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RIBS AND TRUCKS,

FROM DAVY'S LOCKER;

BEING

MAGAZINE MATTER BROKE LOOSE,

AND

FRAGMENTS OF SUNDRY THINGS IN-EDITED.

BY W. A. G.



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CHARLES D. STRONG.  
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# RIBS AND TRUCKS.



## A CHAPTER ON WHALING.

“ A strange fish ; were I in England, now, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give me a piece of silver.”—TEMPEST.

WHALING ! And what, O what, cries the reader, (thrice critical and captious personage,) can there be in connection with whaling, the bare mention of which leaves not a palpable grease-spot on the hitherto unsullied pages of *Maga*?\* We are not in the “ oil line,” and take comparatively little interest in the light-engendering speculations of our neighbors of the “ treeless isle ;” so pr’y thee, spare us thy spermaceti statistics. Placid reader ! if such be your ejaculation, permit me to say, you are unwarrantably raw to the romance of the subject. ’T is high time you were aware that few voyages, at least, can boast of greater attractions than a “ whaling cruise” offers to the nautical loungee, the novelty hunter, the devotee of exciting sports—the anything, or anybody, in short, in any manner “ wedded

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\* *New England Magazine.*

to the imperial sea." 'T is your whaler alone, who goes down *to* the sea, in ships; other mariners hurry across it. He alone does business *upon* the great waters; and, more emphatically than other "seafarers," makes the ocean his home. With his top-sail-yard "sharp up," and his helm "four spokes a-lee," he rides out the storm, month in and month out—nestling, like a sea-bird, in the trough, and feeling himself, as it were, in harbor; while other ships rise on the horizon and scud by, and lessen and reel out of sight, with blind celerity, on their respective courses. A trip to Europe may serve to introduce the novice to the "blue deity;" but, for a thorough acquaintance, commend me to the long, familiar intercourse of a whaling voyage.

Art quite asleep?—if not, follow we yonder sea-seasoned vessel, a few thousand miles, to her frolicking-place in the Southern ocean. Were she a "Cape Horner," the favor of your company were too much to ask; but her cruise is to end in nine months; and she shall confine herself to our own Atlantic—or straying thence, it shall be only for a few months, "beyond the Cape of Hope." Every one knows the incidents of a sail of fourteen days out; the visits of porpoises, grampuses, Mother Caries, &c. &c., too "tedious to mention." So let pass a fortnight; and lo! the Azores—rising through the early mist; the orange-gardens of the Atlantic; the roosting-place, too, of be vies of clouds, which gather from the surrounding waters, to perch there regularly over night. That huge, steamy-looking rock

(so it appears) is Fayal ; the seeming ravines are its vineyards ; and yonder, towers the magnificent cone of Pico ; its peak unveiled as the heat increases, with a girdle of iridescent vapor, and a crown of scattered snow. To-day, you may choose the vintage of your wine, and revel, to satiety, in lemonade, grapes, bananas, and fresh oranges ; to-morrow, we'll attend mass, tease the *senoritas*, and ride mule-back ; next day, stow away the ship's marketing, and make sail again—by way of the Cape de Verds, and perhaps Fernando Noronha—for our destined arena, the “whaling-ground.” Another hiatus, and here are the “Cape Verds.” Unlike the Azores, they would never be mistaken for Hesperides—being rather picturesque than fertile or beautiful ; but there are very primitive people, shells and curious basaltic columns, many tropical features, and, moreover, a very intellectual race of pigs. Tarry we here, for a couple of months, and then return to our vessel. We find her in latitude 42° south, almost incog. ; her gala-dress, of uniform, uninjured canvas, gone ; her sides begrimed and rusty ; sails patched and streaked ; everthing the worse for wear ; in fact, she has been busily at work, and is now on the lookout for more whales. You see the “hands” aloft, like crows on a pine tree-top, and you will probably hear from them shortly. Ha ! yonder rises a fountain-like misty jet, far, far away from out the blue water. They see it—'t is a whale-spout ! Now listen. “There she blows !” “A right whale ?” “Ay, ay, sir.” “Where away ?” “Four points

off the lee bow." "Keep her off a bit." "There she blows—blo-ows;" "There's white water;" "there—goes—flukes." "Back the main yard—stand by the boats." Now look at the bustle; here's a gathering—and a grouping, worthy of Teniers: striped shirts and checked shirts, and red shirts and blue shirts, and no shirts; cropped "sou'-westers," and rimless tarpaulins, and conical crimson caps, and weather-worn Scotch bonnets, with eager faces underneath; many postures, and all tints, jumbled together like an unraveled rainbow slightly coated with mud. The watch below have mustered at a moment's warning, trowsered and trowserless, shod and shoeless, rudely recalled from snug chases of phantom whales, in their dreams, to the more arduous pursuit of the real "crittur." "Hoist and swing," roars the captain; "lower away," halloo the mates;" "look out for the tackles, boys;" "shove off;" "now give way;" "lay down to it"—"pull, pull, bend your backs, my sons." And they are off, on their hazardous quest—startling the solitudes, and gliding over the undulary hills and valleys of the middle ocean; their bright, keen weapons glittering in the sun, and nearing, with every lusty pull, their Leviathan game. Ha! he is gone; he has sunk to his privileged haunts—a thousand feet below, in the fathomless abyss. No matter—he must rise shortly; and if any boat now floats above him, the whale may be descried, dwindled away in the clear depths, as far as size is concerned, "very like a weasel." There! again he



comes up, and the waters foam and recoil, as his gigantic bulk breaks the surface—hemmed in by four boats, two of which are shooting towards him—the others, with peaked oars, quietly waiting his approach. “Pull, pull—bend your backs; see that line clear.” Now they are close upon him. There stands the boat-steerer, all eagerness, in the bows of the nearest boat; his harpoon in one hand, and a coil of the line, gathered for greater security, in the other. Hist! they are near enough. “Lie, lie, lie;” “hold water, hold water.” There goes the barbed iron, with a gleam! “Starn, all.” Out shoots the tow-line, smoking, from the bows. Down dives the huge victim, with a flourish of his lignum-vitæ tail, especially to be eschewed. Indeed, if annihilation could occur to matter, I know of no fitter means of insuring it, than a few minutes’ exposure to a similar weapon. The boat is now (in whaling dialect) fast, and her crew must prepare for a ride. Opine not, placid reader, that their task is ended; by no manner of means. The prize is harpooned, to be sure; but bethink you how you would manage a powerful, unbroken colt, with the mere appliance of a rope tied to the root of his tail. The whale, as yet only wounded, is to be killed; and to be killed, he must be exhausted with loss of blood; so “catching a turn,” as the line slackens, off dart our boat’s crew, in the style and manner of pigmies in a cigar-tray, appended to the dorsal extremity of a mad dog. “The white foam dashes high—away! away” they scour, for thirty or forty minutes, at

least, before hauling in upon their line; and were I wishing bluebeard Neptune an appropriate conveyance, it should be their cedar boat for a curricule, and a lively young whale for his nag, instead of the nondescript shapes, which serve him for coach-horses, on the antique reliefs. Well; the minutes fly, the boats converge, the game is almost spent; and now for the death! "Haul in," "pull ahead," "lie," "hold water;" and flash, again falls the glittering lance into his very vitals. Every opportunity for a thrust is improved; not an inch of line, that can be safely retained, is lost; and onward they fly, through water crimsoned with the life's blood of their prey, which, since the first fatal stab with the lance, has whirled up from his lungs, with every heave, in a tall ruddy fountain. But its volume is lessening now—its color paling fast; there is little struggling to ensue; that little, however, is fearful in the extreme. It is difficult to imagine, without seeing it, such intense mobility in so bulky a mass. The whale seems at times literally poised on its head—as two thirds of its immense body whirls up, writhing into the air; and it is needless to say that, during this exhibition, "starn all" is the order of the day.

The "cutting in" along side is the signal for a sort of parliamentary assemblage of albatrosses, blue sharks, &c., with here and there, perhaps, a penguin: the former amusing you, as they gorge, with an unceasing, querulous noise, not un like the braying of ten thousand lilliputian trumpets. They make very



tolerable messengers ; would you “ see company ? If so, we ’ll saddle one with a card of invitation for the next ship—describing ourselves as at home, lat. —, long. —. The next “ cutting-in ” ship, wherever she be, will attract our envoy, and the card will very likely avail us. Here is much pleasant visiting and exchanging of boats, as straggling ships chance to come together—with no little fiddling, and occasionally, dancing ! To say nothing of the tramp of masculine heels, imagine, reader, the surprise of the Tritons, hereabouts, at the first-heard notes of the “ brisk, awakening viol ; ” hereabouts, I say, as whaling stations are remote from the common route of merchantmen ; whence the local deities might be supposed more unsophisticated in their education and habits. Apropos of fiddling : take an illustration of the singular contempt of danger, often to be met with in your whaler ; the growth of his doubly hazardous employment. I was once returning from a sociable evening call, on board of a neighboring vessel, with our captain ; the night was egregiously dark—our ship very distant. Midway, in passing, behold us suddenly surrounded by a herd of whales—puffing and blowing and kicking up their heels, till the water was a vortex of foam. Completely hedged in, drenched with brine from their spiracles, menaced with immediate contact, and as immediate destruction—“ Jack,” said the captain, “ can’t you hit the snortin’ varmint ? ” “ Why have ’nt we a lance here ? ” Remark, placid reader, that you are not embarked *on board* the vessel which

we selected for observation; and thank me for the Asmodean privilege we have retained, of leaving her at will for another, or for home, as well as of transferring ourselves out of any boat, into which we may enter, before she is splintered into atoms; which must unavoidably happen now and then. Be grateful, too, for your escape from the tedium of confinement, which it is disagreeable even to sympathise with. Now (as I grow tired) we will avail ourselves of my ingenious expedient, to withdraw, forthwith. You may fancy, if you like, a lowering of fourteen or fifteen boats, at once, from different ships—the rivalry is highly amusing—in the pursuit of a sperm whale. There, the description just given will assist you (with variations, may be, of a boat bitten in two, or butted to pieces;) or a boat enveloped in fog, its fish-horn bleating in vain; or lost in the haze of the horizon, and overtaken by night, with accompaniment of an anxious gun from its guardian ship, which frets and worries and tacks about, with every symptom of motherly anxiety. The ensuing display of lanterns, as twilight thickens; then their gradual extinction, when the recovered boat is swung up to its place alongside, with some congratulation and no little scolding, on the part of the tired ship-keepers. All these you may imagine, or overlook; but one thing, I pray thee forget not to honor with a parting glance—a night-scene around the “try-works;”—it is too like purgatory, to be neglected. Three ovens, amidships, surmounted by three huge cauldrons of oil; the oil

boiling, the ovens lapping out tongues of flickering flame; the watch clustering and flitting and gibbering, in a light now lurid, now livid—some feeding the gaping furnaces with fuel, some couchant on the windlass, “spinning yarns;” one brandishing a mighty fork, another “spairing about the brumstane cootie,” with a long, long ladle, and occasionally anointing the fire, till it makes the rigging and the sails and the weltering waters gleam again in its blaze; and each busy, smutty, diabolical-looking figure at hand flash into second daylight;—all, together, afford a spectacle “beautiful as rare,” and leave nothing to be guessed at, would you fancy to yourself a “situation” in the freehold of “auld Nickie-Ben.”

## CUNEGUNDE.

---

A BALLAD OF UPPER RHINE-LAND.

### I.

THE castle hold of Ravenstein,  
Is proud and tall, is mirk and dreary,  
Fixed upon a scarpèd rock,  
It's windy battlements but mock  
The warrior wight, the pilgrim weary.

### II.

A lady of a lofty line,  
Dwelt there—ye dogs!—a cruel beauty;  
Her name, fair Cunegunde, I ween;  
Her style, the Yungfrau Landgravine;  
Too chill for troth, too proud for duty.

### III.

But say—have landgravines to sue  
Through dull desert, for love and honor?  
Go to—need Cunegunda care,  
So young, so rich, so passing fair,  
What obligations lay upon her?

### IV.

The dame had lovers—fifty-two,  
All kneeling at her feet, by snatches,  
In dainty bower, on grassy mead,  
No matter where, with anxious heed,  
All “unexceptionable matches.”

## V.

As well might they have aimed their sighs  
 (Poor fellows, had they lungs of leather?)  
 Against her scutcheon, flinty cold,  
 That high above the gateway old,  
 Receives the courtship of the weather.

## VI.

Was there no hope? Hath state no eyes,  
 No ears, no bowels of compassion?  
 Oh, ay—the lady might be had,  
 Simply by doing what she bade;  
 But that—would hardly be “the fashion.”

## VII.

An outer wall had Ravenstein:  
 'T was wider than the bridge Al Sirat,  
 And steadfast,—as an ague-fit:  
 It did not overhang *the* pit—  
 But one, you 'd hardly choose to sneer at.

## VIII.

Right sheerly fell the fathom twine  
 Down thither, when the warder threw it;  
 Right sheerly from the outer wall,  
 Himself was very like to fall,—  
 The gulph had ne'er a bottom to it!

## IX.

Such girth of dizzy narrowness,  
 Who durst thereon *ride caracoling*—  
 Who curvet there—aloof in air—  
 He sole the lady's love might share:  
 None other held she worth consoling.

## X.

The catalogue was waxing less,  
 Betimes, of Cunegund's adorers ;  
 For Cupid, on such ticklish terms  
 As these, the story well confirms,  
 Hath tardier dominion o'er us.

## XI.

Some flew to mirth—some fell to gloom ;  
 Some, fly-like, round the frau still dangled,  
 Pursued their fates along the wall—  
 Heigho ! the vultures got them all !  
 All perished, miserably mangled.

## XII.

But lo—a knight, with nodding plume,  
 And such a brace of eyes thereunder !  
 Such limbs, in beamy steel arrayed,  
 Such—everything ! What ailed the maid ?  
 What *had* come over Cunegunda ?

## XIII.

“ I 'm going, Yungfrau ! ” How forlorn  
 She looked, beneath her tiny bonnet ;  
 “ That bit of horsemanship, you know— ”  
 “ Poh, poh ! ” said she ; “ nay, nay, not so ! ”  
 Quoth he, “ But I insist upon it ! ”

## XIV.

“ I 'm thine ! ” had Cunegunda sworn,  
 Ready to die of tribulation—  
 The knight, pricked round the airy cirque.  
 “ He 's done it ! ” shouted all, clean work !  
 “ Huzza ! Odds bobbs ! what equitation ! ”



## XV.

Was it a bridal, out of hand?  
The wedding sports—will I be-rhyme 'em?  
Oh, such a bow the knight made now;  
Known darling of the fair Yungfrau,  
And said—nay, *did* he say, “GOOD-BYE, M'EM!”

## XVI.

“D' ye see I 'm Prince of Daintyland;  
And wedded to a sweeter lady  
Than four of you—I tell ye true!”  
Cried Cunegunde, “Alack! Boohoo!”  
And so the knight his exit made he.

## XVII.

I wonder how he saved his pate;  
But every man-at-arms fell winking,  
Nudging and dodging, till too late;—  
The knight spurred through the castle gate,  
And Cunegunda “took to drinking.”

## THE OIL OF LIFE.

---

AN ARABESQUE.

(From the French.)

FELL never sunset more gloriously over Genoa, than on the evening when Count Andrea pursued his way, not afoot, oh, no—in a cosy carriage, up the Strada Balbi.

The Count had a notable scull.

And curls like Antinous.

And the profile—of Achilles.

Had the loungers hard by, and the passengers to and fro, been able to see the Count, they would have envied him.

For his lordship was famous, and rich, besides being good looking.

Men admired—women loved him at sight.

And yet Count Andrea was no better than he should be.

The Count was on his way to a palace where high play obtained. \* \* \* \* \*

He had horribly bad luck, but excellent wind.

He gambled from 9 P. M. till 2 in the morning:—was mopping his temples and swearing to himself, (a sin rather gratuitous,) when some one took the liberty to jog his elbow.

'T was a messenger from home.

“My Lord,” he whispered, “your lordship’s father is dying!”

Count Andrea —— ground his teeth; subduedly.

The game was overwhelming him—all his fortune, all his expectancies, were just then at stake: any proxy was impracticable.

“I warrant it!” said he—“dying! oh, ay! of course! The very time to be dying, no doubt—and I—blood and thunder! You mock me! Well—what would he have? I may not stir hence till I know the issue of this game.”

But such was not precisely the Count’s audible answer.

“God over all forbid! I come!” he cried, looking distracted.

The people at the table were busy; none but interested betters happened to be within earshot.

Had the Count heard some ill news? Apparently.

His lordship followed up the game; and lost—two hundred thousand ducats.

“There ’s I. O. U. for this day month; will it serve?” said he to his pleasant antagonist.

“Certainly,—my dear fellow!”

And Count Andrea was worth minus two hundred thousand ducats—but then he was heir prospective to two hundred thousand five hundred and fifty.

Morning was forth again, fresh and fair as ever on Guido’s panel, gladdening, impulsive, “incense-

breathing," as the Count, recruited with a bumper of brandy, sought, at last, his father's chamber.

They left him there alone—'t was the father's order—given with a gasp:—what had not that father endured within the hour? his face was all beady with death dew: spasmodic:—how could he have lasted thus long?

"And—rea!—Th—the shagreen casket;—you kn—ow it?"

"Hardly, my dear father!"

A rattle ensued in the old man's throat; but he recovered himself as if by miracle, and continued to speak.

Finally, the son *did* recognize the casket.

"Well, father," he sighed.

"It contains—a crystal—phial—of—oil."

"And that?"

"Anoint—my—corpse;—'t will res—tore thy father to life!"

The son sought the unguent.

He turned;—his father was dead!

Count Andrea double locked each door, and drew the window curtains closer. He examined the crystal phial.

Was such a thing possible? Absurd!

But his late father had made shrewd researches abroad, who should say?

At any rate, thought he, be the issue tried!

"Here 's for an eye;" said the Count.

The oil was applied,—heedfully.

And the eye opened!

One would hardly essay to picture the look it gave ; alight as it was, moreover, from the nether world.

The Count paused.

Had I staid a little longer, thought he, at Palazzo \* \* \*, the oil receipe must have gone with him.

The Count shuddered—he had a heart?

He turned away from the eye.

(The devil whispered in his ear.)

My father, he soliloquized, was a good sort of man ; then why not go to heaven at once ; or if to some purgatory, surely the sooner that 's over, the better ; —Why die twice ?

But he would turn saint, of course—eh ! that 's not so clear either. He 'd tell a body something, by-the-bye, about the intermediary state.

(The devil continued whispering.)

Can't he repent as he is ? the eye, ('t is single, by the way) for the man ? I presume he is penitent enough—stay, I 'll resuscitate an ear !

He betook himself to the oil once more ; the over-fraught eye, (it had shot horror during his delay, but he would not mark it,) now thanked him.

Thought the Count, if I were any jot of a priest, and had a church wafer, I 'd ply the viaticum : psha, if I be not regularly commissioned, 't is no fault of his—and then the scheme would involve an operation on the tongue. I 'd rather not—even for curiosity's sake.

Father do'st believe on the Lord ? Art penitent ? (of course he is.) Because . . . . eh ?



He risked a glance at the eye : it glared appallingly.

The Count closed the bed-curtains, and sat down (to confer with the devil.)

“ Let me think,” he muttered, “ about myself. I ’ve a lung complaint ; death has bespoken *me* too ; and penitence per force, in my peculiar circumstances, I ’ve no faith in it ! Who hesitates to prefer his own life to another’s ? ’t is nature’s law ; be that other who it may : and then that I.O.U. ; it covers nearly all he . . . . has left me in his will.

“ Poor man, I was ever his idol.

“ I can’t ! no—no, no, no ! Hell mocks me. Avaunt Satan !

“ Ten thousand masses, at so much a piece, would . . . . but then I ’m a beggar ! very particularly sceptical withal on the score of masses.

“ A father is in one’s way.

“ I ’ve robbed him, too—forged his name—but that he ’d forgive.”

“ Take a little brandy ?” (said the devil.)

“ *I* can’t afford to die ;—and behold me, once possessed of the phial, as good as immortal :

“ *I* want the oil ! he would give it me, if all were told ; my soul hangs by it—father was a good man—I ’ll have it !”

He drew aside the bed curtain, and whipped out his poignard.

“ Go, in peace, father !”

“ But, no—no !”

The Count recoiled from the eye.



(Take a little more brandy ! whispered the fiend.)

His lordship had nearly committed himself; the poignard thrust would have betrayed him;—the devil did n't mention that in his hurry, but Count Andrea thought of it, and found a needle.

A snug puncture, well within the lid, extinguished the eye.

But Count Andrea's nerves were shaken. I would rather not enlarge on the process pursued.

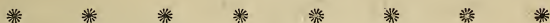
"What, ho ! Giacomo !" gasped the Count, undoing the door—"my father . . . ."

"Signor !"

"Is dying ! in good earnest . . . . is dead ! Ah me !"

The old servant, and even the nurse, were too much agitated to infer that the corpse had been cold for more than half an hour.

Count Andrea *does* feel, thought they.



A brigantine lay off the port of Malaga.

It brought a passenger of distinction. He was getting ashore.

"A presentable man !" said the harbor master, to the port doctor ; "who is it ?"

"Count Andrea Saluzzi—A Genoese—worth hundreds of thousands."

The harbor master sighed. He was ugly, had thirteen sickly daughters, a small house, under a greedy mortgage, and one shirt.

“He is going to live at Granada, they say.”

“May your eminence live a thousand years!” exclaimed the cox-swain of the brigantine’s boat; pocketing a ducat thrown him by the Count on landing.

“I mean to; phœnix fashion;”—soliloquized that nobleman, putting his hand mechanically into his bosom; the crystal phial was ever there, done up in padding, with a pocket expressly to hold it.

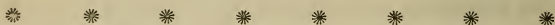
It was twenty years since the count had buried his father; nineteen years eleven months three weeks and three days, since he has won back his inheritance at play; which heritage had gotten by this time, a very pretty growth.

The Count had lived some nineteen years at Rome; doing as did the Romans, bating their whim of church going. He was going to settle at Granada, where his wife had relatives.

’The Count had a lovely wife.

And a pattern son. He piqued himself on his mode of educating children.

A delightful house awaited them.



“My lady!”

’T was the family physician that spoke.

“The gout gains on his eminence;—I fear . . . .”

The lady swooned.

The Count was indeed in critical circumstances;

—his lung complaint, after besetting him some couple of lustres, had raised the siege ten years ago. In the very act of crowing over this for the ten thousandth time, behold him interrupted by gout in the stomach! His eminence was tottering.

“Aw’—aw’ away with father Jeremy!” cried the Count, walloping about in grievous pain; “let the (ah ugh!) the doctor, too, withdraw!”

“But, your eminence!”

“How—my lord!”

“Ay (ugh!) no doubt! pres — — ently; presently! Just now, I — — would see my son; alone; (ugh ah!) . . . . on business. Wife!—Inez!”

“I crave a — — moment’s talk with Rafaele—clear — — the room, dear!”

The Count was master of his household, under whatever circumstances;—Father and son were soon alone.

“Rafaele!”

“Dear Father!”

“I am going . . . to die!”

The son sickened.

“Nay child (ugh!) no puling,—harkee!”

The Count was half beside himself; had his dutiful offspring indeed failed him, what to do? But his voice was all powerful over filial feeling itself;

“Lis — — listen boy! Thou shalt even (ugh) restore me . . . . to life!”

Young Rafaele stared affectingly.

“Father?”

“Do ’st see (ah ah gh ugh!) this phial?”

He tore the phial out from it's place in his bosom : there seemed little time to lose.

“ Ay, dear, dear sir, I see it !”

“ It holds an (ughugh) an oil ; (ugh) never mind what, but rub my body therewith . . . when I am dead . . . (ugh) the head, first, remember, and 't will bring me back to life ; (ugh) dos't mark me ?”

“ Yes, father !” whimpered Rafaele ; “ and well thou knowest I shall do thy bidding.”

“ Amen !” said the Count ; “ now open the (ughugh) the doors my son.”

The wife and the nurse, and the doctor and the priest, stole in again with curious eyes and ears. The gout was making haste. The ceremonies of the church were gone through with in solemn farce ; the the physician potted about, a sheer supernumerary. Day broke and brightened without.

And the Count was dead !—in agony, but in hope.

Young Rafaele whispered his weeping mother ; his face was tearful, but not blank.

“ Father bade, nay adjured me,” said he, “ to watch his body for an hour alone.”

The grief-smitten widow retired.

Again were father and son alone.

With trembling hands, and heart fraught nigh to bursting, the young man busied himself to apply the wonder-working oil.

He anointed an eye ; and recoiled.

The eye was indeed re-illumined ! He paused ; for his head swam—then rubbed the other. Oh,

miracle! his *father* gazed upon him once again—death had released a prisoner! could it be? or did he dream?

His own eyes ran over—his pulses galloped intermittingly—his mouth gaped—his hand shook—

But he faithfully plied his work;—and soon the whole head lay re-enlivened:—only the tongue remained to be freed.

He essayed the tongue. It spake!

“*Speed, speed thee, Rafaele! Lose not a second!*”

So vehement, so abrupt were the tones, so sudden was the gesture they elicited, that Rafaele . . . . *dropped* the phial! It struck a brandy flagon by the bedside, and flew into atoms.

The life-giving oil was lost: penetrating, elusive, as it was, he could not recover a drop.

Rafaele fell senseless!

“*Ten thousand thousand curses,—the malison of a fiend-father, heaven’s wrath and the tortures of the pit be upon thee, and all, forever. Amen!*”

So spake the revived head;—

The parricide was overtaken!



## THE TREE-TOAD'S SONG.

### I.

MERRILY, merrily, curtained in green,  
When peeps the last sunshine, the branches between  
Of the tall waving ash-tree, at mid-summer e'en  
    Chaunt we our vespers the meadows among ;  
    Chirp away !  
Chirp away—for the night-nurtured shadows grow murky  
    and long.

### II.

Oh! cheerily, gaily, 't is ours to awake,  
When zephyr nods blandiest over the lake—  
And sweetest the air of the scented brake—  
    And tiny glad wings around us hover ;  
    Chirp away !  
Chirp away, virid sisters! the summer-day fervor is over.

### III.

We 'll sing to their slumber the birds and flowers—  
But some of the rarest are night's and ours,—  
That carol and bloom as the starlight pours,  
    A-twinkle of dew-drops, glancingly,—  
    Chirp away !  
Chirp away! Luna beckons; the leafage is dancing  
    awry.

### IV.

Chirp away, thro' the hush of the live-long night ;  
No flouting intruder, our revels to blight—  
Where melody haunteth, and holiest light  
    Steals in to the lap of the greenwood tree ;  
    Chirp away !  
Chirp away, give the twilight a welcoming hearty and free !

# THE FLIGHT OF SOU-CHONG.

A CHINESE TALE.

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## CHAPTER I.

CADDY Sou-Chong was a mandarin of the first water. With a ruby button surmounting his scull-cap, he administered justice after a fashion peculiarly profitable to himself, throughout the entire province of Chet Chiang. Closely connected in blood with the ruling favorite of the emperor, his coffers were gorged at everybody's expense, while his virtues were echoed and re-echoed upon trust, over the five great mountains and the four rivers, even to the limits of the empire. His personal attractions, no less than his wealth and civic honors, formed a theme of universal envy: not one of all the deputy governors of the most fastidious of countries, could boast of longer nails, larger ears, or a more redundant queue.

The refinement of his taste, was beyond rivalry; a private sculptor being employed solely to embellish his gardens with the most hideous marble monsters, which grinned upon you at every turn, among miniature bridges, supported on artificial rocks, over lakes containing several gallons of water.

In the midst of rare shrubberies and trellised parapets, vocal with the music of pea-fowl, of which Caddy was particularly fond, stood six gilded cottages; five of which made his residence in moods of retirement, while one, the choicest in its decorations, was set apart for the timid and blooming Shin-Shin; the most discreet of wives, and dear to his heart as the mother of four boys; of whom it was remarked by neighboring sages that they were born little old men. Indeed, their gravity of carriage merited this bold encomium, as neither ever was known to smile, and their bows and fan manœuvres at the age of five years were executed with the precision of a hinge—the eldest, indeed, was declared by his nurse to have evinced a ceremonious politeness at the breast.

With all these sources of content, Caddy Sou-Chong was far from happiness. Though scrupulously devout, lavishing sandal wood and gilt paper on the ugliest of his idols, morning, noon, and night, till they were completely smoke-dried, dedicating a snug temple and housing a runaway priest of Foh though his ancestors were all buried and settled to their liking in the other world; though he himself was on the best of propitiatory terms with all the tiger-headed and drum-bellied supernumerary deities, Caddy was ill at ease. In vain the infantile Fat Lung, his favorite, exhibited his precocious formalities;—in vain his beautiful and obedient wife puffed herself into apathy with a long slender pipe adorned with brilliants, or poured out the broken tide of



grief on her ricketty little eastern mandolin, the governor would not be beguiled;—he shut himself up in the most retired of the cottages, and surrendered his soul to anxiety.

He had sacrificed on man too many: to wit, the pet client of a powerful enemy, by mistake for a nobody: Oh fool,—soliloquized Caddy, oh ineffable numbscull that I was, not to make inquiries beforehand! but there 's no help for it now;—my great cousin Leang can do nothing in a case that must reach the sun's cousin's own imperial ears: and then, Caddy Sou-Chong, of the cord, or the "cold country," and prisoner's rations! Zzzzh! Tut! Let me ponder! exile and confiscation are better than death; but self banishment, eh, dear me? were better than either;—inasmuch as wealth is very good, and partial liberty better than none at all—But how, alas, to secure it?

Sou-Chong mused a long time, and at last betook himself to writing:—he accomplished a long letter to his agent on the sea coast, shook a silver bell, despatched a confidential runner with the message, and breathed more freely.

Again his hand sought the silver bell, with a jerk. "Call Hulla-Bo-Loo!" Hulla-Bo-Loo, the priest of Foh, appeared; and when the governor led the way to an inner closet, without windows, lined with ermines' fur, he knew that a matter of life and death was pending.

Whisht! said the governor.

The priest held his breath for at least four minutes.

We must flee the country! whispered his excellency, in the tone of a man who had made up his mind.

Madness! gasped Hulla-Bo-Loo; the thing is impossible!

I am preparing the largest of junks—observed Sou Chong.

Yah! exclaimed Hulla-Bo-Loo.

It is to be very commodious, with a cuddy on the poop for the little cross-legged god with one eye, and ample accommodations for all the others; besides a birth under hatches for the blessed image of Kung-Foo-Tse, three hundred bales of gilt paper for sacrifice, some gunpowder, and a chest of bulion for you.

The risk is awful! cried Hulla-Bo-Loo.

The crew are secure and you must attend me;—  
or . . . .

Here the governor made a funny gesture, as of strangulation; at which, though very quietly performed, the priest looked alarmed.

Me to Foh! if I must, I must! muttered Hulla-Bo-Loo; but when and where are we to go?

To the country of the tea-drinking devils—whispered Caddy Sou-Chong; and to sail by the second moon.

They parted.

## CHAPTER II.

ABOUT the time of the feast of lanterns, when his illuminated gardens rivalled the haunts of Genii in a Persian tale, when the lakes of many gallons glittered in foci, like darkling mirrors, and multiplied the softened splendor of a thousand lamps, revealing golden and silvery fish at intervals, where the sheen was brightest, Sou-Chong repaired with hasty steps to the latticed bower of Shin-Shin.

Your cheeks, he began, are painted of a pleasing carmine to night—and your feet are more graceful than cream-colored mice—I am happy in your society!

Shin-Shin was overcome. Did her lord then think her worthy of a flattery so touching?

A tear broke from each eye, and cleared itself a little canal through the glowing red towards her chin.

Thus beauty flies before grief, thought Sou-Chong; and while he made the reflection, his youngest boy, who could not walk, ruined his nose against the tiled floor in attempting a profound obeisance. All this confiding tenderness and self-denying filial reverence, so distracted the governor's heart, that he could hardly suppress an impetuous boo-oo-o! 'T is hard to leave these dear ones to confiscation with the rest of the estate and moveables, thought he; and the revulsion of his feelings

might have unmanned him, had he not darted out, with a velocity that straitened his queue.

Solace of my childhood, and cradle of my maturity, farewell! sighed he, with pardonable inaccuracy, considering the circumstances, as attended by Hulla-Bo-Loo, and followed by coolies with a world of luggage, he hurried away, casting a last lingering look upon his pleasure-grounds. "Adieu, poor Shin-Shin! Thou conceivest as little of the object of this journey, as I do of its end!" Governor Sou-Chong was off!

The sea coast was to be gained with all possible despatch; and sedans constructed for the purpose, were resorted to for conveyance, as in them the travelers might avail themselves of by-paths, and avoid display.

Hulla-Bo-Loo was much discomfited on finding his coveted bullion bestowed on this occasion, quite out of his reach; with other ingots and valuables over which the governor brooded in person with most irritating care;—the measure marred a snug underplot of his own, which augured better for himself than his patron, and was indeed quite subversive of the voyage. He looked wretchedly resigned at best, as they passed through the nearest village, amid ruddy lanterns, crashing goings, blazing rockets, triumphal arches, and groups of faces beaming with curious complacency; the governor in turn had screened his person, and felt far less sympathy than ever with the pranks of occasional mountebanks.



Sou-Chong urged forward the coolies—and the meek sedans and the world of baggage, trotted on to their destiny, in single file, with the greatest celerity and quiet.

The night, though short, amply sufficed the party to reach the gray ocean beach; and the morning revealed the largest of junks, close at hand in a solitary reach, riding by a single anchor. All was ready for departure; crew and cargo safely on board,—the latter consisting entirely of materials for sacrifice, and sea stores. The magazine was well stocked with powder, affording every facility for blowing up in case of pursuit, and a noted navigator was not wanting in the person of one Hop Qua, surnamed the amphibious, who had been acquitted of felony for the express purpose of guiding the vessel; he had already shown singular tact in collecting a compliment of men under false pretences, and procuring, in like manner, the requisite papers for legalizing a voyage.

No time was lost by the governor in getting on board with his clerical attendant, and the sun had barely risen before the valuables and *etceteras* were duly disposed, idols enshrined, morning devotions finished, crew marshalled, and anchor aweigh.

The dismal chaunt at the windlass was nearly ended, when the face of Hulla-Bo-Loo became suddenly elongated; he pronounced the day unlucky.

The aspect of things changed in a moment. The cable was again paid out—the Captain ceased bawl-

ing through his nose, and fingered his opium box; the crew re-addressed themselves to gambling; the priest fell pestering the little cross-legged god with one eye, his pet deity,—and Sou-Chong seated himself, for the day, astride of a cask of gun-powder—smoking his pipe, the very picture of Eastern impatience brought hopelessly to a stand.

He retained his place, and took no food for forty-eight hours, excepting one platter of sea-snail jelly, which he swallowed without looking at it, keeping his eyes all the time riveted on the dangerous shore; so that when a propitious morrow came at last, and the junk was fairly tumbling out to sea, he had only vivacity enough left to ejaculate *Tchin-tchin Foh!* steer due east! and fell fast asleep. When he awoke, the mainland was gone—the sun was setting ruddily over a little brown island, hardly big enough to apostrophize, but gazed on with vivid feelings, as giving him the last glimpse of his native land.

Sou-Chong, though a man of great horticultural genius, was no poet, and beyond a partiality for the voices of pea-fowl, but little of a musician—so that he had little to say or sing audibly at this crisis; but a glimpse of placid roguery now shot athwart his face for the first time since his departure from home.



## CHAPTER III.

NINETY days hard sailing had much altered the position of the largest of junks, but nothing had yet occurred particularly to appall the navigators, excepting the appearance of a warlike looking vessel at a distance, on the morning of the second day; on which occasion the governor had proceeded rather abruptly to fire the magazine, before the lookout had time to mention that she was sailing the opposite way. Innumerable islands had been passed, where Sou-Chong's modesty had been shocked at the sight of naked barbarians; and they were now exploring a vast, apparently an illimitable ocean. The wind had sometime since obliged them to swerve considerably from their course, but Hop-Qua's reckoning was still respectably clear, and he bore up manfully in the main; only hinting to the governor in private that he would have done better to seek refuge in one of the islands of nakedness,—as they must have passed the limits of dry land in the night, and were now probably pretty well outside of creation.

Fiddle-de-dee! said Sou-Chong, pettishly; the islands of nakedness, indeed! have we not heard that the tea-drinking devils often occupy six moons in their passage home?

Who knows that? the captain pertly rejoined; for Hop-Qua was a free thinker. Their word is not to be believed—and if it were, who is to guide us

to this country of tea-drinkers—(of all places) which it is to be presumed they can hardly find themselves. Besides—the last jar of *samshu* is already in requisition, the opium growing scanty, and once sober, the crew will certainly mutiny; poor souls! they have a natural right to be bamboozed to death at home; and here they are pining away gratis in the southeast corner of the universe, for no fault of their own. Alas that ever we should have passed the islands of nakedness!

I would n't live there on any account, said the governor; so sail away—trust to little cross-legs, and burn matches six times a day.

Whether in token of the pet idol's approbation of this pious peroration, or from whatever cause it fell out, a vessel of the barbarians was at this moment observed passing in full sight; and though it proved impossible to speak her, all were gratified and re-assured to find that she sailed the same way as themselves.

Me to Foh! what do you think now? said the governor, chuckling in his capacious sleeve.

Another moon delighted the fugitives with sight of land. A long verdant coast, mocking the vision with its far extent, and skirted with huge white mountains in the distance, lay spread out invitingly before them. All was gratitude, bustle and rejoicing! 'T is the country of the tea-drinking devils, at last! said the governor; and those tall mountains in the distance, form undoubtedly the outer wall of the world.

The shore was soon gained, and a party despatched to reconnoitre; but though they found fruits and sparkling springs in abundance, the region appeared uninhabited; at which the governor's refined social taste again took alarm. We must even sail on, said he; and after three busy days in harbor, the largest of junks was again tumbling forward on her blind path, steering southerly, in obedience to the sinuosities of the coast. This, however, was not before most of the crew, having grown saucy, had been left behind to settle a colony, against their will.

Seven successive weeks brought to view no vestige of civilization, ashore; the last of the seven, by-the-bye, being ushered in by a fearful gale; a gale that spun the vessel incontinently out to sea, almost rolling her bottom upwards, and revealing all her hidden symmetry. Here snapped a mast, and there flew a sail, with a stunning clatter through the murky air; the largest of junks groaned like a "thing of life;" the sea roared—the gongs fell pealing, fitfully, like mad;—little cross-legs dived, head foremost, into a box of bran;—Hulla-Bo-Loo launched overboard a furnace of sacrificial fuel, which he himself barely escaped following: the captain hid himself below—and the governor's ample queue got entangled in a brace block, from which he was only extricated at the expense of his scalp, after screaming with torture for a quarter of an hour. This aspect of things continued for a week; and the ensuing fortnight proved insufficient to restore

hope to the bewildered mariners, or a tolerably whole skin to the governor's head.

The land had long since been lost sight of; the sun seemed to have lost his attribute of warmth . . .

Where are we now? inquired Caddy of Hop Qua; now shivering in sheepskins.

But the latter had foregone all notion of course or distance in the series of gales, and desired to be bamboozed if he knew; the stars were not the stars of Centre-land,† and every thing about them wore a look of chilling strangeness!

The priest had latterly smoked a world of opium; "Take courage!" said he, "and make your manners to cross-legs and Foh; they 'll do for us, I warrant."

Oh, for the naked islands! sighed Hop-Qua; long since become sadly attenuated.

This ejaculation stirred the governor's bile; Me to Foh! said he, sail on! and sail as easterly as you can!

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† Centre-land—Chinese name for China.

## CHAPTER IV.

Two-and-twenty moons, and still the largest of junks pursued a solitary course over the waters. The little Captain Hop-Qua, though he had once served as a pirate, squatted about with all the meekness of a lamb; exhibiting a sort of semi-vitality,—only alive to the fact of having sailed portentously far to the eastward. Hulla-Bo-Loo had worn himself out in oral compliments to little Cross-legged one-eye; his pocket deity, as he called him; as for the sacrificial stores, they had been long ago exhausted; and the governor, wasted to the shadow of his former self, stood balancing beneath his ample robes, like a folded umbrella poised on its handle. All three were completely tired of computing the lapse of time; of conjecturing the magnitude of the world.

They had seen many strange countries, and held fruitless parley with many barbarian ships;—had once been on the point of finally debarking; but were denied a settlement, much to their surprise, by a hostile people whom they had mistaken for apes: they had afterwards passed by several delectable and friendly shores, with utter negligence, owing to certain dismal dreams of pursuit and detection, which had latterly unhinged the governor's mind, urging him irresistibly onward.

In spite of a crazy gleam in his eye, Sou-Chong's



ascendancy over his companions was such as to impart to them a portion of his own anxiety to reach the still undiscovered realm of tea-drinkers, in spite of time, toil and distance.

"Our bullion is good for nothing elsewhere," said he, as they lay at anchor one day in the shelter of a quiet lagoon, hedged about with islets of seducing verdure. But the observation was thrown away. The eyes of his comrades were fixed upon something just visible from behind a neighboring point.

He turned.

"Hy Yah!" cried Hulla-Bo-Loo.

"We have sailed these two-and-twenty moons and more, towards the rising sun!" faltered Hop-Qua, with eyes distended, and jaws getting stationary at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$ .

"'T is the apparition of my dreams!" yelled Caddy Sou-Chong.

'T was a junk from home!

A very few minutes brought the vessels together, and the stranger hailed.

"Who are you? and whence come you?" screamed a tall figure, with a voice that reminded Sou-Chong of his long forgotten pea-fowl.

"We are perplexed wanderers," returned Hop-Qua, "bound no whither in particular,—or rather to a place impossible to find." The poor fellow was sadly bewildered.

"And your names?"

"Hop-Qua, captain, the mandarin Caddy Sou-



Chong, Hulla-Bo-Loo priest of Foh, and sundry mariners."

The latter question was hardly answered, before a crowd of assailants poured into the devoted vessel, and the three appalled fugitives were forced on board the stranger. Question, complaint, were alike of no avail; no heed was given. The governor speedily found himself and suite accommodated, neck and hands, with portable pillories, and consigned to a strong murky cell under hatches.

"Be there two Centre-lands? Two Chet Chiangs? What? Where? How?" drived poor Sou-Chong, his wits fast ebbing away.

"Oh, little Cross-legs, alas!" sobbed Hulla-Bo-Loo.

Hop-Qua's eyes protruded like a lobster's, but he said nothing.

"Steer easterly!" was echoed in harsh tones overhead. The dash of curling waters and all the racket of navigation filled their ears, day after day, night after night, week after week, till a peculiar tumult announced the mooring of the vessel, and the adventurers were soon again breathing the open air.

A seaport was before them, all alive with lights, though the hour was past midnight.

"Surely," said the governor, but the conjectural remark was cut short by immediate gagging, and all effervescence of feeling on the part of Hulla-Bo-Loo suppressed in a similar manner; even Hop-Qua was not allowed to hold his tongue in peace.

“ I could swear to the fashion of the portable pilory ;”—thought Caddy Sou-Chong.

“ If we had not sailed so far to the eastward,” thought the Captain.

Hulla-Bo-Loo groaned defiance.

Conveyance to the interior of the country, whatever region it might be, was unavoidable ; and the jaunt that ensued might have soothed a party less pre-occupied ; but the governor and his comrades were too nervous : The groups of houses occurring on their way, the fire works, the people and the sounds, were a growing puzzle which became quite agonizing as the night wore away. Everything wore a familiar, indeed a feast-of-lantern-y sort of expression, which made their fettered situation a double torture, as neither could by any possibility rub his eyes.

Morning solved the riddle,—with a panorama not to be mistaken. Those booths,—platforms,—arches,—trees,—accustomed figures and faces,—that picturesque walled garden in the distance, with one fantastically gilded cottage roof just visible through the trees and gleaming ruddily in the new risen sun,—what showed they ?

The very grounds of the governor, the very birth-place of Hulla-Bo-Loo, priest of Foh, and captain Hop-Qua. But neither Caddy Sou-Chong, the priest nor the captain, had any remark to make. Their heads were off !

## MASTER SIMON

TO A NOISY MANTELCLOCK.

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“Bim-bim-bim-bim-bim! \* \* \* Bim-bim-bim-bim-bim!”

WHAT is it that can ail you, Time, this sunny afternoon?  
You were not wont to caper off to such a racing tune,  
'T is nothing but your spitefulness;—for I have ever seen,  
When I would fain have hurried you, how very *slow* you 've  
been;

But just as one would give his ears to wheedle you to stay,  
Methinks, you rogue, your wings are oiled to expedite  
your way:

I 've heard them talk of *killing* you, if you 'd believe me,  
Time;—

Were it for this provoking speed, 't would hardly be a  
crime—

But then for sloth—for sluggishness,—Aha! I hear you  
say,

E'en would they so,—the simpletons!—we 'll see, some  
future day!

We 're not so long acquainted, Time, but I may well re-  
call,

When first I recognized your name; 't was in my grand-  
sire's hall—

Do 'st recollect the dear old man? I dare to say you do,—  
For he called you ancient intimate—and often talked of  
you;

And when he was departing hence, to leave us both behind,

He cautioned me to cherish you, in accents very kind ;  
And said that you of glorious gifts were very prodigal—  
But industry and patience were the pledges of them all.

Ah me ! I then was but a child—and children are not wise,

And industry and patience found small favor in my eyes ;  
There was a mossy dial, above the green parterre,  
And I thought you very lazy, as I saw you circle there—  
And I treated you but sadly, for I thought to reconcile  
So tedious an old fellow when I found it worth my while ;—  
Alas ! I was mistaken, Time ! for now I see you bring  
To other hearths, and other homes, full many a precious  
thing :

Full many a meed of lofty fame, full many a gift of gold—  
Or dearer far, of quiet bliss, to gladden heart and hold ;—  
But nothing to my threshold, e'er save weariness and pain :  
Hist ! as I live, there goes the clock—you 've come to  
chide again !

Now Time, I take it ill of you, to perch yourself and crow  
So shrilly from the mantelpiece, above a worsted foe ;  
It looks by far too petulant, for one of such an age—  
But you 've forgot the golden rule, thrice over,—I 'll en-  
gage !

Stay— can I have mistaken you ? perhaps each startling  
tone

Admonishes to prize the days that yet remain my own ;—  
That I have yet a boon—a task ; a priceless soul to save,  
When, wearied out, old father Time has tottered to his  
grave.

## A PEEP AT CADIZ.

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“ Domus custodiat introitum tuum.”

*Legend over the sea-gate.*

READER, dear! Wert ever in Europe? Of course. Well, then, be you lymphatic or vivacious, curious or blind, you must remember the steadfast, hearty gaze you took, when “Outre-Mer” first met your eye. The land may have tumbled up from the horizon with all the abruptness of thirteen knots an hour, or coyly courtesied and sidled and baffled your advances for a series of days; may have scowled upon you in the shape of a tall Irish promontory, with a squall for a jacket, and arms akimbo, or peered upward gracefully recumbent, yours obsequiously, the Biscayan coast of France; the simple, strong impression of novelty is what I would recall; the prettiest conceivable climax to the relish of a pleasant voyage, and the most grateful interruption to a dull one. There is a peculiar halo about a sunny shore, seen under such circumstances; though be the weather as sullen, and the landfall as gloomy as they may, one can always patch up and apply some kind of a wreath of dear old associations, as a countercheck. But what a flood of



excitement, as the cloudy chaos brightens into distinct landscape; and assumes its own ten thousand lively tints and outlines, to shame the monotony of the "unchanging sea." You feel as if witnessing the process of a second creation.

"Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold," each blue summit, and sombre cliff, and legendary village, and haunted wood, throws out a new filament of attraction, till you find yourself in the very bonds of curiosity. Then the getting ashore! England, it may be, is too nearly akin to us to allow the feeling of wonder adequate scope; call England, if you will, a kind of trusty and familiar gentleman-usher; wearing Jonathan's dress, speaking his language, and whose province it is to break the abruptness of his fall among strangers, and introduce him gently and decently: for intrallment without fail, to *ensure* a due expansion of eye, and a proper relaxation of the lower jaw, one would recommend the continent, by all means, to the incipient voyager. Let him single out for debarkation, some old gray-beard of a city, almost coeval with the deluge; where language, costume, architecture, and immemorial custom, are all at utter variance with the "notions" of our land of shingle palaces and half rescued cornfields. Let me see!

"Fair *Cadiz*, rises on the dark blue sea"

at a most convenient crisis for illustration. The strong-hold of Geryon—the goal of pilgrim Her-



cules; the olden site of a temple of Juno—and, for aught I know, of the itinerary pulpit of Saint Paul. Darling reader, pray revisit Cadiz with me; if indeed you be fond of tarry-at-home excursions.

There—give us your hand! One long leap, and here we are, on the deck of a staunch ship, with Cape St. Vincent just abaft the beam, standing in cautiously for

“The sea-girdled home of arch ladies  
Most white and voluptuous Cadiz.”

'T is night—starlight—and no moon; wind steady; time, about six bells in the second watch. In the morning, you and I will land; the crew, poor fellows! must linger out a fortnight's quarantine. Keep a bright lookout forward there! “Ay, ay, sir!” Another man at the larboard cathead. Ah, here we have it, at last! Land ho! Come forward now; do n't stumble over that spare anchor stock, and *land* in the deck tub; let's hear what the watch have to say;—hist! “Them's chalk-hills, by Guy.” “Avast—it's a white sand beach.” “Noa't is n't, it's walls and buildins'.” And walls and turrets they are, sure enough, whose timid sheen through the darkness, gives the eye its first intimation that we are nearing as cosy a town as ever was clapped on the brow of ocean by way of mural crown.

We must “stand off and on” till daybreak, and the rosy dawn shall give us a true, legitimate, oriental welcome. Earliest morning; beautiful

here, is it not? Wake up, most lethargic reader! One would think the guns might have sufficed to rouse you;—I imagine it must be a special holiday; for Cantera fort, and St. Banez are pealing away as if Nap the Corsican were again intruding on the volcanic apathy of the Andaluz. How do you like that light house? A handsome tower, out aloof upon the sea; it sentinel the town right nobly, does it not?

There, then, is Cadiz!—it has a levantine look, all enclosed as it is, within high walls, rising for the most part, sheer and cleanly from the sea—the houses glistening, with here and there a moorish looking attic, or venerable church roof. The port is busy, but not thronged; picturesque with sundry latteen sails.

Well, our pilot has been on board thee quarters of an hour—you recognized his egregious *lingua Franca*? And now, unless you choose to tarry for the health boat, we 'll to the landing at once.

\*             \*             \*             \*             \*

What an old world air every thing wears about this weather-worn pier! and what an apt illustration of the *dolce far niente*, is that whiskered porter, with his little round romantic hat, his laconic breeches, and smart crimson sash, half eclipsed by a draggletail intrusion of shirt; how voluptuously he leans on that post; inhaling questionable fragrance from a dingy paper-wrapped cigar!

“ Much food for marvel he enjoys I ween,  
Who scans the livery of the motley band”

on either side of us, as we stroll beneath the walls towards the sole sea-board entrance of the town; much irritation of nerves too, obtains, from the clatter of ill-tuned voices, where all seem to possess the gift of tongues, and few, alas, that of controlling them. The Custom-house officers, on duty at the gates, are any thing but mutes, and likely to be very *Cerberine*, unless baited with a “consideration.” But suppose us free of all detention, loungingly thridding the sea-gate, under the grateful unction of “*gracias a ustedes, senores*,” and just in full view of the “*Plaza del Mar*.” We shall need much traveling to find a livelier spot; market, lazaretto, and exchange; the rallying point of all that is novel, bustling or grotesque; hemmed in with tall, Venitian-looking houses, and surrounded by the outlets of numerous clean, flagged, very narrow streets, which give an American almost the impression of being within doors; it is well worthy, I think, of at least twenty minutes pause in our walk. Now this fruit-stall be our rendezvous. Buy fresh figs, or inquire for *grasshoppers*, if you like, for the “shrill cigala” *sells*, let me tell you, in Cadiz, being held in almost Athenian repute among the ladies, as a household chorister; I will sketch that quaint little marine, as he stands relieved against the paunch of the gross

Dominican opposite; or stay,—yonder Moor is a shade more imposing: then he strides with such convenient deliberation. Oh for a crayon of treble refined French chalk! How cosily the smoke of the sempiternal chiboque wantons with his beard. Singularly out of unison is he, by the way, with

The merry matins, which from tower to tower  
Fling back their consecrate and gladsome chime.

I need not call your attention to the ghastly group of mendicants in this square, as you seem to be their *nucleus* already. I shall make no remarks, either, on the feasibility of relieving them: but I *shall* call your attention to that pretty Gaditana, winning so gracefully up the street,—which, as it leads to a chocolate house, we had better follow, and enable ourselves to study the species; a kind of Proserpines,\* ever in black. The basquina—is not a *cestus*—the mantilla may be rather irritating, perhaps,—the comb display is fantastic; on the whole a woman had need be very well formed, and have lively features, to beseem the Spanish costume;—’t is only more becoming than ours or the French. Would you like to see the manual exercise of the fan? well—by and by.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Spanish café: a cool, spacious, inviting apartment, a few feet above the street level has the honor

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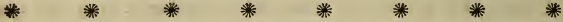
\* By-the-bye, this neighborhood is shrewdly set down as *Dom Pluto's* headquarters awhile.



to receive us ; a marble pavement is under foot, and a marble colonnade, of two stories, surrounds the area ; lemons and citrons, and almond and jonquil, in pots and boxes, are or should be, at hand—the air redolent of their perfume. Before us is a marble table ; whereon, limpid as nectar, is placed a sturdy pitcher of *agua fresca* : start not, unlearnedly zealous votary of temperance ! I mean fresh water. Were you a Gaditan, you would know how to prize it. On the counter, of neat marble too, is chocolate, in classic cups ; and oh such chocolate ! no liquor, a fusion ! so intensely hot and so substantial ! Then the dainty dissolution therein of crystalline sugars ! But I dare not dwell upon it, as I seldom indulge in the pathetic ; besides (between ourselves) it was once the means of excoriating my mouth,—and shall I say it ? of very nearly choking me in addition. Sometimes I take a single glass of wine :—do you ? Will you have some “ sherris sack ? ” Are you enterprising ? If so, to Xeres we will go, and imbibe the blessing at its fountain ; (that is, when the chocolate is duly honored, and we have read the Madrid *paper*.) Xeres is near ; I forget the number of miles, were it not, *we* might visit it, and return to supper. I would recommend a felucca to Santa Maria ; and should we meet with a levanter, which is not improbable, we may drift over the lost fane of Hercules, for our consolation ; it was snatched away in past ages, with its site, and a sad mouthful of land besides, by the sea ; so say antiquaries, and as every one knows the latter encroach-



ments hereabout of that hungry personage, I suppose he must be brought in guilty. Forgive my pedantry, cherished reader, but I must warn you that in this temple were deposited Teucer's belt, and Pygmalion's golden olive,—and that costly statue of Alexander before which Cæsar wept when quæstor in Spain, on comparing his own early achievements with those of “Philip's warlike son.” Now is not the annihilation itself, of such a ruin, worth floating over? One would expect the very fish of the neighborhood to have acquired a taste for *vertu*; and people have noticed among those caught here a peevish fretfulness at being pulled out of their twilight element, that savors strongly of the nervousness of mouldy research.



Here we are at port St. Mary; far famed for—nothing in particular. Did the boatmen doff their hats, and patter a prayer, on passing the bar of the Guadalete? for I have been dozing, I fear, from the lulling effect of the chocolate. They were used thus to interest themselves for the souls of the many passengers drowned there; as the surf at times is highly dangerous; swamping your boat with a giant wave, conjured up from the ripple at a moment's warning, as if by a freak of some sour-tempered old river-god. Shall we take mules or a calesin to Xeres? The route is pleasanter, though bare, as we recede from the shore, and we may possibly find a fringe

of dwarf almond trees by the roadside. Xeres is a bustling place enough, very visitable, a town of old fame as you know, and hallowed to the patriot and the historian as well as in the ruddy eyes of the worshipful fraternity of wine-bibbers. It was, as you are probably aware, the scene of the memorable battle between Taric and Don Roderic, which sealed the destiny of Gothic Spain:—scope for expatiation, you perceive; though it would be hard to realize any chivalric vision among the puffing caleseros, and the coal-eyed and slippered coquettes about us. Well . . . . .

Again at Santa Maria: (we have escaped the bull-fight, I find, that occurred this morning,) and again leisurely undulating across the bay. Look, look! at the salmon, over the side! You may trace them by the soft phosphoric light that streams in their wake: and hark! “those evening bells” chime deliciously over the water, do they not? There is not the headlong jangling of the matins; when the changes from numberless turrets are apt to get ludicrously “athwart hawse” of each other; convincing me, once I remember, that all the sacristans had either gone mad, or were afflicted with Saint Vitus’ dance. The town is “making an evening of it.” The gathering lights are glorious. See them wink from the lofty lattice, and flare, like a northern aurora, from the thronged and verdant square! We must certainly join the wakeful groups there. But “do’st think one can get in, friend, at the gate?” No matter; we’ll take the license of Le-Sage’s devil, and alight

forthwith in the " Plaza San Antonio ;" the evening resort of a fair fraction of the fifty-three thousand who form the population of the town. How instinct with sauntering gayety and life ! How " beguilingly foreign " to us, the serried lime groves,—the stone seats beneath,—the many bright lamps,—the easy air of abandonment that characterizes all the native loungers ; for your Andaluz knows just how to move in this fervid latitude of his. There are no obstreperous carriages, mark, to torture you into too rapid a step, or stun you by their saucy rattle ;

Drowning conversation,  
Past resuscitation ;

and yet the " place " is a city *place*. The aspect of things is just what might be expected in a region rife with chocolate and wine, rather proverbial for a kind of quiet and secretive mirth.

Do I hear the tinkle of a guitar ? and do you feel tired ? Let it soothe us presently to sleep, in the half English hotel of — I forget what, or whom ; but one with airy oriental chambers, flowers and fruits, tidy waiters, and a pretty situation.

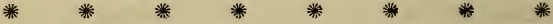
Morning—and matins—and ten o'clock. What shall we do ? Take an olive : and help yourself from that dish of olla porridge. I propose to explore the streets for an hour, and lecture upon architecture. The houses we pass are chiefly Moorish in design, enclosing open courts within a balustrade of two stories ; a wet awning is often spread overhead in hot weather, and the occupants contrive to make a

little lounging paradise beneath, with the aid of blossoming shrubbery. Many of the buildings are tall and roomy, with lordly balconies, curtained from the sun.

But here is the solemn and half finished cathedral of (I think) Santa Cruz. It has already exhausted large sums in building, but being, like many another broad-bottomed pile, rather short-winded, seems to have gotten quite out of breath in its progress upward. Let's pass within. Those ponderous arches are nobly sprung! and their quadruple support of polished and clustered pillars, how imposing! like the desert columns of Tadmor, alas, or the giant stalactites of a cavern, with no flooring beneath but *terra firma*, save an occasional sorry flag-stone. I like the gloom of this premature ruin—the adjuncts withal,—a cresset, of ancient make, and a second-hand graven image of the virgin, with a picturesque old crone upon her marrow-bones before it, have their effect; but so—a scroll; freshly written, signed by no less a dignitary than my lord Archbishop: do you see it, upon this pilaster? 'T is forty days absolution, at a bargain. So many aves, so many paternosters, duly muttered here, and behold your soul whitewashed:—enticing offer is n't it? The chapels are boarded in, the gates locked, which forbids any further discovery, so off with us for the walls;—(a fine breezy promenade)—by way of the time-honored church of San Domingo,—another church worth noticing, that of St. Somebody-else, and half a score of hoary, prison-like looking con-



vents, eloquent of more than hierarchy. Nay, suppose you proceed, for the nonce, alone.



There: You've accomplished, have you not, a delightful stroll round the ramparts; enjoying the vivifying sea air, jostling an army of nondescript *soldados*, and studying the phases of many an Iberian Venus, under partial eclipse of window-blind or coy mantle, while I have had my *siesta*. Methinks we shall enjoy sunset on the signal tower.

What a storied and lovely prospect! The white city,—sheening beneath us; with its level, plastered, and peopled roofs, its lines and eye-refreshing patches of tropic foliage, its antique squares and monastic turrets, in the very arms of the blue ocean; the sea itself,—soothed down to a voluptuous hush, silvered with sunlight, and flecked with tiny sails; the brown forests and pretty villages of Medina Sidonia; the purple ridges of Ronda,—half relieved against an amber sky; how admirably serve they all to

---

“Unite, in one attaching maze,  
The brilliant, fair, and soft, the glories of old days.”

On yonder little isthmus, where the dusty travelers are plodding, and the mules tinkling homeward to Leon, the impetuous Essex gained a bloody footing in the expedition of Effingham and Raleigh. On



that shore, the despairing duke of Medina swamped and fired his galleons, to balk his heady antagonists; Hanno's legions have drawn up on the more distant plain; Columbus put forth from thence (☞),—and on yonder calm waters, not far off, was Trafalgar's victory secured. How much that we now see, is made sacred by historic association! But I will not talk. Let us exhaust the time in gazing and pondering; for the sun is just dipping below the horizon—and when he takes his leave of “fair Cadiz,” we too must bid her *Vaya Vm con Dios!*

## “ GOOD BYE.”

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GOOD-BYE ! I well remember the sensation  
That *apropos* of that familiar phrase,  
Half lost amid the rattling wheels' rotation,  
Oppressed me—ay, the feeling, like amaze,  
That kept me, more than usually pale,  
Watching the dust of the departing mail,—

That hiding you, as the cloud hid Elijah,  
Bore you from our loved haunts away forever ;  
And then my wondering if our parting tried ye  
As it did me ; and my most vain endeavor  
To busy me with knife and fork, and spoon,  
At tea-time,—on that long, long afternoon.

But now, I can recur to all with apathy :  
Though as to my soul's void, I 've not re-filled it ;  
Living as lies a stone upon the lap o' the  
Earth, heedless if the sunlight shun or gild it ;  
With a snug panting for annihilation, all  
That hinders me from being still “ quite rational—”

Where are you now ? Nay, prythee pardon me,  
For years are told since came the one last letter,  
Which was the landmark of your destiny ;—  
A feeble scrawl—I could afford a better,  
( 'Bating the hair, of which there was a lock or two, )  
Were I a Brazil parrot, or a cockatoo.

Where are you? *I* am sitting in my chair  
 Mocking dull care with a Cremona fiddle—  
 Your seat is tenantless . . . But I forbear  
 Always, the breaking tunes off in the middle,  
 So I will fiddle first, and then soliloquize  
 About it: tho' I question if it will look wise,—

In one, whose quietude, though transcendental  
 Thus far, (I challenge any to deny it,)  
 If memory could make him sentimental,  
 Might chance just here, to be o'ertaken by it;  
 Here, where each object wears the self-same air  
 As then—but for the cobwebs here and there.

Attachment's ghost is certainly a grim one;  
 Go swathe it as you will, I like it not;  
 Let who will choose to christen it a whim, one  
 Dislikes to have been forsaken or forgot;—  
 And bankrupts in faith, love, and such commodities,  
 Can testify at will, how very odd it is,

To find the heart's whole treasury expended;—  
 Not a regard left for another venture,  
 However beneficially intended,  
 Save such as we bestow on flask and trencher—  
 Which latter, I am fain to do them justice,  
 Are the sole creatures now, in which my trust is.

Good bye—once more! and with my benison,—  
 And hopes that you are better off than I,  
 Lost intimate: if you 'd a haunch of venison  
 To send me, I could bring myself to try  
 Its flavor;—but for souvenirs, and lockets,  
 I've now no corner in my waistcoat pockets.

## A FORENOON'S CRUISE IN THE CHINA SEA.

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“HELM’S a lee!”—“Raise tacks and sheets”—“Let go and haul”—“Clear away that fore top-gallant brace.” Such are the phrases that intrude themselves on my unwilling ears as I lie cradled in my cot, in the cabin of the Gadfly, East Indiaman; lat. by obs. 22 north or thereabouts; long. never mind what, at a quarter past sunrise, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and —;—How provoking! I am irretrievably waked up—Heigh-hey-go ho! Steward, is that you? “Ya-as, sir.” “Have they made the land yet?” “Ya-as, sir, coast all along to starboard.” “The deuce! where, oh where are my trowsers.” Reader, ahoy! turn out,—be visible!—on deck forthwith; and (if Ebony the steward leaseth not,) you shall see “the core of utmost Ind”—the giddy foothold of the Antipodes—the goal, attained, of a weary pilgrimage over half the circumference of the globe. Many leagues, withal, to the eastward of the rosy East itself; that nestling-place of love and wonder, dearer in its association with gorgeous fable, than Greece and Rome in theirs with a fascinating but threadbare history. A region embalmed of Arabian tales; the land of Mystery and bamboo canes; of art upon

crutches, and civilization in second childhood ; where moon-descended potentates were reigning, ages before creation, over moon-smitten men. In brief, you shall look at a bit of the south coast of China, as exhibited in the neighborhood of Lintin. Pray, now that we are up and gazing, does it, think you, appear at all Chinese ? Can you see aught but interminable ranges of bleak, brown, jagged hills, without a rag of proper verdure to cover their nakedness ?

Still do not ridicule my fairy land of promise ; my Queue-topia, for lack of astounding peculiarities at first sight ;—do n't sing in disappointed irony,

A Chinese sun above our heads,  
And Chinese waves below,  
And Chinese breezes all around,  
How oddly, now, they blow !

Do n't foster the vein of the schoolboy who wept because his first-seen elephant was not as big as a church ; for I am about to reveal novel features in the sea-scape. Look under the bows—there are *white* porpoises ;—if we gain our roadstead to-night, you shall see the waters turbid with the rush of an Oriental river. Shade your eyes for a moment, and behold that perfect *chevaux de frise* of fishing-smacks, along the horizon ; with their inmates amphibious,—beings, not partially water-proof, like all other legitimate fish-takers, but living—really, and life-long, on the sea : pickled forever in brine—lapping the milk of infancy, and pillowing the dying hoary head, alike on Thetis's bosom ; making their



wet, uneasy boats, at once cradle and homestead, traveling carriage, fish-stall, and grave. Let us overhaul one or two of the fleet ahead for inspection.

Stand by to run out that foretopmast studding-sail boom ;—sheet home royals, fore and aft ;—set the flying jib !—Away we go—the ship waltzing with the water of the tune of “ Bounding billows,” and rapidly nearing the nearest boat. Here it is at last ; ducking and bobbing, and bowing and scraping, under our lee ; stern high and dry, and nose puddling along, half under water, as if sharing the slippery quest of its occupants. The sails are bamboo—the crew,—aid me spirit of G. Cruikshank ! or how shall I cause to be appreciated these quaint “ co-heralds of the dawn ;”—these sentinel cherubim of the Celestial Empire : these “ first impressions ;” these long-tailed, squirrel-toothed, swarthy representatives of yet-to-be-discovered Chinamen. But there they lean, and squat, and stare ;—the “ too transcendent vision ” of a fleeting moment, as we are sweeping by. Now or never—the scene is patriarchal : count we the generations. A bare-headed antediluvian couple, are peeping out, half hidden, from a sort of kennel on the deck. Next comes a kind of nondescript slattern, with woollen sash and infinite trowsers, cheek by jowl with a little turnip of a boy, all body and queue. 'Then a triangular bare-footed helmsman ; the tiller in one hand, the sheets in the other, voluble as a magpie, and looking, from choice and necessity, three ways at once. With six

or seven supernumerary grotesques, the common costume being any thing that comes to hand, (where every thing but salt water is scarce,) set off with a huge cape, and surmounted by an acre of hat. So,—there they go: gliding, bounding, chattering, astern; with their nasal-guttural cadences, (think of the smalltalk of juvenile swine!) their naked feet, their dingy drapery, and every thing that is theirs; all overshadowed with those parasol hats, liko a senate of Titan toad-stools.

Another boat. A pendant, possibly, to the last, to judge from its “complement of men,” which consists of one old woman and a little boy; the latter comprising, perhaps, the “larboard watch.” Poor solitary things! ’Tis pity we may not buy some of their fish, were it only for admiration’s sake;—they are *Chinese* fish, let me tell you;—but the Long-queue government forbids any intercourse between us and the boats; and so, you see . . . . .

Now, as the shore is still distant, and no adventure promises or threatens, let us dream of one, by the aid of a very pertinent book which I hold in my hand. Sit, if you please, on that water-cask, and sweep the horizon with your eye. Please to know that these prolific seas were once the cruising-ground of “fishers of men:” not, however, by any means in the apostolic sense. I allude to the Ladrones; an association of pirates, perhaps, (the old Northmen and the Algerines excepted,) the most formidable on record. Their rise was singular. A few hundred provincials, alienated by petty oppres-

sion, and seeking refuge in petty piracy, were reinforced from time to time by a few hundred starveling neighbors. Less than two lustres beheld them masters of a fleet, whose admiral talked of changing the dynasty of the realm. Anon, seventy thousand desperadoes, with eighteen hundred seaworthy vessels, emboldened by successful incursion, brooding, like an incubus, over the whole southern coast, threading her rivers for tribute, blockading her sea-ports, strangling her colonial commerce, spurning her feeble force and feebler tactics, placed China much in the posture of a foolish old hen who has unwittingly hatched a cockatrice. The bamboo of celestial justice might have menaced them to this hour, (at a respectful distance,) but for intestine quarrels, and a subsequent compromise, which resulted in pardon for the submissive Ladrones and a Mandarinship apiece (by way of indemnity) to each of their admirals.

The latter have since approved themselves, of course, the most zealous and unsparing among thieftakers. Well; I read that, in the year 1810, (no matter what day of what moon,) a cutter of the H. C. ship "Marquis of Ely," containing an officer, a Chinese pilot, and six or eight sturdy tars, was lost in a fog, while hastening to rejoin that vessel at her anchorage, not far below Macao; that they stood about hither and thither in sore distress for three days; saw nothing of the ship, had nothing to eat worth mentioning, and finally (desirable consummation!) fell in with pirates. The scene of their distress,

their captivity, and tardy ransom, is now before our eyes. Unlucky dogs! Methinks I see your wan faces peering through the mist, late in the afternoon of your third day of trials; guessing at the cardinal points, and searching in vain, for something like a sun to steer by. Stout men sicken by starvation and long exposure, and ye have "learned to watch and wake" with a vengeance; have digested your last morsel of green orange forty-eight hours ago. A sad substitute, this, for the merry circling of the capstern, and the seducing Rogue's March, quickening the anchor's rise for "Sweet Home." But the fog breaks! Huzza! and sails, kind, welcome sails, are in sight: two boats to windward, and a whole bamboo squadron on the lee. The boats bear down: All huzza, save that old oriental wharf-rat, the pilot; and what says he? "Lad-rones! kill us if they catch us." Whe-w! Then pull, boys, promptly—for dear life, pull—for the fishermen to leeward! And right strenuously *do* they pull themselves, into very equivocal quarters. Unwitting suicides! The lee fleet are Ladrones.

"Their chieftain from his lofty poop, already, with his eye  
Is bidding them the welcome of the spider to the fly."

And now he courteously lowers his boat. And now forty bare blades are gleaming in the returning sun above their half score of uneasy necks. One word from yon queer scoundrel, and heads and trunks may bid each other good by. "Inglis! Inglisman!" screams the pilot:—short jackets and a



uniform have proved (under Heaven) their salvation: the Ladrões, recognizing the English as costly victims, and, better still, as very redeemable commodities at second hand. See the sufferers now fettered to the floorings of a war junk. The first scrutiny of the captors is over. The shower of swinish monosyllables and uncouth acclamations that greeted their entry on board, has ceased: and, spite of famine, and insult, and crushed hopes, you may trace that *hiptrowsered* stoicism, that sort of *Wapping* resignation, that identifies a group of British tars in distress. Slighting all intermeditæ loafers, their eyes are coolly dilating upon a figure in jetty skull-cap and purple robes, perched on the shelf-like quarter deck: the grand inquisitor, as it were; the chairman, of the surrounding committee of roguery. 'T is the captain of the squadron; the redoubtable Slam-bang-ti; or some such musical designation; self-styled scourge of the Eastern Ocean; and, certes, not unworthy the serio-comic perusal of our heroes. But what now? A supercilious punch from behind, a sudden side glance, and lo! the apparition of an earthen trough, with something at last, thank Ceres, to eat. "Want ye lice?" sneers the bearer: "To be sure!" All fall to, like hyenas; not, (a plague upon Chinese mouths that cannot sound an R,) not indeed upon the tiny people petted of Leuenhoek, but upon *rice*; wholesome, tenderly boiled, and seasoned with caterpillars!

Another turn, an' it please you, of fancy's kaleidoscope. They are tenants of a new prison; the



flag-ship of thief-admiral Taou. Scowlingly listens that worthy, while the old pilot, acting as interpreter, and yet quivering from a perquisite of torture, is clenching former testimonies, and treating for ransom on behalf of his less gifted clients. Were ever men so ill fattened by three months' diet upon balked anticipations, accompanied, though they undoubtedly were, with messes of rice "a la Ladrone," and occasional god-sends of ambrosial rations. How unlike the once hale, cleanly cutter's crew. A bevy of scare-crows, in scratched noses and tangled hair, with faces the very wrestling-ground of smut and pallor. To-day is the crisis of their fate: a messenger from friends, awaiting a sworn promise or a plump refusal of liberation, is very impartially munching his opium hard by, utterly careless of the issue. His burglarious highness surly, the mediator cringing, but wary, meeting a world of extravagant demands, with "Hy, Yah! no can give," and a most dolorous obeisance and shake of the head. (A hundred thousand dollars, be it premised, was the meed of rescue first insisted on.) Fifty thousand—"No can;" forty, thirty, twenty thousand—ditto, do. do. And now succeeds a private confab with our corpse of breathless ragamuffins. "Can give three thousand dollars, and make see directly." Whizz! rejoins the sabre of the chief, by way of a gentle hint against encroachment. But the offer is most unexpectedly accepted, on the sole stipulation of risking their lives to aid their tormentors in an impending battle.

Hark to the gongs and the braying horns! The fierce unintelligible shouts of command;—the fitful booming of brass cannon, and the baying of rusty swivels; the hail-like rattle of a myriad of stones on the sides of lobster-shell junks; the splash of short-coming missiles; the “gentle roar” of a Chinese sea-fight! Crack!—crack—crack crack:—crack—crack! English muskets!—How easily detected is their compact native eloquence amid all this barbarian thunder. Six hours have our friends taken part in this pleasant pastime, and six more (life lasting,) will still find them at it; naval actions here not being “done up to order,” in thirty minutes, as with us. In fact, stones and arrows are apt to wound more than they kill, and the celestial powder has a force of inertness,—a home feeling,—a sad unwillingness to go off, without infinite coaxing. At last the opera closes; with a desperate self-sacrifice on the part of the government commander, Kwo-lang-lin. He blows up his junk; a huge gingerbread cradle of five hundred tons, peopling the air with blazing rubbish, and figures of parched Chinamen ascending and descending. The bulk of national vessels is seized, and the Ladrones bear away; the cutter’s men still safe, as might be expected; their lives, (not, alas! their noses,) being charmed from the beginning with a sprinkling of garlic water.

Now let us ransom them, (for ’t is seven bells, and almost dinner time.) What shall heave in sight on a blessed morning, but the gun-brig \* \* \* (not always a guest so benignant,) with all the means

and appliances, for speedy, certain deliverance. See her careering over the swell, with snowy canvas and elastic hull, brimfull of hope and mercy, and beef and pork, nearer, and nearer, and nearer. 'Tis Elijah's raven,—Noah's dove,—to their long dim and rayless, but now relighted eyes. She "heaves to," and their hearts flutter;

"Can ruth divine thus tire upon the wing?"

Nay, but Ladrones are jealous of armed intrusion; the brig must hold aloof, and the communication midway, by boats. Oh the impatience of the poor cadgers to shake their fists in safety, at the frosty cruel authors of this delay! The brig's gig has dropped splashing into the water: down from the channels flash a dozen white-trowsered shins, and now the oars are rattling in their row-locks with a jerk and a roll of egregious good-will. They have gained the robber's envoy, and a weighty bag of dollars is transferred and on its way . . . . . His avarice the admiral, is counting: "*Quisi*;—bad dollar." (The preposterous old rogue!) At last he rises growlingly, and the "fonquis" are released. Imagine a knot of eels slipping from a trap! They are over the side in *minus* five minutes. Never creaked the bamboo appendages of the comprador's boat as now they creak, straining to the wind, in passage to the gun-brig's gig. 'T is won at last; three cheers! and what a wild wagging of tongues and whistling of tarpaulins: "How fare ye, Jack?"

“Poorly, thank ye, Gill,”—rough welcome and kindly interchange, season the homeward pull, till now, on the brig’s deck, in the centre of safety, begirt with glad welcome, and mighty guns, and ruminating tars, behold them consigning all pirates, and Lardrones in particular, to Hornie and Co.

All this would be a mighty tedious adventure for us to meet with after all; and we are perhaps quite as well off to be smoothly approximating to Macao, most ignobly well fed, with whole skins and purses, clean shirts, and a tight uninjured vessel. The hills are grown gloriously distinct, are they not? and huts and rocks are beginning to—no matter what they are beginning to do—*dinner is ready!*

## SKY-SAIL-POLE LYRICS.

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### I.

THE broad, exulting sea !  
Say, brother, would'st thou learn  
The fashion of his glee ?  
The majesty discern  
Of his flow ?  
Come climb the reeling mast !  
When heaven is overcast,—  
And rattles, in the blast  
All below.

### II.

Where ocean's eagle fleeth,  
Men's voices cease to sound—  
Where surges boil beneath  
And multiply around,  
Let us rock ;  
And soaring as we swing,  
Feel a pulse gladdening,  
That e'en the osprey's wing  
May not mock.



## III.

The spirits of the storm  
 Admit us of their crew ;  
 Well wot they to transform—  
 A merry work they do !  
 Hark away !  
 Their jubilee is ours ;—  
 For us the welkin lowers—  
 Our comrades—reap the showers  
 Of the spray.

## IV.

Ho, let the stout ship reel !  
 The wind-god, in his race,  
 His viewless form reveal  
 With ravishing embrace,—  
 Hymning loud,  
 Tort'ring his hempen lyre ;—  
 While we, up-dandled higher  
 O'er dancing hills, aspire  
 To the cloud.

## V.

More lightsomely to stoop  
 The gleaming gulph adown,  
 With sheer and rushing swoop :  
 More thrillingly to own  
 What a world  
 Of Titan harmony  
 Wanders 'twixt wave and sky,  
 When seas to skies reply,  
 Upward hurled.

## VI.

What other ear can know  
     How greets the levin-crash  
 The sister bolt below?  
     Flash lightening to flash:  
         Whose the eye  
 To mark with circling sight,  
 Each hoary form, bedight  
 With flakes of livid light,  
     Gambol by?

## VII.

Come when the lurid morn  
     Shrinks throe-convulsed aloof,—  
 And second night is born;  
     —Beneath an inky woof,  
         With a wail,  
 Wild waxing, uncontrolled,  
 With every hour that 's told,  
 Till hearts of steely mould,  
     Learn to quail.

## VIII.

Come when a winnowing blast  
     Hath swept the welkin dome;  
 And crowned spheres reel past,  
     As rolls the starry foam  
         Of the flood;  
 Come when we list—the spell  
 Abideth,—worketh well:—  
 Come rule the ocean swell,  
     Tempest woo'd.

## IX.

The bright, low-slumbering sea—  
 Say, brother, would'st enjoy  
 The welcome, fancy free,  
 The sheen without alloy,  
 Of his rest ?  
 Come, climb the rolling mast !  
 Till, cord and canvas past,  
 His azure realm and vast,  
 Lies confessed.

## X.

The gentle, yielding arms  
 Of upper atmosphere,  
 Refreshing while it warms,  
 Alone enfold us here—  
 Cradle meet,  
 While teeming cloud and sail,  
 Aye tell us their tale,  
 Though eyes and glasses fail  
 'Neath our feet.

## XI.

The veil of arrowy light,  
 The glancing waters wear,  
 Is pervious to our sight ;  
 The nether deeps lie bare—  
 Fearful far,  
 Down, down,—till ruddy day,  
 In twilight melts away  
 To the melancholy ray  
 Of a star.

## XII.

No envious eclipse ;  
 All, all is gladness—lo,  
 'T is herald Iris, trips  
 Before us, as we go.  
 See ! she hath  
 Her dainty floating zone  
 All round the vexed wave thrown,  
 That shivers, bleached and prone,  
 From our path.

## XIII.

Oh, rapturously free  
 The Pawnee scours the plain ;  
 But freelier skim we  
 The limitless domain  
 Of the deep ;  
 And gather light, endued  
 From holier solitude,  
 A holier meeter mood,  
 As we sweep.

## XIV.

If steadfast earth is bright,  
 And with her pictured maze,  
 From every hoary height,  
 Enthral the willing gaze,—  
 If she have  
 Her woodlands, rill-bestrewn,  
 Her piles of old renown,—  
 Cloud-land is thrice our own,  
 On the wave.

## XV.

The fairyland that gilds  
 The far horizon's rim;  
 Where rapt Eolus builds,  
 When even waneth dim,  
 Tower and fane;  
 Where golden waters hie  
 'Twixt meads of Tyrian die,  
 Prone to an amber sky,  
 Like the main.

## XVI.

Hither at eventide—  
 Hither when earliest morn,  
 Flits upward opal-eyed,  
 Or Luna bids her horn  
 Softly shine—  
 Hence, read the stars aright,  
 Here wear the day—the night—  
 Song urgeth—sylphs invite—  
 Brother mine!

## XVII.

*The ruler of the sea ;—*  
*Who lulls it in his palm ;—*  
 Where meetliest craves he  
 The homage of a psalm ?  
 Lo, the sphere,  
 Lofty and airy lone,  
 Where other form or tone  
 Intrudes not, save his own ;  
 Worship here !



## METROPOLITAN GLIMPSES.

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### LONDON BRIDGE.

SUCH a bridge! of granite:—nine hundred and twenty-eight feet long: costing nearly ten millions of Yankee dollars:—continuation, as it were, of a nicely MacAdamized street; almost level, fifty-three feet broad, running between massy parapets far higher than one's head, and only to be overlooked where recesses occur, with stone seats for wayfarers, above each pier—'t is gigantesque; a largess of modern art, that makes me glad, utility apart, that the old bridge is gone; unique though it were. The *Janus-wise* flood of passengers; (a number equal to half the population of Philadelphia crossing often in a day,) the ceaseless procession of ponderous vehicles; the collision of river craft; the untiring, sturdy elbowing of father Thames; half of which causes would demolish one of our bridges in a couple of years, are absolutely nothing to this rock-trophy:—fly-scamperings on horn of ox; pranks of conies about Mam-Tor:—the thing would wrestle hopefully with an earthquake.

The view from the parapet is peculiar; nay, has always a crowd of lounging spectators about it; attracted chiefly towards the eastern, or harbor section of the river, and speculating devoutly at all hours, on the ceaseless embarkations below; the triple tier of vessels adown the middle of the stream; its furlong or so of breadth, all alive with yawl, coal-barge and wherry; the snorting progress of a dozen black single-decked, Stygian looking steamers; the busy-orderly quay of the Custom house; the pinnacles of the Tower; the steeples of all sorts, St. this, and St. that, and St. t' other, with which the city bristles outright, and whose bells would ravish Victor Hugo;—lo, all these to the left, and thence across, on the other side,—but there I pause. On the right bank is nothing but the borough of Southwark; wholly insignificant of profile, where Charles Lamb (I think) takes it for granted that nobody would live who could well take lodgings elsewhere. The borough has, to be sure, its peculiarities; a reach perhaps of noisomer mud by the water-side than falls to the city's share, (most slovenly is gaffer Thames just here,) and a host of spindling factory chimnies. The Greenwich railway *leaves* the place 't is true—and stay, there *is* St. Savior's, clinging, of course, to the skirts of the bridge.

St. Savior's redeemeth Southwark. Well, now for a glance “up stream;” lively bespecklement of boats and low-masted craft; the mud and the chimnies we mentioned, and another majestic bridge; of

*iron* ; with a middle arch of two hundred and forty feet span, beyond which the river eludes us by a bend ; the cynosure, however, in this direction, is the mountain-like dome, yonder ; with twin steeples, how gracefully adapted ; their tops half open-work ; —who could mistake St. Paul's ? Met with in mid-Atlantic, the recognition were the same, 't were only supposing some hearty feat of Apostolic faith.

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### ST. SAVIOR'S.

THE old times erection at the other end of the bridge, that looks built of gun flint, ugly, but time-defying, with the venerable square tower, void of pretence, is, of course, St. Savior's—the lion edifice of Southwark ; dating as to its foundation from the beginning of the twelfth century, and founded by a bishop of the early church. It stands, as you see, all humbly by the heels of the bridge, in such manner that one quite overlooks the lady chapel from the parapet.

Foul proscriptions have been hatched in that little chapel ; 't was the kennel of Bonner ere while, and his inquisitorial table, (heaven sain the thing,) yet occupies its platform at one end of the room. The old church, cathedral indeed, with its nave, chancel and transept, lady chapel and lantern tower, is in part, as I before hinted, a ruin ; while the remaining

portion, still entire, continues to afford a roomy church for service on the Sabbath. Yes, while the snow falls unheeded into the roofless nave, and the wild wind anthem swells through the clerestory, and the hail rattles down upon knightly tomb and sculptured corbell, the organ still peals away over the choir; the lively chant re-echoes there, and the awful beadle keeps watch over be vies of urchins, curiously ensconced, with ruddy faces, and warm feet, among the strange old effigies of the chancel. 'T' is a hint for a poet; this partial paralysis of the old pile; and half recalleth some ghostly legend to my mind. 'T' is like the cheery fortitude of a saint, half "swallowed up in death," yet vital of heart, and tuneful of tongue, challenging the king of terrors with a song; his faith and hope triumphantly retreating—at issue, as it were, to the very last, with dissolution.

Now shall we drum up the sacristan's dame; and be amused with a specimen of the guide-craft that infests every nook in England, where aught of antiquity may be presumed to lurk? Well— \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* The buttresses; the irregular shapes and sizes of gothic windows, with their old pictorial tracery, too rambling, one would say, and rude, even to have been indebted to square, or plumb-line; the odd chimeras, all head and wings, yet nowise cherubic, adhering like bats, in upper angles of the stone work; the legendary posters, things we have but fancied, heretofore, and which suggest, of course, a whole volume of ro-



mance;—these all catch our eye in passing, and form a rare contrast enough in their hoary betokenings, with the spick and span newness, and mushroom pretensions of most of the neighboring buildings. My eye is particularly offended with staring signs of “TRUEMAN, HANBURY & BUXTON,” “MEUX'S ENTIRE,” and the like, along sundry tavern fronts hard by; harlequin-hued, replete with new fangled vulgarity; but within—one cannot pass 'twixt the score or more of semi-Saxon pillars, uprising stilly from shattered pavement, to roof half open overhead,

“Where the blue sky and the slow-drifting cloud  
Look in,”

alone, and the city's roar itself scarce mars the narrow solitude, without a craving to gossip with them, about the familiar faces of their youth; the gentle folks of Tom a Becket's days. \* \*

\* \* \* Shapeless mouldings; every angle rounded by the rasping tongue of time. \* \*

Lo! the occupied part of the edifice! (come at beneath a famous quadruple arch that supports the tower:—) a most comfortable place of worship, (were 't not in Southwark, alas!) and one that would make a very museum in the hands of Roman Catholics. Eh? tomb of a squire; becomingly fenced in, at the transept; a squire of sundry centuries ago; his formal effigy all solemnly laid out in the niche above; a niche, such as painters love to sketch, with dainty fetwork all toilfully chiseled out of stone; a monkish Latin rhyme beneath, in old English let-



ters, and spelling long uncouth. What is it—the name before ARMIGERO: it cannot be Gower? 'T is not, indeed. His tomb, however, did occupy a part of the nave.

But this other monument, so conspicuous; a master and dame on their marrow-bones “athwartships” of the lid; she in coif, he in double ruff and jerkin, with half a dozen grotesque little miniatures of themselves, kneeling beside them. Was such a display then, once natural and solemn? And here again, upon the wall, espalier-wise;—of all devices! a coronetted skull surmounting a hatchment! Suppose we meditate!

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### “HOLY PAUL’S.”

ST. PAUL’S churchyard, by no means answereth to the rural notion of a burial place; being three acres of bustling square, just large enough in all to accommodate the cathedral’s Briarean bottom.

The church—but, there—get a little out of the way—by the window of this trunk store. Now throw your head back, and look straight up into the air!—almost—or you catch not the upper outlines of the house that Jack built, by proxy of Christopher, to say his prayers in. Colossal, is it not, for a sample of man’s handiwork? Coral insects however build islands in process of time, and ninety years of

toil unremitting raised this. But what the mischief, you quite disregard what I say! (Reader *loquitur*.) “Pardon me! I was thinking that . . . one of these days . . . Jove willing . . . and the colliers . . . an embassy from Timbuctoo would be ravished to be received there; so delicate a compliment, indeed; ’t will be jet black before long! Is it possible that Day and Martin, . . . but their supplies gave out maybe. . . . Now of all the great unwashed, Ethiop, Nigritian, be-grimmed, soot-laden, coal-heaverish, chimney-back hues for a temple to Erebus and Nox! Why I thought it was white; Christian; of marble!” Pooh! You mean to say St. Paul’s looks grizzled:—so it does; and forty fold more venerable on that very account—is it not so? “Ye-es!” Aha! but we must take a turn, and eye the cathedral from Ludgate-hill. The mischief with London is, that scarce an edifice in it, the “Adelaide” excepted, has elbow-room; a vista; point of view space to show itself; every palace and fane seems pocketed for safe keeping. If lofty, one gets his eye prematurely poked out by a tray or ladder bearer, or his chops insulted with a fish’s tail, just in mid effort of despair to compass the roof with his eye; if it be long, he sees at best a detached fragment, unsatisfactory, incomplete, as a lobster without claws. This world-famous church, now,—no esplanade, no breathing room,—must be got sight of, if at all, from the gutter, as it were, or over the roofs and chimnies of encompassing houses. We can, however, at the trifling cost of ’biding the issue which dray horse or

omnibus team of a rival half dozen shall first fell us, stand presently just in the middle of Ludgate street, and so catch a glimpse of the grand front. Ye dogs! What a "meetnus!" of which three and twenty houses proper serve only to measure a flank.

Statues, as every one knows, are out of taste on a puny, or even medium sized erection;—but those aloft yonder, of Apostles, pilgrim-wise, and *couchant* evangelists, all colossal withal, how beautifully appropriate and well bestowed! Not but that they, too, afford the sacrilegious a text for tittering. One *might* liken them to sweeps—so wofully smutty and sootily draped are they grown. Should you be surprised, now, if Paul were to raise that half recognizable arm, and brandish the brush that eludes our lowlier upgazings, with a "Sweep-O-O-O! Now to the south door, (Tityos might pass under it without much stooping, a single panel should accommodate your six feet three,) through the stately gate of iron, with a glance in passing, at the pavement of tombstones from which the solemn pile uprises.

Enter! uncovered. How sepulchral chilly, Kentucky-cavern-like, the air within! for the huge hall has a climate of its own; all unlike the balmy June-breath we inhaled but a moment ago. Whew! 't is all one cavity! a young mountain disemboweled. Not till now did we recognize the vast proportions. Come here to the fence (what a plague is it for,) that encircles the *pound*-like space beneath the dome. Look aloft! Is the ceiling in fresco, or

boldest relief of the chisel? The sheer height forbids our guessing—a frigate’s mainmast, with all its gear, nay, the tallest parish church we wot of at home, might stand at ease, steeple and all, in this “room;” its lower proportions re-adjusted, mayhap, but not enlarged therefor; and we look down from yon circlet of gallery on the sky-sail-pole truck of the one, or the vane of the other, having yet a pretty feat of climbing before us ere the ball be reached; and all this not one whit to the prejudice of the church-rivalling choir, where service is performed. Much of the area we see is forbidden ground; accessible only by silver keys.

In lounging about among the monuments, of spotless marble, Howard’s, Jones’s Johnson’s, and some thirty-nine others, letting the eye roam about the vast unadorned reach of walls, and the plain, but finely chequered pavement, (you recognize its beauty in the space beneath the dome,) one is half tempted to prefer St. Paul’s in its grand simplicity, to all the parti-colored marbles, and lavish embellishments that bewilder while they dazzle, in the great cathedral of Rome; but the monumental groups, and the dozen banner trophies (of Blenheim and Quebec,) all coyly bestowed in the depths of the dome, are certes too scanty a “plenishing;” and serve, perhaps, little better purpose than to breed a livelier sense of the poverty-stricken sublime. The statuary, intended by Sir Christopher, is not forthcoming, and even of the candidates for interment here, some refuse to die, and others, by far the greater number, alas! to be born.



The chancel, which will accommodate a parish full of worshippers, is gorgeously screened in, gated with a sublime porte of iron, lined with rich oaken stalls and a tasty pulpit, and altogether essentially cosy, to preach or to hear in; excepting possibly in winter; where, though it never snows within the church, the heat is apt to follow the orisons aloft. Twenty minutes after the tri-weekly prayers begin, the massy portal is swung to; all further ingress or egress prevented, and all in-venturing loiterers entrapped into the semblance at least, of devotion, till the occasion be over.

Now where the stair-flights may be, 'twixt hide and cuticle, by which we are to mount skyward, goodness wot! but forward, march! and we'll know. So,—guide the first pockets his guerdon of six pence “here below;” his jurisdiction extending only to yonder bitdoor in the nave;—his successor reigns “lord of the ascendant” up two flights of stairs; to where quite a corps of mysterious pioneers is maintained, each pursuing his daily calling in a different part of the edifice; one chaffering in favor of the great bell of five tons weight, audible twenty miles off; another for the library, a third,—nay, spare me the list,—besides the well informed person in the whispering gallery, and the “captain of the top,” to whom is reserved the crowning privilege of boosting the more indefatigable up beetling ladders, and through festoons of venerable cob-webs, into the ball; 't were too much, indeed, for Hercules himself, to pilot all visitors, a foot, what with ascend-



ing and descending, ferreting and scrambling, through all labyrinthine ducts and crannies, each leading somewhere of consequence, in this intricate shell: the veritable simorg of the place, however, “oldest and wisest thing,” and most mysterious, moveless, aloof, in the upper section of the pile, is an ancient woman; solely occupied, it would seem, in passing on the curious, like empty buckets at a fire, to return betimes, brim full of new impressions.

Allons! courage! We have disappointed a brace of beconing gnomes: the usher of the bell, and him of the book-room (all polemics I warrant) in favor of the wise whisperer in the gallery; there is, it seems, another gallery below, to which admittance is refused, probably because it overhangs the whole height between dome and floor without interval, and might occasion giddiness in the looker-down.

Ah! here we are; a circle of an hundred and fifty feet in diameter, just one third of the way up the dome — poh! one might as wisely go on to describe a pair of tongs;—hist! “The other side, gentlemen, if you please.—This church was ninety years in building; was completed by one architect, Sir Christopher Wren (!) assisted by one master-mason, during the life time of one Bishop of London: the panels that you see here beneath, illustrate the life of St. Paul: \* the noise made in shut-

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\* Painted by Sir James Thornhill, at forty shillings the square yard. An anecdote is told, how the artist, one day, much absorbed in his work, had nearly stepped backward off the scaffolding, three hundred and sixty feet. smash! when a friend arrested him by feigning to bedaub St. Paul, with a spare brush that lay at hand.

ting this little door, (whack, bang, O!) is as loud as the report of the heaviest cannon." The deuce it is! a piece of shrewd precaution, by-the-bye, to let us know so much:—in a whisper withal; pure delicacy that! assumes no doubt that we are deaf, and would spare our vanity. \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* "A trifle for the whisperer, Sir?" Nay, most willingly;—good bye! Why not, by the way, let the whisperer's edifying duties, like the canon's below, devolve on a proxy; a cockatoo for example, as vicar? there were a hint for a minister of public instruction! a spring would suffice to slam the door, and the formula of instruction might run exactly the same, "application" and all, only substituting "fellow mortals" instead of gents. for fear "the gentlemen might be ladies."

\* \* \* \* \*

My eye! what a prospect! a whole horizon, such as the altitude of three hundred and four feet above high ground must needs present, where but one line of hills proper intrudes, *roof replete*; brimful of houses! Such is the impression first come by in our peep from the cupola. Early morning is the time they say to study the scene; before the fires are made; the only season to surprise the coy city, just out of bed as it were, in drapeless transition from coverlet of fog to petticoat of smoke: the ingenious draughtsman for the Colloseum found no other hour fit for his purpose; and accordingly "pitched his tent" for twelve months in the cat's-cradle-shell

just below, in order to be at his sketching post, outside the ball, by cock-crow; to any one however preferring rather to admire than scrutinize so vast a scene, the noon-tide view should be more imposing, from its very obscurity; which gives no limits, no distinct shore to the sea of houses. I feel inclined for my own part to supplicate Dan Eolus, lest the prank of a meddlesome blast puff some rural outline into sight. Remember, we have no Babylon now, no Persepolis, no Cophtic Thebes, (Pekin, I warrant you is but a wilderness of bamboo shantees,) and that the heir of their whilom distinction, the metropolis of all this world, is just under our feet. How fondly the whole family of spires seem approximating, ready to hang about the patriarchal shoulders of the dome! none withal more utterly detached in appearance, than its own lawful Rachel and Leah, the twin steeples of the very pile beneath. St. Austin’s, (jump and impale yourself upon it) should make them jealous, were it not for a sly reciprocity kept up doubtless under the rose through the medium of our friends the gnomes. Were this same height of ours a water level, Old Scratch might dive for weather-cocks! so would not methinks the boldest pearl seeker of Oman. The coquetish pinnacles, the dowagerly cupolas, that looked so lofty half an hour ago, have surely dropped upon their knees; the purse-proud Bank of England, should you know it?—*Ko-tooing* outright, at the distance of three furlongs, into little better than a ground plan:—My Lord Monument, absolutely en-

dwarfed ; his jaunty, flame-like scratch, re-bristling, as it were, with awe ; the dragon on Bow steeple, St. George himself would feel for it. As for the earth beneath,—look at Newgate market ; with all its hive-like alleys, and be vies of buxom huxter wenches ; why, 't is a nook in Lilliput, reduced ; an inch of ant-hill uncovered ; a very synagogue of mites. But three hundred and four feet, after all, is not sky height ; the view hence, vast as it is, shows less a lively map than a wildering expanse of house-tops ;—the streets, alas, are nearly all hidden, and the river reach, with its bridges, lies rather too distant to recall the fable of the Myrmidons, by-and-by, in the vivid manner one could have wished. As this naughty little girl at my elbow says, we can 't possibly “ spit on any body's head.”

The noise ! the chance medley din ! relieved ever with roar, rattle and cry ; the “ tide ripple's tune” of all those ever conflicting human currents ; the chafing of the tile ocean without shore ; the *snore*,—as of that many-throated son of Heaven and Earth, so mischievous what time the first radicals revolutionized the kingdom of Saturn ! Of all noon-tide snores ! To overlook, by the way, the veritable nightly unrest of the town, were worth one's while ; ay, to find one's self here, about ten, P. M. suppose, some time on the winter side of the equinox, when London has a night ; and peer athwart the forty haunted square miles—there is, as you are probably aware, a luminous atmosphere, a sort of wizard aurora, a “glory” over-head, traceable for



many leagues, that identifies the site of the metropolis o’ nights; eighty thousand street lamps, and some three or four hundred thousand house lights, not being used to burn simultaneously for nothing; to peer hence then at such an hour, and list the Cocytus muttering, and mark the Plegethontic flare, sinuous, mazy, limitless, darkling, waning, shooting, dancing, blazing, through smoke and fog from the grand avenues; to wear the hours away, till the house tapers are gone out, by hundreds, by thousands, and the glare (skipping as one may, the triple belting of the Thames and the *nebulæ* of Westminster) dies down lividly atwinkle; and the wheel rattle, and the tramp of homeward feet have ceased; and the honest neighborhoods are purring stilly through their chimnies; and rampant misery, and eighty thousand-fold prostitution fare forth, and the city’s voice is little better than one nightmare invocation to Belial. . . . .

The scene, though neither Miltonic, Dantesque, nor Virgilian, that I wot of, must have a rare relish of Pandemonium about it. Nay, would’st have something more palpable? if so, by the fiddle of Nero! suppose a midnight conflagration; of the greedier sort; a tragedy stage illumination to eclipse all the foot lights; introduced, gradually, by a subdued flourish of bells. Lo the fire fiend! at supper; feeding modestly at first, on a single tallow chandler’s garret, by way of “*potage à la*” what is it? “prepared at a moment’s warning;” but all unsatisfied with the fat of the land, intent presently to



devour markets; to clear that table, of which St. Paul's is the stationary tea-urn;—get unmanageably drunk on a score of brandy vaults, and then,—whew! there were an opera! in the taste of the day: all the livelier for coming off without programme. Nay, conjure up the incident! mature it! the bell-clangor general; (spirit of Quasimodo, *adeste!* double dense atmosphere this by the way.) What an orchestra! each fantastic tower and steeple, crimson faced, rocking, with emulous din. Old Thames running redder than Nile by Pharaoh's garden foot; the uproar, of a people; unseen, encaverned, as it were, disputing their dwellings with Moloch. No Lemnian cripple he, nor readily spurned from yon pitchy sky, by such as Vulcan's daddy; the broad-armed fiend, whose meanest ruddy cowlick flames all unsubduable by water, though "Whitford and Mitford ply their pumps," like a sucking deluge. Fancy the broad, heaven-scaling, blaze; setting cisterns a boiling, and toasting whole neighborhoods with a flare; detaching ever and anon an emissary flame, up flitting into a smoke, spark-peopled, sulphur-fraught, wide-rolling, imperious, blasting, many-volumed, as of Tartarus: the Etnean belch, as ponderous roofs fall in; the fever flush, the livid pallor, the stygian relief, of the landscape; the alkaline stench; the crackling, booming, hissing, spurting, roaring, rushing, raging,—all in-belted with blackness of darkness: wh-ew! This at least were pandemoniac; a pet spectacle worthy Satan's observatory windows "down along:"—it

has been presented within the *coup d'œil* of this cupola; heaven forfend its recurrence!

Shall we step down cellar? to the crypts: the grave in part, and site proper of the old cathedral—earliest, save one or two, in early Britain;—of Dame Hecate's temple too, in “the old time before!”—the very naked soil that knew St. Augustine, Alfred, Bede, by every day report! 'Tis worth our while, be sure! Nelson's monument, moreover, is down cellar:—and then we shall have a peep at the heels of St Paul's; pretty pillars of forty feet square—Wilt follow?

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### GREEN ARBOR COURT.

“RIGHT opposite, sir; just at the top of the Bailey.” 'Tis a *shrine*, reader, that I inquire for. Ah, here it is! Here then, in this alley, without even picturesque filth to recommend it, every outline rectangular, to the very square-bottomed shirts, dank, drizzling from overhead,—at the top of “break-neck stairs,”—pretty Parnassus! in the midst of soap-suds,—promising Hippocrene! at the mercy of scrubbing *Erinnyes* thereover presiding, dwelt *Oliver Goldsmith*: this then is Green Arbor Court! You remember Flaxman's muse, air wafted, in the act of inspiring Homer; how prettily she sits on nothing, harp in hand, her graceful feet just meeting the

blind old Chian's lyre; and her many-wrinkling airy drapery;—prythe recall the group clearly! very well;—glance upward now and imagine the same heavenly messenger down floating thus, to a dingy port-hole of the garret yonder; cutting her toes against a flinty fragment of jug on the sill; battling with moist unpleasant shirt tails, just washed dirty, dirtier than before;—the last and least “sea-worthy” of all, being Oliver's own “*sola superstes*;” himself abed, till patron Apollo vouchsafe, dispersing a whole atmosphere of fog, to dry the garment, and set him free. 'T were a scene worth sketching.

Yet there, by yon sky-parlor window, did flit, for aught I know, the whole phantasmagory of the Deserted Village;—and there was penned, so rumor avers, the Vicar of Wakefield. Verily, the mind hath realm environments of its own! 'Such an one, at least, as that of Noll; childish, to absurdity, though it were at times. One peep, and away; the ground is yet haunted, maybe, but not the vicar's benediction could make it holy—where next?

## DAY AND MARTIN'S (!)

HIGH Holborn. Do I deceive myself? or is it

“*Day and Martin's*—which I now survey;  
Not in the phrenzy of a dreamer's eye,  
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,—”

So—soberly, exulting pulse! 't is indeed that celebrated—

“Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,  
Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,  
Shall I unmoved behold the hallowed scene,  
Which others . . . . .”

No, indeed: one would “sooner die first!” some gentle spirit (not of turpentine) should in sooth pervade the spot; and glide, with glassy foot (see your face in it with all ease) about the premises.

*O, fons* ('t is an excuse for latin) *splendidior vitro*: once brought to bear on a boot: embottled Acheron! rill (virtually and be hanged to thee, too captious reader) of molten jet: molten, yet unchanging—of liquid night, Oh luminous withal, that purlest but out of affinity for silver, and then but three gills at a time. Mysterious Niger! that from veiled source, dost irrigate half the globe, spanning seas, (Oh wonder) no tributary vassal thou,

“With solemn, ceaseless, economic flood :—”

Most imprisoned, yet freest of streams ;—primal dispenser ;—bountiful sire ! I have seen thy children, thy nurseling *fluviales*, each beside his tiny urn, (bottle some would call it) with polishing brush, “stroking the raven down of darkness till it smiled,” nay grinned outright, along my boots : but here, right opposite, (only to think of it) within yon mystic walls Egerian, up-rollest, out-welterest thou !\*

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\* *Apropos* of boots—let me introduce here a pretty little fragment of Coleridge, not over pertinent in sooth, which I never met with on this side the water. If it be not a novelty, pray suppose me to blush.

It is addressed to I know not what Alpine source.

Unperishing youth !  
 Thou leapest from forth  
 The cell of thy hidden nativity.  
 Never mortal saw  
 The cradle of the strong one :  
 Never mortal heard  
 The gathering of his voices :—  
 The deep muttered spell of the son of the rock  
 That is lisped ever more at his slumberless fountain :  
 There 's a cloud at the portal, a spray-woven veil  
 At the shrine of his ceaseless renewing :  
 It embosoms the roses of dawn ;  
 It entangles the shafts of the moon ;  
 And into the bed of its stillness,  
 The moonshine sinks down as in slumber  
 That the son of the rock, that the nursling of heaven  
 May be born in a holy twilight.

ANTISTROPHE.

The wild goat in awe  
 Looks up and beholds  
 Above thee the cliffs inaccessible ;  
 Thou at once full born,  
 Madd'nest in thy joyance ;  
 Whirlest, shatter'st, split'st—  
 Life invulnerable !



## GRAY'S INN GARDEN.

GRAY'S Inn!—Very pretty oases in the brick and tile waste of London, are the Inns of Court.\* “Enfolding sunny spots of greenery,” where birds warble on trees, (not ever-brown) and butterflies (*flutter-by* my little girl calls the thing) alight on the no flowers of the window sills. The solemn quadrangles,—cleanly, sombre, often of lofty pretensions, with their cloistral corridors, and echoing flag-stones, little visited but by quiet gownsmen of the law,—all unprofaned, as befits the sanctuaries of right, afford an escape from the frog-in-a-well feeling of the streets, indeed a sort of a stately rurality, by no means without charms, and quite thrown away, as it seems to me, on the moping fraternity of scribes. I can imagine these green patches, (my quill has a cross of the wild goose,) full of orchard trees in bearing; they would then offer to the frequent aeronaut overhead, a bloom galaxy; a sort of milky-way of blossoms; girdling the town, capriciously enough 't is true, from the Thames to the northern suburb. As it is, they present a sort of law latitude; a chain, so to speak, of jurisprudential lakes; of which Chancery, and Gray's inn-lanes, may be said to form the connecting St. Lawrence. Not one of the

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\* Or rather Inns of Court and *Chancery*, the name now attaching to whole neighborhoods, which formerly designated only single residences; at first I think of nobles, afterwards of lawyers and students at law.

larger inns but has its peculiar recommendations:—one woos you with a tidy secluded square; another with acres of green grass; another with famous old houses;—the palaces of by-gone days; the Temple, indeed, has a fountain, in full splash, up-gushing and tumbling away to the right and left in liberal style, freshening the air, and bedewing a whole thicket of leaves; with a perfect maze beside, of twilight passages, and haunted areas, and historic walls, and river-side gardens, in most inviting repair; not to speak of Temple church, one of the few mementos now remaining, of the famous order of Knights Templars; half buried as it is, though scarcely to the inn's prejudice, among rubbishing houses of Fleet street and the Strand. The quarrel of the roses took shape you remember, according to Shakspeare, in the Temple garden. Now is it not the stilliest of nooks, this, for these wary bachelors to lurk in? aloof, (—pinch their profiles!) fat, like trouts under elbows of a brook. How cool and doubly inviting from the dust and din of High Holborn: A dozen paces, and lo! echo! solitary echo; the echo of your own foot-fall, salutes you: what a transition! from dustman's bell, and fish-fag's yell, and draymen's halloo, and the whole street orchestra of jar, rattle and squeal;—a stride or two further, the very walls have sunk into a Coke-upon-Littleton doze; on so on to the penetralia. I could n't but loiter a moment in Gray's Inn; 't is now however as you see, behind us.

## THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

HEY over gunwale! behold our canoe aground, in Great Russel street, in the wane of the afternoon. Have you a mind to spend fifteen minutes in scampering through a museum, of which the catalogue is a bulky book? The British museum now occupies, you know, a pile built for one of the Montagues, by Pierre Puget. That pile is of course the sulky looking *hotel*, huge of garret, beyond yon sulkier wall; utterly un-English, for better for worse. Lo! the lodge! centinel'd: *Mais entrons!* Art fumbling for shillings? Nay, this is *the* place in Britain that one sees for nothing: and the absence of the ever recurring most pitiful tax on loyal eyesight (soul window tax) makes the association still more French and less *Johannitaurine*.

They do say "that little lord John" in his capacity of head of the home department, will see the abuse righted one day; and that future cocknies will see their tower and their church for less than several shillings and sixpence apiece.\* But enter! quo' I. Humph! large empty court: canoe from the antipodes; bottom upwards, high and dry for the nonce. Oyster shell of amazing bigness, with hugest whale ribs, lying by the wall, awaiting as it

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\* The above was written in 1838.

were the broom of a Glumdalclitch to sweep them away. That oyster,—nay

'T is but the dome of life, alas,  
The palace of the soul, we see ;

but who can help recalling the whilom occupant,  
the *hospes comesque corticis*; the

Oyster *bed*, for merfolk twain,  
Whereon they sweetly might repose,  
Wake up and find it “made” again,  
Sans chambermaid, or e'er they rose :

The more than barrow-full of oysterhood that erst enlivened that “eloquent shell;”—one fancies a roystering young Jupiterian, bolting such at a gulp; picking the bits of whale bones it, and off for a “lark,” by moonlight of two moons. But forward, march! up step, into the vestibule. Must inscribe our names:—'t is done. There's another inscription-list, hard by; unclerkly, but bearing great names in turn: Moubray,—Fitz—what is it?—“their mark,” no? *the Magna Charta*: with a copy more legible beside it. Up stairs! beneath a ceiling sumptuously painted. Portly river-horse on the first landing: firm standing, his own post-obituary monument as it were; grinning defiance at him of the dart, with that salient, insubordinate mouthful of teeth; perennial of hide, immortal in glass eyes, and “in'ards” of straw.



O favored above laureates, who may not be stuffed! Three story giraffe at the stair top; merest sprinkling, however, of zoologic specimens, such being to be sought for in Bruton street: weapons, utensils, gewgaws of sharks' teeth and shells; picked up, let 's presume, by Ariel Cook, in the south seas and elsewhere. Idols of the ugliest; Esquimaux rarities,—costume as of magnified fleas by the solar microscope; all these comprising but the liminary scatterings. Suite of saloons proper; right and left; turn we to the left, an' it please ye. Relics of Cannœ, by jingo! head pieces, hack'd of Hannibal himself;—who knows? Certes by his immediate proxy; rings withal of Roman knights, of which only a bushel or two were picked up, you remember, after the field was lost. Anon, to the right about: maze of miscellanies: shells, coin, bottled snakes, and skins of "ill shaped fishes;" ichthiosauric fossils; indigestions of earth's teething time; did n't agree with her, it seems, this lizardly diet: poor little planet; bothered the gastric solvents entirely, and no wonder. Forbidden chamber to the right; of prints, I believe, but wist not certainly; hall of minerals; most liberal and long, occupying almost one entire shank of the building; enriched with black irrelevant portraits, &c. here and there along the walls. Allons! but thought ye this planet of ours had such pretty bones to her skeleton? Something to boast of, no? in the crustaceous way, and rivaling, methinks, her outer investiture: these groundling



gnomes, the fashioners of all this; the very Chinese\* among spirits, be they not? What inexhaustible beauty and change to come of a few meagre earths!

Long operate the gnomes! what lapidaries! pranking adamant as Jack Frost fashions water; what fine interceptors of the mystic principle of color! arresting, for perpetuity, the hues that but mock us for a moment in the skies and the flowers. What conjurers! to bid gross metals now radiate like light, now entwinkle into stars, now germinate into shrubberies of underground: copper to put out branches, naked but symmetric, silver to foliate, (like tobacco) and flint itself encluster into grapes;—what insinuating painters! in marl? 't were nothing: in heart of agate;—lo! fortifications, beauteous mosses; fair, fair illuminations for Nature's horn-books; nay, *portraits*, now and then; well chosen withal, fit to illustrate world biography;—there is a portrait of Chaucer here in a pebble; pretty "compliment" to the old well-proprietor of British song? But, presto! 't is not ours at this present to make acquaintance with the whole noble family of flints, the lime-stones of Derbyshire, the metals of Cornwall, or any other attractions of this finest mineral cabinet on earth. I dare not guess how many of our fifteen minutes may have elapsed, by Nol Cromwell's watch, (in the room at the landing, you know) an' it be not run down.

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\* Foremost, I believe, among mortals, in the art of turning one thing to all given accounts. Your Chinese will coax you anything out of bamboo, from chimney-piece to nosekerchief;—but alumine or silex, is not bamboo.

Room for cataract of charity scholars! down the southwesterly grand staircase: (interminable pile, this, of which the last princely habitant occupied but one wing.) The great staircase leads, it seems, to haunted ground; the purlieu of the reading room. To the left,—is this it? a long, long hall, thirty feet high, and broad in proportion, lined with somewhere about a hundred thousand books,—encaged in wire, on the principle, doubtless, of a Davy lamp; how delightfully secure one feels! Library of George third, eh? And the reading room proper? Is private. Well, . . . .

Back again at the prime vestibule whence we started. “Ant, ant, here is *such* an enchanting burst!” What can the girl be talking of? Do you see? Stay, ’t is a boy Somnus; napping, of course, and no bust at all; were such miraculous refinement but aware of the difference; but thank you, gentle growth of some boarding-school in the lower city road, for reminding us that we had nearly lost all, in forgetting to double this darkling elbow at the stair foot; leading modestly as it does, (a foil to the vulgar,) to the whole famous series of Phigaleian marbles; to the Barbarini vase, and to so much of what was the Parthenon, as Leopold would give his ears to see at Athens, in lieu even of Paris-built omnibuses plying to the Piræus;—to Egypt, moreover, and the Memnon! But the feelings called up by these enduring, artful-artless, ever fresh poesies of stone, are scarce hurry proof. Your classic vein, even of the idlest,

is no ways abrupt; and as for enjoying old statuary,—its page is not for him that runneth.

Look a moment at this, (*the*) famous quoit-pitcher: no mean volume, as it is, of anatomy; nature sublimed, then impetrified: how ridiculous the attempt to *snatch* an appreciation of it! What would old (who did it) say to see his toil-fraught idea insulted with a momentary glance, and a single raw remark; let's be reverent! As for these loafing Bachuses, however, and these tipsy-wanton Sileni, too disgustingly true to nature, away with them to Bow street! *Gods of Athens!* think of it.

But the young Hercules, eh? with his bull neck and close curled head and beard;—there is manliness for you!—'t is melancholy, though, to think that such features would be voted "shocking" in the west, and "kvite 'orrid," in the "gorgeous east" of Aldermanbury: truly we have become an absurd enough, and far frailer than enough generation of forked things; and wear very fantastic clothes, and illustrate, beside these old ensamples of our kind, much of the difference 'twixt ridiculous and sublime. Is the Venus of the capitol shapeless, pray? Is Thalia prude and slatternly? Hebe "a rustic?" But that were praise. Is the hour-glass, verily, a pattern of womanly symmetry? or the bottle-bottomed spider? Were womens' pretty heads intended only for a *nucleus* around which to dispose all sorts of monstrous agglomerations of feathers and greens, and gaudy ribbons, and what not, half a dozen

times bigger than the heads themselves, by way of recommendation? Would any *man*-model here (the Greeks had never a notion of *deity*) be improved by a D'Orsay cravat? a Regent street beaver; or tights? But I won't be violent,—in a public place, and, to alter my strain at once, were it heresy, think you, to suppose an improvement in the cold face, and skull tiny to imbecility, of the Venus? \* \*

What dost see? “I see enthroned Pharaohs; and lion-faced and hawk-faced sphynxes, red, gray, and black, of polished granite:—primeval sculpture, out of primeval rock. I see an altar; a black, mitred head of a giant; colossal fragments; and among them a Titan fist, doubled up, as it were, in defiance of Time; his scythe has lopped it from the arm, but unclench it, shall he never. I see the features, not void of beauty, full of mystical repose, of a realm the parent of all realms, and arts: a mother empire that bore and suckled the nations, and passed away: her tomb, indeed, still stands; 't was built for perpetuity. I see upon the enthroned images, an emblematic ring cut out, the token of earliest royalty; I see hieroglyphics, withal, there graven centuries before Esais the Jew first foretold a coming Messiah; I see, elsewhere, what Moses may have seen, nay, Joseph, the son of Jacob—who shall establish the contrary? what time old Ali-phrag — — (whistle the rest of it) made him premier. I see —” \* \* \* Phidias! hadst thou any thought of embellishing No. — Great Russel street?



Any prophetic second sight of Lord Elgin? Wast thou much "tickled" with his Lordship?

But the noble earl's *virtu* was better luck than "utilization" by an Osmanli mason; 't would have teased thee to see thy metopes made lime of, even more than to discover them here, in their rather piecemeal but flattering display, along dead walls of Mr. Bull's curiosity warehouse. I am told, Phid., that you understood the horse; that horses were horses, indeed, in elder times; such as might warrant among them the majestic anatomy your chisel attributes to the beast. I used to think horse-worship (adoration diluted, you know, (?) as of saints at Rome,) a mean enough idolatry; but such animals as walk on yon frieze!—Philip\* was not so ignoble a name, after all! As for the Centaurs, (they seem to have their hoofs full, yonder, with the Lapi-thæ) would n't they jockey the course at Ascot? What "varmint" teams they would make; four in hand: their own postillions;—what a pity, O what a pity the breed is extinct! How *Tat* would exult on his rostrum, in their every imperial pace;—as the "knowinist" of his familiars "kep a vawkin on 'em" to and fro! But a truce to whim—this room, replete with forms of olden beauty, this solitary subterrene-seeming chamber, lit with newest sunlight from over head, where the one door and the lack of windows, confine one to admiration of the noble art which pervades it; this hall, where is

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\* Susan may possibly have forgotten that Philip means horse-lover.



nought but graceful caryatides, (pity they 've lost their noses) and statue, and terminus, and vase, and plinth, and pillar, and page after page of sculptured stories of old Greece; I would banish from it, for the nonce, every soul but myself and you; even the absorbed artist, yonder, from his perch, and lounge and dream awhile in Keats's vein:—Let me! Psha! I had forgotten our hurry!

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### THE PARKS.

A SERIES of parks, comprising some twelve hundred acres! London has reason to boast the broidery of her skirts; the Inns of Court, indeed! I thought them vastly inviting but now; and pleasant they are no doubt, but one must come further west to be enlightened as to London's greeneries. Behold *here* the real *rus in urbe*; the stateliest rurality, for aught I know, on earth. Twelve hundred acres (rough guessing) of wood, stream and glade, exclusive of public gardens and picturesque suburbs; enflanked, for the most part, with palaces, and laid out according to English taste, allowedly the purest in matters of landscape gardening. This, indeed, is London: the London to which the stranger should first (in midsummer, mark me) be introduced. Most lordly, most liberal, most airy, most

elegant of *city-country* whereabouts; but having, alas, the misfortune to count thirty dingier miles square within its bounds, and so passing, in the matter of grandeur, for “no great things.”

Now please to subtract for me, in fancy, the entire fog-swaddled, busier nine-tenths of the town. A whole Naples-full of pure wealth and stateliness remains; utterly unincumbered, most daintily situate, with scarce an equivocal object in sight. Tut! the oversight is absurd! 't is losing the beamy nucleus of the comet, in the questionable outflarings of his own tail;—there 's for you! To continue; a prevailing west wind, (Favonius himself) keeps the air clear; the distance from their own ignoble quarters forbids (but that I deprecate) all incursion of loafers, while preoccupancy by tasteful nobles, and the stipulations of certain commissioners, proxies of royalty, precludes any architectural eye-sore, save such as themselves may chance to endow the neighborhood withal. Now saw you ever . . . . . but let 's be moving! This is the Regent's Park; of some five hundred acres, laid out not very many years since, and already skirted with terrace after terrace, for miles, of ambitious houses; each built in accordance with a prescribed plan, more or less conformable to Greek or Roman orders of architecture, albeit, now and then agog with Saracenic, Chinese, or even purely flighty and air-castle conceits:—there, for instance, is—Fiddlestring terrace; nay, I forget the name, a very triumph of the gro-

tesque: modeled on tradition, I dare say, after the seraglio of Prester John. The idea seems in a way to be fairly tested here, of accommodating the pomp of public to the snugness of domestic building. I, for one, have little faith in your columnar, beetle-browed fronts for dwelling houses, where the unhappy tenant of upper front rooms, finds noon emaciated into twilight, reads with difficulty, kisses the house-maid for pure ophthalmia, instead of his wife; and may thank his stars if he be not *pedimented* into cutting his throat, in a darkling effort to shave. If, however,—Pish! Let Mr. Nash and the terrace folk settle the question; meantime, you notice that each “terrace,” itself a symmetric unit, comprises quite a number of showy houses, perfectly independent of each other. Of the Park landscape, what shall I say? It is a very realm of verdure, and challenges your legs, nay, the wind of your horse, wholly to explore it. Lo! a tasty bridge of stone; spanning, not a formal basin, or bald canal, but a rustic stream in dishabille, winding, wild as naiad could wish, in gleamy coquetry with the eye, through fringes of underwood unkempt as the poll of Medusa. Anon, a wood, like any other graceful up country wood, with a glade, like a smooth shaven cheek, beside it; and further, a hill-profile, with arable fields, oak clumps, and village spire, seeming, in illusory perspective, to make a part of the same demesne—paddocks, too, with wattled palings and sheep, and thrice grateful to the lazy walker, and

most creditable to the ranger's care, store of woodland settees; just where they ought to be, and seducing you to lounge and feast the eyes on delectable views.

The Zoological gardens are here; (they have others you know at Surry) and the gates are apt to be besieged with lines of carriages, particularly of fathers, mothers and governesses, bringing little folks.

It was a pretty scheme, that of an out-of-door menagerie; and the stroll through the gardens, mazy and bosky as they are, replete with odd little snuggeries for the animals, and snatches in likely seeming, of foreign landscape, is very amusing; especially with a leash of six-year-olds in hand. I know of no scene, by-the-bye, where children are more tolerable;—the *naive* open-mouthedness of the lesser new comers, is a treat.

Great pains have been taken to make all the beasties, birds, &c., feel at home; the hominiverous gentry excepted, whose instinct of treason renders imprisonment necessary; but I fear, that with the exception, perhaps, of a privileged otter and sundry of the duller "critters," they will find themselves only "at home to company." Regent's Park is a solitary drive; royalty sometimes affects it.

Hyde Park is separate from the Regent's by the parish of Marylebone, *vulgariter*, *Marrowbone*; (pray heaven it grow not into cleaver ere long) and is dedicate to show, emphatically as the other to quiet; being the promenade where England's two



thousand nobles, and innumerable host of squires and squiressees, honorable and dishonorable, do delight to be seen of men, and to "witch the world with wondrous horsemanship." But 't is a turmoil! one curvet of nags, and giddy whirl of wheels, for any distance you please of beautiful road, where none but private equipages may enter, and no shabby ones dare be seen. What a finish to the carriages! and then their model, fantastic at times, as of out-of-the-way insects, yet forcing me again to insist that the Longacre coach-makers are a post in advance of their age: such conveyances! (a name of less than four syllables were sinful) so glossy of panel, shaming the beetle's back; so roomy, to the utmost exigence of gouty toes, and unlawful amplitudes of old lady; so dulcet of spring, so nice of equipoise, and, accordingly, so easy of draught,—so accessible, no climbing, as into an appletree, for plethoric dowagers: and then, O, unheroic ending! so safe. What permutation of hammer-cloths! what waxing and waning of blazonry! Then the teams; upshot of ages of horse-idolatry; how admirably groomed! how elegant of harness! Is it error to overlook in their favor, the freight they draw? The buxom doll-belles of Britain, whom drowsy Geoffry sings in melodious prose? Well—will I name all the notables that pass? No! to go on generalizing. The liveries of portly serving-men, reminding you of dandy birds in an aviary; the saddest rarely without a snow-white calf to show,—the gayest, why, their very



knee-breeches, of plush, do emulate the day-star,  
when he

Tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore,  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky ;

the — — but 't is well guided, that rattan what-do they-call-it! Two amazons within, two headlong ponies before : the grooms cut off in the press. Would you like to know whether it be the turn-out of lady Bellona Fitz-frail ;—or if the yellow chariot hold her comeliness the Countess editress of the Chronicle of Hideousness ; or the britchka, the Hon. Mrs. Naughty—or either, the gibbous radiance of lady Messaline Crayon ? If the cavalier there, curvetting in mid-mob, be Prince Tokay or anybody, or only Sir Pylades Bolus, Bart?—if the tailor-wise knight, with head turned, face, I would say, be Lord Brougham ; rid for the nonce, of his Glasgow check pants ; or the Baron-of-Bradwardine figure, so beset, just in the very act (what a moment for a painter) of blowing his “lithe proboscis,” the *instrument*,\* *Nosey* himself, come an airing ? But here is the “statty of un ;” Achilles, in appropriate no costume, by Arthur, Duke of Wellington. Tut, tut, *tempora mutantur*, as we had occasion to notice in the museum ; as the man, who was it ? said so neatly, when the turn-coat “Times” veered white squally from flattery to abuse ;—times are altered ; and shapes, ye

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\* The late Mr. Galt called the great Duke “less a man than an instrument.”

dogs! since the siege of Troy—do but imagine wiry Arthur, shirt and decencies discarded, all lendings off, attitudinizing there himself;—better the part of Arthur by Achilles, than the part of Achilles by Arthur. Unequivocal tribute, is it not? But what are you looking at?

Eh? How? I thought that only private equipages were admitted here; behold, by the squint of Polonius, a gaudy-complete mail coach; top-heavy with “fares!”

But you see it has not the royal arms: ’t is a team of the four-in-hand club.

Marquis of Watercloset, perhaps; or Lord John Nincompoop?

Nay, better folk, but sad specimens, at best, of the Benjamins of “Old” England’s dotage. What do you think of those houses along Park lane; overlooking this dainty Panorama, alternately, as the hours roll round, with purest country quiet. The bilious tinge, the random build, the bows and odd windows and hexagonal juttings, the conservatories and bits of balconies, here and there sheltered with long striped shades, have a pretty pictorial foreign character, have they not? a character of their own, by the way, nowise that of the buildings by the Regent’s Park. Now shall we follow the Serpentine (’t would be Hog river, with us) for a mile or so, till Hyde Park ends to become Kensington garden; sit under a grand oak, beside rippling water, in solitude, and chat of aristocracy? or pass out by the gate of triumph, (see Penny Magazine) at the

corner? Stay, while I toss up! Tails have it! [*Exeunt author and loving reader, leaving an aching void in the crowd.*]

The upper portion of Green Park reminds a Yankee of the Common at Boston; and Piccadilly, which skirts it, of a sort Beacon street besmudged; on a great scale, disfigured with shops; scrutinize, however, but a single house, and the comparison is nought. Nothing less recalls the old maidenly nicety, and indoor finish permitted by our atmosphere, and rarely absent from a Yankee town domicil, than the rusty-bullionly, *conch-shell* character of a London nobleman's house, of the usual sort; sans blind, sans door knob, the door large, perhaps, but very plain,—no small gimcrackery about eaves and window-caps, no elaborately ostentatious fan-lights,—nothing but plate-glass to the windows, giving token of luxury within: the windows being few, to very sulkiness, (your modish Londoner is of the nature of owls,) and large enough, withal, to deceive one as to the size of the house, unless a plebeian building, for contrast, be close at hand. But Green Park be —— improved! and the ranger's house demolished; it makes one envious. I'm off, across to St. James's *Paradise*. Do n't find fault with the old oriental name; so nearly befitting: saw you ever prettier landscape of the soft sort, I will not say attaching by way of public garden to a town, but anywhere soever? with no greater undulation than lay here to improve; no advantage of distant horizon, and no indebtedness to architectural or other trick.

The intrinsic features of the spot, how warily dealt with!—the pond,—but we have n't got to that—'t is the Queen's Palace, the "Hotel Buckingham,"—behind the big arch of triumph, that absorbs you, for the nonce; most . . . light cheese colored, is it not? and, indeed, candidly to speak, jealous or no of its own gate-way, a very fine feature, in the view of the Park. As I said, the pond,—but never mind the remark; 't is the hour for abandon; a quarter to eight, the sky in a clear, ruddy glow, and the air odor-laden as e'er a shelf at Atkinson's, perfumer to majesty.

Shall we bide by the mall, and saunter stilly towards the old palace, god-parent of the Park; or pursue the inner walk? a winding walk, (ungraveled, I warrant you, they understand the fitnesses here,) about a reach of water, enfolding a wee wild wood peninsula; sacred from intrusion, where the shyer swans, and a bashful spoonbill, keep out of the children's way. But the water—is glass! air! See the double swan! You remember Wordsworth's

"Antipodes, unconscious of each other,  
Yet in partition, with their several spheres,  
Blended in perfect stillness,"—

and so on!—Behold them! I could ask a little Eastern drapery, now, for the groups along the margin yonder; and up the velvety glade that thence retires uprolling; an elfin stage, as it were, grass-



carpeted, with sides cenes of leafage, and mingled perspective of palace-wall and wood; but the scene will do as it is. The rosy reflection of the sky, (I said not how the pond is blushing, too, all over,) the massiness of the oak outline, and the tremulous grace of the underwood, the shining vistas and verdurous glooms and all, eh? *considering*;—but, come on! Alas, that it should be nearly the time of closing the Park!—every turn is a view; and here, at last, is a sketcher; of no mean taste, sketching what but the gray towers of Westminster Abbey; against the eventide sky, over that impurpled mass of elm and oak. Beautiful picture, is it not? Auspicious first glimpse of the venerable pile; which rather than see prematurely, we'll turn to the left, once the southern mall is gained, woo us, though it may, with Admiralty, Horseguards, and two trophies of most noble Arthur's prowess, or Sir Sydney's, or somebody's, I wist not who: Our exit shall be by Waterloo Place. — — — Yonder, up the steps: airy opening? toward the gentle neighborhood of the clubs; and fine, withal, by reason of the Carlton Palace, and the Column, towering above, to the dear memory of Frederick duke of *Chalk*, as a poor foreigner once aptly enough miscalled the title. St. James's street gained, remarkable for newness, and liberal style, I shall take the liberty to bid you good night; only pausing to name the very conspicuous house, half way up the street, to the left; the large quaker-elegant house, with double-leafed door agape to the sidewalk, from up a short, commodious



flight of steps: Very quiet; a tidy stanhope just now at the door; but you see;—'t is Crockford's.

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## WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Is your *Cathedle* alive, or only stuffed? said John Raw to the whilom exhibitor, in Littletown, of a "GREAT CATHEDRAL OF ROME," to be seen among sundry dioramic daubs, curiosities about which John was ill-informed. John Raw was disappointed: 't was not that the Roman style had no charms for him, but he had expected to see "some'at like a bear." John was not liberally taught; there is, however, a class of people, mostly, I grant, of the good-for-nothing stamp, whom the very word Cathedral (Gothic by preference) sets a musing beyond the craft of Queen Mab. To me, the thing stands for a type outright of Christendom's elder time. Master-piece of building, (what truer index of the genius of a people,) the only common haunt, the only perpetual care, both of knight and burgess,—absorbent of battle-spoils,—hold of archives, at once, and itself the chronicle, of ages when Europe was a hierarchy, and earls made "their marks;"—built with airier grace and statelier grandeur, and massier bulk, than e'er a pile of the times, and screened by sacred immunities that the Baron's fortalice boasted not, expressly, as it were, to leave us a monument.

Such then, O reader, being my notion of Cathedrals, please image to yourself my satisfaction of a golden-hazy summer afternoon, the town *a-purr*, as it were, with afternoontide listlessness, Charing Cross in a dose, Scotland yard sound asleep as Duncan, to find myself walking down the flags of Parliament street, for the first time, toward Westminster Abbey; the three thousand miles erewhile betwixt the pile and my virgin curiosity, reduced at last to a single furlong: Suppose me never to have seen an old times Cathedral: We won't dispute about St. Savior's, which pretends to no grandeur, only to antique dignity, as of a Cheshire squire of most worm-eaten pretensions, but rejoicing only in six hundred pounds a year. Suppose one, white Whitehall at his elbow,—Horseguards, Admiralty, what care I, egregious newness everywhere courtesying past, revolving in his mind the veracious legend of the consecration of the Abbey; in Sebert's time, (do but think!) after an earthquake had spurned away a heathen temple to make room for it: How its sainted patron, the blessed St. Peter himself, must needs fly down from heaven to hallow the "concern;" how he alit, not surely through ignorance of aerostics, (such science being, doubtless, understood in heaven) at twelve *o'candle*, of a rainy night, plop! in the muddiest acre of Lambeth Marsh,—on the wrong side of the Thames: how he prevailed on one Cedric, a fisherman, to ferry him over, by dint of present miracle, and promise of perpetual salmon in his net, so the tithe but came regularly to his Abbey:

how the Saint did, sure enough, go through with the consecration, as was amply substantiated, to after times, by the "chrism left behind him, and precious droppings of wax candles, with which the astonished fisherman saw the church illumined;" how he recrossed the river, preparatory to flitting again, willing to take his departure from Lambeth, which may or may not be the reason why the Archbishops of Canterbury have since resided there, as being a river's breadth nearer heaven. Suppose the author imbued, for the occasion, with such veracious tradition, lamenting the tissue of conflagrations and and various mishaps, the *phoenix* tenure by which these olden monuments appear to hold their lives; but for which he might tread the isles once trod by Dunstan of Glastonbury;—nay, possibly handle his famous tongs; and feast his eyes on the confessor's whole cabinet of reliques;—the bladebone of Benedict, the finger of holy Alphage, the jaw of St. Anastasy; the whole head, (ominous name for damsel devotee) of St. Jaw!—besides the veil and some of the *milk*, (men had gullets in your days, Ned) of the Virgin Mary! Suppose him, at last, shrewdly balancing together charm for charm, the rude Archaic and the medi-æval beautiful of Britain, when, lo! the Abbey! "flank to," in pretty airy quarters; a mammoth sooty-tawny puzzle, of flying buttress, pinnacle, and lack-lustre window; with a huge Catharine-wheel staring most conspicuous from the end of a transept. Hue and size after all the forestalling impressions: the former not pepper-and-salt, as of New-

gate, or smut-upon-freestone, like St. Paul's, but a patched and pyebald dinginess, now black, now yellow-bedeveled, like the oxydizing on slate strata in a quarry. The size of the temple, interminable length apart, would not so strike one, were it not by comparison with the parish church of St. Peggy, in the same inclosure; a pompous parish church enough, with an emulous tower, rising, it may be, a hundred feet or more, but of all pretentious fanes, the most ineligibly placed; the whole fabric, tower and all, lying lost under the lee of the huge Cathedral, like some diminutive tender beside a ship of the line: its very emulous tower no taller, in proportion, than a dwarf groom compared with his client coach-horse. Well,—*Westminster Abbey!* Solemn uprising from a pavement of gravestones of a later generation or two, of the small ephemera that build such temples;—a good proportion of it the veritable work of Henry the third, while the pointed Gothic was yet a beauteous novelty; and presenting, no doubt, (time stains and smaller dilapidations apart) much the same aspect as in his days. The completion of the edifice, you know, has been referred, more or less happily, from age to age, down to this very day, without a prospect, after all, of its “getting its growth.” Now a pigmy may criticise the “points” of a mammoth; his awe remaining the same;—I doubt it matters not saying that “St. Peter's Westminster” is by no means perfect as a whole; figged out as it is by Sir Christopher, no friend to the Gothic, whose finishing of the towers was, indeed, a *coup*



*de grace* to what of its genius there budded of yore; beginning again, too, as it does, like father O'Flanagan at confessional, after making a lawful symmetric end, with a hundred and fifty feet of Lady chapel, conceived in the height of the florid Gothic, an essentially different style: the daintiest, most complete, indeed, unique, of chapels, and having by such token so much the better right to stand by itself; instead of being tagged on to plain St. Peter's, like the tail of a beaver tattooed; no precedent for *building*, at least, or (sprite of extravagance uphold me!) the witch hoyden of Burns, under taffrail of Tam O'Shanter's mare.

As a depository, however, of the illustrious dead, ('t is on these, sans punning, that the Abbey takes its stand) match me old St. Peter's, in Christendom or out, from Salsetta to St. Dennis! a Golgotha, withal, not of Royal skulls alone, but of others yet more than royally endowed erewhile; self enthroned on pinnacles of science, and polity, and poesy, and art: the haunted precinct, in a word, of all precincts we wot of, best entitled to peopling by illustrious ghosts. But in with us! follow hark! clean round the beautiful chapel of Henry VII., so delicate of tracery, so mysteriously dirty throughout, of which one may scarce guess what is turret, what window,—what stone, what glass, what iron;—clean round the whole collierly chisel work, “the back way,”—whither?—to a mean kitchen-wise, most hire!ing-becoming postern; common entrance, albeit, to the church: through the arm of the cross, known as Po-



et's corner. Open sesame! Make ready! Present! bestow . . . threepence!\* ('T is not yet service time,) Return—purse! Enter! All is chilly, darkling, cavernous; not inducing, however, the hollow-hill impression felt on entering St. Paul's. Narrowness of the transept making the vaulted ceiling, ninety feet over head, seem yet higher:—broken, dirt-sprent pavement:—bards' and others' monuments laying random siege to bare walls;—the series presently escaping round a corner.

Body of the church concealed, as yet, by a screen. You shall presently saunter, an' my advice be taken, adown the navè. The building resolves itself into a three-fold aisle, like three grove alleys, of a winter evening; impetrified, shorn, bewitched, what you will:—the pillar trunks uprising, far and dimly aloft, to inarch, like elm boughs, athwart a ceiling of chalky brick-like stones, relieved, here and there, with gilding: What a “dim, religious light!” a twilight of centuries;—do but think! where through ever fall, but unintrusively, far filterings of sheen,—red, violet, emerald, golden, to fleck the pave;—where the crowned spectres aforesaid might fetch their ghostly promenades, age in and age out, careless of cock-crow, and admire the twelve apostles, bedizened like so many Josephs, along the great west window. Not theirs, alas! to cast out the Yankee demon of hurry, that constrains us, doubling the opaque screen I spoke of, toward the south arm of the transept: it is

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\* There 's a warning inscription at the door, *not exactly* as follows—  
LASCEATE OGNI 3d (!) VOI CH' INTRATE.

here that scrutiny grows a task,—amid the multiplicity of shrines, and the maze of notable sepulture. A burial place of statesmen first arrests you, where the names of William Wilberforce, and William Pitt, modestly graven under heel, warn the visitor to walk in awe: Anon, succeed three tombs of old time Abbots; no longer

Soothed, along their hard mattresses,  
 Flinty lap of mother church,  
 With her lullaby of masses,—

\* \* \* \* \*

But these win scarce a glance, in juxta-position with the hideous group of Roubillac, hard by:—the *skel-eton* monument, so often described; in which sculpture is prostituted to the breeding of horror; a miracle of art wrought to confirm, alas! instead of healing, the morbid loathing with which men are apt to look upon death. It was a child, by-the-bye, who first detected a fault in the fracture of the tomb front: is there not a critique on criticism there involved? The little bare-shinned Highlander, at your knee, (pretty savage-classic costume theirs,) must pass for a mere commentator:—too tiny to catch the crowning horror, he has yet identified somewhat; a “round O” among the inscription letters beneath; and may not rest till you be informed of the same. He, too, but pooh!

The cinerary spell goes on deepening: the chapels, peopled with kneeling or recumbent effigies, pre-

sent momentarily riper dormitories of death : the shadowy gloom still wanes ; the inmost recess of the huge sepulchre is gained, when, lo, a gate inviting us ;— a gate of richest open-work brass, surmounting a flight of steps : Within the gate, a chapel grot, well worthy any jealousy of seclusion ; all ornament, yet sinning in no point : its feminine richness, if I may so define it, how contrasting with the rude male grandeur of the Abbey !—windowed, as it were, with screens of gem-work ; the roof down-drooping into air-light pendants

Like dugs of clouds,—that whirlwind snouts  
Will ravish of their water spouts (!)

reminding one less of mortal mason-craft than of sparry concretions, along a fillagree of metal : petrifactions of posy and tendril in some Hippocrene of the West.

The real design of the chapel is modified, and marred egregiously, say architects, by the pinnacled stalls of the knights of the Bath, on either side, quite concealing the aisles : the stalls, however, of carved and time-tinted oak, each with its banner above, belting the whole hall with blazonry, have, certes, a charm of their own : their nut brown hue, so wholesome, the rusty-brilliant sheen of the banners, endow the place with a sort of autumnal life ; shadowy, indeed, but almost cheerful, after the cadaverous tint that saddens the maze of melancholy urns just without. Add but a handful of moveables, and one

might fancy himself to have happened on a veritable to-day of centuries ago; a coy hour made captive in Henry's time, and detained here by enchantment: a tide of A. D. 14—buried alive; left in the lurch by its fellow dates of yore—entrapped in this *cul-de-sac*, and shut in for perpetuity, with yon gate of brass: held in abeyance; not entombed, as in the dim sepulchre yonder, not embalmed, dried up, wire-strung, enskeletoned, in the manner of museums, not toadwise dormant, as in some pyramid or duct, but all lively fostered, and eloquently safe; like the core-globule in frozen wine; racier for what it owes to the gelid mass that immures it. Art quite sure, now, that the figures, pictorially due to the scene, are not lurking within ear-shot? behind yon screen, perhaps; ready to sidle out and *not* surprise us;—quite sure that

Every lord and lady bright  
That was in chapel here,

in the matrimonial epoch of Henry the spouse fancier, is clean gone, ten generations ago, from lap to pocket of mother earth? Humph! well, our verger seems waxing impatient. One "shock," 't is customary, 'twixt the tombs of Mary and Elizabeth, with their positive and negative electricities,—one glance at the miser monarch's ultimate "safe," and away with us, back again to what we purposely passed but now,—the core of the Abbey: such, in-



deed, is the shrine of the confessor; sanctuary of elder interest, altar-place of "rich spoils" erewhile, where the perennial twilight fades into perennial gloom; where the "stone of power" (Jacob's own pillow, say Irish chronicles,) enriches the bottom of the famous crowning chair, in a way to remind one of another chair convenience that shall be nameless: where . . . but surely all this may suffice. The shrine stands like a sort of subterranean summer-house; central to a dozen gray chapels, over which it domineers, and through the dusty air of which, the sunbeams reach it, filtered almost into nought. The whole place, what with the talisman so degraded in place, the gloom and the seclusion, within a double cincture, so to speak, of awe-instilling tokens, forms a fit mausoleum for the royal mystic whose remains it wont to guard; and seems almost haunted: I could envy the watcher here, (Ned himself, perchance, who knows?) during a midnight storm;—the rain threshing the windows, and the thunder re-echoing, from vault to vault, adown the waste isles: troops of ghostly effigies flashing into sight for a second, and vanishing again as the levin gleamed athwart the wilderness of graves,—flinging a thousand mirk traceries into relief,—creating, annihilating, by turns, the whole wizard scene,—canceling the obscure of ages,—laying bare every angle of the Gothic cupboard, where Longshanks lies in pickle,—coquetting with the silver, (no) head of the victor of Cressy—quivering up, instantaneous, along the stair turrets of iron that centinel his tomb,



and bidding the graven images in the chauntries leap to life, St. Dunstan and all, poll in hand, ready to gibber up arrears of masses for his soul. Midsummer night were the one of all to bespeak; the mystic night of St. John; when the dead awake and spectres fare forth in cere-cloth and shroud. And then if a head-long blast could introduce itself, whistling here, wailing there, and possessing the whole pile, so much the better:—if again,—but so fair and softly my fancy! this tranquil afternoon shall serve our turn. Hark to that sweetest, boldest, of organs! the choir are come,—breathing into the whole vast frame the breath of music: despatching momentarily pulses of sweet sound to every dim loft and remote extremity, till the whole rock-ribbed chimera grows vital; and choruses of echoes club together for very surprise:—protracting, redoubling their “bout of linked sweetness,” rippling, rolling, surging, adown, athwart, aloft, till the air is all one anthem; and the majestic building pants, at last, and shudders, replete with melody. Is it not the earthly sublime of music? Anon, a pause; the jar subsides; the voice of the pile itself, (for such the potent organ-tone would seem,) gives place to the chaunting of the choir; and troops of tinier echoes detach themselves at enfilade, and reach us, oddly garbled among angles of the stone work; like sprites of sound a-truant—

“With lone halloo and roundelay.”

Hist! you would say the choir children were siap-

ping their mouths, for sport, in mid song: anon, 't is the mellow-fitful decanting of rills from a river god's urn; the very music, altogether, of a lee lurch;—botheration complete in the ear of an amateur, perhaps, but commend me for the present to lee lurches! The strains are in keeping, too, with the lucent mosaic of that window: truly Dan Phœbus bears no malice for his sometime ejection hence by the earthquake: never lavished he on kaleidoscope of urchin, tints of color so rare: 't is the very raw material of rainbows: the prism gone crazy, with a beautiful insanity: method, fine method, in its madness:—bah! let us sober ourselves with the olden sculpture of the frieze—a frieze of meek Henry III.

To begin with,—lo! Sathan on the Dane gelt:—no law treatise, as might be inferred, no commentary by the arch lawyer, but a merry morice dance on the Dane gelt, or tribute bags appropriate to your rascal Dane of yore; which dance of devil gave hint to Ned the martyr stoutly to refuse the same: 't is the transcript of an authentic vision; and next presents itself, another of the seven sleepers: proof positive of their having existed, which some have been bold enough to doubt. Then succeeds the masking of St. John, as pilgrim in palmer's weeds, at Edward's court; resulting in a prophecy, presently fulfilled, as every body knows, of the monarch's death: with a whole tissue of legendary scraps beside, and feats of ghostly insight; among which stands conspicuous the sixth of a half

dozen visions of our Redeemer, severally vouchsafed to this most visionary potentate.

Dost think we could conjure up a snug trance of our own, on the strength of any influence attaching to the spot? You sitting in chair of royal state, over stone of Scone, and I light leaning, as twilight ebbs from us, on the seer-king's tomb? Suppose we try!

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EL ALMA DEUDOR.

A niche should scarce have escaped us, where the bodies of two foreign ambassadors, seized for debt in James II.'s time, still bide redemption, I am told, encoffined, labelled, and in all points pawn-brokerishly bestowed. One is the corpse of a Senor Don; and the following "effusion" supposes his *wraith* on furlough to Madrid, exerting itself to raise the wind.

I.

From her lattice, Dame Elvira  
 To her pillow turneth she;  
 Evening's every charm is near her,  
 But her words are "Ay de mi!"

II.

"Woe is me for Don Ramirez!"  
 Such the burden of her sighs;  
 "Tell me fancy where his bier is—  
 Tell me how they closed his eyes?"

## III.

“ Dead ! say wist the caballero,  
 Coaxing me to sing and smile,  
 How my heart’s own gentle hero  
 Lies a corse in Britain’s isle ?

## IV.

“ Knows he,—who shall answer to me,  
 (Mary, mother, mercy show !)  
 If the sprite that wont to woo me,  
 Be this night in ease or no.”

## V.

From her lattice turns the Donna,—  
 ’Pon the stroke of twelve are we ;—  
 Mary, mother, breathe upon her !  
 Look, and say what seeth she ?

## VI.

Tremble doth she, like the serest  
 Leaf, in autumn’s coward host ?  
 Jesu ! ’t is her lost—her dearest,  
 From the tomb,—an icy ghost !

## VII.

See ! with bloodless arm he beckons ;  
 And with hollow voice would plain—  
 Every bead the lady reckons,  
 And her knees, they smite again.

## VIII.

Hark ! with hollow voice—“ Elvira !”  
 “ Wills he masses night and morn ?”  
 “ Not exactly that, my dear,—A-  
 hem ! the fact is—I ’m in pawn !”

## THE STORY OF THE "COMMIS."

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WAS it a dream? or had I seen, within the hour, a paly Gothic porch; of great richness, and rare proportions, bathed in bright moonlight, at noon of night, with an oddly draped knot of travelers beneath, all beside utter stillness and shadow: the thing was an *eye-serenade* outright. "Sir," quoth my companion for the nonce, (No. 2 of the coupé,) "it was a church porch of Louviers; famous for its woolens; our Huddersfield." (Little thought your humble servant that a chance of being answered in English, had lain latent, all along, at his very elbow.)

"And may I ask," said I, "where we are at this moment?"

"In the skirts of the forest of Laye."

"The largest in France; and hallowed to the topmost peg, by a thousand. . . why, what with the *fourth proof* moonlight, now slanting athwart our knees, the utter novelty, and all, body-o-me! I could hardly wish it the Black forest itself."

"The Black forest!—certainly not, sir!—why, the Black forest, in Faustus' name?"



“ Tut! but one is so wide awake just now, and this odor-laden dewy air so inspiriting, be it wholesome or no,—by-the-bye, French highways lack the charm of robbers, now-a-days, do they not?”

“ Pardon, monsieur!—in my part of the country ” --

“ You are not English, then?”

“ No, sir: in Provence, we have enjoyed very lately the advantage you speak of, such as it is:—it is only a fortnight since the very diligence, . . . but apropos of your wakefulness, I will take the liberty to tell you a short robber story.”

“ With all my heart—proceed.”

“ He-hem! You perceive my right arm in a sling! Thereby, then, as your immortal Shak . . . Shak . . . “Shaksphere?” Shak-sphere says, hangs my tale. Well—you must know that I am a *commis voyageur*, or commercial traveler; who have bumped about a good deal in my day, over France, England, and elsewhere, and that a very short time since, I found myself on my way from Genoa to Paris, by way of Marseilles; entrusted (more 's the pity,) with a sealed bag of zecchins, Venetian currency, which must needs be transmitted precisely by a given day of the month, to Paris. There was just time-enough, owing to a protracted steam trip, to finish the journey betimes, when I landed at Marseilles, of a dismal evening, only one hour before the northern diligence would start. The messagerie inn yard was full of gossip. It seemed that the very last return coach had been waylaid by

robbers, and a general pillage made of all it contained. But what then? my orders were explicit; and any other means of progress in my power, still less eligible. The very coach had been detained, and we were to serve ourselves as we best might, in its place, with a rheumatic affair, indeed a very car of St. Vitus, long since condemned, and most dispiriting to behold. Four persons only were forthcoming, when the hour of departure drew nigh. Oh, it was a most melancholy "complement!" wholly without arms, too, excepting . . . . but I anticipate.

I stood under a gloomy pent-house of the inn, feeling anyhow rather than encouraged, as two raw countrymen bestowed themselves in the "rotonde," (barely cajoled by the *conducteur*, who indeed swore lustily that the jaunt next after a robbery was doubly safe,) to be followed by a silly nurse with a baby, and a weather-beaten sergeant, much in liquor, with a wooden leg; who might or might not have been smitten with the nurse—but that is nothing to the story: these four, with the addition of myself and a jack tar just arrived, sufficing for the whole way-bill. The sailor, to be sure, was armed; he had opened a huge sea-chest, and drawn forth betimes a brace of enormous holster pistols, not, he said, with reference to any robbers in particular, not he—but simply by way of sailorly precaution against the perils of the shore in general; of which, and its land-pirates, he professed ever to have had shrewd misgivings; now indeed that he was bound far inland, many a day's

course out of sight of water,—the deuce ! what could ensure a poor fellow against what might turn up—in a general way ! I was much smitten with Jack, who promised to make the life, such as it was, of the party ; a proper pine knot of a fellow, all grimly be-whiskered, but full of good spirits ; now cracking his jokes on the unseaworthy apology for a diligence, with its tattered and scant tarpaulin, full of holes at top,—now quizzing the forlorn crew that was to man it against the prospect of pirates,—now slapping into spasms the back of the puny postillion, as he valorously upheld the blowsy conductor's views,—quite scoffing at the notion of any danger to be apprehended—gossiping, anon, rather curiously over the way-bill,—and finally inflicting on the by-standers a bottle of Cote d'or, paid for in gold, and saddled with a maritime toast. The toast was rather unintelligible ; it embraced a wish for some sort of *cruise*, and *plenty of prize money*. Jack's last move was to clamber up into the banquette, secure and duly bestow the enormous holster pistols within arm's reach, and then,—the conductor and postillion being promptly enthroned,—behold us at last fairly agog. “ *Mais ou diable est donc Sathan ? mon gros chien : que diab* ” . . . . “ Avast there ! hold on ! where the deuce is Satan ? my dog Satan ? ” quoth the mariner, in alarm. The coach reined in ; a bustle ensued, after which, behold the climax put to our sociability by some one's boosting up a huge, grizzled, vice-mouthed monster of a dog ; sea-seasoned, ill favored,—his master's surlier counterpart,—to oc-

cupy the place between that worthy and myself. At last, forth we fared, under a melancholy boom from the cathedral belfry, well after nightfall, with a cataract of rain dashing down upon us the moment the inn gateway was cleared. The sailor pleaded the drenching rain and the many holes in the tarpaulin cover, promising soon to render all fire-proof, as an excuse for lighting a large outlandish pipe; at which he proceeded to puff like mad, illuminating the gloom in wizard style, at each whiff, and revealing the wicked eyes and bare shining teeth of his dog, not inaptly christened (?) Satan. He presently began at intervals an interminable gossip about rough landfall in the Lion's gulf; and afterwards dealt out wonder on wonder about foreign parts,—the Levant, the Nile, the Indian colonies, beguiling the poor conductor of his very wits, until at last, what with smoke and long yarns, I was ready to drop asleep.

Imagine us to have passed along thus over many a league of beauteous Provence, (just then, it must be owned, in process of scouring,) by many bloomful vineyards and olive orchards, and many pleasant country neighborhoods, (in the dark,) till midnight was long forth, and the moon's argent pinnacle\* launched forth, again to silver the nor'ward skirts of the storm; dimly revealing, at last, a long, lonely forest road—unenlivened by any building, and lined with tall, sighing, rustling, wailing woods. Sup-

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\* I presume the Commis to be descended from some troubadour.



pose us thus far in the wane of the night, and the garrulous marine not yet done spinning, when—*Pardonnez moi Monsieur—mais . . .* if you take snuff, I should enjoy a pinch—(*mzph!*)—when, suddenly, behold the headlong team brought to,—with a *thug!* rear, plunge, snort, rattle, jingle, curvet,—what you please, against . . . a rope? stretched from side to side of the road.

Down springs “*M. le conducteur:*”—*gug-gug-guggles* the wee postillion! What the dickens! . . . can it be, that our sailor, the life of the party, the jealous of land-sharks, the newly arrived from earth’s end, has his corded left hand in the postillion’s neck-cloth, from behind, and with the other, puts one of the huge pistols, I told of, to his ear? The reins are dropped for very agony—*Tut, tut!* the man is choking! Hark!

“*Dis donc l’ami,*—are you fond of living?”  
“*Gug-gug!*”

“*Eh bien alors, ayez la bonté de*” . . . have the goodness to get out of this!” Away, forthwith, tumbles the poor little postillion, and after him wallops the big dog Satan. Meanwhile,—or rather from the first, behold us quite surrounded with burly figures, all-sufficiently armed, of whom who but our apprehensive, unweaned bantling of ocean, takes lively command! “Now, then, *mon excellent conducteur,*” he cries, “call all hands, if you please! pipe to quarters! call the roll! What, you can’t? For shame! hopple him!” And the conductor is hopped, in the manner of runaway cattle;—hath his arms pinioned behind him, withal, while one



would say "Tie." "Well, I must call the roll myself, I suppose. Ho! Pierrot! hand hither the way-bill; and the lantern; I've forgotten a name or so, and would n't miss any. Take care, *Messieurs et dames*, that nobody run who does n't crave shooting!

"Thus far the chief,"

What says the poet? what's his name, Lubber,—Glubber, the great English epic poet. . . .

"Fiddle faddle! proceed!"

Thus far the chief—while I, do but think!—the zecchins! my employers! were it my life alone . . . . or were the money my own . . . . but my duty to the house of Higgle, Haggles, Hook, branches, and Co. admits of no hesitation; and the way I burrow accordingly among the rubbish of scant baggage and straw behind me, were a lesson to elderly conies. Not, alas, to my forethought be the credit given, if my head lie at last where I can see what passes at the calling of the roll. Hist!

"Now then, *Messieurs et Dames*, attention! *Telemaque Dubuffe*! Mais remuez! hatez vous donc, *Telemaque*! Make haste *Telemachus*! or by . . . all the sneaking propensities of your sire,—here comes a Mentor to advise you!—*Crack!*—There—dost credit me?

And obediently, it would seem, to a bullet sent through the window, very nigh his skull, out leaps the

poor wooden-legged serjeant, with a plaintive “Mais Messieurs!”—wooden-leg foremost, in his hurry, and plants himself inextricably in the soil.

“Ohe, ’t is our old companion in arms! our general! by virtue of others’ absence:—our military force! A thousand pardons, my dear friend! believe, me I had forgotten the embarrassment of your walnut peg, or I would not for life thus have hurried you. Pardon the indecorum, but we are in haste. Ho, Andrisson! a cord for the serjeant’s arms—never mind hopping, this time—I think he is safe—indeed may take root, by and by, if not disturbed. *Mademoiselle Marguerite Puget and child!* but *peste!* we can’t have that noise—be so kind as to gag your baby! indeed I am surprised at your bringing one, knowing how troublesome they are—Ah that ’s it! muffle its musical instrument—the little nuisance! my eye,—how it would squeal if it could!—and now, pardon, miss, the liberty. . .”

Behold the “bonne” hopped, pinioned, and gagged in turn:—the two rustics no less, and lastly the puny postillion similarly served: the whole party being arranged, at last, in a line by the road-side—of which the serjeant, by reason of his planted predicament, stands oddly fixed a little in advance.

“Now, then, gentlemen and ladies, heaven forbid that any of you should be without watches, or well-filled purses, to say the least;—as for those who may have been shabby enough to come unprovided, they must be smothered; and sold to the *Ecole de medicine* folks, for the benefit of science;—of

science, messieurs et dames—to be a martyr to science, is, after all, a fine thing—your relatives, too, may profit, you know, by your dissection, in the prolonging their worthy lives—always supposing they be not previously bespoken by the state. Commence, Pierrot!” The ugly scrutiny began.

“This corporal,—sergeant of beggars, has got only fifteen francs and no watch!”

“Peste! ’t is infamous—and his body, too,—second hand—*minus* a leg—damaged article—hardly worth selling at auction—here, Sathan, pincez le par derrière;—bite his seat of honor!” *Grr-gnap!*

“Stay, come here, sir! Bête de caporal! the block-head! Suppose that ’s all he is worth, however;—that miserly army list! why the deuce could n’t you coax them to raise your wages?”

The poor sergeant’s very honor itself had run risk of incision. As for the *bonne* . . . But where is your humble servant, say you, and how missing in the roll-call? The process had occupied already some five minutes, and I, not being inscribed with the rest, all inside passengers, flattered myself that I had been overlooked. So, indeed, it seemed. The horror of waiting to hear “Auguste Flibbertigibbet” (that sir is my name) bawled out in order, and of getting perhaps a couple of slugs in my brains before I could possibly unearth myself, was over. The hasty search had ceased—and hark! the announcement, in tones of bland but hurried courtesy,—“Gentlemen and ladies! with much regret for your unavoidable detention, you are now at liberty. My

threat of selling those who should prove without watches, &c, was only a pleasantry; my disappointment, indeed . . . but you must feel for me! You are free, I say, one and all, to proceed on your journey! Though methinks it were the part of humanity, first to relieve the sergeant. As for the diligence, I regret to say, I shall want it for my own party; but to avoid all talk of unfairness, will leave you the conductor and postillion. There are but eleven miles to the next hamlet, inhabited by four good-natured idiots, and a cross but cunning old woman, very deaf. Let me caution you to mind how you step, as it is extremely difficult, nay a feat of address, for hobbled gentlemen and ladies, with arms pinioned, to get on their legs again after a fall. I recommend Mademoiselle Marguerite to the sergeant's particular charge—valor and love—how is it? *Sathan, regardez lez un peu!* My dog will go a little way to defend you—and holloa, Jacques D'Enfer! you too. Don't make a noise, gentle folks; Adieu! Now then, Pierrot, lay aloft! up with you! touch up the team! you know the way!"

Horror of horrors! Lo you, the whole gang bestowing themselves in the coach;—the prime ruffian of all scrambling up into the box, to drive off—whither? with *me*, poor *me*, twice trapped, sequins and all.

“Eh there, come up with the tripping line—now then!”

Snap! snap! whit! st! st! whirr! away goes the dilapidated diligence, heaving and setting, and groan-



ing, possessed with merry thieves, to turn off at last, over ditch by a cart route, into the forest. Just in turning, I hear a tramp of horses, down the road; dull sounding, a-spatter in the mud. My heart is in my throat;—the municipality of Arles, no doubt: Gracious heaven speed them! They have reached our crippled corps and steadfast corporal. Now heaven hurry them!—Hark!

“Ha, ha, ha, ha,” “ha, ha, ha, ha!” “Boo woo-oo, woo woo woo, boo!” “*Tais-toi, mon Gros!*”

Alas, and wo is me! 't is only a re-inforcement of the gang; joining us just as the diligence brings up a-shelter from the grand route, behind an angle of thick woods. Hist! what says the foremost?

“Now then, mon ancien, *Robert Levilain*, otherwise entitled ‘branded Bob,’ allow me to say” . . . .

“STOP, fool! pest on your silly tongue—you ’ve thrust a murder on my conscience, when all would have been but good-natured theft:—*Sacrrrrre* booby! braying ass! would nothing serve you, *bête de scelerat*, but one’s real name? *Sacrr* . . . oh! I ’ve more than a mind to stick *you* too! we might have packed him off with the rest; but you ’ve seen fit to put my life in his hands. *Bête!* well here goes! Its your crime, mind, and be thrice hanged to you! *Hola*, you up yonder with the gold! show leg! *Presentez vous donc*, Monsieur de *Flibbertigibbet*, late from Genoa: come, stir! Stay, *Pierrot* shall fix him where he is:—throttle the poor animal, and give him twelve inches of knife under the ribs; obliquely, very, you know the experiment!”

’T was the sailor that spoke. Imagine my



feelings! I, then, deluded fool, was the very bait and reason sufficient of the robbery;—my zechins the “prize-money!” In a moment, before I could clear myself in any wise, a ruffian was upon me—his clutch about my throat—his knife at my bowels. I grappled. “*Grrr-Wow!*” the grizzly dog *woke* me, with an insinuation of long teeth into my arm, most heartily to be eschewed.

“You don’t mean to say . . . .”

“That I was dreaming? Oh yes,—and must needs lay hold of the sailor’s diabolical dog, (my next neighbor, you remember,) by way of crowning incident; when I had so much better have staid and been stabbed where I was. The brute bit to the bone: alas! had it not been for that, what would not have been my feelings of self-gratulation on finding the tar no robber at all, but still reeling off one of his endless yarns, the Smyrniote pipe yet alight, and all in promising order “alow and aloft,” as he said, but for my innocent-equivocal handling of his dog. The monster was ejected with three kicks and a tail-foremost blessing at best, and the mariner even went so far in his chagrin as to offer to fight me on the spot; with the huge pistols for weapons, to be holden fairly in the left hand, if it would give me any satisfaction. I declined, with many thanks. The whole thing, plague on the very memory of it, was traceable, I am disposed to think, to a hearty dinner-supper on brawn: can’t recommend brawn—can’t, indeed, to sleep upon! On the whole, if any man say there is never anything in dreams . . . . I dissent from him!

## PÈRE LA CHAISE.

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COMING from Vincennes, along the quiet grand route, having Vidocq's country box (shrine of civic worth) under skirt of it, lo you, athwart piebald arable, and suburban groupings of what not, a side-long ridge of hill ; like a *townlet*, seen from far ; with two parts white and one part green, the greenery mirk and bristling : a garniture, on the whole, as of "raggeder" Christmas cake ; frosted and be-sprigged : 'T' is Corpseville, especial, of our days :—city of narrow houses : metropolis right orderly of Père la Chaise :—wedding-cate, an you will of gaffer Death ; tomb-frosted, sprigged with cypress ; nay his

"White cockade and jaunty feather"

where he percheth with sidelong glance, relievedly a-glimmer, light leering over Paris. "Nay ! I thought now that Père la Chaise lay darkling ; in some dim coppice ; meadow-wise, with solitary sepulchres, half lost." By no means ; 't is a very roosting place of mortality against latter day-break ; trussed as to its elbows, sheeny ; glaring ; obtrusive.

We get to the cemetery through a strip of *guinguettes* and plebeian dancing yards ; and by way of

sundry tombstone shops; (lively trade theirs)—may save a step or two by taking the “business gate.” Of these shops, is it true, or but a joke, think you, that they offer large lots of monuments, ready graven, to the last dot of one’s fashionable epitaph? the more regret, the more money, of course: that desolate widowhood “for one,” heart-broken relationship “with trimmings,” poignant grief “to order,” of whatever water, (lachrymal) for whomsoever, may be found ready expressed, open to the moribund’s living inspection, lacking nought but name: the hazard, indeed, were trifling, with such steady liberal patronage as Paris gives the grave; needing but a judicious allotment of qualities: absolutely at random, they could not, certes, be dealt in this carping age; but let an average of merits be deduced, a brace or so of clear social virtues be insisted on, and the rest inferred; any one’s posthumous credit may thus be *discounted*, without monstrous leasing as times go. Give Hastings kindness, and Clarence conviviality, and Wolsey scholarship, and Shylock, “well-won thrift,”—why Old Nick himself might look for current compliments: Nay, heraldry should grace this latter personage, so it strikes me, with infinite laud; no wise therein departing from its daily tenor and wont. Plentiful *gules* in escutcheon, with a motto of “*Crede Belial*” or “*Nemo me*,” &c., or “*Fortescutum salus ducum*,”—inscribing, these beneath, “Prince,” “Commander-in-Chief,” “Sturdy Patriot,” and so on. What marshal of what empire gets better off? I doubt that David’s

precedent of eulogy (the prime ensample, no?) in Saul's case, affords good authority for interring men's roguery, an it may be, with their bones. There is doubtless a caution to be observed as to what merits be insisted on, and what deducible at pleasure: in regard even of neuter commendations, one might smile to see on a pompous altar tomb,

M. JUDE ISCARIOT.

SWORN FRIEND OF THE POOR.

ZEALOUS FISCAL.

Getting in by the business gate, we come presently upon the tomb of Abelard and Heloise: a Gothic shrine, like a pix-house in shape, dingy of hue, four fronted, slender pinnaced, lightly encolumned, having stark recumbent effigies of the lovers, lichen stained, within: the whole a fragment readjusted from the Abbey of the Paraclete. This attractive shrine has elbow room; the which waneth awfully scarce as we climb the hill by a gravel walk towards the "Carrè Massena."

Père la Chaise has, after all, but a hundred acres of surface: I question if any necropolis, much less the chief cemetery of a place like Paris, can be really picturesque, with a surface of less than three hundred acres.

'Tis toil for dowagers, and dowagers' pall-bearers, the climbing this fashionable steep; but so, Massena square! where repose also Ney, Davoust, Lefebvre; prisoners at last: and many modish and



many revolutionary French, hard by; now nowise restless, supposing their masses duly said and sung.

Verily, soil is dear in Corpseville; and the hint, thus far, right obvious, how little sufficeth at last for loftiest pretensions. That little, (oh Mehitable,) that little, not always one's own:—here as often rented for a term of years. One hath indeed the chance to become a skeleton, with pains, before his ground lease be out. As for fee simple, 't is a costly tenure! Well, forward! the southward rise grows most noteworthy, affording partial glimpses of Paris, 'tween temple-wise tombs and trim screen of leafage, cypri, columns, pyramids, altar, obelisk, and urn, with nameless corpse cupboards, much raw fantastic ornature, many small grimaces of sepulchre, and incubi not a few; grinning, ironic of eulogy, above the sleepers beneath: one, of a soldier, mounted with miniature guns! Of the inscriptions, (here *lies* the survivor were truer, how much, upon most,) I find one, at least, eloquent; and speaking to the heart of whomsoever.

“HERE LIES OUR DEAR DAUGHTER.”

No more. Many of the tombs, after all, would be “pretty things” by themselves, the odious iron railings apart, if not thus crowded together; presenting often chaste little Theban, Greek, or Gothic shrine chambers: the latter having windows of stained glass, and all or most being garnished with meek bouquets: But toy shrines afford not, after all, the simple moral, unsophisticate, of the daisied sod. A breezy lofty platform of turf, green velvety verging



into parapet, makes the heart of the cemetery; here stands a chapel, Greek of model, for the dead—Quack dispensary, alack, of wilful-doting Rome; wherein she will e'en readjust the fallen tree we wot of in Ecclesiastes, on the strength of a passage in Herod's epistle to the Philistines; or some even more canonical book. The platform is enriched with sundry flower-pots, and presents a famous view of Paris. Plain watchmen centinel the spot, fit "beat" for "those gentlemen, Marcellus and Bernardo."

There is one feature about French burial places, which is highly attractive. Graves in England (of country grave yards) are often protected with a slight basket-work of osiers, that the coverlet of turf "tucked about" may gather a greener "nape;" and girls' graves in remoter hamlets there are posy strewn at times; but here a common fashion obtains of garlanding the tomb, with small circlets of rosemary; or, better, while warm weather permits, with living honeysuckle, or vine-wise multaflora, trained about: vases of real or mock flowers being rarely forgotten, if the sepulchre be costly, and have a "binnacle" (shall I call it?) above ground. Again there is a custom here of visiting friends' graves on All Saints days: a salutary habit, and well worthy mention. As for us, how utterly we overlook our dead! By the way, was not Père la Chaise occupied, in 1814, as an advance post against the Russ? A circumstance, that! Death on the offensive. His banqueting room and halls of reception metamor-

phosed into batteries: qualifying, for the nonce, his invitation to Paris lieges to meet "a few friends in a snug way."

Dropping gateward anon, lo sundry long seed-furrows, where lie the poor; commingling germinant against the latter harvest, buried in lap darkling of dank evergreens. By these along, the facile descent leads us presently back to the grand gate.

A visit to the other cemeteries would but repeat the same general prospect on a lesser scale. There is that of Mt. Parnassus, a field on high ground southerly; another of Montmartre, unfinished garden, thus far, of stark Asrael; and again, stay, another humblest burial place, lying somewhere within the barrier, where, among nameless neighbors, are the bones of Pichegru; there deposited, modestly enough, "by filial piety." Where is "*Patrie aux grands hommes reconnoissante?*" All, or nearly all, the dead of Paris, and indeed of all other towns in the kingdom, are interred, you know, now-a-days, for health's sake, in outskirts aloof; scarce a grave yard attaching to any city or borough; a feature contrasting scarce more vividly with the church yard usage in England, than does the accumulation of tombs; making each chief cemetery here, a city proper of the dead. What may be the present population of Père la Chaise, I wist not: the catacombs contain, I believe, three millions. It should give Paris folks pause, to remember the hollow furlongs of sepulchre beneath; counting, at the least, three skeletons and a fraction, for every

living mortal above: to see the glimmer of these so large and prominent cities of death, aglare on the heights about them; mortality so salient, obtrusive, above, below, around; the goal, withal, of yearly pilgrimage and frequent stroll: but Paris folk dwell scantily on graves—they have ever “fish to fry.”\*

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\* “I vood do dat vat you do vish,  
But I must go and fry some fish.” *Crapaud.*

## LA ROCHELLE.

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“———*proud city of the waters.*”

QUOTHA? To think that Mr. Secretary Macauley should so misapply the term! either to its old Huguenot peopling, (with “nought but their piety to be proud of,”) or to the town itself! read rather “*snug city of the waters.*” Whew! however, but I ’m fairly enamored of the spot! Cosiest of seemly cities provincial! it gives me the feeling I had, when a child, to find myself hurrying home from school, of a stormy evening, between three warm sisters, in a carryall driven by Brian O’Shane; charioteer unsung, but not unworthy, which indeed is in no wise any business of yours.

Rochelle is a fortress; girt all about with wall, moat, and bastion, sleeping and waking by tattoo and reveille, having barracks at one end, and a liberal arsenal at the other. These between lurketh a comfortable fair legendary town; of area just sufficient for due social sympathy; circumambiable by the breezy ramparts, through all their angles, in fifty minutes; time not wanting the while, to study the sea beach and the shorn sunny champaign; yellow-verdant, enlivened with white hamlets, odd

attics of odd country houses, slightly white wind-mills, walled greeneries, and road-side malls. There's a relief, after its kind, in getting here, away from the sight banquet of thousand courses that so appalls, at least, if not utterly discourages one at Paris. Too many lions, are, after all, a nuisance; and then as regards the necessary choice to be made, think of a donkey, (donkies all are we,) between ten thousand equi-distant thistle-tops! Not that La Rochelle yawns lionless; Oh, no! there are at least half a dozen small wonders to see, besides the outline proper of the place; one, again, of the very few notable towns here, not arrived at second childhood of building—a phenix, such as it is, yet virgin of the pyre; young; dating only from A. D. 1450, and presenting, accordingly, wealth of old fashioned features. *Such* streets! of bare-ribbed Gothic houses here, such queer under-cover sidewalks anon! each house-front becrutched on sturdy matter-of-fact Byzantine pillars:—Such a painter's-pallet-like nook of a market! the whole redeemed with just enough prospective leaven of newness, in the shape of trim Place d' Armes, and sidelong section of hotels.

One of these latter, (wings advanced, in token as 't were of hospitable yearning,) shall welcome us; through lordly *porte cochère*, (a “sublime” porte” is never wanting to French fine houses,) through airy paved court, with huge windows about, through door of large promise, up liberal staircase, through ante-rooms (mind your footing!) floored with bare inlayings of oak, slippery as glass, into parlors fine as at



Paris; only older in decoration, with gilt mouldings, and what not of the elder style: In the rear of all, behold a quiet garden; airier, sunnier, more fruitful at than Paris, be sure; the whole establishment tenable here in fitting fashion, with cosy carriage, and servants, at infinitely less, of course, than the Paris rate of expense. (Mem. French houses, furnishings apart, the opposite of neat;—as be, perhaps, the people:—the meaner sort, slovenly of access, warehouse-like, and smacking throughout, somehow, of out-of-doors;—the great dwellings, carelessly grand.)

Well, we have sea-baths to visit, of high pretensions; the arsenal—the hos—humph! underground chapels of Huguenots, lang syne, now cellars of snug citizens; a library, (which boasted but now the Pucelle's own armor amongst other relics,) offering, to all intents, a very sleepily seductive lounge; sundry church towers, of queer pretensions; a convent or two; a nondescript spire, of old date; the Town House, &c.;—all readily to be seen, and indeed by no means “Little Pedlingtonian:”—the last, a very chapter of the picturesque; having within, a fine antique hall—with huge marble table, whereinto Jean Guiton, chivalrous mayor in time of the siege,—did strike his dagger any fraction of an inch, whack! before assembled burgessy, by way of illustrating—something that he said about not surrendering, not he!—which did greatly inspirit the burgesses, so that the town held out to the end. Stay,—I had quite overlooked the two principal things, the very salient items in the town's catalogue of marvels;—

namely, two romantic old towers—a sort of Gog and Magog of masonry, that guard the narrow entrance of the harbor, and figure in all pictures of the place, to the exclusion, in fact, of almost every thing else. Bide a wee, for one to get at ease, and the taller of the two shall be ours to inhabit. It is bespoken;—in this wise.

There be cafés in Rochelle, not showy, but rather notable for civility and goodly beverage, in one of which, it is my pleasure to lounge a good deal; musing, now on the sunny harbor side without, and now on landscape hangings, poesy domesticate, fine company for dreamers, along the walls. There are, indeed, four of us, who went to chat, and plan little wholesome excursions in this café;—a count, a professor of English, an architect, and I. Well, you must know that yesterday evening we spoke of these old towers: the which, not a soul of the party, all neighbor-born save myself, ever had entered. The more imposing one, at least, thought we, must be visited forthwith:—it is empty:—the architect can get the key, retain it if he like; so there we go, all four of us, this night, all appliances bespoken, sine die, to reside.

A castle, one of the temporary prisons, so tradition saith, of the man with the iron mask; certes the sometime shelter, both of Henri Quatre and Richelieu. Eligible, is 't not? A fine break-neck, haphazard scramble and search we make of it—exploring where best to bestow ourselves and the baggage yet to come: up queer old crumbling staircases of

stone, in the very thickness of the walls; whole fathoms of the steps falling a tottering at once, with a prospect of dropping one out some crazy port seventy feet into the harbor: over ugly scuttles, into yawning historic rat-holes of all sorts; mounting and diving and groping, for fifteen good minutes, to find ourselves just where we were before:—now discovering a chapel, with rich wroughten altar, and dainty niche, and dim lucarne; now a——bah! anon, pausing to take breath in a huge stone-vaulted hall, each rib of the roof tailed off with the figure of a rampant monster, or some exquisitely droll gaping, wide-mouthed, goggle-eyed corbell; studying a famous shield, chiseled out in relief from the uniform rock of the wall; appropriating a cell to the memory of Ironmask; then taking a five-and-fortyeth departure by zigzag, to emerge at last on leads bald beetling some ninety feet above the harbor channel; with southward lee-board all bristling with bit shrubs and flowering weeds, which the birds had planted in the dust of ages, and sun and rain had nourished into a sort of aerial parterre: Then, lo you, the prospect! the teeming old fashioned prospect I spoke of; where is not a square league of land uneloquent of good old fighting, pillaging, persecuting times. Well! behold us at home: the old hall proper very lively with wassail shout this night.

Not one of us just now has aught save the decalogue to fulfill:—all on furlough:—“unbending, to gather strength for the future.” We make the

town a mere appanage; its peopling our hangers-on: scour off into the country on horseback, or cruise in the bay, with no goal or rendezvous save the tower, which sentinel itself, *not* as of yore, in celebrated sieges, and awaits our coming or keeping aloof without a murmur. We ramble about square, rampart, and lane below, in the witching time of night; lighting our pipes at a barrack, when the late watching cafès have twinkled off to sleep, having ever one ruddy torch afflicker in hall, gossip a plenty to wear the night withal, scope for lively adjournment, and wings for the small hours when we choose. We tell stories; too entertaining for pages like these, (of which accordingly, you, reader darling, are not to hear a word,) all *apropos*, nightly or daily, of the time and tide. Nay, for single instances, not to be churlish, take a couple of the poorest—here! So:—

## AUFREDDY.

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You are to imagine the sunset of an afternoon of tears and smiles, just broken out broadly, beadily agrin; a light as of liquid amber, revealing a thousand unsuspected outlines along the maze of queer old buildings below; tinting them, as it were, with a sort of vinous flush; and pouring about the parapets like a respirable cordial. We have come down from our tallest perch, for fear of slipping off; and are now cosily disposed at an altitude of only eighty feet, under the sky curtain, on scraps of Turkey carpet, with pipes and coffee at elbow; so snug, so exalted, so comfortable! free to wear the hours as we list, in such an eyrie! 't were attractive game should lure us down. The Dragoman is going to tell a story! "Attention, messieurs et dames; *Ecoutez tous!* please to listen!"

Once upon a time—I scorn to remember exactly when, but in the days of yore, when merchant enterprise was poetry outright,—when a galleon secured in a single voyage a competency for an empire, and a single paltry venture was wont to make your trader a prince; when sailor-hood was heroism,



(’t was worth while going to sea in those days!) and ocean a scarce-fingered volume of romance, . . . . Hem! *Commencons de nouveau!* give me breath, chums! In the nonage of traffic,—when men read Marco Polo, and believed in Prester John; while, as yet, the broad Levant lay but half explored by the Franks, and the eastern Indies kept courteous faith with Christendom, while the bad means of Jesuits were thus far only in progress to sanctify abortive ends—

“Hear! hear! ease off—do n’t overcome us! what then?”

Order, gentlemen! and be hanged to you—if you please—don ’t interrupt:—Ere “Centreland” grew jealous, or Japan ’gan trample on the cross, before the heartless Dutchman, or the not more cruel Spaniard had alienated the isles of Orient, while as yet the large Atlantic was but the highway to El Dorado, and ocean heaved a mighty mine for the venturesome—

“Hip, hip, hip—go to grass with your mighty mine!—is that what you call telling a story?”

There dwelt here in La Rochelle—

“Aha! Land ho! give you joy! soundings at last, eh?”

A prosperous merchant, of the name of Aufredy:

“Humph!”

A princely merchant; unallied, all were his friends; unwedded, save to fortune;—what then?—though the boldest of schemers, not one of his enterprises had miscarried, and his supercargoes had orders at last never to return, on any pretence, till their ventures should at least be tripled.

Well! it happened one day, that *Sieur Aufredy's* whole fleet, a pretty little navy for those days, lay at once in this lazy-looking bit of harbor—and whether to daunt the rovers, or to make a notable display, or to effect a shrewd monopoly, and so gulp down his ultimatum of wealth at once, I know not—but the whim seized him, to bid all forth together;—freighted with his whole fortune—and thus stake all upon one seducing cast.

The day came for embarkation; waxed, waned, and sunset was mellowing down, as now, upon the restless bosom of *Biscay Bay*, when forth they fared; a noble suits of caravels of the olden time; a picture, as it were, of *Backhuysen*, or the elder *Vernet*, in legendary vein, box-hauled for the nonce out of its panel; warping, hull for hull, out into the sea-board under the heels of this very old tower. Imagine yourselves looking down hence upon their cross-trees; studying the quaint hubbub, and many-voiced, and many-legged stir, of many-costumed old sea-dogs—patriarchs of the brine, going forth to confront and to pocket, *Belial* wot what, not they, but hoped and feared as hopes and fears occur not now-a-days at sea; “at the rate of knots” the hour. There—imagine it all—the last is extricate! no pilot needs—or needed even then, where 't is but a stretch or two at any practicable time, to the very bosom of the outer seas. Pass an hour or so, and lo! the ten broad sails flaky molten into three or four, on the outermost rim of the bay, against the mellow-painted sky:—twilight ebbs—they are gone!

and with them is gone, for many a livelong month, the occupation of Aufredy : he retires *hence* in deep soliloquy, not without a becoming prayer to his patron saint. The angelus finds him still awake.

Never through the impatient merchant's calendar, crept year, tortoise-wise, on all fours, becrippled, burdensome, like the year of grace——, next after the departure of his hopeful fleet. He had reserved, as I said, nothing but high hopes wherewith to busy himself—had absolutely nothing to do, but wait, and troll how fortune favoereth the bold ; 't was a trifle tedious. Another year came and went—'t was presently the second twelvemonth of suspense ; the appointed "trysting time" between him and fortune, flew fruitless by : the more modest ventures of other folk had been enviably crowned—still no tidings for him. Aufredy grew pensive ;—the tide of his animal spirits ebb'd, and brought to view a chaos of uncouth cares ; he began to bethink him of coaxing the blessed virgin ; and ordered tapers by avoirdupois for each contiguous shrine—on credit. Correspondence with Outre-mer, could hardly be said to exist in those days ; as regarded his actual affairs, sea-tempting Noah might as well have hoped for letters post from his raven.

The third year passed :—the shoemaker sent in his bill for soles worn out in passing to and from the pier, for very agony of hope deferred. He shall be paid, said Aufredy, when my ships come home. The promise has since become proverbial.

Long before the end of the third year, every

body's vessels had been duly accounted for, or duly mourned over as lost, with a sorrow in proportion to their presumed cargoes, or the amount of living machinery of enterprise embarked. One trader had had a fourth, another a fifth, another a tithe of his gains swallowed up in process of adventure, consoling himself, that no more had been exposed. Some had recovered precious freights from the very jaws of the hurricane, at the last hour, and hung their "ex votos" accordingly, in the shape of illustrative paintings, along the pillars of the harbor-side church of Saint What's-his-name, wherein, whatever the actual risk might have been, the portraiture of the scenes was hideous in the last degree.

With the fourth year 't was past a doubt that Aufredy's all was lost. He had now more than ever abundant leisure for the endearments of friendship; but as the warmth of his house-holding grew less, the mercury of friendly regard had fallen, as might be expected, token by token, from fever-heat of domestic intimacy, to zero of utter staring irrecognition. 'T was astonishing,—the habit of pre-occupation, of nervous doubling, dodging, and retracing of steps, that had overtaken the heartiest of his old cronies. The pillars of the old Byzantine sidewalks seemed too few; their shadowyness too sheeny.

From hotel to "logis garnis," thence to a crazy garret, with one chair and a fraction, leaky to the rain, and forming with its single petty port-hole a sort of bag-pipe for the wind to play upon, the tran-



sition was vastly more speedy than auspicious: at last a proposal on his landlady's part to introduce two more single gentlemen lodgers into his garret-for-one, fairly drove poor Aufredy into the street. People began again to recognize, who had sedulously avoided him—this time, however, it was to engage for running an errand; or to entrust with the holding a horse; or in the case of sundry his own merest underlings of yore, to patronize capriciously . . . with words;—finally, a sou dropped into his hat by a sailor, as he leaned bare-headed and melancholy musing by the basin-side, brought Aufredy, with a cruel shock, to his bearings. He had not a dozen liards in the world. Was he then a beggar? Poor ex-speculator! he could hardly make real the sore alternative he had so rashly dared: “honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,” were they then mere items of the prices current?—matters of monied monopoly? perquisites of lucre? was the road so abrupt, from princely state to utter destitution? Poor Aufredy! he was fain thenceforward to turn porter, lumper, drudge of all work, for escape from very starvation. He found, however, somewhat to his surprise, a coarse but real sympathy, among the new associates, “beggars all,” with whom he was driven to mix: a metal, truly, that did not ring symphonious to his every mood, but then it was not hollow. There was one poor fellow, whose very name was new to him, but who had once been a sort of servant of his own, on liberal wages,—whom not the very abjectness of poverty, to which



he was now reduced, could beguile of a kindly respect: his children might snicker at the portly provost, but wo betide them, if a bow or scrape were wanting to M. Aufredy. The hovel of this latter became the home of both: master and man fared forth as fellow-laborers about the quay; and after the first embarrassment of their novel relation was over, when many a coarse exigency had done away the whilome servant's awe, and while health and strength remained, and the sweat of his brow availed him, the ruined merchant knew moments of positive happiness. There was an unconstraint about such life that had its charm—and then he had a tried heart to count upon. But poor Aufredy fell sick; and remained so:—his hair got grizzled, untimely, and hectic hues came with the damp of evening into his cheek;—his limbs became emaciated; he could work but rarely—and then only at slight unprofitable jobs;—finally, he wished himself snug in a pauper's coffin;—having become little better than a burden on his poor but loyal friend.

One day, when the story of the missing argosy was old and out of mind, and the few of his former associates who knew him to be yet alive, had learned to think of him only as a vagabond,—one ruddy autumn afternoon, he had sauntered down, as he loved to do, outside the sea-ward gate; to breathe freelier, and pensively to gaze on the coquet element that had raised his fortunes, like its own bubbles, into sudden light and splendor, only to withdraw, and dissipate them in air. Such indeed was not

his thought;—far from querulous, he had outlived already the relish of pomp, and but for his dependent position, would have been content with the prospect of working his passage, toilful though the tug might be,—to his grave.

“My good comrade,” said Aufredy, “this way of protracting a worse than useless life, will never do: were suicide lawful in God’s eye, I would sooner die, than hang thus, a dead weight, about thy neck.”

“Nay, ’t is trial enough master,” replied the other, “for a great man, rich as you were, and yet should be, to scramble for mean jobs about the pier; and be obliged to make shift in a hut like mine:—don ’t speak of the obligation—it gives me pain;—we ’ll talk of it when your ships come home;—not before: nay, I meant but to say that the disappointment is yours, not mine, if you be not now far above the assistance of neighbors.”

While this mutual deprecatory talk was pursuing, lo! many sails peering up from the outboard: two,—four,—five,—ten sails, faint heaving into sight, within thrice as many minutes.

“Three—five—ten fat sheep bound straight for our pen—eh, master? three livres, at the least, in the breaking bulk, and little odd windfalls a plenty beside, while the jack tars are carousing their way to sea again up town. Ten sails, by St. Paul the stitcher; but it looks—pardon me, like old times;—what corporation, for certes, no two merchants here . . .”

The wave-worn argosy sped forward. There was no mistaking the cheery booming, the inspirit-

ing call, the gleeful bellowing, alow and aloft—the whole joyous hubbub characteristic of the clime, that presently came on the headlong breeze of Biscay, to their ears;—but long before the procession of barnacled and weedy hulls grew distinct from the pier, gay signals were all a flaunt from gaff-staff and mast-head—and what were they? There were glasses leveled from hence, and glasses a many from yonder; the round tower, and the “Grosse horloge,” and the prison pinnacle, and the whole sea-board pier, were alive: the old harbor master was puzzling his bullet sconce, in vain;—a positive gang, withal, of portly echevins came waddling down to gaze: whose were the signal tokens?

“*Les voila qui viennent enfin!*” *Behold them at last!* said Aufredy, with a strange unintelligible sigh. His comrade left off peering out-board—stared in his face—back again at the vessels, and back again at Aufredy. It was a study for Vandyk;—his dropping jaw, forehead a-wrinkle, and wide open eye: and a deeper study yet, was the face of the *ex*-ruined merchant. “My caravels—dost not know them?”

There was magic outright in the coming of those hulks, once fairly within ken of the crowd:—old friends,—kept a-cork as it were in reserve, and becomingly ripened, of course, no particle of nitric feeling wasted, questioned, “made eyes,” thanked God, and found out Aufredy:—divining rods no truer, to the prospect of gold. There was one—“a backer of brass,” who lost no tittle of time for grat-

ulation. “*Ah ca : maintenant—que dit il? notre fameux negocian! ce cher gremlin d’ Aufreddy!*—this dear dog! Give ye joy, old intimate! Tut, the man is sick! heard of it but yesterday, and was coming . . . knew your deuce of a spirit though,—and so,—but now—thou must bring thy duds,—nay! no refusal, forthwith, to my hotel.—Call it yours,—once for all! I ’ll send this moment!—a . . . a . . . where d’ ye live?”

Another, the auctioneer of his old effects, came next—“*Mais vive l’audace!* the longer rake the luckier, eh, eh? fortune favors the bold! said I not ever as much? but harkee, an’ it please your worship—a word, *Sieur Aufreddy*, in your private ear!—the commissions on all this, remember, I ’ve bespoken each and all—can double everything—add more to most, by ’r lady of the locker—an’ there be such a saint;—Oh, we ’ll do a thing or two, this bout, never fear, that shall make netted fish of a certain dowager countess we wot of:—but so—where hast been? I ’ve looked and inquired, and looked and inquired—was a little afraid of you, though,—disappointed lion—let him alone till by and by!—best plan, no?”

Mr. Aufreddy, your worship, if your worship would but deign to look in at my shop! whined a little snipe-like tailor. The friend of adversity shrunk instinctively aloof: his heart misgave him for a moment; he had heard of a disease called *human nature*. For once, however, common augury was at fault.



The caravels got warmest welcome. A weather-beaten complement they exhibited, in sooth, all duly to be drunken, and exquisitely fleeced betimes. As for the supercargoes, and officers, they were reconciled to their term of exile by virtue of huge profits: they had been detained for full nine years, visiting many out-of-the-way ports, before any prospect of barter presented that warranted return; but abode stoutly by the orders given them, and finally weighed anchor for home, five times richer than they went away.

The auctioneer had the present sale of all the cargoes; got well paid, and was fain thereupon to propose re-embarkations of capital;—talked of agencies, fully empowered;—of eligible terms of transfer, procurable by none but himself: but most feelingly, of the unprecedented good account to which he had turned the wares just given him for disposal;—the cargoes, 't was true, were somewhat in demand—but the value his adroitness had superadded;—tut! it was not to calculate in figures:—He would have *Sieur Aufredy* to appreciate his ardor, and his ultimate dues:—“but if a copartnership”. . . .

“Nay, my good friend,” said the latter, “thou forgettest I am on my last legs: indeed, much as I prize your offers, my business days are over; but you shall certainly be remembered in my . . .”

“Nay, nay, don't talk of wills”—interrupted the friend—“we're not going to die these many, many years—why you've a bloom . . . .”

“In my prayers!”

*Pylades* bit his lip, and retired.



Sieur Aufredy stirred little;—where was he?—went about confidentially with his late nurse and landlord, the lumper: what would he do? he was very rich—enormously;—funds chiefly at Paris:—sick withal—no? sick as wealthy—or was he better?

Sieur Aufredy was choosing a site; purchasing ground (so rumor said,) for a spacious new hotel and gardens. A quiet area, close by the cloistral precincts of the Cathedral, was alive at last with bustle of masonry, from dawn till candle light—but, as the model of the pile developed itself, what an original;—of all hotels!

Aufredy was building a *hospital!* his whole fortune went to endow it, save so much as the friend of his adversity could be prevailed on to accept; and therewithin did he insist, endowed with strange philanthropy by mens' neglect, weaned from earthly pomp, and earthly desire, among gray wimpled "sisters of charity," and quiet ecclesiastics, on passing the remnant of his life, in succouring others' distress. The hospital fell heir, of course, to all his claims: long may the noble institution last! (to this day boast of the town) a noble mausoleum, yet fairer monument of living man's revenge upon his kind.

## COUNT GEOFFRY'S GHOST,

OR THE

SPECTRE OF LUSIGNAN.

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ARE sitting again, under a gibbous moon, with all night before us, and roquelows at hand, when lo, a Biscay storm! heavy-mantled in westerly clouds, that sends the spray dashing against the tower foot, and presently such a deluge as if Aquarius had "capsized" his watering pot over our heads: bidding all warm householders of Rochelle under shelter, and converting a ruined staircase or two, into cascades more picturesque than desirable. We adjourn to the upper hall; coax a lamp or two into flame, adjust ourselves once more, cosily wide awake, into a forty-thievish group, and hist! a story in turn, such as it is, from the cockney professor; John Bull, Junior, Esq.

"Has anybody a partiality for ghost stories?"

"Nothing more appropriate—the blast will give them effect."

"*It*—an it please you; only one; but that one authentic; a great point: of the circumstances of which, so far as they went, I was myself a witness.

Well—we were a party, in my “silly nonage,” in one of your pleasant cafés: on much such a night as this, in the raw month of November:—a party of youth round a mystic tripod, beclouded about with pipe smoke, having patera pontific in the midst—”

“*Pat—pat*—what ’s that? thought you professed *English*, Bull, dear!”

“And suppose terse English fails? as Latin would fail to express ‘Sherry cobbler,’ without circumlocution? I ’d a pagan idea to clothe, you monkey! and would be exact:—well, chalices,—an’ you prefer it so,—priestly chalices, in the midst; each a-flicker with wizard-wise blue flame:—were discussing the possibility of ghosts.”

“All nations” said one, “have the instinct of belief in comers back (fleshless indeed by way of customs,) from the undiscovered country.”

“Which means, being interpreted, that a majority of men have marvelousness full,” sputtered a Gallite, fresh from the Rue Sorbonne.

“What then? ’t is but a re-statement of the case—that.”

“Humph! all nations, quotha?” put in the Marco Polo of the group, a reefer late from the Indies,—“I challenge exception for the Chinese; who have n’t curiosity.”

“Nonsense! what means their constant interjection, Hy yah! But, then, a Chinese ghost!—I give in! the idea is absurd! a puss-eyed ghost, with a queue,—in a striped shirt, for aught one

knows;—they mourn in white, go to court in yellow, who knows in what color their dead affect to be buried?”

“Everybody,—sumph! a Chinese is laid out in . . . ” but here the pendule clicked eleven.

“Question! question!”

“Move an adjournment;”

“I ’m off!”

“And I,”

“And I,”

“And I.”

All indeed were going,—gone; hurry scurry, “fortified with fear,” in the teeth of the storm; fond expectancy at home growing acid, like other sweets, by too long exposure. The room was presently vacant throughout, but for two, not bothered (alas! thank heaven!) with friends: a comrade namely, and myself; who did straitway fee the nodding garcon to have patience, plenish a last lamp in the penetralia, with oil for a fortnight, and bring fresh coffee: being fully resolved to snap our fingers at time and circumstance, and finish what we had to say.

“They are pleasant fellows, those,—with their arguments, no?” recommenced my comrade;—“shrewd arbiters, in sooth;—but when one *knows* . . .”

(This said with such an air! and then the fellow was skeptical in religion; which you know puts a hint of credulity in aught else out of the question.) Just as you say! said I;—when one knows, the thing is placed past doubt.

“There is, by the way,—but I—nay, what say to exploring a haunted chateau?”

“Proceed.”

“You have heard, possibly, of the sometime lords of Lusignan?”

“And how the family had a cross of the werewolf;—of Geoffry Fang; toothy Geoff; Geoffry *a la grand dent*; certes, who has not? And how the house was founded by the fay Melusine; (whence the name Lusignan;) who built their castle, indeed, and made it impregnable by ‘cantrip sleight;’—well!”

“Well—the chateau still stands, of course; thrice haunted, not wholly dismantled, in keeping of . . . Count Geoffry’s ghost! A peasant intendant there is, who must give supper and a night’s lodging to any bold enough to pass midnight in the pile. Now I’ve two prime saddle horses;—suppose we go there, for whim sake, and lodge! None of your every-day ghosts, that of Geoffry; none of your second-rate, subservient, low-bred sprites; None of your slovenly-beggarly, road-side spectres, ready each moment to be tripped up by their own unwieldy drapery; and as much at one’s mercy, but for their melt-away privilege, as so many “fey” tipplers; none of your Ossianly phantoms, made of gas, and dispersable by a very skewer; none of your civil dead folk, with favors to ask;—but a grim, old-fashioned, hard-fighting, hard-drinking goblin:—ensconced in



castle of its own;—armed to a point; and considering your intrusion, as well it may, in the light of a challenge: a fanged ghost—bred in the feudal wars—of elfin extraction—with a cross of the were-wolf: Heigho! by Guy!”

“But I had thought haunted castles, open to the traveler, quite out of fashion.”

“Oh, the peasantry . . . so superstitious—in remote . . . humph! in provinces like Vienne: ’gad but I can set the fact at rest;—give you chapter and verse; have the very book before me, that my information was got from.”

And behold, sure enough, in a popular, matter-of-fact, sketch-book of the realm—*Lusignan—old chateau—popular tradition—said to be founded by fairy Melusine—peasantry—superstitious—*and so on. Precisely, save as touching any invitation to the wayfarer, exactly what my legendary friend had avouched. These old countries—who knows? faith, methinks there lurketh some sport under all this! so thought I, in my profanity and fool-hardiness of heart;—but you shall see. Suffice it—that we made an appointment presently, for one idle autumn day, to go to Lusignan: and so contrive matters, whether or no, as to sleep in the grim old chateau. But lo you, my friend and his horses off to La Vendée, on business, just the day before that appointed for our excursion. Plainly it liked him not, on cooler reflection, an interview with Count Geoffry’s ghost.

Well, about four weeks after, behold me posting

leisurely to Paris: awaking, of a frosty December midnight, somewhere this side of Poitiers, in a little shoulder-to-shoulder village street, sleepily a-glimmer through the dark.

“Where are we, Nappy? (short for Napoleon, the name of my drowsy post-boy.) “Wake up, Nap;—you ’re oversetting! Where are we now?”

“In Lusignan, Monsieur.”

“Eh! the dickens we are! I thought Lusignan was far elsewhere.”

So I was *there!* The late intended adventure came back to mind, with appeal perfectly resistless.

“Where was the inn?”

“Just past it, sir.”

“Turn about, turn about, Nap!—get out the baggage, and put up the horses! Now, then, if that ghost slip through my fingers, hang me! But stay, there may be a halting place nearer the castle.”

“Comment, Monsieur?”

“The chateau;—I would stop as near it as possible.”

“*Quel chateau donc Monsieur veut il visiter?*”

“What one sir?”

“What chateau, why *the* one, blockhead!—the chateau of Lusignan, to be sure.”

“*Mais Monsieur,*”—(what, *you* too such a coward! thought I) “*Mais Monsieur, voila cent cinquante ans qu’il n’y en a pas!*” There has n’t been any for these hundred and fifty years.

“Drive on, Nap!”

“Plait il?”

“Drive on, I say, rogue.”

Such, Messieurs, was my direction to Nap the postillion.

## LEONIE.

### A LEGEND OF THE LOIR.

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Let me tell you, Oh, reader! that once upon a time, in "greener years," I found in a country newspaper a sort of story; meagre enough, but ingenious, the hints whereof I afterward took the liberty to turn, from memory, into a serpentine sort of sing-song *Judeolyrical* ballad; thinking the thing, on the whole, much honored in the liquefaction:—well, what was my horror to find, in process of time, that I had been engaged, as it were, "Fagin"-wise, melting down stolen goods; consummating, ay me! the bedevilment past legal reclaimer, of a well known story by Balzac. Such however as was the sing-song ballad, shall I reel it off to you? Here goes!

THERE'S many a pile of olden time, with walls full fair  
to see,

In the green land thou look'st upon, Chateau of Sancerry!  
Full many a hold of barons bold, by many a minstrel sung,  
But none where lurks the wildering spell about thy tur-  
rets flung:

It is not that thy banners bright have held in Palestine  
Their place among the proudest in the consecrated line,  
Or that the placid moonlight, that sleeps upon thee now,  
Falls not on many a sister-bower imperial as thou,—  
With equal wealth of waving woods, and gladly gushing  
rills,

And vineyards, that the sunset flush grows redder as it  
fills;

But one, the loveliest of the land, has made her home  
 in thee,  
 And she it is who hallows thee,—the lady Leonie!

What makes the Castellan alone? say why, at early hour,  
 Broods such a solemn stillness over parapet and tower?  
 The baron hath gone forth to-night; and with him he has  
 ta'en

With rowel-stroke and bugle-call, the chiefest of his train:  
 The lamps that burn for their return are swinging to  
 and fro,  
 And letting fall in the voiceless hall strange shadows as  
 they go—

I wot that they are few and faint, and elsewhere is there  
 none,

Save one, a silver cresset, in my lady's chamber lone;—  
 A chamber meet for beauty, whither every wind that blows  
 Is rife with blended perfume of the violet and rose;  
 Along its pictured arras, in fanciful array,  
 Are bodied forth strange annals of ages past away;  
 And glowingly or half revealed, upon the pannels rare,  
 Kneel forms of seraph loveliness, in attitude of prayer,—  
 With sunny locks and liquid eyes;—but fairer none than  
 she

Who wont to kneel beside them,—the lady Leonie!

The virgin shield thee, Leonie, and shelter thee from harm!  
 For I ween the arm that 'circles thee, is not a husband's  
 arm—

And thou hast ne'er a brother—and thy kindred are not  
 near,—

And words a matron may not list are whispering in thine  
 ear;



I fear me for thy struggling heart—now Jesu be thy stay,  
That pure erewhile as are thy flowers, thou be not frail  
as they!

—The lady by her liege's couch is leaning on her lover ;—  
Half-tearfully—full pale ; her days of innocence are over !  
Her bosom, heaves it for remorse, while Adolph bends  
above her ?

While he for whom her heart's fair fane but now is  
desecrate,

Stands thus, a barrier so dear, betwixt her soul and fate ?  
That bloodless cheek—the mounting sigh—say augur ye  
from thence

An ebb in the fierce passion's tide, so spurning all defence,  
Shame, conscience, faith ? Not so—'t is but the billow-  
swell retreating

Of fathomless desire, that looks for many and many a  
meeting

Dearer than this :—What recketh she, *his* chos'n, of aught  
beside—

Of guilt or peril that hath been, or is, or may befall,  
Thus leant with eyes insatiate on her arbiter and all ?

The wind-harp from its crevice never sang so mournfully  
As now, and never swept its tones so all unheeded by ;—  
Thy wayward heart is rife with love—yet listen, Leonie !  
It is the knell of heavenward hope,—of earthly peace to  
thee !

\* \* \* \* \*

A step ! a light and stealthy step, within the corridor—  
How ? 'T was a costful dalliance, heaven wot—and is  
it o'er ?

The footstep of her jealous lord ; whom she hath met, till  
 now,  
 With such a tranquil majesty upon her cheek and brow ;  
 How shall she hide her beating heart ? 't is he !—it wax-  
 eth nearer !  
 And where, Oh where, the paramour her sullied soul holds  
 dearer ?

There is a closet in the wall—a consecrated cell,  
 Where Leonie was wont, at times, her rosary to tell ;—  
 It has heard the gushing music of her purest secret prayer,  
 When the Virgin's image graced it,—shall her idol enter  
 there ?

Full readily doth Adolph seek the sanctuary's gloom  
 Too readily ; Oh, were it his t' anticipate his doom !  
 And she—could heaven grant her in mercy to foresee  
 The issue of a few short hours,— —Alas, it may not be !

'The baron paceth up and down ;—right menacingly burn  
 Those eyes that since the bridal moon, are seldom aught  
 but stern ;

His lips are strained, how lividly ; but doth the matron  
 quail ?

Sits rebel conscience in her cheek, and tells her fateful  
 tale ?

A breathing slightly tremulous, a half retreating eye,  
 As if her heart were ill at ease, yet not betraying why,  
 Are all a doubt may dwell upon ; and that were done  
 away,

But that her air hath been, till now, so calm,—it ne'er  
 was gay ;—

“Methinks my lord is ill to-night ; or brings he evil news ?”

“My errand,” saith the haughty chief, “is hardly to amuse :”

Such were his province, more than mine, oh fair and  
faithful bride,

Who, startled at a quiet step, but now hath left thy side ;  
I wot, a careless stripling,—he should have closed the door  
Of yonder penitential niche more softly,—or before.”

And Leonie hath made reply ; a prompt, a simple nay  
So rife with maiden rectitude, what shall he think or say ?  
So worthy of the vanished hour when he was proud to  
woo her,

And called her early troth his own exultingly and sure ;—  
But hist ! a cross of ebony hath caught his troubled gaze !  
(Ay me ! the lady's blood is chill—each drop hath gone  
its ways :)

A pledge,—*whose* fatal pledge, but now,— say reads he in  
her eyes ?

E'en so—the language of his look is broader than surmise ;  
It settlcth to a chilling stare : What would the baron now ?  
“ Come hither, gentle spouse of mine ;—thy constancy, I  
trow,

Scarce lacks the warrant of an oath, to screen it from the  
sneer

That malice meeteth unto all, yet, Leonie, thine ear !  
Yon gage, least fit for lawless love,—nay challenge not a  
jest,

Yon dainty-wroughten cross—what tho' I crave to see it  
prest

Superfluous to those guileless lips ? what an' I bid thee  
*swear*

That none hath found a shelter in thy shrine-wise closet  
there ?—

Behold, for little as it were, my purposed search forgone !  
'T is but to add a word or twain the holy type thereon—

By Jesus, latter agony—by all thou hop'st of heaven—  
—And Leonie hath ta'en the oath—ta'en it as it was  
given!

The baron stalketh to and fro—he bends to fling aside,  
The window-leaf; his blood is hot, to cool its fevered tide;  
Oh all is gentlest hush without, and timid stars are seen  
Coy twinkling on the gazer thro' a wilderness of green,  
And o'er them hangs the crescent moon,—while from  
their garden lair

The summer winds come stealing in to wanton with her  
hair;—

What recks the lady of the scene, if it be soft or no,  
Or if the glades are dewy bright, or saddened with her  
wo;

Or if the leaves all soothingly around her lattice quiver?  
She looks but on the crucifix—she thinks but on the giver!  
Well may she!—for the knight hath found a further, fear-  
ful test

May sate the fiend of jealousy that harbors in his breast;—  
Say wherefore came, and whither went, that low-browed  
menial,—

So wolf-like in his stealthy pace, so prompt for midnight  
call?

He hath a mounted errand—and the babbling echoes tell  
It is a headlong hoof and fleet that paws the ground so  
well:—

From hour to hour the lady sighs, “behoves the cock to  
crow,”

Ere sped the fatal hest he hath, she may the issue know:—  
And when returneth, not alone, that caitiff menial,  
Who totters after, as he glides thro' vestibule and hall?

Who strive, as 'neath a weary weight, with half relaxing  
knee,

And feeble vantage, in the old resounding gallery?

And who, at last, bewildered, pale, an all untimely guest,  
Intrudes upon the matron's bower—the chamber of her  
rest?

I wot, a mason of the bourg;—and he hath hither brought,—  
Oh horror for the lady, this ne'er mingled with her  
thought!

It needeth not to tell her what, with agonizing skill,  
Those stones,—the tempered mortar, shall soon be made  
to fill—

It needs not for the knight to name yon tiny glassy door,  
Where . . . hath the curse o'erta'en her, that she falls not  
to the floor?

But stands,—God sain the struggle in her freezing form  
and air,

'Twixt bootless guile, and baseless hope, and imbecile  
despair!

Alas, that blank dilating eye too well hath told the truth,  
Else had ye deemed the narrow cell all tenantless in  
sooth—

For Adolph stilly stands as death; tho' not by him un-  
heard

Each sound, precursor of his doom, each hoarsely mutter-  
ed word;—

Tho' not unmarked the busy shade flung to and fro be-  
fore him,

Up-piling with each turn the tomb that darkly riseth o'er  
him,—

Tho' not unfelt the creeping gloom that mounts from  
pane to pane,—



The trowel's fitful click—great God! how rings it on his  
brain!

While fast as falls each hasty click, flits forth another ray,  
And with it ebbs another breath of leaguered life away:  
Of proud, ripe, dainty, lusty life;—Oh say 't is but a  
swound,

And not the grave's own loathly mirk that thickeneth  
around!

O say 't is but a dream—a prank of hideous unrest!  
The crisis of a laidly dream, just ready to be broken,  
And render back of lightsome ease each well accustomed  
token;—

For Adolph is of old the very mate of luxury:  
Broad lands, and stately palace bowers, and ruddy gold  
hath he,

And more than bounteous gold bestows, or palace fiefs  
imply,

Lore, lordly parentage, old friends, devout for him to die,  
And senses fine, that nature's dole vouchsafeth unto few,  
In every gracious mood of hers, a charm to feel or view;—  
The craving and the wont withal to tempt her uncon-  
trolled—

Youth, and young love. Ay me! time was, he read, in  
legends old,

Thro' direst penalties of yore, how many a Christian  
martyr

Was called a life of weary woes for heaven's bliss to barter,  
And Adolph while a gentle child the martyr's fate hath  
mourned:

Was it to be reserved for this? earth-worshipping,—un-  
warned,—

All unannealed—unfortified with pious faith sublime,  
 For this Oh more than martyrdom,—to unrepented crime?  
 Not so doth Adolph read his fate. A fearsome risk, well  
     run,  
 He deemeth it,—insane!—well due to that beloved one;—  
 And findeth he in his rash hopes a buoyancy unblest,  
 In dreaming yet again to be caressing and caressed;  
 Free fulsomer to follow yet the guilty paths he trod—  
 The while the hour escapeth him to make his peace with  
     God!

One glance, but one, the baron wasteth on the waning  
     night;—

It is enow—full well hath she redeemed that oversight!  
 “One crevice!—here are gems of price—my caskets offer  
     more—

One current!”—Nay, the mason wight is busy as before:—  
 But when the trowel blade betimes rings thro’ a shattered  
     pane,

God prosper him, the lady knows her pregnant hint is  
     ta’en;

While thro’ the breach the mason wight he witnesseth, I  
     wot

A sight that in his memory long shall linger unforgot;  
 Seems it that he a spectre there within awakeneth;  
 A spectre bathed in horrid sweat and panting sore for  
     breath;—

And featly if his task proceed, the sleight is not of thought,  
 Encountering aye those lineaments, mute, shadowy, tor-  
     ture-fraught,

Alive but in the lab’ring breath, and in the eye alight  
 That gleameth—but it gleams no more,—the wall hath  
     reached its height!

And showeth fair, and hideth yet the crevice left therein  
 Half unawares, for pity's sake, and dread of mortal sin.  
 What aileth now the mason wight? the weight his shoul-  
 der bore,  
 Would seem transferred upon his heart; and heavier than  
 before;—  
 Hie thee from Sancerry, poor knave! but think not gold  
 shall sain,  
 Or blessing of the dewy dawn relieve thy aching brain;  
 Or that a lazy luxury in lands beyond the seas  
 Where thou must get thee presently, shall bring an age  
 of ease;  
 In novelty's and gold's despite, shrewd glamourie I ween  
 Were that should curtain from thy sight the vision thou  
 hast seen!

“My lord!” “Thy errand, knave! Be brief! A dainty  
 fair pretence  
 Methinks it were, in sooth, just now should wheedle me  
 from hence—  
 Go, slave! (the menial whispereth.) Nay, be my charger  
 brought!—  
 And hark! wo worth the messenger, so this alarm be  
 nought!”  
 All chafed of mood, and hot in haste, the baron pricks  
 him forth:  
 Now, Leonie, 't is thine to prove what ladies' thews be  
 worth!  
 “Ho hither! haste! my maiden bold—the steely bar  
 now ply,  
 And stout needs be their masonry, our sinews to defy!”  
 Already, lo! a rift is won;—it widens!—ye had thought

Twain Amazons up-conjured there, for gentler frailty  
wrought ;—

The wall of yesternight will yield ! another wench—a  
bolder !

What ails the maid, that palsied, stony-stareth o'er her  
shoulder !

The baron hath . . . returned ? One throb, and stark along  
the floor

Falls Leonie :—Methinks her mortal pilgrimage is o'er !

And wins the lady back to life ? E'en so ; if life ye call  
Such state than which the penal world hath scarce a  
eadier thrall ;—

Betimes full fain to bid again her tingling blood congeal,  
While he, collectedly the while, toys with his morning  
meal.

“ A pardon ! fairest lady-love, for one who from this hour  
Doth purpose never more to prove a truant from thy bower :  
Whom thou hast won from foul distrust, and humbly  
hast taught

The measure of confiding love and duty that he ought ;—  
For whose repast 'tis grace enow henceforth to know  
thee nigh,

And think to wear the day within the lustre of thine eye.”  
Such taunts withal and leer askance the knight his meal  
pursueth,

O might the prompting fiend respond for what he saith  
and doeth !

Such taunts the lady listeneth, nor kindles once her eye,  
Distraught she lies, nor speaks nor sighs, inured to agony ;  
Day in, day out, night's tide about, still 'bides the baron  
there,

Still bends the lady on the wall, entranced, an idiot stare ;

But with the third, from out the cell there parts a hissing  
moan—

So slight, so low, ye caught it not? yet scarce the trum-  
pet's tone

Of doom, a surer summons on her latter rest shall wreak.

Oh then the dame upriseth—well I wot she may not speak,

For parched throat and bursting heart, but what she may  
she gaspeth,

And round about the baron's knees in agony up-claspeth :

“*My* life, . . . no more for life can she: The knight re-  
joins, “and doth

My lady fair forget herself? bethink thee dame,—thine  
oath!”

Say, warder wight, how speeds the night? “In faith, not  
over well ;—

The midnight blast that scurries past hath tolled the cas-  
tle bell :

I like it not—an omen drear—it soundeth like a knell.”

With many a curse upon the blast that round the arras  
wails

And ravishes the cresset lone that ever shrinks and pales

In briefest ear-shot of the cell the baron hearkeneth ;—

And when the tempest-tone grows wild, then holdeth he  
his breath.

Man void of ruth! thou hear'st, in sooth, and mark'st the  
rattling sigh,

The last vain parley of the sense, that seals death's victory

O'er one, who dearly thee hath wronged, yet . . . Hath it  
ceased? 'T is well!

God sain the sprite hath ta'en its flight! hark, once again,  
the knell!



Ay, knight, again behold ye twain, where late enlingered  
three ;

Baron and dame—Is 't *her* ye name the lady Leonie ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh many a hold of ruin the pilgrim sees and sighs  
Where thou, 'lorn Sancerry, dost frown athwart the pleas-  
ant skies ;

And many a mossy tower and fane lone tottering to its fall,  
Emprostrate long ago but for the wild-vines verdant thrall  
That in and out and round about o'er rift and mullion  
flaunteth,

But none where sorely as in thee stark desolation haunteth.  
It is not for the ivy pall hath hid thy belfry high,  
Or creeper curtaining the hall with restless drapery  
Green, gaudy, sere, as wanes the year,—or birds that  
therein build

And twitter from the corbel's cleft and helm of chiseled  
shield ;

Oh many a sister bower of thine hath vacancy for state,  
And peopling vile of crawling things for beauty's march  
elate ;

All, all are desolate enow, and some there be that borrow  
Such gloom as eld entaileth not, from deeds of shame and  
sorrow ;

But these among who sigheth, sighs o'er centuries decay ;  
O'er crime and sorrow of a race from memory past away :  
The tale thou tell'st, 'lorn Sancerry, is a tale of yesterday !

The wild wood vast, with bugle blast ne'er rang more  
merrily,

But the wild wood fiefs to other chiefs have passed from  
Sancerry ;

The vineyard from its blushful urn pours lavishly as ever  
Adown the south slope of the hill, along the placid river,  
—Its racy hoards own other lords ;—but court and garden  
bide

A desert undisturbed, for thrice ten years come hallow-  
tide :

With ban of law, with hints of horror vague, encinct  
around,

And wall and gate of olden state, a bulwark huge and  
sound ;

For thrice ten years, no foot of man hath pressed the  
muffling moss

Where clattered heel on heel of yore the court yard pave  
across,—

For thrice ten years no human tone hath waked the echo  
there

That wont for very din to prate so fitfully and rare—

And lustres five are reckoned since the latest flower is  
gone

That erst with peerless broidery enriched the garden lawn;  
The urn is prone—the dial quaint hath bid the sun  
good-bye,

That stood so fair in mid parterre and not a shrublet nigh ;  
All thro' the glade the wolf hath frayed a path to the  
river-bank,

He lightly heeds the gulf of weeds that was the garden  
tank ;

The she wolf gaunt, from wild wood haunt she hither  
skulketh, too,

Her house to found where hind and hound less likely  
may pursue ;

And where the yelps of her lean whelps may ring with  
less ado ;—

Long, long she gnawed at the postern board, and howled  
when gat she through.

The she wolf's trail, thro' coppice frail, is free enough to  
follow,

Well-dinted in the loamy soil, a channel strait and hollow—  
And all along the terrace lo! the printing of her toes!  
Her nails make way with the lichens gray—know'st where  
the she wolf goes?

Out on the upper terrace there opes a window low,  
Its lattice by the frolic blast was shivered long ago—  
Oh therewithin is a cozy den, and hither she hies, soho!  
Soho! then she of wolves that be is daintiest lodged I  
trow!

The slant sun thro' the window low yet blazeth at the  
eve;

But who at him outgazeth, as he takes his ruddy leave,  
From out the lattice window with its tracery so fair,  
Is it the she wolf's youngling, with a yowl and with a stare?

And even thence did Leonie admire the sunset glow?  
And thither did the tempter hie, so seraph-like of brow,  
When lay the glade in bloom-full shade a paradise below,  
And daylight thro' the greenery fled glory-girt as now?  
E'en there within, (if deadly sin on earth were expiate,  
Well expiate were his, I wis,) met *he* his martyr fate.  
Methought ye spake of emptiness—the chamber is not bare,  
Oh nō, they left the tenant wolf a gaily garnished lair!  
Each fair appurtenance of old yet standeth where it stood,  
Save what the tenant wolf hath edged aside in merry mood,  
And a vase or two that the owl o'erthrew e'er even  
donned her hood—

More yet than moth has ta'en away the spider hath made  
good :

Down from the window valance sere hang silver tassels  
twain,

'That quiver as the tendril sways, and blacken in the rain ;  
The window seat hath a cushion meet, new wrought, of  
rarest gloss,

A vivid velvet, specked with red, of soft and living moss—  
Save where the she wolf scrambles with her marring toes  
athwart,

Or where the heirling whelp hath clomb and frittered it  
to nought.

'The silver cresset, (said I sooth 'twas a virgin wilderness?)  
Hangs where it hung; the wolf and young they prize it  
scarce, I guess ;

Not so the hermit owl of yore ;—it served him for a perch ;  
Whereon, shrewd thing, he wont to swing oft-times in  
breezy lurch

With both his broad bright eyes a-blink, the mockery of  
a flame,

Till warned a-wing by the wolfling, he vanished as he  
came.

Ay me ! it is a sorry sight and drear ye may avouch  
To see the wild wolf's litter sprawl along the lady's couch ;  
To see the wolfling rear and tap and snap at the pictured  
shred

'That flutters out to 's ticklish snout from o'er the lady's  
bed ;

And strange, athwart a pannel as the she wolf wags her  
tail,

To see the image of a saint peer forth,—adust and frail,  
Like iris-hues on clouds apart, imperfect, but not pale—  
A lovely saint, with arms uplift as to win a soul from bale !

And mark ye as the eye dilates upon the inner gloom  
How the narrow breach is furrowed, that in that nameless  
tomb

The agonizing dame began, unwitting all for whom?  
The she wolf—by the lichen stain methinks 't is many a  
day

Since last the will-o-wisp danced forth and scared her  
thence away,—

Slid close to her eyne, as with nuzzle and whine she  
tugged with tooth and paw,

Close to her eyne, with sudden shine,—how flung she  
back, hâ, hâ!

Tugging away for the festering clay\* she scented but not  
saw,

The festering clay that so for aye bemocked her craving  
maw!

The clay is nought, for years agone; the skeleton withal,  
The skeleton drops bone for bone—the she wolf hears  
them fall—

Hears how the sepulchre's dull rot the ruin overtaketh  
That round about the walls without such wizard havoc  
maketh,

Until the sepulchre be void: No longer time, I wis—  
The wantonness of ruin, it 'bideth but for this,—  
Until the cell that erst immured the manhood of a man,  
Holds not a winnow-worth of dust the feeblest air may  
fan—

Lo, then the hold of Sancerry to a lordling gay shall fall,  
And bill and spade the copse invade and torch illumine the  
hall,

---

\* I fancy the she wolf to have been hungry.



And chambers blaze by night apace that darkled in high  
 noon—  
 All which the skeleton's blithe heir he prayeth may be  
 soon ;  
 All which must be long after he hath crept into his  
 grave,—  
 And mirthfuller than e'er the roofs ring out with festal  
 stave,  
 And gentle hands of gentle dames refit . . . How augur  
 ye ?  
 That minstrel bout or revel rout may gladden Sancerry ?

\* \* \* \* \*

They say the lady Leonie hath muttered, when she died,  
 ('T was in a convent far aloof, at latest hallow-tide,)  
 Than Jesus' name or holy-dame another name beside ;—  
 And words, alas, that savored scarce of penitence or  
 prayer,  
 Enclutching aye a crucifix enwroughten rich and rare—  
 Ay me, that would but overwhelm her soul with horrid  
 care :  
 With horrid care—God witness there ! it left her in her  
 shroud !  
 But she the convent coffers hath bounteously endowed,  
 And masses for twain forfeit souls wail sweetly there and  
 loud ;  
 From week to week, from year to year, the choir, Oh !  
 not alone,  
 Doth duly wake in their behoof, the plaintive organ tone,  
 Immingling with a piteous chaunt that thrilleth to the  
 bone :

Ah welladay ! there be that say such masses not avail—  
And lightly hold their orisons, that sisterhood so pale ;  
But so in chapel speedeth aye the chaunt, withouten fail,  
And when 'tis done, I wist not one of all that therein be  
With moistened eyes but saith and sighs, Alas for Leonie !

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