happy mistress of the new Welland; and a little Millicent tumbles on the carpet at their feet. The Warilows of Welland all bless the Prodigal Son, who, unlike the one of old, came back rich to an indigent father, and made the old man's heart grow young again with joy.

[From Sharpe's Magazine.]

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

It was years ago when we first became acquainted with Lieutenant Heathcote, an old half-pay officer who resided with his young grand-daughter in a tiny cottage. It was a very humble place, for they were poor; but it was extremely pretty, and there were many comforts, even elegances, to be found in the small rooms. The old gentleman delighted in cultivating the garden; the

window of the sitting-room opened on it, and beneath this window, grew the choicest roses and pinks, so that the atmosphere of the apartment was in summer laden with their fragrance. The furniture was poor enough. Mrs. — of — Square would have said with a genteel sneer, that "all the room contained was not worth five sovereigns." To her—no! but to the simple hearted inmates of the cottage every chair and table was dear from long association, and they would not have exchanged them for all the grandeur of Mrs. —'s drawing-room suite, albeit her chairs were of inlaid rosewood, and cost six guineas apiece.

If you went into that little humbly-furnished parlor about four o'clock on a summer's afternoon, you would find Lieutenant Heathcote seated in his easy chair (wheeled by careful hands to the precise angle of the window that he liked), his spectacles on, and the broad sheet of the newspaper spread before him. Occasionally he puts down the newspaper for awhile, and then his eyes rove restlessly about the room, till at length they light on the figure of his unconscious grand-daughter. Once there, they stay a good while, and when they turn to the newspaper again, there is a serene light in them, as though what they had seen had blessed them.

Yet an ordinary gazer would have found little or nothing attractive in the appearance of Rose Heathcote, for she was but a homely, innocent-looking girl, such as we meet with every day of our lives. Her eyes were neither "darkly blue," nor "densely black," her tresses neither golden, nor redundant. She had, to be sure, a sufficient quantity of dark brown hair, which was very soft and pleasant to touch, her grandfather thought, when he placed his hand caressingly on her head, as he loved to do: and this hair was always prettily arranged—braided over her forehead in front, and twisted into a thick knot behind—a fashion which certainly showed to advantage the graceful form of her head, the solitary beauty, speaking critically, which the young girl possessed. However, Lieutenant Heathcote thought his little Rose the prettiest girl in the world. Eyes that look with love, lend beauty to what they gaze on. And no one who knew Rose as she was in her home, could fail to love her.

She was always up with the lark, and busied in various employments till her grandfather came down to breakfast. Then she poured out the tea, cut the bread-and-butter, or made the toast, talking and laughing the while, in the spontaneous gayety of her heart. To eke out their little income, she had pupils who came to her every morning, and whom she taught all she knew, with a patient earnest zeal that amply compensated for her deficiency in the showy accomplishments of the day. So, after breakfast, the room was put in order, the flowers were watered, the birds were tended, grandpapa was made comfortable in his little study, and then the school books, the slates and copy-books were placed in readiness for the little girls: and then they came, and the weary business began, of English history, geography, arithmetic, and French verbs. The children were not very clever—sometimes, indeed, they were absolutely stupid, and obstinate, moreover; they must have tried her patience very often; but a harsh rebuke never issued from her lips: it was a species of selfishness in her not to chide them, for if she did so, though ever so mildly, the remembrance of it pained her gentle heart all day, and she was not quite happy until the little one was kissed and forgiven again.

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The children loved her very much and her pupils gradually increased in number. Dazzling visions danced before her eyes, visions of wealth resulting from her labors; yes, wealth! for, poor innocent, the four or five golden sovereigns she had already put by, *her first earnings*, multiplied themselves wonderfully in her sanguine dreams. She had magnificent schemes floating in her little brain of luxuries to be obtained with this money—luxuries for her grandfather; a new easy chair, cushioned sumptuously, and a new pair of spectacles, gold mounted, and placed in a case of her own embroidery. Thoughts of possible purchases for her own peculiar enjoyment sometimes intruded. There was a beautiful geranium she would like, and a new cage for her bird—a new bonnet, even for herself; for Rose was not free from a little spice of womanly vanity, which is excusable, nay, lovable, because it is so womanly, and she was quite susceptible of the pleasure most young girls feel in seeing themselves prettily dressed.

That these dreams might be realized, Rose worked hard. She sat up late at night, arranging the exercises and lessons of her pupils, and rose early in the morning, in order that none of her household duties should be neglected. And in the course of time, this unceasing exertion began to injure her health, for she was not strong, although, hitherto, she had been but little prone to ailments. One morning she arose languid, feverish, and weak; she was compelled to give herself a holiday, and all day she lay on the sofa in the sitting-room, in a kind of dreamy yet restless languor she had never felt before. Her grandfather sat beside her, watching and tending her with all the care of a mother, reading aloud from her favorite books, ransacking his memory for anecdotes to amuse her, and smiling cheerfully when she raised her heavy eyes to his. But when she fell into a fitful doze, the old man's countenance changed; an indefinable look of agony and doubt came over his features; and involuntarily, as it seemed, he clasped his hands, while his lips moved as if in prayer. He was terrified by this strange illness; for the first time, the idea occurred to him that his darling might be taken away from him. The young sometimes left the world before the old, unnatural as it seemed; what if she should die? We always magnify peril when it comes near our beloved, and the old man gradually worked himself into a frenzy of anxiety respecting his child. The next day she was not better—a doctor was sent for, who prescribed rest and change of air if possible, assuring Lieutenant Heathcote that it was no serious disorder—she had overworked herself, that was all.

It was the summer time, and some of Rose's pupils were about to proceed to the sea-side. Hearing of their dear Miss Heathcote's illness, they came to invite her to go with them, and the grandfather eagerly and joyfully accepted the offer for her, although she demurred a little. She

did not like to leave him alone; she could not be happy, she said, knowing he would be dull and lonely without her; but her objections were overruled, and she went with her friends, the Wilsons.

It was pleasant to see the old man when he received her daily epistles. How daintily he broke the envelope, so as not to injure the little seal, and how fondly he regarded the delicate handwriting. The letters brought happier tidings every day; she was better, she was much better, she was well, she was stronger and rosier than ever, and enjoying herself much. Those letters—long, beautiful letters they were—afforded the old man his chief pleasure now. His home was very desolate while she was away; the house looked changed, the birds sang less joyously, and the flowers were not so fragrant. Every morning he attended to her pets, himself, and then he wandered about the rooms, taking up her books, her papers, and her various little possessions, and examining the contents of her work-basket with childish curiosity. In the twilight he would lean back in his chair, and try to fancy she was in the room with him. Among the shadows, it was easy to imagine her figure, sitting as she used to sit, with drooped head and clasped hands, thinking. At these times, her letter received that morning, was taken from his bosom and kissed, and then the simple, loving old man would go to bed and dream of his grandchild.

At length she came home. She rushed into her grandfather's arms with a strange eagerness: it was as if she sought there a refuge from peril; as if she fled to him for succor and comfort in some deep trouble. Poor Rose! she wept so long and so passionately; it could scarce have been all for joy.

"Darling! you are not sorry to come home, are you?"

"Oh no! so glad, so very, very glad!" and then she sobbed again, so convulsively, that the old man grew alarmed, and as he tried to soothe her into calmness, he gazed distrustfully in her face. Alas! there was a look of deep suffering on her pale features that he had never seen there before; there was an expression of hopeless woe in her eyes, which it wrung his loving heart to behold.

"Rose!" he cried, in anguish, "what has happened? you are changed!"

She kissed him tenderly, and strove to satisfy him by saying, that it was only the excitement of her return home that made her weep; she would be better the next morning, she said. But she was not better then. From the day of her return she faded away visibly. It was evident, and *he* soon saw it, that some grief had come to her, which her already weakened frame was unable to bear. He remembered, only too well, that her mother had died of consumption, and when he saw her gradually grow weaker day by day, the hectic on her cheek deepen, and her hands become thin till they were almost transparent, all hope died in his heart, and he could only pray that heaven would teach him resignation, or take him too, when *she* went.

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For a little while, Rose attempted to resume her teaching, but she was soon compelled to give up. Only, till the last she flitted about the cottage, performing her household duties as she had ever done, and being as she had ever been, the presiding spirit of the home that was so dear to her grandfather. In the winter evenings, too, they sat together, she in her olden seat at his feet, looking into the fire, and listening to the howling wind without, neither speaking, except at rare intervals, and then in a low and dreamy tone that harmonized with the time. One evening they had sat thus for a long time, the old man clasping her hands, while her head rested on his knee. The fire burned low and gave scarcely any light; the night was stormy, and the wind blew a hurricane. At every blast he felt her tremble.

"God help those at sea," he cried, with a sudden impulse.

"Amen, Amen!" said Rose, solemnly, and though she started and shivered when he spoke, she kissed his hands afterward, almost as if in gratitude.

There was a long pause; then she lifted her head, and said in a very low voice: "Remember, dear grandpapa, if at any time, by-and-by, you should feel inclined to be angry, vexed, with—any one—because of me; you are to forgive them, for my sake: for my sake, my own grandpapa.—Promise!"

He did so, and she wound her arms lovingly round his neck, and kissed his brows, as of old she had done every night before retiring to rest. And then her head sunk on his shoulder, and she wept. In those tears how much was expressed that could find no other utterance! the lingering regret to die that the young must ever feel, even when life is most desolate; the tender gratitude for the deep love her grandfather had ever borne her; sorrow for him, and for herself! And he, silent and tearless as he sat, understood it all, and blessed her in his heart.

The next day she died quietly, lying on her little bed, with her pale hands meekly folded on her breast; for her last breath exhaled in prayer for her grandfather—and one other. It happened that the Wilsons and some other acquaintances came in the evening to inquire how she was. For sole reply, Lieutenant Heathcote, whose tearless eyes and rigid lips half frightened them, led them where she lay. They retired, weeping, subdued, and sad, and as they were leaving the cottage, he heard Mrs. Wilson say to her friend, while she dried her eyes: "Poor girl, poor girl! She was very amiable, we all liked her exceedingly. I am afraid though, on one occasion, I was rather harsh to her, and, poor child, she seemed to take it a good deal to heart. But the fact was, that our Edward, I half fancied"—there followed a whispering, and then, in a louder tone—"but his father, thinking with me, sent him off to sea, and there was an end of the matter."

An end of the matter! Alas! think of the bereaved old man, wandering about his desolate abode, *home* to him no longer; with the sad, wistful look on his face of one who continually seeks

something that is not there. The cottage, too, was very different now to what it had been; the *home* that was so beautiful was gone with her. He set her little bird at liberty the day she died; he could not bear to hear it singing, joyously as when *she* had been there to listen. But for this, the parlor always remained in the same state it was in on that last evening. The empty cage in the window, a bunch of withered flowers on a chair where they had fallen from her bosom, and the book she had been reading, open at the very page she had left off. Every morning the old man stole into the room to gaze around on these mute memorials of his lost darling. This was the only solace of his life now, and we may imagine what it cost him to leave it. But when they came and told him he must give up possession of his cottage, that it was to be razed to the ground shortly, he only remonstrated feebly, and finally submitted. He was old, and he hoped to die soon, but death does not always come to those longing for it. He may be living yet, for aught we know; but he has never been heard of in his old neighborhood for years, and we may hope that he is happier, that he has at length gone home to *her*.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

HOW WE WENT WHALING OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

At Algoa Bay, in the eastern provinces of the Cape Colony, there is, and has been for thirty years, a whaling establishment. By what instinct these monsters of the deep ascertain the settlement of man on the shores they frequent, it would be difficult to say. But that they do so, and that they then comparatively desert such coasts is undoubted. Where one whale is now seen off the southeastern coast of Africa, twenty were seen in former times, when the inhabitants of the country were few. It is the same in New Zealand, and every other whale-frequented coast. Nevertheless, the whaling establishment I have mentioned is still kept up in Algoa Bay—and with good reason. *One* whale per annum will pay all the expenses and outgoings of its maintenance; every other whale taken in the course of a year is a clear profit.

The value of a whale depends, of course, upon its size—the average is from three hundred pounds to six hundred pounds. The establishment in Algoa Bay consists of a stone-built house for the residence of the foreman, with the coppers and boiling-houses attached; a wooden boat-house, in which are kept three whale-boats, with all the lines and tackle belonging to them; and a set of javelins, harpoons, and implements for cutting up the whales' carcasses. Then, there are a boat's crew of picked men, six in number, besides the coxswain and the harpooner. There are seldom above two or three whales taken in the course of a year; occasionally not one.

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The appearance of a whale in the bay is known immediately, and great is the excitement caused thereby in the little town of Port Elizabeth, close to which the whaling establishment is situated. It is like a sudden and unexpected gala, got up for the entertainment of the inhabitants, with nothing to pay.

A treat of this sort is suddenly got up by the first appearance of a whale in those parts. Tackle-boats and men are got ready in a twinkling. We jump into the stern-sheets of the boat. Six weather-beaten, muscular tars are at work at the oars, and there, in the bows, stands the harpooner, preparing his tackle; a boy is by his side. Coils of line lie at their feet, with harpoons attached to them, and two or three spears or javelins.

"Pull away, boys; there she blows again!" cries the coxswain, and at each stroke the strong men almost lift the little craft out of the water. The harpooner says nothing; he is a very silent fellow; but woe to the unlucky whale that comes within the whirl of his unerring harpoon!

Meantime, our fat friend of the ocean is rolling himself about, as if such things as harpoons never existed; as if he were an infidel in javelins. We are approaching him, a dozen more strokes and we shall be within aim. Yet the harpooner seems cool and unmoved as ever; he holds the harpoon it is true, but he seems to grasp it no tighter, nor to make any preparation for a strike. He knows the whale better than we do—better than his crew. He has been a harpooner for thirty years, and once harpooned twenty-six whales in one year with his own hand. He was right not to hurry himself, you see, for the whale has at last caught sight of us, and has plunged below the surface.

Now, however, the harpooner makes an imperceptible sign to the coxswain. The coxswain says, "Give way, boys," scarcely above his breath, and the boat skims faster than ever over the waves. The harpooner's hand clutches more tightly the harpoon, and he slowly raises his arm; his mouth is compressed, but his face is as calm as ever. A few yards ahead of us a wave seems to swell above the others—"Whiz"—at the very moment you catch sight of the whale's back again above the water, the harpoon is in it eighteen inches deep, hurled by the unerring arm of the silent harpooner.

The red blood of the monster gushes forth, "incarnadining" (as Macbeth says) the waves. "Back water," shouts the harpooner, as the whale writhes with the pain, and flings his huge body about with force enough to submerge twenty of our little crafts at one blow. But he has plunged down again below the surface, and the pace at which he dives you may judge of, by the wonderful rapidity with which the line attached to the harpoon runs over the bows of the boat. Now, too,

you see the use of the boy who is bailing water from the sea in a small bucket, and pouring it incessantly over the edge of the boat where the line runs, or in two minutes the friction would set fire to it.

You begin to think the whale is never coming back; but the crew know better. See too, the line is running out more slowly every instant; it ceases altogether now, and hangs slackly over the boat's side. He is coming up exhausted to breathe again. There are a few moments of suspense, during which the harpooner is getting ready and poisoning one of the javelins. It is longer, lighter, and sharper than the harpoon, but it has no line attached to it. The harpoon is to catch—the javelin to kill. Slowly the whale rises again, but he is not within aim. "Pull again boys"—while the boy is hauling in the line as fast as he can. We are near enough now. Again a whiz—again another—and the harpooner has sent two javelins deep into the creature's body; while the blood flows fast. Suddenly, the whale dashes forward. No need of pulling at the oars now; we are giving him fresh line as fast as we can, yet he is taking us through the water at the rate of twenty miles an hour at least. One would fancy that the harpoons and the javelins have only irritated him, and that the blood he has lost has diminished nothing of his strength. Not so, however; the pace slackens now: we are scarcely moving through the water.

"Pull again, boys," and we approach; while another deadly javelin pierces him. This time he seems to seek revenge. He dashes toward us—what can save us?

"Back water," cries the harpooner, while the coxswain taking the hint at the same moment, with a sweep of his oar the little boat performs a kind of curvet backward, and the monster has shot past us unharmed, but not unharmed; the harpooner, cool as ever, has hurled another javelin deep into him, and smiles half pityingly at this impotent rage, which, he knows full well, bodes a termination of the contest. The red blood is spouting forth from four wounds, "neither as deep as a well, nor as wide as a church-door," but *enough* to kill—even a whale. He rolls over heavily and slowly; a few convulsive movements shake his mighty frame; then he floats motionless on the water—and the whale is dead!

Ropes are now made fast round him, and he is slowly towed away to shore, opposite the whaling establishment. A crowd is collected to see his huge body hauled up on to the beach, and to speculate on his size and value. In two days all his blubber is cut away and melting in the coppers. Vultures are feeding on his flesh, and men are cleansing his bones. In two months, barrels of his oil are waiting for shipment to England. The fringe-work which lined his mouth, and which we call whalebone, is ready for the uses to which ladies apply it. His teeth, which are beautiful ivory, are being fashioned into ornaments by the turner; and his immense ribs are serving as landmarks on the different farms about the country, for which purpose they are admirably adapted. Meanwhile our friend the harpooner and his crew are reposing on their laurels, and looking out for fresh luck; while the proprietor of the establishment is five hundred pounds the richer from this "catching a whale."

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HYDROPHOBIA.

M. Buisson has written to the Paris Academy of Sciences, to claim as his, a small treatise on hydrophobia, addressed to the academy so far back as 1835, and signed with a single initial. The case referred to in that treatise was his own. The particulars, and the mode of cure adopted, were as follows:—He had been called to visit a woman who, for three days, was said to be suffering under this disease. She had the usual symptoms—constriction of the throat, inability to swallow, abundant secretion of saliva, and foaming at the mouth. Her neighbors said that she had been bitten by a mad dog about forty days before. At her own urgent entreaties, she was bled, and died a few hours after, as was expected.

M. Buisson, who had his hands covered with blood, incautiously cleansed them with a towel which had been used to wipe the mouth of the patient. He then had an ulceration upon one of his fingers, yet thought it sufficient to wipe off the saliva that adhered, with a little water. The ninth day after, being in his cabriolet, he was suddenly seized with a pain in his throat, and one, still greater, in his eyes. The saliva was continually pouring into his mouth; the impression of a current of air, the sight of brilliant bodies, gave him a painful sensation; his body appeared to him so light that he felt as though he could leap to a prodigious height. He experienced, he said, a wish to run and bite, not men, but animals and inanimate bodies. Finally, he drank with difficulty, and the sight of water was still more distressing to him than the pain in his throat. These symptoms recurred every five minutes, and it appeared to him as though the pain commenced in the affected finger, and extended thence to the shoulder.

From the whole of the symptoms, he judged himself afflicted with hydrophobia, and resolved to terminate his life by stifling himself in a vapor bath. Having entered one for this purpose, he caused the heat to be raised to 107° 36" Fahr., when he was equally surprised and delighted to find himself free of all complaint. He left the bathing-room well, dined heartily, and drank more than usual. Since that time, he says, he has treated in the same manner more than eighty persons bitten, in four of whom the symptoms had declared themselves; and in no case has he failed, except in that of one child, seven years old, who died in the bath. The mode of treatment he recommends is, that the person bit should take a certain number of vapor baths (commonly called Russian), and should induce every night a violent perspiration, by wrapping himself in

flannels, and covering himself with a feather-bed; the perspiration is favored by drinking freely of a warm decoction of sarsaparilla. He declares, so convinced is he of the efficacy of his mode of treatment, that he will suffer himself to be inoculated with the disease. As a proof of the utility of copious and continual perspiration, he relates the following anecdote: A relative of the musician Gretry was bitten by a mad dog, at the same time with many other persons, who all died of hydrophobia. For his part, feeling the first symptoms of the disease, he took to dancing, night and day, saying that he wished to die gayly. He recovered. M. Buisson also cites the old stories of dancing being a remedy for the bite of a tarantula; and draws attention to the fact, that the animals in whom this madness is most frequently found to develop itself spontaneously, are dogs, wolves, and foxes, which never perspire.

THE DOOM OF THE SLAVER.

AN ENGLISH STORY OF THE AFRICAN BLOCKADE.

On a glorious day, with a bright sun and a light breeze, Her Majesty's brig Semiramis stood along under easy sail, on a N.W. course up the Channel of Mozambique. Save the man at the wheel and the "look-outs" in the tops, every one seemed taking it easy. And indeed there was no inducement to exertion; for the sky was cloudless, and the temperature of that balmy warmth that makes mere existence a luxury. The men, therefore, continued their "yarns" as they lounged in little groups about the deck; the middies invented new mischief, or teased the cook; the surgeon divided his time between watching the flying-fish and reading a new work on anatomy (though he never turned a fresh page); while the lieutenant of the watch built "châteaux-en-Espagne," or occasionally examined, with his telescope, the blue hills of Madagascar in the distance.

"Sail ho!" shouted the look-out in the foretop.

"Where away?" cried the lieutenant, springing to his feet, while at the same moment every man seemed to have lost his listlessness, and to be eager for action of any kind.

"Over the starboard quarter, making sou' west."

The captain hastened on deck, while the second lieutenant ran aloft to have a look at the strange craft.

"What do you make her out, Mr. Saunders?" asked the captain.

"A fore-and-aft schooner, hull down."

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"Bout ship," cried the captain; and in an instant every man was at his post.

"Helm's a lee—raise tacks and sheets"—"mainsail haul," &c.; and in five minutes the Semiramis was standing in pursuit of the stranger, while the men were employed in "cracking on" all sail to aid in the chase.

What is it that makes a chase of any kind so exciting? The indescribable eagerness which impels human nature to hunt any thing hutable is not exaggerated in "Vathek," in which the population of a whole city is described as following in the chase of a black genie, who rolled himself up into a ball and trundled away before them, attracting even the halt and the blind to the pursuit. But who shall describe the excitement of a chase at sea? How eagerly is every eye strained toward the retreating sails! how anxiously is the result of each successive heaving of the log listened for! how many are the conjectures as to what the stranger ahead may prove to be! and how ardent are the hopes that she may turn out a prize worth taking! For be it remembered that, unlike the chase of a fox on land, where no one cares for the object pursued, cupidity is enlisted to add to the excitement of a chase at sea. Visions of prize-money float before the eyes of every one of the pursuers, from the captain to the cabin-boy.

The Semiramis, being on the tack she had now taken, considerably to the windward of the stranger, there was every chance of her soon overtaking her, provided the latter held the course she was now steering. But who could hope that she would do that! Indeed, all on board the brig expected every moment to hear that she was lying off and running away. If she did not do so, it would be almost a proof that she was engaged in lawful commerce, and not what they had expected, and, in truth, hoped.

An hour had passed; and the Semiramis had visibly gained on the schooner; so much so, that the hull of the latter, which was long, low, black, and rakish-looking, could now be seen from the brig's tops.

"Surely they must see us," said the captain.

"She's just the build of the Don Pedro we took off this coast," said the second lieutenant, from the maintop.

"I hope she will turn out a better prize," replied the captain.

The truth is, they had captured that same Don Pedro, condemned her, and broken her up. The

captain and owners of her had appealed; proved to the satisfaction of the Admiralty that she was *not* engaged in the slave trade; and, consequently, every man on board the Semiramis who had assisted at her capture, was obliged to cash up his quota of "damages" instead of pocketing prize-money. The Don Pedro, therefore, was a sore subject on board the Semiramis.

Another hour elapsed: the hull of the schooner began to be visible from the deck of the cruiser. She was a wicked-looking craft; and Jack slapped his pockets in anticipation of the cash she would bring into them.

"Well, it's odd she don't alter course, anyhow," said the boatswain on the fore-castle; "may be she wants to throw us off the scent, by pretending to be all right and proper, and not to have a notion that we can be coming after her."

"Show the colors," cried the captain on the quarter-deck; "let's see what flag she sports."

The British ensign was soon floating from the Semiramis; but the schooner at first showed no colors in reply.

Presently the first lieutenant, who was watching her through the glass, cried out, "Brazilian by Jove!"

There was a short pause. Every sort of spy-glass in the ship was in requisition. Every eye was strained to its utmost visual tension. The captain broke the silence with "Holloa! She's easing off; going to run for it at last."

"She's a *leetle* too late," said the lieutenant. "Before the wind these fore-and-aft schooners are tubs, though *on* the wind they're clippers."

However, it was clear that the schooner had at last resolved to run for her life. By going off with the wind she got a good start of the brig; and, although it was her worst point of sailing, still the breeze was so light that, while it suited her, it was insufficient to make the heavier brig sail well.

For three hours the chase continued, and neither vessel seemed to gain on the other; but the breeze was now freshening, and the Semiramis at length began to diminish the distance between herself and the Brazilian. Right ahead, in the course they were pursuing, lay a point of land projecting far into the sea, and the chart showed a tremendous reef of rocks extending some three miles beyond it. It was certain that neither vessels could clear the reef, if they held the course they were then steering.

"Keep her a little more to windward," cried the captain. "We shall have her; she will be obliged to haul up in about an hour's time, and then she can't escape, as we shall be well to windward."

The hour went by; and still the schooner showed no signs of altering her course. The captain of the Semiramis again examined his charts; but the reef was clearly laid down, and it seemed utterly impossible that the schooner could weather it by the course she was then steering. Yet, either from ignorance of the danger, or from the determination to brave it, she tried; knowing that if she escaped it and cleared the point, she would have gained an immense advantage over her pursuers.

It would be impossible to describe the anxiety with which all on board the Semiramis now watched the little Brazilian. She was literally rushing into the jaws of destruction; and, as she rose over each successive wave, it seemed as if she must be dashed on the treacherous reef at the next dip. Still she stood bravely on; and, though doubtless the lips of those on board her might be quivering at that moment in the agony of suspense, the little craft looked so beautiful, and sailed so gayly, her white sails and slender spars flashing in the sunlight that even her pursuers mentally prayed for her safety, quite irrespective of the prize-money they would lose by her destruction on the rocks. Jack does not like to see a pretty craft run ashore, at any price.

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They began almost to think the schooner "bore a charmed life;" for she seemed to be floating over the very reef itself, and the white foam of the breakers could be seen all round her.

"Blessed, if I don't think she's the Flying Dutchman," said one blue jacket to another.

"Gammon, Bill—ain't we round the Cape? and don't you know that's just where the Flying Dutchman never could get to?" replied his messmate.

The little schooner bounded onward merrily—suddenly she staggers, and every spar shivers.

"She has struck!" cried twenty voices at once.

Now she rises with a coming wave, and now she settles down again with a violence that brings her topmasts on the deck.

"Out with the boats," is the order on board the Semiramis, and the men fly to execute it.

Another wave lifts the schooner—another fearful crash—she rolls over—her decks are rent asunder—her crew are struggling in the water—and with them (every man shudders at the sight) hundreds of negroes, manacled to each other and fettered to the lower deck, are shot out into the foam.

Bravely pulled the seamen in the boats of the Semiramis; but two strong swimmers, who had fought their way through the boiling surf were all they saved. So slight was the build of the little

schooner that she had gone to pieces instantly on striking; and, within sight of the Semiramis, within hearing of the death-shrieks that rent the air from *six hundred and thirty human beings*, who, shackled together with heavy irons, were dashed among the waters, and perished a slow and helpless death, two only of their jailers survived to tell of the number that had sunk!

Surely this sad tale may at least be added to the catalogue of ills produced by England's "good intentions" in striving to suppress the slave trade.

INDUSTRY OF THE INSANE.

The change that has taken place of late years in the treatment of insane patients, presents one of the finest features in the civilization of the age; but the boon of wholesome labor is, perhaps, the greatest benefit that has yet been conferred upon this class of sufferers. The fact is strikingly illustrated in the annual report for the last year of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum. The number of patients treated was 738, and at the close of the year there remained as inmates 476. Of this latter number, upward of 380 were employed daily, and sometimes as many as 100 working in the open air in the extensive grounds of the asylum. "Among these," says Dr. Skae, "may be daily seen many of the most violent and destructive of the inmates busily engaged in wheeling earth, manure, or stones, who for years have done little else than destroy their clothing, or spend their days and nights in restless agitation, or incoherent raving. The strong necessity which appears to exist, in many cases, for continual movement, or incessant noise, seems to find vent as naturally in active manual labor, if it can with any propriety be substituted and regulated." And a curious illustration of this is given in the case of "one of the most violent, restless, and unmanageable inmates of the asylum during the past year," whose calling was that of a miner. He was "tall and muscular, and occupied himself, if permitted to mix with others, in pursuing his fellow-patients, and fighting with them; if left alone in the airing courts, in running round and knocking his elbows violently on the stone walls; and if secluded, in continual vociferations and incessant knocking on the wall. I directed him to be sent to the grounds, and employed with the wheelbarrow—a special attendant being intrusted with him on his *début*. Hard work seemed to be all he required. He spent his superfluous energies in wheeling stones; he soon proved himself to be one of the most useful and able-bodied of the awkward squad, and ere long was restored to his natural condition—that of a weak-minded but industrious coal-miner."

Oakum-picking proves a useful occupation not only for imbeciles capable of no higher industry, but for malingerers and idlers, who are soon anxious to escape from it into the shoemaker's, tailor's, blacksmith's, or carpenter's shops. "In the same manner the females have been gradually broken into habits of industry to a degree hitherto unprecedented. Those who have done nothing for many years but mutter to themselves, or crouch in corners, now sew or knit from morning till night. Knitting, sewing, straw-bonnet making, and other occupations, are carried on throughout the house to such an extent that, I fear, in a very short time, unless some outlet is obtained for exportations, we shall be at a loss to know what to do." In addition to the usual handicraft employments, which are all practiced in the establishment, it is interesting to observe that some patients occupy themselves in engraving, drawing, and land-surveying. A considerable portion of one of the houses has been elegantly painted, and in part refurnished, by the patients.
—*Chambers*.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

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Congress adjourned on the 30th of September, in accordance with the resolution noticed in the last number of the Magazine. Very little business of general interest was transacted in addition to that of which a record has already been made. The appropriation bills were passed, and in one of them was inserted a prohibition of flogging in the navy and aboard merchant vessels of the United States, which received the sanction of both houses and became a law. A provision was also inserted, granting land bounties to soldiers in the war of 1812, and in any of the previous wars of the United States. The passage of the bill involving, directly or indirectly, the slavery issue, of which we have already given a full account, restored a greater degree of harmony and of calmness to both branches of Congress than had hitherto prevailed, and the same influence has had an important effect, though to a less extent, upon the country at large.

The political incidents of the month have not been without interest. A State Convention, representing the Whigs of New York, assembled at Syracuse, on the 27th of September, for the nomination of State officers. Hon. Francis Granger was chosen President, and a committee was appointed to report resolutions expressing the sentiments of the Convention,—Hon. William Duer, member of Congress from the Oswego district, being Chairman. The resolutions were at once reported. They expressed confidence in the national administration, approved the measures recently adopted by Congress connected with slavery, and declared the respect of the Convention for the motives which had animated the Whig Senator from New York, and the majority of the New York Congressional delegation in the course they had taken upon them. By a vote of the majority, the Convention proceeded to the nomination of State officers—the minority refusing to participate in the current business until the resolutions should have been acted on. Hon.

Washington Hunt was nominated for Governor, George J. Cornell, of New York City, for Lieutenant Governor, Ebenezer Blakely, for Canal Commissioner, Abner Baker, for State Prison Inspector, and Wessel S. Smith, for Clerk of the Court of Appeals. After the nominations had been made, the resolutions were taken up. A substitute for part of them was offered by Hon. George W. Cornwell of Cayuga County, expressing confidence in the ability, patriotism, and statesmanship of President Fillmore, and approving of the course pursued by Mr. Seward in the Senate of the United States. The latter resolution passed by a vote of 76 to 40; and the minority immediately withdrew from the Convention, the President, Mr. Granger, leaving the chair, and organized anew elsewhere. One of the Vice Presidents took the chair thus vacated, and the Convention, after completing its business, and appointing a State Whig Central Committee, adjourned. The seceders appointed a committee to issue an address, and adjourned. The Address soon after appeared, and after reciting the history of the Syracuse Convention, aiming to show that its approval of the course of Senator Seward deprived its doings of all binding force, concluded by calling a convention of delegates, representing those Whigs who disapproved of the action at Syracuse, to be held at Utica, on the 17th of October. Delegates were accordingly elected in nearly all the counties of the state, and the Convention met on the day appointed. Hon. Francis Granger was elected President. Resolutions, setting forth the position and principles of those represented, were passed, and the candidates nominated at Syracuse were adopted. The Convention appointed another State Central Committee, and then adjourned. It will be observed that the only point in which the two conventions came into collision, so far as future political movements are concerned, is in the appointment of those two committees. Each will, undoubtedly, endeavor to exercise the ordinary functions of such committees, in calling state conventions, &c., and thus will arise a direct conflict of claims which may lead to a permanent division of the party.—Hon. WASHINGTON HUNT has written a letter in reply to inquiries from Mr. GRANGER, in which he declines to express any opinion as to the differences which arose at Syracuse. So far as that difference relates to the merits of individuals, he considers it unworthy the attention of a great party, each individual of which must be left entirely at liberty to entertain his own opinion and preferences. He considers the Whigs of the North pledged to oppose the extension of slavery into free territory, and refers to their previous declarations upon the subject, to show that the South must not ask or expect them to abandon that position. He says that the terms on which the Texas boundary dispute was settled, were not altogether satisfactory to him, but he nevertheless cheerfully acquiesces in them since they have become the law of the land. He expresses dissatisfaction with the provisions of the Fugitive Slave bill, thinking it far more likely to increase agitation than allay it, and says that it will require essential modifications. He very earnestly urges union and harmony in the councils of the Whig party.—The Anti-Renters held a convention at Albany, and made up a ticket for state offices, selected from the nominations of the two political parties. Hon. Washington Hunt was adopted as their candidate for Governor, and Ebenezer Blakely for Canal Commissioner—both being the Whig nominees for the same offices: the others were taken from the Democratic ticket.—Considerable excitement prevails in some of the Southern States in consequence of the admission of California at the late session of Congress. Governor Quitman of Mississippi has called an extra session of the Legislature, to commence on the 23d of November, to consider what measures of resistance and redress are proper. In South Carolina a similar sentiment prevails, though the Governor has decided, for prudential reasons, not to convene the Legislature in extra session. In Georgia a state convention, provided for in certain contingencies at the late session of the Legislature, is soon to meet, and a very active popular canvass is going on for the election of delegates—the character of the measures to be adopted forming the dividing line. Some are for open resistance and practical secession from the Union, while others oppose such a course as unwarranted by any thing experienced thus far, and as certain to entail ruin upon the Southern States. Hon. C.J. JENKINS, who declined a seat in the Cabinet, tendered to him by President FILLMORE, has taken very high ground against the disunionists, saying that no action hostile to the South has been had by Congress, but that all her demands have been conceded. In every Southern State a party exists warmly in favor of preserving the Union, and in most of them it will probably be successful.—The Legislature of Vermont commenced its annual session on the 13th ult. Hon. SOLOMON FOOTE has been elected U.S. Senator to succeed Hon. S.S. PHELPS whose term expires in March next.—GEORGE N. BRIGGS has been nominated by the Whigs for re-election as Governor of Massachusetts.—The *Arctic*, the third of the American line of mail steamers, between New York and Liverpool, is completed, and will very soon take her place; the *Baltic* will soon be ready.—The assessed value of real and personal property in the City of New York, according to a late report of the Board of Supervisors, is set at 286 millions; the tax on which is \$339,697. This property is all taxed to about 6,000 persons. The increase for the year is thirty millions, nearly 10 per cent. The value of the real and personal estate of the State of New York, according to the last report of the Comptroller, was \$536,161,901. The State tax of 1849 amounted to \$278,843.10; of which \$130,000, or nearly one half, was paid by the city.—Some years since a colony of Swedes settled in the northwestern part of Illinois, in Henry county, near the Mississippi. They are represented as an industrious and thriving people, supporting themselves chiefly by the manufacture of table-cloths, napkins, sheets, and other linens. Last year they suffered much from the cholera; but their numbers will soon be increased by a new colony of about 300 members who are now on their way from Sweden, and are expected soon to arrive with a considerable amount of capital, the fruits of the sale of their own property, and the property of their brethren already here.—A good deal of excitement prevails in some of the Northern States in regard to the execution of the new law for the recovery of fugitive slaves. The first instance in which it was carried into effect occurred in New York city, where a fugitive named James Hamlet, who had lived in Williamsburgh for some two years with his family, was apprehended, taken to Baltimore, and restored to his owner. The process was so summary that no resistance was offered or

excitement created: but after the whole was over a great deal of feeling was elicited, and money enough was speedily raised by subscription to purchase the slave, who was returned to his family amidst great public demonstrations of rejoicing among the colored population. In Detroit an attempt to arrest a fugitive excited a popular resistance to suppress which it was found necessary to call out troops of the United States; the negro was seized, but purchased by voluntary subscriptions. Large public meetings have been held in various cities and towns, to protest against the law, and to devise measures for defeating its operation. One of the largest was held at Boston on the 4th ult., at which Hon. Josiah Quincy presided. The tone of the address and resolutions was less inflammatory than in many other places, as obedience to the law while it stands upon the statute book was enjoined; but its spirit was warmly reprobated, and the necessity of agitating for its immediate repeal was strongly urged. Fugitives from service at the South are very numerous in portions of the Northern States. Many of them, since the passage of the law, have taken refuge in Canada, while others depend on the sympathy of the community in which they live for immunity from the operation of the law. The law undoubtedly requires modification in some of its details, but the main object it is designed to secure is so clearly within the provisions of the Federal Constitution that its enforcement is universally felt to be a public duty.—JENNY LIND, whose arrival and public reception in New York were mentioned in our last number, has been giving concerts in that city, Boston, Providence, and Philadelphia. In each place there has been a strong competition in the purchase of the first ticket for the first concert. In New York it was sold for \$250; in Boston for \$625; in Providence \$650; and in Philadelphia \$625. The evident object of the purchaser in each case was notoriety. Her concerts have been densely crowded, and the public excitement in regard to her continues unabated.—Intelligence has been received from Rome, that the Pope, at the request of the late council assembled in Baltimore, has erected the See of New York into an Arch-episcopal See, with the Sees of Boston, Hartford, Albany, and Buffalo, as Suffragan Sees. The Right Rev. Bishop HUGHES is, of course, elevated to the dignity of Archbishop. The brief of the Pope is signed by Cardinal Lambruschini, and is dated on the 19th of July last.—Public sentiment in Texas seems to be decidedly in favor of accepting the terms offered in the Boundary Bill. No official action has yet been had upon the subject, but it is believed that the Legislature will either accept the proposition at once or submit it to a popular vote. Mr. KAUFMAN, one of the Members of Congress from that State, has addressed a circular to his constituents, refuting many of the objections that have been urged against the bill. The area of Texas, with the boundary now established, is 237,321 miles, which is more than five times that of New-York.—An interesting official correspondence between our Government and that of Central America, has recently been published, mainly relating to the subject of canals and railroads across the Isthmus. Mr. CLAYTON'S plan appears to have been to encourage, by every constitutional means, every railroad company, as well as every canal company, that sought to shorten the transit between the American States on both oceans. For this purpose he endeavored to extend the protection of this Government to the railroads at Panama and Tehuantepec. It was not his purpose to exclude other nations from the right of passage, but to admit them all on the same terms; that is, provided they would all agree equally to protect the routes—a principle adopted originally by President JACKSON, in pursuance of a resolution of the Senate, of which Mr. CLAYTON was the author, while a member of that body, on the 3d of March, 1835. The principles of this resolution were fully sustained by General JACKSON, who sent Mr. BIDDLE to Central America and New Grenada for the purpose, and were afterward fully adopted by President POLK, as appears by his message transmitting to the Senate the treaty for the Panama railroad. General TAYLOR followed in the same train with his predecessors, as appears by his message of December last, thus fully sustaining the views of the Senate resolution of the 3d of March, 1835, the principles of which may now be considered as illustrating the policy of the American Government on this subject.—In accordance with the provisions of the treaty recently concluded with the United States, the British Government has withdrawn all its demands for port and other dues from the harbor of San Juan de Nicaragua, and the navigation of that noble river and the lakes connected with it are fully open to American enterprise.—A shock of an earthquake was felt at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 1st of October. The shock lasted about two seconds, and was so violent as to produce a jarring and rattling of windows and furniture, and was accompanied by a rumbling sound, like distant thunder, which lasted three or four seconds. On the same night a very brilliant meteor was observed in the Eastern States, and a very remarkable aurora at sea.—The General Convention of the Episcopal Church has been in session at Cincinnati. The House of Bishops, to which the subject had been referred by the Diocese of New York, has decided against the restoration of Bishop Onderdonk, by a vote of two to one, and the General Convention has provided for the election of an Assistant Bishop in such cases.—Conventions in Virginia and Indiana are in session for the revision of the Constitutions of those States.—The U.S. Consul at Valparaiso has written a letter concerning the establishment of a line of monthly steamers between that port and Panama. Since the discovery of the gold mines in California, he says, the travel and trade upon that coast has increased fivefold. For the last ten years there has been in successful operation a line of English steamers plying between Panama, in New Grenada, and Valparaiso, in Chili, with a grant from the British Government of *one hundred thousand dollars per annum*, for the purpose of carrying the English mail; which, together with the immense amount of travel, in the last four years, renders it a most lucrative monopoly. The charter, originally granted to the company for ten years, has lately expired, and the liberal Republics of Chili, Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia have peremptorily refused to renew the monopoly, and have generously opened their ports to the competition of American steamers. Between Valparaiso and Panama there are twenty-one different ports at which these steamers stop, in performing their monthly trips to and fro, for freight and passengers, leaving Panama on the 27th and Valparaiso on the 30th of each month. The voyage is punctually performed in twenty-four days. The feasibility of establishing an American line of steamers upon that coast is strongly urged. The

wealth of the silver mines of Copiapo is so great that every English steamer at Panama transmits hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth to England in solid bars.

From CALIFORNIA we have intelligence to the 15th of September. The disturbances at Sacramento City, growing out of resistance to the land claims, have entirely subsided, the squatters having been dispersed. Three or four persons were killed upon each side in the riots of which we have already given an account. A gentleman had arrived in California deputed by Mr. LETCHER, U.S. Minister in Mexico, to attend to the settlement of land titles. He had expressed the belief that most of the grants made by the Governors before the acquisition of California by the United States will be confirmed by our Government, on the evidence Mr. Letcher is prepared to furnish from the official records in the city of Mexico, as to the invariable practice of the Mexican Government in this particular. His assurances upon the subject had given general satisfaction. —Early in September there was a complete panic in the money market at San Francisco, and several of the most prominent houses had failed. Confidence, however, had been fully restored at the date of our latest advices. The losses by the three great fires which had visited the city were supposed to have occasioned the monetary difficulties. —Fears were entertained that the overland emigrants would suffer greatly during the present season. It was believed that ten thousand were on the way who had not crossed the Great Desert, one half of whom would be destitute of subsistence and teams on reaching Carson River. They had been deceived into taking a longer and more difficult route, and had lost most of their animals, and not unfrequently men, women, and children had sunk under the hardships of the road, and perished of hunger or thirst. —Indian difficulties still continued in different parts of California, the troops and citizens were making some progress in breaking up the bands which caused them the most difficulty. —The accounts from the mines continue to be highly encouraging. It is unnecessary to give in detail the reports from the various localities; they were all yielding abundant returns. It was believed that much larger quantities of gold will be taken from the mines this season than ever before. —From the 1st of August to Sept. 13th, there arrived at San Francisco by sea 5940 persons, and 4672 had left. —The tax upon foreign miners does not succeed as a revenue measure. —The expedition which sailed in July last to the Klamath and Umpqua rivers, has returned to San Francisco. It has been ascertained that the Klamath and Trinity unite, and form the river which discharges its waters into the sea, in latitude $41^{\circ} 34'$ north, and that there is no river answering to the description of the Klamath, in $42^{\circ} 26'$, as laid down in the charts of Frémont and Wilkes. From this river, the expedition visited the Umpqua, which they found to have an opening into the sea, of nearly one mile in width, with some three or four fathoms of water on the bar, and navigable about thirty miles up, when it opens into a rich agricultural district.

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From OREGON our advices are to Sept. 2. There is no news of general interest. The country seems to be steadily prosperous. New towns are springing up at every accessible point, and a commercial interest being awakened that is highly commendable. The frequency of communication by steam between California and Oregon strongly identifies their interests.

From ENGLAND there is no intelligence of much interest. The reception of Baron Haynau by the brewers of London has engaged the attention, and excited the discussion of all the organs of opinion in Europe. Most of the English journals condemn in the most earnest language the conduct of the mob, as disgraceful to the country, while only a few of them express any special sympathy with the victim of it. The London *Times* is more zealous in his defense than any other paper. It not only denounces the treatment he received at the hands of the English populace, but endeavors to vindicate him from the crimes laid to his charge, and assails the Hungarian officers and soldiers in turn with great bitterness. In its anxiety to apologize for Haynau, it asserts that English officers, and among them the Duke of Wellington and General Sir Lacy Evans, committed acts during their campaigns quite as severe as those with which he is charged. This line of defense, however, avails but little with the English people. The public sentiment is unanimous in branding Haynau as one of the most ruthless monsters of modern times, and the verdict is abundantly sustained by the incidents and deeds of his late campaigns. After his expulsion from England he returned to Austria, being received with execrations and indignities at several cities on his route. —Further advices have been received from the Arctic Expedition sent in search of Sir John Franklin, but they contain no satisfactory intelligence. A report, derived from an Esquimaux Indian whom Sir John Ross met near the northern extremity of Baffin's Bay, states that in the winter of 1846 two ships were broken by the ice a good way off from that place, and destroyed by the natives, and that the officers and crews, being without ammunition, were killed by the Indians. The story is very loosely stated, and is generally discredited in England. The vessel, Prince Albert, attached to the Expedition, has arrived at Aberdeen, and announced the discovery, at Cape Reilly and Beechy Island, at the entrance of the Wellington Channel, of traces of five places where tents had been fixed, of great quantities of beef, pork, and birds' bones, and of a piece of rope with the Woolwich mark upon it. These were considered, with slight grounds, however, undoubted traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition. The exploring vessels were pushing boldly up Wellington Channel. —The preparations for the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851,

are going on rapidly and satisfactorily. In nearly every country of Europe, extensive arrangements are in progress for taking part in it, while in London the erection of the necessary buildings is steadily going forward.—A curious and interesting correspondence with respect to the cultivation of cotton in Liberia has taken place between President Roberts, of Liberia, Lord Palmerston, the Board of Trade, and the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester, tending to show that cotton may be made a most important article of cultivation in the African republic.—Lord Clarendon has been making the tour of Ireland, and has been received in a very friendly manner by the people of every part of the island. He took every opportunity of encouraging the people to rely upon their own industry and character for prosperity, and pledged the cordial co-operation of the country in all measures that seemed likely to afford them substantial aid or relief.—The statutes constituting the Queen's University in Ireland have received the sanction of the Queen, and gone into effect.—A Captain Mogg has been tried and fined for endangering lives by setting the wheels of his steamboat in operation while a number of skiffs and other light boats were in his immediate vicinity.—The ship *Indian*, a fine East Indiaman, was wrecked on the 4th of April, near the Mauritius. She struck upon a reef and almost immediately went to pieces. The utmost consternation prevailed among the officers and crew. The captain seized and lowered the boat, and with eight seamen left the ship: they were never heard of again. Those who remained succeeded in constructing a rude raft, on which they lived fourteen days, suffering greatly from hunger and thirst, and were finally rescued by a passing ship.—Two steamers, the *Superb* and *Polka*, were lost, the former on the 16th, and the latter on the 24th, between the island of Jersey and St. Malo. No lives were lost by the *Superb*, but ten persons perished in the wreck of the *Polka*.—The Queen has been visiting Scotland.—Some of the Irish papers have been telling astounding stories of apparitions of the *Great Sea Serpent*. A Mr. T. Buckley, writing from Kinsale on the 11th instant, informs the Cork Reporter that he was induced by some friends to go to sea, in the hope of falling in with the interesting stranger, and that he was not long kept in suspense, for "a little to the west of the Old Head the monster appeared." Its size, he truly avers, is beyond all description, and the head, he adds, very like a (bottle-nose) whale. One of the party fired the usual number of shots, but, of course, without effect.

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OF LITERARY INTELLIGENCE there is but little in any quarter. A good deal of interest has been excited by a discreditable attack made by the Whig Review upon the distinguished author Mr. G.P.R. JAMES. The Review discovered in an old number of the Dublin University Magazine some verses written by Mr. JAMES for a friend who without his knowledge sent them for publication. They were upon the clamor that was then afloat about war between England and the United States: Mr. James, alluding to the threats from America against England, had said that "bankrupt states were blustering high;" and had also spoken of Slavery in the United States as a "living lie," which British hands in the event of a war, would wipe out and let their bondmen free. The Review denounces Mr. James, in very coarse and abusive terms for the poem, and seeks to excite against him the hostility of the American people. The matter was commented upon in several of the journals, and Mr. James wrote a manly letter to his legal adviser Mr. M.B. FIELD, which is published in the *Courier and Enquirer*, in which he avows himself the author of the verses in question, explains the circumstances under which they were written, and urges the injustice of making them the ground of censure or complaint. His letter has been received with favor by the press generally, which condemns the unjust and unwarrantable assault of the Review upon the character of this distinguished author. It is stated that Mr. James intends to become an American citizen, and that he has already taken the preliminary legal steps.—The principal publishers are engaged in preparing gift-books for the coming holidays. The APPLETONS have issued a very elegant and attractive work, entitled "Our Saviour with Prophets and Apostles," containing eighteen highly finished steel engravings, with descriptions by leading American divines. It is edited by Rev. Dr. WAINWRIGHT and forms one of the most splendid volumes ever issued in this country. They have also issued a very interesting volume of Tales by Miss MARIA J. MCINTOSH, entitled "Evenings at Donaldson Manor," which will be popular beyond the circle for which it is immediately designed.—Other works have been issued of which notices will more appropriately be found in another department of this Magazine.—The English market for the month is entirely destitute of literary novelties.—A series of interesting experiments has been undertaken by order of Government, for the purpose of testing the value of iron as a material for the construction of war-steamers. When the vessels are comparatively slight, it is found that a shot going through the side exposed, makes a clean hole of its own size, which might be readily stopped; but on the opposite side of the vessel the effect is terrific, tearing off large sheets; and even when the shot goes through, the rough edges being on the outside, it is almost impossible to stop the hole. If the vessels are more substantially constructed the principal injury takes place on the side exposed; and this is so great that two or three shot, or even a single one, striking below water line, would endanger the ship. As the result of the whole series of experiments, the opinion is expressed that iron, whether used alone or in combination with wood, can not be beneficially used for the construction of vessels of war.—The wires of the submarine telegraph having been found too weak to withstand the force of the waves, it has been determined to incase the wires in a ten-inch cable, composed of what is called "whipped plait," with wire rope, all of it chemically prepared so as to protect it from rot, and bituminized. A wire thus prepared is calculated to last for twenty years.—In the allotment of space in the Industrial Exhibition, 85,000 square feet have been assigned to the United States; 60,000 to India; 47,050 to the remaining British colonies and possessions; 5000 to China. Hamburg asked for 28,800, and France for 100,000 feet. Commissions have been formed in Austria, Spain, and Turkey.—A correspondent of the

Chronicle says that the great beauty of the leaves of some American trees and plants renders them an appropriate article of ornament, and suggests that specimens preserved be sent to the Exhibition; and that a large demand for them would ensue.—An edition of the Works of JOHN OWEN, to be comprised in sixteen volumes, under the editorial charge of Rev. William H. Goold, has been commenced. The doctrinal works will occupy five volumes, the practical treatises four, and the polemical seven. The first volume contains a life of Owen, by Rev. Andrew Thomson of Edinburgh. This edition is edited with remarkable fidelity and care, and will prove a valuable accession to theological literature.—Washington Irving has received from Mr. Murray £9767 for copyrights and £2500 from Mr. Bentley, who has paid nearly £16,000 to Cooper, Prescott, and Herman Melville.—The Principal Theological Faculties in Germany are those of Berlin and Halle. The subjoined list will show that almost all the Professors have attained a wide reputation in the department of sacred letters. At Berlin the Professors are: NITZSCH, Theology, Dogmatic, and Practical; HENGSTENBERG and VATKE, Exegesis of the Old and New Testaments, and Introduction; TWESTEN, Exegesis of the New Testament, Dogmatic Theology; F. STRAUSS, Homiletics; JACOBI, Ecclesiastical History; UBBMANN, Oriental Languages. The Professors at Halle are: JULIUS MULLER, Theology, Dogmatic, and Practical; THOLUCK, Exegesis and Moral Philosophy; HUFFELD, Hebrew and Oriental Languages; GUERICKE, Ecclesiastical History, Introduction; HERZOG, MAYER, and THILO, Ecclesiastical History.—A new apparatus for the production of heat has been invented by Mr. D.O. Edwards. It is named the "atmopyre," or solid gas fire. A small cylinder of pipe clay, varying in length from two to four inches, perforated with holes the fiftieth of an inch in diameter, in imitation of Davy's safety lamp, is employed. The cylinder has a circular hole at one end, which fits upon a "fish-tail" burner; gas is introduced into the interior of the cylinder, with the air of which it becomes mixed, forming a kind of artificial fire-damp. This mixture is ignited on the outside of the vessel, and burns entirely on the exterior of the earthenware, which is enveloped in a coat of pale blue flame. The clay cylinder which Mr. Edwards calls a "hood," soon becomes red hot, and presents the appearance of a solid red flame. All the heat of combustion is thus accumulated on the clay, and is thence radiated. One of these cylinders is heated to dull redness in a minute or two; but an aggregate of these "hoods" placed in a circle or cluster, and inclosed in an argillaceous case, are heated to an orange color, and the case itself becomes bright red. By surrounding this "solid gas fire" with a series of cases, one within another, Mr. Edwards has obtained a great intensity of heat, and succeeded in melting gold, silver, copper, and even iron. Mr. Palmer, the engineer of the Western Gas-light Company, by burning two feet of gas in an atmopyre of twelve "hoods," raised the temperature of a room measuring 8551 cubic feet, five degrees of Fahrenheit in seventeen minutes. The heat generated by burning gas in this way is 100 per cent. greater than that engendered by the ordinary gas flame when tested by the evaporation of water. 25 feet of gas burnt in an atmopyre per hour, produces steam sufficient for one-horse power. Hence the applicability of the invention to baths, brewing, &c.—At the late meeting of the British Association, Major Rawlinson, after enumerating many interesting particulars of the progress of Assyrian discoveries, stated that Mr. Layard, in excavating part of the palace at Nineveh had found a large room filled with what appeared to be the archives of the empire, ranged in successive tables of terra cotta, the writings being as perfect as when the tablets were first stamped. They were piled in huge heaps, from the floor to the ceiling, and he had already filled five large cases for dispatch to England, but had only cleared out one corner of the apartment. From the progress already made in reading the inscriptions, he believed we should be able pretty well to understand the contents of these tables—at all events, we should ascertain their general purport, and thus gain much valuable information. A passage might be remembered in the Book of Ezra, where the Jews having been disturbed in building the Temple, prayed that search might be made in the house of records for the edict of Cyrus permitting them to return to Jerusalem. The chamber recently found might be presumed to be the House of Records of the Assyrian Kings, where copies of the Royal edicts were duly deposited. When these tablets had been examined and deciphered, he believed that we should have a better acquaintance with the history, the religion, the philosophy, and the jurisprudence of Assyria 1500 years before the Christian era, than we had of Greece or Rome during any period of their respective histories.—M. Guillen y Calomarde has just discovered a new telescopic star between the polar star and Cynosure, near to the rise of the tail of the Little Bear—a star at least that certainly did not exist in October last. According to the observations of M. Calomarde, the new star should have an increasing brilliancy, and it is likely that in less than a month this star, which now is visible only through a telescope, may be seen with the naked eye.—The Senate of the University of Padua is at present preparing for publication two curious works, of which the manuscripts are in the library of that establishment. One is a translation in Hebrew verse of the "Divina Commedia," of Dante, by Samuel Rieti, Grand Rabbi of Padua, in the 16th century. The second is a translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," likewise in Hebrew, in stanzas of 18 verses of a very complicated metre, from the pen of the Rabbi.—ELIOT WARBURTON is engaged in collecting materials for a History of the Poor, which is to appear in the spring.

The captain and second mate of the steamer Orion, which was wrecked in June, have been sentenced, the former to eighteen months' imprisonment, the latter to ten years' transportation, for gross and culpable negligence of duty.—Lieutenant Gale, somewhat celebrated as an aeronaut, lost his life while making an ascent on horseback at Bordeaux. He had descended in safety, and the horse was removed; the diminution of the weight caused the balloon to ascend rapidly, with the aeronaut, who was somewhat intoxicated, clinging to it. He of course soon fell, and, a day or two after, his body was found, with the limbs all broken, and mutilated by dogs.—Mr. Mongredien, a London corn-factor, has published a pamphlet, in which he endeavors to estimate the probable amount of home-grown food upon which Ireland can calculate the coming year. As the result of extensive inquiries, he is of the opinion that the potato crop will suffice as

food for the masses only until January; and that the wheat-crop amounts to but three-fourths of last year's amount.—The Postmaster General has directed that all letters addressed to the United States, shall be forwarded by the first mail packet that sails, whether British or American, unless specially directed otherwise.—Viscount Fielding, who occupied the chair at the great Church Meeting in Free-Mason's Hall, on the 23d of July, has abandoned the English Church for that of Rome.—A number of the Catholic bishops of Ireland were appointed by government as official visitors of the New College, to which they were known to be bitterly opposed. The appointments have been scornfully rejected by the bishops.—The Britannia Bridge, one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering, was completed on the 13th of September, by the lowering of the last of the tubes to its permanent resting-place. Some curious acoustic effects have been observed in connection with this work. Pistol shots, or any sonorous noises, are echoed within the tube half a dozen times. The cells at the top and bottom, are used by the engineers as speaking tubes, and they can carry on conversation through them in whispers; by elevating the voice persons may converse through the length of the bridge—nearly a quarter of a mile. The total cost of the entire structure has been £601,865. The total weight of each of the wrought iron roadways now completed, represents 12,000 tons, supported on a total mass of masonry of a million and a half cubic feet, erected at the rate of three feet in a minute.—Mount Blanc was ascended on the 29th of September, to its top-most peak, by two gentlemen from Ireland, Mr. Gratton, late of the army, and Mr. Richards, with a party of the brave mountaineers of Chamouni. The enterprise was considered so dangerous, that the guides left their watches and little valuables behind, and the two gentlemen made their wills, and prepared for the worst. The ascent is always accompanied with great peril, as steps have to be cut up the sloping banks of the ice; one of the largest glaciers has to be passed, where one false step entails certain death, as the unfortunate falls into a crevice of almost unknown depth, from which no human hand could extricate him. A night has to be passed on the cold rock amidst the thunders of the avalanche, and spots have to be passed where, it is said, no word can be spoken lest thousands of tons of snow should be set in motion, and thus hurl the party into eternity, as was the case some years back when a similar attempt was made. This latter impression, however, as to the effect of the voice upon masses of snow, is unquestionably absurd. An avalanche may have occurred simultaneously with a conversation; but that the latter caused the former is incredible.—The Turkish government has manifested its intention to set Kossuth and his companions at liberty in September, the end of the year stipulated in the Convention. Austria, however, remonstrates, contending that the year did not commence till the moment of incarceration. The prisoners are to be sent in a government vessel either to England or America, and are to be furnished with 500 piastres each, to meet their immediate wants on landing.—The two American vessels, Advance and Rescue, sent in search of Sir John Franklin, had been seen by an English whale-ship west of Devil's Thumb, in Greenland, having advanced 500 miles since last heard from.—The new Cunard Steamer Africa, of the same dimensions with the Asia, is nearly ready to take her place in the line, and the Company are about to commence another ship of still larger size and power.—Disastrous inundations have destroyed all the crops in the province of Brescia, in Lombardy. Subscriptions were opened in Milan, the aggregate amount of which (about 50,000 francs) was sent to the relief of the unfortunate inhabitants.—There are in the prisons at Naples at present no less than 40,000 political prisoners; and the opinion is that, from the crowded state of the jails, the greater number will go mad, become idiots, or die.—Lines of electric telegraph are extending rapidly over Central Europe. Within four months, 1000 miles have been opened in Austria, making 2000 in that empire, of which 500 are under ground. Another 1000 miles will be ready next year. The telegraph now works from Cracow to Trieste, 700 miles.—On the 1st of October, the new telegraph union between Austria, Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria, was to come into operation, under a uniform tariff, which is one-half of the former charges.—The Hungarian musicians accustomed to perform their national airs in the streets of Vienna, have been ordered to quit the city. It is said they will go through Europe, in order to excite popular sympathy in behalf of their unfortunate country, by means of their music, the great characteristic of which is a strange mixture of wild passion and deep melancholy.—After eight years' labor, the gigantic statue of the King of Bavaria has been finished, and is now placed on the hill of Saint Theresa, near Munich. The bronze of the statue cost 92,600 florins, or £11,800.—The will of Sir Robert Peel prohibits his executors investing any of his real or personal property on securities in Ireland.—From a late parliamentary return, it appears there are thirty-two iron steamers in Her Majesty's Navy.—Recent letters from the East speak of very valuable and expensive sulphur mines just discovered upon the borders of the Red Sea, in Upper Egypt. The products of these mines are said to be so abundant, that a material fall in the prices of Sicilian sulphur must inevitably soon take place. The working of the newly-discovered mine and its productiveness are greatly facilitated by its proximity to the sea. The Egyptian Government, which at first leased the mines to a private company, is now about to resume possession and work them on its own account.

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From FRANCE the only intelligence of interest relates to political movements, concerning which, moreover, there is nothing but partisan and unreliable rumors. The President, in his various letters, addresses, &c., insists uniformly on the necessity of maintaining the existing order of things, and speaks confidently of an appeal to the people. Contradictory rumors prevail as to his intentions—some believing that he meditates a *coup-d'état*, but most regarding his movements as aimed to secure the popular vote. The Assembly is to meet on the 11th of November, and his opponents intend then to force him to some ultra-constitutional act which will afford them ground

for an appeal. A series of military reviews has engaged public attention; they have been closely watched for incidents indicative of the President's purposes: it is remarked that those who salute him as Emperor are always rewarded for it by some preference over others.—The Councils-general of France have closed their annual session. The chief topic of their deliberations has been the revision of the Constitution, and the result is of interest as indicating the state of public opinion upon that subject. It seems that twenty-one councils separated without taking the subject into consideration; ten rejected propositions for revision; two declared that the constitution ought to be respected; thirty-three departments, therefore, refused, more or less formally, to aid the revision. On the other hand, forty-nine councils came to decisions which the revisionist party claim for themselves. But a very great diversity is to be perceived in these decisions. Thirty-two pronounced in favor of revision only "so far as it should take place under legal conditions," or "so far as legality should be observed;" two of those called attention to the forty-fifth article of the constitution, which makes Louis Napoleon incapable of being immediately rechosen; but another demanded that his powers should be prolonged. One council voted for revision, and also desired to prolong the President's power; ten simply voted for revision; five pronounced for immediate revision, but by very small majorities; one went further, and proposed to give the present Assembly—which is legislative and not constituent—authority to effect the revision. Three councils express merely a desire for a remedy to the present situation. Thirty-three departments have not pronounced for the revision, or have pronounced against it; thirty-three are in favor of a legal revision; thirteen demand the revision without explaining on what conditions they desire to see it effected; and six demand it immediately; making the total of eighty-five.

From GERMANY the most important intelligence relates to the Electorate of Hesse Cassel, a state containing less than a million of inhabitants, and having a revenue of less than two and a half millions of dollars. By the Constitution the Chamber has the exclusive right of voting taxes. The Elector, acting probably under the advice of Austria, resolved to get rid of the Constitution; and as the first step toward it, he appointed as his minister Hassenpflug, a man wholly without character, and who had been convicted of forgery in another State, and with him was associated Haynau, brother of the infamous Austrian General. Months past away without the Chamber being summoned, but at the time when the session usually closed, the Parliament was called together, and an immediate demand made for money and for powers to raise the taxes, without specific votes of the Chamber. The Parliament replied by an unanimous vote, that however little the ministers possessed the confidence of Parliament, they would not go the length of refusing the supplies, but requested to have a regular budget laid before them, which they promised to examine, discuss, and vote. To so fair and constitutional a resolution the minister replied by dissolving the Parliament, and proceeding to levy the taxes in spite of the Parliament and the Constitution. The cabinet went to the extremity of proclaiming the whole Electorate in a state of siege, and investing the commander-in-chief with dictatorial powers against the press, personal liberty, and property. The town council unanimously protested against these arbitrary acts; and such a spirit of resistance was excited that the Elector and his minister were constrained to seek safety in flight. The Elector left Cassel on the morning of the 13th, and arrived the same evening at Hanover, where he was afterward joined by Hassenpflug. Some of the accounts state that M. Hassenpflug was agitated by terror in his flight. On the 16th, the Elector and his ministers were at Frankfort. The government of the Electorate had been assumed by the Permanent Committee of the Assembly.—In Mecklenberg-Schwerin a similar revolution seems likely to take place. In October, 1849, a new Constitution was formed by the deputies of this Duchy, which received the assent of the Duke. This Constitution was quite democratic in character. The Duke now feeling himself strong enough coolly pronounces the Constitution invalid, absolves his subjects from all allegiance to it, and restores the old Constitution, which was formed in 1755. It is supposed that the Diet will adopt the Hesse Cassel system of stopping the supplies, and so starving out their sovereign.

LITERARY NOTICES.

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A new work by Rev. WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, the eminent Baptist clergyman in New York, has just been issued by Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln, entitled *Religious Progress*, consisting of a series of Lectures on the development of the Christian character, founded on the beautiful gradation of religious excellencies described by St. Peter in his second Epistle. The subjects, which succeed each other in the order of the text, are, Religion a Principle of Growth, Faith its Root, Virtue, Knowledge, Temperance, Patience, Godliness, Brotherly Kindness, Charity. No one who has read any of the former productions of the author can fall into the error of supposing that these topics are treated according to any prescribed, stereotyped routine of the pulpit, or that they labor under the dullness and formality which are often deemed inseparable from moral disquisitions. On the contrary, this volume may be regarded as a profound, stringent, and lively commentary on the aspects of the present age, showing a remarkable keenness of observation, and a massive strength of expression. The author, although one of the most studious and erudite men of the day, is by no means a mere isolated scholar. His vision is not confined by the walls of his library. Watching the progress of affairs, from the quiet "loop-holes of his retreat," he subjects the pictured phantasmagoria before him to a rigorous and searching criticism. He is not apt to be

deluded by the dazzling shows of things. With a firm and healthy wisdom, acquired by vigilant experience, he delights to separate the genuine from the plausible, the true gold from the sounding brass, and to bring the most fair-seeming pretenses before the tribunal of universal principles. The religious tone of this volume is lofty and severe. Its sternness occasionally reminds us of the sombre, passionate, half despairing melancholy of John Foster. The modern latitudinarian finds in it little either of sympathy or tolerance. It clothes in a secular costume the vast religious ideas which have been sanctioned by ages, but makes no attempt to mellow their austerity, or reduce their solemn grandeur to the level of superficial thought and worldly aspirations. The train of remark pursued in any one of these Lectures can never be inferred from its title. The suggestive mind of the writer is kindled by the theme, and luxuriates in a singular wealth of analogies, which lead him, it is true, from the beaten track, but only to open upon us an unexpected prospect, crowned with original and enchanting beauties. His power of apt and forcible illustration is almost without a parallel among recent writers. The mute page springs into life beneath the magic of his radiant imagination. But this is never at the expense of solidity of thought or strength of argument. It is seldom indeed that a mind of so much poetical invention yields such a willing homage to the logical element. He employs his brilliant fancies for the elucidation and ornament of truth, but never for its discovery. On this account, he inspires a feeling of trust in the sanity of his genius, although its conclusions may not be implicitly adopted. Still, with the deep respect with which we regard the intellectual position of Dr. Williams, we do not think his writings are destined to obtain a wide popularity. Their condensation of thought, the elaborate and often antique structure of their sentences, the profoundly meditative cast of sentiment with which they are pervaded, and even their Oriental profusion of imagery, to say nothing of the adamantine rigor of their religious views, are not suited to the great mass of modern readers, whose tastes have been formed on models less distinguished for their austerity than for their airiness and grace.

Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln, Boston, have recently issued neat reprints of *The Poetry of Science*, by ROBERT HUNT, a popular English work, exhibiting the great facts of science, in their most attractive aspects, and as leading the mind to the contemplation of the Universe; *The Footprints of the Creator*, by HUGH MILLER, with a memoir of the author, by Professor AGASSIZ, who characterizes his geological productions as possessing "a freshness of conception, a power of argumentation, a depth of thought, a purity of feeling, rarely met with in works of that character, which are well calculated to call forth sympathy, and to increase the popularity of a science which has already done so much to expand our views of the plan of Creation;" and a third edition of *The Pre-Adamite Earth*, by JOHN HARRIS, whose valuable contributions to theological science have won for him a high reputation both in England and our own country.

Harper and Brothers have published Nos. 7 and 8 of LOSSING'S *Pictorial Field Book of the American Revolution*. The character of this popular serial may be perceived from the extracts at the commencement of the present number of our Magazine. With each successive issue, Mr. Lossing's picturesque narrative gains fresh interest; he throws a charm over the most familiar details by his quiet enthusiasm and winning naïveté; and under the direction of such an intelligent and genial guide it is delightful to wander over the battle-fields of American history, and dwell on the exploits of the heroes by whose valor our national Independence was achieved. Among the embellishments in these numbers, we observe a striking likeness of the venerable Timothy Pickering, of Massachusetts, portraits of Gen. Stark, Joel Barlow, Gen. Wooster, and William Livingston, and exquisite sketches of Baron Steuben's Headquarters, View near Toby's Eddy, The Susquehanna at Monocacy Island, The Livingston Mansion, The Bennington Battle-ground, and other beautiful and interesting scenes in the history of the Revolution.

Household Surgery; or Hints on Emergencies, by JOHN F. SOUTH (H.C. Baird, Philadelphia), is a reprint of a popular and amusing work by an eminent London surgeon, designed for non-professional readers, and pointing out the course to be pursued in case of an accident, when no surgical aid is at hand. The author puts in a caveat against misapprehending the purpose of his book, which he wishes should be judged solely on its merits. No one is to expect in it a whole body of surgery, nor to obtain materials for setting up as an amateur surgeon, to practice on every unfortunate individual who may fall within his grasp; but directions are given which may be of good service on a pinch, when the case is urgent, and no doctor is to be had. In the opinion of the author, whoever doctors himself when he can be doctored, is in much the same case with the man who conducted his own cause, and had a fool for his client. With this explanation, Dr. South's volume may be consulted to great advantage; and although no one would recommend a treatise on bruises and broken bones for light reading, it must be confessed, that many popular fictions are less fertile in entertainment.

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An exquisite edition of *Gray's Poetical Works* has been issued by H.C. Baird, with an original memoir and notes, by the American Editor, Prof. HENRY REED, of Philadelphia. It was the intention of the Editor to make this the most complete collection of Gray's Poems which has yet appeared, and he seems to have met with admirable success in the accomplishment of his plan. The illustrations of Radclyffe, engraved in a superior style of art, by A.W. Graham, form the embellishments of this edition. We have rarely, if ever, seen them surpassed in the most costly American gift-books. The volume is appropriately dedicated to JAMES T. FIELDS, the poet-publisher of Boston.

The second volume of the *Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers*, by his son-in-law, WILLIAM HANNA, is issued by Harper and Brothers, comprising a most interesting account of his labors during his residence at Glasgow, and bringing his biography down to the forty-third year of his age. The whole career of

this robust and sinewy divine is full of instruction, but no part of it more abounds with important events than the period devoted to efforts in bringing the destitute classes of Glasgow under the influence of Christian ministrations. Whether in the pulpit, in the discharge of his parochial duties, in the construction of his noble schemes for social melioration, or in the bosom of his family, Dr. Chalmers always appears the same whole-hearted, frank, generous, energetic man, commanding our admiration by the splendor of his intellect, and winning our esteem by the loveliness of his character. Some interesting reminiscences of the powerful but erratic preacher, Edward Irving, who was at one time the assistant of Dr. Chalmers in the Tron Church, are presented in this volume.

History of Propellers and Steam Navigation, by ROBERT MACFARLANE (G.P. Putnam), is the title of a useful work, describing most of the propelling methods that have been invented, which may prevent ingenious men from wasting their time, talents, and money on visionary projects. It also gives a history of the attempts of the early inventors in this department of practical mechanics, including copious notices of Fitch, Rumsey, Fulton, Symington, and Bell. A separate chapter, devoted to Marine Navigation, presents a good deal of information on the subject rarely met with in this country.

The Country Year-Book; or, The Field, The Forest, and The Fireside (Harper and Brothers), is the title of a new rural volume by the bluff, burly, egotistic, but good-natured and humane Quaker, WILLIAM HOWITT, filled with charming descriptions of English country life, redolent of the perfume of bean-fields and hedge-rows, overflowing with the affluent treasures of the four seasons, rich in quaint, expressive sketches of old-fashioned manners, and pervaded by a generous zeal in the cause of popular improvement. A more genial and agreeable companion for an autumn afternoon or a winter's evening could scarcely be selected in the shape of a book.

Success in Life. The Mechanic, by Mrs. L.C. TUTHILL, published by G.P. Putnam, is a little volume belonging to a series, intended to illustrate the importance of sound principles and virtuous conduct to the attainment of worldly prosperity. Without believing in the necessary connection between good character and success in business, we may say, that the examples brought forward by Mrs. Tuthill are of a striking nature, and adapted to produce a deep and wholesome impression. In the present work, she avails herself of incidents in the history of John Fitch, Dr. Franklin, Robert Fulton, and Eli Whitney, showing the obstacles which they were compelled to encounter, and the energy with which they struggled with difficulties. She writes in a lively and pleasing manner; her productions are distinguished for their elevated moral tone; and they can scarcely fail to become favorites with the public.

Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet; An Autobiography, is the quaint title of a political and religious novel, understood to be written by a clergyman of the Church of England, which is said to have fallen like a bomb-shell on the old-fashioned schools of political economy in that country. It purports to be the history of a youth of genius, doomed to struggle with the most abject poverty, and forced by the necessity of his position to become a Chartist and a Radical. Brought up in the sternest school of ultra-Calvinism, he passes by natural transitions from a state of hopeless and desperate infidelity, to a milder and more cheerful religious faith, and having taken an active part in schemes for the melioration of society by political action, he learns by experience the necessity of spiritual influences for the emancipation of the people. The tone of the narrative is vehement, austere, and often indignant; never vindictive; and softened at intervals by a genuine gush of poetic sentiment. With great skill in depicting the social evils which are preying on the aged heart of England, the author is vague and fragmentary in his statement of remedies, and leads us to doubt whether he has discovered the true "Balm of Gilead" for the healing of nations. The book abounds with weighty suggestions, urgent appeals, vivid pictures of popular wretchedness, deep sympathy with suffering, and a pure devotion to the finer and nobler instincts of humanity. With all its outpouring of fiery radicalisms, it is intended to exert a reconciling influence, to bring the different classes of society into a nearer acquaintanceship, and to oppose the progress of licentious and destructive tendencies, by enforcing the principles of thorough reform. Such a work can not but be read with general interest. Its strong humanitarian spirit will recommend it to a large class of readers, while its acknowledged merits as a work of fiction will attract the literary amateur.—Published by Harper and Brothers.

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The Builder's Companion, and *The Cabinetmaker and Upholsterer's Companion*, are two recent volumes of the *Practical Series*, published by H.C. Baird, Philadelphia, reprinted from English works of standard excellence. They present a mass of valuable scientific information, with succinct descriptions of various mechanical processes, and are well suited to promote an intelligent interest in industrial pursuits.

Lessons from the History of Medical Delusions (Baker and Scribner), is a Prize Essay by Dr. WORTHINGTON HOOKER, whose former work on a similar subject has given him considerable reputation as a writer in the department of medical literature. He is a devoted adherent to the old system of practice, and spares no pains to expose what he deems the quackeries of modern times. His volume is less positive than critical, and contains but a small amount of practical instruction. There are many of his suggestions, however, which can not be perused without exciting profound reflection.

RUSCHENBERGER'S *Lexicon of Terms used in Natural History*, a valuable manual for the common use of the student, is published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co., Philadelphia.

Another volume of LAMARTINE'S *Confidences*, translated from the French, under the title of *Additional Memoirs of My Youth*, is published by Harper and Brothers, and can not fail to excite

the same interest which has been called forth by the previous autobiographical disclosures of the author. It is written in the rich, glowing, poetical style in which LAMARTINE delights to clothe his early recollections, and with a naïve frankness of communication equal to that of Rousseau, is pervaded with a tone of tender, elevated, and religious sentiment. The description of a troop of family friends gives a lively tableau of the old school of French gentlemen, and furnishes the occasion for the picturesque delineation of manners, in which LAMARTINE commands such an admirable pen. The Confessions would not be complete without one or two love episodes, which are accordingly presented in a sufficiently romantic environment.

Harper and Brothers have published a cheap edition of *Genevieve*, translated from the French of LAMARTINE, by A.R. SCOBLE. This novel, intended to illustrate the condition of humble life in France, and to furnish popular, moral reading for the masses, is written with more simplicity than we usually find in the productions of Lamartine, and contains many scenes of deep, pathetic interest. The incidents are not without a considerable tincture of French exaggeration, and are hardly suited, one would suppose, to exert a strong or salutary influence in the sphere of common, prosaic, unromantic duties. As a specimen of the kind of reading which LAMARTINE deems adapted to the moral improvement of his countrymen, *Genevieve* is a literary curiosity.

Little and Brown, Boston, have published a handsome edition of Prof. ROSE'S *Chemical Tables for the Calculation of Quantitative Analyses*, recalculated and improved, by the American Editor, W.P. DEXTER.

Harper and Brothers have issued *The History of Pendennis*, No. 7, which, to say the least, is of equal interest with any of the preceding numbers, showing the same felicitous skill in portraying the every-day aspects of our common life, which has given Thackeray such a brilliant eminence as a painter of manners. The unconscious ease with which he hits off a trait of weakness or eccentricity, his truthfulness to nature, his rare common sense, and his subdued, but most effective satire, make him one of the most readable English writers now before the public.

STOCKHARDT'S *Principles of Chemistry*, translated from the German, by C.H. PEIRCE, is published by John Bartlett, Cambridge. This work is accompanied with a high recommendation from Prof. Horsford of Harvard University, which, with its excellent reputation as a textbook in Germany, will cause it to be sought for with eagerness by students of chemistry in our own country.

Petticoat Government, by Mrs. TROLLOPE, is the one hundred and forty-eighth number of Harper's *Library of Select Novels*, and in spite of the ill odor attached to the name of the authoress, will be found to exhibit a very considerable degree of talent, great insight into the more vulgar elements of English society, a vein of bitter and caustic satire, and a truly feminine minuteness in the delineation of character. The story is interspersed with dashes of broad humor, and with its piquant, rapid, and not overscrupulous style, will reward the enterprise of perusal.

George P. Putnam has published *A Series of Etchings*, by J.W. EHNINGER, illustrative of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs." The plates, which are eight in number, are executed with a good deal of spirit and taste, representing the principal scenes suggested to the imagination by Hood's exquisitely pathetic poem.

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A.S. Barnes and Co. have published *The Elements of Natural Philosophy*, by W.H.C. BARTLETT, being the first of three volumes intended to present a complete system of the science in all its divisions. The present volume is devoted to the subject of Mechanics.

G.P. Putnam has issued a new and improved edition of Prof. CHURCH'S *Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus*.

Lonz Powers, or the Regulators, by JAMES WEIR, Esq. (Philadelphia, Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.), is a genuine American romance, written in defiance of all literary precedents, and a vigorous expression of the individuality of the author, as acted on by the wild, exuberant frontier life in the infancy of Western Society. The scenes and characters which are evidently drawn from nature, are portrayed with a bold, dramatic freedom, giving a perpetual vitality and freshness to the narrative, and sustaining the interest of the reader through a succession of adventures, which in the hands of a less skillful chronicler, would have become repulsive by their extravagance and terrible intensity. In addition to the regular progress of the story, the author leads us through a labyrinth of episodes, most of them savoring of the jovial forest life, in which he is so perfectly at home, though dashed with occasional touches of deep pathos. The reflections and criticisms, in which he often indulges to excess, though considerably printed in a different type to show that they may be skipped without damage, are too characteristic to be neglected, and on the whole, we are glad that he had enough verdant frankness to present them to his readers just as they sprung up in his mercurial brain. We imagine that the fame of Milton will survive his attacks, in spite of the mean opinion which he cherishes of the *Paradise Lost*. With all its exaggerations and eccentricities, *Lonz Powers* has many of the elements of a superior novel—glowing imagination, truthfulness of description, lively humor, spicy satire, and an acute perception of the fleeting lights and shades of character. If it had ten times its present faults, it would be redeemed from a severe judgment, by its magnetic sympathies, and the fascinating naturalness with which it pours forth its flushed and joyous consciousness of life.

The History of Xerxes, by JACOB ABBOTT (Harper and Brothers), is intended for juvenile reading and study, but its freshness and simplicity of manner give it a charm for all ages, making it a delightful refreshment to those who wish to recall the remembrance of youthful studies.

Universal Dictionary of Weights and Measures, by J.H. ALEXANDER, published by Wm. Minifie and

Co., Baltimore, is a work of remarkable labor and research, presenting a comparative view of the weights and measures of all countries, ancient and modern, reduced to the standards of the United States of America. It is executed in a manner highly creditable to the learning and accuracy of the author, and will be found to possess great practical utility for the man of business as well as the historical student.

America Discovered (New York, J.F. Trow), is the title of an anonymous poem in twelve books, founded on a supposed convention of the heavenly hierarchs among the mountains of Chili in the year 1450, to deliberate on the best mode of making known the American continent to Europeans. Two of their number are elected delegates to present the subject before the Court of Heaven. In the course of their journey, after meeting with various adventures, they fall in with two different worlds, one of which has retained its pristine innocence, while the other has yielded to temptation, and become subject to sin. Their embassy is crowned with success, and one of them is deputed to break the matter to Columbus, whose subsequent history is related at length, from his first longings to discover a new world till the final consummation of his enterprise. The poet, it will be seen, soars into the highest supernal spheres, but, in our opinion, displays more ambition than discretion. He does not often come down safe from his lofty flights to solid ground.

Christianity Revived in the East, by H.G.O. DWIGHT (Baker and Scribner), is a modest narrative of missionary operations among the Armenians of Turkey, in which the author was personally engaged for a series of several years. The volume describes many interesting features of Oriental life, and presents a vivid picture of the toils and sacrifices by which a new impulse was given to the progress of Christianity in the East. The suggestions of the author with regard to the prosecution of the missionary enterprise are characterized by earnestness and good sense, but they are sometimes protracted to so great an extent as to become tedious to the general reader.

Grahame; or, Youth and Manhood (Baker and Scribner), is the title of a new romance by the author of *Talbot and Vernon*, displaying a natural facility for picturesque writing in numerous isolated passages, but destitute of the sustained vigor and inventive skill which would place it in the highest rank of fictitious composition. The scene, which is frequently shifted, without sufficient regard to the locomotive faculties of the reader, betrays occasional inaccuracies and anachronisms, showing the hand of a writer who has not gained a perfect mastery of his materials. Like the previous work of the same author, the novel is intended to support a certain didactic principle, but for the accomplishment of this purpose, recourse is had to an awkward and improbable plot, many of the details of which are, in a high degree, unnatural, and often grossly revolting. The pure intentions of the writer redeem his work from the charge of immorality, but do not set aside the objections, in an artistic point of view, which arise from the primary incidents on which the story is founded. Still, we are bound to confess, that the novel, as a whole, indicates a freshness and fervor of feeling, a ready perception of the multifarious aspects of character and society, a lively appreciation of natural beauty, and a racy vigor of expression, which produce a strong conviction of the ability of the author, and awaken the hope that the more mature offerings of his genius may be contributions of sterling value to our native literature.

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George Castriot, surnamed Scandeborg, King of Albania, by CLEMENT C. MOORE (D. Appleton and Co.), is an agreeable piece of biography, which owes its interest no less to the simplicity and excellent taste of the narrative, than to the romantic adventures of its subject. Castriot was a hero of the fifteenth century, who gained a wide renown for his exploits in the warfare of the Christians against the Turks, as well as for the noble and attractive qualities of his private character. Dr. Moore has made free use of one of the early chronicles, in the construction of his narrative, and exhibits rare skill in clothing the events in a modern costume, while he retains certain quaint and expressive touches of the antique.

George P. Putnam has issued the second volume of *The Leather Stocking Tales*, by J. FENIMORE COOPER, in the author's revised edition, containing *The Last of the Mohicans*, to which characteristic and powerful work Mr. Cooper is so largely indebted for his world-wide reputation. He will lose nothing by the reprint of these masterly Tales, as they will introduce him to a new circle of younger readers, while the enthusiasm of his old admirers can not fail to be increased with every fresh perusal of the experiences of the inimitable Leather Stocking.

C.M. Saxton has published a neat edition of Professor JOHNSTON'S *Lectures on the Relations of Science and Agriculture*, which produced a very favorable impression when delivered before the New York State Agricultural Society, and the Members of the Legislature, in the month of January last. Among the subjects discussed in this volume, are the relations of physical geography, of geology, and mineralogy, of botany, vegetable physiology, and zoology to practical agriculture; the connection of chemistry with the practical improvement of the soil, and with the principles of vegetable and animal growth; and the influence of scientific knowledge on the general elevation of the agricultural classes. These lectures present a lucid exposition of the latest discoveries in agricultural chemistry, and it is stated by competent judges, that their practical adaptation to the business of the farmer will gain the confidence of every cultivator of the soil by whom they are perused.

An elaborate work from the pen of a native Jew, entitled *A Descriptive Geography of Palestine*, by RABBI JOSEPH SCHWARTZ, has been translated from the Hebrew by ISAAC LEESER, and published by A. Hart, Philadelphia. The author, who resided for sixteen years in the Holy Land, claims to have possessed peculiar advantages for the preparation of a work on this subject, in his knowledge of the languages necessary for successful discovery, and in the results of personal observations

continued for several years with uncommon zeal and assiduity. The volume is handsomely embellished with maps and pictorial illustrations, the latter from the hand of a Jewish artist, and appears, in all respects, to be well adapted to the race, for whose use it is especially intended.

The Life of Commodore Talbot, by HENRY T. TUCKERMAN (New York, J.C. Riker), was originally intended for the series of American Biography, edited by President Sparks, but on the suspension of that work, was prepared for publication in a separate volume. Commodore Talbot was born in Bristol county, Massachusetts, and at an early age commenced a seafaring life in the coasting trade, between Rhode Island and the Southern States. Soon after the breaking out of the Revolution—having been present at the siege of Boston as a volunteer—he offered his services to General Washington, and was at once employed in the discharge of arduous and responsible duties. At a subsequent period, after having distinguished himself by various exploits of almost reckless valor, he received a commission as Captain in the Navy of the United States. His death took place in 1813, in the city of New York, and his remains were interred under Trinity Church. Mr. Tuckerman has gathered up, with commendable industry, the facts in his career, which had almost faded from the memory, and rescued from oblivion the name of a brave commander and devoted patriot. The biography abounds with interesting incidents, which, as presented in the flowing and graceful narrative of the author, richly reward perusal, as well as present the character of the subject in a very attractive light. Several pleasing episodes are introduced in the course of the volume, which relieve it from all tendency to dryness and monotony.

The Quarterlies for October.—The first on our table is *The American Biblical Repository*, edited by J.M. SHERWOOD (New York), commencing with an article on "The Hebrew Theocracy," by Rev. E.C. Wines, which presents, in a condensed form, the views which have been brought before the public by that gentleman in his popular lectures on Jewish Polity. "The Position of the Christian Scholar" is discussed in a sound and substantial essay, by Rev. Albert Barnes. Dyer's "Life of Calvin" receives a summary condemnation at the hands of a sturdy advocate of the Five Points. Professor Tayler Lewis contributes a learned dissertation on the "Names for Soul" among the Hebrews, as an argument for the immortality of the soul. Other articles are on Lucian's "de Morte Peregrini," "The Relations of the Church to the Young," "The Harmony of Science and Revelation," and "Secular and Christian Civilization." The number closes with several "Literary and Critical Notices," written, for the most part, with ability and fairness, though occasionally betraying the influence of strong theological predilections.

The North American Review sustains the character for learned disquisition, superficial elegance, and freedom from progressive and liberal ideas, which have formed its principal distinction under the administration of its present editor. This venerable periodical, now in its thirty-eighth year, has been, in some sense, identified with the history of American literature, although it can by no means be regarded as an exponent of its present aspect and tendencies. It belongs essentially to a past age, and shows no sympathy with the earnest, aspiring, and aggressive traits of the American character. Indeed its spirit is more in accordance with the timid and selfish conservatism of Europe, than with the free, bold, and hopeful temperament of our Republic. The subjects to which the present number is mainly devoted, as well as the manner in which they are treated, indicate the peculiar tastes of the Review, and give a fair specimen of its recent average character. The principal articles are on "Mahomet and his Successors," "The Navigation of the Ancients," "Slavic Language and Literature," "Cumming's Hunter's Life," "The Homeric Question," all of which are chiefly made up from the works under review, presenting admirable models of tasteful compilation and abridgment, but singularly destitute of originality, freshness, and point. An article on "Everett's Orations" pays an appreciative tribute to the literary and rhetorical merits of that eminent scholar. "The Works of John Adams" receive an appropriate notice. "Furness's History of Jesus" is reviewed in a feeble and shallow style, unworthy the magnitude of the heresy attacked, and the number closes with a clever summary of "Laing's Observations on Europe," and one or two "Critical Notices."

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The *Methodist Quarterly Review* opens with a second paper on "Morell's Philosophy of Religion," in which the positions of that writer are submitted to a severe logical examination. The conclusions of the reviewer may be learned from the passage which closes the article. "We believe Mr. Morell to be a sincere and earnest man, one who reverences Christianity, and really desires its advancement, but we also believe that for this very reason his influence may be the more pernicious; for in attempting to make a compromise with the enemies of truth, he has compromised truth itself; and in abandoning what he deemed mere antiquated outposts to the foe, he has surrendered the very citadel." The next article is a profound and learned statement of the "Latest Results of Ethnology," translated from the German of Dr. G.L. KRIECK. This is followed by a discussion of the character of John Calvin, as a scholar, a theologian, and a reformer. The writer commends the manifest impartiality of Dyer's "Life of Calvin," although he believes that it will not be popular with the "blind admirers of the Genevan Reformer, and that the Roman Catholics, as in duty bound, will prefer the caricature of Monsieur Audin." "The Church and China," "Bishop Warburton," and "California," are the subjects of able articles, and the number closes with a variety of short reviews, miscellanies, and intelligence. The last named department is not so rich in the present number, as we usually find it, owing probably to the absence of Prof. M'Clintock in Europe, whose cultivated taste, comprehensive learning, and literary vigilance admirably qualify him to give a record of intellectual progress in every civilized country, such as we look for in vain in any contemporary periodical.

The Christian Review is a model of religious periodical literature, not exclusively devoted to theological subjects, but discussing the leading questions of the day, political, social, and literary,

in addition to those belonging to its peculiar sphere, from a Christian point of view, and almost uniformly with great learning, vigor, profoundness, and urbanity, and always with good taste and exemplary candor. The present number has a large proportion of articles of universal interest, among which we may refer to those on "Socialism in the United States," and "The Territories on the Pacific," as presenting a succinct view of the subjects treated of, and valuable no less for the important information they present, than for the clearness and strength with which the positions of the writers are sustained. The first of these articles is from the pen of Rev. Samuel Osgood, minister of the Church of the Messiah, in this city, and the other is by Prof. W. Gammel, of Brown University. "The Confessions of Saint Augustine," "The Apostolical Constitutions," "Philosophical Theology," and a critical examination of the passage in Joshua describing the miracle of the sun standing still, are more especially attractive to the theological reader, while a brilliant and original essay on "Spirit and Form," by Rev. Mr. Turnbull, can not fail to draw the attention of the lovers of æsthetic disquisition. The brief sketches of President Taylor and of Neander are written with judgment and ability, and the "Notices of New Publications" give a well-digested survey of the current literature of the last three months. The diligence and zeal exhibited in this department, both by the Christian Review and the Methodist Quarterly present a favorable contrast to the disgraceful poverty of the North American in a branch which was admirably sustained under the editorship of President Sparks and Dr. Palfrey.

Brownson's Quarterly is characterized by the extravagance of statement, the rash and sweeping criticisms, and the ecclesiastical exclusiveness for which it has obtained an unenviable preeminence. Its principal articles are on "Gioberti," "The Confessional," "Dana's Poems and Prose Writings," and the "Cuban Expedition." Some inferences may be drawn as to the Editor's taste in poetry from his remarks on Tennyson, in whom he "can discover no other merit than harmonious verse and a little namby-pamby sentiment." He strikes the discriminating reviewer as "a man of feeble intellect," and "a poet for puny transcendentalists, beardless boys, and miss in her teens."

Fashions for November.

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FIG. 1.—PROMENADE AND CARRIAGE COSTUMES.

As the cold weather approaches, different shades of brown, dust color, green, and other grave hues, predominate, diversified with pink, blue, lilac, and purple. The beautiful season of the Indian Summer, which prevails with us in November, allows the use of out-of-door costume, of a character similar to that of September, the temperature being too high to require cloaks or pelises. Bonnets composed of Leghorn and fancy straws, are appropriate for the season. They are trimmed with *nœuds* of pink, straw color, and white silk, which are used to decorate Florence

straws. These are ornamented, in the interior, with *mancini*, or bunches of harebells, heaths, and jacinths, intermixed with rose-buds and light foliage. There are plain and simple *pailles de riz*, having no other ornament than a kind of *nœud* of white silk, placed at the side, and the interior of the front lined with pink or white *tulle*, and clusters of jacinths, tuberoses, and rose-buds, forming a most charming *mélange*. Fancy straws, called *paille de Lausanne*, are very fashionable abroad, resembling embroideries of straw, and trimmed with a bouquet of the wild red poppies, half blown, while those which are placed next the face are of a softer hue, with strings of straw colored silk ribbon.

FIG. 1 represents a graceful afternoon promenade costume, and a carriage costume. The figure on the left shows the promenade costume. The dress is made quite plain, with low body and long sleeves, with cuffs of plain full muslin; chemisette of lace, reaching to the throat, and finished with a narrow row encircling the neck. *Pardessus* of silk or satin, trimmed in an elegant manner, with lace of the same color, three rows of which encircle the lower part, and two rows the half long sleeves. These rows are of broader lace than the rows placed on either side of the front of the *pardessus*. Drawn white crape bonnet, decorated with small straw colored flowers, both in the interior and on the exterior.

The figure on the right shows the carriage costume. It is a dress of pale pink *poult de soié*; the corsage, high on the shoulders, opens a little in the front. It has a small cape, falling deep at the back, and narrowing toward the point, pinked at the edge; the waist and point long; the sleeves reach but a very little below the elbow, and are finished with broad lace ruffles. The skirt has three deep scalloped flounces, a beautiful spray of leaves being embroidered in each scallop. Manteau of India muslin, trimmed with a broad frill, the embroidering of which corresponds with the flowers of the dress. The bonnet of *paille de riz*; trimmed inside and out with bunches of roses; the form very open. There are others of the same delicate description, lined with pink *tulle*, and decorated with tips of small feathers, shaded pink and white, or terminated with tips of pink *marabout*.



FIG. 2.—MORNING COSTUME.

FIG. 2 represents a morning costume. Dress high, with a small ruffle and silk cravat. The material is plain *mousseline de soié*, white, with a small frill protruding from the slightly open front. The body is full, and the skirt has a broad figured green stripe. Sleeves full and demi-long, with broad lace ruffles. The skirt is very full, and has three deep flounces.



FIG. 3.—OPERA COSTUME.

FIG. 3 is a plain, and very neat costume for the opera. The body, composed of blue or green silk, satin, or velvet, fits closely.

The sleeves are also tight to the elbows, when they enlarge and are turned over, exhibiting a rich lining of pink or orange, with scalloped edges. The corsage is open in front, and turned over, with a collar, made of material like that of the sleeves, and also scalloped. Chemisette of lace, finished at the throat with a full band and *petite* ruffle. Figures 2 and 3 show patterns of the extremely simple CAPS now in fashion; simple, both in their form and the manner in which they are trimmed. Those for young ladies partake mostly of the lappet form, simply decorated with a pretty *nœud* of ribbon, from which droop graceful streamers of the same, or confined on each side the head with half-wreaths of the wild rose, or some other very light flower. Those intended for ladies of a more advanced age are of a *petit* round form, and composed of a perfect cloud of *gaze*, or *tulle*, intermixed with flowers.

TRAVELING DRESSES are principally composed of *foulard coutit*, or of flowered jaconets, with the *cassaquette* of the same material. Plain cachmires are also much used, because they are not liable to crease. They are generally accompanied by *pardessus* of the same material. When the dress is of a sombre hue, the trimmings are of a different color, so as to enliven and enrich them. The skirts are made quite plain, but very long and of a moderate breadth; the bodies high and plain, and embroidered up the fronts.

- [1] This sketch of Revolutionary scenes and incidents in and about Boston, is part of an unpublished chapter from LOSSING'S "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution," now in course of publication by Harper and Brothers.
- [2] The following is a copy of the inscription:

HERE,
On the 19th of April, 1775,
was made the first forcible resistance to
BRITISH AGGRESSION.
On the opposite bank stood the American
militia, and on this spot the first of the enemy fell
in the WAR OF THE REVOLUTION,
which gave Independence to these United States.
In gratitude to God, and in the love of Freedom,
This Monument was erected,
A.D. 1836.

- [3] The following is a copy of the inscription:
- "Sacred to the Liberty and the Rights of Mankind!!! The Freedom and Independence of America—sealed and defended with the blood of her sons—This Monument is erected by the Inhabitants of Lexington, under the patronage and at the expense of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the memory of their Fellow-citizens, Ensign Robert Monroe, Messrs. Jonas Parker, Samuel Hadley, Jonathan Harrington, jun., Isaac Muzzy, Caleb Harrington, and John Brown, of Lexington, and Asahel Porter, of Woburn, who fell on this Field, the first victims of the Sword of British Tyranny and Oppression, on the morning of the ever-memorable Nineteenth of April, An. Dom. 1775. The Die was Cast!!! The blood of these Martyrs in the Cause of God and their Country was the Cement of the Union of these States, then Colonies, and gave the Spring to the Spirit, Firmness, and Resolution of their Fellow-citizens. They rose as one man to revenge their Brethren's blood, and at the point of the Sword to assert and defend their native Rights. They nobly dared to be Free!!! The contest was long, bloody, and affecting. Righteous Heaven approved the Solemn Appeal; Victory crowned their Arms, and the Peace, Liberty, and Independence of the United States of America was their glorious Reward. Built in the year 1799."
- [4] This view is from the Concord Road, looking eastward, and shows a portion of the inclosure of the Green. The distant building seen on the right is the old "Buckman Tavern." It now belongs to Mrs. Merriam, and exhibits many scars made by the bullets on the morning of the skirmish.
- [5] The seventy-fifth anniversary of the battles of Lexington and Concord was celebrated at the latter place on the 19th of April, 1850. In the procession was a carriage containing these venerable brothers, aged, respectively, nearly ninety-one and ninety-three; Amos Baker, of Lincoln, aged ninety-four; Thomas Hill, of Danvers, aged ninety-two; and Dr. Preston, of Billerica, aged eighty-eight. The Honorable Edward Everett, among others, made a speech on the occasion, in which he very happily remarked, that "it pleased his heart to see those venerable men beside him; and he was very much pleased to assist Mr. Jonathan Harrington to put on his top coat a few minutes ago. In doing so, he was ready to say, with the eminent man of old, 'Very pleasant art thou to me, my brother Jonathan!'"
- [6] Records of Harvard College.
- [7] Phillis wrote a letter to General Washington in October, 1775, in which she inclosed a poem eulogistic of his character. In February following the general answered it. I give a copy of his letter, in illustration of the excellence of the mind and heart of that great man, always so kind and courteous to the most humble, even when pressed with arduous public duties.

"Cambridge, February 28, 1776.

"MISS PHILLIS—Your favor of the 26th of October did not reach my hands till the middle of December. Time enough, you will say, to have given an answer ere this. Granted. But a variety of important occurrences, continually interposing to distract the mind and withdraw the attention, I hope will apologize for the delay, and plead my excuse for the seeming but not real neglect. I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me in the elegant lines you inclosed; and however undeserving I may be of such encomium and panegyric, the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents; in honor of which, and as a tribute justly due to you, I would have published the poem, had I not been apprehensive that, while I only meant to give the world this new instance of your genius, I might have incurred the imputation of vanity. This, and nothing else, determined me not to give it a place in the public prints. If you should ever come to Cambridge, or near head-quarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favored by the Muses, and to whom nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations. I am, with great respect, your obedient, humble servant,
GEO.
WASHINGTON."

- [8] This is from a pencil sketch by Mr. Longfellow. I am also indebted to him for the facsimile of the autograph of the Baroness of Riedesel. It will be perceived that the *i* is placed before the *e* in spelling the name. It is generally given with the *e* first, which is according to the orthography in Burgoyne's *State of the Expedition*, &c., wherein I supposed it was spelled correctly. This autograph shows it to be erroneous.
- [9] She thus writes respecting her removal from a peasant's house on Winter Hill to Cambridge, and her residence there:

"We passed three weeks in this place, and were then transferred to Cambridge, where we were lodged in one of the best houses of the place, which belonged to Royalists. Seven families, who were connected by relationship, or lived in great intimacy, had here farms, gardens, and splendid mansions, and not far off, orchards, and the buildings were at a quarter of a mile distant from each other. The owners had been in the habit of assembling every afternoon in one or another of these houses, and of diverting themselves with music or dancing, and lived in affluence, in good humor, and without care, until this unfortunate war at once dispersed them, and transformed all their houses into solitary abodes, except two, the proprietors of which were also soon obliged to make their escape....

"On the 3d of June, 1778, I gave a ball and supper, in celebration of my husband's birthday. I had invited all our generals and officers and Mr. and Mrs. Carter. General Burgoyne sent us an apology, after he had made us wait for him till eight o'clock. He had always some excuse for not visiting us, until he was about departing for England, when he came and made me many apologies, to which I made no other reply than that I should be extremely sorry if he had put himself to any inconvenience for our sake. The dance lasted long, and we had an excellent supper, to which more than eighty persons sat down. Our yard and garden were illuminated. The king's birth-day falling on the next day, it was resolved that the company should not separate before his Majesty's health was drank; which was done, with feelings of the liveliest attachment to his person and interests. Never, I believe, was 'God Save the King' sung with more enthusiasm, or with feelings more sincere. Our two eldest girls were brought into the room to see the illumination. We were all deeply moved, and proud to have the courage to display such sentiments in the midst of our enemies. Even Mr. Carter could not forbear participating in our enthusiasm." Mr. Carter was the son-in-law of General Schuyler. Remembering the kindness which she had received from that gentleman while in Albany, the baroness sought out Mr. and Mrs. Carter (who were living in Boston), on her arrival at Cambridge. "Mrs. Carter," she says, "resembled her parents in mildness and goodness of heart, but her husband was revengeful and false." The patriotic zeal of Mr. Carter had given rise to foolish stories respecting him. "They seemed to feel much friendship for us," says Madame De Riedesel; "though, at the same time, this wicked Mr. Carter, in consequence of General Howe's having burned several villages and small towns, suggested to his countrymen to cut off our generals' heads, to pickle them, and to put them in small barrels, and, as often as the English should again burn a village, to send them one of these barrels; but that cruelty was not adopted."—*Letters and Memoire relating to the War of American Independence, by Madame De Riedesel.*

[10] This monument stands in the centre of the grounds included within the breast-works of the old redoubt on Breed's Hill. Its sides are precisely parallel with those of the redoubt. It is built of Quincy granite, and is two hundred and twenty-one feet in height. The foundation is composed of six courses of stone, and extends twelve feet below the surface of the ground and base of the shaft. The four sides of the foundation extend about fifty feet horizontally. There are in the whole pile ninety courses of stone, six of them below the surface of the ground, and eighty-four above. The foundation is laid in lime mortar; the other parts of the structure in lime mortar mixed with cinders, iron filings, and Springfield hydraulic cement. The base of the obelisk is thirty feet square; at the spring of the apex, fifteen feet. Inside of the shaft is a round, hollow cone, the outside diameter of which, at the bottom, is ten feet, and at the top, six feet. Around this inner shaft winds a spiral flight of stone steps, two hundred and ninety-five in number. In both the cone and shaft are numerous little apertures for the purposes of ventilation and light. The observatory or chamber at the top of the monument is seventeen feet in height and eleven feet in diameter. It has four windows, one on each side, which are provided with iron shutters. The cap-piece of the apex is a single stone, three feet six inches in thickness and four feet square at its base. It weighs two and a half tons.

Almost fifty years had elapsed from the time of the battle before a movement was made to erect a commemorative monument on Breed's Hill. An association for the purpose was founded in 1824; and to give eclat to the transaction, and to excite enthusiasm in favor of the work, General La Fayette, then "the nation's guest," was invited to lay the corner-stone. Accordingly, on the 17th of June, 1825, the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, that revered patriot performed the interesting ceremony, and the Honorable Daniel Webster pronounced an oration on the occasion, in the midst of an immense concourse of people. Forty survivors of the battle were present; and on no occasion did La Fayette meet so many of his fellow-soldiers in our Revolution as at that time. The *plan* of the monument was not then decided upon; but one by Solomon Willard, of Boston, having been approved, the present structure was commenced, in 1827, by James Savage, of the same city. In the course of a little more than a year, the work was suspended on account of a want of funds, about fifty-six thousand dollars having then been collected and expended. The work was resumed in 1834, and again suspended, within a year, for the same cause, about twenty thousand dollars more having been expended. In 1840, the ladies moved in the matter. A fair was announced to be held in Boston, and every female in the United States was invited to contribute some production of her own hands to the exhibition. The fair was held at Faneuil Hall in September, 1840. The proceeds amounted to sufficient, in connection with some private donations, to complete the structure, and within a few weeks subsequently, a contract was made with Mr. Savage to finish it for forty-three thousand dollars. The last stone of the apex was raised at about six o'clock on the morning of the 23d of July, 1842. Edward Carnes, Jr., of Charlestown, accompanied its ascent, waving the American flag as he went up, while the interesting event was announced to the surrounding country by the roar of cannon. On the 17th of June, 1843, the monument was dedicated, on which occasion the Honorable Daniel Webster was again the orator, and vast was the audience of citizens and military assembled there. The President of the United States (Mr. Tyler), and his whole cabinet, were present.

In the top of the monument are two cannons, named, respectively, "Hancock" and

"Adams," which formerly belonged to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. The "Adams" was burst by them in firing a salute. The following is the inscription upon the two guns:

"SACRED TO LIBERTY.

"This is one of four cannons which constituted the whole train of field artillery possessed by the British colonies of North America at the commencement of the war, on the 19th of April, 1775. This cannon and its fellow, belonging to a number of citizens of Boston, were used in many engagements during the war. The other two, the property of the government of Massachusetts, were taken by the enemy.

"By order of the United States in Congress assembled, May 19th, 1788."

- [11] When I visited Boston, in 1848, it was estimated that two hundred and thirty trains of cars went daily over the roads to and from Boston, and that more than six millions of passengers were conveyed in them during the preceding year.
- [12] Job, xxxix. 24, 25.
- [13] This is a picture of Chantrey's statue, which is made of Italian marble, and cost fifteen thousand dollars.
- [14] On some old maps of Boston it is called *Corpse Hill*, the name supposed to have been derived from the circumstance of a burying-ground being there.
- [15] The following is the inscription upon the slate tablet: "The Reverend Doctors Increase, Cotton, and Samuel Mather were interred in this vault.

INCREASE died August 27, 1723, Æ. 84.
COTTON " Feb. 13, 1727, " 65.
SAMUEL " Jan. 27, 1785, " 79.

- [16] This society was incorporated in February, 1794. The avowed object of its organization is to collect, preserve, and communicate materials for a complete history of this country, and an account of all valuable efforts of human industry and ingenuity from the beginning of its settlement. Between twenty and thirty octavo volumes of its "Collections" have been published.
- [17] From ABBOTT'S "History of Madame Roland," soon to be issued from the press of Harper & Brothers.
- [18] From "*The Island World*," a new work soon to be issued from the press of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.
- [19] Anne Dysart, a Tale of Every-day Life. 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.
- [20] Bad orthography was by no means uncommon in the most important documents at that period; the days of the week, in the day-books of the Bank of England itself, are spelled in a variety of ways.
- [21] Francis's History of the Bank of England.
- [22] Dr. Buckland
- [23] The theory of the original incandescence of the earth has been much debated, but we believe it is gaining ground among geologists.
- [24] From MAYHEW'S Treatise on "Popular Education," soon to be issued from the press of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.
- [25] ALTON LOCKE, Tailor and Poet—An Autobiography. In the press of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.
- [26] Another slang word for the guillotine.

Transcriber's Notes:

Obvious punctuation errors have been repaired, other punctuations have been left as printed in the paper book.

Obvious printer's errors have been repaired, other inconsistent spellings have been kept, including:

- use of hyphen (e.g. "birth-day" and "birthday");
- any other inconsistent spellings (e.g. "panel" and "pannel").

Following proper names have been corrected:

- Pg 728, "Fanueil" corrected to be "Faneuil" (Faneuil Hall).
- Pg 773, "Hazledeans" corrected to be "Hazeldeans" (The Hazeldeans in chorus) and "Higgingbotham's" corrected to be "Higginbotham's" (Captain Higginbotham's lead).
- Pg 800, "Agatha mother's" corrected to be "Agatha's mother" (found Agatha's mother alone).
- Pg 846, "tartantula" corrected to be "tarantula" (bite of a tarantula).
- Pg 860, "Lowz" corrected to be "Lonz" (Lonz Powers).
- Pg 860, "Miniffee" corrected to be "Minifie" (Wm. Minifie and Co.).

Following corrections are by removal or addition of a word:

- Pg 723, word "by" removed (surrounded by [by] tall trees).
- Pg 781, word "in" added (and in spite of).
- Pg 801, word "I" added (that I was not sorry).
- Pg 855, word "are" removed (there are [are] thirty-two).

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO. VI, NOVEMBER 1850, VOL. I ***

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