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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME V.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1852.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE closes its Fifth Semi-annual Volume with a circulation of more than One Hundred Thousand copies. The Publishers have spared neither labor nor expense to render it the most attractive Magazine of General Literature ever offered to the public; and they confidently present this Volume as evidence that their efforts to add to the value and interest of the work have kept pace with the increase of its circulation.

Special arrangements have been made, and will continue to be made, to render the next Volume still more worthy of public favor than its predecessor has been. The abundant facilities at the command of the Publishers insure an unlimited field for the choice and selection of material, while the ample space within the pages of the Magazine enables the Editors to present matter suited to every variety of taste and mood of the reading community. The Pictorial Illustrations will maintain the attractive and varied character by which they have been heretofore distinguished, while their number will be still farther increased.

In the general conduct and scope of the Magazine no change is contemplated. Each Number will contain as hitherto:

First.—ORIGINAL ARTICLES by popular American authors, illustrated, whenever the subject demands, by wood-cuts executed in the best style of the art.

Second.—SELECTIONS from the current literature of the day, whether in the form of articles from foreign periodicals or extracts from new books of special interest. This department will include such serial tales by the leading authors of the time, as may be deemed of peculiar interest; but these will not be suffered to interfere with a due degree of variety in the contents of the Magazine.

Third.—A MONTHLY RECORD, presenting an impartial condensed and classified history of the current events of the times.

Fourth.—An EDITOR'S TABLE, devoted to the careful and elaborate discussion of the higher questions of principles and ethics.

Fifth.—An EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR and DRAWER, containing literary and general gossip, the chat of town and country, anecdotes and reminiscences, wit and humor, sentiment and pathos, and whatever,

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in general, belongs to an agreeable and entertaining miscellany.

Sixth.—CRITICAL NOTICES of all the leading books of the day. These will present a fair and candid estimate of the character and value of the works continually brought before the public.

Seventh.—LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, concerning books, authors, art, and whatever is of special interest to cultivated readers.

Eighth.—PICTORIAL COMICALITIES, in which wit and humor will be addressed to the eye; and affectations, follies, and vice, chastised and corrected. The most scrupulous care will be exercised that in this department humor shall not pass into vulgarity, or satire degenerate into abuse.

Ninth.—THE FASHIONS appropriate for the season, with notices of whatever novelties in material or design may make their appearance.

The Publishers here renew the expression of their thanks to the Press and the Public in general, for the favor which has been accorded to the New Monthly Magazine, and solicit such continuance of that favor as the merits of the successive Numbers may deserve.

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AULD ROBIN GRAY

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a' the weary warld to quiet rest are gane;
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown piece, he'd naething else beside,
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, wherefore am I spar'd to cry out, Woe is me!

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me,

THE CONTINUATION.

The wintry days grew lang, my tears they were a' spent;
May be it was despair I fancied was content.
They said my cheek was wan; I cou'dna look to see—
For, oh! the wee bit glass, my Jamie gaed it me.

My father he was sad, my mother dull and wae;
But that which griev'd me maist, it was Auld Robin Gray;
Though ne'er a word he said, his cheek said mair than a',
It wasted like a brae o'er which the torrents fa'.

He gaed into his bed—nae physic wad he take;
And oft he moan'd and said, "It's better for her sake."
At length he look'd upon me, and call'd me his "ain dear,"
And beckon'd round the neighbors, as if his hour drew near.

"I've wrong'd her sair," he said, "but ken't the truth o'er late;
It's grief for that alone that hastens now my date;
But a' is for the best, since death will shortly free
A young and faithful heart that was ill matched wi' me.

"I loo'd, and sought to win her for mony a lang day;
I had her parents' favor, but still she said me nay;
I knew nae Jamie's luv; and oh! it's sair to tell—
To force her to be mine, I steal'd her cow mysel!

"O what cared I for Crummie! I thought of naught but thee,
I thought it was the cow stood 'twixt my luv and me.
While she maintain'd ye a' was you not heard to say,
That you would never marry wi' Auld Robin Gray?

"But sickness in the house, and hunger at the door,
My bairn gied me her hand, although her heart was sore.
I saw her heart was sore—why did I take her hand?
That was a sinfu' deed! to blast a bonnie land.

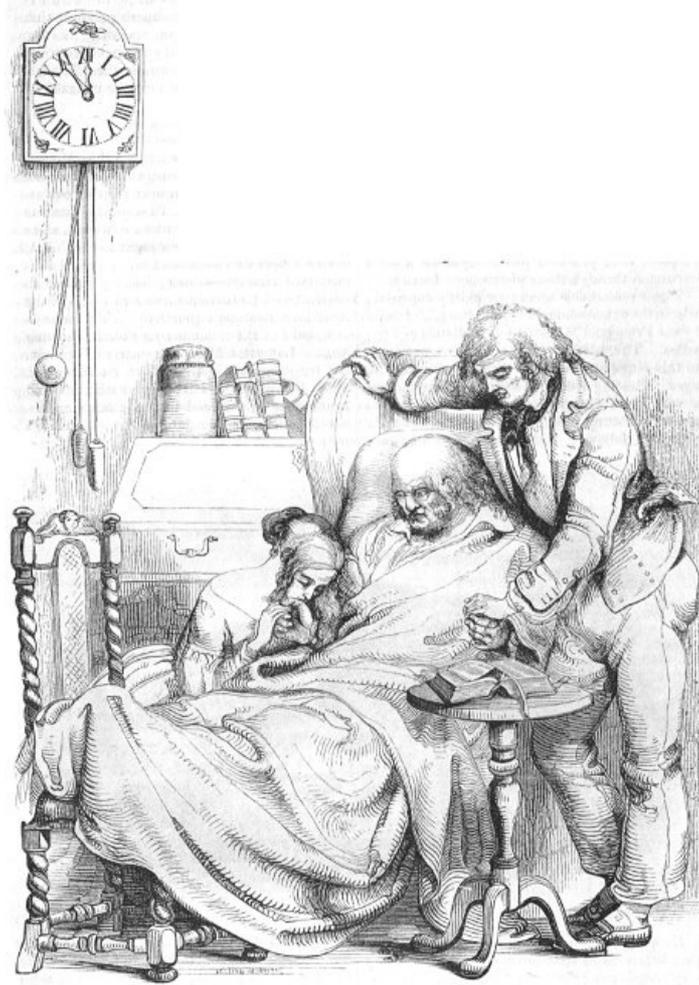
"It was na very lang ere a' did come to light;
For Jamie he came back, and Jenny's cheek grew white.
My spouse's cheek grew white, but true she was to me;
Jenny! I saw it a'—and oh, I'm glad to dee!

"Is Jamie come?" he said, and Jamie by us stood—
"Ye loo each other weel—oh, let me do some good!
I gie you a', young man—my houses, cattle, kine,
And the dear wife hersel, that ne'er should hae been mine."

We kiss'd his clay-cold hands—a smile came o'er his face;
"He's pardon'd," Jamie said, "before the throne o' grace.
Oh, Jenny! see that smile—forgi'en I'm sure is he,
Wha could withstand temptation when hoping to win thee?"

The days at first were dowie; but what was sad and sair,
While tears were in my ee, I kent mysel nae mair;
For, oh! my heart was light as ony bird that flew,
And, wae as a' thing was, it had a kindly hue.

But sweeter shines the sun than e'er he shone before,
For now I'm Jamie's wife, and what need I say more?
We hae a wee bit bairn—the auld folks by the fire—
And Jamie, oh! he loo's me up to my heart's desire.



THE SUMMER TOURIST.—SCENERY OF THE FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS, N.H.

[Pg 4]

BY WILLIAM M'LEOD.

The approach of summer will turn the thoughts and steps of thousands toward those sections of our wide country whose picturesque beauty makes them ample amends for comparative sterility of soil and poverty of population. New Hampshire, with due allowance for the exaggerations of patriotism, may well be styled the Switzerland of America; and, although they are inferior in magnificent sublimity to the regal Alps, few tourists through the Northern States would leave the White Mountains unvisited.

Though it forms part of this great chain, the inhabitants of the Franconia range, jealously claim for their hills a separate name, character, and interest, having no connection with the more eminent firm of Washington, Adams, and Co. Like the latter, the Franconians boast a chief to their clan—*Mount Lafayette*, a "Notch," and other important features of a distinct and complete establishment, which combine to make it no mean rival to the great *Patriot Group*. We propose, with pen and pencil, to make a brief excursion through these picturesque localities.

These remarkable scenes are chiefly comprised within the extraordinary defile, or "notch," formed by the Franconia Mountains for a distance of five miles. The northern and southern approaches to this singular pass, have their peculiar advantages. Coming from the south, the tourist, from a very great distance, sees the outlines of its grander features rising far above the beautiful valley he follows; but, perhaps, this long and constantly visible approach, interesting as it is, begets a familiarity that weakens the impression of their sublimity when he finally confronts their more palpable magnificence. Not so with the approach from the north, where the views being more abrupt, shifting, and at times wholly concealed, their effect is the more startling upon the traveler, brought suddenly before them. Thus, in approaching the Franconia Notch from Bethlehem, we shall find the slow ascent of the dull steep hill eastward of that village, to be an excellent preparative for the superb prospect that bursts upon our vision, on reaching its top. Across the Franconia Valley lying beneath us, we see the lofty summits, forming the "Notch," "swell from the vale," and receding in peaks of picturesque irregularity—

"like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land!"

There is no general view in the White Mountains equal to this distant prospect of the Franconia Notch, in respect to picturesque majesty of outline and massive breadth. Descending into the

valley, our road suddenly turns eastward, and as we begin the opposite slow ascent to the *Notch*, the view before us assumes a finely-grouped concentrated character—losing that *diffuseness* so destructive of picturesqueness and point in the American landscape generally. This scene is attempted in the accompanying sketch, showing Mount Lafayette filling the centre of the view, the irregular peaks of the *Notch* on the right, while below, the eye is cheered with the snug farmhouse by the road-side, and other rural accessories charmingly arranged for the artist's purpose.



FRANCONIA NOTCH.

Keeping the grander points of this fine prospect before us as we continue our ascent, every step reveals more distinctly the volcano-like crest and seamed bosom of Lafayette, than which not Washington himself, though five hundred feet taller, presents a form of more august character. Lafayette is not only distinguished over his fellows by his height, but also by the rocky bareness of his peaked summit, that descends with converging rows of ravines and hemlock-topped cliffs into an immense verdant basin presented toward us. In fine weather, the dry rocks of these ravines shine like bars of silver, and after heavy rains they glisten with the torrents disappearing into the vast shadowy basin below.

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No tourist that has made this ascent to the *Notch* during the dog-days, can forget the grateful change of the hot, treeless road, for the shady coolness of the wooded avenue he enters at the top, and through whose green twilight his now recruited steeds drag him merrily for two miles to the *Lafayette House* at the entrance of the Notch. Just before reaching the hotel, we see through the fine birchen groves, skirting our avenue, *Echo Lake*, a small sheet of water of great depth and transparency, the mountainous sides of which clothed with an unbroken forest of dreary hemlock, deprive it of all beauty of *setting*, or of interest aside from its marvelously distinct echoes.

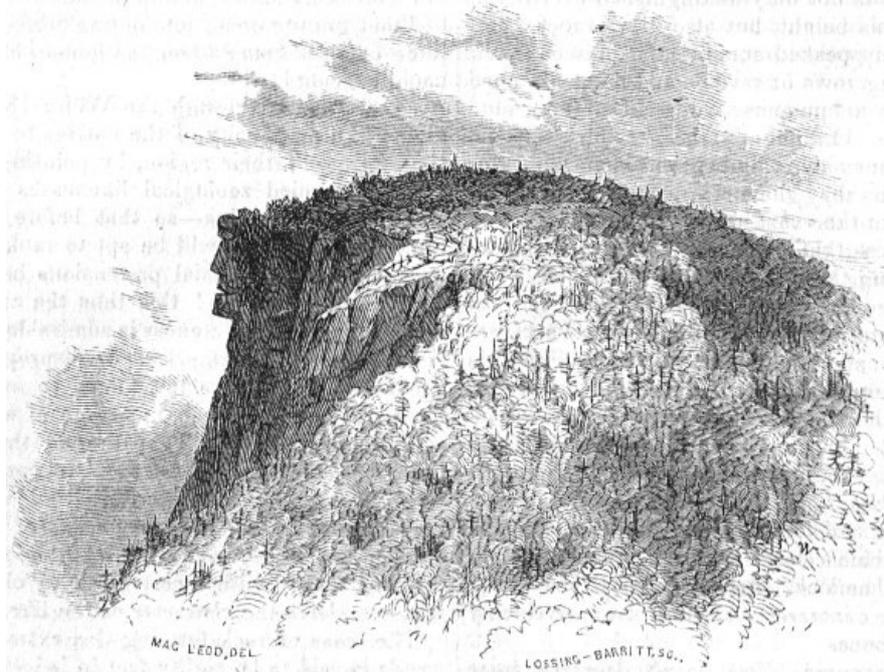
The Franconia *Notch* hardly deserves more than the name of a *pass*—even for its narrowest point near the Lafayette House, where it is about a quarter of a mile in width. It has no such *jaws*—projecting *tusks*, and other palpable signs of violent disrapture, as make the expressive title of "*Notch*" so fitly applied to its great rival in the White Mountains. Still its features are distinctive, and grandly *unique*, and though not so sublimely rugged as those of its rival, they are infinitely more picturesque, and this peculiar difference of character extends to all the scenery lying within the two rival regions. But the wonder and pride of the Franconia Notch is the "*Old Man*" of the Profile Mountain, that forms its western wall, and which, ascending on the north side with a gradual wooded slope, to a height of two thousand feet, abruptly terminates in a perpendicular rocky precipice, five hundred feet high, which in a bare "granite front" extends along the eastern face of the mountain for two miles. An exquisite sheet of water, in size and purity similar to Echo Lake, lies between the mountain and our road, from which through a clearing, we have an admirable view of the mountain, rising wave-like from its lake—its rich rolling groves, overtopped by a pinnacle of rock, like the comb of a breaking billow, and in the fantastic outlines of that granite crest, juts out as perfect an outline of an *old man's head*, as human hand itself could execute!



PROFILE MOUNTAIN.

Every tourist through the White Mountains knows the propensity of the natives to increase the interest of their region, by pointing out all sorts of fancied zoological likenesses in their rocks and mountains—so that before he sees the "*Old Man*," he will be apt to rank him, in advance, with the facial pretensions he has already seen. But, no! this time the artist has made a hit, and the likeness is admirable. There is nothing vague, imperfect, or disproportioned about him. You are not forced to *imagine* a brow to the nose, or go in search of a chin to support the mouth. They are all there!—a bent, heavy brow, not stern, but earnest—a straight, sharp nose—lips thin and with the very weakness of extreme senility in their pinched-up lines—and a chin, long and massive, thrown forward with a certain air of obstinacy, that completes the character of the likeness!

The mass of rock forming this extraordinary profile is said to be eighty feet in height; is fifteen hundred feet above the lake, and about half a mile from a spectator in the road—from which point it appears to be at the top of the mountain though it is really five hundred feet below the summit. The "*Old Man*" does not change his countenance under the closest scrutiny of the spy-glass, constantly leveled at him by the starers "beneath his notice." Under such inspection the likeness loses none of its human character, though the cheeks of the veteran appear woefully cut-up and scarred. But it seems rude to peer thus impertinently into the wrinkles and "crow's-feet" of his grim visage that has faced, perhaps, centuries of sun and tempest. Nor is it advisable to take your first look at him when the sun lights up the chasms of his granite cheek, and the cavernous mystery of his bent brow. Go to him when in the solemn light of evening the mountain heaves up from the darkening lake its vast wave of luxuriant foliage—sit on one of those rocks by the road-side, and look, if you can, without awe, at the Granite Face hung against the luminous sky—human in its lineaments—supernatural in size and position—weird-like in its shadowy mystery, but its sharp outline wearing an expression of mortal sadness that gives it the most fascinating interest! If this singular profile has existed long enough, it must have been an object of veneration to the aborigines. Mr. Oakes, in his *White Mountain Scenery*, says it was first publicly made known to the whites only as far back as forty years ago. It is curious to observe the odd changes of the profile, as we advance or recede along the road. Now it resembles an old woman—now it flattens like a negro's face, and now its nose presents an "eagle-beak," like the Duke of Wellington's! A peculiar feature of beauty in the Profile Mountain is the rare luxuriance of its forest of birch and beech, with an occasional hemlock rising spire-like from its groves. The "*Old Man*" has a remarkable echo, with which (after a becoming deliberate pause) he will *retort* every appeal, grave, quizzical, and sentimental that may be shouted up to him by the gay idlers on the lake side.



THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

On the opposite side of the Notch, and immediately overhanging the hotel, a tremendous cliff is separated from the crest of the mountain by a huge chasm, and with its numerous jagged and splintered rocks, seems every moment about to topple down. This is the famous *Eagle Cliff*—so called from a pair of eagles having made their habitation a few seasons since on its topmost crag; and a prouder eyry for that majestic bird can not be imagined. It is this noble cliff, with its adjacent craggy peaks, that furnishes that picturesque irregularity of outline we have already described as peculiar to the Franconia Notch, and which is visible for such a great distance to the traveler coming either from the north or south. The latter approach, however, furnishes the finest view of Eagle Cliff. When within a mile of it, its stupendous crags fill up the centre of the view above the road before us, and the luxuriant birches on either side form a graceful framework, whose light airy boughs contrast finely with the massive riven cliff they inclose. In the evening, when the sun's rays are withdrawn from the valley below, and the rosy light falls alone on its rocky crags, vividly relieved by the broad shadows of its chasm, Eagle Cliff forms indeed a worthy *pendant* to the "Old Man" over the way. The accompanying sketch is taken from this point in the road, to the left of which is seen a portion of the exquisite lake "sweetly slumbering" between these magnificent mountains.

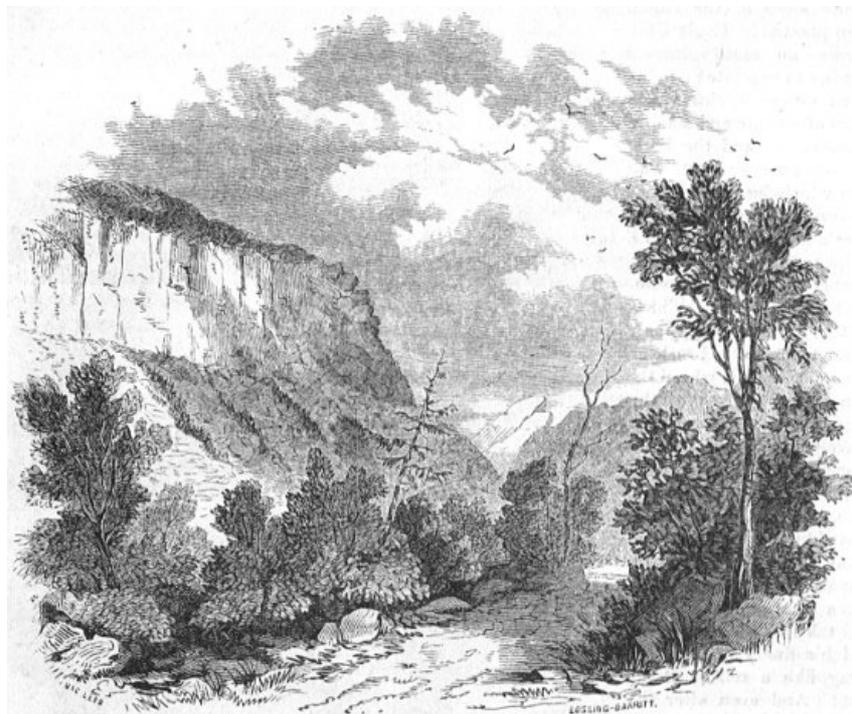
But the glories of the Notch are not fully seen, unless the tourist visit it when that unrivaled colorist, Jack Frost, has lavished upon its foliage the hues of his gorgeous pallet—their tempered brilliancy glowing through the voluptuous haze of autumn! What a singular contrast the opposite sides of the Notch then present! Eagle Cliff allows no motley-dressed dandies to vegetate upon his stern crags—exclusively a mass of granite and sombre evergreens; and the hemlock-covered eastern wall into which he extends, has its funereal vestments only here and there *slashed* with stripes of bright yellow birches that mark the mountain torrents and land-slides. But Frost, the artist, has a fairer field for his brush on the opposite side, where the rich rolling groves of the Profile Mountain present a bravely variegated mantle descending from the very neck of the "Old Man," who, with grim visage, unmoved by so rare "a coat of many colors," seems as indisposed as ever to bend down that obstinate chin and take a look at himself and his finery in the lake lying like a mirror at his feet! And even after the glory of the leaf has passed, it is well worth a trip to see these peaks in their cloudy costume, when the wind howls through the defile with a force shaking the hemlock "moored in the rifted rock," but not silencing the muffled roar of the unseen mountain torrents. Nor as one of the attractions of a late season must be omitted the chance of seeing Lafayette peering with whitened head over his clansmen's shoulders, while perhaps the defile reposes in groves of bright and brilliant foliage. But in spite of splendid foliage, and fresh, bracing weather, but few tourists visit the Franconia Notch when in its heightened glory. The artist, the wood-cutter, and the *partridge* have it chiefly to themselves, and so "mine host" of the Lafayette House shuts up his best rooms, brings from one lake his oars, from the other his swivel, and that other echo-waking instrument—the long *tin horn*, now "hangs silent on the wall," until the hot weather of next summer brings the crowds of travelers who know not *when* to travel. This scant attendance of tourists during the finest season of the year may be attributed to a false impression that because this Notch is confessedly one of the coldest spots in America in winter, it must be disagreeably cold during the early autumn. This is a mistake; the weather there being quite as mild till the close of October as it is in the open lower country.



EAGLE CLIFF.

Proceeding southwardly through the Notch, we find its precipitous walls gradually recede and break up into gently-sloping summits, which, at the distance of five miles, terminate the defile, and debouch into a wide valley, whose great descent proves the great elevation of the defile we are now threading. For two miles we keep in view the Profile Mountain, whose eastern front resembles the Hudson River *Palisades* on a gigantic scale. Nothing can be more imposing than the front it presents—half of it a sheer precipice of bare granite, seamed, ribbed, and riven in every fantastic shape, resting on a sloping mass of broken rock, amid which flourish sturdy rows of evergreens, in spite of the showers of granite from the crumbling crags above—and which foretell the destruction that will inevitably overtake the lineaments of the "Old Man" long before "mighty oceans cease to roar." The annexed sketch will convey some idea of this stupendous front of the Profile Mountain, and also of the best general view of the Notch, which last, unfortunately, does not from any point present its features in sufficient concentration to do justice to their magnitude in detail.

We are now separated from the Profile Mountain by the *Pemigewasset*—a beautiful brook flowing from the lake at the feet of the "Old Man," whose tripping Indian name, though of unknown meaning, in sound, well describes its course of cascades, with which it follows us through the whole length of the defile—now dancing along our path, and now plunging again into the "listening woods," where it "singeth a quiet tune." Four miles from the Notch, it suddenly rushes out to the very edge of our road, and after foaming over several rocky ledges, collects its torn waters, and in a solid jet piercing a narrow fissure of granite, flings itself over into a deep pool, whose extraordinary shape and structure have constituted it the most charming curiosity of these mountains, under the name of *The Basin*. This singular pool is about twenty feet wide, and is inclosed in a circular basin of granite, one half of which rising to a height of fifteen feet, projects over the imprisoned waters. Undoubtedly the way in which the solid jet of the cascade strikes the side of the basin, giving a strong whirling motion to the pool, has gradually excavated the rock in its present regular, mason-like shape. Graceful birches bend over and embower this exquisite pool, that never fails to elicit bursts of delight from visitors first gazing upon its transparent water of the most brilliant emerald, shading off into an intense blue-black, where the cascade strikes its surface. Its greatest depth is about fifteen feet ordinarily, but nearly all the bed of the pool is distinctly visible through its indescribable emerald purity, although its surface is constantly agitated with tiny wavelets. Nature never fashioned such a darling nook as this exquisite Basin, in which Diana might have bathed, and issued purer from its transparent tide! The water escapes from the pool by another narrow fissure in the lower part of its granite rim, a projecting mass of which is said, by the ingenious Mr. Oakes, to resemble the half-immersed "*leg of some Hydropathic Titan!*" There are not wanting those who carry the fancied resemblance still further. At present the delicate beauty and graceful contour of the Basin are impaired and obscured somewhat by a clumsy foot-bridge flung across its curved margin, which, it is to be hoped, the next freshet will sweep away; and in anticipation of such wished-for fate to the unsightly and unnecessary structure, it is omitted in the annexed sketch.



EASTERN FRONT OF PROFILE MOUNTAIN.

A mile below the Basin, and five miles from the Notch, we come to the termination of the defile of the Franconia Mountains. At this point the *Flume House*, kept by Mr. Taft, offers the most admirable accommodations to those who wish to linger in this noble region. From the hotel the tourist can enjoy a magnificent review of the majestic summits he has just passed—the Profile Mountain filling the left of the view with one broad rounded mass, while the right is broken up with a series of pointed peaks, whereof Mount Lafayette and Eagle Cliff are duly prominent. This view of the Notch often assumes strange characteristics. Frequently in stormy weather, when the clouds elsewhere are, flying swiftly, "like cars for gods to travel by," the masses of vapor caught in the "Notch" seem too entangled to escape—nay, seem to lose their very motion between those peaks, while their brethren overhead are scudding past. And often, when the Notch is completely enshrouded in motionless cloudy gloom, we may see the landscape and the heavens north and south of the Notch, reposing in cloudless calm—the "bridal of the earth and sky!" By stepping to the south piazza of Mr. Taft's hotel, the tourist meets a prospect wholly unlike the stern grandeur he has left. He looks down upon the valley into which the defile debouches, and sees its gently sloping hills and glimmering meadows receding in airy perspective, and melting in a strip of tenderest azure at a distance of forty miles. The effect of this beautiful vista upon eyes long fatigued with frowning crags and shadowy ravines is inexpressibly cheering.

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THE BASIN.

Within easy distance of the Flume House we find the three remaining curiosities of the Franconia Mountains. These are the *Pool*, the *Cascade*, and the *Flume*. The first of these is formed by another and heavier cascade on the Pemigewasset, and is but an enlarged idea of the *Basin*, with considerable grandeur, but with none of the fantastic picturesque loveliness of the latter. The *Pool* is very wonderful, but it does not win our affection as does the *Basin*, whose exquisite

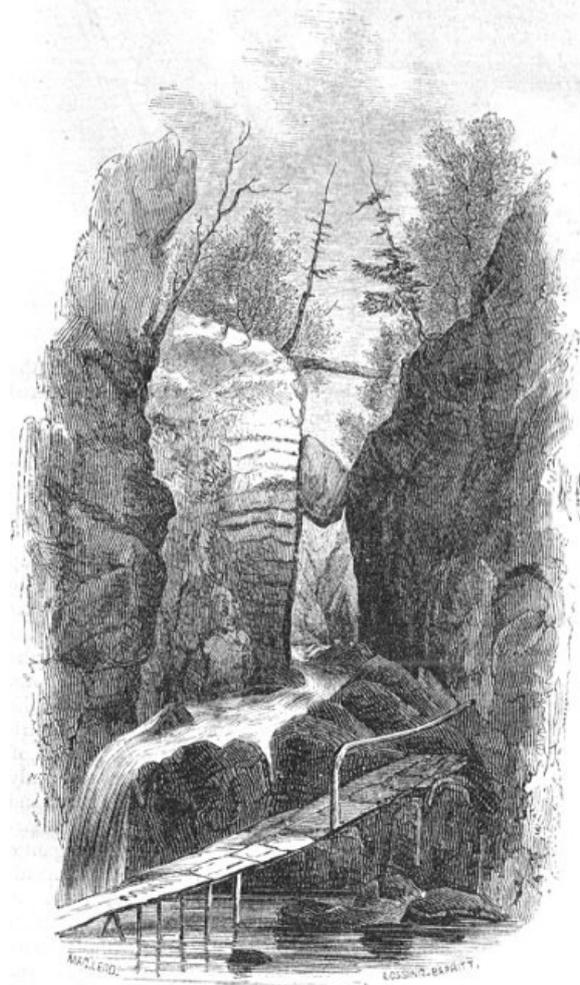
beauties sink with peculiar interest into the traveler's heart that will, long after his return to the grave duties of town, be haunted with the music of its cascade, be illumined with the emerald flash of its crystal waters, and be linked with the memory of the pleasant chance-acquaintances made within the influence of its bewitching loveliness. Will those whose eyes have been gladdened by this choice work of nature, deem our eulogy aught but well-merited enthusiasm?

Crossing the Pemigewasset, and following up one of its little mountain tributaries, we come to the foot of a steep slope some two hundred feet in height, the smooth granite face of which has been washed bare to a width of forty feet by the violent freshets of spring. At ordinary times, merely a thin rivulet slides noiselessly over the slope, here and there leaving little pools whirling round in the shallow basins scooped out of the smooth granite. This is the *Cascade*—only deserving the name when a freshet occurs, and then its heavy volume of water is said to be fearfully sublime, bringing down ice and gigantic trees which, catching in the margin of the smooth bed, are often flung up on end by the force of the current, and momentarily standing erect, then plunge headlong and broken down the terrible declivity. When the stream is low nothing can be gentler than this singular granite slope, fringed with trees. Those ascending to the *Flume*, will be glad to rest awhile on a rustic bench near the top of the slope, and refresh themselves with a draught from the cool stream *sliding* noiselessly past.

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Above the Cascade, the stream is almost hidden among vast rocks and fallen trees of a ravine, becoming deeper, larger, and damper with every step. Crossing and recrossing its numerous little waterfalls by means of rustic bridges, decayed logs, and rocks dripping and hung with the richest moss, we suddenly emerge from the dense wood, and stand in front of a stupendous narrow ravine which, from its fancied resemblance to the *flume* of a mill, has acquired its well-known name.

The *Flume* is about two hundred yards in extent, its greatest height is sixty or seventy feet, and has a general width of about twenty feet. Its smooth sides have been excavated with the most singular evenness, and its bed is littered up with rocky rubbish, over which brawls the mountain brook that leaps into sight at the further end of this remarkable corridor. At that end we find the most wonderful feature of the *Flume*, for there it suddenly contracts to a width of not more than ten feet, and in its jaws holds suspended over the cascade a huge rock twelve feet in height, and which, being undoubtedly a *boulder*, has rolled from above into the chasm, and there been held by its slight excess of breadth—not more than *two inches* at the utmost.



THE FLUME.

There being neither trees, nor shrubs, nor herbage of any sort, save the luxuriant mosses nourished by the eternal moisture, to break the long vista of the Flume, it presents a very novel appearance to the visitor issuing from the dense wood below, and catching a sudden and complete view of its steep, dripping walls, and rocky bed, terminating with the suspended boulder and the Cascade flashing underneath; while the tall hemlocks above the cliffs, shut out all save a small patch of blue sky. Ordinarily the stream is very low, and visitors can not only pick

their way over rocks and logs to the foot of the Cascade, but can clamber over the granite ledges and pass under the suspended boulder that looks as if at any moment it might slip through upon them. This feat of passing under the rock is always a very *damp* one, though during the season, troops of damsels may be seen bravely accomplishing it, scornful of the rock above and the wet below—and doing it too without the confident freedom of the *Bloomer dress*! As the Flume is little penetrated by the sun's rays, the eternal moisture of its depths makes it advisable for those disposed to linger in them, to take abundant extra clothing; fur during the warmest summer-day, when an artist issues from its damp walls after a long siege of its curiosities with canvas and colors, he looks as if he were rehearsing the favorite circus-feat of throwing off multitudinous jackets and vests! By following up the ravine beyond the suspended rock, the visitor can ascend the cliffs overhanging the Flume; and if he or she have nerve enough, a large hemlock fallen across the chasm affords spacious footing whence a fine bird's-eye view of the ravine may be enjoyed. In winter and in spring the Flume is said to present a scene of fearful interest—now bearded with icicles, and anon, from melting snows, filled with a torrent of ice and fallen timber crashing in thunder through its jaws, to be launched more freely over the broad slope of the Cascade below. Until very recently this extraordinary ravine was wholly unknown, and it is to be regretted that we have no authentic chronicle of the gradual cutting of the Flume by the action of its stream; and also when and by what changes the suspended boulder has been caught in its present singular position.



VIEW ON THE PEMIGEWASSET.

We can not recross the Pemigewasset, on our return from the last great *lion* of the Franconia Mountains, without another notice of that exquisite mountain-stream. Though from its being so *over-fished*, it now holds out few inducements to enthusiasts in trouting, yet the prospect of having even "a glorious nibble," should tempt the angler to explore its beauties—its picturesque cascades, and deep, slumbrous pools above and below the bridge leading to the Flume. The accompanying sketch shows one of these numerous fairy nooks, overlooked by *Mount Liberty*—the fine peak directly opposite the Flume House.

This sketch of the attractions of the great Franconia Notch must not be closed without mention of the view from Mount Lafayette, considered by many far more interesting than that from Mount Washington; for, though less extensive than the latter, it embraces a far more picturesque and beautiful region lying distinctly under the eye. Hitherto this noble panorama has not been generally enjoyed, owing to the difficulty of its only mode of ascent—on foot. The coming season, however, will supply tourists with two bridle-roads, from the Lafayette House and the Flume House, at both of which well-kept hotels, every convenience in the way of horses and vehicles can always be had for the purpose of visiting the various curiosities scattered along this romantic defile. Throughout the five miles of the Franconia pass, there is not, excepting these two hotels at either end, a single human dwelling. The growing season is too short here to allow any thing to be raised on the patches of easy soil dotting the defile, that would, therefore, present, were it not for the public houses and the passing stage-coaches loaded with tourists, a scene of primeval nature and solitude. Would that its stupendous scenery were linked with mighty incident, and that its rare loveliness were clothed with the sacred vestment of traditionary lore! But alas! its

magnificent grandeur and picturesque beauty, so fitted to figure in Indian romance or the settler's legend is sadly deficient in the hallowing charm of historic or poetic association!

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. ^[1]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

MARENGO.

Napoleon, finding his proffers of peace rejected by England with contumely and scorn, and declined by Austria, now prepared, with his wonted energy, to repel the assaults of the allies. As he sat in his cabinet at the Tuileries, the thunders of their unrelenting onset came rolling in upon his ear from all the frontiers of France. The hostile fleets of England swept the channel, utterly annihilating the commerce of the Republic, landing regiments of armed emigrants upon her coasts, furnishing money and munitions of war to rouse the partisans of the Bourbons to civil conflict, and throwing balls and shells into every unprotected town. On the northern frontier, Marshal Kray, came thundering down, through the Black Forest, to the banks of the Rhine, with a mighty host of 150,000 men, like locust legions, to pour into all the northern provinces of France. Artillery of the heaviest calibre and a magnificent array of cavalry accompanied this apparently invincible army. In Italy, Melas, another Austrian marshal, with 140,000 men, aided by the whole force of the British navy, was rushing upon the eastern and southern borders of the Republic. The French troops, disheartened by defeat, had fled before their foes over the Alps, or were eating their horses and their boots in the cities where they were besieged. From almost every promontory on the coast of the Republic, washed by the Channel, or the Mediterranean, the eye could discern English frigates, black and threatening, holding all France in a state of blockade.

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[1] Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

One always finds a certain pleasure in doing that which he can do well. Napoleon was fully conscious of his military genius. He had, in behalf of bleeding humanity, implored peace in vain. He now, with alacrity and with joy, roused himself to inflict blows that should be felt upon his multitudinous enemies. With such tremendous energy did he do this, that he received from his antagonists the most complimentary sobriquet of the *one hundred thousand men*. Wherever Napoleon made his appearance in the field, his presence alone was considered equivalent to that force.

The following proclamation rang like a trumpet charge over the hills and valleys of France. "Frenchmen! You have been anxious for peace. Your government has desired it with still greater ardor. Its first efforts, its most constant wishes, have been for its attainment. The English ministry has exposed the secret of its iniquitous policy. It wishes to dismember France, to destroy its commerce, and either to erase it from the map of Europe, or to degrade it to a secondary power. England is willing to embroil all the nations of the Continent in hostility with each other, that she may enrich herself with their spoils, and gain possession of the trade of the world. For the attainment of this object she scatters her gold, becomes prodigal of her promises, and multiplies her intrigues."

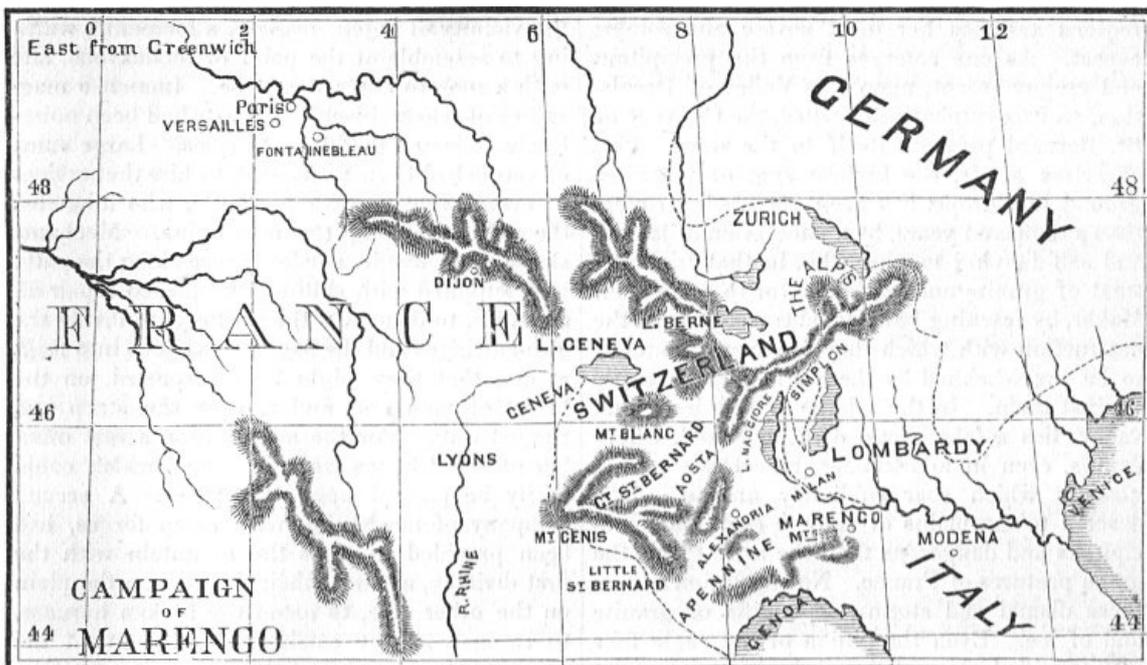
At this call all the martial spirit of France rushed to arms. Napoleon, supremely devoted to the welfare of the State, seemed to forget even his own glory in the intensity of his desire to make France victorious over her foes. With the most magnanimous superiority to all feelings of jealousy, he raised an army of 150,000 men, the very élite of the troops of France, the veterans of a hundred battles, and placed them in the hands of Moreau, the only man in France who could be called his rival. Napoleon also presented to Moreau the plan of a campaign, in accordance with his own energy, boldness, and genius. Its accomplishment would have added surpassing brilliance to the reputation of Moreau. But the cautious general was afraid to adopt it, and presented another, perhaps as safe, but one which would produce no dazzling impression upon the imaginations of men. "Your plan," said one, a friend of Moreau, to the First Consul, "is grander, more decisive, even more sure. But it is not adapted to the slow and cautious genius of the man who is to execute it. You have your method of making war, which is superior to all others. Moreau has his own, inferior certainly, but still excellent. Leave him to himself. If you impose your ideas upon him, you will wound his self-love, and disconcert him."

Napoleon, profoundly versed in the knowledge of the human heart, promptly replied. "You are right, Moreau is not capable of grasping the plan which I have conceived. Let him follow his own course. The plan which he does not understand and dare not execute, I myself will carry out, on another part of the theatre of war. What he fears to attempt on the Rhine, I will accomplish on the Alps. The day may come when he will regret the glory which he yields to me." These were proud and prophetic words. Moreau was moderately victorious upon the Rhine, driving back the invaders. The sun of Napoleon soon rose, over the field of Marengo, in a blaze of effulgence, which paled Moreau's twinkling star into utter obscurity. But we know not where, upon the page of history, to find an act of more lofty generosity than this surrender of the noblest army of the Republic to one, who considered himself, and who was deemed by others, a rival—and thus to throw open to him the theatre of war where apparently the richest laurels were to be won. And we know not where to look for a deed more proudly expressive of self-confidence. "I will give

Moreau," said he by this act, "one hundred and fifty thousand of the most brave and highly disciplined soldiers of France, the victors of a hundred battles. I myself will take sixty thousand men, new recruits and the fragments of regiments which remain, and with them I will march to encounter an equally powerful enemy on a more difficult field of warfare."

Marshal Melas had spread his vast host of one hundred and forty thousand Austrians through all the strongholds of Italy, and was pressing, with tremendous energy and self-confidence upon the frontiers of France. Napoleon, instead of marching with his inexperienced troops, two-thirds of whom had never seen a shot fired in earnest, to meet the heads of the triumphant columns of Melas, resolved to climb the rugged and apparently inaccessible fastnesses of the Alps, and, descending from the clouds over pathless precipices, to fall with the sweep of the avalanche, upon their rear. It was necessary to assemble this army at some favorable point;—to gather in vast magazines its munitions of war. It was necessary that this should be done in secret, lest the Austrians, climbing to the summits of the Alps, and defending the gorges through which the troops of Napoleon would be compelled to wind their difficult and tortuous way, might render the passage utterly impossible. English and Austrian spies were prompt to communicate to the hostile powers every movement of the First Consul. Napoleon fixed upon Dijon and its vicinity as the rendezvous of his troops. He, however, adroitly and completely deceived his foes by ostentatiously announcing the very plan he intended to carry into operation. Of course, the allies thought that this was a foolish attempt to draw their attention from the real point of attack. The more they ridiculed the imaginary army at Dijon, the more loudly did Napoleon reiterate his commands for battalions and magazines to be collected there. The spies who visited Dijon, reported that but a few regiments were assembled in that place, and that the announcement was clearly a very weak pretense to deceive. The print shops of London and Vienna were filled with caricatures of the army of the First Consul of Dijon. The English especially made themselves very merry with Napoleon's grand army to scale the Alps. It was believed that the energies of the Republic were utterly exhausted in raising the force which was given to Moreau. One of the caricatures represented the army as consisting of a boy, dressed in his father's clothes, shouldering a musket, which he could with difficulty lift, and eating a piece of gingerbread, and an old man with one arm and a wooden leg. The artillery consisted of a rusty blunderbuss. This derision was just what Napoleon desired. Though dwelling in the shadow of that mysterious melancholy, which ever enveloped his spirit, he must have enjoyed in the deep recesses of his soul, the majestic movements of his plans.

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Campaign of MARENGO

On the eastern frontiers of France there surge up, from luxuriant meadows and vine-clad fields and hill sides, the majestic ranges of the Alps, piercing the clouds and soaring with glittering pinnacles, into the region of perpetual ice and snow. Vast spurs of the mountains extend on each side, opening gloomy gorges and frightful defiles, through which foaming torrents rush impetuously, walled in by almost precipitous cliffs, whose summits, crowned with melancholy firs, are inaccessible to the foot of man. The principal pass over this enormous ridge was that of the Great St. Bernard. The traveler, accompanied by a guide, and mounted on a mule, slowly and painfully ascended a steep and rugged path, now crossing a narrow bridge, spanning a fathomless abyss, again creeping along the edge of a precipice, where the eagle soared and screamed over the fir tops in the abyss below, and where a perpendicular wall rose to giddy heights in the clouds above. The path at times was so narrow, that it seemed that the mountain goat could with difficulty find a foothold for its slender hoof. A false step, or a slip upon the icy rocks would precipitate the traveler, a mangled corpse, a thousand feet upon the fragments of granite in the gulf beneath. As higher and higher he climbed these wild and rugged and cloud-enveloped paths, borne by the unerring instinct of the faithful mule, his steps were often arrested by the roar of the avalanche, and he gazed appalled upon its resistless rush, as rocks, and trees, and earth, and snow, and ice, swept by him with awful and resistless desolation, far down into

the dimly discerned torrents which rushed beneath his feet. At God's bidding the avalanche fell. No precaution could save the traveler who was in its path. He was instantly borne to destruction, and buried where no voice but the archangel's trump could ever reach his ear. Terrific storms of wind and snow often swept through those bleak altitudes, blinding and smothering the traveler. Hundreds of bodies, like pillars of ice, embalmed in snow, are now sepulchred in those drifts, there to sleep till the fires of the last conflagration shall have consumed their winding sheet. Having toiled two days through such scenes of desolation and peril, the adventurous traveler stands upon the summit of the pass, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, two thousand feet higher than the crest of Mount Washington, our own mountain monarch. This summit, over which the path winds, consists of a small level plain, surrounded by mountains of snow of still higher elevation.

The scene here presented is inexpressibly gloomy and appalling. Nature in these wild regions assumes her most severe and sombre aspect. As one emerges from the precipitous and craggy ascent, upon this Valley of Desolation, as it is emphatically called, the Convent of St. Bernard presents itself to the view. This cheerless abode, the highest spot of inhabited ground in Europe, has been tenanted, for more than a thousand years, by a succession of joyless and self-denying monks, who, in that frigid retreat of granite and ice, endeavor to serve their Maker, by rescuing bewildered travelers from the destruction with which they are ever threatened to be overwhelmed by the storms, which battle against them. In the middle of this ice-bound valley, lies a lake, clear, dark, and cold, whose depths, even in midsummer, reflect the eternal glaciers which soar sublimely around. The descent to the plains of Italy is even more precipitous and dangerous than the ascent from the green pastures of France. No vegetation adorns these dismal and storm-swept cliffs of granite and of ice. Even the pinion of the eagle fails in its rarified air, and the chamois ventures not to climb its steep and slippery crags. No human beings are ever to be seen on these bleak summits, except the few shivering travelers, who tarry for an hour to receive the hospitality of the convent, and the hooded monks, wrapped in thick and coarse garments, with their staves and their dogs, groping through the storms of sleet and snow. Even the wood which burns with frugal faintness on their hearths, is borne, in painful burdens, up the mountain sides, upon the shoulders of the monks.

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Such was the barrier which Napoleon intended to surmount, that he might fall upon the rear of the Austrians, who were battering down the walls of Genoa, where Massena was besieged, and who were thundering, flushed with victory, at the very gates of Nice. Over this wild mountain pass, where the mule could with difficulty tread, and where no wheel had ever rolled, or by any possibility could roll, Napoleon contemplated transporting an army of sixty thousand men, with ponderous artillery and tons of cannon balls, and baggage, and all the bulky munitions of war. England and Austria laughed the idea to scorn. The achievement of such an enterprise was apparently impossible. Napoleon, however, was as skillful in the arrangement of the minutest details, as in the conception of the grandest combinations. Though he resolved to take the mass of his army, forty thousand strong, across the pass of the Great St. Bernard, yet to distract the attention of the Austrians, he arranged also to send small divisions across the passes of Saint Gothard, Little St. Bernard, and Mount Cenis. He would thus accumulate suddenly, and to the utter amazement of the enemy, a body of sixty-five thousand men upon the plains of Italy. This force, descending, like an apparition from the clouds, in the rear of the Austrian army, headed by Napoleon, and cutting off all communication with Austria, might indeed strike a panic into the hearts of the assailants of France.

The troops were collected in various places in the vicinity of Dijon, ready at a moment's warning to assemble at the point of rendezvous, and with a rush to enter the defile. Immense magazines of wheat, biscuit, and oats had been noiselessly collected in different places. Large sums of specie had been forwarded, to hire the services of every peasant, with his mule, who inhabited the valleys among the mountains. Mechanic shops, as by magic, suddenly rose along the path, well supplied with skillful artisans, to repair all damages, to dismount the artillery, to divide the gun-carriages and the baggage-wagons into fragments, that they might be transported, on the backs of men and mules, over the steep and rugged way. For the ammunition a vast number of small boxes were prepared, which could easily be packed upon the mules. A second company of mechanics, with camp forges, had been provided to cross the mountain with the first division, and rear their shops upon the plain on the other side, to mend the broken harness, to reconstruct the carriages, and remount the pieces. On each side of the mountain a hospital was established and supplied with every comfort for the sick and the wounded. The foresight of Napoleon extended even to sending, at the very last moment, to the convent upon the summit, an immense quantity of bread, cheese, and wine. Each soldier, to his surprise, was to find, as he arrived at the summit, exhausted with Herculean toil, a generous slice of bread and cheese with a refreshing cup of wine, presented to him by the monks. All these minute details Napoleon arranged, while at the same time he was doing the work of a dozen energetic men, in re-organizing the whole structure of society in France. If toil pays for greatness, Napoleon purchased the renown which he attained. And yet his body and his mind were so constituted that this sleepless activity was to him a pleasure.

The appointed hour at last arrived. On the 7th of May, 1800, Napoleon entered his carriage at the Tuileries, saying, "Good-by, my dear Josephine! I must go to Italy. I shall not forget you, and I will not be absent long." At a word, the whole majestic array was in motion. Like a meteor he swept over France. He arrived at the foot of the mountains. The troops and all the paraphernalia of war were on the spot at the designated hour. Napoleon immediately appointed a very careful inspection. Every foot soldier and every horseman passed before his scrutinizing eye. If a shoe was ragged, or a jacket torn, or a musket injured, the defect was immediately repaired. His

glowing words inspired the troops with the ardor which was burning in his own bosom. The genius of the First Consul was infused into the mighty host. Each man exerted himself to the utmost. The eye of their chief was every where, and his cheering voice roused the army to almost superhuman exertions. Two skillful engineers had been sent to explore the path, and to do what could be done in the removal of obstructions. They returned with an appalling recital of the apparently insurmountable difficulties of the way. "Is it *possible*," inquired Napoleon, "to cross the pass?" "Perhaps," was the hesitating reply, "it is within the limits of *possibility*." "Forward, then," was the energetic response. Each man was required to carry, besides his arms, food for several days and a large quantity of cartridges. As the sinuosities of the precipitous path could only be trod in single file, the heavy wheels were taken from the carriages, and each, slung upon a pole, was borne by two men. The task for the foot soldiers was far less than for the horsemen. The latter clambered up on foot, dragging their horses after them. The descent was very dangerous. The dragoon, in the steep and narrow path, was compelled to walk before his horse. At the least stumble he was exposed to being plunged headlong into the abysses yawning before him. In this way many horses and several riders perished. To transport the heavy cannon and howitzers pine logs were split in the centre, the parts hollowed out, and the guns sunk into the grooves. A long string of mules, in single file, were attached to the ponderous machines of war, to drag them up the slippery ascent. The mules soon began to fail, and then the men, with hearty good-will, brought their own shoulders into the harness—a hundred men to a single gun. Napoleon offered the peasants two hundred dollars for the transportation of a twelve-pounder over the pass. The love of gain was not strong enough to lure them to such tremendous exertions. But Napoleon's fascination over the hearts of his soldiers was a more powerful impulse. With shouts of encouragement they toiled at the cables, successive bands of a hundred men relieving each other every half hour. High on those craggy steeps, gleaming through the mist, the glittering bands of armed men, like phantoms appeared. The eagle wheeled and screamed beneath their feet. The mountain goat, affrighted by the unwonted spectacle, bounded away, and paused in bold relief upon the cliff to gaze upon the martial array which so suddenly had peopled the solitude.

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DRAWING A GUN OVER GREAT ST. BERNARD.

When they approached any spot of very especial difficulty the trumpets sounded the charge, which re-echoed, with sublime reverberations, from pinnacle to pinnacle of rock and ice. Animated by these bugle notes, the soldiers strained every nerve as if rushing upon the foe. Napoleon offered to these bands the same reward which he had promised to the peasants. But to a man, they refused the gold. They had imbibed the spirit of their chief, his enthusiasm, and his proud superiority to all mercenary motives. "We are not toiling for money," said they, "but for your approval, and to share your glory."

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Napoleon with his wonderful tact had introduced a slight change into the artillery service, which was productive of immense moral results. The gun carriages had heretofore been driven by mere wagoners, who, being considered not as soldiers, but as servants, and sharing not in the glory of victory, were uninfluenced by any sentiment of honor. At the first approach of danger, they were ready to cut their traces and gallop from the field, leaving their cannon in the hands of the enemy. Napoleon said, "The cannoneer who brings his piece into action, performs as valuable a service as the cannoneer who works it. He runs the same danger, and requires the same moral stimulus, which is the sense of honor." He therefore converted the artillery drivers into soldiers, and clothed them in the uniform of their respective regiments. They constituted twelve thousand

horsemen who were animated with as much pride in carrying their pieces into action, and in bringing them off with rapidity and safety, as the gunners felt in loading, directing, and discharging them. It was now the great glory of these men to take care of their guns. They loved, tenderly, the merciless monsters. They lavished caresses and terms of endearment upon the glittering, polished, death-dealing brass. The heart of man is a strange enigma. Even when most degraded it needs something to love. These blood-stained soldiers, brutalized by vice, amidst all the horrors of battle, lovingly fondled the murderous machines of war, responding to the appeal "call me pet names, dearest." The unrelenting gun was the stern cannoneer's lady love. He kissed it with unwashed, mustached lip. In rude and rough devotion he was ready to die rather than abandon the only object of his idolatrous homage. Consistently he baptized the life-devouring monster with blood. Affectionately he named it Mary, Emma, Lizzie. In crossing the Alps, dark night came on as some cannoneers were floundering through drifts of snow, toiling at their gun. They would not leave the gun alone in the cold storm to seek for themselves a dry bivouac; but, like brothers guarding a sister, they threw themselves, for the night, upon the bleak and frozen snow, by its side. It was the genius of Napoleon which thus penetrated these mysterious depths of the human soul, and called to his aid those mighty energies. "It is nothing but imagination," said one once to Napoleon. "*Nothing but imagination!*" he rejoined. "*Imagination rules the world.*"

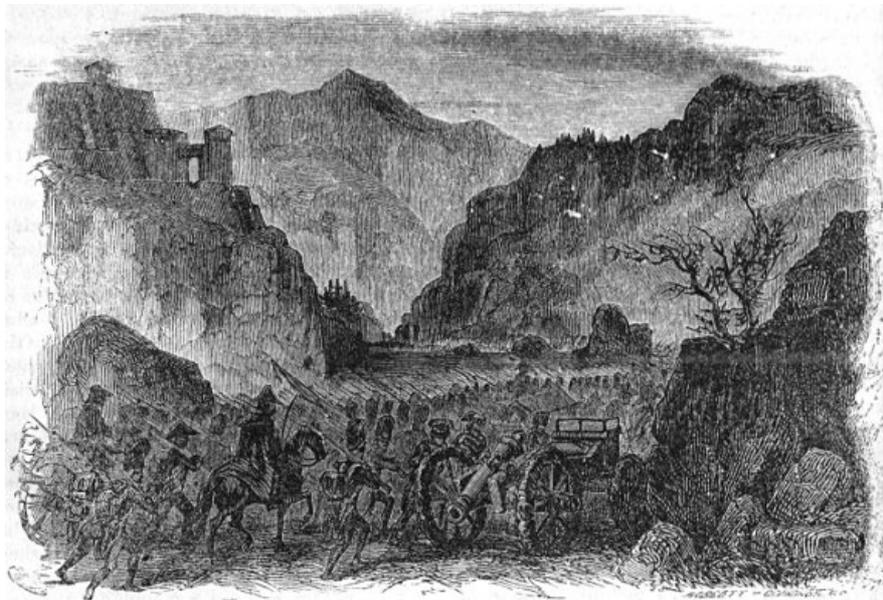
When they arrived at the summit each soldier found, to his surprise and joy, the abundant comforts which Napoleon's kind care had provided. One would have anticipated there a scene of terrible confusion. To feed an army of forty thousand hungry men is not a light undertaking. Yet every thing was so carefully arranged, and the influence of Napoleon so boundless, that not a soldier left the ranks. Each man received his slice of bread and cheese, and quaffed his cup of wine, and passed on. It was a point of honor for no one to stop. Whatever obstructions were in the way were to be at all hazards surmounted, that the long file, extending nearly twenty miles, might not be thrown into confusion. The descent was more perilous than the ascent. But fortune seemed to smile. The sky was clear, the weather delightful, and in four days the whole army was reassembled on the plains of Italy.

Napoleon had sent Berthier forward to receive the division, and to superintend all necessary repairs, while he himself remained to press forward the mighty host. He was the last man to cross the mountains. Seated upon a mule, with a young peasant for his guide, slowly and thoughtfully he ascended those silent solitudes. He was dressed in the gray great coat which he always wore. Art has pictured him as bounding up the cliff, proudly mounted on a prancing charger. But truth presents him in an attitude more simple and more sublime. Even the young peasant who acted as his guide was entirely unconscious of the distinguished rank of the plain traveler whose steps he was conducting. Much of the way Napoleon was silent, abstracted in thoughts. And yet he found time for human sympathy. He drew from his young and artless guide the secrets of his heart. The young peasant was sincere and virtuous. He loved a fair maid among the mountains. She loved him. It was his heart's great desire to have her for his own. He was poor and had neither house nor land to support a family. Napoleon struggling with all his energies against combined England and Austria, and with all the cares of an army, on the march to meet one hundred and twenty thousand foes, crowding his mind, with pensive sympathy won the confidence of his companion and elicited this artless recital of love and desire. As Napoleon dismissed his guide, with an ample reward, he drew from his pocket a pencil and upon a loose piece of paper wrote a few lines, which he requested the young man to give, on his return, to the Administrator of the Army, upon the other side. When the guide returned, and presented the note, he found, to his unbounded surprise and delight, that he had conducted Napoleon over the mountains; and that Napoleon had given him a field and a house. He was thus enabled to be married, and to realize all the dreams of his modest ambition. Generous impulses must have been instinctive in a heart, which in an hour so fraught with mighty events, could turn from the toils of empire and of war, to find refreshment in sympathizing with a peasant's love. This young man but recently died, having passed his quiet life in the enjoyment of the field and the cottage which had been given him by the ruler of the world.



NAPOLEON ASCENDING THE ALPS.

The army now pressed forward, with great alacrity, along the banks of the Aosta. They were threading a beautiful valley, rich in verdure and blooming beneath the sun of early spring. Cottages, vineyards, and orchards, in full bloom, embellished their path, while upon each side of them rose, in majestic swell, the fir-clad sides of the mountains. The Austrians pressing against the frontiers of France, had no conception of the storm which had so suddenly gathered, and which was, with resistless sweep, approaching their rear. The French soldiers, elated with the Herculean achievement they had accomplished, and full of confidence in their leader, pressed gayly on. But the valley before them began to grow more and more narrow. The mountains, on either side, rose more precipitous and craggy. The Aosta, crowded into a narrow channel, rushed foaming over the rocks, leaving barely room for a road along the side of the mountain. Suddenly the march of the whole army was arrested by a fort, built upon an inaccessible rock, which rose pyramidally from the bed of the stream. Bristling cannon, skillfully arranged on well-constructed bastions, swept the pass, and rendered further advance apparently impossible. Rapidly the tidings of this unexpected obstruction spread from the van to the rear. Napoleon immediately hastened to the front ranks. Climbing the mountain opposite the fort, by a goat path, he threw himself down upon the ground, when a few bushes concealed his person from the shot of the enemy, and with his telescope long and carefully examined the fort and the surrounding crags. He perceived one elevated spot, far above the fort, where a cannon might by possibility be drawn. From that position its shot could be plunged upon the unprotected bastions below. Upon the face of the opposite cliff, far beyond the reach of cannon-balls, he discerned a narrow shelf in the rock by which he thought it possible that a man could pass. The march was immediately commenced, in single file, along this giddy ridge. And even the horses, inured to the terrors of the Great St. Bernard, were led by their riders upon the narrow path, which a horse's hoof had never trod before, and probably will never tread again. The Austrians, in the fort, had the mortification of seeing thirty-five thousand soldiers, with numerous horses, defile along this airy line, as if adhering to the side of the rock. But neither bullet nor ball could harm them.



PASSING THE FORT OF BARD.

Napoleon ascended this mountain ridge, and upon its summit, quite exhausted with days and nights of sleeplessness and toil, laid himself down, in the shadow of the rock, and fell asleep. The long line filed carefully and silently by, each soldier hushing his comrade, that the repose of their beloved chieftain might not be disturbed. It was an interesting spectacle, to witness the tender affection, beaming from the countenances of these bronzed and war-worn veterans, as every foot trod softly, and each eye, in passing, was riveted upon the slender form, and upon the pale and wasted cheek of the sleeping Napoleon.

The artillery could by no possibility be thus transported; and an army without artillery is a soldier without weapons. The Austrian commander wrote to Melas, that he had seen an army of thirty-five thousand men and four thousand horse creeping by the fort, along the face of Mount Albaredo. He assured the commander-in-chief, however, that not one single piece of artillery had passed or could pass beneath the guns of his fortress. When he was writing this letter, already had one half of the cannon and ammunition of the army been conveyed by the fort, and were safely and rapidly proceeding on their way down the valley. In the darkness of the night trusty men, with great caution and silence, strewed hay and straw upon the road. The wheels of the lumbering carriages were carefully bound with cloths and wisps of straw, and, with axles well oiled, were drawn by the hands of these picked men, beneath the very walls of the fortress, and within half pistol-shot of its guns. In two nights the artillery and the baggage-trains were thus passed along, and in a few days the fort itself was compelled to surrender.

Melas, the Austrian commander, now awoke in consternation to a sense of his peril. Napoleon—the dreaded Napoleon—had, as by a miracle, crossed the Alps. He had cut off all his supplies, and was shutting the Austrians up from any possibility of retreat. Bewildered by the magnitude of his peril, he no longer thought of forcing his march upon Paris. The invasion of France was abandoned. His whole energies were directed to opening for himself a passage back to Austria. The most cruel perplexities agitated him. From the very pinnacle of victory, he was in danger of descending to the deepest abyss of defeat. It was also with Napoleon an hour of intense solicitude. He had but sixty thousand men, two-thirds of whom were new soldiers, who had never seen a shot fired in earnest, with whom he was to arrest the march of a desperate army of one hundred and twenty thousand veterans, abundantly provided with all the most efficient machinery of war. There were many paths by which Melas might escape, at leagues' distance from each other. It was necessary for Napoleon to divide his little band that he might guard them all. He was liable at any moment to have a division of his army attacked by an overwhelming force, and cut to pieces before it could receive any reinforcements. He ate not, he slept not, he rested not. Day and night, and night and day, he was on horseback, pale, pensive, apparently in feeble health, and interesting every beholder with his grave and melancholy beauty. His scouts were out in every direction. He studied all the possible movements and combinations of his foes. Rapidly he overran Lombardy, and entered Milan in triumph. Melas anxiously concentrated his forces, to break through the net with which he was entangled. He did every thing in his power to deceive Napoleon, by various feints, that the point of his contemplated attack might not be known. Napoleon, in the following clarion tones, appealed to the enthusiasm of his troops:

"Soldiers! when we began our march, one department of France was in the hands of the enemy. Consternation pervaded the south of the Republic. You advanced. Already the French territory is delivered. Joy and hope in our country have succeeded to consternation and fear. The enemy, terror-struck, seeks only to regain his frontiers. You have taken his hospitals, his magazines, his reserve parks. The first act of the campaign is finished. Millions of men address you in strains of praise. But shall we allow our audacious enemies to violate with impunity the territory of the Republic? Will you permit the army to escape which has carried terror into your families? You will not. March, then, to meet him. Tear from his brows the laurels he has won. Teach the world that a malediction attends those who violate the territory of the Great People. The result of our efforts will be unclouded glory, and a durable peace!"

The very day Napoleon left Paris, Desaix arrived in France from Egypt. Frank, sincere, upright, and punctiliously honorable, he was one of the few whom Napoleon truly loved. Desaix regarded Napoleon as infinitely his superior, and looked up to him with a species of adoration; he loved him with a fervor of feeling which amounted almost to a passion. Napoleon, touched, by the affection of a heart so noble, requited it with the most confiding friendship. Desaix, upon his arrival in Paris, found letters for him there from the First Consul. As he read the confidential lines, he was struck with the melancholy air with which they were pervaded. "Alas!" said he, "Napoleon has gained every thing, and yet he is unhappy. I must hasten to meet him." Without delay he crossed the Alps, and arrived at the head-quarters of Napoleon but a few days before the battle of Marengo. They passed the whole night together, talking over the events of Egypt and the prospects of France. Napoleon felt greatly strengthened by the arrival of his noble friend, and immediately assigned to him the command of a division of the army. "Desaix," said he, "is my sheet anchor."

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"You have had a long interview with Desaix," said Bourrienne to Napoleon the next morning. "Yes!" he replied; "but I had my reasons. As soon as I return to Paris I shall make him Minister of War. He shall always be my lieutenant. I would make him a prince if I could. He is of the heroic mould of antiquity!"

Napoleon was fully aware that a decisive battle would soon take place. Melas was rapidly, from all points, concentrating his army. The following laconic and characteristic order was issued by the First Consul to Lannes and Murat: "Gather your forces at the river Stradella. On the 8th or 9th at the latest, you will have on your hands fifteen or eighteen thousand Austrians. Meet them, and cut them to pieces. It will be so many enemies less upon our hands on the day of the decisive battle we are to expect with the entire army of Melas." The prediction was true. An Austrian force advanced, eighteen thousand strong. Lannes met them upon the field of Montebello. They were strongly posted, with batteries ranged upon the hill sides, which swept the whole plain. It was of the utmost moment that this body should be prevented from combining with the other vast forces of the Austrians. Lannes had but eight thousand men. Could he sustain the unequal conflict for a few hours, Victor, who was some miles in the rear, could come up with a reserve of four thousand men. The French soldiers, fully conscious of the odds against which they were to contend, and of the carnage into the midst of which they were plunging, with shouts of enthusiasm rushed upon their foes. Instantaneously a storm of grape-shot from all the batteries swept through his ranks. Said Lannes, "*I could hear the bones crash in my division, like glass in a hail-storm.*" For nine long hours, from eleven in the morning till eight at night, the horrid carnage continued. Again and again the mangled, bleeding, wasted columns were rallied to the charge. At last, when three thousand Frenchmen were strewn dead upon the ground, the Austrians broke and fled, leaving also three thousand mutilated corpses and six thousand prisoners behind them. Napoleon, hastening to the aid of his lieutenant, arrived upon the field just in time to see the battle won. He rode up to Lannes. The intrepid soldier stood in the midst of mounds of the dead—his sword dripping with blood in his exhausted hand—his face blackened with powder and smoke—and his uniform soiled and tattered by the long and terrific strife. Napoleon silently, but proudly smiled upon the heroic general, and forgot not his reward. From this battle Lannes received the title of Duke of Montebello, a title by which his family is distinguished to the present day.

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This was the opening of the campaign. It inspired the French with enthusiasm. It nerved the Austrians to despair. Melas now determined to make a desperate effort to break through the toils. Napoleon, with intense solicitude, was watching every movement of his foe, knowing not upon what point the onset would fall. Before daybreak in the morning of the 14th of June, Melas, having accumulated forty thousand men, including seven thousand cavalry and two hundred pieces of cannon, made an impetuous assault upon the French, but twenty thousand in number, drawn up upon the plain of Marengo. Desaix, with a reserve of six thousand men, was at such a distance, nearly thirty miles from Marengo, that he could not possibly be recalled before the close of the day. The danger was frightful that the French would be entirely cut to pieces, before any succor could arrive. But the quick ear of Desaix caught the sound of the heavy cannonade as it came booming over the plain, like distant thunder. He sprang from his couch and listened. The heavy and uninterrupted roar, proclaimed a pitched battle, and he was alarmed for his beloved chief. Immediately he roused his troops, and they started upon the rush to succor their comrades. Napoleon dispatched courier after courier to hurry the division along, while his troops stood firm through terrific hours, as their ranks were plowed by the murderous discharges of their foes. At last the destruction was too awful for mortal men to endure. Many divisions of the army broke and fled, crying, "*All is lost—save himself who can.*" A scene of frightful disorder ensued. The whole plain was covered with fugitives, swept like an inundation before the multitudinous Austrians. Napoleon still held a few squares together, who slowly and sullenly retreated, while two hundred pieces of artillery, closely pressing them, poured incessant death into their ranks. Every foot of ground was left encumbered with the dead. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. Melas, exhausted with toil, and assured that he had gained a complete victory, left Gen. Zach to finish the work. He retired to his head-quarters, and immediately dispatched couriers all over Europe to announce the great victory of Marengo. Said an Austrian veteran, who had before encountered Napoleon at Arcola and Rivoli, "Melas is too sanguine. Depend upon it, our day's work is not yet done. Napoleon will yet be upon us with his reserve."

Just then the anxious eye of the First Consul espied the solid columns of Desaix entering the plain. Desaix, plunging his spurs into his horse, outstripped all the rest, and galloped into the presence of Napoleon. As he cast a glance over the wild confusion and devastation of the field, he exclaimed hurriedly, "I see that the battle is lost. I suppose I can do no more for you than to secure your retreat." "By no means," Napoleon replied, with apparently as much composure as if

he had been sitting by his own fireside, "the battle, I trust, is gained. Charge with your column. The disordered troops will rally in your rear." Like a rock, Desaix, with his solid phalanx of ten thousand men, met the on-rolling billow of Austrian victory. At the same time Napoleon dispatched an order to Kellerman, with his cavalry, to charge the triumphant column of the Austrians in flank. It was the work of a moment, and the whole aspect of the field was changed. Napoleon rode along the lines of those on the retreat, exclaiming, "My friends, we have retreated far enough. It is now our turn to advance. Recollect that I am in the habit of sleeping on the field of battle." The fugitives, reanimated by the arrival of the reserve, immediately rallied in their rear. The double charge in front and flank was instantly made. The Austrians were checked and staggered. A perfect tornado of bullets from Desaix's division swept their ranks. They poured an answering volley into the bosoms of the French. A bullet pierced the breast of Desaix, and he fell and almost immediately expired. His last words were, "Tell the First Consul that my only regret in dying is, to have perished before having done enough to live in the recollection of posterity." The soldiers, who devotedly loved him, saw his fall, and rushed more madly on to avenge his death. The swollen tide of uproar, confusion, and dismay now turned, and rolled in surging billows in the opposite direction. Hardly one moment elapsed before the Austrians, flushed with victory, found themselves overwhelmed by defeat. In the midst of this terrific scene, an aid rode up to Napoleon and said, "Desaix is dead." But a moment before they were conversing side by side. Napoleon pressed his forehead convulsively with his hand, and exclaimed, mournfully, "Why is it not permitted me to weep! Victory at such a price is dear."

The French now made the welkin ring with shouts of victory. Indescribable dismay filled the Austrian ranks as wildly they rushed before their unrelenting pursuers. Their rout was utter and hopeless. When the sun went down over this field of blood, after twelve hours of the most frightful carnage, a scene was presented horrid enough to appall the heart of a demon. More than twenty thousand human bodies were strewn upon the ground, the dying and the dead, weltering in gore, and in every conceivable form of disfiguration. Horses, with limbs torn from their bodies, were struggling in convulsive agonies. Fragments of guns and swords, and of military wagons of every kind were strewed around in wild ruin. Frequent piercing cries, which agony extorted from the lacerated victims of war, rose above the general moanings of anguish, which, like wailings of the storm, fell heavily upon the ear. The shades of night were now descending upon this awful scene of misery. The multitude of the wounded was so great, that notwithstanding the utmost exertions of the surgeons, hour after hour of the long night lingered away, while thousands of the wounded and the dying bit the dust in their agony.

If war has its chivalry and its pageantry, it has also revolting hideousness and demoniac woe. The young, the noble, the sanguine were writhing there in agony. Bullets respect not beauty. They tear out the eye, and shatter the jaw, and rend the cheek, and transform the human face divine into an aspect upon which one can not gaze but with horror. From the field of Marengo many a young man returned to his home so mutilated as no longer to be recognized by friends, and passed a weary life in repulsive deformity. Mercy abandons the arena of battle. The frantic war-horse with iron hoof tramples upon the mangled face, the throbbing and inflamed wounds, the splintered bones, and heeds not the shriek of torture. Crushed into the bloody mire by the ponderous wheels of heavy artillery, the victim of barbaric war thinks of mother, and father, and sister, and home, and shrieks, and moans, and dies; his body is stripped by the vagabonds who follow the camp; his naked, mangled corpse is covered with a few shovels-full of earth, and left as food for vultures and for dogs, and he is forgotten forever—and it is called *glory*. He who loves war, for the sake of its excitements, its pageantry, and its fancied glory, is the most eminent of all the dupes of folly and of sin. He who loathes war, with inexpressible loathing, who will do every thing in his power to avert the dire and horrible calamity, but who will, nevertheless, in the last extremity, with a determined spirit, encounter all its perils, from love of country and of home, who is willing to sacrifice himself and all that is dear to him in life, to promote the well-being of his fellow-man, will ever receive the homage of the world, and we also fully believe that he will receive the approval of God. Washington abhorred war in all its forms, yet he braved all its perils.

For the carnage of the field of Marengo, Napoleon can not be held responsible. Upon England and Austria must rest all the guilt of that awful tragedy. Napoleon had done every thing he could do to stop the effusion of blood. He had sacrificed the instincts of pride, in pleading with a haughty foe for peace. His plea was unavailing. Three hundred thousand men were marching upon France to force upon her a detested king. It was not the duty of France to submit to such dictation. Drawing the sword in self-defense, Napoleon fought and conquered. "Te Deum laudamus."

It is not possible but that Napoleon must have been elated by so resplendent a victory. He knew that Marengo would be classed as the most brilliant of his achievements. The blow had fallen with such terrible severity that the haughty allies were thoroughly humbled. Melas was now at his mercy. Napoleon could dictate peace upon his own terms. Yet he rode over the field of his victory with a saddened spirit, and gazed mournfully upon the ruin and the wretchedness around him. As he was slowly and thoughtfully passing along, through the heaps of the dead with which the ground was encumbered, he met a number of carts, heavily laden with the wounded, torn by balls, and bullets, and fragments of shells, into most hideous spectacles of deformity. As the heavy wheels lumbered over the rough ground, grating the splintered bones, and bruising and opening afresh the inflamed wounds, shrieks of torture were extorted from the victims. Napoleon stopped his horse and uncovered his head, as the melancholy procession of misfortune and woe passed along. Turning to a companion, he said, "We can not but regret not being wounded like these unhappy men, that we might share their sufferings." A more touching expression of sympathy never has been recorded. He who says that this was hypocrisy is a stranger to the

generous impulses of a noble heart. This instinctive outburst of emotion never could have been instigated by policy.

Napoleon had fearlessly exposed himself to every peril during this conflict. His clothes were repeatedly pierced by bullets. Balls struck between the legs of his horse, covering him with earth. A cannon-ball took away a piece of the boot from his left leg and a portion of the skin, leaving a scar which was never obliterated.

Before Napoleon marched for Italy, he had made every effort in his power for the attainment of peace. Now, with magnanimity above all praise, without waiting for the first advance from his conquered foes, he wrote again imploring peace. Upon the field of Marengo, having scattered all his enemies like chaff before him, with the smoke of the conflict still darkening the air, and the groans of the dying swelling upon his ear, laying aside all the formalities of state, with heartfelt feeling and earnestness he wrote to the Emperor of Austria. This extraordinary epistle was thus commenced:

"Sire! It is on the field of battle, amid the sufferings of a multitude of wounded, and surrounded by fifteen thousand corpses, that I beseech your majesty to listen to the voice of humanity, and not to suffer two brave nations to cut each others' throats for interests not their own. It is my part to press this upon your majesty, being upon the very theatre of war. Your majesty's heart can not feel it so keenly as does mine."

The letter was long and most eloquent. "For what are you fighting?" said Napoleon. "For religion? Then make war on the Russians and the English, who are the enemies of your faith. Do you wish to guard against revolutionary principles? It is this very war which has extended them over half the Continent, by extending the conquests of France. The continuance of the war can not fail to diffuse them still further. Is it for the balance of Europe? The English threaten that balance far more than does France, for they have become the masters and the tyrants of commerce, and are beyond the reach of resistance. Is it to secure the interests of the house of Austria! Let us then execute the treaty of Campo Formio, which secures to your majesty large indemnities in compensation for the provinces lost in the Netherlands, and secures them to you where you most wish to obtain them, that is, in Italy. Your majesty may send negotiators whither you will, and we will add to the treaty of Campo Formio stipulations calculated to assure you of the continued existence of the secondary states, all of which the French Republic is accused of having shaken. Upon these conditions peace is made, if you will. Let us make the armistice general for all the armies, and enter into negotiations instantly."

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A courier was immediately dispatched to Vienna, to convey this letter to the Emperor. In the evening, Bourrienne hastened to congratulate Napoleon upon his extraordinary victory. "What a glorious day!" said Bourrienne. "Yes!" replied Napoleon, mournfully; "very glorious—could I this evening but have embraced Desaix upon the field of battle."

On the same day, and at nearly the same hour in which the fatal bullet pierced the breast of Desaix, an assassin in Egypt plunged a dagger into the bosom of Kleber. The spirits of these illustrious men, these blood-stained warriors, thus unexpectedly met in the spirit-land. There they wander now. How impenetrable the veil which shuts their destiny from our view. The soul longs for clearer vision of that far-distant world, peopled by the innumerable host of the mighty dead. There Napoleon now dwells. Does he retain his intellectual supremacy? Do his generals gather around him with love and homage? Has his pensive spirit sunk down into gloom and despair, or has it soared into cloudless regions of purity and peace? The mystery of death! Death alone can solve it. Christianity, with its lofty revealings, sheds but dim twilight upon the world of departed spirits. At St. Helena Napoleon said, "Of all the generals I ever had under my command Desaix and Kleber possessed the greatest talent. In particular Desaix, as Kleber loved glory only as the means of acquiring wealth and pleasure. Desaix loved glory for itself, and despised every other consideration. To him riches and pleasure were of no value, nor did he ever give them a moment's thought. He was a little black-looking man, about an inch shorter than myself, always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and despising alike comfort and convenience. Enveloped in a cloak, Desaix would throw himself under a gun and sleep as contentedly as if reposing in a palace. Luxury had for him no charms. Frank and honest in all his proceedings, he was denominated by the Arabs Sultan the Just. Nature intended him to figure as a consummate general. Kleber and Desaix were irreparable losses to France."

It is impossible to describe the dismay, which pervaded the camp of the Austrians after this terrible defeat. They were entirely cut off from all retreat, and were at the mercy of Napoleon. A council of war was held by the Austrian officers during the night, and it was unanimously resolved that capitulation was unavoidable. Early the next morning a flag of truce was sent to the head-quarters of Napoleon. The Austrians offered to abandon Italy, if the generosity of the victor would grant them the boon of not being made prisoners of war. Napoleon met the envoy with great courtesy, and, according to his custom, stated promptly and irrevocably the conditions upon which he was willing to treat. The terms were generous. "The Austrian armies," said he, "may unmolested return to their homes; but all of Italy must be abandoned." Melas, who was eighty years of age, hoped to modify the terms, and again sent the negotiator to suggest some alterations. "Monsieur!" said Napoleon, "my conditions are irrevocable. I did not begin to make war yesterday. Your position is as perfectly comprehended by me as by yourselves. You are encumbered with dead, sick, and wounded, destitute of provisions, deprived of the élite of your army, surrounded on every side, I might exact every thing. But I respect the white hairs of your general, and the valor of your soldiers. I ask nothing but what is rigorously justified by the present position of affairs. Take what steps you may, you will have no other terms." The conditions were immediately signed, and a suspension of arms was agreed upon, until an answer

could be received from Vienna.

Napoleon left Paris for this campaign on the 7th of May. The battle of Marengo was fought on the 14th of June. Thus in five weeks Napoleon had scaled the barrier of the Alps: with sixty thousand soldiers, most of them undisciplined recruits, he had utterly discomfited an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men, and regained the whole of Italy. The achievement amazed the civilized world. The bosom of every Frenchman throbbed with gratitude and pride. One wild shout of enthusiasm ascended from united France. Napoleon had laid the foundation of his throne deep in the heart of the French nation, and *there* that foundation still remains unshaken.

Napoleon now entered Milan in triumph. He remained there ten days, busy apparently every hour, by day and by night, in re-organizing the political condition of Italy. The serious and religious tendencies of his mind are developed by the following note, which four days after the battle of Marengo, he wrote to the Consuls in Paris: "To-day, whatever our atheists may say to it, I go in great state to the *Te Deum*, which is to be chanted in the Cathedral of Milan."^[2]

[2] The *Te Deum*, is an anthem of praise, sung in church as on occasion of thanksgiving. It is so called from the first words "Te Deum laudamus," *Thee God we praise*.

An unworthy spirit of detraction has vainly sought to wrest from Napoleon the honor of this victory, and to attribute it all to the flank charge made by Kellerman. Such attempts deserve no detailed reply. Napoleon had secretly and suddenly called into being an army, and by its apparently miraculous creation had astounded Europe. He had effectually deceived the vigilance of his enemies, so as to leave them entirely in the dark respecting his point of attack. He had conveyed that army, with all its stores, over the pathless crags of the Great St. Bernard. Like an avalanche he had descended from the mountains upon the plains of startled Italy. He had surrounded the Austrian hosts, though they were double his numbers, with a net through which they could not break. In a decisive battle he had scattered their ranks before him, like chaff by the whirlwind. He was nobly seconded by those generals whom his genius had chosen and created. It is indeed true, that without his generals and his soldiers he could not have gained the victory. Massena contributed to the result by his matchless defense of Genoa; Moreau, by holding in abeyance the army of the Rhine; Lannes, by his iron firmness on the plain of Montebello; Desaix, by the promptness with which he rushed to the rescue, as soon as his ear caught the far-off thunders of the cannon of Marengo; and Kellerman, by his admirable flank charge of cavalry. But it was the genius of Napoleon which planned the mighty combination, which roused and directed the enthusiasm of the generals, which inspired the soldiers with fearlessness and nerved them for the strife, and which, through these efficient agencies, secured the astounding results.

Napoleon established his triumphant army, now increased to eighty thousand men, in the rich valley of the Po. He assigned to the heroic Massena the command of this triumphant host, and ordering all the forts and citadels which blocked the approaches from France to be blown up, set out, on the 24th of June, for his return to Paris. In recrossing the Alps, by the pass of Mt. Cenis, he met the carriage of Madame Kellerman, who was going to Italy to join her husband. Napoleon ordered his carriage to be stopped, and alighting, greeted the lady with great courtesy, and congratulated her upon the gallant conduct of her husband at Marengo. As he was riding along one day, Bourrienne spoke of the world-wide renown which the First Consul had attained.

"Yes," Napoleon thoughtfully replied. "A few more events like this campaign, and my name may perhaps go down to posterity."

"I think," Bourrienne rejoined, "that you have already done enough to secure a long and lasting fame."

"Done enough!" Napoleon replied. "You are very good! It is true that in less than two years I have conquered Cairo, Paris, Milan. But were I to die to-morrow, half a page of general history would be all that would be devoted to my exploits."

Napoleon's return to Paris, through the provinces of France, was a scene of constant triumph. The joy of the people amounted almost to frenzy. Bonfires, illuminations, the pealing of bells, and the thunders of artillery accompanied him all the way. Long lines of young maidens, selected for their grace and beauty, formed avenues of loveliness and smiles through which he was to pass, and carpeted his path with flowers. He arrived in Paris at midnight the 2d of July, having been absent but eight weeks.

The enthusiasm of the Parisians was unbounded and inexhaustible. Day after day, and night after night, the festivities continued. The Palace of the Tuileries was ever thronged with a crowd, eager to catch a glimpse of the preserver of France. All the public bodies waited upon him with congratulations. Bells rung, cannon thundered, bonfires and illuminations blazed, rockets and fire-works, in meteoric splendor filled the air, bands of music poured forth their exuberant strains, and united Paris, thronging the garden of the Tuileries and flooding back into the Elysian Fields, rent the heavens with deafening shouts of exultation. As Napoleon stood at the window of his palace, witnessing this spectacle of a nation's gratitude, he said, "The sound of these acclamations is as sweet to me, as the voice of Josephine. How happy I am to be beloved by such a people." Preparations were immediately made for a brilliant and imposing solemnity in commemoration of the victory. "Let no triumphal arch be raised to me," said Napoleon. "I wish for no triumphal arch but the public satisfaction."

It is not strange that enthusiasm and gratitude should have glowed in the ardent bosoms of the French. In four months Napoleon had raised France from an abyss of ruin to the highest pinnacle of prosperity and renown. For anarchy he had substituted law, for bankruptcy a well-replenished treasury, for ignominious defeat resplendent victory, for universal discontent as universal

satisfaction. The invaders were driven from France, the hostile alliance broken, and the blessings of peace were now promised to the war-harassed nation.

During this campaign there was presented a very interesting illustration of Napoleon's wonderful power of anticipating the progress of coming events. Bourrienne, one day, just before the commencement of the campaign, entered the cabinet at the Tuileries, and found an immense map of Italy, unrolled upon the carpet, and Napoleon stretched upon it. With pins, whose heads were tipped with red and black sealing-wax, to represent the French and Austrian forces. Napoleon was studying all the possible combinations and evolutions of the two hostile armies. Bourrienne, in silence, but with deep interest, watched the progress of this pin campaign. Napoleon, having arranged the pins with red heads, where he intended to conduct the French troops, and with the black pins designating the point which he supposed the Austrians would occupy, looked up to his secretary, and said:

"Do you think that I shall beat Melas?"

"Why, how can I tell? Bourrienne answered.

"Why, you simpleton," said Napoleon, playfully; "just look here. Melas is at Alexandria, where he has his head-quarters. He will remain there until Genoa surrenders. He has in Alexandria his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery, his reserves. Passing the Alps here," sticking a pin into the Great St. Bernard, "I fall upon Melas in his rear; I cut off his communications with Austria. I meet him here in the valley of the Bormida." So saying, he stuck a red pin into the plain of Marengo.

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Bourrienne regarded this manœuvring of pins as mere pastime. His countenance expressed his perfect incredulity. Napoleon, perceiving this, addressed to him some of his usual apostrophes, in which he was accustomed playfully to indulge in moments of relaxation, such as, You ninny, You goose; and rolled up the map. Ten weeks passed away, and Bourrienne found himself upon the banks of the Bormida, writing, at Napoleon's dictation, an account of the battle of Marengo. Astonished to find Napoleon's anticipations thus minutely fulfilled, he frankly avowed his admiration of the military sagacity thus displayed. Napoleon himself smiled at the justice of his foresight.



NAPOLEON PLANNING A CAMPAIGN.

Two days before the news of the battle of Marengo arrived in Vienna, England effected a new treaty with Austria, for the more vigorous prosecution of the war. By this convention it was provided that England should loan Austria ten millions of dollars, to bear no interest during the continuance of the conflict. And the Austrian cabinet bound itself not to make peace with France, without the consent of the Court of St. James. The Emperor of Austria was now sadly embarrassed. His sense of honor would not allow him to violate his pledge to the King of England, and to make peace. On the other hand, he trembled at the thought of seeing the armies of the invincible Napoleon again marching upon his capital. He, therefore, resolved to temporize, and, in order to gain time, sent an ambassador to Paris. The plenipotentiary presented to Napoleon a letter, in which the Emperor stated, "You will give credit to every thing which Count Julien shall say on my part. I will ratify whatever he shall do." Napoleon, prompt in action, and uninformed of the new treaty between Ferdinand and George III., immediately caused the preliminaries of peace to be drawn up, which were signed by the French and Austrian ministers. The cabinet in Vienna, angry with their ambassador for not protracting the discussion, refused to ratify the treaty, recalled Count Julien, sent him into exile, informed the First Consul of the treaty which bound Austria not to make peace without the concurrence of Great Britain, assured France of the readiness of the English Cabinet to enter into negotiations, and urged the immediate opening of a Congress at Luneville to which plenipotentiaries should be sent from each of the three great contending powers. Napoleon was highly indignant in view of this duplicity and

perfidy. Yet, controlling his anger, he consented to treat with England, and with that view proposed a *naval armistice*, with the mistress of the seas. To this proposition England peremptorily refused to accede, as it would enable France to throw supplies into Egypt and Malta, which island England was besieging. The naval armistice would have been undeniably for the interests of France. But the continental armistice was as undeniably adverse to her interests, enabling Austria to recover from her defeats, and to strengthen her armies. Napoleon, fully convinced that England, in her inaccessible position, did not wish for peace, and that her only object, in endeavoring to obtain admittance to the Congress, was that she might throw obstacles in the way of reconciliation with Austria, offered to renounce all armistice with England, and to treat with her separately. This England also refused. It was now September. Two months had passed in these vexatious and sterile negotiations. Napoleon had taken every step in his power to secure peace. He sincerely desired it. He had already won all the laurels he could wish to win on the field of battle. The reconstruction of society in France, and the consolidation of his power, demanded all his energies. The consolidation of his power! That was just what the government of England dreaded. The consolidation of democratic power in France was dangerous to king and to noble. William Pitt, the soul of the aristocratic government of England, determined still to prosecute the war. France could not harm England. But England, with her invincible fleet, could sweep the commerce of France from the seas. Fox and his coadjutors with great eloquence and energy opposed the war. Their efforts were, however, unavailing. The *people* of England, notwithstanding all the efforts of the government to defame the character of the First Consul, still cherished the conviction that, after all, Napoleon was their friend. Napoleon, in subsequent years, while reviewing these scenes of his early conflicts, with characteristic eloquence and magnanimity, gave utterance to the following sentiments which, it is as certain as destiny, that the verdict of the world will yet confirm.

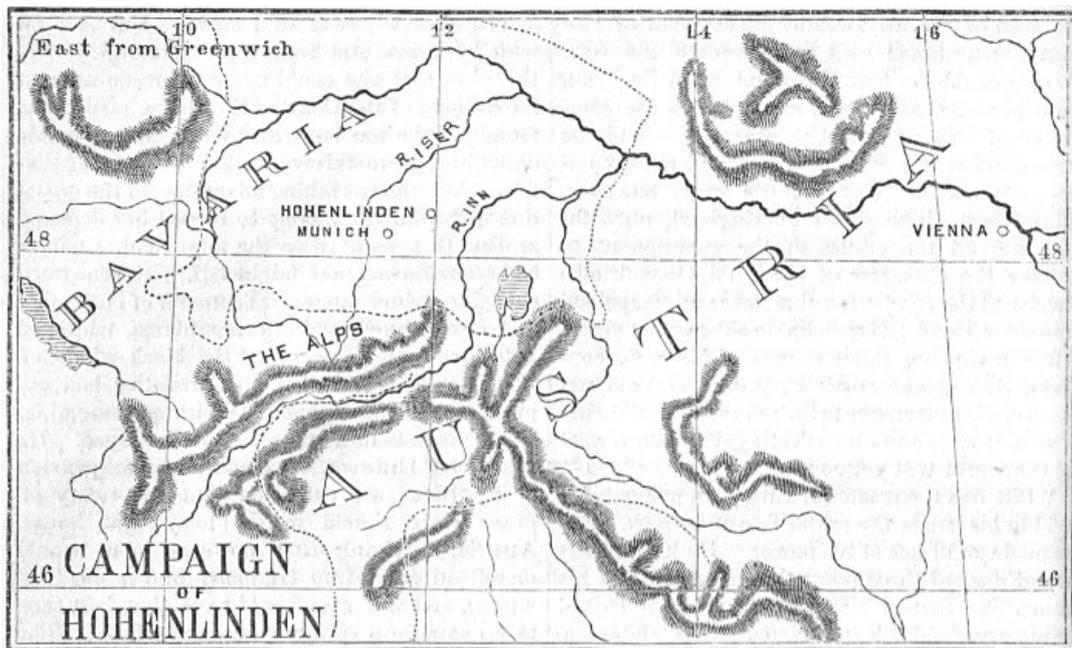
"Pitt was the master of European policy. He held in his hands the moral fate of nations. But he made an ill use of his power. He kindled the fire of discord throughout the universe; and his name, like that of Erostratus, will be inscribed in history, amidst flames, lamentations, and tears. Twenty-five years of universal conflagration; the numerous coalitions that added fuel to the flame; the revolution and devastation of Europe; the bloodshed of nations; the frightful debt of England, by which all these horrors were maintained; the pestilential system of loans, by which the people of Europe are oppressed; the general discontent that now prevails—all must be attributed to Pitt. Posterity will brand him as a scourge. The man so lauded in his own time, will hereafter be regarded as the genius of evil. Not that I consider him to have been willfully atrocious, or doubt his having entertained the conviction that he was acting right. But St. Bartholomew had also its conscientious advocates. The Pope and cardinals celebrated it by a *Te Deum*; and we have no reason to doubt their having done so in perfect sincerity. Such is the weakness of human reason and judgment! But that for which posterity will, above all, execrate the memory of Pitt, is the hateful school, which he has left behind him; its insolent Machiavellianism, its profound immorality, its cold egotism, and its utter disregard of justice and human happiness. Whether it be the effect of admiration and gratitude, or the result of mere instinct and sympathy, Pitt is, and will continue to be, the idol of the European aristocracy. There was, indeed, a touch of the Sylla in his character. His system has kept the popular cause in check, and brought about the triumph of the patricians. As for Fox, one must not look for his model among the ancients. He is himself a model, and his principles will sooner or later rule the world. The death of Fox was one of the fatalities of my career. Had his life been prolonged, affairs would have taken a totally different turn. The cause of the people would have triumphed, and we should have established a new order of things in Europe."

Austria really desired peace. The march of Napoleon's armies upon Vienna was an evil more to be dreaded than even the consolidation of Napoleon's power in France. But Austria was, by loans and treaties, so entangled with England, that she could make no peace without the consent of the Court of St. James. Napoleon found that he was but trifled with. Interminable difficulties were thrown in the way of negotiation. Austria was taking advantage of the cessation of hostilities, merely to recruit her defeated armies, that, as soon as the approaching winter had passed away, she might fall, with renovated energies, upon France. The month of November had now arrived, and the mountains, whitened with snow, were swept by the bleak winds of winter. The period of the armistice had expired. Austria applied for its prolongation. Napoleon was no longer thus to be duped. He consented, however, to a continued suspension of hostilities, on condition that the treaty of peace were signed within forty-eight hours. Austria, believing that no sane man would march an army into Germany in the dead of winter, and that she should have abundant time to prepare for a spring campaign, refused. The armies of France were immediately on the move. The Emperor of Austria had improved every moment of this transient interval of peace, in recruiting his forces. In person he had visited the army to inspire his troops with enthusiasm. The command of the imperial forces was intrusted to his second brother, the Archduke John. Napoleon moved with his accustomed vigor. The political necessities of Paris and of France rendered it impossible for him to leave the metropolis. He ordered one powerful army, under General Brune, to attack the Austrians in Italy, on the banks of the Mincio, and to press firmly toward Vienna. In the performance of this operation, General Macdonald, in the dead of winter, effected his heroic passage over the Alps, by the pass of the Splügen. Victory followed their standards.

Moreau, with his magnificent army, commenced a winter campaign on the Rhine. Between the rivers Iser and Inn there is an enormous forest, many leagues in extent, of sombre firs and pines. It is a dreary and almost uninhabited wilderness, of wild ravines, and tangled under-brush. Two great roads have been cut through the forest, and sundry woodmen's paths penetrate it at

different points. In the centre there is a little hamlet, of a few miserable huts, called Hohenlinden. In this forest, on the night of the 3d of December, 1800, Moreau, with sixty thousand men, encountered the Archduke John with seventy thousand Austrian troops. The clocks upon the towers of Munich had but just tolled the hour of midnight when both armies were in motion, each hoping to surprise the other. A dismal wintry storm was howling over the tree tops, and the smothering snow, falling rapidly, obliterated all traces of a path, and rendered it almost impossible to drag through the drifts the ponderous artillery. Both parties, in the dark and tempestuous night, became entangled in the forest, and the heads of their columns in various places met. An awful scene of confusion, conflict, and carnage then ensued. Imagination can not compass the terrible sublimity of that spectacle. The dark midnight, the howlings of the wintry storm, the driving sheets of snow, the incessant roar of artillery and of musketry from one hundred and thirty thousand combatants, the lightning flashes of the guns, the crash of the falling trees as the heavy cannon-balls swept through the forest, the floundering of innumerable horsemen bewildered in the pathless snow, the shout of onset, the shriek of death, and the burst of martial music from a thousand bands—all combined to present a scene of horror and of demoniac energy, which probably even this lost world never presented before. The darkness of the black forest was so intense, and the snow fell in flakes so thick and fast and blinding, that the combatants could with difficulty see each other. They often judged of the foe only by his position, and fired at the flashes gleaming through the gloom. At times, hostile divisions became intermingled in inextricable confusion, and hand to hand, bayonet crossing bayonet, and sword clashing against sword, they fought with the ferocity of demons; for though the officers of an army may be influenced by the most elevated sentiments of dignity and of honor, the mass of the common soldiers have ever been the most miserable, worthless, and degraded of mankind. As the advancing and retreating hosts wavered to and fro, the wounded, by thousands, were left on hill-sides and in dark ravines, with the drifting snow, crimsoned with blood, their only blanket; there in solitude and agony to moan and freeze and die. What death-scenes the eye of God must have witnessed that night, in the solitudes of that dark, tempest-tossed, and blood-stained forest! At last the morning dawned through the unbroken clouds, and the battle raged with renovated fury. Nearly twenty thousand mutilated bodies of the dead and wounded were left upon the field, with gory locks frozen to their icy pillows, and covered with mounds of snow. At last the French were victorious at every point. The Austrians, having lost twenty-five thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, one hundred pieces of artillery, and an immense number of wagons, fled in dismay. This terrific conflict has been immortalized by the noble epic of Campbell, which is now familiar wherever the English language is known.

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CAMPAIGN of HOHENLINDEN

"On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

"But Linden saw another sight,
When the drums beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery." &c.

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DEATH AT HOHENLINDEN

The retreating Austrians rushed down the valley of the Danube. Moreau followed thundering at their heels, plunging balls and shells into their retreating ranks. The victorious French were within thirty miles of Vienna, and the capital was in a state of indescribable dismay. The Emperor again sent imploring an armistice. The application was promptly acceded to, for Napoleon was contending only for peace. Yet with unexampled magnanimity, notwithstanding these astonishing victories, Napoleon made no essential alterations in his terms. Austria was at his feet. His conquering armies were almost in sight of the steeples of Vienna. There was no power which the Emperor could present to obstruct their resistless march. He might have exacted any terms of humiliation. But still he adhered to the first terms which he had proposed. Moreau was urged by some of his officers to press on to Vienna. "We had better halt," he replied, "and be content with peace. It is for that alone that we are fighting." The Emperor of Austria was thus compelled to treat without the concurrence of England. The insurmountable obstacle in the way of peace was thus removed. At Luneville, Joseph Bonaparte appeared as the ambassador of Napoleon, and Count Cobenzl as the plenipotentiary of Austria. The terms of the treaty were soon settled, and France was again at peace with all the world, England alone excepted. By this treaty the Rhine was acknowledged as the boundary of France. The Adige limited the possessions of Austria in Italy; and Napoleon made it an essential article that every Italian imprisoned in the dungeons of Austria for political offenses, should immediately be liberated. There was to be no interference by either with the new republics which had sprung up in Italy. They were to be permitted to choose whatever form of government they preferred. In reference to this treaty, Sir Walter Scott makes the candid admission that "the treaty of Luneville was not much more advantageous to France than that of Campo Formio. The moderation of the First Consul indicated at once his desire for peace upon the Continent, and considerable respect for the bravery and strength of Austria." And Alison, in cautious but significant phrase, remarks, "These conditions did not differ materially from those offered by Napoleon before the renewal of the war; *a remarkable circumstance*, when it is remembered how vast an addition the victories of Marengo, Hohenlinden, and the Mincio, had since made to the preponderance of the French armies."

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It was, indeed, "a remarkable circumstance," that Napoleon should have manifested such unparalleled moderation, under circumstances of such aggravated indignity. In Napoleon's first Italian campaign he was contending solely for peace. At last he attained it, in the treaty of Campo Formio, on terms equally honorable to Austria and to France. On his return from Egypt, he found the armies of Austria, three hundred thousand strong, in alliance with England, invading the territories of the Republic. He implored peace, in the name of bleeding humanity, upon the fair basis of the treaty of Campo Formio. His foes regarded his supplication as the imploring cry of weakness, and treated it with scorn. With new vigor they poured their tempests of balls and shells upon France. Napoleon scaled the Alps, and dispersed his foes at Marengo, like autumn leaves before the gale. Amid the smoke and the blood and the groans of the field of his victory, he again wrote imploring peace; and he wrote in terms dictated by the honest and gushing sympathies of a humane man, and not in the cold and stately forms of the diplomatist. Crushed as his foes were, he rose not in his demands, but nobly said, "I am still willing to make peace upon the fair basis of the treaty of Campo Formio." His treacherous foes, to gain time to recruit their armies, that they might fall upon him with renovated vigor, agreed to an armistice. They then threw all possible embarrassments in the way of negotiation, and prolonged the armistice till the

winds of winter were sweeping fiercely over the snow-covered hills of Austria. They thought that it was then too late for Napoleon to make any movements until spring, and that they had a long winter before them, in which to prepare for another campaign. They refused peace. Through storms and freezing gales and drifting snows the armies of Napoleon marched painfully to Hohenlinden. The hosts of Austria were again routed, and were swept away, as the drifted snow flies before the gale. Ten thousand Frenchmen lie cold in death, the terrible price of the victory. The Emperor of Austria, in his palaces, heard the thunderings of Napoleon's approaching artillery. He implored peace. "It is all that I desire," said Napoleon; "I am not fighting for ambition or for conquest. I am still ready to make peace upon the fair basis of the treaty of Campo Formio."

While all the Continent was now at peace with France, England alone, with indomitable resolution, continued the war, without allies, and without any apparent or avowed object. France, comparatively powerless upon the seas, could strike no blows which would be felt by the distant islanders. "On every point," says Sir Walter Scott, "the English squadrons annihilated the commerce of France, crippled her revenues, and blockaded her forts." The treaty of Luneville was signed the 9th of February, 1801. Napoleon, lamenting the continued hostility of England, in announcing this peace to the people of France, remarked, "Why is not this treaty the treaty of a general peace? This was the wish of France. This has been the constant object of the efforts of her government. But its desires are fruitless. All Europe knows that the British minister has endeavored to frustrate the negotiations at Luneville. In vain was it declared to him that France was ready to enter into a separate negotiation. This declaration only produced a refusal under the pretext that England could not abandon her ally. Since then, when that ally consented to treat without England, that government sought other means to delay a peace so necessary to the world. It raises pretensions contrary to the dignity and rights of all nations. The whole commerce of Asia, and of immense colonies, does not satisfy its ambition. All the seas must submit to the exclusive sovereignty of England." As William Pitt received the tidings of this discomfiture of his allies, in despairing despondency, he exclaimed, "Fold up the map of Europe. It need not again be opened for twenty years."

While these great affairs were in progress, Napoleon, in Paris, was consecrating his energies with almost miraculous power, in developing all the resources of the majestic empire under his control. He possessed the power of abstraction to a degree which has probably never been equaled. He could concentrate all his attention for any length of time upon one subject, and then, laying that aside entirely, without expending any energies in unavailing anxiety, could turn to another, with all the freshness and the vigor of an unpreoccupied mind. Incessant mental labor was the luxury of his life. "Occupation," said he, "is my element. I am born and made for it. I have found the limits beyond which I could not use my legs. I have seen the extent to which I could use my eyes. But I have never known any bounds to my capacity for application."

The universality of Napoleon's genius was now most conspicuous. The revenues of the nation were replenished, and all the taxes arranged to the satisfaction of the people. The Bank of France was reorganized, and new energy infused into its operations. Several millions of dollars were expended in constructing and perfecting five magnificent roads radiating from Paris to the frontiers of the empire. Robbers, the vagabonds of disbanded armies, infested the roads, rendering traveling dangerous in the extreme. "Be patient," said Napoleon. "Give me a month or two. I must first conquer peace abroad. I will then do speedy and complete justice upon these highwaymen." A very important canal, connecting Belgium with France, had been commenced some years before. The engineers could not agree respecting the best direction of the cutting through the highlands which separated the valley of the Oise from that of the Somme. He visited the spot in person: decided the question promptly, and decided it wisely, and the canal was pressed to its completion. He immediately caused three new bridges to be thrown across the Seine at Paris. He commenced the magnificent road of the Simplon, crossing the rugged Alps with a broad and smooth highway, which for ages will remain a durable monument of the genius and energy of Napoleon. In gratitude for the favors he had received from the monks of the Great St. Bernard, he founded two similar establishments for the aid of travelers, one on Mount Cenis, the other on the Simplon, and both auxiliary to the convent on the Great St. Bernard. Concurrently with these majestic undertakings, he commenced the compilation of the civil code of France. The ablest lawyers of Europe were summoned to this enterprise, and the whole work was discussed section by section in the Council of State, over which Napoleon presided. The lawyers were amazed to find that the First Consul was as perfectly familiar with all the details of legal and political science, as he was with military strategy.

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Bourrienne mentions, that one day, a letter was received from an emigrant, General Duroselle, who had taken refuge in the island of Jersey. The following is an extract from the letter:

"You can not have forgotten, general, that when your late father was obliged to take your brothers from the college of Autun, he was unprovided with money, and asked of me one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which I lent him with pleasure. After his return, he had not an opportunity of paying me, and when I left Ajaccio, your mother offered to dispose of some plate, in order to pay the debt. To this I objected, and told her that I would wait until she could pay me at her convenience. Previous to the Revolution, I believe that it was not in her power to fulfill her wish of discharging the debt. I am sorry to be obliged to trouble you about such a trifle. But such is my unfortunate situation, that even this trifle is of some importance to me. At the age of eighty-six, general, after having served my country for sixty years, I am compelled to take refuge here, and to subsist on a scanty allowance, granted by the English government to French emigrants. I say *emigrants*, for I am obliged to be one against my will."

Upon hearing this letter read, Napoleon immediately and warmly said, "Bourrienne, this is sacred. Do not lose a moment. Send the old man ten times the sum. Write to General Durosel, that he shall immediately be erased from the list of emigrants. What mischief those brigands of the Convention have done. I can never repair it all." Napoleon uttered these words with a degree of emotion which he had rarely before evinced. In the evening he inquired, with much interest of Bourrienne, if he had executed his orders.

Many attempts were made at this time to assassinate the First Consul. Though France, with the most unparalleled unanimity surrounded him with admiration, gratitude, and homage, there were violent men in the two extremes of society, among the Jacobins and the inexorable Royalists, who regarded him as in their way. Napoleon's escape from the explosion of the infernal machine, got up by the Royalists, was almost miraculous.



THE INFERNAL MACHINE.

On the evening of the 24th of December, Napoleon was going to the Opera, to hear Haydn's Oratorio of the Creation, which was to be performed for the first time. Intensely occupied by business, he was reluctant to go; but to gratify Josephine, yielded to her urgent request. It was necessary for his carriage to pass through a narrow street. A cart, apparently by accident overturned, obstructed the passage. A barrel suspended beneath the cart, contained as deadly a machine as could be constructed with gunpowder and all the missiles of death. The coachman succeeded in forcing his way by the cart. He had barely passed when an explosion took place, which was heard all over Paris, and which seemed to shake the city to its foundations. Eight persons were instantly killed, and more than sixty were wounded, of whom about twenty subsequently died. The houses for a long distance, on each side of the street, were fearfully shattered, and many of them were nearly blown to pieces. The carriage rocked as upon the billows of the sea, and the windows were shattered to fragments. Napoleon had been in too many scenes of terror to be alarmed by any noise or destruction which gunpowder could produce. "Ha!" said he, with perfect composure; "we are blown up." One of his companions in the carriage, greatly terrified, thrust his head through the demolished window, and called loudly to the driver to stop. "No, no!" said Napoleon; "drive on." When the First Consul entered the Opera House, he appeared perfectly calm and unmoved. The greatest consternation, however, prevailed in all parts of the house, for the explosion had been heard, and the most fearful apprehensions were felt for the safety of the idolized Napoleon. As soon as he appeared, thunders of applause, which shook the very walls of the theatre, gave affecting testimony of the attachment of the people to his person. In a few moments, Josephine, who had come in her private carriage, entered the box. Napoleon turned to her with perfect tranquillity, and said, "The rascals tried to blow me up. Where is the book of the Oratorio?"

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Napoleon soon left the Opera, and returned to the Tuileries. He found a vast crowd assembled there, attracted by affection for his person, and anxiety for his safety. The atrocity of this attempt excited universal horror, and only increased the already almost boundless popularity of the First Consul. Deputations and addresses were immediately poured in upon him from Paris and from all the departments of France, congratulating him upon his escape. It was at first thought that this conspiracy was the work of the Jacobins. There were in Paris more than a hundred of the leaders of this execrable party, who had obtained a sanguinary notoriety during the reign of terror. They were active members of a Jacobin Club, a violent and vulgar gathering continually plotting the overthrow of the government, and the assassination of the First Consul. They were thoroughly detested by the people, and the community was glad to avail itself of any plausible pretext for banishing them from France. Without sufficient evidence that they were actually guilty of this particular outrage, in the strong excitement and indignation of the moment a decree was passed by the legislative bodies, sending one hundred and sixty of these blood-stained culprits into exile. The wish was earnestly expressed that Napoleon would promptly punish them by his own dictatorial power. Napoleon had, in fact, acquired such unbounded popularity, and the nation was so thoroughly impressed with a sense of his justice, and his wisdom, that whatever he said was done. He, however, insisted that the business should be conducted by the constituted tribunals

and under the regular forms of law. "The responsibility of this measure," said Napoleon, "must rest with the legislative body. The consuls are irresponsible. But the ministers are not. Any one of them who should sign an arbitrary decree, might hereafter be called to account. Not a single individual must be compromised. The consuls themselves know not what may happen. As for me, while I live, I am not afraid that any one will dare to call me to account for my actions. But I may be killed, and then I can not answer for the safety of my two colleagues. It would be your turn to govern," said he, smiling, and turning to Cambaceres; "*and you are not as yet very firm in the stirrups.* It will be better to have a law for the present, as well as for the future." It was finally, after much deliberation, decided that the Council of State should draw up a declaration of the reasons for the act. The First Consul was to sign the decree, and the Senate was to declare whether it was or was not constitutional. Thus cautiously did Napoleon proceed under circumstances so exciting. The law, however, was unjust and tyrannical. Guilty as these men were of other crimes, by which they had forfeited all sympathy, it subsequently appeared that they were not guilty of this crime. Napoleon was evidently embarrassed by this uncertainty of their guilt, and was not willing that they should be denounced as contrivers of the infernal machine. "We *believe*," said he, "that they are guilty. But we do not *know* it. They must be transported for the crimes which they have committed, the massacres and the conspiracies already proved against them." The decree was passed. But Napoleon, strong in popularity, became so convinced of the powerlessness and insignificance of these Jacobins, that the decree was never enforced against them. They remained in France. But they were conscious that the eye of the police was upon them. "It is not my own person," said Napoleon, "that I seek to avenge. My fortune which has preserved me so often on the field of battle, will continue to preserve me. I think not of myself. I think of social order which it is my mission to re-establish, and of the national honor, which it is my duty to purge from an abominable stain." To the innumerable addresses of congratulation and attachment which this occurrence elicited Napoleon replied, "I have been touched by the proofs of affection which the people of Paris have shown me on this occasion. I deserve them. For the only aim of my thoughts, and of my actions, is to augment the prosperity and the glory of France. While those banditti confined themselves to direct attacks upon me, I could leave to the laws the task of punishing them. But since they have endangered the population of the capital by a crime, unexampled in history, the punishment must be equally speedy and terrible."

It was soon proved, much to the surprise of Napoleon, that the atrocious act was perpetrated by the partisans of the Bourbons. Many of the most prominent of the Loyalists were implicated in this horrible conspiracy. Napoleon felt that he deserved their gratitude. He had interposed to save them from the fury of the Jacobins. Against the remonstrances of his friends, he had passed a decree which restored one hundred and fifty thousand of these wandering emigrants to France. He had done every thing in his power to enable them to regain their confiscated estates. He had been in all respects their friend and benefactor, and he would not believe, until the proof was indisputable, that they could thus requite him. The wily Fouché, however, dragged the whole matter into light. The prominent conspirators were arrested and shot. The following letter, written on this occasion by Josephine, to the Minister of Police, strikingly illustrates the benevolence of her heart, and exhibits in a very honorable light the character of Napoleon.

"While I yet tremble at the frightful event which has just occurred, I am distressed through fear of the punishment to be inflicted on the guilty, who belong, it is said, to families with whom I once lived in habits of intercourse. I shall be solicited by mothers, sisters, and disconsolate wives, and my heart will be broken through my inability to obtain all the mercy for which I would plead. I know that the clemency of the First Consul is great—his attachment to me extreme. The chief of the government has not been alone exposed; and it is that which will render him severe, inflexible. I conjure you, therefore, to do all in your power to prevent inquiries being pushed too far. Do not detect all those persons who have been accomplices in this odious transaction. Let not France, so long overwhelmed in consternation, by public executions, groan anew, beneath such inflictions. When the ringleaders of this nefarious attempt shall have been secured, let severity give place to pity for inferior agents, seduced, as they may have been, by dangerous falsehoods or exaggerated opinions. As a woman, a wife, and a mother, I must feel the heartrendings of those who will apply to me. Act, citizen minister, in such a way that the number of these may be lessened."

It seems almost miraculous that Napoleon should have escaped the innumerable conspiracies which at this time were formed against him. The partisans of the Bourbons thought that if Napoleon could be removed, the Bourbons might regain their throne. It was his resistless genius alone, which enabled France to triumph over combined Europe. His death would leave France without a leader. The armies of the allies could then, with bloody strides, march to Paris, and place the hated Bourbons on the throne. France knew this, and adored its preserver. Monarchical Europe knew this, and hence all the energies of its combined kings were centred upon Napoleon. More than thirty of these conspiracies were detected by the police. London was the hot-house where they were engendered. Air-guns were aimed at Napoleon. Assassins dogged him with their poniards. A bomb-shell was invented, weighing about fifteen pounds, which was to be thrown in at his carriage-window, and which exploding by its own concussion, would hurl death on every side. The conspirators were perfectly reckless of the lives of others, if they could only destroy the life of Napoleon. The agents of the infernal-machine had the barbarity to get a young girl fifteen years of age to hold the horse who drew the machine. This was to disarm suspicion. The poor child was blown into such fragments, that no part of her body, excepting her feet, could afterward be found. At last Napoleon became aroused, and declared that he would "teach those Bourbons that he was not a man to be shot at like a dog."

One day at St. Helena, as he was putting on his flannel waistcoat, he observed Las Casas looking at him very steadfastly.

"Well! what is *your Excellency* thinking of?" said Napoleon, with a smile.

"Sire," Las Casas replied, "in a pamphlet which I lately read, I found it stated that your majesty was shielded by a coat-of-mail, for the security of your person. I was thinking that I could bear positive evidence that at St. Helena at least, all precautions for personal safety have been laid aside."

"This," said Napoleon, "is one of the thousand absurdities which have been published respecting me. But the story you have just mentioned is the more ridiculous, since every individual about me well knows how careless I am with regard to self-preservation. Accustomed from the age of eighteen to be exposed to the cannon-ball, and knowing the inutility of precautions, I abandoned myself to my fate. When I came to the head of affairs, I might still have fancied myself surrounded by the dangers of the field of battle; and I might have regarded the conspiracies which were formed against me as so many bomb-shells. But I followed my old course. I trusted to my lucky star, and left all precautions to the police. I was perhaps the only sovereign in Europe who dispensed with a body-guard. Every one could freely approach me, without having, as it were, to pass through military barracks. Maria Louisa was much astonished to see me so poorly guarded, and she often remarked that her father was surrounded by bayonets. For my part, I had no better defense at the Tuileries than I have here. I do not even know where to find my sword," said he, looking around the room; "do you see it? I have, to be sure, incurred great dangers. Upward of thirty plots were formed against me. These have been proved by authentic testimony, without mentioning many which never came to light. Some sovereigns invent conspiracies against themselves; for my part, I made it a rule carefully to conceal them whenever I could. The crisis most serious to me was during the interval from the battle of Marengo, to the attempt of George Cadoudal and the affair of the Duke D'Enghien."

Napoleon now, with his accustomed vigor, took hold of the robbers and made short work with them. The insurgent armies of La Vendee, numbering more than one hundred thousand men, and filled with adventurers and desperadoes of every kind, were disbanded when their chiefs yielded homage to Napoleon. Many of these men, accustomed to banditti warfare, took to the highways. The roads were so infested by them, that traveling became exceedingly perilous, and it was necessary that every stage-coach which left Paris should be accompanied by a guard of armed soldiers. To remedy a state of society thus convulsed to its very centre, special tribunals were organized, consisting of eight judges. They were to take cognizance of all such crimes as conspiracies, robberies, and acts of violence of any kind. The armed bands of Napoleon swept over France like a whirlwind. The robbers were seized, tried, and shot without delay. Order was at once restored. The people thought not of the dangerous power they were placing in the hands of the First Consul. They asked only for a commander, who was able and willing to quell the tumult of the times. Such a commander they found in Napoleon. They were more than willing to confer upon him all the power he could desire. "You know what is best for us;" said the people to Napoleon. "Direct us what to do, and we will do it." It was thus that absolute power came voluntarily into his hands. Under the circumstances it was so natural that it can excite no suspicion. He was called First Consul. But he already swayed a sceptre more mighty than that of the Cæsars. But sixteen months had now elapsed since Napoleon landed at Frejus. In that time he had attained the throne of France. He had caused order and prosperity to emerge from the chaos of revolution. By his magnanimity he had disarmed Russia, by his armies had humbled Austria, and had compelled continental Europe to accept an honorable peace. He merited the gratitude of his countrymen, and he received it in overflowing measure. Through all these incidents, so eventful and so full of difficulty, it is not easy to point to a single act of Napoleon, which indicates a malicious or an ungenerous spirit.

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"I fear nothing," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "for my renown. Posterity will do me justice. It will compare the good which I have done with the faults which I have committed. If I had succeeded I should have died with the reputation of being the greatest man who ever existed. From being nothing I became, by my own exertions, the most powerful monarch of the universe, without committing any crime. My ambition was great, but it *rested* on the opinion of the masses. I have always thought that sovereignty resides in the people. The empire, as I had organized it, was but a great republic. Called to the throne by the voice of the people, my maxim has always been, *a career open to talent without distinction of birth*. It is for this system of equality that the European oligarchy detests me. And yet in England talent and great services raise a man to the highest rank. England should have understood me."

"The French Revolution," said Napoleon, "was a general movement of the mass of the nation against the privileged classes. The nobles were exempt from the burdens of the state, and yet exclusively occupied all the posts of honor and emolument. The revolution destroyed these exclusive privileges, and established equality of rights. All the avenues to wealth and greatness were equally open to every citizen, according to his talents. The French nation established the imperial throne, and placed me upon it. The throne of France was granted before to Hugh Capet, by a few bishops and nobles. The imperial throne was given to me, by the desire of the people."

Joseph Bonaparte was of very essential service to Napoleon in the diplomatic intercourse of the times. Lucien also was employed in various ways, and the whole family were taken under the protection of the First Consul. At St. Helena Napoleon uttered the following graphic and truthful eulogium upon his brothers and sisters: "What family, in similar circumstances, would have acted better? Every one is not qualified to be a statesman. That requires a combination of powers which does not often fall to the lot of any one. In this respect all my brothers were singularly

situated; they possessed at once too much and too little talent. They felt themselves too strong to resign themselves blindly to a guiding counselor, and yet too weak to be left entirely to themselves. But take them all in all I have certainly good reason to be proud of my family. Joseph would have been an honor to society in any country, and Lucien would have been an honor to any assembly. Jerome, as he advanced in life, would have developed every qualification requisite in a sovereign. Louis would have been distinguished in any rank or condition of life. My sister Eliza was endowed with masculine powers of mind; she must have proved herself a philosopher in her adverse fortune. Caroline possessed great talents and capacity. Pauline, perhaps the most beautiful woman of her age, has been, and will continue to the end of her life, the most amiable creature in the world. As to my mother, she deserves all kinds of veneration. How seldom is so numerous a family entitled to so much praise. Add to this, that, setting aside the jarring of political opinions, we sincerely loved each other. For my part, I never ceased to cherish fraternal affection for them all. And I am convinced that in their hearts they felt the same sentiments toward me, and that, in case of need, they would have given me every proof of it."

The proud old nobility, whom Napoleon had restored to France, and upon many of whom he had conferred their confiscated estates, manifested no gratitude toward their benefactor. They were sighing for the re-enthronement of the Bourbons, and for the return of the good old times, when all the offices of emolument and honor were reserved for them and for their children, and the *people* were but their hewers of wood and drawers of water. In the morning, as beggars, they would crowd the audience-chamber of the First Consul with their petitions. In the evening they disdained to honor his levees with their presence. They spoke contemptuously of Josephine, of her kindness and her desire to conciliate all parties. They condemned every thing that Napoleon did. He, however, paid no heed to their murmurings. He would not condescend even to punish them by neglect. In that most lofty pride which induced him to say that, in his administration he *wished to imitate the clemency of God*, he endeavored to consult for the interests of all, both the evil and the unthankful. His fame was to consist, not in revenging himself upon his enemies, but in aggrandizing France.

At this time Napoleon's establishment at the Tuileries rather resembled that of a very rich gentleman, than the court of a monarch. Junot, one of his aids, was married to Mademoiselle Permon, the young lady whose name will be remembered in connection with the anecdote of "Puss in Boots." Her mother was one of the most haughty of the ancient nobility, who affected to look upon Napoleon with contempt as not of royal blood. The evening after her marriage Madame Junot was to be presented to Josephine. After the Opera she drove to the Tuileries. It was near eleven o'clock. As Josephine had appointed the hour, she was expected. Eugene, hearing the wheels of the carriage, descended to the court-yard, presented his arm to Madame Junot, and they entered the large saloon together. It was a magnificent apartment, magnificently furnished. Two chandeliers, surrounded with gauze to soften the glare, shed a subdued and grateful light over the room. Josephine was seated before a tapestry-frame working upon embroidery. Near her sat Hortense, sylph-like in figure, and surpassingly gentle and graceful in her manners. Napoleon was standing near Josephine, with his hands clasped behind him, engaged in conversation with his wife and her lovely daughter. Upon the entrance of Madame Junot Josephine immediately arose, took her two hands, and, affectionately kissing her, said,

"I have too long been Junot's friend, not to entertain the same sentiments for his wife; particularly for the one he has chosen."

"Oh, Josephine!" said Napoleon, "that is running on very fast. How do you know that this little pickle is worth loving. Well, Mademoiselle Loulou (you see that I do not forget the names of my old friends), have you not a word for me?" Saying this, he gently took her hand and drew her toward him.

The young bride was much embarrassed, and yet she struggled to retain her pride of birth. "General!" she replied, smiling, "it is not for me to speak first."

"Very well parried," said Napoleon, playfully, "the mother's spirit! And how is Madame Permon?"

"Very ill, general! For two years her health has caused us great uneasiness."

"Indeed," said Napoleon, "so bad as that? I am sorry to hear it; very sorry. Make my regards to her. It is a wrong head, a proud spirit, but she has a generous heart and a noble soul. I hope that we shall often see you, Madame Junot. My intention is to draw around me a numerous family, consisting of my generals and their young wives. They will be friends of my wife and of Hortense, as their husbands are my friends. But you must not expect to meet here your acquaintances of the ancient nobility. I do not like them. They are my enemies, and prove it by defaming me."

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This was but the morning twilight of that imperial splendor which afterward dazzled the most powerful potentates of Europe. Hortense, who subsequently became the wife of Louis Bonaparte, and the mother of Louis Napoleon, who, at the moment of this present writing, is at the head of the government of France, was then seventeen years of age. "She was," says Madame Junot, "fresh as a rose. Though her fair complexion was not relieved by much color, she had enough to produce that freshness and bloom which was her chief beauty. A profusion of light hair played in silken locks around her soft and penetrating blue eyes. The delicate roundness of her figure, slender as a palm-tree, was set off by the elegant carriage of her head. But that which formed the chief attraction of Hortense was the grace and suavity of her manners, which united the creole nonchalance with the vivacity of France. She was gay, gentle, and amiable. She had wit, which, without the smallest ill-temper, had just malice enough to be amusing. A polished and well-conducted education had improved her natural talents. She drew excellently, sang harmoniously, and performed admirably in comedy. In 1800, she was a charming young girl. She afterward

became one of the most amiable princesses in Europe. I have seen many, both in their own courts and in Paris, but I have never known one who had any pretensions to equal talents. She was beloved by every one. Her brother loved her tenderly. The First Consul looked upon her as his child."

Napoleon has been accused of an improper affection for Hortense. The world has been filled with the slander. Says Bourrienne, "Napoleon never cherished for her any feeling but a real paternal tenderness. He loved her after his marriage with her mother, as he would have loved his own child. At least for three years I was a witness to all their most private actions, and I declare I never saw any thing that could furnish the least ground for suspicion, nor the slightest trace of a culpable intimacy. This calumny must be classed among those which malice delights to take in the character of men who become celebrated, calumnies which are adopted lightly and without reflection. Napoleon is no more. Let his memory be accompanied only by that, be it good or bad, which really took place. Let not this reproach be made a charge against him by the impartial historian. I must say, in conclusion, on this delicate subject, that his principles were rigid in an extreme degree, and that any fault of the nature charged, neither entered his mind, nor was in accordance with his morals or his taste."

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At St. Helena Napoleon was one day looking over a book containing an account of his amours. He smiled as he glanced his eye over the pages, saying, "I do not even know the names of most of the females who are mentioned here. This is all very foolish. Every body knows that I had no *time* for such dissipation."

THE CHURCH OF THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

One beautiful evening, in the year 1815, the parish priest of San Pietro, a village a few miles distant from Sevilla, returned much fatigued to his little cottage, where he found his aged housekeeper, the Señora Margarita, watching for him. Notwithstanding that one is well accustomed to the sight of poverty in Spain, it was impossible to help being struck by the utter destitution which appeared in the house of the good priest; the more so, as every imaginable contrivance had been resorted to, to hide the nakedness of the walls, and the shabbiness of the furniture. Margarita had prepared for her master's supper a rather small dish of *olla-podriga*, which consisted, to say the truth, of the remains of the dinner, seasoned and disguised with great skill, and with the addition of some sauce, and a *name*. As she placed the savory dish upon the table, the priest said: "We should thank God for this good supper, Margarita; this olla-podriga makes one's mouth water. My friend, you ought to be grateful for finding so good a supper at the house of your host!" At the word host, Margarita raised her eyes, and saw a stranger, who had followed her master. Her countenance changed, and she looked annoyed. She glanced indignantly first at the unknown, and then at the priest, who, looking down, said in a low voice, and with the timidity of a child: "What is enough for two, is always enough for three; and surely you would not wish that I should allow a Christian to die of hunger? He has not tasted food for two days."

"A Christian! He is more like a brigand!" and Margarita left the room, murmuring loudly enough to be heard.

Meanwhile, the unwelcome guest had remained standing at the door. He was a man of great height, half-dressed in rags, and covered with mud; while his black hair, piercing eyes, and carbine, gave him an appearance which, though hardly prepossessing, was certainly interesting. "Must I go?" said he.

The priest replied with an emphatic gesture: "Those whom I bring under my roof are never driven forth, and are never unwelcome. Put down your carbine. Let us say grace, and go to table."

"I never leave my carbine, for, as the Castilian proverb says, 'Two friends are one.' My carbine is my best friend; and I always keep it beside me. Although you allow me to come into your house, and do not oblige me to leave it until I wish to do so, there are others who would think nothing of hauling me out, and, perhaps, with my feet foremost. Come—to your good health, mine host, and let us to supper."

The priest possessed an extremely good appetite, but the voracity of the stranger soon obliged him to give up, for, not contented with eating, or rather devouring, nearly the whole of the olla-podriga, the guest finished a large loaf of bread, without leaving a crumb. While he ate, he kept continually looking round with an expression of inquietude: he started at the slightest sound; and once, when a violent gust of wind made the door bang, he sprang to his feet, and seized his carbine, with an air which showed that, if necessary, he would sell his life dearly. Discovering the cause of the alarm, he reseated himself at table, and finished his repast.

"Now," said he, "I have one thing more to ask. I have been wounded, and for eight days my wound has not been dressed. Give me a few old rags, and you shall be no longer burdened with my presence."

"I am in no haste for you to go," replied the priest, whose guest, notwithstanding his constant watchfulness, had conversed very entertainingly. "I know something of surgery, and will dress your wound."

So saying, he took from a cupboard a case containing every thing necessary, and proceeded to do

as he had said. The stranger had bled profusely, a ball having passed through his thigh; and to have traveled in this condition, and while suffering, too, from want of food, showed a strength which seemed hardly human.

"You can not possibly continue your journey to-day," said the host. "You must pass the night here. A little rest will get up your strength, diminish the inflammation of your wound, and—"

"I must go to-day, and immediately," interrupted the stranger. "There are some who wait for me," he added with a sigh—"and there are some, too, who follow me." And the momentary look of softness passed from his features between the clauses of the sentence, and gave place to an expression almost of ferocity. "Now, is it finished? That is well. See, I can walk as firmly as though I had never been wounded. Give me some bread; pay yourself for your hospitality with this piece of gold, and adieu."

The priest put back the gold with displeasure. "I am not an innkeeper," said he; "and I do not sell my hospitality."

"As you will, but pardon me; and now, farewell, my kind host."

So saying, he took the bread, which Margarita, at her master's command, very unwillingly gave him, and soon his tall figure disappeared among the thick foliage of a wood which surrounded the house, or rather the cabin. An hour had scarcely passed, when musket-shots were heard close by, and the unknown reappeared, deadly pale, and bleeding from a deep wound near the heart.

"Take these," said he, giving some pieces of gold to his late host; "they are for my children—near the stream—in the valley."

He fell, and the next moment several police-officers rushed into the house. They hastily secured the unfortunate man, who attempted no resistance. The priest entreated to be allowed to dress his wound, which they permitted; but when this was done, they insisted on carrying him away immediately. They would not even procure a carriage; and when they were told of the danger of removing a man so severely wounded, they merely said: "What does it matter? If he recovers, it will only be to receive sentence of death. He is the famous brigand, José!"

José thanked the intercessor with a look. He then asked for a little water, and when the priest brought it to him, he said, in a faint voice: "Remember!" The reply was merely a sign of intelligence. When they were gone, notwithstanding all Margarita could say as to the danger of going out at night, the priest crossed the wood, descended into the valley, and soon found, beside the body of a woman, who had doubtless been killed by a stray ball of the police, an infant, and a little boy of about four years old, who was trying in vain to awaken his mother. Imagine Margarita's amazement when the priest returned with two children in his arms.

"May all good saints defend us! What have you done, señor? We have barely enough to live upon, and you bring two children! I suppose I must beg from door to door, for you and for them. And, for mercy's sake, who are these children? The sons of that brigand, gipsy, thief, murderer, perhaps! I am sure they have never been baptized!" At this moment the infant began to cry. "And pray, Señor Clérigo, how do you mean to feed that child? You know very well that we have no means of paying a nurse. We must spoon-feed it, and nice nights that will give me! It can not be more than six months old, poor little creature," she added, as her master placed it in her arms. "Fortunately, I have a little milk here;" and forgetting her anger, she busied herself in putting some milk on the fire, and then sat down beside it to warm the infant, who seemed half-frozen. Her master watched her in silence, and when at last he saw her kiss its little cheek, he turned away with a quiet smile.

When at length the little one had been hushed into a gentle slumber, and when Margarita, with the assistance of her master's cloak, and some of her own clothes, had made a bed for the elder boy, and placed him in it, the good man told her how the children had been committed to his care, and the promise he had made, though not in words, to protect them.

"That is very right and good, no doubt," said Margarita; "I only want to know how we are all to live? The priest opened his Bible, and read aloud:

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

"Amen!" said Margarita.

Twelve years passed by. The parish priest of San Pietro, who was now more than seventy years old, was sitting in the sunshine at his door. Near him, a boy of about twelve years old was reading aloud from the Bible, looking occasionally toward a tall, fine-looking young man, who was hard at work in a garden close by. Margarita, who was now become blind, sat and listened. Suddenly, the sound of wheels was heard, and the boy exclaimed: "Oh! the beautiful carriage!" A splendid carriage approached rapidly, and stopped before the door. A richly-dressed servant approached, and asked for a cup of water for his master.

"Carlos," said the priest to the younger boy, "go, bring water to the gentleman; and add some wine, if he will accept it. Go quickly!" At this moment the carriage-door opened, and a gentleman, apparently about fifty years old, alighted.

"Are these your nephews?" said he to the priest.

"They are more than that, señor; they are my children—the children of my adoption."

"How is that?"

"I will tell you, señor; for I am old and poor, and know but little of the world, and am in much need of advice; for I know not what to do with these two children." He related the story we have just told. "And now, señor, what do you advise me to do?"

"Apply to one of the nobles of the court, who must assign you a pension of four thousand ducats."

"I asked you for advice, señor, and not for jest."

"And then, your church must be rebuilt. We will call it the Church of the Cup of Cold Water. Here is the plan. See, this is to be the vicarage; and here, divided by this paling—"

"What does this mean? What would you say? And, surely, I remember that voice, that face—"

"I am Don José della Ribeira; and twelve years ago, I was the brigand José. I escaped from prison; and—for the revolution made great changes—am now powerful. My children—"

He clasped them in his arms. And when at length he had embraced them a hundred times, with tears, and smiles, and broken sentences; and when all had in some degree recovered their composure, he took the hand of the priest and said: "Well, father, will you not accept the Church of the Cup of Cold Water?" The old man, deeply affected, turned to Margarita, and repeated:

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

"Amen!" replied the aged woman, her voice tremulous from emotion.

A short time afterward, Don José della Ribeira and his two sons were present at the consecration of the church of San-Pietro-del-Vaso-di-Aqua-Fria, one of the prettiest churches in the neighborhood of Sevilla.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE. [3]

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CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

"Bother," said Dick! "What do women know about politics. I wish you'd mind the child—it is crumpling up and playing almighty smash with that flim-flam book, which cost me a one pound one."

[3] Continued from the May Number.

Mrs. Avenel submissively bowed her head, and removed the Annual from the hands of the young destructive; the destructive set up a squall, as destructives generally do when they don't have their own way. Dick clapped his hands to his ears. "Whe-e-ew, I can't stand this; come and take a walk, Leslie; I want stretching!" He stretched himself as he spoke, first half way up to the ceiling, and then fairly out of the room.

Randal with his May Fair manner, turned toward Mrs. Avenel as if to apologize for her husband and himself.

"Poor Richard?" said she, "he is in one of his humors—all men have them. Come and see me again soon. When does Almack's open!"

"Nay, I ought to ask you that question, you who know every thing that goes on in our set," said the young serpent. Any tree planted in "our set," if it had been but a crab-tree, would have tempted Mr. Avenel's Eve to a jump at its boughs.

"Are you coming, there?" cried Dick from the foot of the stairs.

CHAPTER XX.

"I have just been at our friend Levy's," said Randal when he and Dick were outside the street door. "He, like you, is full of politics—pleasant man—for the business he is said to do."

"Well," said Dick slowly, "I suppose he *is* pleasant, but make the best of it—and still—"

"Still what, my dear Avenel?" (Randal here for the first time discarded the formal Mister.)

MR. AVENEL.—"Still the thing itself is not pleasant."

RANDAL (with his soft hollow laugh).—"You mean borrowing money upon more than five per cent?"

"Oh, curse the per centage. I agree with Bentham on the Usury Laws—no shackles in trade for me, whether in money or any thing else. That's not it. But when one owes a fellow money even at two per cent, and 'tis not convenient to pay him, why, somehow or other, it makes one feel small; it takes the British Liberty out of a man!"

"I should have thought you more likely to lend money than to borrow it."

"Well, I guess you are right there, as a general rule. But I tell you what it is, sir; there is too great a mania for competition getting up in this rotten old country of ours. I am as liberal as most men. I like competition to a certain extent, but there is too much of it, sir—too much of it!"

Randal looked sad and convinced. But if Leonard had heard Dick Avenel, what would have been his amaze! Dick Avenel rail against competition! Think there could be too much of it? Of course,

"heaven and earth are coming together," said the spider when the housemaid's broom invaded its cobweb. Dick was all for sweeping away other cobwebs; but he certainly thought heaven and earth coming together when he saw a great Turk's-head besom poked up at his own.

Mr. Avenel in his genius for speculation and improvement, had established a factory at Screwstown, the first which had ever eclipsed the church spire with its Titanic chimney. It succeeded well at first. Mr. Avenel transferred to this speculation nearly all his capital. "Nothing," quoth he, "paid such an interest. Manchester was getting worn out—time to show what Screwstown could do. Nothing like competition." But by-and-by a still greater capitalist than Dick Avenel, finding out that Screwstown was at the mouth of a coal mine, and that Dick's profits were great, erected a still uglier edifice, with a still taller chimney. And having been brought up to the business, and making his residence in the town, while Dick employed a foreman and flourished in London, this infamous competitor so managed, first to share, and then gradually to sequester, the profits which Dick had hitherto monopolized, that no wonder Mr. Avenel thought competition should have its limits. "The tongue touches where the tooth aches," as Dr. Riccabocca would tell us. By little and little our juvenile Talleyrand (I beg the elder great man's pardon) wormed out from Dick this grievance, and in the grievance discovered the origin of Dick's connection with the money-lender.

"But Levy," said Avenel, candidly, "is a decentish chap in his way—friendly too. Mrs. A. finds him useful; brings some of your young highflyers to her *soirées*. To be sure, they don't dance—stand all in a row at the door, like mutes at a funeral. Not but what they have been uncommon civil to me lately—Spendquick particularly. By-the-by, I dine with him to-morrow. The aristocracy are behindhand—not smart, sir—not up to the march; but when a man knows how to take 'em, they beat the New Yorkers in good manners. I'll say that for them. I have no prejudice."

"I never saw a man with less; no prejudice even against Levy."

"No, not a bit of it! Every one says he's a Jew; he says he's not. I don't care a button what he is. His money is English—that's enough for any man of a liberal turn of mind. His charges, too, are moderate. To be sure, he knows I shall pay them; only what I don't like in him is a sort of way he has of *mon-chering* and my-good-fellowing one, to do things quite out of the natural way of that sort of business. He knows I have got parliament influence. I could return a couple of members for Screwstown, and one, or perhaps two, for Lansmere, where I have of late been cooking up an interest; and he dictates to—no, not *dictates*—but tries to *humbug* me into putting in his own men. However, in one respect we are likely to agree. He says you want to come into Parliament. You seem a smart young fellow; but you must throw over that stiff red tapist of yours, and go with Public Opinion, and—Myself."

"You are very kind, Avenel; perhaps when we come to compare opinions we may find that we agree entirely. Still, in Egerton's present position, delicacy to him—however, we'll not discuss that now. But you really think I might come in for Lansmere—against the L'Estrange interest, too, which must be strong there?"

"It *was* very strong, but I've smashed it, I calculate."

"Would a contest there cost very much?"

"Well, I guess you must come down with the ready. But, as you say, time enough to discuss that when you have squared your account with 'delicacy;' come to me then, and we'll go into it."

Randal, having now squeezed his orange dry, had no desire to waste his time in brushing up the rind with his coat-sleeve, so he unhooked his arm from Avenel, and looking at his watch, discovered he should be just in time for an appointment of the most urgent business—hailed a cab, and drove off.

Dick looked hipped and disconsolate at being left alone; he yawned very loud, to the astonishment of three prim old maiden Belgravians who were passing that way; and then his mind began to turn toward his factory at Screwstown, which had led to his connection with the Baron; and he thought over a letter he had received from his foreman that morning, informing him that it was rumored at Screwstown that Mr. Dyce, his rival, was about to have new machinery, on an improved principle; and that Mr. Dyce had already gone up to town, it was supposed with the intention of concluding a purchase for a patent discovery to be applied to the new machinery, and which that gentleman had publicly declared in the corn-market, "would shut up Mr. Avenel's factory before the year was out." As this menacing epistle recurred to him, Dick felt his desire to yawn incontinently checked. His brow grew very dark; and he walked with restless strides, on and on, till he found himself in the Strand. He then got into an omnibus, and proceeded to the city, wherein he spent the rest of the day, looking over machines and foundries, and trying in vain to find out what diabolical invention the over-competition of Mr. Dyce had got hold of. "If," said Dick Avenel to himself, as he returned fretfully homeward—"if a man like me, who has done so much for British industry and go-ahead principles, is to be catawampously champed up by a mercenary selfish cormorant of a capitalist like that interloping blockhead in drab breeches, Tom Dyce, all I can say is, that the sooner this cursed old country goes to the dogs the better pleased I shall be. I wash my hands of it."

CHAPTER XXI.

Randal's mind was made up. All he had learned in regard to Levy had confirmed his resolves or dissipated his scruples. He had started from the improbability that Peschiera would offer, and the still greater improbability that Peschiera would pay him ten thousand pounds for such

information or aid as he could bestow in furthering the Count's object. But when Levy took such proposals entirely on himself, the main question to Randal became this—could it be Levy's interest to make so considerable a sacrifice? Had the Baron implied only friendly sentiments as his motives, Randal would have felt sure he was to be taken in; but the usurer's frank assurance that it would answer to him in the long run to concede to Randal terms so advantageous, altered the case, and led our young philosopher to look at the affair with calm contemplative eyes. Was it sufficiently obvious that Levy counted on an adequate return? Might he calculate on reaping help by the bushel if he sowed it by the handful? The result of Randal's cogitations was, that the Baron might fairly deem himself no wasteful sower. In the first place, it was clear that Levy, not without reasonable ground, believed that he could soon replace, with exceeding good interest, any sum he might advance to Randal, out of the wealth which Randal's prompt information might bestow on Levy's client, the Count; and, secondly, Randal's self-esteem was immense, and could he but succeed in securing a pecuniary independence on the instant, to free him from the slow drudgery of the bar, or from a precarious reliance on Audley Egerton, as a politician out of power—his convictions of rapid triumphs in public life were as strong as if whispered by an angel, or promised by a fiend. On such triumphs, with all the social position they would secure, Levy might well calculate for repayment, through a thousand indirect channels. Randal's sagacity detected that, through all the good-natured or liberal actions ascribed to the usurer, Levy had steadily pursued his own interests—he saw that Levy meant to get him into his power, and use his abilities as instruments for digging new mines, in which Baron Levy would claim the right of large royalties. But at that thought Randal's pale lip curled disdainfully; he confided too much in his own powers not to think that he could elude the grasp of the usurer, whenever it suited him to do so. Thus, on a survey, all conscience hushed itself—his mind rushed buoyantly on to anticipations of the future. He saw the hereditary estates regained—no matter how mortgaged—for the moment still his own—legally his own—yielding for the present what would suffice for competence to one of a few wants, and freeing his name from that title of Adventurer, which is so prodigally given in rich old countries to those who have no estates but their brains. He thought of Violante but as the civilized trader thinks of a trifling coin, of a glass bead, which he exchanges with some barbarian for gold dust; he thought of Frank Hazeldean, married to the foreign woman of beggared means, and repute that had known the breath of scandal—married, and living on post-obit installments of the Casino property; he thought of the poor Squire's resentment; his avarice swept from the lands annexed to Rood on to the broad fields of Hazeldean; he thought of Avenel, of Lansmere, of Parliament; with one hand he grasped fortune, with the next power. "And yet I entered on life with no patrimony—(save a ruined hall and a barren waste)—no patrimony but knowledge. I have but turned knowledge from books to men; for books may give fame after death, but men give us power in life." And all the while he thus ruminated, his act was speeding his purpose. Though it was but in a miserable hack-cab that he erected airy scaffoldings round airy castles, still the miserable hack-cab was flying fast, to secure the first foot of solid ground whereon to transfer the mental plan of the architect to foundations of positive slime and clay. The cab stopped at the door of Lord Lansmere's house. Randal had suspected Violante to be there; he resolved to ascertain. Randal descended from his vehicle and rang the bell. The lodge-keeper opened the great wooden gates.

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"I have called to see the young lady staying here—the foreign young lady."

Lady Lansmere had been too confident as to the security of her roof to condescend to give any orders to her servants with regard to her guest, and the lodge-keeper answered directly—

"At home, I believe, sir. I rather think she is in the garden with my lady."

"I see," said Randal. And he did see the form of Violante at a distance. "But since she is walking, I will not disturb her at present. I will call another day."

The lodge-keeper bowed respectfully, Randal jumped into his cab—"To Curzon-street—quick!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Harley had made one notable oversight in that appeal to Beatrice's better and gentler nature, which he intrusted to the advocacy of Leonard—a scheme in itself very characteristic of Harley's romantic temper, and either wise or foolish, according as his indulgent theory of human idiosyncracies in general, and of those peculiar to Beatrice di Negra in especial, was the dream of an enthusiast, or the inductive conclusion of a sound philosopher.

Harley had warned Leonard not to fall in love with the Italian—he had forgotten to warn the Italian not to fall in love with Leonard; nor had he ever anticipated the probability of that event. This is not to be very much wondered at; for if there be any thing on which the most sensible men are dull-eyed, where those eyes are not lightened by jealousy, it is as to the probabilities of another male creature being beloved. All, the least vain of the whiskered gender, think it prudent to guard themselves against being too irresistible to the fair sex; and each says of his friend, "Good fellow enough, but the last man for *that* woman to fall in love with!"

But certainly there appeared on the surface more than ordinary cause for Harley's blindness in the special instance of Leonard.

Whatever Beatrice's better qualities, she was generally esteemed worldly and ambitious. She was pinched in circumstances—she was luxurious and extravagant; how was it likely that she could distinguish any aspirant, of the humble birth and fortunes of the young peasant author? As a coquette she might try to win his admiration and attract his fancy; but her own heart would surely be guarded in the triple mail of pride, poverty, and the conventional opinions of the world

in which she lived. Had Harley thought it possible that Madame di Negra could stoop below her station, and love, not wisely, but too well, he would rather have thought that the object would be some brilliant adventurer of fashion—some one who could turn against herself all the arts of deliberate fascination, and all the experience bestowed by frequent conquest. One so simple as Leonard—so young and so new! Harley L'Estrange would have smiled at himself if the idea of that image subjugating the ambitious woman to the disinterested love of a village maid, had once crossed his mind. Nevertheless, so it was, and precisely from those causes which would have seemed to Harley to forbid the weakness.

It was that fresh, pure heart—it was that simple, earnest sweetness—it was that contrast in look, in tone, in sentiment, and in reasonings, to all that had jaded and disgusted her in the circle of her admirers—it was all this that captivated Beatrice at the first interview with Leonard. Here was what she had confessed to the skeptical Randal she had dreamed and sighed for. Her earliest youth had passed into abhorrent marriage, without the soft, innocent crisis of human life—virgin love. Many a wooer might have touched her vanity, pleased her fancy, excited her ambition—her heart had never been awakened: it woke now. The world, and the years that the world had wasted, seemed to fleet away as a cloud. She was as if restored to the blush and the sigh of youth—the youth of the Italian maid. As in the restoration of our golden age is the spell of poetry with us all, so, such was the spell of the poet himself on her.

Oh, how exquisite was that brief episode in the life of the woman palled with the "hack sights and sounds" of worldly life! How strangely happy were those hours, when, lured on by her silent sympathy, the young scholar spoke of his early struggles between circumstance and impulse, musing amidst the flowers, and hearkening to the fountain: or of his wanderings in the desolate, lamp-lit streets, while the vision of Chatterton's glittering eyes shone dread through the friendless shadows. And as he spoke, whether of his hopes or his fears, her looks dwelt fondly on the young face, that varied between pride and sadness—pride ever so gentle, and sadness ever so nobly touching. She was never weary of gazing on that brow, with its quiet power: but her lids dropped before those eyes, with their serene, unfathomable passion. She felt, as they haunted her, what a deep and holy thing love in such souls must be. Leonard never spoke to her of Helen—that reserve every reader can comprehend. To natures like his, first love is a mystery; to confide it is to profane. But he fulfilled his commission of interesting her in the exile and his daughter. And his description of them brought tears to her eyes. She inly resolved not to aid Peschiera in his designs on Violante. She forgot for the moment that her own fortune was to depend on the success of those designs. Levy had arranged so that she was not reminded of her poverty by creditors—she knew not how. She knew nothing of business. She gave herself up to the delight of the present hour, and to vague prospects of a future, associated with that young image—with that face of a guardian angel that she saw before her, fairest in the moments of absence: for in those moments came the life of fairy land, when we shut our eyes on the world, and see through the haze of golden reverie. Dangerous, indeed, to Leonard would have been the soft society of Beatrice di Negra, had his heart not been wholly devoted to one object, and had not his ideal of woman been from that object one sole and indivisible reflection. But Beatrice guessed not this barrier between herself and him. Amidst the shadows that he conjured up from his past life, she beheld no rival form. She saw him lonely in the world as she was herself. And in his lowly birth, his youth, in the freedom from presumption which characterized him in all things (save that confidence in his intellectual destinies which is the essential attribute of genius), she but grew the bolder by the belief that, even if he loved her, he would not dare to hazard the avowal.

And thus, one day, yielding as she had been ever wont to yield, to the impulse of her quick Italian heart—how she never remembered—in what words she could never recall—she spoke—she owned her love—she pleaded, with tears and blushes, for love in return. All that passed was to her as a dream—a dream from which she woke with a fierce sense of agony, of humiliation—woke as the "woman scorned." No matter how gratefully, how tenderly, Leonard had replied—the reply was refusal. For the first time she learned she had a rival; that all he could give of love was long since, from his boyhood, given to another. For the first time in her life that ardent nature knew jealousy, its torturing stings, its thirst for vengeance, its tempest of loving hate. But, to outward appearance, silent and cold she stood as marble. Words that sought to soothe fell on her ear unheeded: they were drowned by the storm within. Pride was the first feeling that dominated the warring elements that raged in her soul. She tore her hand from that which clasped hers with so loyal a respect. She could have spurned the form that knelt, not for love, but for pardon, at her feet. She pointed to the door with the gesture of an insulted queen. She knew no more till she was alone. Then came that rapid flash of conjecture peculiar to the storms of jealousy; that which seems to single from all nature the one object to dread and to destroy; the conjecture so often false, yet received at once by our convictions as the revelation of instinctive truth. He to whom she had humbled herself loved another; whom but Violante?—whom else, young and beautiful, had he named in the record of his life? None! And he had sought to interest her, Beatrice di Negra, in the object of his love—hinted at dangers, which Beatrice knew too well—implied trust in Beatrice's will to protect. Blind fool that she had been! This, then, was the reason why he had come, day after day, to Beatrice's house; this was the charm that had drawn him thither; this—she pressed her hands to her burning temples, as if to stop the torture of thought. Suddenly a voice was heard below, the door opened, and Randal Leslie entered.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Punctually at eight o'clock that evening, Baron Levy welcomed the new ally he had secured. The

pair dined *en tête-à-tête*, discussing general matters till the servants left them to their wine. Then said the Baron, rising and stirring the fire—then said the Baron, briefly and significantly—

"Well!"

"As regards the property you spoke of," answered Randal, "I am willing to purchase it on the terms you name. The only point that perplexes me is how to account to Audley Egerton, to my parents, to the world, for the power of purchasing it."

"True," said the Baron, without even a smile at the ingenious and truly Greek manner in which Randal had contrived to denote his meaning, and conceal the ugliness of it—"true, we must think of that. If we could manage to conceal the real name of the purchaser for a year or so—it might be easy—you may be supposed to have speculated in the Funds; or Egerton may die, and people may believe that he had secured to you something handsome from the ruins of his fortune."

"Little chance of Egerton's dying."

"Humph!" said the Baron. "However, this is a mere detail, reserved for consideration. You can now tell us where the young lady is?"

"Certainly. I could not this morning—I can now. I will go with you to the Count. Meanwhile, I have seen Madame di Negra: she will accept Frank Hazeldean if he will but offer himself at once."

"Will he not?"

"No! I have been to him. He is overjoyed at my representations, but considers it his duty to ask the consent of his parents. Of course they will not give it; and if there be delay, she will retract. She is under the influence of passions, on the duration of which there is no reliance."

"What passions? Love?"

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"Love; but not for Hazeldean. The passions that bring her to accept his hand are pique and jealousy. She believes, in a word, that one, who seems to have gained the mastery over her affections with a strange suddenness, is but blind to her charms, because dazzled by Violante's. She is prepared to aid in all that can give her rival to Peschiera; and yet, such is the inconsistency of woman" (added the young philosopher, with a shrug of the shoulders), "that she is also prepared to lose all chance of securing him she loves, by bestowing herself on another!"

"Woman, indeed, all over!" said the Baron, tapping the snuff-box (Louis Quinze), and regaling his nostrils with a scornful pinch. "But who is the man whom the fair Beatrice has thus honored? Superb creature! I had some idea of her myself when I bought up her debts; but it might have embarrassed me, on more general plans, as regards the Count. All for the best. Who's the man? Not Lord L'Estrange?"

"I do not think it is he; but I have not yet ascertained. I have told you all I know. I found her in a state so excited, so unlike herself, that I had no little difficulty in soothing her into confidence so far. I could not venture more."

"And she will accept Frank?"

"Had he offered to-day she would have accepted him!"

"It may be a great help to your fortunes, *mon cher*, if Frank Hazeldean marry this lady without his father's consent. Perhaps he may be disinherited. You are next of kin."

"How do you know that?" asked Randal, sullenly.

"It is my business to know all about the chances and connections of any one with whom I do money matters. I do money matters with young Mr. Hazeldean; so I know that the Hazeldean property is not entailed; and, as the Squire's half-brother has no Hazeldean blood in him, you have excellent expectations."

"Did Frank tell you I was next of kin?"

"I rather think so; but I am sure *you* did."

"I—when?"

"When you told me how important it was to you that Frank should marry Madame di Negra. *Peste! mon cher*, do you think I am a blockhead?"

"Well, Baron, Frank is of age, and can marry to please himself. You implied to me that you could help him in this."

"I will try. See that he call at Madame di Negra's to-morrow, at two precisely."

"I would rather keep clear of all apparent interference in this matter. Will you not arrange that he call on her?"

"I will. Any more wine? No;—then let us go to the Count's."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The next morning Frank Hazeldean was sitting over his solitary breakfast-table. It was long past noon. The young man had risen early, it is true, to attend his military duties, but he had contracted the habit of breakfasting late. One's appetite does not come early when one lives in London, and never goes to bed before daybreak.

There was nothing very luxurious or effeminate about Frank's rooms, though they were in a very dear street, and he paid a monstrous high price for them. Still, to a practiced eye, they betrayed an inmate who can get through his money and make very little show for it. The walls were covered with colored prints of racers and steeplechases, interspersed with the portraits of opera-dancers—all smirk and caper. Then there was a semicircular recess, covered with red cloth, and fitted up for smoking, as you might perceive by sundry stands full of Turkish pipes in cherry-stick and jessamine, with amber mouth-pieces; while a great serpent hookah, from which Frank could no more have smoked than he could have smoked out of the head of a boa constrictor, coiled itself up on the floor; over the chimney-piece was a collection of Moorish arms. What use on earth, ataghan and scimitar, and damasquined pistols, that would not carry straight three yards, could be to an officer in his Majesty's Guards, is more than I can conjecture, or even Frank satisfactorily explain. I have strong suspicions that this valuable arsenal passed to Frank in part-payment of a bill to be discounted. At all events, if so, it was an improvement on the bear that he had sold to the hairdresser. No books were to be seen any where, except a Court Guide, a Racing Calendar, an Army List, the Sporting Magazine complete (whole bound in scarlet morocco, at about a guinea per volume), and a small book, as small as an Elzevir, on the chimney-piece, by the side of a cigar-case. That small book had cost Frank more than all the rest put together; it was his Own Book, his book *par excellence*; book made up by himself—his BETTING-BOOK!

On a centre-table were deposited Frank's well-brushed hat—a satin-wood box, containing kid-gloves of various delicate tints, from primrose to lilac—a tray full of cards and three-cornered notes—an opera-glass, and an ivory subscription ticket to his opera stall.

In one corner was an ingenious receptacle for canes, sticks, and whips—I should not like, in these bad times, to have paid the bill for them,—and, mounting guard by that receptacle, stood a pair of boots as bright as Baron Levy's—"the force of brightness could no further go." Frank was in his dressing-gown—very good taste—quite Oriental—guaranteed to be true India cashmere, and charged as such. Nothing could be more neat, though perfectly simple, than the appurtenances of his breakfast-table;—silver tea-pot, ewer and basin—all fitting into his dressing-box—(for the which may Storr and Mortimer be now praised, and some day paid!) Frank looked very handsome—rather tired, and exceedingly bored. He had been trying to read the *Morning Post*, but the effort had proved too much for him.

Poor dear Frank Hazeldean! true type of many a poor dear fellow who has long since gone to the dogs. And if, in this road to ruin, there had been the least thing to do the traveler any credit by the way! One feels a respect for the ruin of a man like Audley Egerton. He is ruined *en roi!* From the wrecks of his fortune he can look down and see stately monuments built from the stones of that dismantled edifice. In every institution which attests the humanity of England, was a record of the princely bounty of the public man. In those objects of party for which the proverbial sinews of war are necessary—in those rewards for service, which private liberality can confer—the hand of Egerton had been opened as with the heart of a king. Many a rising member of Parliament, in those days when talent was brought forward through the aid of wealth and rank, owed his career to the seat which Audley Egerton's large subscription had secured to him; many an obscure supporter in letters and the press looked back to the day when he had been freed from the jail by the gratitude of the patron. The city he represented was embellished at his cost; through the shire that held his mortgaged lands, which he had rarely ever visited, his gold had flowed as a Pactolus; all that could animate its public spirit, or increase its civilization claimed kindred with his munificence, and never had a claim disallowed. Even in his grand careless household, with its large retinue and superb hospitality, there was something worthy of a representative of that time-honored portion of our true nobility—the untitled gentlemen of the land. The great commoner had, indeed, "something to show" for the money he had disdained and squandered. But for Frank Hazeldean's mode of getting rid of the dross, when gone, what would be left to tell the tale? Paltry prints in a bachelor's lodging; a collection of canes and cherry sticks; half-a-dozen letters in ill-spelt French from a *figurante*; some long-legged horses, fit for nothing but to lose a race; that damnable Betting-Book; and—*sic transit gloria*—down sweeps some hawk of a Levy, on the wings of an I O U, and not a feather is left of the pigeon!

Yet Frank Hazeldean has stuff in him—a good heart, and strict honor. Fool though he seem, there is sound sterling sense in some odd corner of his brains, if one could but get at it. All he wants to save him from perdition is, to do what he has never yet done—viz., pause and think. But, to be sure that same operation of thinking is not so easy for folks unaccustomed to it, as people who think—think!

"I can't bear this," said Frank, suddenly, and springing to his feet. "This woman, I can not get her out of my head. I ought to go down to the governor's; but then if he gets into a passion and refuses his consent, where am I? And he will too, I fear. I wish I could make out what Randal advises. He seems to recommend that I should marry Beatrice at once, and trust to my mother's influence to make all right afterward. But when I ask, 'Is that your advice?' he backs out of it. Well I suppose he is right there. I can understand that he is unwilling, good fellow, to recommend any thing that my father would disapprove. But still—"

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Here Frank stopped in his soliloquy, and did make his first desperate effort to—think!

Now, O dear reader, I assume, of course, that thou art one of the class to which thought is familiar; and, perhaps, thou hast smiled in disdain or incredulity at that remark on the difficulty of thinking which preceded Frank Hazeldean's discourse to himself. But art thou quite sure that when thou hast tried to *think* thou hast always succeeded! Hast thou not often been duped by that pale visionary simulacrum of thought which goes by the name of *reverie*? Honest old Montaigne confessed that he did not understand that process of sitting down to think, on which

some folks express themselves so glibly. He could not think unless he had a pen in his hand, and a sheet of paper before him; and so, by a manual operation, seized and connected the links of ratiocination. Very often has it happened to myself, when I have said to Thought, peremptorily, "Bestir thyself—a serious matter is before thee—ponder it well—think of it," that that same Thought has behaved in the most refractory, rebellious manner conceivable—and instead of concentrating its rays into a single stream of light, has broken into all the desultory tints of the rainbow, coloring senseless clouds, and running off into the seventh heaven—so that after sitting a good hour by the clock, with brows as knit as if I was intent on squaring the circle, I have suddenly discovered that I might as well have gone comfortably to sleep—I have been doing nothing but dream—and the most nonsensical dreams! So when Frank Hazeldean, as he stopped at that meditative "But still"—and leaning his arm on the chimney-piece and resting his face on his hand, felt himself at the grave crisis of life, and fancied he was going "to think on it," there only rose before him a succession of shadowy pictures. Randal Leslie, with an unsatisfactory countenance, from which he could extract nothing:—the Squire, looking as black as thunder in his study at Hazeldean:—his mother trying to plead for him, and getting herself properly scolded for her pains;—and then off went that Will-o'-the-wisp which pretended to call itself Thought, and began playing round the pale charming face of Beatrice di Negra in the drawing-room at Curzon-street, and repeating, with small elfin voice, Randal Leslie's assurance of the preceding day, "as to her affection for you, Frank, there is no doubt of *that*; she only begins to think you are trifling with her." And then there was a rapturous vision of a young gentleman on his knee, and the fair pale face bathed in blushes, and a clergyman standing by the altar, and a carriage and four with white favors at the church-door; and of a honeymoon which would have astonished as to honey all the bees of Hymettus. And in the midst of these phantasmagoria, which composed what Frank fondly styled "making up his mind," there came a single man's elegant rat-tat-tat at the street-door.

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"One never *has* a moment for *thinking*," cried Frank, as he called out to his valet, "Not at home."

But it was too late. Lord Spendquick was in the hall, and presently within the room. How d'y'e do's were exchanged and hands shaken.

LORD SPENDQUICK.—"I have a note for you, Hazeldean."

FRANK (lazily).—"From whom?"

LORD SPENDQUICK.—"Levy. Just come from him—never saw him in such a fidget. He was going into the city—I suppose to see X. Y. Dashed off this note for you—and would have sent it by a servant, but I said I would bring it."

FRANK (looking fearfully at the note).—"I hope he does not want his money yet. *Private and confidential*—that looks bad."

SPENDQUICK.—"Devilish bad indeed."

Frank opens the note and reads half aloud, "Dear Hazeldean."

SPENDQUICK (interrupting).—"Good sign! He always 'Spendquicks' me when he lends me money; and 'tis 'My dear Lord' when he wants it back. Capital sign!"

Frank reads on, but to himself, and with a changing countenance:

"DEAR HAZELDEAN—I am very sorry to tell you that, in consequence of the sudden failure of a house at Paris, with which I had large dealings, I am pressed, on a sudden, for all the ready money I can get. I don't want to inconvenience you; but do try and see if you can take up those bills of yours which I hold, and which, as you know, have been due some little time. I had hit on a way of arranging your affairs; but when I hinted at it, you seemed to dislike the idea; and Leslie has since told me that you have strong objections to giving any security on your prospective property. So no more of that, my dear fellow. I am called out in haste to try what I can do for a very charming client of mine, who is in great pecuniary distress, though she has for her brother a foreign Count, as rich as Cræsus. There is an execution in her house. I am going down to the tradesman who put it in, but have no hope of softening him; and I fear there will be others before the day is out. Another reason for wanting money, if you can help me, *mon cher*! An execution in the house of one of the most brilliant women in London—an execution in Curzon-street, May Fair! It will be all over the town, if I can't stop it.—Yours in haste. LEVY.

"P.S.—Don't let what I have said vex you too much. I should not trouble you if Spendquick and Borrowell would pay me something. Perhaps you can get them to do so."

Struck by Frank's silence and paleness, Lord Spendquick here, in the kindest way possible, laid his hand on the young Guardsman's shoulder, and looked over the note with that freedom which gentlemen in difficulties take with each other's private and confidential correspondence. His eye fell on the postscript. "Oh, damn it," cried Spendquick, "but that's too bad—employing you to get me to pay him! Such horrid treachery. Make yourself easy, my dear Frank; I could never suspect you of any thing so unhandsome. I could as soon suspect myself of—paying him—"

"Curzon-street! Count!" muttered Frank, as if waking from a dream. "It must be so." To thrust on his boots—change his dressing-robe for a frock-coat—catch at his hat, gloves, and cane—break from Spendquick—descend the stairs—a flight at a leap—gain the street—throw himself into a cabriolet; all this was done before his astounded visitor could even recover breath enough to ask,

"What's the matter?"

Left thus alone, Lord Spendquick shook his head—shook it twice, as if fully to convince himself that there was nothing in it; and then re-arranging his hat before the looking-glass, and drawing on his gloves deliberately, he walked down stairs, and strolled into White's, but with a bewildered and absent air. Standing at the celebrated bow-window for some moments in musing silence, Lord Spendquick at last thus addressed an exceedingly cynical, skeptical old *roué*:

"Pray, do you think there is any truth in the stories about people in former times selling themselves to the devil?"

"Ugh," answered the *roué*, much too wise ever to be surprised. "Have you any personal interest in the question?"

"I—no; but a friend of mine has just received a letter from Levy, and he flew out of the room in the most extra-or-di-na-ry manner—just as people did in those days when their time was up! And Levy, you know, is—"

"Not quite so great a fool as the other dark gentleman to whom you would compare him; for Levy never made such bad bargains for himself. Time up! No doubt it is. I should not like to be in your friend's shoes."

"Shoes!" said Spendquick, with a sort of shudder: "you never saw a neater fellow, nor one, to do him justice, who takes more time in dressing than he does in general. And, talking of shoes—he rushed out with the right boot on the left foot, and the left boot on the right. Very mysterious." And a third time Lord Spendquick shook his head—and a third time that head seemed to him wondrous empty.

CHAPTER XXV.

But Frank had arrived in Curzon-street—leapt from the cabriolet—knocked at the door, which was opened by a strange-looking man in a buff waistcoat and corduroy smalls. Frank gave a glance at this personage—pushed him aside—and rushed up-stairs. He burst into the drawing-room—no Beatrice was there. A thin elderly man, with a manuscript book in his hands, appeared engaged in examining the furniture and making an inventory, with the aid of Madame di Negra's upper servant. The thin man stared at Frank, and touched the hat which was on his head. The servant, who was a foreigner, approached Frank, and said, in broken English, that his lady did not receive—that she was unwell, and kept her room. Frank thrust a sovereign into the servant's hand, and begged him to tell Madame di Negra that Mr. Hazeldean entreated the honor of an interview. As soon as the servant vanished on this errand, Frank seized the thin man by the arm: "What is this? an execution?"

"Yes, sir."

"For what sum?"

"Fifteen hundred and forty-seven pounds. We are the first in possession."

"There are others, then?"

"Or else, sir, we should never have taken this step. Most painful to our feelings, sir; but these foreigners are here to-day, and gone to-morrow. And—"

The servant re-entered. Madame di Negra would see Mr. Hazeldean. Would he walk up-stairs? Frank hastened to obey this summons.

Madame di Negra was in a small room which was fitted up as a boudoir. Her eyes showed the traces of recent tears, but her face was composed, and even rigid, in its haughty though mournful expression. Frank, however, did not pause to notice her countenance—to hear her dignified salutation. All his timidity was gone. He saw but the woman whom he loved, in distress and humiliation. As the door closed on him, he flung himself at her feet. He caught at her hand—the skirt of her robe.

"Oh! Madame di Negra!—Beatrice!" he exclaimed, tears in his eyes, and his voice half-broken by generous emotion; "forgive me—forgive me; don't see in me a mere acquaintance. By accident I learned, or, rather, guessed—this—this strange insult to which you are so unworthily exposed. I am here. Think of me—but as a friend—the truest friend. O! Beatrice"—and he bent his head over the hand he held—"I never dared say so before—it seems presuming to say it now—but I can not help it. I love you—I love you with my whole heart and soul—to serve you—if only but to serve you!—I ask nothing else." And a sob went from his warm, young, foolish heart.

The Italian was deeply moved. Nor was her nature that of the mere sordid adventuress. So much love, and so much confidence! She was not prepared to betray the one, and entrap the other.

"Rise—rise," she said, softly; "I thank you gratefully. But do not suppose that I—"

"Hush—hush!—you must not refuse me. Hush!—don't let your pride speak."

"No—it is not my pride. You exaggerate what is occurring here. You forget that I have a brother. I have sent for him. He is the only one I can apply to. Ah! that is his knock! But I shall never, never forget that I have found one generous, noble heart in this hollow world."

Frank would have replied, but he heard the Count's voice on the stairs, and had only time to rise and withdraw to the window, trying hard to repress his agitation and compose his countenance. Count di Peschiera entered—entered as a very personation of the beauty and magnificence of

careless, luxurious, pampered, egotistical wealth. His surtout, trimmed with the costliest sables, flung back from his splendid chest. Amidst the folds of the glossy satin that enveloped his throat gleamed a turquoise, of such value as a jeweler might have kept for fifty years before he could find a customer rich and frivolous enough to buy it. The very head of his cane was a masterpiece of art, and the man himself, so elegant despite his strength, and so fresh despite his years! It is astonishing how well men wear when they think of no one but themselves!

"Pr-rr!" said the Count, not observing Frank behind the draperies of the window; "P-rr—. It seems to me that you must have passed a very unpleasant quarter of an hour. And now—*Dieu me damne*—*quoi faire!*"

Beatrice pointed to the window, and felt as if she could have sunk into the earth for shame. But as the Count spoke in French, and Frank did not very readily comprehend that language, the words escaped him, though his ear was shocked by a certain satirical levity of tone.

Frank came forward. The Count held out his hand, and, with a rapid change of voice and manner, said, "One whom my sister admits at such a moment must be a friend to me."

"Mr. Hazeldean," said Beatrice, with meaning, "would indeed have nobly pressed on me the offer of an aid which I need no more, since you, my brother, are here."

"Certainly," said the Count, with his superb air of *grand seigneur*; "I will go down and clear your house of this impertinent *canaille*. But I thought your affairs were with Baron Levy. He should be here."

"I expect him every moment. Adieu! Mr. Hazeldean." Beatrice extended her hand to her young lover with a frankness which was not without a certain pathetic and cordial dignity. Restrained from farther words by the Count's presence, Frank bowed over the fair hand in silence, and retired. He was on the stairs, when he was joined by Peschiera.

"Mr. Hazeldean," said the latter, in a low tone, "will you come into the drawing-room?"

Frank obeyed. The man employed in his examination of the furniture was still at his task; but at a short whisper from the Count he withdrew.

"My dear sir," said Peschiera, "I am so unacquainted with your English laws, and your mode of settling embarrassments of this degrading nature, and you have evidently showed so kind a sympathy in my sister's distress, that I venture to ask you to stay here, and aid me in consulting with Baron Levy."

Frank was just expressing his unfeigned pleasure to be of the slightest use, when Levy's knock resounded at the street-door, and in another moment the Baron entered.

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"Ouf!" said Levy, wiping his brows, and sinking into a chair, as if he had been engaged in toils the most exhausting—"Ouf! this is a very sad business—very; and nothing, my dear Count, nothing but ready money can save us here."

"You know my affairs, Levy," replied Peschiera, mournfully shaking his head, "and that though in a few months, or it may be weeks, I could discharge with ease my sister's debts, whatever their amount, yet at this moment, and in a strange land, I have not the power to do so. The money I brought with me is nearly exhausted. Can you not advance the requisite sum?"

"Impossible!—Mr. Hazeldean is aware of the distress under which I labor myself."

"In that case," said the Count, "all we can do to-day is to remove my sister, and let the execution proceed. Meanwhile, I will go among my friends, and see what I can borrow from them."

"Alas!" said Levy, rising and looking out of the window—"alas! we can not remove the Marchesa—the worst is to come. Look!—you see those three men; they have a writ against her person; the moment she sets her foot out of these doors she will be arrested."^[4]

[4] At that date the law of *mesne process* existed still.

"Arrested!" exclaimed Peschiera and Frank in a breath.

"I have done my best to prevent this disgrace, but in vain," said the Baron, looking very wretched. "You see, these English tradespeople fancy they have no hold upon foreigners. But we can get bail; she must not go to prison—"

"Prison!" echoed Frank. He hastened to Levy and drew him aside. The Count seemed paralyzed by shame and grief. Throwing himself back on the sofa, he covered his face with his hands.

"My sister!" groaned the Count—"daughter to a Peschiera, widow to di Negra!" There was something affecting in the proud woe of this grand patrician.

"What is the sum?" whispered Frank, anxious that the poor Count should not overhear him: and indeed the Count seemed too stunned and overwhelmed to hear any thing less loud than a clap of thunder.

"We may settle all liabilities for £500. Nothing to Peschiera, who is enormously rich. *Entre nous*, I doubt his assurance that he is without ready money. It may be so, but—"

"£500! How can I raise such a sum!"

"You, my dear Hazeldean? What are you talking about? To be sure, you could raise twice as much with a stroke of your pen, and throw your own debts into the bargain. But—to be so generous to an acquaintance!"

"Acquaintance—Madame di Negra!—the height of my ambition is to claim her as my wife!"

"And these debts don't startle you?"

"If a man loves," answered Frank, simply, "he feels it most when the woman he loves is in affliction. And," he added, after a pause, "though these debts are faults, kindness at this moment may give me the power to cure forever both her faults and my own. I can raise this money by a stroke of the pen! How?"

"On the Casino property."

Frank drew back.

"No other way?"

"Of course not. But I know your scruples; let us see if they can be conciliated. You would marry Madame di Negra; she will have £20,000 on her wedding-day. Why not arrange that, out of this sum, your anticipative charge on the Casino property be paid at once? Thus, in truth, it will be but for a few weeks that the charge will exist. The bond will remain locked in my desk—it can never come to your father's knowledge, nor wound his feelings. And when, you marry (if you will but be prudent in the meanwhile), you will not owe a debt in the world."

Here the Count suddenly started up.

"Mr. Hazeldean, I asked you to stay and aid us by your counsel; I see now that counsel is unavailing. This blow on our house must fall! I thank you, Sir—I thank you. Farewell. Levy, come with me to my poor sister, and prepare her for the worst."

"Count," said Frank, "hear me. My acquaintance with you is but slight, but I have long known and—and esteemed your sister. Baron Levy has suggested a mode in which I can have the honor and the happiness of removing this temporary but painful embarrassment. I can advance the money."

"No—no!" exclaimed Peschiera. "How can you suppose that I will hear of such a proposition? Your youth and benevolence mislead and blind you. Impossible, sir—impossible! Why, even if I had no pride, no delicacy of my own, my sister's fair fame—"

"Would suffer indeed," interrupted Levy, "if she were under such obligation to any one but her affianced husband. Nor, whatever my regard for you, Count, could I suffer my client, Mr. Hazeldean, to make this advance upon any less valid security than that of the fortune to which Madame di Negra is entitled."

"Ha!—is this indeed so? You are a suitor for my sister's hand, Mr. Hazeldean?"

"But not at this moment—not to owe her hand to the compulsion of gratitude," answered gentleman Frank.

"Gratitude! And you do not know her heart, then? Do not know—" the Count interrupted himself, and went on after a pause. "Mr. Hazeldean, I need not say, that we rank among the first houses in Europe. My pride led me formerly into the error, of disposing of my sister's hand to one whom she did not love—merely because in rank he was her equal. I will not again commit such an error, nor would Beatrice again obey me if I sought to constrain her. Where she marries, there she will love. If, indeed, she accept you, as I believe she will, it will be from affection solely. If she does, I can not scruple to accept this loan—a loan from a brother-in-law—loan to me, and not charged against her fortune! *That*, sir (turning to Levy, with his grand air), you will take care to arrange. If she do not accept you, Mr. Hazeldean, the loan, I repeat it, is not to be thought of. Pardon me, if I leave you. This, one way or other, must be decided at once." The Count inclined his head with much stateliness, and then quitted the room. His step was heard ascending the stairs.

"If," said Levy, in the tone of a mere man of business—"if the Count pay the debts, and the lady's fortune be only charged with your own—after all it will not be a bad marriage in the world's eye, nor ought it to be in a father's. Trust me, we shall get Mr. Hazeldean's consent, and cheerfully too."

Frank did not listen; he could only listen to his love, to his heart beating loud with hope and with fear.

Levy sate down before the table, and drew up a long list of figures in a very neat hand—a list of figures on *two* accounts, which the *post-obit* on the Casino was destined to efface.

After a lapse of time, which to Frank seemed interminable, the Count reappeared. He took Frank aside, with a gesture to Levy, who rose, and retired into the drawing-room.

"My dear young friend," said Peschiera, "as I suspected, my sister's heart is wholly yours. Stop; hear me out. But unluckily, I informed her of your generous proposal. It was most unguarded, most ill-judged in me, and that has well-nigh spoiled all; she has so much pride and spirit; so great a fear that you may think yourself betrayed into an imprudence you may hereafter regret, that I am sure she will tell you she does not love you, she can not accept you, and so forth. Lovers like you are not easily deceived. Don't go by her words; but you shall see her yourself and judge. Come."

Followed mechanically by Frank, the Count ascended the stairs and threw open the door of Beatrice's room. The Marchesa's back was turned; but Frank could see that she was weeping.

"I have brought my friend to plead for himself," said the Count in French; "and take my advice, sister, and do not throw away all prospect of real and solid happiness for a vain scruple. *Heed me!*" He retired and left Frank alone with Beatrice.

Then the Marchesa, as if by a violent effort, so sudden was her movement, and so wild her look, turned her face to her wooer, and came up to him, where he stood.

"Oh!" she said, clasping her hands, "is this true? You would save me from disgrace, from a prison—and what can I give you in return? My love! No, no. I will not deceive you. Young, fair, noble, as you are, I do not love you as you should be loved. Go; leave this house; you do not know my brother. Go, go—while I have still strength, still virtue enough to reject whatever may protect me from him! whatever—may—Oh—go, go."

"You do not love me," said Frank. "Well, I don't wonder at it; you are so brilliant, so superior to me. I will abandon hope—I will leave you as you command me. But at least I will not part with my privilege to serve you. As for the rest—shame on me if I could be mean enough to boast of love, and enforce a suit, at such a moment."

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Frank turned his face and stole away softly. He did not arrest his steps at the drawing-room, he went into the parlor, wrote a brief line to Levy charging him quietly to dismiss the execution, and to come to Frank's rooms with the necessary deeds; and, above all, to say nothing to the Count. Then he went out of the house and walked back to his lodgings.

That evening Levy came to him, and accounts were gone into, and papers signed; and the next morning Madame di Negra was free from debt; and there was a great claim on the reversion of the Casino estates; and at the noon of that next day Randal was closeted with Beatrice; and before the night, came a note from Madame di Negra, hurried, blurred with tears, summoning Frank to Curzon-street. And when he entered the Marchesa's drawing-room, Peschiera was seated beside his sister; and rising at Frank's entrance, said, "My dear brother-in-law!" and placed Frank's hand in Beatrice's.

"You accept me—you accept me—and of your own free will and choice?"

And Beatrice answered, "Bear with me a little, and I will try to repay you with all my—all my—" She stopped short, and sobbed aloud.

"I never thought her capable of such acute feeling, such strong attachment," whispered the Count.

Frank heard, and his face was radiant. By degrees Madame di Negra recovered composure, and she listened with what her young lover deemed a tender interest, but what, in fact, was mournful and humbled resignation, to his joyous talk of the future. To him the hours passed by, brief and bright, like a flash of sunlight. And his dreams, when he retired to rest, were so golden! But when he awoke the next morning, he said to himself, "What—what will they say at the Hall?"

At that same hour, Beatrice, burying her face on her pillow, turned from the loathsome day, and could have prayed for death. At that same hour, Giulio Franzini Count di Peschiera, dismissing some gaunt, haggard Italians, with whom he had been in close conference, sallied forth to reconnoitre the house that contained Violante. At that same hour, Baron Levy was seated before his desk, casting up a deadly array of figures, headed "Account with the Right Hon. Audley Egerton, M.P., *Dr.* and *Cr.*"—title-deeds strewed around him, and Frank Hazeldean's post-obit peeping out fresh from the elder parchments. At that same hour, Audley Egerton had just concluded a letter from the chairman of his committee in the city he represented, which letter informed him he had not a chance of being re-elected. And the lines of his face were as composed as usual, and his foot rested as firm on the grim iron box; but his hand was pressed to his heart, and his eye was on the clock; and his voice muttered—"Dr. F— should be here!" And at that hour Harley L'Estrange, who the previous night had charmed courtly crowds with his gay humor, was pacing to and fro the room in his hotel with restless strides and many a heavy sigh;—and Leonard was standing by the fountain in his garden, and watching the wintry sunbeams that sparkled athwart the spray;—and Violante was leaning on Helen's shoulder, and trying archly, yet innocently, to lead Helen to talk of Leonard;—and Helen was gazing steadfastly on the floor and answering but by monosyllables;—and Randal Leslie was walking down to his office for the last time, and reading, as he passed across the Green Park, a letter from *home*, from his sister; and then, suddenly crumpling the letter in his thin, pale hand, he looked up, beheld in the distance the spires of the great national Abbey; and recalling the words of our hero Nelson, he muttered—"Victory *and* Westminster, but *not* the Abbey!" And Randal Leslie felt that, within the last few days, he had made a vast stride in his ambition;—his grasp on the old Leslie lands—Frank Hazeldean betrothed, and possibly disinherited—and Dick Avenel, in the back-ground, opening, against the hated Lansmere interest, that same seat in Parliament which had first welcomed into public life Randal's rained patron.

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"But some must laugh, and some must weep;
Thus runs the world away!"

BOOK XI.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

It is not an uncommon crotchet among benevolent men to maintain that wickedness is necessarily a sort of insanity, and that nobody would make a violent start out of the straight path unless stung to such disorder by a bee in his bonnet. Certainly, when some very clever, well-educated person, like our friend, Randal Leslie, acts upon the fallacious principle that "roguery is the best policy," it is curious to see how many points he has in common with the insane: what over-cunning—what irritable restlessness—what suspicious belief that the rest of the world are in a conspiracy against him, which it requires all his wit to baffle and turn to his own proper aggrandizement and profit. Perhaps some of my readers may have thought that I have

represented Randal as unnaturally far-fetched in his schemes, too wire-drawn and subtle in his speculations; yet that is commonly the case with very refining intellects, when they choose to play the knave; it helps to disguise from themselves the ugliness of their ambition, just as the philosopher delights in the ingenuity of some metaphysical process, which ends in what plain men call "atheism," who would be infinitely shocked and offended if he were entitled an atheist. As I have somewhere said or implied before, it is difficult for us dull folks to conceive the glee which a wily brain takes in the exercise of its own ingenuity.

Having premised thus much on behalf of the "Natural" in Randal Leslie's character, I must here fly off to say a word or two on the agency in human life exercised by a passion rarely seen without a mask in our debonair and civilized age—I mean Hate.

In the good old days of our forefathers, when plain speaking and hard blows were in fashion—when a man had his heart at the tip of his tongue, and four feet of sharp iron dangling at his side, Hate played an honest, open part in the theatre of the world. In fact, when we read history, it seems to have "starred it" on the stage. But now, where is Hate?—who ever sees its face? Is it that smiling, good-tempered creature, that presses you by the hand so cordially? or that dignified figure of state that calls you its "right honorable friend?" Is it that bowing, grateful dependent?—is it that soft-eyed Amaryllis? Ask not, guess not; you will only know it to be Hate when the poison is in your cup, or the poniard in your breast. In the Gothic age, grim Humor painted "the Dance of Death;" in our polished century, some sardonic wit should give us "the Masquerade of Hate."

Certainly, the counter-passion betrays itself with ease to our gaze. Love is rarely a hypocrite. But Hate—how detect, how guard against it? It lurks where you least suspect it; it is created by causes that you can the least foresee; and Civilization multiplies its varieties, while it favors its disguise: for Civilization increases the number of contending interests, and Refinement renders more susceptible to the least irritation the cuticle of Self-Love. But Hate comes covertly forth from some self-interest we have crossed, or some self-love we have wounded; and, dullards that we are, how seldom we are aware of our offense! You may be hated by a man you have never seen in your life; you may be hated as often by one you have loaded with benefits; you may so walk as not to tread on a worm; but you must sit fast on your easy-chair till you are carried out to your bier, if you would be sure not to tread on some snake of a foe. But, then, what harm does the Hate do us? Very often the harm is as unseen by the world as the hate is unrecognized by us. It may come on us, unawares, in some solitary by-way of our life; strike us in our unsuspecting privacy; thwart us in some blessed hope we have never told to another: for the moment the world sees that it is Hate that strikes us, its worst power of mischief is gone.

We have a great many names for the same passion—Envy, Jealousy, Spite, Prejudice, Rivalry; but they are so many synonyms for the one old heathen demon. When the death-giving shaft of Apollo sent the plague to some unhappy Achæan, it did not much matter to the victim whether the god were called Helios or Smintheus.

No man you ever met in the world seemed more raised above the malice of Hate than Audley Egerton: even in the hot war of politics he had scarcely a personal foe; and in private life he kept himself so aloof and apart from others that he was little known, save by the benefits the waste of his wealth conferred. That the hate of any one could reach the austere statesman on his high pinnacle of esteem,—you would dare smiled at the idea! But Hate is now, as it ever has been, an actual Power amidst "the Varieties of Life;" and, in spite of bars to the door, and policemen in the street, no one can be said to sleep in safety while there wakes the eye of a single foe.

CHAPTER II.

The glory of Bond-street is no more. The title of Bond-street loungeur has faded from our lips. In vain the crowd of equipages and the blaze of shops: the renown of Bond-street was in its pavement—its pedestrians. Art thou old enough, O reader! to remember the Bond-street Loungeur and his incomparable generation? For my part, I can just recall the decline of the grand era. It was on its wane when, in the ambition of boyhood, I first began to muse upon high neck-cloths and Wellington boots. But the ancient *habitués*—the *magni nominis umbræ*—contemporaries of Brummell in his zenith—boon companions of George IV. in his regency—still haunted the spot. From four to six in the hot month of June, they sauntered stately to and fro, looking somewhat mournful even then—foreboding the extinction of their race. The Bond-street Loungeur was rarely seen alone: he was a social animal, and walked arm-in-arm with his fellow-man. He did not seem born for the cares of these ruder times; not made was he for an age in which Finsbury returns members to Parliament. He loved his small talk; and never since then has talk been so pleasingly small. Your true Bond-street Loungeur had a very dissipated look. His youth had been spent with heroes who loved their bottle. He himself had perhaps supped with Sheridan. He was by nature a spendthrift: you saw it in the roll of his walk. Men who make money rarely saunter; men who save money rarely swagger. But saunter and swagger both united to stamp PRODIGAL on the Bond-street Loungeur. And so familiar as he was with his own set, and so amusingly supercilious with the vulgar residue of mortals whose faces were strange to Bond-street. But He is gone. The world, though sadder for his loss, still strives to do its best without him; and our young men, nowadays, attend to model cottages, and incline to Tractarianism—I mean those young men who are quiet and harmless, as a Bond-street Loungeur was of old—*redeunt Saturnia regna*. Still the place, to an unreflecting eye, has its brilliancy and bustle. But it is a thoroughfare, not a lounge. And adown the thoroughfare, somewhat before the hour when the throng is thickest, passed two gentlemen of an appearance exceedingly out of keeping with the place. Yet both had the air of men pretending to aristocracy—an old-world air of respectability and stake in the country, and

Church-and-Stateism. The burlier of the two was even rather a beau in his way. He had first learned to dress, indeed, when Bond-street was at its acmé, and Brummell in his pride. He still retained in his garb the fashion of his youth; only what then had spoken of the town, now betrayed the life of the country. His neckcloth ample and high, and of snowy whiteness, set off to comely advantage a face smooth-shaven, and of clear, florid hues; his coat of royal blue, with buttons in which you might have seen yourself *veluti in speculum*, was, rather jauntily, buttoned across a waist that spoke of lusty middle age, free from the ambition, the avarice, and the anxieties that fret Londoners into thread-papers; his small-clothes of grayish drab, loose at the thigh and tight at the knee, were made by Brummell's own breeches-maker, and the gaiters to match (thrust half-way down the calf) had a manly dandyism that would have done honor to the beau-ideal of a county member. The profession of this gentleman's companion was unmistakable—the shovel-hat, the clerical cut of the coat, the neckcloth without collar, that seemed made for its accessory—the band, and something very decorous, yet very mild, in the whole mien of this personage, all spoke of one who was every inch the gentleman and the parson.

"No," said the portlier of these two persons—"no, I can't say I like Frank's looks at all. There's certainly something on his mind. However, I suppose it will be all out this evening."

"He dines with you at your hotel, Squire? Well, you must be kind to him. We can't put old heads upon young shoulders."

"I don't object to his head being young," returned the Squire; "but I wish he had a little of Randal Leslie's good sense in it. I see how it will end: I must take him back into the country; and if he wants occupation, why, he shall keep the hounds, and I'll put him into Brooksby farm."

"As for the hounds," replied the Parson, "hounds necessitate horses; and I think more mischief comes to a young man of spirit, from the stables, than from any other place in the world. They ought to be exposed from the pulpit, those stables!" added Mr. Dale, thoughtfully; "see what they entailed upon Nimrod! But agriculture is a healthful and noble pursuit, honored by sacred nations, and cherished by the greatest men in classical times. For instance, the Athenians were —"

"Bother the Athenians!" cried the Squire, irreverently; "you need not go so far back for an example. It is enough for a Hazeldean that his father, and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather all farmed before him; and a devilish deal better, I take it, than any of those musty old Athenians—no offense to them. But I'll tell you one thing, Parson—a man, to farm well, and live in the country, should have a wife; it is half the battle."

"As to a battle, a man who is married is pretty sure of half, though not always the better half, of it," answered the Parson, who seemed peculiarly facetious that day. "Ah, Squire, I wish I could think Mrs. Hazeldean right in her conjecture!—you would have the prettiest daughter-in-law in the three kingdoms. And I think, if I could have a good talk with the young lady apart from her father, we could remove the only objection I know to the marriage. Those Popish errors—"

"Ah, very true!" cried the Squire; "that Pope sticks hard in my gizzard. I could excuse her being a foreigner, and not having, I suppose, a shilling in her pocket—bless her handsome face!—but to be worshiping images in her room instead of going to the parish church, that will never do. But you think you could talk her out of the Pope, and into the family pew?"

"Why, I could have talked her father out of the Pope, only, when he had not a word to say for himself, he bolted out of the window. Youth is more ingenuous in confessing its errors."

"I own," said the Squire, "that both Harry and I had a favorite notion of ours, till this Italian girl got into our heads. Do you know we both took a great fancy to Randal's little sister—pretty, blushing, English-faced girl as ever you saw. And it went to Harry's good heart to see her so neglected by that silly, fidgety mother of hers, her hair hanging about her ears; and I thought it would be a fine way to bring Randal and Frank more together, and enable me to do something for Randal himself—a good boy, with Hazeldean blood in his veins. But Violante is so handsome, that I don't wonder at the boy's choice; and then it is our fault—we let them see so much of each other, as children. However, I should be very angry if Rickeybockey had been playing sly, and running away from the Casino in order to give Frank an opportunity to carry on a clandestine intercourse with his daughter."

"I don't think that would be like Riccabocca; more like him to run away in order to deprive Frank of the best of all occasions to court Violante, if he so desired; for where could he see more of her than at the Casino?"

SQUIRE.—"That's well put. Considering he was only a foreign doctor, and, for aught we know, went about in a caravan, he is a gentlemanlike fellow, that Rickeybockey. I speak of people as I find them. But what is your notion about Frank? I see you don't think he is in love with Violante, after all. Out with it, man; speak plain."

PARSON.—"Since you so urge me, I own I do not think him in love with her; neither does my Carry, who is uncommonly shrewd in such matters."

SQUIRE.—"Your Carry, indeed!—as if she were half as shrewd as my Harry. Carry—nonsense!"

PARSON (reddening).—"I don't want to make invidious remarks; but, Mr. Hazeldean, when you sneer at my Carry, I should not be a man if I did not say that—"

SQUIRE (interrupting).—"She was a good little woman enough; but to compare her to my Harry!"

PARSON.—"I don't compare her to your Harry; I don't compare her to any woman in England, sir. But you are losing your temper, Mr. Hazeldean!"

SQUIRE.—"I!"

PARSON.—"And people are staring at you, Mr. Hazeldean. For decency's sake, compose yourself, and change the subject. We are just at the Albany. I hope that we shall not find poor Captain Higginbotham as ill as he represents himself in his letter. Ah! is it possible? No, it can not be. Look—look!"

SQUIRE.—"Where—what—where? Don't pinch so hard. Bless me, do you see a ghost?"

PARSON.—"There—the gentleman in black!"

SQUIRE.—"Gentleman in black! What!—in broad daylight! Nonsense!"

Here the Parson made a spring forward, and, catching the arm of the person in question, who himself had stopped, and was gazing intently on the pair, exclaimed—

"Sir, pardon me; but is not your name Fairfield? Ah, it is Leonard—it is—my dear, dear boy! What joy! So altered, so improved, but still the same honest face. Squire, come here—your old friend, Leonard Fairfield."

"And he wanted to persuade me," said the Squire, shaking Leonard heartily by the hand, "that you were the gentleman in black; but, indeed, he has been in strange humors and tantrums all the morning. Well, Master Lenny; why, you are grown quite a gentleman! The world thrives with you—eh! I suppose you are head-gardener to some grandee."

"Not that, sir," said Leonard, smiling. "But the world has thriven with me at last, though not without some rough usage at starting. Ah, Mr. Dale, you can little guess how often I have thought of you and your discourse on Knowledge; and, what is more, how I have lived to feel the truth of your words, and to bless the lesson."

PARSON (much touched and flattered).—"I expected nothing less of you, Leonard; you were always a lad of great sense, and sound judgment. So you have thought of my little discourse on Knowledge, have you?"

SQUIRE.—"Hang knowledge! I have reason to hate the word. It burned down three ricks of mine; the finest ricks you ever set eyes on, Mr. Fairfield."

PARSON.—"That was not knowledge, Squire, that was ignorance."

SQUIRE.—"Ignorance! The deuce it was. I'll just appeal to you, Mr. Fairfield. We have been having sad riots in the shire, and the ring-leader was just such another lad as you were!"

LEONARD.—"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Hazeldean. In what respect?"

SQUIRE.—"Why, he was a village genius, and always reading some cursed little tract or other; and got mighty discontented with King, Lords, and Commons, I suppose, and went about talking of the wrongs of the poor, and the crimes of the rich, till, by Jove, sir, the whole mob rose one day with pitchforks and sickles, and smash went Farmer Smart's thrashing-machines; and on the same night my ricks were on fire. We caught the rogues, and they were all tried; but the poor deluded laborers were let off with a short imprisonment. The village genius, thank heaven, is sent packing to Botany Bay."

LEONARD.—"But did his books teach him to burn ricks, and smash machines?"

PARSON.—"No; he said quite the contrary, and declared that he had no hand in those misdoings."

SQUIRE.—"But he was proved to have excited, with his wild talk, the boobies who had! 'Gad, sir, there was a hypocritical Quaker once, who said to his enemy, 'I can't shed thy blood, friend, but I will hold thy head under water till thou art drowned.' And so there is a set of demagogical fellows, who keep calling out, 'Farmer This is an oppressor, and Squire That is a vampire! But no violence! Don't smash their machines, don't burn their ricks! Moral force, and a curse on all tyrants!' Well, and if poor Hodge thinks moral force is all my eye, and that the recommendation is to be read backward, in the devil's way of reading the Lord's Prayer, I should like to know which of the two ought to go to Botany Bay—Hodge who comes out like a man, if he thinks he is wronged, or t'other sneaking chap, who makes use of his knowledge to keep himself out of the scrape?"

PARSON.—"It may be very true; but when I saw that poor fellow at the bar, with his intelligent face, and heard his bold, clear defense, and thought of all his hard struggles for knowledge, and how they had ended, because he forgot that knowledge is like fire, and must not be thrown among flax—why, I could have given my right hand to save him. And, oh, Squire, do you remember his poor mother's shriek of despair when he was sentenced to transportation for life—I hear it now! And what, Leonard—what do you think had mislead him? At the bottom of all the mischief was a Tinker's bag. You can not forget Sprott?"

LEONARD.—"Tinker's bag!—Sprott!"

SQUIRE.—"That rascal, sir, was the hardest fellow to nab you could possibly conceive; as full of quips and quirks as an Old Bailey lawyer. But we managed to bring it home to him. Lord! his bag was choke-full of tracts against every man who had a good coat on his back; and as if that was not enough, cheek by jowl with the tracts were lucifers, contrived on a new principle, for teaching my ricks the theory of spontaneous combustion. The laborers bought the lucifers—"

PARSON.—"And the poor village genius bought the tracts."

SQUIRE.—"All headed with a motto—'To teach the working-classes that knowledge is power.' So that I was right in saying that knowledge had burnt my ricks; knowledge inflamed the village

genius, the village genius inflamed fellows more ignorant than himself, and they inflamed my stack-yard. However, lucifers, tracts, village genius, and Sprott, are all off to Botany Bay; and the shire has gone on much the better for it. So no more of your knowledge for me, begging your pardon, Mr. Fairfield. Such uncommonly fine ricks as mine were, too! I declare, Parson, you are looking as if you felt pity for Sprott; and I saw you, indeed, whispering to him as he was taken out of court."

PARSON (looking sheepish).—"Indeed, Squire, I was only asking him what had become of his donkey—an unoffending creature."

SQUIRE.—"Unoffending! Upset me amidst a thistle-bed in my own village green. I remember it. Well, what did he say *had* become of the donkey?"

PARSON.—"He said but one word; but that showed all the vindictiveness of his disposition. He said it with a horrid wink, that made my blood run cold. 'What's become of your poor donkey?' said I, and he answered—"

SQUIRE.—"Go on. He answered—"

PARSON.—"Sausages."

SQUIRE.—"Sausages! Like enough; and sold to the poor; and that's what the poor will come to if they listen to such revolutionizing villains. Sausages! Donkey sausages!—(spitting)—'Tis as bad as eating one another; perfect cannibalism."

Leonard, who had been thrown into grave thought by the history of Sprott and the village genius, now pressing the Parson's hand, asked permission to wait on him before Mr. Dale quitted London; and was about to withdraw, when the Parson, gently detaining him, said, "No; don't leave me yet, Leonard—I have so much to ask you, and to talk about. I shall be at leisure shortly. We are just now going to call on a relation of the Squire's, whom you must recollect, I am sure—Captain Higginbotham—Barnabas Higginbotham. He is very poorly."

"And I am sure he would take it kind in you to call, too," said the Squire, with great good-nature.

LEONARD.—"Nay, sir, would not that be a great liberty?"

SQUIRE.—"Liberty! To ask a poor sick gentleman how he is? Nonsense. And I say, sir, perhaps, as no doubt you have been living in town, and know more of new-fangled notions than I do—perhaps you can tell us whether or not it is all humbug, that new way of doctoring people?"

"What new way, sir? There are so many."

"Are there? Folks in London *do* look uncommonly sickly. But my poor cousin (he was never a Solomon) has got hold, he says, of a homely—homely—what's the word, Parson?"

PARSON.—"Homœopathist."

SQUIRE.—"That's it. You see the Captain went to live with one Sharpe Currie, a relation who had a great deal of money, and very little liver;—made the one, and left much of the other in Ingee, you understand. The Captain had *expectations* of the money. Very natural, I dare say; but, Lord, sir! what do you think has happened? Sharpe Currie has done him! Would not die, sir; got back his liver, and the Captain has lost his own. Strangest thing you ever heard. And then the ungrateful old Nabob has dismissed the Captain, saying, 'He can't bear to have invalids about him;' and is going to marry, and I have no doubt will have children by the dozen!"

PARSON.—"It was in Germany, at one of the Spas, that Mr. Currie recovered; and as he had the selfish inhumanity to make the Captain go through a course of waters simultaneously with himself, it has so chanced that the same waters that cured Mr. Currie's liver have destroyed Captain Higginbotham's. An English homœopathic physician, then staying at the Spa, has attended the Captain hither, and declares that he will restore him by infinitesimal doses of the same chemical properties that were found in the waters which diseased him. Can there be any thing in such a theory?"

LEONARD.—"I once knew a very able, though eccentric homœopathist, and I am inclined to believe there may be something in the system. My friend went to Germany: it may possibly be the same person who attends the Captain. May I ask his name?"

SQUIRE.—"Cousin Barnabas does not mention it. You may ask it of himself, for here we are at his chambers. I say, Parson (whispering slyly), if a small dose of what hurt the Captain is to cure him, don't you think the proper thing would be a—legacy? Ha! ha!"

PARSON (trying to laugh).—"Hush, Squire. Poor human nature! We must be merciful to its infirmities. Come in, Leonard."

Leonard, interested in his doubt whether he might thus chance again upon Dr. Morgan, obeyed the invitation, and with his two companions followed the woman—who "did for the Captain and his rooms"—across the small lobby, into the presence of the sufferer.

CHAPTER III.

Whatever the disposition toward merriment at his cousin's expense entertained by the Squire, it vanished instantly at the sight of the Captain's doleful visage and emaciated figure.

"Very good in you to come to town to see me—very good in you, cousin; and in you too, Mr. Dale. How very well you are both looking. I'm a sad wreck. You might count every bone in my body."

"Hazeldean air and roast beef will soon set you up, my boy," said the Squire kindly. "You were a great goose to leave them, and these comfortable rooms of yours in the Albany."

"They *are* comfortable, though not showy," said the Captain, with tears in his eyes. "I had done my best to make them so. New carpets—this very chair—(morocco!)—that Japan cat (holds toast and muffins)—just when—(the tears here broke forth, and the Captain fairly whimpered)—just when that ungrateful, bad-hearted man wrote me word 'he was—was dying and lone in the world;' and—and—to think what I've gone through for him!—and to treat me so. Cousin William, he has grown as hale as yourself, and—and—"

"Cheer up, cheer up!" cried the compassionate Squire. "It is a very hard case, I allow. But you see, as the old proverb says, 'tis ill waiting for a dead man's shoes;' and in future—I don't mean offense—but I think if you would calculate less on the livers of your relations, it would be all the better for your own. Excuse me."

"Cousin William," replied the poor Captain, "I am sure I never calculated; but still, if you had seen that deceitful man's good-for-nothing face—as yellow as a guinea—and have gone through all I've gone through, you would have felt cut to the heart as I do. I can't bear ingratitude. I never could. But let it pass. Will that gentleman take a chair?"

PARSON.—"Mr. Fairfield has kindly called with us, because he knows something of this system of homœopathy which you have adopted, and may, perhaps, know the practitioner. What is the name of your doctor?"

CAPTAIN (looking at his watch).—"That reminds me, (swallowing a globule.) A great relief these little pills—after the physic I've taken to please that malignant man. He always tried his doctor's stuff upon me. But there's another world, and a juster!"

With that pious conclusion, the Captain again began to weep.

"Touched," muttered the Squire, with his forefinger on his forehead. "You seem to have a good tidy sort of nurse here, Cousin Barnabas. I hope she's pleasant, and lively, and don't let you take on so."

"Hist! don't talk of her. All mercenary; every bit of her fawning. Would you believe it? I give her ten shillings a week, besides all that goes down of my pats of butter and rolls, and I overheard the jade saying to the laundress that 'I could not last long; and she'd—EXPECTATIONS!' Ah, Mr. Dale, when one thinks of the sinfulness there is in this life! But I'll not think of it. No—I'll not. Let us change the subject You were asking my doctor's name? It is—"

Here the woman 'with expectations' threw open the door, and suddenly announced—"DR. MORGAN."

CHAPTER IV.

The Parson started, and so did Leonard.

The Homœopathist did not at first notice either. With an unobservant bow to the visitors, he went straight to the patient, and asked, "How go the symptoms?"

Therewith the Captain commenced, in a tone of voice like a schoolboy reciting the catalogue of the ships in Homer. He had been evidently conning the symptoms, and learning them by heart. Nor was there a single nook or corner in his anatomical organization, so far as the Captain was acquainted with that structure, but what some symptom or other was dragged therefrom, and exposed to day. The Squire listened with horror to the morbid inventory—muttering at each dread interval, "Bless me! Lord bless me! What, more still! Death would be a very happy release!" Meanwhile the Doctor endured the recital with exemplary patience, noting down in the leaves of his pocket-book what appeared to him the salient points in this fortress of disease to which he had laid siege, and then, drawing forth a minute paper, said—

"Capital—nothing can be better. This must be dissolved in eight table-spoonfuls of water; one spoonful every two hours."

"Table-spoonful?"

"Table-spoonful."

'Nothing can be better,' did you say, sir?" repeated the Squire, who, in his astonishment at that assertion applied to the Captain's description of his sufferings, had hitherto hung fire—"nothing can be better?"

"For the diagnosis, sir!" replied Dr. Morgan.

"For the dogs' noses, very possibly," quoth the Squire; "but for the inside of Cousin Higginbotham, I should think nothing could be worse."

"You are mistaken, sir," replied Dr. Morgan. "It is not the Captain who speaks here—it is his liver. Liver, sir, though a noble, is an imaginative organ, and indulges in the most extraordinary fictions. Seat of poetry, and love and jealousy—the liver. Never believe what it says. You have no idea what a liar it is! But—ahem—ahem. Cott—I think I've seen you before, sir. Surely your name's Hazeldean?"

"William Hazeldean, at your service, Doctor. But where have you seen me?"

"On the hustings at Lansmere. You were speaking on behalf of your distinguished brother, Mr. Egerton."

"Hang it!" cried the Squire: "I think it must have been my liver that spoke there! for I promised the electors that that half-brother of mine would stick by the land; and I never told a bigger lie in my life!"

Here the patient, reminded of his other visitors, and afraid he was going to be bored with the enumeration of the Squire's wrongs, and probably the whole history of his duel with Captain Dashmore, turned, with a languid wave of his hand, and said, "Doctor, another friend of mine, the Rev. Mr. Dale—and a gentleman who is acquainted with homœopathy."

"Dale? What, more old friends!" cried the Doctor, rising; and the Parson came somewhat reluctantly from the window nook, to which he had retired. The Parson and the Homœopathist shook hands.

"We have met before on a very mournful occasion," said the Doctor, with feeling.

"The Parson held his finger to his lips, and glanced toward Leonard. The Doctor stared at the lad, but he did not recognize in the person before him the gaunt, care-worn boy whom he had placed with Mr. Prickett, until Leonard smiled and spoke. And the smile and the voice sufficed.

"Cott—and it *is* the poy! cried Dr. Morgan; and he actually caught hold of Leonard, and gave him an affectionate Welsh hug. Indeed, his agitation at these several surprises, became so great that he stopped short, drew forth a globule—"Aconite—good against nervous shocks!"—and swallowed it incontinently.

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"Gad," said the Squire, rather astonished, "'tis the first doctor I ever saw swallow his own medicine! There must be something in it."

The Captain now, highly disgusted that so much attention was withdrawn from his own case, asked in a querulous voice, "And as to diet? What shall I have for dinner?"

"A friend!" said the Doctor, wiping his eyes.

"Zounds!" cried the Squire, retreating, "do you mean to say, sir, that the British laws (to be sure, they are very much changed of late) allow you to diet your patients upon their fellow-men? Why, Parson, this is worse than the donkey sausages."

"Sir," said Dr. Morgan, gravely, "I mean to say, that it matters little what we eat, in comparison with care as to whom we eat with. It is better to exceed a little with a friend, than to observe the strictest regimen, and eat alone. Talk and laughter help the digestion, and are indispensable in affections of the liver. I have no doubt, sir, that it was my patient's agreeable society that tended to restore to health his dyspeptic relative, Mr. Sharpe Currie."

The Captain groaned aloud.

"And, therefore, if one of you gentlemen will stay and dine with Mr. Higginbotham, it will greatly assist the effects of his medicine."

The Captain turned an imploring eye, first toward his cousin, then toward the Parson.

"I'm engaged to dine with my son—very sorry," said the Squire. "But Dale, here—"

"If he will be so kind," put in the Captain, "we might cheer the evening with a game at whist—double dummy."

Now, poor Mr. Dale had set his heart on dining with an old college friend, and having, no stupid, prosy double dummy, in which one can not have the pleasure of scolding one's partner, but a regular orthodox rubber, with the pleasing prospect of scolding all the three other performer's. But as his quiet life forbade him to be a hero in great things, the Parson had made up his mind to be a hero in small ones. Therefore, though with rather a rueful face, he accepted the Captain's invitation, and promised to return at six o'clock to dine. Meanwhile, he must hurry off to the other end of the town, and excuse himself from the pre-engagement he had already formed. He now gave his card, with the address of a quiet family hotel thereon, to Leonard, and not looking quite so charmed with Dr. Morgan as he was before that unwelcome prescription, he took his leave. The Squire, too, having to see a new churn, and execute various commissions for his Harry, went his way (not, however, till Dr. Morgan had assured him that, in a few weeks, the Captain might safely remove to Hazeldean); and Leonard was about to follow, when Morgan hooked his arm in his old *protégé's*, and said, "But I must have some talk with you; and you have to tell me all about the little orphan girl."

Leonard could not resist the pleasure of talking about Helen; and he got into the carriage, which was waiting at the door for the homœopathist.

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"I am going into the country a few miles to see a patient," said the Doctor; "so we shall have time for undisturbed consultation. I have so often wondered what had become of you. Not hearing from Prickett, I wrote to him, and received an answer, as dry as a bone, from his heir. Poor fellow! I found that he had neglected his globules, and quitted the globe. Alas, *pulvis et umbra sumus!* I could learn no tidings of you. Prickett's successor declared he knew nothing about you. I hoped the best; for I always fancied you were one who would fall on your legs—bilious-nervous temperament; such are the men who succeed in their undertakings, especially if they take a spoonful of *chamomilla* whenever they are over-excited. So now for your history and the little girl's—pretty little thing—never saw a more susceptible constitution, nor one more suited—to *pulsatilla*."

Leonard briefly related his own struggles and success, and informed the good Doctor how they had at last discovered the nobleman in whom poor Captain Digby had confided, and whose care

of the orphan had justified the confidence.

Dr. Morgan opened his eyes at hearing the name of Lord L'Estrange. "I remember him very well," said he, "when I practiced murder as an allopathist at Lansmere. But to think that wild boy, so full of whim, and life, and spirit, should become staid enough for a guardian to that dear little child, with her timid eyes and pulsatilla sensibilities. Well, wonders never cease. And he has befriended you, too, you say. Ah, he knew your family."

"So he says. Do you think, sir, that he ever knew—ever saw—my mother?"

"Eh! your mother?—Nora?" exclaimed the Doctor quickly; and, as if struck by some sudden thought, his brows met, and he remained silent and musing a few moments; then, observing Leonard's eyes fixed on him earnestly, he replied to the question:

"No doubt he saw her; she was brought up at Lady Lansmere's. Did he not tell you so?"

"No." A vague suspicion here darted through Leonard's mind, but as suddenly vanished. His father! Impossible. His father must have deliberately wronged the dead mother. And was Harley L'Estrange a man capable of such wrong? And had he been Harley's son, would not Harley have guessed it at once, and so guessing, have owned and claimed him? Besides, Lord L'Estrange looked so young;—old enough to be Leonard's father!—he could not entertain the idea. He roused himself, and said falteringly—

"You told me you did not know by what name I should call my father."

"And I told you the truth, to the best of my belief."

"By your honor, sir?"

"By my honor, I do not know it."

There was now a long silence. The carriage had long left London, and was on a high-road somewhat lonelier and more free from houses than most of those which form the entrances to the huge city. Leonard gazed wistfully from the window, and the objects that met his eyes gradually seemed to appeal to his memory. Yes! it was the road by which he had first approached the metropolis, hand-in-hand with Helen—and hope so busy at his poet's heart. He sighed deeply. He thought he would willingly have resigned all he had won—independence, fame, all—to feel again the clasp of that tender hand—again to be the sole protector of that gentle life.

The Doctor's voice broke on his reverie. "I am going to see a very interesting patient—coats to his stomach quite worn out, sir—man of great learning, with a very inflamed cerebellum. I can't do him much good, and he does me a great deal of harm."

"How harm?" asked Leonard, with an effort at some rejoinder.

"Hits me on the heart, and makes my eyes water—very pathetic case—grand creature, who has thrown himself away. Found him given over by the allopathists, and in a high state of *delirium tremens*—restored him for a time—took a great liking to him—could not help it—swallowed a great many globules to harden myself against him—would not do—brought him over to England with the other patients, who all pay me well (except Captain Higginbotham). But this poor fellow pays me nothing—costs me a great deal in time and turnpikes, and board and lodging. Thank Heaven I'm a single man, and can afford it! My poy, I would let all the other patients go to the allopathists if I could but save this poor, big, penniless, princely fellow. But what can one do with a stomach that has not a rag of its coat left? Stop—(the Doctor pulled the check-string). This is the stile. I get out here and go across the fields."

That stile—those fields—with what distinctness Leonard remembered them. Ah, where was Helen? Could she ever, ever again be his child-angel?"

"I will go with you, if you permit," said he to the good Doctor. "And while you pay your visit, I will saunter by a little brook that I think must run by your way."

"The Brent—you know that brook? Ah, you should hear my poor patient talk of it, and of the hours he has spent angling in it—you would not know whether to laugh or cry. The first day he was brought down to the place, he wanted to go out and try once more, he said, for his old deluding demon—a one-eyed perch."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Leonard, "are you speaking of John Burley?"

"To be sure, that is his name—John Burley."

"Oh, has it come to this? Cure him, save him, if it be in human power. For the last two years I have sought his trace every where, and in vain, the moment I had money of my own—a home of my own. Poor, erring, glorious Burley. Take me to him. Did you say there was no hope?"

"I did not say that," replied the Doctor. "But art can only assist nature; and, though nature is ever at work to repair the injuries we do to her, yet, when the coats of a stomach are all gone, she gets puzzled, and so do I. You must tell me another time how you came to know Burley, for here we are at the house, and I see him at the window looking out for me."

The Doctor opened the garden-gate to the quiet cottage to which poor Burley had fled from the pure presence of Leonard's child-angel. And with heavy step, and heavy heart, Leonard mournfully followed, to behold the wrecks of him whose wit had glorified orgy, and "set the table in a roar."—Alas, poor Yorick!

CHAPTER V.

Audley Egerton stands on his hearth alone. During the short interval that has elapsed since we last saw him, events had occurred memorable in English history, wherewith we have naught to do in a narrative studiously avoiding all party politics even when treating of politicians. The new Ministers had stated the general programme of their policy, and introduced one measure in especial that had lifted them at once to the dizzy height of popular power. But it became clear that this measure could not be carried without a fresh appeal to the people. A dissolution of Parliament, as Audley's sagacious experience had foreseen, was inevitable. And Audley Egerton had no chance of return for his own seat—for the great commercial city identified with his name. Oh sad, but not rare instance of the mutabilities of that same popular favor now enjoyed by his successors! The great commoner, the weighty speaker, the expert man of business, the statesman who had seemed a type of the practical steady sense for which our middle class is renowned—he who, not three years since, might have had his honored choice of the largest popular constituencies in the kingdom—he, Audley Egerton, knew not one single town (free from the influences of private property or interest) in which the obscurest candidate, who bawled out for the new popular measure, would not have beaten him hollow. Where one popular hustings, on which that great sonorous voice that had stilled so often the roar of faction, would not be drowned amid the hoots of the scornful mob?

True, what were called the close boroughs still existed—true, many a chief of his party would have been too proud of the honor of claiming Audley Egerton for his nominee. But the ex-Minister's haughty soul shrunk from this contrast to his past position. And to fight against the popular measure, as member of one of the seats most denounced by the people—he felt it was a post in the grand army of parties below his dignity to occupy, and foreign to his peculiar mind, which required the sense of consequence and station. And if, in a few months, these seats were swept away—were annihilated from the rolls of Parliament—where was he? Moreover, Egerton, emancipated from the trammels that had bound his will while his party was in office, desired, in the turn of events, to be nominee of no other man—desired to stand at least freely and singly on the ground of his own services, be guided by his own penetration; no law for action, but his strong sense and his stout English heart. Therefore he had declined all offers from those who could still bestow seats in Parliament. Those he could purchase with hard gold were yet open to him. And the £5000 he had borrowed from Levy were yet untouched.

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To this lone public man, public life, as we have seen, was the all in all. But now more than ever it was vital to his very wants. Around him yawned ruin. He knew that it was in Levy's power at any moment to foreclose on his mortgaged lands—to pour in the bonds and the bills which lay within those rosewood receptacles that lined the fatal lair of the sleek usurer—to seize on the very house in which now moved all the pomp of a retinue that vied with the *valetaille* of dukes—to advertise for public auction, under execution, "the costly effects of the Right Hon. Audley Egerton." But, consummate in his knowledge of the world, Egerton felt assured that Levy would not adopt these measures against him while he could still tower in the van of political war—while he could still see before him the full chance of restoration to power, perhaps to power still higher than before—perhaps to power the highest of all beneath the throne. That Levy, whose hate he divined, though he did not conjecture all its causes, had hitherto delayed even a visit, even a menace, seemed to him to show that Levy still thought him one "to be helped," or, at least, one too powerful to crush. To secure his position in Parliament unshackled, unfallen, if but for another year—new combinations of party might arise, new reactions take place in public opinion! And, with his hand pressed to his heart, the stern, firm man muttered: "If not, I ask but to die in my harness, and that men may not know that I am a pauper, until all that I need from my country is a grave."

Scarce had these words died upon his lips ere two quick knocks in succession resounded at the street-door. In another moment Harley entered, and, at the same time, the servant in attendance approached Audley, and announced Baron Levy.

"Beg the Baron to wait, unless he would prefer to name his own hour to call again," answered Egerton, with the slightest possible change of color. "You can say I am now with Lord L'Estrange."

"I had hoped you had done forever with that deluder of youth," said Harley, as soon as the groom of the chambers had withdrawn. "I remember that you saw too much of him in the gay time, ere wild oats are sown; but now surely you can never need a loan; and if so, is not Harley L'Estrange by your side?"

EGERTON.—"My dear Harley! doubtless he but comes to talk to me of some borough. He has much to do with those delicate negotiations."

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HARLEY.—"And I have come on the same business. I claim the priority. I not only hear in the world, but I see by the papers, that Josiah Jenkins, Esq., known to fame as an orator who leaves out his h's, and young Lord Willoughby Whiggolin, who is just now made a Lord of the Admiralty, because his health is too delicate for the army, are certain to come in for the city which you and your present colleague will as certainly vacate. That is true, is it not?"

EGERTON.—"My old committee now vote for Jenkins and Whiggolin. And I suppose there will not be even a contest. Go on."

"So my father and I are agreed that you must condescend, for the sake of old friendship, to be once more member for Lansmere!"

"Harley," exclaimed Egerton, changing countenance far more than he had done at the announcement of Levy's portentous visit—"Harley—No, no!"

"No! But why? Wherefore such emotion?" asked L'Estrange in surprise.

Audley was silent.

HARLEY.—"I suggested the idea to two or three of the late Ministers; they all concur in advising you to accede. In the first place, if declining to stand for the place which tempted you from Lansmere, what more natural than that you should fall back on that earlier representation? In the second place, Lansmere is neither a rotten borough, to be bought, nor a close borough, under one man's nomination. It is a tolerably large constituency. My father, it is true, has considerable interest in it but only what is called the legitimate influence of property. At all events, it is more secure than a contest for a larger town, more dignified than a seat for a smaller. Hesitating still? Even my mother entreats me to say how she desires you to renew that connection."

"Harley," again exclaimed Egerton; and, fixing upon his friend's earnest face, eyes which, when softened by emotion, were strangely beautiful in their expression: "Harley, if you could but read my heart at this moment, you would—you would—" His voice faltered, and he fairly bent his proud head upon Harley's shoulder; grasping the hand he had caught, nervously, clingingly: "Oh, Harley, if I ever lose your love, your friendship!—nothing else is left to me in the world."

"Audley, my dear, dear Audley, is it you who speak to me thus? You, my school friend, my life's confidant—you?"

"I am grown very weak and foolish," said Egerton, trying to smile. "I do not know myself. I, too, whom you have so often called 'Stoic,' and likened to the Iron Man in the poem, which you used to read by the river-side at Eton."

"But even then, my Audley, I knew that a warm human heart (do what you would to keep it down) beat strong under the iron ribs. And I often marvel now, to think you have gone through life so free from the wilder passions. Happier so!"

Egerton, who had turned his face from his friend's gaze, remained silent for a few moments, and he then sought to divert the conversation, and roused himself to ask Harley how he had succeeded in his views upon Beatrice, and his watch on the Count.

"With regard to Peschiera," answered Harley, "I think we must have overrated the danger we apprehended, and that his wagers were but an idle boast. He has remained quiet enough, and seems devoted to play. His sister has shut her doors both on myself and my young associate during the last few days. I almost fear that, in spite of very sage warnings of mine, she must have turned his poet's head, and that either he has met with some scornful rebuff to incautious admiration, or that he himself has grown aware of peril, and declines to face it; for he is very much embarrassed when I speak to him respecting her. But if the Count is not formidable, why, his sister is not needed: and I hope yet to get justice for my Italian friend through the ordinary channels. I have secured an ally in a young Austrian prince, who is now in London, and who has promised to back, with all his influence, a memorial I shall transmit to Vienna. *Apropos*, my dear Audley, now that you have a little breathing-time, you must fix an hour for me to present to you my young poet, the son of *her* sister. At moments the expression of his face is so like hers."

"Ay, ay," answered Egerton, quickly, "I will see him as you wish, but later. I have not yet that breathing-time you speak of; but you say he has prospered; and, with your friendship, he is secure from fortune. I rejoice to think so."

"And your own *protégé*, this Randal Leslie, whom you forbid me to dislike—hard task!—what has he decided?"

"To adhere to my fate. Harley, if it please heaven that I do not live to return to power, and provide adequately for that young man, do not forget that he clung to me in my fall."

"If he still cling to you faithfully, I will never forget it. I will forget only all that now makes me doubt him. But you talk of not living, Audley! Pooh!—your frame is that of a pre-destined octogenarian."

"Nay," answered Audley, "I was but uttering one of those vague generalities which are common upon all mortal lips. And now farewell—I must see this Baron."

"Not yet, until you have promised to consent to my proposal, and be once more member for Lansmere. Tut! don't shake your head. I can not be denied. I claim your promise in right of our friendship, and shall be seriously hurt if you even pause to reflect on it."

"Well, well, I know not how to refuse you, Harley; but you have not been to Lansmere yourself since—since that sad event. You must not revive the old wound—*you* must not go; and—I own it, Harley; the remembrance of it pains even me. I would rather not go to Lansmere."

"Ah! my friend; this is an excess of sympathy, and I can not listen to it. I begin even to blame my own weakness, and to feel that we have no right to make ourselves the soft slaves of the past."

"You do appear to me of late to have changed," cried Egerton, suddenly, and with a brightening aspect. "Do tell me that you are happy in the contemplation of your new ties—that I shall live to see you once more restored to your former self."

"All I can answer, Audley," said L'Estrange, with a thoughtful brow, "is, that you are right in one thing—I am changed; and I am struggling to gain strength for duty and for honor. Adieu! I shall tell my father that you accede to our wishes."

CHAPTER VI.

When Harley was gone, Egerton sunk back on his chair, as if in extreme physical or mental exhaustion, all the lines of his countenance relaxed and jaded.

"To go back to that place—there—there—where—Courage, courage—what is another pang?"

He rose with an effort, and folding his arms tightly across his breast, paced slowly to and fro the large, mournful, solitary room. Gradually his countenance assumed its usual cold and austere composure—the secret eye, the guarded lip, the haughty collected front. The man of the world was himself once more.

"Now to gain time, and to baffle the usurer," murmured Egerton, with that low tone of easy scorn, which bespoke consciousness of superior power and the familiar mastery over hostile natures. He rang the bell: the servant entered.

"Is Baron Levy still waiting?"

"Yes, sir."

"Admit him."

Levy entered.

"I beg your pardon, Levy," said the ex-minister, "for having so long detained you. I am now at your commands."

"My dear fellow," returned the Baron, "no apologies between friends so old as we are; and I fear that my business is not so agreeable as to make you impatient to discuss it."

EGERTON (with perfect composure).—"I am to conclude, then, that you wish to bring our accounts to a close. Whenever you will, Levy."

THE BARON (disconcerted and surprised).—"Peste! *mon cher*, you take things coolly. But if our accounts are closed, I fear you will have but little to live upon."

EGERTON.—"I can continue to live on the salary of a Cabinet Minister."

BARON.—"Possibly; but you are no longer a Cabinet Minister."

EGERTON.—"You have never found me deceived in a political prediction. Within twelve months (should life be spared to me) I shall be in office again. If the same to you, I would rather wait till then, formally and amicably to resign to you my lands and this house. If you grant that reprieve, our connection can thus close, without the *éclat* and noise, which may be invidious to you, as it would be disagreeable to me. But if that delay be inconvenient, I will appoint a lawyer to examine your accounts, and adjust my liabilities."

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THE BARON (soliloquizing).—"I don't like this. A lawyer! That may be awkward."

EGERTON (observing the Baron, with a curl of his lip).—"Well, Levy, how shall it be?"

THE BARON.—"You know, my dear fellow, it is not my character to be hard on any one, least of all upon an old friend. And if you really think there is a chance of your return to office, which you apprehend that an *esclandre* as to your affairs at present might damage, why, let us see if we can conciliate matters. But, first, *mon cher*, in order to become a Minister, you must at least have a seat in Parliament; and, pardon me the question, how the deuce are you to find one?"

EGERTON.—"It is found."

THE BARON.—"Ah, I forgot the £5000 you last borrowed."

EGERTON.—"No; I reserve that sum for another purpose."

THE BARON (with a forced laugh).—"Perhaps to defend yourself against the actions you apprehend from me?"

EGERTON.—"You are mistaken. But to soothe your suspicions, I will tell you plainly, that finding any sum I might have insured on my life would be liable to debts pre-incurred, and (as you will be my sole creditor) might thus at my death pass back to you; and doubting whether, indeed, any office would accept my insurance, I appropriate that sum to the relief of my conscience. I intend to bestow it, while yet in life, upon my late wife's kinsman, Randal Leslie. And it is solely the wish to do what I consider an act of justice, that has prevailed with me to accept a favor from the hands of Harley L'Estrange, and to become again the member for Lansmere."

THE BARON.—"Ha!—Lansmere! You will stand for Lansmere?"

EGERTON (wincing).—"I propose to do so?"

THE BARON.—"I believe you will be opposed, subjected to even a sharp contest. Perhaps you may lose your election."

EGERTON.—"If so, I resign myself, and you can foreclose on my estates."

THE BARON (his brow coloring).—"Look you, Egerton, I shall be too happy to do you a favor."

EGERTON (with stateliness).—"Favor! No, Baron Levy, I ask from you no favor. Dismiss all thought of rendering me one. It is but a consideration of business on both sides. If you think it better that we shall at once settle our accounts, my lawyer shall investigate them. If you agree to the delay I request, my lawyer shall give you no trouble; and all that I have, except hope and character, pass to your hands without a struggle."

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THE BARON.—"Inflexible and ungracious, favor or not—put it as you will—I accede, provided first, that you allow me to draw up a fresh deed, which will accomplish your part of the compact; and

secondly, that we saddle the proposed delay with the condition that you do not lose your election."

EGERTON.—"Agreed. Have you any thing further to say?"

THE BARON.—"Nothing, except that, if you require more money, I am still at your service."

EGERTON.—"I thank you. No; I owe no man aught except yourself. I shall take the occasion of my retirement from office to reduce my establishment. I have calculated already, and provided for the expenditure I need, up to the date I have specified, and I shall have no occasion to touch the £5000 that I still retain."

"Your young friend, Mr. Leslie, ought to be very grateful to you," said the Baron, rising. "I have met him in the world—a lad of much promise and talent. You should try and get him also into Parliament."

EGERTON (thoughtfully).—"You are a good judge of the practical abilities and merits of men, as regards worldly success. Do you really think Randal Leslie calculated for public life—for a Parliamentary career?"

THE BARON.—"Indeed I do."

EGERTON (speaking more to himself than Levy).—"Parliament without fortune—'tis a sharp trial; still he is prudent, abstemious, energetic, persevering; and at the onset, under my auspices and advice, he might establish a position beyond his years."

THE BARON.—"It strikes me that we might possibly get him into the next Parliament; or, as that is not likely to last long, at all events into the Parliament to follow—not for one of the boroughs which will be swept away, but for a permanent seat, and without expense."

EGERTON.—"Ay—and how?"

THE BARON.—"Give me a few days to consider. An idea has occurred to me. I will call again if I find it practicable. Good day to you, Egerton, and success to your election for Lansmere."

CHAPTER VII.

Peschiera had not been so inactive as he had appeared to Harley and the reader. On the contrary, he had prepared the way for his ultimate design, with all the craft and the unscrupulous resolution which belonged to his nature. His object was to compel Riccabocca into assenting to the Count's marriage with Violante, or, failing that, to ruin all chance of his kinsman's restoration. Quietly and secretly he had sought out, among the most needy and unprincipled of his own countrymen, those whom he could suborn to depose to Riccabocca's participation in plots and conspiracies against the Austrian dominions. These his former connection with the Carbonari enabled him to track in their refuge in London; and his knowledge of the characters he had to deal with fitted him well for the villainous task he undertook.

He had, therefore, already collected witnesses sufficient for his purposes, making up in number for their defects in quality. Meanwhile, he had (as Harley had suspected he would) set spies upon Randal's movements; and the day before that young traitor confided to him Violante's retreat, he had, at least, got scent of her father's.

The discovery that Violante was under a roof so honored, and seemingly so safe as Lord Lansmere's, did not discourage this bold and desperate adventurer. We have seen him set forth to reconnoitre the house at Knightsbridge. He had examined it well, and discovered the quarter which he judged favorable to a *coup-de-main*, should that become necessary.

Lord Lansmere's house and grounds were surrounded by a wall, the entrance being to the high-road, and by a porter's lodge. At the rear there lay fields crossed by a lane or by-road. To these fields a small door in the wall, which was used by the gardeners in passing to and from their work, gave communication. This door was usually kept locked; but the lock was of the rude and simple description common to such entrances, and easily opened by a skeleton key. So far there was no obstacle which Peschiera's experience in conspiracy and gallantry did not disdain as trivial. But the Count was not disposed to abrupt and violent means in the first instance. He had a confidence in his personal gifts, in his address, in his previous triumphs over the sex, which made him naturally desire to hazard the effect of a personal interview; and on this he resolved with his wonted audacity. Randal's description of Violante's personal appearance, and such suggestions as to her character, and the motives most likely to influence her actions, as that young lynx-eyed observer could bestow, were all that the Count required of present aid from his accomplice.

Meanwhile we return to Violante herself. We see her now seated in the gardens at Knightsbridge, side by side with Helen. The place was retired, and out of sight from the windows of the house.

VIOLANTE.—"But why will you not tell me more of that early time? You are less communicative even than Leonard."

HELEN (looking down, and hesitatingly).—"Indeed there is nothing to tell you that you do not know; and it is so long since, and things are so changed now."

The tone of the last words was mournful, and the words ended with a sigh.

VIOLANTE (with enthusiasm).—"How I envy you that past which you treat so lightly! To have been something, even in childhood, to the formation of a noble nature; to have borne on those slight shoulders half the load of a man's grand labor. And now to see Genius moving calm in its clear career; and to say inly, 'Of that genius I am a part!'"

HELEN (sadly and humbly).—"A part! Oh, no! A part? I don't understand you."

VIOLANTE.—"Take the child Beatrice from Dante's life, and should we have a Dante? What is a poet's genius but the voice of its emotions? All things in life and in Nature influence genius; but what influences it the most, are its sorrows and affections."

Helen looks softly into Violante's eloquent face, and draws nearer to her in tender silence.

VIOLANTE (suddenly).—"Yes, Helen, yes—I know by my own heart how to read yours. Such memories are ineffaceable. Few guess what strange self-weavers of our own destinies we women are in our veriest childhood!" She sunk her voice into a whisper: "How could Leonard fail to be dear to you—dear as you to him—dearer than all others?"

HELEN (shrinking back, and greatly disturbed).—"Hush, hush! you must not speak to me thus; it is wicked—I can not bear it. I would not have it be so—it must not be—it can not!"

She clasped her hands over her eyes for a moment, and then lifted her face, and the face was very sad, but very calm.

VIOLANTE (twining her arm round Helen's waist).—"How have I wounded you?—how offended? Forgive me—but why is this wicked? Why must it not be? Is it because he is below you in birth?"

HELEN.—No, no—I never thought of that. And what am I? Don't ask me—I can not answer. You are wrong, quite wrong, as to me. I can only look on Leonard as—as a brother. But—but, you can speak to him more freely than I can. I would not have him waste his heart on me, nor yet think me unkind and distant, as I seem. I know not what I say. But—but—break to him—indirectly—gently—that duty in both forbids us both to—to be more than friends—than—"

"Helen, Helen!" cried Violante, in her warm, generous passion, "your heart betrays you in every word you say. You weep; lean on me, whisper to me; why—why is this? Do you fear that your guardian would not consent? He not consent! He who—"

HELEN.—"Cease—cease—cease."

VIOLANTE.—"What! You can fear Harley—Lord L'Estrange? Fie; you do not know him."

HELEN (rising suddenly).—"Violante, hold; I am engaged to another."

Violante rose also, and stood still, as if turned to stone; pale as death, till the blood came, at first slowly, then with suddenness from her heart, and one deep glow suffused her whole countenance. She caught Helen's hand firmly, and said, in a hollow voice—

"Another! Engaged to another! One word, Helen—not to him—not to—Harley—to—"

"I can not say—I must not. I have promised," cried poor Helen, and as Violante let fall her hand, she hurried away.

Violante sat down, mechanically. She felt as if stunned by a mortal blow. She closed her eyes and breathed hard. A deadly faintness seized her; and when it passed away, it seemed to her as if she were no longer the same being, nor the world around her the same world—as if she were but one sense of intense, hopeless misery, and as if the universe were but one inanimate void. So strangely immaterial are we really—we human beings, with flesh and blood—that if you suddenly abstract from us but a single, impalpable, airy thought, which our souls have cherished, you seem to curdle the air, to extinguish the sun, to snap every link that connects us to matter, and to benumb every thing into death, except woe.

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And this warm, young, southern nature, but a moment before was so full of joy and life, and vigorous, lofty hope. It never till now had known its own intensity and depth. The virgin had never lifted the veil from her own soul of woman. What, till then, had Harley L'Estrange been to Violante? An ideal—a dream of some imagined excellence—a type of poetry in the midst of the common world. It had not been Harley the Man—it had been Harley the Phantom. She had never said to herself, "He is identified with my love, my hopes, my home, my future." How could she? Of such, he himself had never spoken; an internal voice, indeed, had vaguely yet irresistibly whispered to her that, despite his light words, his feelings toward her were grave and deep. O false voice! how it had deceived her. Her quick convictions seized the all that Helen had left unsaid. And now suddenly she felt what it is to love, and what it is to despair. So she sat, crushed and solitary, neither murmuring nor weeping, only now and then passing her hand across her brow, as if to clear away some cloud that would not be dispersed; or heaving a deep sigh, as if to throw off some load that no time henceforth could remove. There are certain moments in life in which we say to ourselves, "All is over; no matter what else changes, that which I have made my all is gone evermore—evermore." And our own thought rings back in our ears, "Evermore—evermore!"

CHAPTER VIII.

As Violante thus sat, a stranger, passing stealthily through the trees, stood between herself and the evening sun. She saw him not. He paused a moment, and then spoke low, in her native tongue, addressing her by the name which she had borne in Italy. He spoke as a relation, and excused his intrusion: "For," said he, "I come to suggest to the daughter the means by which she can restore to her father his country and his honors."

At the word "father" Violante roused herself, and all her love for that father rushed back upon her with double force. It does so ever—we love most our parents at the moment when some tie less holy is abruptly broken; and when the conscience says, "*There*, at least, is a love that never has

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deceived thee!"

She saw before her a man of mild aspect and princely form. Peschiera (for it was he) had banished from his dress, as from his countenance, all that betrayed the worldly levity of his character. He was acting a part, and he dressed and looked it.

"My father!" she said quickly, and in Italian. "What of him? And who are you, signior? I know you not."

Peschiera smiled benignly, and replied in a tone in which great respect was softened by a kind of parental tenderness.

"Suffer me to explain, and listen to me while I speak." Then quietly seating himself on the bench beside her, he looked into her eyes, and resumed.

"Doubtless you have heard of the Count di Peschiera?"

VIOLANTE.—"I heard that name, as a child, when in Italy. And when she with whom I then dwelt (my father's aunt), fell ill and died, I was told that my home in Italy was gone, that it had passed to the Count di Peschiera—my father's foe."

PESCHIERA.—"And your father, since then, has taught you to hate this fancied foe?"

VIOLANTE.—"Nay; my father did but forbid me ever to breathe his name."

PESCHIERA.—"Alas! what years of suffering and exile might have been saved your father, had he but been more just to his early friend and kinsman; nay, had he but less cruelly concealed the secret of his retreat. Fair child, I am that Giulio Franzini, that Count di Peschiera. I am the man you have been told to regard as your father's foe. I am the man on whom the Austrian emperor bestowed his lands. And now judge if I am in truth the foe. I have come hither to seek your father, in order to dispossess myself of my sovereign's gift. I have come but with one desire, to restore Alphonso to his native land, and to surrender the heritage that was forced upon me."

VIOLANTE.—"My father, my dear father! His grand heart will have room once more. Oh! this is noble enmity, true revenge. I understand it, signior, and so will my father, for such would have been his revenge on you. You have seen him?"

PESCHIERA.—"No, not yet. I would not see him till I had seen yourself; for you, in truth, are the arbiter of his destinies, as of mine."

VIOLANTE.—"I—Count? I—arbiter of my father's destinies? Is it possible?"

PESCHIERA (with a look of compassionate admiration, and in a tone yet more emphatically parental) —"How lovely is that innocent joy; but do not indulge it yet. Perhaps it is a sacrifice which is asked from you—a sacrifice too hard to bear. Do not interrupt me. Listen still, and you will see why I could not speak to your father until I had obtained an interview with yourself. See why a word from you may continue still to banish me from his presence. You know, doubtless, that your father was one of the chiefs of a party that sought to free Northern Italy from the Austrians. I myself was at the onset a warm participator in that scheme. In a sudden moment I discovered that some of its more active projectors had coupled with a patriotic enterprise schemes of a dark nature—and that the conspiracy itself was about to be betrayed to the government. I wished to consult with your father; but he was at a distance. I learned that his life was condemned. Not an hour was to be lost. I took a bold resolve, that has exposed me to his suspicious, and to my country's wrath. But my main idea was to save him, my early friend, from death, and my country from fruitless massacre. I withdrew from the intended revolt. I sought at once the head of the Austrian government in Italy, and made terms for the lives of Alphonso, and of the other more illustrious chiefs, which otherwise would have been forfeited. I obtained permission to undertake myself the charge of securing my kinsman in order to place him in safety, and to conduct him to a foreign land, in an exile that would cease when the danger was dispelled. But unhappily he deemed that I only sought to destroy him. He fled from my friendly pursuit. The soldiers with me were attacked by an intermeddling Englishman; your father escaped from Italy—concealing his retreat; and the character of his flight counteracted my efforts to obtain his pardon. The government conferred on me half his revenues, holding the other at its pleasure. I accepted the offer to save his whole heritage from confiscation. That I did not convey to him, what I pinned to do—viz., the information that I held but in trust what was bestowed by the government, and the full explanation of what seemed blamable in my conduct—was necessarily owing to the secrecy he maintained. I could not discover his refuge; but I never ceased to plead for his recall. This year only I have partially succeeded. He can be restored to his heritage and rank, on one proviso—a guarantee for his loyalty. That guarantee the government has named: it is the alliance of his only child with one whom the government can trust. It was the interest of all Italian nobility, that the representation of a house so great falling to a female, should not pass away wholly from the direct line; in a word, that you should ally yourself with a kinsman. But one kinsman, and he the next in blood, presented himself. Brief—Alphonso regains all that he lost on the day in which his daughter gives her hand to Giulio Franzini, Count di Peschiera. Ah," continued the Count, mournfully, "you shrink—you recoil. He thus submitted to your choice is indeed unworthy of you. You are scarce in the spring of life. He is in its waning autumn. Youth loves youth. He does not aspire to your love. All that he can say is, love is not the only joy of the heart—it is joy to raise from ruin a beloved father—joy to restore to a land poor in all but memories, a chief in whom it reverences a line of heroes. These are the joys I offer to you—you, a daughter, and an Italian maid. Still silent! Oh speak to me!"

Certainly this Count Peschiera knew well how woman is to be wooed and won; and never was woman more sensitive to those high appeals which most move all true earnest womanhood, than

was the young Violante. Fortune favored him in the moment chosen. Harley was wrenched away from her hopes, and love a word erased from her language. In the void of the world, her father's image alone stood clear and visible. And she who from infancy had so pined to serve that father, who had first learned to dream of Harley as that father's friend! She could restore to him all for which the exile sighed; and by a sacrifice of self! Self-sacrifice, ever in itself such a temptation to the noble! Still, in the midst of the confusion and disturbance of her mind, the idea of marriage with another seemed so terrible and revolting, that she could not at once conceive it; and still that instinct of openness and honor, which pervaded all her character, warned even her inexperience that there was something wrong in this clandestine appeal to herself.

Again the Count besought her to speak; and with an effort she said, irresolutely—

"If it be as you say, it is not for me to answer you; it is for my father."

"Nay," replied Peschiera. "Pardon if I contradict you. Do you know so little of your father as to suppose that he will suffer his interest to dictate to his pride. He would refuse, perhaps, even to receive my visit—to hear my explanations; but certainly he would refuse to buy back his inheritance by the sacrifice of his daughter to one whom he has deemed his foe, and whom the mere disparity of years would incline the world to say he had made the barter of his personal ambition. But if I could go to him sanctioned by you—if I could say, Your daughter overlooks what the father might deem an obstacle—she has consented to accept my hand of her own free choice—she unites her happiness, and blends her prayers, with mine—then, indeed, I could not fail of success: and Italy would pardon my errors, and bless your name. Ah! Signorina, do not think of me save as an instrument toward the fulfillment of duties so high and sacred—think but of your ancestors, your father, your native land, and reject not the proud occasion to prove how you revere them all!"

Violante's heart was touched at the right chord. Her head rose—her color came back to her pale cheek—she turned the glorious beauty of her countenance toward the wily tempter. She was about to answer, and to seal her fate, when at that instant Harley's voice was heard at a little distance, and Nero came bounding toward her, and thrust himself, with rough familiarity, between herself and Peschiera. The Count drew back, and Violante, whose eyes were still fixed on his face, started at the change that passed there. One quick gleam of rage sufficed in an instant to light up the sinister secrets of his nature—it was the face of the baffled gladiator. He had time but for few words.

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"I must not be seen here," he muttered; "but to-morrow—in these gardens—about this hour. I implore you, for the sake of your father—his hopes, fortunes, his very life, to guard the secret of this interview—to meet me again. Adieu!"

He vanished amidst the trees, and was gone—noiselessly, mysteriously, as he had come.

CHAPTER IX.

The last words of Peschiera were still ringing in Violante's ears when Harley appeared in sight, and the sound of his voice dispelled the vague and dreamy stupor which had crept over her senses. At that voice there returned the consciousness of a mighty loss, the sting of an intolerable anguish. To meet Harley there, and thus, seemed impossible. She turned abruptly away, and hurried toward the house. Harley called to her by name, but she would not answer, and only quickened her steps. He paused a moment in surprise, and then hastened after her.

"Under what strange taboo am I placed?" said he gayly, as he laid his hand on her shrinking arm. "I inquire for Helen—she is ill, and can not see me. I come to sun myself in your presence, and you fly me as if gods and men had set their mark on my brow. Child!—child!—what is this? You are weeping?"

"Do not stay me now—do not speak to me," answered Violante through her stifling sobs, as she broke from his hand and made toward the house.

"Have you a grief, and under the shelter of my father's roof? A grief that you will not tell to me? Cruel!" cried Harley, with inexpressible tenderness of reproach in his soft tones.

Violante could not trust herself to reply. Ashamed of her self-betrayal—softened yet more by his pleading voice—she could have prayed to the earth to swallow her. At length, checking back her tears by a heroic effort, she said, almost calmly, "Noble friend, forgive me. I have no grief, believe me, which—which I can tell to you. I was but thinking of my poor father when you came up; alarming myself about him, it may be, with vain superstitious fears; and so—even a slight surprise—your abrupt appearance, has sufficed to make me thus weak and foolish; but I wish to see my father!—to go home—home!"

"Your father is well, believe me, and pleased that you are here. No danger threatens him; and you, *here*, are safe."

"I safe—and from what?"

Harley mused irresolute. He inclined to confide to her the danger which her father had concealed; but had he the right to do so against her father's will?

"Give me," he said, "time to reflect, and to obtain permission to intrust you with a secret which, in my judgment, you should know. Meanwhile, this much I may say, that rather than you should incur the danger that I believe he exaggerates, your father would have given you a protector—even, in Randal Leslie."

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Violante started.

"But," resumed Harley, with a calm, in which a certain deep mournfulness was apparent, unconsciously to himself—"but I trust you are reserved for a fairer fate, and a nobler spouse. I have vowed to live henceforth in the common workday world. But for you, bright child, for you, I am a dreamer still!"

Violante turned her eyes for one instant toward the melancholy speaker. The look thrilled to his heart. He bowed his face involuntarily. When he looked up, she had left his side. He did not this time attempt to follow her, but moved away and plunged amidst the leafless trees.

An hour afterward he re-entered the house, and again sought to see Helen. She had now recovered sufficiently to give him the interview he requested.

He approached her with a grave and serious gentleness,

"My dear Helen," said he, "you have consented to be my wife, my life's mild companion; let it be soon—soon—for I need you. I need all the strength of that holy tie. Helen, let me press you to fix the time."

"I owe you too much," answered Helen, looking down, "to have a will but yours. But your mother," she added, perhaps clinging to the idea of some reprieve—"your mother has not yet—"

"My mother—true. I will speak first to her. You shall receive from my family all honor due to your gentle virtues. Helen, by the way, have you mentioned to Violante the bond between us?"

"No—that is, I fear I may have unguardedly betrayed it, against Lady Lansmere's commands too—but—but—"

"So, Lady Lansmere forbade you to name it to Violante. This should not be. I will answer for her permission to revoke that interdict. It is due to Violante and to you. Tell your young friend all. Ah, Helen, if I am at times cold or wayward, bear with me—bear with me; for you love me, do you not?"

CHAPTER X.

That same evening Randal heard from Levy (at whose house he staid late) of that self-introduction to Violante which (thanks to his skeleton-key) Peschiera had contrived to effect; and the Count seemed more than sanguine—he seemed assured as to the full and speedy success of his matrimonial enterprise. "Therefore," said Levy, "I trust I may very soon congratulate you on the acquisition of your family estates."

"Strange!" answered Randal, "strange that my fortunes seem so bound up with the fate of a foreigner like Beatrice di Negra and her connection with Frank Hazeldean." He looked up at the clock as he spoke, and added—

"Frank, by this time, has told his father of his engagement."

"And you feel sure that the Squire can not be coaxed into consent?"

"No; but I feel sure that the Squire will be so choleric at the first intelligence, that Frank will not have the self-control necessary for coaxing; and, perhaps, before the Squire can relent upon this point, he may, by some accident, learn his grievances on another, which would exasperate him still more."

"Ay, I understand—the *post obit*?"

Randal nodded.

"And what then?" asked Levy.

"The next of kin to the lands of Hazeldean may have his day."

The Baron smiled.

"You have good prospects in that direction, Leslie: look now to another. I spoke to you of the borough of Lansmere. Your patron, Audley Egerton, intends to stand for it."

Randal's heart had of late been so set upon other and more avaricious schemes, that a seat in Parliament had sunk into a secondary object; nevertheless, his ambitious and all-grasping nature felt a bitter pang, when he heard that Egerton thus interposed between himself and any chance of advancement.

"So!" he muttered sullenly—"so. This man, who pretends to be my benefactor, squanders away the wealth of my forefathers—throws me penniless on the world; and, while still encouraging me to exertion and public life, robs me himself of—"

"No!" interrupted Levy—"not robs you; we may prevent that. The Lansmere interest is not so strong in the borough as Dick Avenel's."

"But I can not stand against Egerton."

"Assuredly not—you may stand with him."

"How."

"Dick Avenel will never suffer Egerton to come in; and though he can not, perhaps, carry two of his own politics, he can split his votes upon you."

Randal's eyes flashed. He saw at a glance, that if Avenel did not overrate the relative strength of

parties, his seat could be secured.

"But," he said, "Egerton has not spoken to me on such a subject; nor can you expect that he would propose to me to stand with him, if he foresaw the chance of being ousted by the very candidate he himself introduced."

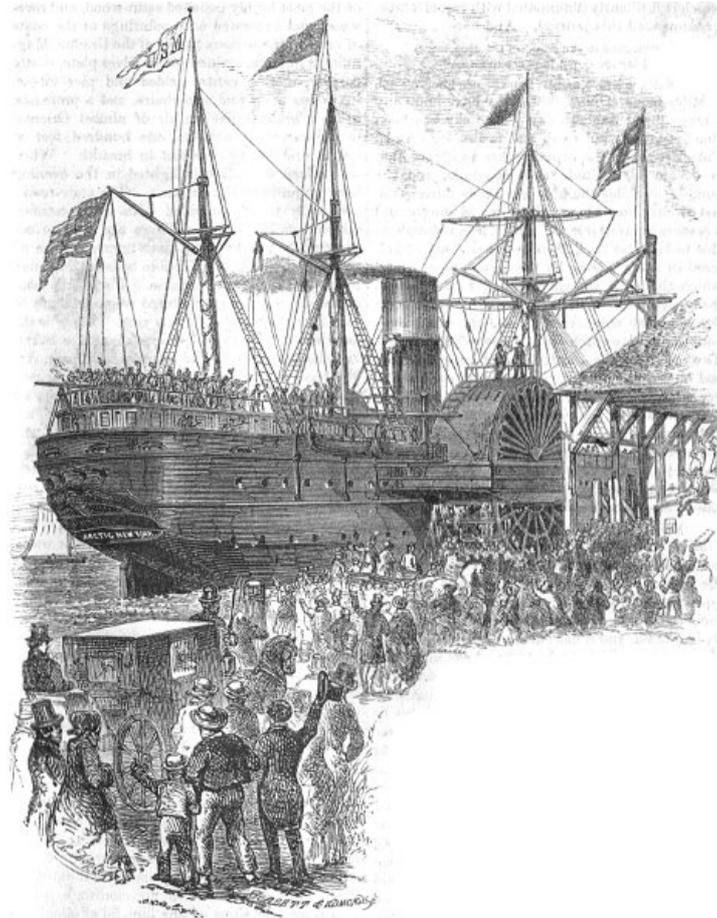
"Neither he nor his party will anticipate that possibility. If he ask you, agree to stand—leave the rest to me."

"You must hate Egerton bitterly," said Randal; "for I am not vain enough to think that you thus scheme but from pure love to me."

"The motives of men are intricate and complicated," answered Levy, with unusual seriousness. "It suffices to the wise to profit by the actions, and leave the motives in shade."

There was silence for some minutes. Then the two drew closer toward each other, and began to discuss details in their joint designs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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OCEAN LIFE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

Sat. Eve, March 20, 1852. Atlantic Ocean.

At precisely seven minutes after 12 o'clock to-day, the steamer Arctic left New York for Liverpool. Our whole ship's company, passengers and crew, amounted to one hundred and eighty. The day was clear and cold. A strong north wind swept from the snow-clad hills over the rough bay. Icicles were pendent from the paddle-wheels, and the spray was freezing upon the decks. As the majestic steamship left the wharf, the crowd assembled there gave three cheers, and two guns were fired from on board. With the engines in active play, and our sails pressed by the fresh breeze, we passed rapidly down the narrows. No one can thus leave his home, to traverse weary leagues of land and sea, without emotion. Images of the loved, who may never be seen again, will rush upon the mind. And even if the most resolute retire for a moment to their state-rooms, throw themselves upon the sofa, bury their faces in the pillow, and, with a moistened eye, plead with God for a blessing upon those who are left behind, it is not to be condemned as a weakness. I soon returned to the deck. It was swept by a bleak wintry wind. There was not a single individual on board the ship whom I had ever seen before. Taking a stand in the shelter of the enormous smoke-pipe, so vast that twenty men could with perfect convenience cluster under its lee, we watched the receding shores. At half past three o'clock the gong summoned us to a sumptuous dinner. Again returning to the deck we watched the dim outline of the land until it disappeared beneath the horizon of the sea. At seven o'clock we were again summoned to the tea-table. Returning to the deck, we found dark and gloomy night brooding over the ocean. The wind,

though piercingly cold, was fresh and fair. The stars shone brilliantly through black masses of clouds. Our ship rose and fell as it plowed its way over the majestic billows of the Atlantic. Retiring to the dining-saloon, which is brilliantly illuminated with carcel lamps, I commenced this journal. And now

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep."

Sabbath Eve, Mar. 21. Lat. 43° 50'. Long. 65° 15'.

Miles made at noon 300. We have had truly a magnificent Sabbath day. The sky has been cloudless, the wind fresh and favorable. At 12 o'clock each day the captain takes an observation to decide our latitude and longitude, and the number of miles the ship has made during the last twenty-four hours. The sea is rough, and it is more comfortable, or, rather, less uncomfortable to be upon deck than in the saloons. Sheltered in some degree by the smoke-pipe, round which the wind is ever circling, I have passed the weary hours of the monotonous day, looking out upon the solitary ocean and the silent sky; both impressive emblems of eternity and infinity. Toward night the wind changed into the east, and blew more freshly. Clouds gathered. Angry waves, black and foaming, swept madly by. The solitude of stormy night upon the ocean! What pen can describe! And yet who can be insensible to the luxury of that solitude—to its melancholy sublimity! As I now write, our ship plunges and rolls in the heavy sea, and a death-like nausea comes over me.

Monday Night, Mar. 22. Lat. 42° 23'. Long. 61° 23'.

Miles made 308. The malady of the sea drove me rather suddenly last night from my pen to the deck. But in an hour the clouds and the gust passed away. The stars came out in all their brilliance. The wind, however, has steadily increased, and it has been quite rough all day. Many are very sick, and nearly all are in a state of decided discomfort. There is an indescribable charm which the ocean has in its wide expanse, and in its solitude, and the imagination loves to revel in its wild scenes, but it is, even in its best estate, an uncomfortable place for the body to inhabit. Our most poetic descriptions of ocean life have been written in the enjoyment of warm and comfortable firesides on the land. Cushioned upon the parlor sofa, the idea is delightful, upon the ocean wives to be "borne like a bubble onward." But there is altogether too much prose in the reality. It is indeed "distance which lends enchantment to the view." Never did there float upon the ocean a more magnificent palace than that which now bears us. Our ship is two hundred and eighty-five feet in length, that is, nearly as long as four ordinary country churches. From the keel to the deck it is as high as a common five story house. Its width from the extremities of the paddle wheels is seventy-two feet, which is equal to length of most churches. The promenade deck, as we now sail, is as high above the water as the ridge-pole of an ordinary two story house. The dining-saloon is a large, airy, beautiful room, sixty-two feet long and thirty feet wide, with windows opening upon the ocean as pleasantly as those of any parlor, and where two hundred guests can dine luxuriously. The parlor or saloon is embellished in the very highest style of modern art. The walls are constructed of the most highly polished satin-wood, and rosewood, and decorated with paintings of the coats of arms of the various States of the Union. Magnificent mirrors, stained glass, silver plate, costly carpets, marble centre tables and pier tables, luxurious sofas and arm-chairs, and a profusion of rich gilding give an air of almost Oriental magnificence to a room one hundred feet in length and twenty-five feet in breadth. When this saloon is brilliantly lighted in the evening it is gorgeous in the extreme. The state-rooms are really *rooms*, provided with every comfort which can be desired. There are beds to accommodate two hundred passengers. Some of these rooms have large double beds with French bedsteads and rich curtains. There are nine cooks on board, whose united wages amount to over four thousand dollars a year. There is the head cook, and the second cook, and the baker, and the pastry cook, and the vegetable cook, &c. We have our butcher, our store-keeper, our porter, our steward. The ship's crew consists of one hundred and thirty-five men. There are four boilers, each heated by eight furnaces, and unitedly they consume eighty tons of coal a day. The two engines are of one thousand horse-power, and the weight of these enormous machines is eight hundred tons. Fifty-two men are constantly employed in their service. The ship carries about 3000 tons. From the waste steam 1500 gallons of pure soft water can be condensed each day. This wonderful floating palace, which is built as strongly as wood and iron can be put together, cost seven hundred thousand dollars. Even the ancients, endeavoring, with the imagination to form a craft worthy of Neptune, their god of the ocean, never conceived of a car so magnificent as this to be driven one thousand steeds in hand.

The United States have never yet done any thing which has contributed so much to their honor in Europe, as the construction of this Collins line of steamers. We have made a step in advance of the whole world. Nothing ever before floated equal to these ships. Their speed is in accordance with their magnificence. No one thinks of questioning their superiority. Every American abroad feels personally ennobled by them, and participates in his country's glory. There are four ships of this line, all of equal elegance—the Arctic, Baltic, Pacific, and Atlantic. It is not to be supposed that such ships should be immediately profitable to the owners. They were built for national glory. They do exalt and honor our nation. How much more glorious is such a triumph of humanity and art, than any celebrity attained by the horrors and the misery of war. The English government liberally patronizes the Cunard line of steamers. This line now needs the patronage of the government of the United States. We had far better sink half a dozen of our ships of war, important as they may be, than allow these ships to be withdrawn.

Tuesday Night, Mar. 23, Lat. 44°, Long. 55° 28'.

Miles made 278. We are now about 300 miles south of Nova Scotia, yet in the "lee of the land," as one of our officers says. Toward morning we shall reach the western edge of the great bank of Newfoundland, which is about 200 miles broad. The wind is ahead, and the sea rolls in heavy billows. Our ship rises and plunges over these vast waves with much grandeur. It is majestically sickening, sublimely nauseating. The day is magnificent—clear, cloudless; and this fresh breeze upon the land would be highly invigorating. The ocean, in its solitude, spreads every where. We see no sails, no signs of life, except a few sea-fowl, skimming the cold and dreary waves. Though not absolutely sick, I am in that state that I must remain upon the wind and spray swept deck. We are now about a thousand miles from New York. On the whole, the discomfort of the voyage, thus far, has been less than I had anticipated. March is a cold and blustering month. We breakfast at eight o'clock, have an abundant lunch at twelve, dine at half-past three very sumptuously, take tea at seven, and those who wish it have supper at ten. The sun has gone down, the twilight has faded away, and night—cold, black, and stormy—has settled upon us. The wind is in the east, directly ahead; and, as we drive through it, it sweeps the deck with hurricane fury. I have been sitting upon deck, behind the smoke-pipe, around which the wind would most maliciously circle, till I was pierced through and through with the cold. Life upon the sea is indeed monotonous, as hour after hour, and day after day, lingers along, and you look out only upon the chill dreary expanse of wintry waves, and the silent or stormy sky. The sunset to-night was, however, magnificent in the extreme, and we made the most of it. As the sun sunk beneath the perfect horizon, it was expanded by the mist, and resembled one of the most magnificent domes of fire of which the imagination can conceive. We have the prospect of a stormy night. The saloon is brilliantly illumined, and ladies and gentlemen are reclining upon the sofas, some reading, but more pensively thinking of home and absent friends. The imagination in such hours will fondly run back to the fireside and the loved ones there. The voyager who has a home that is dear to him, pays a very high price for his enjoyments, he finds, in abandoning that home for the pleasures of the sea.

Wed. Morn., Mar. 24, Lat. 45° 39', Long. 49° 30'

Miles made 270. We have now been out four days, and are 1156 miles on our way. The sun rose this morning bright and glorious. A strong east wind sweeps the ocean. The enormous billows rush by, crested with foam. Our ship struggles manfully against the opposing waves. The *log* is thrown every two hours, to ascertain our speed. Notwithstanding the head wind, we are advancing nine miles an hour. The breeze wails most doleful requiems through our rigging. We are now upon the banks of Newfoundland. During the day our upper saloon has looked like an elegant parlor, spacious and luxurious. The sun has shone in brightly through the windows upon the carpet. Still the ship pitches so violently that it is with no little difficulty that one staggers from place to place. During many hours of the day, I stood upon the deck, watching the black and raging sea. As the sun went down in clouds, and the darkness of a stormy night came on, it became necessary to *housse* the topmast. It was fearful to see the sailors clinging to the ropes as the ship rolled to and fro in these vast billows. Suddenly there was a loud outcry, and terrific groans came from the topmast. A poor sailor had somehow got his arm caught, and it was being crushed amidst the ponderous spars, far up in the dark and stormy sky. O! how drearily those groans fell upon the ear. After some time he was extricated and helped down, and placed in the care of the surgeon. From this scene, so sad, so gloomy, I descended to the ladies' saloon. How great the transition! The gorgeous yet beautiful apartment was brilliant with light. Its ceiling richly carved and gilded, its walls of the most precious and highly polished woods, its mirrors, its luxurious furnishings, presented as cheerful a scene as the heart could crave. Taking a seat upon the sofa with one of the most accomplished and agreeable matrons I have ever met, I found the barometer of my spirits rapidly rising to the region of clear and fair. It was a happy hour. The dark sea, the storm, the night, all were forgotten, as in that beautiful saloon, in social converse, time flew on silken wings. It is now nearly eleven o'clock at night. I have just returned from the deck. It is sublimely gloomy there. We are pitching about so violently, that it is with the utmost difficulty that I write. Occasionally my inkstand takes a rapid slide across the table, when it is caught by a ledge, which prevents it from falling.

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Thursday Night, Mar 25. Lat. 47° 24'. Long. 43° 35'.

Miles passed 267. A dull easterly wind is still rolling a heavy sea against us which much retards our progress. The day has been cold, cloudy, and wet. Sheets of mist are sweeping over the sombre and solitary ocean. It has been so cold, even in the saloons, which are warmed by steam-pipes, that it has been necessary to sit with an overcoat on. It is estimated that we are now just about in the middle of the Atlantic. It is 3055 miles from New York to Liverpool, by the route which the steamers take. The difference in time between the two cities is 4 hours 55 minutes. The wind to-night is high, and the ocean rough. But in our beautiful parlor we have passed a pleasant evening. Nearly all have now become so accustomed to the motion of the ship, as to be social and agreeable. We have Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, on board, and all tongues are spoken. Our fellow-passengers are very pleasant and gentlemanly. Most of them appear to be clerks or younger partners in mercantile houses going out to make purchases. There is, however, an amazing fondness for champagne and tobacco. Were Byron here, he would, without doubt, correct his celebrated line, "Man, thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear," into, "Man, thou pendulum betwixt the wine glass and the cigar."

Friday Night, Mar. 28. Lat. 49° 38'. Long. 39° 57'.

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Miles made 263. The wind still continues in the east, strong and cold. Nothing has occurred all day to break the monotony of ocean life. We are so far north that we meet no ships, and nothing relieves the dreary expanse of the dark clouds above and the angry waves below. Our ship plows

her way majestically through these hostile billows.

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The wide, the wild, the ever free."

"Oh!" said a gentleman this morning, as he looked out sadly upon the gloomy spectacle, "that is a fine song to sing *upon the land*." As our ship incessantly rises and plunges over these heavy swells, we become excessively weary of the ceaseless motion, even though no nausea is excited. One is often reminded of Madame de Stael's remark, that "traveling is the most painful of pleasures." Still, by reading a little, writing a little, talking a little, and thinking much, time passes quite rapidly. There are moments of exhilaration. There are hours of contentment. There are many hours of submissive endurance. Now and then there will come moments of sickness, and pain, and gloom, very nearly approaching to misery. It, is perhaps, not well to introduce the reader into these dark chambers of the soul. But, if untraveled the untraveled can not know what life upon the ocean is. This evening we plunged quite suddenly into a dense fog-bank. No one can imagine a more desolate and dreary scene than the ocean now presents. The rain falls dripping upon the deck. The fog is so thick that you can see but a few feet before you. The stormy wind directly ahead, wails through our moaning shrouds. The sky is black and threatening. The angry waves with impotent fury dash against the sides of the ship. The gloom without is delightfully contrasted with the cheerful scene within. The saloon is brilliantly illuminated. Groups of ladies and gentlemen are gathered upon the sofas, some reading, some talking, some playing various games.

Saturday Night, Mar. 27. Lat. 50° 56'. Long. 30° 54'.

Miles passed 286. We are now 1962 miles from New York. We have been out just one week, and, for five days, we have had a strong head wind. To-day the wind has increased into a violent storm. The decks are swept with rain and spray. The ocean is white with foam. Our ship, enormous as it is, is tossed, like a bubble, upon these raging billows. You start to cross the saloon; a wave lifts the stern of the ship some twenty feet into the air, and you find yourself pitching down a steep hill. You lean back as far as possible to preserve your balance, when suddenly another wave, with gigantic violence, thrusts up the bows of the ship, and you have a precipitous eminence before you. Just as you are recovering from your astonishment, the ship takes a lurch, and, to your utter confusion, you find yourself floundering in a lady's lap, who happens to be reading upon a sofa on one side of the saloon. Hardly have you commenced your apology ere another wave comes kindly to your rescue, and pitches you bodily out of the door. It is with the utmost difficulty that I write. I have, however, contrived to block up my inkstand with books, and, by clinging to the table, succeed in making these hieroglyphics, which I fear that the printer will hardly be able to read. Many are very sick and very miserable. I am in a state of submissive endurance. The reader, however, may be fully assured, that there are many positions far more agreeable than to be on the middle of the Atlantic ocean in a wet, easterly storm. Our noble ship is so magnificently strong, that we have no more sense of danger than when upon the land. There is something in this nausea, which seems to paralyze all one's mental energies. Never before have I found such an effort of *will* requisite to make any mental exertions. There was a portion of the evening, however, notwithstanding all these discomforts, passed very pleasantly away. In the boudoir-like magnificence of the ladies' saloon, with our excellent captain, and a few intelligent and pleasant companions, gentlemen and ladies, we almost forgot, for an hour, the storm and the gloom without, and conversed with just as much joyousness as if we had been in the most luxurious parlor on the land. These saloons, brilliantly lighted with carcel lamps, look far more gorgeous and imposing by night than by day. It is now eleven o'clock at night. Every other moment an enormous billow lifts us high into the air, and then we go down, down, down, exciting that peculiar sensation which I remember often to have had in my dreams, when a child. The scene from the deck is truly sublime. The howling of the tempest, the rush of the waves, the roar of the sea, the blackness of the night, the reflection that we are more than a thousand miles from any land, floating like a bubble upon the vast waves, all combine to invest this midnight hour upon the ocean with sublimity. The waves to-night will rock us to sleep, while the winds wail our mournful lullaby.

Sabbath Night, Mar. 28. Lat. 51°, Long. 25° 7'

Miles made 219. Last night our easterly storm increased to a gale, and blew with hurricane fury. It was utterly impossible to sleep, we were all so rudely jostled in our berths. The motion of the ship was so great that we were in constant danger of being rolled from our beds upon the floor. Every timber in the iron-bound ship creaked and groaned, and occasionally a sea would strike our bows, which would make the whole fabric shiver. It was, indeed, an exercise in gymnastics to perform one's toilet this morning. Every thing which was not a fixture was rolling hither and thither. It was utterly impossible to stand for a single moment, without catching hold of something for support. The ship now keeling in one direction, now in another; at one time rising ten or fifteen feet into the air, and again as suddenly sinking; now, apparently stopping, as struck by a heavy sea, and again plunging forward with the most sullen and determined resolution, presented a series of movements which defied all calculations. Early in the morning I clambered upon deck, and leaning against the mast, and clinging to the ropes, looked out upon the wild, wild scene. The roar of the gale through our shrouds was almost terrific. It seemed like the voice of an angry God. But five persons sat down at the breakfast-table at the usual hour. It was, indeed, a curiosity to see the waiters attempt to move about upon the unstable footing of our floor. One would take a cup of coffee, and, clinging to the side of the cabin, and carefully watching his opportunity, would dart toward a pillar, to which he would cling, until he was

prepared to take another start. But with all his precautions, he would frequently be thrown upon one of the cushioned seats of the dining-room, and the liquid contents of his dishes would be any where. A gentleman would attempt to raise a cup of tea to his lips. Alas! there is many a slip. A sudden lurch of the ship ejects the hot beverage into his bosom instead of his mouth. It is almost dangerous to attempt to move about, you are thrown to and fro with so much violence. Every thing is made fast which can be secured. It is a wild scene of uproar and confusion, and I have no desire again to witness a storm at sea. Nausea sadly detracts from all conceptions of the sublime. Very many are sick. I am very far from feeling comfortable. As I look around me upon this tumultuous scene, listening to the uproar of the elements, I feel how utterly impossible it is for the pen to communicate to the distant reader any idea of this midnight ocean-storm. By clinging to the table, so as to become, as it were, a part of it, I succeed, with much difficulty, in writing. The wind seems still to be rising as we advance into the hours of the night, and the ship struggles and plunges more and more violently. We have had a dismal, dismal day. There is no comfort any where. One can neither walk, nor stand, nor sit, nor lie. I have spent many hours of the day wrapped in my cloak, shivering upon the bleak and storm-swept deck. And now I dread to return to my state-room, for there can be no sleep upon these angry billows. The head aches, the stomach remonstrates. As the night, black and stormy, settled down upon the cold, bleak, wet deck, I thought of home, of the pleasant songs of our Sabbath evening, of those lines, written by a sainted one, and ever sung in the peaceful twilight of the Lord's day:

"'Tis Sabbath eve and all is still,
Hushed is the passing throng,
Oh, Lord, our hearts with praises fill
And tune our lips to song."

I hummed the familiar tune, in the midst of the dirges of the ocean. And as memories of the past came rushing over me the subdued spirit vanquished the sternness of manhood. Who can not sympathize with the childish emotions of the pilgrim of three score years and ten, as he loved to place his gray hairs upon his pillow, and to repeat the infant prayer his mother taught him:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

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Monday Night, Mar. 29. Lat. 50° 52'. Long. 19° 35'.

Miles made 209. Toward morning the wind abated and *backed* round into the north, and with a clear sky and a fresh breeze, we bounded over the agitated ocean. About two o'clock, however, the wind returned again to the east, and dim masses of clouds were rolled up into the sky. The barometer rapidly fell, and we were threatened with another gale. The sea was rising, the rain beginning to fall, and the ship was rolling and pitching, each moment more heavily, in the waves. We plunged suddenly into a dense fog bank, and prepared for a dreary and stormy afternoon and night. But after two or three hours of cold, and wet and dismal sailing, we suddenly emerged from the fog bank, and came out into pleasant weather on the other side. The moon shone out resplendently. Just as the evening twilight was fading away we descried, far off in the northern horizon, a large steamship, undoubtedly the *Africa*, which left Liverpool yesterday. Two signal rockets were thrown up from our ship, but they were probably not seen, as we obtained no response. I was quite amused with a little incident which occurred this evening. A large party of gentlemen were clustered upon the deck, talking together. A ship was dimly discerned in the distance. A gentleman looked through the telescope at the faint speck in the horizon, and very confidently said, "It is an English ship." "How can you tell?" another inquired "Because," he replied, "she has so little sail set. An American captain would have every sheet spread in such a wind as this." Some doubt was expressed whether one could thus accurately judge. "Ask the captain," said he, "whether that is an English or an American ship." The captain was at some distance from us, and had not heard our conversation. He had, however, silently examined the ship with his glass. "Captain," one called out, "what ship is that?" "It is an English ship," he quietly replied. "How can you tell?" was immediately asked. "Because," he answered, "she has so little sail spread. No Yankee would be creeping along at that pace in this breeze." It was afterward stated that the English captains are paid only while their ships are at sea, and that the payment is quite small. They are therefore rather under the inducement to make long voyages. The Americans, on the contrary, are paid while the ship is in port, and they drive their voyages with the utmost speed. Whether there be any foundation for this opinion, I know not. The incident however was quite interesting.

Tuesday Night, Mar. 30. Lat. 50° 53'. Long. 11° 54'.

Miles made 219. The captain informed us that we were 95 miles from Cape Clear at noon to-day, and that we might expect to see the coast of Ireland about six o'clock. The day has been magnificently beautiful. We have seen many ships in the horizon, indicating that we were leaving the solitudes of the ocean behind us. Immediately after dinner all the passengers assembled upon deck to catch the first glimpse of land. At just a quarter before six o'clock we saw the highlands of the Irish coast looming through the haze before us. No one who has not crossed the ocean can conceive of the joyous excitement of the scene. All the discomfort of ocean life was forgotten in the exhilaration of the hour. As twilight faded away, the outline of the shore became more visible under the rays of a most brilliant moon. Soon the light from Cape Clear beamed brilliantly before us. It is now half-past ten o'clock at night, and the night is clear, serene, and gorgeously

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beautiful. The dim outline of the Irish coast looks dark and solitary. Upon those gloomy headlands, and in those sombre valleys what scenes of joy and woe have transpired during centuries which have lingered away. We are rapidly sailing up the channel, having still some two hundred and fifty miles to make, before we land in Liverpool. But our ocean life is ended. We have crossed the Atlantic. At seven o'clock to-morrow evening we expect to leave the ship.

Wednesday Night, March 31. Waterloo House, Liverpool, 12 o'clock.

This last day, much to my surprise, has been one of the most cheerless and disagreeable days of our whole voyage. A chilling east wind has swept the cold and foggy ocean. The decks were wet and slippery. Drops of water were falling upon us from the drenched shrouds. Nothing could be seen but the dense mist around us, and the foamy track of our majestic steamer. It was a great annoyance to think that, were the sky clear, we might be almost enchanted by the view of the green hills and the cottages of England. For a few moments, about noon, we caught a glimpse, through the sheet of mist sweeping the ocean, of the coast of Wales, but in a few moments the veil was again drawn over it, and wailing winds and rain and gloom again enveloped us. At about six o'clock in the evening we discerned, through the fog the steeples and the docks of Liverpool. The whole aspect of the scene was too dingy, wet, and sombre for either beauty or sublimity. We were long delayed in our attempts to get into the dock, and finally had to relinquish our endeavor for the night, and to cast anchor in the middle of the river. About half-past seven o'clock a small steamer came on board bringing several custom-house officers. All our trunks were placed in the dining-saloon in a row, and the officers employed three tedious hours in searching our trunks for contraband goods. Faithfully they did their duty. Every thing was examined. Many of our passengers were much annoyed and complained bitterly. I saw however, no disposition whatever, on the part of the custom-house, to cause any needless trouble. So far as I could judge they performed an unpleasant duty faithfully, and with as much courtesy as the nature of the case would allow. There is a very heavy duty imposed upon tobacco and cigars. There is a strong disposition to smuggle both of these articles into the kingdom. If it is understood that writing desks are not to be unlocked, and that packages are not to be opened, and that the mere word of any stranger is to be taken, the law at once sinks into contempt. The long delay was tedious, very tedious; but the fault was ours. Had every man honestly, so arranged his trunk, as to show at once what was *dutyable*, the work might have been accomplished in one-third of the time. At eleven o'clock by a long step-ladder, we descended the sides of the ship to a little steamer, and were landed in the darkness of the fog upon the wet docks. Taking hacks, nearly all of our passengers soon found themselves in more comfortable quarters at the Waterloo Hotel. It is now midnight. Most of my companions are mirthfully assembled around the supper table. If songs and laughter constitute enjoyment, they are happy. I, in enjoyment more congenial with my feelings, am alone in my comfortable little chamber, in an English Inn, penning these last lines of our ocean life. But I can not close without a tribute of respect and gratitude to our most worthy commander, Capt. Luce. By his social qualities, and his untiring vigilance, he won the esteem of all in the ship. Our shipmates were friendly and courteous, and though of sundry nations, and creeds, and tongues, dwelt together in singular harmony.

Reader, forgive me for the apparent egotism of this journal. I have wished to give the thousands in our country who have never traversed the ocean, an idea of ocean life. I could not do so, but by giving free utterance to the emotions which the varied scenes excited in my own heart. I have only to add, that if you ever wish to cross the Atlantic, you will find in the Arctic one of the noblest of ships, and in Capt. Luce one of the best of commanders.

DROOPING BUDS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

In Paris, Berlin, Turin, Frankfort, Brussels, and Munich; in Hamburgh, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Vienna, Prague, Pesth, Copenhagen, Stuttgart, Grätz, Brünn, Lemberg, and Constantinople, there are hospitals for sick children. There was not one in all England until the other day.

No hospital for sick children! Does the public know what is implied in this? Those little graves two or three feet long, which are so plentiful in our church-yards and our cemeteries—to which, from home, in absence from the pleasures of society, the thoughts of many a young mother sadly wander—does the public know that we dig too many of them? Of this great city of London—which, until a few weeks ago, contained no hospital wherein to treat and study the diseases of children—more than a third of the whole population perishes in infancy and childhood. Twenty-four in a hundred die during the two first years of life; and, during the next eight years, eleven die out of the remaining seventy-six.

Our children perish out of our homes: not because there is in them an inherent dangerous sickness (except in the few cases where they are born of parents who communicate to children heritable maladies), but because there is, in respect of their tender lives, a want of sanitary discipline and a want of medical knowledge. What should we say of a rose-tree in which one bud out of every three dropped to the soil dead? We should not say that this was natural to roses; neither is it natural to men and women that they should see the glaze of death upon so many of the bright eyes that come to laugh and love among them—or that they should kiss so many little lips grown cold and still. The vice is external. We fail to prevent disease; and, in the case of children, to a much more lamentable extent than is well known, we fail to cure it.

Think of it again. Of all the coffins that are made in London, more than one in every three is made for a little child: a child that has not yet two figures to its age. Although science has advanced, although vaccination has been discovered and brought into general use, although medical knowledge is tenfold greater than it was fifty years ago, we still do not gain more than a diminution of two per cent in the terrible mortality among our children.

It does not at all follow that the intelligent physician who has learnt how to treat successfully the illnesses of adults, has only to modify his plans a little, to diminish the proportions of his doses, for the application of his knowledge to our little sons and daughters. Some of their diseases are peculiar to themselves; other diseases, common to us all, take a form in children varying as much from their familiar form with us as a child varies from a man. Different as the ways are, or ought to be, by which we reach a fault in a child's mind, and reach a fault in the mind of an adult; so, not less different, if we would act successfully, should be our action upon ailments of the flesh. There is another thing, also, which puzzles the physician who attends on children. He comes to us when we are ill, and questions us of this symptom, and of that; and on our answers he is taught, in very many cases, to base a large part of his opinion. The infant can only wail; the child is silenced by disease; or, when it answers, wants experience, and answers incorrectly. Again, for life or death, all the changes in the sickness of a child are commonly very rapid: so rapid, that a child which suffers under an acute disease should be seen at least every five or six hours by its medical attendant. He knows this quickness of action; he knows how swiftly and how readily the balance may be turned upon which hang life and death. He may have been to Paris or to Vienna, and have studied in an hospital for children; and, out of his experience, he may know how to restore the child whole to the mother's bosom. But all English students can not go abroad for this good knowledge; nor is it fit that they have need to do so. They have need at present. In a rough way, English practitioners of medicine no doubt administer relief to many children; but, that they are compelled to see those perishing continually whom a better knowledge might have saved, none are more ready than themselves—the more skillful the more ready—to admit and to deplore.

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The means of studying the diseases of children in London have been confined to one dispensary, and the general hospitals. In these, the hours, the management, and discipline are not readily adapted to the wants of children. It was found, when a committee of the Statistical Society, in 1843, inquired into such matters, that only one in a hundred of the inmates of hospital wards was a child suffering from internal disease. Can we wonder, then—when we call to mind the peculiar characteristics of disease in a child, and the sagacity and close observation they demand—can we wonder that the most assiduous students, growing into medical advisers, can in so many cases, do no more than sympathize with the distress of parents, look at a sick child's tongue, feel its pulse, send powders, and shake their heads with vain regret over the little corpse, around which women weep so bitterly?

The want of a Child's Hospital in London is supplied. The Hospital for Sick Children, lately established and now open, is situated in Great Ormond-street, Queen-square.

London, like a fine old oak, that has lived through some centuries, has its dead bits in the midst of foliage. When we had provided ourselves with the address of the Child's Hospital, and found it to be No. 49 Great Ormond-street, Queen-square, we were impressed with a sense of its being very far out of the way. Great Ormond-street belonged to our great-grandfathers; it was a bit of London full of sap a great number of years ago. It is cut off, now, from the life of the town—in London, but not of it—a suburb left between the New Road and High Holborn. We turned out of the rattle of Holborn into King-street, and went up Southampton-row through a short passage which led us into a square, dozing over its own departed greatness. Solitude in a crowd is acknowledged by the poets to be extremely oppressive, and we felt so much scared in Queen-square at finding ourselves all alone there, that we had not enough presence of mind to observe more than space and houses, and (if our vague impression be correct) a pump. Moreover, there were spectral streets, down which the eye was drawn. Great Ormond-street was written on a corner house in one of them. It was the enchanter's label by which we were bidden forward; so we went into Great Ormond-street—wondering who lived in its large houses, some of them mansions—and looking hazily for No. 49. That was a mansion too broad, stuccoed front, quite fresh and white, bearing the inscription on its surface, "Hospital for Sick Children." A woman with a child in her arms was finding ready admission at the great hall-door. The neat and new appearance of the hospital walls from the outside, restored our thoughts to our own day; and we presently resolved, and carried, that the committee had shown great judgment in their selection of a situation—quiet (very quiet), airy, and central.

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At the hall-door there was a porter, so new to his new work that the name of a surgeon to the institution was a strange sound in his ears. Crossing a spacious hall, we were ushered into a fine old ancestral parlor, which is now the board-room of the institution; and there, before a massive antique chimney-piece, we found a young house-surgeon.

Many stiff bows and formal introductions had those old walls seen, when Great Ormond-street was grand, and when frills and farthingales lent state to the great mansion. Many a minuet had been solemnly danced there; many hearts and fans had fluttered, many buckram flirtations had had their little hour; many births, marriages, and deaths had passed away, in due and undue course, out of the great hall-door into the family vaults—as old-fashioned now as the family mansion. Many little faces, radiant in the wintry blaze, had looked up in the twilight, wondering at the great old monument of a chimney-piece, and at the winking shadows peeping down from its recesses. Many, far too many pretty house-fairies had vanished from before it, and left blank spaces on the hearth, to be filled up nevermore.

O! baby's dead, and will be never, never, never seen among us any more! We fell into a waking

dream, and the Spring air seemed to breathe the words. The young house-surgeon melted out of the quaint, quiet room; in his place, a group of little children gathered about a weeping lady; and the lamentation was familiar to the ancient echoes of the house. Then, there appeared to us a host of little figures, and cried, "We are baby. We were baby here, each of us in its generation, and were welcomed with joy, and hope, and thankfulness; but no love, and no hope, though they were very strong, could keep us, and we went our early way!"—"And we," said another throng of shades, "were that little child who lived to walk and talk, and to be the favorite, and to influence the whole of this great house, and make it very pleasant, until the infection that could not be stopped, was brought here from those poor houses not far off, and struck us one day while we were at play, and quenched the light of our bright eyes, and changed our prattle into moaning, and killed us in our promise!"—"And I," said another shadow, "am that girl who, having been a sick child once, grew to be a woman, and to love and to be blessed with love, and then—oh, at that hardest time! began to fade, and glided from the arms of my young husband, never to be mine on earth!"—"And I," said another shadow, "am the lame mis-shapen boy who read so much by this fireside, and suffered so much pain so patiently, and might have been as active and as straight as you, if any one had understood my malady; but I said to my fond father, carrying me in his arms to the bed from which I never rose: 'I think, oh dear papa, that it is better I should never be a man, for who could then carry me like this, or who could be so careful of me when you were gone!'" Then all the shadows said together: "We belonged to this house, but others like us have belonged to every house, and many such will come here now to be relieved, and we will put it in the hearts of mothers and fathers to remember them. Come up, and see!"

We followed, up the spacious stairs into a large and lofty room, airy and gay. It had been the drawing-room of the old house. A reviving touch had passed over its decorations; and the richly-ornamented ceiling, to which little eyes looked up from little beds, was quite a cheerful sight. The walls were painted, in panel, with rosy nymphs and children; and the light laughter of children welcomed our entrance. There was nothing sad here. Light iron cribs, with the beds made in them, were ranged, instead of chairs, against the walls. There were half-a-dozen children—all the patients then contained in the new hospital; but, here and there, a bed was occupied by a sick doll. A large gay ball was rolling on the floor, and toys abounded. From this cheerful place we looked into a second room—the other drawing-room, furnished in a like manner, but as yet unoccupied.

There were five girls and a boy. Five were in bed near the windows; two of these, whose beds were the most distant from each other, confined by painful maladies, were resting on their arms, and busily exporting and importing fun. A third shared the profits merrily, and occasionally speculated in a venture on its own account. The most delightful music in this world, the light laughter of children floated freely through the place. The hospital had begun with one child. What did *he* think about, or laugh about? Maybe those shadows who had had their infant home in the great house, and had known in those same rooms the needs now sought to be supplied for him, told him stories in his sleep.

One of the little patients followed our movements with its eyes, with a sad, thoughtful, peaceful look; one indulged in a big stare of childish curiosity and wonder. They had toys strewn upon their counterpanes. A sick child is a contradiction of ideas, like a cold summer. But to quench the summer in a child's heart is, thank God! not easy. If we do not make a frost with wintry discipline, if we will use soft looks and gentle words; though such an hospital be full of sick and ailing bodies, the light, loving spirits of the children will fill its wards with pleasant sounds, contrasting happily with the complainings that abound among our sick adults. Suffer these little ones to come to such a Christian House, and forbid them not! They will not easily forget it. Around the gates of the Child's Hospital at Frankfort, hangs a crowd of children who have been discharged, lying in wait to pounce with a loving word upon any of those who tended them when sick. They send little petitions in to the hospital authorities to be allowed, as a special favor, to come into the garden again, to play. A child's heart is soon touched by gentle people; and a Child's Hospital in London, through which there should pass yearly eight hundred children of the poor, would help to diffuse a kind of health that is not usually got out of apothecaries' bottles.

We have spoken only of five children; the sixth was not in bed and not at rest. He was a literary character, studiously combining into patterns letters of the alphabet; but he had removed his work so far out of the little world to which he belonged, that he attracted no attention from his neighbors. There are larger children in a greater world who do the like. The solitary child was lonely—not from want of love—its thoughts were at home wandering about its mother; it had not yet learned to reconcile itself to temporary separation. We seemed to leave the shadows of our day-dream in attendance on it, and to take up our young surgeon again.

Having paid as we were able brief respects to each member of the little company, and having seen the bath-rooms on this floor, we continued our progress upward. Of course there were no more stately drawing-rooms, but all the rooms were spacious, and, by modern care, had been, moreover, plentifully furnished with the means of ventilation. There were bath-rooms, of course; there were wards cut off from the rest for fever cases. Good thought had been evidently directed to a good purpose every where.

Having seen all these things, we came downstairs again, and passing through the surgery—upon whose jars and bottles our eyes detected many names of compounds palatable to little mouths—we were shown through an excellent consulting-room, into a wide hall, with another of the massive chimney-pieces. This hall is entered from a side street, and is intended for a waiting-room for out-patients. It had always belonged to the brave house in Great-Ormond-street, and had been used at one time for assemblies.

What we have said of the few patients admitted at the early period of our visit, will have shown the spirit in which a Child's Hospital should be conducted. Of course, to such an institution a garden and play-ground for the convalescent is an essential requisite. We inquired, therefore, for the garden in Great Ormond-street. We were shown out through a large door under a lattice, and found a terrace in the old style, descending by steps to a considerable space of ground. The steps were short, suited to little feet; so also in the house, according to the old style, which curiously fits itself to the modern purpose. We found that an air of neatness had been given to that portion of the ground immediately near the house; but the space generally is very ample, and is at present a mere wilderness. The funds of the hospital have only sufficed to authorize the occupation of a building, and the preparation for a great useful work. For means to plant the roses in the garden, and to plant the roses in the cheeks of many children besides those who come under their immediate care, the Hospital Committee has support to find.

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So large a piece of garden-ground waiting for flowers, only a quarter of a mile from Holborn, was a curious thing to contemplate. When we looked into the dead house, built for the reception of those children whom skill and care shall fail to save, and heard of the alarm which its erection had excited in the breasts of some "particular" old ladies in the neighborhood, we felt inclined to preach some comfort to them. Be of good heart, particular old ladies! In every street, square, crescent, alley, lane, in this great city, you will find dead children too easily. They lie thick all around you. This little tenement will not hurt you; there will be the fewer dead-houses for it; and the place to which it is attached may bring a saving health upon Queen-square, a blessing on Great Ormond-street!

THE LAST REVEL.

A TALE OF THE COAST-GUARD.

When I was quite a lad, a servant lived with us of the name of Anne Stacey. She had been in the service of William Cobbett, the political writer, who resided for some years at Botley, a village a few miles distant from Itchen. Anne might be about two or three and twenty years of age when she came to us; and a very notable, industrious servant she was, and remarked, moreover, as possessing a strong religious bias. Her features, every body agreed, were comely and intelligent. But that advantage in the matrimonial market was more than neutralized by her unfortunate figure, which, owing, as we understood, to a fall in her childhood, was hopelessly deformed, though still strongly set and muscular. Albeit a sum of money—about fifty pounds—scraped together by thrifty self-denial during a dozen years of servitude, amply compensated in the eyes of several idle and needy young fellows for the unlovely outline of her person; and Anne, with an infatuation too common with persons of her class and condition, and in spite of repeated warning, and the secret misgivings, one would suppose, of her own mind, married the best-looking, but most worthless and dissipated of them all. This man, Henry Ransome by name, was, I have been informed, constantly intoxicated during the first three months of wedlock, and then the ill-assorted couple disappeared from the neighborhood of Itchen, and took up their abode in one of the hamlets of the New Forest. Many years afterward, when I joined the Preventive Service, I frequently heard mention of his name as that of a man singularly skillful in defrauding the revenue, as well as in avoiding the penalties which surround that dangerous vocation. One day, he was pointed out to me when standing by the Cross-House near the Ferry, in company with a comparatively youthful desperado, whose real name was John Wyatt, though generally known among the smuggling fraternity and other personal intimates, by the *sobriquet* of Black Jack—on account, I suppose, of his dark, heavy-browed, scowling figure-head, one of the most repulsive, I think, I have ever seen. Anne's husband, Henry Ransome, seemed, so far as very brief observation enabled me to judge, quite a different person from his much younger, as well as much bigger and brawnier associate. I did not doubt that, before excessive indulgence had wasted his now pallid features, and sapped the vigor of his thin and shaking frame, he had been a smart, good-looking chap enough; and there was, it struck me, spite of his reputation as "a knowing one," considerably more of the dupe than the knave, of the fool than the villain, in the dreary, downcast, skulking expression that flitted over his features as his eye caught mine intently regarding him. I noticed also that he had a dry, hard cough, and I set down in my own mind as certain that he would, ere many months passed away, be consigned, like scores of his fellows, to a brandy-hastened grave. He indicated my presence—proximity, rather—to Wyatt, by a nudge on the elbow, whereupon that respectable personage swung sharply round, and returned my scrutinizing gaze by one of insolent defiance and bravado, which he contrived to render still more emphatic by thrusting his tongue into his cheek. This done, he gathered up a coil of rope from one of the seats of the Cross-House, and said: "Come, Harry, let's be off. That gentleman seems to want to take our pictures—on account that our mugs are such handsome ones, no doubt; and if it was a mildish afternoon, I shouldn't mind having mine done; but as the weather's rather nippy like, we'd better be toddling, I think." They then swaggered off, and crossed the Ferry.

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Two or three weeks afterward, I again met with them, under the following circumstances: I landed from the *Rose* at Lymington, for the purpose of going by coach to Lyndhurst, a considerable village in the New Forest, from which an ex-chancellor derives his title. I had appointed to meet a confidential agent there at the Fox and Hounds Inn, a third-rate tavern,

situate at the foot of the hill upon which the place is built; and as the evening promised to be clear and fine, though cold, I anticipated a bracing, cross-country walk afterward in the direction of Hythe, in the neighborhood whereof dwelt a person—neither a seaman nor a smuggler—whose favor I was just then very diligently cultivating. It was the month of November; and on being set down at the door of the inn somewhere about six o'clock in the evening, I quietly entered and took a seat in the smoking-room unrecognized, as I thought, by any one—for I was not in uniform. My man had not arrived; and after waiting a few minutes, I stepped out to inquire at the bar if such a person had been there. To my great surprise, a young woman—girl would be a better word, for she could not be more than seventeen, or at the utmost eighteen years old—whom I had noticed on the outside of the coach, was just asking if one Dr. Lee was expected. This was precisely the individual who was to meet me, and I looked with some curiosity at the inquirer. She was a coarsely, but neatly attired person, of a pretty figure, interesting, but dejected cast of features, and with large, dark, sorrowing eyes. Thoughtfulness and care were not less marked in the humble, subdued tone in which she spoke. "Could I sit down any where till he comes?" she timidly asked, after hearing the bar-woman's reply. The servant civilly invited her to take a seat by the bar-fire, and I returned, without saying any thing, to the smoking-room, rang the bell, and ordered a glass of brandy and water, and some biscuits. I had been seated a very short time only, when the quick, consequential step, and sharp, cracked voice of Dr. Lee sounded along the passage, and after a momentary pause at the bar, his round, smirking, good-humored, knavish face looked in at the parlor-door, where, seeing me alone, he winked with uncommon expression, and said aloud: "A prime fire in the smoking-room, I see; I shall treat myself to a whiff there presently." This said, the shining face vanished, in order, I doubted not, that its owner might confer with the young girl who had been inquiring for him. This Lee, I must observe, had no legal right to the prefix of doctor tacked to his name. He was merely a peripatetic quacksalver and vender of infallible medicines, who, having wielded the pestle in an apothecary's shop for some years during his youth, had acquired a little skill in the use of drugs, and could open a vein or draw a tooth with considerable dexterity. He had a large, but not, I think, very remunerative practice among the poaching, deer-stealing, smuggling community of those parts, to whom it was of vital importance that the hurts received in their desperate pursuits should be tended by some one not inclined to babble of the number, circumstances, or whereabouts of his patients. This essential condition Lee, hypocrite and knave as he was, strictly fulfilled; and no inducement could, I think, have prevailed upon him to betray the hiding-place of a wounded or suffering client. In other respects, he permitted himself a more profitable freedom of action, thereto compelled, he was wont apologetically to remark, by the wretchedly poor remuneration obtained by his medical practice. If, however, specie was scarce among his clients, spirits, as his rubicund, carbuncled face flamingly testified, were very plentiful. There was a receipt in full painted there for a prodigious amount of drugs and chemicals, so that, on the whole, he could have had no great reason to complain.

He soon reappeared, and took a chair by the fire, which, after civilly saluting me, he stirred almost fiercely, eying as he did so the blazing coals with a half-abstracted and sullen, cowed, disquieted look altogether unusual with him. At least, wherever I had before seen him, he had been as loquacious and boastful as a Gascon.

"What is the matter, doctor?" I said. "You appear strangely down upon your luck all at once."

"Hush—hush! Speak lower, sir, pray. The fact is, I have just heard that a fellow is lurking about here—You have not, I hope, asked for me of any one?"

"I have not; but what if I had?"

"Why, you see, sir, that suspicion—calumny, Shakspeare says, could not be escaped, even if one were pure as snow—and more especially, therefore, when one is not quite so—so—Ahem!—you understand?"

"Very well, indeed. You would say, that when one is *not* actually immaculate—calumny, suspicion takes an earlier and firmer hold."

"Just so; exactly—and, in fact—ha!—"

The door was suddenly thrown open, and the doctor fairly leaped to his feet with ill-disguised alarm. It was only the bar-maid, to ask if he had rung. He had not done so, and as it was perfectly understood that I paid for all on these occasions, that fact alone was abundantly conclusive as to the disordered state of his intellect. He now ordered brandy and water, a pipe, and a screw of tobacco. These ministrants to a mind disturbed somewhat calmed the doctor's excitement, and his cunning gray eyes soon brightly twinkled again through a haze of curling smoke.

"Did you notice," he resumed, "a female sitting in the bar? She knows you."

"A young, intelligent-looking girl. Yes. Who is she?"

"Young!" replied Lee, evasively, I thought. "Well, it's true she is young in years, but not in experience—in suffering, poor girl, as I can bear witness."

"There are, indeed, but faint indications of the mirth and lightness of youth or childhood in those timid, apprehensive eyes of hers."

"She never had a childhood. Girls of her condition seldom have. Her father's booked for the next world, and by an early stage, too, unless he mends his manners, and that I hardly see how he's to do. The girl's been to Lyminster to see after a place. Can't have it. Her father's character is against her. Unfortunate; for she's a good girl."

"I am sorry for her. But come, to business. How about the matter you wot of?"

"Here are all the particulars," answered Lee, with an easy transition from a sentimental to a common-sense, business-like tone, and, at the same time, unscrewing the lid of a tortoise-shell tobacco-box, and taking a folded paper from it. "I keep these matters generally here; for if I were to drop such an article—just now, especially—I might as well be hung out to dry at once."

I glanced over the paper. "Place, date, hour correct, and thoroughly to be depended upon, you say, eh?"

"Correct as Cocker, I'll answer for it. It would be a spicy run for them, if there were no man-traps in the way."

I placed the paper in my waistcoat-pocket, and then handed the doctor his preliminary fee. The touch of gold had not its usual electrical effect upon him. His nervous fit was coming on again. "I wish," he puffed out—"I wish I was safe out of this part of the country, or else that a certain person I know was transported; then, indeed—"

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"And who may that certain person be, doctor?" demanded a grim-looking rascal, as he softly opened the door. "Not me, I hope?"

I instantly recognized the fellow, and so did the doctor, who had again bounded from his chair, and was shaking all over as if with ague, while his very carbuncles became pallid with affright. "You-u-u," he stammered—"You-u-u, Wyatt: God forbid!"

Wyatt was, I saw, muddled with liquor. This was lucky for poor Lee. "Well, never mind if it was me, old brick," rejoined the fellow; "or, at least, you have been a brick, though I'm misdoubting you'll die a pantile after all. But here's luck; all's one for that." He held a pewter pot in one hand, and a pipe in the other, and as he drank, his somewhat confused but baleful look continued leveled savagely along the pewter at the terrified doctor. There was, I saw, mischief in the man.

"I'd drink yours," continued the reckless scamp, as he paused for breath, drew the back of his pipe-hand across his mouth, and stared as steadily as he could in my face—"I'd drink your health, if I only knew your name."

"You'll hear it plainly enough, my fine fellow, when you're in the dock one of these days, just before the judge sends you to the hulks, or, which is perhaps the likelier, to the gallows. And this scamp, too," I added, with a gesture toward Lee, whom I hardly dared venture to look at, "who has been pitching me such a pretty rigmarole, is, I see, a fellow-rogue to yourself. This house appears to be little better than a thieves' rendezvous, upon my word."

Wyatt regarded me with a deadly scowl as he answered: "Ay, ay, you're a brave cock. Master Warneford, upon your own dunghill. It maybe my turn someday. Here, doctor, a word with you outside." They both left the room, and I rang the bell, discharged the score, and was just going when Lee returned. He was still pale and shaky, though considerably recovered from the panic-terror excited by the sudden entrance of Wyatt.

"Thank Heaven, he's gone!" said the doctor; "and less sour and suspicious than I feared him to be. But tell me, sir, do you intend walking from here to Hythe?"

"I so purpose. Why do you ask?"

"Because the young girl you saw in the bar went off ten minutes ago by the same road. She was too late for a farmer's cart which she expected to return by. Wyatt, too, is off in the same direction."

"She will have company, then."

"Evil company, I fear. Her father and he have lately quarreled; and her, I know, he bears a grudge against, for refusing, as the talk goes, to have any thing to say to him."

"Very well; don't alarm yourself. I shall soon overtake them, and you may depend the big drunken bully shall neither insult nor molest her. Good-night."

It was a lonely walk for a girl to take on a winter evening, although the weather was brilliantly light and clear, and it was not yet much past seven o'clock. Except, perchance, a deer-keeper, or a deer-stealer, it was not likely she would meet a human being for two or three miles together, and farm and other houses near the track were very sparsely scattered here and there. I walked swiftly on, and soon came within sight of Wyatt; but so eagerly was his attention directed ahead, that he did not observe me till we were close abreast of each other.

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"You here!" he exclaimed, fairly gnashing his teeth with rage. "I only wish—"

"That you had one or two friends within hail, eh? Well, it's better for your own health that you have not, depend upon it. I have four barrels with me, and each of them, as you well know, carries a life, one of which should be yours, as sure as that black head is on your shoulders."

He answered only by a snarl and a malediction, and we proceeded on pretty nearly together. He appeared to be much soberer than before: perhaps the keen air had cooled him somewhat, or he might have been shamming it a little at the inn to hoodwink the doctor. Five or six minutes brought us to a sharp turn of the road, where we caught sight of the young woman, who was not more than thirty or forty yards ahead. Presently, the sound of footsteps appeared to strike her ear, for she looked quickly round, and an expression of alarm escaped her. I was in the shadow of the road, so that, in the first instance, she saw only Wyatt. Another moment, and her terrified glance rested upon me.

"Lieutenant Warneford!" she exclaimed.

"Ay, my good girl, that is my name. You appear frightened—not at me, I hope!"

"O no, not at you," she hastily answered, the color vividly returning to her pale cheeks.

"This good-looking person is, I daresay, a sweetheart of yours; so I'll just keep astern out of ear-shot. My road lies past your dwelling."

The girl appeared to understand me, and, reassured, walked on, Wyatt lopping sullenly along beside her. I did not choose to have a fellow of his stamp, and in his present mood, walking behind *me*.

Nothing was said that I heard for about a mile and a half, when Wyatt, with a snarling "good-night" to the girl, turned off by a path on the left, and was quickly out of sight.

"I am not very far from home now, sir," said the young woman, hesitatingly. She thought, perhaps, that I might leave her, now Wyatt had disappeared.

"Pray go on, then," I said; "I will see you safe there, though somewhat pressed for time."

We walked side by side, and after awhile she said in a low tone, and with still downcast eyes: "My mother lived servant in your family once, sir."

"The deuce! Your name is Ransome, then, I suspect."

"Yes, sir—Mary Ransome." A sad sigh accompanied these words. I pitied the poor girl from my heart, but having nothing very consolatory to suggest, I held my peace.

"There is mother!" she cried in an almost joyful tone. She pointed to a woman standing in the open doorway of a mean dwelling at no great distance, in apparently anxious expectation. Mary Ransome hastened forward, and whispered a few sentences to her mother, who fondly embraced her.

"I am very grateful to you, sir, for seeing Mary safely home. You do not, I daresay remember me?"

"You are greatly changed, I perceive, and not by years alone."

"Ah, sir!" Tears started to the eyes of both mother and daughter. "Would you," added the woman, "step in a moment. Perhaps a few words from you might have effect." She looked while thus speaking, at her weak, consumptive-looking husband, who was seated by the fire-place with a large green baize-covered Bible open before him on a round table. There is no sermon so impressive as that which gleams from an apparently yawning and inevitable grave; and none, too, more quickly forgotten, if by any resource of art, and reinvigoration of nature, the tomb-ward progress be arrested, and life pulsate joyously again. I was about to make some remark upon the suicidal folly of persisting in a course which almost necessarily led to misery and ruin, when the but partially-closed doorway was darkened by the burly figure of Wyatt.

"A very nice company, by jingo!" growled the ruffian; "you only want the doctor to be quite complete. But hark ye, Ransome," he continued, addressing the sick man, who cowered beneath his scowling gaze like a beaten hound—"mind and keep a still tongue in that calf's head of yours, or else prepare yourself to—to take—to take—what follows. You know me as well as I do you. Good-night."

With this caution, the fellow disappeared, and after a few words, which the unfortunate family were too frightened to listen to, or scarcely to hear, I also went my way.

The information received from Dr. Lee relative to the contemplated run near Hurst Castle proved strictly accurate. The surprise of the smugglers was in consequence complete, and the goods, the value of which was considerable, were easily secured. There occurred also, several of the ordinary casualties that attend such encounters—casualties which always excited in my mind a strong feeling of regret that the revenue of the country could not be assured by other and less hazardous expedients. No life was, however, lost, and we made no prisoners. To my great surprise I caught, at the beginning of the affray, a glimpse of the bottle-green coat, drab knee-cords, with gaiter continuations, of the doctor. They, however, very quickly vanished; and till about a week afterward, I concluded that their owner had escaped in a whole skin. I was mistaken.

I had passed the evening at the house whither my steps were directed when I escorted Mary Ransome home, and it was growing late, when the servant-maid announced that a young woman, seemingly in great trouble, after inquiring if Lieutenant Warneford was there, had requested to see him immediately, and was waiting below for that purpose. It was, I found, Mary Ransome, in a state of great flurry and excitement. She brought a hastily scribbled note from Dr. Lee, to the effect that Wyatt, from motives of suspicion, had insisted that both he and Ransome should be present at the attempt near Hurst Castle; that the doctor, in his hurry to get out of harm's way, had attempted a leap, which, owing to his haste, awkwardness, and the frosty atmosphere and ground, had resulted in a compound fracture of his right leg; that he had been borne off in a state of insensibility; on recovering from which he found himself in Wyatt's power, who, by rifling his pockets, had found some memoranda that left no doubt of Lee's treason toward the smuggling fraternity. The bearer of the note would, he said, further explain, as he could not risk delaying sending it for another moment—only he begged to say his life depended upon me.

"Life!" I exclaimed, addressing the pale, quaking girl; "nonsense! Such gentry as Wyatt are not certainly particular to a shade or two, but they rarely go that length."

"They will make away with father as well as Dr. Lee," she shudderingly replied: "I am sure of it. Wyatt is mad with rage." She trembled so violently as hardly to be able to stand, and I made her sit down.

"You can not mean that the scoundrel contemplates murder?"

"Yes—yes! believe me, sir, he does. You know the *Fair Rosamond*, now lying off Marchwood?" she continued, growing every instant paler and paler.

"The trader to St. Michael's for oranges and other fruits?"

"That is but a blind, sir. She belongs to the same company as the boats you captured at Hurst Castle. She will complete landing her cargo early to-morrow morning, and drop down the river with the ebb-tide just about dawn."

"The deuce they will! The cunning rascals. But go on. What would you further say?"

"Wyatt insists that both the doctor and my father shall sail in her. They will be carried on board, and—and when at sea—you know—you understand—"

"Be drowned, you fear. That is possible, certainly; but I can not think they would have more to fear than a good keel-hauling. Still, the matter must be looked to, more especially as Lee's predicament is owing to the information he has given the king's officers. Where are they confined?"

She described the place, which I remembered very well, having searched it not more than a fortnight previously. I then assured her that I would get her father as well as Lee out of the smugglers' hands by force, if necessary; upon hearing which the poor girl's agitation came to a climax, and she went off into strong hysterics. There was no time to be lost, so committing her to the care of the servant, I took leave of my friends, and made the best of my way to Hythe, hard off which a boat, I knew, awaited me; revolving, as I sped along, the best mode of procedure. I hailed the boat, and instructed one of the men—Dick Redhead, he was generally called, from his fiery poll—a sharp, clever fellow was Dick—to proceed immediately to the house I had left, and accompany the young woman to the spot indicated, and remain in ambush, with both eyes wide open, about the place till I arrived. The *Rose* was fortunately off Southampton Quay; we soon reached her, shifted to a larger boat, and I and a stout crew were on our way, in very little time, to have a word with that deceitful *Fair Rosamond*, which we could still see lying quietly at anchor a couple of miles up the river. We were quickly alongside, but, to our great surprise, found no one on board. There was, however, a considerable quantity of contraband spirits in the hold; and this not only confirmed the girl's story, but constituted the *Fair Rosamond* a lawful prize. I left four men in her, with strict orders to lie close and not show themselves, and with the rest hastened on shore, and pushed on to the doctor's rescue. The night was dark and stormy, which was so far the better for our purpose; but when we reached the place, no Dick Redhead could be seen! This was queer, and prowling stealthily round the building, we found that it was securely barred, sheltered, and fastened up, although by the light through the chinks, and a confused hum, it seemed, of merry voices, there was a considerable number of guests within. Still, Master Dick did not show, and I was thoroughly at a loss how to act. It would not certainly have been difficult to force an entrance, but I doubted that I should be justified in doing so; besides, if they were such desperadoes as Mary Ransome intimated, such a measure must be attended with loss of life—a risk not to be incurred except when all less hazardous expedients had failed, and then only for a sufficient and well-defined purpose. I was thus cogitating, when there suddenly burst forth, overpowering the howling of the wind and the pattering of the rain, a rattling and familiar chorus, sung by at least a dozen rough voices; and I had not a doubt that the crew of the *Fair Rosamond* were assisting at a farewell revel previous to sailing, as that Hope, which tells so many flattering tales, assured them they would, at dawn.

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Such merriment did not certainly sound like the ferocious exultations of intending assassins; still, I was very anxious to make ten or a dozen among them; and continued to cast about for the means of doing so, our attention was at length fixed upon a strange object, not unlike a thirty-six pounder red-hot round shot, not in the least cooled by the rain, projecting inquiringly from a small aperture, which answered for a window, half-way up the sloping roof. It proved to be Master Dick's fiery head, but he made us out before we did him. "Is that Bill Simpson?" queried Dick, very anxiously. The seaman addressed, as soon as he could shove in a word edgewise with the chorus and the numerous wind-instruments of the forest, answered that "it was Bill Simpson; and who the blazes was that up there?" To which the answer was, that "it was Dick, and that he should be obliged, if Bill had a rope with him, he would shy up one end of it." Of course we had a rope; an end was shied up, made fast, and down tumbled Master Dick Redhead without his hat, which, in his hurry, it appeared, he had left behind in the banqueting-room. His explanation was brief and explicit. He had accompanied the young woman to the present building, as I ordered; and being a good deal wrought upon by her grief and lamentations, had suggested that it might be possible to get Dr. Lee and her father to a place of safety without delay, proverbially dangerous. This seemed feasible; inasmuch as the fellow left in charge by Wyatt was found to be dead-drunk, chiefly owing, I comprehended, to some powerful ingredients infused in his liquor by Dr. Lee. All was going on swimmingly, when, just as Dick had got the doctor on his back, an alarm was given that the crew of the *Fair Rosamond* were close at hand, and Dick had just time to climb with great difficulty into the crazy loft overhead, when a dozen brawny fellows entered the place, and forthwith proceeded to make merry.

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A brief council was now held, and it was unanimously deemed advisable that we should all climb up to Dick's hiding-place by means of the rope, and thence contrive to drop down upon the convivial gentlemen below, in as convenient a manner as possible, and when least expected. We soon scaled the loft, but after-proceedings were not so easy. The loft was a make-shift, temporary one, consisting of loose planks resting upon the cross rafters of the roof, and at a considerable height from the floor upon which the smugglers were carousing. It would, no doubt, have been

easy enough to have slid down by a rope; but this would place the first three or four men, if no more, at the mercy of the contrabandists, who, I could see, through the wide chinks, were all armed, and not so drunk but that they thoroughly knew what they were about. It behooved us to be cool, and consider well the best course to pursue. While doing so, I had leisure to contemplate the scene below. Wyatt was not there; but around a table, lighted by two dip-candles stuck in the necks of black bottles, and provided with abundance of liquor, tobacco, tin pannikins, and clay-pipes, sat twelve or thirteen ill-favored fellows, any one of whom a prudent man would, I am very sure, have rather trusted with a shilling than a sovereign. The unfortunate doctor, pale and sepulchral as the death he evidently dreaded to be near at hand, was sitting propped up in a rude arm-chair; and Ransome, worse, I thought, than when I had seen him a few weeks previously, was reclining on a chest, in front of which stood his wife and daughter in a condition of feverish excitement. There at first appeared, from the temper of the roisterers, to be no cause for any very grave apprehension; but the aspect of affairs soon changed, and I eagerly availed myself of a suggestion of Dick Redhead's, and gave directions that preparation for its execution should be instantly and silently commenced. The thought had struck Dick when perched up there alone, and naturally looking about for all available means of defense, should he be discovered. Let me restate my position and responsibilities. It was my duty to rescue Lee, the agent of the Customs, from the dangerous predicament in which he was placed; and the question was, how to effect this without loss of life. It would no doubt have been easy enough to have turned up one or two of the loose planks, and have shot half the smugglers before they could have made their escape. This, however, was out of the question, and hence the adoption of Dick's proposal. It was this: in the loft where we lay, for stand upright we could not, there was among several empty ones, one full cask, containing illicit spirits of some kind, and measuring, perhaps, between forty and fifty gallons. It was wood-hooped, and could be easily unheaded by the men's knives, and at a given signal, be soused right upon the heads of the party beneath, creating a consternation, confusion, and dismay, during which we might all descend, and end the business, I hoped, without bloodshed.

This was our plan, and we had need to be quick about it, for, as I have said, the state of affairs below had suddenly changed, and much for the worse. A whistle was heard without; the front entrance was hastily unbarred, and in strode Wyatt, Black Jack, and well did he on this occasion vindicate the justice of his popular designation. Every body was in a moment silent, and most of those who could stand up. "What's this infernal row going on for?" he fiercely growled. "Do you want to get the sharks upon us again?" There was no answer, and one of the men handed him a pannikin of liquor, which he drank greedily. "Lee," he savagely exclaimed, as he put down the vessel, "you set out with us in half an hour at latest."

"Mercy, mercy!" gasped the nerveless, feeble wretch: "mercy!"

"Oh, ay, we'll give you plenty of that, and some to spare. You, too, Ransome, prepare yourself, as well as your dainty daughter here—" He stopped suddenly, not, it seemed, checked by the frenzied outcries of the females, but by a renewed and piercing whistle on the outside. In the mean time, our fellows were getting on famously with the hoops of the huge spirit-cask. "Why, that is Richard's whistle," he exclaimed. "What the furies can this mean? Unbar the door!" This was instantly done, and a man, a sailor by his dress, rushed in. "The *Fair Rosamond* is captured, and the preventive men are in possession of her."

My "Quick! quick!" to the men, though uttered too loud, from the suddenness of the surprise, was happily lost in the rageful outburst of Wyatt. "Hell-fire!" he roared out. "But you lie; it can not be."

"It is true" rejoined the man. "I and Clarke went on shore about an hour ago in the punt, just to get a nip of brandy this cold night, as you won't let us break bulk on board. When we returned, Tom went up the side first, was nabbed, and I had hardly time, upon hearing him sing out, to shove off and escape myself."

We were now ready, and two of the planks just over Wyatt's head were carefully turned over. He seemed for a moment paralyzed—for a moment only. Suddenly he sprang toward Mary Ransome, grasped her hair with one hand, and in the other held a cocked pistol: "You," he shouted—"you, accursed minx, have done this. You went out two hours ago—"

I lifted my hand. "Hurra! Take that, you cowardly lubber!" roared Dick Redhead; and down went the avalanche of liquid, knocking not only the pistol out of Wyatt's hand, but himself clean off his legs, and nearly drowning Mary Ransome, her mother, and half-a-dozen others. A rope had been made fast to one of the rafters, down which we all quietly slid before the astonished smugglers could comprehend what had happened. Resistance was then out of the question, and they did not attempt it. I took Wyatt and one or two others into custody, for having contraband spirits in their possession; and the others were permitted to make themselves scarce as quickly as might be—a license they promptly availed themselves of.

I have but a few words to add. Henry Ransome died, I heard, not long afterward, of pulmonary consumption, brought on by the abuse of alcoholic liquors, and his wife and daughter ultimately got into respectable service. Mary Ransome married in due time, and with better discretion than her mother, for she does, or did, keep one of the branch post-offices in Bermondsey. Dr. Lee disappeared from the neighborhood the instant the state of his leg enabled him to do so, and I have never seen him since. John Wyatt, *alias* Black Jack, was transported for life, under the *alias* of John Martin, for a highway robbery near Fareham, in the year 1827. Lately I saw him on board the convict hulk at Portsmouth.

DROPS OF WATER.

As all, or very nearly all, the animalcules found in water are invisible to the naked eye, no subject can be more interesting than that of these wonderful atoms, which, we have every reason to suppose, are by far the most numerous of those beings possessing life. The variety of form, the extraordinary construction, the rapid movement of some, the stationary life of others, and many other peculiarities, will prove subjects of interest and delight to the thinking mind. The one idea that a single drop of water may afford amusement and excite astonishment for hours to the investigator, is sufficient proof of the wonderful powers of the Creator in this minute portion of his works. These little creatures prove quite fascinating; and hour after hour will be spent in watching their habits and movements, till the powers of the student are exhausted. A good microscope, in fact, opens a new world to the possessor, a world of beings totally different from any thing we have been accustomed to see; and the substance of which they are composed is in general so transparent, that the internal structure is visible to the eye—even the act of digestion can be perceived, and the food traced from its entrance at the mouth to its passage into the internal cavities; the eggs, also, can be seen within the body. These and many other peculiarities have been discovered only by very patient investigation, and several naturalists, both English and foreign, have almost devoted their lives to the study; and let no one say it is a useless one, for whatever can help to prove the power and wisdom with which this world was created can not be time thrown away. To those who only use the microscope as an amusement (and it is a never-ending one), a short time occasionally is well bestowed on one of the most beautiful parts of the creation.

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There are upward of seven hundred species of Infusoria known and described. These are of all shapes and forms, some even assuming a variety in themselves; many possess eyes, others have none; some move so rapidly that the eye can not follow them, and others are attached to various substances; some have very many stomachs, or internal sacs, and others have only one; others, again, form a compound mass, that is, many individuals live in the same transparent case, and some are so minute, that by the aid of the best microscopes they can not be clearly discerned. Many people are disgusted after viewing water through a microscope, and suppose that all water abounds in living creatures, and that, consequently, we drink them in myriads. This is an error: there are none, or very few, in spring water, and, as no one would think of drinking from a ditch or stagnant pool where plants abound, there is little to fear. If necessitated to partake of water abounding in life, the person is either ignorant of its state, or the want is so urgent that the thought does not occur; and even should it arise, these delicate transparent little atoms would not be perceived by the taste—this fear or disgust may therefore be dismissed. Many waters abound in the larvæ of gnats and other insects, and minute creatures of the crustaceous order, but these can generally be seen by the naked eye.

In all parts of the world, and in most waters where aquatic plants in a healthy state abound, these invisible creatures may be met with, and not only in stagnant pools, but in running streams and the broad ocean. Among water-plants these little beings find shelter and food; therefore, when water is brought from these localities, some of the vegetation peculiar to the pool or stream should be procured at the same time. They swarm among duckweed. Many are found also in clear shallow pools, particularly in the spring. When a pond is observed to have a stratum of dust on the surface, or a thin film, it will generally be found almost entirely composed of living creatures. This dust-like appearance consists nearly exclusively of species of the most beautiful colors, such as *Pandorina*, *Gonium*, &c. A shining film of various colors is also occasionally seen on standing water: this is composed of Infusoria; a red appearance being often given to water by some species, and by others a yellowish hue. Sheets of water often assume an intense green, from the presence of many of these minute bodies. Lakes have been known to change their color very mysteriously, and to have caused some alarm in the superstitious; but it is now known to arise from Infusoria, as they are attracted to the surface by the sun in the middle of the day, and descend as that luminary declines—thus the lake will be clear, morning and evening, and turbid, or of different colors, in the course of the day. If stalks of flowers are steeped for a few days in water, it will be found to swarm with life; even a few dead leaves, or a bit of dry hay, will produce the same effect. At first monads will appear; these will be succeeded by specimens of the genera *Paramecium*, *Amoeba*, and those of the class *Rotatoria*. I have tried these experiments, and always with success. If the infusion be kept a few weeks (particularly that formed with leaves), one peculiar kind of animalcule will swarm to a most astonishing degree, so that a drop will contain hundreds, so close together that they form quite a crowd, and yet all are in a state of activity, and feeding from the vegetable matter disengaged from the decaying leaves. They are not even confined to these localities, for lakes and rivers, the fluids found in animals and vegetables, strong acids, and also the briny ocean, are full of these interesting creatures. One kind of phosphorescence (an appearance which is so often observed by the seaside and at sea) is occasioned by some species; and, when we remember that this luminosity often extends for miles, we are lost in astonishment at the immensity of their numbers.

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And here I may mention the evident use of these wonderful beings. They appear wherever decaying animal or vegetable substances are found in water, and are extremely useful in destroying what would otherwise taint the air with noxious gasses and smells. Minute algæ also assist in preserving the purity of the water in which they live; they serve as food, also, to animals higher in the scale of creation than themselves. Captain Sir James Ross, in his Antarctic Voyage, speaking of a small fish found by him in the South Seas, and stating by what means it and many

others are fed, says, "All are eventually nourished and sustained by the minute infusorial animalcules, which we find filling the ocean with an inconceivable multitude of the minutest forms of organic life." We may infer from this, the immense importance of the Infusoria in the scale of existence, for although only remotely supporting the higher animals, yet the want of them would be greatly felt. Ehrenberg states, that a single drop of water may hold five hundred millions of the smallest animalcules. What, then, can be the population of a lake or of the ocean?

I have watched specimens of the genera *Floscularia*, *Vorticella*, and *Stentor*, for hours at a time, and they have never ceased to feed on minute portions of animal and vegetable substances, brought to them by the current they are enabled to make in the water; others eagerly pursue their prey, or feed on the decaying vegetable matter floating about: indeed, the appetite of these little creatures seems insatiable. Many genera have a strong chewing apparatus, like a mouth armed with teeth. All seem employed in the same way, though using different methods. Much decaying matter must thus be taken away by this insatiable, though miniature army, provided for the purpose. They, in their turn, afford sustenance to aquatic insects, which are again preyed on by fishes; and thus food is prepared for more highly organized animals, and lastly for man.

Animalcules have never been observed to rest, or at least to sleep; but this may be partly owing to the light necessarily used in viewing them, which forms an artificial sunlight, exciting their powers of motion: they may rest during darkness, when they can not be seen by us. Many are only attracted to the surface of the water by the light of the sun, and are difficult to be obtained on a dull day; they are, however, not much affected by cold or heat, for they are procurable in winter as in summer, though not in such profusion: they are found even under thick ice, and I have frequently broken, in severe frost, the frozen surface of a pond, and, inserting a bottle, have obtained some most interesting kinds. Many of the *Polygastrica* will bear a great degree of cold, even more so than those of the class *Rotatoria*, whose organization is of a higher order.

It has, I believe, been generally observed, that the more simple the organization of animals, the more retentive is the creature of life, and this is the case with these minute beings. The *Rotifer vulgaris* will even bear revivification several times. Dr. Carpenter relates that he tried the experiment six times with twelve specimens, and each time some were perfectly restored to animation. By allowing the drop of water which held them to evaporate, and at the end of twenty-four hours giving them a fresh supply, he succeeded six times in restoring some of them: at last two only were left, and these unfortunately he lost. Ehrenberg affirms, that if thoroughly desiccated they can not revive, but that they may remain in a lethargic condition if deprived of water for a certain time only. The same naturalist observes that when an animalcule is frozen with the water, it is surrounded by an exceedingly small portion which is unfrozen, occasioned probably by the animal heat of its body; but, should the cold be so great as to freeze this, the creature dies. Animal heat in such an atom! how marvelous! Yet they will bear a great degree of heat also. The same naturalist says, that the *Polygastrica*, will bear the temperature *gradually* raised to 120° of Fahrenheit, and some even to 200°, but if raised *suddenly* they die at 140°. Now, if we consider that water raised to 212° is boiling, we shall be as much astonished at their powers of enduring heat as cold. Sir James Ross, in his Antarctic Expedition, found upward of seventy species of *Polygastrica* with *loricæ*, or silicious shells, in fragments of ice.

It will, therefore, be seen, that animalcules are obtainable at all seasons, and in every place where there are ponds or pools of water; or they may be procured from water-butts, or by placing leaves, hay, or almost any vegetable substance in a little water, which has been previously found to have nothing living in it.

EDWARD DRYSDALE.

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF A LAW-CLERK.

About the year 1798, James Bradshaw and William Drysdale, both invalided masters of the Royal Navy, cast anchor for the remainder of their lives at about twelve miles' distance from Exeter, on the London road. Bradshaw named his domicile, an old-fashioned straggling building, "Rodney Place," in honor of the Admiral in whose great victory he had fought. Drysdale's smaller and snugger dwelling, about half a mile away from "Rodney Place," was called "Poplar Cottage," and about midway between them stood the "Hunter's Inn," a road-side public-house, kept by one Thomas Burnham, a stout-hearted, jolly-bellied individual, the comeliness of whose rubicund figure-head was considerably damaged by the loss of an eye, of which, however, it is right to say, the extinguished light appeared to have been transferred in undiminished intensity to its fiery, piercing fellow. The retired masters, who had long known each other, were intimate as brothers, notwithstanding that Bradshaw was much the richest of the two, having contrived to pick up a considerable amount of prize-money, in addition to a rather large sum inherited from his father. Neither did the difference of circumstances oppose, in Bradshaw's opinion, the slightest obstacle to the union of his niece and heiress, Rachel Elford, with Edward Drysdale, his fellow-veteran's only surviving offspring. The precedent condition, however, was, that Edward should attain permanent rank in the Royal Navy, and with this view, a midshipman's warrant was obtained in '99 for the young man, then in his eighteenth year, and he was dispatched to sea.

The naval profession proved to be, unfortunately, one for which Edward Drysdale was altogether unfitted by temperament and bent of mind, and sad consequences followed. He had been at sea

about eighteen months, when news reached England of a desperate, but successful cutting-out affair by the boats of the frigate to which he belonged. His name was not mentioned in the official report—but that could hardly have been hoped for—neither was it in the list of killed and wounded. A map of the coast where the fight took place was procured; the battle was fought over and over again by the two veterans, and they were still indulging in those pleasures of the imagination in the parlor of the "Hunter's Inn," when the landlord entered with a Plymouth paper in his hand, upon one paragraph in which his single orb of vision glared with fiery indignation. It was an extract from a letter written by one of the frigate's officers, plainly intimating that midshipman Drysdale had shown the white feather in the late brush with the enemy, and would be sent home by the first opportunity. The stroke of a dagger could have been nothing compared with the sharp agony which such an announcement inflicted on the young man's father, and Bradshaw was for a few moments equally thunder-stricken. But he quickly rallied. William Drysdale's son a coward! Pooh! The thing was out of nature—impossible; and very hearty were his maledictions, savagely echoed by Burnham, with whom young Drysdale was a great favorite, of the lying lubber that wrote the letter, and the newspaper rascals that printed it.

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Alas! it was but too true! On the third evening after the appearance of the alarming paragraph the two mariners were sitting in the porch of Poplar Cottage, separated only by a flower-garden from the main-road, conversing upon the sad, and constantly-recurring topic, when the coach from London came in sight. A youthful figure in naval uniform on the box-seat instantly riveted their attention, as it did that of Rachel Elford, who was standing in the little garden, apparently absorbed till that moment by the shrubs and flowers. The coach rapidly drew near, stopped, and Edward Drysdale alighted from it. The two seamen, instead of waiting for his approach, hastily arose from their seats and went into the cottage, as much perhaps to avoid the humiliating, though compassionate glances of the outside passengers, as from any other motive. The young man was deadly pale, and seemed to have hardly sufficient strength to move back the light wicket-gate which admitted to the garden. He held by it till the coach had passed on, and then turned with a beseeching, half-reproachful look toward Rachel. She, poor girl, was as much agitated as himself, and appeared to be eagerly scanning his countenance, as if hopeful of reading there a contradiction of the dishonoring rumor that had got abroad. In answer to his mute appeal, she stepped quickly toward him, clasped his proffered hand in both hers, and with a faint and trembling voice ejaculated—"Dear, dear Edward! It is not true—I am sure it is not, that you—that you—"

"That I, Rachel, have been dismissed the naval service, as unfit to serve his majesty, is quite true," rejoined Edward Drysdale, slowly, and with partially-recovered calm—"quite true!"

The young woman shrank indignantly from him—fire glanced in her suffused eyes, and her light, elegant figure appeared to grow and dilate with irrepressible scorn, as this avowal fell upon her ear. "A coward!" she vehemently exclaimed; "you that—but no," she added, giving way again to grief and tenderness, as she looked upon the fine, intelligent countenance of her lover, "it can not be; there must be some error—some mistake. It is impossible!"

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"There *is* error and mistake, Rachel; but the world will never, I fear, admit so much. But, come, let us in: you will go with me?"

We will not follow them till the first outburst of angry excitement is past; till the father's passionate, heart-broken reproaches have subsided to a more patient, subdued, faintly-hopeful sorrow, and Rachel's wavering faith in the manhood of her betrothed has regained something of its old firmness. Entering then, we shall find that only Mr. Bradshaw has remained obstinately and contemptuously deaf to what the young man has falteringly urged in vindication of his behavior in the unhappy affair which led to his dismissal from the service. He had, it appeared, suddenly fainted at the sight of the hideous carnage in which, for the first time in his life, he found himself involved.

"You have a letter, you say, from Captain Otway," said Mr. Drysdale, partially raising his head from his hands, in which it had been buried while his son was speaking. "Where is it? Give it to Rachel—I can not see the words."

The note was directed to Mr. Drysdale, whom Captain Otway personally knew, and was no doubt kindly intended to soften the blow, the return of his son under such circumstances must inflict. Although deciding that Edward Drysdale was unfit for the naval profession, he did not think that the failure of the young man's physical nerve in one of the most murderous encounters that had occurred during the war, was attributable to deficiency of true courage, and as a proof that it was not, Captain Otway mentioned that the young man had jumped overboard during half a gale of wind, and when night was falling, and saved, at much peril to himself, a seaman's life. This was the substance of the note. As soon as Rachel ceased reading, Mr. Drysdale looked deprecatingly in his friend's face and murmured, "You hear?"

"Yes, William Drysdale, I do. I never doubted that your son was a good swimmer, no more than I do that coward means coward, and that all the letters in the alphabet can not spell it to mean any thing else. Come, Rachel," added the grim, unreasoning, iron-tempered veteran, "let us be gone. And God bless, and if it be possible, comfort you, old friend! Good-by! No, thank-ye, young sir!" he continued, with renewed fierceness, as Edward Drysdale snatched at his hand. "That hand was once grasped by Rodney in some such another business as the letter speaks of, when its owner did *not* faint! It must not be touched by you!"

The elder Drysdale took, not long afterward, to his bed. He had been ailing for some time; but no question that mortification at his son's failure in the profession to which he had with so much pride devoted him, helped to weaken the springs of life and accelerate his end, which took place

about six months after Edward's return home. The father and son had become entirely reconciled with each other, and almost the last accents which faltered from the lips of the dying seaman, were a prayer to Bradshaw to forget and forgive what had past, and renew his sanction to the marriage of Edward and his niece. The stern man was inexorable; and his pitiless reply was, that he would a thousand times rather follow Rachel to her grave.

The constancy of the young people was not, however, to be subdued, and something more than a year after Mr. Drysdale's death, they married; their present resources, the rents—about one hundred and twenty pounds per annum—of a number of small tenements at Exeter. They removed to within three miles of that city, and dwelt there in sufficiency and peace for about five years, when the exigencies of a fast-increasing family induced them to dispose, not very advantageously, of their cottage property, and embark the proceeds in a showy speculation promising, of course, immense results, and really ending in the brief space of six months in their utter ruin. Edward Drysdale found himself, in lieu of his golden hopes, worth about two hundred pounds less than nothing. The usual consequences followed. An undefended suit at law speedily reached the stage at which execution might be issued, and unless a considerable sum of money could be instantly raised, his furniture would be seized under a *fi. fa.*, and sacrificed to no purpose.

One only possible expedient remained—that of once more endeavoring to soften the obduracy of Mr. Bradshaw. This it was finally determined to attempt, and Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale set off by a London morning coach upon the well-nigh hopeless speculation. They alighted at the "Hunter's Inn," where Drysdale remained, while his wife proceeded alone to Rodney Place. Thomas Burnham was friendly and good-natured as ever. The old mariner, he told Drysdale, was visibly failing, and his chief amusement seemed to be scraping together and hoarding up money. James Berry, a broken-down tailor, and a chap, according to Burnham, who knew how many beans made five as well as any man in Devonshire, had been for some time valet, gardener, and general factotum at Rodney Place, and appeared to exercise great influence over Mr. Bradshaw. The only other person in the establishment was the old cook, Margery Deans, who, never otherwise, since he had known her, than desperately hard of hearing, was now become deaf as a stone. Drysdale, it was afterward remembered, listened to all this with eager attention, and was especially inquisitive and talkative respecting Mr. Bradshaw's hoarding propensities, and the solitary, unprotected state in which he lived.

Mrs. Drysdale was long gone; but the tremulous hopes which her protracted stay called feebly forth, vanished at the sight of her pale, tearful, yet resolved aspect. "It is useless, Edward," she murmured, with her arms cast lovingly about her husband's neck, and looking in his face with far more lavish expression of affection than when, with orange blossoms in her hair, she stood a newly-consecrated wife beside him. "It is useless to expect relief from my uncle, save upon the heartless, impossible condition you know of. But let us home. God's heaven is still above our heads, though clouds and darkness rest between. We will trust in Him, Edward, and fear not!"

So brave a woman should have been matched with a stout-hearted man; but this, unhappily, was not the case. Edward Drysdale was utterly despondent, and he listened, as his wife was afterward fain to admit to myself and others, with impatient reluctance to all she said as they journeyed homeward, save when the condition of help spoken of, namely, that she should abandon her husband, and take up her abode with her children at Rodney Place, was discussed—by her indignantly. Once also, when she mentioned that the old will in her favor was not yet destroyed, but would be, her uncle threatened, if she did not soon return, a bright, almost fiery expression seemed to leap from his usually mild, reflective eyes, and partially dissipate the thick gloom which mantled his features.

This occurred on a winter's day in early March, and the evening up to seven o'clock had passed gloomily away with the Drysdales, when all at once the husband, starting from a profound reverie, said he would take a walk as far as Exeter, see the attorney in the suit against him, and, if possible, gain a little time for the arrangement of the debt. His wife acquiesced, though with small hope of any favorable result, and the strangely-abstracted man left the house.

Ten o'clock, the hour by which Edward Drysdale had promised to return, chimed from a dial on the mantle-piece. Mrs. Drysdale trimmed the fire, lit the candles, which, for economy's sake, she had extinguished, and had their frugal supper laid. He came not. Eleven o'clock! What could be detaining him so late? Twelve!—half-past twelve! Rachel Drysdale was just about to bid the servant-maid, who was sitting up in the kitchen, go to bed, when the sound of carriage-wheels going *toward* Exeter stopped at the door. It was a *return* post-chaise, and brought Edward Drysdale. He staggered, as if intoxicated, into the kitchen, reached down a half-bottle of brandy from a cupboard, and took it to the post-boy, who immediately drove off. Anne Moody, the servant-girl, was greatly startled by her master's appearance: he looked, she afterward stated, more the color of a whited wall, than of flesh and blood, and shook and "cowered," as if he had the ague. Mrs. Drysdale came into the kitchen, and stood gazing at her husband in a white, dumb kind of way (I am transcribing literally from the girl's statement), till the outer door was fastened, when they both went up-stairs into a front sitting-room. Curiosity induced Anne Moody to follow, and she heard, just as the door closed upon them, Mrs. Moody say, "You have not been to Exeter, I am sure?" This was said in a nervous, shaking, voice, and her master replied in the same tone, "No; I changed my mind," or words to that effect. Then there was a quick whispering for a minute or two, interrupted by a half-stifled cry or scream from Mrs. Drysdale. A sort of hubbub of words followed, which the girl—a very intelligent person of her class, by-the-by—could not hear, or at least not make out, till Mr. Drysdale said in a louder, slower way, "You, Rachel—the children are provided for; but, O God! at what a dreadful price!" Anne Moody, fearful of detection, did not

wait to hear more, but crept stealthily up-stairs to bed, as her mistress had ordered her to do when she left the kitchen. On the following morning the girl found her master and mistress both up, the kitchen and parlor fires lit, and breakfast nearly over. Mr. Drysdale said he was in a hurry to get to Exeter, and they had not thought it worth while to call her at unseasonable hours. Both husband and wife looked wild and haggard, and this, Moody, when she looked into their bed-chamber, was not at all surprised at, as it was clear that neither of them had retired to rest. One thing and the other, especially kissing and fondling the children over and over again, detained Mr. Drysdale till half-past eight o'clock, and then, just as he was leaving the house, three men confronted him! A constable of the name of Parsons, James Berry, Mr. Bradshaw's servant, and Burnham, the landlord of the Hunter's Inn. They came to arrest him on a charge of burglary and murder! Mr. Bradshaw had been found early in the morning cruelly stabbed to death beside his plundered strong-box!

I must pass lightly over the harrowing scenes which followed—the tumultuous agony of the wife, and the despairing asseverations of the husband, impossible to be implicitly believed in even by that wife, for the criminating evidence was overwhelming. Drysdale had been seen skulking about Rodney Place till very late by both Burnham and Berry. In the room through which he must have passed in going and returning from the scene of his frightful crime, his hat had been found, and it was now discovered that he, Drysdale, had taken away and worn home one of Berry's—no doubt from hurry and inadvertence. In addition to all this, a considerable sum of money in gold and silver, inclosed in a canvas-bag, well known to have belonged to the deceased, was found upon his person! It appeared probable that the aim of the assassin had been only robbery in the first instance, for the corpse of the unfortunate victim was found clothed only in a night-dress. The fair inference, therefore, seemed to be that the robber, disturbed at his plunder by the wakeful old seaman, had been compelled, perhaps reluctantly, to add the dreadful crime of murder to that which he had originally contemplated. The outcry through the county was terrific, and as Edward Drysdale, by the advice of Mr. Sims, the attorney, who subsequently instructed Mr. Prince, reserved his defense, there appeared to be nothing of a feather's weight to oppose against the tremendous mass of circumstance arrayed against the prisoner.

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And when, upon the arrival of the King's Commission at Exeter, Mr. Prince received a very full and carefully-drawn brief in defense—a specious, but almost wholly unsupported story of the prisoner's appeared all that could be relied upon in rebuttal of the evidence for the crown. According to Edward Drysdale, he merely sought Mr. Bradshaw upon the evening in question for the purpose of concluding with that gentleman an arrangement for the separation of himself from his wife and children, and their domiciliation at Rodney Place. It was further averred that he was received with greater civility than he expected; that the interview was a long one, during which he, Drysdale, had seen nobody but Mr. Bradshaw, although he believed the aged and deaf cook was in the kitchen. That he had arranged that Mrs. Drysdale and his children should be early on the morrow with her uncle, and that he had received the money found on his person and at his house from the deceased's own hands, in order to pay the debt and costs in the suit wherein execution was about to be levied on his furniture, and that the residue was to be applied to his, the prisoner's, own use. That the expressions deposed to by Anne Moody, and his own and Mrs. Drysdale's emotion after his return home, which had told so heavily against him in the examinations before the magistrates, were perfectly reconcilable with this statement—as, indeed, they were—and did not, therefore, bear the frightful meaning that had been attached to them. With respect to the change of hats, that might easily have happened, because his hat had been left on entering in the hall-passage, and in his hurry, in coming out by the same way, he had no doubt mistaken Berry's for his own; but he solemnly denied having been in the room, or near the part of the house where his hat was alleged to have been found. This was the gist of the explanation; but, unfortunately, it was not sustained by any receivable testimony in any material particular. True, Mrs. Drysdale, whom every body fully believed, declared that this account exactly coincided with what her husband told her immediately on arriving home in the post-chaise—but what of that? It was not what story the prisoner had told, nor how many times he had told it, that could avail, especially against the heavy improbabilities that weighed upon his, at first view, plausible statement. How was it that, knowing Mr. Bradshaw's almost insane dislike of himself, he did not counsel his wife to make terms with her uncle, preparatory to her returning to Rodney Place? And was it at all likely that Mr. Bradshaw, whose implacable humor Mrs. Drysdale had experienced on the very day previous to the murder, should have so suddenly softened toward the man he so thoroughly hated and despised? I trow not; and the first consultation on the case wore a wretchedly-dismal aspect, till the hawk-eye of Mr. Prince lit upon an assertion of Thomas Burnham's, that he had gone to Mr. Bradshaw's house upon some particular business at a quarter past twelve on the night of the murder, and had seen the deceased alive at that time, who had answered him, as he frequently did, from his bedroom window. "Rodney Place," said Mr. Prince, "is nine miles from Drysdale's residence. I understood you to say, Mr. Sims, that Mrs. Drysdale declares her husband was at home at twenty minutes to one?"

"Certainly she does; but the wife's evidence, you are aware, can not avail her husband."

"True; but the servant girl! The driver of the post-chaise! This is a vital point, and must be cleared up without delay."

I and Williams, Sims' clerk, set off instantly to see Mrs. Drysdale, who had not left her room since her husband's apprehension. She was confident it was barely so late as twenty minutes to one when the post-chaise drove up to the door. Her evidence was, however, legally inadmissible, and our hopes rested on Anne Moody, who was immediately called in. Her answer was exasperating. She had been asleep in the kitchen, and could not positively say whether it was twelve, one, or

two o'clock when her master reached home. There was still a chance left—that of the post-chaise driver. He did not, we found, reach Exeter, a distance of three miles only from Mr. Drysdale's, till a quarter to three o'clock, and was then much the worse of liquor. So much for our chance of proving an *alibi!*

There was one circumstance perpetually harped upon by our bright, one-eyed friend of the Hunter's Inn; Cyclops, I and Williams called him. What had become of a large sum in notes paid, it was well known, to Mr. Bradshaw three or four days before his death? What also of a ruby ring, and some unset precious stones he had brought from abroad, and which he had always estimated, rightly or wrongly, at so high a price? Drysdale's house and garden had been turned inside out, but nothing had been found, and so for that matter had been Rodney Place, and its two remaining inmates had been examined with the like ill success. Burnham, who was excessively dissatisfied with the progress of affairs, swore there was an infernal mystery somewhere, and that he shouldn't sleep till he had ferreted it out. That was his business: ours was to make the best of the wretched materials at our disposal; but the result we all expected followed. The foregone conclusion of the jury that were empaneled in the case was just about to be formally recorded in a verdict of guilty, when a note was handed across to Mr. Sims. One Mr. Jay, a timber merchant, who had heard the evidence of the postillion, desired to be examined. This the judge at once consented to, and Mr. Jay deposed, that having left Exeter in his gig upon pressing business, at about two o'clock on the morning of the murder, he had observed a post-chaise at the edge of a pond about a mile and a half out of the city, where the jaded horses had been, he supposed, drinking. They were standing still, and the post-boy, who was inside, and had reins to drive with passed through the front windows, was fast asleep—a drunken sleep it seemed, and he, Mr. Jay, had to bawl for some time, and strike the chaise with his whip, before he could awake the man, who, at last, with a growl and a curse, drove on. He believed, but would not like to positively swear, that the postillion he had heard examined was that man. This testimony, strongly suggestive as it was, his lordship opined, did not materially affect the case; the jury concurred, and a verdict of guilty was pronounced and recorded amidst the death-like silence of a hushed and anxious auditory.

The unfortunate convict staggered visibly beneath the blow, fully expected, as it must have been, and a terrible spasm convulsed his features and shook his frame. It passed away; and his bearing and speech, when asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced according to law, was not without a certain calm dignity and power, while his tones, tremulous, it is true, were silvery and unassuming as a child's.

"I can not blame the gentlemen of the jury," he said. "Their fatal verdict is, I am sure, as conscientious as God and myself know it to be erroneous—false! Circumstances are, I feel, strangely arrayed against me; and it has been my fate through life to be always harshly judged, save only by one whose truth and affection have shed over my checkered existence the only happiness it has ever known. I observed, too, the telling sneer of the prosecuting counsel, connecting the circumstances under which I left the navy with the *cowardice* of the deed with which I stand here accused—convicted, I suppose, I should say. I forgive that gentleman his cruel sneer as freely as I do you, gentlemen of the jury, your mistaken verdict—you, my lord, the death-sentence you are about to pronounce. The manner in which I hope to pass through the brief, but dark and bitter passage lying between me and the grave will, I trust, be a sufficient answer to the taunt of cowardice, and the future vindication of my innocence, not for my own, but my wife and children's sake, I confidently leave them to Him into whose hands I shall soon, untimely, render up my spirit. This is all I have to say."

The prisoner's calm, simple, unhurried words, produced a marvelous effect upon the court and auditory. The judge, Chief Baron Macdonald, a conscientious, and somewhat nervous man, paused in the act of assuming the black-cap, and presently said, rather hastily, "Let the prisoner be removed; I will pass sentence to-morrow." The court then immediately adjourned.

I was miserably depressed in spirits, which the cold, sleety weather that greeted us on emerging from the hot and crowded court considerably increased. I was thinking—excuse the seeming bathos—I was only a clerk, and used to such tragedies; I was thinking, I say, that a glass of brandy and water might not be amiss, when whom should I rudely jostle against but Cyclops, *alias* Thomas Burnham. He was going the same way as myself in prodigious haste—his eye bright and flaming as a live coal, and his whole manner denoting intense excitement. "Is that you?" he broke out. "Come along, then, and quick, for the love of God! I've missed Sims and his clerk, but you'll do as well; perhaps better." I had no power, if I had the inclination to refuse, for the enthusiastic man seized me by the arm, and hurried me along at a tremendous rate toward the outskirts of the city. "This is the place," he exclaimed, as he burst into a tavern parlor, where two trunks had been deposited. "He's not come yet," Burnham went on, "but the coach is to call for him here. He thinks to be off to London this very night."

"Whom are you talking of? Who's off to London to-night?"

"James Berry, if he's clever enough! Look there!"

"I see; 'James Berry, Passenger, London.' These, then, are his trunks, I suppose."

"Right, my boy; but there is nothing of importance in *them*. Sly, steady-going Margery has well ascertained that. You know Margery?—but hush! here he comes."

Berry—it was he—could not repress a nervous start, as he unexpectedly encountered Burnham's burly person and fierce glare.

"You here?" he stammered, as he mechanically took a chair by the fire. "Who would have thought

it?"

"Not you, Jim, I'm sure; it must be, therefore, an unexpected pleasure. I'm come to have a smoke and a bit of chat with you, Berry—there isn't a riper Berry than you are in the kingdom—before you go to London, Jim—do you mark?—before you go to London—ha, ha! ho, ho! But, zounds! how pale and shaky you're looking, and before this rousing fire, too! D—n thee, villain!" shouted Burnham, jumping suddenly up from his chair, and dashing his pipe to fragments on the floor. "I can't play with thee any longer. Tell me—when did the devil teach thee to stuff coat-collars with the spoils of murdered men, eh?"

A yell of dismay escaped Berry, and he made a desperate rush to get past Burnham. Vainly did so. The fierce publican caught him by the throat, and held him by a grip of steel. "You're caught, scoundrel!—nicked, trapped, found out, and by whom, think you? Why, by deaf, paralytic, Margery, whose old eyes have never wearied in watching you from the hour you slew and robbed her good old master till to-day, when you dreamed yourself alone, and she discovered the mystery of the coat-collar."

"Let me go!" gasped the miscreant, down whose pallid cheeks big drops of agony were streaming. "Take all, and let me go."

A fierce imprecation followed by a blow, replied to the despairing felon. A constable, attracted by the increasing uproar, soon arrived; the thick coat-collar was ripped, and in it were found a considerable sum in Exeter notes—the ruby ring, and other valuables well known to have belonged to Mr. Bradshaw. Berry was quickly lodged in jail. A true bill was returned the next day by the grand jury before noon, and by the time the clock struck four, the murderer was, on his own confession, convicted of the foul crime of which a perfectly innocent man had been not many hours before pronounced guilty! A great lesson this was felt to be at the time in Exeter, and in the western country generally. A lesson of the watchfulness of Providence over innocent lives; of rebuke to the self-sufficing infallibility of men, however organized or empaneled, and of patience under unmerited obloquy and slander.

Edward Drysdale was, I need hardly say, liberated by the king's pardon—pardoned for an uncommitted offense, and he and his true-hearted wife, the heiress of her uncle, are still living, I believe, in competence, content, and harmony.

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A PRISON-SCENE DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

I was mentioning one day to an old friend and fellow-rambler of mine the pleasure I had derived from a visit to the Palais du Luxembourg, in Paris. "Oh," said he, "my recollections of the Luxembourg Palace are any thing but pleasant. One entire generation has passed away, and a second has followed far on the same road, since I entered it; but were I to live to the age of an antediluvian, I imagine the remembrance of the period which I passed in the Luxembourg would dwell with me to the last hour of my life."

These words naturally raised my curiosity, and, from the character of the speaker, whom I had known for many years as a man of much and varied knowledge and unimpeachable probity, also aroused my sympathy; I pressed him, therefore, to favor me with the incidents which had made so indelible an impression upon his mind. He made no difficulty of complying with my request; but, stirring the fire, and leaning back in his easy chair, delivered his brief narrative very nearly in the following words.

You do not perhaps remember that the Palais du Luxembourg was at one period used as a prison. Some of those splendid saloons which you so much admire were once bordered with cells hastily erected with rough planks, the centre of the area being used as a common room for the whole of the prisoners. When the Revolution of 1798 broke out in France, I was the junior partner of an English house doing business in a certain kind of merchandise in the Rue St. Honoré. I was very young, almost a lad, indeed, but I had invested the whole of my small fortune in the concern. I was active and sedulous, and I devoted my entire energies to the prosecution of our joint interests, which thrived considerably. When the troubles came, my partners, who conceived that they had grounds for apprehension, resolved to quit the country; and they offered me the whole of the business upon terms so advantageous that I did not feel justified in refusing them. I had never meddled with politics (for which, indeed, I had no talent or inclination), I was too young to have any enemies or to be suspected of partisanship; so I closed with the offer that was made me, and resolved to brave the perils of the time, making my business the sole object of my care and solicitude, and leaving all things else to take their course. I pursued this plan rigidly, avoiding all participation in the excitement of the period, and not even conversing on the subject of public affairs, concerning which upon all occasions I professed, what indeed was the truth, that I knew nothing. I went on thus for some years, and amidst all the horrors and vicissitudes of the Revolution my business thrived prosperously. I experienced no sort of interruption—never received a single domiciliary visit from any one of the factions upon whom the sovereign authority so suddenly devolved—and, to all appearance, had escaped suspicion under each and all of the rapidly-changing dynasties. I had well-nigh doubled my wealth by unwearied diligence, and had long banished all thought of peril in the course I was pursuing, when, one rainy night in the summer of 1793, I was roused from my rest after I had been a full hour asleep in bed, compelled to hurry on a few clothes at a minute's notice, pushed into a carriage waiting at my door, and driven off to a midnight tribunal. Arrived at the Hôtel de Ville, I requested to hear the

charge which had been made against me but was desired to hold my peace. I was brought there for identification, and not for a hearing, the ruffian in office informed me, and it would be time enough for me to hear the charge when I was called upon to answer it. It was in vain that I pleaded the injustice of such a proceeding; I was obliged to submit to their pleasure. A pen was put into my hand, and I was ordered to write my protest, if I had any to make. I did so in a few words, claiming protection as a French citizen. The presiding scoundrel pretended to compare my writing with some imaginary seditious document of which it was not possible that I could have been the author, and at once committed me to prison. I was kept in waiting while some other pretended examinations were gone through, and then, in company with three more unfortunates, was driven off to the Luxembourg, where, at about two o'clock in the morning, I was bundled into a cell furnished with a straw *paillasse* and rug, a deal table and a single chair, and lighted by a small lamp suspended aloft out of my reach.

When I could find time to reflect upon the sudden calamity which had overtaken me, I could come to no other conclusion than that I had been made the victim of the cupidity of some villain or villains who had contrived to incarcerate me out of the way, while they made a plunder of my property. The imputation of seditious correspondence, which I knew to be nothing but a pretense, bore me out in this conjecture; and upon thinking the matter over again and again, I came to the conviction at last, that, bad as the matter was, it might have been much worse. I thought I saw that there was little chance of my being brought up for trial, as it would be more for the interest of my enemies, whoever they were, to keep me out of the way, than to bring me before a tribunal which might or might not condemn me to death, but which could hardly fail of discovering the motive of my abduction and imprisonment. Thus I got rid of the fear of the guillotine, and I soon found another cause for gratulation in the fact that I had not been searched. I had a considerable sum of money in my pocket-book, and, by a piece of good fortune, the book containing my banking-account was in the breast-pocket of my overcoat, which I had put on on the previous evening in consequence of a sudden storm, and which, on hearing the pattering rain, I had instinctively seized upon coming away. Before I lay down upon my miserable couch I contrived effectually to secrete my valuables, in the fear that they might be abstracted in case I should be so fortunate as to sleep. I had been locked in by the jailer, and I imagined that the ten square feet which limited my view would confine all my motions during the term of my imprisonment. In spite of all my anxieties and the disagreeable novelty of my position, I fell off to slumber about sunrise, and into a pleasant dream of home in England, and the sunny fields of childhood.

I was awoke soon after seven o'clock by the sound of laughter and loud voices mingled with the twanging of a lute. I started up, and seeing that the door of my cell was standing ajar, I bent forward and looked out. My apparition in a red night-cap was received with a burst of merriment loud and prolonged from some fifty well-dressed individuals seated on chairs or lounging on tables in the centre of a large arena, surrounded on all sides with cells, the counterpart of my own. They hailed me as "Le Bonnet Rouge," and wished me joy of my advent among them. Making my toilet as speedily as possible, I joined them with the best grace I could, and requested to be allowed the pleasure of their society, if, as I supposed from what I saw, the rules of the prison permitted me the indulgence. A young man politely stepped forward, and volunteered to instruct me in the constitution and the etiquette of the society into which I had been so abruptly introduced. He was the model of courtesy and good breeding, and soon initiated me into the mysteries of the association which the prisoners had set on foot for the purpose of relieving the tedium of confinement, and for banishing the gloomy shadow of speedy and certain death impending over the major part of them. He informed me that we were at liberty either to take our meals in common at the general table in the saloon where we then were, or to withdraw with our several messes to our own cells; but that no gentleman who could not show a cheerful countenance, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, was expected to make his appearance either at dinner or supper, or, indeed, in the saloon at all, save for the purpose of periodical exercise. He argued that a dejected and sorrowful face, though it might be allowable in the case of a solitary prisoner, was clearly an offense against the whole assembly, each of whom having his own burden to bear, was entitled to at least as good an example of courage as he could furnish himself; and that upon those grounds they had come to the understanding, which was perfectly well known and acted upon among them, that those who had not sufficient fortitude to oppose a smile to the scowl of Fate should confine their sorrows to their own cabins, and not disturb the enjoyments, short-lived as they were, nor unsettle the constancy of their fellows by the parade of unavailing dejection. He added, that if I could conduce to the amusement of their circle by any means, no matter how, I should be regarded in the light of a benefactor; that they had music, public debates, and dramatic representations, though without scenery or appropriate dresses; and that in all or any of these amusements I might take a part if I chose, and might feel sure of their candid appreciation of my endeavors. He then, with the utmost *sang froid*, gave me to understand that their first violin would that morning leave them, though he would give them a parting cavatina before he mounted the tumbril, which would call on its way to the guillotine about twelve o'clock. Fifteen other gentlemen of their community were bound on the same voyage; they were liable to such deductions from their social circle, he was sorry to say—and he shrugged his shoulders—on occasions far too frequent for their repose; but then they were constantly receiving fresh additions, and their number was generally very nearly if not quite complete. He told me that among the twenty or thirty gentlemen conversing so cheerfully at the next table, seven would die that morning, and apologized for not pointing out the particular individuals, on the score of its being hardly polite to do so.

I was perfectly horrified at the communication of my voluble companion. Though living so long in the very centre and focus of revolution, I had kept so carefully clear of the terrible drama which

had been acting, and had been so wrapped up in my own concerns, that I was altogether unprepared for the recognition of such a state of feeling on the subject of certain, sudden, and murderous death, as I now found existing around me. It required all the courage and self-control I was master of to repress the natural exclamations of dismay that rose to my lips. I thanked my new friend for his courtesy, expressed my determination not to appear in the social circle at any time when my spirits were not up to the mark, and, bowing ceremoniously, withdrew to my own cell to ruminate alone upon what I had heard. You may imagine what passed in my mind. I had been religiously educated in a Protestant country; I had never, even in France, neglected the daily duties of religion. I had knelt, morning, and evening, from my earliest childhood, to my father's God; and I had devoutly sought the especial direction of his providence both in taking the step which led me to Paris in the first instance, and in that which had fixed me there when my partners had fled in apprehension of calamity. The idea of death had been to me always one of unmingled solemnity; and the thought of opposing laughter and merriment to the grim aspect of the grisly king was abhorrent to my imagination. I remained all the morning in my cell, a prey to miserable and anxious thought. I heard the cavatina played with firmness and brilliancy by the musician who knew to a certainty that within an hour he would be a headless corpse. I heard the tumbrel drive up to the door which was to convey sixteen of my fellow-prisoners to feed the dripping ax. I saw them defile past my cell as the jailer checked them off on his list, and heard them respond gayly to the "Bon voyage" of their companions ere they departed in the fatal cart which was to carry them "out of the world."

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There is, however, a force in circumstances strong enough to overcome the habits and instincts of a life-time. I had not been a month in the Luxembourg before the idea of death by violence, once so terrible and appalling, began to assume a very different aspect in my mind. Our society consisted of above a hundred in number, and the major part of them, incarcerated for political offenses, were but in the position of losers in a game in which they had played the stake of life for the chance of power. They paid the penalty as readily and as recklessly as they had played the game; and the spectacle which their fate presented to my view, though it never reconciled me to their repulsive indifference to the importance of life, yet gradually undermined my own estimate of its value. Every means of amusement that could be thought of was resorted to for diversion. Plays were acted night after night, the female characters being personated by the youngest of the party in robes borrowed from the wardrobe of the jailer's wife. Concerts were got up, and the songs of all nations were sung with much taste to the accompaniment of the lute in the hands of an old professor, who, it afterward came out, had been imprisoned by mistake, because he bore the name of an offender. Card-parties sat down to play every evening; and men would continue the game, and deal the cards with a steady hand, though they heard their names called over in the list of those who were to grace the guillotine on the morrow. It was rare that executions followed on two successive days; there was often, indeed, a respite for a fortnight together; but I noticed with a shudder that, whenever the cells were all occupied, an execution, and usually of a large number, speedily followed.

Months passed away. I was unhappy beyond expression, from the want of sympathy and of occupation. I had been allowed to receive a box of clothes and linen from my residence; and my servant had put a few English books into the box, with a design to relieve the tedium of confinement. Among the books was Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted." It came into my head that I might find occupation in translating this work into French, and that by circulating it very cheaply among the populace I might perhaps do something to stem the course of bloodshed and profanity in which all seemed hurrying headlong forward. I procured writing-materials, and shutting myself up several hours a day in my cell, commenced the translation. I did not make very rapid progress; my attention was too much distracted by what was going on around me to permit me to do much during the day. At eleven at night we were locked in our cells, and then I generally wrote for a quiet hour before going to bed.

I had been thus engaged for some three or four months, and had completed more than half my undertaking, when, as I sat one morning at my writing, one of the attendants knocked at my cell door, and announced a visitor in the person of an Englishman, who, having been consigned to prison, had inquired if any of his fellow-countrymen were in confinement, and having been referred to me, now sought an introduction. I rose, of course, immediately, and proceeded to offer him such welcome as the place afforded. He was a man already stricken in years of a rather forbidding aspect, but with the fire of intellect in his restless eye. He introduced himself to me as Thomas Paine, the author of the "Rights of Man," and he hoped he might add, the consistent friend of liberty, though for the present at least, he had lost his own. I condoled with him as well as I could, and assisted in installing him in a cell next to mine which happened to be vacant. I may confess that I was much more astonished than gratified by the accession of such a companion; but as he never sought to intrude upon my privacy, I was enabled to proceed with my work unmolested. I made him acquainted with the etiquette of the prison, and the necessity of a cheerful face if he went into company; and he warmly approved of the regulation, though he rarely complied with it, as he kept himself almost constantly in his cell. He wrote for several hours every day; and told me that he was approaching fast toward the completion of a work, which, under the title of "The Age of Reason," would one day make a noise in the world, and do something toward putting the forces of Priestcraft to the rout. At my request, he lent me a portion of the manuscript, which having perused with indignation, I returned with my unqualified condemnation, at which he laughed good-humoredly, and said I had been too effectually nursed in prejudices to be able to judge impartially. I did not return the confidence with which he had honored me by making him acquainted with the purpose for which I was laboring. The winter of '93-94 was nearly over before I had got my manuscript in a fit condition to be put into the hands

of the printer. I remember being much troubled in the preparation of the last few pages by the crowded state of the prison. Not only were all the cells occupied, but a full half of them contained a couple of inmates each, and I was obliged myself to purchase immunity from partnership with a stranger at a considerable sum. We who had been long in prison knew well enough what to look for from such a state of things, and every night after supper we expected the summons of the bell which preceded the reading over of the black list. It came at last after a respite of eighteen days, an interval which had caused many to hope that these judicial slaughters were at an end. The first stroke of the bell produced a dead silence, and we listened with horror while twenty-seven names were deliberately called over, together with the numbers of the cells in which their owners domiciled. I saw Mr. Paine seated in his cell, and clutching the door in his hand, as he looked sternly through the partial opening upon the face of the jailer as he read over the list. When it was concluded, he shut himself in, and I heard him moving about at intervals during the whole night. I did not sleep myself, and I felt sure that he did not attempt to sleep.

When the victims were mustered the next morning previous to the arrival of the tumbrils which were to bear them to death, the jailer declared that the number was short by one; that he was bound to furnish the full complement of twenty-eight, which he asserted was the number he had read off the night before. He was requested to refer to the list, and read it again; but, by some strange management this could not be found.

"Gentlemen," said the jailer, "you must manage it among you somehow: it is as much as my own head is worth—though to be sure heads are at a discount just now—to send short weight in bargains of this sort. Be so good as to settle it among yourselves." At these words a volunteer stepped forward. "What signifies a day or two more or less?" he cried, "I will go! Gentlemen, do not trouble yourselves—the affair is finished!" A light murmur of applause was deemed a sufficient reward for his gratuitous act of self-devotion, which under different circumstances might have won an immortality of fame. The voluntary victim could have been barely five-and-twenty. He was allowed to lead off the dance in the grim tragedy of the morning. He did so with an alacrity altogether and exceedingly French. I do not recollect his name; his exploit was no more than a three days' wonder.

From what reason I know not, but it began to be rumored that one of the Englishmen ought to have completed the condemned list; and suspicions of dishonorable conduct on the part of Paine were freely whispered about. They were perhaps founded on the fact of his being constantly in communication with the jailer, who brought him almost daily dispatches from some of his Jacobin friends. It was reported *sotto voce* that he had bribed the jailer to erase his name from the list; though, as he had never been brought to trial, nor, as far as I know, was aware, any more than myself, of the specific charge made against him, I do not see that that was very probable—a form of trial at least being generally allowed to prisoners.

When my manuscript was ready I sent for a printer, and bargained with him, for a pretty large impression of the book, in a cheap and portable form. Nearly two months were occupied in getting through the press, owing to the amount of business with which the printers of Paris were at that time overloaded. When the whole edition was ready for delivery, I sent for a bookseller of my acquaintance, and gave him an order upon the printer for the whole of them, with directions to sell them at the low price of ten sous, or five-pence each, about equal to two-thirds of the cost of their production, supposing the whole number to go off, which, in my ignorance of the book-trade and of the literary likings of the Parisians, I looked upon as the next thing to a certainty.

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This undertaking off my hands, my mind felt considerably more at ease, and I became capable of enjoying the few pleasures which my hazardous position afforded. The study of human nature, of which I had thought but little previous to my confinement, now became my only pursuit. I had acquired the habit of writing in the prosecution of my translation; and I now continued the habit by journalizing the events which transpired in the prison, and jotting down such portions of the biography of the several inmates as I could make myself master of. Mr. Paine shut himself closely in his cell, and I rarely saw any thing of him; and he appeared to have given up all communication as well with the world without as that within his prison.

In July came the fall of Robespierre, who wanted animal courage to play out the desperate game he had planned. I was the first who got the information, and in five minutes it was known to all my fellow-prisoners. In a few days I was set at liberty. I parted with the author of the "Rights of Man" and the "Age of Reason" at the door of the prison, and never set eyes on him afterward. I flew to my residence in the Rue St. Honoré. As I expected, everything of value had been plundered and the place gutted, my faithful servant having first been enlisted and packed off to the army. I resolved upon returning home. As a French citizen I had no difficulty in obtaining a passport for the coast; and within a month I was in London.

Twenty years had passed over my head, and Paris was in possession of the allied powers, when, in 1814, I again visited it. Fortunately, owing to services which I was enabled to render to British officers high in command, I found myself in a position to vindicate my claim to the value of the property I had left behind me, and for the sake of which there is little doubt that I had been secretly proscribed and cast into a revolutionary prison. I eventually recovered the whole amount of my loss, the *quartier* in which I had resided having to make it good. It now occurred to me to call upon the bookseller to whom I had confided the 3000 copies of Baxter's treatise, with a view, if practicable, to a settlement. I was lucky enough to find him at his old place; and upon my inquiry as to the fate of my work, he informed me, to my perfect amazement and mortification, that the whole of the copies were yet upon his shelves, and that he was ready to hand me over the entire impression, of which, as he might well be, he expressed himself desirous of being relieved. He assured me that he had employed the usual means to push them off, but that he had

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not been able, in a single instance, to effect a sale. He regretted to say that it was the most decided failure in the literary line that had ever come under his observation; not, he was pleased to observe, from any defect in point of literary ability, but solely from the fact that matter of that nature was totally unfit for the Parisian market. The whole edition was returned upon my hands; not a single copy had been sold in twenty years, although offered at a price below the cost of production. Still I never repented the attempt, mistaken though it proved to be. It afforded me occupation during some wretched months of confinement, and comforted me with the hope that, were I to die by the guillotine, I might leave a voice behind me which might be of use to my fellow-creatures.

A CELEBRATED FRENCH CLOCK-MAKER.

The superiority of French clocks and watches has been achieved only by the laborious efforts of many ingenious artisans. Of one of these, to whom France owes no little of its celebrity in this branch of art, we propose to speak. Bréguet was the name of this remarkable individual. He was a native of Neuchatel, in Switzerland, and thence he was removed, while young, to Versailles, for the purpose of learning his business as a horologist. His parents being poor, he found it necessary to rely on his own energy for advancement in life.

At Versailles, he served a regular apprenticeship, during which his diligence in improving himself was almost beyond example. He became greatly attached to his profession; and soon, by studious perseverance his talents were developed by real knowledge. At length the term of apprenticeship expired, and as the master was expressing to the pupil the satisfaction which his good conduct and diligence had given him, he was struck with astonishment when he replied: "Master, I have a favor to ask of you. I feel that I have not always as I ought employed my time, which was to have indemnified you for the cares and lessons you have spent on me. I beg of you, then, to permit me to continue with you three months longer without salary." This request confirmed the attachment of the master to his pupil. But scarcely was the apprenticeship of the latter over, when he lost his mother and his stepfather, and found himself alone in the world with an elder sister—being thus left to provide, by his own industry, for the maintenance of two persons. Nevertheless, he ardently desired to complete his necessary studies, for he felt that the knowledge of mathematics was absolutely indispensable to his attaining perfection in his art. This determined purpose conquered every obstacle. Not only did he labor perseveringly for his sister and himself, but also found means to attend regularly a course of public lectures which the Abbé Marie was then giving at the College Mazarin. The professor, having remarked the unwearied assiduity of the young clockmaker, made a friend of him, and delighted in considering him as his beloved pupil. This friendship, founded on the truest esteem and the most affectionate gratitude, contributed wondrously to the progress of the student.

The great metamorphosis which was effected so suddenly in the young clockmaker was very remarkable. There is something very encouraging in his example, affording as it does a proof of the power of the man who arms himself with a determined purpose. At first, the struggle with difficulties appears hard, painful, almost impossible; but only let there be a little perseverance, the obstacles vanish one after the other, the way is made plain: instead of the thorns which seem to choke it, verdant laurels suddenly spring up, the reward of constant and unwearied labor. Thus it was with our studious apprentice. His ideas soon expand; his work acquires more precision; a new and a more extended horizon opens before him. From a skillful workman, it is not long before he becomes an accomplished artist. Yet a few years, and the name of Bréguet is celebrated.

At the epoch of the first troubles of the Revolution of 1789, Bréguet had already founded the establishment which has since produced so many master-pieces of mechanism. The most honorable, the most flattering reputation was his. One anecdote will serve to prove the high repute in which he was held, even out of France. One day a watch, to the construction of which he had given his whole attention, happened to fall into the hands of Arnold, the celebrated English watch-maker. He examined it with interest, and surveyed with admiration the simplicity of its mechanism, the perfection of the workmanship. He could scarcely be persuaded that a specimen thus executed could be the work of French industry. Yielding to the love of his art, he immediately set out for Paris, without any other object than simply to become acquainted with the French artist. On arriving in Paris, he went immediately to see Bréguet, and soon these two men were acquainted with each other. They seem, indeed, to have formed a mutual friendship. In order that Bréguet might give Arnold the highest token of his esteem and affection, he requested him to take his son with him to be taught his profession, and this was acceded to.

The Revolution destroyed the first establishment of Bréguet, and finally forced the great artist to seek an asylum on a foreign shore. There generous assistance enabled him, with his son, to continue his ingenious experiments in his art. At length, having returned to Paris after two years' absence, he opened a new establishment, which continued to flourish till 1823, when France lost this man, the pride and boast of its industrial class. Bréguet was member of the Institute, was clockmaker to the navy, and member of the Bureau of Longitude. He was indeed the most celebrated clockmaker of the age; he had brought to perfection every branch of his art. Nothing could surpass the delicacy and ingenuity of his free escapement with a maintaining power. To him we owe another escapement called 'natural,' in which there is no spring, and oil is not needed; but another, and still more perfect one, is the double escapement, where the precision of

the contacts renders the use of oil equally unnecessary, and in which the waste of power in the pendulum is repaired at each vibration.

The sea-watches or chronometers of Bréguet are famous throughout the world. It is well known that these watches are every moment subject to change of position, from the rolling and pitching of the vessel. Bréguet conceived the bold thought of inclosing the whole mechanism of the escapement and the spring in a circular envelope, making a complete revolution every two minutes. The inequality of position is thus, as it were, equalized on that short lapse of time; the mechanism itself producing compensation, whether the chronometer is subjected to any continuous movement, or kept steady in an inclined or upright position. Bréguet did still more: he found means to preserve the regularity of his chronometers even in case of their getting any sudden shock or fall, and this he did by the parachute. Sir Thomas Brisbane put one of them to the proof, carrying it about with him on horseback, and on long journeys and voyages; in sixteen months, the greatest daily loss was only a second and a half—that is, the 57,600th part of a daily revolution.

Such is the encouraging example of Bréguet, who was at first only a workman. And to this he owes his being the best judge of good workmen, as he was the best friend to them. He sought out such every where, even in other countries; gave them the instruction of a master of the art; and treated them with the kindness of a father. They were indebted to him for their prosperity, and he owed to them the increase of fortune and of fame. He well understood the advantages of a judicious division of labor, according to the several capabilities of artisans. By this means, he was able to meet the demand for pieces of his workmanship, not less remarkable for elegance and beauty than for extreme accuracy. It may indeed be said, that Bréguet's efforts gave a character to French horology that it has never lost. So much may one man do in his day and generation to give an impetus to an important branch of national industry.

BLEAK HOUSE. [5]

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER VIII.—COVERING A MULTITUDE OF SINS.

It was interesting, when I dressed before daylight, to peep out of window, where my candles were reflected in the black panes like two beacons, and, finding all beyond still enshrouded in the indistinctness of last night, to watch how it turned out when the day came on. As the prospect gradually revealed itself, and disclosed the scene over which the wind had wandered in the dark, like my memory over my life, I had a pleasure in discovering the unknown objects that had been around me in my sleep. At first they were faintly discernible in the mist, and above them the later stars still glimmered. That pale interval over, the picture began to enlarge and fill up so fast, that at every new peep, I could have found enough to look at for an hour. Imperceptibly, my candles became the only incongruous part of the morning, the dark places in my room all melted away, and the day shone bright upon a cheerful landscape, prominent in which the old Abbey Church, with its massive tower, threw a softer train of shadow on the view than seemed compatible with its rugged character. But so from rough outsides (I hope I have learnt), serene and gentle influences often proceed.

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Every part of the house was in such order, and every one was so attentive to me, that I had no trouble with my two bunches of keys: though what with trying to remember the contents of each little store-room, drawer, and cupboard; and what with making notes on a slate about jams, and pickles, and preserves, and bottles, and glass, and china, and a great many other things; and what with being generally a methodical, old-maidish sort of foolish little person; I was so busy that I could not believe it was breakfast-time when I heard the bell ring. Away I ran, however, and made tea, as I had already been installed into the responsibility of the tea-pot; and then, as they were all rather late, and nobody was down yet, I thought I would take a peep at the garden, and get some knowledge of that too. I found it quite a delightful place; in front, the pretty avenue and drive by which we had approached (and where, by-the-by, we had cut up the gravel so terribly with our wheels that I asked the gardener to roll it); at the back, the flower-garden, with my darling at her window up there, throwing it open to smile out at me, as if she would have kissed me from that distance. Beyond the flower-garden was a kitchen-garden, and then a paddock, and then a snug little rick-yard, and then a dear little farm-yard. As to the house itself, with its three peaks in the roof; its various shaped windows, some so large, some so small, and all so pretty; its trellis-work against the south front for roses and honey-suckle, and its homely, comfortable, welcoming look; it was, as Ada said, when she came out to meet me with her arm through that of its master, worthy of her cousin John—a bold thing to say, though he only pinched her dear cheek for it.

[5] Continued from the May Number.

Mr. Skimpole was as agreeable at breakfast, as he had been over-night. There was honey on the table, and it led him into a discourse about bees. He had no objection to honey, he said (and I should think he had not, for he seemed to like it), but he protested against the overweening assumptions of bees. He didn't at all see why the busy bee should be proposed as a model to him; he supposed the bee liked to make honey, or he wouldn't do it—nobody asked him. It was not

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necessary for the bee to make such a merit of his tastes. If every confectioner went buzzing about the world, banging against every thing that came in his way, and egotistically calling upon every body to take notice that he was going to his work and must not be interrupted, the world would be quite an insupportable place. Then, after all, it was a ridiculous position, to be smoked out of your fortune with brimstone, as soon as you had made it. You would have a very mean opinion of a Manchester man, if he spun cotton for no other purpose. He must say he thought a drone the embodiment of a pleasanter and wiser idea. The drone said, unaffectedly, "You will excuse me; I really can not attend to the shop! I find myself in a world in which there is so much to see, and so short a time to see it in, that I must take the liberty of looking about me, and begging to be provided for by somebody who doesn't want to look about him." This appeared to Mr. Skimpole to be the drone philosophy, and he thought it a very good philosophy—always supposing the drone to be willing to be on good terms with the bee: which, so far as he knew, the easy fellow always was, if the consequential creature would only let him, and not be so conceited about his honey!

He pursued this fancy with the lightest foot over a variety of ground, and made us all merry; though again he seemed to have as serious a meaning in what he said as he was capable of having. I left them still listening to him, when I withdrew to attend to my new duties. They had occupied me for some time, and I was passing through the passages on my return, with my basket of keys on my arm, when Mr. Jarndyce called me into a small room next his bed-chamber, which I found to be in part a little library of books and papers, and in part quite a little museum of his boots and shoes, and hat-boxes.

"Sit down, my dear," said Mr. Jarndyce.—"This, you must know, is the Growlery. When I am out of humor, I come and growl here."

"You must be here very seldom, sir," said I.

"O, you don't know me!" he returned. "When I am deceived or disappointed in—the wind, and it's easterly, I take refuge here. The Growlery is the best used room in the house. You are not aware of half my humors yet. My dear, how you are trembling!"

I could not help it: I tried very hard: but being alone, with that benevolent presence, and meeting his kind eyes, and feeling so happy, and so honored there, and my heart so full—

I kissed his hand. I don't know what I said, or even that I spoke. He was disconcerted, and walked to the window; I almost believed with an intention of jumping out, until he turned, and I was reassured by seeing in his eyes what he had gone there to hide. He gently patted me on the head, and I sat down.

"There! There!" he said. "That's over. Pooh! Don't be foolish!"

"It shall not happen again, sir," I returned, "but at first it is difficult—"

"Nonsense!" he said, "it's easy, easy. Why not? I hear of a good little orphan girl without a protector, and I take it into my head to be that protector. She grows up, and more than justifies my good opinion, and I remain her guardian and her friend. What is there in all this? So, so! Now, we have cleared off old scores, and I have before me thy pleasant, trusting, trusty face again."

I said to myself, "Esther, my dear, you surprise me! This really is not what I expected of you!" and it had such a good effect, that I folded my hands upon my basket and quite recovered myself. Mr. Jarndyce, expressing his approval in his face, began to talk to me as confidentially, as if I had been in the habit of conversing with him every morning for I don't know how long. I almost felt as if I had.

"Of course, Esther," he said, "you don't understand this Chancery business?"

And of course I shook my head.

"I don't know who does," he returned. "The lawyers have twisted it into such a state of bedevilment that the original merits of the case have long disappeared from the face of the earth. It's about a Will, and the trusts under a Will—or it was, once. It's about nothing but Costs, now. We are always appearing, and disappearing, and swearing, and interrogating, and filing, and cross-filing, and arguing, and sealing, and motioning, and referring, and reporting, and revolving about the Lord Chancellor and all his satellites, and equitably waltzing ourselves off to dusty death, about Costs. That's the great question. All the rest, by some extraordinary means, has melted away."

"But it was, sir," said I, to bring him back, for he began to rub his head, "about a Will?"

"Why, yes, it was about a Will when it was about any thing," he returned. "A certain Jarndyce, in an evil hour, made a great fortune, and made a great Will. In the question how the trusts under that Will are to be administered, the fortune left by the Will is squandered away: the legatees under the Will are reduced to such a miserable condition that they would be sufficiently punished, if they had committed an enormous crime in having money left them; and the Will itself is made a dead letter. All through the deplorable cause, every thing that every body in it, except one man, knows already, is referred to that only one man who don't know it, to find out—all through the deplorable cause, every body must have copies, over and over again, of every thing that has accumulated about it in the way of cartloads of papers (or must pay for them without having them, which is the usual course, for nobody wants them); and must go down the middle and up again, through such an infernal country-dance of costs, and fees, and nonsense, and corruption, as was never dreamed of in the wildest visions of a Witch's Sabbath. Equity sends questions to Law, Law sends questions back to Equity; Law finds it can't do this, Equity finds it can't do that; neither can so much as say it can't do any thing, without this solicitor instructing

and this counsel appearing for A, and that solicitor instructing and that counsel appearing for B; and so on through the whole alphabet, like the history of the Apple Pie. And thus, through years and years, and lives and lives, every thing goes on, constantly beginning over and over again, and nothing ever ends. And we can't get out of the suit on any terms, for we are made parties to it, and *must be* parties to it, whether we like it or not. But it won't do to think of it! When my great-uncle, poor Tom Jarndyce, began to think of it, it was the beginning of the end!"

"The Mr. Jarndyce, sir, whose story I have heard?"

He nodded gravely. "I was his heir, and this was his house, Esther. When I came here, it was bleak, indeed. He had left the signs of his misery upon it."

"How changed it must be now!" I said.

"It had been called, before his time, the Peaks. He gave it its present name, and lived here shut up: day and night poring over the wicked heaps of papers in the suit, and hoping against hope to disentangle it from its mystification and bring it to a close. In the mean time, the place became dilapidated, the wind whistled through the cracked walls, the rain fell through the broken roof, the weeds choked the passage to the rotting door. When I brought what remained of him home here, the brains seemed to me have been blown out of the house too; it was so shattered and ruined."

He walked a little to and fro, after saying this to himself with a shudder, and then looked at me, and brightened, and came and sat down again with his hands in his pockets.

"I told you this was the Growlery, my dear. Where was I?"

I reminded him, at the hopeful change he had made in Bleak House.

"Bleak House: true. There is, in that city of London there, some property of ours, which is much at this day what Bleak House was then—I say property of ours, meaning of the Suit's, but I ought to call it the property of Costs; for Costs is the only power on earth that will ever get any thing out of it now, or will ever know it for any thing but an eyesore and a heartsore. It is a street of perishing blind houses, with their eyes stoned out; without a pane of glass, without so much as a window-frame, with the bare blank shutters tumbling from their hinges and falling asunder; the iron rails peeling away in flakes of rust; the chimneys sinking in; the stone steps to every door (and every door might be Death's Door) turning stagnant green; the very crutches on which the ruins are propped, decaying. Although Bleak House was not in Chancery, its master was, and it was stamped with the same seal. These are the Great Seal's impressions, my dear, all over England—the children know them!"

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"How changed it is!" I said again.

"Why, so it is," he answered much more cheerfully; "and it is wisdom in you to keep me to the bright side of the picture." (The idea of my wisdom!) "These are things I never talk about, or even think about, excepting in the Growlery, here. If you consider it right to mention them to Rick and Ada," looking seriously at me, "you can. I leave it to your discretion, Esther."

"I hope, sir—" said I.

"I think you had better call me Guardian, my dear."

I felt that I was choking again—I taxed myself with it, "Esther, now, you know you are!"—when he feigned to say this slightly, as if it were a whim, instead of a thoughtful tenderness. But I gave the housekeeping keys the least shake in the world as a reminder to myself, and folding my hands in a still more determined manner on the basket, looked at him quietly.

"I hope, Guardian," said I, "that you may not trust too much to my discretion. I hope you may not mistake me. I am afraid it will be a disappointment to you to know that I am not clever—but it really is the truth; and you would soon find it out if I had not the honesty to confess it."

He did not seem at all disappointed: quite the contrary. He told me, with a smile all over his face, that he knew me very well indeed, and that I was quite clever enough for him.

"I hope I may turn out so," said I, "but I am much afraid of it, Guardian."

"You are clever enough to be the good little woman of our lives here, my dear," he returned, playfully; "the little old woman of the Child's (I don't mean Skimpole's) Rhyme.

'Little old woman, and whither so high?—
'To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky.'

You will sweep them so neatly out of *our* sky, in the course of your housekeeping, Esther, that one of these days, we shall have to abandon the Growlery, and nail up the door."

This was the beginning of my being called Old Woman, and Little Old Woman, and Cobweb, and Mrs. Shipton, and Mother Hubbard, and Dame Durden, and so many names of that sort, that my own name soon became quite lost among them.

"However," said Mr. Jarndyce, "to return to our gossip. Here's Rick, a fine young fellow full of promise. What's to be done with him?"

O my goodness, the idea of asking my advice on such a point!

"Here he is, Esther," said Mr. Jarndyce, comfortably putting his hands in his pockets and stretching out his legs. "He must have a profession; he must make some choice for himself. There will be a world more Wglomeration about it, I suppose, but it must be done."

"More what, Guardian?" said I.

"More Wigglomeration," said he. "It's the only name I know for the thing. He is a ward in Chancery, my dear. Kenge and Carboy will have something to say about it;—Master Somebody—a sort of ridiculous Sexton, digging graves for the merits of causes in a back room at the end of Qualify Court, Chancery-lane—will have something to say about it; Counsel will have something to say about it; the Chancellor will have something to say about it; the Satellites will have something to say about it; they will all have to be handsomely fee'd, all round, about it; the whole thing will be vastly ceremonious, wordy, unsatisfactory, and expensive, and I call it, in general, Wigglomeration. How mankind ever came to be afflicted with Wigglomeration, or for whose sins these young people ever fell into a pit of it, I don't know; so it is."

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He began to rub his head again, and to hint that he felt the wind. But it was a delightful instance of his kindness toward me, that whether he rubbed his head, or walked about, or did both, his face was sure to recover its benignant expression as it looked at mine; and he was sure to turn comfortable again, and put his hands in his pockets and stretch out his legs.

"Perhaps it would be best, first of all," said I, "to ask Mr. Richard what he inclines to himself."

"Exactly so," he returned. "That's what I mean! You know, just accustom yourself to talk it over, with your tact and in your quiet way, with him and Ada, and see what you all make of it. We are sure to come at the heart of the matter by your means, little woman."

I really was frightened at the thought of the importance I was attaining, and the number of things that were being confided to me. I had not meant this at all; I had meant that he should speak to Richard. But of course I said nothing in reply, except that I would do my best, though I feared (I really felt it necessary to repeat this) that he thought me much more sagacious than I was. At which my guardian only laughed the pleasantest laugh I ever heard.

"Come!" he said, rising and pushing back his chair. "I think we may have done with the Growlery for one day! Only a concluding word. Esther, my dear, do you wish to ask me any thing?"

He looked so attentively at me, that I looked attentively at him, and felt sure I understood him.

"About myself, sir?" said I.

"Yes."

"Guardian," said I, venturing to put my hand, which was suddenly colder than I could have wished, in his, "nothing! I am quite sure that if there were any thing I ought to know, or had any need to know, I should not have to ask you to tell it to me. If my whole reliance and confidence were not placed in you, I must have a hard heart indeed. I have nothing to ask you; nothing in the world."

He drew my hand through his arm, and we went away to look for Ada. From that hour I felt quite easy with him, quite unreserved, quite content to know no more, quite happy.

We lived, at first, rather a busy life at Bleak House; for we had to become acquainted with many residents in and out of the neighborhood who knew Mr. Jarndyce. It seemed to Ada and me that every body knew him, who wanted to do any thing with any body else's money. It amazed us, when we began to sort his letters, and to answer some of them for him in the Growlery of a morning, to find how the great object of the lives of nearly all his correspondents appeared to be to form themselves into committees for getting in and laying out money. The ladies were as desperate as the gentlemen; indeed, I think they were even more so. They threw themselves into committees in the most impassioned manner, and collected subscriptions with a vehemence quite extraordinary. It appeared to us that some of them must pass their whole lives in dealing out subscription-cards to the whole Post-office Directory—shilling cards, half-crown cards, half-sovereign cards, penny cards. They wanted every thing. They wanted wearing apparel, they wanted linen rags, they wanted money, they wanted coals, they wanted soup, they wanted interest, they wanted autographs, they wanted flannel, they wanted whatever Mr. Jarndyce had—or had not. Their objects were as various as their demands. They were going to raise new buildings, they were going to pay off debts on old buildings, they were going to establish in a picturesque building (engraving of proposed West Elevation attached) the Sisterhood of Mediæval Marys; they were going to give a testimonial to Mrs. Jellyby; they were going to have their Secretary's portrait painted, and presented to his mother-in-law, whose deep devotion to him was well known; they were going to get up every thing, I really believe, from five hundred thousand tracts to an annuity, and from a marble monument to a silver tea-pot. They took a multitude of titles. They were the Women of England, the Daughters of Britain, the Sisters of all the Cardinal Virtues separately, the Females of America, the Ladies of a hundred denominations. They appeared to be always excited about canvassing and electing. They seemed to our poor wits, and according to their own accounts, to be constantly polling people by tens of thousands, yet never bringing their candidates in for any thing. It made our heads ache to think, on the whole, what feverish lives they must lead.

Among the ladies who were most distinguished for this rapacious benevolence (if I may use the expression), was a Mrs. Pardiggle, who seemed, as I judged from the number of her letters to Mr. Jarndyce, to be almost as powerful a correspondent as Mrs. Jellyby herself. We observed that the wind always changed when Mrs. Pardiggle became the subject of conversation: and that it invariably interrupted Mr. Jarndyce, and prevented his going any further, when he had remarked that there were two classes of charitable people; one, the people who did a little and made a great deal of noise: the other, the people, who did a great deal and made no noise at all. We were therefore curious to see Mrs. Pardiggle, suspecting her to be the type of the former class; and

were glad when she called one day with her five young sons.

She was a formidable style of lady, with spectacles, a prominent nose, and a loud voice, who had the effect of wanting a great deal of room. And she really did, for she knocked down little chairs with her skirts that were quite a great way off. As only Ada and I were at home, we received her timidly; for she seemed to come in like cold weather, and to make the little Pardiggles blue as they followed.

"These, young ladies," said Mrs. Pardiggle, with great volubility, after the first salutations, "are my five boys. You may have seen their names in a printed subscription list (perhaps more than one), in the possession of our esteemed friend Mr. Jarndyce. Egbert, my eldest (twelve), is the boy who sent out his pocket money, to the amount of five-and-three-pence, to the Tockahoopo Indians. Oswald, my second (ten-and-a-half), is the child who contributed two-and-nine-pence to the Great National Smithers Testimonial, Francis, my third (nine), one-and-sixpence-half-penny; Felix, my fourth (seven), eightpence to the Superannuated Widows; Alfred, my youngest (five), has voluntarily enrolled himself in the Infant Bonds of Joy, and is pledged never, through life, to use tobacco in any form."

We had never seen such dissatisfied children. It was not merely that they were weazen and shriveled—though they were certainly that too—but they looked absolutely ferocious with discontent. At the mention of the Tockahoopo Indians, I could really have supposed Egbert to be one of the most baleful members of that tribe, he gave me such a savage frown. The face of each child, as the amount of his contribution was mentioned, darkened in a peculiarly vindictive manner, but his was by far the worst. I must except, however, the little recruit into the Infant Bonds of Joy, who was stolidly and evenly miserable.

"You have been visiting, I understand," said Mrs. Pardiggle, "at Mrs. Jellyby's?"

We said yes, we had passed one night there.

"Mrs. Jellyby," pursued the lady, always speaking in the same demonstrative, loud, hard, tone, so that her voice impressed my fancy as if it had a sort of spectacles on too—and I may take the opportunity of remarking that her spectacles were made the less engaging by her eyes being what Ada called "choking eyes," meaning very prominent: "Mrs. Jellyby is a benefactor to society, and deserves a helping hand. My boys have contributed to the African project—Egbert, one-and-six, being the entire allowance of nine weeks; Oswald, one-and-a-penny-half-penny, being the same; the rest, according to their little means. Nevertheless, I do not go with Mrs. Jellyby in all things. I do not go with Mrs. Jellyby in her treatment of her young family. It has been noticed. It has been observed that her young family are excluded from participation in the objects to which she is devoted. She may be right, she may be wrong; but right or wrong, this is not my course with *my* young family. I take them every where."

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I was afterward convinced (and so was Ada) that from the ill-conditioned eldest child, these words extorted a sharp yell. He turned it off into a yawn, but it began as a yell.

"They attend Matins with me (very prettily done), at half-past six o'clock in the morning all the year round, including of course the depth of winter," said Mrs. Pardiggle, rapidly, "and they are with me during the revolving duties of the day. I am a School lady, I am a Visiting lady, I am a Reading lady, I am a Distributing lady; I am on the local Linen Box Committee, and many general Committees; and my canvassing alone is very extensive—perhaps no one's more so. But they are my companions every where; and by these means they acquire that knowledge of the poor, and that capacity of doing charitable business in general—in short, that taste for the sort of thing—which will render them in after life a service to their neighbors, and a satisfaction to themselves. My young family are not frivolous; they expend the entire amount of their allowance, in subscriptions, under my direction; and they have attended as many public meetings, and listened to as many lectures, orations, and discussions, as generally fall to the lot of few grown people. Alfred (five), who, as I mentioned, has of his own election joined the Infant Bonds of Joy, was one of the very few children who manifested consciousness on that occasion, after a fervid address of two hours from the chairman of the evening."

Alfred glowered at us as if he never could, or would, forgive the injury of that night.

"You may have observed, Miss Summerson," said Mrs. Pardiggle, "in some of the lists to which I have referred, in the possession of our esteemed friend Mr. Jarndyce, that the names of my young family are concluded with the name of O. A. Pardiggle, F.R.S., one pound. That is their father. We usually observe the same routine. I put down my mite first; then my young family enroll their contributions, according to their ages and their little means; and then Mr. Pardiggle brings up the rear. Mr. Pardiggle is happy to throw in his limited donation, under my direction; and thus things are made, not only pleasant to ourselves, but we trust, improving to others."

Suppose Mr. Pardiggle were to dine with Mr. Jellyby, and suppose Mr. Jellyby were to relieve his mind after dinner to Mr. Pardiggle, would Mr. Pardiggle, in return, make any confidential communication to Mr. Jellyby? I was quite confused to find myself thinking this, but it came into my head.

"You are very pleasantly situated here!" said Mrs. Pardiggle.

We were glad to change the subject; and, going to the window, pointed out the beauties of the prospect, on which the spectacles appeared to me to rest with curious indifference.

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"You know Mr. Gusher?" said our visitor.

We were obliged to say that we had not the pleasure of Mr. Gusher's acquaintance.

"The loss is yours, I assure you," said Mrs. Pardiggle, with her commanding deportment. "He is a very fervid, impassioned speaker—full of fire! Stationed in a wagon on this lawn now, which, from the shape of the land, is naturally adapted to a public meeting, he would improve almost any occasion you could mention for hours and hours! By this time, young ladies," said Mrs. Pardiggle, moving back to her chair, and over-turning, as if by invisible agency, a little round table at a considerable distance with my work-basket on it, "by this time you have found me out, I dare say?"

This was really such a confusing question that Ada looked at me in perfect dismay. As to the guilty nature of my own consciousness, after what I had been thinking, it must have been expressed in the color of my cheeks.

"Found out, I mean," said Mrs. Pardiggle, "the prominent point in my character. I am aware that it is so prominent as to be discoverable immediately. I lay myself open to detection, I know. Well! I freely admit, I am a woman of business. I love hard work; I enjoy hard work. The excitement does me good. I am so accustomed and inured to hard work, that I don't know what fatigue is."

We murmured that it was very astonishing and very gratifying; or something to that effect. I don't think we knew why it was either, but this was what our politeness expressed.

"I do not understand what it is to be tired; you can not tire me, if you try!" said Mrs. Pardiggle. "The quantity of exertion (which is no exertion to me), the amount of business (which I regard as nothing) that I go through, sometimes astonishes myself. I have seen my young family, and Mr. Pardiggle, quite worn out with witnessing it, when I may truly say I have been as fresh as a lark!"

If that dark-visaged eldest boy could look more malicious than he had already looked, this was the time when he did it. I observed that he doubled his right fist, and delivered a secret blow into the crown of his cap, which was under his left arm.

"This gives me a great advantage when I am making my rounds," said Mrs. Pardiggle. "If I find a person unwilling to hear what I have to say, I tell that person directly, 'I am incapable of fatigue, my good friend, I am never tired, and I mean to go on until I have done.' It answers admirably! Miss Summerson, I hope I shall have your assistance in my visiting rounds immediately, and Miss Clare's very soon?"

At first I tried to excuse myself, for the present, on the general ground of having occupations to attend to, which I must not neglect. But as this was an ineffectual protest, I then said, more particularly, that I was not sure of my qualifications. That I was inexperienced in the art of adapting my mind to minds very differently situated, and addressing them from suitable points of view. That I had not that delicate knowledge of the heart which must be essential to such a work. That I had much to learn, myself, before I could teach others, and that I could not confide in my good intentions alone. For these reasons, I thought it best to be as useful as I could, and to render what kind services I could, to those immediately about me; and to try to let that circle of duty gradually and naturally expand itself. All this I said with any thing but confidence, because Mrs. Pardiggle was much older than I, and had great experience, and was so very military in her manners.

"You are wrong, Miss Summerson," said she: "but perhaps you are not equal to hard work, or the excitement of it; and that makes a vast difference. If you would like to see how I go through my work, I am now about—with my young family—to visit a brickmaker in the neighborhood (a very bad character), and shall be glad to take you with me. Miss Clare also, if she will do me the favor."

Ada and I interchanged looks, and, as we were going out in any case, accepted the offer. When we hastily returned from putting on our bonnets, we found the young family languishing in a corner, and Mrs. Pardiggle sweeping about the room, knocking down nearly all the light objects it contained. Mrs. Pardiggle took possession of Ada, and I followed with the family.

Ada told me afterward that Mrs. Pardiggle talked in the same loud tone (that, indeed, I overheard), all the way to the brickmaker's, about an exciting contest which she had for two or three years waged against another lady, relative to the bringing in of their rival candidates for a pension somewhere. There had been a quantity of printing, and promising, and proxying, and polling; and it appeared to have imparted great liveliness to all concerned, except the pensioners—who were not elected yet.

I am very fond of being confided in by children, and am happy in being usually favored in that respect, but on this occasion it gave me great uneasiness. As soon as we were out of doors, Egbert, with the manner of a little footpad, demanded a shilling of me, on the ground that his pocket-money was "boned" from him. On my pointing out the great impropriety of the word, especially in connection with his parent (for he added sulkily "By her!") he pinched me and said, "O, then! Now! Who are you? You wouldn't like it, I think? What does she make a sham for, and pretend to give me money, and take it away again? Why do you call it my allowance, and never let me spend it?" These exasperating questions so inflamed his mind, and the minds of Oswald and Francis, that they all pinched me at once, and in a dreadfully expert way: screwing up such little pieces of my arms that I could hardly forbear crying out. Felix, at the same time, stamped upon my toes. And the Bond of Joy, who, on account of always having the whole of his little income anticipated, stood in fact pledged to abstain from cakes as well as tobacco, so swelled with grief and rage when we passed a pastry-cook's shop, that he terrified me by becoming purple. I never underwent so much, both in body and mind, in the course of a walk with young people, as from these unnaturally constrained children, when they paid me the compliment of being natural.

I was glad when we came to the brickmaker's house; though it was one of a cluster of wretched hovels in a brick-field, with pig-sties close to the broken windows, and miserable little gardens before the doors, growing nothing but stagnant pools. Here and there, an old tub was put to catch the droppings of rain-water from a roof, or they were banked up with mud into a little pond like a large dirt-pie. At the doors and windows, some men and women lounged or prowled about, and took little notice of us, except to laugh to one another, or to say something as we passed, about gentlefolks minding their own business, and not troubling their heads and muddying their shoes with coming to look after other people's.

Mrs. Pardiggle, leading the way with a great show of moral determination, and talking with much volubility about the untidy habits of the people (though I doubted if the best of us could have been tidy in such a place), conducted us into a cottage at the farthest corner, the ground-floor room of which we nearly filled. Besides ourselves, there were in this damp offensive room—a woman with a black eye, nursing a poor little gasping baby by the fire; a man, all stained with clay and mud, and looking very dissipated, lying at full length on the ground, smoking a pipe; a powerful young man, fastening a collar on a dog; and a bold girl, doing some kind of washing in very dirty water. They all looked up at us as we came in, and the woman seemed to turn her face toward the fire, as if to hide her bruised eye; nobody gave us any welcome.

"Well, my friends," said Mrs. Pardiggle; but her voice had not a friendly sound, I thought; it was much too business-like and systematic. "How do you do, all of you? I am here again. I told you, you couldn't tire me, you know. I am fond of hard work, and am true to my word."

"There an't," growled the man on the floor, whose head rested on his hand as he stared at us, "any more on you to come in, is there?"

"No, my friend," said Mrs. Pardiggle, seating herself on one stool, and knocking down another. "We are all here."



THE VISIT AT THE BRICKMAKER'S.

"Because I thought there warn't enough of you, perhaps?" said the man, with his pipe between his lips, as he looked round upon us. [Pg 94]

The young man and the girl both laughed. Two friends of the young man whom we had attracted to the doorway, and who stood there with their hands in their pockets, echoed the laugh noisily.

"You can't tire me, good people," said Mrs. Pardiggle to these latter. "I enjoy hard work; and the harder you make mine, the better I like it."

"Then make it easy for her!" growled the man upon the floor. "I wants it done, and over. I wants a end of these liberties took with my place. I wants a end of being drawn like a badger. Now you're a going to poll-pry and question according to custom—I know what you're a going to be up to. Well! You haven't got no occasion to be up to it. I'll save you the trouble. Is my daughter a washin? Yes, she is a washin. Look at the water. Smell it! That's wot we drinks. How do you like it, and what do you think of gin, instead! An't my place dirty? Yes, it is dirty—it's nat'rally dirty, and it's nat'rally onwholesome; and we've had five dirty and onwholesome children, as is all dead infants, and so much the better for them, and for us besides. Have I read the little book wot you left? No, I an't read the little book wot you left. There an't nobody here as knows how to read it; and if there wos, it wouldn't be suitable to me. It's a book fit for a babby, and I'm not a babby. If you was to leave me a doll, I shouldn't nuss it. How have I been conducting of myself? Why, I've been drunk for three days; and I'd a been drunk four, if I'd a had the money. Don't I never mean for to go to church? No, I don't never mean for to go to church. I shouldn't be expected there, if I did; the beadle's too genteel for me. And how did my wife get that black eye? Why, I giv' it her; and if she says I didn't, she's a Lie!"

He had pulled his pipe out of his mouth to say all this, and he now turned over on his other side, and smoked again. Mrs. Pardiggle, who had been regarding him through her spectacles with a forcible composure, calculated, I could not help thinking, to increase his antagonism, pulled out a good book, as if it were a constable's staff, and took the whole family into custody. I mean into religious custody, of course; but she really did it, as if she were an inexorable moral Policeman carrying them all off to a station house.

Ada and I were very uncomfortable. We both felt intrusive and out of place; and we both thought that Mrs. Pardiggle would have got on infinitely better, if she had not had such a mechanical way of taking possession of people. The children sulked and stared; the family took no notice of us whatever, except when the young man made the dog bark: which he usually did, when Mrs. Pardiggle was most emphatic. We both felt painfully sensible that between us and these people there was an iron barrier, which could not be removed by our new friend. By whom, or how, it could be removed, we did not know; but we knew that. Even what she read and said, seemed to us to be ill chosen for such auditors, if it had been imparted ever so modestly and with ever so much tact. As to the little book to which the man on the floor had referred, we acquired a knowledge of it afterward; and Mr. Jarndyce said he doubted if Robinson Crusoe could have read it, though he had had no other on his desolate island.

We were much relieved, under these circumstances, when Mrs. Pardiggle left off. The man on the floor then turning his head round again, said morosely,

"Well! You've done, have you?"

"For to-day, I have, my friend. But I am never fatigued. I shall come to you again, in your regular order," returned Mrs. Pardiggle with demonstrative cheerfulness.

"So long as you goes now," said he, folding his arms and shutting his eyes with an oath, "you may do wot you like!"

Mrs. Pardiggle accordingly rose, and made a little vortex in the confined room from which the pipe itself very narrowly escaped. Taking one of her young family in each hand, and telling the others to follow closely, and expressing her hope that the brickmaker and all his house would be improved when she saw them next, she then proceeded to another cottage. I hope it is not unkind in me to say that she certainly did make, in this, as in every thing else, a show that was not conciliatory, of doing charity by wholesale, and of dealing in it to a large extent.

She supposed that we were following her; but as soon as the space was left clear, we approached the woman sitting by the fire, to ask if the baby were ill.

She only looked at it as it lay on her lap. We had observed before, that when she looked at it she covered her discolored eyes with her hand, as though she wished to separate any association with noise and violence and ill-treatment, from the poor little child.

Ada, whose gentle heart was moved by its appearance, bent down to touch its little face. As she did so, I saw what happened and drew her back. The child died.

"O Esther!" cried Ada, sinking on her knees beside it. "Look here! O Esther, my love, the little thing! The suffering, quiet, pretty little thing! I am so sorry for it. I am so sorry for the mother. I never saw a sight so pitiful as this before! O baby, baby!"

Such compassion, such gentleness, as that with which she bent down weeping, and put her hand upon the mother's, might have softened any mother's heart that ever beat. The woman at first gazed at her in astonishment, and then burst into tears.

Presently I took the light burden from her lap; did what I could to make the baby's rest the prettier and gentler; laid it on a shelf, and covered it with my own handkerchief. We tried to comfort the mother, and we whispered to her what Our Saviour said of children. She answered nothing, but sat weeping—weeping very much.

When I turned I found that the young man had taken out the dog, and was standing at the door looking in upon us; with dry eyes, but quiet. The girl was quiet too, and sat in a corner looking on the ground. The man had risen. He still smoked his pipe with an air of defiance, but he was silent.

An ugly woman, very poorly clothed, hurried in while I was glancing at them, and coming straight up to the mother, said, "Jenny! Jenny!" The mother rose on being so addressed, and fell upon the woman's neck.

She also had upon her face and arms the marks of ill-usage. She had no kind of grace about her, but the grace of sympathy; but when she condoled with the woman, and her own tears fell, she wanted no beauty. I say condoled, but her only words were "Jenny! Jenny!" All the rest was in the tone in which she said them.

I thought it very touching to see these two women, coarse and shabby and beaten, so united; to see what they could be to one another; to see how they felt for one another; how the heart of each to each was softened by the hard trials of their lives. I think the best side of such people is almost hidden from us. What the poor are to the poor is little known excepting to themselves and God.

We felt it better to withdraw and leave them uninterrupted. We stole out quietly, and without notice from any one except the man. He was leaning against the wall near the door; and finding that there was scarcely room for us to pass, went out before us. He seemed to want to hide that he did this on our account, but we perceived that he did, and thanked him. He made no answer.

Ada was so full of grief all the way home, and Richard, whom we found at home, was so

distressed to see her in tears (though he said to me when she was not present, how beautiful it was too!) that we arranged to return at night with some little comforts, and repeat our visit at the brickmaker's house. We said as little as we could to Mr. Jarndyce, but the wind changed directly.

Richard accompanied us at night to the scene of our morning expedition. On our way there, we had to pass a noisy drinking-house, where a number of men were flocking about the door. Among them, and prominent in some dispute, was the father of the little child. At a short distance, we passed the young man and the dog, in congenial company. The sister was standing laughing and talking with some other young women, at the corner of the row of cottages; but she seemed ashamed, and turned away as we went by.

We left our escort within sight of the brickmaker's dwelling, and proceeded by ourselves. When we came to the door, we found the woman who had brought such consolation with her, standing there, looking anxiously out.

"It's you, young ladies, is it?" she said in a whisper. "I'm a watching for my master. My heart's in my mouth. If he was to catch me away from home, he'd pretty near murder me." [Pg 95]

"Do you mean your husband?" said I.

"Yes, miss, my master. Jenny's asleep, quite worn out. She's scarcely had the child off her lap, poor thing, these seven days and nights, except when I've been able to take it for a minute or two."

As she gave way for us, we went softly in, and put what we had brought, near the miserable bed on which the mother slept. No effort had been made to clean the room—it seemed in its nature almost hopeless of being clean; but the small waxen form, from which so much solemnity diffused itself, had been composed afresh, and washed, and neatly dressed in some fragments of white linen; and on my handkerchief, which still covered the poor baby, a little bunch of sweet herbs had been laid by the same rough scarred hands, so lightly, so tenderly!

"May Heaven reward you!" we said to her. "You are a good woman."

"Me, young ladies?" she returned with surprise. "Hush! Jenny, Jenny!"

The mother had moaned in her sleep, and moved. The sound of the familiar voice seemed to calm her again. She was quiet once more.

How little I thought, when I raised my handkerchief to look upon the tiny sleeper underneath, and seemed to see a halo shine around the child through Ada's drooping hair as her pity bent her head—how little I thought in whose unquiet bosom that handkerchief would come to lie, after covering the motionless and peaceful breast! I only thought that perhaps the Angel of the child might not be all unconscious of the woman who replaced it with so compassionate a hand; not all unconscious of her presently, when we had taken leave and left her at the door, by turns looking, and listening in terror for herself, and saying in her old soothing manner. "Jenny, Jenny!"

CHAPTER IX.—SIGNS AND TOKENS.

I don't know how it is, I seem to be always writing about myself. I mean all the time to write about other people, and I try to think about myself as little as possible, and I am sure, when I find myself coming into the story again, I am really vexed and say, "Dear, dear, you tiresome little creature, I wish you wouldn't!" but it is all of no use. I hope any one who may read what I write, will understand that if these pages contain a great deal about me, I can only suppose it must be because I have really something to do with them, and can't be kept out.

My darling and I read together, and worked, and practiced; and found so much employment for our time, that the winter days flew by us like bright-winged birds. Generally in the afternoons, and always in the evenings, Richard gave us his company. Although he was one of the most restless creatures in the world, he certainly was very fond of our society.

He was very, very, very fond of Ada. I mean it, and I had better say it at once. I had never seen any young people falling in love before, but I found them out quite soon. I could not say so, of course, or show that I knew any thing about it. On the contrary, I was so demure, and used to seem so unconscious, that sometimes I considered within myself while I was sitting at work, whether I was not growing quite deceitful. [Pg 96]

But there was no help for it. All I had to do was to be quiet, and I was as quiet as a mouse. They were as quiet as mice, too, so far as any words were concerned; but the innocent manner in which they relied more and more upon me, as they took more and more to one another, was so charming, that I had great difficulty in not showing how it interested me.

"Our dear little old woman is such a capital old woman," Richard would say, coming up to meet me in the garden early, with his pleasant laugh and perhaps the least tinge of a blush, "that I can't get on without her. Before I begin my harum-scarum day—grinding away at those books and instruments, and then galloping up hill and down dale, all the country round, like a highwayman—it does me so much good to come and have a steady walk with our comfortable friend, that here I am again!"

"You know, Dame Durden, dear," Ada would say at night, with her head upon my shoulder, and the firelight shining in her thoughtful eyes, "I don't want to talk when we come up-stairs here. Only to sit a little while, thinking, with your dear face for company; and to hear the wind, and remember the poor sailors at sea—"

Ah! Perhaps Richard was going to be a sailor. We had talked it over very often, now, and there was some talk of gratifying the inclination of his childhood for the sea. Mr. Jarndyce had written

to a relation of the family, a great Sir Leicester Dedlock, for his interest in Richard's favor, generally; and Sir Leicester had replied in a gracious manner, "that he would be happy to advance the prospects of the young gentleman if it should ever prove to be within his power, which was not at all probable—and that my Lady sent her compliments to the young gentleman (to whom she perfectly remembered that she was allied by remote consanguinity), and trusted that he would ever do his duty in any honorable profession to which he might devote himself."

"So I apprehend it's pretty clear," said Richard to me, "that I shall have to work my own way. Never mind! Plenty of people have had to do that before now, and have done it. I only wish I had the command of a clipping privateer, to begin with, and could carry off the Chancellor and keep him on short allowance until he gave judgment in our cause. He'd find himself growing thin, if he didn't look sharp!"

With a buoyancy and hopefulness and a gayety that hardly ever flagged, Richard had a carelessness in his character that quite perplexed me—principally because he mistook it, in such a very odd way, for prudence. It entered into all his calculations about money, in a singular manner, which I don't think I can better explain than by reverting for a moment to our loan to Mr. Skimpole.

Mr. Jarndyce had ascertained the amount, either from Mr. Skimpole himself or from Coavinses, and had placed the money in my hands with instructions to me to retain my own part of it and hand the rest to Richard. The number of little acts of thoughtless expenditure which Richard justified by the recovery of his ten pounds, and the number of times he talked to me as if he had saved or realized that amount, would form a sum in simple addition.

"My prudent Mother Hubbard, why not?" he said to me, when he wanted, without the least consideration, to bestow five pounds on the brickmaker. "I made ten pounds, clear, out of Coavinses' business."

"How was that?" said I.

"Why, I got rid of ten pounds which I was quite content to get rid of, and never expected to see any more. You don't deny that?"

"No," said I.

"Very well! Then I came into possession of ten pounds—"

"The same ten pounds," I hinted.

"That has nothing to do with it!" returned Richard. "I have got ten pounds more than I expected to have, and consequently I can afford to spend it without being particular."

In exactly the same way, when he was persuaded out of the sacrifice of these five pounds by being convinced that it would do no good, he carried that sum to his credit, and drew upon it.

"Let me see!" he would say. "I saved five pounds out of the brickmaker's affair; so, if I have a good rattle to London and back in a post-chaise, and put that down at four pounds, I shall have saved one. And it's a very good thing to save one, let me tell you; a penny saved, is a penny got!"

I believe Richard's was as frank and generous a nature as there possibly can be. He was ardent and brave, and, in the midst of all his wild restlessness, was so gentle, that I knew him like a brother in a few weeks. His gentleness was natural to him, and would have shown itself, abundantly, even without Ada's influence; but, with it, he became one of the most winning of companions, always so ready to be interested, and always so happy, sanguine, and light-hearted. I am sure that I, sitting with them, and walking with them, and talking with them, and noticing from day to day how they went on, falling deeper and deeper in love, and saying nothing about it, and each shyly thinking that this love was the greatest of secrets, perhaps not yet suspected even by the other—I am sure that I was scarcely less enchanted than they were, and scarcely less pleased with the pretty dream.

We were going on in this way, when one morning at breakfast Mr. Jarndyce received a letter, and looking at the superscription said, "From Boythorn? Ay, ay!" and opened and read it with evident pleasure, announcing to us, in a parenthesis, when he was about half-way through, that Boythorn was "coming down" on a visit. Now, who was Boythorn? we all thought. And I dare say we all thought, too—I am sure I did, for one—would Boythorn at all interfere with what was going forward?

"I went to school with this fellow, Lawrence Boythorn," said Mr. Jarndyce, tapping the letter as he laid it on the table, "more than five-and-forty years ago. He was then the most impetuous boy in the world, and he is now the most impetuous man. He was then the loudest boy in the world, and he is now the loudest man. He was then the heartiest and sturdiest boy in the world, and he is now the heartiest and sturdiest man. He is a tremendous fellow."

"In stature, sir?" asked Richard.

"Pretty well, Rick, in that respect," said Mr. Jarndyce; "being some ten years older than I, and a couple of inches taller, with his head thrown back like an old soldier, his stalwart chest squared, his hands like a clean blacksmith's, and his lungs!—there's no simile for his lungs. Talking, laughing, or snoring, they make the beams of the house shake."

As Mr. Jarndyce sat enjoying the image of his friend Boythorn, we observed the favorable omen that there was not the least indication of any change in the wind.

"But it's the inside of the man, the warm heart of the man, the passion of the man, the fresh blood

of the man, Rick—and Ada, and little Cobweb, too, for you are all interested in a visitor!—that I speak of," he pursued. "His language is as sounding as his voice. He is always in extremes: perpetually in the superlative degree. In his condemnation he is all ferocity. You might suppose him to be an Ogre, from what he says; and I believe he has the reputation of one with some people. There! I tell you no more of him beforehand. You must not be surprised to see him take me under his protection; for he has never forgotten that I was a low boy at school, and that our friendship began in his knocking two of my head tyrant's teeth out (he says six) before breakfast. Boythorn and his man," to me, "will be here this afternoon, my dear."

I took care that the necessary preparations were made for Mr. Boythorn's reception, and we looked forward to his arrival with some curiosity. The afternoon wore away, however, and he did not appear. The dinner-hour arrived, and still he did not appear. The dinner was put back an hour, and we were sitting round the fire with no light but the blaze, when the hall-door suddenly burst open, and the hall resounded with these words, uttered with the greatest vehemence and in a stentorian tone:

"We have been misdirected, Jarndyce, by a most abandoned ruffian, who told us to take the turning to the right instead of to the left. He is the most intolerable scoundrel on the face of the earth. His father must have been a most consummate villain, ever to have had such a son. I would have that fellow shot without the least remorse!"

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"Did he do it on purpose?" Mr. Jarndyce inquired.

"I have not the slightest doubt that the scoundrel has passed his whole existence in misdirecting travelers!" returned the other. "By my soul, I thought him the worst-looking dog I had ever beheld, when he was telling me to take the turning to the right. And yet I stood before that fellow face to face, and didn't knock his brains out!"

"Teeth, you mean?" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Lawrence Boythorn, really making the whole house vibrate. "What, you have not forgotten it yet! Ha, ha, ha!—And that was another most consummate vagabond! By my soul, the countenance of that fellow, when he was a boy, was the blackest image of perfidy, cowardice, and cruelty ever set up as a scarecrow in a field of scoundrels. If I were to meet that most unparalleled despot in the streets to-morrow, I would fell him like a rotten tree!"

"I have no doubt of it," said Mr. Jarndyce. "Now, will you come up-stairs?"

"By my soul, Jarndyce," returned his guest, who seemed to refer to his watch, "if you had been married, I would have turned back at the garden gate, and gone away to the remotest summits of the Himalaya Mountains, sooner than I would have presented myself at this unseasonable hour."

"Not quite so far, I hope?" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"By my life and honor, yes!" cried the visitor. "I wouldn't be guilty of the audacious insolence of keeping a lady of the house waiting all this time, for any earthly consideration. I would infinitely rather destroy myself—infinity rather!"

Talking thus, they went up-stairs; and presently we heard him in his bed-room thundering. "Ha, ha, ha!" and again, "Ha, ha, ha!" until the flattest echo in the neighborhood seemed to catch the contagion, and to laugh as enjoyingly as he did, or as we did when we heard him laugh.

We all conceived a prepossession in his favor; for there was a sterling quality in this laugh, and in his vigorous healthy voice, and in the roundness and fullness with which he uttered every word he spoke, and in the very fury of his superlatives, which seemed to go off like blank cannons and hurt nothing. But we were hardly prepared to have it so confirmed by his appearance, when Mr. Jarndyce presented him. He was not only a very handsome old gentleman—upright and stalwart as he had been described to us—with a massive gray head, a fine composure of face when silent, a figure that might have become corpulent but for his being so continually in earnest that he gave it no rest, and a chin that might have subsided into a double chin but for the vehement emphasis in which it was constantly required to assist; but he was such a true gentleman in his manner, so chivalrously polite, his face was lighted by a smile of so much sweetness and tenderness, and it seemed so plain that he had nothing to hide, but showed himself exactly as he was—incapable (as Richard said) of any thing on a limited scale, and firing away with those blank great guns, because he carried no small arms whatever—that really I could not help looking at him with equal pleasure as he sat at dinner, whether he smilingly conversed with Ada and me, or was led by Mr. Jarndyce into some great volley of superlatives, or threw up his head like a blood-hound, and gave out that tremendous Ha, ha, ha!

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"You have brought your bird with you, I suppose?" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"By Heaven, he is the most astonishing bird in Europe!" replied the other. "He is the most wonderful creature! I wouldn't take ten thousand guineas for that bird. I have left an annuity for his sole support, in case he should outlive me. He is, in sense and attachment, a phenomenon. And his father before him was one of the most astonishing birds that ever lived!"

The subject of this laudation was a very little canary, who was so tame that he was brought down by Mr. Boythorn's man, on his forefinger, and, after taking a gentle flight round the room, alighted on his master's head. To hear Mr. Boythorn presently expressing the most implacable and passionate sentiments, with this fragile mite of a creature quietly perched on his forehead, was to have a good illustration of his character, I thought.

"By my soul, Jarndyce," he said, very gently holding up a bit of bread to the canary to peck at, "if I were in your place, I would seize every Master in Chancery by the throat to-morrow morning,

and shake him until his money rolled out of his pockets, and his bones rattled in his skin. I would have a settlement out of somebody, by fair means or by foul. If you would empower me to do it, I would do it for you with the greatest satisfaction!" (All this time, the very small canary was eating out of his hand).

"I thank you, Lawrence, but the suit is hardly at such a point at present," returned Mr. Jarndyce, laughing, "that it would be greatly advanced, even by the legal process of shaking the Bench and the whole Bar."

"There never was such an infernal caldron as that Chancery, on the face of the earth!" said Mr. Boythorn. "Nothing but a mine below it on a busy day in term time, with all its records, rules, and precedents collected in it, and every functionary belonging to it also, high and low, upward and downward, from its son the Accountant-General to its father the Devil, and the whole blown to atoms with ten thousand hundredweight of gunpowder, would reform it in the least!"

It was impossible not to laugh at the energetic gravity with which he recommended this strong measure of reform. When we laughed, he threw up his head and shook his broad chest, and again the whole country seemed to echo to his Ha, ha, ha! It had not the least effect in disturbing the bird, whose sense of security was complete; and who hopped about the table with its quick head now on this side and now on that, turning its bright sudden eye on its master, as if he were no more than another bird.

"But how do you and your neighbor get on about the disputed right of way?" said Mr. Jarndyce. "You are not free from the toils of the law yourself."

"The fellow has brought actions against me for trespass, and I have brought actions against *him* for trespass," returned Mr. Boythorn. "By Heaven, he is the proudest fellow breathing. It is morally impossible that his name can be Sir Leicester. It must be Sir Lucifer."

"Complimentary to our distant relation!" said my Guardian, laughingly, to Ada and Richard.

"I would beg Miss Clare's pardon and Mr. Carstone's pardon," resumed our visitor, "if I were not reassured by seeing in the fair face of the lady, and the smile of the gentleman, that it is quite unnecessary, and that they keep their distant relation at a comfortable distance."

"Or he keeps us," suggested Richard.

"By my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Boythorn, suddenly firing another volley, "that fellow is, and his father was, and his grandfather was, the most stiff-necked, arrogant, imbecile, pig-headed numskull, ever, by some inexplicable mistake of Nature, born in any station of life but a walking-stick's! The whole of that family are the most solemnly conceited and consummate blockheads!—But it's no matter; he should not shut up my path, if he were fifty baronets melted into one, and living in a hundred Chesney Wolds, one within another, like the ivory balls in a Chinese carving. The fellow, by his agent, or secretary, or somebody, writes to me, 'Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, presents his compliments to Mr. Lawrence Boythorn, and has to call his attention to the fact that the green pathway by the old parsonage-house now the property of Mr. Lawrence Boythorn, is Sir Leicester's right of way, being in fact a portion of the park of Chesney Wold; and that Sir Leicester finds it convenient to close up the same.' I write to the fellow, 'Mr. Lawrence Boythorn presents his compliments to Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, and has to call his attention to the fact that he totally denies the whole of Sir Leicester Dedlock's positions on every possible subject, and has to add, in reference to closing up the pathway, that he will be glad to see the man who may undertake to do it.' The fellow sends a most abandoned villain with one eye, to construct a gateway. I play upon that execrable scoundrel with a fire-engine, until the breath is nearly driven out of his body. The fellow erects a gate in the night. I chop it down and burn it in the morning. He sends his myrmidons to come over the fence, and pass and repass. I catch them in humane man-traps, fire split peas at their legs, play upon them with the engine—resolve to free mankind from the insupportable burden of the existence of those lurking ruffians. He brings actions for trespass; I bring actions for trespass. He brings actions for assault and battery; I defend them, and continue to assault and batter. Ha, ha, ha!"

To hear him say all this with unimaginable energy, one might have thought him the angriest of mankind. To see him, at the very same time, looking at the bird now perched upon his thumb, and softly smoothing its feathers with his forefinger, one might have thought him the gentlest. To hear him laugh, and see the broad good-nature of his face then, one might have supposed that he had not a care in the world, or a dispute, or a dislike, but that his whole existence was a summer joke.

"No, no," he said, "no closing up of my paths, by any Dedlock! Though I willingly confess," here he softened in a moment, "that Lady Dedlock is the most accomplished lady in the world, to whom I would do any homage that a plain gentleman, and no baronet with a head seven hundred years thick, may. A man who joined his regiment at twenty, and, within a week, challenged the most imperious and presumptuous coxcomb of a commanding officer that ever drew the breath of life through a tight waist—and got broke for it—is not the man to be walked over, by all the Sir Lucifers, dead or alive, locked or unlocked. Ha, ha! ha."

"Nor the man to allow his junior to be walked over, either?" said my Guardian.

"Most assuredly not!" said Mr. Boythorn, clapping him on the shoulder with an air of protection, that had something serious in it, though he laughed. "He will stand by the low boy, always. Jarndyce, you may rely upon him! But speaking of this trespass—with apologies to Miss Clare and Miss Summerson for the length at which I have pursued so dry a subject—is there nothing for me from your men, Kenge and Carboy?"

"I think not, Esther?" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"Nothing, Guardian."

"Much obliged!" said Mr. Boythorn. "Had no need to ask, after even my slight experience of Miss Summerson's forethought for every one about her." (They all encouraged me; they were determined to do it.) "I inquired because, coming from Lincolnshire, I of course have not yet been in town, and I thought some letters might have been sent down here. I dare say they will report progress to-morrow morning."

I saw him so often, in the course of the evening, which passed very pleasantly, contemplate Richard and Ada with an interest and a satisfaction that made his fine face remarkably agreeable as he sat at a little distance from the piano listening to the music—and he had small occasion to tell us that he was passionately fond of music, for his face showed it—that I asked my Guardian, as we sat at the backgammon board, whether Mr. Boythorn had ever been married.

"No," said he. "No."

"But he meant to be?" said I.

"How did you find out that?" he returned, with a smile.

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"Why, Guardian," I explained, not without reddening a little at hazarding what was in my thoughts, "there is something so tender in his manner, after all, and he is so very courtly and gentle to us, and—"

Mr. Jarndyce directed his eyes to where he was sitting, as I have just described him.

I said no more.

"You are right, little woman," he answered. "He was all but married, once. Long ago. And once."

"Did the lady die?"

"No—but she died to him. That time has had its influence on all his later life. Would you suppose him to have a head and a heart full of romance yet?"

"I think, Guardian, I might have supposed so. But it is easy to say that, when you have told me so."

"He has never since been what he might have been," said Mr. Jarndyce, "and now you see him in his age with no one near him but his servant, and his little yellow friend. It's your throw, my dear!"

I felt, from my Guardian's manner, that beyond this point I could not pursue the subject without changing the wind. I therefore fore-bore to ask any further questions. I was interested, but not curious. I thought a little while about this old love story in the night, when I was awakened by Mr. Boythorn's lusty snoring; and I tried to do that very difficult thing—imagine old people young again, and invested with the graces of youth. But I fell asleep before I had succeeded, and dreamed of the days when I lived in my godmother's house. I am not sufficiently acquainted with such subjects, to know whether it is at all remarkable that I almost always dreamed of that period of my life.

With the morning, there came a letter from Messrs. Kenge and Carboy to Mr. Boythorn, informing him that one of their clerks would wait upon him at noon. As it was the day of the week on which I paid the bills, and added up my books, and made all the household affairs as compact as possible, I remained at home while Mr. Jarndyce, Ada, and Richard, took advantage of a very fine day to make a little excursion. Mr. Boythorn was to wait for Kenge and Carboy's clerk, and then was to go on foot to meet them on their return.

Well! I was full of business, examining tradesmen's books, adding up columns, paying money, filing receipts, and I dare say making a great bustle about it, when Mr. Guppy was announced and shown in. I had had some idea that the clerk who was to be sent down, might be the young gentleman who had met me at the coach-office; and I was glad to see him, because he was associated with my present happiness.

I scarcely knew him again, he was so uncommonly smart. He had an entirely new suit of glossy clothes on, a shining hat, lilac-kid gloves, a neckerchief of a variety of colors, a large hot-house flower in his button-hole, and a thick gold ring on his little finger. Besides which, he quite scented the dining-room with bear's-grease and other perfumery. He looked at me with an attention that quite confused me, when I begged him to take a seat until the servant should return; and as he sat there, crossing and uncrossing his legs in a corner, and I asked him if he had had a pleasant ride, and hoped that Mr. Kenge was well, I never looked at him but I found him looking at me, in the same scrutinizing and curious way.

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When the request was brought to him that he would go up-stairs to Mr. Boythorn's room, I mentioned that he would find lunch prepared for him when he came down, of which Mr. Jarndyce hoped he would partake. He said with some embarrassment, holding the handle of the door, "Shall I have the honor of finding you here, Miss?" I replied yes, I should be there; and he went out with a bow and another look.

I thought him only awkward and shy, for he was evidently much embarrassed; and I fancied that the best thing I could do, would be to wait until I saw that he had every thing he wanted, and then to leave him to himself. The lunch was soon brought, but it remained for some time on the table. The interview with Mr. Boythorn was a long one—and a stormy one too, I should think; for, although his room was at some distance, I heard his loud voice rising every now and then like a

high wind, and evidently blowing perfect broadsides of denunciation.

At last Mr. Guppy came back, looking something the worse for the conference.

"My eye, miss," he said, in a low voice, "he's a Tartar!"

"Pray take some refreshment, sir," said I.

Mr. Guppy sat down at the table, and began nervously sharpening the carving-knife on the carving-fork; still looking at me (as I felt quite sure, without looking at him) in the same unusual manner. The sharpening lasted so long, that at last I felt a kind of obligation on me to raise my eyes, in order that I might break the spell under which he seemed to labor, of not being able to leave off.

He immediately looked at the dish, and began to carve.

"What will you take yourself, miss? You'll take a morsel of something?"

"No, thank you," said I.

"Shan't I give you a piece of any thing at all, miss?" said Mr. Guppy, hurriedly drinking off a glass of wine.

"Nothing, thank you," said I. "I have only waited to see that you have every thing you want. Is there any thing I can order for you?"

"No, I am much obliged to you, miss, I'm sure. I've every thing I can require to make me comfortable—at least I—not comfortable—I'm never that:" he drank off two more glasses of wine, one after another.

I thought I had better go.

"I beg your pardon, miss?" said Mr. Guppy, rising, when he saw me rise. "But would you allow me the favor of a minute's private conversation?"

Not knowing what to say, I sat down again.

"What follows is without prejudice, miss?" said Mr. Guppy, anxiously bringing a chair toward my table.

"I don't understand what you mean," said I, wondering.

"It's one of our law terms, miss. You won't make any use of it to my detriment, at Kenge and Carboy's or elsewhere. If our conversation shouldn't lead to any thing, I am to be as I was, and am not to be prejudiced in my situation or worldly prospects. In short, it's in total confidence."

"I am at a loss, sir," said I, "to imagine what you can have to communicate in total confidence to me whom you have never seen but once; but I should be very sorry to do you any injury."

"Thank you, miss. I'm sure of it—that's quite sufficient." All this time Mr. Guppy was either planing his forehead with his handkerchief, or tightly rubbing the palm of his left hand with the palm of his right. "If you would excuse my taking another glass of wine, miss, I think it might assist me in getting on, without a continual choke that can not fail to be mutually unpleasant."

He did so, and came back again. I took the opportunity of moving well behind my table.

"You wouldn't allow me to offer you one, would you, miss?" said Mr. Guppy, apparently refreshed.

"Not any," said I.

"Not half a glass?" said Mr. Guppy; "quarter? No! Then, to proceed. My present salary, Miss Summerson, at Kenge and Carboy's, is two pound a week. When I first had the happiness of looking upon you, it was one-fifteen, and had stood at that figure for a lengthened period. A rise of five has since taken place, and a further rise of five is guaranteed at the expiration of a term not exceeding twelve months from the present date. My mother has a little property, which takes the form of a small life annuity; upon which she lives in an independent though unassuming manner, in the Old Street Road. She is eminently calculated for a mother-in-law. She never interferes, is all for peace, and her disposition easy. She has her failings—as who has not?—but I never knew her to do it when company was present; at which time you may freely trust her with wines, spirits, or malt liquors. My own abode is lodgings at Penton Place, Pentonville. It is lowly, but airy, open at the back, and considered one of the 'ealthiest outlets. Miss Summerson, in the mildest language, I adore you! Would you be so kind as to allow me (as I may say) to file a declaration—to make an offer!"

Mr. Guppy went down on his knees. I was well behind my table, and not much frightened. I said, "Get up from that ridiculous position immediately, sir, or you will oblige me to break my implied promise and ring the bell!"

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"Hear me out, miss!" said Mr. Guppy, folding his hands.

"I can not consent to hear another word, sir," I returned, "unless you get up from the carpet directly, and go and sit down at the table, as you ought to do if you have any sense at all."



IN RE GUPPY. EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS.

IN RE GUPPY. EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS.

He looked piteously, but slowly rose and did so.

"Yet what a mockery it is, miss," he said, with his hand upon his heart, and shaking his head at me in a melancholy manner over the tray, "to be stationed behind food at such a moment. The soul recoils from food at such a moment, miss."

"I beg you to conclude," said I; "you have asked me to hear you out, and I beg you to conclude."

"I will, miss," said Mr. Guppy. "As I love and honor, so likewise I obey. Would that I could make Thee the subject of that vow, before the shrine!"

"That is quite impossible," said I, "and entirely out of the question."

"I am aware," said Mr. Guppy, leaning forward over the tray, and regarding me, as I again strangely felt, though my eyes were not directed to him, with his late intent look, "I am aware that in a worldly point of view, according to all appearances, my offer is a poor one. But, Miss Summerson! Angel!—No, don't ring!—I have been brought up in a sharp school, and am accustomed to a variety of general practice. Though a young man, I have ferreted out evidence, got up cases, and seen lots of life. Blest with your hand, what means might I not find of advancing your interests, and pushing your fortunes! What might I not get to know, nearly concerning you? I know nothing now, certainly; but what *might* I not, if I had your confidence, and you set me on?"

I told him that he addressed my interest, or what he supposed to be my interest, quite as unsuccessfully as he addressed my inclination; and he would now understand that I requested him, if he pleased, to go away immediately.

"Cruel Miss," said Mr. Guppy, "hear but another word! I think you must have seen that I was struck with those charms, on the day when I waited at the Whytorseller. I think you must have remarked that I could not forbear a tribute to those charms when I put up the steps of the 'ackney-coach. It was a feeble tribute to Thee, but it was well meant. Thy image has ever since been fixed in my breast. I have walked up and down, of an evening, opposite Jellyby's house, only to look upon the bricks that once contained Thee. This out of to-day, quite an unnecessary out so far as the attendance, which was its pretended object, went, was planned by me alone for Thee alone. If I speak of interest, it is only to recommend myself and my respectful wretchedness. Love was before it, and is before it."

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"I should be pained, Mr. Guppy," said I, rising and putting my hand upon the bell-rope, "to do you, or any one who was sincere, the injustice of slighting any honest feeling, however disagreeably expressed. If you have really meant to give me a proof of your good opinion, though ill-timed and misplaced, I feel that I ought to thank you. I have very little reason to be proud, and I am not proud. I hope," I think I added, without very well knowing what I said, "that you will now go away as if you had never been so exceedingly foolish, and attend to Messrs. Kenge and Carboy's business."

"Half a minute, miss!" cried Mr. Guppy, checking me as I was about to ring. "This has been without prejudice?"

"I will never mention it," said I, "unless you should give me future occasion to do so."

"A quarter of a minute, miss! In case you should think better—at any time, however distant, *that's*

no consequence, for my feelings can never alter—of any thing I have said, particularly what might I not do—Mr. William Guppy, eighty-seven, Penton Place, or, if removed, or dead (of blighted hopes or any thing of that sort), care of Mrs. Guppy, three hundred and two, Old Street Road, will be sufficient."

I rang the bell, the servant came, and Mr. Guppy, laying his written card upon the table, and making a dejected bow, departed. Raising my eyes as he went out, I once more saw him looking at me after he had passed the door.

I sat there for another hour or more, finishing my books and payments, and getting through plenty of business. Then I arranged my desk, and put every thing away, and was so composed and cheerful that I thought I had quite dismissed this unexpected incident. But, when I went upstairs to my own room, I surprised myself by beginning to laugh about it, and then surprised myself still more by beginning to cry about it. In short I was in a flutter for a little while; and felt as if an old chord had been more coarsely touched than it ever had been since the days of the dear old doll, long buried in the garden.

CHAPTER X.—THE LAW-WRITER.

On the eastern borders of Chancery Lane, that is to say, more particularly, in Cook's Court, Cursitor Street, Mr. Snagsby, Law Stationer, pursues his lawful calling. In the shade of Cook's Court, at most times a shady place, Mr. Snagsby has dealt in all sorts of blank forms of legal process; in skins and rolls of parchment; in paper—foolscap, brief, draft, brown, white, whitey-brown, and blotting; in stamps; in office-quills, pens, ink, India-rubber, pounce, pins, pencils, sealing-wax, and wafers; in red-tape, and green ferret; in pocket-books, almanacs, diaries, and law lists; in string boxes, rulers, inkstands—glass and leaden, penknives, scissors, bodkins, and other small office-cutlery; in short, in articles too numerous to mention; ever since he was out of his time, and went into partnership with Peffer. On that occasion, Cook's Court was in a manner revolutionized by the new inscription in fresh paint, PEFFER and SNAGSBY, displacing the time-honored and not easily to be deciphered legend, PEFFER, only. For smoke, which is the London ivy, had so wreathed itself round Peffer's name, and clung to his dwelling-place, that the affectionate parasite quite overpowered the parent tree.

Peffer is never seen in Cook's Court now. He is not expected there, for he has been recumbent this quarter of a century in the church-yard of St. Andrew's, Holborn, with the wagons and hackney-coaches roaring past him, all the day and half the night, like one great dragon. If he ever steal forth when the dragon is at rest, to air himself again in Cook's Court, until admonished to return by the crowing of the sanguine cock in the cellar at the little dairy in Cursitor Street, whose ideas of daylight it would be curious to ascertain, since he knows from his personal observation next to nothing about it—if Peffer ever do revisit the pale glimpses of Cook's Court, which no law-stationer in the trade can positively deny, he comes invisibly, and no one is the worse or wiser.

In his life-time, and likewise in the period of Snagsby's "time" of seven long years, there dwelt with Peffer, in the same law-stationing premises, a niece—a short, shrewd niece, something too violently compressed about the waist, and with a sharp nose like a sharp autumn evening, inclining to be frosty toward the end. The Cook's-Courtiers had a rumor flying among them, that the mother of this niece did, in her daughter's childhood, moved by too jealous a solicitude that her figure should approach perfection, lace her up every morning with her maternal foot against the bed-post for a stronger hold and purchase; and further, that she exhibited internally pints of vinegar and lemon-juice: which acids, they held, had mounted to the nose and temper of the patient. With whichsoever of the many tongues of Rumour this frothy report originated, it either never reached, or never influenced, the ears of young Snagsby; who, having wooed and won its fair subject, on his arrival at man's estate, entered into two partnerships at once. So now, in Cook's Court, Cursitor Street, Mr. Snagsby and the niece are one; and the niece still cherishes her figure—which, however tastes may differ, is unquestionably so far precious, that there is mighty little of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby are not only one bone and one flesh, but, to the neighbors' thinking, one voice too. That voice, appearing to proceed from Mrs. Snagsby alone, is heard in Cook's Court very often. Mr. Snagsby, otherwise than as he finds expression through these dulcet tones, is rarely heard. He is a mild, bald, timid man, with a shining head, and a scrubby clump of black hair sticking out at the back. He tends to meekness and obesity. As he stands at his door in Cook's Court, in his gray shop-coat and black calico sleeves, looking up at the clouds; or stands behind a desk in his dark shop, with a heavy flat ruler, snipping and slicing at sheepskin, in company with his two 'Prentices; he is emphatically a retiring and unassuming man. From beneath his feet, at such times, as from a shrill ghost unquiet in its grave, there frequently arise complainings and lamentations in the voice already mentioned; and, haply on some occasions, when these reach a sharper pitch than usual, Mr. Snagsby mentions to the 'Prentices, "I think my little woman is a-giving it to Guster!"

This proper name, so used by Mr. Snagsby, has before now sharpened the wit of the Cook's-Courtiers to remark that it ought to be the name of Mrs. Snagsby; seeing that she might with great force and expression be termed a Guster, in compliment to her stormy character. It is, however, the possession, and the only possession, except fifty shillings per annum and a very small box indifferently filled with clothing, of a lean young woman from a workhouse (by some supposed to have been christened Augusta); who, although she was farmed or contracted for, during her growing time, by an amiable benefactor of his species resident at Tooting, and can not fail to have been developed under the most favorable circumstances, "has fits"—which the parish

can't account for.

Guster, really aged three or four and twenty, but looking a round ten years older, goes cheap with this unaccountable drawback of fits; and is so apprehensive of being returned on the hands of her patron Saint, that except when she is found with her head in the pail, or the sink, or the copper, or the dinner, or any thing else that happens to be near her at the time of her seizure, she is always at work. She is a satisfaction to the parents and guardians of the 'Prentices, who feel that there is little danger of her inspiring tender emotions in the breast of youth; she is a satisfaction to Mrs. Snagsby, who can always find fault with her; she is a satisfaction to Mr. Snagsby, who thinks it a charity to keep her. The Law-stationer's establishment is, in Guster's eyes, a temple of plenty and splendor. She believes the little drawing-room up-stairs, always kept, as one may say, with its hair in papers and its pinafore on, to be the most elegant apartment in Christendom. The view it commands of Cook's Court, at one end (not to mention a squint into Cursitor Street), and of Coavins's the Sheriff's Officer's backyard at the other, she regards as a prospect of unequalled beauty. The portraits it displays in oil—and plenty of it too—of Mr. Snagsby looking at Mrs. Snagsby, and of Mrs. Snagsby looking at Mr. Snagsby, are in her eyes as achievements of Raphael or Titian. Guster has some recompense for her many privations.

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Mr. Snagsby refers every thing not in the practical mysteries of the business, to Mrs. Snagsby. She manages the money, reproaches the Tax-gatherers, appoints the times and places of devotion on Sundays, licenses Mr. Snagsby's entertainments, and acknowledges no responsibility as to what she thinks fit to provide for dinner; insomuch that she is the high standard of comparison among the neighboring wives, a long way down Chancery Lane on both sides, and even out in Holborn, who, in any domestic passages of arms, habitually call upon their husbands to look at the difference between their (the wives') position and Mrs. Snagsby's, and their (the husbands') behavior and Mr. Snagsby's. Rumor, always flying, bat-like, about Cook's Court, and skimming in and out at every body's windows, does say that Mrs. Snagsby is jealous and inquisitive; and that Mr. Snagsby is sometimes worried out of house and home, and if he had the spirit of a mouse he wouldn't stand it. It is even observed that the wives who quote him to their self-willed husbands as a shining example, in reality look down upon him; and that nobody does so with greater superciliousness than one particular lady, whose lord is more than suspected of laying his umbrella on her as an instrument of correction. But these vague whisperings may arise from Mr. Snagsby's being, in his way, rather a meditative and poetical man; loving to walk in Staple Inn in the summer time, and to observe how countrified the sparrows and the leaves are: also to lounge about the Rolls Yard of a Sunday afternoon, and to remark (if in good spirits) that there were old times once, and that you'd find a stone coffin or two, now under that chapel, he'll be bound, if you was to dig for it. He solaces his imagination, too, by thinking of the many Chancellors and Vices and Masters of the Rolls, who are deceased, and he gets such a flavor of the country out of telling the two 'Prentices how he has heard say that a brook "as clear as crystal" once ran down the middle of Holborn, when Turnstile really was a turnstile leading slap away into the meadows—gets such a flavor of the country out of this, that he never wants to go there.

The day is closing in and the gas is lighted, but is not yet fully effective, for it is not quite dark. Mr. Snagsby, standing at his shop-door, looking up at the clouds, sees a crow, who is out late, skim westward over the leaden slice of sky belonging to Cook's Court. The crow flies straight across Chancery Lane and Lincoln's Inn Garden, into Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Here, in a large house, formerly a house of state, lives Mr. Tulkinghorn. It is let off in sets of chambers now; and in those shrunken fragment of its greatness, lawyers lie like maggots in nuts. But its roomy staircases, passages, and ante-chambers still remain; and even its painted ceilings, where Allegory, in Roman helmet and celestial linen, sprawls among balustrades and pillars, flowers, clouds, and big-legged boys, and makes the head ache—as would seem to be Allegory's object always, more or less. Here, among his many boxes labeled with transcendent names, lives Mr. Tulkinghorn, when not speechlessly at home in country-houses where the great ones of the earth are bored to death. Here he is to-day, quiet at his table. An Oyster of the old school, whom nobody can open.

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Like as he is to look at, so is his apartment in the dusk of the present afternoon. Rusty, out of date, withdrawing from attention, able to afford it. Heavy, broad-backed, old-fashioned mahogany and horse-hair chairs, not easily lifted, obsolete tables with spindle-legs and dusty baize covers, presentation prints of the holders of great titles in the last generation, or the last but one, environ him. A thick and dingy Turkey-carpet muffles the floor where he sits, attended by two candles in old-fashioned silver candlesticks, that give a very insufficient light to his large room. The titles on the backs of his books have retired into the binding; every thing that can have a lock has got one; no key is visible. Very few loose papers are about. He has some manuscript near him, but is not referring to it. With the round top of an inkstand, and two broken bits of sealing-wax, he is silently and slowly working out whatever train of indecision is in his mind. Now, the inkstand top is in the middle: now, the red bit of sealing-wax, now the black bit. That's not it. Mr. Tulkinghorn must gather them all up, and begin again.

Here, beneath the painted ceiling, with foreshortened Allegory staring down at his intrusion as if it meant to swoop upon him, and he cutting it dead, Mr. Tulkinghorn has at once his house and office. He keeps no staff; only one middle-aged man usually a little out at elbows, who sits in a high Pew in the hall, and is rarely overburdened with business. Mr. Tulkinghorn is not in a common way. He wants no clerks. He is a great reservoir of confidences, not to be so tapped. His clients want *him*; he is all in all. Drafts that he requires to be drawn, are drawn by special pleaders in the Temple on mysterious instructions; fair copies that he requires to be made, are made at the stationer's, expense being no consideration. The middle-aged man in the Pew knows

scarcely more of the affairs of the Peerage, than any crossing-sweeper in Holborn.

The red bit, the black bit, the inkstand top, the other inkstand top, the little sand-box. So! You to the middle, you to the right, you to the left. This train of indecision must surely be worked out now or never. Now! Mr. Tulkinghorn gets up, adjusts his spectacles, puts on his hat, puts the manuscript in his pocket, goes out, tells the middle-aged man out at elbows, "I shall be back presently." Very rarely tells him any thing more explicit.

Mr. Tulkinghorn goes, as the crow came—not quite so straight, but nearly—to Cook's Court, Cursitor Street. To Snagsby's, Law Stationer's, Deeds engrossed and copied, Law-Writing executed in all its branches, &c., &c., &c.

It is somewhere about five or six o'clock in the afternoon, and a balmy fragrance of warm tea hovers in Cook's Court. It hovers about Snagsby's door. The hours are early there; dinner at half-past one, and supper at half past nine. Mr Snagsby was about to descend into the subterranean regions to take tea, when he looked out of his door just now, and saw the crow who was out late.

"Master at home?"

Guster is minding the shop, for the 'Prentices take tea in the kitchen, with Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby; consequently, the robe-maker's two daughters, combing their curls at the two glasses in the two second-floor windows of the opposite house are not driving the two 'Prentices to distraction, as they fondly suppose, but are merely awakening the unprofitable admiration of Guster, whose hair won't grow and never would, and, it is confidently thought, never will.

"Master at home?" says Mr. Tulkinghorn.

Master is at home, and Guster will fetch him. Guster disappears, glad to get out of the shop, which she regards with mingled dread and veneration, as a storehouse of awful implements of the great torture of the law: a place not to be entered after the gas is turned off.

Mr. Snagsby appears: greasy, warm, herbaceous, and chewing. Bolts a bit of bread and butter. Says, "Bless my soul, sir! Mr. Tulkinghorn!"

"I want half a word with you, Snagsby."

"Certainly, sir! Dear me, sir, why didn't you send your young man round for me? Pray walk into the back shop, sir!" Snagsby has brightened in a moment.

The confined room, strong of parchment-grease is warehouse, counting-house, and copying-office. Mr. Tulkinghorn sits, facing round, on a stool at the desk.

"Jarndyce and Jarndyce, Snagsby."

"Yes, sir." Mr. Snagsby turns up the gas, and coughs behind his hand, modestly anticipating profit. Mr. Snagsby, as a timid man, is accustomed to cough with a variety of expressions, and so to save words.

"You copied some affidavits in that cause for me lately."

"Yes sir, we did."

"There was one of them," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, carelessly feeling—tight, unopenable oyster of the old school!—in the wrong coat-pocket, "the handwriting of which is peculiar, and I rather like. As I happened to be passing, and thought I had it about me, I looked in to ask you—but I haven't got it. No matter, any other time will do—Ah! here it is!—I looked in to ask you who copied this?"

"Who copied this, sir?" says Mr. Snagsby, taking it, laying it flat on the desk, and separating all the sheets at once with a twirl and a twist of the left hand peculiar to law-stationers. "We gave this out, sir. We were giving out rather a large quantity of work just at that time. I can tell you in a moment who copied it, sir, by referring to my book."

Mr. Snagsby takes his book down from the safe, makes another bolt of the bit of bread and butter which seems to have stopped short, eyes the affidavit aside, and brings his right forefinger traveling down a page of the book. "Jewby—Packer—Jarndyce."

"Jarndyce! Here we are, sir," says Mr. Snagsby. "To be sure! I might have remembered it. This was given out, sir, to a writer who lodges just over on the opposite side of the lane."

Mr. Tulkinghorn has seen the entry, found it before the law-stationer, read it while the forefinger was coming down the hill.

"*What* do you call him? Nemo?" says Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"Nemo, sir. Here it is. Forty-two folio. Given out on the Wednesday night, at eight o'clock; brought in on the Thursday morning, at half after nine."

"Nemo!" repeats Mr. Tulkinghorn. "Nemo is Latin for no one."

"It must be English for some one, sir, I think," Mr. Snagsby submits, with his deferential cough. "It is a person's name. Here it is, you see, sir! Forty-two folio. Given out, Wednesday night, eight o'clock; brought in, Thursday morning, half after nine."

The tail of Mr. Snagsby's eye becomes conscious of the head of Mrs. Snagsby looking in at the shop-door to know what he means by deserting his tea. Mr. Snagsby addresses an explanatory cough to Mrs. Snagsby, as who should say, "My dear, a customer!"

"Half after nine, sir," repeats Mr. Snagsby. "Our law-writers, who live by job-work, are a queer lot; and this may not be his name, but it's the name he goes by. I remember now, sir, that he

gives it in a written advertisement he sticks up down at the Rule Office, and the King's Bench Office, and the Judges' Chambers, and so forth. You know the kind of document, sir—wanting employ?"

Mr. Tulkinghorn glances through the little window at the back of Coavins's, the sheriff's officer's, where lights shine into Coavins's windows. Coavins's coffee-room is at the back, and the shadows of several gentlemen under a cloud loom cloudily upon the blinds. Mr. Snagsby takes the opportunity of slightly turning his head, to glance over his shoulder at his little woman, and to make apologetic motions with his mouth to this effect: "Tul-king-horn—rich—in-flu-en-tial!"

"Have you given this man work before?" asks Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"O dear, yes, sir! Work of yours."

"Thinking of more important matters, I forget where you said he lived!"

"Across the lane, sir. In fact, he lodges at a—" Mr. Snagsby makes another bolt, as if the bit of bread and butter were insurmountable—"at a rag and bottle shop." [Pg 105]

"Can you show me the place as I go back?"

"With the greatest pleasure, sir!"

Mr. Snagsby pulls off his sleeves and his gray coat, pulls on his black coat, takes his hat from its peg. "Oh! here is my little woman!" he says aloud. "My dear, will you be so kind as to tell one of the lads to look after the shop, while I step across the lane with Mr. Tulkinghorn? Mrs. Snagsby, sir—I shan't be two minutes, my love!"

Mrs. Snagsby bends to the lawyer, retires behind the counter, peeps at them through the window-blind, goes softly into the back office, refers to the entries in the book still lying open. Is evidently curious.

"You will find that the place is rough, sir," says Mr. Snagsby, walking deferentially in the road, and leaving the narrow pavement to the lawyer; "and the party is very rough. But they're a wild lot in general, sir. The advantage of this particular man is, that he never wants sleep. He'll go it right on end, if you want him to, as long as ever you like."

It is quite dark now, and the gas-lamps have acquired their full effect. Jostling against clerks going to post the day's letters, and against counsel and attorneys going home to dinner, and against plaintiffs and defendants, and suitors of all sorts, and against the general crowd, in whose way the forensic wisdom of ages has interposed a million of obstacles to the transaction of the commonest business of life—diving through law and equity, and through that kindred mystery, the street mud, which is made of nobody knows what, and collects about us nobody knows whence or how: we only knowing in general that when there is too much of it, we find it necessary to shovel it away—the lawyer and the law-stationer come to a Rag and Bottle Shop, and general emporium of much disregarded merchandise, lying and being in the shadow of the wall of Lincoln's Inn, and kept, as is announced in paint to all whom it may concern, by one Krook.

"This is where he lives, sir," says the law-stationer.

"This is where he lives, is it?" says the lawyer unconcernedly. "Thank you."

"Are you not going in, sir?"

"No, thank you, no; I am going on to the Fields at present. Good evening. Thank you!" Mr. Snagsby lifts his hat, and returns to his little woman and his tea.

But, Mr. Tulkinghorn does not go on to the Fields at present. He goes a short way, turns back, comes again to the shop of Mr. Krook, and enters it straight. It is dim enough, with a blot-headed candle or so in the windows, and an old man and a cat sitting in the back part by a fire. The old man rises and comes forward, with another blot-headed candle in his hand.

"Pray, is your lodger within?"

"Male or female, sir?" says Mr. Krook.

"Male. The person who does copying."

Mr. Krook has eyed his man narrowly. Knows him by sight. Has an indistinct impression of his aristocratic repute. [Pg 106]

"Did you wish to see him, sir?"

"Yes."

"It's what I seldom do myself," says Mr. Krook with a grin. "Shall I call him down? But it's a weak chance if he'd come, sir!"

"I'll go up to him, then," says Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"Second floor, sir. Take the candle. Up there!" Mr. Krook, with his cat beside him, stands at the bottom of the staircase, looking after Mr. Tulkinghorn. "Hi—hi!" he says, when Mr. Tulkinghorn has nearly disappeared. The lawyer looks down over the hand-rail. The cat expands her wicked mouth, and snarls at him.

"Order, Lady Jane! Behave yourself to visitors, my lady! You know what they say of my lodger?" whispers Krook, going up a step or two.

"What do they say of him?"

"They say he has sold himself to the Enemy; but you and I know better—he don't buy. I'll tell you what, though; my lodger is so black-humored and gloomy, that I believe he'd as soon make that bargain as any other. Don't put him out, sir. That's my advice!"

Mr. Tulkinghorn with a nod goes on his way. He comes to the dark door on the second floor. He knocks, receives no answer, opens it, and accidentally extinguishes his candle in doing so.

The air of the room is almost bad enough to have extinguished it, if he had not. It is a small room, nearly black with soot, and grease, and dirt. In the rusty skeleton of a grate, pinched at the middle as if Poverty had gripped it, a red coke fire burns low. In the corner, by the chimney, stand a deal table and a broken desk: a wilderness marked with a rain of ink. In another corner, a ragged old portmanteau on one of the two chairs, serves for cabinet or wardrobe; no larger one is needed, for it collapses like the cheeks of a starved man. The floor is bare; except that one old mat, trodden to shreds of rope-yarn, lies perishing upon the hearth. No curtain veils the darkness of the night, but the discolored shutters are drawn together; and through the two gaunt holes pierced in them, famine might be staring in—the Banshee of the man upon the bed.

For, on a low bed opposite the fire, a confusion of dirty patchwork, lean-ribbed ticking, and coarse sacking, the lawyer, hesitating just within the doorway sees a man. He lies there, dressed in shirt and trowsers, with bare feet. He has a yellow look, in the spectral darkness of a candle that has guttered down, until the whole length of its wick (still burning) has doubled over, and left a tower of winding-sheet above it. His hair is ragged, mingling with his whiskers and his beard—the latter, ragged too, and grown, like the scum and mist around him, in neglect. Foul and filthy as the room is, foul and filthy as the air, it is not easy to perceive what fumes those are which most oppress the senses in it; but through the general sickliness and faintness, and the odor of stale tobacco, there comes into the lawyer's mouth the bitter, vapid taste of opium.

"Hallo, my friend!" he cries, and strikes his iron candlestick against the door.

He thinks he has awakened his friend. He lies a little turned away, but his eyes are surely open.

"Hallo, my friend!" he cries again. "Hallo! Hallo!"

As he rattles on the door, the candle which has drooped so long, goes out, and leaves him in the dark; with the gaunt eyes in the shutters staring down upon the bed.

THE GHOST-RAISER.

My Uncle Beagley, who commenced his commercial career very early in the present century as a bagman, *will* tell stories. Among them, he tells his Single Ghost story so often, that I am heartily tired of it. In self-defense, therefore, I publish the tale, in order that when next the good, kind old gentleman offers to bore us with it, every body may say they know it. I remember every word of it.

One fine autumn evening, about forty years ago, I was traveling on horseback from Shrewsbury to Chester. I felt tolerably tired, and was beginning to look out for some snug wayside inn, where I might pass the night, when a sudden and violent thunder-storm came on. My horse, terrified by the lightning, fairly took the bridle between his teeth, and started off with me at full gallop through lanes and cross-roads, until at length I managed to pull him up just near the door of a neat-looking country inn.

"Well," thought I, "there was wit in your madness, old boy, since it brought us to this comfortable refuge." And alighting, I gave him in charge to the stout farmer's boy who acted as hostler. The inn-kitchen, which was also the guest-room, was large, clean, neat, and comfortable, very like the pleasant hostelry described by Izaak Walton. There were several travelers already in the room—probably, like myself, driven there for shelter—and they were all warming themselves by the blazing fire while waiting for supper. I joined the party. Presently, being summoned by the hostess, we all sat down, twelve in number, to a smoking repast of bacon and eggs, corned beef and carrots, and stewed hare.

The conversation naturally turned on the mishaps occasioned by the storm, of which every one seemed to have had his full share. One had been thrown off his horse; another, driving in a gig, had been upset into a muddy dyke; all had got a thorough wetting, and agreed unanimously that it was dreadful weather—a regular witches' sabbath!

"Witches and ghosts prefer for their sabbath a fine moonlight night to such weather as this!"

These words were uttered in a solemn tone, and with strange emphasis, by one of the company. He was a tall, dark-looking man, and I had set him down in my own mind as a traveling merchant or peddler. My next neighbor was a gay, well-looking, fashionably-dressed young man, who, bursting into a peal of laughter, said:

"You must know the manners and customs of ghosts very well, to be able to tell that they dislike getting wet or muddy."

The first speaker, giving him a dark fierce look, said:

"Young man, speak not so lightly of things above your comprehension."

"Do you mean to imply that there are such things as ghosts?"

"Perhaps there are, if you had courage to look at them."

The young man stood up, flushed with anger. But presently resuming his seat, he said, calmly:

"That taunt should cost you dear, if it were not such a foolish one."

"A foolish one!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing on the table a heavy leathern purse. "There are fifty guineas. I am content to lose them, if, before the hour is ended, I do not succeed in showing you, who are so obstinately prejudiced, the form of any one of your deceased friends; and if, after you have recognized him, you allow him to kiss your lips."

We all looked at each other, but my young neighbor, still in the same mocking manner, replied:

"You will do that, will you?"

"Yes," said the other—"I will stake these fifty guineas, on condition that you will pay a similar sum if you lose."

After a short silence, the young man said, gayly:

"Fifty guineas, my worthy sorcerer, are more than a poor college sizar ever possessed; but here are five, which, if you are satisfied, I shall be most willing to wager."

The other took up his purse, saying, in a contemptuous tone:

"Young gentleman, you wish to draw back?"

"I draw back!" exclaimed the student.—"Well! if I had the fifty guineas, you should see whether I wish to draw back!"

"Here," said I, "are four guineas, which I will stake on your wager."

No sooner had I made this proposition than the rest of the company, attracted by the singularity of the affair, came forward to lay down their money; and in a minute or two the fifty guineas were subscribed. The merchant appeared so sure of winning, that he placed all the stakes in the student's hands, and prepared for his experiment. We selected for the purpose a small summer-house in the garden, perfectly isolated, and having no means of exit but a window and a door, which we carefully fastened, after placing the young man within. We put writing materials on a small table in the summer-house, and took away the candles. We remained outside, with the peddler among us. In a low solemn voice he began to chant the following lines:

"What riseth slow from the ocean caves
And the stormy surf?
The phantom pale sets his blackened foot
On the fresh green turf."

Then, raising his voice solemnly, he said:

"You asked to see your friend, Francis Villiers, who was drowned, three years ago, off the coast of South America—what do you see?" [Pg 107]

"I see," replied the student, "a white light arising near the window; but it has no form; it is like an uncertain cloud."

We—the spectators—remained profoundly silent.

"Are you afraid?" asked the merchant, in a loud voice.

"I am not," replied the student, firmly.

After a moment's silence, the peddler stamped three times on the ground, and sang:

"And the phantom white, whose clay-cold face
Was once so fair,
Dries with his shroud his clinging vest
And his sea-tossed hair."

Once more the solemn question:

"You, who would see revealed the mysteries of the tomb—what do you see now?"

The student answered, in a calm voice, but like that of a man describing things as they pass before him:

"I see the cloud taking the form of a phantom; its head is covered with a long vail—it stands still."

"Are you afraid?"

"I am not."

We looked at each other in horror-stricken silence, while the merchant, raising his arms above his head, chanted, in a sepulchral voice:

"And the phantom said, as he rose from the wave,
He shall know me in sooth!
I will go to my friend, gay, smiling, and fond,
As in our first youth!"

"What do you see?" said he.

"I see the phantom advance; he lifts his vail—'tis Francis Villiers!—he approaches the table—he writes!—'tis his signature!"

"Are you afraid?"

A fearful moment of silence ensued; then the student replied, but in an altered voice:

"I am not."

With strange and frantic gestures, the merchant then sang:

"And the phantom said to the mocking seer,
I come from the South;
Put thy hand on my hand—thy heart on my heart—
Thy mouth on my mouth!"

"What do you see?"

"He comes—he approaches—he pursues me—he is stretching out his arms—he will have me! Help! help! Save me!"

"Are you afraid *now*?" asked the merchant, in a mocking voice.

A piercing cry, and then a stifled groan, were the only reply to this terrible question.

"Help that rash youth!" said the merchant, bitterly. "I have, I think, won the wager; but it is sufficient for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep his money, and be wiser for the future."

He walked rapidly away. We opened the door of the summer-house, and found the student in convulsions. A paper, signed with the name "Francis Villiers," was on the table. As soon as the student's senses were restored, he asked vehemently where was the vile sorcerer who had subjected him to such a horrible ordeal—he would kill him! He sought him throughout the inn in vain; then, with the speed of a madman, he dashed off across the fields in pursuit of him—and we never saw either of them again. That, children, is my Ghost Story!

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"And how is it, uncle, that after *that*, you don't believe in ghosts?" said I, the first time I heard it.

"Because, my boy," replied my uncle, "neither the student nor the merchant ever returned; and the forty-five guineas, belonging to me and the other travelers, continued equally invisible. Those two swindlers carried them off, after having acted a farce, which we, like ninnies, believed to be real."

THE THREE VISITORS OF BERNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE.

One morning while Bernardin de Saint Pierre was admiring, through one of the windows of his apartment, the glowing radiance of the rising sun, and thinking, perhaps, of transferring its bright tints, and the fragrance of early dawn, and the glittering dew-drops, to the pages of his *Harmonies de la Nature*, a stranger entered with noiseless step; he saluted the poet with deep reverence, respectfully apologizing for so early an intrusion, and it was not until after repeated invitations that he was prevailed upon to take a seat beside him. The young man's face bore the dark olive hue of the southern sun, his black hair fell in waves from his temples, over the collar of his military coat. His look was at once pensive and modest, yet proud. The fashion of his dress, his high boots, the white and fringed gloves, proclaimed him an officer of the French Republic, whom the close of the campaign in Italy had allowed to return home. And such indeed he was, as he took care to inform Bernardin, when his excitement at finding himself in the presence of the celebrated author had a little subsided.

"I congratulate you, sir," said Saint Pierre, "on having served under the great captain, who has so gloriously terminated this campaign. I can enter into such triumphs, for I, too, have been a soldier."

"Would that I were one no longer," exclaimed the young officer—"that I had never been one. War is hateful to me! I know neither enmity nor ambition—the conqueror and the conquered are alike to me. This soft, lovely, morning, with its dewy freshness, passed in tranquil conversation or lonely musings, has more charms for me than all the pomp and circumstance of war. Then, what an avenue to fame! by slaughter!—butchery! Laurels have been strewn in my path. I see nothing but the blood through which I have been wading."

The poet extended his hand to the young soldier, who respectfully kissed it. "Yours," he said, "is true glory. The names of Paul and Virginia will live forever in the memories and heads of men. Ah, sir! this is the brightest day of my life. I asked of fortune only that I might live to see you, to tell you as man, the delightful hours my youth owed to you, and now my bright hope is realized. Behold the treasure of my boyhood, the delight of my manhood, my companion in the college—on the fields of Montenotte and Lodi"—and the stranger took from his pocket a well-worn copy of *Paul and Virginia*, the leaves kept together only by a few threads.

With all Saint Pierre's modesty, he could not but be deeply moved by the enthusiasm of the young officer. At a time like this, when war was raging both at home and abroad, it was rather unusual

to find a soldier warmly interested in an Indian idyl, and busying himself about a poet, in his obscure retreat on the banks of a pretty stream.

"I am delighted," he said, "not so much with your too indulgent estimate of an ephemeral book, but with the sympathy between us—that bond of common love for mankind and for nature, a love of whose inspirations my book is but a feeble utterance of. It is only in some such obscure corner as this, that we dare now own that we love God and Heaven, the dewy morning and peace on earth. Discord still reigns at Paris. Is it not so?"

The young officer looked up with a sad expression in his dark eyes. "Alas, yes! it is reigning more furiously than ever; but it is too painful a subject; let us change it. Are you at present engaged in any work? and are these its first sheets?"

Bernardin smiled as he answered—"They are old memorials to the Directory at Paris. I was once the secretary, the literary man of the revolutionary club of Essoune, the republicans of that town having more warmth of patriotism than power of style, employed me to draw up their memorials, and I escaped the guillotine by accepting the office."

"The author of *Paul and Virginia* secretary to a village revolutionary club!"

"Neither more nor less. It was not very poetical; but so it was. However, during that time I have had some hours of leisure which I have devoted to a work that has been the dream of my life, and the thought of which has cheered me, in the forests of Sweden, and under the burning skies of the Isle of France. My object is to reveal the divine intelligence to the human race, through the universal relation between all beings. From physical order I elicit physical good; from the good, the moral, and from the moral, God. And the title of the book is to be the *Harmonies of Nature*. I was working at it when you came in, and meditating on the wise providence which, while giving to different beings different organs, has supplied the apparent inequality by special qualities and counterbalancing advantages. I intend also to treat of the harmonies of the stars. Oh! how beautiful are our nights in France!"

"And I, too, thought so, till I had seen the nights in Italy," exclaimed the young stranger. "There every star is a living token of friendship or of love. Two friends parted by long exile each pledge themselves to look at the same star at the same hour, and the light thus shared is a link between them. The young girl gives to the bright stars of the summer nights her own name and that of her lover, till the whole firmament is full of Bettinas and Ciprianas, Francescas and Giottos. Should one of these tender links be severed by death, the still remaining one is comforted in her sorrow by seeing the bright memorial of her beloved still shining on the borders of that heavenly horizon, where their meeting will be forever."

"This is indeed a tender harmony. Yes, love is every where. But," continued Bernardin, delighted at being understood; "but tell me, do you yourself write? With mental energies such as yours, why should you not cast upon the troubled waters of this age some thought that may yet be the fructifying seed to be found after many days. All soldiers write well."

"I do write a little, sir," and the young officer blushed as he answered; "since your kind encouragement has anticipated my request, and thus emboldened me to make it, I venture to ask you to cast your eye over a few pages written to beguile the hours of a lonely midnight watch. You will remember it is the book of a soldier, and one almost a foreigner."

"I thank you for the confidence reposed in me," said Saint Pierre, "and I am persuaded the friend will have no need to bias the judge in the impartial opinion that you have a right to claim from me."

The young officer now rose, and with a request to be allowed to repeat his visit, and a cordial, though respectful pressure of Saint Pierre's hand, took his leave, and long after the garden-gate had closed behind him, Bernardin stood watching the cloud of dust in which had disappeared his young visitor, and the steed on which he galloped back to Paris.

"So, then," thought the philosopher, as he re-entered his cottage, "there still exist some few minds free from the consuming toils of ambition. Who would ever have expected to find a lover of nature with a republican epaulet? There is a simplicity in this youth most attractive; how modestly did he speak of himself; how bitterly lament the horrors of war; and his enjoyment of this lovely, dewy morning, was that of a sage no less than of a poet. Doubtless the manuscript is some learned treatise on the art of war—the subject not his choice but the necessity of his position. The art of war!—art indeed—the art of killing the arts!"

Bernardin de Saint Pierre was mistaken. The manuscript was a pastoral romance—conceive his delight—A Pastoral Romance! "Yes!" he said, "the noble mind must let fly the falcon imagination to cater for it. It can not feed on the garbage around."

Day after day now elapsed without bringing his young visitor; but some months after, Bernardin, seated at a table placed under the shade of trees of his own planting, and covered with flowers gathered to serve as models for his word-paintings, was enjoying the soft evening breeze, when the visit of an officer was announced; and to his great surprise, instead of him whom he was eagerly advancing to welcome, he beheld a stranger. He had, indeed, the same black hair falling from his temples, the same dark eyes, the same olive hue of the man of the sun and the Mediterranean. But he saw not the same person; his new visitor was at least ten years older than the first.

"I am the elder brother, sir, of an officer who, some months since, did himself the honor of calling upon you."

"His visit still lives in my memory as one most pleasant. He confided to me a manuscript which I would be glad to take this opportunity of returning, with my assurances of entire sympathy in his love of nature, and still more in his noble indignation against tyrants, his eloquent invectives against ambition. Tell him, too, from me, how much I admire his style; its rich imagery—its—"

"I must not let you go on, sir, for such praise has already rendered it difficult to avow myself the author of the book. I had not courage to submit it to you myself, but my younger and more adventurous brother gladly availed himself of it as a plea for his intrusion."

After some courteous words interchanged between the new visitor and Bernardin, the latter pointed to the flowers and said, "I was at that moment thinking of your brother; he had told me of the names given by loving hearts in Italy to the stars, and I was reflecting that our associations with flowers were still trammelled by such a rugged nomenclature; it is enough to make the science of botany detestable."

"Ah, sir, you will teach all to love it; already has your *Etudes de la Nature* made it popular throughout Europe. I myself had formed a floral dial at a villa at Florence where my regiment was quartered; every hour of the night and of the day was marked by the opening of different flowers. I am passionately fond of them, and can well understand the Dutchman lavishing a fortune upon a tulip, and spending a life in giving it some new variety of tint."

"What a simple-minded family!" thought Bernardin. "One brother worships the starry splendor of the heavens, and the other luxuriates in flowers, and spends his idle garrison hours in watching them as they bud forth at every hour of the day; and these two young men are soldiers! War has not hardened their hearts, nor conquest made them despise simple pleasures." And now, Saint Pierre, leaning on his new friend, proceeded to show him his flowers, "which," he said, "though not like the lovely products of the fertile Italy you have conquered, yet, as my own plantings are not without their fragrance for the old man;" and as they walked along, he repeated to himself rather than to his companion,

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus strepitumque Acherontis avari"

And in as low a voice, the officer went on—"Yes! happy the wise man who penetrates the arcana of nature, and who tramples under foot the world's prejudices." And as he stooped to pluck a daisy, he added, "who the calm votary of the silvan deities beholds with unenvious eye the consular pomp and the glittering diadem. Ah, sir! you, too, like Virgil—do you know he is my poet of all poets?" And before they had gone the round of the garden, the sage and the soldier had repeated almost the whole of the second book of the *Georgics*; and now, having begged and obtained a flower as a memento of his visit, the officer took his leave, with the promise of soon returning and bringing with him his brother.

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"If all republicans," said Bernardin, "were like these two brothers, the republic would be heaven, and I need not so long to die."

And with fresh impulse, and an interest increased by the sympathy of his visitor in his love of flowers, Saint Pierre turned to his labors. The second part of his *Harmonies de la Nature* was finished, and he was now engaged upon the last division of his great work—"The Harmonies of Human Nature," when one day a knock at the door of his library made him raise his head to see, as he believed, the face of one of his two friends in the Italian army, though whether the elder or the younger he could not at once distinguish. On nearer survey, he discovered, to his great perplexity, that neither the one nor the other stood before him. The uniform of this third officer was exactly the same, he had the same masses of black hair, the same eyes, but though a little older than the first, and younger than the second of his former visitors, he seemed to bear more traces than either of the struggle and the vigil; and his brow was graver and more thoughtful. Still the triple resemblance was most striking, and for a moment Bernardin scarcely knew whether he was to greet him as a stranger; but before he could speak, the visitor introduced himself as the brother of the two officers, the kindness of whose reception had encouraged him to pay his respects to the friend of Jean Jacques Rousseau, to the illustrious author of the *Etudes de la Nature*, and to venture to offer the admiring homage of a blunt soldier.

Was it those lips with their Attic cut, and firm grace, which smile and threat seemed alike to become, or was it the deep voice, the piercing eagle glance, or his already high reputation as the greatest captain of the age, that riveted the attention of the philosopher upon this last of the three brothers, and indelibly impressed upon his memory every word of the conversation which now ensued?

But this third brother and the poet spoke not of scenery, nor stars, nor sun, nor streams, nor flowers. They spoke of human nature, of the universal brotherhood of mankind, of philosophy, and patriotism. They spoke, too, of the present evil days—the old man with some little bitterness and much indulgence, the young man with hopes aspiring and daring as his conquests; and while laying open future prospects with almost prophetic clearness, he showed the certain and impending destruction of all parties by each other, and the consequent and near approach of peace.

"God grant it;" cried Bernardin de Saint Pierre.

"God grants all to the firm will and the determined purpose," was the answer.

Some expressive pauses made breaks in a conversation which was less an interchange of words

than of thoughts. Vainly did Bernardin several times attempt to introduce the subject of the campaigns in Italy, as an opening for some complimentary tribute to the courage, the presence of mind, the clear mental vision, the resolute powers of action, of his visitor; the latter as constantly evaded the subject, for with all the exquisite tact which was his great characteristic through life, he guessed the philosopher could accord but a reluctant homage to any triumph of the sword, even when not drawn in the service of ambition. He felt, too, that the warrior should be like a fortress, from whose strong, silent walls, is heard only in time of war the booming of its artillery.

Thus, therefore, ran the dialogue:

"Italy is on fire with your name."

"I have founded chairs of philosophy, of history, and oratory, in most of the conquered cities."

"Montenotte will ever be one of the most glorious monuments of French valor."

"I have pensioned all the *savants* of Bologna, Florence, and Milan."

"You have rivaled the renown of the immortal generals of antiquity."

"Whenever a city was taken, my first care was to command public monuments and private property to be respected, and to prohibit under pain of death all outrage to women, and before I allowed guards to be planted at my own door, I took care sentinels were at the gates of every church and hospital."

"How you must have longed for repose, were it only to indulge the bright dreams of the future."

"The actual and the real for me. I like best to shut myself up in my quarters to pursue my favorite studies of mathematics and history."

Struck with enthusiastic admiration of such simplicity, and such wise moderation, Bernardin ceased any longer to pay forced compliments to the military prowess with which he had no sympathy, and now poured out his whole heart in homage to his noble qualities as a legislator and as a man. Could he do less than read to him some few pages of his "Harmonies"—the winding-up of his "Harmonies of Nature." To one of the three brothers, worthy to comprehend the sublimity of the science of Heaven, he had shown the stars; to another, tender as Rousseau, the flowers; and now the graver pages of his book to a third—graver, wiser than either—as wise as Marcus Aurelius; "nay, wiser," said Bernardin, "for I am sure he never would consent to be made emperor."

And now, who were these three officers of the Italian army?

The first officer, who wooed the stars and the dewy morning, and who had no ambition, was Louis Bonaparte, afterward King of Holland.

The second officer, who delighted in flowers, and in floral dials, was Joseph Bonaparte, afterward King of the two Spains and of the Indies.

The third officer—the brother of the two others—who was a republican, a philosopher, a philanthropist, a lover of peace, and who had no ambition, was Napoleon Bonaparte, afterward Emperor of the French, and King of Italy!

What an eclogue for Bernardin de Saint Pierre—Two Kings and an Emperor!

A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE.

The history of Transylvania is, perhaps, one of the wildest and most romantic that ever told the story of a nation. It describes a people perfectly primitive and pastoral, and living under institutions as patriarchal as those existing at the time of Lot or Abraham. Transylvania, long annexed to the Austrian monarchy, was in old times looked upon as the rightful prize of the strong hand; and was, by turns, seized and plundered by Turks, Austrians, and Hungarians. For a short time it chose its own princes, who aspired to be kings of Hungary. Their presumption met with the penalty of utter annihilation.

To understand these peasants properly, the reader may, perhaps, be allowed to compare them to the Highland clansmen of Scotland at the same period. Far before any authentic records, a people have dwelt in Transylvania, who knew nothing beyond the deep valleys in which they lived; they held no intercourse with the rest of the world, or even with their neighbors, the other inhabitants of the country; and they formed as many little separate republics as there were valleys. Each clan had, and even still has, its chief, who generally fills, also, the functions of judge and priest. In the morning and the evening they have public prayers; but, although like their lords, they belong to the reformed religion, they have no one among them specially intrusted with the cure of souls. When they marry their daughters, they make great ceremony and feasting, to which all comers are welcome. On these occasions, too, they sometimes pay a visit to the lord of the valley, that he may share in their simple rejoicing; but, at other times, they are shy of strangers, and few of them wander far beyond their native place. The agent, or the lord himself, usually visits them once a year; or, perhaps, more frequently the patriarch of the tribe goes to the lord and tells him of the number of his cattle, and of their increase, of what must be sold and what must be kept. Certain of the peasants leave the depths of their valley toward the end of summer, and drive their flocks and herds into Wallachia, along the banks of the mighty Danube. Here are found immense forests; and here, in spite of winter, the sheep may glean fresh and

plentiful pasturage. The owners of the woods are paid, in return, a certain sum yearly. In the spring, merchants and cattle-dealers come down from Constantinople, who buy their sheep and goats; and it is to this sale that the lords of Transylvania look for the greatest part of their incomes.

Immediately after the shepherds have effected a sale, they dispatch a messenger to their lord who, in his turn, sends a trusty servant to receive the money. There are no bankers, no bills, no checks, no first and second of exchange, no post-office orders; the purchases are paid for in solid and very dirty silver, and it is carried through floods, rain, wind, and weather, to the lord with pastoral honesty and simplicity. All takes place with a good faith and punctuality, and an earnestness of purpose very touching to witness.

Besides this source of revenue, no sooner have the flocks and herds returned to the valley, than the lord sends in wagons to return laden with cheese, the produce of the year. These cheeses are some of them formed like loaves; and some, the most delicate, are pressed into the skins of young lambs, carefully prepared for the purpose by some primitive art. The third, and remaining portion, of a Transylvanian gentleman's income is derived from wool, which is as faithfully and punctually delivered to him as his cheeses, or the cash for his flocks.

There is neither corn nor wine in these valleys, and the dwellers in them live chiefly on a kind of thin paste and a fermented drink, in both of which the milk of sheep forms a very important ingredient. Sometimes they regale themselves with a lamb or a kid; but this is a rare festival. They make their own garments from the wool of their flocks, which they fashion into coarse thick cloths, mighty against snow, and rain, and sun, and wind, but not pretty. Their caps, too, are made of wool; and, with long, shaggy tufts hanging to them, look like weird, uncouth wigs. Their women and children are clothed in the same way, and all live together in caves cut in the mountain side, or formed by nature in the solid rocks.

I paid some of these people a visit, and found, in one of these cavern houses, an Englishman's hat and umbrella. These things interested me, because their possessors had a legend that they had been received from a demon, and I could not help fancying it more likely that they had belonged to some luckless wight, who might have wandered thither and been lost. Into the hat they had forced a cheese; but I fancied I detected a sort of superstitious reverence for the umbrella, and they evidently looked upon its mechanism with great wonder and respect. They asked eagerly for information upon the mysterious subject, and, after I had explained it (which I am now almost sorry I did), I fancy they looked upon me as we, in England, looked upon people who had a tendency for explaining things in the middle ages—as an unbeliever, a student in dark arts, a magician, in league with the Evil One. But I had an object to answer, and I entered into negotiations for getting the cheese out of the hat, and offered, what Mr. Trapbois calls a "con-si-de-ra-tion," to be allowed to examine both hat and umbrella nearer, to see if I could find any mark or initials, giving a clue to their former owner. For a long time my efforts were useless; the cheese in the hat was intended for the lord, and they were afraid of offending the umbrella by allowing me to take any liberty with it; but a good-temper, and a cheery way, gets on wonderfully with simple folk, and at length they listened to my wish, but refused my gift. I could not, however, find any thing to reward my search.

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On returning to Vienna the mystery was cleared up. It appears, that an English traveler making a tour in those parts on foot, had been overtaken by a gaunt man in a strange costume. The uncouth figure addressed him in an unknown tongue; and all presence of mind, for a moment, deserted him. Without pausing to reflect if the greeting were friendly or hostile, he thought to conciliate his gigantic acquaintance (having no money about him) by offering the only things he could dispose of; so, taking off his hat, and resigning his umbrella with it into the hands stretched out in wonder to receive them, the English traveler took to his heels.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE BARDI.

A TRUE OLD TALE.

The Via Dei Bardi is one of the most ancient streets of Florence. Long, dark, and narrow, it reaches from the extremity of the Ponte Rubaconte to the right of the Ponte Vecchio. Its old houses look decayed and squalid now; but in former days they were magnificent and orderly, full of all the state of those times, being the residences of many of the Florentine nobility. How many struggles of faction, how many scenes of civil war, have these old houses witnessed! for in the period of their splendor, Florence was torn by intestine feuds; from generation to generation, Guelfs and Ghibelines, Bianchi, and Neri, handed down their bitter quarrels, private and personal animosity mingling with public or party spirit, and ending in many a dark and violent deed. These combatants are all sleeping now: the patriot, the banished citizen, the timid, the cruel—all, all are gone, and have left us only tales to read, or lessons to learn if we can but use them. But we are not skilled to teach a lesson; we would rather tell a legend of those times, recalled to mind, especially at present, because it has been chosen as the subject of a fine picture recently finished by a Florentine artist, Benedetto Servolini.

In the Via dei Bardi stood, probably still stands, the house inhabited by the chief of the great and noble family from whom it takes its name—we write of the period of the fiercest struggles between the Guelfs and Ghibelines; and the Bardi were powerful partisans of the latter party. In

that house dwelt a young girl of uncommon beauty, and yet more uncommon character. An old writer thus describes her: "To look on her was enchantment; her eyes called you to love her; her smile was like heaven; if you heard her speak, you were conquered. Her whole person was a miracle of beauty, and her deportment had a certain maidenly pride, springing from a pure heart and conscious integrity."

From the troubled scenes she had witnessed, her mind had acquired composure and courage unusual with her sex, and it was of that high stamp that is prone to admire with enthusiasm all generous and self-devoting deeds. Such a being, however apt to inspire love, was not likely to be easily won; accordingly, the crowd of lovers who at first surrounded Dianora gradually dropped off, for they gained no favor. All were received with the same bright and beautiful smile, and a gay, charming grace, which flattered no man's vanity; so they carried their homage to other shrines where it might be more prized, though by an inferior idol. And what felt Dianora when her votaries left her? We are not told; but not long after, you might see, if you walked along the street of the Bardi toward evening, a beautiful woman sitting near a balcony: a frame of embroidery is before her; but her eyes are oftener turned to the street than to the lilies she is working. It is Dianora. But surely it is not idle curiosity that bends her noble brow so often this way, and beams in her bright, speaking eyes, and sweet, kind smile. On whom is it turned, and why does her cheek flush so quickly? A youth of graceful and manly appearance is passing her window; his name is Hyppolito: he has long cherished the image of Dianora as Dante did that of his Beatrice. In loving her, he loved more ardently every thing that is good and noble in the world; he shunned folly and idleness, and strove to make himself worthy of what he believed Dianora to be. At length, one of Cupid's emissaries—whether nurse or friend the chronicle does not tell—aided Hyppolito in meeting Dianora. One meeting succeeded another, till she gave him her heart, as such a true, young heart is given, with entire confidence, and a strength of feeling peculiar to herself. But what could they hope? Hyppolito's family were of the opposite party, and they knew it was vain to expect from them even a patient hearing; nor were the Bardi behind in proper feelings of hatred. What was to be done? There was but one Dianora—but one Hyppolito in the world; so have many wise young people thought of each other both before and since the days of the Ghibelines; but these two might be excused for thinking so, for many who saw them were of the same opinion. To part—what was the world to them if they were parted? Their station, their years, their tastes—so removed from noisy and frivolous pleasures—their virtuous characters, seemed to point out that they were born for each other. What divided them? One only point the adverse political feelings of their families. Shall they sacrifice themselves to these? No. Thus reasoned Hyppolito; but we think the chronicles exaggerate the virtues of Dianora's character; for how many a girl unchronicled by fame has, before the still tribunal of her own sense of duty to God and her parents, sacrificed her dearest hopes rather than offend them; and this, with all her heroism, Dianora did not, but gave up all these dear early claims for her new love.

Delays were needless, for time could do nothing to smooth their path; so it was determined that Hyppolito should bring a ladder to Dianora's window, and, aided by their friend, they should find their way to a priest prepared to give them his blessing. The night appointed came—still and beautiful as heart could wish; the stars sparkling in the deep blue sky, bright as they may now be seen in that fair clime. Hyppolito has reached the house; he has fixed the ladder of ropes; there is no moon to betray him; in a minute, his light step will have reached the balcony. But there is a noise in the street, and lights approaching; the night-guard is passing; they have seen the ladder, for the street is narrow. Hyppolito is down, and tries to escape—in vain. They seize and drag him to prison. What was he doing there? What can he reply? That he meant to enter the house, to carry something from it, or commit some bad deed, can not be denied. He will not betray Dianora; it would only be to separate them forever, and leave her with a stained name. He yields to his fate; the proofs are irresistible, and, by the severe law of Florence at that period, Hyppolito must die. All Florence is in amazement. So estimable a youth, to all outward appearance, to be in reality addicted to the basest crimes! Who could have believed it? But he confesses; there is no room for doubt. Pardon is implored by his afflicted friends; but no pardon can be granted for so flagrant a crime.

Hyppolito had one consolation—his father never doubted him; if he had, one glance of his son's clear, though sad eye, and candid, open brow, would have reassured him. He saw there was a mystery, but he was sure it involved no guilt on Hyppolito's part. Hyppolito also believed that his good name would one day be cleared, and that his noble Dianora would in due time remove the stain that clouded it. He consented to die, rather than live separated from her. Yet poor Hyppolito was sorry to leave the world so young; and sadly, though calmly, he arranged his small possessions, for the benefit of those he loved, and of the poor, to whom he had always been a friend.

He slept quietly the night preceding the time fixed for his execution, and was early ready to take his place in the sad procession. Did no thought cross Hyppolito's clear mind, that he was throwing away, in weak passion, a life given to him by God for noble ends? We know not; but there he was—calm, firm, and serious. His only request was, that the procession might pass through the street of the Bardi, which some thought was a sign of penitence, an act of humiliation. The sad train moves on. An old man sitting at a door rises, strains his eyes to catch a last glimpse of Hyppolito, and then covers them in anguish, and sinks down again. This is an old man he had saved from misery and death. Two youths, hand-in-hand, are gazing with sad faces, and tears run down their cheeks. They are orphans: he had clothed and fed them. Hyppolito sees them, and even in that moment remembers it is he who deprives them of a protector: but it is too late to think now; for he is approaching the scene of his fault and the place of his punishment,

and other feelings swell in his heart. His brows are contracted; his eyes bent on the house of the Bardi, as if they would pierce the stones of its walls; and now they are cast down, as though he would raise them no more on earth. But he starts, for he hears a loud shriek, a rushing, and an opening of the crowd: they seem to be awed by something that approaches. It is a woman, whose violent gestures defy opposition; she looks like a maniac just escaped from her keepers; she has reached Hyppolito; his fettered arms move as if they would receive her, but in vain. She turns to the crowd, and some among them recognize the modest and beautiful daughter of Bardi. She calls out: "He is innocent of every crime but having loved me. To save me from shame, he has borne all this disgrace. And he is going to death; but you can not kill him now. I tell you he is guiltless; and if he dies, I die with him."

The people stand amazed. At last there is a shout: "It must be true! he is innocent!" The execution is stopped til the truth is ascertained, and Dianora's statement is fully confirmed. And who shall paint the return from death to life of poor Hyppolito? and to such a life! for blazoned as the story of her love had been, Dianora's parents, considering also her firm character, subjected even the spirit of party to the voice of affection and reason; and Hyppolito's family, softened by sorrow, gladly embraced their Ghibelline daughter. Whether in after-life Hyppolito and Dianora were distinguished by the qualities they had shown in youth, and whether the promise of affection was realized by time and intimate acquaintance, no chronicle remains to tell. This short glimpse of both is all that is snatched from oblivion—this alone stands out in bright relief, to show us they once were; the rest is lost in the darkness of time.

The moment chosen by the artist is when Dianora rushes from her house into the midst of the crowd, and reaches Hyppolito, surrounded by priests and soldiers. It is easy to see to what a varied expression of passion and action this point of the story gives rise.

A CURIOSITY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The crustacean class of animals, of which the lobster, crab, and shrimp are familiar examples, have this peculiarity of structure—that their soft bodies are inclosed within a coat-of-mail formed of carbonate and phosphate of lime. In fact, they carry their skeleton outside their bodies, both for defense of the vital parts within, and for the attachment of the muscles which move their limbs, and every part of their frame. No warrior of old was ever more completely enveloped in his hard coat-of-mail, with its jointed greaves and overlapping scales, than is the lobster in its crustaceous covering; with this exception, that the warrior could at pleasure unbuckle himself from his armor, whereas the body and limbs of the crustacea are completely incased in hollow cylinders, firmly and accurately jointed, from which there is no such ready release. Now, as this shelly integument envelops them from their earliest youth, and as it does not expand and grow, the natural growth of the soft body beneath would be entirely prevented did not nature supply a remedy of a very curious kind—the exuviation, or periodical throwing off of the external crust, and the formation of a larger shell-covering fitted for the increasing growth of the animal. This is a circumstance which has long been familiar to naturalists, and indeed the most ordinary observer must have often remarked in the crabs and lobsters brought to table, appearances indicative of their change of external coverings. In the back of the edible crab, may often be noticed a red membrane lining the inner side of the shell, but so loose as to be readily detached. Along the greater part of its course this membrane has already assumed a half-crustaceous consistence, and is just the preparatory process to the old shell being thrown off by the animal. There is another curious circumstance which has also been long known—that crabs and lobsters can renew lost limbs. Some misconception, however, had existed regarding the manner in which this was effected, until the observations of the late Sir John Dalzell have thrown more accurate light upon the subject.

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This most amiable and eminent zoologist, who was lost to science last year, afforded a pleasing illustration of the solace and delight which the pursuit of the study of nature yields to the diligent inquirer into her mysteries. With a feeble constitution and frame of body, which precluded his mingling in the more active pursuits of every day life, this sedentary philosopher collected around him examples of minute and curious being from the depths of the ocean, from lake and river, and for many long years found the delight of his leisure hours in watching the habits of the animals, and in discovering and describing many singular circumstances in the constitution of their bodies, and the peculiar adaptations of their structure and instincts to their modes of existence. One of his last communications to the public, imparted with all the modesty and simplicity of true genius, at the last meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh, was on this subject of the exuviation of the crustacea.

It appears from Sir John's observations that crustaceans begin to throw off their shells at a very early period of their life, even in that embryo state in which they first appear after having left the egg, and before they have yet assumed that real form of their mature state. During every successive exuviation in this embryo state they assume more and more of their perfect and established form. While the crab is young and rapidly growing, frequent exuviations take place at short intervals, from three to five times in the course of one year. Previous to the change, the animal almost ceases to feed, and becomes rather inactive; the proper time having at length arrived, exuviation is effected in the course of a few hours, body and limbs being alike relieved from their hard covering. Until the new shell acquires firmness and strength, the creature is very shy, and in the state of nature, retires into cavities below rocks or heaps of protecting sea-weed.

Sir John had kept for some time one of our smaller species of shore-crabs (*Carcinus monas*), of medium size, of a brown color, with one white limb. One summer evening it was put outside the window in a capacious glass-vessel of sea-water. In the morning a form exactly resembling its own, only somewhat larger, lay in the vessel. This was the same animal, which had performed exuviation, and extricated itself from the old shell during the night. The resemblance between both forms was complete—every thing was the same, even the white limb was seen in both. Another specimen kept was of smaller size, the opposite extremities of the limbs being only thirteen lines asunder; its color was green, with three white patches on the back. In the course of little more than a year five exuviations took place at irregular intervals, the new shell and animal becoming larger each time. The third shell came on uniformly green, the white spots being entirely obliterated. On the fourth exuviation, the limbs expanded two inches and a half. From the long slender form of the limbs of crustacea, they are very liable to mutilation. Crabs are also a very pugnacious family, and in their battles limbs are often snapped off. These mutilations, however, are readily repaired; although, contrary to what was the common belief, the restoration takes place only at the next regular period of exuviation.

The full-grown common crab (*Cancer pagurus*) is of a reddish-brown color, the claws tipped black; but some of the young are naturally of the purest white, which remains long unsullied. This does not arise from confinement, which, according to Sir John, has no influence on color. "A young white specimen of the common crab was subjected to observation on 29th September. The body might have been circumscribed in a circle three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and the extended limbs by one and a half inch in diameter. Its first exuviation ensued on 8th November, the second on the 30th of April following, and the shell then produced subsisted till 12th September, when another exuviation took place, introducing a new shell of such transparent white that the interior almost shone through it. All the shells were white, and increased somewhat in size successively. This last shell of 12th September subsisted until 29th March, being 197 days, when it was thrown off during another exuviation."

But what was remarkable, the animal now had only the two large claws, the other eight limbs were deficient. "Resting on its breast as it was, I did not at first discover the fact, that the creature presented a strange and very uncouth aspect. However, it fed readily, and proved very tame, though helpless; often falling on its back, and not being able to recover itself from the deficiency of its limbs. I preserved this mutilated object with uncommon care, watching it almost incessantly day and night: expecting another exuviation which might be attended with interesting consequences, I felt much anxiety for its survivance. My solicitude was not vain. After the defective shell had subsisted eighty-six days, its tenant meantime feeding readily, the desired event took place in a new exuviation on 23d June. On this occasion a new animal came forth, and in the highest perfection, quite entire and symmetrical, with all the ten limbs peculiar to its race, and of the purest and most beautiful white. I could not contemplate such a specimen of nature's energies restoring perfection, and through a process so extraordinary, without admiration. Something yet remained to be established: was this perfection permanent, or was it only temporary? Like its precursor, this specimen was quite tame, healthy and vigorous. In 102 days it underwent exuviation, when it appeared again, perfect as before, with a shell of snowy white, and little red speckling on the limbs. Finally, its shell having subsisted 189 days, was succeeded by another of equal beauty and perfection, the speckling on the legs somewhat increased. As all the shells had gradually augmented, so was this larger than the others. The extended limbs would have occupied a circle of four inches diameter. About a month after this exuviation the animal perished accidentally, having been two years and eight months under examination. It was an interesting specimen, extremely tame and tranquil, always coming to the side of the vessel as I approached, and holding up its little claws as if supplicating food."

The shrimp when in confinement becomes very tame, and readily exuviates. The process is frequent, the integument separates entire, and is almost colorless. In female crustaceans the roe is placed outside the shell to which it adheres. During the period of such adherence, the female crab, so far as observation goes, does not change its shell—a marked provision of nature to preserve the spawn.

We may remark that other classes of animals exuviate in a similar manner to the crustaceans. Thus serpents throw off in entire masses their scaly coverings, even a slough from the eyes; and various insects in their larva state are continually throwing off and renewing their skins.

FROM GOLD TO GRAY.

Golden curls, profusely shed
O'er the lovely childish head—
Sunshine, caught from summer skies,
Surely here entangled lies:
Tossing to the light winds free,
Radiant clusters, what are ye?

Types of Time that ripples now
In bright wavelets o'er the brow—
Of the hopes and feelings blest
Dancing in the guileless breast,

Beautiful in their unrest:
Sparkling joys and willing faith
Rising to love's lightest breath;—
Of the future, seeming fair,
That may darken with the hair.

What are ye, dark waving bands
That, beneath the maiden's hands,
Sweep around her graceful head?
Fold o'er fold of changeful shade
Touch the cheek's contrasted bloom
With the poetry of gloom.

Offerings for a lover's eye;
Emblems of Love's witchery,
Round her heart that richly lies—
Shadows, while it beautifies;
Keepsakes Love delights to give.
Did each friend one tress receive,
Every shining tress were lost,
For the maiden had a host.
Ay! but trouble, stories say,
Locks as rich hath worn away.
What of this? But *friends* grew spare
As the scant and falling hair!

Wherefore send your pallid ray,
Streaks of cold, untimely gray,
Through the locks whose burnish'd hue
Hath but seen of years a few?
Autumn leaves on summer trees
Were less sorrowful than these.

Portions of life's travel-soil;
Footprints left by Grief and Toil;
Relics, too, of watchings late,
When one curl was too much weight
On the hot brows, bending o'er
Some grave book of ancient lore.
'Tis the mourning Nature wears
For the hopes of younger years;
And the scorching breath of care
Thus can fade the brightest hair.

Hail to thee, thou glistening snow!
Full of placid beauty, flow
O'er the furrowed brows that bear
Life's long story, written fair.
'Tis the white foam, cast aside
After Time's receding tide.

Yea, and pleasant types are ye
Of each moonlight memory;
Shining from his far-off prime
To the old man's evening time.
More—ye are reflections shed
From the heaven above his head;
Pale, but still assuring ray,
Of his nearly risen day.
Mortal! may thy hoary hair
E'en such glorious meaning bear,
That its silver threads may be
Messengers of light to thee!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

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THE UNITED STATES.

The increased activity of political parties has to some extent supplied the place of the usual interest in public affairs, though it has added little to the record of the events of the month. The meeting of the Democratic Convention for the nomination of candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, has been fixed for the 1st of June, at Baltimore. A meeting of the Whig members

of Congress was held at the capital on the 20th of April, to make similar arrangements for the Whig Convention. Senator Mangum, pursuant to a previous election, presided. Resolutions were offered by Mr. Marshall of Kentucky, declaring that the Whig party would maintain the finality of the Compromise Measures. Mr. Stanley of N. C. objected that they were out of order, the meeting having been called for the sole purpose of fixing a time and place for the National Convention. The Chair sustained the objection, and ruled the resolutions out of order. An appeal was taken, and after an animated debate the decision of the Chair was sustained by a vote of 46 to 18. Ten of the Southern Whigs then withdrew. A resolution had been previously adopted calling the National Convention at Baltimore, on the 16th of June. The Southern Whigs who withdrew from the meeting have since published an Address, in which they seek to vindicate their course, on the ground that the decision of Senator Mangum was improper, and that the action they took was necessary to the vindication of Southern rights. They deny that they have any wish to divide or disturb the Whig party, but assert that they can not sustain any candidate, except with the distinct avowal that he is in favor of the Compromise Measures. They express a hope that such ground will be taken at the Whig National Convention.

The debates of Congress have been of considerable interest. In the *Senate* the resolutions on the subject of Non-intervention have been further discussed, but no vote has been taken upon them. On the 5th of April, Senator Mason of Va. spoke against any declaration upon the subject by the Government of the United States, upon the ground that it would be a violation of the policy of neutrality which the country has always adopted and would tend to involve us in the wars of Europe. On the 13th, Senator Bell spoke upon the subject—saying that he attached very little importance to the resolutions, inasmuch as in his judgment their adoption would have no effect upon European affairs. But the present state of Europe involved considerations of great importance in regard to the United States, and to these his speech was wholly devoted. He referred to the condition of the several countries of Europe, to show that absolute power has become more firmly established than ever, and he ascribed this fact to the fears inspired by the movements of Socialists and fanatical reformers. He thought there was great reason to believe that when the Absolute powers of Europe shall have firmly established their authority at home, they will turn their united arms against the United States, and gave at length his reasons for this apprehension. In any such contest he thought England would become the enemy instead of the ally of this country. Any new disturbance in Europe, he thought, would inevitably involve the United States, as opportunities would be constantly sought to bring them into the contest. The reception already given to Kossuth was as marked an insult to Austria and Russia as one nation could possibly give to another. From these various considerations, he urged the duty of immediately putting our national defenses in such a condition as should enable us to defy the hostility of the world. We ought at once to attend to our financial system, to establish an overland communication with the Pacific, to take measures to secure a revenue in case of war and the consequent stoppage of foreign trade, to allay all sectional strife, and to make very large additions to our military marine. He expressed deep regret that while the future seemed so full of danger, the whole attention of the country should be so absorbed in the strife of contending parties. — On the 6th of April, a petition was presented from Mr. Henry O'Reilley, asking the protection of the Government, by the establishment of military posts, for the establishment of a line of telegraph from the Mississippi to the Pacific. Detached posts of twenty men, at points twenty miles apart, would be quite sufficient. --- A communication was also received from the Secretary of the Navy, in reply to a resolution of the Senate, stating that a reconnoissance of the Chinese Seas could be conducted by the American vessels already in the service, at small expense, and to the obvious promotion of important public interests. — An amendment to the apportionment bill, fixing the number of members of the House of Representatives at 234, in order to give California one more member, was adopted in the Senate on the 8th, by a vote of 23 to 15. — On the 14th, a bill granting to the State of Ohio the unsold and the unappropriated public lands within her limits, was ordered to be engrossed, by a vote of 28 to 13. — On the 19th, Senator Gwin introduced a bill to establish a monthly mail between Shanghai, China, and San Francisco, by way of the Sandwich Islands. — A bill which has excited a good deal of interest, making an appropriation of five millions of dollars for the payment of French Spoliation claims, was passed by a vote of 26 to 13. These claims have been pressed upon the attention of Congress for many years. — A bill to supply deficiencies in the appropriations for government service during the last year, having been several days under consideration, Senator Seward on the 27th, spoke in favor of inserting a clause granting further aid to the Collins line of steamers between New York and Liverpool. Under the existing contract with the Government these steamers are to make twenty voyages, out and back, annually, for which they are to receive \$380,000—which is about \$19,000 for each voyage. It is proposed to increase the number of trips to 26, and the pay to \$33,000 each. Mr. Seward urged the passage of the bill mainly on the ground that the maintenance of this line of steamers is essential to the retention by the United States of the commercial supremacy they have already gained. He gave somewhat in detail a sketch of the measures taken by England to secure the control of the seas, and insisted upon the policy of our continuing the effort to gain for ourselves our share of the postal communication of the world, in which we have hitherto been so successful. No vote upon the subject had been taken when our Record closed.

In the *House of Representatives* discussion has mainly turned upon the partisan preparations for the Presidential election. On the 5th of April, Mr. Jackson of Georgia called up a resolution he had offered a fortnight before, upon the subject of the Compromise Measures. It was as follows:

"*Resolved*, That we recognize the binding efficacy of the Compromises of the Constitution—and we believe it to be the determination of the people generally, as we hereby declare it to be ours

individually, to abide by such Compromises, and to sustain the laws necessary to carry them out—the provision for the delivery of fugitive slaves, and the act of the last Congress for that purpose, included; and that we deprecate all further agitation of the questions growing out of that act of the last Congress, known as the Compromise Act—and, of questions generally connected with the institution of slavery, as useless and dangerous."

To this resolution Mr. Hillyer, also of Georgia, offered the following as an addition:

"*Resolved*, That the series of acts passed during the first session of the thirty-first Congress, known as Compromises, are regarded as a final adjustment, and a permanent settlement of the questions therein embraced, and should be maintained and executed as such."

Upon the latter the vote stood, ayes 103, noes 74. The first resolution was then also adopted by a vote of 101 to 74—divided as follows:

YEAS.			
Northern Whigs	7	Northern Democrats	35
Southern Whigs	20	Southern Democrats	39
Whigs	27	Democrats	74
Total			101.
NAYS.			
Northern Whigs	29	Northern Democrats	21
Southern Whigs	1	Southern Democrats	10
Whigs	30	Democrats	31
Free-Soilers	3	Total	64

The bill in regard to naval discipline and the one giving a lot of the public lands to each actual settler, have been debated from day to day, but without result. Warm political discussions in regard to Presidential platforms and candidates have been held, while the last bill has been before the House, but they have been too exclusively of personal and temporary interest to merit notice here.

The letter of instructions from the Secretary of State to Com. Aulick, in regard to the Japanese Expedition, has been published. Mr. Webster states that in the opinion of the government, steps should be at once taken to enable our merchants to supply the last link in that great chain of oceanic steam navigation which unites all the nations of the world, by the establishment of a line of steamers between California and China. To facilitate this endeavor, it is desirable that we should obtain, from the Emperor of Japan permission to purchase from his subjects supplies of coal which our steamers may require. The interests of our commerce require that we should make one more effort to obtain from the Japanese Emperor the right of thus purchasing, "not the manufactures of his artisans, or the results of the toil of his husbandmen—but a gift of Providence, deposited by the Creator of all things, in the depth of the Japanese Islands, for the benefit of the human family." Mr. Webster therefore incloses to Commodore Aulick, a letter from the President to the Emperor, which he is to carry to Jeddo, the capital of Japan, in his flag-ship, accompanied by as many vessels under his command as may conveniently be employed in the service. He is also to take with him a number of shipwrecked Japanese sailors recently picked up at sea by an American bark, and to deliver them over to the Emperor, with the assurance that the American government will always treat with kindness, any of the natives of Japan whom misfortune may bring to the shores of the United States, and that it expects similar treatment of such of its own citizens as may be driven on the coasts of Japan. The Commodore is instructed, if possible, to secure one of the eastern ports of Nippon for purchasing supplies of coal; but if this can not be done, it is suggested that the government may be willing to transport the coal by their own vessels to some neighboring island, whence it may be procured by the American steamers. He is also to impress upon the authorities that the American government has no power over the religion of its own citizens, and that there is, therefore, no cause to apprehend that it will seek to interfere with the religion of other countries. He is empowered to sign a treaty of amity and commerce, and is advised to fix the period for the exchange of ratifications at three years. The expedition promises to be one of no inconsiderable interest and importance.

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The New York Legislature adjourned on the 16th of April, after a session of a hundred days, the limit of the term during which, according to the Constitution, the members can draw pay for their services. The most important act of the session was a bill confirming the contracts made under the law of 1851, for the completion of the State canals. Doubt had been thrown upon their validity from the fact that they had not been formally approved by the Canal Board, although they were made under its direction. This law obviates that objection. Their validity is now contested on the ground that the law of 1851 is unconstitutional. The question has been ably argued before the Court of Appeals, but the decision has not yet been pronounced. — A bill forbidding the sale of intoxicating drinks within the limits of the State was lost in the Assembly, the vote standing yeas 45, nays 69.

A Whig State Convention in *Virginia* was held at Richmond on the 19th of April, at which resolutions were adopted endorsing the Compromise measures, approving of the Administration of President Fillmore, and expressing their preference for him as a candidate over all others named—desiring an equitable division of the public lands among all the States—sustaining a moderate protective tariff, and appropriations for internal improvement, and declaring in favor of maintaining the policy adopted by Washington for the guidance of our foreign relations. Delegates were appointed from all the Districts to the Whig National Convention.

A State Election was held in Connecticut during the month, which resulted in the election of Seymour, Democrat, Governor, by a majority of 459. He received 31,574 votes: Kendrick, Whig, 28,312; Scattering, 2803. In the Senate are 15 Democrats and 5 Whigs: in the House the Democratic majority is 41. — In Rhode Island, the election resulted in the success of Philip Allen, Democratic candidate, for Governor, by about 400 majority: S. G. Arnold, Whig, has been chosen Lieutenant-Governor. In the House there have been 41 Whigs and 28 Democrats elected; three vacancies to fill. In the Senate, 16 Whigs and 13 Democrats have been chosen, and there are two seats vacant.

Mr. WEBSTER has written a letter to G. A. Travenner, Esq., of Virginia, in reply to inquiries as to the proceedings in Congress on the resolution of Mr. Jackson, noticed under our Congressional summary. Mr. Webster reiterates his own entire approbation of the Compromise measures, as necessary and expedient, and of the Fugitive Slave Law, as "entirely constitutional, highly proper, and absolutely essential to the peace of the country." He thinks that the public mind, both North and South, will eventually come right upon this subject, and does not believe that further agitation can make any considerable progress in the North. He had noticed with regret the proceedings in Congress referred to, and in regard to them, he had only to say, "that gentlemen may not think it necessary or proper that they should be called upon to affirm by resolution that which is already the existing law of the land." He did not believe that any positive movement, to repeal or alter any or all the Compromise measures, would meet with any general encouragement or support. At all events, he adds, "my own sentiments remain, and are likely to remain, quite unchanged. I am in favor of upholding the Constitution in the general, and all its particulars. I am in favor of respecting its authority and obeying its injunctions; and to the end of life shall do all in my power to fulfill, honestly and faithfully, all its provisions. I look upon the Compromise measures as a proper, fair, and final adjustment of the questions to which they relate, and no re-agitation of those questions, no new opening of them, will ever receive from me the least countenance or support, concurrence or approval, at any time, or under any circumstances."

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A meeting of the Whig members of the New York Legislature was held at the capital on the 7th, at which resolutions were passed expressing a preference for General Scott as Whig candidate for the Presidency, by a vote of 50 yeas and 1 nay. — The birthday of Henry Clay was celebrated by a public dinner at New York. Senator Jones of Tennessee was present, and made the principal speech. — The Whigs of North Carolina met in State Convention on the 19th of April, and adopted resolutions expressing a decided preference for Mr. Fillmore as candidate for the Presidency, but avowing their willingness to support any nominee of the National Convention who was "beyond doubt in favor of sustaining the Compromise measures." They also opposed the doctrine of intervention, and disapproved the action of Congress by which so large a portion of the public lands is given to new States, or to railroad companies.

Very heavy floods have been experienced in various parts of the country. At Pittsburgh, on the 19th of April, the water in the Ohio began to rise, and on the 21st it had risen thirty feet—submerging a large portion of the lower parts of the city and adjoining villages. Seven lives were reported to have been lost, and property to the amount of very nearly half a million of dollars had been destroyed. Great damage was also done to the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. In Western Virginia and Maryland, in parts of Ohio, and in Central Massachusetts, there have been very extensive and destructive freshets. — The month has been marked by numerous and disastrous steam-boat explosions and casualties at sea. The steamer *Saluda*, bound for Council Bluffs, burst her boilers at Lexington, Mo., on the 9th of April, and nearly one hundred lives were lost. All her officers, except the first clerk and mate, were killed; many of her passengers were Mormon emigrants, on their way to the Great Salt Lake.—The *Glencoe* burst two of her boilers on the 2d, while attempting to effect a landing at St. Louis, and being driven into the stream by the force of the explosion, immediately took fire. The number of persons killed and missing was sixty-five, and thirty-five more were severely wounded. She had just arrived from New Orleans, and had about a hundred and fifty passengers on board.—On the 3d, the steamer *Redstone*, from Madison, Indiana, for Cincinnati, burst her boilers while backing out from a landing near Carrollton. Ten or twelve persons were killed.—The steamer *Independence*, from New Orleans, was wrecked on the bar of Matagorda Bay on the 26th of March, with a loss of seven lives.—The steamer *Prairie State*, at Pekin, Ill., on the 25th of March, collapsed her flues while leaving the wharf, scalding and wounding some twenty persons, mostly of the crew or deck passengers.—An English bark, the *Josepha*, from Bristol, went ashore on the 19th of April, off Provincetown, Mass., thirteen of her crew, with two persons who attempted to go from the shore to their rescue, perished.—The schooner *Trumlett*, of Nova Scotia, went ashore on Squam Beach, N. J., on the 28th, three persons being drowned; and the schooner *San Luis* was wrecked on the same beach on the 21st, with the loss of all on board.—This is a fearful list of disasters for a single month. — A letter from Mr. Clay has been published, stating that he had given Governor Kossuth no cause of offense by his remarks at their interview in Washington, and denying that the meeting could properly be considered private or confidential.

Governor Kossuth has returned from his Southern tour, and, having visited New Haven, Hartford, and Springfield, was at Boston at the date of our Record. He had a public reception from the Legislature, and on the 31st was honored by a Legislative banquet in Faneuil Hall. His speeches have been devoted to an exposition of the duty of nations to aid each other in their struggles for freedom, and to urging the claims of Hungary upon the people of the United States.

JOHN YOUNG, ex-Governor of the State of New-York, died in this City on the 30th of April, in his fiftieth year. He was born in Vermont in 1802, and removed to Livingston County, New York,

while very young. He was admitted to the bar in 1829, and was elected a Member of Assembly in 1830. In 1849 he was elected Member of Congress, and in 1844 went again to the Assembly, where he took a prominent part in promoting the call of a Convention to revise the State Constitution. In 1846 he was elected Governor, and was appointed to the office which he held at the date of his death by President Taylor in 1849. He was a man of great energy of character, of good intellectual faculties, and of amiable disposition and manners. Hon. Luther Bradish has been appointed to succeed him.

Professor B. B. EDWARDS, distinguished as a scholar and a divine, died on the 26th of April at Athens, Georgia, whither he had gone for his health. He was a native of Northampton, Mass., a graduate of Amherst College and Andover Theological Seminary, and first became known as Editor of the Quarterly Register and Biblical Repository. He subsequently became Professor of Biblical Interpretation and Literature at Andover, and conducted the Bibliotheca Sacra. He has also written several works of marked merit upon religious topics, as well as classical books intended for the use of students. He was a scholar of large acquirements, a most estimable man and a devoted Christian.

Gen. SOLOMON VAN RENSSLAER, of New York, distinguished in the last war with England, died at his residence near Albany on the 23d of April, at the age of 78.—Hon. JAMES A. MERIWETHER, of Georgia, died at his residence in that State on the 19th April. Although in the prime of life, he had been a prominent man in the State, and had filled many distinguished stations with credit to himself and honor to the State. He had filled the several offices of State Legislator, Representative in Congress, Judge of the Superior Court, and Speaker of the House of Representatives of Georgia, in all of which he evinced a high order of talent, and a zeal and energy of character which pre-eminently distinguished him among his associates.—Rev. Dr. ELIJAH HEDDING, the senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at Poughkeepsie, after a long and painful illness. He has been distinguished for over half a century for extensive learning, for great purity and simplicity of character, and the fervent admiration which he inspired in all who came within his influence.

From CALIFORNIA we have intelligence to the 5th of April. The aggregate shipments of gold at San Francisco, from the 1st of January to the 1st of April, amounted to \$7,710,932; and two or three millions more were sent out in steamers of the 2d and 5th of April. The Legislature was still in session. The bill allowing long contracts to be made for Coolie labor from China, and for calling a Convention to revise the State Constitution, were still pending. The prevalent floods had entirely subsided, and spring had fully opened. Great activity prevailed at the mines, and their returns continued to be large. New discoveries were constantly made, and every thing promised a season of remarkable success. It would be useless to attempt to give here any detailed notice of the several locations at which rich deposits have been recently found; but from the Nevada placers, the Southern mines, on the Yuba and Feather rivers and their branches, and in the Sonora region, the reports are all in the highest degree encouraging.—At San Francisco matters were quiet, the threatened action of the Vigilance Committee having thoroughly alarmed the rogues. At Mokelumne Hill a Mexican named Eslava was executed for robbery, under sentence of the Vigilance Committee. It is stated that great numbers of Chinese are on their way to California, and that over three thousand were already located in the country. They are industrious, peaceable, and generally successful. The projected establishment of a line of steamers between San Francisco and the coast of China can not fail to exert a most important influence on the affairs of Eastern Asia. The gentlemen attached to the Boundary Commission had left San Francisco for San Diego, preparatory to starting across the plains by the way of the Gila and the Rio Grande, with a view to the completion of their work. The winter in California has been very severe, and business of all kinds in the country districts has been obstructed by heavy falls of snow. Further Indian difficulties have occurred on the Klamath river. An Indian was shot at Happy Camp for stealing a knife, and, in revenge, a miner who was supposed to have killed him, was shot by the Indians. The whites soon after collected a large company, and on the 12th surrounded all the Indian lodges at the Indian ferry, and shot all the men, with several squaws, and destroyed the rancho. A similar scene occurred two miles above. About thirty or forty Indians were killed.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We have news from Honolulu to the 13th of March. An act has been passed by the Hawaiian Parliament admitting all flour, fish, coal, lumber, staves and heading from the United States, into the Islands free of all duty, provided the government of the United States will admit the sugar, syrup, molasses, and coffee of the Hawaiian Kingdom into all United States ports on the same terms. The volcano of Mauna Loa is in a state of renewed activity. The eruption is described as one of the finest ever witnessed. A jet of molten lava, a hundred feet in diameter, is hurled five hundred feet into the air, and on falling, sweeps its fiery course toward the sea. The stream has filled up ravines, and swept away forests. The altitude of the present eruption is about ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

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SOUTH AMERICA.

The news of the downfall of Rosas is fully confirmed, and the dethroned despot had reached Great Britain. We have further details of the decisive battle at Santos Lugares, which was far less bloody than was originally represented. Rosas had collected in the intrenched camp there about 20,000 men, of whom the great majority were entirely inefficient, and none were under proper

organization. The vanguard composed of 5000 men under General Pacheco was dispersed and driven back by Urquiza upon the intrenchments, and three days after, the whole army of Urquiza offered battle in front of the fortifications. The two armies were about equal in numbers—the attack being general throughout the whole line, which extended over six miles. Rosas, finding that there was very great disaffection among his own troops, seems to have abandoned the contest at an early stage, and to have sought personal safety in flight. He left the centre of his line, composed of picked infantry and artillery, under the command of Chilavert, a deserter from Urquiza's army, but a man of undaunted courage. This was the only part of Rosas' army which maintained the fight. When it was routed, Chilavert was taken prisoner and immediately shot as a deserter. The news of the result had been received with unusual satisfaction. One of the earliest acts of the new Government was to appoint new justices of the peace, both for Buenos Ayres and for the country districts. A general amnesty had been proclaimed. Decrees had been issued restoring to their owners, houses and other property which Rosas had confiscated. Passports, which Rosas had required for traveling from one part of Buenos Ayres to another, had been abolished. The property of Rosas had been declared to belong to the State. Public affairs wore an appearance of encouraging tranquillity.

From ECUADOR we have news of the progress of the invading force under Gen. Flores. He had reached the Island of Puna, in the river a few miles below the city of Guayaquil, and had taken possession of it. He had under his command a large man-of-war and three other vessels, transports, for conveying his troops. He had anchored off the island, waiting for expected reinforcements. The Government of Ecuador had a force of about 4000, with which it was preparing to resist his invasion. It had addressed a circular to all the representatives of foreign powers, threatening to treat as pirates all who should aid him. The pretext for his attack grows out of proceedings while he was President of Ecuador, an office which he held for two years. He then packed a convention, caused a new constitution to be adopted, and had himself proclaimed President for eight years longer. These proceedings caused a revolution which drove him out of the country, first making an agreement with the leaders of the revolution that they should pay him \$70,000 and an annual salary, with military pensions for his officers, as the condition of his leaving. The present Government does not feel bound to fulfill these stipulations, and has refused to pay him his salary. The ostensible object of his expedition is to enforce its payment; but its success would of course place the government in his hands. He has no party of adherents in the country. It is stated that the American ship *Lyons* had left Valparaiso with 350 men and large supplies of ammunition to join him.

MEXICO.

The Tehuantepec treaty with the United States has been rejected by the Mexican Congress. The details of this action, which can not fail to be considered as highly important to this country, have not reached us. — From the city of Mexico we have dates directly only to the 5th of March. The ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Spain, and the United States have addressed a remonstrance to the Mexican government against the unfairness of the custom-house regulations in Mexico. The Mexican Secretary has replied, that the matter is before Congress, and that it does not call for any interference on the part of foreign ministers. Tuspan has been made a port of entry. — A contract has been entered into by the King of Belgium and the Mexican Government, for transporting 50,000 Belgians to the interior of Mexico, where they are to receive lands to settle on, or work for Mexican landholders, on certain stipulated conditions. — A bill has been introduced into Congress repealing the stringent laws concerning foreigners, and imposing the penalty of banishment on any foreigner who may be judicially convicted of taking part in any revolutionary government, of having abused the liberty of the press, or of smuggling. At present foreigners may be expelled simply on suspicion, and without any judicial inquiry whatever. — A letter from Louis Napoleon, announcing the change in the government of France, to his "great and good friend," the President of the Mexican Republic, is published in the Mexican papers. ---- Complaints are constantly made against the Mexican authorities at Acapulco, of maltreatment of Americans, and insults to the American flag. Great numbers of emigrants to California have been driven into Acapulco by wreck and other causes, and they very frequently come into conflict with the local officers. Two or three instances are mentioned in which Americans have been imprisoned on the most frivolous pretexts, and the remonstrances of the U. S. consul treated with contempt.

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GREAT BRITAIN.

The news of the month from England, as from all parts of Europe, is unusually destitute of interest and importance. The new Ministers resist every endeavor to elicit from them any definite information as to the policy they intend to pursue. In the House of Commons repeated attempts have been made to procure some declaration of the intentions of Government upon the financial policy of the country, but without effect. Ministers avow their readiness to go to the people, but upon what issues they do not distinctly state. The Earl of Derby denies that there is any more necessity for settling the corn question now than there has been hitherto, but declares his readiness to meet it whenever it shall come up. Lord Brougham has introduced a bill to shorten the time within which Parliament may meet after a dissolution, fixing it at not less than thirty-five nor more than fifty days. The general expectation is that the dissolution will take place in July or August. Preparations, meantime, are made in various parts of the kingdom, for new elections, and no inconsiderable share of the public attention is absorbed in the various movements which these respective events involve. The new Ministers, who resigned their seats in Parliament upon

taking office, have all been re-elected without opposition by their previous constituencies, except Lord Naas, who has been succeeded in the county of Kildare by a staunch supporter of Free Trade. This result might seem like an indication of popularity on the part of the new Cabinet, but for the fact that eight of its members have been re-elected by constituencies numbering in the aggregate only 4,804 electors, which is only a fifth of the number represented by Lord John Russell, and an eighth of that represented by Mr. Cobden. In the House of Lords, on the 12th, Lord Lyndhurst protested warmly against the agitation which was carried on to force an early dissolution of Parliament, as injurious to the country; and he took occasion to pledge the new Ministry to carry out nearly all the measures of law reform of which the late administration had given notice. His assurances on this subject were pronounced satisfactory by Lord Brougham. On the 15th, Lord Beaumont asked Lord Derby to declare distinctly whether it was, or was not, the intention of the Government to recommend an alteration of the present policy in regard to the importation of corn, at the opening of the new Parliament. In reply, Lord Derby denied that there was any greater necessity for the solution of the free-trade question now than before the accession to power of the present Government. He thought that the appeal to the people should be made as speedily as was consistent with the great interests of the country, but said that "neither taunts, nor calumnies, nor mortifications would induce him to recommend a dissolution one moment sooner than he thought it expedient." He denounced the operations of the anti-corn-law league, and complained warmly of the attempts which recently had been made by Lord John Russell to organize an opposition to his government, and thus force a dissolution. He denied the right of Parliament to put, and declined to answer categorical questions as to the precise future course of the Government; but he would say that he would never attempt, by a mere majority of votes, to force upon the country a measure distasteful to the great body of the people. Similar questions in the House of Commons have been met by similar answers from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and other members of the Government. Mr. Disraeli announced the intention of Government to advise a dissolution so soon as measures deemed necessary for the security of the country should be passed. In a debate upon the Army Estimates, Lord John Russell contended very earnestly that it was unconstitutional and entirely unprecedented for a Government, which was notoriously in a minority in the House of Commons, to set up a claim to administer the affairs of the country for a period of many months, without any declaration of its policy, and without bringing forward any of the measures it had advocated while in opposition, and without an immediate appeal to the country. Subsequently Lord John said that the declarations of Lord Derby concerning the intended dissolution were so far satisfactory, that he should make no further opposition to immediate action upon necessary measures. — On the 5th of April, during an incidental discussion on the Austrian dispatches concerning political refugees in England, the Earl of Malmsbury declared that Great Britain would continue to be an asylum for all exiles who wished to avail themselves of it. In the Commons, a proposition to establish voting by ballot was rejected —there being in its favor 89 votes, and against it 244. On the 6th, in reply to inquiries, the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that Sir C. Hotham would immediately proceed to Rio Janeiro on a mission, in connection with a French ambassador, to place the commercial relations of France and England with the countries on the River Plate, on a more satisfactory footing.— Parliament adjourned over the Easter holidays until April 19th.

The usual Mansion House banquet, given on Easter Monday, was signaled by a speech from Lord Derby, in which he urged the great importance of the confidence of the country to any Ministry which hoped to administer its affairs with success. Mr. F. Peel, on the 12th, addressed a large meeting of the electors of Bury, in Lancashire, and took occasion to insist very strongly on the necessity of resisting to the utmost every attempt to restore high duties upon articles which, enter largely into the consumption of the masses of the people. Considerable importance has been attached to a declaration made by Sir R. Inglis, the new Solicitor-General for Scotland, who said, in a recent address to his constituents, that he was not prepared to vote for any measure calculated to promote mere class interests, at the expense of the general welfare of the country; and that while he was "very sensible of the great pressure under which agriculture was suffering, he was satisfied that the evil might be greatly lessened, if not removed, without the necessity of reimposing a tax on the people's food." — A most painful sensation has been produced by the wreck of the steam troop-ship Birkenhead, on her way to the Cape of Good Hope, on the night of the 26th of February, attended by an immense loss of life. In order to save distance, the captain had run very close in to shore; and at a few minutes past midnight, while running eight and a half knots an hour, off Point Danger, the steamer struck a sunken rock, which penetrated her bottom just aft the foremast, and in less than half an hour the steamer had thoroughly gone to pieces. Out of 638 persons on board, only 184 survived. The rush of water into the ship was so sudden that most of the men were drowned in their hammocks. The rest of the men were called upon deck, and marshaled under their proper officers. The cutter was launched with the women and children. The large boat in the centre of the ship could not be got at. Very soon after, the ship broke in two in the middle, and two or three hundred persons struggling upon drift wood in the water were all that remained. They were then a mile or two from the shore—the water between was full of sea-weed and sharks, and but few reached the land. Nine officers and 349 men perished. The good order and discipline maintained on board after the wreck are spoken of in the highest terms of admiration. Just as the vessel was going down, the commander called out for all that could swim to jump overboard and make for the boats. Two or three of the officers urged them not to do so, as it would inevitably swamp the boats, in which were the women and children: it is added that only three made the attempt. — Strenuous efforts are still made to prevent the Crystal Palace from being removed, but with slight prospects of success. On the 3d of April it was thrown open for a grand promenade, and was visited by over 80,000 people. A public meeting was subsequently held to urge upon Parliament the propriety of taking steps to preserve

it. — The penny subscription for a monument to Sir Robert Peel has been closed, and is found to have yielded over £1737, which has been placed in the hands of trustees. — A good deal of interest has been excited by the report that on the 20th of April, 1851, the captain, mate, and others on board the ship *Renovation*, on her way from Shields to Quebec, saw *two vessels* imbedded in a large iceberg, about thirty miles from Cape Race, the southern point of Newfoundland. The captain of the ship has not been heard from in regard to it; but two or three persons distinctly testify to having heard him relate the facts; while the mate, a sailor who was at the helm, and a passenger on board, concur in saying that they saw the ships. Mr. Simpson, the mate, examined them with a glass, and describes them as having been three-masted ships, with their masts struck and yards down, and all made snug. They were near each other—one upright, and the other with a slight inclination. The captain was sick at the time, and no pains were taken to examine the ships more closely. The Admiralty has pursued its inquiries into the accuracy of the statement, under the supposition that the vessels seen may have been the ships of Sir John Franklin; but no reliable conclusion can as yet be formed upon the subject. — A new and well-appointed searching Expedition, under Captain Belcher, set out for the Arctic Seas on the 15th of April.

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Very remarkable accounts reach England of the abundance of gold in Australia. According to a careful return, compiled from reliable sources, it is stated that from the 29th of September, the date of the discovery of the gold field, to the 17th of December, there had been taken out gold valued at £730,242. The papers report that the field seems to be unlimited—the indications of gold extending over scores of miles, and each new deposit apparently surpassing all others in richness.

FRANCE.

The opening of the new Senate and Legislative body took place on the 29th of March. In his speech on that occasion the President briefly rehearses the reasons which made his usurpation necessary, and cites the readiness with which the people have submitted to a temporary abridgment of their liberties as proof of their conviction that they had been abused. He says, with regard to the rumors that he intends to make himself Emperor, that he has had the opportunity to do so on three occasions if he had been so disposed, and he refers to his forbearance then as evidence of the falsehood of the reports. He declares that he is firmly resolved to maintain the government in its present form, unless the machinations of the disaffected shall compel him to claim greater powers. He repeats his assurances of peace, and declares that he will restore popular freedom and rights as rapidly as the security of the country will permit. — The ceremony of opening the chambers was brilliant and imposing. General Cavaignac refused to take his seat, as he could not take the oath required. Previous to the opening of the session the President issued a decree regulating the mode of doing business in the Senate, Council of State, and the Legislative Corps. No member of the latter can publish his speech without having obtained the authority of the Assembly, and any unauthorized publication subjects the offender to heavy fines. — It was generally supposed that fixing the budget, or making appropriations for the civil list, for the current year, would be left to the Legislature; but just before the meeting of that body the President established this also by a simple decree. The expenses of the year are estimated 1,503,398,861 francs—the receipts at 1,449,413,404. There are some extra resources from the reduction of interest on the national debt, from the Paris and Lyons railroad, and from the alienation of the national forests. The salaries of the Ministers are to be 100,000 francs a year, except the Minister of War and of Foreign Affairs, who will have each 130,000. The President's civil list has been fixed at twelve millions. — On the evening of April 4th, the highest judicial authorities of the state attended at the Elysée to take the oaths prescribed by the Constitution in presence of Louis Napoleon, who received them surrounded by his Ministers. A complimentary speech was made to him on behalf of the judges. In his reply the President used strong expressions concerning the basis of his right to the office he holds. He said: "Since the day on which the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people replaced that of divine right, it may be affirmed with truth that no government has been as legitimate as mine. In 1804, four millions of votes, in proclaiming the power to be *hereditary in my family*, designated me as heir to the empire. In 1848, nearly six millions called me to the head of the Republic. In 1851 nearly eight millions maintained me there. Consequently, in taking the oath to me, it is not merely to a man that you swear to be faithful, but to a principle—to a cause—to the national will itself." These expressions have been generally considered as indicative of hereditary imperial pretensions, to be made good at the earliest convenient opportunity. Public rumor, indeed, had assigned the 5th of May, the occasion of a grand review of troops, as the day when the Empire would be proclaimed. — A circular had been addressed by the Minister of the Interior to the prefects of the departments, concerning the organization of the new National Guard. Its chief peculiarities are that the Government is to determine the exact number of citizens which is to compose the service, and on what occasions they are to be called out; and that they are to be selected (by a special committee appointed by the Government in each district) from those persons between the ages of 25 and 50, who are best known for their devotedness to the cause of order, as understood by Louis Napoleon.

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A decree has appeared reconstituting the University of France. In accordance with its provisions MM. Michelet, Quinet, and Mickiewitz are deprived of their professorships. Both MM. Michelet and Quinet had been suspended by the Government of Louis Philippe, but it is only since the decree of the 9th of March that the Government has the power of depriving professors of their honorary rank. They are dismissed, asserts the Government, for having abused their chairs to infuse violent political sentiments into the minds of the rising youth, and for having converted

their lectures into violent Republican harangues. — The estates of Neuilly and Monceaux, formerly belonging to the Orleans family, and confiscated to the state by the decree of January 22, have been taken possession of by the administration of the domain of the state.

The Swiss question has received further elucidation. In our last Record we gave the text of a French note dated January 24, and demanding in peremptory terms the right of designating refugees in Switzerland obnoxious to the French Government, and requiring their immediate expulsion. The Paris *Debats* publishes the reply of the Swiss Government to this demand. It is dated the 9th of February, and after declaring that the Swiss Government had hitherto exerted, and would continue to exert all legal means at its disposal to suppress or prevent all hostile movement among the refugees within its borders against the peace of neighboring nations, it positively refuses to accede to the demands of the French Minister to be allowed to point out for instant expulsion from Switzerland such refugees as he in his discretion might consider most dangerous to France. The honor and independence of the Swiss Confederation permit no other answer to be given to the French note. The law of nations sustains Switzerland in the position taken, and from this position, declares the Council, in conclusion, the threats of France will not avail to drive her. The reply to this note has not been published; but it is generally understood that the assurances which it contains of increased vigilance against attempts among the refugees against the peace of other powers, had been accepted as satisfactory.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN EUROPE.

In AUSTRIA the sudden death of the Prime Minister, Prince Schwarzenberg, which occurred from apoplexy on the 7th of April, is the only event of interest during the month. The Prince was a man of energy, ability, and political hardihood, and was the author of the severe policy which Austria has lately pursued toward Hungary. He is succeeded by Count Buol Schauenstein, who has been for some time Austrian Minister in England. An official announcement has been made by the Austrian Government that no change in policy will follow this change of Ministry. --- Count Batthyani's estates have been seized by the High Court of Hungary.

In PRUSSIA public attention is largely absorbed in measures for relief to the inhabitants of the eastern districts, who are suffering from famine. The corn harvest and potato crop have almost entirely failed in Eastern Prussia and Silesia. — The first Chamber has ratified a resolution in favor of voting the supplies for the ordinary budget of the State for a period of three years, instead of annually, as at present. Another resolution enables the Chamber to discuss the items of the budget, which now can only be accepted or rejected as a whole. The Prince of Prussia congratulated a deputation from the first Chamber upon their recent reactionary votes, and impressed on them the necessity of increasing the army.

In SPAIN the summary dismissal of Gen. Concha as Captain-General of Cuba, excites a good deal of interest. The Government has given no reasons for the act. His brother declares that he had fallen a victim to his desire to reform certain inveterate abuses in the administration. General Caredo left Cadiz, March 20th, as his successor. --- Severe measures have been taken by the Government to restrain the freedom of the press. Very heavy fines have been imposed upon several journals for their strictures on the Government. — A squadron is to be fitted out to cruise in the Mediterranean as a practical school for Spanish sailors.

In TURKEY Reshid Pascha has been reinstated as Prime Minister. His dismissal was the result of a court intrigue, and did not indicate any abandonment of the reform policy which he has established. — A new tax has been decreed—not upon foreign imports, but upon the domestic productions of the country. — Gen. Perczel, who distinguished himself during the Hungarian war, and subsequently was detained in Turkey, has left for the United States.

In GREECE a good deal of interest has been excited by the trial, conviction, and banishment of Rev. Dr. King, who has been for several years a zealous American Missionary at Athens. He was accused of reproaching the established religion, tried by the Areopagus, and, without being allowed to speak in his own defense, adjudged guilty. He was allowed fourteen days to leave the country.

Editor's Table.

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WHAT IS EDUCATION? On this question every man feels at home, and we know not, therefore, why it may not be made the subject of some brief remarks in our Editorial Table. The answers are almost innumerable—education is useful knowledge—it is practical training for all pursuits in life—it is culture—it is growth—it is discipline—it is learning to think—it is learning to act—it is *educing* the statue from the block of marble—it is development—the development of the mind—the development of the mind and body—the development of the whole man, physically, mentally, morally—it is a preparation for business, for success in life, for working out the problem of humanity, &c., &c., &c. May we not find one term that will embrace whatever of truth there is in these metaphors, and yet exclude the error which may be regarded as attaching, more or less, to each one of them. Perhaps the safest guide here to right thinking may be found in following out that analogy which Providence has established between our spiritual and our material organization. What is the highest good of the body considered in itself, and without reference to any more ultimate bearing upon the well-being of the soul. HEALTH, is at once the answer. If man

were all body (could such a case be conceivable), that state or organization of it we call its *health*, would be the highest end of human existence.

We need not stop to define this prime excellence or *well-being* of our corporeal organism. It is sufficient for our argument that there is such a state, better than all others, and therefore most desirable. The necessary assumption of the fact is enough to show the absurdity of that view which would regard this state as a *means* to bodily utilities lower than itself, or to any thing else as an end which is not the transcending good of the spirit. Why is bodily health desirable? What is the measure of its value? Suppose the answer to be—We want it, and we take care of it, as an excellent help to making money, or to fit us for business, or in general, as a *means* of acquiring the *means* for the gratification of those ends which are not only lower than the good of health, but, in many cases, actually destructive of it when attained. Would not the least reflecting mind be struck with the absurdity. It is making that which is itself an *end*, a *means* to other things having all their value from their relation to that very thing whose position is so irrationally reversed.

In how much higher a sense does the analogy hold good in respect to our spiritual organization? Education, then, aims at the HEALTH OF THE SOUL, the production of a *sound mind*. Without now going into any analysis of that in which this health consists, it is enough for us at present that there is such a state, most real as well as most desirable. There is such a *sound mind*—a good thing in itself, irrespective of any use to which it may be applied. The certainty of its reality furnishes the true answer to our question, lifting it, at once, above those views which would regard education solely as a means to some other and lower thing than could be rationally included in this essential idea of the spiritual hygieia.

Let us make clear our meaning by a well-known popular illustration. The famous pugilists, Hyer and Sullivan, as we were told by the Newspapers, went through a course of most careful training or education of the body. Its appetites, its affections, its faculties were all brought under proper regulation. They were made to practice the strictest temperance, the nicest discrimination was employed in respect to healthful and strengthening nourishment—in a word, the utmost attention was paid to the development of their corporeal powers. Now, had all this been for the promotion of the bodily health as an end (even in itself considered), it would have commanded respect as a noble, though not the noblest motive. But how are the reason and the conscience both shocked at the thought, that all this seeming care of the bodily well-being was intended only as a *means* to the brutal contests of the ring, and these a *means* to the still more beastly ends of the vile gamblers who had superintended this whole course of corporeal education. Do we not feel, instinctively, that the lowest intemperance is less degrading than such a use of the body and the body's health? And why should not even a deeper condemnation be visited on that kindred view which would regard the spiritual training in a similar light—which would look upon the soul's education only, or mainly, as subservient to what is called success in business, or the ends of political ambition, oft-times as deeply defiled with the base gambling spirit as any of the parties on the race course or the boxing ground, or, in short, to any object which, though better than these has no value in itself except as a means to that very thing which is so degraded from its proper ultimate rank.

Let this then be our general answer to the question—What is education? We would carry it through all departments, the nursery, the family, the common school, the high school, the academy, the college, the university. It is every where the *spirit's health*, as a good *per se*, as something even higher, and better, and, therefore, more desirable than happiness, or "pleasing sensations"—as, in fact, a true end in itself, irrespective of any thing else to which it may contribute any incidental aid or utility. Take away wholly this idea, and its incidental benefits must ultimately perish. It will cease to be useful, it will, in the end, cease to stimulate thought, or to call out that enthusiasm which quickens invention, when it is degraded from the high position that gives it all its truly useful power. Its intrinsic beauty is the source of its utility, its dignity of its value, its glory of its strength.

When we have settled what this health of the soul is, both intellectually and morally, then whatever contributes to such an end is education. Whatever tends to some other end is not education. It may be very useful as a means of training to certain particular pursuits, but it is not education. In any other use of the term we not only burst the bounds of any practicable definition, but are estopped from denying the claim of any other profession, trade, or business, to a like inclusion.

The true idea, then, of education is catholic, in distinction from what is partial in human pursuit. It is that which pertains to man, *as man*, in distinction from what belongs to him as a farmer, a mechanic, a lawyer, an engineer, or a merchant. It embraces not the trades, the businesses, but the *humanities*. Let the word be properly qualified, and there is then no serious objection to applying it in this partial and sectional way. We may thus have mercantile education, mechanical education, professional education. To prevent confusion, some other word would doubtless be better here, such as training, or apprenticeship, but when we speak of education in general, and of the schools in which it is to be obtained, the catholic idea must be preserved, or all ideas are lost, and we are declaiming on a matter to which there are no possible bounds except such as are imposed by each man's arbitrary conception.

We may at some other time follow out this idea into some of its particular modifications. At present, however, we would take it, in its most general aspect, as the guiding thought in the exposition of some of the more common fallacies. Tried by this test, all education is the same in idea, the same in quality, and differing only in the quantity, or the extent to which that idea is carried out. There is a unity pervading all, from the common school to the university. The

philology, the mathematics, the belles-lettres, the philosophy of the one, are the expansion of the grammar, the arithmetic, the reading lesson, the catechism of the other. In the light of this thought we see at once the hollowness of that declamation which would represent these departments as opposed to each other—which would set forth the support of the one as the peculiar duty of the State, while all aid given to the other is denounced as aristocratic, impolitic, and unjust.

It is sometimes dangerous reasoning from a metaphor. It frequently presents but one aspect of a truth, and the changing or inverting that aspect may invert the whole argument built upon it. It is very common, for example, to compare knowledge to heat. We lately read what the speaker doubtless regarded as a very imposing argument, grounded wholly upon such a simile. He was contending, with the greatest moral courage, that our common schools should receive the most liberal patronage of the State, while the colleges should be "left to themselves." "Knowledge," says the undaunted advocate of this very unpopular doctrine, "knowledge will no more descend than heat will descend. If you wished to warm the lower stratum of air, would you heat the upper stratum first? No, sir! Warm the lower stratum, and then you can not keep the upper cold." We know not which to admire most here, the science or the logic. A pretty good argument in favor of a higher education for legislators might be deduced from it, but not in such a way, perhaps, as the orator imagined. Knowledge then is heat. Heat ascends. Ergo, the common schools are the foundation and, therefore, keeping the stove well supplied below is certainly the best means of warming the dummy above.

Admirably argued. But let us now change the metaphor. Knowledge is *light*. This must strike most minds as being, to say the least, quite as appropriate a simile as the other. Knowledge is light, and light comes down. Its native seat is in the upper region. Where now is our metaphorical argument? Turned upside down, and every inference pointed like a battery against the very positions it was intended to support. With the change of a very few terms all that follows becomes a parody on the former meaning. "If you wish to *enlighten* the lower stratum, keep clear the atmosphere above, and thus will the colleges give the common schools their clearest support. Take care of the former, and they will take care of the latter," &c., &c. This is hardly better than another argument, employed by the same reasoner in favor of what he calls "practical knowledge." "Our five later Presidents," he says, "were men who were never taught to chop logic *secundum artem*, nor to play shuttlecock with abstractions in college halls." Now it is well known that the four early Presidents who preceded them were not only men of liberal education, but eminent for learning and the highest mental culture. They *had* learned to deal with abstractions, and to reason *secundum artem* in college halls. To which side of the scale the real force of this argument inclines, we believe our intelligent readers of all parties may well be trusted to decide.

If we must have a metaphor, the common school, we may say, is the digging for the foundation, but not the foundation itself. It is the gathering of some of the materials, but is neither the main, nor the supporting part, of the great structure of national education. We have no wish to underrate its importance—its very great importance—and for this very reason do we attempt to expose those fallacies which, in aiming at the depreciation of the higher, would infallibly injure the lower and dependent interest. The best argument is simply an appeal to facts. All this inane declamation flies at once before it. In what States of our Union are common schools most flourishing? Precisely those, we answer, in which the best support is given to the higher institutions of learning. Who will venture to charge the Pilgrim Fathers with anti-popular tendencies? and yet, in laying the foundation of a system of national education, they began with the college. The leading institution of the kind was founded before the birth of one generation, and only eighteen years after they first broke the silence of the wilderness. How much of that leaven of a *sound mind* which has characterized New England may be traced to this one source?

Again—let any thoughtful man look over the face of our own State of New York. Millions and millions have been given for the cause of popular education; and this is as it should be, as far as money is concerned. But will such means alone secure the desired result? No man at all acquainted with the facts can fail to see, that just in proportion as there is to be found in any town or locality in our State that higher intelligence which is the offspring of the higher institutions of learning, there the common school has ever had its best support, its best teachers, its most sound, and elevated, and healthful system of instruction. From thence, too, have been sent forth in return the best candidates for our colleges, or, to get up our metaphor again, the best supplies for those distributing reservoirs, of whose light and heat they had so liberally partaken. Wherever, on the other hand, there has been no such leaven of a higher intelligence, the funds so lavishly bestowed have left the common mind very much as they found it. The stream has failed to rise above its fountain. Light has failed to act contrary to its own law, in ascending out of darkness; and if there has been any "*heat*," it has only been the fermentation of ignorance, or of crude smatterings of knowledge, more mischievous, perhaps, than ignorance itself. Any process, or public provision, by which our best colleges (and by such we mean those which have the least lowered their own standard in obedience to popular clamor) should be enabled to plant each year one of its most intelligent graduates in every county in the State, would do more to promote common school education than all the money that has been thrown broadcast over the land for the past quarter of a century.

Some seem to think that the only thing necessary is to distribute money over a certain space, and the work is done. "The great object," says the authority we have quoted, "is to endow the masses with sound minds and discriminating judgments." A most noble undertaking, truly! But how is it to be done? Will the mere insertion of an item in the supply-bill create this magical power? It is very plain to one who thinks at all, that this "endowment of the masses with sound minds, &c.,"

must be somehow under the management of those who already possess "sound minds and discriminating intelligence," and this is something far more than a knowledge barely on a level with the instruction itself to be imparted within the walls of a district school. Something higher, too, is required than Normal institutions, supplying candidates more or less thoroughly instructed in the particular branches they are to teach, and thus placing them just in advance of their future pupils. No man is qualified to teach at all, unless his knowledge is much beyond that range of science to which his actual teaching is confined. There must be something higher than this—something more, even, than an acquaintance with particular branches far transcending that line. There must be an initiation, at least, into what we have called the *science of sciences*—the knowledge of knowledges. All this is necessary to make "*sound minds* and discriminating judgments," capable of distinguishing in respect not only to the *quantity* but the *quality* of different kinds of knowledge—of determining what truly enter into the idea of education, and what belong to the partial, the sectional, or the ephemeral. Thus viewed as leavening the community with minds of broad and liberal culture, the college becomes not only the "foundation," but the elevator of the common school. It is just such a class of minds as are now most, needed in this country—a class of *thinkers* in distinction from your men of *action*, your noisy demagogues, your self-styled *practical men*, of whom we have at present so great an overstock. We want a class of minds who shall gradually create a philosophical and learned interest, thus causing, if we may use here the language of political economy, a steadily increasing demand for the article they represent—elevating the profession of the teacher, and in this way the whole national mind, to react again in a more liberal and fraternal support of all our institutions, the highest as well as the lowest.

But our present editorial musings must be confined mainly to education in connection with the common school. And here there is one application of our leading thought on which we would briefly dwell. There are those who might admit the general correctness of our principle, and yet contend for some deviation from it in these primary departments. Here, they would say, knowledge should be practical, predominantly physical, mainly connected with the outer world, and those partial pursuits that are afterward to occupy the active every-day life. The other view may belong, more or less, to the college and the university; but this brief period should not be wasted upon any thing except immediate practical utilities. We can not think so. The question still remains—What is the truest utility? and a proper settlement of this may lead to the conclusion that education in the common school should be even more catholic, in its idea, than that of the higher institutions. In some of the later periods of the college course, there may be some propriety in giving the studies a direction toward professional or partial pursuits. In the earlier stages this can only be done at the expense of that which is of far more value in itself, and which, if not then attained, can never afterward be secured.

This thought is so practical that it is wonderful how it escapes the notice of those who claim to be pre-eminently our practical men. Professional knowledge, mechanical knowledge, almost any branch of natural history, almost any modern language, may be obtained in after life. One who has laid a good foundation may at any time stoop down and pick them up when he has need of them. But there are other branches (although we can not now stop to specify them) in respect to which this is not the case. There is the knowledge, or the culture through which all other knowledge is acquired. It is the knowledge which, to a greater or less extent, is for all men, as men, for all ages, yea, for all *worlds* of rational beings. Each particular world in the universe may be supposed to have its own botany, its own geology, its own mineralogy, its own natural history; but a spiritual necessity, a behest of the reason compels us to say, that in all worlds there *must* be the same logic, the same grammar or universal laws of language, whether by sounds or signs, the same laws of thinking, the same geometry, the same pure mathematics, the same ultimate rules of taste, the same principles of art, the same elements of the beautiful, the same æsthetic and moral philosophy. In other words, the good, the beautiful, the true in themselves must be essentially the same for all rational souls, and can not even be conceived of as having a diversity for different parts of the universe.

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Now, we contend that that is the most truly practical view of education which makes this the pervading idea even for the common school. Any youth of good ordinary intelligence may be made to understand its practical application to what we have called the spirit's health; and when once truly seen, this single idea may be of more practical value in guiding and elevating all his after thinking, than all the smattering of mineralogy, and zoology, and French, and agricultural chemistry, and civil engineering, and phrenology, too, which are now so much the rage. There are branches of natural science exceedingly valuable, even in connection with that idea of education which we are maintaining. We would underrate none of them when they can be pursued as they ought to be. But this can only be in one of two ways. It must be either *philosophically*, that is, in their seen connections with every other department of thought—and here we have the ground on which they would come into the general college course—or *scientifically*, that is, as they are studied by those whose minds have been peculiarly drawn to them, and from whom they exact the enthusiastic devotion of a life. If neither can be done, it is the most really practical and useful way to be content with giving, as empirical knowledge, those *results* which have been elaborated by the truly scientific, rather than foolishly attempt to render each boy in our schools his own chemist, his own botanist, and his own engineer, any more than his own clergyman, his own lawyer, or his own physician.

And here comes up a distinction proceeding directly from that wise providential analogy of soul and body to which we first alluded. Our bodily food maybe divided into two classes. One kind, besides pleasing the palate, may be useful in giving a temporary refreshment, or a temporary stimulus, which may be employed for various practical ends. But this is all of it. It passes off,

leaving the system as it was, if not sometimes in a worse condition than it found it. Again, there is other food which not only imparts vigor for a time, and for a particular purpose, but actually enters into the physical system, and becomes a part of it, constituting the elements of its growth, yea, of its very life. So it is with knowledge. Some kinds lodge only in the memory; they have their abode on the surface of the soul; they have no inward hold. Hence they are easily effaced, and when their outward scientific details are lost from the memory, they are lost entirely. There are other kinds that not only become assimilated to, but enter into the soul itself, into its very spiritual constitution. When the outward facts are forgotten, they still remain. The soul has grown by them, and out of them. In one sense it may be said to be made of them.

If there be good grounds for this, how important the distinction! It is but little we can know at the utmost. It becomes, therefore, even in the highest and widest education, a question of selection and discrimination. How important, then, the choice in respect to the shorter period of common school instruction. If this precious season is so very brief, if so little can be learned, surely that small *quantity* should be of the choicest *quality*, and the highest considerations connected with the soul, intellectual and moral health, should be taken into the estimate of its nature and its value. In making such estimate more regard should be had to what enters into the future *thinking*, than to what will enter into the future *action*, to the knowledge that assimilates itself to the very being of the soul rather than to that which belongs to particular and ever-changing circumstances. In other words, the preference should be given to that instruction which forms the law of the thoughts, which refines the taste, which elevates the affections, which gives a stock of ideas, precious though small, and ever in demand as the spirit's daily food amid the drudgery and worldliness of the coming life, rather than to those outward facts of science which must be to a great extent empirical for the brief primary school, and, in their best form for the college or the university, have but little hold upon the inner life.

To make the practical application of this, let us suppose that two or three years are all that can be given, in some places, to common-school education. A part of this time is necessarily occupied with the very elements of knowledge, reading, writing, and numbers. How shall we best employ the residue? One plan is to give it up wholly to practical knowledge, as it is called, or what is supposed to have an immediate connection with the active business of life, although greatly overrated even in this respect. Another would devote it to as good an acquaintance as can be formed with the best things in the best English classics—and this by a course of well-directed reading, or, as the Greek boys were required to do in respect to their poets, by committing largely to memory. It would be well if time could be given to both. But this, we will suppose, can not be done, and we are to decide between the rival claims. Can there be a doubt as to who is likely to be the useful man, the healthy-souled man, the *sound* man, in the best sense of the terms? Can we doubt as to who will have the richest store laid up for that future thinking and future feeling which is the true life of the soul—the boy whose precious time has been given to a little physiology, a little natural history, a little of that trash which sometimes goes under the name of meteorology, all forgotten as soon as learned, because never learned either philosophically or scientifically—or he whose mind has been brought in as close communion as possible with the richest, the most elevated, the most beautiful thinking in English literature—with Milton, with Shakspeare, with Young, with Addison, with Johnson, with Cowper, with Irving, with Wordsworth, and, above all, that "well of English undefined," as well as mine of thought unfathomable—The Holy Scriptures?

But we can not pursue this train of thought farther at present. At some other period we may attempt to fill up these outline ideas with some more particular and varied illustrations. We should like, especially, to call attention to the subject of school-books for our primary institutions. It may strike some as rather a humble theme, and yet there are but few of higher practical importance.

Editor's Easy Chair.

If ever, in the chronicle of any year, the old Georgic averment of "*semper imbres*" might be written truthfully, it certainly must belong to that weeping April which made the middle of our slow-coming spring.

Forty days of rain were once reckoned a drowning punishment for a sinning world; and if equal dampness is any test of our present demerit, there was never a wickeder world than ours.

It is easy, in our office-chair, to talk humorsomely of the floods which, since our last writing, have carried off the last white stains of winter. But a bitterer truthfulness lies in the woes and losses that the rains have showered upon thousands of the poor than we are wont to take cognizance of.

It is a pretty thing to see—as we have seen—the mountain rivulets growing white and angry, and swelling into great torrents that run writhing around the heel of mossy rocks, and start the mouldering logs that bridged them, into sharp-flung javelins that twist and dash along the growing tide; and it is grand to see the lithe saplings that border such maddened streamlet, dipping their sappy limbs, and struggling, and torn away by the chafing waters; and it is like a poem—richer than any tame pastoral—to listen to the rush and whirl bearing down scathed tree-trunks, and mossy boulders, and loitering with a hissing laziness in some spreading eddy at the foot of a mountain-slope: but it is terrible, when the rush of a thousand such streams has doubled the volume of a river, and drowned the sweet spring banks, and borne off struggling flocks, and

rose to the level of firesides—deluging gardens and families—spreading through the streets of a town like a reeling monster of a thousand heads, lifting its yellow ghastliness into chambers, and rocking from their foundations rural homes, and swaying the topmost limbs of fruit trees that shadow the roof.

All this, it has been our lot, once in our life to see;—when panic seized the strongest-minded, and fathers crowded their crying households into tottering skiffs that went rocking and doubtful over the swift eddies among bent forest trees—bearing within them the poor remnant of the husbandman's estate. And just such scenes, if report speak true, have startled the men and women of Western Pennsylvania, and have made this year of 1852 a sad epoch in their history.

But we turn from this gladly to the bursting summer, which, with Minerva's suddenness, has leaped from the cleft skull of winter. In a week the flower-trees have put on bloom, and the grass caught its cloak of greenness. Why is it, that thus far we have no Virgil, or no prose pastoral to tell of the wondrous things which adorn the American spring and summer? If quick and gorgeous contrasts be any item in the sum of what makes up the beauty of a country, we have no rivals in the world; and we can show the gorgeous glassiness of ice, as wondrous in its adornments as are the silvan graces of our prairie wood. The time will come, by-and-by when the ocean-crossing shall be a matter counted by hours instead of days, when the searchers after the wonderful will gaze upon the ice-beauties of Niagara as they now feast on its summer.

Schaffhausen, and Handel, and Terni, and the Clyde never wear those crystal robes and trimmings which deck, bridally, the bass-toned pipes of our great organ of Erie. The gush and the flow of sparkling water are all that lend grandeur or beauty to the great cataracts of Europe. And if summertime do not steep them in warm mists that catch the sunshine in "bounteous colors three," the autumn only hangs heavy and cold—spitting catarrhal spray, and no winter is keen enough to set the edge of the torrents in sharpened icicles, and to sheet the near-lying wood with silver.

But Niagara—in such winter as has hung its lengthened pall upon our hoping hearts—dresses itself bridally; the rocks, loosened from the base, are sheathed in pearly casements, that rise with every morning's light, and comb over right and left, and climb in the very eye of the waters—breasting the spray, that clings ever, with new-added pearls, and cumulates into a mounded miracle of beauty.

The near trees, too, catch the dampened air, day after day, and wear it in fleecy vestments, that bow them down, till their limbs touch the icy ground, and the visitor roams in fairy bowers of ice, and looks upon the spanning bow from the interstices of a crystal forest. Far away along shore the dripping boughs wear silvery coats, and glisten in the January sun, like trees of glass. The eddies below whirl crashing fragments, that come over the sounding precipice, like atoms playing in the sunbeams; the foam plays round the ice-cakes, like whipt cream around transparent jellies; and the blue of the unfathomed depths gleams to the light, like a sky, relieving the sparkle of a starry "milky way."

Beyond this, streaming from bank to bank, like the gossamer web, which a dewy morning of June shows—stretching from grass-tip to grass-tip—the wire bridge spans the fretted chasm, and shakes, as summer webs shake, in the growing breath of a summer's day.

Nor is foliage wanting; for firs, green as those of Norway, lie black against the carpeting snows, and black against the light clouds that the spray drifts along the wintry sky. And from amid the iciness, and the clearness, and the silvered woods the roar raises its organ-notes, pealing through the ice-haunted boughs, and dying upon the stillness of winter!

But we are forgetting ourselves and our season. The violets are up and fragrant; the butter-cups are lying golden upon the hills, where we may not go; and the sweet haze of summer is stretching toward us from the country its alluring spell. Happy the man who can cast off the city dust, and loiter by pleasant streams with books of old rhyme, or with rod and angle! A murrain on those who laugh at such enjoyment as this; and who cluster their withered comforts, from year's end to year's end, within the close-pent alleys of our city!

And this mood of speech, into which the soft sun slanting upon our window has decoyed us easily, tempts us to lift a pleading voice, once more, for that park and wood, which seems to drift before our scheming lawgivers like a good thing—never to be caught. If only, when this Easy-Chair-writing were done, we could wear the hope of a stroll under trees, where country silence reigned, and where wayside flowers lifted their mild eyes, to wean us from the perplexities of toil, with what richer relish would we not pursue our task; and with what heartier prayer would we not thank God for our daily walk—as for our "daily bread!"

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Look to it, you scheming rulers of our city, that you do not worry tender-heartedness into city hardness, and cramp, by your misplaced economy, the better instincts of our nature, into that careless and wiry spirit, which acts without love, and which works without feeling.

That charity which honors wealth can find no better play than in spreading before the eyes, and the weakened feet of the poor, those paths of greenness, which bless with Heaven's own refreshment.

Two arrivals of the spring are in people's mouths—Kossuth and Jenny Lind Goldschmidt.

KOSSUTH comes pleading with his old eloquence, not a whit diminished by the labors of his long

journeyings, and even sharpened by the approaching farewell into a more plaintive earnestness. Reformers of every creed would do well to study, and emulate the sincerity and fervor with which he presses his claims. The same devotion, and the same tongue—tuned to such harmony as belongs to this extraordinary Hungarian, would carry triumphantly to their issues a hundred halting causes of philanthropy, and of Christian endeavor.

It is not our province to speak of the weight of the Hungarian claim, or to rebuke or foster the spirit which his ardor must enkindle. Only be it said—in our easy way—that whatever national action may be, as a government, national sympathy will lie largely on the side of such struggling nation; and the redemption of Hungary from Austrian bonds would be welcomed with such heartfelt greeting, as no other nation would bestow.

But, as we have hinted in our former careless *on dits*, sympathy is but a flimsy weapon to parry bayonet thrusts; and the destiny of suffering European nations lies more nearly (under Providence) in their own resolve, and steadfastness, and manly growth, than in the pleas of demagogues, or the contributed thousands of well-wishing Americans.

As for JENNY—(we write before her farewell song is sung)—she will have a grouping at her bridal concert, that may well add to her bridal joy. But we warn the fortunate bridegroom that he will meet critical and captious gazers; and that the world which has so long cherished his Jenny, as a bride of its own, will not give up its claim without a sparkling of jealousy. Let him wear his honor modestly, or he will kindle these sparkles into a blaze of burning rebuke.

Poor Jenny!—that she should have gone the way of all the world, is not a little saddening! That her angel habit of song and charity should not have lifted her forever into a sphere, above the weaknesses of human attachments, may point the moral of a ditty! The issue only shows how human are the best; and that life, however lorded over by triumphant souls, yet drags us down to the bonds of that frail mortality, which lives and thrives by propping on mortality as frail as we, and which in its best estate is strong—not alone of ourselves—but through the aids and sympathies of others!

As usual at this season, the talk of the town is running upon the prospective enjoyments of the summer. And it is not a little curious to note, how, as the means of communication multiply and extend, our summer rambles take in a wider and wider circumference.

Years ago, and a sight of those mountain glories, which in grim stateliness, and darkened shadows, frown upon the Hudson, was the limit of a summer jaunt. But now, even a trip beyond the Alleghenies is not a thing of moment; and there are families who plot a season's festivity upon the upper Mississippi.

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Indeed, if beauty of scenery is the attracting cause, we know of no more glowing outline of shore and mountain than hems the summer traveler, over the Alleghenies and along the rich wooded banks of the Ohio. Western Pennsylvania, with its Juniata, and its heavy-forested mountains, has no rival in the world of silvan beauty. The heights are sharp, and bold; the torrents are foamy, and wreathed into combing waterfalls, that drip, to the eye, through bowers of green. You see below you tops of woods, and forests that seem bandlets of shrubbery, and great rivers that are ribbons of silver. You see around you climbing heights, in all the sullenness of undisturbed nature—rich with every tree that grows, and echoing the shrill sounds of wild birds, and catching, with four-fold echoes, the sharp whistle of your groaning and puffing engine. You run along the edge of cliffs, with a nearness and a speed that would shock you to fear, did not the amazing grandeur sublime all sense of danger, and hand over your admiring sense into the guardianship of that Providence which rears the mountains, and plumbs the depths.

And when the mountains are past, there is no low-lying fat Bedford level, to fatigue the eye; but the country is rounded into sweeping, irregular hillocks of green, whose sides are hoary with old wood, or verdant with the richest of springing grain crops. And in the bosoms of such hills, where the flow of water finds outlet, bright brooks silver the rounded mountains, and cover the earth into fragmentary lapses of meadow that tax the mower with the luxuriance of their grasses.

If the reader has ever loitered among the green hill-slopes of Northern Devonshire, he may form therefrom a just, though a miniature idea of those green billows of land, which drop the Allegheny heights to the borders of the Ohio.

And as for that far-western stream, which the French called, with a fitness of calling which we rarely cherish, *la belle rivière*—its banks are all a wonder, and its islands floating wonders. The time is not far away when the loiterers of the civilized world who have not drunk in the beauties that hedge the Ohio banks, and mirror themselves in the placid Ohio water, will be behind their profession.

The Rhine and the Hudson have each their beauties; and so has Lake George, with its black mountain lying gaunt upon the water: but the Ohio, with its bordering hills, fat and fertile to their very summits—various in outline as are summer shadows—and with its rich drooping foliage, touching the water, and its islands seeming to float in the stillness—and its bordering towns of modest houses sprinkling the banks and dotting the alluvial edge, and all mirrored, as clearly as your face in your morning glass, upon the bright steel surface that shines through a thousand miles of country—is worthy of as honorable mention as any river that flows.

We see, in no very distant future, the time when Pittsburgh packets will show companies of

pleasure-seekers, who will luxuriate in the picturesqueness of the Kentucky and Ohio shores, as they now luxuriate along the Hudson or the Rhine.

The time is coming, too—gliding now upon our clairvoyant vision, as we sit in our office solitude—when legends of early war, and Indian chieftain, and poor Blennerhasset, and border settlements, shall spring up under artist pen, and crown the graceful mountains, that swoop right and left from the Ohio voyager, with charming historic beauty.

We have forgotten thus far that foreign chit-chat which has usually fallen under our pen. Yet, with what spirit, can we speak of foreign gayety when the scheming tyrant of the day is forcing even festivity under the prick of his army bayonets, and winning willingness to his power, by debauching thought, and making joy drunk with lewdness?

The honest American is no way bound to keep temper with such action as assails the principles he holds most dear—least of all at the hands of a man who gains his force by no poor right of prescription or inheritance, but only by usurpation.

Belgium, they tell us, is full of runaways from the autocrat of the army; and a poor exiled gayety makes glad the hearts of thousands of refugees.

Among these, in this day of proscription, is the man of a hundred romances—Alexandre Dumas. Busy, as in the old time, he now gleans from the outcasts around him, the material for his versatile pen.

Madame Hugo, he tells us, has latterly contrived a scheme for the relief of the neediest of suffering exiles, which does equal honor to her heart and to her cleverness. It was nothing more than the sale of valuable autographs, which were furnished at the mere cost of a few pen-strokes by well-wishers to the scheme.

Dumas tells us that the collection was most rich, not consisting merely of simple names, but such bits of thought added, as seemed to belong to the occasion, and as gave value to the writing. It is, we believe, the first instance on record where the barbarous hunt for autographs has been turned to a profitable and charitable account.

We hope the hint will not be lost upon the benevolent intentioned of our own city; and when next some Hague-street catastrophe shall call for deeds of kindness, let those whose "handwriting" is worth a dime, contribute their mite to the hospitable fund.

Who would not bid high for some kind and sympathetic expression in the ink, and from the pen of Henry Clay? What up-town lady, spending her eagles for Peyser's crewels, would not willingly transmute a few of them for the purchase of some benevolent thought, set down in the ink-lines of an Irving or a Bryant? At least, the hint is worthy of consideration, and we dash it down for what it may count.

DUMAS always finds incident, let him go where he will; and it was to record something of the sort, that he has introduced his mention of Madame Hugo's autograph lottery. The assemblage, he says, was the gayest possible; the distinguished men of Belgium, of France, and of England, honored the occasion.

But, continues our romancer (and we only hope to catch an outline of his story), I was compelled to leave the charming scene at an early hour. The night was stormy, the streets wet, and the sky dismally dark. I congratulated myself on having secured a cabriolet—a thing, by-the-by, which I always do. Every cabman of Paris knows me; every cabman of Brussels *will* know me shortly. (By way of parenthesis, we must interpolate the fear, that the cabmen may possibly know Dumas as a bad paymaster.)

Well, continues our veteran romancer, I made my way to my coach. At the moment a gentleman was claiming possession. I remonstrated. He represented that a young lady, his sister, had been promised attendance at a ball in the neighborhood. He desired the coach for her conveyance. None other was to be had. It was her first ball.

In short, says he, I was constrained to allow him the carriage, bargaining only that I should be set down at the Ambassador's of —.

The face of the young man struck me familiarly. I had seen him before. We compared notes. I had met him in Italy, and again in Algiers. He was involved in the affair of May, 1848. He was an earnest worthy young fellow of fortune. He was in high favor at the Revolution of 1848, and by singular good luck, saved his property from the great commercial wreck of that period. Afterward he lost ground was subject to constant espionage—was driven from the country, and on his return was imprisoned.

He had no relatives in the world, save only this younger sister. One day, as he mused despondingly in his casemate, he was told that a lady desired to speak with him. It was his sister. She had learned of his imprisonment, and desired to share his solitude. Her request was granted.

After some months he was offered freedom, provided he should quit France with his sister forever. He accepted the conditions, and emaciated, impoverished, despairing, he repaired to Brussels. A few friends contributed to his support. His sister, a most estimable young girl, had

won her way, by her attractions, no less than by her many virtues.

It was at this epoch I met him; he confided his griefs to me. I gave him what encouragement I could.

A week after I met him again; his face was glowing with satisfaction. He put in my hands a letter from a distinguished gentleman of the country, of large fortune and of high character. It ran thus:

"Sir—I have seen and love your sister, and have the honor to ask your assent to my continued and serious attentions, Yours, &c.

"And your sister?" said I.

"Is as happy as I."

Fortune comes in a flood, continues Dumas, for the next day my young friend found an advantageous place, with fifteen thousand francs a year.

The story shows how French fortunes are the matter of the hour; it shows how marriage is a thing of French anxiety, and of commercial importance; it shows how fate plays pranks with French mortality, and it shows how Dumas can twist a story out of trifles, and weave a tender romance from a quarrel at a cab-stand!

And here we bid Dumas, and French trifles, and Ohio scenery, and the bursting season of new-come summer, our monthly adieu!

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S LETTER. "THE BRIDE OF LANDECK."

Indeed, my dear sir, I can not write any thing worth reading. You are very kind—very flattering, when you would persuade me that, at the end of a long life, I can amuse the public, through the pages of your New Monthly Magazine, preoccupied as the great literary stage is with writers of reputation. If I attempt a tale, there are Bulwer, and James, and Dickens, and Hawthorne. If I write a History, there is Macaulay; if an essay, there is Legion. However, I will do my best, and tell you the story of "The Bride of Landeck," that you may make the experiment. Only remember it is none of my seeking. I am like, in one respect, the great statesman of whom my friend, Judge R—, in the character of a cockney, wrote:

"He never sought for no prefarment,
Instead of that,
He turned a rat,
To prove that he died varmint."

The great difficulty with an inexperienced person is where to begin—whether, with Horace, in the middle—with Count Antoine Hamilton, at the beginning—or, with the late Lord Stowell, at the end? The latter gentleman, by the way, was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met with—full of something more than talent—of genius of the highest order, and, to my mind, far superior in intellect to his more celebrated brother, the Earl of Eldon. His judgments are more elaborately beautiful and eloquent than any that I know, and when interested in a subject, his language was rich, flowing, and easy, beyond that of any man I ever heard speak. Yet I remember his telling me once, that he would rather deliver a judgment, which occupied three whole days—such as that in the Iron Coffin case—than speak five sentences to return thanks for his health being drank after dinner. I will go on with my tale in a moment; but one point in Sir William Scott's (Lord Stowell's) character is interesting. With all his vast erudition and powers of intellect, he was in some respects as simple as a child, and had an uncontrollable passion for curious sights. I remember quite well, when I was in London, more than thirty years ago, walking down the Strand, and seeing the carriage of Lord Stowell, then Sir William Scott, dashing rapidly up toward Charing Cross. I bowed to him, and, on perceiving me, he stretched out his hand, and pulled what is called the check-string, vehemently, as an indication for his coachman to stop. The man pulled up, and he beckoned to me eagerly, as if he had something of the utmost importance to communicate. I went up at once to the window, when to my surprise and disappointment, I must acknowledge, he inquired, "Have you seen the Bonassus?"—"No!"—"See him—see him! He is right in your way by Exeter Change. A very curious fellow, a very curious fellow indeed!"

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Some years afterward, it so happened, his papers were placed in my hands for examination. In the top of each of the multitudinous tin cases which contained them, was written an injunction in his own hand, to take no copies of any of the documents within. I do not, however, think it any violation of his injunction, to show how far back this passion for any thing that is curious or extraordinary could be traced. Among other papers was the memorandum-book of his expenses, when studying at Oxford, and two of the items were curious. One was, "Paid one shilling to see Mr. — conjure" (I forget the man's name). Then followed the observation, "Very marvelous indeed!" Some way down on the succeeding page was written, "Paid one guinea to Mr. — for teaching me to conjure."

He conjured, indeed, to some purpose; for he left a very large fortune; and that brings to my mind an anecdote regarding his brother John, which may have been told over and over again, for aught I know; but I myself had it from a near relation of both brothers. While John Scott, Lord

Eldon, was Chancellor, his brother, Lord Stowell, proposed to purchase an estate with some one or two hundred thousand pounds which he had saved. Some delay occurred in perfecting the title, and Lord Stowell, uneasy at having so large a sum in the house, was hurrying to deposit it with a banker of good reputation, when he was met in the street by his brother, who asked him to come into his chambers and breakfast with him. The great civilian declined, telling his errand, and alleging the importance of disencumbering his person of the large amount he carried about him. The Chancellor persisted, and almost dragged his brother into his chambers by main force. He then argued with the other most vehemently upon the imprudence of trusting his whole fortune to any private banking-house, urging him to lodge the sum in the Bank of England. Lord Stowell was obstinate, and the dispute lasted till ten o'clock, when some papers were brought in for the Chancellor's signature. He took a pen and wrote his name, and then, for the first time, informed his brother that the house with whom he had been about to trust his money was bankrupt. He had that moment signed the fiat.

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I must not quit the subject of the memorandum-book, however, without mentioning that it contained many a proof of kindness of heart and generosity of character, which showed that Lord Stowell possessed other, and perhaps higher qualities than those which recommended him to high station, or led him to wealth.

Among many interesting papers which those tin cases contained, were various records of his life at the University of Oxford; and one packet I especially noticed, containing his lectures, famous at the time, but never printed, upon the civil polity of the Athenians. His situation in life when he matriculated at the University, was not very brilliant, and the early history both of himself and his brother was rendered the more obscure by a curious mistake. His name, I was told by his daughter, appears upon the books of the College, as the son of a fiddler, which he certainly was not. She explained the error thus: When he arrived at Oxford, William Scott spoke with a somewhat strong Northumbrian accent, and after having given his own name, and that of his father, was asked what his father's occupation was, to which he replied, "Oh, just a Fitter." The recording angel of the University had no conception of what a Fitter was; and between his own want of knowledge, and the young man's indistinctness of speech, wrote the word "Fiddler" after the father's name. Now, a Fitter, in Northumbrian parlance, means a sort of intermediate merchant, or middle-man, between the owner of a coal mine and the shipper of the coals.

It is well known that Sir William Scott was for many years greatly neglected by government, and his abilities even underrated by men very much inferior to himself. The cause of this was probably his reluctance to mingle much in political affairs, and the absence of political position. A well known pun of the celebrated Jekyll, having reference to Lord Stowell, loses half its point as it is usually told. The real circumstances were these. On the very day that saw Sir William Scott created Lord Stowell, after long years of arduous services, he was invited to dine with a lady who had a house in Hamilton Place, London, and a house also at Richmond. When the note of invitation was written, the family were at Richmond, and Sir William did not remark, or did not remember, amidst the hurry of events and of honors conferred upon him, that the place appointed for the dinner, was London. He was usually exceedingly punctual, often before his time; and he drove down to Richmond so as to arrive there a few minutes before the dinner hour. To his surprise, he found the family had removed to Hamilton Place, but good-humoredly observing, "I dare say, I shall be in time, after all," he drove back with all speed to London. The whole party had waited for him, and some jesting observations had passed in regard to his giving himself airs upon his new title, though nobody really believed such a thing for a moment.

"Say something smart to him, Mr. Jekyll," said the lady of the house, as soon as the doors were thrown open to give Lord Stowell admission; and Jekyll instantly advancing, took his friend by the hand, exclaiming, "I am glad to see the late

Sir William Scott {appear} at last."
{a peer}

I have been told, but upon no very good authority, that Lord Stowell used to account for the difference between his own rapid and unhesitating decision of cases brought before him, and his brother's slow and doubtful habits, by saying, "I try to see every side of a question at once; John likes to look at them all in turn—and then to begin again."

Even after his death, some men, themselves of considerable abilities, were inclined, without denying his merit, to place him, I think mistakenly, far below his brother. I remember once at the house of the late Sir Robert Peel, conversing with that gentleman on the characters of the two brothers, as we stood before their pictures. He differed greatly in his views from myself, and expressed his opinion of the superiority of Lord Eldon in a very decisive, perhaps, I might say, somewhat dogmatical manner. My own views, however, were afterward approved and confirmed by a greater man than any of the three. I had the good fortune, however, to agree with Sir Robert upon the merits of pictures better than upon the merits of men. After looking at the pictures of Eldon and Stowell, we turned to the full length portrait of Canning, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and he asked me what I thought of it—mark, of the picture, not of the statesman. It represents Canning with the right arm raised, declaiming violently.

"I do not like it," I said.

"Nor I either," replied Peel.

"He looks like an actor," I added.

I shall never forget the tone in which he answered. "And so he does." There was a cutting bitterness in it which seemed to imply more than he thought fit to utter.

I have remarked through life that all men of cold and unimpassioned natures, imagine that those who show any touch of enthusiasm, are acting; yet every man has enthusiasm of some kind, and though but very slightly acquainted with Sir Robert Peel, one of the least impassioned men that ever lived, I have remarked him display, when speaking on subjects of art, a spark of that light divine, which, to be really serviceable to man, should be merely as a lamp in the hand of Reason.

I am truly ashamed to find how far I have wandered from the point. I intended to write of quite different matters, and have been led into a number of collateral anecdotes by merely having mentioned Lord Stowell's name, in order to show the difficulty of choosing among the different ways, of beginning either to write, or read a story. I believe I did not even finish my illustration; so let me say, before I proceed farther, that the noble Judge, I have alluded to, was accustomed always to begin a romance at the end; justifying it on legal grounds. He seemed to consider an author as an offender; and said that, as it was absolutely necessary act should be committed, before a man could be tried for it, the only way of arriving at truth, was, to begin at the catastrophe, and trace it back to its causes. There was a quiet, pleasant smile upon his face when he assigned this motive for his way of reading a book of interest, which indicated a good-humored jest at himself and at the public. But there can be no doubt that he always liked to begin a romance at the latter end. I find myself now at the close of my sheet, and therefore must put off to another occasion, the extraordinary story I set out to tell you, of "The Bride of Landeck." I dare say, I can finish it in one letter, if my mind can ever be brought to pursue one straightforward course, without being called off into collateral paths. But the proverbial garrulity of old age would not be half so bad without its discursiveness. The child hunts every butterfly, and turns aside to catch every wild flower; the second child pursues the butterflies, and culls the weeds of the mind. I recollect being in company for an hour with Coleridge, a few years before his death, and in that short period, he discoursed upon seven-and-thirty different subjects. But, on my life, I am beginning to tell you another anecdote; and yet I have only space to say,

I am yours truly,

P.

P.S. I will send you the story of "The Bride of Landeck," in my next. It will not occupy more than ten lines; but it is wonderfully interesting. I remember once—. But I can not begin another sheet, so good-by.

Editor's Drawer.

Some years ago an English wag thus quizzed the style of Legal Examinations. The questions, it must be understood, open with "leading" or "introductory" queries, and then go on to "bankruptcy."

Question.—"Have you attended any, and, if any, what Law Lectures?"

Answer.—"I have attended to many legal lectures, where I have been admonished by police-magistrates for kicking up rows in the streets, pulling off handles of door-bells, knockers, &c."

COMMON LAW.

Question.—"What is a real action?"

Answer.—"An action brought in earnest, and not by way of a joke."

Question.—"What are original writs?"

Answer.—"Pot-hooks, hangers, and trammels."

EQUITY AND CONVEYANCING.

Question.—"What are a Bill and Answer?"

Answer.—"Ask my tailor."

Question.—"How would you file a Bill?"

Answer.—"I don't know; but I would lay a case before a blacksmith."

Question.—"What steps would you take to dissolve an injunction?"

Answer.—"I should put it into some very hot water, and let it remain there until it had melted."

Question.—"What are post-nuptial articles?"

Answer.—"Children."

CRIMINAL LAW AND BANKRUPTCY.

Question.—"What is Simple Larceny?"

Answer.—"Picking a pocket of a handkerchief, and leaving a purse of money behind."

Question.—"What is Grand Larceny?"

Answer.—"The Income Tax."

Question.—"How would you proceed to make a man a bankrupt?"

Answer.—"Induce him to take one of the theatres."

Question.—"How is the property of a bankrupt disposed of?"

Answer.—"The solicitors and other legal functionaries divide it among themselves!"

There is not only a good deal of humor, but some salutary satire in this burlesque examination. Many a victim can testify, for example, to the truth of the last answer. After all he was not so far wrong who said, that "LAW was like a magical stream; once wet your foot in it, and you must needs walk on, until you are overwhelmed in the endless stormy waters."

The history of BEAU BRUMMELL is a fruitful one. There can hardly be a better lesson taught of the consequences of a *useless life*, than is taught by his brilliant yet melancholy career. His impudence was inimitable—it was appalling. His sayings were delivered in a way that was so deliberate, so imperturbably cool, that no person could do justice to it. And yet people of the first class, nobles of the realm, nay, royalty itself, "put up" with his sarcastic says, his impudent comments, without either retort or remonstrance. Here are a couple of specimens of his impudence, recorded by one who knew him well:

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"Dining one day at a gentleman's house in Hampshire, where the Champagne was far from being good, he waited for a pause in the conversation, and then condemned it by raising his glass, and saying, in a voice loud enough to be heard by every one at the table:

"John, bring me some more of that wild cider.'

"Brummell,' said one of his club friends, on one occasion, 'you were not here yesterday; where did you dine?

"Dine!' he replied; 'why, with a person of the name of R—. I believe he wishes me to notice him; hence the dinner: but to give the devil his due he desired that I would make up the party myself, so I asked A—, M—, P—, and a few others, and I assure you, the affair turned off quite uniquely. There was every delicacy in or out of season. The Sillery was perfect; and not a wish remained ungratified. But my dear fellow,' continued Brummell, musing, 'conceive my astonishment, when I tell you that R— *himself* had the assurance to sit down and dine with us!'"

The nonchalance, the total indifference which he could at any time assume, is well illustrated in the following anecdote:

"An acquaintance having, in a morning call, bored him dreadfully about some tour he had made in the north of England, inquired with great pertinacity of his impatient listener, which of the lakes he preferred?

"Brummell, quite tired of the man's tedious raptures, turned his head imploringly toward his valet, who was arranging something in the room, and said,

"Robinson!'

"Sir."

"Which of the lakes do I admire?'

"Windermere, sir,' replied that distinguished individual.

"Ah, yes—Windermere,' replied Brummell; so it is—yes; Windermere!'"

An anecdote of him which is somewhat more familiar, but which possesses the same characteristics with the above, is one which represents him as saying, in reply to the remark of a lady, who, observing that at a dinner where they met, the great beau took no vegetables, asked him whether such was his general habit, and if he *never* ate any.

"Yes, my dear madam," he replied, "I once ate *a pea*!"

But the best thing told of Brummell, in this kind, is one which does not appear in Captain Jesse's "Life" of him, nor, to our knowledge, has it appeared in print. But it is undoubtedly authentic. It runs in this wise.

Being one day seated at one of the tables of his favorite club-house, near the fire-place, he was enjoying the perusal of the *Times* newspaper, when a stout, burly member entered, and walking up to the fire-place, turned his back to the grateful warmth, parted his coat-tails, and stood before the beau in the attitude of the Colossus of Rhodes. Presently he began to sneeze. Brummell looked up imploringly and with a gesture indicating great annoyance, removed a little further off.

Scarcely had he taken his new seat, before another burst of sneezing, louder than before, startled him from his temporary repose. He was looking reproachfully, but "more in sorrow than in anger," when a third explosion of sternutation, "mist" from the effects of which reached to where he sat, brought him to his feet: "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed; "we can't stand this! Waiter, it is raining! Bring us an umbrella!"

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But this man, who was the very pattern in manners and dress of his time, who could even bully and satirize princes of the royal line with impunity, this example of an aimless life, met with a sad fate at last. His dissolute habits and enormous debts compelled him to flee from England, in the night, to a small town on the French coast, where, after being appointed, for a time, to the indifferent British consulate, he became again involved, by reason of his expensive habits and over-delicate tastes, and was at last confined in prison for debt. Just before he was incarcerated,

the following anecdote is related of him:

"While promenading one day on the pier, an old associate of his, who had just arrived by the packet from England, met him unexpectedly in the street, and cordially shaking hands with him, said:

"My dear Brummell, I am delighted to see you! Do you know we thought in London that you were dead! The report, I assure you, was in very general circulation when I left.'

"Mere *stock-jobbing*, mere stock-jobbing!' was the beau's reply."

Stock-jobbing on such a profitless subject as a decayed, penniless dandy! The farce of brazen impudence and assurance could no farther go.

Not long after this, Brummell became partially insane; and the great inventor of STARCH was last seen shrieking from between his prison bars in the asylum, complaining that the pigeon given him for his dinner was "a skeleton;" that his mutton chops were "not larger than a penny-piece;" that his biscuits were "like a bad half-penny;" that he had "but six potatoes;" and that the cherries sent for his dessert were "positively unripe."

And so he continued to the very last. He had a horror of sealing his insane notes with a wafer; he babbled of primrose-colored gloves, eau-de-Cologne, and oil for his wigs, and patent-blackening for his boots.

But at last he died. Some charitable Englishman tried to get him into a private asylum, but no such institution would receive him. This good Samaritan was obliged to pay a person to be with him night and day; but still he, the refined, the *recherché* Beau Brummell, the "glass of fashion and the mould of form," the "observed of all observers," the companion and pet of royalty and the nobility, could not even be kept clean. He drew his last breath upon a straw mattress, rising occasionally from his humble pallet to welcome an imaginary prince, or noble earl, or stately duchess, to his wretched apartment, with no diminution of his mocking grace and studied courtesy of manner. Dandled, dreaded, deserted, doomed, demented, dying dandy!

"Many men of many minds," is a proverb somewhat musty, as many a youngster learning to write can bear witness; and for and against the "use of the weed" it is perhaps more applicable than to any one thing else. Many a reader of the "Drawer" will take a high-flavored Havana between his lips, press and draw it satisfactorily, while he peruses the following—while many a staid matron and careful housekeeper will regard the lines with great favor; bearing in mind all the time the smell of tobacco-smoke in the curtains, and in the clothes of their husbands, or their husbands' friends. But whether for or against, read

THE DISGUSTED WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

"You promised to leave off your smoking,
The day I consented to wed;
How little I thought you were joking,
How fondly believed what you said!
Then alas! how completely you sold me,
With blandishments artful and vain;
When you emptied your snuff-box, and told me
You never would fill it again!

"Those fumes so oppressive from puffing,
Say, what is the solace that flows?
And whence the enjoyment of stuffing
A parcel of dust in your nose?
By the habits you thus are pursuing,
There *can* be no pleasure conferred,
How irrational, then, is so doing—
Now, *isn't* it very absurd?

"Cigars come to threepence each, nearly,
And sixpence an ounce is your snuff;
Consider how much, then, you yearly
Must waste on that horrible stuff!
Why the sums in tobacco you spend, love,
The wealth in your snuff-box you sink,
Would procure me of dresses no end, love,
And keep me in gloves—only think!

"What's worse, for your person I tremble—
'Tis going as fast as it can;
Oh! how should you like to resemble
A smoky and snuffy old man?
Then resign, at the call of affection,
The habits I can not endure;

Or you'll spoil both your nose and complexion,
And ruin your teeth, I am sure!"

Whatever may be said of smoking, it must be admitted to have been the cause of much pleasant writing; nor has it failed to be turned to profitable instruction in verse; as witness the lines on a pipe:

"The pipe that is so lily white,
In which so many take delight,
'Tis broke by the touch,
Man's life is but such—
Think of this when you're smoking tobacco!"

How admirably was this verse sung by the poor soldier in "St. Patrick's Eve," when he supposes he is smoking his last pipe!

There was an amusing account given some twenty years ago in an English periodical, of a footman to a gentleman in a provincial town (which was crowded with strangers on some week of rejoicing, or of some convention or other), being sent, as a favor, to cut the hair of a friend of his master's, who had "put up" at a neighboring inn. He had tried to shave a person once before, on an emergency, and cut his own thumb half-off through his cheek. His experience in hair-cutting was not much more fortunate; but let him tell his own story:

"The first sight of my new 'patient' set my nerves dancing in all directions. He was a large, tall, brawny, red-hot Irishman, with a head of hair bright orange, and curly as the wool of a negro.

"'Cut my hair!' he said, in a voice like the grating of wagon-wheels; 'and, you spalpeen, be handy wid ye, for it's these twenty-four hours that I'm after waiting for ye.'

"The stranger's hair was stiff as wire; of an inveterate tight round curl; and bushy to absolute frightfulness from excess of luxuriant growth. He had started from London with it rather too long; worn it uncombed on a three months' journey through Wales; and was waiting until he could arrive at some town where he could have it cut in the fashion.

"'Cut my hair! I say, you devil's baby!' said the rollicking, roystering Irishman, imbibing at the same time a large draught from a tumbler of brandy-and-water, which he was consuming while he dressed, and recommencing, in a horrible voice, to sing 'The Lads of Shillelagh,' a measure which my entrance had for a moment interrupted.

"I obeyed, but with a trembling hand. The very first sight of his head had discomposed all my faculties. I plunged into the operation of adjusting it as into a voyage over sea, without rudder or compass. I cut a bit here and a bit there, taking off very little at a time, for fear of losing my way; but the detestable round curl, rolling itself up at the very moment I let go the end, defeated every hope, every chance of regularity.

"'Thin the rest!' blasphemed the sufferer, 'for I'll not wait. Thin, it, and leave it.'

"This command put the finishing stroke to my perplexity. 'Thinning' was a process entirely beyond my skill; but a fresh execration, interrupting, 'The Lads of Shillelagh,' left me no longer any power of thought. I had seen the business of 'thinning' performed, although I did not at all comprehend it. I knew that the scissors were to be run through the hair from one side to another with a sort of snip—snip—snip, all the way, so I dashed on; snip—snip—snip—through the close, round, red curls, quite surprised at my own dexterity, for about a minute and a half; and then, taking up my comb, to collect the proceeds of the operation, more than three-fourths of the man's hair came off in my hands!

"What followed I have never exactly been clear in remembering. I think my victim must have felt the sudden chill occasioned by the departure of the thick-set hedge that constituted his head-gear. At all events, he put his hand to his head, and motioned as if he 'did address himself to rise.' I made a rush for the door, muttering something about being obliged to 'go for the heating-irons;' but as I turned round for a parting glance 'at that misguided man,' I saw *discovery* in his eye. Indeed, I see him in my mind's eye even now, with a countenance more in amazement than in anger, standing paralyzed, beside the chair upon, which he had been sitting, and rubbing his head with the left hand, as if doubting whether his right hand had not misinformed him; but at the moment when the thing occurred, I thought only of escape."

That extempore friseur was never caught afterward with a pair of "thinning-scissors" in his hand!

As we are nigh upon the season of immature fruits, it may not be amiss to give, as a "solemn warning," the following touching

SONNET
ON A YOUTH WHO DIED OF EXCESSIVE FRUIT-PIE.

Currants have checked the current of my blood,

And berries brought me to be buried here;
Pears have pared off my body's hardihood,
And plums and plumbers spare not one so spare.
Fain would I feign my fall; so fair a fare
Lessens not fate, but 'tis a lesson good:
Gilt will not long hide guilt; such thin-washed ware
Wears quickly, and its rude touch soon is rued.
Grave on my grave some sentence grave and terse,
That lies not, as it lies upon my clay;
But in a gentle strain of unstrained verse,
Prays all to pity a poor patty's prey;
Rehearses I was fruit-full to my hearse,
Tells that my days are told, and soon I'm toll'd away!

It will make any "Christian" laugh to read the account which follows, of the manner in which Eastern superstition was, on one occasion, overcome by a stubborn, matter-of-fact clockmaker, who was employed to repair the great clock in the tower of the Mosque at Tangier. He was from Genoa, and a Christian. How could the faithful followers of the Prophet manage to employ him? The clock was fixed in the wall of the tower, and it was of course a thing impossible to allow the "Kaffer" to defile GOD'S house of prayer by his sacrilegious steps. One proposed to abandon the clock altogether; another suggested the laying down of boards, over which the infidel might pass, without touching the sacred floor; but this was not held to be a sufficient safeguard; and it was finally decided to pull up that part of the pavement on which the "Kaffer" trod, and whitewash the walls over which he passed. [Pg 133]

The Christian was now sent for, and was told what was required of him; and he was expressly commanded to take off his shoes and stockings, on entering the mosque.

"I shan't do it!" said the stout little watch-maker; "I never take them off when I enter the chapel of the most Holy Virgin, and I won't take them off in the house of your Prophet!"

They cursed in their hearts the watch-maker and all his race, and were in a state of vast perplexity. The "wise men" had met early in the morning: it was already noon, and yet, so far from having got over their difficulty, they were, in fact, exactly where they had been before breakfast; when a gray-haired muezzin, or priest, who had hitherto been silent, claimed permission to speak:

"If," said the venerable priest, "the mosque be out of repair, and lime and bricks have to be conveyed into the interior, for the use of the masons, do not asses carry those loads, and do they not enter with their shoes on?"

"You speak truly," was the general reply.

"And does the donkey," resumed the muezzin, "believe in the One God, or in Mohammed, the Prophet of God?"

"No, in truth—no," all replied.

"Then," said the muezzin, "*let the Christian go in shod, as a donkey would do, and come out as a donkey!*"

The argument of the muezzin was unanimously applauded. In the character of a donkey, therefore, did the Christian enter the great Mohammedan temple!

That was a capital burlesque which appeared in "Punch," about the time that Prince de Joinville bombarded Algiers, in the shape of a letter from a French soldier to his mother in Paris. It is brim full of good puns:

"Your kind letter, strange to say, found me alive. You ask me to send you an account of our Model Farm. The farm is surrounded by a stockade, and we mount not less than fifty forty-two pounders. These are constantly double-loaded with grape of the very best vintage. Thus our guns bear upon our fields, if nothing else does. Indeed, every thing about us may be said to be shooting, except the crops. Still, I do not despair. Two months ago we plowed two hundred Arabs into a field of four acres, and now find that they are coming up very nicely in turnips. The agricultural glory there is rotting like bone-dust.

"It is amazing to see how glory blesses us in this country. We feed the Gallic cock upon small-shot; and, strange to say, the hens lay nothing but bullets. Indeed, such is the violence of the Arabs, that we are compelled to stand to our guns at milking-time and feed the pigs with fixed bayonets. We are, however, exercising the milk-maids in platoon-firing, and trust they are quite able to take the field with the cows, now that the guns, which they are to carry, have been provided us. [Pg 134]

"We yesterday held a court-martial on the sentinel who mounted guard at the ducks' house; a party of the enemy having scaled the wall at night, and carried off our only brood of ducklings. The drake and duck were found with their throats cut! Were there ever such barbarous villains as these Arabs? The sentinel was shot at six this morning, with all the honors. Although the villains stole our ducks, they fortunately missed the onions: I say fortunately, for they might have found at least a rope apiece.

"We are, however, preparing for a grand operation. We have deposited an immense quantity of gunpowder under the dunghill. We purpose to appear off our guard—shall suffer the enemy to scale our stockade, plant their banners on our dunghill, and then—as they think, in the moment of victory—blow them to atoms! Thus may true glory be obtained, like mushrooms, even from a dunghill!

"You will, from the above, judge of the delightful employment of cultivating beet-root and laurels in the same field.

"But I am called away. Our shepherd has returned without his nose and ears. Our two sheep are carried off! We hasten to make a *sortie*, to avenge the honor of outraged France! '*Vive la France!*'"

They are building a railroad in Egypt; and late accounts from Alexandria tell us that nine or ten thousand workmen are actively engaged upon it. Think of that! Crossing the desert after a locomotive! Good-by to camels and dromedaries! Farewell to tents beneath the spacious blue firmament overhead! A "long farewell" to Arab guides and Arab extortions! Railroads and steamboats will yet thread through Palestine, and paddle the sluggish waters of the Dead Sea! Now look for trade in "pots and pearls," made from the "ash-apples" on "the Dead Sea's shore." Sing the following, on the twenty-sixth page, "irregular metre." Air: "Go ahead!"

Over the billows and over the brine,
Over the water to Palestine!
Am I awake, or do I dream?
Over the ocean to Syria by steam!
My say is sooth, by this right hand,
 A steamer brave
 Is on the wave,
Bound positively for the Holy Land!
 Godfrey of Boulogne and thou
 Richard, Lion-hearted King,
Candidly inform us now,
 Did you ever
 No, you never
 Could have fancied such a thing.
 Never such vociferations
 Entered your imaginations
As the ensuing:
 —"Ease her! stop her!"
"Any gentleman for Joppa?"
"Mascus, 'Mascus?" "Ticket, please, sir;"
"Tyre or Sidon?" "Stop her! ease her!"
"Jerusalem, 'lem, 'lem!"—"Shur! Shur!"
"Do you go on to Egypt, sir?"
"Captain, is this the land of Pharaoh?"
"Now look alive there! Who's for Cairo!"
"Back her! stand clear, I say, old file!"
"What gent or lady's for the Nile?
Or Pyramids?" "Thebes, Thebes, sir, steady!"
"Now. Where's that party for Engeddi?"
Pilgrims, holy Red-Cross knights,
 Had you e'er the least idea,
Even in your wildest flights,
 Of a steam-trip to Judea?
What next marvel Time will show,
 It is difficult to say:
"Omnibus to Jericho,
 Only sixpence all the way?"
Cabs in Jerusalem may ply:
 'Tis not an unlikely tale;
And from Dan the tourist hie
 Unto Beersheba by rail.

A distinguished traveler mentions that in some instances in China, the "outside barbarians," are sometimes looked upon as gods, and at others as devils; and he mentions an absurd and very amusing story which goes to show the fear with which strangers are looked upon by this superstitious race:

"After my friend had visited the Porcelain Tower, being somewhat fatigued, he stepped into a barber's shop, and by way of employing his time, he desired the barber to shave his head. The gentleman wore a wig, but which, for the sake of coolness, he had placed in his pocket. This

operation of shaving, so common in China, was speedily and skillfully executed, the barber seeming to be delighted with the honor of shaving one of the illustrious strangers. Previously to his leaving the shop, and while the man's attention was called in some other direction, my friend replaced his wig upon his head, little thinking of the result of his simple process. No sooner, however, had the barber turned round, and observed him whom he had so lately cleaned of every vestige of hair, suddenly covered with a most luxuriant growth, than taking one steady gaze at him. To make sure that he was not deceived, he let fall the razor, cleared his counter at a bound, and running madly through the crowd which was speedily collected, cried out that he was visited by the devil!

"No entreaties could induce him to return, until every 'outside barbarian' had left the neighborhood; so palpable a miracle as this being, in his opinion, quite beyond the powers of all the gods and demons in the Buddhist calendar!"

Here are a few "*Hints on Popping the Question*," which may be commended to the bashful, the hesitating, and the ignorant, as well as to the "instruction" of the lady-readers of "The Drawer:"

"If you call on the 'loved one,' and observe that she blushes as you approach, give her hand a gentle squeeze, and if she returns it, 'all right.' 'Get the parents out of the room; sit down on the sofa beside the most adorable of her sex,' and talk of the 'joys of wedded life.' If she appears pleased, rise, seem excited, and at once ask her to say the important, the life-or-death-deciding, the suicide-or-happiness-settling question. If she pulls out her cambric, be sure you are accepted. Call her 'My darling Fanny,' and 'my own dear creature,' and this completes the scene. Ask her to name the blessed day, and fancy yourself already in Paradise.

"A good plan is, to call on the 'object of your affections' in the forenoon; propose a walk; mamma consents, in the hope you will declare your intentions. Wander through the green fields; talk of 'love in a cottage,' 'requited attachment,' and 'rural felicity.' If a child happens to pass, of course intimate your fondness for the 'dear little creatures': this will be a splendid hit. If the coast is clear down you must fall on your knee, right or left, for there is no rule as to this, and swear never to rise till she agrees to take you 'for better or for worse.' If, however, the grass is wet, and you have white pantaloons on, or if your trowsers are tightly made, of course you must pursue another plan: say, vow, you will blow your brains out, or swallow arsenic, or drown yourself, if she won't say yes.

"If you are at a ball, and your charmer is there, captivating all around her, get her into a corner, and 'pop the question.' Some delay until after supper, but 'Delays are dangerous'—Round-hand copy.

"A young lady's 'tears,' when accepting you, mean only, 'I am too happy to speak.' The dumb-show of staring into each other's faces, squeezing fingers, and sighing, originated, we have reason to believe, with the ancient Romans. It is much practiced nowadays, as saving breath, and being much more lover-like than talking."

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR DRAWER.

Our city readers will doubtless recollect the public exhibition, at Niblo's Garden, a few years since, of a magnificent specimen of the American Century Plant in full bloom.

A certain worthy citizen, of considerable social distinction, but not remarkably famous for clearness or strength of intellectual vision, happened to be one morning at the period in question, describing to a fellow passenger in an omnibus "downward bound" the marvelous production of nature, which he had just been visiting. The description, although more immediately addressed to his companion, was (omnibus orators are not uncommon) leveled at the ten additional sixpences whom fate had thrown together in the same vehicle. Among the most earnest listeners, was a meek little man, who ventured, at the conclusion of our friend's account, to inquire mildly, "if the plant belonged to the family of the cactuses?"

"Not at all," replied the dignified narrator, with evident compassion for the ignorance of the questioner, "it belongs to the family of the Van Rensselaers!"

Shortly after the French Revolution of 1848, at a diplomatic party in London, the conversation happened to turn upon the extraordinary inconsistencies of Lamartine's political career, and more particularly upon the singularity of the conservative position he then occupied, when contrasted with his revolutionary activity a short time before.

"How does it strike you, Lady M——?" inquired in French an attaché from one of the continental courts, of a lady not less known as a literary celebrity, than as a witty conversationalist.

"Monsieur," she replied, without a moment's hesitation, "*il me fait l'effet d'un incendiaire devenu pompier*"—"Sir, he reminds me of an incendiary turned fireman."

Speaking of Lamartine, reminds us of a bitter taunt of M. Guizot's addressed to that gentleman some years before the last overthrow of the monarchy. It is well known that Lamartine entered public life as a staunch conservative, and gradually became almost an ultra-radical, changing, step by step, his seat in the Chamber of Deputies, from the extreme right to the extreme left. It is equally well known that many years ago, he made a sort of princely pilgrimage through certain sections of the East, and published an account of his travels, the statements in which are reputed to be more or less apocryphal.

Upon the occasion to which we allude, M. Guizot in reply to a violent attack upon the government by the poetical orator, addressed him ironically as "*l'illustre voyageur*," *the illustrious traveler*, a title indifferently applicable to his adversary's Oriental wanderings, or to his more limited Bedouinism within the four walls of the hall of legislation.

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We should be unwilling to particularize how long since, but at a time when we were considerably more verdant than at present, we happened to be traveling in Ireland, that land whence so many travelers come, but to which so few go. Having one day an invitation to dine with a gentleman who lived a few miles from one of the second-rate towns, we engaged a nondescript vehicle and an equally nondescript driver, to take us to the residence of our friend. Paddy, with an independence as decided as if it had been nurtured under the stars and stripes, continued for a good part of the journey smoking villainous tobacco through a blackened pipe-stump, occasionally relieving his feelings by howling out some catch of a native melody *not* idealized by Moore. To us he did not condescend to address any conversation whatsoever, until suddenly at a turn of the road we found ourselves passing a grave-yard, *i.e.* *Anglice*, church-yard, thickly studded with monuments.

Jehu, turning toward us, rather startled us by the statement that "only the blind were buried in that spot." Noticing a fine mansion a short distance beyond, on the same side of the road, we modestly suggested that probably the imposing building before us was an institution for the blind.

"Not at all, yer honor," answered Paddy.

"But how then does it happen," we replied, "that this burying-ground is exclusively for the blind?"

"Why, d'ye see, yer honor," quickly answered the malicious Milesian (we were a nice young man then, and thought all jokes at our expense malicious), "we're not in the habit in Ireland of burying people *until they can no longer see!*"

We had no pipe of our own, not even a stump—so that we could not, if requested, have put *that* into it and smoked it.

Some time last summer, a gentleman of Massachusetts, who takes great interest in the subject of public instruction, and who, if we mistake not, has some official connection with the public schools of that State, visited, with an English friend, the Shaker settlement at New Lebanon. The worthy fraternity have a school of their own, which during the summer months is open for girls only, the boys taking their turn in the winter. Strangers are courteously permitted to visit the establishment, and to examine the scholars. Our two excursionists accordingly made the school the special object of their first visit to the village. At the instance of the head instructress our Eastern friend called out a little girl who possessed a face indicative of more than ordinary intelligence, to go through her paces in spelling.

"Will you oblige me by spelling the word *feeling*?" was the first question.

"*F-two-e-l-i-n-g*," replied the child, without a moment's hesitation.

"Try again, my dear," answered the examiner, with a shake of the head.

The pupil spelled the word over again, in precisely the same manner as at first.

With a dissatisfied expression of countenance the disappointed visitor was about calling for the "next," when, before he could do so, the instructress interposed with,

"Nay, friend, perhaps our system of spelling is not familiar to thee. Under no circumstances do we consent to *doubling any thing here.*"

It is a singular sensation when on going abroad one for the first time finds oneself a foreigner. This is perhaps peculiarly the case with Americans, for several reasons which we will not trouble the reader with developing. We get into the habit at home of considering our national type the standard, a variation from which in any respect is an evidence of oddness and eccentricity. In ourselves we find nothing peculiar, and we can not conceive for a moment that in a strange land, our nationality can at once be detected by signs palpable and impalpable, but always appreciable to an intelligent eye and ear.

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An American freshly arrived in Paris, whether Yankee or Southron, is certainly occasionally guilty of a class of absurdities, into which none but a citizen of the Great Republic, would by any accident fall. The lumber-room of our memory supplies us with an instance in point.

In one of the early years of the last decade, a friend of ours, an old "*flaneur*" in the Boulevards, met accidentally at Meurice's Hotel, an acquaintance just come over from one of the great commercial emporiums of the Union. "The acquaintance" was a personage of standing "on Change," but not over practiced in some of the conventionalities of artificial life. After a cordial greeting on both sides, the new comer put himself into the hands of his more experienced companion, to be initiated into the mysteries of Paris. Now the first wants that an American feels in the great metropolis are material wants; the right place to dine, before the Louvre; a tailor, before Notre-Dame; and a boot-maker, before the Palais de Justice. It is no small matter to carry a man through these necessities satisfactorily, and after all this had been done in the case in question, another want presented itself; some "*lingerie*" must be procured, such as pocket-handkerchiefs, &c.

Our man about town at once directed his steps to Doucet's magnificent establishment in the Rue de la Paix. When they entered the shop, M. Doucet was in a back room, and the two friends had ample time to examine and admire various marvelous dressing-gowns, cravats, &c., which lay broadcast upon the counters and chairs. Among the articles, was a lot of superlative pocket-handkerchiefs embroidered in the corner with a ducal coronet, and the initials of the owner underneath.

"These are uncommonly pretty," exclaimed our novice to his companion, "I should like wonderfully well to have some for myself embroidered in the same way."

"But, my dear fellow," replied the other, "these belong to some man of rank, and of course you would never think of having a coronet upon your handkerchiefs."

"And why not?" resumed his friend. "I take it, that it is only an ornament, I don't believe it means anything, and I don't see why I should not make use of the same thing, if I like it."

Just then, to the horror of the man of the world, M. Doucet entered, all smiles and salutations.

"To whom do these pocket-handkerchiefs belong?" inquired our would-be fashionable friend of M. Doucet, who, by-the-bye, understood and spoke English.

"To the Duke d'O——, a Spanish nobleman," answered the shopkeeper.

"Could I not have a half-dozen, the exact counterpart of these, excepting the initials?" asked the customer.

"Undoubtedly, sir," answered Doucet, without the slightest indication of a smile upon his features.

At this point the unfortunate friend and introducer, who had already fidgeted his gloves on and off several times during the progress of the above short dialogue, interposed, and, in the most positive terms, protested against his companion's being guilty of such an absurdity.

The companion after a moment's dejection in consequence of the decided manner in which his Mentor had interposed to defeat the little gratification which he proposed to his vanity, suddenly turning once more to the expectant master of the establishment, exclaimed,

"But, M. Doucet, at least you can embroider an *American Eagle* in the corner of my handkerchiefs?"

This time, M. Doucet *did* smile, but after an instant he replied, with perfect seriousness,

"There can be no difficulty, sir, in embroidering an *Eagle*, but I am quite ignorant of the distinguishing peculiarities of your national bird."

"Oh, I can soon remedy that," rejoined the now well-pleased customer, and taking a half-dollar from his pocket, he handed it over as a sample of what he desired.

In due time, the handkerchiefs were embroidered and delivered. We are quite sure, however, that our friend, who was up to the proprieties of Paris life, never again voluntarily placed himself in a position in which his national pride could be mortified by the ignorance and vanity of a fellow-countryman.

Some time ago, there flourished, in one of the northern counties of this State, a Scotch divine who rejoiced in the name of "Caw," and who was particularly eager to ingratiate himself into the good opinions of his parishioners and his neighbors. As one means of accomplishing this, he became violently patriotic in his feelings toward his adopted country, and never omitted upon every possible occasion to throw overboard the Scotchman and to assume the American as much as possible.

In the process of time, the worthy doctor built him a house. The contractor was a shrewd Yankee, who had more respect for the doctor's dollars than he had for his theology or his transferred patriotism. One day as the two stood together in front of the nearly finished parsonage, the minister, turning to his companion, asked,

"Dinna ye think, Mister Doolittle, it would produce an uncommonly good effect, if ye should put up a carved eagle with spread wings over the entrance door?"

"You had better put a *crow* there, Mister *Caw*," was the prompt but not very civil reply.

We recollect a Scotch blacksmith who used to live, and very likely continues to do so, on the west side of Church-street in this city. His establishment was at the farther extremity of an alley-way, and over the street entrance the following sign attracted the eye of the passer by:

"Sinclair Lithgow, horse-shoeing smith,
Warks up this close wi' a' his pith;
He does his wark baith weel and soon,
But likes the siller when 'tis done!"

How thoroughly *canny* is this, particularly the allusion to the "siller."

Mr. Lithgow, however, deserves a fortune for his wit.

Literary Notices.

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One of the most valuable publications of the month is *The Life and Correspondence of Niebuhr*, the celebrated Roman historian, containing a sketch of his biography, with copious selections from his familiar letters on a great variety of literary and personal topics. The character of Niebuhr is adapted to awaken a deep interest. He reveals his inner being with remarkable frankness in this correspondence. His private feelings, his studies, his literary projects, his plans of life, are all described without reserve. Rugged, unyielding, opinionated, but singularly honest and benevolent withal, with a decided infusion of the domestic and friendly element, Niebuhr was a fine model of Teutonic integrity. His writings are in keeping with his character. These volumes, moreover, are rich in sketches of contemporary literary men and politicians, presenting, in fact, a lucid commentary on the development of German culture during the last half century. (Harper and Brothers.)

Romance of Natural History, by C. W. WEBBER (published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.), is the title of a recent contribution to the illustration of American forest life, from the pen of a writer admirably qualified to do justice to the subject, both by his wide personal experience of romantic adventures on the frontier, and his uncommon power of bold and graphic description. The volume is composed of studies in natural history, narratives of remarkable incidents, pictures of silvan scenery, and sketches of the biography of celebrated pioneers and woodsmen. In addition to the personal reminiscences of the author, the work contains numerous striking selections from other writers, who have described the habits of animals, and scenes in the hunter's life. Books of this character must always be read with avidity. They bring us near to the heart of nature. Their influence, though singularly exciting, is pure and wholesome. The scenes which they depict present a refreshing contrast to the artificial life of cities, and open an impressive view of the wonders and glories of creation. Mr. Webber has won a high rank as a descriptive writer, by his previous productions. In this department of composition, he exhibits no less vigor than facility. The present volume is not unworthy of his reputation. Although occasionally prolix, its narratives, for the most part, are distinguished for their vivacity, reproducing the strange experiences of the wilderness with great freshness and brilliancy of coloring.

Ivar: or, The Skjuts-Boy, by MISS CARLEN. (Harper and Brothers.) A translation of a Swedish novel, by Professor KRAUSE. The writer, Miss Carlen, is a universal favorite in her native country, where she is said to sustain even a higher literary reputation than her gifted contemporary, Fredrika Bremer. She is not only known in the higher walks of society; but has won a cherished place in the cottages of the peasantry. She excels in the delineation of female character; her sketches in this kind combining an exquisite grace and beauty, with sculpture-like fidelity to nature. Her warmest sympathies are with the people, and in Sweden, her name is only spoken by their lips with grateful reverence. The present story abounds in pictures of Swedish social life—with a great variety of character and incident—embodied in a cordial, racy style, to which the translator seems to have done eminent justice.

A new venture in fictitious composition, by the successful authoress of "The Wide, Wide World," is issued by G. P. Putnam, bearing the harsh guttural appellation of *Queechy*. It is similar in construction and tone to the former work, presenting a series of lively portraiture of country life, and a fine specimen of character-drawing in the person of its heroine. Without claiming a conspicuous rank as a work of literary art, this novel shows great freshness of feeling, a high religious aim, and a genuine love of nature, combined with a quiet lurking humor, which serves to explain, in part, at least, the wide popularity of the young authoress. She has the elements of a still more enviable success, and if she would cherish a greater loyalty to the principles of dramatic harmony, and bear in mind the old dictum of Hesiod, that "the half is better than the whole," she would be able to leave this production quite in the back-ground.

The Daltons, by CHARLES LEVER (published by Harper and Brothers), is the last novel of that popular author, displaying his usual dramatic force of representation with an unwonted vein of earnest reflection. In brilliancy of portraiture and vivacity of dialogue, it is not surpassed by any of his former productions, while in vigor of thought and high moral purpose it is greatly their superior.

Hungary in 1851, by C. L. BRACE (published by Charles Scribner), records the adventures of the author in a tour through Hungary, after the Revolution, where, among other novelties, he gets a taste of the inside of an Austrian prison. The volume describes the domestic manners of the

Hungarians, in a simple and unpretending narrative, giving us a highly favorable impression of the Magyar character, and of the excellent heart and modest enthusiasm of the author as well.

Pequinillo is the title of another story (published by Harper and Brothers), by G. P. R. JAMES, written in a style of playful gayety, with frequent touches of sarcastic humor, and many felicitous delineations of character. We find no shadow of falling off in the productions of this inexhaustible author, and we trust he will live to see as many native Americans among the offspring of his genius, as he has before counted legitimate subjects of the "fast-anchored isle."

A new edition of *English Synonyms*, edited by Archbishop Whately, has been published by James Munroe and Co. It will be welcome to the lovers of nice philological distinctions. Without dealing in hair-splitting subtleties of discussion, it presents a variety of acute verbal analyses, which are no less adapted to promote accuracy of thought, than correctness of diction. It may be said that the noblest operations of the mind refuse to submit to such minute verbal legislation; and if we admit that the language of passion and imagination must ever be a law to itself, it is also certain that the processes of pure thought can not be served by too refined and delicate instruments; and accordingly, every successful attempt to fix and distinguish the meaning of words is a valuable service to clearness and efficiency of intellect. The definitions in this little volume may not always be accepted; in some instances, they would seem to rest on an arbitrary basis; but, as a whole, they are marked by good sense, as well as by critical acumen; and, rich, as they are in suggestions, even to the most accomplished word-fancier, they can not be studied without advantage.

Thomas, Cowperthwait, and Co. have published *The Standard Speaker*, by EPES SARGENT, containing a selection of pieces adapted to declamation, from the great masters of American and British eloquence and poetry. It is also enriched with a number of original translations from the classics, and from eminent modern orators in France. The work is arranged in a convenient and natural order; excellent taste is displayed in the selection of matter; and the translations are spirited and faithful. It will undoubtedly prove a favorite manual of elocution for the use of schools. Nor is this its only merit. The editor is a poet himself, and a man of various accomplishments. His fine culture is every where betrayed in his volume, making it, in fact, a choice collection of the gems of elegant literature. Hence, it is no less adapted for family reading, than for seminaries of learning. Mr. Sargent is entitled to the thanks of all friends of good letters for the zeal, fidelity, and judgment with which he has performed his task.

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The Glory of Christ, by Rev. GARDINER SPRING, published in two volumes by M. W. Dodd, is a profound theological treatise, combining extensive research, great knowledge of the Scriptures, and practised skill in argument, with a chaste and animated style, which often rises into the sphere of vigorous popular eloquence. Dr. Spring discusses the principal offices in the mission of the Saviour, the glories of his divine and human natures, and the certain ultimate triumphs of his kingdom on earth. He treats the subject in an exhaustive method—leaving little to be said on the same topics—and blending the austere fervors of the Puritanic age, with the freer and more practical tendencies of modern times.

A Manual of Grecian Antiquities, by Professor CHARLES ANTHON, is issued by Harper and Brothers, forming a companion volume to the recent work on Roman Antiquities by the same author. It is prepared chiefly from materials furnished by Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Bojesen's Hand-Book, and Hase's admirable treatise on the Public and Private Life of the Greeks. The convenience of the arrangement, the completeness of the information, and the condensation of space in this volume make it a most valuable work of reference, and it will soon be found on the table of every student of Greek History or Literature.

The Works of the late President Olin, in two volumes, have been published by Harper and Brothers, comprising a selection from his pulpit Discourses, his Lectures on Christian and University Education, and a variety of Missionary and other Addresses and Essays. This work is a valuable gift to the Christian community in general, and will be received with a grateful welcome especially by the religious connection, of which the author was a prominent and beloved member. Those who knew and honored Dr. Olin in life will cherish these volumes as an appropriate and expressive memorial of his admirable character and his abundant labors. The Sermons here given to the public, though not intended for the press, are models of profound religious thought, and present numerous specimens of chaste and effective pulpit eloquence. The Lectures on Education are filled with weighty suggestions; they exhibit the results of ripened wisdom; showing an equal knowledge of human nature and sound learning; and in a style of remarkable sobriety, force, directness, and point.

Thorpe, A Quiet English Town, by WILLIAM MOUNTFORD, is a Vague, Dreamy Story of Humble English Life, mystical in its tone, and languid in its movement—with little interest in its plot, though presenting some delicate portraiture of character—displaying less strength than beauty—and pervaded with a streak of tender sentiment, which sometimes borders on effeminacy. As an imaginative work, it has slight pretensions; its lady-like softness and grace are not relieved by any masculine energy; but its purity of tone and its frequent exquisite beauty of language reveal a refined and elegant mind, and will recommend it to cultivated readers. (Boston; Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.)

Harper and Brothers have just issued the second volume of *The Life of Burns*, by ROBERT CHAMBERS. The correspondence in this volume increases in interest, showing the character of the impulsive poet in some of its most extraordinary phases of strength and weakness. His letters, to Clorinda especially, present an odd experience in the life of a fair devotee of Scotch Presbyterianism. The circumstances connected with Burns' marriage to Jean Armour are detailed

at length by the biographer.

Fancies of a Whimsical Man, by the author of "Musings of an Invalid." (Published by John S. Taylor.) There is meat in this book—not always strong, nor savory—but often spiced with piquant provocatives, and seldom insipid or flat. The tone of satire prevails throughout the volume; no one can complain of the author for taking things too easy; he is a grumbler by profession; he lays about him on the right hand and left with a certain spasmodic violence; but his weapons lack the curious temper and polished keenness of edge, without which satire is a mere bludgeon. It may serve to fell an ox, but it can not take off a man's head so deftly that the beguiled victim is for the moment unconscious of his loss. Still, this book is out of the common track, and is well worth reading. It indicates the possession of more power than was used in its composition.

Lyra and other Poems, by ALICE CAREY (published by Redfield), is a neat volume, containing a selection from the author's poetical writings, which have been already widely circulated in the public journals. They include her most characteristic productions, and are well suited to legitimate her claims to a high rank among our native poets. Though not distinguished for striking originality, or deep bursts of passion, they display a rare susceptibility to poetical impressions, and a flowing sweetness of versification which give them a peculiar charm, in spite of the uniform sadness of their tone. Several of the pieces are effusions of melting pathos, clothed in language of great terseness and simplicity—but the same theme too often recurs, producing the effect of a long-drawn plaintive wail. Miss Carey has a quick and accurate eye for nature; her fancy swarms with a profusion of rural images; the humblest forms of domestic life supply her with the materials of poetry; and with uncommon facility of expression, she finds the way to the heart by the true feeling and quiet tenderness of her verse. The most elaborate piece in this volume is entitled "Lyra, a Lament," and we presume is a favorite with Miss Carey's more enthusiastic admirers. It displays a rich luxuriance of imagery; all the flowers of the seasons are woven into the elegiac wreath; but it is too artificial, too curiously wrought for the subject; it seems more like an experiment in poetry, than the sincere outpouring of grief; it has an antique Miltonic flavor, instead of the freshness of native fruit; and, for our part, we much prefer the more simple poems, "Jessie Carol," "Annie Clayville," "Lily Lee," "Annularies," "The Shepherdess," and the like, which are tender and tearful without pretension.

Hand-Book of Wines, by THOMAS McMULLEN (Published by Appleton and Co.) Some will regard this work as a Natural History of Poisons, under a different name; others, as a Treatise on one of the branches of the Art of Enjoying Life. Both will find it to be a complete mine of knowledge on the subjects of which it treats. That portion of its contents which addresses itself to practical men, whether as physicians, dealers, or judicious consumers, is carefully and critically compiled from the most distinguished foreign authors, to whose observations Mr. McMullen's own long and extensive experience gives weight and sanction. His chapter on the "Purchasing of Wines" is replete with good sense and will open the eyes of many who think themselves connoisseurs. We believe that the conclusion at which he arrives is the true one, namely, that "the only security against being imposed upon, and the secret of procuring good wine, is to purchase from honorable and respectable merchants, whose character and judgment can be relied upon, and to whom a reputation for selling fine wines is of ten times more importance than any thing they could expect to make by adulteration."

Another chapter, entitled "Of the Art of Drinking Wine," appears to us likely to prove highly useful to such youthful or inexperienced hosts as may wish to dispense the bounties of their hospitality with the most approved elegance, yet somewhat doubt their own judgment on such points, or their acquaintance with established precedent.

To ourselves, Rechabites in principle if not in name, the work was attractive chiefly from its descriptions of the lands whence "the sweet poison of misused wine" is procured.

Having ourselves wandered through most of them, we could the better test the accuracy of our author, and we can assure our readers, both those who have trodden those fertile soils, where the amber and the purple grape yield such goodly produce, and those fireside travelers who would fain learn what Nature has done for other lands, that under Mr. McMullen's guidance they will make a pleasant and profitable tour, and on their return find themselves in their easy chairs, edified in mind and not fatigued in body.

A book which will delight many readers, the life of the veteran entomologist and Christian philosopher, Mr. KIRBY, is announced for publication. It is drawn up chiefly from his own letters and journals, by the Rev. John Freeman, M.A., clergyman of a parish not far from that of which Mr. Kirby was long the rector. William Spence, whose name is ever associated with the subject of the memoir, supplies a "sketch of the history of his forty-five years' friendship with Mr. Kirby, and of the origin and progress of the 'Introduction to Entomology,' with numerous extracts from Mr. Kirby's letters to him." This will be not the least valuable portion of a volume to which we look forward with much interest.

Among other works announced for speedy publication by Messrs. Longman and Co. we observe a new book of travels, by Mr. SAMUEL LAING, *Notes on the Political and Social State of Denmark and the Duchies of Holstein and Sleswick*; also, *Count Arenberg*, a story of the times of Martin

Luther, by Mr. SORTAINE, whose tale of *Hildebrand and the Emperor* was favorably received by the public. In the Traveler's Library, a translation is to appear from the German, of an *Expedition from Sennar to Taka, Basa, and Beni-Ameer*, by FREDERIC WERNE, author of the 'Expedition to the Sources of the White Nile.'

The *Life and Correspondence of the late Lord Langdale*, is in progress, and will be published by Mr. Bentley, who announces likewise two series of biographies that promise ample material of interest—1. Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury; 2. Lives of the Prime Ministers of England. [Pg 139]

The Duke of WELLINGTON, it recently transpired, has appointed the well known historical writer, Lord MAHON, to be his literary executor, and as his Lordship stands in the same relation to the late Sir ROBERT PEEL, he will have enough to do.

A Memoir of the late Rev. Dr. PYE SMITH is in preparation: also the publication, nearly ready, of the course of lectures on Christian Theology, prepared by that divine for the students in Homerton College; they have undergone revision, and will be edited by the Rev. WILLIAM FARREN, Librarian of New College.

MARY HOWITT, who has already endeared herself to the hearts of all children by her many fascinating and interesting publications for the young, is about to undertake the editorship of a new juvenile magazine the first number of which was expected to appear in June.

The lectures of NIEBUHR on Ancient History, translated from the German, with additions and corrections, by Dr. L. SCHMITZ, once a pupil of the historian, will shortly be published. The work consists of three volumes, comprising the history of all the nations of antiquity, with the exception of that of Rome. In his account of the Asiatic Empires and of Egypt, Niebuhr is reported to have foretold, more than twenty years ago, the splendid discoveries which have been made in our days by Mr. Layard and by others. By far the greater portion of the work is devoted to the history of the Greeks and Macedonians.

A translation has appeared, by LEONORA and JOANNA HORNER, of HANS CHRISTIAN OERSTED'S *Soul of Nature*. Professor Oersted died last year at the age of seventy-four, a few months after a jubilee was held in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of his eminent services at the University of Copenhagen. In 1836 he attended the British Association at Southampton, at the closing general meeting of which Sir John Herschel pronounced a high eulogy of the Danish philosopher, and described the new fields of research which he had opened up, including that important discovery which has led to the invention of the electric telegraph. A brief memoir of Oersted's life and labors is prefixed to the volume. Few men have so combined the patience and labor of experimental research with the genius and boldness of philosophical speculation. The writings of Oersted are eminently suggestive as well as instructive; and with the researches on electricity, magnetism, and other branches of natural science, there are interspersed many wonderful discourses on the relation of the material and the spiritual, of the body and "the soul in nature."

Of English literary gossip we have two or three stray fragments worth setting down. The one is, that TENNYSON is busy with a new poem, of a totally different order from any he has yet published, unless the fragment of the *Morte d'Arthur* be counted; another is, that the gay and brilliant author of *The Bachelor of the Albany* has nearly completed a new novel of a philosophical and satirical turn. THACKERAY, whose historical novel was to have been published last Christmas, has not finished much more than half of his work. [Pg 140]

JOHANNES RONGE, resident in England, announces as in preparation, a new work, to be published by subscription, on *The Reformation of the Nineteenth Century, or the Religion of Humanity*—a subject, tasking the highest powers.

The London journals announce the resignation of his chair of Moral Philosophy in the University

of Edinburgh by Prof. WILSON. The cause assigned by the veteran poet and critic is ill health.

The Americans, says *The London Athenæum*, are becoming a race of book-buyers. Every purchaser of old books—the literature of the period between Gower and Milton—has found by experience how much the demand which has sprung up within these dozen years across the Atlantic for such works has tended to enhance their value in this country. Every few days, too, we hear of some famous library, museum, or historical collection being swept off to the "New World." This week supplies two notable examples:—the Prince of Canino's valuable museum of natural history, his library, and his gallery of Art have all been purchased by a private American gentleman; and the library of Neander has been bought by the Senate of Rochester University in the State of New York. Neander's books constitute one of the best collections on theology in Germany.

Our cousin John across the water is "nothing if not critical." His notices of American books are exceedingly curious specimens in their kind, usually remarkable for their self-complacent insolence. "The Howadji in Syria," however, seems to have won golden opinions, as witness the following from *The Morning Herald*:

"Even those of our readers who have taken up Mr. Curtis's 'Nile Notes,' and have been unable to lay them down again till the last page too soon presented itself, can hardly conceive the fascination which his 'Wanderings in Syria,' just published, will be sure to exercise over their senses. Arabian poets have celebrated the beauty of Cairo and of Damascus, 'the pearl of the East,' and modern travelers have put forth all their powers of description, and have invoked fancy to aid them in their praise; but none of these latter have ever caught and been kindled by the Oriental charm in an equal degree with Mr. Curtis. His work is a perfect gem—a luxury of beauty, and grace, and poetry, which all must read, and none can ever forget."

The notice of the same work in *The Examiner*, bestows reluctant praise:

"Another book has also appeared on the East by a lively foreign visitor, an American, who sought only pleasure and adventure there, and of course found both. 'The Wanderer in Syria,' by Mr. George William Curtis, is a volume supplementary to his 'Nile Notes,' formerly published. The subjects are the Desert, Jerusalem, and Damascus; but the writer's manner and intention are less to describe what any other person may see in those places, and in eastern circumstances, than to tell us what thoughts and fancies, whimsical, poetical, fanciful, they suggested to him, the writer. His fault is to betray something too much of an effort both in his gravities and gayeties; but on the other hand the effort is not always unsuccessful. He is often undeniably gay, and as often says grave things worth listening to. We do not like him the worse for his love of America and occasional supercilious sneers at Cockneyism."

The following passage from a letter written recently by LEIGH HUNT will excite much sympathy and regret:—"I have not been out of my house (by medical advice) for these two months; for a considerable time past, I have not been able to visit my nearest connections, even by day; and last year I was not able to indulge myself with a sight of what all the world were seeing, though for the greater part of its existence I was living not a mile from the spot. To complete this piece of confidence, into which your making me of so much importance to myself has led me, and not leave my friends with a more serious impression of the state of my health than I can help, I have reason to believe that the coming spring will be more gracious to me than the last; and many are the apparent overthrows from which I have recovered in the course of my life. But age warns me that I must take no more liberties with times and seasons."

Lady MORGAN has addressed a letter to one of the auditors of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, proposing that a monument to MOORE should be raised in the poet's native city. She says: "The name of Ireland's greatest poet suggests an idea which perhaps is already more ably anticipated, that some monumental testimony to his honor should be raised in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin; for Westminster might well deny such a distinction to the Irish bard as was refused to the remains of England's greatest poet since the time of Shakspeare and Milton—Byron. Nowhere could the monument of Moore be more appropriately placed than near that of Swift."

THOMAS HICKS, the artist, exhibits this year at the National Academy, a full-length portrait of ex-Governor FISH, which is *the* picture of the exhibition. Mr. HICKS is the first of our artists. In just conception—splendor of color—vigor and accuracy of drawing—poetic imagination and living reality of impression, he has no master this side the sea.

A portion of Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S Essays has been translated and published in Paris, by M. Emile Montegut. An interesting review of this volume has appeared in the *Pays*. The writer says that, "by a strange anomaly, in the classic land of daring and of novelty, all literary productions bear the same evidences of imitation; all are more or less remarkable for their close adherence to the style of some foreign model." Then he declares Cooper to be a disciple of Walter Scott, but at the same time, much more American than Washington Irving, who is the faithful copier of Robertson and Addison.

M. de Bacourt, one of the executors of the late Prince de Talleyrand, has written a letter to the public journals stating that frauds similar to those lately discovered in England relative to Shelley's letters, have been attempted in France with letters falsely stated to have been written by the late prince. "I have in my possession at present," says M. de Bacourt, "a certain number of those letters, imitating exceedingly well the writing of the deceased Prince—but which have been declared by the persons intimate with the deceased, such as M. Guizot, the Duke de Broglie, Count Molé, Duke Pasquier, &c., to be forgeries."



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RAILWAY OFFICIAL.—"You'd better not smoke, sir!"

TRAVELER.—"That's what my Friends say."

OFFICIAL.—"But you *mustn't* smoke, sir!"

TRAVELER.—"So my Doctor tells me."

OFFICIAL (indignantly).—"But you *sha'n't* smoke, sir!"

TRAVELER.—"Ah! just what my wife says."

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CHILDISH TEETOTAL MOVEMENT.

GRANDPAPA.—"But for Seventy Years, my Child, I have found that the moderate use of the Good Things of this Life has done me good."

YOUNG HOPEFUL TEETOTALLER.—"All a mistake, Grandpa'. Total Abstinence is the thing. Look at me! I've not tasted Wine or Beer for years!"



DEFERENCE TO THE SEX.

"Will any Lady have the Politeness to ride outside, to accommodate a Young Gentleman?"



FIGURES 1 AND 2. BALL COSTUMES AND COIFFURES.

We confine our illustrations of the Fashions for the month of June to in-door costumes, since, in our variable and uncertain climate, the general out-door costumes appropriate to the closing month of spring are equally adopted for the opening summer month. The three styles of coiffure, which we present, though very different in general effect, as well as in detail, are each strikingly elegant and beautiful.

FIGURE 1 represents a very elegant BALL DRESS. Two *pattes* spring from the top of the head to the right and the left of the parting; they descend to the broad *bandeaux*, and are each entwined with a lock of the hair. The *coiffure* is ornamented with a wreath of reed-leaves, in velvet and gold, with here and there small golden reeds. The leaves, small in the middle, increase in size at the sides, where they are intermingled with two white plumes, gracefully curved. The robe is of taffeta, trimmed with velvet. The body is low in the neck, having two *berthes* of taffeta, which form the point in front, and rise to the shoulders, so as to form the *châle* behind. These *berthes* are not gathered. They are fastened to the body in front by three jeweled clasps. The body is somewhat pointed at the waist. The sleeves are close and short. The skirt is double. The lower one has two flounces; the upper one is held up on the left side by a bunch of white feathers, with a cordon of reed-leaves, similar to those of the *coiffure*. The lower flounce, of twelve inches in depth, has a ruby-colored velvet of three inches; the upper flounce, of ten inches, has a velvet of two and a half inches; and the tunic, one of two inches. These are all placed about an inch from the edge. The velvet upon the *berthe* and sleeves is not more than an inch and a quarter.

FIGURE 2.—*Coiffure à la Jolie Femme*.—The hair is knotted somewhat low behind, and retained by a jeweled comb; the *bandeaux* are very much waved; the hair, from the front parting, is somewhat raised. The robe is low, with very short sleeves; the skirt very elegant, with large folds. The body is sown with little bouquets of variegated roses, small at the waist, but growing larger toward the bottom. These flowers, which are painted, are apparently fastened by a rich ribbon which ties them together, and which is embroidered upon the silk in shaded white. The flowers are apparently suspended by strings of pearls, also produced by embroidering. This robe, of *moir antique*, is very rich. A lace pelerine, forming the circle behind, ornaments the body. This lace has a very light pattern upon the edge. It forms the point in front, and is ornamented all around with a lace *volant*, very slightly gathered. Lace sleeves, straight and rather short, leave the whole arm visible through them. A bunch of rose-leaves and rose-buds adorns the whole front of the body. This bunch is flattened at the bottom so as not to enlarge the waist. A long and elegant chain of gold, flung over the shoulders, falls down upon the skirt.



FIG. 3.—FULL DRESS FOR EVENING.

The hair is ornamented with diamonds. Two plats beginning at each side of the centre parting of the forehead, are raised, and tied in the middle; they then descend at the sides, where they are enveloped by curls thrown backward. Behind, the hair twisted in a cord, forms four circles. The *torsades* are fastened by a jeweled comb. In that part which constitutes the *bandeaux* are three mounted *agrafes* on each side. The skirt is of white taffeta, with a lace flounce, of twelve inches in depth. Tunic-robe of white *moire antique*. The body is open in front, and trimmed with a pointed *berthe*, slit up at the shoulders. This *berthe* is decorated, at a distance of about half an inch from the edge, with a gold band of nearly an inch in width, fastened by a gold cord, passing through seven eyelet-holes. It is the same at the slit on the shoulders, only in these places the cords terminate in gold tassels hanging down. The edge of the tunic is ornamented with gold galloon, the lower galloon is one and a quarter inches wide, the second three-fourths of an inch, the third three-eighths. The first of these galloons is three-fourths of an inch from the edge, and the distance between them is half an inch, so that from the edge to the top of the last galloon the depth is about four inches. Each opening of the tunic has a conical shape; the corners are rounded. The sleeves are round, and edged with galloon. The chemisette, which reaches above the low front of the body, is composed of lace like the flounce, and forms fan-shaped fluted plaits, confined by a thread passing through, and supported by the lacing of the front.

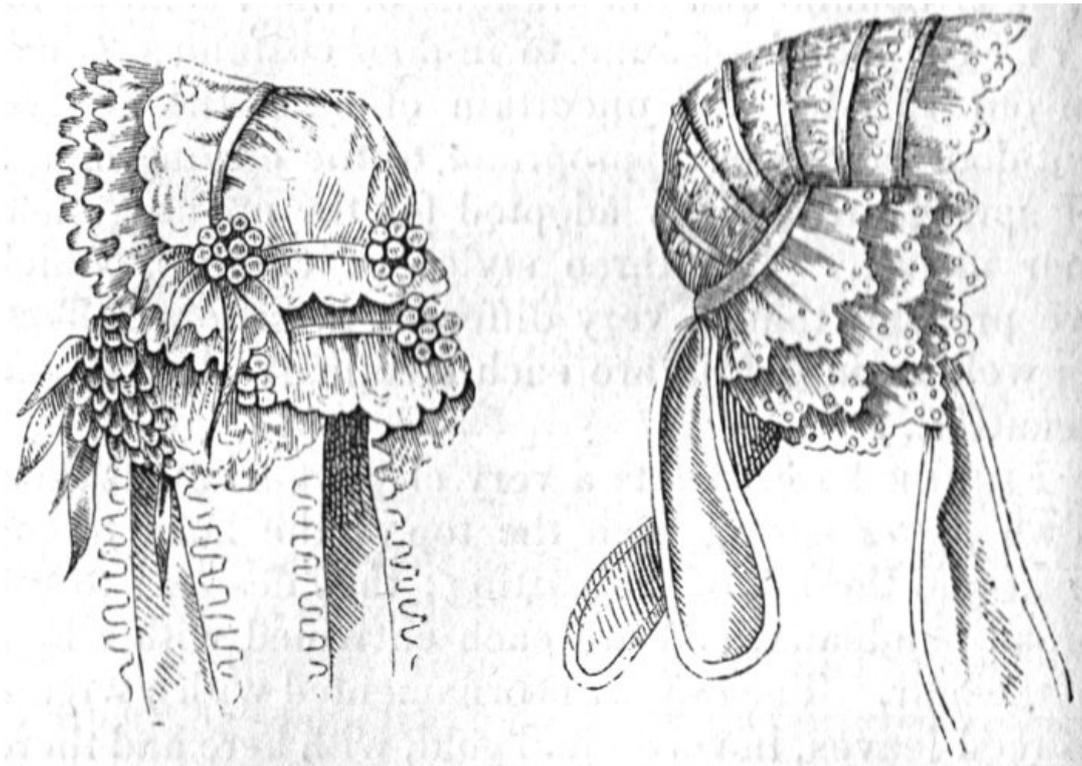
The two following out-door costumes are decidedly pretty:

CARRIAGE COSTUME.—*Jupe* of lilac silk, with three deep flounces; there is a figured band at the edge of each flounce woven in the material; body *à la veste* of purple velvet fitting close; it is open in the front, and has a small collar and lapel. The sleeves are wide; they have a broad cuff which turns back *à mousquetaire*. Waistcoat of white *moire antique*: it is closed at the throat and waist, it is then left open to show the frill of the habit-shirt. Transparent bonnet of light green *crêpe*, trimmed with white *blonde*: the brim is lined with a broad *blonde* with a deep vandyked edge, the points of which come to the edge of the brim: inside trimmings and strings of shaded ribbon, long shaded feather drooping on the right side.

PROMENADE COSTUME.—Silk dress, the skirt with three flounces: a rich *chinée* pattern is woven at the edge of each flounce, the last being headed by a band of the same. The body is plain, opens in the front nearly to the waist; the sleeves are wide, three-quarter length, and like the *corsage*, are finished to correspond with the flounces. *Manteau à la valerie*, this *manteau* takes the form of the waist, and is rounded gracefully at the back; it is embroidered and trimmed with a rich fringe *en groupes*: the fringe with which the cape is trimmed, reaches nearly to the waist: the ends, which

are square in front, have a double row of fringe and embroidery. The bonnet is a mixture of white *crêpe* and fine straw; the strings shaded, to correspond: placed low at each side are feather rosettes shaded pink and white.

In the materials, we must call the attention of our fair readers to the *unique* and beautiful silks for dresses; besides the elegant designs woven at the edge of the flounce, there are patterns woven for each part of the dress—the sleeves, corsage, and *basquire*.



FIGURES 4 AND 5.—CAPS.

We give plates of two very elegant caps, which have made their appearance. Figure 4 is a dress cap, of *tulle* and blonde, trimmed with ribbon and small bunches of flowers. Figure 5 is a morning cap, entirely of lace insertion, and between each row is a narrow gauze ribbon, rolled or twisted. The borders of rich lace.

Transcriber's Notes:

Punctuation and spelling were made consistent when a predominant preference was found in this book; otherwise they were not changed.

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*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, VOL. V, NO. XXV, JUNE, 1852 ***

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