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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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STREITBERG.

THE FRANCONIAN SWITZERLAND.

EVERY one has heard of Franconia—the old *Frankenland*, or Land of the Franks—but as no branch of knowledge which we acquire at school is so neglected in after-life as geography, it will do no harm if I explicitly describe its position. Franconia occupies the very heart of Germany, and, consequently, of Europe, so far as the rivers of the continent fix its central point. Springs, which rise within a circle two miles in diameter, send their waters to the Black Sea, the German Ocean, and the British Channel. Draw a line from Nuremberg to Dresden, and another from Hanover to Ratisbon, on the Danube, and their intersection will

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

give you, very nearly, the centre of Franconia. The Frankish Mountains are an offshoot of that long irregular chain, which, leaving the Rhine as it issues from the Lake of Constance, forms a vast curve through the very heart of Europe, embracing the Black Forest, the Odenwald, Spessart, the Rhön, the Thüringian Forest, the Erzgebirge, the Giant's Mountains, and the Carpathians and Transylvanian Alps. Franconia lies south of the axis of this chain, but its streams are nearly equally tributary to the Danube, the Elbe, and the Rhine. Politically, it never had an independent existence. Divided during the feudal ages into a number of quarrelsome baronies, it was afterward parceled between the Bishopric of Bamberg and the Principalities of Bayreuth and Anspach, but since 1809 has been incorporated into the Kingdom of Bavaria.

This region, less interesting in a historical point of view than on account of its remarkable scenery and its curious deposits of fossil remains, is very rarely visited by other than German tourists. The railroads from Leipzig and Frankfort-on-the-Main to Munich pass within sight of its mountains, but few indeed are the travelers who leave these highways, unless at Schweinfurt for the baths of Kissingen, or at Hof for those of Eger and Carlsbad.

Indeed, in my own case, the journey through the Franconian Switzerland requires a little explanation. The primary cause of it was the construction of seats in the passenger-cars on American railways! During nearly six months in the year, for three years, I had been obliged to use those *in*conveniences, and the result of this (for a tall man) continual cramping, and wedging, and jarring, was a serious injury to the knee-joints, which threatened to unfit me for duty as a pedestrian. Had I been enrolled among the ranks of our gallant volunteers, I am afraid I should have fallen by the wayside before the end of the first day's march. Some years ago I had occasion to regret that the directors of all railroad companies were not uniformly seven feet high, and I now repeat it with emphasis. The Camden and Amboy Railroad is to me simply a torture, the Philadelphia and Baltimore the rack, and from Baltimore to Washington I am broken on the wheel. It is greatly to be regretted that the fares on these roads are so very low, and the business so insignificant, that the companies can not afford greater space for passengers.

The prescription was: Moderate daily exercise, carefully timed so as to avoid unusual fatigue. But I am one of those persons who can not walk simply for the sake of exercise; I must have an object for locomotion. If I were to carry stones, like De Quincey on the Edinburgh turnpike, I should be crippled in an hour, but place me in a winding valley, where every turn discloses an unknown landscape, and I shall hold out for half a day. So the first thing I did, after reaching Germany, was to select an interesting field wherein to commence my Walking-Cure. Saxony, Thüringia, the Black Forest, the Hartz, I knew already; but here, within a day's railroad travel of my summer home, lay Franconia, with its caverns, its dolomite rocks, and its fir-clad mountains. In one month from the day I left New York I found myself at Forchheim, on the railroad between Bamberg and Nuremberg, and on the western border of the Franconian Switzerland.

Here I commence my narrative.

The omnibus for Streitberg was in waiting, with two passengers besides myself. The first was a pleasant old gentleman, who I soon discovered was a Professor from the University of Erlangen—a graduate of Göttingen in 1816, where he was fellow-student with George Ticknor and Edward Everett. Then entered a miserable-looking man, with a face wearing the strongest expression of distress and disgust. He had scarcely taken his seat before he burst into loud lamentations. "No, such a man!" he cried; "I have never met such a dreadful man. I could not get rid of him; he stuck to me like a blue-fly. Because I said to one of the passengers, 'I see from your face that you have studied,' he attacked me. 'What do you think, from *my* face, that *I* am?' he said. I didn't care what he was. 'I'm not very well dressed,' said he, 'but if I had my best clothes on you might guess twenty-four hours before you could make me out!' Oh, the accursed man! What did I care about him? 'Don't go to Streitberg!' he said, 'stop at Forchheim. Go to the Three Swans. If you stay there a day, you'll stay three; if you stay three days, you'll stay three weeks. But what do you take me for?' 'A journeyman shoemaker!' I cried, in desperation. 'No, you're wrong; I'm a dancing-master!' Holy Saint Peter, what a man!" After this I was not surprised when the narrator informed us that he was very sick, and was going to Streitberg to try the "whey-cure."

We entered the valley of the Wiesent, one of the far-off tributaries of the Rhine. The afternoon was intensely hot, but the sky was clear and soft, and the landscape could not have exhibited more ravishing effects of light and shade. Broad and rich at first, bordered with low hills, the valley gradually became deeper and narrower, without losing its fair, cultivated beauty. We passed around the foot of the Walpurgisberg, on the summit of which is a chapel, whereto a pilgrimage in honor of St. Walpurgis is made on the first of May. Further up the valley, on the opposite side, is the *Vexirkapelle* (the Chapel of Annoyance); so called, I presume, because you have it in view during a day's walk. Its situation is superb, on the very crest of a wooded mountain. Peasant-women, with gay red cloths on their heads, brightened the fields, but the abundance of beggars showed that we were in Bavaria.

At the little town of Ebermannstadt two young ladies joined us. They wore round hats, much jewelry, and expansive crinolines, which they carefully gathered up under their arms before taking their seats, thereby avoiding the usual

embarrassment. They saluted me with great cordiality, apologizing for the amplitude of dress which obliged me to shift my seat. I was a little disappointed, however, to find that they spoke the broadest *patois*, which properly requires the peasant costume to make it attractive. The distance between their speech and their dress was too great. "*Gelt, Hans, 's geht a bissel barsch 'uf?*" said one of them to the postillion—which is as if an American girl should say to the stage-driver, "Look here, you Jack, it's a sort o' goin' up-hill, ain't it?"

FRANCONIAN PEASANT-WOMAN.

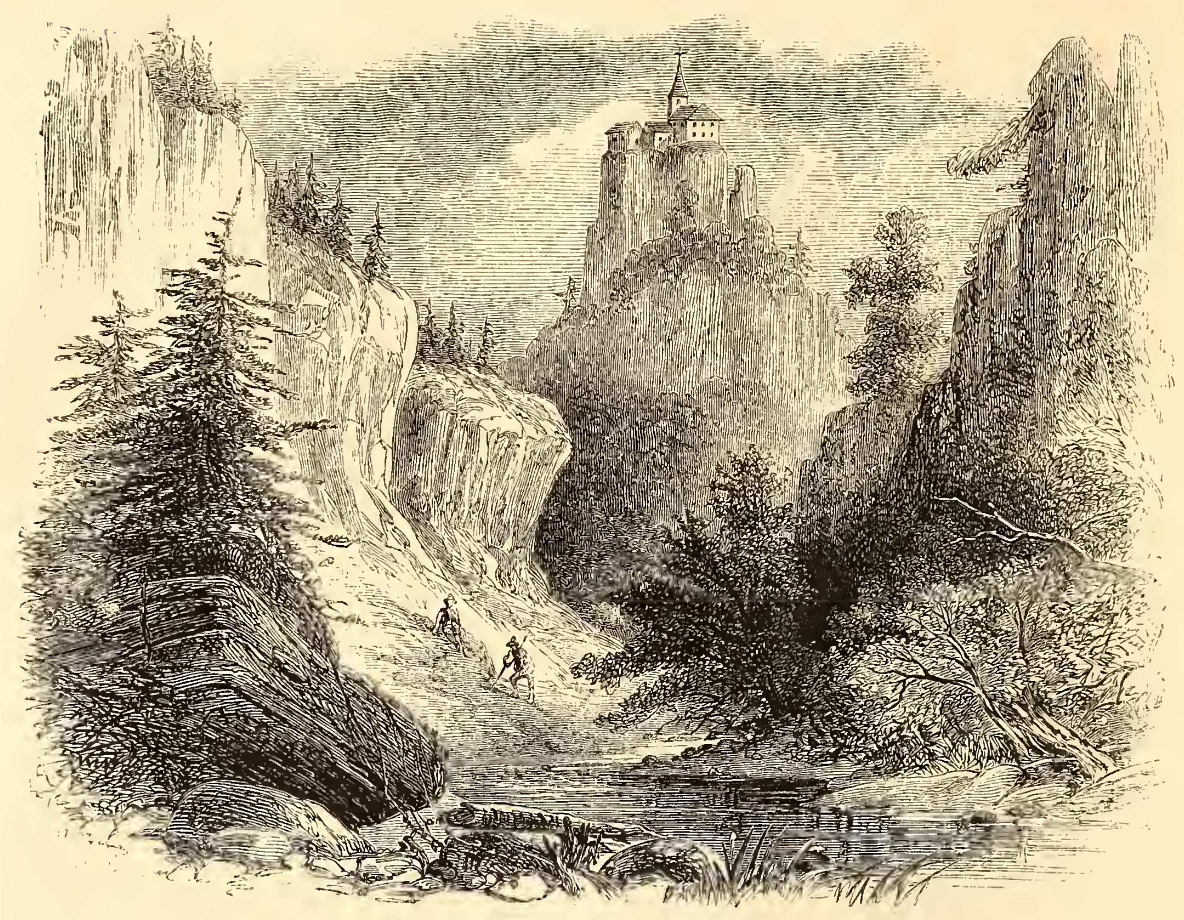
The valley now became quite narrow, and presently I saw, by the huge masses of gray rock and the shattered tower of Neideck, that we were approaching Streitberg. This place is the portal of the Franconian Switzerland. Situated at the last turn of the Wiesent valley—or rather at the corner where it ceased to be a gorge and becomes a valley—the village nestles at the base of a group of huge, splintered, overhanging rocks, among which still hang the ruins of its feudal castle. Opposite, on the very summit of a similar group, is the ruin of Niedeck. The names of the two places (the "Mount of Quarrel" and the "Corner of Envy") give us the clew to their history. Streitberg, no doubt, was at one time a very Ebal, or Mount of Cursing—nor, to judge from the invalid who accompanied us thither to try the whey-cure, can it yet have entirely lost its character. At the cure-house (as the Germans call it) there were some fifty similar individuals—sallow, peevish, irritable, unhappy persons, in whose faces one could see vinegar as well as whey. They sat croaking to each other in the balmy evening, or contemplated with rueful faces the lovely view down the valley.

I succeeded in procuring a bath by inscribing my name, residence, and the precise hour of bathing, in a book for the inspection of the physician. I trust he was edified by the perusal. Then, returning to the inn, I ordered a supper of trout, which are here cheap and good. They are kept in tanks, and, if you choose, you may pick out any fish you may prefer. A tap on the nose is supposed to kill them, after which the gall-bladder is removed, and they are thrown into boiling water. In Germany, trout are never eaten otherwise. The color fades in the process, but the flavor of the fish is fully retained. A slice of lemon, bread, butter, and a glass of Rhenish wine, are considered to be necessary harmonics.

I took a good night's sleep before commencing my walking-cure. Then, leaving my traveling-bag to follow with the diligence, I set out encumbered only with an umbrella-cane, a sketch-book, and a leather pouch, containing guide-book, map, note-book, and colors. Somewhat doubtful as to the result, but courageous, I began a slow, steady march up the valley. Many years had passed since I had undertaken a journey on foot, and as I recalled old experiences and old feelings, I realized that, although no sense of enjoyment was blunted, the fascinating *wonderment* of youth, which clothed every object in a magical atmosphere, was gone forever. My perception of Beauty seemed colder, because it was more intelligent, more discriminating. But Gain and Loss, in the scale of life, alternately kick the beam.

The dew lay thick on the meadows, and the peasants were every where at work shaking out the hay, so that the air was sweet with grass-odors. Above me, on either side, the immense gray horns and towers of rock rose out of the steep fir-woods, clearly, yet not too sharply defined against the warm blue of the sky. The Wiesent, swift and beryl-green, winding in many curves through the hay-fields, made a cheerful music in his bed. In an hour I reached the picturesque village of Muggendorf, near which is Rosenmüller's Cave, celebrated for its stalactitic formations. I have little fancy for subterranean travels, and after having seen the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and the grottoes of Crete, I felt no inclination to visit more than one of the Franconian caverns. After resting half an hour, and refreshing myself with a glass of water and the conversation of a company of ladies who alighted at the little tavern, I started again, still feeling tolerably brisk.

The valley now contracted to a wild gorge, with almost perpendicular walls of rock, and a narrow strip of meadow in its bed. In a distance of five miles I passed two fine old mills,



THE CASTLE OF GÖSSWEINSTEIN.

which were the only evidences of life and habitation. Suddenly, on turning a rocky corner, the castle of Gössweinstein appeared before me, as if hung in the sky. The picture was so striking that, in spite of the intense heat, I stopped to sketch it. On reaching a mill at the foot of the mountain I found there was no bridge over the stream, which I should have crossed some distance back. I was sufficiently tired, however, to be glad of a good excuse for not scaling the height. Presently I reached a little village in a nook where the gorge splits into three prongs, through two of which wild trout-streams come down to join the Wiesent. The meadows were covered with pieces of coarse linen in the process of bleaching. Here there was a tavern and a huge linden-tree, and after my walk of ten miles I considered myself entitled to shade and beer. It occurred to me, also, that I might lighten the journey by taking the landlady's son to carry my coat, sketch-book, etc. This proved to be a good idea.

The main road here left the valley, which really became next to impracticable. We took a foot-path up the stream, through a wild glen half-filled with immense fragments that had tumbled from the rocky walls on either side. The close heat was like that of an oven, and, as the solitude was complete, I gradually loaded my guide with one article of dress after another, until my costume resembled that of a Highlander, except that the kilt was white. Finally, seeing some hay-makers at a point where the glen made a sharp turn, I resumed my original character; and it was well that I did so, for on turning the corner I found myself in the village of Tüchersfeld, and in view of a multitude of women who were bleaching linen.

I know of few *surprises* in scenery equal to this. I was looking up the glen, supposing that my way lay straight on, when three steps more, and I found myself in a deep triangular basin, out of which rose three immense jagged masses of rock, like pyramids in ruin, with houses clinging, in giddy recklessness, to their sides! On a *saddle* between two of them stands the *Herrensitz*, or residence of the proprietary family. A majestic linden, centuries old, grows at the base, and high over its crown tower the weather-beaten spires of rock, with a blasted pine on the summit. The picture is grotesque in its character, which is an unusual feature in scenery. One who comes up the glen is so unprepared for it that it flashes upon him as if a curtain had been suddenly lifted.

Here I rested in the shade until the mid-day heat was over. A Jew and a young Bavarian lieutenant kept me company, and the latter entertained me with descriptions of various executions which he had seen. We left at the same time, they for Bayreuth and I for the little town of Pottenstein, at the head of the gorge, five miles further. By this time, I confess, the journey had become a toil. I dragged myself along rather than walked, and when a stout boy of twelve begged for a *kreutzer*, I bribed him for twelve to accompany and assist me. His dialect was of the broadest, and I could sooner have

understood a lecture on the Absolute Reason than his simple peasant gossip. His tongue was a very scissors for clipping off the ends of words. The pronoun "*ich*" he changed into "*a*," and very often used the third person of the verb instead of the first. I managed, however, to learn that the landlord in Tüchersfeld was "fearfully rich:" all the hay in the glen (perhaps ten tons) belonged to him. I had already suspected as much, for the landlord took pains to tell us about a wedding trip he had just made to the old monastery of Banz, a day's journey distant. "It cost me as much as forty florins," said he, "but then we traveled second-class. To my thinking it's not half so pleasant as third-class, but then I wanted to be *noble* for once."

A VIEW IN TUCHERSFELD.

For an hour and a half we walked through a deep, winding glen, where there was barely a little room here and there for a hay or barley field. On the right hand were tall forests of fir and pine; on the left, abrupt stony hills, capped with huge irregular bastions of Jura limestone. Gradually the rocks appear on the right and push away the woods; the stream is squeezed between a double row of Cyclopean walls, which assume the wildest and most fantastic shapes, and finally threaten to lock together and cut off the path. These wonderful walls are three or four hundred feet in height—not only perpendicular, but actually overhanging in many places.

As I was shuffling along, quite exhausted, I caught a glimpse of two naked youngsters in a shaded eddy of the stream. They plunged about with so much enjoyment that I was strongly tempted to join them: so I stepped down to the bank, and called out, "Is the water cold?" Whoop! away they went, out of the water and under a thick bush, leaving only four legs visible. Presently these also disappeared, and had it not been for two tow shirts, more brown than white, lying on the grass, I might have supposed that I had surprised a pair of Nixies.

The approach to Pottenstein resembles that to Tüchersfeld, but it is less sudden and surprising. It is wonderfully picturesque—the houses are so jammed in, here and there, among the huge shapeless limestone monoliths, and the bits of meadow and garden have such a greenness and brightness contrasted with the chaos which incloses them I found my way to the post-inn, and straightway dropped into one of the awkward carved wooden chairs (the pattern of five centuries ago) in the guests' room, with a feeling of infinite gratitude. The landlord brought me a mug of beer, with black bread and a handful of salt on a plate. I remembered the types of hospitality in the Orient, and partook of the hallowed symbols Then came consecutive ablutions of cold water and brandy; after which I felt sufficiently refreshed to order trout for supper. But whatever of interest the little town may have contained, nothing could tempt me to walk another step that day.

In the morning I engaged a man as guide and sack-bearer, and set out by 6 o'clock for Rabenstein (the Raven-rock) and its famous cavern. We first climbed out of the chasm of Pottenstein, which was filled with a hot, silvery mist, and struck northward over high, rolling land.

from which we could now and then look down into the gorges of the Püttlach and Eschbach. There was not a breath of air stirring, and even at that early hour the heat was intense. I would have stopped occasionally to rest, but the guide pushed ahead, saying: "We must get on before the day is hot." The country was bald and monotonous, but the prospect of reaching Rabenstein in two hours enabled me to hold out. Finally the little foot-path we had been following turned into a wood, whence, after a hundred paces, it suddenly emerged upon the brink of a deep, rocky basin, resembling the crater of a volcano. It was about four hundred feet deep, with a narrow split at either end, through which the Eschbach stream entered and departed. The walls were composed of enormous overhanging masses of rock, which rested on natural arches or regular jambs, like those of Egyptian gateways, while the bed was of the greenest turf, with a slip of the blue sky mirrored in the centre, as if one were looking upon a lower heaven through a crack in the earth. Opposite, on the very outer edge of the rock, sat the castle of Rabenstein, and the houses of the village behind it seemed to be crowding on toward the brink, as if anxious which should be first to look down.

Into this basin led the path—a toilsome descent, but at the bottom we found a mill which was also a tavern, and bathed our tongues in some cool but very bitter and disagreeable beer. "Sophia's Cave," the finest grotto in the Franconian Switzerland, is a little further up the gorge; and the haymakers near the mill, on, seeing me, shouted up to the cave-keeper in the village over their heads to get his torches ready. The rocks on either side exhibit the most wild and wonderful forms. In one place a fragment, shaped very much like a doll, but from 80 to 100 feet in height, has slipped down from above, and fallen out, resting only its head against the perpendicular wall. On approaching the cave, the rocky wall on which the castle of Rabenstein stands projects far over its base, and a little white chapel sits on the summit. The entrance is a very broad, low arch, resting on natural pillars.

ROCK NEAR RABENSTEIN.

You first penetrate for a hundred feet or more by a spacious vaulted avenue; then the rock contracts, and a narrow passage, closed by double doors, leads to the subterranean halls. Here you find yourself near the top of an immense chamber, hung with stalactites and tinkling with the sound of water dropping from their points. A wooden staircase, protected by an iron railing, leads around the sides to the bottom, giving views of some curious formations—waterfalls, statues, a papal tiara, the intestines of cattle—and the blunt pillars of the stalagmites, growing up by hundreds from every corner or shelf of rock.

The most remarkable feature of the cave, however—as of all the Franconian grottoes—is the abundance of fossil remains in every part of it. The attention of geologists was first directed to these extraordinary deposits by the naturalist Rosenmüller, who explored and described them; but they were afterward better known through the writings of Cuvier and Humboldt. Here, imbedded in the incrusted stone, lie the skulls of bears and hyenas, the antlers of deer, elk, and antelopes, and the jaw-bones of mammoths. You find them in the farthest recesses of the cave, and the rock seems to be actually a conglomerate of them. Yet no entire skeleton of any animal, I was informed, has been found. Under the visible layers are other deeper layers of the same remains. How were all these beasts assembled here? What overwhelming fear or necessity drove together the lion and the stag, the antelope and the hyena? and what convulsion, hundreds of centuries ago, buried them so deep? There is some grand mystery of Creation hidden in this sparry sepulchre of pre-adamite beasts.

We passed on into the second and third chambers, where the stalactites assume other and more unusual forms, such as curtains, chandeliers, falling fringes of lily-leaves, and embroidered drapery, all of which are thin, transparent, snowy-white, and give forth a clear, bell-like tone when struck. The cave is curious and beautiful rather than grand. The guide informed me that I had penetrated 2000 feet from

the entrance, but this I could not believe. Eight hundred feet would be nearer the mark. On returning, the first effect of the daylight on the outer arches of the cavern transmuted them into golden glass, and the wild landscape of the gorge was covered with a layer of crystal fire so dazzling that I could scarcely look upon it.

By this time it was 10 o'clock, and the heat increasing every moment: it was 90° in the shade. An hour's walk over a bare, roasting upland brought me to the Wiesent valley and the town of Waischenfeld, which I reached in a state of complete exhaustion. Here, however, there was an omnibus to Bayreuth. My guide and baggage-bearer was an old fellow of sixty, who had waited upon me the evening before in Pottenstein, and besides had fallen in the street and broken his pipe while going to the baker's for my breakfast: so I gave him a florin and a half (60 cents). But I was hardly prepared for the outburst which followed: "Thank you, and Heaven reward you, and God return it to you, and Our Dear Lady take care of you! Oh, but I will pray ever so many paternosters for you, until you reach home again. Oh, that you may get back safely! Oh, that you may have long life! Oh, that you may be rich! Oh, that you may keep your health! Oh, that I might go on with you, and never stop! But you're a noble lordship! It isn't me that likes vulgar people: I won't have nothing to do with 'em: it's the fine, splendid gentleman like yourself that it does me good to be with!" With that he took my hand, and, bending over, kissed me just under the right eye before I knew what he was after. He then left; and when I came to pay my bill I found that he had ordered dinner and beer at my expense!

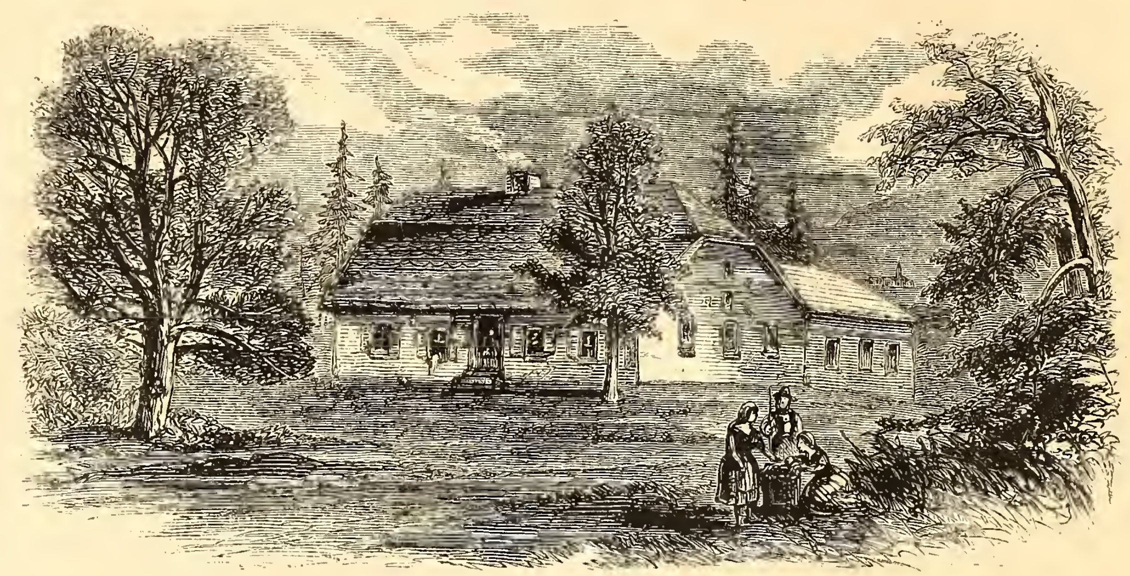
I waited at Waischenfeld until late in the afternoon, and then took the post for Bayreuth. The upper valley of the Wiesent exhibits some remarkable rock-forms; but they become less and less frequent, the valley widens, and finally, at the village of Blankenstein, the characteristics of the Franconian Switzerland, in this direction, disappear. The soil, however, is much richer, and the crops were wonderfully luxuriant. We passed a solitary chapel by the road-side, renowned as a place of pilgrimage. "The people call it *die Käbel*," said my fellow-passenger, a Bayreuther. "If you were to say *Kapelle* [chapel], they wouldn't know what you meant." The votive offerings placed there are immediately stolen; the altar-ornaments are stolen; even the bell is stolen from the tower.

At last the Fichtelgebirge (Fir-Mountains)—the central chain of Franconia—came in sight, and the road began to descend toward the valley of Bayreuth. My fellow-passenger proposed that we should alight at the commencement of a park called the *Phantasie*, belonging to Duke Alexander of Würtemberg, and he would conduct me through to the other end, where the omnibus would wait for us. We entered a charming park, every foot of which betrayed the most exquisite taste and the most tender care. Nowhere could be found smoother gravel, greener turf, brighter flowers, or a more artistic disposition of trees, fountains, statues, and flower-beds. Presently we reached a stately Italian palace of yellow stone, with a level, blossomy terrace in front, overhanging a deep valley, which seemed to have been brought bodily from Switzerland. In the bottom was a lake, bordered by the greenest meadows; the opposite hill was wooded with dark firs, and every house which could be seen was Swiss in its form. Two men were on the terrace, looking over the heavy stone balustrade—one of them a very stout, strong figure, with a massive gray beard. "Ah," said my companion, "there is the Duke himself!" His Highness, seeing us, returned our salutes very politely, and then slid behind a bush. "He always does that," said the Bayreuther, "when strangers come: he goes away lest they should be embarrassed, and not see as much as they wish." This is really the extreme of politeness. The Duke's wife was the Princess Marie d'Orleans, that gifted daughter of Louis Philippe, whose statue of Joan of Arc is in the Versailles Gallery. She died, however, not in consequence of excessive devotion to her art, as is often stated, but from a cold contracted after her first confinement. Duke Alexander has never married again.

The Phantasie struck me as being one of the most exquisite specimens of landscape gardening in Germany. It is an illustration of what may be accomplished by simply *assisting* nature—by following her suggestions rather than forcing her to assume a new character.

As we approached Bayreuth my friend said: "Now I will try and show you the grave of Jean Paul (Richter)." But the foliage in the cemetery was too thick, and I only *thought* I saw the top of a black marble tombstone. "I remember him very well," he continued. "When I was a boy I often saw him on his way to Frau Rollwenzel's. He wore a wide coat, and always had a bottle of wine in his pocket. One hand he held behind him, and carried a stick in the other. Sometimes he would stop and take a drink of wine. I remember his funeral, which took place by torch-light. He was a most beautiful corpse! His widow gave me one of his vests, a white one, with embroidery upon it, and I was fool enough to let it go out of my hands; I shall never forgive myself for that. But then, *nobody in Bayreuth thought he was a great man.*" And this was said of Jean Paul, the greatest German humorist! There is a melancholy moral in the remark.

Bayreuth is a stately town for its size (the population is some 18,000); the streets are broad, the houses large and massive; but over all there is an air of departed grandeur like Ferrara, Ravenna, and the other deserted Italian capitals. In the former century it had an ostentatious court—its Margraves, no doubt, considered themselves *Grands Monarques* in miniature, and surrounded themselves with pompous ceremonial—but all this is over. Now and then



"HERE JEAN PAUL WROTE."

a curious stranger arrives, and he passes with scarce a glance the palace of the old rulers on his way to the statue of the grand plebeian, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. At least the latter was the only object in the city which *I* cared to see. It is of bronze, colossal, and from Schwanthaler's model. The poet is represented as leaning against a tree, with a pencil in one hand and a note-book in the other, while his head is slightly lifted, as if with the inspiration of a new idea. But it is by no means a great work.

In spite of the heat (92° in the shade) I walked out to the Hermitage, a summer resort of the Margraves, about four miles from the city. The road thither is an unbroken avenue of magnificent lindens, from which, as the ground gradually rises, you have wide views of the surrounding country. On the summit of the ridge stands the famous coffee-house, formerly kept by Frau Rollwenzel. On a tablet beside the door are the words: "*Hier dichtete Jean Paul.*" (Here Jean Paul wrote his works.) He had a garret room in the little low house, and it was his habit for many years to walk out from Bayreuth in the morning, and write there all day, returning in the evening. I climbed the steep, dark staircase, and entered his room, a narrow den, with two windows looking toward the Fichtelgebirge. Every thing is kept in precisely the same condition as during his life. There is the same old calico sofa, the same deal table and rude bookshelf which he used. In the table-drawer is one of his manuscript works: "Remarks About Us Fools." The custodian informed me that he had been offered 300 florins ($120) for it by an Englishman. Over the sofa hangs a portrait of Jean Paul, under which is a smaller one of Frau Rollwenzel.

FRAU ROLLWENZEL.

In a quarter of an hour more I reached the Hermitage, which I found entirely deserted. Laborers and loafers alike had fled from the unusual heat. In the deep avenues of the park, where the sunshine, passing through triple layers of beech-leaves, took the hue of dark-green glass, I found a grateful coolness; but the fountains, the sand-stone dragons, and rococo flower-beds in front of a semicircular temple of rough mosaic, dedicated to the Sun, basked in an intense Persian heat. The god really had visited his altar. Here there are very remarkable *jeux d'eau;* but I confess, with humiliation, that I had not sufficient energy remaining to find the person who had them in charge, and thus did not see their performance. The water, I was told, comes forth from all sorts of unexpected places; forms suns, moons, and stars in the air; spouts from the trees; spirts out of the bushes; and so envelops the beholder in a fountain-chaos that he is lucky if he escapes without a drenching. There is one seat in particular which the stranger is directed to take, in order to obtain the best view. Woe to him if he obey! All the trees and rocks around fling their streams upon him.

The Hermitage is a good specimen of what is called in Germany the *Zopf* (Queue) style—the quintessence of formality. Its position, on the opposite side of, and equidistant from, Bayreuth, challenges a comparison with the Phantasie, and the difference is just this: in the Phantasie one

sees that Nature is *beloved*—in the Hermitage, that she is patronized with lofty eondescension.

Returning to Bayreuth, I took the railroad to a little town called Markt-Schorgast, in order to enter the Fichtelgebirge from the most approved point. On the way I conversed half an hour in German with a fellow-passenger before either discovered that the other was an American. The discovery, however, enabled me to see a New York paper only fifteen days old, with a cheering report of the good cause, and I left the train at Markt-Schorgast in the best of spirits. Here I tried to procure a man to carry my sack to Berneck, some three miles distant, but only succeeded in obtaining a very small boy. "Really," said I, when the mite made his appearance, "he can never carry it." "Let me see," said the station-master, lifting the sack; "*ja wohl*, that's nothing for him. He could run with it!" True enough, the boy put it into a basket, shouldered it, and trotted off as brisk as a grasshopper. The load was larger than himself, and I walked after him with a sense of shame. There was I, a broad-shouldered giant in comparison, puffing, and sweating, and groaning, finding even my umbrella troublesome, and the poor little pigmy at my side keeping up a lively quick-step with his bare feet on the hot road.

IMPEDIMENTA.

We crossed a burning hill into a broad, shallow valley, with a village called Wasserknoten (the water-knots). Beyond this the valley contracted into a glen, shaded with dark fir-woods, which overhung slopes of velvet rather than grass, they wore so even and lustrous a green. After a while the ruins of Hohen-berneck (High Bear's Corner), consisting of one square tower, 80 feet high, appeared on the erest of the hill. The town is squeezed into the bottom of the glen, which is only wide enough for a single street, more than a mile long. I was so thoroughly fatigued when I reached the post-inn at the farther end of the place that I gave up all thoughts of going further.

The landlord made much of me on learning that I was an American. He not only regaled me with beer, but took me to see another Bernecker, who had been in England, India, and China. Several "*cure*-guests" joined the company, and I was obliged to give them a history of the Southern Rebellion, which was no easy matter, as so much incidental explanation was necessary. In Berneck there is a frequented whey-cure. In fact, there are few towns in Germany without a "eure" of some kind. Whey-cures, water-cures, grape-cures, hunger-cures, cider-cures, pine-needle-cures, salt-cures, and herb-cures flourish in active rivalry. In addition to all these the beer-cure is universally employed.

I had engaged a man to be ready in the morning to accompany me to Bischofsgrün, ten miles further; but the man turned out to be an old woman. However, it made little difference, as she walked quite as fast with her load as I was willing to walk without one. The same temperature continued; there was not a cloud in the sky, and a thin, silvery shimmer of heat in the air and over the landscape. We followed the course of the young Main, at first through a wide, charming valley, whose meadows of grass and flowers fairly blazed in the sunshine, while on either hand towered the dark blue-green forests of fir. Shepherds with their flocks were on the slopes, and the little goose-girls drove their feathered herds along the road. One of them drew a wagon in which a goose and a young child were sitting cozily together. The cuckoo sang in all the woods, and no feature of life failed which the landscape suggested, unless it were the Tyrolean *yodel.* After an hour's hard walking the valley became a steep gorge, up which the road wound through continuous forests.

The scenery was now thoroughly Swiss in its character, and charmed me almost to forgetfulness of my weak and bruised knees. Still, I was heartily rejoiced when we reached Bischofsgrün (Bishop's-green), a village at the base of the Ochsenkopf, one of the highest summits of the Fichtelgebirge. Here a rampant golden-lion hung out, the welcome sign of food and rest. Before it stood a carriage which had brought a gentleman and three ladies—very genial and friendly persons, although they spoke a most decided *patois.* They had just ordered dinner, and the huge stove at one end of the guests' room sent out a terrible heat. The landlord was a slow, peaceful old fellow, with that meek air which comes from conjugal subjugation. But his wife was a mixture of thunder, lightning, and hail. The first thing she did was to snatch a pair of red worsted slippers from a shelf; then she rubbed her bare feet against the edge of a chair to scrape off the sand, and, sitting down, pulled up her dress so as to show the greater part of a pair of very solid legs, and put on the slippers. "There!" said she, stamping until the tables rattled, "now comes my work. It's me that has it to do. Oh yes! so many at once, and nothing in the house. Man! and thou standest there, stock-still. Ach! here, thou Bärbel! See there! [*Bang* goes the

THE TEMPEST.

kitchen-door.] It is a cursed life! [*Bang* the other door.] Ach! Haï! Ho, there!" she shouted from the street.

Just then came a hay-wagon from Berneck, with thirteen additional guests. The thunders again broke heavily, and for half an hour rolled back and forth, from kitchen to stall, and from stall to kitchen, without intermission. The old peasants, with their beer-*seidls* before them, winked at each other and laughed. I was getting hungry, but scarcely dared to ask for dinner. Finally, however, I appealed to the meek landlord. "Be so good as to wait a little," he whispered; "it will come after a while." Presently his son came in with a newspaper, saying, "Mammy, there's t' *Ziting* (Zeitung)." "Get out o' my way!" she yelled. "*Ja, jo,* I should read t' paper, shouldn't I? Ha! Ho, there! Man! Bärbel!" and the storm broke out afresh. I wish it were possible to translate the coarse, grotesque dialect of this region—which is to pure German what Irish is to English, and with as characteristic a flavor—but I know not how it could be done.

Not quite so difficult would be the translation of an aristocratic poem, written in the *Fremdenbuch*, two days before, by a sentimental baron. It might very well compare with Pope's "Lines by a Person of Quality." But no; we have an ample supply of such stuff in our own language, and I will spare my readers. Bischofsgrün is noted for its manufacture of bottles and beads for rosaries. There is a glass furnace here which has been in steady operation for eight hundred years. I doubt whether any thing about it has changed very much in that time. I peeped into it, and saw the men making bottles of a coarse texture and pale greenish color, but the mouths of the furnaces, disclosing pits of white heat, speedily drove me away. Although the village is at least 1800 feet above the sea, there was no perceptible diminution of the heat.

The men were all in the hay-fields, and I was obliged to take a *madel* (maiden), as the landlord called her—a woman of fifty, with grown-up children. As the last thunders of the landlady of the Lion died behind us, the "maiden" said, "Ach! my daughter can't stand it much longer. She's been there, in service, these five years; and it's worse and worse. The landlady's a good woman when she don't drink, but drink she does, and pretty much all the time. She's from Schönbrunn: she was a *mill-daughter*, and her husband a *tavern-son*, from the same place. It isn't good when a woman drinks schnapps, except at weddings and funerals; and as for wine, we poor people can't think o' that!"

It was near three o'clock, and we had twelve miles through the mountains to Wunsiedel. Our road led through a valley between the Schneeberg and the Ochsenkopf, both of which mountains were in full view, crowned with dark firs to their very summits. I confess I was disappointed in the scenery. The valley is so elevated that the mountains rise scarcely 1200 feet above it; the slopes are gradual, and not remarkable for grace; and the bold rock-formations are wanting. Coming up the Main-glen from

Berneck, the lack of these features was atoned for by the wonderful beauty of the turf. Every landscape seemed to be new-carpeted, and with such care that the turf was turned under and backed down along the edges of the brooks, leaving no bare corner any where. If the sunshine had been actually woven into its texture it could not have been brighter. The fir-woods had a bluish-green hue, purple in the shadows. But on the upper meadows over which I now passed the grass was in blossom, whence they took a brownish tinge, and there were many cleared spots which still looked ragged and naked.

We soon entered the forest at the foot of the Ochsenkopf, and walked for nearly an hour under the immense trees. The ground was carpeted with short whortleberry-bushes, growing so thickly that no other plant was to be seen. Beyond this wood lay a rough, mossy valley, which is one of the water-sheds between the Black Sea and the German Ocean. The fountains of the Main and the Nab are within Minié rifle-shot of each other. Here the path turned to the left, leading directly up the side of the mountain. In the intense heat, and with my shaky joints, the ascent was a terrible toil. Up, and up we went, and still up, until an open patch of emerald pasture, with a chalêt in the centre, showed that the summit was reached. A spring of icy crystal bubbled up in the grass, and I was kneeling to drink, when a smiling *hausfrau* came out with a glass goblet. I returned it, with a piece of money, after drinking. "What is that?" said she. "No, no; water must not be paid for!" and handed it back. "Well," said I, giving it to her flaxen-headed boy, "it is not meant as pay, but as a present for this youngster." "God protect you on your journey!" was her hearty farewell.

The ridge, I should guess, was about 2800 feet above the sea-level. The descent, I found, was a very serious matter. I was obliged to limp down slowly, with a crippled step, which in itself was no slight fatigue. When the feet have not free play it seems to tire some unused internal muscle—or, to judge by my own sensations, the very marrow of the bones. We had a tough foot-path through a dense forest for half an hour, and then emerged upon a slanting meadow, whence there was a lovely view of the country to the east of the Fichtelgebirge, with Wunsiedel away in the distance, a bright island-spot in the sea of dark-green firs. Down on the right was a broad, rich valley, in which ponds of water shone clear and blue; villages dotted the cultivated slopes, and the wooded heights of the Luisenburg and the Kösseine rose beyond. Here I began to find again the scenery of Richter's works, which had struck me so forcibly in the vicinity of Bayreuth.

By the time we had reached the bottom of the mountain and left the forest behind us, I had almost touched the limits of my endurance. But there was still a good three miles before us. The "maiden," with twenty pounds on her back, marched along bravely; I followed, a disabled veteran, halting every now and then to rest and recruit. All things must have an end, and it is not every day's journey that winds up with a comfortable inn. I am not sure but that the luxury of the consecutive bath, beef-steak, and bed, which I enjoyed, compensated for all the pain endured.

A shower the next morning freshened the air, diminished the heat, and put some little elasticity into my bruised muscles. It was a gala day for Wunsiedel. The Turners of the place, who had formed themselves into a fire company, performed in the market-square, with engines, ladders, hose, etc., complete. Early in the morning the Turners of Hof and their female friends arrived in six great hay-wagons, covered with arches of birch boughs and decorated with the Bavarian colors. There was a sham fire: roofs were scaled, ladders run up to the windows, the engines played, the band performed, and the people shouted. The little city was unusually lively; the inns were overflowing, and squads of visitors, with green boughs in their hats, filled the streets.

After dinner I undertook an excursion to the Luisenburg, notwithstanding I felt so decrepit at starting that I would have given a considerable sum to any body who would have insured my coming back upon my own legs. A handsome linden avenue led up the long hill to the southward of Wunsiedel, from the crest of which we saw Alexandersbad, at the foot of the mountain, and seeming to lean upon the lower edge of its fir-forests. By a foot-path through fields which were beds of blossoms — harebell, butter-cup, phlox, clover, daisy, and corn-flower intermixed —we reached the stately water-cure establishment in three-quarters of an hour. I first visited the mineral spring, which, the guide informed me, was strongly tinctured with saltpetre. I was therefore surprised to hear two youths, who were drinking when we came up, exclaim, "Exquisite!" "delicious!" But when I drank, I said the same thing. The taste was veritably fascinating, and I took glass after glass, with a continual craving for more.

This watering-place, once so frequented, is now comparatively deserted. But fifty guests were present, and they did not appear to be very splendid persons. The grounds, however, were enlivened by the presence of the youths and maidens from Hof. I visited the *Kurhaus*, looked into the icy plunge-baths of the Hydropathic establishment, tasted some very hard water, and then took the broad birchen avenue which climbs to the Luisenburg. On entering the forest I beheld a monument erected to commemorate the presence of Fred. Wilhelm III. and Louisa of Prussia, in 1805. "On this very spot," said my guide, "the King and Queen, with King Max. I. of Bavaria and the Emperor of Austria (!), were talking together, when the news came to them that Napoleon was in Vienna. They hired a man to go to Nuremberg and see whether it was true. The man—he is still living, and we shall probably see him this afternoon [in fact, I *did* see him]—walked all the way [nine-

KLINGER'S GROTTO.

ty English miles] in twenty-four hours, then rested twenty-four more, and walked back in the same time. Then the King of Prussia immediately went home and decided to fight against Napoleon, which was the cause of the battle of Leipzig!"

The road slowly but steadily ascended, and in half an hour we reached the commencement of the Luisenburg. Huge, mossy rocks, piled atop of one another in the wildest confusion, overhung the way, and the firs, which grew wherever their trunks could be wedged in, formed a sun-proof canopy far above them. This labyrinth of colossal granite boulders, called the Luisenburg (or, more properly, the *Lugsburg*, its original name), extends to the summit of the mountain, a distance of 1100 feet. It is a wilderness of Titanic grottoes, arches, and even abutments of regular masonry, of astonishing magnitude. I have seen similar formations in Saxony, but none so curiously contorted and hurled together.

Although this place has been, for the past eighty years, a favorite summer resort of the Bavarians, it has scarcely been heard of outside of Germany. Jean Paul, during his residence at Wunsiedel, frequently came hither, and his name has been given to one of the most striking rocky chambers. There is an abundance of inscriptions, dating mostly from the last decade of the past century, and exhibiting, in their overstrained sentimentalism, the character of the generation which produced "Werther," "Paul and Virginia," and "The Children of the Abbey." In Klinger's Grotto, the roof of which is formed by an immense block fifty-four feet long and forty-four feet broad, there is a tablet, erected in 1794 by a certain Herr von Carlowitz, on which he says: "My wish is to enjoy my life unnoticed, and happily married, and to be worthy of the tears of the good when I fearlessly depart!" This is all very well; but it can scarcely be expected that for centuries to come the world will care much whether Herr von Carlowitz was happily married or not.

Climbing upward through the labyrinthine clefts of the rocks, we find every where similar records. The names "Otto, Therese, Amalie," deeply engraved, proclaim the fact that the present King of Greece met his two sisters here, in 1836. Just above them six enormous blocks are piled one upon the other, reaching almost to the tops of the firs. This was a favorite resort of Louisa of Prussia, and the largest rock, accordingly, bears the following description: "When we behold the mild rays of the lovely spring sun shining on this rocky colossus, we think on the gentle glance of blissful grace wherewith Louisa to-day made us happy: and the rock itself suggests our love and fidelity to her!" As a specimen of aristocratic sentiment, this is unparalleled. Beyond this point the immense masses lean against each other, blocking up the path and sloping forward, high overhead, as if in the act of falling. In 1798 somebody placed the inscription here, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther;" but under it is carved, "I made the attempt, and behold! I went farther. 1804." A ladder enables you to reach an opening, whence

the path, traversing sunless clefts, crawling through holes and scaling gigantic piles of the formless masonry of the Deluge, reaches the summit. Here, on a lonely rock, still stands a single tower of the old robber-fortress which was destroyed in the thirteenth century by Philip of Streitberg, in revenge for the abduction of his bride by the knight of the Lugsburg.

From the tower we had fine views to the north, east, and west. The day could not have been more fortunately chosen. The air was unusually clear, and the distant villages showed with remarkable distinctness, yet a light golden shimmer was spread over the landscape, and, by contrast with the dark firs around us, it seemed like an illuminated picture painted on a transparent canvas.

On the side of one of the largest boulders is an inscription recommending those who are at enmity to mount the rock and behold the landscape, as a certain means of reconciliation. It records the meeting of two estranged friends, who first looked around them and then fell into each other's arms, without a word. This was truly German. Enemies of Anglo-Saxon blood, I am afraid, would have tried to push each other off the rock instead of allowing the scenery to reconcile them. One more inscription, the climax of sentiment, and I will cease to copy: "Nature is great, Love is divine, Longing is infinite, Dreams are rich; only the human heart is poor. And yet—fortunate is he who feels this, miserable he who does not even suspect it. Thou losest a dream and winn'st—Rest!" To be candid, silly as many of these inscriptions were, they gave a human interest to the spot. Even the record of human vanity is preferable to the absence of any sign of man.

Feeling myself in tolerable condition, I went on, along the crest of the mountain, to the Burgstein, a mass of rock 100 feet high, and crowning a summit nearly 3000 feet above the sea. The top is about seven by nine feet in compass, and inclosed by a strong railing to prevent the visitor from being blown off. Hence I looked far down into the Upper Palatinate of Bavaria, away to the blue Bohemian mountains, and, to the west, on all the dark summits of the Fichtelgebirge. The villages shone white and red in the sun; the meadow-ponds were sapphires set in emerald, and the dark-purple tint of the forests mottled the general golden-green lustre of the landscape. A quarter of an hour further is the Haberstein, a wonderful up-building of rock, forming a double tower, from eighty to a hundred feet high.

On returning to Wunsiedel I did not neglect to visit Jean Paul's birth-place—a plain, substantial house, adjoining the church. Here the street forms a small court, in the centre of which, on a pedestal of granite, stands a bronze bust of the great man. The inscription is: "*Wunsiedel to her Jean Paul Fr. Richter.*" Nothing could be simpler or more appropriate. In front, the broad street, lined with large, cheerful yellow or pink houses, stretches down the hill and closes with a vista of distant mountains. The place is very gay, clean, and attractive, notwith-

THUS FAR, AND NO FARTHER.

THE HABERSTEIN.

standing its humble position. Jean Paul describes it completely, when he says: "I am glad to have been born in thee, thou *bright* little town!"

I was aroused the next morning by the singing of a hymn, followed by the beating of a drum. Both sounds proceeded from a company of twenty or more small boys, pupils of a school at Ebersdorf (in the Franconian Forest), who, accompanied by their teachers, were making a tour on foot through the Fichtelgebirge. The sight admonished me to resume my march, as I intended going southward to Kemnath, in the Upper Palatinate. The wind blew fresh from the southwest, and heavy black clouds filled the sky. My road led up a valley between the twin mountain-groups, crossing a ridge which divides the waters of Europe. The forests were as black as ink under the shadows of the clouds, and the distant hills had a dark indigo color, which gave a remarkable tone to the landscape. Take a picture of Salvator Rosa and substitute blue for brown, and you may form some idea of it.

Presently the rain came, at first in scattering drops, but soon in a driving shower. My guide, to keep up my spirits, talked on and on in the broad Frankish dialect, which I could only comprehend by keeping all my faculties on a painful stretch. "Down in the Palatinate," said he, "the people speak a very difficult language. They cut off all the words, and bring out the pieces very fast." This was precisely what he himself did! For instance, what German scholar could understand "*wid'r a weng renga!*" (wieder ein wenig Regen)—which was one of the clearest of his expressions. To beguile the rainy road he related to me the history of a band of robbers, who in the years 1845 and '46 infested the Franconian mountains, and plundered the highways on all sides.

By this time I had the Fichtelgebirge behind me, and the view opened southward, down the valley of the Nab. The *Rauhe Kulm*, an isolated basaltic peak, lifted its head in the middle of the landscape, and on the left rose the long, windy ridge of the Weissenstein. Here and there a rocky summit was crowned with the ruins of an ancient robber-castle. But the scene would have been frightful on canvas, it lay so bleak and rigid under the rainy sky. In two hours more I passed the boundary between Franconia and the Upper Palatinate.

Here my Franconian excursion closes. The next day I reached Arnberg, on the Eastern Bavarian Railway, having accomplished about a hundred miles on foot, to the manifest improvement of one knee at the expense of the other. But I had, in addition, a store of cheerful and refreshing experiences, and my confidence in the Walking-Cure is so little shaken that I propose trying a second experiment in the Bohemian Forest—a region still less known to the tourist, if possible, than the Franconian Switzerland. Whether I do this or not, will depend upon the news which I receive from home. If the war continues in America, I shall not tarry in Europe.

THE "SHANNON" TAKING THE "CHESAPEAKE" INTO HALIFAX.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.*

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

WHILE prosecuting the siege of Boston, during the summer and autumn of 1775, Washington caused five or six armed vessels to be fitted out, and sent them to cruise as privateers on the New England coast, where British vessels had been depredating since the beginning of hostilities at Lexington and Concord, in April of that year. On the 13th of October the Continental Congress resolved to fit out two vessels of war, to cruise off the same coast, for the purpose of intercepting British transports. On the same day Silas Deane of Connecticut, John Langdon of New Hampshire, and Christopher Gadsden of South Carolina, were appointed a committee to direct naval affairs. Within two months afterward the Congress had authorized the construction and fitting out of fifteen more vessels; and the "Marine Committee" was enlarged so as to comprise one delegate from each colony. Several modifications of this committee were made during the war. In November, 1776, a *Continental Navy Board* was appointed to assist the *Marine Committee;* and in October, 1779, a *Board of Admiralty* was established. Its clerk held the relative position of the Secretary of the Navy at the present day. There was no change until 1781, when *Robert Morris*, the patriotic financier of the Revolution, who sent out many privateers on his own account, was appointed *Agent of Marine.*

* The engravings which illustrate this paper are from LOSSING'S *Pictorial Field-Book of the War of* 1812, now in preparation, and to be published by Harper and Brothers.

In December, 1775, the Congress issued several naval commissions, and determined the rank of officers, in their relations to grades in the military service; such as *Admiral* to be equal to a *General* on land, a *Commodore* to a *Brigadier-General*, etc. Esek Hopkins, of Rhode Island, was appointed Senior Captain; and John Paul Jones, of Scotland, then a resident of Virginia, was made Senior Lieutenant. Such was the germ of the United States Navy.

While the regular navy was active and efficient during the war, its operations were limited, in comparison with those of the numerous privateers that swarmed along the coast. The regular navy for a long time was employed chiefly in the interception of British transports, and its principal theatre of operations was off the New England coast. The privateers, meanwhile, roamed the seas in every direction. According to the best authorities, these cruisers captured, during the war, eight hundred and three British vessels, with merchandise valued at more than eleven millions of dollars. The British vessels in the West Indies suffered terribly from these privateers. Of a fleet of sixty merchantmen that left Ireland for those waters, thirty-five were captured by American cruisers. The West India trade with Africa was almost destroyed by them. At the beginning of the war two hundred ships were employed in that trade: this number had dwindled to forty in 1777.

The Congress fitted out forty-two vessels dur-

ing the war. Nearly all of them, with some smaller craft on the ocean and on Lake Champlain, fell into the hands of more powerful and more numerous foes. In the autumn of 1782 the maritime service of the United States was closed. At that time only two frigates of the American marine were left. When the sun of peace arose, after a dark night of tempest for seven years, the navy of the United States, like its army, disappeared as a mist of the morning, leaving nothing behind it but the recollections of its sufferings and its glories.

Let us take a very brief glance at the most important operations of the American marine during the Revolution.

ESEK HOPKINS.

In February, 1776, Commodore Hopkins was ordered to operate against Lord Dunmore and his amphibious marauders in the Virginia waters. The ambitious commander pushed on to the Bahama Islands, captured a hundred cannon and a quantity of stores at Nassau, New Providence, and bore away with these to New England the governor of the island. On his way Hopkins captured some prizes. He performed essential services, but because of his disobedience of orders he was dismissed from the navy.

Jones cruised off the coast between Boston and the Delaware, sometimes stretching away to the Bermudas. He once carried fifteen prizes into Newport. Whipple and Biddle, who cruised eastward as far as Nova Scotia, were both successful. The little *Doria*, commanded by the latter, took so many prizes, that when she entered the Delaware River with them she had only five of her original crew, the remainder being distributed among the captured vessels.

In the autumn of 1776 Dr. Franklin went to France as diplomatic agent for the United States. He took with him blank commissions for army and navy officers, and was permitted by the King to fit out cruisers in French ports. The vessel that carried him to Europe (the *Reprisal*) was a most active cruiser; and during the following summer she and two others sailed entirely around Ireland, sweeping the Channel in its whole breadth, and capturing and destroying a great number of merchant vessels. Other cruisers afterward sailed from the French coast, and produced general alarm among the British islands. Marine insurance arose as high as twenty-five per cent.; and so loth were British merchants to ship goods in English bottoms, that at one time forty French vessels were together loading in the Thames. The American cruisers, on their own coasts and adjacent seas, were very active meanwhile. They captured, during the year 1776, no less than three hundred and forty-two British vessels.

In the spring of 1778 John Paul Jones first appeared in the British waters. He swept through the Irish Channel with destructive energy and unheard-of boldness. He fell upon Whitehaven, on the coast of England, seized the fort, spiked the guns, and set fire to a ship in the midst of a hundred other vessels, and departed. His exploits spread terror along the English coast. These were followed another year by equally brave performances with a little squadron fitted out in the harbor of L'Orient. Jones's cruiser was the *Bonhomme Richard*. Off Flamborough Head, on the east coast of Scotland, he encountered two British vessels, the *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough*, in convoy of the Baltic merchant fleet. The battle, fought in the evening, was a desperate one. The *Richard* and *Serapis* closed, their rigging intermingling. In this position they poured broadsides into each other. Three times both ships were on fire, and their destruction appeared inevitable. A part of the time the belligerents were fighting hand to hand on the decks. When the contest was ended, and the victory remained with Jones, the *Richard* was a perfect wreck and fast sinking. Sixteen hours afterward she went down into the deep waters of the North Sea, off Bridlington Bay. The Continental Congress voted special thanks to Jones; and eight years afterward the Government of the United States presented him a gold medal, appropriately illustrated and described.*

During the preceding summer the American cruisers had been very successful on their own coasts. The estimated value of only eight prizes taken into Boston was over a million of dollars; and at the close of that year the names of Manly, M'Neil, Biddle, Hinman, Conyngham, Wickes, Nicholson, Rathburne, Hacker, Whipple, Barry,

* John Paul, who for some reason added the name of Jones to his own, was born in July, 1747, at Arbigland, on the Frith of Solway, Scotland. At the age of twelve years he was apprenticed to a shipmaster in the Virginia trade. He was on a slaver for some years, became Master Commander, and in 1773 settled in Virginia, and added Jones to his name. At the close of the war he went to France, but returned in 1787. The following year he was appointed Rear-Admiral in the Russian navy. At one time he was in command against the Turks. In 1789 he retired to Paris on a pension. This he enjoyed until his death in 1792. The place of his sepulture is unknown. For a sketch of Jones's career, in detail, and a portrait of him, see *Harper's Magazine* for July, 1855.

Dale, Talbot, Jones, and others were spoken with pride by every patriotic American. Barney, afterward a gallant officer in the war of 1812-'15, was a lieutenant, and greatly distinguished himself, in the summer of 1780, by his services in action on board of the *Saratoga*, in the capture of a ship and two brigs. He boarded one of the latter at the head of fifty men, and took all her crew prisoners.

The war was now drawing to a close. Cornwallis had been defeated, and his whole army captured in Virginia, by the American and French forces. This was followed a few months later by a brilliant naval exploit, which closed the operations of that branch of the service. The State of Pennsylvania had fitted out a vessel, called the *Hyder Ally*, armed with sixteen 6-pounders, and manned by over a hundred men. Her chief duty was to expel British privateers from Delaware Bay. She was anchored off Cape May, with a number of merchant ships, in April, 1782, when two armed vessels appeared. The merchantmen fled up the Delaware, while the *Hyder Ally* engaged in a desperate contest with a superior foe, the *General Monk*. They fought within pistol-shot for half an hour, when the *Monk* struck her colors. "This action," says Cooper, "has been justly deemed the most brilliant that ever occurred under the American flag." The *Hyder Ally* was commanded by the gallant Lieutenant Barney.*

JOSHUA BARNEY.

The finances of the United States were in a wretched condition at the close of the war, and a navy could not have been sustained had there been a necessity for one. Peace brought a measure of security, but not great prosperity. There was scarcely any commerce, only a limited internal trade, and few manufactures. The country was burdened with a heavy domestic and foreign debt; and the central Government, which had worked efficiently during the war, when common dangers and common interests bound the States in close alliance, now found itself almost powerless. It could not enforce the collection of taxes, nor perform any of the functions of sovereignty. The *Articles of Confederation*, that formed the organic law of the republic, acknowledged the independent sovereignty of the separate States. They were only a league of thirteen commonwealths, each having, in a degree, antagonistic interests. Each State had its own custom-house, levied its own duties, and assessed and collected its own taxes. Some of them kept small armed vessels as coast-guards and to enforce the revenue laws; and each was left free to establish its own trade policy.

The wise men of the day perceived that the new republic was fast drifting toward anarchy and ruin. The exercise of independent State sovereignty was a powerful element of dissolution, and formed a most treacherous foundation for the beautiful fabric of free government which the fathers, in theory, had established. They were impressed with the conviction that the people of the United States, under their loose system of government, did not form a *nation*, and they at once adopted measures for remedying the defect. In representative convention assembled, they formed the National Constitution. The people ratified it; and by that act they dissolved the flimsy *league* and formed a consolidated *nation*. The States were made subservient to the General Government, and a power was created, tangible and wonderful, that commanded the respect of the civilized world.

American commerce grew rapidly under the new order of things, and American ships were soon seen in distant seas. As early as 1785 an Albany sloop of eighty tons had made a voyage to China; and in 1787 the old frigate *Alliance*, converted into a merchantman, had sailed to Canton and back. The successes of these vessels tempted others from the American coast, and very soon they were floating upon the Mediterranean Sea. On the southern shores of that sea sat the pirate Dey of Algiers, watching with eager eyes for the vessels of the new-born nation, who, he had learned, had no navy to defend its commerce. Very soon his corsairs seized merchantmen from Boston and Philadelphia, and consigned their officers and crews to slavery. President Washington called the attention of Congress to the subject, and a commissioner was appointed to treat with the Dey of Algiers for their release and a cessation of his piratical prac-

* Joshua Barney was a native of Maryland. He was born in Baltimore in July, 1759. His life was spent on the sea. He was mate of a vessel at the age of fourteen years, and at sixteen he was commander. He entered the United States Navy as Lieutenant in the summer of 1776, and was the first to unfurl the American flag in Maryland. He was very active during the war, and brought the first news of peace. He was one of the six Commanders appointed in 1794, and bore the American flag to the French National Convention. He entered the French naval service in command of two frigates. He returned to America in 1802, and in 1812 re-entered the naval service of the United States. He died at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in December, 1818.

tices. "If I were to make peace with every body," said the semi-barbarian, "what should I do with my corsairs? What should I do with my soldiers? They would take off my head for want of other prizes, not being able to live upon their miserable allowance."

These were grave questions and cogent reasons in the mind of the Dey, but failed to enlist the sympathies of Colonel Humphreys, our commissioner, who wrote, at the close of 1793, "If we mean to have a commerce we must have a navy to defend it."

These words formed the text of a message from Washington to Congress in the spring of 1794. That body immediately authorized the construction or purchase of six frigates or an equivalent naval force, and appropriated $700,000 for the purpose. As the law had special reference to the quarrel with Algiers, it contained a clause directing all proceedings under it to cease in the event of an adjustment of the difficulties.

The keels of six frigates were speedily laid, and naval commanders appointed; but the United States Government, in the absence of a naval force, was compelled to make a humiliating treaty with the pirate for the sake of commerce and humanity, and the work was suspended.—This was an unwise measure, for the tribute and ransom money paid to the Dey was more than equal to the cost of the six frigates, which might have sealed up his ports by blockade and brought him to terms.*

The United States Government was soon convinced of its error in not completing the frigates. British cruisers, knowing our weakness on the ocean, commenced the practice of taking seamen from American merchant vessels and impressing them into the naval service of Great Britain. The French Government, then in the hands of the revolutionists, also began to exhibit an unfriendly feeling toward the United States, because they maintained a strict neutrality respecting the wars of France with other nations, and because, feeling their own strength, they no longer leaned for support upon their old ally. The French authorities determined to punish the Americans for their independence: and letting loose their cruisers to prey upon English commerce, they gave them full permission to depredate upon ours. These depredations were very extensive in the West Indies; and the French cruisers finally became so bold that they captured American vessels in our own waters. These events awakened our Government to the importance of creating a navy. Three of the six frigates—the *United States*, the *Constellation*, and the *Constitution*—were speedily completed, and by mid-summer, 1798, twenty-four armed vessels (none of them to exceed twenty-two guns), and several galleys and other craft, were ordered by Congress for the protection of our commerce, which in five years had greatly expanded. The exports in that time had increased from nineteen millions of dollars to more than fifty-six millions, and the imports in about the same ratio.

The establishment of an armed marine made a new cabinet officer necessary, and Benjamin Stoddart, of Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, was appointed Secretary of the Navy. Ample duties awaited his installation. War with France seemed inevitable; and in July, 1798, Congress authorized American cruisers to capture French vessels of war,, and gave the President power to commission privateers. This was the beginning of the present navy of the United States.

RICHARD DALE.

The first ship of war sent to sea after the establishment of the National Government was the *Ganges*, Captain Richard Dale.* She went

* Between the years 1785 and 1793, the Algerine pirates had captured and carried into Algiers 15 American vessels, used the property, and made one hundred and eighty officers and seamen slaves of the most revolting kind. In 1795, the United States agreed, by treaty, to pay eight hundred thousand dollars for captives then alive, and in addition to make the Dey or governor a present of a frigate worth a hundred thousand dollars. An annual tribute of twenty-three thousand was also to be paid. The redemption of captives by a similar tribute had long been the custom of European nations. The frigate sent to the Dey was called the *Crescent*. An idea of the utter helplessness of the Government without a navy, and the abject tone of public sentiment in the presence of such an evil as Algerine piracy, may be gathered from the fact that the public press spoke thus of the sailing of the *Crescent* for the Mediterranean. "Our best wishes follow Captain Newman, his officers, and men. May they arrive in safety at the place of their destination, and present to the Dey of Algiers one of the finest specimens of elegant naval architecture which was ever borne on the Picataqua's waters.

"Blow all ye winds that fill the prosperous sail,
And hushed in peace be every adverse gale."

* Richard Dale was a native of Virginia, and was born in 1756. He went to sea at the age of twelve years, and in 1776 became a Lieutenant of a Virginia cruiser. He was with Captain Wickes in his cruise among the British Islands in 1777, and being captured, suffered a long imprisonment in England. He was with Paul Jones in the fight with the *Serapis*, and received the thanks of Congress for his gallantry. He returned to the merchant service at the close of the war, and was a successful adventurer in the East India trade. He was fourth in rank of the six captains appointed in 1794, and was commissioned a Commodore in 1801. His squadron did good service in the Mediterranean. He left the navy in 1802, and died at Philadelphia in 1826.

out toward the close of May, 1798, to cruise from the coast of Connecticut to the capes of Virginia. The next vessels set afloat were the *Constellation*, Captain Truxtun, and the *Delaware*, Captain Decatur. They sailed early in June to cruise as far as the coast of Florida. Decatur soon captured the French privateer *Le Croyable* and sent her into the Delaware, where she was put in commission as an American vessel, was named *Retaliation*, and was placed in charge of Lieutenant Bainbridge. *Le Croyable* was the first trophy of victory secured by the navy of the United States.

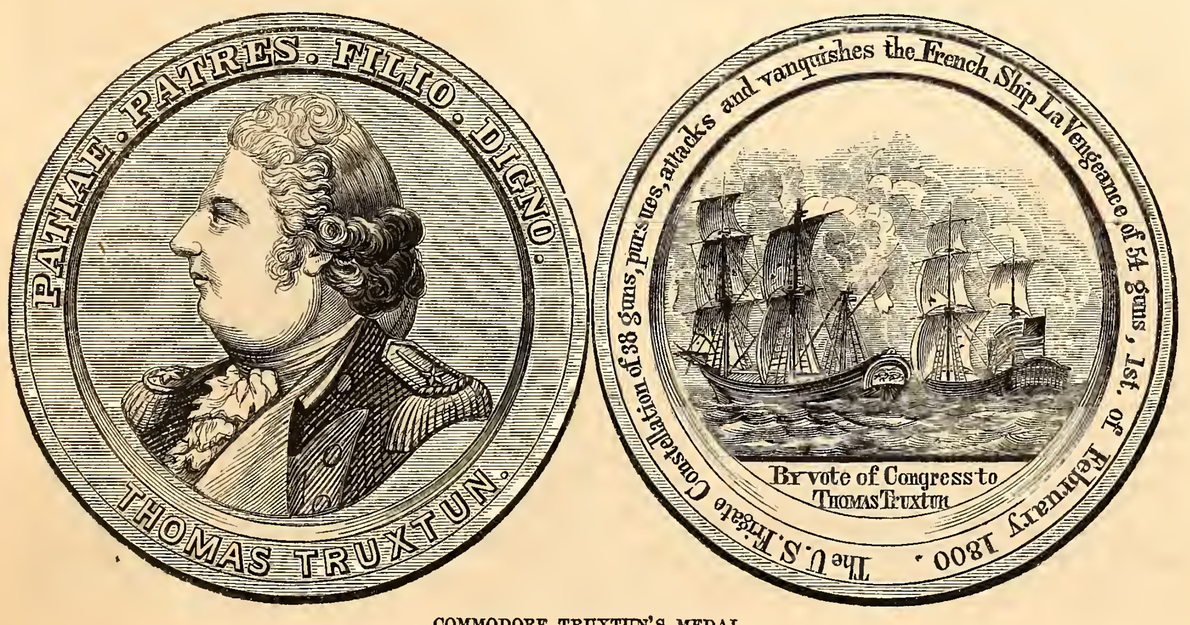
The *United States* was completed in July the same year, and sailed in command of Captain Barry,* whose fourth lieutenant was the now (October, 1861) venerable Commodore Stewart, or "Old Ironsides" as he is familiarly called. The *Constitution* (yet in the service) was also sent to sea the same month, under Captain Nicholson. Among his officers was the afterward distinguished Commodore Preble. At the close of the year most of the United States cruisers were in the West Indies and vicinity, much to the surprise of both the British and French commanders.

The *Retaliation* was an unfortunate vessel for both parties, for in November, 1798, she was recaptured by the French ships *Volontaire* and *L'Insurgente*, and carried into Guadaloupe.

War between the United States and France was still impending at the opening of the year 1799, and the Government of the former was very active in strengthening the navy—so active that no less than twenty-eight vessels, with an aggregate of 666 guns were set afloat. A large number of these were cruising in the West Indies. Among them was the *Constellation*, 38, Captain Truxtun. On the 9th of February, when near the island of Nevis, he discovered a large ship, and bore down upon her. She proved to be *L'Insurgente*, the finest vessel in the French navy, and carrying forty-eight guns, and over four hundred men. After a chase of three hours the *Constellation* came alongside of the enemy, and opened a destructive fire upon *L'Insurgente*. Both ships kept up a fierce cannonade for over an hour, when the *Constellation* shot out of the smoke, wore round, hauled athwart her antagonist's stern, and prepared to deliver a raking fire. At that moment *L'Insurgente* struck her colors, and the contest ended. This first important victory achieved by the navy produced great joy throughout the United States. Lieutenants Rodgers and Porter, both of them commodores in the American Navy afterward, were with Truxtun on this occasion, and shared in the honors.

A year later, Truxtun, still in command of the *Constellation*, had another contest with a French man-of-war. On the morning of the 1st of February, 1800, while cruising off the island of Guadaloupe, he discovered a large ship which he took to be an English merchantman. He hoisted British colors to entice her to come near, but she bore away and he gave chase. He soon discovered that she was a large French vessel mounting not less than fifty-four guns. He determined to attack her, notwithstanding the disparity in strength. She was a good sailer, and the chase continued until eight o'clock in the evening of the 2d. Truxtun was then within hailing distance. He ordered his ensign to be hoisted, his battle-lanterns to be lighted, and his trumpet to be brought. At that moment she opened a fire from her stern and quarter guns upon the *Constellation*. A few minutes afterward the latter opened her fire; and for five hours the combatants fought desperately in the gloom of night. At one o'clock in the morning of the 3d of February Truxtun's antagonist became silent, but the *Constellation* was so much injured that she could not secure the prize.

* John Barry was born in Ireland in 1745, and emigrated to America at the age of 14 years. He had been on the sea for some time, and here pursued his vocation. He entered the naval service of Congress in 1776, and was active throughout the war. He was in the command of the *United States* frigate at the time of his death, which occurred at Philadelphia in September, 1803.



COMMODORE TRUXTUN'S MEDAL.

The latter escaped and sailed for Curaçoa, while the *Constellation* sailed for Jamaica for repairs. Both parties were ignorant of the name of each other's vessel, but it was subsequently ascertained that the French ship was *La Vengeance*, manned with four hundred men including passengers, among whom was the Governor of Guadaloupe and his family, and two general officers. She would have been a rich prize, for she had a full cargo of coffee and sugar, and a large amount of specie. She had lost fifty killed and one hundred and ten wounded. The *Constellation* lost fourteen killed and twenty-five wounded. The Congress of the United States voted thanks and a gold medal to Commodore Truxtun for his gallantry on that occasion.*

Napoleon Bonaparte, with the title of First Consul, succeeded the weak Directory in the Government of France. War between America and that country was averted by his wisdom and justice, and peace was secured by a treaty made early in the autumn of 1800. With a strange misconception of the public good, the Government ordered a diminution of the navy to twelve frigates, only six of these to be kept in actual service. The President was also empowered to discharge from service a great proportion of the naval officers; and that strong arm of the Government which had so protected commerce as to enable the people to sell to foreign countries, during the difficulties with France, surplus products to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars, and to import sufficient to yield the Government a revenue exceeding twenty-three millions of dollars, was almost paralyzed by an unwise economy in public expenditure. The folly of this measure was soon made apparent by events connected with the Mediterranean corsairs.

Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, known collectively as the Barbary States, were now engaged in piratical depredations on the commerce of the world. Their insolence was remarkable, considering their real insignificance compared with the powers that submitted to their insults. The conduct of the Dey of Algiers toward Captain Bainbridge, in the spring of 1800, may be cited as a fair specimen of that insolence. Bainbridge arrived at Algiers in the *Washington*, with the annual tribute of the United States. When that errand was accomplished, the Dey demanded the use of the *Washington* to convey an embassador and presents to the Sultan at Constantinople. Baiubridge remonstrated, when the Dey haughtily observed, "You pay me tribute, by which you become my slaves, and therefore I have a right to order you as I think proper." Bainbridge was obliged to comply, for the castle guns of the pirate governor would not let him leave the harbor. He sailed for the Orient, and had the honor of first displaying the American flag over the waters of the Golden Horn, and before the minarets of ancient Estamboul. The Sultan regarded it as a favorable omen of future friendship between the two nations because *his* flag bore the device of a crescent *moon*, and the American a group of *stars*.

The insolence of the Barbary powers at length became unbearable. The Bashaw of Tunis demanded tribute, and informed the American consul that if a present in money was not received from the United States within six months, he would declare war. He kept his word, and in May, 1801, the flag-staff of the American consulate was cut down and war proclaimed. The United States expected the event, and had already fitted out a squadron for the Mediterranean, under Captain Dale, whose flag-ship was the *President*. He anchored off Gibraltar on the 1st of July, and soon afterward the *President* appeared at Algiers and Tunis, to the great surprise of the respective governors. Meanwhile her consort, the *Enterprise*, 12, Licutenant Sterrett, fell in with a Tripolitan ship named *Tripoli*, ran alongside of her, and commenced an engagement within pistol-shot distance which lasted for three hours. During that time the *Tripoli* struck her colors three times, and as often renewed the contest. This treachery exasperated Sterrett, and he gave orders to sink the corsair. For a few minutes the combat was fearful, when Mohammed Sous, the corsair's commander, cried for mercy, threw his flag overboard, and making a profound *salam* in the waist of his ship, begged for quarter. The *Tripoli* was a wreck, and had lost, in killed and wounded, twenty of her men. No one was injured on the *Enterprise*. When the unfortunate commander of the *Tripoli* returned to his port, wounded and weak, the enraged governor ordered him to be paraded through the streets on a jackass, and then bastinadoed. The *Philadelphia* cruised a while in the Mediterranean, exercising a wholesome restraint on the pirates, and the *Essex*, of the same squadron, guarded the straits between the Pillars of Hercules.

Another expedition was sent to the Mediterranean, under Commodore Morris, in 1802. But very little of great importance was done by the navy in that quarter until 1804, when Tripoli was bombarded. Commodore Preble had been sent thither to humble the pirates the previous year. After bringing the belligerent Emperor of Morocco to terms, he appeared before Tripoli with his squadron. The *Philadelphia*, commanded by Bainbridge, struck on a rock in the harbor, and before she could be extricated, was captured by the Tripolitans. This occurred at the close of October, 1803. The officers were treated as prisoners of war, but the crew were made slaves. She was relieved, put in order,

* Thomas Truxtun was born on Long Island, New York, in 1755. He was in command of a privateer as early as 1775, and distinguished himself in that service during the Revolution. At the close of the war he engaged in commerce, and in 1794 was one of the six naval Commanders appointed by Washington. At the close of the war with France he was ordered to the Mediterranean, but in consequence of some misunderstanding with the Government, he left the navy. For many years he followed the pursuits of agriculture in New Jersey, and then went to live in Philadelphia, where he became high sheriff in 1816. He died in May, 1822.

EDWARD PREBLE.

and moored near the castle Lieutenant Decatur, son of Captain Decatur of the *Delaware*, resolved to wipe out the disgrace by capturing or destroying the *Philadelphia*. With seventy-six volunteers he sailed into the harbor of Tripoli on the evening of the 3d of February, 1804, ran alongside the *Philadelphia* under the guns of the castle, boarded her, killed or drove into the sea all of her turbaned defenders, set her on fire, and under cover of a heavy cannonade from the American squadron, escaped without losing a man. This bold act greatly alarmed the Bashaw, and he became exceedingly circumspect.

At the close of July, 1804, Commodore Preble* appeared off Tripoli with his squadron, and at nearly three o'clock in the afternoon of the 3d of August he attacked the town at grape-shot distance. The fight with gun-boats was a desperate one; while the cannonade and bombardment, spiritedly answered by the Tripolitans, was unceasing. After a contest of nearly two hours, during which time the town suffered a severe loss of life and property from the explosion of shells, the American squadron withdrew, having been but slightly damaged.

On the afternoon of the 7th of August the bombardment of Tripoli was renewed, and continued three hours. In this affair the American vessels suffered severely. A hot shot passed through the magazine of one of the gun-boats, and she blew up, killing her commander and eight men. The squadron withdrew about six miles from Tripoli. The Bashaw still held out, demanding five hundred dollars apiece for Bainbridge's crew.

On the 29th of August the Americans again opened upon the town. The contest commenced at three o'clock in the morning, and raged furiously until daylight. The *Constitution*, Preble's flagship, then ran in to within a short distance of the castle and batteries, pouring in destructive discharges of round and grape shot. She silenced the guns of the castle, and spread destruction among the gun-boats and other vessels. The squadron finally withdrew, after doing great injury to the town.

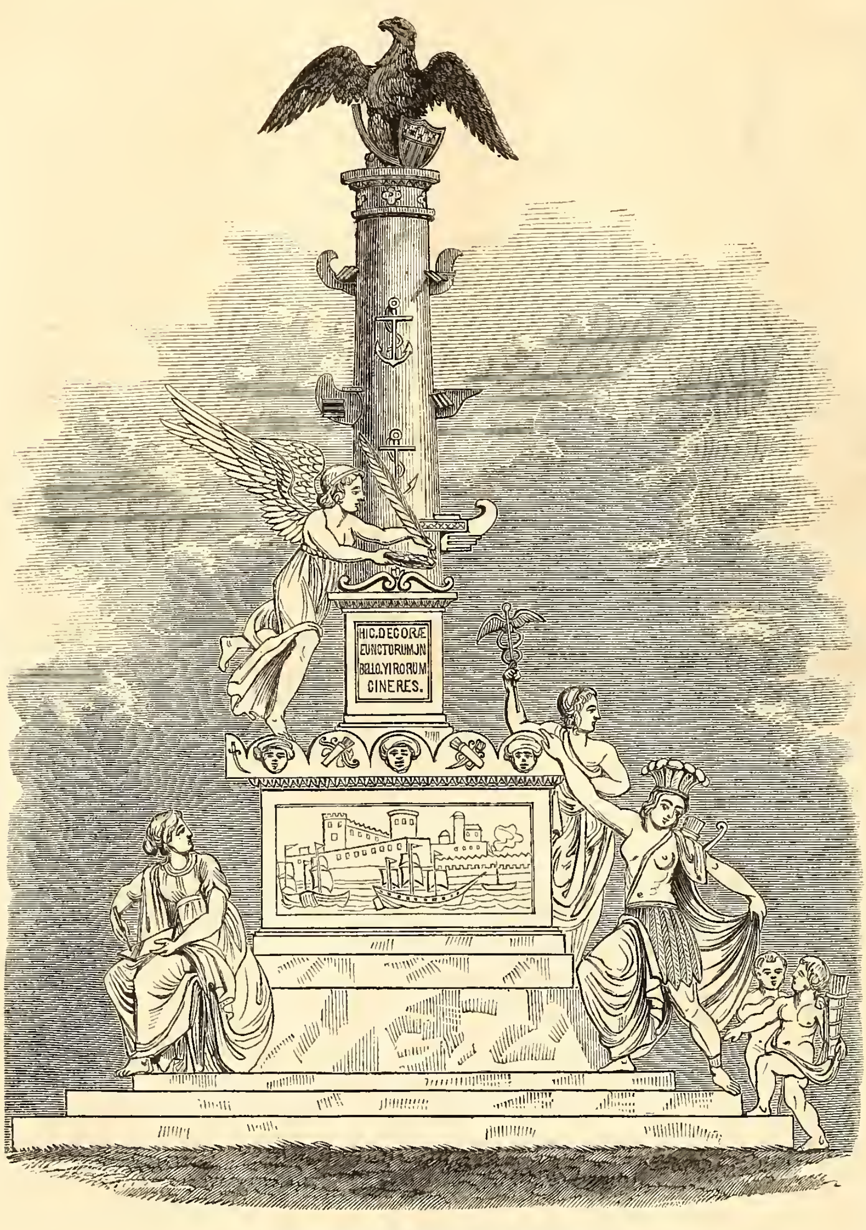
Another attack on Tripoli was made on the 3d of September with similar results. The conflict lasted an hour and a quarter, when the attacking squadron withdrew. On the night of the 4th an attempt was made to destroy the enemy's cruisers in the harbor by exploding a floating mine among them. The ketch *Intrepid*, used by Decatur when he burned the *Philadelphia*, was converted into an "infernal," and taken into the harbor in intense darkness. Her crew were to escape in row-boats. She exploded before reaching her destination, and not one of the gallant men who manned her was ever heard of afterward.

By these several attacks by the squadron of Preble the Bashaw of Tunis was greatly alarmed and injured, but was not humbled. The following year a land-force struck him in the rear, and the terrified ruler hastened to make a treaty of peace with the Americans, but not upon terms which the latter ought to have demanded. No more tribute was to be paid, but the Americans were compelled to give sixty thousand dollars ransom money for their brethren in captivity. Thus terminated the war with Tripoli; and soon afterward the Bey of Tunis, who affected contempt for the Americans, and talked loudly about declaring war against them, was so humbled by Commodore Rodgers that he eagerly sought peace, and expressed a desire to send a minister to the United States. The old order of things on the Southern coast of the Mediterranean Sea was now much reversed. This result had been brought about wholly by the operations of the gallant little navy of the United States.*

At about this time the distinguished Robert Fulton proposed to introduce a new element into

* Edward Preble was born in Portland, Maine, in August, 1761. He became a midshipman in 1779. He was promoted to Lieutenant, and in 1798 and 1799 he made two cruises as commander. With a captain's commission he sailed in the *Essex* in 1800. For his gallant conduct in the attack on Tripoli, Congress gave him thanks and an elegant gold medal. He was greatly beloved by his officers and men. He died in August, 1807.

* Officers of the navy erected a monument in the Navy-yard at Washington in commemoration of their brother officers who fell in the war with Tripoli. It was mutilated by the British when they burned Washington City in 1814. It was afterward removed to the west front of the Capitol, but has been taken away, and set up at Annapolis. It is of white marble, about forty feet in height. On the column are bows of vessels. At the base are four marble emblematical figures—Mercury, Fame, History, and America. The column is surmounted by an eagle. On one side of the base, in relief, is Tripoli; on the others the names of the officers.

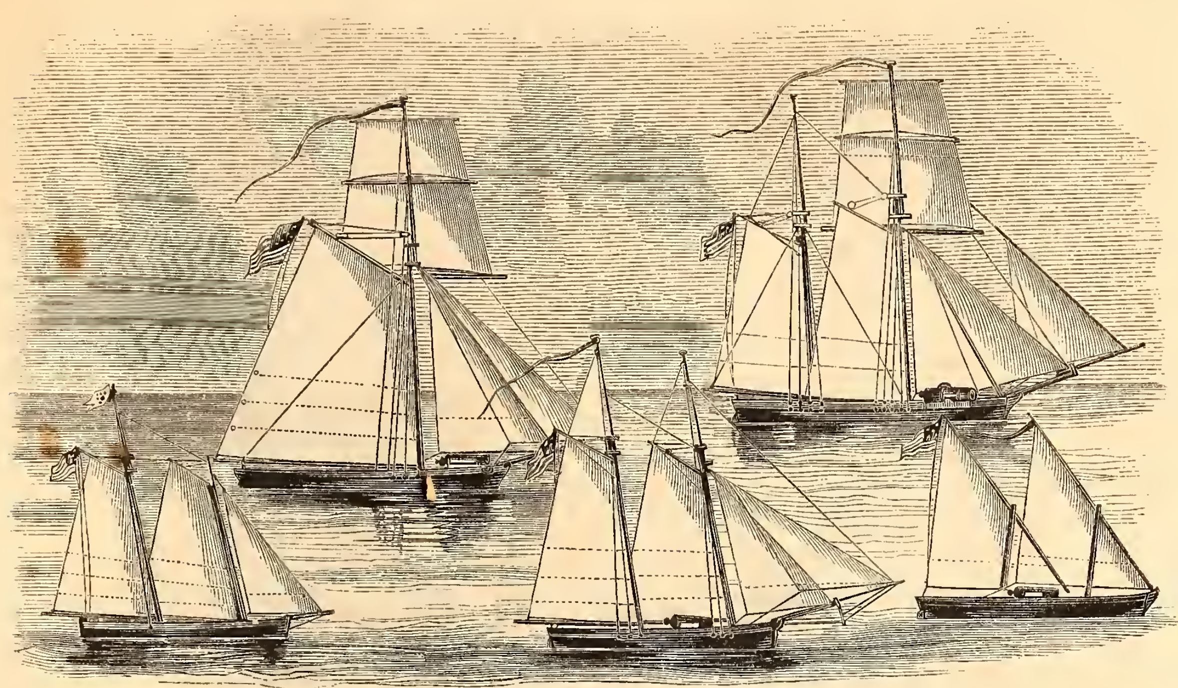


NAVAL MONUMENT AT ANNAPOLIS.

the system of naval warfare. It was that of floating mines, which he called "torpedoes," intended to destroy ships of largest dimensions by exploding them under their bottoms. He offered the "infernal machine" to the British Government, and exhibited successful experiments before members of the Board of Admiralty; but the Government declined it. He came home and offered the invention to the United States Government. He exhibited successful experiments in the harbor of New York, when quite a large vessel was broken up and destroyed by one of his torpedoes. Our Government also refused to use the destructive machine; but when the war broke out in 1812 they were tried on private account. The British vessels greatly feared them; and it is believed that the dread of Fulton's presence, with his torpedoes, prevented them entering many of our harbors and destroying the towns during the war. Fulton's grand idea was confessedly the philanthropic one of producing what he called "the liberty of the seas," by making naval warfare so terribly destructive, by means of his submarine mines, that it would fall into desuetude.

The amicable relations which had existed between the United States and Great Britain since Jay's treaty in 1795, were now disturbed by the progress of events in Europe. Bonaparte had passed from the seat of First Consul to the throne as Emperor of France. He had also been proclaimed King of Italy, and his brothers were made ruling sovereigns. He was in the full tide of success, and flushed with the excitement of conquests. A large part of Continental Europe lay prostrate at his feet, and trembled in his presence. England had almost destroyed the French power at sea, yet she, too, turned pale at the sight of his legions and the amazing potency of his name. But the United States, still following the policy of Washington in maintaining a strict neutrality, neither coveted his favors nor feared his power. At the same time American shipping being allowed free intercourse between English and French ports, enjoyed the vast advantages of a profitable carrying trade between them.

EFFECT OF A "TORPEDO."



GUN-BOATS.

The belligerent powers, in efforts to damage each other, ceased to respect the rights of neutral nations, and employed measures destructive to American commerce and subversive of the most sacred rights of those not engaged in war. In these measures Great Britain took the lead. An order in council issued in May, 1806, declared the whole coast of Europe, from the Elbe to Brest, in a state of blockade. Bonaparte retaliated in November by issuing a decree from Berlin, declaring all the ports of the British Islands to be in a state of blockade. At that time "paper blockades" were respected, and this was a severe blow against England's maritime superiority. In January following, the latter prohibited all coast trade with France; and thus these desperate gamesters played with the world's commerce, peace, and prosperity. Under these orders and decrees both English and French cruisers seized American vessels, and our commerce dwindled to a coast trade. Our neglected navy was too small to protect it on the ocean or to inspire the belligerents with much respect, and the swarms of gun-boats authorized by Congress, from time to time, as a coast-guard, were inefficient.

Hard pressed for seamen for her navy, Great Britain now revived her offensive policy of taking sailors from American vessels and impressing them into her naval service. She defended her practice by the theory of her laws, which declares that no subject can expatriate himself—"once an Englishman, always an Englishman"—and that she had a right to search *every where* for suspected deserters from her navy. The government of the United States stoutly denied this right, and gave the British Ministry to understand that such practices were too offensive to be borne in silence. The intimation was treated with contempt, and an open rupture soon followed. Already a seaman had been killed on board of an American coaster, near Sandy Hook, by a shot from a British armed ship (April, 1806), and the indignation of the people was very hot. It soon burst into a flame.

Early in 1807 the frigate *Chesapeake*, 38, was put in commission for the Mediterranean. She left Hampton Roads on the morning of the 22d of June, under the broad pennant of Commodore James Barron.* At that time a squadron of British ships of war were lying in Lynn Haven Bay, on the coast of Virginia, watching for some French frigates at Annapolis. They were watching for American vessels also. On the day when the *Chesapeake* sailed the *Leopard*, one of the British squadron, went to sea, and in the afternoon came alongside the former with an order from Vice-Admiral Berkeley, at Halifax, to search for deserters. It was alleged that the *Chesapeake* had British seamen of that kind among her crew, and the right to search for them was claimed. The *Leopard* came with her ports triced up and otherwise prepared to use the argument of cannon, if necessary.

The insulted Barron refused to have his vessel searched. He was utterly unprepared for combat, yet he gave orders to make immediate preparation. In a few minutes the *Leopard* hailed, and then sent a shot before the *Chesapeake*. This was followed in a few seconds by

* James Barron was a son of the commander-in-chief of the naval forces of Virginia during the Revolution. He entered the United States Navy in 1798, as Lieutenant, under Barry. In 1799 he was promoted to the highest grade in the navy, and ordered to the Mediterranean, under the command of his brother, Samuel Barron. He was esteemed as one of the most efficient officers in the service. After the affair of the *Chesapeake* and *Leopard* he never engaged in sea duty, but remained in the service. He was Senior-Captain of the navy at the time of his death, which occurred at Norfolk, Virginia, in April, 1851, when he was eighty-two years of age.

LYNN HAVEN BAY.

a broadside; then another, and another, for the space of about twelve minutes, killing three of the Americans and wounding eighteen. So unprepared was the *Chesapeake* that she could not fire a gun until too late, and was compelled to strike her colors. Four seamen, claimed as deserters from one of the vessels in Lynn Haven Bay, were taken from her, and that evening she returned to Hampton Roads.

This outrage produced a blaze of excitement throughout the United States. Many were anxious to declare war against Great Britain. The President, by proclamation, ordered all British armed vessels to leave the waters of the United States immediately, and forbade any entering them until full satisfaction should be made. The British Government, in an equivocal way, disavowed the act, and made reparation; and yet there were Americans so filled with partisan malignity against the Administration in power as to justify the conduct of the *Leopard!*

The civil history of the United States during the next four or five years, while the Nation was being driven into a war with Great Britain, is exceedingly interesting; but we must pass over these events, and notice only those which belong to the subject of this paper.

The Government of Great Britain, during this period, acted more honorably, but not less wickedly, than that of France. It continued its hostile orders in council, and sent ships of war to cruise near our coast to capture American merchant vessels and send them to England as lawful prizes. While engaged in this nefarious business, the British sloop of war *Little Belt*, Captain Bingham, was met in the evening off the coast of Virginia, in May, 1811, by the American frigate *President*, Commodore Rodgers.* The latter hailed the former, and received

JOHN RODGERS.

* John Rodgers was born in Maryland, in 1771. He served in the merchant service for several years, and entered the navy in 1797. At the time of the massacre at St. Domingo, he was of great service in saving the white population from destruction by the blacks. He was active in the war with the Barbary States, and in that with Great Britain in 1812-'15. He died in August, 1838.

a cannon shot in reply. Rodgers immediately gave a similar response. A short action ensued, when Bingham, having eleven men killed and twenty-one wounded, gave a satisfactory answer.

This outrage again raised a violent war spirit in the United States. Notwithstanding the British navy consisted of almost *nine hundred* vessels, and an aggregate of one hundred and forty-four thousand men, and that of the United States only *twelve* vessels and about three hundred guns, besides a large number of inefficient gun-boats, the people were willing to accept war as an alternative for submission, and to measure strength on the ocean. It is proper to remark that the British navy was necessarily scattered, because that Government had interests to protect in various parts of the globe.

Time after time the American flag was insulted by British cruisers, and the British press insolently boasted that the United States "could not be kicked into a war." Forbearance became no longer a virtue. On the 19th of July, 1812, the President of the United States, by the authority of Congress, formally declared war against Great Britain. Now was the opportunity for the little American navy to display its valor. It consisted of only twenty vessels besides gun-boats. Nine of these were of a class less than frigates. Two of them were unseaworthy, and one was on Lake Ontario. Yet they boldly defied the armed marine of Great Britain, then more than a thousand vessels strong.

The first hostile shot fired after the declaration of war was by Commodore Rodgers of the *President*, who, on the 23d of June, discharged a chase-gun after the British ship *Belvidera*, 36, not far from Sandy Hook. A running engagement ensued, and both vessels were injured. The *President* finally gave up the pursuit. She lost twenty-two men in killed and wounded, sixteen of them by the bursting of a gun.

The *Essex*, 32, Captain David Porter, led the van in the column of victories. On the 13th of August, 1812, she was sailing in disguise when a strange vessel appeared and gave chase. The following brief dispatch of Porter to the Secretary of the Navy gives the sequel:

"Sir,—I have the honor to inform you that, upon the 13th, his Britannic Majesty's sloop of war *Alert*, Captain T. L. P. Langhame, ran down on our weather-quarter, gave three cheers, and commenced an action (if so trifling a skirmish deserves the name); and after eight minutes' firing struck her colors, with seven feet water in her hold, much cut to pieces, and three men wounded."

This was the first British national vessel that struck her colors after the declaration of war. That humiliation was soon followed by another of greater importance.

On the 19th of August the *Constitution*, 44, Captain Hull,* had a severe engagement with the *Guerriere*, 38, Captain Dacres, off the American coast, in the present track of ships to Great Britain. After much manœuvring to obtain the weather-gage the hostile vessels, at six o'clock in the evening, came within half pistol-shot of each other, and engaged in deadly conflict with the entire force of each vessel. The guns of the *Constitution* were double-shotted with round and grape, and her execution was terrible. The rigging of the two vessels finally became entangled, and both parties prepared to board. The fire from small-arms became exceedingly severe, and Lieutenant Morris, of the *Constitution*, endeavored to lash the vessels together. At this moment the sails of the *Constitution* filled, and she shot ahead, instantly exposing the shattered condition of her antagonist. The foremast of the *Guerriere* fell, carrying with it her mainmast. She was thus left a helpless wreck upon a rough sea. The combat had continued for an hour, and the *Constitution* was about to pour a raking fire into her disabled antagonist, when the latter discharged a gun to the leeward, in token of surrender. At daylight the *Guerriere* was found to be sinking. The prisoners and some movables were soon transferred to the *Constitution*, and at three o'clock in the afternoon, the battered hulk having been fired, she blew up. The *Constitution* carried the intel-

ISAAC HULL.

* Isaac Hull was born in Derby, Connecticut, in 1775. He was first in the merchant service, and in 1798 entered the navy as Lieutenant. In May, 1800, he was First-Lieutenant of the *Constitution*, under Talbot. In 1804 he commanded the brig *Argus* at the storming of Tripoli. After the war with Great Britain Commodore Hull held various commands; and he enjoyed the rank of Captain in the service for thirty-seven years. He died in Philadelphia in February, 1843. His remains repose in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

ligence of her own triumph to Boston. It produced a profound sensation in both hemispheres. The insolent tone of the British press was lowered, and the prestige of Britain's hitherto naval supremacy lost much of its power. Congress voted thanks and a gold medal to Hull.

JACOB JONES.

The victory of the *Constitution* was soon followed by the brilliant exploit of the United States schooner *Wasp*, 18, Captain Jones,* in capturing a British sloop off the coast of North Carolina. The *Wasp* was in Europe when the war was declared. She returned to the Delaware with a prize, and sailed on a cruise toward the middle of October, 1812. She fell in with a squadron of British merchantmen, convoyed by a vessel of war. It was on Sunday morning, October 18, 1812. The convoy was the *Frolic*, 18, Captain Whinyates. When the *Wasp* had come within fifty or sixty yards of the enemy, the latter opened her fire. It was returned by the *Wasp* with great energy. The sea was very rough, and it required much nautical skill to manage the vessels. At one time they were so near that they touched each other, and the destruction wrought by their guns was terrible. At length the Americans boarded the enemy, but they found no man to oppose them. The decks were covered by the dead and wounded, and every man who was able had gone below except the old seaman at the wheel. The officers cast down their swords in token of submission, and Lieutenant Biddle hauled down the *Frolic's* colors. "Not twenty persons remained unhurt" in the *Frolic*, her commander reported.

* Jacob Jones was born in Delaware, in 1770. He was educated for a physician, but in 1799 he entered the navy, under Captain Barry. He was with Bainbridge at Tripoli; and at the beginning of the war, in 1812, was commander of the *Wasp*. He went through the war with honor, and when peace came he retired to his farm in his native State, where he died in July, 1850.

Very soon after the victory was secured, the *Poictiers*, a British seventy-four gun ship, appeared, and captured both the *Wasp* and her prize.

The gallant conduct of Jones gave great joy to the Americans. Congress honored him with thanks and a gold medal. His praise was upon every lip. A caricature was issued, entitled "*A Wasp on a Frolic*," and the affair became a theme for wit and song. Many a gray-haired survivor of the war remembers the following lines of a popular song of the day:

"The foe bravely fought, but his arms were all broken,
And he fled from his death-wound, aghast and affrighted:
But the *Wasp* darted forward her death-dealing sting,
And full on his bosom like lightning alighted.
She pierced through his entrails, she maddened his brain,
And he writhed and he groaned as if torn with the colic;
And long shall John Bull rue the terrible day
He met the American *Wasp* on a *Frolic*."

A WASP ON A FROLIC.

A week after Jones's victory, another was achieved by Captain Decatur, in command of the frigate *United States*, 44. On Sunday, the 25th of October, Decatur discovered an English ship, and gave chase. At the distance of about a mile Decatur opened a broadside upon the enemy. His shot fell short. This was soon followed by another at a shorter distance; when a heavy cannonade from the long guns of both vessels commenced, and continued for half an hour. The fire of the *United States* was by far the most effective. The mizen-mast and main and fore top-masts of the enemy were speedily shot away, and his colors disappeared. When the *United States* came within hailing distance the firing on both sides had ceased. The British vessel had surrendered, and it was announced that she was the *Macedonian*, 38, Captain Carden. She was fearfully wounded, having received no less than one hundred round shot in her hull alone. She mounted 49 guns.

Decatur took his prize into New London. The victory made his name immortal. The city of Philadelphia voted him a sword; the city of New York its freedom; and the States of Massachusetts, New York, and Maryland their thanks. Pennsylvania and Virginia each gave him their thanks and a sword; and the Congress of the United States thanks and a gold medal. These victories of the American navy, in quick succession, deeply moved the public mind of Great Britain, and filled the hearts of the people there with great anxiety.

WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE.

The magnanimous Hull, in order to give other officers an opportunity to share in the honors of the naval warfare (there being more officers than vessels), left the *Constitution* after his victory over the *Guerriere*, and she was placed in command of Commodore Bainbridge.* She left Boston toward the close of October on a cruise off the coast of Brazil, in company with the *Hornet*, 18, Captain Lawrence. Leaving the *Hornet* to blockade the British sloop of war *Bonne Citoyenne* in the port of San Salvador, Bainbridge proceeded down the coast, and on the 29th of December fell in with the British frigate *Java*, 38, Captain Lambert. After considerable manœuvring they commenced an engagement, which lasted almost three hours. The action was very spirited, both vessels in their movements exhibiting great nautical skill. In the course of the action the *Java* was reduced to a wreck. She was entirely dismasted, a large number of her guns were disabled, her hull was terribly shattered, and her bowsprit was shot away; while the *Constitution* did not lose a spar.

The *Java* was one of the best vessels in the British service. She was bound to the East Indies, and had on board upward of one hundred officers and men destined for service in the East. Among these was Lieutenant-General Hyslop, Governor of Bombay. Her officers and crew numbered over four hundred, and of these twenty-two were killed and one hundred and two were wounded. Captain Lambert was mortally wounded during the action. The *Constitution* lost nine killed and twenty-five wounded. Finding the *Java* incapable of floating long, Bainbridge burned her, and then returned to Boston. He was received with great rejoicings by his countrymen. The city of Philadelphia presented him with an elegant piece of plate, and the Common Council of New York voted him the freedom of the city in a gold box, and ordered his portrait to be painted. The Congress of the United States voted him their thanks and fifty thousand dollars. They also ordered a gold medal to be presented to him, and a silver one to each of his officers.

Thus, gloriously for the honor of the American navy, closed the year 1812. The Americans were greatly elated by the victories on the ocean, and were in a measure consoled for their defeats on the land. At the same time the ocean swarmed with active American privateers, who made conquests and seized prizes in every direction. Accounts of their exploits filled the newspapers, and a history of that service occupies a volume.* It is estimated that during the first seven months after the declaration of war, American cruisers captured more than fifty British armed vessels, and two hundred and fifty merchantmen, with an aggregate of more than three thousand prisoners, and a vast amount of booty. By these achievements British pride was wounded in a tender part; for England had long boasted that she was "mistress of the seas." They also strengthened the Administration; and at the close of 1812 naval armaments were in preparation on the lakes to assist in a projected invasion of Canada the following spring.

We have already observed that the *Hornet*, Captain Lawrence,† was left by Bainbridge to blockade the port of San Salvador. She was compelled to leave there by a superior British force. On the 24th of February, 1813, while cruising off the mouth of the Demerara River, she encountered the British brig *Peacock*, 18, Captain Peake. At a little past five o'clock in

* William Bainbridge was born at Princeton, New Jersey, in May, 1774. He entered a counting-house in New York as an apprentice, but soon went to sea. He entered the navy in 1798, as Lieutenant, and made his first cruise in command of the *Retaliation*. His services in the Mediterranean were very useful. He was in command of the *Constellation* at the beginning of the war of 1812. He went through the war with distinction, and at its conclusion went again to the Mediterranean. He died at Philadelphia in July, 1833.

* See COGGESHALL'S *American Privateers*.

† James Lawrence was born at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1781. He was partly educated for the law, but studied navigation, and at the age of 17 he entered the navy. His first voyage was to the West Indies, in the *Ganges*, Captain Tingey. He was attached to the *Enterprise* in the bombardment of Tripoli. His cruise in the *Hornet* gave him great honor, and in the spring of 1813 he was placed in command of the *Chesapeake*. In a contest with the *Shannon*, soon afterward, he was mortally wounded, and died on his way to Halifax.

JAMES LAWRENCE.

the afternoon they exchanged broadsides within half pistol-shot distance. A close and severe action continued for about fifteen minutes, when the *Peacock* struck her colors and raised a signal of distress. Lieutenant (now Commodore) Shubrick was dispatched in a boat to take possession of her. He found her in the greatest peril. Her Captain had been killed, a great portion of her crew were disabled by death or wounds, and she was rapidly sinking. Measures were immediately taken to remove the wounded to the *Hornet*, but she was ingulfed before this humane undertaking was accomplished. Thirteen of her crew went down in her. The *Hornet* lost only one man killed and two slightly wounded. For his gallantry on this occasion Captain Lawrence was promoted to the command of the *Chesapeake*. He was also honored by Congress with a commemorative gold medal. He was then in his grave, and the memorial was presented to his nearest male relative.

Early in the year 1813 a British naval force took possession of Lynn Haven Bay, and committed depredations on land and water. In the vicinity was an American gun-boat flotilla under Lieutenant Arthur Sinclair. The enemy often endeavored to entice them from their anchorage ground. At length, on the 13th of March, a clipper-built schooner, the *Lottery*, mounting six guns, that had been captured from the Americans, challenged Sinclair by her movements, and he accepted it. In the schooner *Adeline*, mounting two or three guns, he went out to meet the *Lottery*. She fled, and he pursued her until darkness hid her from view. While he was lying off Gwyn's Island the *Lottery* attacked. They fought in the gloom about twenty minutes, when the enemy was silenced. Sinclair could not determine whether she had surrendered. Very soon the *Lottery* renewed the conflict, and was again silenced. Sinclair wished to shed as little blood as possible, and he ceased his cannonading, when the *Lottery* treacherously renewed her firing. She was soon silenced by the *Adeline* forever, for she was so shattered that she sunk off New Point Comfort, while on her way to Lynn Haven Bay. Sinclair found portions of her wreck floating on the sea next morning.

In the proper order of time we should here consider the remarkable cruise of the *Essex*, Captain Porter,* which left the Delaware on the 28th of October, 1812, with the motto *Free Trade and Sailors' Rights* at her mast-head, to join and become a part of the squadron of Commodore Bainbridge. Space will not permit a detailed account of that cruise; nor is such an account here necessary for the readers of the *Magazine*, one having been given in the number for August, 1859. It is sufficient to say now that during that cruise she captured in the Pacific twelve British whale-ships, with an aggregate of three hundred and two men and one hundred and seven guns. The *Essex* was finally captured in the harbor of Valparaiso, on the west coast of South America, on the 28th of March, 1814, by the British frigate *Phœbe*, 36, and sloop of war *Cherub*, 20, after one of the most desperately-fought battles of the war. The gallant Porter held out until the carnage in his ship was so great that he could muster only one officer upon the quarter-deck. The combatants were so near the shore that some of their shots struck the beach. Thousands of the inhabitants of Valparaiso saw the battle from the neighboring heights. They perceived the overpowering advantage of the British vessels, and their sympathies were in favor of the *Essex*. When she seemed to gain an advantage, loud shouts went up from the multitude; and when she was finally disabled and lost, they expressed their feelings in groans and tears. The *Essex* lost one hundred and fifty-four in killed and wounded. Captain Porter wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, "We have been unfortunate, but not disgraced."

On his return home after the capture of the *Peacock*, Captain Lawrence was placed in command of the *Chesapeake*, lately returned from an unsuccessful cruise, and styled "unlucky" by the sailors. She was lying in Boston harbor, then blockaded by a British squadron under Captain Broke, whose flag-ship was the *Shannon*, 38. Broke challenged Lawrence to come out and fight him. The challenge was accepted, in spite of the remonstrances of experienced officers, be-

* David Porter was born in Boston on the 1st of February, 1780. He entered the navy as a midshipman at the age of nineteen years, on board the *Constellation*. In the capture of *L'Insurgente* his gallantry was conspicuous, and he was promoted to Lieutenant. He was with Bainbridge in the Mediterranean, and suffered imprisonment at Tripoli. He was in command of a flotilla at New Orleans when war was declared in 1812. He was promoted to captain, and served gallantly through the war. After his return from the Pacific he aided in the defense of Baltimore. In 1817 he commanded a squadron sent to the Gulf of Mexico, to suppress the pirates there. He left the navy in 1826, and was afterward appointed Minister to Constantinople. He died there in March, 1843.

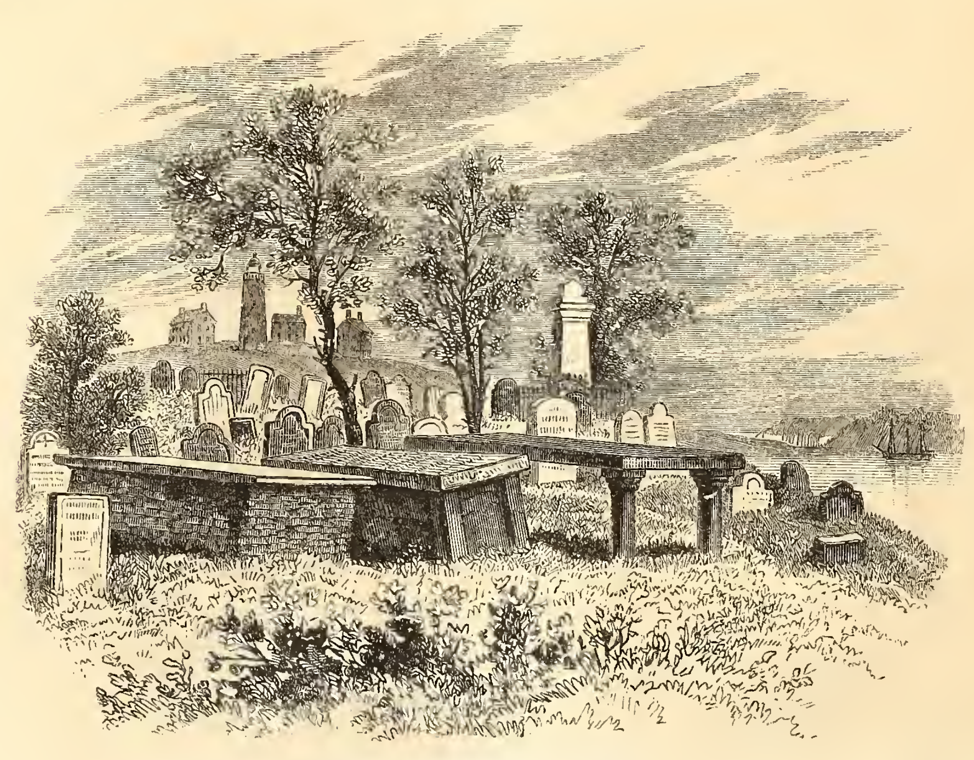
THE CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON.

cause the *Chesapeake* was not in a condition to cope with the enemy.

Lawrence sailed out to meet Broke during the forenoon of the 1st of June. A severe engagement was opened between five and six o'clock in the evening. They became entangled, and in this condition the *Shannon* raked the *Chesapeake* terribly. At this point in the conflict Lawrence received a mortal wound, and was carried below, saying in substance to his officers, "Don't give up the ship!" Other officers were struck down, until no one above a midshipman was to be seen on the quarter-deck. Perceiving this, Captain Broke ordered his boarders forward. The imperfect orders to the boarders of the *Chesapeake* produced confusion. Added to this, some traitorous malcontents had removed the gratings of the berth-deck, and the capture of the ship was made easy. Lieutenant Watts of the *Shannon* pulled down the colors of the *Chesapeake*.

SIR PHILIP BOWES VERE BROKE.

LAWRENCE'S FIRST MONUMENT.



GRAVES OF BURROWS AND BLYTH.

In this short but severe action the *Chesapeake* lost her commander, Lieutenants Ludlow, Ballard, and Broome, sailing-master White, boatswain Adams, three midshipmen, twenty-seven seamen, and eleven marines killed; and ninety-eight officers and men wounded. The *Chesapeake* was taken to Halifax, where she was received with the greatest joy. Lawrence had died on the way, and was buried there with all proper honors. His remains were afterward taken to Salem, Massachusetts, and honored with a public funeral. They were finally conveyed to New York and buried in Trinity Church-yard, where a monument to his memory was erected. That decaying, another has been constructed. The victory of the *Shannon*, after the British navy had suffered so many reverses, was hailed in England with unbounded joy.

The advantages for marauding purposes offered to the British by the waters of Chesapeake Bay caused them to be much resorted to during the war; and in that vicinity many gallant deeds were performed. On the 17th of June, 1813, three British frigates anchored in Hampton Roads. The American frigate *Constellation*, Captain Tarbell, was then lying near Norfolk, with a flotilla of gun-boats. Tarbell sent fifteen of the latter to drive the enemy to sea. They reached the presence of the nearest vessel, the *Junon*, at four o'clock in the morning of the 20th, and in a thick fog opened a heavy, galling fire upon her. She was surprised and would have been compelled to surrender, so spirited was the attack, if she had not been aided by the other two frigates. The action lasted half an hour, and the *Junon* was seriously damaged. This little affair brought a stronger force of the enemy into the Roads, for the purpose of destroying the American defenses in the Elizabeth River, particularly those at Craney Island. In defense of them the little fleet nobly seconded the efforts of the small land-forces there, and the enemy were repulsed.

In June, 1813, the United States brig *Argus*, 20, Captain Allen,* sailed for France with Mr. Crawford, American minister to the French court. She arrived at L'Orient at about the middle of July, and three days afterward sailed on a cruise in British waters. Her exploits there carried dismay to the mercantile circles of England, and revived the terror inspired by Paul Jones thirty-four years before. She captured twenty merchantmen in the immediate presence of the British Government. Several vessels were sent out to confront the audacious cruiser. Among them was the brig *Pelican*, 18, Captain Maples. She fell in with the *Argus* on the 14th of August, at six o'clock in the morning. Captain Allen was mortally wounded almost immediately. His first lieutenant was soon disabled and carried below, and the vessel was thereafter managed, in gallant style, by the second lieutenant, William H. Allen. In less than half an hour the *Argus* was so much damaged that she became unmanageable. At about seven o'clock the enemy boarded her, and at the same moment her colors were struck. The action lasted only about half an hour. Captain Allen died in the hospital of Mill prison, England.

The little American brig *Enterprise*, Lieutenant Burrows, famous as the capturer of the *Tripoli* in the Mediterranean, now gained other and more brilliant honors. On the 5th of Septem-

* W. H. Allen was born at Providence, Rhode Island, in October, 1784, and entered the navy in the year 1800. His first cruise was in the *Washington*, under Bainbridge. He was promoted to Lieutenant in 1805, and was with Barron in the *Chesapeake*, in 1807. The only gun fired on that occasion he touched off with a coal in his fingers. He was Decatur's first lieutenant at the capture of the *Macedonian*.

PUT-IN-BAY.

ber, 1813, she encountered the British cruiser *Boxer* (a brig mounting fourteen guns), off the coast of Maine, not far from Portland. They engaged in a severe contest at about half past three o'clock in the afternoon, at half pistol-shot distance. The action lasted about forty minutes, when the *Boxer* surrendered. Her colors were nailed to her mast, and could not be struck. Her officer in charge surrendered by asking a cessation of cannonading. Both vessels lost their commanders. Lieutenant Burrows was mortally wounded by a canister shot, and Captain Blyth of the *Boxer* was killed by a cannon-ball from the first broadside fired by the *Enterprise.* Lieutenant M'Call, who assumed the command of the *Enterprise*, had both vessels taken into the harbor of Portland. There the two commanders were buried side by side, with the honors of war. Congress voted a gold medal to both Burrows and M'Call. The late Mathew L. Davis, of New York, in after-years, erected a monument over the grave of Burrows, by the side of one that already marked the burial-place of Blyth.

Five days after the victory over the *Boxer*, Captain Perry,* in command of a squadron of small vessels on Lake Erie, gained a complete victory over a British squadron under Commander Barclay. Perry's vessels were at anchor in Put-in-Bay, toward the western end of Lake Erie, on the morning of the 10th of September. He sailed out, having the *Lawrence* for his flag-ship, bearing the words of the brave commander of that name—"Don't give up the ship!" It was a very beautiful day, with a light breeze. The Americans had nine vessels, the British six. Perry was a young man of seven-and-twenty, and then ill with bilious fever; Barclay was a veteran who had served under Nelson.

The action commenced at a quarter before twelve by Barclay, who ordered his flag-ship *Detroit* to hurl a 24-pound shot at the *Lawrence* at nearly a mile and a half distance. The action soon became general, and Perry's ship was the principal target for the enemy, and the chief sufferer. The carnage was terrible, yet Perry would not yield. The *Lawrence* at length became a perfect wreck, and all her guns were silenced. Perry had assisted in firing her last shot. With unsurpassed bravery he left the *Lawrence*, passed through the fire and smoke in a small boat, and sprang to the deck of the *Niagara*, then almost uninjured. He brought her into action, cutting the British line, raking one of their vessels with his broadside port, and pouring a full broadside into two others that lay entangled and helpless. One of these was Barclay's flag-ship; and the gallant commander, who had lost an arm at Trafalgar, now had the other dreadfully shattered, and he was carried below.

The fortunes of the day soon turned in favor of Perry, and after a terrible battle of three hours he was enabled to write to General Harrison—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours;

* Oliver Hazard Perry was born in South Kingston, Rhode Island, on the 23d of August, 1785. He entered the navy as a midshipman, at the age of thirteen years, on board the sloop of war *General Greene.* He accompanied Preble to Tripoli. In 1810 he was promoted to Lieutenant, and placed in command of a schooner in Commodore Rodgers's squadron. Early in 1812 he commanded a flotilla of gun-boats in New York harbor. He was sent to Lake Erie, and there performed signal service. After the war he was placed in command of the *Java*, and went with Decatur to the Mediterranean to punish the Dey of Algiers. He went to the West Indies in 1819 to guard American commerce from the pirates, and to destroy the corsairs. While on that station he died of yellow-fever in August, 1819.

two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop." This was a most important blow upon the enemy, and gave the mastery of Lake Erie to the Americans. When intelligence of this victory went over the land it produced the most intense joy. Art, poetry, and song gave their homage in full measure; and to this day the name of Perry is spoken with reverence by the American people. For a long time the ballad of "Old Queen Charlotte" was exceedingly popular, and touched the public heart with this concluding stanza:

"Now let us remember the tenth of September,
When Yankees gave Britons a warning,
When our foes on Lake Erie were beaten and weary,
So full of conceit in the morning.
To the skillful and brave, who our country did save,
Our gratitude ought to be warming;
So let us be merry in toasting of Perry,
September the tenth, in the morning."

OLIVER H. PERRY.

Congress gave the young hero its hearty thanks and a gold medal, and the Legislature of Pennsylvania did the same. In 1860 the city of Cleveland erected a superb marble statue of Perry, by Walcott, in the centre of its public square.

The little American navy on Lake Ontario, under Commodore Isaac Chauncey, had already won unfading honors. Early in the contest Lieutenant Woolsey, in command of the *Oneida*, 16, had displayed gallantry at Sackett's Harbor. The British had then six armed vessels on Lake Ontario. The United States perceived the great importance of those inland waters, and speedily commenced the creation of a navy on the same lake. Henry Eckford, the celebrated marine architect, was employed for the purpose, and at Sackett's Harbor was his dock-yard. Captain Chauncey was appointed to the chief command, and first appeared at Sackett's Harbor in that capacity on the 8th of November, 1812. He made the *Oneida* his flag-ship, which, with six smaller vessels, composed his squadron. With these he performed some gallant exploits near the east end of the lake soon after his arrival; but early in December ice formed a barrier to further operations.

ISAAC CHAUNCEY.

Soon after Chauncey's arrival Eckford launched the *Madison*, 24; and when spring opened the Commodore had a fleet of eleven vessels. Two brigs had been commenced at Erie meanwhile, and the British Government had built at Kingston a larger vessel than the *Madison*, and appointed Sir James L. Yeo to the command of the Ontario squadron. In the spring of 1813 Eckford laid the keel of a vessel still larger than the *Madison*, and both parties made vigorous preparations to contend for the mastery of the lake.

Chauncey* recommended an attack by land and water on York (Toronto), the capital of Upper Canada, in the spring of 1813. It was agreed to; and in April he sailed thither with a considerable land-force under General Dearborn. York was captured, but with the loss of

* Isaac Chauncey was born in Fairfield County, Connecticut. He was designed for the law, but at an early age he wished to try the sea. He made voyages to the East Indies in ships belonging to the late John J. Astor. He entered the navy under Truxtun in 1798, and performed gallant services in the Mediterranean. For these Congress presented him a sword. He received the commission of Captain in the navy in 1806. His services on Lake Ontario were of the highest importance. He was again in the Mediterranean in 1816. He was appointed to the command of the naval station at Brooklyn in 1824; and in 1833 was chosen one of the Board of Navy Commissioners. He died at Washington in January, 1840, aged about sixty-five years.

the brave General Pike, who died on Chauncey's ship with the flag of his country under his head. Chauncey soon afterward made the enemy at Kingston very circumspect in the presence of his fleet, and then sailed westward to co-operate in an attack on Fort George at the mouth of the Niagara River. In that successful movement Chauncey gallantly assisted. The British immediately evacuated the whole Niagara frontier.

While Chauncey was in the west, Yeo, with a land and naval force, appeared off Sackett's Harbor, but was repulsed. Before Chauncey's return, Yeo, unwilling to encounter him, was safe in Kingston harbor. Soon after this several promotions were made in the navy, and meritorious officers were sent to the lakes.

During the summer of 1813 Chauncey and Yeo roamed the lakes, and made many hostile manœuvres, but the British commander was too shy to allow the American Commodore a chance for a real battle. Finally, toward the close of September, they had a short but indecisive skirmish off Toronto; and early in October Chauncey captured some British gun-vessels not far from Sackett's Harbor. Such had been his vigilance and activity that, at the close of 1813, he was fairly master of Lake Ontario, although the hostile squadrons had engaged in only three slight encounters during the season.

SIR JAMES LUCAS YEO.

Both parties labored diligently during the winter and spring of 1814 in preparations for securing the control of Lake Ontario. In February Eckford laid down three vessels—one a frigate pierced for 50 guns, and two brigs, 22 guns each. The latter were launched early in April, and called respectively *Jefferson* and *Jones*. But their men and armaments did not begin to arrive until the 1st of May, when the frigate was also launched, and named *Superior*. She was made Chauncey's flag-ship. At the same time that efficient officer was relieved of the command of the upper lakes, to which Captain Sinclair was appointed.

The enemy, meanwhile, had gone out upon the lake in force, and on the 5th of May Sir James Yeo appeared off Oswego with seven vessels, carrying an aggregate of one hundred and seventy guns, and a few boats. The chief object of the expedition was the capture of naval materials, belonging to the Americans, that were in store a short distance up the river. The *Growler*, Captain Woolsey, was the only armed vessel at Oswego, and the garrison in the fort was weak. The *Growler* was sunk, and the fort and town were taken possession of by the enemy on the second day after his arrival. But he did not venture up the river, and the naval materials were saved. These, with thirty-three heavy guns, were taken upon a flotilla of boats under Captain Woolsey, accompanied by a corps of riflemen under Major Appling, to Sandy Creek, and from thence to Sackett's Harbor by land, that port being blockaded by Sir James Yeo's squadron On that occasion several British armed boats chased Woolsey and his flotilla up Sandy Creek, and were all captured after a skirmish.

Early in June the *Superior* was ready for sea. The *Mohawk*, whose keel had been laid on the blocks of the former only thirty-four days before, was launched on the 11th. Perceiving this forwardness of Chauncey's fleet, Sir James raised the blockade and retired to Kingston. Lieutenant Gregory was immediately sent out from the harbor, at the head of an expedition, to surprise some supply-boats in the St. Lawrence, and returned with almost as many prisoners as he had men, having captured a gun-boat, which he was compelled to sink.

Chauncey's fleet, consisting of eight vessels and a look-out, and armed with an aggregate of two hundred and thirty guns, sailed on the 31st of July, its completion having been delayed by sickness at the Harbor. The Commodore was still ill, but was convalescent. He steered for the Niagara River, now again in possession of the enemy, and after spreading alarm there, and leaving a small blockading force, he went eastward with four vessels, and shut the British squadron up in Kingston harbor for six weeks.

At the middle of September Chauncey was called away to bear Izard's army of four thousand men from the Harbor to the mouth of the Genesee River. They were on their way from Lake Champlain to the Niagara frontier. When Chauncey returned he found that a great double-deck vessel, called *St. Lawrence*, and pierced for 112 guns, built by the British, was in the water at Kingston, so he prudently withdrew to Sackett's Harbor to await an attack. Sir James sailed out in his big ship soon afterward, with a force in her of eleven hundred men; and from

CUMBERLAND HEAD AND SCENE OF NAVAL ACTION.

that time until the close of the season he was master of Lake Ontario. During the winter the enemy laid down another two-decker at Kingston, while the Americans prepared to build two of equal if not superior size. Eckford agreed to launch two ships of this size within sixty days. The Government gave the order, six hundred ship-carpenters were directed to repair to Sackett's Harbor, and the work was commenced. Within thirty days intelligence of peace came, and the work was suspended. The *New Orleans*, one of the vessels, was then nearly planked in, and the second vessel was not much behind her. The *New Orleans* was to carry 120 guns. There she stands now, on the stocks, perfectly preserved under a ship-house, the wonder of all visitors. Thus ended the warfare on the lakes. "No officer of the American navy," says Mr. Cooper, "ever filled a station of the responsibility and importance of that which Commodore Chauncey occupied; and it may be justly questioned if any officer could have acquitted himself better."

THOMAS MACDONOUGH.

While these movements were taking place on Lake Ontario, others of less importance transpired on the upper lakes, under the command of Commodore Sinclair. He made some captures on lakes Superior and Huron, and the enemy fairly retaliated.

On little Lake Champlain, only one hundred and forty miles long and ten miles across at its greatest width, a very important naval engagement took place on the 11th of September, 1814. Sir George Prevost marched from Montreal with an invading army fourteen thousand strong, composed chiefly of Wellington's veterans. He was seconded by a small fleet, which had been constructed at the foot of the lake by the British, and was under the command of Commodore Downie. Prevost arrived at Plattsburg, on the north side of the Saranac, on the 6th of September, and was confronted on the south side by General Macomb and only about fifteen hundred men and some field-works. Downie was to be opposed by a squadron, under Commodore Macdonough, of four large vessels and ten galleys, with an aggregate of ninety-four heavy guns. The *Saratoga* was Macdonough's flag-ship. This

force was materially smaller than that of the British. Downie's flag-ship *Confiance* had the gun-deck of a heavy frigate. His whole force consisted of seventeen vessels, including gun-boats, and an aggregate of 116 guns and 1000 men.

On the morning of the 11th of September the British fleet came round Cumberland Head, at the northern entrance to Plattsburg Bay, with a fair wind. Macdonough was ready to receive them; and at that quiet moment, just before the opening of broadsides, he offered a prayer to the God of Battles for assistance and protection. The prayer had just ended when the *Eagle*, without orders, opened upon the enemy. A cock on board the *Saratoga*, startled at the sound of great guns, flew upon a perch and crowed lustily. The inspirited sailors gave three hearty cheers, and soon the battle raged with fury. The engagement lasted two hours and twenty minutes, when the British commander struck his colors, and surrendered his whole fleet. The land-forces engaged at the same time fought until dark; and during the night Prevost, alarmed at some false intelligence, retreated in haste back to Canada.

This victory was hailed by the Americans with great joy. Macomb and Macdonough were highly honored. The States of New York and Vermont gave land to the latter; the cities of New York and Albany each presented him with a valuable lot; and Congress voted him thanks and a gold medal.*

COMMODORE DOWNIE'S GRAVE.

Commodore Downie was mortally wounded in the action, and, with several others, was buried in a little cemetery at Plattsburg. A marble slab was laid over his grave, and two pine-trees were planted there. One of these perished in the winter of 1860–'61.

While these stirring events were occurring on the lakes, the American navy was active on the ocean. On the 29th of April the *Peacock*, 22, Master-Commandant Warrington,* fell in with the British brig *L'Epervier*, 18 (Sparrow-hawk), and after forty-two minutes' steady fire captured her. The *Epervier* was terribly shattered, while the *Peacock* was so slightly hurt that, according to Warrington, she was "ready for another action" fifteen minutes after her antagonist struck her colors. This brilliant achievement elicited the warmest praise for Warrington. Congress gave him thanks and a gold medal, and a homely bard wrote:

"Rare birds, 'tis said, are seldom best,
But those who feather well their nest
Are much esteemed for gain, Sir;
And Warrington has lately said,
The Sparrow-hawk with specie fed
The *Peacock* won't disdain, Sir!"

JOHNSTON BLAKELEY.

On the afternoon of the 1st of May, 1814, the new American sloop of war *Wasp*, 24, Captain

* Thomas Macdonough was born in Newcastle, Delaware, in December, 1783. He obtained a midshipman's warrant at the age of fifteen years, and in the war with Tripoli he distinguished himself. He was with Decatur at the burning of the *Philadelphia*. He was commissioned a Lieutenant in 1807, and in July, 1813, was promoted to Master-Commandant. His services on Lake Champlain were exceedingly valuable. At the close of the war his health failed. For ten years he wasted with consumption, and died on the 10th of November, 1825.

* Lewis Warrington was born at Williamsburg, Virginia, in November, 1782, and was educated at William and Mary College. He entered the naval service as midshipman in 1800, on the *Chesapeake*, Captain Barron. He served in the Mediterranean; and in 1802 was promoted to Lieutenant. He performed gallant service during the war. He was for some years chief of the Ordnance Bureau at Washington. He died there on the 12th of October, 1851.

Johnston Blakeley, sailed on her first cruise from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and proceeded to the English waters. She made a very successful cruise there, and revived the memory of the *Argus* the year before. On the morning of the 28th of June a strange sail appeared, and the *Wasp* immediately made chase. She overtook her, and at half past three in the afternoon opened upon her with one of her 32-pound carronades. The action soon became severe, and after a contest of only about twenty minutes the British vessel struck her colors. She proved to be the *Reindeer*, 18, Captain Manners. In his letter to the Secretary of the Navy, Captain Blakeley said of the *Reindeer*, "She was literally cut to pieces in a line with her ports, and her upper-works, boats, and spare spars were one complete wreck." Her commander and twenty-four of his companions were killed, and forty of her crew were wounded. This gallant exploit won for Blakeley the applause of his countrymen. The State of North Carolina gave him a sword, and educated his daughter, and the Congress of the United States presented him with their thanks and a gold medal.*

After her engagement with the *Reindeer* the *Wasp* went into the port of L'Orient, and remained until near the last of August, when she sailed on another cruise. In the evening of the 27th she had a severe running fight with the British brig *Avon*, 20. The brig, after a combat of an hour, in the dark, gave notice that she had surrendered. The *Wasp* was about to take her prize when another vessel appeared. She was about to open on this new antagonist when a third, and then a fourth one appeared. Unequal to these fresh vessels, she put up her helm and left them, at the same time losing her prize. Blakeley learned afterward that the *Avon* sunk almost immediately, and that the second antagonist was the brig *Castalian*. He captured several prizes during his cruise. After sending one of these into Savannah the *Wasp* was never heard of. She probably foundered, and went to the bottom of the sea.

The American navy sustained a severe loss in January, 1815, by the capture of the *President*, Commodore Decatur. On the night of the 14th of January Decatur attempted to run the blockade of New York while the British squadron, blown out to sea, was absent. He would have succeeded had his vessel not struck upon a bar near Sandy Hook and been detained there five hours. He went to sea, and at dawn the next morning he was chased by four ships. The *President* was deeply laden for a long cruise, and she sailed slowly. Every thing that could be got at was cast overboard, but to no purpose. Her pursuers were of light draught and fleet, and at three o'clock in the afternoon the foremost in the chase opened a bow gun upon her. Decatur tried to get his antagonist alongside, but failed. He now determined to exchange ships, and escape, by capturing his opponent before the others could come up. They kept up a running fight parallel with each other with heavy guns until eleven o'clock, when all her pursuers overtook her. Surrounded by a greatly superior force, one-fifth of his crew killed or wounded, and his ship badly crippled, Decatur saw no chance for victory or escape, and surrendered. His long combat had been with the *Endymion*, 40, though mounting fifty-two guns. Decatur's loss was twenty-four killed and fifty-six wounded. The *Endymion* had eleven killed and fourteen wounded.

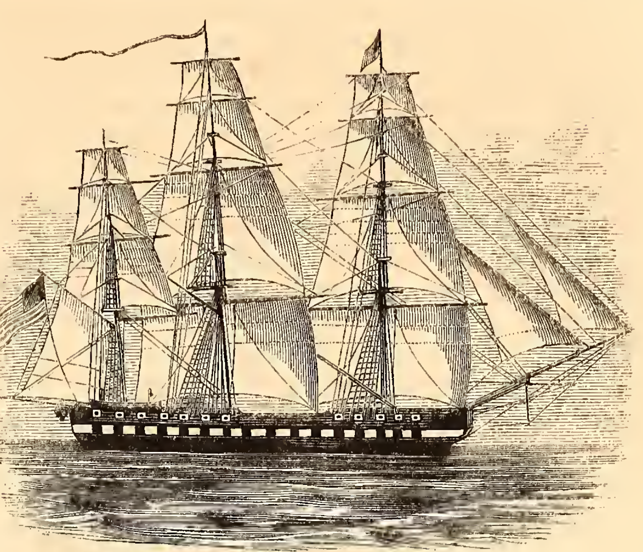
Soon after this event, and before it was known at home, others of Decatur's squadron went to sea. One of these was the *Hornet*, Captain Biddle. She fell in with the British brig *Penguin*, Captain Dickenson, on the 23d of March. They engaged in combat between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, and after fighting for nearly half an hour, the *Penguin* surrendered. The gallantry of Biddle on this occasion was rewarded by Congress with thanks and a gold medal. This was the last battle of the war of 1812, and has been pronounced by some as one of the most creditable. It is a singular coincidence, that in one of the first naval engagements, that of the *Wasp* and *Frolic*, which broke the charm of British naval superiority, Biddle was a gallant participant, and was also the one to command in the last battle, which gave perfect independence to his country. Also that the two vessels in which he served were named after two fiery American insects, *Wasp* and *Hornet*.

We have considered this engagement next to

STEPHEN DECATUR.

* Johnston Blakeley was born in Ireland, in October, 1781. He was brought to America by his parents when he was two years of age, and was reared in Wilmington, North Carolina. He studied in New York five years. He entered the navy as a midshipman in 1800. His career during the time of his service was gallant and honorable. The last official paper received from Captain Blakeley was dated at sea, sloop of war *Wasp*, 11th September, 1814. His fate will never be known.

the loss of the *President*, because the *Hornet* was a part of Decatur's squadron. Another important victory for the American navy in the war of 1812, occurring a little earlier, remains to be noted. I refer to the capture of the *Cyane*, 36, and the *Levant*, 20, by the American frigate *Constitution.*



THE "CONSTITUTION."

The *Constitution*, Captain Charles Stewart, left Boston on a cruise, at the middle of December, 1814. On her way from Bermuda to Madeira and the Bay of Biscay she captured two prizes. At one o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th of February she discovered a strange sail, and three-fourths of an hour afterward another appeared in view. They both bore up for the *Constitution.* She prepared for action, and at five o'clock opened an ineffectual fire upon one of them. The evening was pleasant, the moon shining brightly. The two vessels manœuvred so as to attack the *Constitution* simultaneously. At half cable's length of each other they awaited their antagonist. She came up in gallant style, and managed so skillfully as to give tremendous broadsides to both of them. The action was very severe, and a quarter before seven one of the vessels, that proved to be the *Cyane*, Captain Falcon, surrendered. An hour afterward the *Constitution* started in pursuit of the other. The two ships exchanged broadsides at a quarter to nine o'clock, and then commenced a severe engagement that lasted until ten o'clock. The stranger then surrendered, and proved to be the *Levant*, Captain Douglass. The loss of the *Constitution* was three killed and twelve wounded. The two vessels lost thirty-five killed and forty wounded. The *Constitution*, appropriately called "Old Ironsides" on account of her stanchness, is yet, like her gallant commander on that occasion, in the service. Our little sketch shows her appearance as a school-ship at Annapolis, a year since, with all her sails set.

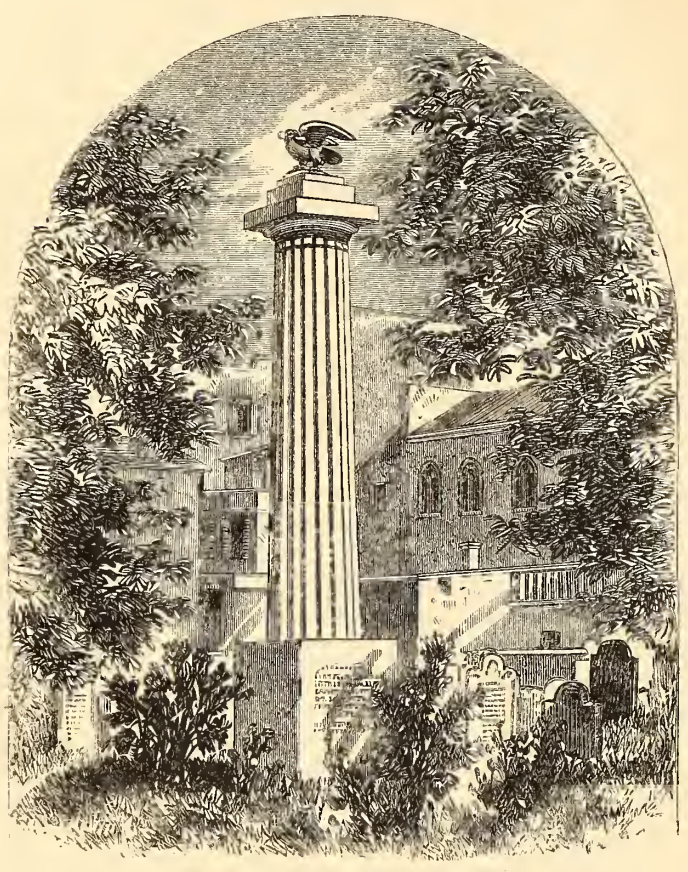
Thus, as briefly as perspicuity would allow, an outline history of the American Navy, to the close of the war of 1812–'15, has been given. Even these glimpses of its honorable career exhibit uncommon brilliancy. At the close of that contest it took rank among those of the proudest nations, and commanded for the United States the profound respect of the world—a respect which has steadily increased, until now the flag of the Republic is honored wherever it is seen.

Little more remains to be said concerning the operations of the navy of the United States, because for a period of fifty years, with slight interruptions, we have been at peace with all the world.

At the close of the war with Great Britain it was necessary to make the pirates of the Barbary

ALGIERS SIXTY YEARS AGO.

States feel the power of our Government. The Dey of Algiers, to whom tribute had been paid since 1795, had been informed that the navy of the United States had been annihilated during the war, and he became more insolent than ever. Our Government resolved to submit no longer to his demands or his depredations; and, in the spring of 1815, Commodore Decatur was sent to the Mediterranean with a squadron that spread dismay along the southern shores of that sea. He captured the Algerine admiral and full six hundred of his piratical companions, and then appeared in the harbor of the Dey with a peremptory demand for the instant release of all captives, indemnity for all losses, and a relinquishment of all future claims for tribute. The trembling Governor submitted to the humiliation, and complied with the demand. Decatur then sailed for Tunis and Tripoli on a similar errand, and accomplished a similar result. The overawed pirates were confounded, and the people of Europe were amazed. In that single cruise Decatur had accomplished what the combined powers of Europe had not dared to attempt. He crushed the dreaded power of the corsairs, and gave security to the commerce of the Mediterranean Sea.*



DECATUR'S MONUMENT.

* Stephen Decatur was of French lineage, and was born on the eastern shore of Maryland in January, 1779. His father was a naval officer. Young Decatur was educated at Philadelphia, and entered the navy under Commodore Barry. He was promoted to Lieutenant in 1799, and, as we have seen, performed gallant services in the Mediterranean Sea. He superseded Commodore Barron in the command of the *Chesapeake*, and, during the whole war with Great Britain, he was one of the most gallant and most beloved of the naval commanders. On his return to the United States, after his last cruise in the Mediterranean, he was appointed one of the Board of Navy Commissioners, and resided at Kalorama, near Georgetown, District of Columbia, the former residence of Joel Barlow.

Decatur, like Hamilton, "lived like a man and died like a fool." He and Commodore Barron quarreled. The result was a duel at Bladensburg and the death of Decatur. That event occurred on the 22d of March, 1820. His remains were taken from Kalorama to Philadelphia in 1846, and now repose beneath a fine granite monument in St. Peter's Church-yard.

FROST.

BEFORE the window standing,
I see the dream-like glow
Of Frost against the dawning:—
Strange fancies gleam and go.

A little child is gazing,
With wonder-wakened eyes,
Upon the Frost-enchantment
Against the dawning skies.

His mother steals beside him—
Oh, strange the picture gleams!—
The fairy Frost has wakened
His fairy world of dreams!

Woodlands, that gleam enchanted
With crystal boughs so bright,
Where only years have wandered:
Strange castles haunt the height!

Ah, while the child is gazing
The Frost-enchantment's fled,
And I, alone, awaken,
And Fairy-Land is dead!

I linger by the window:—
The market roars and beats,
With myriad wheels and footsteps,
The Real's morning streets.

Tears, tears upon the window,
For the Frost-work's fairy gleam:—
And on my cheek are tear-drops—
The relics of my dream.

Tears gleam upon the window
Where the Frost-work flashed before:—
Ah, in Time's eastern windows
Are frosted panes no more!

THE ZOU-ZOU.

"To bugle-note and beat of drum
They come—the gallant Zouaves come!"

READER, have you ever noticed what a change dress makes in a man?

"Most certainly I have!" exclaims the reader; "but that is an *old* remark, verified by hundreds of trite sayings, and even clenched by a proverb."

Very good! But I mean not alone in his person, but also in his character. Have you ever—well-dressed, quiet citizen that you are—rolled up your pants, soap-locked your hair, stuck your hat on one side, and felt all over the Jakey? If you have not, I advise you to try it once, and see if you are not quite surprised at the amount of rowdy element lying latent in you. Mind you, I mean in *feeling* as well as in look. After that you will be less "hard" upon that very extensive ingredient of our great cities—the rowdies. I know you will!—and ascribe half their faults, at least, to their rolled-up breeches and accompaniments. And if you are the good-hearted soul that I think you are, you will institute, *on the moment*, a society with the style and title of the "Anti-turn-up-Breeches Society," take large "offices" on one of the most extensive thoroughfares, and expend all the money you can lay your hands upon for salaries to its officers—good, charitable soul that you are! You will agree with me then—so will all the world, except your enemies, perhaps—that dress *does* make a difference.

But if a mere difference in a civilian's clothing can produce such a change, how much greater must the change be when a civilian dons a uniform. Witness the martial stride of our friend Jones—behold that attitude—that look! Who would ever think that it was the same man who used to sell tape at two-pence the yard? Who would ever have thought that it would have made such a difference?

"But then the dress *suggests* the character," say you—for you are somewhat slow in coming to a conclusion—"and in putting on the dress he naturally assumes the character; just as you, in putting on a mock look of terror or smile of happiness, feel, to a certain extent, a corresponding emotion within you." Precisely; and that is just what I've been driving at! And now, as we are both agreed, and as our subject is a military one, we will ratify our agreement in camp style, if you will; up will go our canteens, and down we will come to our subject again. Ha! ha! ha! philosophical soul that you are! I know that when I said "up and down," you were thinking of the ups-and-downs of this world. "No; you were thinking of the way the liquor went down." Oh, well! one thought is productive of the other, for when the liquor goes down the man goes down; so let us go on with our subject.

Now, some uniforms are more productive of change than others. Thus I have seen a most timid horseman transformed into a most daring and gallant cavalier by a jaunty huzzar jacket; just as I have seen the mildest, most harmless of men transformed into the veriest of devils by simply donning the braided jacket, flowing breeches, and gay fez which designate the "pet lambs." Yes, certainly the most daring, reckless fellow that ever bedeviled me with his acquaintance was a Fire Zouave who, in early life, had been designed for a preacher; whose tastes and wishes had apparently well suited him for the position; and whose every action had, as far as one could judge, proclaimed his vocation, until he got that infernal jacket on! Verily, extremes meet. But it's little of preachers you ought to be thinking, and your article headed "The Zou-Zou!" Very true, gentlest—ahem!—yes, gentlest of readers; but you must remember that we have been philosophizing, and that there is an immense distance between Philosophy and Zouaves—an immense space, through which it would not do to come down "*plump*," but through which one must descend gradually. Besides, is not the preacher the pet lamb of his congregation, just as the Zouave is the pet lamb of the army? Both are held up as respective examples, and both congregation and army are ready to—to (swear, is it?) by their respective chiefs. The army *is*, I know; and why should not it be so, when our pet General (M'Clellan) says that he is, "with his graceful dress, soldierly bearing, and vigilant attitude, the beau-idéal of a soldier!"

The Zou-Zou, though rapidly acclimatizing himself, is, in this country, a novelty; and was first produced prominently before the American public by the late lamented Colonel Ellsworth. The original Zouave corps had its origin soon after the taking of Algiers, when the French Government found it advisable to present some way in which the numerous native applicants for admission to the French army could attain their ends, and at the same time render valuable aid to the Government. The French Government thereupon, at the recommendation of the Algerian Army Bureau, organized a battalion of infantry, of which the companies, though commanded by French officers, were almost entirely recruited from among the native inhabitants of the country. The Dey of Algiers had been in the habit of recruiting from one of the great tribes of the Kabylia a body of troops, to which he had given the name of Zouaves; and the new corps assumed this name, and at the same time retained the rich Oriental costume, which is at once so picturesque and graceful. The Zouaves were destined to fight as skirmishers principally; it was therefore determined to give them the same tactics and armament already adopted by the Chasseurs-à-pied. These tactics, much improved upon, have become famous, and have been known throughout all the world as the Zouave tactics, though, as we have seen, they were merely adopted by the Zouaves from their brothers in arms, the Chasseurs-à-pied. The corps did not retain its position as a native corps long, for soon its original element

began to dwindle away, and it became ingrafted into the French army as an essentially French corps. It had already, by its zeal and the great services which it had rendered the Government, become quite famous, and its mysterious name, gorgeous uniform, and dazzling renommée, made it begin to be considered by the French soldier as a privilege of the first degree to be allowed to enter its ranks; so much so, indeed, that many of the best non-commissioned officers of other corps were both willing and ready to sacrifice their chevrons for the honor of entering into the ranks of the new corps. Thus it became, as it were, the very *concentration* of the esprit of the French army.

With great judgment those selected were men of a most vigorous temperament, both morally and physically, and these included within the new battalions, which the Government in view of their great usefulness determined to raise, a large proportion of that singular outflow of Parisian life known as "les gamins de Paris."

These gay children of Paris—always ready for any new excitement—charmed by the fascinating influence which surrounded the novel corps—"mauvaise sujets," but at the same time brave and reckless as devils, hastened to place themselves beneath its standard, and while they guarded jealously its ancient glory, never let pass an opportunity to add to its renommée—until, by almost unheard of deeds of valor, it has attained a blazing brilliancy, which has lit up its name in words of fire, as it were, throughout the world!

Since then the name of almost every battle-field in which the French have been engaged has been emblazoned in the vividness of *blood* upon their banners, until they have served to throw a halo of glory about their standards, that the very sight of them alone overwhelms their foes, and adds redoubled vigor to their friends.

For recklessness and daring the Zou-Zou has ever held the palm, and these very qualities go far to palliate the many undoubted faults to which they lead. With the recklessness of irresponsibility and mischievousness of monkeys, the pranks that they play are often of the most daring and laughable character. I have often seen them, when the French and Austrian armies were encamped on either side of the river Po, come down to the bank, and wash their clothes as unconcernedly as though there was not an enemy within a hundred miles of them; and after they had finished, wave, in the most audacious manner, a graceful acknowledgment to the Austrian sharp-shooters, whose admiration of the "daring" displayed had alone stayed the deadly bullet. At the battle of Melegnano, too, while in the midst of a terrific charge, a well-known air played by the magnificent band of the enemy struck on their ears, and with one impulse they dropped their muskets and applauded till the very welkin rang: this tribute to the performers over, the next moment they were up and had possession of the heights! But how many gallant spirits fell never more to rise—and for a whim! How many a one beat out in that applause the last life-drop from his manly heart! But surely it is allowed that the Zouave has his *whim*, when the whole *war*—to quote the words of his Emperor—was but "for an *idea*." (See Speech of Napoleon III. to his Ministers of State, upon his return from the Italian Campaign.)

At the same battle an equally cool and most touching incident took place in the Austrian ranks. A gallant Hungarian regiment was in the act of charging the rapidly nearing enemy; with leveled bayonets they came sweeping on like a resistless avalanche, when, just before the shock of steel against steel took place, their much-beloved Colonel, who was at the head of his regiment, fell pierced through the heart. The body was seized by those standing near and borne rapidly to the rear, and as it passed the whole regiment, five thousand men, presented arms in honor of their chief!

A higher tribute was perhaps never paid to a commanding officer than this, and it at once evinced the discipline and spirit which he had infused into his troops. A military man may possibly exclaim, as a French General did in relation to the famous charge of the "six hundred"—"C'est bien magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!" Very true; but oh! if there be aught to palliate the horrors of a war, it is such incidents as these. Why reduee war to a mere slaughter? why not surround it by every noble enthusiasm that can soothe or throw a charm about its horror? Why not cover the ghastly sight with the gilded cloak of romance? Is it that it bears looking on in all its ghastliness? Nay, let us rather robe the warrior in the royal webs of glory that befit the brave, and placing upon his head the diadem and nodding plume of gallantry, bid him stand forth, not less *brave*, but more gallant, the fitting illustration to our historic title-page!

Believe me, our deeds will live longer for such incidents—our names be remembered when the battles and their dates are long forgotten. Why is it that *one* hero stands forth from the bright page of chivalry, surrounded by such a halo of glory and of romance? Is it that his companions were less brave? No; others were as brave as he, whose names are all unknown; but it was that *he* endeared himself to our hearts and minds by his deeds of gallantry as well as bravery; and the fame of our youthful idol, the chevalier, "sans peur et sans reproache," shall live as long as there remains a page of history on which to write it; as long as there remains a heart on which to inscribe it. These little incidents of gallant daring are also often productive of wonderful results; sometimes the very results which the stern disciplinarian has in vain attempted to attain after his own fashion. An incident has been related to me which happened at the battle of Bull Run, where a young lieutenant, for the purpose of encouraging his troops, coolly took from his pocket a cigar, and tranquilly lighting it, smoked with the most appar-

ent unconcern, amidst what an experienced officer designated "one of the most terrific fires that he had ever seen." And had it much effect? Effect? it was *electric!* Those who had begun to shrink, animated afresh by this piece of coolness, rushed with renewed courage upon the foe, and were victorious, until that fatal order of retreat came to change their victory to defeat. Now all these little things, while they serve to encourage and animate our troops, are necessarily proportionally discouraging and dispiriting to the enemy. Of this fact the Zou-Zou, and more particularly his officers, are fully aware; and they endeavor, by a thousand such incidents, to nurture that esprit which has ever distinguished their corps. As for their mere acts of mischief, for which they are equally celebrated, these are rich and numerous; for the Zouave is ever the life of the camp—he keeps alive himself, and keeps every body else alive: thus assisting much, no doubt, in preserving that cheerful tone so necessary to health and efficiency.

One of their most whimsical freaks exhibited itself soon after the battle of the Alma, while on the march toward Sebastopol.

One night the Second Zouaves came across a splendid Russian villa, and among other spoils *found* a magnificent pier-glass. This glass was evidently of Parisian manufacture, and in the best possible style—so it was agreed forthwith to carry it to the colonel, albeit that the camp was full six miles distant. This they did, with the most complete success, over a country impeded by what would be considered, in ordinary cases, as insurmountable obstacles, and setting it up amidst a vernal bower immediately in front of their colonel's tent, awaited until morning to witness the results. In the morning the colonel, on appearing at his tent-door, was surprised at beholding the exact counterfeit of himself, issuing, apparently, out of an opposite tent. It may readily be imagined that his confusion and surprise was great; for with scarce a piece of looking-glass larger than one's hand in the whole camp, it was hardly to be realized that it was a *mirror* that was before him. The shouts of laughter of his mischievous "jackals" soon showed, however, that there was "some joke up," and upon examination he found that it was but his reflection in the mirror which his faithful Zouaves had presented to him, that he "might," as they expressed it, "make his toilet in a Christian-like manner."

Though these "carryings on" have their origin, no doubt, in the wild life and the scenes that usually surround them, yet city life does not tame them a bit. Nay, even Paris—the great civilizer—fails to effect any change. How often have I seen them on the gay Boulevards of Paris, seated, eight, ten, twelve, in an old tumble-down carriage, some turning back-somersaults, some balancing themselves upon the horse's back or on the edge of the equipage; in short, doing all kinds of *outré* things.

And one day, being attracted by an unusual rush and stir among the usually orderly populace, and pushing forward to see what *could* possibly be the cause, I saw, amidst the glare and pomp of the Rue de Rivoli, two Zouaves seated in an old weather-beaten barouche, with their feet resting on each other's shoulders, riding along as grave as judges. Well, it was a funny scene, to be sure, and I don't wonder that the lively Parisians hailed it with shouts of laughter.

Sometimes these tricks display an almost childlike simplicity, or a most noble generosity, and at other times the accompaniments are so at variance with all reason, that one is left completely in doubt as to the possible actuating motive. I remember, while seated at one of the brilliant cafés so numerous in Paris, having seen an old beggar-man almost knocked down by some object thrown with great violence by a Zouave, who, seated at the open window of a restaurant, was feasting with his friends to his heart's content. The first impulse of the beggar was to turn upon his assailant; but upon looking at the missile thrown, he was softened upon finding that it was a well-filled purse, attached to which was a paper bearing the words, "Accept, Monsieur, these, my most humble apologies." Apologies offered in this insinuating form, it may be readily understood, were *satisfactory.*

Thus their deeds of glory and of devilment go side by side, and keep one in a continual glow of admiration, disturbed throughout by irrepressible paroxysms of laughter. For as no hardship can dampen their ardor, so no peril can exhaust their capital stock of fun. So it always is, and so it must ever be; for fun and courage are the inherent elements of Zou-Zou nature. Amidst the snows of the Crimea, upon the bloody fields of Solferino, or in the gay streets of Paris, they are always the same, always "bon vivants;" for they believe in the commandment, "Take care of thyself." Always gay — for with their gayety they combat more than half their griefs. Always brave—dashing—the fiend—the idol—the gallant—the reckless—the noble-hearted—the mischievous; in short, a conglomeration of the most opposite characteristics, which yet resolve themselves into those three residues which should form the basis of every good soldier, viz., courage, good spirits, and gallantry.

No other European army possesses a corresponding corps, for the proper element is wanting; and it has remained for America to prove that which she has always contested, that whatsoe'er the requisite needed, she possesses it within her own bounds—no matter what the trial imposed, that she is equal to the task. Already have we seen this exemplified in the arts and sciences of peace, and now we see it exemplified by the wonderful rise and progress and gallant deeds of a corps which, it was thought, was peculiarly and solely French, fully proving that

"We're very sure what they
Have done can here be done to-day."

PENNY DEXTER.

A BRIGHT and beautiful morning in early June was shining on the earth, with almost earth's primeval splendor; the softened air was full of perfume, and birds were singing cheerily amidst the fresh young foliage; and over the lawn, which lay spread out in its summer greenness before a stately but old-fashioned country seat, the soft shadows of the fleecy clouds and the yellow butterflies were chasing each other in rival swiftness.

The only occupant of the drawing-room, whose windows commanded this fair prospect, was a woman of small stature, and rather inclined to embonpoint. She was far advanced in life, even beyond "the middle ages" upon which Mrs. Skewton professed to dote, in which so many of her sex would be content to linger; but the erect figure, the well-preserved teeth, the glossy black hair, and the sallow complexion—sallow in spite of the rather artificial bloom upon the high cheek-bones—betrayed the Frenchwoman.

Mademoiselle de St. Loe, or Miss Low, was a native of Paris. She was the descendant of a patrician family, and had been driven from France by the terrors of the Revolution; and having neither money, friends, nor influence at her command, she had remained through life in exile—having, indeed, little desire to return to scenes where such fearful tragedies had been enacted, and to the home which they had desolated. She was dressed with care and neatness, and had the unmistakable air of a lady; and her well-worn *chiné* silk, though somewhat *passée* in pattern, had been rendered effective by the judicious admixture of a little black lace and a good deal of French taste.

She was leaning upon the back of a high cushioned arm-chair, standing just within the window, out of which she was gazing abstractedly, and from her lips dropped—all unconsciously, as it seemed—the murmured music of an old French song, to which she was idly tapping an accompaniment with her fan upon the back of the chair.

"What are you doing, Mademoiselle?" asked a clear, sweet, young voice.

Mademoiselle started; she had roamed so far away in thought, she had been so entirely absorbed in her own musings, she had not even heard the entrance of the young and lovely girl who thus addressed her.

"Ah! ma dear Mees!" she said, turning gayly toward the new-comer. "Pardonnez moi; I vas not aware. I did not to know how dat you 'av entré. Ah, ma foi! ma dear Mees Rose; mais you is charmante to-day! Mon Dieu! when dey chreesten you dey 'av ze grand perspicacité, sagacité, prescience—your sponsors! Dey call you ze Rose: you is dat! ze queen ov ze flowers. I you rendre ma homage; permettre me!" and, advancing, she kissed her young friend on both cheeks with courtly French grace, but real warmth of affection.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle; you are very complimentary," said the younger lady, as she bent, laughing and blushing, to receive the offered caress. "But you have not yet answered my question. What were you doing when I came in?"

"I vas not doing notting at all, ma dear Mees; I vas ony vaitin'."

"And for whom do you wait and look so anxiously, Mademoiselle?"

"I 'av not no anxieté, ma dear Mees. I 'av wait for ze Docteur; for Docteur Summer-*ville.*"

"For Dr. Summerville!" said Rose, looking up in friendly concern; "why, Mademoiselle, are you ill?"

"*Me?*" said Mademoiselle, laughing gayly; "me seek? ma foi! non; I 'av nevair seek—nevair! nevair!"

"Who, then, *has* sent for the Doctor?"

"It 'av be ma dear Mees Marie," said Mademoiselle.

"My aunt Mary! is she ill? I did not know it; I will go to her at once. It must be very sudden; she did not complain of being ill at breakfast; I thought she seemed as well as usual; I had no idea that she was sick."

"She is not seek, ma dear Mees! Stop, my dear chile; I sall explain; she 'av not no seekness, she 'av not no maladé, mais she 'av ze cough, she 'av ze cold, she 'av not ze strength, she not 'av ze good sleeps at night; she is just la-la; and so she shall consult ze Docteur, her broder say; and so I wait him to receive. Ah! here he 'av come, I perceive ze wheels."

And even as Mademoiselle spoke a somewhat dusty-looking vehicle, drawn by a horse of more bone than beauty, drew up to the door, and a stout, burly-looking man—hale, hearty, and cheery—first hitching up his reins to the top of the gig in the most approved Esculapian method, descended heavily, climbing out backward, and lugging out a heavy check-weight, proceeded leisurely to secure his horse, which looked full as likely to sit down as to run away. When, by this apparently unnecessary performance, he had "made assurance doubly sure" in regard to this interesting quadruped, the Doctor walked round in front of him and looked him full in the eye, stroked his old parti-colored face, and patted him approvingly on the neck; and then dusting his hands together, as a preliminary operation, while he took a cool and apparently satisfactory survey of the equipage generally, he drew from his pocket a huge red silk bandana, in size and color resembling an auction-flag, and having dusted his hands a second time with it, he proceeded to put it to its more legitimate use by blowing a shrill clarion peal, which was his usual announcement of his arrival on the field of action; then restoring the red flag to his pocket, and replacing it with a white one, he deliberately shook out its spotless folds to the air, and ascended the steps.

Placing in one corner of the entrance-hall the cane which he had gravely invested with the hat taken from his own head, Dr. Summerville ad-

vanced to the door of the room in which the two ladies were sitting, and placing his great hands one on either side of the door-way, he leaned in, his body vacillating backward and forward like that of some neophyte in the easy stages of a gymnastic education.

"Good-morning!" he said, in a loud, strong voice, rolling his eyes around the room. This original remark was probably addressed to the ladies in their collective capacity, for he added immediately, "Good-morning, Miss Low; how are *you* to day? and what's the matter with Miss Mary?"

"Good-morning to you, Sare," said the little Frenchwoman, rising with prompt courtesy; "I tank you. Ma dear Mees Marie she is not feel herself ver well."

"Not very well! No, I suppose not," was the rather curt reply. "Well folks don't send for the doctor very often, I guess, do they?"

Mademoiselle shrugged her shoulders slightly, and was silent.

"And what is the matter with Miss Mary?" asked the Doctor, all unconscious of the solecism in good-breeding which he had committed.

"Pardon me! Dat you sall 'av ze goodnees to tell to us," said Mademoiselle de St. Loc in tones polished and frigid as an Alpine glacier.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Doctor, good-humoredly; "that's a good one; fairly hit that time. 'That's your business,' says you. Well said; I owe you one. But what does she complain of?"

"Ma dear Mees Marie, she sall not complain ov notting; she 'av nevair complain; she is so good as ze angel!" said the enthusiastic friend.

"She must be unlike most other women then," said the Doctor, sarcastically, "for they are apt to complain of nothing; but what is her trouble, Miss Low?"

"Elle ne se porte pas bien," said Mademoiselle, speaking slowly, and with cautious hesitation; "she 'av not ze strength—she sall 'av ze unrest—she do not take to her ze good sleeps—she 'av ze cough—she 'av ze pain."

"Pain, pain!" said the Doctor, still see-sawing in the door-way; "where does she have pain?"

"In her trunk," said Mademoiselle, with calm dignity.

"In her trunk!" roared the Doctor. "*Where?*"

The little Frenchwoman laid her hand upon her bosom.

"I think," interposed Miss Rose Tremaine, now speaking for the first time, and with difficulty controlling her desire to laugh—"I think Mademoiselle has mistaken the word she meant to use. She most probably means *chest*."

"Then for the Lord's sake why couldn't she say so?" said the Doctor, laughing. "Who on the face of the earth ever heard of calling a woman's chest her *trunk* before?"

Poor Mademoiselle!—whose early life had been spent in association with the "crême de la crême" of Parisian high life, and at a period, too, in the history of that brilliant and fascinating capital when manners certainly competed with, if they did not actually take precedence of morals, and whose ingrained and habitual courtesy forbade her even to smile at the barbarous absurdities of the mongrel dialect daily offered to her acceptance in the land of her adoption as the pure utterance of her native tongue—shrugged her shoulders yet more decidedly; her color rose perceptibly, even through her rouge; and the word *Bête!* trembled upon her lip, but was repressed.

The multitudinous synonyms and homonyms of our language had always puzzled her. She knew that the words chest and trunk were used at pleasure to express the same thing, and she had a vague sense of having observed that chests were used by seamen and by domestics, and trunks by the higher classes. Thus *trunk* was to her aristocratic, and *chest* plebeian; and in her love and zeal for her dear "Mees Marie" she had chosen the word she felt was most calculated to do her honor.

"I appréhende," she said, rising stiffly, and speaking in a tone of proud humility, "I 'av make mees-take; your language is ver hard, ver difficile. I 'av been study him so long, and speak him so bad. Pardonnez moi. But Mees Marie shall wait you; if you pleases I sall you to her boudoir."

The Doctor nodded, and as Mademoiselle approached him he removed his hands from the door-posts and suffered her to glide by him and trip lightly up stairs; and then, with another sonorous trumpet peal to herald his approach to the sick-room, he too ascended the stairs, and the two disappeared from view, like a huge merchantman following a little clipper-built convoy.

Mademoiselle was gone only long enough to introduce her companion to the library or boudoir, as she called it, where Miss Mary was awaiting him. When she returned she found Miss Rose established at her embroidery.

"Pah!" she said, crossing the room with shrugging shoulders and extended hands—"dat Docteur Summer-*ville*—pah!"

"You do not like him, then?" asked Rose, looking up with an amused smile.

"Non, I sall not," said Mademoiselle; "he is not no gentleman! He is brusque; he is un ours—vat you sall call 'em?—ze bear?"

"Oh! I don't know," said Rose, laughing. "He is a little rough, I think; but he means well; he is good in his way."

"Yees, yees," said the Frenchwoman, hesitatingly, while she shook out the silken folds of her dress, as if she shook off thus the dust of her indignation against him, and seating herself by Miss Rose she took up her netting work—"yees, ma dear Mees, he may be, as you shall say, good in his way; and zo is ze bear! But you sall not vant to take ze bear's paw."

"No, of course not," laughed Rose. "But, Mademoiselle, did Dr. Summerville ever ask you to take *his* paw?"

"Non, non, certes!" said Mademoiselle, laughing gayly in her turn; "he nevair do *dat*,

for certain; and likevize he 'av ze vife dis twenty, tirty, forty year, an' she shall not be une ourse—a bearess—nudder; she sall be von nice leetle vomans. Ma foi! I sall to pity her."

"I do not think you need to," said Rose, good-humoredly; "she does not consider herself an object of compassion, I believe—at least not on that ground. The good old Doctor! I used to know him when I was a very little girl; but I have been away so long I find he has quite forgotten me. I have not seen him for years; but he looks just as he did when I was a little child and he tended me with a sore throat; and I can remember to-day the very taste of the silver fork-handle with which he used to hold down my rebellious tongue, while he examined my throat."

"Ze brute!" said Mademoiselle—"how he is sauvage—he!"

"Oh no!" said Rose; "it was all right, only rather disagreeable—the poor old gentleman!"

"*Gen*tilemon!" said the little French lady—"he is not no *gen*tilemon! Pardonnez moi! I 'av forgeet. In dis country ev'ry mon is ze gentilemon, an' ev'ry gentilemon is ze king!"

"Well," said Rose, "that is convenient, any way, is not it?"

"Yees," said Mademoiselle de St. Loe, thoughtfully—"yees, it may be so; I can not to say. Mais (you sall pardon me, ma dear Mees) I tink you 'av not ze consistency; you sall be proud ov your independency, and your égalité, and likevize you 'av pride in aristocratical name, and of coat of arm gained by your ancestors on field of battle. How den? If all mens is égal to-day, why is not von grandpere so good as anoder grandpere? I do not comprehend."

"I fancy it is rather incomprehensible," said Rose, laughing, "at least I can not make it clear to you, although I own to both views of the case. I suppose it is because we are of such a composite order of architecture, our true nationality has not yet had time to develop itself. But you, my dear friend, have no such conflicting sentiments, you are all patrician."

"Oui, yees," said Mademoiselle, "mon pere vas of ze noblesse, or he should not 'av perish; if he vos been ze mean man he should 'av be safe. Helas! it vas ze noblest blood of ma France which vas shed as ze rain; and yet, if ma raison, ma jugement approve your pride, ma heart goes back to ze day of knighthood's age."

In the mean time, Dr. Summerville having been admitted to the room where Miss Tremaine was sitting, found his patient awaiting him. She was a fair woman, no longer young, but one of those favored few whose charms, consisting rather in expression and grace of manner, outlive the flight of years and seem to be almost imperishable. "Lovely! charming! most engaging!" had been the terms in which she had been spoken of in early life, and there was no flattery in using them to describe her still, although she had numbered half a century. She was dressed in a soft silver-gray silk, the quiet tint of which seemed in unison with the pure, spiritual beauty of her features and her quiet elegance of manner. She was seated by an open window, and a vacant chair near her awaited the Doctor.

"Well, my dear Miss Mary," he said, speaking in loud, cheery tones, which might have grated upon some nervous ears, but which to her, from long habit, conveyed only a sense of relief and protection—"well, my dear Miss Mary, what is the matter with us now? Got run aground again, hey?"

"Not much of any thing, I believe, Doctor," said the lady with a smile, as she gave him her hand. "Only a little cold, I think—a little more of a cough, a little more pain. I did not think it worth while to send for you, but George insisted upon it."

"The Squire was right," said the Doctor, laughing. "Good folks are scarce, you know—we must not let them get scarcer; and fees are scarce too. I think the Squire is a very sensible man!"

But as the Doctor's fingers closed over the delicate white hand, which lay like the petals of a lily on his broad palm, he felt the nervous throbbing of the pulse, and saw the faint color deepening in the clear cheek; and he had practiced his profession too long and too successfully not to be aware of the natural shrinking which a sensitive person often experiences at being, as he termed it, "medically overhauled;" and with a tact and kindliness scarcely to be expected from his rough exterior, he determined to engage her in conversation till the temporary excitement had time to pass off.

"I don't think there is much ails you, after all," he said, playfully—for he had been her physician from her early life, and looked upon her with almost paternal love—"only just what ails nine-tenths of our American women—run down, run down; that's it: I believe you all shut yourselves up too much—you make exotics of yourselves: I wish you'd all take pattern of your English sisters, and ride, and walk, and drink porter, and eat beef-steaks, and be what God and Nature meant you to be, real live women, and not dressed dolls or fashion-plates! I wish our women knew and realized that there was something else to be done in this world besides knitting, crochet, and worsted work," he said, glancing at the basket of embroidery wools which stood on the table beside him. "Crewel work, my old mother used to call it, and I call it so too: it is *cruel* work; it has put out more eyes, twisted more spines, and ruined more constitutions than I can number; and what is the result of it all? A useless pack of trumpery—yarn dogs, and staring, blue-eyed shepherdesses, and roses like red cabbages just ready for pickling! And for that you shut yourselves up from the pure air of the country, and work and mope till you are pale in face and blue in spirits; and then you think, ten to one, you are industrious and deserve credit for it. The needle is a peace-

ful-looking weapon enough; there is no blood dripping from its point; but I can tell you it has wrought mighty harm. Where the sword has slain its thousands the needle has slain its tens of thousands, and without the honors of war either!"

"You are hard upon us," said Miss Tremaine, laughing, "or rather you are hard upon our favorite occupation. You forget, I think, that many and many a woman has worked off her nervous irritability into a rosebud, or her loneliness and *ennui* into 'a blue-eyed shepherdess;' but we do not spend all our lives over our Berlin wools—at least I do not."

"No? Well then, what else do you do?"

"Oh! I go out a good deal."

"You do? I'm glad to hear of it, I'm sure I did not know it. And where do you go, except to church and shopping?"

"Oh! I ride a good deal."

"What, in the saddle? Strange! I have never met you."

"Excuse my Americanism," said Miss Tremaine, "I should have said *drive*."

"Oh!" said the Doctor, "that's it; I thought as much. And what does that amount to, I wonder? toted out three miles and back again by two old coach-horses, too fat and lazy to stamp when the flies bite 'um; and with little Marm Low for company! There's neither air nor exercise for body or mind in that."

"But stop," said the patient, amused by the Doctor's animadversion; "I do something else. I work in the garden sometimes."

"Worse and worse," said Dr. Summerville. "Oh yes; this female gardening! I know all about that. You put on thick gardening gloves and thin slippers, and arm yourselves with a case-knife (or, if the habit is confirmed, a trowel) and some strings, and go out and tie up carnations, and dahlias, and gladiolas all wet with the dew; and pull up weeds, and work as if there was never to be another day made; and get your feet wet and your skirts drabbled; and then, when your little strength is all exhausted with heat and fatigue, you give out, and throw off your hat and sack and sit down on a bench, or maybe a green bank to rest; and this invariably happening just about the time when in our amiable climate the wind has a trick of getting out east; and you rise stiff, and languid, and chilly, and come in to change your dress in a room with the windows open. Don't tell me—I know all about it—every rope in the ship. Haven't I got a wife and four daughters of my own, all garden-mad every spring? and don't I know that women are the most wrong-headed, imprudent, provoking creatures ever made since the day when Adam just called the creatures by names?"

"You are too flattering, Doctor!" said Miss Tremaine, laughing heartily. "You are a true son of Adam, and I see the love of calling names is not yet extinct in the family."

"A chip of the old block!" said the Doctor.

"I really think so; but, Doctor, in regard to gardening, permit me to ask you, did it never occur to you that Adam was not good in that line? he did not know how to dress the garden of Eden; if he had he would not have had to ask for a helpmate; if he could have kept the garden himself I think there would have been no Eves in the world."

"Think so?" said the Doctor; "I rather question that; did she help him *keep* the garden though? I always thought she helped him lose it. But the fact is, we read in different Bibles, you and I; I think mine must be translated from the *He*-brew Scriptures, and yours from the *She*-brew!"

And now, having by this amiable trifling brought his patient into a suitable frame of mind, the worthy Doctor ventured to commence his medical inquiries. The delicacy of his patient's constitution was well known to him, but he was pleased to find there was no new cause for alarm; a slight cold had rather increased former difficulties than induced new ones, and a few questions, and a little simple advice terminated the conference. But as the Doctor rose to leave her, a new idea struck him.

"Who have you down stairs?" he said. "I saw a new face there, and a very pretty one too, or else it looked so, from contrast with your old Frenchwoman. Who is she?"

"Did not you know her?" said Miss Tremaine; "that was my niece."

"Your niece! and where in the world did you pick up a niece?"

"Well! not exactly my niece, to be sure, though she calls me aunt; she is a cousin's child. Do not you remember my Cousin Edward?"

"To be sure I do."

"She is his only child."

"What—not that little Rose Tremaine who used to be here as a child?"

"Certainly; did not you know her?"

"No, indeed; I might though, for now I know it, she is very like her father; when did she come home?"

"Only two days since."

"Why she's a little beauty! She ought to be your daughter though, and not your niece. I used to think, in old times, you would marry Edward Tremaine."

"He was my cousin, you know," said Miss Tremaine, evasively, while a soft color rose on her cheek.

"Well!" said her companion, "what if he was? you were not Catholics, either of you. I'm sure it would have been better for him than that Southern woman he did marry. But I need not blame *him*, poor fellow! I dare say it was not his fault, and there was a time I rather thought you liked him."

"I did like him," said Miss Tremaine in a low voice; "no sister could have loved a brother better than I loved my Cousin Edward."

"Ah, yes; but that was not just the thing. You see that brotherly and sisterly love has not worked well in your family; it has kept you,

and George, and Arthur, all single, and here you are cooping up in one house the happiness which might have sufficed for three families. You ought to be indicted for monopolizing."

"Stop, stop," said the lady, "do not visit my brothers' sins on my head."

"I believe I must," replied the fault-finder. "You have made their home too agreeable. How can we expect men who have all the comforts and refinements of life in a quiet, well-ordered home, and a sweet-voiced, gentle, loving sister to preside over it, to turn themselves out to rough it in the world, and be snubbed, and hectored, and driven round by a wife! It's unreasonable—don't you see it is? I am afraid it is too late to reform now, but it is not yet too late to repent. And so good-day to you."

Shaking hands with his patient, the Doctor left the room, and descending the stairs with a heavy tread, he looked in again at the drawing-room door.

"So you are little Rose Tremaine, are you?" he said, abruptly. "Why did not you tell me so? I did not know you."

"I saw you did not," said Rose, coming forward and holding out her hand to him; "I knew you at once; I should have known you in Rome. You have not changed, it seems, as I have."

"No!" said the Doctor, laughing, as he gave her hand a friendly squeeze, which nearly flattened her finger rings. "You see the difference is you have bloomed out, and I am out of bloom; very little difference in the terms, but a good deal in the reality. My wife and the girls will come and call on you, and you must come and see them, just as you used to when you were little girls, and I used to carry you all on my shoulders in turn."

"Vat do you tink of Mees Marie, Sare?" asked Mademoiselle de St. Loe.

"Miss Mary? Oh, I think very highly of Miss Mary! Oh, yes; I know—she will do well enough; only a little cold—no fever—all right in a day or two. Good-morning to you, my dear. Good-morning, Miss Low; remember, if your *trunk* gets out of order, to send for me at once."

And with a loud, ringing laugh, a wave of the hand, and a scrape of the foot, equivalent to a bow, the Doctor left the room, regained his hat and cane—hoisted in the sheet-anchor, of the neighborhood of which his patient horse had been utterly oblivious, and departed whistling "Malbrook," influenced possibly in his selection of his music by a vague remembrance of Mademoiselle and her fatherland.

As the Doctor disappeared from view Rose flung aside her needle-work and proceeded to her aunt's room. She found Miss Tremaine still sitting just as her guest had left her, her quiet hands folded on her lap, and her mild eyes suffused with tears, fixed on the prospect before her window. But her far wandering thoughts, roused by the Doctor's words, had reverted to the events and companions of her girlhood's days; the "might have been" was in her thoughts.

"Dear auntie!" said Rose, stealing softly to her side, and fondly pressing her own blooming cheek to the soft cheek of her friend—"I did not know that you were indisposed to-day; I am afraid I have kept you up too late and made you talk too much—I was so glad to be at home again."

"I am not ill, my dear Rose; you need not take any blame upon yourself; it was really not worth while to send for Doctor Summerville, only your uncle is such a fidget, if I happen to cough or sneeze he is in a panic, poor fellow! Sit down here, my dear Rose, and let me look at you—you are very like your father."

"Am I?" said Rose, seating herself on the foot-stool at her aunt's feet. "I am glad to hear you say so. I feared you might think me more like my mother's family. Papa was in hopes I should resemble *you*. He always used to say he would ask for me nothing more than to be like you, in mind and person."

Miss Tremaine did not answer, but the hand which played lightly with Rose's curls trembled visibly.

"Auntie," said the young girl, suddenly looking up with a smile on her lips—"I have often thought you must have been papa's first love, he always talked to me of you so much. Was it so, auntie?"

Strange, that for the second time to-day this idea of long ago should have met her ear!

"My dear Rose," she said, gently, "your father and I were almost as brother and sister—we were own cousins."

"But if you *hadn't been*, aunt?" persisted Rose.

"But, my child, we *were*," said Miss Tremaine, conclusively; and Rose dared not press the subject farther.

"I always feel," said the younger lady, after a thoughtful pause, "as if I belonged most to my father's family, having never seen and known my mother; and whenever I try to fancy my mother I only think of you. What was my mother like?"

"I can not tell you, my darling. I never saw her. Your father's marriage was a sudden one, and she lived only a year and a half after it. I never saw her."

Finding her aunt was not inclined to be communicative, Rose dropped the subject, and chatted gayly on other topics for half an hour; then Miss Tremaine said,

"My dear Rose, I see you are dressed for dinner, but I am not, and it is time I was. Ring the bell for Jane, and when I am dressed I will join you down stairs."

Rose did as her aunt requested, and then left the room. Descending the stairs she passed an open door, through which the sweet southwest wind came in wooingly, and she stepped out upon the piazza to gather a branch of roses which hung temptingly from one of its columns. The air was soft and clear, not yet hot enough

to be oppressive, and, tempted by the beauty of the day, she wandered slowly down into the garden.

But we remember we have not yet introduced her to the reader in proper form and style; and that was wrong, for she was the prettiest figure in our little family group, and quite well worth sitting for her picture as either Mademoiselle de St. Loc or Dr. Summerville; and as the clear summer sunlight is full upon her now, it may be a good time to take her photograph.

Miss Rose Tremaine, then, was about eighteen. She was fair and delicate, with all the beauty peculiar to youth. She had a clear, finely-grained complexion of pure red and white, mild hazel eyes, a profusion of bright brown hair, and that attractive charm of youth (and which in this country rarely survives it), firm, white, regular, well-set teeth, which were disclosed to view by a sweet and innocent smile. Rose was not a decided beauty, judged by the conventional rules of art, but she had quite enough of personal charms to justify those who loved her in thinking her exceedingly lovely. She was dressed in a light silk, of that peculiar shade of green (doubtless the modistes have a distinctive name for it) which has a subdued, silvery, white lustre over it—such a green as we see in blocks of pure, transparent ice. This dress was flounced nearly to the waist; and around the delicate throat, when the dress was open, and from beneath the wide sleeves, fell a cloud of soft creamy-white lace; her only ornaments being an opal pin and bracelet, whose trembling, changeful rays flashed through the costly lace, and in her soft hair the spray of roses she had just gathered.

As she walked down the garden path with slow, undulating movement, the many flounces of her dress rising and falling with light, billowy motion, the soft hue of her dress relieved by the foamy whiteness of the lace, and her fresh young face brightening in the summer light, she suggested a sense of coolness and purity—like the grace of falling water, like some classic fountain. Passing on, "in maiden meditation fancy-free," as she crossed the shrubbery her step was hastily arrested; she had nearly stepped upon the prostrate body of a boy, or young man, who lay sleeping on the grass.

The figure, which was clad in the dress of a working-man, was thrown down in an attitude of careless grace, and might have served as a model; the eyes were closed, the face sunburned and bronzed by exposure, but the brow, from which the moist hair had been brushed back, was smooth and white. But the face, though beautiful, struck the gazer as peculiar: it was the face of a child, though the darkening shade round the too facile lips told of early manhood: and she noticed too, that the hand which was thrown above his head, although hardened and roughened by toil, was slender and shapely as the hand of a gentleman.

Rose had but one moment to notice all this, for even as her foot paused he sprung up and confronted her—for one moment silently, then a strangely-sweet smile broke over his face, and, speaking in a quick but stammering, headlong manner, he said, almost breathlessly,

"You—you—you—you're just as pretty as new paint!" The first words were uttered with hesitating difficulty; and then, as if some imperceptible barrier had been suddenly broken down, the words came tumbling out in a precipitous rush. Struck with the comic oddity of the compliment, Rose laughed gayly; and her strange companion, catching the infection of her innocent mirth, joined in, with a clear, musical laugh, and for one moment their young voices mingled in unchecked merriment; then, recalled to a sense of her childish impropriety, Rose, who was gifted with a good deal of natural dignity, checked herself, and supposing him to be an intruder, said, as soon as her recovered breath permitted,

"What were you doing, and how came you in here?"

"I—I—I wasn't a doing no harm," stammered the boy. "It's noon hour; noon hour."

"Oh yes, I dare say," said the young lady, now understanding him to apologize for being found idle. "Then you work here, do you? and what is your name?"

"My—my—my name is Penny—Penny Dexter."

"And where do you live?"

"We—we—we don't live nowhere *now*," said the boy, sadly. Mother's *dead.*"

"Ah, indeed! But where do *you* live?"

"I—I—I told you," said the boy, in mournful accents. "I—I—don't live nowhere. Mother's dead. I—I—stay at the gardener's, and work in Miss Tremaine's garden now. I can pull weeds, and pick up sticks, and rake up the walks. Why, Miss Mary says I can rake up e'enamost as well as the gardener can! But—but—I didn't use to work here 'fore mother died."

"Poor boy!" said the young listener, painfully struck by the mournful repetition of that one sad note, which seemed to mark the salient point in his history; "poor boy! I am very sorry for your loss."

"Why—why—why be you?" said the poor lad. "That's good of you; I thank you."

"And how long has your mother been dead?"

"Ever—ever—ever so long—ever since last Thanksgiving. There won't be no more Thanksgivings now, you know, coz mother's dead. When—when—*she* was alive I did not use to work none then."

"No? And what did you do then?"

"Go—go—go pick nuts, and find birds-nests, and—and climb up the tall trees, and rock in them all day," said the boy, communicatively, "and climb to the tip-top of Rummen Rock."

"To do what?" asked Rose.

"To—to—to lie on the grass and watch the clouds. Oh, that was prime! But I don't never go there now, since mother's dead. But—but—but you, what's your name? I guess I don't know."

"My name," said the young lady, smiling, "is Rose—Miss Rose."

"Is?" said Penny. "Well, you—you—you look just so. You're a master-pretty gal!"

Miss Rose Tremaine scarcely knew how to receive this strange tribute to her charms. She could not be angry, and resent it as an impertinence, for she saw it was not intended as such; and the boy's evident admiration, though embarrassing, was not offensive; for she felt instinctively that he regarded her exactly as he would have regarded a new flower, a bright-winged bird, or a shining stone. There was a moment's silence, and then the boy, who had been attentively regarding her, spoke again:

"You—you—you ain't got no other name, have you?"

"Oh yes," said Rose. "My name is Tremaine—Miss Rose Tremaine."

"Is?" said her companion. "Do—do tell! You—you ain't *one of 'um*, be you?"

"One of what?" asked Rose, laughing.

"One—one—one of *them?*" said the lad, giving his head a quick jerk toward the house.

"Yes," said Rose; "I'm one of the family."

"Be? I—I—I never see you before, did I? Are you Miss Mary's gal?"

"Oh no!" said Rose. "Miss Mary has no daughter, you know."

"No—no—no," said poor Penny, thoughtfully. "Squire's gal, then—or the minister's?"

"No," said the young lady; "neither of them. My father's name was Edward Tremaine."

"Oh! yes—yes—yes," said the boy, drawing nearer, and regarding her with a look of wondering interest. "I—I—I know. John Edward Hazelhurst Tremaine. Why, *he* died afore mother did!"

"Yes," said Rose, surprised in her turn, "he has been dead many years. But did you know him?"

"No; I—I—I didn't know him; never see him, not to my knowledge; but—but I've heerd mother tell 'bout him. But why didn't I never see you afore?"

"Because I have been away a great ways off."

"Have? Why—why, where you been to?"

"Oh!" said Rose, carelessly, "I've been to the other side of the world."

"Do tell!" said Penny, a pale look of awe stealing over his handsome features. "And—and—and when did you come back?"

"Only two days ago."

"Possible! And—and—and did you see mother there?"

"Your mother? No; I thought you said she was dead?"

"Yes, yes," said the boy; "and—and—and ain't you been dead too?"

"Me?" said Rose, laughing. "No. What could have made you think so?"

"Coz—coz—coz you said so."

"I said so? You are mistaken. I didn't say so."

"Yes; you—you—you said you'd been to t'other world; and I thought if they'd lived you, and sent you back again, mebbe they would mother."

"You misunderstood me," said Rose, gravely and kindly. "I said the other side of the world. I meant in England and France, not the world beyond the grave. Nobody comes back from there, you know."

"Oh!" said the boy, sad and droopingly; "that—that—that's ony foreign parts. Is that all?"

"That's all," said Rose. "And now"—gathering up the folds of her dress—"I must go in."

"No—no—no! don't ye—don't ye go; I like to look at you."

"But I believe I must," said Rose; "my aunt will be waiting for me."

"And—and—and won't ye come agin?" said the boy, following her wistfully. "Look—look—look-a-here; do you love pond-lilies? Coz I know where there's a pond chock-full of 'um. I'll get you a lot of 'um any day, if you want 'um. And—and—and I know of a robin's-nest with four blue eggs in it; don't you want 'um? You jest wait a minite and I'll climb and get it for you."

"Oh no, thank you," said Rose, walking on; "I'd rather hear the birds sing in the trees. Don't take away their nests, please."

"I—I—I won't, if you say so; Squire Tremaine says, 'Pull down all their nests'—they eat his cherries; but—but I won't, if you don't want me to."

"Well, good-by now," said Rose, "I will see you again."

"Do—do—do," said her humble admirer; "and—and I'll pick you some high blackberries when they're ripe; I know where there'll be a sight of 'um." And so they parted.

Rose hurried in, intent on questioning her aunt regarding this strange individual, but she met a servant coming out to inform her of the arrival of company, and as the guests remained all day, it was not until the little home-circle had gathered together in the evening that she had a chance to speak of it.

"Oh! Uncle James," she said, as she sat at her aunt's feet, holding the worsted she was winding, "I met with quite an adventure this morning, and I want to ask you about it. Who is Penny Dexter?"

"That is more than I can tell you, Miss Rose Tremaine," said the Squire.

"Why, Uncle James! he says he works for you."

"So he does, if you can call his feeble efforts work," said her uncle. "But as to his history, I must refer you to your aunt—he is her protégé, not mine."

"Oh, then, you tell me, Aunt Mary; so then there is a history. Do tell me; he is so queer."

"I can not tell you much, my dear; I know very little, and much of that little is only conjectural."

"Well! tell me that little then, while we wind all this worsted for your shawl."

"My dear Rose," said Miss Tremaine, sighing, "his mother was a very pretty girl (he is very like her, poor fellow!), who lived with my mother years ago as a seamstress; she was the only daughter of old Dexter, the sexton of our church. She was very lovely, and of sweet manners. She had been well educated for a girl in her position; and soon after she came to us I had a long and severe illness, and poor Lucy devoted herself to me. She was about my own age, and the intimacy begun in my sick-room gradually broke down the slight distinction of caste, never very strongly defined in this country, and became almost a friendship. Lucy had quick perceptions and a refined taste, and during my convalescence she used to read to me. I have sometimes feared the poems and romances I then put into her hands were not suitable reading for a girl in her station. The last summer she lived with us we had a house full of company—your father, Rose, and his two sisters, and many others—and occupied with them, I saw less of Lucy, and when I did see her, I thought she seemed depressed; and having the vanity to think she missed my society while so occupied by my cousins, I redoubled my kindness. Judge of my surprise when my mother told me Lucy wished to leave her service. I could not realize it. I felt a few words from me would set all right again. But I talked and reasoned, coaxed and scolded in vain. Lucy was resolute in her purpose even to obstinacy. She, who had been open as the day, was now shut up in an icy reserve; deaf to all my entreaties, she wept and trembled, but would assign no reason for her departure. The fact that she wished to go was all she would give. At last I became hurt and vexed by her obstinate self-will, and feeling myself aggrieved, I talked of her ingratitude and bade her go—and she went.

"I learned from her parents she had gone to a town about fifty miles from here, and was working as a dress-maker, but I could learn nothing more. If they knew the reason of her conduct they kept the secret.

"At the close of that summer my mother was taken sick; she lingered nearly two years, a prisoner to her room, and then died, and I was too much occupied by attention to her and by sorrow for her loss to inquire for or even remember Lucy. A year after my loss I heard of the death of Lucy's mother; and as the old man was nearly helpless, I went, at the request of your Uncle Arthur, to see what could be done for his comfort; then, to my surprise, I learned that Lucy had returned, bringing back with her her child (the boy you met), then a beautiful creature about three years old. But what a change had come over my poor Lucy! I had known her, beautiful, loving, and confiding—a joyous-hearted girl, with frank, truthful eyes, and sunny temper. I found a cold, stern, passionless, self-contained woman, faded in beauty and withered in form, with cold, averted eyes and compressed lips, silent and reserved, neither giving nor asking sympathy. I tried to befriend her, she repelled me; I offered assistance, it was declined; her needle could maintain them—she needed no help. I noticed and praised the beauty of her child; she caught him up and hurried him out of my sight; but it seemed to me that if there was any feeling left in her it was for her boy—it seemed to me he was at once her pride and shame."

"And did you never learn any thing more of her history?" asked Rose.

"Nothing more with certainty," said Miss Tremaine. "All we knew was suggested by the name she gave her child; she called him 'Penitence,' which, in the vernacular of the neighbors' children, was soon shortened into 'Penny.' But she made no confidant—she uttered no complaints, no reproaches."

"Ah! mon Dieu!" said Mademoiselle de St. Loe, "dere sall be no doubt—it sall be ze ole story—ole as ze universe, and daily repeated all de world over; jest de ole story—de voman's wrong, and de man's perfidie! from ze day of Eden's gloire until now—is it not so—hey?"

"Oh yes, I suppose so," said the Squire, laughing. "At least so the story goes. Man ate the apple and flung away the core, and thought no more about the matter; but when it began to oppress him he weakly faltered forth, 'The woman tempted me, and I did eat.'"

"Yes," said the parson, musingly, as he walked up and down the room. "But woman scorns to fling back upon him the pitiful recrimination. If she faltered, it was before she plucked the fruit; but having dared the sin she can brave the penalty, and, clasping her hands upon her bosom, she stands in the grace of a magnificent silence, not defiant but expectant; not submissive to, but awaiting her doom. Oh, woman, woman! The first to sin—the first to lead others into sin! First sinner—first temptress! And then, and ever after, by a righteous and irrevocable sentence, the one to bear the heaviest consequences of sin (suffering, if guilty, for thyself; if innocent, for the guilt of others). Take heart; there is hope for thee yet, since He whose eye read the deepest recesses of all human hearts could say of thee, 'O woman, great is thy faith!'"

"'The Defense of Woman;' a sermon without notes, by the Reverend Arthur Tremaine," laughed the Squire.

"Hush, hush! James. Don't!" said his sister, entreatingly.

"Why, Mary, the parson should not practice his undigested sermons upon us here, poor defenseless creatures! He has a fair chance at us Sundays; has it all his own way then. But I don't think we're called upon to stand it here."

"Well, auntie," said Rose, "I have not quite done with you yet; tell me a little more."

"My dear Rose, what can I tell you? Lucy's whole interest seemed to centre in her child, whom she appeared to regard as a creature every way superior to herself. She kept him always dressed with a delicacy and taste far beyond their station, though she worked day and night

to do so. But the child, though he developed in strength and stature, was deficient in some way, I can not tell in what. I have thought it might be owing partly to his mother's moody state of mind, and to his having no other companions than this stern, silent woman, whose love, however intense, was never demonstrative in caresses, and his imbecile, doting old grandfather. But poor Lucy would not see it; she kept him at school, though successive teachers told her he would not learn, and though class after class rose progressively on the rounds of the ladder of learning, and left poor Penny still idling at its foot. At last, when his physical growth had outstripped and overtopped all his instructors, she had to remove him; and from that time he led a wandering, out-of-door life, finding fellowship with birds and beasts, and playthings in flowers, and clouds, and stars. When his mother died suddenly, less than a year ago, his means of support were at an end, and it was proposed to put him in the alms-house; but I requested your uncles to give him a home at the gardener's lodge, and try to keep him occupied in light labor in the garden; for I felt he could not live shut up from the open air. He has been here two or three months. And now, dear Rose, you know all I do about him."

From this time a strange sort of friendship—ardently proffered on his part, tacitly accepted on hers—grew up between Rose and her strange admirer. Every time she went into the garden he met her with some simple offering of fruit, or flowers, or some slight but warmly-pressed offer of service, for which a kind smile or gentle "Thank you" seemed to be a sufficient recompense. When she walked, he followed her steps with the patient satisfaction of a faithful dog; and when at evening she played and sang, poor Penny, who had a quick ear for music, would lie on the grass beneath the open window and weep in the very excess of nervous and intense delight.

But this did not last long. One day Rose said to her aunt, in evident concern,

"Aunt Mary, did you know that Penny was very sick?"

"No," said Miss Tremaine. "I have not heard of it. How did you?"

"I have missed him for two days," said Rose, "and to-day I asked Murphy where he was, and he told me he was very sick indeed."

"And did you go to the lodge, or ask what ailed him?"

"No, aunt; I have just heard it, and I thought you would prefer to make inquiries yourself."

"You are right, my dear. I will get you to write a note for me to Dr. Summerville, and ask him to visit Penny, and then report to us. In that way we shall know the true state of the case. Murphy may exaggerate; persons in his station often do so, ignorantly."

In about two hours the Doctor made his appearance. He looked grave; he had found the case much worse than they expected. Penny had had a bad fall some months before, and had injured his chest and side, and a neglected cold had produced hemorrhage. "He has bled profusely," said the Doctor, "and it has weakened him prodigiously. He has never rallied since; indeed he seems to have no strength of constitution to fall back upon, great fellow as he is. I suppose he inherits a tendency to such complaints, for he tells me his father died in that way."

"So did mine," said Rose, her eyes filling with tears at the recollection.

"He seemed desirous of seeing you, Miss Rose," said the Doctor; "and I promised to ask you to come and see him."

"Certainly I will," said Rose, promptly. "And is there any thing else I can do for him, poor fellow? Can he take jelly or broth? What can I do for him?"

"Nothing that I know of, except to gratify him by going to see him. I do not think now that he will live to need jellies and broths. If he should, I will let you know. But his time is very short, I apprehend. Can you go now?"

"This moment," said Rose; "but my Uncle Arthur is in his study. May I ask him to go too? He will know what to say to the poor boy far better than I shall."

"You are right, my dear young lady; that's a good idea. Ask the parson, by all means."

"And Rose," said Miss Tremaine, "as I can not go with you, you had better ask Mademoiselle to go."

In a very few moments Rose came back equipped for her walk, and was followed by the parson and Mademoiselle.

When the little party entered the sick-room poor Penny was asleep, sleeping the dull, heavy sleep of exhaustion, the great beaded drops of extreme weakness moistening the cold white brow; and as they gathered silently around his bed they were shocked to see how the outline of the pale high features had already become sharpened and shrunken. They stood a moment regarding him in melancholy interest, and then, with a deep, tremulous sigh, he unclosed his eyes.

He seemed surprised, but not startled, at seeing them; and when his eye fell upon Rose a quick bright smile trembled on his lips. "I—I—I'm real glad you've come," he said, speaking in low, thick, husky tones. "I—I—I wanted to see you agin. I—I—I am going to the other world now, and I wanted to bid you good-by first."

Rose did not speak, but her quick tears told her interest and pity.

"Why—why—why are you sorry, Miss Rose?" he asked, as if surprised at her concern. "Why, don't you know? Mother's there, ain't she?"

"Yees, mon poor boy!" said Mademoiselle, kindly, seeing Rose could not speak; "dare, in dat 'appy vorld, de poor orphelin sall find fader and moder, and de exile sall not to be lonely no more!"

"Don't—don't—don't you cry, Miss Rose," said the boy, feebly (for Rose, to whom the dread

solemnities of death were new, was weeping nervously); "you—you—you've been real good to me, and I'll tell mother so."

"Can we do any thing for you, my poor boy?" asked Mr. Tremaine, kindly.

"Raise—me—up a little;" and the Doctor and Mr. Tremaine raised him. "Miss Rose," he said, in a voice scarcely audible, and reaching out his thin hand to her, "you—you—you look-a-here—say—Our father—" He was stopped abruptly by a fit of coughing.

When it was over, and he was quiet again, Rose, who had understood him to ask her to pray with him, controlling herself with a strong effort, knelt by the bedside, and, with clasped hands and lifted eyes, commenced devoutly the beautiful prayer so universally known among children as "Our Father."

"No—no—no!" said the sick one, with a look of disappointment, just lifting his feeble hand from the bed, and dropping it with a deprecatory gesture; "I—I—I didn't mean that." Rose stopped.

"Would you like to have me pray for you, my poor lad?" said Mr. Tremaine.

"No," said the boy, sadly; "I dunno as I care nothing 'bout it. I—I—I wanted to tell Miss Rose—" But a violent fit of coughing here stopped his utterance. The paroxysm was long and severe, and when it was over he lay spent, exhausted, and breathless. The Doctor raised him again in his arms, and Mademoiselle bathed his brow and lips, while Rose fanned him, and Mr. Tremaine chaffed his cold hands. But even while they thus ministered to him the unchallenged spirit made its escape—so gently passing from the midst of them that not until the Doctor said, quietly, "It is over—he has gone!" did they realize the world-wide separation which had come between them and the object of their cares.

"Poor boy! he is at rest," said Dr. Summerville, gently replacing his pale burden upon the pillows.

"'Appy boy!" ejaculated the Frenchwoman, as she bent down and kissed reverently the pale cold brow of the dead; "'appy boy! he 'av found fader and moder now, and dere sall not be no more of tears, of parting, of death!"

Silently Rose drew near and followed her friend's example, bestowing a tearful kiss, and turned away; and then the two ladies retired, leaving the Doctor and Mr. Tremaine to give the necessary orders.

When this was over, and the two gentlemen were about leaving the room, Mr. Tremaine said, looking back upon its lonely occupant,

"Well, poor lad! he was faithful to the last. He has kept the secret intrusted to him by his poor mother."

"Yes," said Dr. Summerville, meaningly, "he has kept it in life faithfully; but I think Death has revealed it."

"How do you mean?" asked Mr. Tremaine.

"Go up and look at him now," said the Doctor; and as he spoke he drew aside a curtain, and let the light more fully in upon the pale, still face, which the hand of Death was already investing with a new and strange dignity. "Look at him now; family resemblances often come out at such an hour with startling accuracy; notice the outline of the brow and chin, and you will agree with me that we, who remember Miss Rose's father, have need to ask no farther questions."

"Is it possible? What, my cousin, Edward Tremaine? You are right," said Mr. Tremaine. "Strange it never occurred to me before! When did you make the discovery?"

"Not until within the last hour."

"And do you think he knew it?"

"Undoubtedly he did. That was probably what he wanted to say to Miss Rose when she understood him to ask her to repeat the Lord's Prayer."

"And does she know it, do you think—Rose?"

"I am sure she does not, and it is far better she should not."

"Of course. And my sister?"

"Of that I can not judge; but I would not name it to her or any one. Let us respect the veil of secrecy which his poor mother enshrouded herself in, and which she evidently bequeathed to him. The disclosure could do no good to the dead, and could only pain the living."

"I believe you are right," said Mr. Tremaine. "We will let 'the dead bury the dead.' It can not harm him, poor fellow! Let him be known in death, as he was in life, only as Penny Dexter."

MY BRIER-WOOD PIPE, AND WHAT IT COST ME.

I SMOKE. Not having the fear of King James before my eyes, I may say I "drink" tobacco; for when he wrote his "Counterblast" the enjoyment of the burning weed was regarded as potation, not fumigation. To be in the fashion, I smoke a pipe. But not only to be in the fashion. The pipe pleases me as a work of art, and it gives me something to care for and become attached to. Your cigar-smoker is an unhappy, solitary creature, compared to me. He enjoys only what he consumes, and flings away, into the fire or into the kennel, that which he has just pressed delightfully to his lips. But I always have a cherished companion in my soothing pleasure. My pipe is with me. It is not merely so much clay, and wood, and amber. It has assumed an individuality, and is a partner of my musing hour. We have got used to each other's ways, and thoroughly understand one another; are tolerant of each other's peculiarities, and accommodate ourselves to each other's moods. Sometimes, indeed, my companion seems coy and reluctant at the most interesting moment; but a little attention, half compulsory, half enticing, almost always puts matters upon their natural footing again. At other times, I must confess I am ill treated, and my attendant minister, instead of burning incense before me, will coldly go out, and sullen-

ly refuse any response to my most importunate wooing, just when it ought to be aglow with warmth and fragrant with perfume. But I am able to trace these little miffs, in almost all cases, to some neglect on my part. I have been remiss in proper care, or have allowed other affairs to divert my attention more than suits the views of my jealous companion. Matters, however, very rarely come to this pass between us; a little judicious coaxing generally brings about an understanding, to our great mutual satisfaction.

I have spoken of my pipe: I have two. That is, two of principal importance. Of these, one is the pipe *par excellence*, but the other is a prime favorite; and there are, besides, three or four that are well enough in their way when the whim takes me to enjoy them; but they have no particular and recognized position. Pipe-smoking is a Turkish habit. The pipe, that is, the one which I always mean when I ask Jenny about my pipe, is, of course, a meerschaum. It is of such fine quality and so exquisitely carved that I am the envy of at least a dozen of my friends, who have not been able, for love or money, to compass such a marvel. The bowl is in the form of a Turk's head, and is decorated with two small dark carbuncles by way of eyes. The tobacco is, of course, put through the top of the turban into the place of the skull; and I derive consequence in the eyes of some people from appearing to consume the brains of one of my fellow-creatures for my passing pleasure. I have already the serene joy, only to be appreciated by the meerschaum smoker, of seeing my Turk's full and lightly-flowing beard turning so gradually a rich brown under my fumigations. But although I contemplate the present aspect of his countenance with the greatest satisfaction, I must confess that I have some misgivings in regard to the certainly-approaching period when the line of demarkation shall invade the face proper, and the finely-cut nose of my Turk shall be divided horizontally across the bridge into a cream-colored section and a tawny-brown section. Then, however, I shall build my hopes upon the time when this line shall have risen to the very turban's edge, while the hue in the lower part has deepened, so that I shall have my tawny-skinned Oriental with a dark, chestnut-brown beard and a white turban; and then I shall stop smoking this pipe, and lay it away in a little cabinet—a peaceful trophy.

But although I worship with all loyal devotion at my meerschaum shrine, I confess to a great fondness for a little brier-wood pipe—the second in order of precedence among my favorites—so great that, if the meerschaum knew it, it would, I fear, breed permanent trouble between us. This brier-wood beauty is no mere knot of wood with a hole in it, but the daintiest little pipe that ever was made. Its chief charm, however, is that it gives me no trouble whatever, and always accommodates itself to my convenience and my temper. It requires no solicitous looking after, like the other; which, I must confess, is capricious and exacting, like all prima donnas of well-established reputation. I can enjoy it when I please, and as I please—taking no thought whether it is too hot or too cold, or whether it is in a condition to be handled. Its very form is at once graceful and convenient. The stem is made with a double curvature, which conforms to the position of my thumb and fingers as I hold it, and to that of my chin as I let it carelessly hang from my mouth. It is mottled beautifully, and the bowl is lined with the finest meerschaum, which shows itself above the edge like the creamy foam upon rich ale.

But, alas! one evening I discovered that it had a defect; and I am of such an exacting disposition that I never tolerate any faults that can be remedied, except those in my own character. Mrs. Maddox has often said that she "never found hany gentleman as was so 'ard to please as Mr. Robinson." Mrs. Maddox is my landlady. She describes herself as "a Hinglish lady in rejuiced circumstances," and is fond of occasional reference to her "connection with the harrystocracy." It is more than suspected that the particular form of harrystocracy with which she was connected was a certain Harry, Lord W——, and that the nature of the alliance may be best learned from the columns of the London *Times*, among the reports of trials before Sir Creswell Creswell for divorce. Mrs. Maddox frets at my exactions; but Jenny, who is the maid that takes care of my room, says, "To be sure Mr. Robinson is a bit partic'ler; but then there's a comfort in doing any thing for him, 'cause you can see he knows when it's well done." The fact is that Jenny is a very excellent and intelligent person. I found out that she understood and appreciated me very soon after I took my present apartments. She has continued to do so ever since; so that it has come to be an understood thing in the house, that if Mr. Robinson wants any thing done, it will be done if Jenny can do it. Mrs. Maddox tosses her well-oiled black curls—in which I detected a gray hair the other day—and has more than once insinuated that "the hussy" has particular reasons for her attention to Mr. Robinson. But let me tell you that Jenny is not only prettier and better behaved than her mistress ever was, but one who, if she lived in London, would never become acquainted with Sir Creswell Creswell, unless, indeed, through the instrumentality of a brute of a husband. What might be Jenny's views and feelings, were it not for certain differences of social position which must obtain under all forms of government, I, of course, am not called upon to say.

But the defect in my brier-wood pipe. It was a scratch on the stem, made accidentally with some tool or other, and which escaped the notice of the maker, and also mine when I bought it. Touch—touch in fine organizations always so much more delicate a sense than sight, with all men so much more to be relied upon as evidence of fact—revealed it to me. I was sitting

upon the balcony on one of these glorious autumn evenings, smoking with Miss Kate Johnstone. That is, Miss Johnstone was sitting there with me, and I was smoking. She is a charming girl; so sensible, cheerful, and good-natured, and yet with a will of her own. She often sits, or used to sit, on the balcony in the evening while I smoked, for she did not object to the fumes of fine tobacco in the open air. She is a belle wherever she goes. And well she may be. Such a round, lithe figure, such an arched instep, and such white dimpled hands and shoulders, such clear brown eyes, and such waving chestnut hair are not often the united property of one woman. And then a fortune too! Not much, only thirty-five thousand dollars; but the whole thirty-five are there, and all well invested. Munneigh Bagges, Esq.—she is an orphan, and Mr. Bagges is her uncle and guardian—who had noticed her inclination to sit upon the balcony while I smoked, took me aside one evening and spoke to me about this fortune.

"Mr. Robinson," said he, "it has been my duty to observe indications on your part of a desire to address my ward and niece, Miss Johnstone."

"Indeed, Sir," I began, "I haven't yet—"

"Pray don't explain or apologize. The transaction, I have no doubt, would be a most honorable one. I know your position and your reputation. I shall not make myself directly or indirectly a party to the affair. But I think it only correct to say to you, Sir, in view of prudential considerations, which, of course, being a man of sense, you entertain, that the amount of the lady's fortune has been much exaggerated by report. She has only thirty thousand dollars; and all of that must be settled upon her at her marriage. I should, however, be willing to consent to the investment of ten thousand dollars in a safe special partnership for the benefit of her husband. I may as well add that I am empowered by the will to retain the whole property as trustee, and make only such quarterly payments over eight hundred dollars a year as I should deem advisable in case she should marry without my consent. I've just said as much to Mr. Axletree. Good-evening, Sir. I have a business engagement."

Who was Axletree? Why the son of a village blacksmith who had worked his way through college, and into the law, and who was quite popular in our house—I always did hate popular men—and who had made a sort of particular acquaintance with Miss Johnstone by holding her horse hard, and swinging her quickly off the saddle one morning when, just as she was starting for the Central Park, the animal began to plunge and rear most violently; after which time she would sometimes sit and hear him talk about Dante and Shakspeare when I thought she might much better be out upon the balcony with me. Be this as it may, there Mr. Munneigh Bagges left me, with the assurance that if I could get Miss Johnstone's consent I might have her, and with her ten thousand dollars in cash for any safe concern in which I might desire to become a partner. Why it was just the sum that Grist, of Hopper and Grist, the rising flour house, mentioned that they were looking out for with a capable junior as Co. My fortune was in my hand; and so I smoked upon the balcony regularly, always invited Miss Johnstone out with me to enjoy the evening air, and always made myself as agreeable as possible.

On this particular evening, as I took my little pipe from my lips, I felt for the first time a long seam down the wavy, well-polished stem. It was the merest scratch, a scarcely perceptible indentation of the surface. But still it was there; and it attracted my attention, and finally annoyed me. A hundred times did my finger wander up and down the pipe-stem, tracing out the length and shape of the blemish, as I talked to my fair companion. I could not help turning my eyes from hers to the pipe once or twice, even while she was speaking; till finally she stopped short in the middle of a sentence, and it was only by a promptly paid compliment, based upon what she was saying, that I prevented her from retiring quickly into the parlor where I knew Axletree was sitting. I finished my smoke and my chat with her; asked to be allowed to attend her on her ride the next afternoon to the Central Park, and we parted to our respective chambers.

On looking at my pipe, I found that the depth of the scratch was even less than it had seemed to the touch of my restless finger. It really did not mar the pipe at all, and to most eyes would need pointing out to be seen. But there it was: I had discovered it; and I should know of its existence if the whole world besides were ignorant. It was the spider in my soup, the skeleton in my closet. It annoyed me all the more because of the absolute perfection of the pipe in all other respects. Why should not a thing that was so nearly perfect be made absolutely so? There was no reason, and I was determined that it should be made perfect without delay; and that I would place it the next day in the hands of a little Hungarian, with whose name, as it consists chiefly of three *c*'s, four *k*'s, two *z*'s, and a *y*, somewhat promiscuously distributed, I shall not trouble you, and who, a meerschaum pipe-maker in his own country, had been reduced here, from lack of money to buy stock, to a mere pipe-mender; for which he sought consolation by living with a pipe in his mouth. But I was impatient of delay. Why not do such a trifling and simple piece of work myself? I had the implements by me, why not use them? I determined to do so, and in a minute was rubbing away at my pipe-stem with the finest sand-paper. The surface was soon smoothed; but alas! I saw, when too late to stay my hand, that I had rubbed off color as well as surface. My pipe was of a light kind of brier-wood which had been stained darker to give it the usual and the coveted color. There was but one remedy—to sand-paper it all over, and stain it all anew again. So at it I went, and rubbed until the first part of the opera-

tion was completed, and I postponed the rest until the morrow.

When I awoke in the morning my eye first sought my pipe where I left it upon my toilet table. You smile because it was a pipe that I looked after; just as you smiled when you found that that kepi-capped boy, who is the delight and the torment of your life, took the toy gun with the real lock that you denied yourself to buy for him to bed the first few nights after the acquisition of the longed-for treasure. But you, when that handsome bay who does his mile so easily within 2.40 first took his place in your stable, did you not, next morning, come to the breakfast-table with the odor of his stall about you? When that pretty little yacht first took you up the river to your country-place, did not your wife detect you standing at your bedroom window at an unwonted matinal hour, in a very scanty garment, feasting your eyes upon her—the yacht, alas! not the wife—as she sat like a duck upon the water? When that rare, early edition of your favorite poet came from London, rich with the decorating skill of Hayday, didn't you quite in an unconscious sort of way carry it up stairs with you when you went to bed, and take a last look at it "as it was up there" after you were undressed, and a first look at it in the morning before you were dressed? You know you did. And what difference does it make whether it is a horse, a boat, a book, or a toy gun, or a pipe? I looked then at my hobby as you looked at yours, and it seemed whiter in the daylight than under the gas-burner; and I felt that I had done a foolish thing. Had sleep brought me wisdom as well as rest, I should have done no more than consign the pipe to the hands of my little friend of the consonantal designation. But I thought that that was hardly worth while, and that as I had begun I might as well go on. The truth was that I secretly shrunk from asking his ministrations, though I did not acknowledge it to myself, for fear he should pronounce my pipe not genuine.

I numbered a young druggist among my acquaintances, and calling upon him on my way homeward early that afternoon, I was provided with various dyes, including logwood and copperas, and a tincture which he thought would produce exactly the tint required. On reaching the house I overtook Miss Johnstone, radiant, upon the front steps, and, entering together, we had a moment's talk about our anticipated pleasure, for which the afternoon promised finely. But I found that a full hour must pass before we should mount our horses, and I determined to improve a part of this by finishing my pipe. It would take but a little while, and just leave me time to leisurely don my riding gear. I took off my coat, turned up my cuffs, and applied the tincture with a camel's-hair brush. But to my surprise and disgust the fluid, which when shaken in a bottle seemed to have just the reddish-brown hue that I so much desired to produce, when spread over the wood dried of a bright carnation color, besides looking as palpably painted as Miss ——'s cheeks, and making the stem as streaked as those rods by the aid of which Jacob so effectually "did" his father-in-law in that little operation in sheep and neat cattle. This experience cost me some minutes of my hour, but it taught me nothing; for I went on with my job as if besotted. I summoned the ever-willing Jenny, and asked her to get for me a Wedgewood mortar, in which I had seen the waiter pulverizing salt for the table, and in this I ground up my logwood extract, and turned upon it hot water from the facet of my toilet-stand. I confess to some rueful misgivings as I saw the various tints which my mess assumed at various stages of the mixture—passing cloudily from pale pink, through deep crimson, to a dull and muddy brown; but I went on, and leaving my dye-pot to settle, rubbed my pipe colorless again, and applied the murky fluid. The result was that the precious utensil looked as if it had been dipped by some mischievous boy into weak molasses-and-water. I was again disgusted and surprised. But it flashed upon me what was needed—the copperas. My drug-selling friend had told me that copperas was used to fix and deepen the color of various dyes, and particularly of logwood; and so I popped a lump of copperas into the pot of my misfortunes, and went at it with the pestle to grind it up and make it dissolve the easier. Again I rubbed my pipe down to its natural hue, and again I stained it. The result was still far from satisfactory: it was too pale and gray.

I had thus far got on without soiling my fingers; but as I was giving my dye another stir before applying it again, there came a sharp, hasty knock at the door. I started a little, the pestle slipped, and dashed half the mixture over me—face, hands, shirt, waistcoat, and trowsers all shared in the aspersion. I laid down my implements hastily, and with eyes and mouth smarting, caught up a towel and alternately wiped and sputtered, to relieve myself externally and internally from the disgusting bath. I seized the water-bottle and rinsed my mouth and gargled my throat, and amidst my bewilderment, mingling with the singing in my ears, the rush of water in my throat, and the stinging pulsation in my eyes, I heard the knock again, sharper and quicker than before, and a voice I recognized as Jenny's, saying, in an excited undertone,

"Mr. Robinson! Mr. Robinson! do come to the door!"

I would not have even Jenny see my clothes in such a plight; and throwing on my dressing-gown, which covered me from head to foot, I opened the door. Jenny started back a moment, in seeming fright, and then tittering, as only a saucy woman can titter at a man, said,

"Mr. Robinson, Miss Johnstone sends her compliments, and she has waited ten minutes; and she bid me to be particular to say was she to have the honor of your company?"

And then the pretty, silly, good-natured hus-

sy looked at my face with a quizzical expression and tittered out again. I heard from down stairs faintly, but distinctly, the impatient sh-wack! sh-wack! of a riding-whip upon a riding-skirt, and the click, click, of two little boot-heels as they were brought together. I knew the wearer rose upon her toes, and came down firmly with her heels together as she did it. Could it be that my hour had all slipped away and more? I flew to my toilet-table, and there my watch confirmed the ominous announcement. But I saw not only this. As my eye glanced at the mirror I discovered the cause of Jenny's merriment. When I thought I had been removing the contents of the mortar from my face, I had only been smearing the drops, and spreading them wide upon my cheeks and nose and forehead. The color had deepened quickly as it dried, and my whole face was as striped as a zebra's! I looked at my hands: they were as black as a journeyman-hatter's over his dye-pot. Here was a predicament for a gentleman to be in who had a thirty-thousand-dollar woman waiting for him to keep his appointment to ride with her!

But I could wash my face and hands, and dress in less than ten minutes; and so I rushed back to Jenny, and said,

"Tell Miss Johnstone that I will be with her in five minutes, and make my apology for my delay."

"Yes, Sir— te-he, te-he-he-he; but please, Mr. Robinson, do give me the mortar and pestle. James have been a lookin' after them this half hour for Mrs. Maddox, and she'll come presently and ask me about it."

I hurriedly emptied the contents of the mortar into my wash-bowl and handed it to Jenny, who looked aghast at its blackened condition. "Clean it for me, Jenny, there's a good girl; I've spilled some ink into it." I shut the door in her face, turned the key, and plunged into my own purification. But horrors! on going to my bowl it seemed as if a huge ladleful of the River Styx had been splashed into it. I jerked out the plug, and turned on hot and cold water; but though the water ran in it would not run out; and mid the cloudy shadings of the fluid, varying from pitchy black to smoky brown, I discerned a jet-black gummy, glairy substance, one end of which was fixed in the vent-hole, while the other swayed about in the brimming bowl. It looked as if I had murdered a cuttle-fish, and was endeavoring to conceal his mangled remains by sending them out through the waste-pipe. Had it been a black baby instead of a black polypus, I could not have been in greater dread of detection. I seized hold of the viscid mass, and tried to pull it out of the vent; but it was very tender, and parted just at the rim, and I only grimed my hand and wrist. I thrust the loathsome jelly down through the vent with my fingers, and had the satisfaction of seeing its inky heart's-blood follow it. But my bowl was stained all the colors of the rainbow, besides one or two not seen in that bright bridge of hope. It looked like a polyphemic eye that had been blackened by a Titanic Heenan. I rubbed a moment at its variegated sides; but quickly stayed my vain endeavors, to turn them to my own face and hands, on which I found the inky color even more unremovable. I applied soap; and again, O horrors! the tint deepened and settled but the more firmly. I flew backward and forward between my mirror and my wash-stand with constantly-increasing apprehension. In vain: the color would have immovably answered even Mrs. Siddons's query whether it would wash. I got my pumice-stone, and scraped away at myself in a frenzy, abrading and excoriating my hapless face and hands, and doing little else, and in my excitement not knowing that I did so; until, having heard of the efficacy of lemon juice in removing stains, I seized one which lay upon my mantle, and cutting it in two, applied the halves to my face, which now looked not unlike that of a pied negro. Then I discovered, with a jump, that I had nearly flayed my cheeks, my nose, my forehead, and my knuckles. In the midst of my despair, while my mottled face and hands were smarting and my eyes running water, I heard Jenny's rap at the door.

"What the devil do you want?"

"Please, Sir, Miss Johnstone's compliments, and it's ten minutes; and she won't trouble you for the honor of your company this afternoon. Mr. Axletree have sent for a horse, and he'll ride with her."

Cursing my fate and my folly, I sat down hopelessly upon my bedside, and as I ruefully contemplated the condition of my room and my person, and saw how hopeless it was for me to attempt to make the latter presentable for days, I gave up the effort for the present, and fell into a gloomy reverie, which was soon broken by hearing two horses start off at a smart canter.

I confined myself to my room, on the pretense of illness, for a day; and communicating by penny post with the pharmaceutical friend who was an innocent link in the chain of my despair, I received from him the means of cleansing the filthy witness of my folly from my hands and face, and also an ointment very soothing in its lubrications. My face was not so deeply scraped as I thought at first; and in the course of forty-eight hours I was restored to something like my natural condition. I again presented myself before Miss Johnstone, who received me and my apologies and explanations with extreme politeness, but with—or else I fancied it—the slightest possible curl downward of the deep-cut corners of her mouth. I endeavored to resume my former undefined position toward her, but in vain. Without being in the least degree a jilt, she had been trembling, unconsciously almost, between two men, as many a woman does, with such a slight and delicate poise that the merest accident determines into whose arms she shall fall. And that afternoon had settled the question irrevocably against me and in favor of Axletree.

When I came to look into the affair I found

it rather an expensive one for me. My pipe was ruined, except, indeed, for the purpose of smoking. The clothes I had on during my fatuous attempt were also destroyed. Mrs. Maddox demanded a new marble top and bowl for the wash-stand, and a new Wedgewood mortar. I don't believe the others were entirely spoiled; but I was obliged to satisfy the woman's demands quietly to keep her from making my mishap—the nature of which she had wormed out of Jenny—the talk of the house; which, by the way, I left as quietly as possible after I saw that my fate was decided. I lost Miss Johnstone and her fortune. So that my mere cash account in that affair stood exactly thus:

JOHN ROBINSON, ESQ., *in Account with* FOLLY.

Item	Amount
One brier-wood pipe, meerschaum lined ..	$3 00
One marble-topped wash-stand and bowl..	17 50
One Wedgewood mortar	3 00
One gray cassimere waistcoat............	6 00
One pair gray cassimere trowsers	9 00
One shirt	3 00
One third of Miss Johnstone's fortune	10,000 00
	$10,041 50
Less value of one damaged brier-wood pipe.	00 00½
	$10,041 49½

My experiment was a costly one; but it taught me two lessons worth some expenditure:

To let well alone;

Not to be diverted from a greater matter by a less—especially if the greater be the attempt to win a handsome, spirited, independent woman.

CASTLE PINCKNEY:—1861.

"DULL" you find it, comrade? Rather. Like two lizards on a wall,
Here we lie and bask together—watch the tides that rise and fall;
Watch the sun—it travels slowly, dropping brilliants in the sea;
Count the crests of dark palmettos. Nay, you should not curse the tree!

Once it served the country nobly; this you call "a bastard palm"
Built the walls of old Fort Moultrie, kept a handful there from harm:
Bedding in its fibrous body plunging rain of shot and shell,
Or the tale of Jasper's daring none had lived that day to tell.

"But this Moultrie—!" Ay, I grant it. That's the shame it can not purge
Save by baptism of fire, such as some at home may urge;
First to do a foul dishonor to the flag that Jasper's hands
Snatched from being England's trophy, yonder on the bloody sands.

I have marked the tree in hummocks—dull, unsightly, sloughing leaves—
You would wonder it was chosen to the honor it receives;
For they mean it thus! but later up the noble shaft has sprung,
Though decay and seeming ruin to its rank wild growth had clung.

'Tis a symbol of this people, fitly chosen, set aside:
They are sloughing old traditions, prejudice, and fatal pride;
Their majestic growth shall bear them in the coming tranquil years—
As the tree its crown of verdure—upward, nearer to the spheres.

For I know them—know yon landscape, a familiar face to me;
I have been their guest before, and with less pressing courtesy;
When we stood that dreary midnight, guarded in their hollow square,
More than one old friend I counted by the torches' flickering glare.

I could show you on the main land noble old ancestral homes,
Glades where oaks make tent-like shadows, and the antler'd deer still comes:
Towering rise the green magnolias, brakes of roses, creamy white,
Make fit haunts for lovers strolling in the starlit perfumed night.

Shall I tell you all my story? It is simple. Thus I loved,
Was betrothed, and should have wedded had not death a rival proved.
More than brother was her brother, parting slowly, with wrung hands,
Standing by her grave. You saw him, issuing at their head commands—

When we trod along like felons: our first meeting since that day.
But I spared what pain I could—to him; I turned my face away,
Kept within the deepest shadow:—it had made his task too hard,
Knowing whom he ordered prisoner under strictest watch and ward.

Oh that night! so filled with shadows of the ghostly buried past!
With her face, now warm and radiant, then as when I saw her last;
All the life and love flown upward—all I loved returned to heaven—
Leaving only mask-like features with the impress she had given.

But my eyeballs have gone tearless in those few hot drops of rage
Shed for shame to see our cowards shirk the fight they plead to wage.
Thanks! I feel your trial also—know inaction chafes the steed,
Rusts the steel; I feel its gnawings, though I left no soul in need.

"Hard?" 'Tis madd'ning! How you bear it I who watch can scarcely tell;
Hard enough with happy tidings—"All is over, all is well!"
In the tender rush of feeling, in the glowing honest pride,
Of the new-made happy father—one caress to be denied!

But to have the days creep onward with an aching silence dumb,
Tortured with a thousand fancies that the worst you dread has come:
"She is dead! the child, the mother, both are dead!" you sometimes moan;
I can hear you in the midnight—once your arm was round me thrown.

"Oh my darling!"—thus you murmured—"do I find you still in life?
Did I dream that fearful parting? God be thanked, my precious wife!"—
Courage! angels stoop to prisons; one has borne this dream to you:
Trust me, in some happy waking you shall find the presage true.

And we are not wholly useless in the service of the State:
There is comfort in the saying, "They do serve who stand and wait:"
We are hostage for its honor—you or I would scorn to stand
Free, and find some heart had faltered in the counsels of the land.

Hostages for freedom also—for a world-wide liberty;
For the growing glorious promise of united Italy;
For all nations moved, upheaving, struggling toward the coming day
When all the kingdoms shall be His who gives to kings their sway.

Standing in the shock of battle, where the hosts have rudely met,
We can see but half the order of the field now ranged and set:
We are chastened, we are humbled, taught through loss God's sovereignty;
But we stand for broader issues, future ages that shall be.

When the desert place is planted with the seeds this whirlwind sows,
When the wilderness shall blossom with its product as the rose,
When the cotton-bolls shall whiten by the lotus of the Nile,
We shall see His face was hidden from us for a little while

That His light might pierce their jungles, lead each crushed or savage race
Outward from their dreary coverts to a freer, nobler place,
Never more to sit in darkness; for the curse must be removed,
Commerce bind all lands together, Peace the one great good be proved.

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ANGEL OF LIGHT.

IN speaking of the character and antecedents of Felix Graham, I have said that he was moulding a wife for himself. The idea of a wife thus moulded to fit a man's own grooves, and educated to suit matrimonial purposes according to the exact views of the future husband, was by no means original with him. Other men have moulded their wives; but I do not know that, as a rule, the practice has been found to answer. It is open, in the first place, to this objection—that the moulder does not generally conceive such idea very early in life; and the idea, when conceived, must necessarily be carried out on a young subject. Such a plan is the result of much deliberate thought, and has generally arisen from long observation, on the part of the thinker, of the unhappiness arising from marriages in which there has been no moulding. Such a frame of mind comes upon a bachelor, perhaps about his thirty-fifth year, and then he goes to work with a girl of fourteen. The operation takes some ten years, at the end of which the moulded bride regards her lord as an old man. On the whole, I think that the ordinary plan is the better, and even the safer. Dance with a girl three times, and if you like the light of her eye and the tone of voice with which she, breathless, answers your little questions about horse-flesh and music—about affairs masculine and feminine—then take the leap in the dark. There is danger, no doubt; but the moulded wife is, I think, more dangerous.

With Felix Graham the matter was somewhat different, seeing that he was not yet thirty, and that the lady destined to be the mistress of his family had already passed through three or four years of her novitiate. He had begun to be prudent early in life; or had become prudent rather by force of sentiment than by force of thought. Mary Snow was the name of his bride-elect; and it is probable that, had not circumstances thrown Mary Snow in his way, he would not have gone out of his way to seek a subject for his experiment. Mary Snow was the daughter of an engraver—not of an artist who receives four or five thousand pounds for engraving the chef-d'œuvre of a modern painter, but of a man who executed flourishes on ornamental cards for tradespeople, and assisted in the illustration of circus play-bills. With this man Graham had become acquainted through certain transactions of his with the press, and had found him to be a widower, drunken, dissolute, and generally drowned in poverty. One child the man had, and that child was Mary Snow.

How it came to pass that the young barrister first took upon himself the charge of maintaining and educating this poor child need not now be told. His motives had been thoroughly good, and in the matter he had endeavored to act the part of a kind Samaritan. He had found her pretty, half-starved, dirty, ignorant, and modest; and so finding her, had made himself responsible for feeding, cleaning, and teaching her—and ultimately for marrying her. One would have said that in undertaking a task of such undoubted charity as that comprised in the three first charges, he would have encountered no difficulty from the drunken, dissolute, impoverished engraver. But the man from the beginning was cunning; and before Graham had succeeded in obtaining the custody of the child, the father had obtained a written undertaking from him that he would marry her at a certain age if her conduct up to that age had been becoming. As to this latter stipulation no doubt had arisen; and indeed Graham had so acted by her that had she fallen away the fault would have been all her own. There wanted now but one year to the coming of that day on which he was bound to make himself a happy man, and hitherto he himself had never doubted as to the accomplishment of his undertaking.

He had told his friends—those with whom he was really intimate, Augustus Staveley and one or two others—what was to be his matrimonial lot in life; and they had ridiculed him for his Quixotic chivalry. Staveley especially had been strong in his conviction that no such marriage would ever take place, and had already gone so far as to plan another match for his friend.

"You know you do not love her," he had said, since Felix had been staying on this occasion at Noningsby.

"I know no such thing," Felix had answered, almost in anger. "On the contrary, I know that I do love her."

"Yes, as I love my niece Maria, or old Aunt Bessy, who always supplied me with sugar-candy when I was a boy."

"It is I that have supplied Mary with her sugar-candy, and the love thus engendered is the stronger."

"Nevertheless you are not in love with her, and never will be; and if you marry her you will commit a great sin."

"How moral you have grown!"

"No, I'm not. I'm not a bit moral. But I know very well when a man is in love with a girl, and I know very well that you're not in love with Mary Snow. And I tell you what, my friend, if you do marry her you are done for life. There will absolutely be an end of you."

"You mean to say that your royal highness will drop me."

"I mean to say nothing about myself. My dropping you or not dropping you won't alter your lot in life. I know very well what a poor man wants to give him a start; and a fellow like you who has such quaint ideas on so many

things requires all the assistance he can get. You should look out for money and connection."

"Sophia Furnival, for instance."

"No; she would not suit you. I perceive that now."

"So I supposed. Well, my dear fellow, we shall not come to loggerheads about that. She is a very fine girl, and you are welcome to the hatful of money—if you can get it."

"That's nonsense. I'm not thinking of Sophia Furnival any more than you are. But if I did it would be a proper marriage. Now—" And then he went on with some further very sage remarks about Miss Snow.

All this was said as Felix Graham was lying with his broken bones in the comfortable room at Noningsby; and to tell the truth, when it was so said his heart was not quite at ease about Mary Snow. Up to this time, having long since made up his mind that Mary should be his wife, he had never allowed his thoughts to be diverted from that purpose. Nor did he so allow them now—as long as he could prevent them from wandering.

But, lying there at Noningsby, thinking of those sweet Christmas evenings, how was it possible that they should not wander? His friend had told him that he did not love Mary Snow; and then, when alone, he asked himself whether in truth he did love her. He had pledged himself to marry her, and he must carry out that pledge. But nevertheless did he love her? And if not her, did he love any other?

Mary Snow knew very well what was to be her destiny, and indeed had known it for the last two years. She was now nineteen years old —and Madeline Staveley was also nineteen: she was nineteen, and at twenty she was to become a wife, as by agreement between Felix Graham and Mr. Snow, the drunken engraver. They knew their destiny—the future husband and the future wife—and each relied with perfect faith on the good faith and affection of the other.

Graham, while he was thus being lectured by Staveley, had under his pillow a letter from Mary. He wrote to her regularly—on every Sunday, and on every Tuesday she answered him. Nothing could be more becoming than the way she obeyed all his behests on such matters; and it really did seem that in his case the moulded wife would turn out to have been well moulded. When Staveley left him he again read Mary's letter. Her letters were always of the same length, filling completely the four sides of a sheet of note-paper. They were excellently well written: and as no one word in them was ever altered or erased, it was manifest enough to Felix that the original composition was made on a rough draft. As he again read through the four sides of the little sheet of paper, he could not refrain from conjecturing what sort of a letter Madeline Staveley might write. Mary Snow's letter ran as follows:

"3 Bloomfield Terrace, Peckham,
"*Tuesday, January* 10, 18—.

"My dearest Felix"—she had so called him for the last twelvemonth by common consent between Graham and the very discreet lady under whose charge she at present lived. Previously to that she had written to him as My dear Mr. Graham—"I am very glad to hear that your arm and your two ribs are getting so much better. I received your letter yesterday, and was glad to hear that you are so comfortable in the house of the very kind people with whom you are staying. If I knew them I would send them my respectful remembrances, but as I do not know them I suppose it would not be proper. But I remember them in my prayers."—This last assurance was inserted under the express instruction of Mrs. Thomas, who however did not read Mary's letters, but occasionally, on some subjects, gave her hints as to what she ought to say. Nor was there hypocrisy in this, for under the instruction of her excellent mentor she had prayed for the kind people. —"I hope you will be well enough to come and pay me a visit before long, but pray do not come before you are well enough to do so without giving yourself any pain. I am glad to hear that you do not mean to go hunting any more, for it seems to me to be a dangerous amusement." And then the first paragraph came to an end.

"My papa called here yesterday. He said he was very badly off indeed, and so he looked. I did not know what to say at first, but he asked me so much to give him some money, that I did give him at last all that I had. It was nineteen shillings and sixpence. Mrs. Thomas was angry, and told me I had no right to give away your money, and that I should not have given more than half a crown. I hope you will not be angry with me. I do not want any more at present. But indeed he was very bad, especially about his shoes.

"I do not know that I have any more to say except that I put back thirty lines of Télémaque into French every morning before breakfast. It never comes near right, but nevertheless M. Grigaud says it is well done. He says that if it came quite right I should compose French as well as M. Fénelon, which of course I can not expect.

"I will now say good-by, and I am yours most affectionately, Mary Snow."

There was nothing in this letter to give any offense to Felix Graham, and so he acknowledged to himself. He made himself so acknowledge, because on the first reading of it he had felt that he was half angry with the writer. It was clear that there was nothing in the letter which would justify censure; nothing which did not, almost, demand praise. He would have been angry with her had she limited her filial donation to the half-crown which Mrs. Thomas had thought appropriate. He was obliged to her for that attention to her French which he had specially enjoined. Nothing could be more proper than her allusion to the Staveleys; and altogether the letter was just what it ought to be. Nevertheless it made him unhappy and irritated him. Was it well that he should marry a girl whose father was "indeed very bad. but especially about his shoes?" Staveley had told him that connection would be necessary for him, and what sort of a connection would this be? And was there one word in the whole letter that showed a spark of true love? Did not the footfall of Madeline Staveley's step as she passed along the passage go nearer to his heart than all the outspoken assurance of Mary Snow's letter?

Nevertheless he had undertaken to do this thing, and he would do it—let the footfall of Madeline Staveley's step be ever so sweet in his ear. And then, lying back in his bed, he began to think whether it would have been as well that he should have broken his neck instead of his ribs in getting out of Monkton Grange covert.

FELIX WRITES.

Mrs. Thomas was a lady who kept a school consisting of three little girls and Mary Snow. She had in fact not been altogether successful in the line of life she had chosen for herself, and had hardly been able to keep her modest door-plate on her door, till Graham, in search of some home for his bride, then in the first novitiate of her moulding, had come across her. Her means were now far from plentiful; but as an average number of three children still clung to her, and as Mary Snow's seventy pounds per annum—to include clothes—were punctually paid, the small house at Peckham was maintained. Under these circumstances Mary Snow was somebody in the

eyes of Mrs. Thomas, and Felix Graham was a very great person indeed.

Graham had received his letter on a Wednesday, and on the following Monday Mary, as usual, received one from him. These letters always came to her in the evening, as she was sitting over her tea with Mrs. Thomas, the three children having been duly put to bed. Graham's letters were very short, as a man with a broken right arm and two broken ribs is not fluent with his pen. But still a word or two did come to her. "Dearest Mary, I am doing better and better, and I hope I shall see you in about a fortnight. Quite right in giving the money. Stick to the French. Your own F. G." But as he signed himself her own his mind misgave him that he was lying.

"It is very good of him to write to you while he is in such a state," said Mrs. Thomas.

"Indeed it is," said Mary—"very good indeed." And then she went on with the history of "Rasselas" in his happy valley, by which study Mrs. Thomas intended to initiate her into that course of novel-reading which has become necessary for a British lady. But Mrs. Thomas had a mind to improve the present occasion. It was her duty to inculcate in her pupil love and gratitude toward the beneficent man who was doing so much for her. Gratitude for favors past and love for favors to come; and now, while that scrap of a letter was lying on the table, the occasion for doing so was opportune.

"Mary, I do hope you love Mr. Graham with all your heart and all your strength." She would have thought it wicked to say more; but so far she thought she might go, considering the sacred tie which was to exist between her pupil and the gentleman in question.

"Oh yes, indeed I do;" and then Mary's eyes fell wishfully on the cover of the book which lay in her lap while her finger kept the place. Rasselas is not very exciting, but it was more so than Mrs. Thomas.

"You would be very wicked if you did not. And I hope you think sometimes of the very responsible duties which a wife owes to her husband. And this will be more especially so with you than with any other woman—almost that I ever heard of."

There was something in this that was almost depressing to poor Mary's spirit, but nevertheless she endeavored to bear up against it and do her duty. "I shall do all I can to please him, Mrs. Thomas; and indeed I do try about the French. And he says I was right to give papa that money."

"But there will be many more things than that when you've stood at the altar with him and become his wife; bone of his bone, Mary." And she spoke these last words in a very solemn tone, shaking her head, and the solemn tone almost ossified poor Mary's heart as she heard it.

"Yes; I know there will. But I shall endeavor to find out what he likes."

"I don't think he is so particular about his eating and drinking as some other gentlemen; though no doubt he will like his things nice."

"I know he is fond of strong tea, and I sha'n't forget that."

"And about dress. He is not very rich, you know, Mary; but it will make him unhappy if you are not always tidy. And his own shirts —I fancy he has no one to look after them now, for I so often see the buttons off. You should never let one of them go into his drawers without feeling them all to see that they're on tight."

"I'll remember that," said Mary, and then she made another little furtive attempt to open the book.

"And about your own stockings, Mary. Nothing is so useful to a young woman in your position as a habit of darning neat. I'm sometimes almost afraid that you don't like darning."

"Oh, yes I do." That was a fib; but what could she do, poor girl, when so pressed?

"Because I thought you would look at Jane Robinson's and Julia Wright's, which are lying there in the basket. I did Rebecca's myself before tea, till my old eyes were sore."

"Oh, I didn't know," said Mary, with some slight offense in her tone. "Why didn't you ask me to do them downright, if you wanted?"

"It's only for the practice it will give you."

"Practice! I'm always practicing something." But nevertheless she laid down the book and dragged the basket of work up on to the table. "Why, Mrs. Thomas, it's impossible to mend these; they're all darn."

"Give them to me," said Mrs. Thomas. And then there was silence between them for a quarter of an hour, during which Mary's thoughts wandered away to the events of her future life. Would his stockings be so troublesome as these?

But Mrs. Thomas was at heart an honest woman, and as a rule was honest also in practice. Her conscience told her that Mr. Graham might probably not approve of this sort of practice for conjugal duties, and in spite of her failing eyes she resolved to do her duty. "Never mind them, Mary," said she. "I remember now that you were doing your own before dinner."

"Of course I was," said Mary, sulkily. "And as for practice, I don't suppose he'll want me to do more of that than any thing else."

"Well, dear, put them by." And Miss Snow did put them by, resuming Rasselas as she did so. Who darned the stockings of Rasselas and felt that the buttons were tight on his shirts? What a happy valley must it have been if a bride expectant were free from all such cares as these!

"I suppose, Mary, it will be some time in the spring of next year." Mrs. Thomas was not reading, and therefore a little conversation from time to time was to her a solace.

"What will be, Mrs. Thomas?"

"Why the marriage."

"I suppose it will. He told father it should be early in 18—, and I shall be past twenty then."

MARY'S LETTER.

"I wonder where you'll go to live."

"I don't know. He has never said any thing about that."

"I suppose not; but I'm sure it will be a long way away from Peckham." In answer to this Mary said nothing, but could not help wishing that it might be so. Peckham to her had not been a place bright with happiness, although she had become in so marked a way a child of good fortune. And then, moreover, she had a deep care on her mind with which the streets and houses and pathways of Peckham were closely connected. It would be very expedient that she should go far, far away from Peckham when

she had become, in actual fact, the very wife of Felix Graham.

"Miss Mary," whispered the red-armed maid of all work, creeping up to Mary's bedroom door when they had all retired for the night, and whispering through the chink. "Miss Mary. I've somethink to say." And Mary opened the door. "I've got a letter from him:" and the maid of all work absolutely produced a little note inclosed in a green envelope.

"Sarah, I told you not," said Mary, looking very storn, and hesitating with her finger whether or no she would take the letter.

"But he did so beg and pray. Besides, miss, as he says hisself, he must have his answer. Any gen'leman, he says, 'as a right to a answer. And if you'd a seed him yourself I'm sure you'd have took it. He did look so nice with a blue and gold handkercher round his neck. He was a-going to the the-a-tre, he said."

"And who was going with him, Sarah?"

"Oh, no one. Only his mamma and sister, and them sort. He's all right—he is." And then Mary Snow did take the letter.

"And I'll come for the answer when you're settling the room after breakfast to-morrow?" said the girl.

"No; I don't know. I sha'n't send any answer at all. But, Sarah, for Heaven's sake, do not say a word about it!"

"Who, I? Laws love you, miss, I wouldn't —not for worlds of gold." And then Mary was left alone to read a second letter from a second suitor.

"Angel of light!" it began, "but cold as your own fair name." Poor Mary thought it was very nice and very sweet, and though she was so much afraid of it that she almost wished it away, yet she read it a score of times. Stolen pleasures always are sweet. She had not cared to read those two lines from her own betrothed lord above once, or at the most twice; and yet they had been written by a good man—a man superlatively good to her, and written, too, with considerable pain.

She sat down all trembling to think of what she was doing; and then, as she thought, she read the letter again. "Angel of light! but cold as your own fair name." Alas, alas! it was very sweet to her.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. FURNIVAL LOOKS FOR ASSISTANCE.

"And you think that nothing can be done down there?" said Mr. Furnival to his clerk, immediately after the return of Mr. Crabwitz from Hamworth to London.

"Nothing at all, Sir," said Mr. Crabwitz, with laconic significance.

"Well, I dare say not. If the matter could have been arranged at a reasonable cost, without annoyance to my friend Lady Mason, I should have been glad; but, on the whole, it will perhaps be better that the law should take its course. She will suffer a good deal, but she will be the safer for it afterward."

"Mr. Furnival, I went so far as to offer a thousand pounds!"

"A thousand pounds! Then they'll think we're afraid of them."

"Not a bit more than they did before. Though I offered the money, he doesn't know the least that the offer came from our side. But I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Furnival— I suppose I may speak my mind."

"Oh yes! But remember this, Crabwitz; Lady Mason is no more in danger of losing the property than you are. It is a most vexatious thing, but there can be no doubt as to what the result will be."

"Well, Mr. Furnival, I don't know."

"In such matters I am tolerably well able to form an opinion."

"Oh, certainly!"

"And that's my opinion. Now I shall be very glad to hear yours."

"My opinion is this, Mr. Furnival, that Sir Joseph never made that codicil."

"And what makes you think so?"

"The whole course of the evidence. It's quite clear there was another deed executed that day, and witnessed by Bolster and Kenneby. Had there been two documents for them to witness they would have remembered it so soon after the occurrence."

"Well, Crabwitz, I differ from you—differ from you in toto. But keep your opinion to yourself, that's all. I've no doubt you did the best for us you could down at Hamworth, and I'm much obliged to you. You'll find we've got our hands quite full again—almost too full." Then he turned round to his table, and to the papers upon it; whereupon Crabwitz took the hint and left the room.

But when he had gone Mr. Furnival again raised his eyes from the papers on the table, and leaning back in his chair, gave himself up to further consideration of the Orley Farm case. Crabwitz he knew was a sharp, clever man, and now the opinion formed by Crabwitz, after having seen this Hamworth attorney, tallied with his own opinion. Yes; it was his own opinion. He had never said as much, even to himself, with those inward words which a man uses when he assures himself of the result of his own thoughts; but he was aware that it was his own opinion. In his heart of hearts he did believe that that codicil had been fraudulently manufactured by his friend and client, Lady Mason.

Under these circumstances, what should he do? He had the handle of his pen between his teeth, as was his habit when he was thinking, and tried to bring himself to some permanent resolution.

How beautiful had she looked while she stood in Sir Peregrine's library, leaning on the old man's arm—how beautiful and how innocent! That was the form which his thoughts chiefly took. And then she had given him her hand,

and he still felt the soft silken touch of her cool fingers. He would not be a man if he could desert a woman in such a strait. And such a woman! If even guilty, had she not expiated her guilt by deep sorrow? And then he thought of Mr. Mason of Groby Park; and he thought of Sir Peregrine's strong conviction, and of Judge Staveley's belief; and he thought also of the strong hold which public opinion and twenty years of possession would still give to the cause he favored. He would still bring her through! Yes; in spite of her guilt, if she were guilty; on the strength of her innocency, if she were innocent; but on account of her beauty, and soft hand, and deep liquid eye. So at least he would have owned, could he have been honest enough to tell himself the whole truth.

But he must prepare himself for the battle in earnest. It was not as though he had been briefed in this case, and had merely to perform the duty for which he had been hired. He was to undertake the whole legal management of the affair. He must settle what attorney should have the matter in hand, and instruct that attorney how to reinstruct him, and how to reinstruct those other barristers who must necessarily be employed on the defense, in a case of such magnitude. He did not yet know under what form the attack would be made; but he was nearly certain that it would be done in the shape of a criminal charge. He hoped that it might take the direct form of an accusation of forgery. The stronger and more venomous the charge made, the stronger also would be public opinion in favor of the accused, and the greater the chance of an acquittal. But if she were to be found guilty on any charge, it would matter little on what. Any such verdict of guilty would be utter ruin and obliteration of her existence.

He must consult with some one, and at last he made up his mind to go to his very old friend, Mr. Chaffanbrass. Mr. Chaffanbrass was safe, and he might speak out his mind to him without fear of damaging the cause. Not that he could bring himself to speak out his real mind, even to Mr. Chaffanbrass. He would so speak that Mr. Chaffanbrass should clearly understand him; but still, not even to his ears, would he say that he really believed Lady Mason to have been guilty. How would it be possible that he should feign before a jury his assured, nay, his indignant conviction of his client's innocence, if he had ever whispered to any one his conviction of her guilt?

On that same afternoon he sent to make an appointment with Mr. Chaffanbrass, and immediately after breakfast on the following morning had himself taken to that gentleman's chambers. The chambers of this great guardian of the innocence, or rather not-guiltiness, of the public were not in any so-named inn, but consisted of two gloomy, dark, paneled rooms in Ely Place. The course of our story, however, will not cause us to make many visits to Ely Place, and any closer description of them may be spared. I have said that Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Furnival were very old friends. So they were. They had known each other for more than thirty years, and each knew the whole history of the other's rise and progress in the profession; but any results of their friendship at present were but scanty. They might meet each other in the streets, perhaps, once in the year; and occasionally—but very seldom—might be brought together on subjects connected with their profession; as was the case when they traveled together down to Birmingham. As to meeting in each other's houses, or coming together for the sake of the friendship which existed—the idea of doing so never entered the head of either of them.

All the world knows Mr. Chaffanbrass—either by sight or by reputation. Those who have been happy enough to see the face and gait of the man as, in years now gone, he used to lord it at the Old Bailey, may not have thought much of the privilege which was theirs. But to those who have only read of him, and know of his deeds simply by their triumphs, he was a man very famous and worthy to be seen. "Look; that's Chaffanbrass. It was he who cross-examined —— at the Old Bailey, and sent him howling out of London, banished forever into the wilderness." "Where, where? Is that Chaffanbrass? What a dirty little man!"

To this dirty little man in Ely Place Mr. Furnival now went in his difficulty. Mr. Furnival might feel himself sufficient to secure the acquittal of an innocent person, or even of a guilty person, under ordinary circumstances; but if any man in England could secure the acquittal of a guilty person under extraordinary circumstances, it would be Mr. Chaffanbrass. This had been his special line of work for the last thirty years.

Mr. Chaffanbrass was a dirty little man; and when seen without his gown and wig, might at a first glance be thought insignificant. But he knew well how to hold his own in the world, and could maintain his opinion, unshaken, against all the judges in the land. "Well, Furnival, and what can I do for you?" he said, as soon as the member for the Essex Marshes was seated opposite to him. "It isn't often that the light of your countenance shines so far east as this. Somebody must be in trouble, I suppose?"

"Somebody is in trouble," said Mr. Furnival; and then he began to tell his story. Mr. Chaffanbrass listened almost in silence throughout. Now and then he asked a question by a word or two, expressing no opinion whatever as he did so; but he was satisfied to leave the talking altogether in the hands of his visitor till the whole tale was told. "Ah," he said then, "a clever woman!"

"An uncommonly sweet creature too," said Mr. Furnival.

"I dare say," said Mr. Chaffanbrass; and then there was a pause.

"And what can I do for you?" said Mr. Chaffanbrass.

"In the first place, I should be very glad to

have your advice; and then— Of course I must lead in defending her—unless it were well that I should put the case altogether in your hands."

"Oh no! don't think of that. I couldn't give the time to it. My heart is not in it as yours is. Where will it be?"

"At Alston, I suppose."

"At the Spring assizes. That will be—let me see—about the 10th of March."

"I should think we might get it postponed till the summer. Round is not at all hot about it."

"Should we gain any thing by that? If a prisoner be innocent, why torment him by delay? He is tolerably sure of escape. If he be guilty, extension of time only brings out the facts the clearer. As far as my experience goes, the sooner a man is tried the better—always."

"And you would consent to hold a brief?"

"Under you? Well; yes. I don't mind it at Alston. Any thing to oblige an old friend. I never was proud, you know."

"And what do you think about it, Chaffanbrass?"

"Ah! that's the question."

"She must be pulled through. Twenty years of possession! Think of that."

"That's what Mason, the man down in Yorkshire, is thinking of. There's no doubt of course about that partnership deed?"

"I fear not. Round would not go on with it if that were not all true."

"It depends on those two witnesses, Furnival. I remember the case of old, though it was twenty years ago, and I had nothing to do with it. I remember thinking that Lady Mason was a very clever woman, and that Round and Crook were rather slow."

"He's a brute, is that fellow Mason of Groby Park."

"A brute, is he? We'll get him into the box and make him say as much for himself. She's uncommonly pretty, isn't she?"

"She is a pretty woman."

"And interesting? It will all tell, you know. A widow with one son, isn't she?"

"Yes, and she has done her duty admirably since her husband's death. You will find too that she has the sympathies of all the best people in her neighborhood. She is staying now at the house of Sir Peregrine Orme, who would do any thing for her."

"Any thing, would he?"

"And the Staveleys know her. The judge is convinced of her innocence."

"Is he? He'll probably have the Home Circuit in the summer. His conviction expressed from the bench would be more useful to her. You can make Staveley believe every thing in a drawing-room or over a glass of wine, but I'll be hanged if I can ever get him to believe any thing when he's on the bench."

"But, Chaffanbrass, the countenance of such people will be of great use to her down there. Every body will know that she's been staying with Sir Peregrine."

"I've no doubt she's a clever woman."

"But this new trouble has half killed her."

"I don't wonder at that either. These sort of troubles do vex people. A pretty woman like that should have every thing smooth; shouldn't she? Well, we'll do the best we can. You'll see that I'm properly instructed. By-the-by, who is her attorney? In such a case as that you couldn't have a better man than old Solomon Aram. But Solomon Aram is too far cast from you, I suppose?"

"Isn't he a Jew?"

"Upon my word I don't know. He's an attorney, and that's enough for me."

And then the matter was again discussed between them, and it was agreed that a third counsel would be wanting. "Felix Graham is very much interested in the case," said Mr. Furnival, "and is as firmly convinced of her innocence as—as I am." And he managed to look his ally in the face and to keep his countenance firmly.

"Ah," said Mr. Chaffanbrass. "But what if he should happen to change his opinion about his own client?"

"We could prevent that, I think."

"I'm not so sure. And then he'd throw her over as sure as your name's Furnival."

"I hardly think he'd do that."

"I believe he'd do any thing." And Mr. Chaffanbrass was quite moved to enthusiasm. "I've heard that man talk more nonsense about the profession in one hour than I ever heard before since I first put a cotton gown on my back. He does not understand the nature of the duty which a professional man owes to his client."

"But he'd work well if he had a case at heart himself. I don't like him, but he is clever."

"You can do as you like, of course. I shall be out of my ground down at Alston, and of course I don't care who takes the fag of the work. But I tell you this fairly—if he does go into the case, and then turns against us or drops it, I shall turn against him and drop into him."

"Heaven help him in such a case as that!" And then these two great luminaries of the law shook hands and parted.

One thing was quite clear to Mr. Furnival as he had himself carried in a cab from Ely Place to his own chambers in Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Chaffanbrass was fully convinced of Lady Mason's guilt. He had not actually said so, but he had not even troubled himself to go through the little ceremony of expressing a belief in her innocence. Mr. Furnival was well aware that Mr. Chaffanbrass would not on this account be less likely to come out strongly with such assurances before a jury, or to be less severe in his cross-examination of a witness whose evidence went to prove that guilt; but nevertheless the conviction was disheartening. Mr. Chaffanbrass would know, almost by instinct, whether an accused person was or was not guilty; and he had already perceived, by instinct, that Lady Mason was guilty. Mr. Furnival sighed as he stepped out of his cab, and again wished that he could

wash his hands of the whole affair. He wished it very much; but he knew that his wish could not be gratified.

"Solomon Aram!" he said to himself, as he again sat down in his arm-chair. "It will sound badly to those people down at Alston. At the Old Bailey they don't mind that kind of thing." And then he made up his mind that Solomon Aram would not do. It would be a disgrace to him to take a case out of Solomon Aram's hands. Mr. Chaffanbrass did not understand all this. Mr. Chaffanbrass had been dealing with Solomon Arams all his life. Mr. Chaffanbrass could not see the effect which such an alliance would have on the character of a barrister holding Mr. Furnival's position. Solomon Aram was a good man in his way, no doubt—perhaps the best man going. In taking every dodge to prevent a conviction no man could be better than Solomon Aram. All this Mr. Furnival felt; but he felt also that he could not afford it. "It would be tantamount to a confession of guilt to take such a man as that down into the country," he said to himself, trying to excuse himself.

And then he also made up his mind that he would sound Felix Graham. If Felix Graham could be induced to take up the case thoroughly believing in the innocence of his client, no man would be more useful as a junior. Felix Graham went the Home Circuit on which Alston was one of the assize towns.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LOVE WAS STILL THE LORD OF ALL.

Why should I not? Such had been the question which Sir Peregrine Orme had asked himself over and over again, in these latter days, since Lady Mason had been staying at his house; and the purport of the question was this: Why should he not make Lady Mason his wife?

I and my readers can probably see very many reasons why he should not do so; but then we are not in love with Lady Mason. Her charms and her sorrows, her soft, sad smile and her more lovely tears have not operated upon us. We are not chivalrous old gentlemen, past seventy years of age, but still alive, keenly alive, to a strong feeling of romance. That visit will perhaps be remembered which Mr. Furnival made at The Cleeve, and the subsequent interview between Lady Mason and the baronet. On that day he merely asked himself the question, and took no further step. On the subsequent day and the day after, it was the same. He still asked himself the question, sitting alone in his library; but he did not ask it as yet of any one else. When he met Lady Mason in these days his manner to her was full of the deference due to a lady and of the affection due to a dear friend; but that was all. Mrs. Orme, seeing this, and cordially concurring in this love for her guest, followed the lead which her father-in-law gave, and threw herself into Lady Mason's arms. They two were fast and bosom friends.

And what did Lady Mason think of all this? In truth there was much in it that was sweet to her, but there was something also that increased that idea of danger which now seemed to envelop her whole existence. Why had Sir Peregrine so treated her in the library, behaving toward her with such tokens of close affection? He had put his arm round her waist, and kissed her lips, and pressed her to his old bosom. Why had this been so? He had assured her that he would be to her as a father, but her woman's instinct had told her that the pressure of his hand had been warmer than that which a father accords to his adopted daughter. No idea of anger had come upon her for a moment; but she had thought about it much, and had thought about it almost in dismay. What if the old man did mean more than a father's love? It seemed to her as though it must be a dream that he should do so; but what if he did? How should she answer him? In such circumstances what should she do or say? Could she afford to buy his friendship, even his warmest love, at the cost of the enmity of so many others? Would not Mrs. Orme hate her—Mrs. Orme, whom she truly, dearly, eagerly loved? Mrs. Orme's affection was, of all personal gratifications, the sweetest to her. And the young heir, would not he hate her? Nay, would he not interfere, and with some strong hand prevent so mean a deed on the part of his grandfather? And if so, would she not thus have lost them altogether? And then she thought of that other friend whose aid would be so indispensable to her in this dreadful time of tribulation. How would Mr. Furnival receive such tidings, if it should come to pass that such tidings were to be told?

Lady Mason was rich with female charms, and she used them partly with the innocence of the dove, but partly also with the wisdom of the serpent. But in such use as she did make of these only weapons which Providence had given to her, I do not think that she can be regarded as very culpable. During those long years of her young widowhood in which nothing had been wanting to her, her conduct had been free from any hint of reproach. She had been content to find all her joy in her duties and in her love as a mother. Now a great necessity for assistance had come upon her. It was necessary that she should bind men to her cause, men powerful in the world and able to fight her battle with strong arms. She did so bind them with the only chains at her command—but she had no thought, nay, no suspicion of evil in so doing. It was very painful to her when she found that she had caused unhappiness to Mrs. Furnival; and it caused her pain now, also, when she thought of Sir Peregrine's new love. She did wish to bind these men to her by a strong attachment; but she would have stayed this feeling at a certain point had it been possible for her so to manage it.

In the mean time Sir Peregrine still asked himself that question. He had declared to himself when first the idea had come to him, that

none of those whom he loved should be injured. He would even ask his daughter-in-law's consent, condescending to plead his cause before her, making her understand his motives, and asking her acquiescence as a favor. He would be so careful of his grandson that this second marriage —if such event did come to pass—should not put a pound out of his pocket, or at any rate should not hamper the succession of the estate with a pound of debt. And then he made excuses to himself as to the step which he proposed to take, thinking how he would meet his friends, and how he would carry himself before his old servants.

Old men have made more silly marriages than this which he then decided. Gentlemen such as Sir Peregrine in age and station have married their housemaids—have married young girls of eighteen years of age—have done so and faced their friends and servants afterward. The bride that he proposed to himself was a lady, an old friend, a woman over forty, and one whom by such a marriage he could greatly assist in her deep sorrow. Why should he not do it?

After much of such thoughts as these, extended over nearly a week, he resolved to speak his mind to Mrs. Orme. If it were to be done it should be done at once. The incredulous unromantic readers of this age would hardly believe me if I said that his main object was to render assistance to Lady Mason in her difficulty; but so he assured himself, and so he believed. This assistance to be of true service must be given at once; and having so resolved he sent for Mrs. Orme into the library.

"Edith, my darling," he said, taking her hand and pressing it between both his own, as was often the wont with him in his more affectionate moods—"I want to speak to you—on business that concerns me nearly; may perhaps concern us all nearly. Can you give me half an hour?"

"Of course I can—what is it, Sir? I am a bad hand at business; but you know that."

"Sit down, dear; there; sit there, and I will sit here. As to this business, no one can counsel me as well as you."

"Dearest father, I should be a poor counselor in any thing."

"Not in this, Edith. It is about Lady Mason that I would speak to you. We both love her dearly; do we not?"

"I do."

"And are glad to have her here?"

"Oh, so glad. When this trial is only over, it will be so sweet to have her for a neighbor. We really know her now. And it will be so pleasant to see much of her."

There was nothing discouraging in this, but still the words in some slight degree grated against Sir Peregrine's feelings. At the present moment he did not wish to think of Lady Mason as living at Orley Farm, and would have preferred that his daughter-in-law should have spoken of her as being there, at The Cleeve.

"Yes, we know her now," he said. "And believe me in this, Edith—no knowledge obtained of a friend in happiness is at all equal to that which is obtained in sorrow. Had Lady Mason been prosperous, had she never become subject to the malice and avarice of wicked people, I should never have loved her as I do love her."

"Nor should I, father."

"She is a cruelly ill-used woman, and a woman worthy of the kindest usage. I am an old man now, but it has never before been my lot to be so anxious for a fellow-creature as I am for her. It is dreadful to think that innocence in this country should be subject to such attacks."

"Indeed it is; but you do not think that there is any danger?"

This was all very well, and showed that Mrs. Orme's mind was well disposed toward the woman whom he loved. But he had known that before, and he began to feel that he was not approaching the object which he had in view. "Edith," at last he said abruptly, "I love her with my whole heart. I would fain make her—my wife." Sir Peregrine Orme had never in his course through life failed in any thing for lack of courage; and when the idea came home to him that he was trembling at the task which he had imposed on himself, he dashed at it at once. It is so that forlorn hopes are led, and become not forlorn; it is so that breaches are taken.

"Your wife!" said Mrs. Orme. She would not have breathed a syllable to pain him if she could have helped it, but the suddenness of the announcement overcame her for a moment.

"Yes, Edith, my wife. Let us discuss the matter before you condemn it. But in the first place, I would have you to understand this: I will not marry her if you say that it will make you unhappy. I have not spoken to her as yet, and she knows nothing of this project." Sir Peregrine, it may be presumed, had not himself thought much of that kiss which he had given her. "You," he continued to say, "have given up your whole life to me. You are my angel. If this thing will make you unhappy it shall not be done."

Sir Peregrine had not so considered it, but with such a woman as Mrs. Orme this was, of course, the surest way to overcome opposition. On her own behalf, thinking only of herself, she would stand in the way of nothing that could add to Sir Peregrine's happiness. But nevertheless the idea was strong in her mind that such a marriage would be imprudent. Sir Peregrine at present stood high before the world. Would he stand so high if he did this thing? His gray hair and old manly bearing were honored and revered by all who knew him. Would this still be so if he made himself the husband of Lady Mason? She loved so dearly, she valued so highly the honor that was paid to him! She was so proud of her own boy in that he was the grandson of so perfect a gentleman! Would not this be a sad ending to such a career? Such were the thoughts which ran through her mind at the moment.

"Make me unhappy!" she said, getting up and going over to him. "It is your happiness of which I would think. Will it make you more happy?"

"It will enable me to befriend her more effectually."

"But, dearest father, you must be the first consideration to us—to me and Peregrine. Will it make you more happy?"

"I think it will," he answered, slowly.

"Then I, for one, will say nothing against it," she answered. She was very weak, it will be said. Yes, she was weak. Many of the sweetest, kindest, best of women are weak in this way. It is not every woman that can bring herself to say hard, useful, wise words in opposition to the follies of those they love best. A woman to be useful and wise no doubt should have such power. For myself I am not so sure that I like useful and wise women. "Then I, for one, will say nothing against it," said Mrs. Orme, deficient in utility, wanting in wisdom, but full of the sweetest affection.

"You are sure that you will not love her the less yourself?" said Sir Peregrine.

"Yes, I am sure of that. If it were to be so, I should endeavor to love her the more."

"Dearest Edith. I have only one other person to tell."

"Do you mean Peregrine?" she said, in her softest voice.

"Yes. Of course he must be told. But as it would not be well to ask his consent—as I have asked yours—" And then as he said this she kissed his brow.

"But you will let him know it?"

"Yes; that is, if she accepts my proposition. Then he shall know it immediately. And, Edith, my dear, you may be sure of this: nothing that I do shall be allowed in any way to injure his prospects or to hamper him as regards money when I am gone. If this marriage takes place I can not do very much for her in the way of money; she will understand that. Something I can, of course."

And then Mrs. Orme stood over the fire, looking at the hot coals, and thinking what Lady Mason's answer would be. She esteemed Lady Mason very highly, regarding her as a woman sensible and conscientious at all points, and she felt by no means certain that the offer would be accepted. What if Lady Mason should say that such an arrangement would not be possible for her? Mrs. Orme felt that under such circumstances she at any rate would not withdraw her love from Lady Mason.

"And now I may as well speak to her at once," said Sir Peregrine. "Is she in the drawing-room?"

"I left her there."

"Will you ask her to come to me—with my love?"

"I had better not say any thing, I suppose?"

Sir Peregrine in his heart of hearts wished that his daughter-in-law could say it all, but he would not give her such a commission. "No; perhaps not." And then Mrs. Orme was going to leave him.

"One word more, Edith. You and I, darling, have known each other so long and loved each other so well, that I should be unhappy if I were to fall in your estimation."

"There is no fear of that, father."

"Will you believe me when I assure you that my great object in doing this is to befriend a good and worthy woman whom I regard as ill used—beyond all ill usage of which I have hitherto known any thing?"

She then assured him that she did so believe, and she assured him truly; after that she left him and went away to send in Lady Mason for her interview. In the mean time Sir Peregrine got up and stood with his back to the fire. He would have been glad that the coming scene could be over, and yet I should be wronging him to say that he was afraid of it. There would be a pleasure to him in telling her that he loved her so dearly and trusted her with such absolute confidence. There would be a sort of pleasure to him in speaking even of her sorrow, and in repeating his assurance that he would fight the battle for her with all the means at his command. And perhaps also there would be some pleasure in the downcast look of her eye, as she accepted the tender of his love. Something of that pleasure he had known already. And then he remembered the other alternative. It was quite upon the cards that she should decline his offer. He did not by any means shut his eyes to that. Did she do so, his friendship should by no means be withdrawn from her. He would be very careful from the onset that she should understand so much as that. And then he heard the light footsteps in the hall; the gentle hand was raised to the door, and Lady Mason was standing in the room.

"Dear Lady Mason," he said, meeting her half-way across the room, "it is very kind of you to come to me when I send for you in this way."

"It would be my duty to come to you if it were half across the kingdom, and my pleasure also."

"Would it?" said he, looking into her face with all the wishfulness of a young lover. From that moment she knew what was coming. Strange as was the destiny which was to be offered to her at this period of her life, yet she foresaw clearly that the offer was to be made. What she did not foresee, what she could not foretell, was the answer which she might make to it!

"It would certainly be my sweetest pleasure to send for you if you were away from us—to send for you or to follow you," said he.

"I do not know how to make return for all your kind regard to me; to you and to dear Mrs. Orme."

"Call her Edith, will you not? You did so call her once."

"I call her so often when we are alone to-

gether now; and yet I feel that I have no right?"

"You have every right. You shall have every right if you will accept it. Lady Mason, I am an old man—some would say a very old man. But I am not too old to love you. Can you accept the love of an old man like me?"

Lady Mason was, as we are aware, not taken in the least by surprise; but it was quite necessary that she should seem to be so taken. This is a little artifice which is excusable in almost any lady at such a period. "Sir Peregrine," she said, "you do not mean more than the love of a most valued friend?"

"Yes, much more. I mean the love of a husband for his wife; of a wife for her husband."

"Sir Peregrine! Ah me! You have not thought of this, my friend. You have not remembered the position in which I am placed. Dearest, dearest friend—dearest of all friends;" and then she knelt before him, leaning on his knees, as he sat in his accustomed large arm-chair. "It may not be so. Think of the sorrow that would come to you and yours if my enemies should prevail."

"By —— they shall not prevail!" swore Sir Peregrine, roundly; and as he swore the oath he put his two hands upon her shoulders.

"No; we will hope not. I should die here at your feet if I thought that they could prevail. But I should die twenty deaths were I to drag you with me into disgrace. There will be disgrace even in standing at that bar."

"Who will dare to say so when I shall stand there with you?" said Sir Peregrine.

There was a feeling expressed in his face as he spoke these words which made it glorious, and bright, and beautiful. She, with her eyes laden with tears, could not see it; but nevertheless she knew that it was bright and beautiful. And his voice was full of hot, eager assurance—that assurance which had the power to convey itself from one breast to another. Would it not be so? If he stood there with her as her husband and lord, would it not be the case that no one would dare to impute disgrace to her?

And yet she did not wish it. Even yet, thinking of all this as she did think of it, according to the truth of the argument which he himself put before her, she would still have preferred that it should not be so. If she only knew with what words to tell him so—to tell him so and yet give no offense! For herself, she would have married him willingly. Why should she not? Nay, she could and would have loved him, and been to him a wife, such as he could have found in no other woman. But she said within her heart that she owed him kindness and gratitude—that she owed them all kindness, and that it would be bad to repay them in such a way as this. She also thought of Sir Peregrine's gray hairs, and of his proud standing in the county, and the respect in which men held him. Would it be well in her to drag him down in his last days from the noble pedestal on which he stood, and repay him thus for all that he was doing for her?

"Well," said he, stroking her soft hair with his hands—the hair which appeared in front of the quiet, prim cap she wore, "shall it be so? Will you give me the right to stand there with you and defend you against the tongues of wicked men? We each have our own weakness, and we also have each our own strength. There I may boast that I should be strong."

She thought again for a moment or two without rising from her knees, and also without speaking. Would such strength suffice? And if it did suffice, would it then be well with him? As for herself, she did love him. If she had not loved him before, she loved him now. Who had ever been to her so noble, so loving, so gracious as he? In her ears no young lover's vows had ever sounded. In her heart such love as all the world knows had never been known. Her former husband had been kind to her in his way, and she had done her duty by him carefully, painfully, and with full acceptance of her position. But there had been nothing there that was bright, and grand, and noble. She would have served Sir Peregrine on her knees in the smallest offices, and delighted in such services. It was not for lack of love that she must refuse him. But still she did not answer him, and still he stroked her hair.

"It would be better that you had never seen me," at last she said; and she spoke with truth the thought of her mind. That she must do his bidding, whatever that bidding might be, she had, in a certain way, acknowledged to herself. If he would have it so, so it must be. How could she refuse him any thing, or be disobedient in aught to one to whom she owed so much? But still it would be wiser otherwise; wiser for all—unless it were for herself alone. "It would be better that you had never seen me," she said.

"Nay, not so, dearest. That it would not be better for me—for me and Edith—I am quite sure. And I would fain hope that for you—"

"Oh, Sir Peregrine! you know what I mean. You know how I value your kindness. What should I be if it were withdrawn from me?"

"It shall not be withdrawn. Do not let that feeling actuate you. Answer me out of your heart, and however your heart may answer, remember this, that my friendship and support shall be the same. If you will take me for your husband, as your husband will I stand by you. If you can not—then I will stand by you as your father."

What could she say? A word or two she did speak as to Mrs. Orme and her feelings, delaying her absolute reply—and as to Peregrine Orme and his prospects; but on both, as on all other points, the baronet was armed with his answer. He had spoken to his darling Edith, and she had gladly given her consent. To her it would be every thing to have so sweet a friend. And then as to his heir, every care should be taken that no injury should be done to him;

and speaking of this, Sir Peregrine began to say a few words, plaintively, about money. But then Lady Mason stopped him. "No," she said, "she could not, and would not, listen to that. She would have no settlement. No consideration as to money should be made to weigh with her. It was in no degree for that—" And then she wept there till she would have fallen had he not supported her.

What more is there to be told? Of course she accepted him. As far as I can see into such affairs no alternative was allowed to her. She also was not a wise woman at all points. She was one whose feelings were sometimes too many for her, and whose feelings on this occasion had been much too many for her. Had she been able to throw aside from her his offer, she would have done so; but she had felt that she was not able. "If you wish it, Sir Peregrine," she said at last.

"And can you love an old man?" he had asked. Old men sometimes will ask questions such as these. She did not answer him, but stood by his side; and then again he kissed her, and was happy.

He resolved from that moment that Lady Mason should no longer be regarded as the widow of a city knight, but as the wife elect of a country baronet. Whatever ridicule he might incur in this matter he would incur at once. Men and women had dared to speak of her cruelly, and they should now learn that any such future speech would be spoken of one who was exclusively his property. Let any who chose to be speakers under such circumstances look to it. He had devoted himself to her that he might be her knight, and bear her scathless through the fury of this battle. With God's help he would put on his armor at once for that fight. Let them who would now injure her look to it. As soon as might be she should bear his name; but all the world should know at once what was her right to claim his protection. He had never been a coward, and he would not now be guilty of the cowardice of hiding his intentions. If there were those who chose to smile at the old man's fancy, let them smile. There would be many, he knew, who would not understand an old man's honor and an old man's chivalry.

"My own one," he then said, pressing her again to his side, "will you tell Edith, or shall I? She expects it." But Lady Mason begged that he would tell the tale. It was necessary, she said, that she should be alone for a while. And then, escaping, she went to her own chamber.

"Ask Mrs. Orme if she will kindly step to me," said Sir Peregrine, having rang his bell for the servant.

Lady Mason escaped across the hall to the stairs, and succeeded in reaching her room without being seen by any one. Then she sat herself down and began to look her future world in the face. Two questions she had to ask. Would it be well for her that this marriage should take place? and would it be well for him? In an off-hand way she had already answered both questions; but she had done so by feeling rather than by thought.

No doubt she would gain much in the coming struggle by such a position as Sir Peregrine would give her. It did seem to her that Mr. Dockwrath and Joseph Mason would hardly dare to bring such a charge as that threatened against the wife of Sir Peregrine Orme. And then, too, what evidence as to character would be so substantial as the evidence of such a marriage? But how would Mr. Furnival bear it? and if he were offended, would it be possible that the fight should be fought without him? No; that would be impossible. The lawyer's knowledge, experience, and skill were as necessary to her as the baronet's position and character. But why should Mr. Furnival be offended by such a marriage? "She did not know," she said to herself. "She could not see that there should be cause of offense." But yet some inner whisper of her conscience told her that there would be offense. Must Mr. Furnival be told, and must he be told at once?

And then what would Lucius say and think, and how should she answer the strong words which her son would use to her? He would use strong words, she knew, and would greatly dislike this second marriage of his mother. What grown-up son is ever pleased to hear that his mother is about to marry? The Cleeve must be her home now—that is, if she did this deed. The Cleeve must be her home, and she must be separated in all things from Orley Farm. As she thought of this her mind went back, and back to those long-gone days in which she had been racked with anxiety that Orley Farm should be the inheritance of the little baby that was lying at her feet. She remembered how she had pleaded to the father, pointing out the rights of her son—declaring, and with justice, that for herself she had asked for nothing; but that for him—instead of asking, might she not demand? Was not that other son provided for, and those grown-up women with their rich husbands? "Is he not your child as well as they?" she had pleaded. "Is he not your own, and as well worthy of your love?" She had succeeded in getting the inheritance for the baby at her feet; but had his having it made her happy, or him? Then her child had been all in all to her; but now she felt that that child was half estranged from her about this very property, and would become wholly estranged by the method she was taking to secure it! "I have toiled for him," she said to herself, "rising up early and going to bed late; but the thief cometh in the night and despoileth it!" Who can guess the bitterness of her thoughts as she said this?

But her last thoughts, as she sat there thinking, were of him—Sir Peregrine. Would it be well for him that he should do this? And in thus considering she did not turn her mind chiefly to the usual view in which such a marriage would be regarded. Men might call Sir Peregrine an old fool, and laugh at him; but

for that she would, with God's help, make him amends. In those matters he could judge for himself; and should he judge it right thus to link his life to hers, she would be true and leal to him in all things.

But then about this trial. If there came disgrace and ruin, and an utter overthrow? If—? Would it not be well, at any rate, that no marriage should take place till that had been decided? She could not find it in her heart to bring down his old gray hairs with utter sorrow to the grave.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHAT THE YOUNG MEN THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

Lucius Mason at this time was living at home at Orley Farm, not by any means in a happy frame of mind. It will be, perhaps, remembered that he had at one time had an interview with Mr. Furnival in that lawyer's chambers, which was by no means consoling to him, seeing that Mr. Furnival had pooh-poohed him and his pretensions in a very off-hand way; and he had since paid a very memorable visit to Mr. Dockwrath in which he had hardly been more successful. Nevertheless, he had gone to another lawyer. He had felt it impossible to remain tranquil, pursuing the ordinary avocations of his life, while such dreadful charges were being made openly against his mother, and being so made without any authorized contradiction. He knew that she was innocent. No doubt on that matter ever perplexed his mind for a moment. But why was she such a coward that she would not allow him to protect her innocence in the only way which the law permitted? He could hardly believe that he had no power of doing so even without her sanction, and therefore he went to another lawyer.

The other lawyer did him no good. It was not practicable that he, the son, should bring an action for defamatory character on the part of the mother, without that mother's sanction. Moreover, as this new lawyer saw in a moment, any such interference on the part of Lucius, and any interposition of fresh and new legal proceedings, would cripple and impede the advisers to whom Lady Mason had herself confided her own case. The new lawyer could do nothing; and thus Lucius, again repulsed, betook himself to Orley Farm in no happy frame of mind.

For some day or two after this he did not see his mother. He would not go down to The Cleeve, though they sent up and asked him; and she was almost afraid to go across to the house and visit him. "He will be in church on Sunday," she had said to Mrs. Orme. But he was not in church on Sunday, and then on Sunday afternoon she did go to him. This, it will be understood, was before Sir Peregrine had made his offer, and therefore as to that there was as yet no embarrassment on the widow's mind.

"I can not help feeling, mother," he said, after she had sat there with him for a short time, "that for the present there is a division between you and me."

"Oh, Lucius!"

"It is no use our denying it to ourselves. It is so. You are in trouble, and you will not listen to my advice. You leave my house and take to the roof of a new and an untried friend."

"No, Lucius—not that."

"Yes; I say a new friend. Twelve months ago, though you might call there, you never did more than that—and even that but seldom. They are new friends; and yet, now that you are in trouble, you choose to live with them."

"Dear Lucius, is there any reason why I should not visit at The Cleeve?"

"Yes; if you ask me—yes;" and now he spoke very sternly. "There is a cloud upon you, and you should know nothing of visitings and of new friendships till that cloud has been dispersed. While these things are being said of you, you should sit at no other table than this, and drink of no man's cup but mine. I know your innocence," and as he went on to speak he stood up before her and looked down fully into her face, "but others do not. I know how unworthy are these falsehoods with which wicked men strive to crush you, but others believe that they are true accusations. They can not be disregarded; and now it seems—now that you have allowed them to gather to a head—they will result in a trial, during which you will have to stand at the bar charged with a dreadful crime."

"Oh, Lucius!" and she hid her eyes in her hands. "I could not have helped it. How could I have helped it?"

"Well, it must be so now. And till that trial is over here should be your place—here, at my right hand; I am he who am bound to stand by you. It is I whose duty it is to see that your name be made white again, though I spend all I have, ay, and my life in doing it. I am the one man on whose arm you have a right to lean. And yet in such days as these you leave my house and go to that of a stranger."

"He is not a stranger, Lucius."

"He can not be to you as a son should be. However, it is for you to judge. I have no control in this matter, but I think it right that you should know what are my thoughts."

And then she had crept back again to The Cleeve. Let Lucius say what he might—let this additional sorrow be ever so bitter—she could not obey her son's behests. If she did so in one thing she must do so in all. She had chosen her advisers with her best discretion, and by that choice she must abide—even though it separated her from her son. She could not abandon Sir Peregrine Orme and Mr. Furnival. So she crept back and told all this to Mrs. Orme. Her heart would have utterly sunk within her could she not have spoken openly to some one of this sorrow.

"But he loves you," Mrs. Orme had said,

comforting her. "It is not that he does not love you."

"But he is so stern to me." And then Mrs. Orme had kissed her, and promised that none should be stern to her, there, in that house. On the morning after this Sir Peregrine had made his offer, and then she felt that the division between her and her boy would be wider than ever. And all this had come of that inheritance which she had demanded so eagerly for her child.

And now Lucius was sitting alone in his room at Orley Farm, having, for the present, given up all idea of attempting any thing himself by means of the law. He had made his way into Mr. Dockwrath's office, and had there insulted the attorney in the presence of witnesses. His hope now was that the attorney might bring an action against him. If that were done he would thus have the means of bringing out all the facts of the case before a jury and a judge. It was fixed in his mind that if he could once drag that reptile before a public tribunal, and with loud voice declare the wrong that was being done, all might be well. The public would understand and would speak out, and the reptile would be scorned and trodden under foot. Poor Lucius! It is not always so easy to catch public sympathy, and it will occur sometimes that the wrong reptile is crushed by the great public heel.

He had his books before him as he sat there—his Latham and his Pritchard, and he had the jawbone of one savage and the skull of another. His Liverpool bills for unadulterated guano were lying on the table, and a philosophical German treatise on agriculture which he had resolved to study. It became a man, he said to himself, to do a man's work in spite of any sorrow. But nevertheless, as he sat there, his studies were but of little service to him. How many men have declared to themselves the same thing, but have failed when the trial came! Who can command the temper and the mind? At ten I will strike the lyre and begin my poem. But at ten the poetic spirit is under a dark cloud, because the water for the tea had not boiled when it was brought in at nine. And so the lyre remains unstricken.

And Lucius found that he could not strike his lyre. For days he had sat there and no good note had been produced. And then he had walked over his land, having a farming man at his heels, thinking that he could turn his mind to the actual and practical working of his land. But little good had come of that either. It was January, and the land was sloppy and half frozen. There was no useful work to be done on it. And then what Farmer Greenwood had once said of him was true enough, "The young maister's spry and active surely; but he can't let unself down to stable doong and the loik o' that." He had some grand idea of farming—a conviction that the agricultural world in general was very backward, and that he would set it right. Even now in his sorrow, as he walked through his splashy, frozen fields, he was tormented by a desire to do something, he knew not what, that might be great.

He had no such success on the present occasion, and returned disconsolate to the house. This happened about noon on the day after that on which Sir Peregrine had declared himself. He returned, as I have said, to the house, and there at the kitchen door he met a little girl whom he knew well as belonging to The Cleeve. She was a favorite of Mrs. Orme's, was educated and clothed by her, and ran on her messages. Now she had brought a letter up to Lucius from his mother. Courtesying low she so told him, and he at once went into the sitting-room, where he found it lying on his table. His hand was nervous as he opened it; but if he could have seen how tremulous had been the hand that wrote it! The letter was as follows:

"Dearest Lucius—I know you will be very surprised at what I am going to tell you, but I hope you will not judge me harshly. If I know myself at all, I would take no step of any kind for my own advantage which could possibly injure you. At the present moment we unfortunately do not agree about a subject which is troubling us both, and I can not therefore consult you as I should otherwise have done. I trust that by God's mercy these troubles may come to an end, and that there may be no further differences between you and me.

"Sir Peregrine Orme has made me an offer of marriage, and I have accepted it—"

Lucius Mason, when he had read so far, threw down the letter upon the table, and rising suddenly from his chair, walked rapidly up and down the room. "Marry him!" he said out loud, "marry him!" The idea that their fathers and mothers should marry and enjoy themselves is always a thing horrible to be thought of in the minds of the rising generation. Lucius Mason now began to feel against his mother the same sort of anger which Joseph Mason had felt when his father had married again. "Marry him!" And then he walked rapidly about the room, as though some great injury had been threatened to him.

And so it had, in his estimation. Was it not her position in life to be his mother? Had she not had her young days? But it did not occur to him to think what those young days had been. And this then was the meaning of her receding from his advice and from his roof! She had been preparing for herself in the world new hopes, a new home, and a new ambition. And she had so prevailed upon the old man that he was about to do this foolish thing! Then again he walked up and down the room, injuring his mother much in his thoughts. He gave her credit for none of those circumstances which had truly actuated her in accepting the hand which Sir Peregrine had offered her. In that matter touching the Orley Farm estate he could acquit his mother instantly—with acclamation. But in this other matter he had pronounced her guilty before she had been allowed to plead. Then he took up the letter and finished it.

"Sir Peregrine Orme has made me an offer of marriage and I have accepted it. It is very difficult to explain in a letter all the causes that have induced me to do so. The first, perhaps, is this: that I feel myself so bound to him by love and gratitude, that I think it my duty to fall in with all his wishes. He has pointed out to me that as my husband he can do more for me than would be possible for

him without that name. I have explained to him that I would rather perish than that he should sacrifice himself; but he is pleased to say that it is no sacrifice. At any rate he so wishes it, and as Mrs. Orme has cordially assented, I feel myself bound to fall in with his views. It was only yesterday that Sir Peregrine made his offer. I mention this that you may know that I have lost no time in telling you.

"Dearest Lucius, believe that I shall be, as ever,
"Your most affectionate mother,
"Mary Mason.

"The little girl will wait for an answer if she finds that you are at the farm."

"No," he said to himself, still walking about the room. "She can never be to me the same mother that she was. I would have sacrificed every thing for her. She should have been the mistress of my house, at any rate till she herself should have wished it otherwise. But now—" And then his mind turned away suddenly to Sophia Furnival.

I can not myself but think that had that affair of the trial been set at rest Lady Mason would have been prudent to look for another home. The fact that Orley Farm was his house and not hers occurred almost too frequently to Lucius Mason; and I am not certain that it would have been altogether comfortable as a permanent residence for his mother after he should have brought home to it some such bride as her he now proposed to himself.

It was necessary that he should write an answer to his mother, which he did at once.

"Orley Farm, — *January*.

"Dear Mother,—It is, I fear, too late for me to offer any counsel on the subject of your letter. I can not say that I think you are right.

"Your affectionate son,
"Lucius Mason."

And then, having finished this, he again walked the room. "It is all up between me and her," he said, "as real friends in life and heart. She shall still have the respect of a son, and I shall have the regard of a mother. But how can I trim my course to suit the welfare of the wife of Sir Peregrine Orme?" And then he lashed himself into anger at the idea that his mother should have looked for other solace than that which he could have given.

Nothing more from The Cleeve reached him that day; but early on the following morning he had a visitor whom he certainly had not expected. Before he sat down to his breakfast he heard the sound of a horse's feet before the door, and immediately afterward Peregrine Orme entered the sitting-room. He was duly shown in by the servant, and in his ordinary way came forward quickly and shook hands. Then he waited till the door was closed, and at once began upon the subject which had brought him there

"Mason," he said, "you have heard of this that is being done at The Cleeve?"

Lucius immediately fell back a step or two, and considered for a moment how he should answer. He had pressed very heavily on his mother in his own thoughts, but he was not prepared to hear her harshly spoken of by another.

"Yes," said he, "I have heard."

"And I understand from your mother that you do not approve of it."

"Approve of it! No; I do not approve of it."

"Nor by Heavens do I!"

"I do not approve of it," said Mason, speaking with deliberation; "but I do not know that I can take any steps toward preventing it."

"Can not you see her, and talk to her, and tell her how wrong it is?"

"Wrong! I do not know that she is wrong in that sense. I do not know that you have any right to blame her. Why do not you speak to your grandfather?"

"So I have—as far as it was possible for me. But you do not know Sir Peregrine. No one has any influence over him but my mother; and now also your mother."

"And what does Mrs. Orme say?"

"She will say nothing. I know well that she disapproves of it. She must disapprove of it, though she will not say so. She would rather burn off both her hands than displease my grandfather. She says that he asked her, and that she consented."

"It seems to me that it is for her and you to prevent this."

"No; it is for your mother to prevent it. Only think of it, Mason. He is over seventy, and, as he says himself, he will not burden the estate with a new jointure. Why should she do it?"

"You are wronging her there. It is no affair of money. She is not going to marry him for what she can get."

"Then why should she do it?"

"Because he tells her. These troubles about the lawsuit have turned her head, and she has put herself entirely into his hands. I think she is wrong. I could have protected her from all this evil, and would have done so. I could have done more, I think, than Sir Peregrine can do. But she has thought otherwise, and I do not know that I can help it."

"But will you speak to her? Will make her perceive that she is injuring a family that is treating her with kindness?"

"If she will come here I will speak to her. I can not do it there. I can not go down to your grandfather's house with such an object as that."

"All the world will turn against her if she marries him," said Peregrine. And then there was silence between them for a moment or two.

"It seems to me," said Lucius at last, "that you wrong my mother very much in this matter, and lay all the blame where but the smallest part of the blame is deserved. She has no idea of money in her mind, or any thought of pecuniary advantage. She is moved solely by what your grandfather has said to her, and by an insane dread of some coming evil which she thinks may be lessened by his assistance. You are in the house with them, and can speak to him—

and if you please to her also. I do not see that I can do either."

"And you will not help me to break it off?"

"Certainly; if I can see my way."

"Will you write to her?"

"Well, I will think about it."

"Whether she be to blame or not, it must be your duty as well as mine to prevent such a marriage if it be possible. Think what people will say of it?"

After some further discussion Peregrine remounted his horse and rode back to The Cleeve, not quite satisfied with young Mason.

"If you do speak to her—to my mother—do it gently." Those were the last words whispered by Lucius as Peregrine Orme had his foot in the stirrup.

Young Peregrine Orme, as he rode home, felt that the world was using him very unkindly. Every thing was going wrong with him, and an idea entered his head that he might as well go and look for Sir John Franklin at the North Pole, or join some energetic traveler in the middle of Central Africa. He had proposed to Madeline Staveley, and had been refused. That in itself caused a load to lie on his heart which was almost unendurable; and now his grandfather was going to disgrace himself. He had made his little effort to be respectable and discreet, devoting himself to the county hunt and county drawing-rooms, giving up the pleasures of London and the glories of dissipation. And for what?

Then Peregrine began to argue within himself, as some others have done before him:

"Were it not better done as others use—" he said to himself, in that or other language; and as he rode slowly into the court-yard of The Cleeve he thought almost with regret of his old friend Carroty Bob.

MEHETABEL WESLEY.

MEHETABEL, the sister of John Wesley, was one of the most remarkable women of her time. She was born in 1697. Nature, which seldom grants the double favor, richly endowed her both in body and mind. Contemporary poets praised her beauty. The following descriptive lines are from a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1736. Like most of the gallant poetry of the time, they are sufficiently inflated with silly conceits:

> "'Twere difficult with portrait just to trace
> The blooming beauties of her lovely face;
> The roseate bloom that blushes on her cheek,
> Her eyes, whence rays of pointed lightning break;
> Each brow the bow of Cupid, whence her darts
> With certain archery strike unguarded hearts;
> Her lips, that with a rubied tincture glow
> Soft as the soothing sounds which from them flow."

This is enough, such as it is; and we are half tempted to ask, with Prior,

> "For who conceives what bards devise,
> That heaven is placed in Celia's eyes?
> Or where's the sense, direct or moral,
> That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?"

Mehetabel Wesley was doubtless a handsome if not a beautiful woman. A gentleman who was acquainted with her during the last days of her sad life described her to Dr. Adam Clarke as an elegant person of great refinement of manner, the traces of beauty still lingering in her countenance, which too plainly betrayed a sorrowful heart. Such was the casket. The jewel was of still rarer brilliance. Whatever of personal beauty or grace of manner may have belonged to her was fully equaled by her polished intellect. The rhymer already quoted exclaims:

> "But O! what words, what numbers shall I find,
> T' express the boundless treasures of her mind?
> Where wit and judgment spread their copious mines,
> And every grace, and every beauty shines."

Happily we have no need of these flattering verses to form an estimate of her fine talents. Her small literary remains, provokingly few in number, and mostly written in the gloom of affliction, give us glimpses of a mind worthy of the Annesleys and Wesleys, from whom she descended. Her education was principally conducted by her mother, who, as well as any woman that ever lived, understood the difficult art. Lady Jane Grey was deemed a prodigy, when, at the age of fourteen, under the care of Aylmer, she read Plato in his own Greek. Mehetabel Wesley was not permitted to learn even the English alphabet until she was five years of age, but read the Greek original of the New Testament at eight. Like several others of the family, she possessed the dangerous gift. Her wit was of the keenest edge, and the free indulgence of it seems to have been her only sin. But who is there of this tribe that liveth and sinneth not?

Of this beautiful and accomplished girl there remains but a broken and meagre history. But brief as it is, like the little book in the Apocalypse, it is a sweet bitter, the bitterness, however, prevailing in the end. Her father was the rector of Epworth, an obscure village in Lincolnshire, and a man of scholarly attainments, but grievously afflicted all his days with the *res angusta domi*, which sometimes almost touched the point of starvation. It was charged against him that he lacked the scrupulous economy that makes the most of a narrow income. But on a stipend of about six hundred dollars per annum, with other slight casual aid, he raised a family of ten or twelve children, gave his three sons an Oxford education, twice rebuilt the parsonage after it had been twice burned, and died at last with no debts but such as were paid out of his estate. Better husbandry than this is as rare as better men than he. It is true that he was a man of independent spirit, who with great reason supposed that in all things lawful he might think and act for himself. He never could perceive that, because he was poor and sometimes in debt, he ought therefore in matters civil and ecclesiastical to follow the judgment of his wealthier parishioners. They thought that a small bill against him ought to keep him out of politics, and make him relax the wholesome severity of church dis-

cipline. But he thought otherwise, and accordingly sat as bolt upright on the trial of spiritual offenders as if he owed nothing, and went into politics as if his accounts were all squared. He did the last as conscientiously as the first, however inexpedient it may have been. His son John once said, with as much truth as terseness, that "if a man love you on account of your politics, he loves you less than his dinner; and if he hate you on the same account, he hates you worse than the devil." Perhaps he learned this from the history of his father, who borrowed money from his parishioners, and failing to pay at maturity, his parishioners sent him to jail, then fired his house, and stabbed his cows, which were almost the entire dependence of his poor children. And all this for siding with one candidate for Parliament against another. He was in jail three months, where, like the parson of Goldsmith's fancy, he was as true to the spiritual interests of what he called his "*brother jail birds*" as he had ever been to his flock in the parish church. How touchingly he writes from his prison to Archbishop Sharp! We give only a few sentences:

"MY LORD,—Now I am at rest, for I have come to the haven where I've long expected to be...... The sum [of the debt for which he was arrested] was not thirty pounds, but it was as good as five hundred. I was arrested in my church-yard on Friday last when I had been christening a child. When on the road [to jail] I sent for my adversary that I might make some proposals to him. But all his answer was, that I must immediately pay the whole sum or go to prison. Thither I went, with no great concern for myself; and find much more civility and satisfaction than in my own Epworth. I thank God my wife was pretty well recovered, and churched some days before I was taken from her; and hope she'll be able to look to my family, if they don't turn them out of doors, as they have often threatened. One of my biggest concerns was my being forced to leave my poor lambs in the midst of so many wolves. [John Wesley was then just two years and eight days old.] But the great Shepherd is able to provide for them and preserve them. My wife bears it with that courage that becomes her, and which I expected from her.

"I don't despair of doing some good here, and so I sha'n't quite lose the end of living, and I may do more in this *new parish* than in my old one. I have leave to read prayers every morning and afternoon here in the prison, and to preach once on a Sunday. I am getting acquainted with my brother jail-birds as fast as I can, and shall write to London next post to the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, which I hope will send me some books to distribute among them.......

"Your Grace's very obliged and most humble servant,

"S. WESLEY."

Who would have supposed that such an imprisonment as this could have happened in England within the first quarter of the last century? And did not the imprisonment of Samuel Wesley, and his pious zeal for the welfare of his fellow-prisoners, furnish the original of the Vicar of Wakefield in jail? Or was it no unusual thing for the Thornhills of the age to imprison the parish priest?

Mrs. Wesley, twelve years after the last burning of her house, complained that it had not yet been half furnished, and that she and the children had not yet been half clothed. As to food, she said one day to the Archbishop of York that she had "never quite wanted for bread, but that she had so much trouble to get it, and so much anxiety about paying for it, that bread on such terms was the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all." Such was the poverty of the family into which Mehetabel Wesley was born—a family destitute of almost every thing but incorruptible integrity and rare intellectual wealth.

Never did the principle of subjection to parental authority sink deeper than in the mind and heart of this fair girl. Her mother held that self-will is the very stamen of original sin. The result was that, in governing her children, she felt it to be her duty, as she expressed it, to "break the will," not guide it, not educate it, but *break* it—a term that reminds us more of a beast to be subdued than a reasoning child to be trained. In the case of Mehetabel it had been so effectually broken as to involve her in a misery that ended only with her life. We allude to her unhappy marriage. The broken will, as we shall see, was the forerunner of a broken heart. She had been warmly attached to a young barrister; and when he was about to lead her to the altar her father for some reason interfered and broke the engagement, denouncing him at the same time as "an unprincipled lawyer." Perhaps it was one of the sudden whimseys of his capricious temper—such as drove him for a whole year from the society of his wife because she refused to pray for the Prince of Orange. Thus disappointed in gaining the man of her choice she seems to have made a rash vow, either that she would never marry or take the first man who might offer. The first man who offered was one William Wright, a journeyman plumber and glazier—a worthless fellow, as ill-suited to her as any thing human to be found within the four seas. Her father, however, urged her to take him—for what reason it is difficult to say. Perhaps it was to prevent a marriage with the man of her choice, "the unprincipled lawyer;" or perhaps he thought that the plumber and glazier would at least bring her bread, the want of which had been keenly felt at the Epworth Parsonage. The poor girl, with a heart bleeding for the loss of her former lover, saw in this new adventurer the ignorance and coarseness which would fill all her days with a melancholy loathing of life. She felt as a shivering bird feels, when under some irresistible influence she is flying into the jaws of a serpent. She protested, she begged that her life might not be imbittered by such an incongruous connection. The only word in the marriage service that could be a comfort to her at the altar was the word "*Death.*" Yet her father urged her, almost forced her thus to throw away her angelic beauty and talents. Her sister Maria was the only one of the family who had the courage to advise her to annul her foolish vow, and even violate her father's command in a matter of such infinite importance to herself. Years afterward, when this sister had descended to the grave, Mehetabel wrote verses to her memory,

in which she thus alludes to her kind interference in the affair of her fatal marriage:

> "When deep immersed in griefs beyond redress,
> And friend and kindred heightened my distress,
> And with relentless efforts made me prove,
> Pain, grief, despair, and wedlock without love;
> My soft Maria could alone dissent,
> O'erlooked the fatal vow, and mourned the punishment."

But the marriage took place, the irreversible word was spoken at the altar, and from that day she was miserable until her freed spirit went up to where they neither marry nor are given in marriage. Her uncle, a man of some wealth, gave her a sum of money, which she turned over to her husband that he might begin business on his own account. Besides this, she tried to make the best of her unfortunate condition, dutifully striving to love and respect the man to whom she was linked for life. But the vital principle of union was wanting, and no effort of will could produce it.

The following letter to her father, written not long after her marriage, reveals the depth of her despair:

"Honored Sir,—Though I was glad on any terms of the favor of a line from you, yet I was concerned at your displeasure on account of the unfortunate paragraph which you are pleased to say was meant for the flower of my letter, but which was in reality the only thing I disliked in it. Since I perceive it gave you uneasiness, I wish it had not gone. I should be glad to speak freely, were I sure that the least I could say would not grieve or offend you, or were I so happy as in every thing to think like you. I earnestly beg that the little I shall say may not be offensive, since I promise to be as little witty as possible, though these late years past I have been pretty free from that scandal.

"You ask me 'what hurt matrimony has done me, and whether I had always so frightful an idea of it as I have now?' I once more beg of you not to be offended at the least I can say to these questions, if I say any thing.

"I had not always such notions of wedlock as now; but thought that where there was a mutual affection, and desire of pleasing, something near an equality of mind and person, either earthly or heavenly wisdom, there was a possibility of happiness in a married state; but where all, or most of these were wanting, I ever thought people could not marry without sinning against God and themselves. I could say much more, but would rather eternally stifle my sentiments than have the torment of thinking they agree not with yours.

"I think exactly the same of my marriage as I did before it happened; but though I would have given at least one of my eyes for the liberty of throwing myself at your feet before I was married at all, yet since it is past, and irreparable, it is best to say little of things past remedy, and endeavor, as I really do, to make myself more and more contented, though things may not be to my wish.

"You say 'you will answer this if you like it.' Now, though I am sorry to occasion your writing in pain, yet I must desire you to answer it, whether you like it or not, since if you are displeased I would willingly know it; and the only thing that could make me impatient to endure your displeasure is your thinking I deserve it. I need not remind you that I am not more than human; and if the calamities of life, of which perhaps I have my share, sometimes wring a complaint from me, I need tell no one that though I bear I must feel them; and if you can not forgive what I have said, I sincerely promise never more to offend you by saying too much; which (with begging your blessing) is all from

"Your most obt. daughter,
"Mehet. Wright."

There it is!—a most vigorous expression of a heart wrung with anguish under an irretrievable misfortune that rubbed and fretted the silver cord until it snapped asunder. And yet what filial piety! what loyalty to her father! How tenderly regardful of his feelings; and that too while she is saying that she would have given one of her eyes for the privilege of throwing herself at his feet, to prevent by her prayers the catastrophe of which he alone was the author!

Let not the reader judge too harshly of this mistaken father. He was without doubt one of the best men of his time, and Hetty well knew it, though his judgment in the affairs of life was more liable to go wrong than right. If he had stuck to the defense of the Hebrew original against the Septuagint, and left the matrimonial concerns of his daughters to their judicious mother, better things had doubtless come of it. But it was the age when fathers gave their daughters away.

In the course of a few years matters grew worse instead of better. She had done her best to make her husband's home attractive, and, if possible, refine away the coarseness of his nature. But it was all labor in vain. His natural instincts got the better of her art of pleasing; and he quit her society for that of the lowest dregs of men, whose nightly haunts were the filthiest ale-houses in London. She sat up for him, and waited in tears through the small hours of the night, and often until far toward the dawn; and when the watchman apprised her of his coming, she wiped her eyes and received him with as many smiles as her aching heart would permit. At last, however, her patience gave way, and she broke forth in terms of expostulation and entreaty, ending in a threat that might have moved or seared a demon into a reformed life. Such tender pleading and such parching sarcasm are seldom found together either in poetry or prose. But the address is womanly all through. We give it in part:

> "O thou whom sacred rites designed
> My guide and husband ever kind,
> My sovereign master, best of friends,
> On whom my earthly bless depends;
> If e'er thou didst in Hetty see
> Aught fair, or good, or dear to thee,
> If gentle speech can ever move
> The cold remains of former love,
> Turn thee at last—my bosom ease,
> Or tell me why I cease to please.
>
> "Is it because revolving years,
> Heart-breaking sighs, and fruitless tears,
> Have quite deprived this form of mine
> Of all that once thou fanciedst fine?
> Ah no! what once allured thy sight
> Is still in its meridian height.
> These eyes their usual lustre show,
> When uneclipsed by flowing woe;
> Old age and wrinkles in this face
> As yet could never find a place:
> A youthful grace informs these lines
> Where still the purple current shines;
> Unless, by thy ungentle art,
> It flies to aid my wretched heart;
> Nor does this slighted bosom show
> The thousand hours it spends in woe.

"Or is it that, oppressed with care,
I stun with loud complaints thine ear,
And make thy home, for quiet meant,
The seat of noise and discontent?
Ah no! those ears were ever free
From matrimonial melody;
For though thine absence I lament,
When half the lonely night is spent,
Yet when the watch or early morn
Has brought me hopes of thy return,
I oft have wiped these watchful eyes,
Concealed my cares and curbed my sighs,
In spite of grief, to let thee see
I wore an endless smile for thee.
Had I not practiced every art
T' oblige, divert, and cheer thy heart,
To make me pleasing in thy eyes,
And turn thy house to paradise,
I had not asked, 'Why dost thou shun
These faithful arms, and eager run
To some obscure, unclean retreat,
With fiends incarnate glad to meet—
The vile companions of thy mirth,
The scum and refuse of the earth;
Who, when inspired by beer, can grin
At witless oaths and jests obscene,
Till the most learned of the throng
Begins a tale of ten hours long;
While thou, in raptures, with stretched jaws
Crownest each joke with loud applause?'

"Deprived of freedom, health, and ease,
And rival'd by such things as these,
This latest effort will I try,
Or to regain thy heart or die;
Soft as I am, I'll make thee see
I will not brook contempt from thee.

"Then quit the shuffling, doubtful sense,
Nor hold me longer in suspense:
Unkind, ungrateful as thou art,
Say, must I ne'er regain thy heart?
Must all attempts to please thee prove
Unable to regain thy love?

"If so, by Truth itself I swear
The sad reverse I can not bear;
No rest, no pleasure will I see—
My whole of bliss is lost with thee!
I'll give all thoughts of patience o'er
(A gift I never lost before);
Indulge at once my rage and grief,
Mourn obstinate, disdain relief,
And call that wretch my mortal foe
Who tries to mitigate my woe;
Till life, on terms severe as these,
Shall, ebbing, leave my heart at ease;
To thee thy liberty restore
To laugh when Hetty is no more!"

It is not probable that these burning lines took effect on the dissolute life of her husband. It is even doubtful whether his illiterate and besotted mind was capable of feeling their force. He was quite incapable of seeing their beauty. But who can read them, though written a century and a quarter since, without an ineffably sickening disgust that such a woman should plead in such a strain for the love and attentions of such a man?

There is a single letter of this model husband still extant. It was written to John Wesley just after Mrs. Wright had given birth to a child, which lived but three days. For the purpose of showing his qualification for literary sympathy with his wife, we give it exactly as it was written:

"DEAR BRO:—This comes to Let you know that my wife is brought to bed and is in a hopefull way of Doing well but the Dear child Died—the Third day after it was born—which has been of great concerne to me and my wife She Joins With me In Love to your Selfe and Bro: Charles From Your Loveing Bro:

"to Comn—WM. WRIGHT

"*P.S.* Ive sen you Sum Verses that my wife maid of Dear Lamb Let me hear from one or both of you as Soon as you think Conveniant"

The verses referred to in this barbarously written postscript, are on the death of the infant mentioned in the letter. They were dictated by Mrs. Wright as she lay beside her dying child, and taken down by her husband. They are as perfect a specimen of the poetry of feeling—of maternal sorrow that gushes into mournful song, as we have ever read. The smoothness of the versification is not surpassed by any thing which we can call to mind in the English language:

"Tender softness! infant mild!
Perfect, purest, brightest child!
Transient lustre! beauteous clay!
Smiling wonder of a day!
Ere the last convulsive start
Rends thy unresisting heart;
Ere the long enduring swoon
Weigh thy precious eyelids down;
Ah, regard a mother's moan,
Anguish deeper than thy own.

"Fairest eyes, whose dawning light
Late with rapture blest my sight,
Ere your orbs extinguished be,
Bend their trembling beams on me!

"Drooping sweetness! verdant flower!
Blooming, withering in an hour!
Ere thy gentle breast sustains
Latest, fiercest, mortal pains,
Hear a suppliant! let me be
Partner in thy destiny!
That whene'er the fatal cloud
Must thy radiant temples shroud;
When deadly damps impending now,
Shall hover round thy destined brow,
Diffusive may their influence be,
And with the blossom blast the tree!"

The last two lines are an exquisitely beautiful prayer for death. Overwhelmed by the calamity of her marriage, her naturally cheerful mind threw away all hope of happiness in this world, and like the children of misery in the book of Job, she "longed for death, and dug for it more than for hid treasures." In her few poetical remains she prays not less than three times for the quiet of the grave. We can not withhold the following:

"Enable me to bear my lot,
O Thou who only can'st redress!
Eternal God! forsake me not
In this extreme of my distress.

"Regard thy humble suppliant's suit;
Nor let me long in anguish pine,
Dismay'd, abandon'd, destitute
Of all support, but only thine!

"Nor health, nor life, I ask of thee,
Nor languid nature to restore,
Say but, 'A speedy period be
To these thy griefs'—I ask no more!"

Marriage is indissoluble, excepting for the sin which is itself a vital breach of the covenant. Differences in talents, tempers, tastes, or whatever else may affect the happiness of the parties, are no valid plea for a dissolution of the sacred contract. Severe as the law may seem to those who crave indulgence, its philosophy lies deep at the foundations of society. Passion, bent upon having its own way, is too blind to perceive its wisdom, and too selfish to submit to its restraint. To many a couple a union for life may be a life-union in misery; but let the law be annulled, or practically disregarded, as caprice or discontent may require, and the mischief becomes fatal to the whole family relation. Confusion and every evil work are the inevitable result. It is one evidence of the wisdom of the divine law in the case, that the misery of ill-assorted marriages is usually softened and relieved by time. Necessity obliges the parties to mutual forbearance, and where there is mutual forbearance kindness is not far off. But time brought no alleviation to the miserable marriage of this admirable woman. She had given her hand, and as far as she could, her heart to a man who had not the first qualification for her, either mental or moral. It was Parian marble sorting with a cobble-stone; or the old fable of Pausanius turned into fact: a shipwrecked lady doomed to the embrace of a satyr. Yet when the deed had been done, her conscience sternly forbade all attempt at separation or divorce. Instead of following the example of thousands who "choose iniquity rather than affliction," she dragged on with him in disgust and despair until she dropped into the grave. For many years before she died her decayed health only added to the calamity of her marriage, imparting to her wretched life a still deeper gloom. The arrows of affliction drank up the remainder of her spirits, and the frail vessel was exhausted and dry. She had not yet asked the question, "Who shall minister to such a grief, or what hand shall apply the healing remedy?" But the time for that question had come. The best argument for the truth of religion—and we mean by the term no "*dry clatter of morality*," but what old Scougal called "the life of God in the soul of man"—is the *need* of it; the need of it at all times, but especially when every other prop breaks and falls. We knew an intelligent gentleman who was brought back from atheism by the death of his wife. The sense of desolation and grief quite overcame him. He quit the society of men and took to the fields and woods, and in the anguish of his heart he found himself instinctively praying to the God whose existence he had denied. Such, when fairly heard, is the logic of pain, and grief, and loss. It leads to the Strong for strength. Taught at last by this logic, Mrs. Wright spurned the broken staff, and turned aside from the broken and empty cistern to lean thenceforth on the everlasting rock, and drink from the living spring. And she found them both in the God of her fathers.

Never did the sacred promise come to a more thirsty spirit than hers: "When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them." Is not this the key that unlocks the mystery of her doleful life? Was not this the final purpose of that strange providence that led her, sore of foot, through a waste howling wilderness of briers, and thorns, and fiery flints? Her pious brothers, John and Charles, had but recently known and sung the fullness of the "blessed hope," as apostles and martyrs had sung it before them. She listened to their earnest exhortations, and the story of their new-found experience, until a new sorrow welled up from her heart. It was no longer "the sorrow of the world that worketh death," and which, according to her own words, had nearly finished its work—

"Grief has my blood and spirits drunk,
My tears do like the night-dew fall;
My cheeks are faded, eyes are sunk,
And all my draughts are dashed with gall;"

but that "godly sorrow that worketh repentance unto life." The great mysterious change soon followed—a change that makes and marks the greatest epoch in the whole history of an immortal spirit—a change on which inspired pens exhaust the boldest figures that the world supplies. It is a change from darkness to light. It is a new birth, a resurrection from the dead, a new creation. In a word, it is an inward change, such as the calm Paley said "a man can no more forget than he can forget an escape from a shipwreck." We like the direct Christian words of John Wesley concerning the new experience of his once hapless sister: "Before she went hence, she was for some years a witness of that rest that remains, even here, for the people of God."

All this, however, seems to have had no other effect upon her sullen husband than to stir his resentment. The brightest part of religion—its very joy—is hateful to a wicked mind, as the sight of the sun was despair to Milton's lost angel. Mrs. Wright complains that she had to seek religious society "by stealth;" but she added, "I have a firm persuasion and blessed hope that in the country to which I am going I shall not sing Hallelujah, and holy, holy, holy, without company, as I have done in this."

At the period of her conversion her health was ruined beyond recovery. It cast a melancholy tinge over her spirit, and made her long more than ever, but with sweetest hope, for a refuge in the grave. Cold gray clouds still hung round her sky, but they were not the clouds of night, for that had forever passed away. She partook of that delicious mournful joy which characterized the spirit of her brother Charles, whom she so closely resembled in poetical talent. Some of his best hymns are indebted to this feeling for their exquisite tenderness and power to touch the heart. Like him, therefore, she sung for the rest of her days:

"To take a poor fugitive in,
The arms of thy mercy display,
And give me to rest from all sin,
And bear me triumphant away;
Away from a world of distress,
Away to the mansions above
The heaven of seeing thy face,
The heaven of feeling thy love."

A few years, and the gate opened and the "poor fugitive" went in, as weary a spirit as ever cast its burden in the dark waters that lie before the shining city. "I have heard my father say," said Charles Wesley, "that God had shown him he should have all his nineteen children about him in heaven." Poor Hetty took her place by his side on the day of the vernal equinox in the year 1750.

Let us hear the affecting words of her brother Charles:

"*March* 5, 1750.—I prayed by my sister Wright, a gracious, tender, trembling soul; a bruised reed which the Lord will not break."

"*March* 14.—I found my sister Wright very near the haven—in hope believing against hope."

"*March* 21.—I called a few minutes after her spirit had been set at liberty."

A few days after her decease Charles wrote to his wife, saying: "Last Monday I followed our *happy sister* to her grave." Sometime between her death and burial he preached her funeral sermon, from the well-chosen words, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." During the hour of the discourse, he says, "*I had sweet fellowship with her.*"

Not a doubt of it! say what ye will, ye fools and blind, ye gross earthlings, who vainly think that the grave takes all; or, which is kindred to it, that the blessed can not whisper their sympathies and loves through walls of flesh!

Mrs. Wright had written her own epitaph, probably at one of the gloomiest periods of her life, for sadder lines were never cut in marble. We close her mournful story with the words:

"Destined while living to sustain
An equal share of grief and pain;
All various ills of human race
Within this breast had once a place.
Without complaint she learned to bear
A living death, a long despair,
Till hard oppressed by adverse fate,
O'ercharged she sunk beneath its weight,
And to this peaceful tomb retired,
So much esteemed, so long desired:
The painful, mortal conflict's o'er,
A broken heart can bleed no more!"

We only add the appropriate words of the Psalmist:

"Their soul is melted because of trouble. Then they cry unto the Lord, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

UNDER GREEN LEAVES.

Under green leaves the shadows fell;
We sat together—Paul and I—
Where, tinkling like a silver bell,
The little brook ran rippling by.

We felt the whispering summer breeze,
That swept in melody among
The trembling branches of the trees,
And woke the birds to sweeter song.

We parted—and the summer-time
Fled panting by, with torturing haste;
I heard the bells: ten Sabbaths chime,
And then—the world was all a waste.

The sun, that day by day was warm
Where passed my peaceful country life,
Shone hot and lurid through the storm
Of blood, and wrath, and fearful strife.

And he was there—my noble Paul!—
There, 'mid the carnage and the woe;
He was my very, very all—
And yet I could but let him go.

I knew he fought a glorious fight,
To die, mayhap, a glorious death;
And knowing that, I felt 'twas right,
And would not hold him with a breath.

The end came soon—and I am here—
Here where he sat 'neath summer leaves;
Alas! the trophy of a tear
Is all the glory he achieves.

He lies beneath an alien sod;
Above, the tide of war flows on:
I know he sleeps at peace with God,
I only *feel* that he is gone.

'Tis autumn, and the mournful air
Seems heavy with a thousand sighs;
They flutter round me every where,
And tell me that the season dies.

The leaves have changed their summer hue,
And now are brown, and dead, and dry;
The sky above is coldly blue,
The brook below runs silent by.

Under green leaves I sit no more—
The world to me is dead and sere;
My heart is very, very sore,
As here I watch the dying year.

And, oh! I know that not alone
Am I in all my misery;
That, this sad summer's labor done,
Others shall weep and sigh with me.

Under green leaves the shadows fell;
We sat together—Paul and I:
Thank God! there was no voice to tell—
"*The summer leaves and thou must die.*"

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

IN the winter of 1837-'38, while strolling through the Capitol at Washington in company with Professor Thomas Miller, then as now one of the most eminent medical men of the metropolis, I was requested to accompany the Doctor to a committee-room in order to witness some new and interesting experiments in electro-magnetism. I had there the good fortune to meet with Mr. Morse for the first time, who, after a personal presentation, was kind enough to exhibit his method of telegraphing. The apparatus used consisted of two coils of wire, five miles each in length, forming a circuit of ten miles, insulated by a covering of cotton, somewhat like ordinary bonnet-wire, connected at one end with a galvanic battery and at the other with a recording instrument of his own invention.

At this period Mr. Morse had filed a caveat for a patent, and was busied in bringing his invention to the attention of the members of the two Houses of Congress, in order to secure an appropriation to enable him to test its practical application as a method of communication between places remote from each other—a task, as the sequel proved, of no little difficulty, and attended with no small degree of personal annoyance. The instantaneous communication through the whole circuit of ten miles of insulated wire, which followed the immersion of the battery, and the palpable results, which manifested themselves at the recording end of the coil, seemed to me to be almost the work of magic, and I could scarcely find words in which to express my enthusiasm. This was among the first attempts at communicating intelligence in this manner which had ever been attempted, and no reason could be seen why, after accomplishing a distance of ten miles through a coiled wire, the same might not be done through one extended over that space in a straight line; or why this could not be increased to a hundred or a thousand miles, and thus completely annihilate space in the transmission of intelligence. But in the midst of this ardor came the doubt as to the distance which the power of the battery was capable of communicating itself—a doubt which was equally shared by Mr. Morse himself, who, however, proposed to overcome the difficulty by the establishment of relays of batteries wherever they should be needed.

In looking at this subject at this period, after a lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, and when the electro-magnetic telegraph has embraced within its coils nearly every part of the civilized world, it appears wonderful that there should have existed a doubt as to the propriety of Congress affording its encouragement and aid to an invention which appeared to be fraught with such practical utility. But the record of the times shows that not only did a doubt exist, but that the whole scheme, in its incipiency, was considered by many but little better than the delusions of mesmerism, and its projector an enthusiast too wild to command the attention of grave legislators. There were, however, honorable exceptions to this, and among these Hon. John P. Kennedy, of Maryland, and Hon. G. Ferris, of New York, were prominent. At this session Mr. Morse succeeded so far as to procure a report from a committee in favor of his project; but it was not until the session of 1843 that a bill appropriating thirty thousand dollars was passed in the House of Representatives, by the small majority of 89 ayes to 83 nays, to enable him to construct a line of telegraph from the capital to the city of Baltimore, a distance of about forty miles. This vote would seem to indicate a nearly equal division of opinion in the House as to the merits of the question; but an incident occurred in its passage which demonstrates how much the members were operated upon by a fear lest their names should be recorded as voting for a measure which might be unpopular with their constituents.

While the ayes and nays were being called Mr. Morse, who was in the lobby awaiting with anxious expectation the result, was much surprised to observe that a friend who, he supposed, favored the measure voted in the negative. This friend, who shortly after approached him, remarked that he was doubtless surprised at his vote, but that he would shortly explain it. When the result was ascertained he moved its reconsideration, which was lost by an almost unanimous nay, showing that a large majority of the House were willing to allow the passage of the bill by a *viva voce* vote, but were fearful when called upon to record an affirmative vote, lest it might influence unfavorably their political position with their constituents.

The bill authorizing the appropriation to test the value of Morse's improvement was, under the operation of the previous question, passed on the 23d of February, without discussion; but a few days before, when under the motion of Mr. Kennedy it was brought to the attention of the House, members were not wanting who were willing to cover the whole scheme with ridicule, as impracticable and Utopian. Among the motions of this kind was one offered by Hon. Cave Johnson, of Tennessee, proposing "that one half of the appropriation should be given to try mesmeric experiments." Against obstacles of this character, which would have induced most men to abandon the hope of obtaining aid from the Government in despair, Mr. Morse steadily and perseveringly labored until his application was crowned with success.

But there was an opposition of another character, not so easily comprehended nor so speedily overcome. This arose from a personal prejudice entertained by some members against the recipient of the favors granted by the bill, among which class was the venerable ex-President, John Quincy Adams, at that time a member of the House. This was the more singular, as the personal relations between Morse and himself were apparently of a friendly character, and certainly contained no germ of ill-feeling on the part of Mr. Morse. It doubtless had its origin

in a newspaper attack made, some years previous, upon Mr. Adams for employing foreign instead of native artists, attributed, but without foundation, to Mr. Morse. The facts of the case are these:

In building the Capitol eight spacious niches were left in the Rotunda, intended to be filled with paintings illustrative of national events. Four had already been occupied by paintings executed by Trumbull; and native artists crowded eagerly forward to enter the lists as competitors for the vacant ones, as the highest goal of their ambition; among the rest Mr. Morse, who had acquired a prominent position as a painter, presented himself among the applicants. At this stage Mr. Adams moved that the competition should be extended to foreign artists, declaring that the country possessed none of sufficient ability properly to execute the desired paintings. Mr. Morse was first apprised of this motion by Fenimore Cooper, who called upon him at his rooms in the University of New York, and read the criticism which was supposed to have excited the ire of the "old man eloquent," and which appeared in the *Evening Post* of the same day. It was universally attributed to Mr. Morse, whose denial of its authorship was supposed to arise from modesty; and, consequently, the more strongly he protested the more he was believed to be the author. Be this as it may, it resulted in Mr. Adams casting out his name from the list of applicants in committee; and he consequently lost the opportunity, for which he had so eagerly sought, of perpetuating his name by his artistic work upon the walls of the Capitol. How little did he then dream that a fame more lasting and wide-spread than any he could ever hope to attain by the pencil speedily awaited him! Nor did Mr. Adams forget his early prejudices when, years after, he was called upon to vote for the appropriation for the electro-telegraph experiment. During the excitement of the moment, when it was manifest from the yeas and nays that the vote was one of great uncertainty, an active friend of the measure approached Mr. Adams, who stood perfectly immovable amidst the excitement, and urged him to give his vote for the measure; but his appeal called forth no response, and he either did not vote at all, or cast it in the negative. It would appear, from subsequent events, that the feelings of Mr. Adams underwent a great change in regard to Mr. Morse; for, in a conversation had long after with the Rev. Dr. Gurley, on the subject of aspiration for position, he declared emphatically, "I had rather be a Fulton or a Morse than a hundred Presidents!"

But the action of the House was but one step in the advancement of the measure. It yet required the concurrence of the Senate and the sanction of the President to become a law; and although no opposition to its passage was apprehended in the Senate, yet the brief space intervening between the 23d of February and the 3d of March, upon which day the session was terminated, seemed to render it doubtful whether the bill could be reached in time for the action of the Senate. This apprehension increased as time wore on, until at last the 3d of March arrived, and the bill in numerical order stood far down on the calendar. Mr. Morse, who had watched with nervous trepidation the slow progress of legislation in the Senate, at this juncture requested an interview with Mr. Huntington, Senator from Connecticut, for the purpose of ascertaining what possible chance of success remained. Mr. Huntington, who was not only a sincere friend of Mr. Morse, but favored the bill, assured him that it then stood one hundred and nineteen from the one before the Senate—all of which would have to be acted upon before his own came up for consideration, under the rule that no bill could be taken from its regular order. This intelligence seemed disheartening enough; but a ray of hope was presented by the Senator in the assurance that if no bill called out much discussion it might still be reached.

During the entire day Mr. Morse watched the course of legislation from the gallery with an anxiety probably shared by few of the eager expectants who, from their places in the gallery above, hung with anxious solicitude upon the action of the measures in which they were especially interested upon the floor of the Senate. At length, worn out by the interminable discussion of some Senator who seemed to be speaking against time, and overcome by his prolonged watching, he left the gallery at a late hour and returned to his lodgings, under the belief that it was not possible his bill could be reached, and that he must again turn his attention to those labors of the brush and easel by means of which he might be enabled to prosecute appeals to Congress at a future time.

He accordingly made his preparations to return to New York on the following morning, and retiring to rest, sank into a profound slumber, from which he did not awake until a late hour on the following morning. But a short time after, while seated at the breakfast-table, the servant announced that a lady desired to see him. Upon entering the parlor he encountered Miss Annie Ellsworth, the daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, whose face was all aglow with pleasure.

"I have come to congratulate you," she remarked, as he entered the room, and approached to shake hands with her.

"To congratulate me!" replied Mr. Morse, "and for what?"

"Why upon the passage of your bill, to be sure," she replied.

"You must surely be mistaken; for I left at a late hour, and its fate seemed inevitable."

"Indeed I am not mistaken," she rejoined; "father remained until the close of the session, and your bill was the very last that was acted on, and I begged permission to convey to you the news. I am so happy that I am the first to tell you."

The feelings of Mr. Morse may be better im-

agined than described. He grasped his young companion warmly by the hand, and thanked her over and over again for this joyful intelligence. "As a reward," concluded he, "for being the first bearer of this news, you shall send over the telegraph the first message it conveys."

"I will hold you to that promise," replied she. "Remember."

"Remember," responded Mr. Morse; and they parted.

The plans of Mr. Morse were now altogether changed. His journey homeward was abandoned, and he set to work to carry out the project of establishing the line of electro-telegraph, between Washington and Baltimore, authorized by the bill. His first idea was to convey the wires, inclosed in a leaden tube, beneath the ground. He had already arranged a plan by which the wires, insulated by a covering of cotton saturated in gum shellac, were to be inserted into leaden pipes in the process of casting. But after the expenditure of several thousand dollars, and much delay, this plan was abandoned, and the one now in use, of extending them on poles, adopted. The season, however, had so far progressed that it was found impossible to complete the undertaking that year, and it was delayed until the following spring.

By the month of May, 1844, the whole line was laid, and magnets and recording instruments were attached to the ends of the wires at Mount Clare Dépôt, Baltimore, and at the Supreme Court Chamber, in the Capitol at Washington. When the circuit was complete, and the signal at the one end of the line was responded to by the operator at the other, Mr. Morse sent a messenger to Miss Ellsworth to inform her that the telegraph awaited her message. She speedily responded to this, and sent for transmission the following, which was the first formal dispatch ever sent through a telegraphic wire connecting remote places with each other:

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

The original of the message is now in the archives of the Historical Society at Hartford, Connecticut.

Shortly after the completion of the line from Washington to Baltimore the Democratic Convention which nominated Mr. Polk as President, and Mr. Dallas as Vice-President, assembled at Baltimore, and the results of the various ballots by which Mr. Van Buren was defeated and Mr. Polk selected were rapidly communicated by telegraph. When the question of the nomination of Vice-President arose the New York delegation transmitted to Silas Wright, Senator from New York, a dispatch asking to be allowed to use his name as a candidate, and assuring him of success. To this dispatch he replied as follows:

"Mr. Wright requests the New York delegation to say that he can not accept the nomination of Vice-President."

In reply to this dispatch a second was sent, asking if he was at the office, and to review his decision. To this Mr. Wright replied:

"Mr. Wright is here. Will support the nomination of Mr. Polk cheerfully, but can not accept the nomination of Vice-President."

A third dispatch was sent, in which he was still further urged to accept the nomination. To which he replied:

"Under no circumstances can Mr. Wright accept the nomination. He thanks the Convention, and refers to his two former answers."

A fourth dispatch was sent, urging him to reconsider his decision, and informing him that a committee would visit Washington to confer with him. Mr. Wright's reply was as follows:

"Mr. Wright has well considered, and begs that his previous answers may be satisfactory."

The originals of these messages, in the handwriting of Mr. Wright, which were transmitted by Mr. Morse himself, are carefully preserved by him, not only as a pleasant reminiscence of his early days of telegraphing, but likewise as mementos of one of the purest and ablest statesmen of his time. Mr. Wright had used his influence with the Convention to secure the nomination of Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency, but without success; and it is supposed that his steadfast declension of the office of Vice-President, tendered to him under such flattering circumstances, and urged by a delegation from the Convention, was due to the circumstance that he feared he might be suspected of relaxing his efforts in favor of the candidate whom he had undertaken to sustain, in order that he might reap a reward in the bestowal of a distinguished office in his own person.

The appropriation for the establishment of the line, notwithstanding the untoward events which always attend new undertakings, and call for expenditures which subsequent information show to be useless, was more than sufficient to pay the expenses incurred. The sum which remained, amounting to several thousand dollars, was, at the suggestion of the inventor, expended in maintaining the line in operation until it should have gained a sufficient stability to sustain itself. In February, 1845, a bill was introduced into Congress to appropriate $8000 for the further maintenance of the telegraph established between Baltimore and Washington, the funds received from the transmission of messages not being sufficient to defray the expense, which was passed at this session, and appropriated to its further continuance.

Mr. Morse now renewed his application to the Government to become the sole possessor of the telegraphs in the United States, which was declined. Mr. Cave Johnson, who had in the mean time become Postmaster-General, in his report declined to burden that department with the telegraph enterprise on the ground that, however beneficial it might be as a private enterprise, and however advantageous to the Government in the rapid transmission of intelligence, yet it could never become a paying concern, and must necessarily be sustained by a large outlay, with which he was unwilling to burden the Treasury. The effect of this announcement upon capitalists was truly disheart-

ening, and many who had proposed to invest considerable sums in the extension of lines to New York and Buffalo were now induced to reconsider their proposals, and decline what appeared so hazardous a venture.

At this juncture, when a cloud as dark as any that had overspread the chances of the success of telegraphing hung like a pall over it, Amos Kendall, the former Postmaster-General, and a gentleman of enlarged views, clear foresight, strict business tact, and great integrity, became associated with Mr. Morse in its development. A period of seventeen years has now elapsed since the time to which allusion has been made, during which telegraphs have increased until they may be counted by hundreds of thousands of miles, intricate business relations have been multiplied, and fortunately considerable fortunes realized by the projectors, during all which period no circumstance has occurred to mar the pleasant relations between Mr. Morse and Mr. Kendall. The writer, in his frequent pleasant interviews with Mr. Morse, has on more than one occasion heard him declare that if he was blessed by a sufficiency of means to place him above the contingencies of want, he was mainly indebted for it to the strict integrity and admirable business tact of Amos Kendall.

Shortly after the time when I first met Mr. Morse in Washington, he left for Europe for the purpose of securing a patent for his invention in England and France. The knowledge of his experiments, and their results in America, had already preceded him. His request was met on the part of the English Attorney-General, Lord (then Sir John) Campbell, with the fact that a publication of it had already been made, and that his right to a patent was consequently rendered invalid.

Foiled in his attempt to secure a patent in England, Mr. Morse visited Paris, and found no difficulty in obtaining a patent for France. His exhibitions in Paris not only attracted the attention of the most eminent Continental savans, but likewise that of many of the English nobility temporarily residing in Paris. The Earl of Elgin frequently visited him, bringing with him many of his distinguished friends, among whom were the Earl of Lincoln and the Hon. Henry Drummond. Through the courtesy of these gentlemen he received letters to Lord Brougham, the Marquis of Northampton, the President of the Royal Society, and many other distinguished persons in England.

In leaving Paris Earl Lincoln gave him a pressing invitation to revisit England, and begged to be apprised of his arrival in London at the earliest moment. On his departure from Paris for the purpose of returning to America he visited London, and the day after his arrival sent his card to the Earl of Lincoln, and his letter of introduction and card to the Marquis of Northampton, and in a few hours received a visit from both. The Earl of Lincoln at once invited him to send his telegraph to his house, where he exhibited its operations to the Lords of the Admiralty, the members of the Royal Society, and of both Houses of Parliament, who had been invited by Lord Lincoln for the purpose. All were well pleased with the results, and no doubt exists that if he had remained he might easily have procured by special Act of Parliament a patent for his invention in England, but his tarry having been limited by his desire to return home, he declined the pressing offers of his distinguished friends, hoping at some future day to renew his application, which now promised to be successful.

Among the numerous distinguished acquaintances which he formed while in Paris was the eminent savant Arago, who was Astronomer Royal, and as such the Director of the Observatory, and Perpetual Secretary of the Institute. He first met Arago, by an engagement previously made by Mr. Warden, an American gentleman resident in Paris and a member of the Institute, September 3, 1838, at the rooms of the Institute, and on the following day at the Observatory, where he exhibited his telegraph apparatus, pretty much in the same manner as he had done in Washington the previous winter. Arago manifested great interest in its operation, and questioned him carefully as to its minutest detail, at the same time examining the apparatus, so as to fully comprehend its operations, which he speedily did. On the following Monday he exhibited his apparatus before the members of the Institute, Arago being in the chair. As Mr. Morse operated the machine Arago explained to the members its method of working. They became so interested in its operations that they left their seats and crowded around the desk of the Secretary of the Institute where the apparatus was placed. This created some little confusion, which was allayed by Arago calling the Institute to order, and requesting members to be seated. Among the members who crowded around the desk was Humboldt, with whom Mr. Morse had been previously acquainted, while he was engaged as an artist in copying pictures in the Louvre. Before taking his seat he approached Mr. Morse, and shaking him warmly by the hand, congratulated him on his success, at the same time declaring his belief that his invention was destined to produce the most astonishing results.

Humboldt's partiality for intelligent Americans is well known. His early labors on this continent, and his intimate knowledge of its social progress, always rendered an inhabitant of America a welcome companion, from whom he never failed to extract something to add to his vast fund of knowledge respecting the new world. Long before Mr. Morse appeared before the world as the producer of a remarkable and useful invention Humboldt had been attracted to him by his amenity of manner and his intelligent appreciation of art. They frequently met at the hospitable mansion of Baron Gérard, whose soirées were attended by all the most eminent artists in Paris, and also, as has been already stated, in the gallery of the Louvre. On

these occasions Humboldt's custom was to approach the easel of the young artist and engage in conversation, usually upon subjects of art. Frequently he would remark that Mr. Morse must feel fatigued, and would invite him to take a stroll among the paintings, stopping to admire such as attracted his especial notice, and while passing criticisms upon their merits himself, demand of his companion his opinion concerning them. Their meeting at the Institute therefore, although under different circumstances, was as between old friends.

In 1856, while Mr. Morse was on a visit to Europe, he paid a visit to Humboldt at Potsdam, who received him cordially, and was very solicitous in his inquiries about the future of the United States. It was about this period that intelligence had reached Europe of the appointment of a vigilance committee in San Francisco, and its bold and decisive acts. Humboldt stated that this attempt of a few to place themselves above the constituted law was, in his judgment, a dark shadow on the surface of free suffrage, and led him to entertain great fear as to the perpetuity of our institutions. Mr. Morse remarked that the society of California was at best in a chaotic state; that unprincipled men had been elected to office through the machinations of their comrades, and that the more respectable part of the community found it impossible to obtain justice for the high-handed outrages which were committed in the most open and shameless manner. He asked Humboldt if, under these circumstances, it would not be better to consider the people as assembled in vigilance committee as the true exponents of public sentiment, and as showing a change in society from anarchy to law and order, although reached through violent measures. These views seemed to produce an impression on the mind of Humboldt, who admitted their justice, and hoped, but with some fears, that republican institutions might survive the shocks to which they appeared to be subjected. It was on the occasion of this visit that Humboldt presented to Mr. Morse an engraving of himself, with the following written upon it in French:

"To Mr. S. F. B. Morse, whose philosophic and useful labors have rendered his name illustrious in two worlds. The homage of the high and affectionate esteem of

"ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT.

"POTSDAM, *August*, 1856."

This engraving, in a circular gilt frame, occupies a prominent position in the library of Mr. Morse.

While on this visit to Europe Mr. Morse was presented to King Frederick of Denmark, to whom he had previously sent a set of telegraph instruments. The King, at the time of his visit, was at the Castle of Fredericksburg, about twenty miles from Copenhagen, whither he was accompanied by Colonel Rasloff, the present accomplished Minister of the Danish Government to the United States. They arrived at the village in which the castle was situated in the evening, and immediately dispatched a messenger to demand an audience, at the pleasure of the King. The messenger returned with the intelligence that the King would leave for another residence at eight on the following morning, but that he would grant an audience prior to his leaving. After dispatching an early breakfast the party visited the castle, and were ushered into two or three stately apartments, from which they were shortly after invited into the presence of the King, who received Mr. Morse with great frankness and good-humor. He spoke English tolerably well, and was frank and open in manner. He informed Mr. Morse that the instruments he had presented were the ones now in use in his cabinet at the residence he then occupied, and were connected with a line from thence to Copenhagen. He was costumed on this occasion in the dress of an ordinary citizen, and wore a blue frock coat, on the breast of which was the order of the elephant, and one or two others. In parting he shook Mr. Morse warmly by the hand, a ceremony not usual with crowned heads, and directed the governor of the castle, to whom he introduced Mr. Morse, to show him over the establishment, in which occupation some pleasant hours were spent, and the party finally took their leave, well pleased with the King and their visit to his rural residence. About one year after Mr. Morse received from the King the decoration of the order of the "Danebroge."

An incident which occurred in Paris a few years previous, demonstrates Arago's opinion of the value of the telegraph at that time. A motion was made in the Chamber of Deputies to appropriate a sum of money to defray the expense of constructing a line of telegraph from Paris to Rouen. The motion was opposed by M. Berryer, the distinguished advocate, on the ground that it was a mere experiment. At this moment Arago, who was likewise a member and a warm advocate of the measure, arose, and held aloft in his hand a letter which he had just received from Mr. Morse, containing a slip from the Baltimore *Sun*, with the message from President Polk to Congress in relation to the Mexican war, transmitted entire by telegraph in a short space of time. If this, declared the eminent savan, is not a "*fait accompli*" I know not what is. Berryer was silenced, and the appropriation for the erection of the first telegraphic line in France passed by acclamation.

An interesting reminiscence of the European tour of Mr. Morse, not only on account of his participation in it, but also as showing the manner in which such receptions are conducted, is his presentation to the present Emperor of Russia, which took place shortly before his coronation. Owing to the preparations in progress for this event, the Emperor had declined to receive any persons, except such as were accredited as the representatives from foreign governments to be present on this occasion. Through the intervention of Governor Seymour, the embassador from the United States to the Court of St. Petersburg, Mr. Morse was enabled to be presented on

the occasion of the Emperor's reception of the delegates from different governments. His first knowledge of this event was conveyed to him in an order from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, directing him to be at the dock at 8 o'clock on the following morning, to take the steamer which would convey him to the imperial palace at Peterhof, which is the Emperor's country residence, and is about seventeen miles from St. Petersburg, and in the immediate vicinity of Cronstadt.

The steamer left the wharf at 10 o'clock, and in about an hour after reached Peterhof, where numerous carriages, attended by servants in the Emperor's livery, awaited the arrival of the guests. Here they were presented to the master of ceremonies, who accompanied them to a carriage, stating that it was intended for their accommodation. Those who were under the auspices of the American legation were driven through a portion of the magnificent park which surrounds the Imperial palace to a spacious villa appropriated exclusively to the use of the American legation. After breakfast the master of ceremonies called to inform them that he should at one escort them to the palace, and in the mean time that carriages were in readiness to take them wherever they desired to drive.

At the hour appointed the master of ceremonies appeared, and, taking carriages, they drove to the Imperial palace, which was approached through a long line of soldiers, succeeded by a similar one of domestics in the Imperial livery. They were ushered into a spacious saloon, on either side of the door of which stood a stalwart black in attendance. In this saloon were congregated the guests from the different villas appropriated to each of the legations, and among them Prince Esterhazy, of Austria, who was clad for the occasion in his famous coat sparkling with diamonds, said to be worth a small principality, the Austrian princes, Lord Grenville of the English Embassy, Sir Robert Peel, Lady Peel, Earl of Lincoln, son of the Duke of Newcastle, who recently accompanied the Prince of Wales to the United States, and others, amounting in all to about forty guests. After waiting for about three-fourths of an hour, which was spent in frank and pleasant conversation among the persons assembled without distinction or formality, the master of ceremonies again appeared, and preceded the guests to a piazza overlooking the gardens, where they were arranged with their faces inward in a line preparatory to presentation. The Emperor soon appeared by a side door, and, passing down the line, stopped before each person, whose name was announced by the master of ceremonies, and held a few words conversation with him, for the most part in French. Immediately by the side of Mr. Morse stood a surgeon of the English navy, to whom the Emperor also spoke in French. The master of ceremonies announced the name of Morse as *More*. Mr. Morse corrected him, and gave his true name. The Emperor smiled, and said, in excellent English, "Oh, your name is quite familiar to us here. I have your invention over every part of my empire."

This ceremony occupied but a short time. After its completion the guests followed the master of ceremonies to a spacious state apartment, where they were arranged in a similar manner preparatory to a presentation to the Empress. The Empress soon appeared, richly clad, and sparkling with diamonds. Her tiara was nearly made up of these precious stones. Nor was her necklace scarcely less brilliant or costly. The buttons of her robe were composed of a single diamond about one-fourth of an inch in diameter, encircled by a row of smaller ones. She was accompanied by a retinue of maids of honor, and passed along the line of persons to be presented in the same manner as the Emperor had done, but tarried longer before each guest. She was particular in her inquiries of Mr. Morse about the extent of the Telegraph in the United States and its origin, and passed some pleasant compliments upon its great value. The guests were now conducted to the room they originally occupied, and, taking carriages, drove back to their apartments, which they had scarcely reached before they were joined by the master of ceremonies, who informed them that they were expected to dine at the English villa at five o'clock, and in the mean time that carriages would be in attendance to convey them over the park.

Availing themselves of this invitation, they returned to their carriages and pursued their excursion through the park, which, although covering an extent of between nine and ten miles, is so carefully tended that a dead leaf or unkempt blade of grass was scarcely to be found in its whole extent.

The dinner at the English Embassy was served in the exquisite taste for which the Russians are justly celebrated, and was especially marked by the perfect ease and the freedom from all restraint which pervaded the whole party. After its conclusion Mr. Morse, while sipping a cup of coffee in the drawing-room, in company with a knot of American and English gentlemen, inquired about the time, and expressed a fear lest it would be too late to take the last boat for St. Petersburg. One of the English gentlemen who left as this remark was made soon returned, accompanied by Lord Grenville, who remarked that one of his legation had informed him that Mr. Morse feared he should be too late for the boat. He then stated that his own yacht would await his leisure, and invited him to accompany him to town. The courtesy thus kindly offered was at once accepted; and after a pleasant sail they arrived at St. Petersburg at midnight, well pleased with each other, and happy to have participated in the events of a day which seldom occurs to those whose lives are not spent at the courts of the more wealthy empires of Europe.

The recollections of the writer have thus far been confined to reminiscences connected with the time during which Mr. Morse has been be-

fore the world in connection with the establishment of a system of electro-magnetic telegraphs which is scattered far and wide over Europe and North America; but there is another period of his life less known to the great world, the events of which should not be passed over in silence—and, indeed, which have for the writer a greater charm than any of the more recent and, perhaps, more brilliant ones. Allusion is made to the period which may properly be denominated his artist life. This commences about one year after he graduated at Yale College, when, under the charge of Washington Alston, he went to Europe to begin his labors as a student of art.

He reached Europe August 7, 1811, and returned to his native land precisely four years after—embarking from Liverpool in 1815, upon the very day of the year he had landed four years earlier. During this time he was a student at the Royal Academy, over which Benjamin West presided, and numbered among his friends not only this distinguished artist, but many of the most eminent artists and literary men of the day. West, who had an especial regard for his own countrymen, was on particularly friendly terms with Morse and Charles Leslie. These two young students, who had many views in common, took apartments together; and while they prosecuted their art-studies upon a common basis, had access to the same social circles. While West was particularly engaged he directed his servant, Robert, to refuse admission to most persons. On these occasions Leslie and Morse were made exceptions. To them he was always, when alone, at home, no matter how busily engaged.

The intimacy subsisting between George III. (at that time the monarch of England) and West is well known. West used frequently to declare that he was more intimately acquainted with the King than any of his ministers. He believed him to be an excellent monarch, who was frequently made the dupe of his ambitious ministers. He always spoke of him as the "good old man;" and maintained to the last that his character was entirely different from that in which he is represented in history, more especially that portion of history which relates to the revolted colonies. As an illustration of this, Mr. Morse relates that, on one occasion when he paid a visit to West, he found him seated in his study with a portrait on the easel before him, which he was engaged in copying. He asked his young visitor if he recognized it. Morse replied that it was a portrait of the King.

"While," remarked West, "the King was sitting for this portrait, a box was handed him containing the Declaration of American Independence."

"And pray, Sir," asked Morse, "how did he receive it?"

"He appeared at first buried in thought and solemn," replied West; "but at last he remarked, 'Well, if they can be happier under the Government they have chosen than under mine I shall be happy.'"

West constantly averred that the war was carried on and troops sent in direct opposition to the judgment and wishes of the King, who only yielded to the strong representations of his Ministry that he had no right to dismember so large and important a part of the British empire. As an evidence of this he cited the case of Lord Mansfield, who, on the occasion of a question as to the propriety of sending more troops to America, in the House of Peers, remarked "that it was now time for the Government to throw off the mask." The King, who could be aroused on certain occasions, became exceedingly angry with Lord Mansfield for the manner in which he had procured his sanction to send troops, and directed him never to see his face again—an order which was never relaxed.

It may be that West's partiality for the King induced him to overlook his own part in the American war, and disposed him to place on the shoulders of others the blame which should in part at least have been borne by him. Be this as it may, the friendship subsisting between them continued unabated, although occasions were not wanting in which those who were jealous of the influence of an American over the mind of their King strove to alienate their friendship. West was fully aware of this, and while he seldom paid attention to these attempts, could not fail occasionally to be annoyed at them. As an illustration of this feeling he narrated to Morse the following:

"While," remarked West, "the King was on a visit to me, news was brought of an important victory of his troops over the rebels. Not finding him at the palace, the messenger immediately traced him to my studio, and communicated the intelligence. After this was accomplished, turning to me, the messenger said,

"'And are you not gratified at the success of his Majesty's troops?'

"'No,' I replied; 'I can never rejoice in the misfortunes of my countrymen.'

"'Right,' replied the King, rising and placing his hand approvingly on my shoulder. 'If you did you would not long be a fit subject for any Government.'"

Among the members of the Royal Academy with whom Morse was in the habit of frequent association was Fuseli, whose erratic genius is perpetuated in the remarkable productions of his pencil, which at that time had great currency. Fuseli, who was a profound thinker and an agreeable companion, was on one occasion debating the question of the immortality of the soul with a disbeliever.

"I do not know that your soul is immortal," said Fuseli to his companion: "perhaps it is not; but I know that mine is."

"Why so?" demanded his companion, greatly astonished at the comparison.

"Because," said Fuseli, "I can conceive more in one minute than I can execute in a lifetime."

No stronger illustration than this can be given of the soul's immortality.

Another of these was Northcote, who did not affect to conceal his jealousy of other artists. On one occasion Coleridge attempted to take him to task for this unfortunate trait in his character. "Nonsense!" replied Northcote. "You possess, all men of genius possess, the same quality. As a test, are you willing to admit that Southey is as great a poet as yourself?"

"To be sure I am," replied Coleridge.

"Will you confess," continued Northcote, "that if you saw Southey standing under that beam"—pointing to the one above his head—"you would not secretly wish it to fall on and crush him?"

It must be admitted that Northcote's envy was inveterate and incurable.

Coleridge, who was a frequent visitor at the rooms of Leslie and Morse, frequently made his appearance under the influence of those fits of despondency to which he was subject. On these occasions, by a preconcerted plan, they often drew him from this state of despondency to one of brilliant imagination. "I was just wishing to see you," said Morse, on one of these occasions, when he entered with a hesitating step, and replied to their frank salutations with a gloomy aspect, and deep-drawn sighs. "Leslie and myself have had a dispute about certain lines of beauty; which is right?" And then each argued with the other for a few moments, until Coleridge became interested, and, rousing from his fit of despondency, spoke with an eloquence and depth of metaphysical reasoning on the subject far beyond the comprehension of his auditors. Their point, however, was gained, and Coleridge was again the eloquent, the profound, the gifted being which his remarkable productions show him to be.

"On one occasion," said Morse, "I heard him improvise, for half an hour, in blank verse, what he stated to be a strange dream, which was full of those wonderful creations that glitter like diamonds in his poetical productions."

"All of which," remarked I, "is undoubtedly lost to the world." "Not all," replied Mr. Morse, "for I recognize in the 'Ancient Mariner' some of the thoughts of that evening; but doubtless the greater part, which would have made the reputation of any other man, perished with the moment of inspiration, never again to be recalled."

When his tragedy of "Remorse," which had a run of twenty-one nights, was first brought out, Washington Alston, Charles King, Leslie, Lamb, Morse, and Coleridge, went together to witness its performance. They occupied a box near the stage, and each of the party was as much interested in its success as Coleridge himself. The effect of the frequent applauses upon Coleridge was very manifest; but when, at the end of the piece, he was called for by the audience, the intensity of his emotions was such as none but one gifted with the fine sensibilities of a poet could experience. Fortunately the audience was satisfied with a mere presentation of himself. His emotions would have precluded the idea of his speaking on such an occasion.

Alston, who had for some time been a sufferer from what was afterward found to be a stricture of the colon, soon after this became so much out of health that he thought a change of air, and a short residence in the country, might relieve him. He accordingly set out on this journey, accompanied by Leslie and Morse. When he reached Salt Hill, near Oxford, he became so ill as to be unable to proceed, and requested Morse to return to town for his medical attendant, Dr. Tuthill, and Coleridge, to whom he was ardently attached. Morse accordingly returned, and procuring a post-chaise, immediately set out for Salt Hill, a distance of twenty-two miles, accompanied by Coleridge and Dr. Tuthill. They arrived late in the evening, and were busied with Alston until midnight, when he became easier, and Morse and Coleridge left him for the night. Upon repairing to the sitting-room of the hotel Morse opened "Knickerbocker's History of New York," which he had thrown into the carriage before leaving town. Coleridge asked him what work he had?

"Oh," replied he, "it is only an American book!"

"Let me see it," demanded Coleridge. He accordingly handed it to him, and he was soon buried in its pages. Mr. Morse, overcome by the fatigues of the day, soon after retired to his chamber and fell asleep. On awaking the next morning he repaired to the sitting-room, when what his astonishment to find it still closed, with the lights burning, and Coleridge busy with the book he had lent him the previous night!

"Why, Coleridge," said he, approaching him, "have you been reading the whole night?"

"Why," remarked Coleridge, abstractedly, "it is not late."

He replied by throwing open the blinds and permitting the broad daylight, for it was now ten o'clock, to stream in upon them.

"Indeed," said Coleridge, "I had no conception of this; but the work has pleased me exceedingly. It is admirably written; pray who is its author?"

He was informed that it was the production of Washington Irving. It is needless to say that during the long residence of Irving in London they became warm friends.

Among the literary acquaintances formed by Morse in London at this period was Rogers, the poet, whose breakfasts have attained so wide a celebrity. At one of these, at which Leslie and Morse were the only guests, Rogers waggishly remarked to Morse that his friend Leslie was a very clever artist, but that it was a great pity that he did not throw more grace and beauty into his female figures.

Now if Leslie prided himself upon any thing it was precisely upon the grace and symmetry of his female figures, in which he particularly excelled, and so Morse informed him.

"You think so," said Rogers, quietly indulging in a pleasant laugh at his own waggery, and

changed the conversation, without explanation, to another subject.

It is well known that Rogers's house was literally made up of choice gems, and among these was a sketch of the "Miracle of the Slain" by Tintoretto, which Rogers informed Morse was executed by that great artist preparatory to the execution of the painting itself.

Morse asked Rogers where the original now was, as he had an order to paint a copy of it, and supposed, as it had been captured by Napoleon I., it was in Paris. Rogers informed him that it had been returned to Venice, where he afterward found it in the Academy of Fine Arts, immediately opposite Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin." The copy he then made, and which upon the death of its owner fell again into his hands, is in the library room of his town house. Fuseli, who at the time of Mr. Morse's residence in London was at the zenith of his fame, considered the original the finest picture in the world.

At this period Abernethy was in the full tide of his popularity as a surgeon, and Alston, who had for some little time had a grumbling pain in his thigh, proposed to Morse to accompany him to the house of the distinguished surgeon to consult him on the cause of the ailment. As Alston had his hand on the bell-pull the door was opened and a visitor passed out, immediately followed by a coarse-looking person with a large shaggy head of hair, whom Alston at once took for a domestic. He accordingly inquired if Mr. Abernethy was in.

"What do you want of Mr. Abernethy?" demanded this uncouth-looking person, with the harshest possible Scotch accent.

"I wished to see him," gently replied Alston, somewhat shocked by the coarseness of his reception; "is he at home?"

"Come in, come in mon," said the same uncouth personage.

"But he may be engaged," responded Alston; "perhaps I had better call another time."

"Come in, mon, I say," replied the person addressed, and partly by persuasion and partly by force, Alston, followed by Morse, was induced to enter the hall, which they had no sooner done than the person who admitted them closed the street door, and placing his back against it, said, "Now tell me what is your business with Mr. Abernethy. I am Mr. Abernethy."

"I have come to consult you," replied Alston, "about an affection—"

"What the de'il hae I to do with your affections!" bluntly interposed Abernethy."

"Perhaps, Mr. Abernethy," said Alston, by this time so completely overcome by the apparent rudeness of the eminent surgeon as to regret calling on him at all, "you are engaged at present, and I had better call again."

"De'il the bit, de'il the bit, mon," said Abernethy. "Come in, come in," and he preceded them to his office, and examined his case, which proved to be a slight one, with such gentleness as almost to lead them to doubt whether Abernethy within his consulting-room, and Abernethy whom they had encountered in the passage, was really the same personage.

Mr. Morse first settled himself as an artist in Boston, but afterward removed to Charleston, South Carolina, where he obtained as a patron Governor Alston, a relative of his early friend Washington Alston. This gentleman, whom Mr. Morse had never seen, soon after his arrival in Charleston, directed him by letter to paint portraits of his two children, a son and a daughter, leaving the price optional with the artist. When the paintings were completed, Governor Alston not only added a considerable gratuity to the sum demanded, but gave Mr. Morse an order to execute a painting of his daughter in the very best style of art. For this painting, which represents Miss Alston amidst the ruins of an old abbey caressing a young fawn, the artist demanded eight hundred dollars. Governor Alston, in a highly complimentary letter, inclosed a check for one thousand dollars. When Mr. Morse left Charleston to become a resident of New York, he begged Governor Alston, in consideration of the many kindnesses he had bestowed upon him, to accept as a parting gift a picture painted by himself, entitled the "Judgment of Jupiter," and which he highly prized. This painting for many years occupied a place in Governor Alston's collection, but upon his decease it was sold among others, and for years its locality remained a mystery. A few years since, while on a visit to Europe, his niece received as a present from a friend a painting attributed to another artist, but which upon examination proved to be the identical "Judgment of Jupiter" presented many years before to Governor Alston, and which had now, by the merest accident, returned to the possession of the family of its author.

Mr. Morse, after a life of great activity, intermixed with no little personal annoyance and many pleasant remembrances, at the advanced age of seventy, has retired from the active duties of life, and devotes himself to the gratification of the tastes of a cultivated gentleman, and the exercise of a generous hospitality. His country residence, situated in a most picturesque spot, amidst deep ravines and lofty forest trees, upon the banks of the Hudson, a short distance from the town of Poughkeepsie, is built in the Italian style of villa architecture, and contains a high tower, and extensive piazzas clustering with vines and flowers.

In this delightful spot, adorned with all the chasteness of an artist's taste, in the midst of a charming and affectionate family, and a large circle of sympathizing friends, the evening of life is passing away in quiet and undisturbed repose. Occasionally the little world of "Locust Grove" is fluttered by the announcement of the completion of some new telegraphic enterprise, as the fruits of his invention, but it soon subsides into its customary channel, and moves along as quietly and as undisturbed as the dreamy river that flows languidly at its feet.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XXV.

INFANDI DOLORES.

PHILIP'S heart beat very quickly at seeing this grim pair, and the guilty newspaper before them, on which Mrs. Baynes's lean right hand was laid. "So, Sir," she cried, "you still honor us with your company, after distinguishing yourself as you did the night before last. Fighting and boxing like a porter at his Excellency's ball. It's disgusting! I have no other word for it—disgusting!" And here I suppose she nudged the general, or gave him some look or signal by which he knew he was to come into action; for Baynes straightway advanced and delivered his fire.

"Faith, Sir, more bub-ub-blackguard conduct I never heard of in my life! That's the only word for it; the only word for it," cries Baynes.

"The general knows what blackguard conduct is, and yours is that conduct, Mr. Firmin! It is all over the town: is talked of every where: will be in all the newspapers. When his lordship heard of it he was furious. Never, never will you be admitted into the Embassy again, after disgracing yourself as you have done," cries the lady.

"Disgracing yourself, that's the word. And disgraceful your conduct was, begad," cries the officer second in command.

"You don't know my provocation," pleaded poor Philip. "As I came up to him Twysden was boasting that he had struck me, and—and laughing at me."

"And a pretty figure you were to come to a ball. Who could help laughing, Sir?"

"He bragged of having insulted me, and I lost my temper, and struck him in return. The thing is done and can't be helped," growled Philip.

"Strike a little man before ladies! Very brave indeed!" cries the lady.

"Mrs. Baynes!"

"I call it cowardly. In the army we consider it cowardly to quarrel before ladies," continues Mrs. General B.

"I have waited at home for two days to see if he wanted any more," groaned Philip.

"O yes! After insulting and knocking a little man down, you want to murder him! And you call that the conduct of a Christian, the conduct of a gentleman!"

"The conduct of a ruffian, by George!" says General Baynes.

"It was prudent of you to choose a very little man, and to have the ladies within hearing!" continues Mrs. Baynes. "Why, I wonder you haven't beaten my dear children next. Don't you, general, wonder he has not knocked down our poor boys? They are quite small. And it is evident that ladies being present is no hindrance to Mr. Firmin's *boxing matches.*"

"The conduct is gross, and unworthy of a gentleman," reiterates the general.

"You hear what that man says—that old man, who never says an unkind word? That veteran, who has been in twenty battles, and never struck a man before women yet? Did you, Charles? *He* has given you his opinion. He has called you a name which I won't soil my lips with repeating, but which you deserve. And do you suppose, Sir, that I will give my blessed child to a man who has acted as you have acted, and been called a—? Charles! General! I will go to my grave rather than see my daughter given up to such a man!"

"Good Heavens!" said Philip, his knees trembling under him. "You don't mean to say that you intend to go from your word, and—"

"Oh! you threaten about money, do you? Because your father was a cheat, you intend to try and make us suffer, do you?" shrieks the lady. "A man who strikes a little man before ladies will commit any act of cowardice, I dare say. And if you wish to beggar my family because your father was a rogue—"

"My dear!" interposes the general.

"Wasn't he a rogue, Baynes? Is there any denying it? Haven't you said so a hundred and a hundred times? A nice family to marry into! No, Mr. Firmin! You may insult me as you please. You may strike little men before ladies. You may lift your great wicked hand against that poor old man in one of your tipsy fits; but I know a mother's love, a mother's duty, and I desire that we see you no more."

"Great Powers!" cries Philip, aghast. "You don't mean to—to separate me from Charlotte, general! I have your word. You encouraged me. I shall break my heart. I'll go down on my knees to that fellow. I'll—oh!—you don't mean what you say!" And, scared and sobbing,

the poor fellow clasped his strong hands together, and appealed to the general.

Baynes was under his wife's eye. "I think," he said, "your conduct has been confoundedly bad, disorderly, and ungentlemanlike. You can't support my child, if you marry her. And if you have the least spark of honor in you, as you say you have, it is you, Mr. Firmin, who will break off the match, and release the poor child from certain misery. By George, Sir, how is a man who fights and quarrels in a nobleman's ball-room to get on in the world? How is a man who can't afford a decent coat to his back to keep a wife? The more I have known you, the more I have felt that the engagement would bring misery upon my child! Is that what you want? A man of honor." ("*Honor!*" in italics, from Mrs. Baynes.) "Hush, my dear! A man of spirit would give her up, Sir. What have you to offer but beggary, by George? Do you want my girl to come home to your lodgings, and mend your clothes?"......"I think I put that point pretty well, Bunch, my boy," said the general, talking of the matter afterward. "I hit him there, Sir."

The old soldier did indeed strike his adversary there with a vital stab. Philip's coat, no doubt, was ragged, and his purse but light. He had sent money to his father out of his small stock. There were one or two servants in the old house in Parr Street, who had been left without their wages, and a part of these debts Philip had paid. He knew his own violence of temper, and his unruly independence. He thought very humbly of his talents, and often doubted of his capacity to get on in the world. In his less hopeful moods he trembled to think that he might be bringing poverty and unhappiness upon his dearest little maiden, for whom he would joyfully have sacrificed his blood, his life. Poor Philip sank back sickening and fainting almost under Baynes's words.

"You'll let me—you'll let me see her?" he gasped out.

"She's unwell. She is in her bed. She can't appear to-day!" cried the mother.

"Oh, Mrs. Baynes! I must, I must see her," Philip said; and fairly broke out in a sob of pain.

"This is the man that strikes men before women!" said Mrs. Baynes. "Very courageous, certainly!"

"By George, Eliza!" the general cried out, starting up. "It's too bad."......

"Infirm of purpose, give me the daggers!" Philip yelled out, while describing the scene to his biographer in after-days. "Macbeth would never have done the murders but for that little quiet woman at his side. When the Indian prisoners are killed, the squaws always invent the worst tortures. You should have seen that fiend and her livid smile as she was drilling her gimblets into my heart. I don't know how I offended her. I tried to like her, Sir. I had humbled myself before her. I went on her errands. I played cards with her. I sate and listened to her dreadful stories about Barrackpore and the governor-general. I wallowed in the dust before her, and she hated me. I can see her face now: her cruel yellow face, and her sharp teeth, and her gray eyes. It was the end of August, and pouring a storm that day. I suppose my poor child was cold and suffering up stairs, for I heard the poking of a fire in her little room. When I hear a fire poked overhead now—twenty years after—the whole thing comes back to me; and I suffer over again that infernal agony. Were I to live a thousand years I could not forgive her. I never did her a wrong, but I can't forgive her. Ah, my Heaven, how that woman tortured me!"

"I think I know one or two similar instances," said Mr. Firmin's biographer.

"You are always speaking ill of women!" said Mr. Firmin's biographer's wife.

"No, thank Heaven!" said the gentleman. "I think I know some of whom I never thought or spoke a word of evil. My dear, will you give Philip some more tea?" and with this the gentleman's narrative is resumed.

The rain was beating down the avenue as Philip went into the street. He looked up at Charlotte's window; but there was no sign. There was a flicker of a fire there. The poor girl had the fever, and was shuddering in her little room, weeping and sobbing on Madame Smolensk's shoulder, *que c'était pitié à voir*, Madame said. Her mother had told her she must break from Philip; had invented and spoken a hundred calumnies against him; declared that he never cared for her; that he had loose principles, and was forever haunting theatres and bad company. "It's not true, mother, it's not true!" the little girl had cried, flaming up in revolt for a moment; but she soon subsided in tears and misery, utterly broken by the thought of her calamity. Then her father had been brought to her, who had been made to believe some of the stories against poor Philip, and who was commanded by his wife to impress them upon the girl. And Baynes tried to obey orders; but he was scared and cruelly pained by the sight of his little maiden's grief and suffering. He attempted a weak expostulation, and began a speech or two. But his heart failed him. He retreated behind his wife. *She* never hesitated in speech or resolution, and her language became more bitter as her ally faltered. Philip was a drunkard; Philip was a prodigal; Philip was a frequenter of dissolute haunts, and loose companions. She had the best authority for what she said. Was not a mother anxious for the welfare of her own child? ("Begad, you don't suppose your own mother would do any thing that was not for your welfare, now?" broke in the general, feebly.) "Do you think if he had not been drunk he would have ventured to commit such an atrocious outrage as that at the Embassy? And do you suppose I want a drunkard and a beggar to marry my daughter?" "Your ingratitude,

Charlotte, is horrible!" cries mamma. And poor Philip, charged with drunkenness, had dined for seventeen sous, with a carafon of beer, and had counted on a supper that night by little Charlotte's side: so, while the child lay sobbing on her bed, the mother stood over her, and lashed her. For General Baynes—a brave man, a kind-hearted man—to have to look on while this torture was inflicted, must have been a hard duty. He could not eat the boarding-house dinner, though he took his place at the table at the sound of the dismal bell. Madame herself was not present at the meal; and you know poor Charlotte's place was vacant. Her father went up stairs, and paused by her bedroom door, and listened. He heard murmurs within, and Madame's voice, as he stumbled at the door, cried harshly, "*Qui est là?*" He entered. Madame was sitting on the bed, with Charlotte's head on her lap. The thick brown tresses were falling over the child's white night-dress, and she lay almost motionless, and sobbing feebly. "Ah, it is you, General!" said Madame. "You have done a pretty work, Sir!" "Mamma says, won't you take something, Charlotte, dear?" faltered the old man. "Will you leave her tranquil?" said Madame, with her deep voice. The father retreated. When Madame went out presently to get that panacea, *une tasse de thé*, for her poor little friend, she found the old gentleman seated on a portmanteau at his door. "Is she—is she a little better now?" he sobbed out. Madame shrugged her shoulders, and looked down on the veteran with superb scorn. "*Vous n'êtes qu'un poltron, général!*" she said, and swept down stairs. Baynes was beaten indeed. He was suffering horrible pain. He was quite unmanned, and tears were trickling down his old cheeks as he sate wretchedly there in the dark. His wife did not leave the table as long as dinner and dessert lasted. She read *Galignani* resolutely afterward. She told the children not to make a noise, as their sister was up stairs with a bad headache. But she revoked that statement, as it were (as she revoked at cards presently), by asking the Miss Bolderos to play one of their duets.

I wonder whether Philip walked up and down before the house that night? Ah, it was a dismal night for all of them—a racking pain, a cruel sense of shame throbbed under Baynes's cotton tassel; and as for Mrs. Baynes, I hope there was not much rest or comfort under *her* old night-cap. Madame passed the greater part of the night in a great chair in Charlotte's bedroom, where the poor child heard the hours toll one after the other, and found no comfort in the dreary rising of the dawn.

At a very early hour of the dismal rainy morning, what made poor little Charlotte fling her arms round Madame, and cry out, "Ah, que je vous aime! ah, que vous êtes bonne, Madame!" and smile almost happily through her tears? In the first place, Madame went to Charlotte's dressing-table, whence she took a pair of scissors. Then the little maid sat up on her bed, with her brown hair clustering over her shoulders; and Madame took a lock of it, and cut a thick curl; and kissed poor little Charlotte's red eyes; and laid her pale cheek on the pillow, and carefully covered her; and bade her, with many tender words, to go to sleep. "If you are very good, and will go to sleep, he shall have it in half an hour," Madame said. "And as I go down stairs I will tell Françoise to have some tea ready for you when you ring." And this promise, and the thought of what Madame was going to do, comforted Charlotte in her misery. And with many fond, fond prayers for Philip, and consoled by thinking, "Now she must have gone the greater part of the way; now she must be with him; now he knows I will never, never love any but him," she fell asleep at length on her moistened pillow: and was smiling in her sleep, and I dare say dreaming of Philip, when the noise of the fall of a piece of furniture roused her, and she awoke out of her dream to see the grim old mother, in her white night-cap and white dressing-gown, standing by her side.

Never mind. "She has seen him now. She has told him now," was the child's very first thought as her eyes fairly opened. "He knows that I never, never will think of any but him." She felt as if she was actually there in Philip's room, speaking herself to him; murmuring vows which her fond lips had whispered many and many a time to her lover. And now he knew she would never break them she was consoled and felt more courage.

"You have had some sleep, Charlotte?" asks Mrs. Baynes.

"Yes, I have been asleep, mamma." As she speaks, she feels under the pillow a little locket containing—what? I suppose a scrap of Mr. Philip's lank hair.

"I hope you are in a less wicked frame of mind than when I left you last night," continues the matron.

"Was I wicked for loving Philip? Then I am wicked still, mamma!" cries the child, sitting up in her bed. And she clutches that little lock of hair which nestles under her pillow.

"What nonsense, child! This is what you get out of your stupid novels. I tell you he does not think about you. He is quite a reckless, careless libertine."

"Yes, so reckless and careless that we owe him the bread we eat. He doesn't think of me! Doesn't he? Ah—" Here she paused as a clock in a neighboring chamber began to strike. "Now," she thought, "he has got my message!" A smile dawned over her face. She sank back on her pillow, turning her head from her mother. She kissed the locket, and murmured: "Not think of me! Don't you, don't you, my dear!" She did not heed the woman by her side, hear her voice, or for a moment seem aware of her presence. Charlotte was away in Philip's room: she saw him talking with her messenger; heard his voice so deep, and so sweet; knew that the promises he had spoken he never would break. With gleaming eyes and flushing cheeks she

looked at her mother, her enemy. She held her talisman locket and pressed it to her heart. No, she would never be untrue to him! No, he would never, never desert her! And as Mrs. Baynes looked at the honest indignation beaming in the child's face she read Charlotte's revolt, defiance, perhaps victory. The meek child, who never before had questioned an order or formed a wish which she would not sacrifice at her mother's order, was now in arms asserting independence. But I should think mamma is not going to give up the command after a single act of revolt, and that she will try more attempts than one to cajole or coerce her rebel.

Meanwhile let Fancy leave the talisman locket nestling on Charlotte's little heart (in which soft shelter methinks it were pleasant to linger). Let her wrap a shawl round her, and affix to her feet a pair of stout galoshes; let her walk rapidly through the muddy Champs Elysées, where, in this inclement season, only a few policemen and artisans are to be found moving. Let her pay a half-penny at the Pont des Invalides, and so march stoutly along the quays, by the Chamber of Deputies—where as yet deputies assemble—and trudge along the river side, until she reaches Seine Street, into which, as you all know, the Rue Poussin debouches. This was the road brave Madame Smolensk took on a gusty, rainy autumn morning, and on foot, for five-franc pieces were scarce with the good woman. Before the Hôtel Poussin (*ah, qu'on y était bien à vingt ans!*) is a little painted wicket which opens, ringing, and then there is the passage, you know, with the stair leading to the upper regions, to Monsieur Philippe's room, which is on the first floor, as is that of Bouchard, the painter, who has his atélier over the way. A bad painter is Bouchard, but a worthy friend, a cheery companion, a modest, amiable gentleman. And a rare good fellow is Laberge of the second floor, the poet from Carcassonne, who pretends to be studying law, but whose heart is with the Muses, and whose talk is of Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset, whose verses he will repeat to all comers. Near Laberge (I think I have heard Philip say) lived Escasse, a Southern man too—a capitalist—a clerk in a bank, *quoi!*—whose apartment was decorated sumptuously with his own furniture, who had Spanish wine and sausages in cupboards, and a bag of dollars for a friend in need. Is Escasse alive still? Philip Firmin wonders, and that old colonel, who lived on the same floor, and who had been a prisoner in England? What wonderful descriptions that Colonel Dujarret had of *les meess anglaises* and their singularities of dress and behavior! Though conquered and a prisoner, what a conqueror and enslaver he was, when in our country! You see, in his rough way, Philip used to imitate these people to his friends, and we almost fancied we could see the hotel before us. It was very clean; it was very cheap; it was very dark; it was very cheerful—capital coffee and bread and butter for breakfast for fifteen sous; capital bedroom *au premier* for thirty francs a month—dinner if you would for I forget how little, and a merry talk round the pipes and the grog afterward—the grog, or the modest *eau sucrée.* Here Colonel Dujarret recorded his victories over both sexes. Here Colonel Tymowski sighed over his enslaved Poland. Tymowski was the second who was to act for Philip in case the Ringwood Twysden affair should have come to any violent conclusion. Here Laberge bawled poetry to Philip, who no doubt in his turn confided to the young Frenchman his own hopes and passion. Deep into the night he would sit talking of his love, of her goodness, of her beauty, of her innocence, of her dreadful mother, of her good old father—*que sais-je?* Have we not said that when this man had any thing on his mind straightway he bellowed forth his opinions to the universe? Philip, away from his love, would roar out her praises for hours and hours to Laberge, until the candles burned down, until the hour for rest was come and could be delayed no longer. Then he would hie to bed with a prayer for her; and the very instant he awoke begin to think of her, and bless her, and thank God for her love. Poor as Mr. Philip was, yet as the possessor of health, content, honor, and that priceless pure jewel the girl's love, I think we will not pity him much; though, as the night when he received his dismissal from Mrs. Baynes, he must have passed an awful time, to be sure. Toss, Philip, on your bed of pain, and doubt, and fear. Toll, heavy hours, from night till dawn. Ah! 'twas a weary night through which two sad young hearts heard you tolling.

At a pretty early hour the various occupants of the crib at the Rue Poussin used to appear in the dingy little salle-à-manger, and partake of the breakfast there provided. Monsieur Menou, in his shirt-sleeves, shared and distributed the meal. Madame Menou, with a Madras handkerchief round her grizzling head, laid down the smoking coffee on the shining oil-cloth, while each guest helped himself out of a little museum of napkins to his own particular towel. The room was small: the breakfast was not fine: the guests who partook of it were certainly not remarkable for the luxury of clean linen; but Philip, who is many years older now than when he dwelt in this hotel, and is not pinched for money at all, you will be pleased to hear (and between ourselves has become rather a gourmand), declares he was a very happy youth at this humble Hôtel Poussin, and sighs for the days when he was sighing for Miss Charlotte.

Well, he has passed a dreadful night of gloom and terror. I doubt that he has bored Laberge very much with his tears and despondency. And now morning has come, and as he is having his breakfast with one or more of the before-named worthies, the little boy-of-all-work enters grinning, his *plumet* under his arm, and cries, "*Une dame pour M. Philippe!*"

"*Une dame*," says the French Colonel, looking up from his paper; "*allez, mauvais sujet!*"

"*Grand Dieu!* what has happened?" cries

Philip, running forward, as he recognizes Madame's tall figure in the passage. They go up to his room, I suppose, regardless of the grins and sneers of the little boy with the *plumet*, who aids the maid-servant to make the beds, and who thinks Monsieur Philippe has a very elderly acquaintance.

Philip closes the door upon his visitor, who looks at him with so much hope, kindness, confidence in her eyes, that the poor fellow is encouraged almost ere she begins to speak. "Yes, you have reason; I come from the little person," Madame Smolensk said; "the means of resisting that poor dear angel! She has passed a sad night. What? You, too, have not been in bed, poor young man!" Indeed Philip had only thrown himself on his bed, and had kicked there, and had groaned there, and had tossed there; and had tried to read, and, I dare say, remembered afterward, with a strange interest, the book he read, and that other thought which was throbbing in his brain all the time while he was reading, and while the wakeful hours went wearily tolling by.

"No, in effect," says poor Philip, rolling a dismal cigarette; "the night has not been too fine. And she has suffered too? Heaven bless her!" And then Madame Smolensk told how the little dear angel had cried all the night long, and how the Smolensk had not succeeded in comforting her, until she promised she would go to Philip, and tell him that his Charlotte would be his for ever and ever; that she never could think of any man but him; that he was the best, and the dearest, and the bravest, and the truest Philip, and that she did not believe one word of those wicked stories told against him by— "Hold, Monsieur Philippe, I suppose Madame la Générale has been talking about you, and loves you no more," cried Madame Smolensk; "we other women are assassins—assassins, see you! But Madame la Générale went too far with the little maid. She is an obedient little maid, the dear Miss!—trembling before her mother, and always ready to yield—only now her spirit is roused; and she is yours and yours only. The little dear, gentle child! Ah, how pretty she was, leaning on my shoulder! I held her there—yes there, my poor garçon, and I cut this from her neck, and brought it to thee. Come, embrace me. Weep; that does good, Philip. I love thee well. Go—and thy little—It is an angel!" And so, in the hour of their pain, myriads of manly hearts have found woman's love ready to soothe their anguish.

Leaving to Philip that thick curling lock of brown hair (from a head where now, mayhap, there is a line or two of matron silver), this Samaritan plods her way back to her own house, where her own cares await her. But though the way is long, Madame's step is lighter now, as she thinks how Charlotte at the journey's end is waiting for news of Philip; and I suppose there are more kisses and embraces when the good soul meets with the little suffering girl, and tells her how Philip will remain forever true and faithful; and how true love must come to a happy ending; and how she, Smolensk, will do all in her power to aid, comfort, and console her young friends. As for the writer of Mr. Philip's memoirs, you see I never try to make any concealments. I have told you all along that Charlotte and Philip are married, and I believe they are happy. But it is certain that they suffered dreadfully at this time of their lives; and my wife says that Charlotte, if she alludes to the period and the trial, speaks as though they had both undergone some hideous operation, the remembrance of which forever causes a pang to the memory. So, my young lady, will you have your trial one day—to be borne, pray Heaven, with a meek spirit. Ah, how surely the turn comes to all of us! Look at Madame Smolensk at her luncheon-table, this day, after her visit to Philip at his lodging, after comforting little Charlotte in her pain. How brisk she is! How good-natured! How she smiles! How she speaks to all her company, and carves for her guests! You do not suppose she has no griefs and cares of her own? You know better. I dare say she is thinking of her creditors; of her poverty; of that accepted bill which will come due next week, and so forth. The Samaritan who rescues you, most likely, has been robbed and has bled in his day, and it is a wounded arm that bandages yours when bleeding.

If Anatole, the boy who scoured the plain at the Hôtel Poussin, with his plumet in his jacket pocket, and his slippers soled with scrubbing-brushes, saw the embrace between Philip and his good friend, I believe, in his experience at that hotel, he never witnessed a transaction more honorable, generous, and blameless. Put what construction you will on the business, Anatole, you little imp of mischief! your mother never gave you a kiss more tender than that which Madame Smolensk bestowed on Philip—than that which she gave Philip?—than that which she carried back from him and faithfully placed on poor little Charlotte's pale round cheek. The world is full of love and pity, I say. Had there been less suffering there would have been less kindness. I, for one, almost wish to be ill again, so that the friends who succored me might once more come to my rescue.

To poor little wounded Charlotte in her bed our friend the mistress of the boarding-house brought back inexpressible comfort. Whatever might betide, Philip would never desert her! "Think you I would ever have gone on such an embassy for a French girl, or interfered between her and her parents?" Madame asked. "Never, never! But you and Monsieur Philip are already betrothed before Heaven; and I should despise you, Charlotte, I should despise him, were either to draw back." This little point being settled in Miss Charlotte's mind, I can fancy she is immensely soothed and comforted; that hope and courage settle in her heart; that the color comes back to her young cheeks; that she can come and join her family as she did yesterday. "I told you she never cared about him,"

says Mrs. Baynes to her husband. "Faith no, she can't have cared for him much," says Baynes, with something of a sorrow that his girl should be so light-minded. But you and I, who have been behind the scenes, who have peeped into Philip's bedroom and behind poor Charlotte's modest curtains, know that the girl had revolted from her parents; and so children will if the authority exercised over them is too tyrannical or unjust. Gentle Charlotte, who scarce ever resisted, was aroused and in rebellion: honest Charlotte, who used to speak all her thoughts, now hid them, and deceived father and mother—yes, deceived—what a confession to make regarding a young lady, the *prima donna* of our opera! Mrs. Baynes is, as usual, writing her lengthy scrawls to sister MacWhirter, at Tours, and informs the major's lady that she has very great satisfaction in at last being able to announce "that that most imprudent and in all respects ineligible engagement between her Charlotte and *a certain young man*, son of a bankrupt London physician, is come to an end. Mr. F.'s conduct has been so wild, *so gross*, *so disorderly* and *ungentlemanlike*, that the general (and you know, Maria, how soft and *sweet a tempered* man Baynes is) has told Mr. Firmin his opinion in unmistakable words, and forbidden him to continue his visits. After seeing him every day for six months, during which time she has accustomed herself to his peculiarities, and his often coarse and odious expressions and conduct, no wonder the separation has been a shock to dear Char, though I believe the young man feels nothing who has been *the cause of all this grief.* That he cares but little for *her*, has been my opinion *all along*, though she, artless child, gave him her whole affection. He has been accustomed to throw over women; and the brother of a young lady whom Mr. F. *had courted and left* (and who has made a most excellent match since) showed his indignation at Mr. F.'s conduct at the embassy ball the other night, on which the young man took advantage of his greatly superior size and strength to begin a *vulgar boxing-match*, in which both parties were severely wounded. Of course you saw the paragraph in *Galignani* about the whole affair. I sent our dresses, but it did not print them, though our names appeared as among the company. Any thing more singular than the appearance of Mr. F. you can not well imagine. I wore my garnets; Charlotte (who attracted universal admiration) was in, etc., etc. Of course the separation has occasioned her a good deal of pain; for Mr. F. certainly behaved with much kindness and forbearance on a previous occasion. But the general will *not hear* of the continuance of the connection. He says the young man's conduct has been too gross and shameful; and when once roused, you know, I might as well attempt to chain a tiger as Baynes. Our poor Char will suffer, no doubt, in consequence of the behavior of this brute, but she has ever been an obedient child, who knows how to honor her father and mother. *She bears up wonderfully*, though, of course, the dear child suffers at the parting. I think if *she were to go to you and MacWhirter at Tours for a month or two*, she would be all the better for *change of air*, too, dear Mac. Come and fetch her, and we will pay the *dawk*. She would go to certain poverty and wretchedness did she marry this most violent and disreputable young man. The General sends regards to Mac, and I am," etc.

That these were the actual words of Mrs. Baynes's letter I can not, as a veracious biographer, take upon myself to say. I never saw the document, though I have had the good fortune to peruse others from the same hand. Charlotte saw the letter some time after, when on a visit to her aunt at Tours, and when a quarrel occurred between the two sisters—Mrs. Major and Mrs. General—and Charlotte mentioned the contents of the letter to a friend of mine who has talked to me about his affairs, and especially his love affairs, for many and many a long hour. And shrewd old woman as Mrs. Baynes may be, you may see how utterly she was mistaken in fancying that her daughter's obedience was still secure. The little maid had left father and mother, at first with their eager sanction; her love had been given to Firmin; and an inmate—a prisoner if you will—under her father's roof, her heart remained with Philip, however time or distance might separate them.

And now, as we have the command of Philip's desk, and are free to open and read the private letters which relate to his history, I take leave to put in a document which was penned in his place of exile by his worthy father, upon receiving the news of the quarrel described in the last chapter of these memoirs:

"Astor House, New York, *September* 27.

"Dear Philip,—I received the news in your last kind and affectionate letter with not unmingled pleasure; but ah, what pleasure in life does not carry its *amari aliquid* along with it! That you are hearty, cheerful, and industrious, earning a small competence, I am pleased indeed to think: that you talk about being married to a penniless girl I can't say gives me a very sincere pleasure. With your good looks, good manners, attainments, you might have hoped for a better match than a half-pay officer's daughter. But 'tis useless speculating on what might have been. We are puppets in the hands of fate, most of us. We are carried along by a power stronger than ourselves. It has driven me, at sixty years of age, from competence, general respect, high position, to poverty and exile. So be it! *laudo manentem*, as my delightful old friend and philosopher teaches me—*si celeres quatit pennas*....you know the rest. Whatever our fortune may be, I hope that my Philip and his father will bear it with the courage of gentlemen.

"Our papers have announced the death of your poor mother's uncle, Lord Ringwood, and I had a fond lingering hope that he might have left some token of remembrance to his brother's grandson. He has not. You have *probam pauperiem sine dote*. You have courage, health, strength, and talent. I was in greater straits than you are at your age. *My* father was not as indulgent as yours, I hope and trust, has been. From debt and dependence I worked myself up to a proud position by my own efforts. That the storm overtook me and engulfed me afterward is true. But I am like the merchant of my favorite poet: I still

hope—ay, at 63! to mend my shattered ships, *indocilis pauperiem pati.* I still hope to pay back to my dear boy that fortune which ought to have been his, and which went down in my own shipwreck. Something tells me I must, I will!

"I agree with you that your escape from Agnes Twysden has been *a piece of good fortune for you*, and am much diverted by your account of her *dusky inamorato!* Between ourselves, the fondness of the Twysdens for money amounted to meanness. And though I always received Twysden in dear old Parr Street, as I trust a gentleman should, his company was insufferably tedious to me, and his vulgar loquacity odious. His son also was little to my taste. Indeed I was *heartily relieved* when I found your connection with that family was over, knowing their rapacity about money, and that it was your fortune, not you, they were anxious to secure for Agnes.

"You will be glad to hear that I am in not inconsiderable practice already. My reputation as a physician had preceded me to this country. My work on Gout was favorably noticed here, and in Philadelphia, and in Boston, by the scientific journals of those great cities. People are more generous and compassionate toward misfortune here than in our cold-hearted island. I could mention several gentlemen of New York who have suffered shipwreck, like myself, and are now prosperous and respected. I had the good fortune to be of considerable professional service to Colonel J. B. Fogle, of New York, on our voyage out; and the Colonel, who is a leading personage here, has shown himself not at all ungrateful. Those who fancy that at New York people can not appreciate and understand the manners of a gentleman, are *not a little mistaken;* and a man who, like myself, has lived with the best society in London, has, I flatter myself, not lived in that society *quite in vain.* The Colonel is proprietor and editor of one of the most brilliant and influential journals of the city. You know that arms and the toga are often worn here by the same individual, and....

"I had actually written thus far when I read in the Colonel's paper, the New York *Emerald*, an account of your battle with your cousin at the Embassy ball! Oh, you pugnacious Philip! Well, young Twysden was very vulgar, very rude and overbearing, and, I have no doubt, deserved the chastisement you gave him. By-the-way, the correspondent of the *Emerald* makes some droll blunders regarding you in his letter. We are all fair game for publicity in this country, where the press is free *with a vengeance;* and your private affairs, or mine, or the President's, or our gracious Queen's, for the matter of that, are discussed with a freedom which certainly *amounts to license.* The Colonel's lady is passing the winter in Paris, where I should wish you to pay your respects to her. Her husband has been most kind to me. I am told that Mrs. F. lives in the very choicest French society, and the friendship of this family may be useful to you as to your affectionate father, G. B. F.

"Address as usual, until you hear further from me, as Dr. Brandon, New York. I wonder whether Lord Estridge has asked you after his old college friend? When he was Headbury and at Trinity, he and a certain pensioner whom men used to nickname Brummell Firmin were said to be the best dressed men in the university. Estridge has advanced to rank, to honors! You may rely on it that he will have one of the *very next* vacant garters. What a different, what an unfortunate career, has been his quondam friend's!—an exile, an inhabitant of a small room in a great hotel, where I sit at a scrambling public table with all sorts of coarse people! The way in which they bolt their dinner, often *with a knife*, shocks me. Your remittance was most welcome, small as it was. It shows my Philip has *a kind heart.* Ah! why, why are you thinking of marriage, who are so poor? By-the-way, your encouraging account of your circumstances has induced me to draw upon you for 100 dollars. The bill will go to Europe by the packet which carries this letter, and has kindly been cashed for me by my friends, Messrs. Plaster and Shinman, of Wall Street, respected bankers of this city. Leave your card with Mrs. Fogle. Her husband himself may be useful to you and your ever attached

"FATHER."

We take the New York *Emerald* at Bays's, and in it I had read a very amusing account of our friend Philip, in an ingenious correspondence entitled "Letters from an Attaché," which appeared in that journal. I even copied the paragraph to show to my wife, and perhaps to forward to our friend.

"I promise you," wrote the attaché, "the new country did not disgrace the old at the British Embassy ball on Queen Vic's birthday. Colonel Z. B. Hoggins's lady, of Albany, and the peerless bride of Elijah J. Dibbs, of Twenty-ninth Street in your city, were the observed of all observers for splendor, for elegance, for refined native beauty. The Royal Dukes danced with nobody else; and at the attention of one of the Princes to the lovely Miss Dibbs, I observed his Royal Duchess looked as black as thunder. Supper handsome. Back Delmonico to beat it. Champagne so so. By-the-way, the young fellow who writes here for the *Pall Mall Gazette* got too much of the Champagne on board—as usual, I am told. The Honorable R. Twysden, of London, was rude to my young chap's partner, or winked at him offensively, or trod on his toe, or I don't know what—but young F. followed him into the garden; hit out at him; sent him flying, like a spread eagle into the midst of an illumination, and left him there sprawling. Wild, rampageous fellow, this young F., has already spent his own fortune, and ruined his poor old father, who has been forced to cross the water. Old Louis Philippe went away early. He talked long with our minister about his travels in our country. I was standing by, but in course ain't so ill-bred as to say what passed between them."

This is the way history is written. I dare say about others besides Philip, in English papers as well as American, have fables been narrated.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONTAINS A TUG OF WAR.

Who was the first to spread the report that Philip was a prodigal who had ruined his poor confiding father? I thought I knew a person who might be interested in getting under any shelter, and sacrificing even his own son for his own advantage. I thought I knew a man who had done as much already, and surely might do so again; but my wife flew into one of her tempests of indignation when I hinted something of this, clutched her own children to her heart, according to her maternal wont, asked me was there any power would cause me to belie *them?* and sternly rebuked me for daring to be so wicked, heartless, and cynical. My dear creature, wrath is no answer. You call me heartless and cynic for saying men are false and wicked. Have you never heard to what lengths

some bankrupts will go? To appease the wolves who chase them in the winter forest, have you not read how some travelers will cast all their provisions out of the sledge? Then, when all the provisions are gone, don't you know that they will fling out perhaps the sister, perhaps the mother, perhaps the baby, the little, dear, tender innocent? Don't you see him tumbling among the howling pack, and the wolves gnashing, gnawing, crashing, gobbling him up in the snow? Oh, horror, horror! My wife clutches all the young ones to her breast as I utter these fiendish remarks. She hugs them in her embrace, and says, "For shame!" and that I am a monster, and so on. Go to! Go down on your knees, woman, and acknowledge the sinfulness of our human kind. How long had our race existed ere murder and violence began? and how old was the world ere brother slew brother?

Well, my wife and I came to a compromise. I might have my opinion, but was there any need to communicate it to poor Philip? No, surely. So I never sent him the extract from the New York *Emerald;* though, of course, some other good-natured friend did, and I don't think my magnanimous friend cared much. As for supposing that his own father, to cover his own character, would lie away his son's—such a piece of artifice was quite beyond Philip's comprehension, who has been all his life slow in appreciating roguery, or recognizing that there is meanness and double-dealing in the world. When he once comes to understand the fact; when he once comprehends that Tartuffe is a humbug and swelling Bufo is a toady, then my friend becomes as absurdly indignant and mistrustful as before he was admiring and confiding. Ah, Philip! Tartuffe has a number of good, respectable qualities; and Bufo, though an underground envious toady, may have a precious jewel in his head. 'Tis you are cynical. *I* see the good qualities in these rascals whom you spurn. I see. I shrug my shoulders. I smile: and you call me cynic.

It was long before Philip could comprehend why Charlotte's mother turned upon him, and tried to force her daughter to forsake him. "I have offended the old woman in a hundred ways," he would say. "My tobacco annoys her; my old clothes offend her; the very English I speak is often Greek to her, and she can no more construe my sentences than I can the Hindostanee jargon she talks to her husband at dinner." "My dear fellow, if you had ten thousand a year she would try and construe your sentences, or accept them even if not understood," I would reply. And some men, whom you and I know to be mean, and to be false, and to be flatterers and parasites, and to be inexorably hard and cruel in their own private circles, will surely pull a long face to-morrow, and say, "Oh! the man's so cynical."

I acquit Baynes of what ensued. I hold Mrs. B. to have been the criminal, the stupid criminal. The husband, like many other men extremely brave in active life, was at home timid and irresolute. Of two heads that lie side by side on the same pillow for thirty years, one must contain the stronger power, the more enduring resolution. Baynes, away from his wife, was shrewd, courageous, gay at times; when with her he was fascinated, torpid under the power of this baleful superior creature. "Ah, when we were subs together in camp in 1803, what a lively fellow Charley Baynes was!" his comrade, Colonel Bunch, would say. That was before he ever saw his wife's yellow face, and what a slave she has made of him!

After that fatal conversation which ensued on the day succeeding the ball, Philip did not come to dinner at Madame's according to his custom. Mrs. Baynes told no family stories, and Colonel Bunch, who had no special liking for the young gentleman, did not trouble himself to make any inquiries about him. One, two, three days passed, and no Philip. At last the Colonel says to the general, with a sly look at Charlotte, "Baynes, where is our young friend with the mustaches? We have not seen him these three days." And he gives an arch look at poor Charlotte. A burning blush flamed up in little Charlotte's pale face as she looked at her parents and then at their old friend. "Mr. Firmin does not come because papa and mamma have forbidden him," says Charlotte. "I suppose he only comes where he is welcome." And having made this audacious speech, I suppose the little maid tossed her little head up, and wondered, in the silence which ensued, whether all the company could hear her heart thumping.

Madame, from her central place where she is carving, sees, from the looks of her guests, the indignant flushes on Charlotte's face, the confusion on her father's, the wrath on Mrs. Baynes's, that some dreadful words are passing, and in vain endeavors to turn the angry current of talk. "*Un petit canard délicieux, goutez-en, madame!*" she cries. Honest Colonel Bunch sees the little maid with eyes flashing with anger, and trembling in every limb. The offered duck having failed to create a diversion, he too tries a feeble commonplace. "A little difference, my dear," he says, in an under voice. "There will be

such in the best-regulated families. *Canard sauvage tres bong, madame, avec......*" but he is allowed to speak no more, for......

"What would you do, Colonel Bunch," little Charlotte breaks out with her poor little ringing, trembling voice — "that is, if you were a young man, if another young man struck you and insulted you?" I say she utters this in such a clear voice, that Madeleine, the femme de chambre, that Joseph the footman, that all the guests hear, that all the knives and forks stop their clatter.

"Faith, my dear, I'd knock him down if I could," says Bunch; and he catches hold of the little maid's sleeve, and would stop her speaking if he could.

"And that is what Philip did," cries Charlotte, aloud; "and mamma has turned him out of the house—yes, out of the house, for acting like a man of honor!"

"Go to your room this instant, Miss!" shrieks mamma. As for old Baynes, his stained old uniform is not more dingy-red than his wrinkled face and his throbbing temples. He blushes under his wig, no doubt, could we see beneath that ancient artifice.

"What is it? Madam, your mother dismisses you of my table? I will come with you, my dear Miss Charlotte!" says Madame, with much dignity. "Serve the sugared plate, Joseph! My ladies, you will excuse me! I go to attend the dear miss, who seems to me ill." And she rises up, and she follows poor little, blushing, burning, weeping Charlotte; and again, I have no doubt, takes her in her arms, and kisses, and cheers, and caresses her—at the threshold of the door—there by the staircase, among the cold dishes of the dinner, where Moira and Macgrigor had one moment before been marauding.

"*Courage, ma fille — courage, mon enfant! Tenez!* Behold something to console thee!" and Madame takes out of her pocket a little letter and gives it to the girl, who at sight of it kisses the superscription, and then in an anguish of love, and joy, and grief, falls on the neck of the kind woman, who consoles her in her misery. Whose writing is it Charlotte kisses? Can you guess by any means? Upon my word, Madame Smolensk, I never recommend ladies to take daughters to *your* boarding-house. And I like you so much, I would not tell of you, but you know the house shut up this many a long day. Oh! the years slip away fugacious; and the grass has grown over graves; and many and many joys and sorrows have been born and have died since then for Charlotte and Philip; but that grief aches still in their bosoms at times; and that sorrow throbs at Charlotte's heart again whenever she looks at a little yellow letter in her trinket-box; and she says to her children, "Papa wrote that to me before we were married, my dears." There are scarcely half a dozen words in the little letter, I believe, and two of them are "for ever."

I could draw a ground-plan of Madame's house in the Champs Elysées if I liked, for has not Philip shown me the place and described it to me many times? In front, and facing the road and garden, were Madame's room and the salon; to the back was the salle-à-manger; and a stair ran up the house (where the dishes used to be laid during dinner-time, and where Moira and Macgrigor fingered the meats and puddings).

Mrs. General Baynes's rooms were on the third floor, looking on the Champs Elysées, and into the garden court of the house below. And on this day, as the dinner was necessarily short (owing to unhappy circumstances), and the gentlemen were left alone glumly drinking their wine or grog, and Mrs. Baynes had gone up stairs to her own apartment, had slapped her boys and was looking out of window, was it not provoking that of all days in the world young Hely should ride up to the house on his capering mare, with his flower in his button-hole, with his little varnished toe-tips just touching his stirrups, and, after performing various caracolades and gambadoes in the garden, kiss his yellow-kidded hand to Mrs. General Baynes at the window, hope Miss Baynes was quite well, and ask if he might come in and take a cup of tea? Charlotte, lying on Madame's bed in the ground-floor room, heard Mr. Hely's sweet voice asking after her health, and the crunching of his horse's hoofs on the gravel, and she could even catch glimpses of that little form as the horse capered about in the court, though of course he could not see her where she was lying on the bed with her letter in her hand. Mrs. Baynes at her window had to wag her withered head from her window, to groan out "My daughter is 'ying down, and has a bad headache, I am sorry to say;" and then she must have had the mortification to see Hely caper off, after waving her a genteel adieu. The ladies in the front saloon, who assembled after dinner, witnessed the transaction; and Mrs. Bunch, I dare say, had a grim pleasure at seeing Eliza Baynes's young sprig of fashion, of whom Eliza was forever bragging, come at last, and obliged to ride away, not bootless, certainly, for where were feet more beautifully *chausèes?* but after a bootless errand.

Meanwhile the gentlemen sate a while in the dining-room, after the British custom which such veterans liked too well to give up. Other two gentlemen boarders went away, rather alarmed by that storm and outbreak in which Charlotte had quitted the dinner-table, and left the old soldiers together, to enjoy, as was their after-dinner custom, a sober glass of "something hot," as the saying is. In truth, Madame's wine was of the poorest; but what better could you expect for the money?

Baynes was not eager to be alone with Bunch, and I have no doubt began to blush again when he found himself *tête-à-tête* with his old friend. But what was to be done? The general did not dare to go up stairs to his own quarters, where poor Charlotte was probably crying, and her mother in one of her tantrums. Then in the salon there were the ladies of the boarding-house party,

COMFORT IN GRIEF.

and there Mrs. Bunch would be sure to be at him. Indeed, since the Baynes were launched in the great world, Mrs. Bunch was untiringly sarcastic in her remarks about lords, ladies, attachés, embassadors, and fine people in general. So Baynes sate with his friend, in the falling evening, in much silence, dipping his old nose in the brandy-and-water.

Little square-faced, red-faced, whisker-dyed Colonel Bunch sate opposite his old companion, regarding him not without scorn. Bunch had a wife. Bunch had feelings. Do you suppose

those feelings had not been worked upon by that wife in private colloquies? Do you suppose —when two old women have lived together in pretty much the same rank of life—if one suddenly gets promotion, is carried off to higher spheres, and talks of her new friends, the countesses, duchesses, embassadresses, as of course she will—do you suppose, I say, that the unsuccessful woman will be pleased at the successful woman's success? Your knowledge of your own heart, my dear lady, must tell you the truth in this matter. I don't want you to acknowledge that you are angry because your sister has been staying with the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe, but you are, you know. You have made sneering remarks to your husband on the subject, and such remarks, I have no doubt, were made by Mrs. Colonel Bunch to *her* husband, regarding her poor friend Mrs. General Baynes.

During this parenthesis we have left the general dipping his nose in the brandy-and-water. He can't keep it there forever. He must come up for air presently. His face must come out of the drink, and sigh over the table.

"What's this business, Baynes?" says the colonel. "What's the matter with poor Charley?"

"Family affairs, differences will happen," says the general.

"I do hope and trust nothing has gone wrong with her and young Firmin, Baynes?"

The general does not like those fixed eyes staring at him under those bushy eyebrows, between those bushy blackened whiskers.

"Well then, yes, Bunch, something *has* gone wrong; and given me and—and Mrs. Baynes—a deuced deal of pain too. The young fellow has acted like a blackguard, brawling and fighting in an embassador's ball, bringing us all to ridicule. He's not a gentleman; that's the long and short of it, Bunch, and so let's change the subject."

"Why, consider the provocation he had!" cries the other, disregarding entirely his friend's prayer. "I heard them talking about the business at *Galignani's* this very day. A fellow swears at Firmin; runs at him; brags that he has pitched him over; and is knocked down for his pains. By George! I think Firmin was quite right. Were any man to do as much to me or you, what should we do, even at our age?"

"We are military men. I said I didn't wish to talk about the subject, Bunch," says the general, in rather a lofty manner.

"You mean that Tom Bunch has no need to put his oar in?"

"Precisely so," says the other, curtly.

"Mum's the word! Let us talk about the dukes and duchesses of the ball. *That's* more in your line, now," says the colonel, with rather a sneer.

"What do you mean by duchesses and dukes? What do you know about them, or what the deuce do I care?" asks the general.

"Oh, they are tabooed too! Hang it, there's no satisfying you," growls the colonel.

"Look here, Bunch," the general broke out, "I must speak, since you won't leave me alone. I am unhappy. You can see that well enough. For two or three nights past I have had no rest. This engagement of my child and Mr. Firmin can't come to any good. You see what he is, an overbearing, ill-conditioned, quarrelsome fellow. What chance has Charley of being happy with such a fellow?"

"I hold my tongue, Baynes. You told me not to put my oar in," growls the colonel.

"Oh, if that's the way you take it, Bunch, of course there's no need for me to go on any more," cries General Baynes. "If an old friend won't give an old friend advice, by George, or help him in a start, or say a kind word when he is unhappy, I have done. I have known you for forty years, and I am mistaken in you, that's all."

"There's no contenting you. You say, Hold your tongue, and I shut my mouth. I hold my tongue, and you say, Why don't you speak? Why don't I? Because you won't like what I say, Charles Baynes; and so, what's the good of more talking?"

"Confound it," cries Baynes, with a thump of his glass on the table, "but what *do* you say?"

"I say, then, as you will have it," cries the other, clenching his fists in his pockets, "I say you are wanting a pretext for breaking off this match, Baynes. I don't say it is a good one, mind; but your word is passed, and your honor engaged to a young fellow to whom you are under deep obligation."

"What obligation? Who has talked to you about my private affairs?" cries the general, reddening. "Has Philip Firmin been bragging about his...... ?"

"You have yourself, Baynes. When you arrived here, you told me over and over again what the young fellow had done: and you certainly thought he acted like a gentleman *then*. If you choose to break your word to him now..."

"Break my word! Great Powers, do you know what you are saying, Bunch?"

"Yes, and what you are doing, Baynes."

"Doing, and what?"

"A d——d shabby action; that's what you are doing, if you want to know. Don't tell *me*. Why, do you suppose Fanny—do you suppose every body doesn't see what you are at? You think you can get a better match for the girl, and you and Eliza are going to throw the young fellow over; and the fellow who held his hand, and might have ruined you if you liked. I say it is a cowardly action!"

"Colonel Bunch, do you dare to use such a word to me?" calls out the general, starting to his feet.

"Dare be hanged! I say it's a shabby action!" roars the other, rising too.

"Hush! unless you wish to disturb the ladies! Of course you know what your expression means, Colonel Bunch?" and the general drops his voice and sinks back to his chair.

"I know what my words mean, and I stick

to 'em, Baynes," growls the other, "which is more than you can say of yours."

"I am deed if any man alive shall use this language to me," says the general in the softest whisper, "without accounting to me first."

"Did you ever find me backward, Baynes, at that kind of thing?" growls the colonel with a face like a lobster and eyes starting from his head.

"Very good, Sir. To-morrow, at your earliest convenience. I shall be at *Galignani's* from eleven till one."

"With a friend if possible. What is it, my love? A game at whist? Well, no thank you, I think I won't play cards to-night."

It was Mrs. Baynes who entered the room when the two gentlemen were quarreling; and the blood-thirsty hypocrites instantly smoothed their ruffled brows and smiled on her with perfect courtesy.

"Whist, no! I was thinking should we send out to meet him. He has never been in Paris."

"Never been in Paris!" said the general, puzzled.

"They will be here to-night, you know. Madame has a room ready for them."

"The very thing, the very thing!" cries General Baynes, with great glee. And Mrs. Baynes, all unsuspicious of the quarrel between the old friends, proceeds to inform Colonel Bunch that her sister MacWhirter and the major were expected that evening. And then that tough old Colonel Bunch knew the cause of Baynes's delight. A second was provided for the general—the very thing Baynes wanted.

We have seen how Mrs. Baynes, after taking counsel with her general, had privily sent for MacWhirter. Her plan was that Charlotte's uncle should take her for a while to Tours, and make her hear reason. Then Charley's foolish passion for Philip would pass away. Then, if he dared to follow her so far, her aunt and uncle, two dragons of virtue and circumspection, would watch and guard her. Then, if Mrs. Hely was still of the same mind, she and her son might easily take the post to Tours, where, Philip being absent, young Walsingham might plead his passion. The best part of the plan, perhaps, was the separation of our young couple. Charlotte would recover. Mrs. Baynes was sure of that. The little girl had made no outbreak until that sudden insurrection at dinner which we have witnessed; and her mother, who had domineered over the child all her life, thought she was still in her power. She did not know that she had passed the bounds of authority, and that with her behavior to Philip her child's allegiance had revolted.

Bunch then, from Baynes's look and expression, perfectly understood what his adversary meant, and that the general's second was found. His own he had in his eye, a tough little old army surgeon of Peninsular and Indian times, who lived hard by, who would aid as second and doctor too, if need were—and so kill two birds with one stone, as they say. The colonel would go forth that very instant and seek for Dr. Martin, and be hanged to Baynes, and a plague on the whole transaction and the folly of two old friends burning powder in such a quarrel. But he knew what a blood-thirsty little fellow that hen-pecked, silent Baynes was when roused; and as for himself—a fellow use that kind of language to *me?* By George, Tom Bunch was not going to balk him!

Whose was that tall figure prowling about Madame's house in the Champs Elysées when Colonel Bunch issued forth in quest of his friend? Who had been watched by the police and mistaken for a suspicious character? Who had been looking up at Madame's windows now that the evening shades had fallen? O you goose of a Philip! (for of course, my dears, you guess the spy was P. F., Esq.) you look up at the *premier*, and there is the Beloved in Madame's room on the ground-floor; in yonder room, where a lamp is burning and casting a faint light across the bars of the *jalousie*. If Philip knew she was there he would be transformed into a clematis, and climb up the bars of the window, and twine round them all night. But you see he thinks she is on the first floor; and the glances of his passionate eyes are taking aim at the wrong windows. And now Colonel Bunch comes forth in his stout strutting way, in his little military cape—quick march—and Philip is startled like a guilty thing surprised, and dodges behind a tree in the avenue.

The colonel departed on his murderous errand. Philip still continues to ogle the window of his heart (the wrong window) defiant of the policeman, who tells him to *circuler*. He has not watched here many minutes more ere a hackney-coach drives up with portmanteaux on the roof and a lady and gentleman within.

You see Mrs. MacWhirter thought she as well as her husband might have a peep at Paris. As Mac's coach-hire was paid, Mrs. Mac could afford a little outlay of money. And if they were to bring Charlotte back—Charlotte in grief and agitation, poor child—a matron, an aunt, would be a much fitter companion for her than a major, however gentle. So the pair of MacWhirters journeyed from Tours—a long journey it was before railways were invented—and after four-and-twenty hours of squeeze in the diligence, presented themselves at nightfall at Madame Smolensk's.

The Baynes's boys dashed into the garden at the sound of wheels. "Mamma, mamma! it's Uncle Mac!" these innocents cried, as they ran to the railings. "Uncle Mac! what could bring him? Oh, they are going to send me to him! they are going to send me to him!" thought Charlotte, starting on her bed. And on this, I dare say, a certain locket was kissed more vehemently than ever.

"I say, ma!" cries the ingenuous Moira, jumping back to the house; it's Uncle Mac and Aunt Mac, too!"

"*What?*" cries mamma, with any thing but pleasure in her voice; and then turning to the

dining-room, where her husband still sate, she called out, "General! here's MacWhirter and Emily!"

Mrs. Baynes gave her sister a very grim kiss.

"Dearest Eliza, I thought it was such a good opportunity of coming, and that I might be so useful, you know!" pleads Emily.

"Thank you. How do you do, MacWhirter?" says the grim générale.

"Glad to see you, Baynes, my boy! How d'ye do, Emily? Boys, bring your uncle's traps. Didn't know Emily was coming, Mac; hope there's room for her!" sighs the general, coming forth from his parlor.

The major was struck by the sad looks and pallor of his brother-in-law. "By George! Baynes, you look as yellow as a guinea. How's Tom Bunch?"

"Come into this room along with me. Have some brandy-and-water, Mac?—Joseph! *O de vie, O sho!*" calls the general; and Joseph, who out of the new-comer's six packages has daintily taken one very small Macintosh cushion, says, "*Comment? encore du grog, général?*" and, shrugging his shoulders, disappears to procure the refreshment at his leisure.

The sisters disappear to their embraces; the brothers-in-law retreat to the *salle-à-manger*, where General Baynes has been sitting, gloomy and lonely, for half an hour past, thinking of his quarrel with his old comrade, Bunch. He and Bunch have been chums for more than forty years. They have been in action together, and honorably mentioned in the same report. They have had a great regard for each other; and each knows the other is an obstinate old mule, and in a dispute will die rather than give way. They have had a dispute out of which there is only one issue. Words have passed which no man, however old, by George! can brook from any friend, however intimate, by Jove! No wonder Baynes is grave. His family is large; his means are small. To-morrow he may be under fire of an old friend's pistol. In such an extremity he knows how each will behave. No wonder, I say, the general is solemn.

"What's in the wind now, Baynes?" asks the major, after a little drink and a long silence. "How is poor little Char?"

"Infernally ill—I mean behaved infernally ill," says the general, biting his lips.

"Bad business! Bad business! Poor little child!" cries the major.

"Insubordinate little devil!" says the pale general, grinding his teeth. "We'll see which shall be master!"

"What, you have had words?"

"At this table, this very day. She sat here and defied her mother and me, by George, and flung out of the room like a tragedy queen. She must be tamed, Mac, or my name's not Baynes."

Baynes knew his relative of old, and that this quiet submissive man, when angry, worked up to a white heat as it were. "Sad affair, hope you'll both come round, Baynes," sighs the major, trying bootless commonplaces; and seeing this last remark had no effect, he bethought him of recurring to their mutual friend, "How's Tom Bunch?" the major asked, charily.

At this question Baynes grinned in such a ghastly way that MacWhirter eyed him with wonder. "Colonel Bunch is very well," the general said, in dismal voice; "at least, he was half an hour ago. He was sitting there;" and he pointed to an empty spoon lying in an empty beaker, whence the spirit and water had departed.

"What has been the matter, Baynes?" asked the major. "Has any thing happened between you and Tom?"

"I mean that, half an hour ago, Colonel Bunch used words to me which I'll bear from no man alive; and you have arrived just in the nick of time, MacWhirter, to take my message to him. Hush! here's the drink."

"*Voici, Messieurs!*" Joseph at length has brought up a second supply of brandy-and-water. The veterans mingled their jorums; and while his brother-in-law spoke, the alarmed MacWhirter sipped occasionally, *intentus que ora tenebat.*

COURTSHIP BY CHARACTER.

THE people of Godalming have made their village a garden of luxury and elegance. Their homesteads are the lodges of this beautiful garden, which they occupy during the summer. They are the children of cities—those tropics of the soul in which alone human character is developed in its full luxuriance and power.

It was in the month of June, the May of New England. Soft sounds of the harp and piano, sustaining the clear voices of young girls, made the air of evening tender, and poured a delicious languor over the gardens of Godalming. Every homestead was alive with children, running to and fro, as if intoxicated with the novelty of liberty and air. Through orchards, all up the slopes of green-crowned and laughing Mount Silenus, the snowy dresses of maidens gleamed among the blossoms. The sunshine had been golden for an hour, and a broad shadow from the mountain was moving across the village, and began to darken the meadows. Pyramids of dun clouds rose up in the west, and a "ragged rim" of storm rushed eastward and bent downward. The flower-gatherers hasten homeward to the house of the Cecils, which stood upon a rising, surrounded at a respectful distance by smaller but not less beautiful cottages. A bower of clematis concealed the portico of this house, under which a crowd of guests were gathered, expecting the young mistress of the mansion. A carriage, drawn swiftly and smoothly along the white roadway by a span of shining bays, made a circuit of the lawn and stopped before the entrance, welcomed by joyous cries and eager welcome, interrupted by the first heavy burst of thunder; and as Clara Cecil stepped from the carriage, assisted by her gray-haired and stately father, great drops began to fall, and in a moment the roar of the rain-storm sounded on the mountain and swept over the valley.

Now for the first time mistress of her father's house, a child in innocence, and not yet beyond her seventeenth year, Clara was an object of general admiration or envy. Although many of the women who surrounded her were more beautiful, there was a grace and composure, tempered by a sweetness not too demonstrative, which gave her an undisputed first place in every circle where she chanced to move. Her grave and easy manners—almost, but not quite severe—repelled the well-dressed vulgar, and drew toward her all that was excellent. Without regular beauty of face, her form more than compensated for the defect, if such it could be called, in a countenance illumined by a lambent fire of intellect and feeling; where the pure blood rose often at the bidding of noble impulse and generous sympathy. Her hair, gathered in large and simple braids, like a coronet, from the broad ivory forehead, shone with points of golden fire; and her wide, classic shoulders and swelling bosom disclosed the highest favor and vigor of early womanhood.

The wealth of Mr. Cecil gave his daughter the power of indulging a liberal hospitality, in which all the higher pleasures and graces of art and brilliant sociality were blended with and adorned the fullness of sensuous gratification. The city residence of the Cecils had been always a rendezvous of talent and refinement; but the daughter, devoted to superior cultivation, was not allowed until now to mingle unrestrained in sociality and fashion.

Clara was received in her new home with an excessive, and perhaps a real, enthusiasm by friends and neighbors assembled at this fête, given by the ancient housekeeper on resigning her charge over Mr. Cecil's household in favor of his daughter. The presence of Mr. Cecil himself they could have spared; the young gentlemen, more especially, dreaded his gray eye and commanding style, which silently guarded every action of the daughter, and raised around her an impenetrable barrier of respect. A shower of kisses and embraces came frankly from the younger people, but Miss Clara was not as entirely acceptable to the older. She was the young and generous housekeeper, with whom competition would be impossible. "However," thought they, "the poor young thing will need advice, and it will be some comfort to watch and restrain her follies."

Agitated by a far different jealousy the cousin of Clara—whom we shall call Asteria—a woman approaching her thirtieth year, and "still unmarried, though renowned," received her young relative with an ill-concealed agitation, of which it was hard to understand the cause. She embraced her warmly, and, by one of those revulsions of feeling known only to the sentimentalist, wept upon her shoulder. Asteria—tall, graceful, elegant in manners, and celebrated for skill in letters and conversation, displayed a nervous vehemence and excitability in strong contrast with the dignity and composure of her young cousin. Her slender, even lean figure, with delicate but pinched and nun-like features, showed the remains of a beauty which, at eighteen, was incomparable, had it not been falsely intellectual; but which now faded into fretful insignificance beside a face merely simple, and without a pretension even to regular beauty. The calm, lustrous eyes, the *tone* and rich composure of her speech, and noble manners, made her at once an acknowledged princess of the social circle.

Among the gentlemen who came forward to welcome Clara was young Harry Eustis, an adopted ward and removed connection of Mr. Cecil's, who had lately returned from an adventurous expedition, undertaken with the enthusiasm of a boy, in the course of which he had made the circuit of the globe, had seen all lands, and returned a man. A full and powerful frame, and a countenance ruddy with youth and ardor—expressing frankness, courage, and modesty—made Harry a sudden favorite of women; nor was his drawing-room reputation of that Puritanical style which quite repels the naughty admiration of the frailer sex. His curling chestnut locks, too, were dressed with a certain care.

A thrill of pain shot through the bosom of Clara Cecil as the generous Harry came forward and gave her his simple welcome, for at that moment she saw a paleness come over the countenance of Asteria. "Asteria," thought she, "must be in love with Harry; but I do not believe that Harry is in love with Asteria. She is so wise and learned he would be afraid, as I am."

The first entertainment of the evening was the singing of Asteria, who accompanied herself on the harp. Her voice—feeble and low, but delicately cultivated—was received by those who gathered around her as only music in New England is listened to, with silent and appreciative attention. Then Asteria, gratified with the subdued murmur of applause, and who had never heard her cousin Clara sing, went to her with an air of kindness and favor, and led her to the piano. The observant Mr. Cecil came behind his daughter, causing a half dozen of supple beaux to fall back, and turning the leaves of an old music-book selected a simple English air. Clara, forgetting every other presence but her father's, sang freely and without restraint. Her voice had a rich simplicity that disguised its great power and cultivation, and, ringing full and broad on the contralto passages, poured a flood of soul-thrilling sound through the house and far out into the night air. The singer was forgotten; only the wonderful beauty of the music, which had the grand novelty of being old, threw the listeners into a trance of delight. From the houses and gardens all around kitchen-folk and children came creeping up to hear and see; and when she ceased a crowd of eager faces, unseen till then, disappeared suddenly from the doors and windows. It was a triumph—a conquest: from that moment Clara Cecil became an object of adoration to the men, and of fear and admiration to the women.

In a remote corner of the parlor, among a few of his intimate friends—all male—sat the tall and pensive Mr. Thomas Winklereid—a name suspected by the gossips to have once been *Wrinkleweed.* His forehead was high and bald; his head "intellectual," said the women; his chin "a nullity," said the men. Winklereid was a poet; stooped, quoted, and did not dance. He dressed in black, and with care; but his pantaloons—by fault of some conscientious tailor who studied the ideal more than the customer—fell badly out at the hips and knees, while the sympathizing coat made two large folds in the small of the back. Winklereid knew that much study and small exercise had "wearied his flesh," and he endeavored to supply that loss by sentiment. His voice was nasal, slightly; he talked in monologue, excusing himself by the example of Madame de Staël; his family were proud of him; he was a Bostonian, but *not* of the order of the garter. Asteria and Winklereid conversed often on high themes, and they were supposed by credulous gossips to be affianced. Other women, especially little girls, avoided Winklereid.

By one of those odd *mésalliances* which happen only among young men, Winklereid and Harry Eustis were sworn and intimate friends. The one, a gentleman in all but learning, admired the vast acquisitions and full conversation of the other; while the learned man stood in secret awe of the beauty and strength of his friend, whom he esteemed ruder as he was younger than himself. The error, and consequently the respect, was equal and mutual. Winklereid fell into a brown study while Clara sang; for it was his cue to be profound and absent "when he heard sweet music." Harry, on the contrary, with a face glowing with delight, sprang forward, almost knocking Winklereid off his seat, and gave the fair singer his thanks and a well-turned compliment, blushing meanwhile at his own boldness. His learned friend thought it necessary to follow, and the delicate Asteria, mistress of all social movements, came quickly after. It was a group of four. The calm eyes of the younger woman met the glances of each, as she turned upon her seat to receive their friendly praises, and at once all were struck dumb: the lightning of envy paralyzed the heart of Asteria; the modesty of youth subdued the noble mind of Harry; and the horror of false and feeble shame imparted to the tall figure of Winklereid the stiffness of a weird anatomy.

Asteria was the first to extricate herself by withdrawal. Winklereid, pale with conscious awkwardness, followed Asteria. The eyes of the whole company were attracted by the beautiful embarrassment of the pair who remained. Their eyes met for an instant, and the sympathy of modest shame allied their hearts so powerfully, the lookers-on were struck with surprise at the strange resemblance that passed into their features. The night was lost for Asteria: she felt the irresistible power of youth, and retiring to her room, wept for an hour over the failure of her last hope of winning the admiration of a *man.* The image of Winklereid, with its effeminate awkwardness—tall, slouchy, book-worn, irresolute, and conceited—rose to her imagination, and suggested a similarity in their follies and their fates. Seeking each the reputation of intellect at the cost of nature, they were falling fast into solitariness and contempt—she among men, he among women: the judgment comes from the opposite sex. And now, more grieved and heart-broken than ever, she hears the full rich voice of Harry Eustis joining in delicious harmony with Clara's. There was a profound stillness; the leaves of the vines that crept into her window seemed to impose silence upon Asteria, and cruelly reproached the loud pulses of her heart. She recognized the words, which were English, and the air, a composition of Mozart, expressing, note by note, that blending of the pure and sensuous which has raised this Shakspeare of music to the throne of song. Every chord of the harmony pierced her soul with the anguish of departed hopes. She seemed to stand alone upon the shore of eternity, and would willingly have passed the gulf. The prospect opened only of a friendless, unrespected maidenhood, falling year after year into utter neglect. Then did she curse the learning that had impoverished her heart and left her without the woman's dowry. For an hour of pure, unthinking love she would have given all her wealth, and life into the bargain.

Violent emotions are of brief endurance. The exits of the passions follow swift upon their entrances. The proud but beneficent soul of Asteria soon overcame the weakness of the hour, and the well-schooled woman of the world adapted herself to the crisis. Having washed the tears from her eyes, she drew a choice selection of music from a port-folio, and returned with it to the drawing-room. Coming softly behind Mr. Cecil, who stood observing and reading the emotions and conduct of the pair before him, who were still singing, she placed the music in his hand. It had been chosen with tact, and he acknowledged it with a smile. The guests crowded around the singers, forgetting the littleness of their own passions in the hope of still higher enjoyment. "Music," says a great but sentimental observer, "restores each one to himself." It does more: it gives us all to each other.

Manners are the language of the interior soul. In a gesture or a look the whole of life is summed up. More especially in the air of leisure and refinement, when at evening we are abandoned to the social feelings, the interior life develops itself; sociality is triumphant; the heart subdues the head, and the greatest mind yields to the weakest acting in the sportive service of the passions. Asteria had learned, too late, the open secret of youth; and, by a violent change in her life, vainly endeavored to retrieve the error. By every kind of flattering attention, delicate compliment, and judicious praise she had striven with the heart of Harry Eustis, solely for her

own sake. It was a general passion. She distinguished him from others only as the man who would at once satisfy her woman's ambition. She had successfully hidden her purpose. By situation and opportunity—not needed by the young and beautiful—and by the superior tact of throwing forward the finest features of her character and the most attractive graces of her person, strove to awaken in him the emotion of love. Like all young men of free habits and a simple nature, he had been powerfully drawn by this mesmerism, and floated down the stream without thought or calculation.

Winklereid, pining in secret for Asteria, was noticed by her only as a companion for the intellect, and treated like a book, taken down, as it were, for perusal, and laid by with a mark at the page. Ignorant, like most scholars, both of himself and others, the sudden success of his friend Harry moved him to despair. If Harry went forward, Winklereid must retire. It was his fate, and he wore it, as children in the wicked old dame schools wore the withering fool's-cap, in sullen and timid misery.

The two singers received the applauses of their friends with unaccountable composure, seeming hardly to hear them. The great, calm eyes of Clara Cecil wandered over the admiring group around her until they rested upon those of her father. His countenance, even while he conversed, was sad and severe; he was observing Harry Eustis, whose glances wandered, returning furtively a thousand times to the face, hands, and form of Clara. Asteria, who saw all, divined what was passing in the minds of Harry and the father, but Clara was to her impenetrable. The woman who unconsciously triumphs over another in love is to the conquered inscrutable as a sovereign. In the younger woman there was no flutter, no vanity, no simper, not even a blush. Asteria could not fathom this profound energy. A passion too powerful for the least expression—and which so surrounded and enveloped her being, it colored all things, but was itself invisible—had risen upon the soul of Clara Cecil. But the secret force of her nature suppressed its manifestation.

Again the circle closed around them, and Asteria made an effort to join her voice with theirs. The purity and force of the younger voices made hers seem harsh, and forced it into a feeble relief. Her shame and grief increased to such a choking pitch she could not continue: the listeners looked significantly at each other; and others shrugged their shoulders at Winklereid, who sat by an open window cooling his intellectual forehead against the stars. He dreaded what was to follow, the fatal and avenging waltz, which, when all else fails, is sure to punish the laggard and the awkward. Winklereid could not waltz. In point of fact, our learned friend was not a waltzing man; nature had given him a pair of long and pensive legs, which he had withered by inaction and sedentary labor. His hillock knees, weak ankles, and heel-poised foot, forbade the thrilling pleasures of the dance. Asteria, on the contrary, waltzed passably, and the arm of her partner around the slender waist was like a hand clutching poor Winklereid by the throat.

Music of the harp and violin sounded from the portico; the sliding-doors of the long suit of rooms were thrown back; and in a moment two exquisite figures, in all the splendor of youth, joy, and the unspeakable graces which a secret love imparts, moved into the floating circles of the waltz. The manly and powerful arm bore up the graceful girl, who, with downcast eyes, moved around him in an ether of delight, like a fair satellite around its sustaining orb; or, rather, she moved in her even maze like a swan circling on the waters of a pool. The rich dark curls of her handsome partner, his lustrous eyes suffused with emotion, the serious sweetness of his mouth, and his firm, easy motion, attracted all eyes and touched all hearts. By a strong revulsion of feeling, with a mixed impulse of generosity and spleen, Asteria, not without a secret pity, contrasted the noble figure and free air of the now-inaccessible Harry with the scholarly ungainliness of Winklereid slouching in his melancholy corner. Let us say what we will of the darker and more revolting forms of grief, there are none more bitter than those of social vanity disappointed and set aside.

At length supper was announced. Men of learning, who can do nothing else, can at least eat, and even help others, in their happier moments. Winklereid made a desperate sortie from his awkward corner. Chance, always the enemy of the learned, placed him in an evil moment by the side of Clara, who thought, of course, he intended to lead her into the supper-room. The big drops stood upon his brow when he saw the error. He turned away, and offered his arm to Asteria. Here, too, fate was against him. Mr. Cecil was near, and, seeing only the first movement of Winklereid, gave his own arm to Asteria. An emotion of still greater pity touched the heart of the generous woman (is not charity great, I might almost say divine, even in the ball-room?). She gently disengaged her arm from Mr. Cecil's, giving him a look which he understood, and placed it in Winklereid's, which trembled with pleasure as she pressed it with her slender and somewhat bony fingers.

As they entered the crowded supper-room they saw Harry Eustis pouring wine into a glass, which Clara held out to him. He raised his eyes to hers, which met his with penetrating rays of love, and unconsciously poured the wine over her hand. "How awkward Harry is!" whispered Winklereid, with a laugh. Asteria, regarding Harry attentively, saw him take a handkerchief from Clara; and after he had taken her hand in his own and delicately pressed away the moisture of the wine, he put the handkerchief quickly into his bosom. "I do not think so!" replied Asteria, with a sigh. Winklereid felt something chill him, which he could not comprehend.

It was now late in the evening. The moon

had risen, and poured a flood of silver glory over the warm and odorous landscape. Clara and her father, with a few who preferred conversation, went out under the vines of the portico. Asteria and Winklereid joined them. The rest of the company were dispersed in groups and pairs through the garden and the orchards. Harry had returned only a few weeks from a long and adventurous voyage. Cecil, who was himself a voyager in his youth, questioned him about foreign lands, and drew Harry into a narrative of adventures. By equal attractions, but different in character, the two young women listened with silent interest to the richly-colored stories of the bold and handsome raconteur. Mr. Cecil, who sat with Asteria and Winklereid in the shadow, observed the countenances of Harry and of Clara without being seen by them. When he saw the usually pale features of his daughter flushed and brilliant, even in the pale light of the moon, as the racy narrative of adventurous courage flowed over her imagination, the anticipating tears of a second approaching deprivation moistened his eyes, and raised a transient feeling of hatred against the man who had already deprived him of the hitherto exclusive affection of his daughter.

A true union between fitting natures is the ideal of art; nature seldom indulging herself in a perfect group. Let the pedant scholar love the pedant maid, their union is not more sure because a harmony of imperfection draws them together. Let brilliant manhood seek never so ardently the completion of its graces, the rare and happy "marriage of true souls" only one time in a thousand puts the final hand to the beautiful design.

A third time the ambition of the fascinated Asteria rebelled against her heart. She despised while she loved and pitied Winklereid, and shuddered at the contrast between the scholar and the man. Her will vibrated between love and pride. Clara's inferiority in knowledge, in years, and, as Asteria herself thought, in feature, raised an emotion of hatred, which sank into fear and shame when she observed the almost miraculous beauty of her face, while listening to the brilliant conversation of Harry Eustis. Winklereid stood silent in the shadow, a figure of abasement. The listless and dreamy tenor of his life rose before him like an avenging demon. His powerful brain turned with gnawing remorse upon itself, and he became great even by the excess of his misery. The young girl seemed to him a powerful being, adorable and superior, but whom it would be profanation for such a wretch as he to love, almost to look upon.

Holding her father's hand closely pressed between her own, Clara unconsciously made evident to him what was passing in her heart. At a moment of peril, when Harry described the situations of a shipwreck—torn from the vessel by a violent sea, and falling headlong into a gulf of waters—then rising and clinging to a spar—dashed upon the rocks—then dragged away by the withdrawing wave—thrown at last, bruised, exhausted, and nearly dead, upon the sands—then, a solitary being, wandering along a wide, inhospitable shore—the rage of hunger, ill appeased with bitter berries and slimy muscles—climbing up the rocks day after day to descry a sail, which goes away, lessens to a speck, and disappears—lying down to die slowly of hunger, as it seemed, yet planning, even then, the actions of his future life, what voyages he would attempt, and then, oh then! has he drawn from his girdle the remains of a torn and wetted little book which Clara had given him when they were both children, and smiled over its stained, grotesque pictures in the midst of that awful interview with death—the hands of Clara grew cold, and a deep pallor overspread her face and bosom. Her father needed no other signs to assure him that a powerful passion had taken possession of his daughter's heart.

The struggle between love and pride which tortured the soul of Asteria rose to its height when her experienced eye detected the evidences of emotion in the apparent quietude of Clara. She averted her eyes from the wretched Winklereid, whose feelings toward Harry became abased and slavish. The hidden generosity of his pedant nature, so long obscured by the metaphysical egotism and hollow vanity of *sentiment* compelled him to fall prostrate, in thought, before this courage and cheerful hardihood as before a sovereign power. His thoughts were new to him. He was heated by passions and chilled by shames and fears for which he had no name. He felt that every word from the lips and every glance from the eyes of Harry Eustis tore away some shred of Asteria's regard. Winklereid was the unconscious subject of the law that makes love follow force, and gives beauty a prize to valor.

The music had continued in a soft and pleasing strain, the best accompaniment for conversation, but it jarred upon the nerves of Asteria; her soul repelled it. To Winklereid the sound of the harp and violin, light and sweet, were unmeaning, tinkling notes, mere vibrating strings and wires, and the players a company of bores. To Clara it was inaudible; she heard nothing but the voice of Harry Eustis; even her father's voice, that always compelled attention, seemed to grow weak and retire into the distance. To Harry, the half-conscious victor of the night, the music was a triumphal noise of clarions, sounding the note of favor and success. Asteria would have silenced the music; Winklereid could not have found courage to give the order through inability, just then, to look a common fiddler in the face; Harry would have sent his purse and a dozen of wine to them, had he been able. The wine, the dance, the songs; the dim recollection of moments of solitary anguish in the desert, and of the hopes that attended even his darkest hours of danger; the beautiful eyes that rested steadily but innocently upon his own, and, above all, the young, glorious passion, springing triumphant in his heart, inspired him with Ulysséan eloquence, seemingly grieving and secretly ex-

ulting over dangers past. Touching incidents of the evil fortune and greater sufferings of brave companions were interwoven in the narrative, at which Asteria wept hysterically, and which had power to move even the guarded mind of Mr. Cecil. But no moisture dimmed the eyes of his daughter; the secret pride of her nature rebelled against pathos, rendered ineffectual, too, by the powerful steadiness of a new passion. It was the man she admired, not his sufferings or his sympathies.

At the close of the conversation Mr. Cecil withdrew, leaving the young people to themselves. Asteria, shrinking she knew not why from the touch of Eustis, placed her arm in Winklereid's, and they went out into the moonlight followed by Clara and Harry, who gradually increased their distance from the others, until they found themselves alone in a broad avenue of lindens leading to a summer-house.

The heart of Clara expanded and grew strong when she found herself alone with her hero. He, on his part, was enveloped, as it were, in a magical cloud, beyond which he saw and remembered nothing. The heavens came down to him; he could have touched the stars with his hand: he wished to yield utterly to the enchantment, and lead thenceforth a life of dreams. He wondered at himself for having described, or even alluded to the past. He plucked a rose, and Clara, without movement or comment, allowed him to place it in her bosom. Her acquiescence astonished neither. Already, without speaking, they understood each other: it was the rise of a natural affinity that needed no explanation, and that must continue always. Though they had been separated since the childhood of Clara, it seemed as though they had been life-companions. Each had achieved a silent victory, and each became the willing servant of the other by the instincts of the soul. She followed his movements, and he hers; with a touch of air; a breath of guidance was sufficient. Here was no forethought, no scheme, no action, no test nor trial: the primal atoms rushed together by irresistible affinity—thenceforth making one power. The sensuous nature followed the spiritual, but was wholly subdued by it: there was a two-fold election. It was as the sunlight suddenly unfolds the flower that the manliness of Harry confirmed the womanhood of Clara.

The timid race of contemplative lovers are overwhelmed by an ignorant perplexity; but the love of Harry Eustis was like a young heir taking possession of a grand inheritance. He trifled with his situation—with her; teased her patient ear with idle questions; was more like a boy than a man. Under this treatment her proud heart bounded with pleasure, and the two sported and laughed like children in the moonlight among the roses. Such were the Eve and Adam of the first nature, and not the tall clay monsters of precocious wisdom, fit company for theological angels, painted by the glorious pedant.

At a little distance, on a turn of the linden walk, you might have seen a solemn pair—loving, but grieved and sophisticated; niggards of the little remnants of love they had left, and eking out the dearth with sentiment. Winklereid, trembling at his own boldness for having taken the delicate but rather dryish hand of Asteria between his own—disgusting the innocent genius of night and love with frigid declarations and stiff incoherencies.

Harry, recognizing no existence but his own and Clara's, stood with his arm tenderly drawn about her waist, and holding a fire-fly before her eyes: she, with her hand upon his wrists, looking alternately at the lambent flashes of his burning eyes and the sleepy gleams of the fly.

Our solemn pair, pacing *il penseroso*, came almost in contact with their friends, not perceiving them till close at hand. They turned upon their steps and walked sadly away. "Poor Winklereid!" sighed Asteria to herself; and "Poor Asteria!" almost whispered the conscious pedant. The imperfect nature of each stood aloof, and played Minerva to the tender passion; Thought is the mother-in-law, who must not cross the threshold of young affections. Be thou never so fair and excellent, divine Thought! thou art here, in the rose gardens of true love, an intruder and a demon. Away: I hate thee!"

"To marry," thought Asteria, "a pedant!" But the soul of Clara was already wedded, and she thought—nothing. "God help me!" said Winklereid to himself; "I am doing a mad thing." But in the spirit of Harry there was only the triumph of a brilliant delight. Connected ideas would have seemed dry and silly, even painful. Winklereid pressed his suit with increasing boldness; for he perceived in Asteria an agitation which he ignorantly mistook for the joyous and smiling love, whom fools have painted so forlorn.

All the retrospect of her life rushed through the bright and powerful imagination of Asteria, and with deep anguish she confessed to herself that the fatal hour of decision had arrived. She must now choose between the life of a woman, or the death in life of a lamented maidenhood. She refused poor Winklereid once and again, and it was not until she saw tears of real agony coursing down his hollow cheeks that pity began to struggle fiercely in her heart with pride. His expression was that of abject terror; to be refused was the crash of doom: "he would walk lonely and solitary the remainder of his days." She relented and gave him hope. At the moment when Harry, seeming half serious half in jest, had kissed the lips of his cousin, which sprang naïvely and kindly to meet the delicious salutation, Asteria allowed Winklereid to press his cold and sallow mouth to her hand. Soon he ventured upon her cheek, and, to his own amazement, found his arm encircling her delicate waist. There let us leave them, and draw the curtain upon the pedantic struggle between sentiment and sensuosity, between vanity and nature. Winklereid has won his Asteria, con-

quered for him by powers unseen, but in which he had small part. The two pairs shall henceforth be as they desired; but differently in the way of life. The one perfect and beautiful—glorious to look upon, and yielding the rich and solid fruit of beauty and of strength; the other, loving always, but with a struggle and a fear, growing quickly old, and giving back to nature, in return for their meagre and feeble love, children of no mark, without force or promise. Think we never so finely, Nature will have her revenge.

HINTS FOR TRAVELERS.

TRAVELERS can not be too discreet and guarded in the remarks they make in mixed companies. All questions of nationalities, religion, and politics should be carefully eschewed. Otherwise one is liable to constant mortification and occasional difficulty.

I once made the voyage from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome, in a French Government steamer. She was crowded with passengers of all nations. Among others there was a very garrulous Englishman of middle age, who soon informed all who cared to listen that he was from Birmingham, had never been out of England before in his life, and was now going to spend the winter in Italy for the benefit of his health, being a martyr to dyspepsia. Nothing in his appearance indicated ill health; he was a large, florid-complexioned man. Before dinner-time of the first day he had made the acquaintance of most of the English and Americans on board. At table I had a seat a few removes from him on the same side; between us were three or four of his countrymen or mine. Nearly opposite to him was a very quiet, simply dressed, but distinguished-looking gentleman, to all appearances an Englishman. His complexion and hair were light, he wore his beard *à l'Anglais*, and his clothes were of unmistakable London cut. He seemed quite alone, and, so far as I observed, did not speak with any one.

During all dinner-time Brummagem rattled away like a perfect magpie. At length he got to expressing his opinion about different nations in a way that made me very nervous lest he should get himself into trouble in so mixed a society. Of course, according to his creed the English were the gods on Mount Olympus, so superior in all respects to poor Continental mortals that any comparison, except of the latter among themselves, was ridiculous. The French were this, that, and the other. Fortunately the Captain, who sat quite near him, at the end of the table, did not understand English. The Germans were worse than the French. The Italians were worse yet. "But of all the blackguards," he went on to say, "that can be found in Christendom, the Spaniards are the greatest."

Hardly were these words out of his mouth when bang from the other side of the table came a bottle of red wine, striking him upon the bosom with such violence that he fell over upon the floor. Of course a scene ensued. Poor Brummagem was not much hurt, but his shirt-front, waistcoat, and face were dripping with claret, which gave him a bloody and horrible appearance.

The quiet-looking stranger, and it was he who had hurled the bottle, proved to be the late Duke of Osune, one of the first grandees of Spain. The Duke had been educated in England, and spoke the language perfectly. He was going to Naples, where his family had been Viceroys while Naples was a dependence of Spain, and where they still have immense possessions. The Osunes are one of the wealthiest families of Spain. It is said that they can travel by land from Madrid to Naples, and yet sleep every night in their own house.

Nothing further came of this adventure. Brummagem washed himself, changed his clothes, and—apologized. It is to be hoped that the lesson was not thrown away upon him, although the claret was.

If a person desires to avoid hearing unpleasant things, he had better let it be known of what country he is when he falls among strangers. Americans are generally unmistakable, at least to each other and to Englishmen, by their features, dress, accent, and language. But occasionally you fall in with one who sails under false colors, and would readily pass for an Englishman if he did not declare himself. However, very slight indications will sometimes betray one. I remember once traveling something like a fortnight with an Englishman whom I had picked up at Brussels, and who took me for a countryman of his own. Nothing for a while occurred between us that required or even suggested an explanation. One day, after I had been making some remark, he looked at me intently, and exclaimed,

"It isn't possible you are a Yankee!"

"What makes you think I may be one," I asked, with a smile.

"Only because you just now pronounced a word in a manner that I never heard it pronounced in my life except by Yankees. You said *often*, sounding the *t*, instead of *ofen*."

There is another word which is a sure test. Englishmen pronounce "nephew" as if it were written *nevew*. Americans as if it were written *nefew*.

I was very much amused once with a little circumstance that occurred to me in a voyage down the Danube. The boat was small, and there were only about half a dozen civilized passengers among us, *not* including a Russian Prince, who was decidedly barbarous. Among them were a Mr. and Mrs. P——s, a young English pair of good family and large fortune, who were on their way to the East, and a Mr. T—— P——, a youth just from Oxford, whom I had met at Vienna, and son of a former Lancashire member of Parliament. Mrs. P——s was a very nice little woman indeed, full, however, of good-natured aristocratic prejudices against

our country and countrymen. T—— P—— was even worse than she was in this respect.

We never lost our temper on either side, but our warfare was continual. One rather chilly evening T—— P—— and I were seated by the open fire-place in the cabin. Wishing to stir the coals, T—— P—— asked me to pass him the *tongues*, pronouncing as I spell.

"The what?" I asked.

"The *tongues*," he repeated.

"The *tongs* you mean," I said.

"Ridiculous," he replied; "tongues is the proper pronunciation."

"Shall we ask Mrs. P——s?" I rejoined.

"By all means."

"Well, we will do so; only we will not tell her who is for *tongs* and who for *tongues*, for if we should she would be sure to decide against me."

We ascended to the deck, where Mrs. P——s was with her husband. I asked her the question in the most impartial manner. She burst into a laugh, and, turning to me, said,

"You don't mean to say that you say *tongues* in America!"

T—— P—— used to talk about *starving* with cold. I believe this is peculiarly Lancashire, although you occasionally hear it throughout England, and I am not certain that there is not good authority for the expression.

There is nothing more puzzling to a stranger than to know how to pronounce correctly many English proper names. That "Thames" is *Tems* we all know. That "Pall Mall" is *Pell Mell* you have to go to London to find out. I once ordered a cabman to drive me to the "Seven Oaks" railway station. He did not understand what I meant. "Seven Oaks" is called *Sennex;* "Cholmondeley" is *Chumley;* "Beauvoir" is *Beaver;* "Cockburn" is *Coburn.*

There is an infinitely greater variety of surnames in England than we have in the States. Some of them are rather odd. The *Portwines* are one of the best families in Devonshire or Cornwall, I forget which. The curious names which Dickens has given many of his characters are, I am confident, not creations of the imagination, but taken from London signs. I have met with many of them myself. *Quilp* is in St. Martin's Lane, not very far from the church, on the other side.

Speaking of London signs, they never say "Smith, successor to Brown" as we do, but "Smith, late Brown." The English are greater economists of words than we. I remember a tobacconist near Westminster Bridge whose sign reads "Till Late Darke." The first time my eye fell carelessly upon it, I construed it to mean that the shop was kept open until a late hour in the evening. The firms of English commercial houses, and particularly of bankers, are sometimes formidably long. Longman's publishing house is an example in point. If the title is "Smith, Brown, Robinson, Jones, and Smith," people simply say "Smith and Co." Checks on the private bankers are drawn in this abbreviated form. Here they would not be honored without the whole story being written out; it is true it is never so long a story.

Certain trades are more distinctly subdivided in London than here. The butcher, poulterer, fishmonger, cheesemonger, grocer, and greengrocer, never interfere with each other. In Scotland the butcher is a *flesher*, a very disagreeable word to me.

There is a large number of familiar words and expressions peculiar to each country. "Suspenders" here are *braces* there. "Pantaloons" here are more frequently called *trowsers* there. Most kinds of what we call "shoes" they call *boots.* They never speak of a lady's "hat." "Lumber" has two entirely distinct meanings in the two countries. An American kitchen maid in distress would say, "*What* shall I do?" Her English sister would exclaim, "*Whatever* shall I do?" I could give many more examples, but these are enough.

There are very many words indeed in common usage in this country which are obsolete in England, and yet very good English. They are usually set down as Yankeeisms. I will give a single instance. A *muss* in the mouth of a New York rough means a "row." You seldom or never hear this word in England, and yet you find it in Beaumont and Fletcher, and contemporary writers.

It is a curious circumstance how words survive in a colony after becoming obsolete in the mother country; and not only words but forms of expression, and even pronunciation. The Greek colonies of Asia Minor speak a language much nearer the ancient Greek in all respects than do the cities of Greece proper. The Spanish language is nearer the Latin than is the Italian. The Dutch resembles the old German more closely than does the new German.

It is a noticeable fact that although nearly all English men and women of education speak French, you will find ten Americans who speak it with a good accent for one Englishman who does so. The reason of this is obvious to my mind. The English speak their own tongue very distinctly and with great emphasis. We, on the contrary, speak it in a loose, slovenly, monotonous way. Consequently we slide much more easily into a foreign pronunciation than they do; we have less that is strong and positive to overcome. Besides, the nasal articulation of the French is natural to us. I never in my life knew but two Englishmen who spoke French like natives. The one was an officer in the Austrian service, the other a merchant in Paris. I have known many Americans who could pass readily for Frenchmen among cultivated people.

It is amusing to notice the difference in the way of speaking of Frenchmen and Germans who have learned their English in the States and those who have learned it in England. You can distinguish between them in a moment. The only Frenchman I remember who speaks English with absolute purity is the Marquis de Lavalette. But he spent all his childhood and youth in England.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS convened on the 2d of December. The President's Message was presented on the following day. We give an abstract of its leading features:—Our *Foreign Relations* have occasioned profound solicitude. A nation which endures factious divisions at home is exposed to disrespect abroad; one or both parties is sure to invoke foreign intervention, and other nations are not always able to resist the temptation thus presented. But the disloyal citizens of the United States have met with less encouragement than they expected. Even if foreign nations were disposed to act solely for the speedy restoration of commerce, including especially the acquisition of cotton, they do not as yet appear to have seen their way more clearly through the destruction than through the preservation of the Union. They can not have failed to perceive that the Union has made our foreign as well as our domestic commerce; and one strong nation promises more durable peace, and a more extensive and reliable commerce than can the same nation when broken into fragments. Still the integrity of our country depends upon ourselves, not upon foreign nations, and as foreign dangers attend domestic difficulties, the President recommends the ample maintenance of our national defenses, especially those of our sea-coast, lakes, and great rivers.—He urges that Congress should provide for the speedy construction of a *Military Railroad*, connecting the loyal portions of Tennessee, North Carolina, and Kentucky with the other faithful parts of the Union.—He recommends that for the *Protection of our Commerce*, especially in the Eastern Seas, commanders of sailing vessels be authorized to re-capture prizes which may be made by pirates, and that the consular courts be empowered to adjudicate respecting such prizes, where this is not objected to by the local authorities.—He sees no good reason why we should longer refuse to recognize the independence of *Hayti* and *Liberia*, and suggests the appointment of a Chargé d'Affairs at each of these States.—The operations of the *Treasury* have been conducted with signal success. The patriotism of the people has placed at the disposal of Government the large sums demanded by the public exigencies. The following is a summary of the receipts and expenditures:

Revenue from all sources, including loans, for the financial year ending June 30, 1861	$86,835,900 27
Expenditures, including payments on account of public debt	84,578,034 47
Leaving balance, June 1, 1861	$2,257,865 80
Revenue for the first quarter of the present financial year, including the above balance	$102,532,509 27
Expenditures for this quarter	98,239,733 09
Leaving balance, October 1, 1861	$4,292,776 18

—The estimates for the Treasury and the Statistics of the *Army* and *Navy* will be found in the Reports of the Secretaries for those departments.—In the *Supreme Court* are three vacancies, two by the decease of Justices Daniel and M'Lean, and one by the resignation of Justice Campbell. No nominations have been made to fill these, since two of them occur in the revolted States, and they could not now be filled in those localities, and the President is unwilling to make all the appointments Northward, disabling himself from doing justice to the South on the return of peace. He suggests, however, that the transfer of one of these to the North would not, with reference to territory and population, be unjust. Various suggestions are made for modifications in the Supreme Court.—The condition of our *Statute Law* is suggested to demand improvement. Since the formation of our Government Congress has passed some 5000 acts, which fill more than 6000 closely printed pages, and are scattered through many volumes. Many of these are obscure, and apparently conflicting, so that it is difficult to know what our statute law really is. It is believed that all acts of a permanent and general nature, now in force, might be revised and re-written, so as to be contained in one or two volumes of convenient size.—*Civil Justice* has been suppressed in the insurgent States. It has been estimated that two hundred millions of dollars are due from insurgent to loyal citizens, but there are no courts to enforce these claims. The President has been urged to establish military courts to administer summary justice in such cases, wherever our armies take possession of revolted districts. He has declined to do so, because he was unwilling to go beyond the pressure of necessity in the unusual exercise of his power. He recommends Congress to provide for this emergency by the establishment of temporary tribunals, to exist only till the ordinary courts can be re-established.—To facilitate the settlement of *Claims against Government*, it is suggested the Court of Claims should have the power to make its judgment final, under such restrictions as may be found desirable.—The relations of the Government with the *Indian Tribes* have been disturbed by the insurrection. The Indian country south of Kansas is in possession of the insurgents; and it is said that a portion of the Indians have been organized into a military force attached to the insurgent army. Letters, however, have been received from prominent chiefs desiring the protection of the troops of the United States. The President believes that upon the re-possession of the country by the Government the Indians will readily resume their former relations.—An important paragraph in the Message relates to the disposition to be made of *Slaves*. We give this suggestion at length:

> "Under and by virtue of the act of Congress, entitled 'An Act to Confiscate Property used for Insurrectionary Purposes,' approved August 6, 1861, the legal claims of certain persons to the labor and service of certain other persons have become forfeited, and numbers of the latter, thus liberated, are already dependent on the United States, and must be provided for in some way. Besides this, it is not impossible that some of the States will pass similar enactments for their own benefits respectively, and by the operation of which persons of the same class will be thrown upon them for disposal. In such case I recommend that Congress provide for accepting such persons from such States, according to some mode of valuation, in *lieu pro tanto* of direct taxes, or upon some other plan to be agreed on with such States respectively, that such persons, on such acceptance by the General Government, be at once deemed free; and that in any event steps be taken for colonizing both classes, or the one first mentioned, if the other shall not be brought into existence, at some place or places in a climate congenial to them. It might be well to consider, too, whether the free colored people already in the United States could not, so far as individuals may desire, be included in such colonization."

—The Message embodies a brief dissertation upon the views as to *Labor and Capital* which are involved in the present struggle. It is assumed, says the President, on the one side, that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless some one who owns capital induces him to do so; then it is considered whether it is better that capital shall hire laborers, inducing them to

work with their consent, or buy them, forcing them to work without their consent; in either case it being taken for granted that the condition of a laborer is one fixed for life. The President combats this whole theory. Labor, he says, is prior to and the source of capital, and deserves the higher consideration. Nor is there any fixed position of laborer and capitalist. A large majority of citizens, both at the North and the South, neither work for others nor have others working for them; many both labor with their own hands and hire others to labor for them; and then again the laborer of to-day is not unfrequently the employer of to-morrow. This system opens the way to all, and gives hope to all. No men are more worthy to hold political power than men who toil up from poverty; let them beware of surrendering a political power which they possess. The Message concludes thus:

"From the first taking of our national census to the last are seventy years, and we find our population at the end of the period eight times as great as it was at the beginning. The increase of those other things which men deem desirable has been even greater. We thus have, at one view, what the popular principle, applied to government through the machinery of the States and the Union, has produced in a given time, and also what, if firmly maintained, it promises for the future. There are already among us those who, if the Union be preserved, will live to see it contain 250,000,000. The struggle of to-day is not altogether for to-day. It is for a vast future also. With a firm reliance on Providence, all the more firm and earnest let us proceed in the great task which events have devolved upon us."

The Report of the *Secretary of War* presents the following estimate of the strength of the army, both volunteers and regulars:

States.	Volunteers.		
	Three Months.	For the War.	Aggregate.
California	—	4,688	4,688
Connecticut	2,236	12,400	14,636
Delaware	775	2,000	2,775
Illinois	4,941	80,000	84,941
Indiana	4,686	57,332	62,018
Iowa	968	19,800	20,768
Kentucky	—	15,000	15,000
Maine	768	14,239	15,007
Maryland	—	7,000	7,000
Massachusetts	3,435	26,760	30,195
Michigan	781	28,550	29,331
Minnesota	—	4,160	4,160
Missouri	9,356	22,130	31,486
New Hampshire	779	9,600	10,379
New Jersey	3,068	9,342	12,410
New York	10,188	100,200	110,388
Ohio	10,236	81,205	91,441
Pennsylvania	19,199	94,760	113,959
Rhode Island	1,285	5,898	7,183
Vermont	780	8,000	8,780
Virginia	779	12,000	12,779
Wisconsin	792	14,153	14,945
Kansas	—	5,000	5,000
Colorado	—	1,000	1,000
Nebraska	—	2,500	2,500
Nevada	—	1,000	1,000
New Mexico	—	1,000	1,000
District of Columbia	2,823	1,000	3,823
Total	77,875	640,637	718,512

—To the number of volunteers for the war, 640,637, add the estimated strength of the regular army, including the new enlistments, under the Act of July 29, 1861, which is 20,334, and our entire military force now in the field will be 660,971; the several arms of the service being distributed as follows:

	Volunteers.	Regulars.	Aggregate.
Infantry	557,208	11,175	568,383
Cavalry	54,654	4,744	59,398
Artillery	20,380	4,308	24,688
Rifles and Sharp-shooters	8,325	—	8,395
Engineers	—	107	107
Total	640,637	20,334	660,971

—For the ensuing year appropriations are asked for a force of 500,000 men. The cavalry force is found to be larger than is required, and measures will be taken for its reduction. The Secretary gives a condensed history of the enlistment of the army, and shows that it may easily be raised to any required number. He says that, at one time during the Revolution, Massachusetts, with a population of 350,000, had in the field 56,000 troops—more than one-sixth of her entire population. Should the loyal States furnish troops in like proportion, which they would do if the emergency demanded, we could put into the field an army of over three millions.——A summary is given of affairs in the "Border States." In Delaware the good sense and patriotism of the people has triumphed over the schemes of the traitors; in Kentucky the people early pronounced themselves at the ballot-box in favor of the Union; in Maryland, notwithstanding the events in Baltimore, when the opportunity of a general election was afforded, the people, under the lead of their brave and patriotic Governor, rebuked those who would have led the State to destruction; in Missouri a loyal State Government has been established, troops have rallied to the support of the Federal authority, which have forced the enemy to retire into an adjoining State; in Virginia the Government established by the loyal portion of her population is in successful operation. The Secretary believes that "the army now assembled on the banks of the Potomac will, under its able leader, soon make such a demonstration as will re-establish its authority throughout all the rebellious States."——The Report contains many practical suggestions in respect to the arms, munitions, clothing, and organization of the army. It recommends that "the advancement of merit should be the leading principle in all promotions, and the volunteer soldier should be given to understand that preferment will be the sure reward of intelligence, fidelity, and distinguished service."——The two closing paragraphs of this Report embody suggestions of such grave importance that we give them in full:

"The geographical position of the metropolis of the nation, menaced by the rebels, and required to be defended by thousands of our troops, induces me to suggest for consideration the propriety and expediency of a reconstruction of the boundaries of the States of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. Wisdom and true statesmanship would dictate that the seat of the National Government, for all time to come, should be placed beyond reasonable danger of seizure by enemies within, as well as from capture by foes from without. By agreement between the States named, such as was effected for similar purposes by Michigan and Ohio, and by Missouri and Iowa, their boundaries could be so changed as to render the capital more remote than at present from the influence of State Governments which have arrayed themselves in rebellion against the Federal authority. To this end the limits of Virginia might be so altered as to make her boundaries consist of the Blue Ridge on the east and Pennsylvania on the north, leaving those on the south and west as at present. By this arrangement two counties of Maryland (Alleghany and Washington) would be transferred to the jurisdiction of Virginia. All that portion of Virginia which lies between the Blue Ridge and Chesapeake Bay could then be added to Maryland, while that portion of the peninsula between the waters of the Chesapeake and the Atlantic, now jointly held by Maryland and Virginia, could be incorporated into the State of Delaware. A reference to the map will show that these are great natural boundaries, which, for all time to come, would serve to mark the limits of these States. To make the protection of the capital complete, in consideration of the large accession of territory which Maryland would receive under the arrangement proposed, it would be necessary that the State should consent so to modify her Constitution as to limit the basis of her representation to her white population. In this connection it would be the part of wisdom to reannex to the District of Columbia that portion of its original limits which, by Act of Congress, was retroceded to the State of Virginia.

"It is already a grave question what shall be done with those slaves who are abandoned by their owners on the advance of our troops into Southern territory, as at Beaufort district, in South Carolina. The number left within our control at that point is very considerable, and similar cases will probably occur. What shall be done with them? Can we afford to send them forward to their masters to be by them armed against us, or used in producing supplies to maintain the rebellion? Their labor may be useful to us; withheld from the enemy it lessens his military resources, and withholding them has no tendency to induce the horrors of insurrection, even in the rebel communities. They constitute a military resource, and being such, that they should not be turned over to the enemy is too plain to discuss. Why deprive him of supplies by a blockade, and voluntarily give him men to produce supplies? The disposition to be made of the slaves of rebels after the close of the war can be safely left to the wisdom and patriotism of Congress. The representatives of the people will unquestionably secure to the loyal slaveholders every right to which they are entitled under the Constitution of the country."

The Report of the *Secretary of the Navy* furnishes a comprehensive statement of the condition of this branch of the service, and of its operations since last July. When the vessels now building and purchased of every class are armed, equipped, and ready for service, the strength of the navy will be:

OLD NAVY.

Number of Vessels.	Guns.	Tonnage.
6 Ships-of-line	504	16,094
7 Frigates	350	12,104
17 Sloops	342	16,031
2 Brigs	12	539
3 Store-ships	7	342
6 Receiving-ships, etc.	106	6,340
6 Screw frigates	222	21,460
6 First-class screw sloops	109	11,953
4 First-class side-wheel steam sloops	46	8,003
8 Second-class screw sloops	45	7,593
5 Third-class screw sloops	28	2,405
4 Third-class side-wheel steamers	8	1,808
2 Steam tenders	4	599
76	1783	105,271

VESSELS PURCHASED.

	Guns.	Tons.
36 Side-wheel steamers	166	26,680
43 Screw steamers	175	20,403
13 Ships	52	9,998
24 Schooners	49	5,324
18 Barks	78	8,432
2 Brigs	4	460
136	518	71,297

VESSELS CONSTRUCTED.

	Guns.	Tons.
14 Screw sloops	98	16,787
23 Gun-boats	92	11,661
12 Side-wheel steamers	49	8,400
3 Iron-clad steamers	18	4,600
52	256	41,448

—Making a total of 264 vessels, 2557 guns, and 218,016 tons. The aggregate number of seamen in the service on the 4th of March last was 7600. The number is now not less than 22,000. The amount appropriated at the last regular session of Congress for the naval service of the current fiscal year was $13,168,675; to this was added at the special session of last July $30,446,876—making an aggregate for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1862, of $43,615,551. To this must be added:

For vessels purchased and alterations to fit them for service	$2,530,000
For the purchase of additional vessels	2,000,000
For 20 iron-clad vessels	12,000,000
	$16,530,000
Add previous appropriations	43,615,551
Total for year ending June 30, 1862	$60,145,551

—The estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1863, are as follows:

For the navy proper	$41,096,530
For the marine corps	1,105,657
For miscellaneous objects	2,423,478
Total for fiscal year ending June 30, 1863	$44,625,665

—The operations of the navy have been directed to the following objects: 1. Blockading the insurgent ports along a coast of nearly 3000 miles; 2. The organization of combined naval and military expeditions to operate upon the Southern coast, and upon the Mississippi and its tributaries; 3. The pursuit of cruisers which might have escaped the blockading force. — In all 153 vessels have been captured while attempting to violate the blockade. Vessels laden with stone have been sent to be sunk in the channels of Charleston harbor and the Savannah River; this, if effectually accomplished, will interdict commerce at those ports.—The operations in the neighborhood of Hatteras and Port Royal are described at length in the Report. The escape of the *Sumter*, and the "feeble pursuit" made of her is mentioned; an investigation into this affair has been ordered.—The action of Captain Wilkes in capturing Messrs. Slidell and Mason is thus referred to:

"The prompt and decisive action of Captain Wilkes on this occasion merited and received the emphatic approval of the Department, and if a too generous forbearance was exhibited by him in not capturing the vessel which had these rebel emissaries on board, it may, in view of the special circumstances, and of its patriotic motives, be excused; but it must by no means be permitted to constitute a precedent hereafter for the treatment of any case of similar infraction of neutral obligations by foreign vessels engaged in commerce or the carrying trade."

—In answer to inquiries from naval commanders as to the disposition of fugitives who have sought refuge on our ships, the Secretary has directed that

"If insurgents, they should be handed over to the custody of the Government; but if, on the contrary, they were free from any voluntary participation in the rebellion and sought the shelter and protection of our flag, then they should be cared for and employed in some useful manner and might be enlisted to serve on our public vessels or in our Navy-yards, receiving wages for their labor. If such employment could not be furnished to all by the navy, they might be referred to the army, and if no employment could be found for them in the public service they should be allowed to proceed freely and peaceably without restraint to seek a livelihood in any loyal portion of the country."

—Although fugitive slaves are not expressly mentioned, this general direction is evidently intended to apply to them.

The Report of the *Secretary of the Interior* furnishes some interesting details. The decline of business has seriously affected the operations of the *General Land Office*. Sales of land have been almost wholly suspended; the net income from this source will for the present fiscal year hardly amount to $2,000,000.—*Indian Affairs* are in a very unsatisfactory state. The Cherokees, Chickasaws, and Choctaws have ceased all intercourse with the agents of the United States. The payment of their annuities has been suspended. The tribes on the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains have manifested a turbulent spirit. In New Mexico trouble has been experienced from depredations committed by some tribes. In Kansas and Nebraska the tribes are advancing in the arts of civilization.——The *Patent Office* has suffered greatly by the insurrection. During the year, from January 1 to September 30, 1861, the expenditures exceeded the receipts by $82,785. To meet this deficiency thirty employés have been discharged, and the salaries of the remainder have been reduced.——Many persons who have been in the receipt of *Pensions* have joined the insurgents; payments to them have been suspended.——The returns of the *Census* are being condensed for publication as rapidly as possible.

The Report of the *Postmaster-General* shows that the expenditures of the Department for the year

were $13,606,759, being more than a million and a quarter less than for the preceding year, while the receipts fell short only $168,771. The deficit is $4,651,966, nearly a million and a half less than was estimated. The appropriation asked to supply deficiencies for 1862 is $3,145,000, more than two and a quarter millions less than was asked in 1861. This difference arises from the fact that the Department is not now burdened with supplying mails to the Southern States, where the expenses greatly exceeded the income.

The Report of the *Secretary of the Treasury* furnishes an elaborate statement of the financial condition of the Government. The following tables present in a condensed form its principal points for the financial year ending June 30, 1862:

Estimated receipts from customs, lands, and usual miscellaneous sources	$36,809,731 24
Amount realized from loans, up to Dec. 1, 1861	197,242,588 14
Amount to be realized from additional loans already authorized	75,449,675 00
Amount anticipated from direct tax	20,000,000 00
Total estimated receipts for the year	$329,501,994 38

The expenditures, as estimated, are:

Actual expenditures for the 1st quarter	$98,239,733 09
For 2d, 3d, and 4th quarters, the estimates under appropriations already made	302,035,761 21
Estimated expenditures under additional appropriations now asked for	143,130,927 76
Total estimated expenditures for the year	$543,406,422 06
Deducting the above receipts	329,501,994 38
Amount to be provided by loan for 1862	$213,904,427 68

—The Secretary hopes that the war may be brought to a close before mid-summer, in which case the revenue from sources suggested by him will be amply sufficient without resorting to new loans; but in case of the continuance of the war on its present scale, the estimated expenditures for the year ending June 30, 1863, are:

For the War Department	$360,159,986 61
For the Navy Department	45,164,994 18
Account of Public Debt	42,816,330 53
For Civil List, etc.	23,086,971 23
For Interior Department	4,102,962 96
Total expenditures for 1863	$475,331,245 51
The estimated receipts from all sources for the year are	$95,800,000 00
Leaving a balance to be provided for of	$379,531,245 51

The whole amount to be provided for from loans will be,

For the fiscal year 1862, under existing laws	$75,449,675 00
For the fiscal year 1862, under laws to be enacted, about	200,000,000 00
For the fiscal year 1863, also under laws to be enacted	379,531,245 51
Making an aggregate of	$654,980,920 51

The statement of the Public Debt, on the basis of the foregoing estimates is:

On July 1, 1860, it was	$64,769,703 08
On July 1, 1861, it was	90,867,828 68
On July 1, 1862, it will be	517,372,802 93
On July 1, 1863, it will be	897,372,802 93

—In round numbers, if the war continues till July, 1863, the Public Debt will be $900,000,000, which, the Secretary says, the country can pay in thirty years as easily as it did, in twenty years, the debt of $127,000,000 which existed in 1816, at the close of the war.——In order to raise the revenues as estimated in the foregoing statements, the Secretary advises that the duties on brown sugars be raised to 2½ cents per pound; on clayed sugars to 3 cents; on green teas to 20 cents; and on coffee to 5 cents; beyond these he thinks no change should at present be made in the tariff. The direct tax should be so modified as to produce $20,000,000 from the loyal States, the income-tax to produce $10,000,000; and a tax producing $20,000,000 to be imposed upon stills, distilled liquors, tobacco, carriages, bank notes, paper evidences of debt, etc.: making the whole amount of direct taxation $50,000,000.—But the most important suggestion of the Secretary refers to the establishment of a uniform National Currency. There are, he says, in circulation in the loyal States $150,000,000 of bank notes, which is a loan without interest by the people to the banks. This loan may be transferred to the Government, with advantage to the people. Two plans for effecting this have been suggested. The first contemplates the gradual withdrawal from circulation of the notes of private corporations, and the issue in their stead of United States notes, payable in coin on demand. This, which is partially adopted in the issue of the "Demand Notes" of the Treasury, while it offers many advantages, is, in the opinion of the Secretary, liable to inconveniences and hazards. The plan which he recommends contemplates the preparation and delivery to institutions and associations of notes prepared for circulation under national direction; these notes to be redeemed by the institutions to which they may be delivered for issue; this redemption to be secured by the pledge of United States stocks and an adequate provision of specie; the notes to be receivable for all Government dues except customs. These notes would, in the opinion of the Secretary, form the safest currency which this country has ever enjoyed; for they would be of equal and uniform value in every part of the Union. In a year or two the whole circulating medium of the country, whether notes or coin, would bear the national impress, and its amount, being easily ascertainable, would not be likely to be increased beyond the wants of business. This plan, in its essential features, has been tried in New York and one or two other States, and has been found practicable and useful. The probabilities of success would be increased by its adoption under national sanction for the whole country.

Our Record closes on the 11th of December. The proceedings of Congress, though mainly preliminary, are of importance as showing the feelings of the members. Messrs. Breckinridge and Burnett of Kentucky, and Reed of Missouri were expelled on account of their connection with the insurrection.——In the Senate, Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, proposed the appointment of a commission consisting of Messrs. Fillmore, Pierce, Everett, Crittenden, Taney, and five others to confer with a similar commission from the so-called Confederate States, with a view to the restoration of peace and the preservation of the Union; and that during the deliberations of the joint commissioners active military operations should cease. This proposition was promptly laid on the table.——In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull of Illinois offered a bill "for confiscating the property and giving freedom to the slaves of rebels." It provides for the absolute forfeiture of all property belonging to persons beyond the jurisdiction of the United States or beyond the reach of the usual civil process who shall take up arms against the United States, or in any way aid the rebellion; the proceeds of the property to be held for the benefit of loyal creditors, and for loyal citizens who shall have been despoiled, and to defray the expenses of the war. The bill also

forfeits the claims of all rebels, and those who give them aid or comfort, to persons held by them as slaves; declares the slaves thus forfeited to be free, and makes it the duty of the President to provide for the colonization of such as may be willing to go in some tropical country, where they may have the protection of the Government and be secured in all the rights and privileges of freemen.——In the House, Mr. Stevens of Pennsylvania offered a preamble and bill declaring that there can be no permanent peace or Union in the republic so long as slavery exists within it; that slavery is an essential means of protracting the war; that according to the law of nations it is right to liberate the slaves of an enemy to weaken his power; that the President be requested to declare free, and to direct all our generals and officers in command to order freedom to all slaves who shall leave their masters or shall aid in quelling the rebellion, and that the United States pledge the faith of the nation to make full and fair compensation to all loyal citizens who are or shall remain active in supporting the Union for all damage they may sustain by virtue of this resolution.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued regulations relating to the property found in such parts of the disloyal States as may be occupied by the United States forces. Agents are to be appointed to reside in these places, whose duty shall be to secure and prepare for market cotton and other property. They may for this purpose employ slaves, paying a proper compensation for their services. The cotton and other products to be shipped to New York, consigned to an agent appointed for that purpose.

The naval and military expedition, whose sailing was noted in our last Record, has achieved a brilliant success. The fleet, numbering 50 vessels and transports, besides coal vessels, sailed from Hampton Roads on the 29th of October. When the sealed orders were opened it was found that the destination was Port Royal Harbor, near Beaufort, in South Carolina, one of the points which had been supposed to be in contemplation. On the 1st and 2d of November the fleet encountered a storm, the severest of the season, by which it was utterly dispersed; on the morning of the 2d only a single sail was to be seen from the deck of the *Wabash*, the flag-ship. On the 3d the storm abated, and the vessels began to reappear. The damage proved to have been less than was anticipated. A few of the smaller vessels were forced to put back; one went ashore, and the crew, numbering 73, were made prisoners. The *Isaac Smith* was obliged to throw overboard her battery. The *Peerless* and *Governor* sunk, all those on board being saved with the exception of seven marines on the latter vessel, who were drowned through their own imprudence. Damages, comparatively slight, were sustained by other vessels. On Monday morning, November 4, the fleet, 25 vessels being in company, and many more heaving in sight, anchored off Port Royal bar. The aids to navigation had been removed, but on the next day the fleet crossed the bar. The following day was occupied in making reconnoissances and preparations for the attack. It was found that two strong forts, Walker and Beauregard, had been thrown up on the points commanding the entrance to the harbor. At half past nine on the morning of the 7th the attack was made by 16 selected vessels of the fleet, the military force not being called upon to participate. The enemy evidently supposed their defenses impregnable, and large numbers of the inhabitants, including some from Charleston, came out to witness the engagement. The attacking vessels sailed around in a circle, delivering fire alternately into each fort. Meanwhile a number of small Confederate vessels, commanded by Josiah Tatnall, lately Commodore in the United States Navy, and commanding our East India squadron, appeared, but took no important part in the fight, and were speedily beaten off. The fight lasted three hours, at the end of which the batteries were found wholly untenable, and were evacuated, the enemy escaping toward the interior. Our loss in this engagement was only 8 killed and 23 wounded, 17 of them but slightly; none of the vessels suffered serious damage. The loss of the enemy was considerable. Many bodies were found in the forts, and some 30 at a distance of half a mile. We captured the entire armament of the forts, consisting of about 40 cannon of the heaviest calibre and most approved models, besides a large quantity of ammunition and camp equipage. The military force was landed, and every preparation made to hold the port thus acquired. The harbor of Port Royal is the finest on the Southern coast; ships drawing 25 feet enter it with ease, and it is capable of containing our whole fleet. A small party was sent to take possession of Beaufort, some 15 miles distant. The place was found entirely deserted by the white inhabitants, only a part of the slaves remaining.

A naval expedition of scarcely inferior importance sailed from New London on the 20th of November. It consists of 25 vessels, mostly old whalers, heavily loaded with stone, and so arranged that by opening holes in the bottom they can be sunk in a few minutes. The design is to sink them at the entrances of the Southern harbors, thus effectually closing the ports against all egress or entrance.

In *Missouri* Major-General Halleck has been appointed to the command vacated by the removal of General Frémont. He has issued a series of military orders to the effect that active rebels and spies have forfeited their rights as citizens, and are liable to capital punishment; that all persons in arms against the Government or aiding the enemy shall be arrested and their property seized; that all persons within the national lines giving information to the enemy shall be shot as spies; that unenlisted marauders will not be treated as prisoners of war, but will be considered as criminals; military officers to enforce the law confiscating slave property used for insurrectionary purposes; citizens who have been robbed by insurrectionists to be quartered, fed, and clothed at the expense of insurrectionists; prisoners of war and slaves, in case of necessity, to be employed in the construction of military defenses.—The reports of military operations in this State are vague and contradictory. The most reliable accounts represent that the main body of the enemy have retired to Arkansas, but that the southern portion of the State is overrun with bands of marauders.

From *Kentucky* intelligence is equally indecisive. A Convention was held at Russellville, October 29, Mr. Burnett, late member of Congress, presiding, "to confer with reference to the steps to be taken to better preserve domestic tranquillity and protect the right of persons and property in Kentucky." The acts of the General Government were condemned; a "Declaration of Independence and Ordinance of Separation" was adopted. A plan of a Provisional Government was also framed, the seat of government to be at Bowling Green. The Provisional Government to consist of a Governor and ten Councilmen, to be elected by the Convention;

Commissioners to be appointed to treat for the admission of Kentucky into the Southern Confederacy.

In *Maryland* the recent election resulted in the re-election of Governor Hicks by a very large majority. The Legislature convened on the 4th of December. The Message of the Governor says that the special session was convened that measures might be taken to undo the evils occasioned by the last Legislature. He says the rebellion must be put down at any cost, and Maryland must bear her share.

The direct military operations of the month have not been of special importance. A sharp affair took place at Belmont, Missouri, on the 7th of November. A body of 2850 men, under Generals Grant and M'Clernand, set out from Cairo to attack a camp at Belmont; the object was attained, the enemy were driven off, and the camp burned. The enemy were then strongly reinforced from Columbus, on the opposite side of the Mississippi, and our troops re-embarked for Cairo. The whole action lasted six hours. The loss on each side, made up from official sources, was:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total
National	84	288	235	607
Confederate...........	261	427	278	966

Messrs. Mason and Slidell, appointed Ministers from the Southern Confederacy to England and France, have failed to reach their destination. The steamer on which they embarked from Charleston, having eluded the blockade, landed them at Cardenas, in Cuba; they went by land to Havana, where they were received with every consideration. Here they awaited the arrival of the British mail steamer *Trent*, plying between Southampton and the West India Islands. They embarked on the 7th of November, with their families and suites. Meanwhile the United States steam-sloop *San Jacinto*, Captain Wilkes, was cruising in the Gulf in search of the privateer *Sumter*. Learning of the embarkation of Messrs. Slidell and Mason, Captain Wilkes started in pursuit of the *Trent*, and overtook her in about 24 hours after her departure. He demanded the surrender of the Confederate Ministers and their Secretaries, which, after some little demur, was acceded to; and Messrs. Mason and Slidell, with their Secretaries, were taken on board the *San Jacinto*, their families being allowed to proceed on the voyage. The prisoners were brought to Fortress Monroe, and subsequently sent to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor. Captain Wilkes, in making these arrests, acted wholly upon his own responsibility; but his action has been fully sanctioned by the Government.

EUROPE.

From *Great Britain* our intelligence relates almost wholly to commercial affairs, and the main topics of interest are connected with American relations. The Government still maintains its friendly tone, though in commercial circles there appears a growing disposition to favor the Southern side. At the Lord Mayor's dinner, November 9, Lord Palmerston, in response to a speech from our Minister, Mr. Adams, said that though circumstances may for a time threaten to interfere with the supply of cotton, yet the temporary evil would be productive of good to Great Britain, as she would in consequence in time find ample supplies from other quarters, and thus be rendered more independent.——The Confederate steamer *Nashville* arrived at Southampton on the 21st of November. Two days before she had captured and burned the New York packet ship *Harvey Birch;* the crew were brought to Southampton and liberated; a portion of them, who refused to pledge themselves not to bear arms against the Confederate States until regularly exchanged or discharged, were put in irons.——In *Ireland* the potato crop has turned out a total failure, and in consequence a famine is apprehended.

In *France* the most important circumstance is financial embarrassment of the Government. A bad harvest and stagnation of trade growing out of American difficulties, combined with the enormous expenditures upon the army, navy, and public improvements, have occasioned a serious deficit. The Emperor called in the aid of M. Fould, who pointed out to him that one great source of expenditure was the opening of supplementary credits to the different Ministries, not embraced in the regular estimates. These in 1861 amounted to 200,000,000 francs. The Emperor thereupon invited M. Fould to assume the post of Minister of Finance, and announced his determination to relinquish the power of opening such supplementary credits. Henceforth the Budget will be presented to the Legislative Bodies, who will pass upon it, section by section.

The combined French, English and Spanish expedition to Mexico has set out. The convention between the sovereigns has been published. "Feeling themselves compelled by the arbitrary and vexatious conduct of the authorities of the Republic of Mexico to demand from these authorities more efficacious protection for their subjects, as well as a fulfillment of the obligations contracted toward their Majesties by the Republic of Mexico," they have entered into a convention, the points of which are: That each shall contribute such naval and military force as shall be agreed upon, the "total of which shall be sufficient to seize and occupy the several fortresses and military positions on the Mexican coast;" the commanders are also to execute such other operations as may, on the spot, be found advisable; all measures to be executed in the common name. The parties pledge themselves not to seek any acquisition of territory or any special advantages, nor to interfere with the right of the Mexican nation to choose its own form of Government. A commission of one member of each nation is to determine the application of any money which may be recovered from Mexico. The Government of the United States is to be invited to accede to this convention, but no delay is to be made in awaiting this accession beyond the time necessary for the combined forces to assemble in the harbor of Vera Cruz. From Havana we learn that a portion of the British and French vessels had arrived at that port, and that the first division of the Spanish fleet sailed for Vera Cruz on the 28th of November, to be shortly followed by two other divisions.

The Italian Parliament convened at Turin on the 20th of November. Baron Ricasoli, the Prime Minister, laid before the body the position of the Roman question. Proposals for a reconciliation between the Government and the Papacy had been framed, and the mediation of the Emperor Napoleon had been asked. These proposals contained stipulations that the Pontiff and his Cardinals should retain their dignities and personal inviolability, and should be guaranteed a certain revenue by the King of Italy. The Italian Government was not to interfere in any way with the exercise of the Pope's spiritual functions, the dispatch of Papal Nuncios, the convoking of synods and councils, the nomination of bishops, or the presentation to ecclesiastical benefices. In the event of the rejection of these proposals, it was intimated that "the Italian Government could not, without difficulty, restrain the impatience of the people, who claim Rome as their capital."

Editor's Table.

DISCIPLINE.—We Americans have been for years thinking, talking, and often acting as if the First Person Singular were the only person in the world—or, at any rate, the only personage worth caring for; and the natural impatience of external control which the old Adam within us always feels, has been mightily increased by the spirit of our institutions and the bad logic and false rhetoric of some of our leading writers and orators. It seems to have been the notion of a considerable school of theorists, and the practice of a thousand schools of performers, that each soul is created a wholly independent being, able to live wholly out of its own resources, and that its life is free and noble as it comes nearer entire individualism, follows its own thought and its own will in all things—or, in the popular phrase, going wholly on its own hook. It seems to be thought by a class of by no means contemptible philosophers that man, instead of being distinguished by the amount and intensity of his social relations and responsibilities, is the most lonely of God's creatures, and loses rather than gains dignity by submitting to the restraints of civilization and to the fellowship of religion. Many who are innocent of the mystic transcendentalism that affirms this supersublimated folly in theory affirm it very obstreperously in practice; and Young America, both in trowsers and pantalets, has taken it for granted that age and precedent are exploded humbugs, and the height of wisdom and dignity lies in doing just as you have a mind to.

We are learning a little better method now in a very imperious school, and some of our restive Hotspurs, whose reckless temper has driven them from the sober order of the household or the university to the camp, find the soldier's life a terrible break to their fond dream of unbridled liberty and reckless self-will. Undoubtedly the best of our young men submit with good grace to the new schooling, catch the enthusiasm of the camp, and are as ready to obey the word that makes a unit of the whole regiment as they were before ready to make a unit of themselves severally, and look out only for number one. The whole nation, to a certain extent, has shared in the change; and, whatever may be the cause, a word that had been for many years spoken from our pulpits in the ear of an impatient and conceited generation, until the very sound had become so odious as to bring upon the speaker the name of bigot, dotard, or, most conclusive and damnatory of all, *old fogy*, now rings throughout the land as the watchword of patriotism and manhood. The word is "*Discipline*"—prosaic term indeed, but now more attractive than any rallying cries of popular enthusiasm or party policy.

We perhaps discern the exact point of its meaning best when we compare it with a word very much like it in derivation and usage—the word *doctrine*. It is sometimes, indeed, taken for granted that doctrine and discipline are very much the same, and that one who is indoctrinated is of necessity pretty well disciplined. Yet what monstrous mistakes have come from this confusion of ideas! How many young people go from our schools and colleges with their heads filled with the doctrines of their text-books, without any tolerable discipline either of the intellect, the affections, or the will! and, of course, unless they soon make up for the deficiency in the sterner school of experience, they disappoint the fond hopes of their friends by many words and few deeds, or by large expectations and small performance. The very highest interests of mankind suffer in the same way, and religion has had its full share of the mischief. Our modern Illuminism, in its partly-reasonable impatience of the old church discipline, has thought to govern the world mainly by its superior ideas or its philosophical doctrines, and has been much astonished that the stubborn world remains very much the same in face of its teachings, and follows sterner rulers than its lecturers and essayists. We had, in fact, quite generally taken it for granted that we were carrying the modern mind by storm with our artillery of new ideas and our infantry of new school-books. But we are encountered by a most obstinate as well as unexpected resistance; and the old church, that we are so sure of having conquered in the war of ideas, has most surely come very near conquering us by the power of its discipline; and many of our own men and women, of good culture, have become disgusted with the free-thinking method that deals mainly with fine-spun phrases and plausible speculations, and leaves the will unsubdued by a master and the life unregulated by a comprehensive rule.

Our patriotism has fallen into the same error, and we, as a nation, are trying to recover from the fearful shock which we have sustained from trusting to the *doctrinaires* who would have us believe that ideas of themselves govern the world; and that by merely proclaiming the principles of liberty and humanity the powers of despotism would be disarmed, and the reign of righteousness would be at once established. One of our most conspicuous political agitators, some years since, set forth somewhat elaborately, and to the admiration of not a small class of followers, the charming doctrine of the power of just ideas to make their own way, and defend society without the alliance of sterner weapons, and scouted at the prodigious folly which persists in keeping armies, navies, and fortresses, to protect our nationality and our civilization. He has changed his ground now, and seems to find no conscientious scruples in the way of adopting more fearful weapons and agents in civil warfare than our professional soldiers have yet ventured to employ or even to recommend. Such *doctrinaires*, even when resorting to arms, seem to think the sword quite as much the servant of the wish or thought as the pen or tongue, and are as ready to extemporize a battle as a speech, and inform the ablest of our generals precisely what course to take to secure victory to our arms. The result of so monstrous an error is too fresh and mortifying to need any lengthened statement or comment; and we have more than once found, to our cost, that ideas without drill stand a very poor chance when face to face with drill without ideas; and that even those troops who have learned discipline in their office as task-masters may be more than a match for those who have ignored obedience in the schools of radicalism or self-will. We, of course, believe in ideas, and do not yield to any class of thinkers in our respect for the fundamental principles in which all sound thinking begins; but we must remember that theory is one thing and practice is another; and that whatever doctrines may enter and enlighten the understanding, we need constant and careful discipline to train the will and to master the implements and form the habits with which it works.

Let discipline, then, be our word in this article, as we speak some sober thoughts, wholesome, we

believe, for all times, but especially so for these times. And our first leading thought is, that while Doctrine requires in the main a teacher, Discipline in the main requires a master, or one who has authority to order as well as to teach. To teach, indeed, effectually, the instructor must not only be able to give lessons to his scholars, but to direct that the lessons shall be learned by them, and given back to him by word of mouth or by writing. Yet much that passes for teaching carries little if any of such authority; and many a youth goes through school or college without being able to do any thing of himself to master what is set before him from the book or the lecture-room. The teacher thus is expected to do pretty much the whole, and be not only the book but the brain to the pupil, instead of making the latter a book and a brain to himself. The better extreme would be in the opposite direction, or to require most from the scholar and least from the teacher; so that education should begin and continue in making the child to do as much as is possible for himself, and keep him constantly awake and attentive, instead of sinking down into listless indolence. Yet, however full and admirable the teaching may be, discipline is none the less necessary; and the teacher must be master not only so far as to exact the prescribed tasks, but to rule over the manners and the morals of the school and the home, or to train the will as well as to instruct the intellect.

The etymology of the terms illustrates the difference between having a teacher and a master; for the doctrine or teaching which the teacher gives is but the preparation for the discipline or method of learning which the master exacts. He who is under discipline must needs be in the active voice, or in the condition of an active learner, while he who is under doctrine may be merely in the passive voice, without actually digesting the lessons that are set before him. Evidently, then, to keep one in the state of an active learner, a master is required. The nature of things, as well as the evidence of experience, requires that authority shall be exercised, and that the first essential of progress is our willingness to look up to our superior. In the nature of things, the human being is the most dependent of all God's creatures; and the child is made, not like the beast of the field to live mainly by spontaneous instinct, but upon the transmitted wisdom and virtue of the race. The first essential of progress, therefore, lies in looking to the fountain-head, and in following the best light and incentive within our reach. In fact at the first, and indeed at a period long after the young of birds and beasts have learned to take care of themselves, the child lives upon its mother, and does not have life or mind independent of her. Nor does the dependence wholly cease with advanced age and culture; for the most mature thinker or the most experienced devotee is more and more conscious of depending upon a providential government or a spiritual fellowship, and the highest wisdom of our race enters and inhabits the kingdom of God as a little child. It is by discipline that man becomes whole, or becomes partner in the entire wealth and power of the race; and, under the true authority, the whole riches of former ages, nay, the whole mind, power, and life of humanity, come to each of us. The child who should practically deny this, and refuse utterly to learn and obey, and insist upon following his own instincts, would soon find himself sinking below the level of a decent savage; for the little savage learns many things in his own way, and may be something of a hero and even of a sage by taking counsel of the warriors and chiefs of his tribe.

We are all ready to allow this in a certain way, and our impatient Young America may perhaps boast of winning such mastery of the mind of the past by his ready perception and insight as to dispense with drudging discipline; and so long as he can revel over the best books and journals, he may scoff at the very idea of putting himself under any master's direction, much less of submitting to any dictation over his personal habits. He may be willing to listen to a brilliant lecturer or an eloquent preacher as long as he happens to like him; but as to having a master, the very thought of an authority to be obeyed—what is this but utter bondage and degradation! And sometimes the very persons who are bound to exercise authority virtually repudiate the duty under the false plea of modesty or deference, and feebly encourage this loose way of thinking, and speak and act as if the discipline of the master must necessarily destroy the freedom of the disciple, and it were utterly wrong to put any restraint upon the will of the child. Hence comes much of the laxity that so enfeebles our domestic and civil life. Hence the looseness of parental authority, the insubordination of schools, the demoralization of armies, the inefficiency of churches. The young are treated as if they were sole judges of what is good for them, and in utter forgetfulness of the fact that the things most important for them to do are often the very things that they least of all tend to do of themselves. Of themselves they tend toward what is easiest or most self-indulgent—much preferring to walk on a level or down-hill path to climbing the wholesome mountain's height; and so, unless they are brought under superior incentives, they never reach the exalted summits where wisdom and virtue and the farthest vision and the highest peace are to be found.

Nor do we need the guidance of the master merely to transmit to us the accumulated *knowledge* of the human race. *Power* is to be transmitted as well as knowledge; and although knowledge ought to be power, it may become a weakness when it is allowed to cram the memory or please the fancy without educating the judgment and strengthening the will. The good master is perhaps even more serviceable in this respect than in any other, and his office is mainly to impart a certain tonic vigor and cumulative force to the pupil. Force is as much to be transmitted as learning; and God, who is the great economist, not only is careful that no *atom of matter* should be lost, but that no *moment of power* should be wasted. Modern science is giving us new and striking views of the correlation and sequence of physical forces, and the science of education will open upon us still more important views when it studies the correlation and sequence of moral and intellectual forces, and tries to train the scholar to the reception and exercise of the practical powers which flow down to us in a constant and increasing current from the beginning of time through the gathering ages. The true master concentrates these forces in himself, and transmits them to his pupils, so that his strength consists not merely in the energy of his own independent will, but in the currents of hereditary life that he loyally receives and faithfully imparts. The great masters of every age, not only in school-rooms and colleges, but in camps and senates, are memorable for this gift; and sometimes a single master-word of a Luther or a Napoleon concentrates the electric tides of centuries, and wakes

new ages into being. In quiet school-rooms the same power may be felt, and an Arnold or a Pestalozzi may quicken in the little circle of pupils a power that no books can awaken, and bring to bear upon the new generation the vital forces that have been gathering from time immemorial in the fellowship of the children of God and the friends of man.

We need, then, the master, alike to instruct the mind and to invigorate the will, and when we call for him we are far from calling for the tyrant. The distinction between the two is very obvious, although it is often overlooked. It is this: the *master* acts under *law*, while the *tyrant* acts from *self-will*, and as all liberty is found only under true law, we need the authority of a master to keep us free. Thus all free civilization is under lawful authority concentrated in some rightful head, and the apprentice, the scholar, the soldier, the citizen, are exalted instead of being degraded by being kept under just discipline. The moment that law is forsaken for self-will, and the master becomes the tyrant, and acts as if he were the owner instead of the overseer of his subordinates, resistance becomes a duty, but not till then, and they who repudiate just authority under the plea of the reserved right of revolution are not liberal but licentious; instead of being freemen they are rebels, and as such they are to be opposed and put down. Our dignity, therefore, as measured by our exalted relation with the laws of civilization, bids us look up to our superiors, whether their superiority is in the *circumstance* of official appointment or in the *characteristics* of commanding intellect or virtue. Of course the highest deference is that which is paid to superior character, and there are always in every nation some wise, heroic, or devoted persons who are held in honor beyond rulers or kings. Yet no just or sensible man will refuse to acknowledge the official authority which claims no such exalted merit, but which comes simply from official appointment in the school or work-shop, or the city or the nation. It is not only good manners but obvious duty to obey even one who is in most respects our inferior, wherever he is lawfully set over us. A private soldier may be more of a scholar and a gentleman than his captain or colonel, but he is not on that account to refuse to obey the orders of his official superior. We may think ourselves much superior to the policeman who tells us to step or drive out of the way when a public procession is coming along, but we prove our good-breeding by making no trouble, and quietly submitting to the order, even when we think that it is not as judicious as it might be. Sometimes we find our temper not a little ruffled by what seems to us needless punctilio in subordinates, and are tempted to give a stage driver or a railroad conductor a harsh word, and even to meditate a hard blow. But when good sense prevails we save our temper and our strength; and if we say or do any thing, we deepen instead of shaking the poor official's sense of authority by our treatment of him. Some men, who ought to know and do better, make monstrous mistakes by overlooking the distinction between quietly acknowledging an official's function and acknowledging his personal superiority, and they actually sink themselves to his personal level by wrangling with him. Not long since we saw a well-dressed and apparently gentlemanly man fly into a violent passion at a railroad employé who asked a lady of his party to show her ticket, and insisted upon seeing it. The poor man firmly but modestly enough said that his duty required this, and was met by threats of personal chastisement, which he answered simply by appealing to his chief, who dismissed the pattern of chivalry with the laconic, or rather the Anglo-Saxon declaration that if he did not mind his business and keep still he would at once be put out of the cars. The common-sense of the by-standers approved the decision, and saw at once what anarchy must come if the rules of the officers of the Company were to be set at naught at the whim of every traveler. Of course, then, we submit all the more readily to all authority in which official station unites with intelligence and rectitude, and we approve the various orders of authority that are established in every good government. We discern the necessity of unity and order in the very nature of things, and while aware that imperfect direction is better than none at all, any rule better than anarchy, we are all the more rejoiced in every effort to bring superior character into combination with circumstantial superiority.

Taking this ground, we retain our republican freedom, and do not dismiss rightful authority. We accept government as a divine institution under all its forms, domestic, civil, and religious; and while we have a voice in its administration, we trace its primal authority to God himself, who has made us social beings, and by his inspiration and providence hath given us our fundamental law and gathered us into families and nations. The more seriously we acknowledge this great fact, that authority comes from God, and that all who bestow or exercise power are bound to act under responsibility to him, we exalt democracy from its too frequent and monstrous man-worship into the realm of divine law, and we count its votes not merely by bodies but by souls, calling no voter a soul who does not own his responsibility under God, and try to do what is right before him, instead of doing merely what is pleasing in his own eyes. As such votes prevail office goes hand in hand with character, and official position has moral dignity and intellectual effectiveness. So in our way we accept the theocratic idea, and are ready to say, not that the voice of the people is the voice of God, but that it ought to be His voice. For as to deifying mere numbers, nothing can be more preposterous; and we would not give a straw for the opinions of the majority of the human race upon any important subject of science, politics, morals, or religion. Of the thousand millions who make up the race one-half know very little, and the judgment of a dozen intelligent and just men is worth more than the whole mind of the swarming millions of heathen Asia and Africa. The many are to be respected only when they are willing to be taught by the few superior minds; and the government of the many is respectable only when it freely seeks out the merit of the few, and delights to put the best men into the seats of highest power. We profess as a people to do this, and did it at the outset in our loyal and grateful and voluntary deference to the Captain of our armies and the Father of our country. We have not yet lost the idea, if we sometimes swerve from the practice; and there is a providential meaning in these stormy times that forces us to look to superior authority to save us from anarchy or despotism. The nation cries out for a master mind, and the people, eager for the discipline of a true ruler, are learning anew the worth of authority, and willing to render as never before a loyal obedience. A good day will come to us when every school and household, college and church, shall

feel the wholesome influence of this good disposition.

Beginning thus in deference to superiors or the acceptance of a *master*, discipline continues in obedience or the *practice* of his precepts. The master, of course, makes the disciple, and practical discipleship is discipline. No bounds, indeed, can be set to the extent of our discipline, and our zeal for progress may and should overflow in voluntary acts of enthusiasm. The scholar may study more than his teachers require, and may invent tasks not found in his books; the soldier may keep himself under arms beyond the prescribed hours of the camp, and may bear hardships that astound the most exacting drill-master; so, too, the devotee may multiply austerities and sacrifices, and it has been the pious dream of many such zealots to do good works more than enough to win heaven, and to have spare merit, as rich men have spare credit, to cover the shortcomings of their less favored neighbors. We will not question the genuineness or deny the worth of such enthusiasm. Yet we maintain that, as a general rule, they accomplish the most who submit to the best advisers, and no man is wise who begins by quarreling with the best lessons of experience. Even the Holy Christ, who from his cradle was divinely endowed, did not scorn the counsel of his parents and religious teachers. His celestial mind was trained in the school of obedience, and the brightest light of the ancient Scriptures and the Hebrew Church shone upon his path until it brightened into the perfect day.

All worldly greatness begins in obedience, and even those magical men who are raised up in revolutionary times to be the founders of new empires are always found under the discipline of obedience. It was so with Cromwell—a subdued Christian as well as a trained soldier; so, too, with Napoleon. The upstart Corsican, with all his dashing innovation, was an obedient scholar of the camp before he became the imperious master of the field; and every department of modern enterprise has caught something of his discipline, and is glad to call its most effective chiefs by his name.

Practice is the word that applies discipline, and makes all its arts easy. We are to practice what is set before us not only because the task is in advance of our present ability, but because, when brought within our ability, practice makes perfect. Even if the rule to be applied is in itself imperfect, practice tends to perfect our self-control; and there may be a use in doing what in itself alone considered would be utterly useless, as when the athlete strikes a sand-bag or runs a race, not to hit an antagonist or win the prize, but merely to bring out his own strength and prepare himself for the actual trial. The aim of discipline, we repeat it, is to train the will, not merely to amuse or enlighten the understanding; and we have no practical knowledge, surely no practical energy, until we put forth some direct act of volition to lay hold of and master what is set before us. Even the memory, which sometimes seems to act so spontaneously as to receive impressions of ideas and words as readily as the mirror or the lake reflects the stars or the faces before its surface, needs constant attention to receive its message, and frequent iteration to keep it. The prehensile power of the mind, like that of the hand, needs some positive act to enable it to grasp its trust, and, like the hand, it holds what is put into it not by being passively opened, but by closing upon it with decided effort; and thus the sceptre of knowledge, like that of royalty, is held by being taken, and not merely by being given. So essential is well-trained effort to all the powers of our nature, that man even loses his characteristic attitude that distinguishes him from the brutes, and the very moment that he ceases his volition he falls to the ground. What is true of the memory is true more conspicuously of the more active powers—as the hand, foot, voice, judgment, and all the voluntary organs and movements of the body and the mind. Take the most simple and obvious illustrations—the learning the alphabet and the art of walking, or how to read and how to go. The mastery of A B C lets us much into the philosophy of the subject, as the simplest things always teach the grandest principles. We once did not know the letter A, and when we were first told what it was we did not then know it the next time, or, if we did recognize its shape, we could not recall its name, and had not only to be told it over and over again, but to say it over and over again until the shape and the sound became inseparably connected in our mind. Now what a marvel!—our eye runs over a printed page without seeming to take any notice of the letters or even the words, and masters the meaning at once as if the writer gave his thoughts to us in an instantaneous flash of electric light. It was discipline, with its constant practice, its endless iteration, that does this work and gives this magical power. So, too, with the great art of putting one foot before the other, the art that requires so much more muscular effort than the utterance of words or the reading of print. We were not merely taught to walk, but trained to it, and all the teaching in the world would have been of no use without practice on our part. At first we were told to put one foot before the other, but we were very little nearer to it merely for being told. It was a great thing to take the first step; and the curiosity and glee of the whole household in the successful achievement were very proper, for it is the first step that costs and brings all the others in its train. Yet we had to repeat it many times before we were sure of our footing; and so, through numberless efforts, mistakes, and tumbles, we mastered the art of locomotion, that seems to us now to be as natural as to breathe, and we walk without any conscious effort, sometimes even when dreamy from fatigue or reverie, and hardly knowing which way we are going. So it is with all our acquisitions, especially with all our active habits; and the penman, swordsman, musician, accountant, mathematician, artist, author, orator, by a careful discipline rise into a second nature, and think, speak, and act as if they were moved from within by some mysterious power instead of acting of themselves with painstaking effort.

We might go into the philosophy of the subject, and show by what mental law it is that the active powers need thorough drill just as the intellectual powers need constant exercise and nurture. The difference between the laws of action and of perception becomes more obvious by comparing the capacity of memory with the muscular faculty. Thus we remember what we have seen or read by repeated sight or perusal, but we perform an act of manual strength or dexterity well only by repeated practice or by actually doing it. The same law of habit appears in both cases, but in the first case memory is the habit of the mind, while in the second case habit seems to be the memory of the will, and action as well as thought thus is mastered by habit. In both cases the art or power acquired becomes a second

nature, and he who is thoroughly drilled in arms seems to be unconscious of laborious effort, as he who is master of a beautiful art or a foreign language. We believe that this truth is sadly lost sight of in modern education, and the multitude of books and helps to study have made many persons suppose that wisdom and power could be imbibed by some ingenious decanting instead of being worked out by earnest and repeated effort.

The results of this philosophy of discipline ought to be most cheering, because it shows us that we may acquire by practice not only a stock of knowledge but a capital of forces. He of course is the most of a man who has the most and the best forces at his command; and evidently, when he has mastered a considerable range of forces in the lower sphere of action, as the muscular powers and the elementary habits of study and thought, he has the means at hand for rising to a still higher sphere of energy. Thus the well-trained body is the encouraging condition of a sound mind, and the intellectual and active powers have freer and loftier play from employing such ready servitors in the senses and the muscles. No limit can be set to this ascent of actual power by due mastery of the lower and preliminary forces. It is as when a man mounts a well-trained horse, and his spirits rise and his thoughts range, and his courage deepens the more as his active power is liberated from the before anxious care of the faithful steed, and he is borne by him whither he will. The body is such a creature, and will do wonders for the imperial soul. What holds good of the soldier's drill is true of every form of militant power. The soldier marches patiently under heavy burdens, and with calm and patient step overcomes distances which most of us would fear to undertake without an ounce of weight on our shoulders, and without the slightest sense of danger to disturb our spirits. His stout frame thus trained to serve the master brain, the spirit is cheerful and earnest for its work, and he can sing or chat or fight quite at will. Is there not a still higher march of heroism, a lofty force of will, which, using all common arts and powers as servitors, rises ever to its exalted office of piety and charity? Do we not all need a training that shall not only enable us to bear our weight patiently but to stand fire bravely—the incessant fire of ridicule, reproach, and opposition which every earnest man must meet with in his life-long campaign? If we are learning this patience and courage, or trying to teach them to our children, let us not give up the effort because we may be at first disappointed, and may make some sad mistakes. The conqueror of the great Napoleon faltered in his first battle, and they who thus falter may do so from fine feelings and gentle sensibilities that may open them to braver inspirations when the first thrill of alarm is over. Persist, persist—practice, practice—line upon line, precept upon precept. This is the true way; and whatever we do with any fair measure of understanding and constancy we shall be sure to do well.

Who shall set bounds to the force thus to be won? The most familiar experience assures us that in ordinary business we may acquire a power of perception and performance that seemed before utterly out of the question; and where shall we place the *ultima thule* that shuts in our horizon, or measure the mountain peak that must end our highest aspiration? We can not doubt that as every man, in his peculiar profession, acquires a delicacy of sense and amount of dexterity and force that seem to the uninitiated almost miraculous, so character may be trained to a higher sensibility and power that seem to rise into prophetic sagacity and apostolic might. The soul may be trained to a fine perception of divine things so as to have a vision of God, and to such an active energy as to subdue brute beasts and rude men by its eye and presence. Many sober and intelligent people, alike in cottages and libraries, are ready to go further and maintain that a frail man may so rule his mind under divine grace as to have command of spiritual powers, and by obedience, faith, and prayer, bring God's own spirit to its help and comfort. The old ascetics undoubtedly carried their mental drill to extremes, and sometimes lost their wholesome foothold upon the solid earth in these mystical flights in upper air. Yet they teach us most valuable secrets in the acts of moral and mental discipline, and we may study and use their powers without accepting their superstitions or coveting all their dreams.

Perhaps in no respect do we as a people need the higher training more than in learning the mastery of the higher forms of influence over the young; and the same laxity that allows youth to go on at will, unchecked by sound discipline, tempts parents and instructors to abdicate their authority and cease seeking and using the best powers of command. This is a great error and wrong; for surely to abdicate a rightful authority is as bad as to usurp a wrong one, and the omission of faithful rule is as much out of the way as the assumption of unlawful power. Hard as it may be to go through the highest training of our strength, we are to persevere, remembering that we are not only thus bringing out our own character but doing the best service for the young, and bringing them to a standard of culture exalted in the very measure of its exacting superiority. Nay, in the end we give a higher charm to education by making it nobly exacting instead of basely indulgent. To climb the mountain may at first tire the knees and daunt the spirits, but the courage rises and the vigor grows with the striving, and the mountain boy always shows well the noble school in which he had his hardy breeding. How far we are to carry this ascending training we do not yet fully know; yet we may be quite certain that we have not yet reached the limit, and a new day will break upon our methods of culture when one-half the time and strength that have been given to an unnatural ascetism in the service of superstition shall be devoted to the true development of our being in the light of a reasonable faith, and that strong and blessed life which is now so often only a fair vision or a speculative doctrine shall become a solid fact, and establish the true civilization and humanity among men.

But to whatever degree the discipline is carried the end is certain. He who accepts a *master* and continues in the *practice* of his precepts upon the right principle is sure to win the *mastery*. This last word fitly closes our present article and crowns our thought most cheerfully. He most surely conquers who most faithfully serves; and the reason of his victory is as obvious as the fact. The reason of it is, that he who serves a true master rises into fellowship with him by acceptance of his essential truth and spirit, and becomes his equal the more complete is his service. The pupil most docile most effectually possesses the mind of his teacher, and the disciple most obedient most enters into the life and power of the master. Thus the true obedience is the true victory, and we bring truth and law, nature and God, to our side, and are strong with their might as we follow their bidding. What, in fact, is obe-

dience but the application of truth to practice? and thus he employs the best weapons of conquest who most wisely obeys. In natural science—as for example, in the laboratory—it is clear that he is master of nature who studies and follows her laws. Equal order rules moral and spiritual things, and they who would subdue the world must themselves be first subdued to the power that is almighty. They who know best how to make disciples of others first became disciples themselves, and the empire which they founded now lifts its cross above every imperial crown.

This true mastery appears not only in its deepening peace but in its rising power. The whole life is more instead of less inspired by true discipline, and through the well-worn channels of right and fixed habits the tides of divine force most copiously flow. God's own spirit gives the mastery of the highest of arts.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"I wish you merry Christmas,
And happy New Year;
A pocket full of money,
And a bottle full of beer."

THE merry Christmas tide finds us a sober people, and yet never so heartily and hopefully could we wish each other a Happy New Year. The long, tranquil autumn, unusually bright and mild, has led us into December and the heart of the winter. If there was less glory on the trees than usual, no man could regret it, as he thought of those who were in the field, not for flowers or grain, but for quite another harvest.

The retrospect of the year is more prodigious than that of any other year in the lives of most of us. It has revealed to us that we are a nation, and it has brought us face to face with war. We have been educated more in a year than in all our years before. And yet nobody can doubt that we are a better people; that war has developed qualities and powers which we had not suspected; and that like all great historical epochs this is one that will leave men happier than they have been.

For under a myriad forms the destiny of mankind develops itself. It seems impossible to thwart or hinder it. A skeptic is a fool or a cynic. There is nothing so sure as justice. Then we laugh and ask, What is Justice. What is Truth, said jesting Pilate, nor staid for an answer, says Bacon in his Essays. But there was an answer, and it gave itself. All visible prosperity rests upon invisible ideas. If they are false, the prosperity is an illusion. Falsehood in society and systems is like frost in a foundation wall. It is nothing, but it tears the wall open.

The year that opens in war will probably end in peace, or the prospect of peace. And when we come to settle the great account of battles we shall find that, except for the private sorrow of stricken homes, the war has left us little to regret; that upon the nation its influence has been ennobling; and that the bells of this New Year will at last and truly "ring in the thousand years of peace."

SINCE the "Century" became rich and splendid, and went to a beautiful palace near Union Place, in which the great drawing-room is the finest in the city, it happens that I seldom go. It is a club—the "Century"—and Easy Chairs are *ex officio* members of clubs. Nor is it that I am afraid of the splendor and the great drawing-room; but it is not convenient to go, and clubs are nothing if not conveniences.

Several years ago, when I first knew the "Century," it occupied a house in the then modest block opposite Niblo's Garden. There was a very quiet front door, and a long dark passage—then the narrow stairs—then daylight, the club, and good fellowship. Games were prohibited, except perhaps checkers. Billiards especially were sternly forbidden; but I seem to remember punch—very mild, mere lemonade, in fact—and I am pretty sure that there was now and then a cigar.

The name of the club was always a riddle to the neophytes. Why Century? Were the men so arrogant that they believed themselves to be the choice spirits of the age—representatives of its head and heart and hand, and so an epitome of the century? This was the outside question; but it was remarkable that as fast as men became members—Centurions we call ourselves—they found the greatest propriety and probability in that interpretation. In fact, if any body doubted, would he just make it convenient to happen in on some Wednesday or Saturday evening and settle the question for himself? Wednesday and Saturday—especially Saturday—were the field nights. Then the Centurions of mark paraded. Each one jumped upon his hobby, and went off at a slapping pace. Old walls! what jovial, what tender songs you heard! what good stories! what happy badinage! There was only an oil-cloth on the floor. The Centurions of the blue blood looked down in their portraits from the walls. We sat in hard arm-chairs, with a few small tables scattered about. The rooms were blue with smoke. The fire blazed bright. They were gay evenings to pass, and pleasant evenings to remember. The clocks and watches ran a race to point the morning hours.

The Century Club was founded by a few gentlemen who had a common interest in æsthetic pursuits. They were artists, authors, clergymen, and the friends of art and literature. The name of the club was simple enough, if the inquirer only consulted the dictionary. The first explanation of the word century is *a hundred*. It was a club of a hundred members. The initiation fee was small. The yearly subscription was reasonable. It was to be a club of literary and artistic fellowship, with a monthly meeting for doing business and eating oysters. It was a club designed for men who were not rich. The marvel was that it was difficult to spend much money in an evening; and in the earlier days in Broadway a man was really not measured by his money but by his actual capital of manhood. A dandy was out of place. A prig was annihilated. It was not a club of mutual admiration. No, no; the phlebotomizers of conceit were legion.

There was no regular cuisine: it was not a dining club, but occasionally a Centurion gave a dinner. Sometimes, also, the club invited friends. There was the strawberry party in the summer, and the dancing or singing party in the winter, which finally became a Twelfth Night, or what you will. Great guests were also entertained upon great occasions. Upon the evening of the Cooper Festival, I remember, Mr. Webster was brought to the club after the orations and speeches in Tripler Hall. He should never have come. It was a melancholy sight. Do you remember, O Tomaso di Roma, the four hundred pictures of the Baron Stubens, of which we heard that ludicrous and lamentable evening?

It was not a private party of Centurions. There was a crowd of outsiders.

After some time the club moved into Clinton Place, and to a more spacious and agreeable house. It was like a well-ordered home below; and up stairs there were the familiar oil-cloth, and arm-chairs, and small tables. Here Greenough came with his wonderful talk; and here how many who are living still sent the night flying on winged words! The Nestor of Centurions, who revives for us younger men the traditions of a London age, and of a love and knowledge of the theatre and actors such as Charles Lamb had, here told his impressions of modern players, ranging from Mrs. Piozzi's Conway to Edmund Kean, down to Rachel and Edwin Booth. Here, too, the other men whose names are public names sat round, and smoked, and sipped, and listened with sparkling eyes and jovial lips.

This was Thackeray's favorite room on Saturday nights; and here, too, were the most memorable dinners, as when Kane returned from his last expedition, and he and Thackeray met for the first time. The Doctor had seen one of his sailors, in the long arctic night when he was frozen under a Greenland glacier, intently reading, and curious to know what book held him so fast, came to him and found that it was "Pendennis." The story interested Thackeray, and the huge Briton and slight heroic American met with the utmost cordiality and sympathy.

Kane told his wonderful adventures, and we all sat and listened. It was like dining with Marco Polo. The tale was marvelous, but we believed it. And when our minds were blue with polar ice and all our thoughts were frosted, they were dissolved to tears in the warm mist of pathos that softens thy manly voice, exile of Erin! It was as if we heard the bells that you heard in your heart, as you sang in Father Prout's words:

"With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

Then followed Thackeray in his "Three Sailors of Bristol City," or his favorite "Doctor Luther," which he poured out in a great volume of voice like rich, oily wine:

"For the souls' edification
Of this decent congregation,
Worthy people! by your grant,
I will sing a holy chant,
I will sing a holy chant.
If the ditty sound but oddly,
'Twas a father, wise and godly,
Sang it so long ago.
Then sing as Doctor Luther sang
As the Reverend Doctor Luther sang:
Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long."

Thackeray makes his "Philip" sing it now; for in his "Philip," as in his "Pendennis" and "Clive Newcome," Thackeray lives his youth over again.

Other songs and other stories streamed after, until at last Paul Duggan, after many quiet, droll delays, sang the "Widow Machree," in his low, intense, weird voice, until we seemed to be listening to an old Irish crone squatting by her small fire in a lonely cabin, murmuring with vague articulations as the night wind sings. And it is a word of news about Paul Duggan which has set the memory of the Easy Chair to recall the "Century" and the Centurions. The news was in a letter from Paris to the *Evening Post* a few weeks ago. It was the tidings of his death. He expected to die long ago. He had lived so long beyond expectation, "so beyond reason," as he was used to say with that earnest, sad, sweet smile, that he seemed to have acquired some mystic hold upon life, and his mortality was not to be measured by the ordinary rules.

Paul Duggan was an Irishman. He came early to this country; studied art as a painter; was made Professor of Drawing in the Free Academy in New York; fell ill with the consumption; went to Europe eight or nine years ago, and came home somewhat better; found himself unable to work in the Academy or the studio, and returning to England lived quietly there until a short time since when he went to Paris for a visit, and there suddenly died. And how much has died with him!

He has left no works; nothing that will compel the world to remember him and wish he had lived longer. But upon a small circle, and especially upon the memory of his old associates among the Centurions, he has carved his name in imperishable lines. There are few men so purely unselfish as he was; so naturally gentle and unobtrusive. Yet it was not because he was a negative person, for he was a thinker and a man of strong convictions and great talent. His nature was exquisitely artistic; full of sympathy for all kinds of grace and beauty; delicately sensitive to sounds and sights and mental emotions, and of the truest humor. His appreciation of wit and humor lighted his whole soul with laughter. "A good thing" was an inward and constantly recurring delight. The expression was never boisterous, but it was delightful. Humor affected him like electricity, putting his system into a cheerful glow.

He was sincerely an artist in his organization, but he had no distinguished faculty. He studied faithfully, he felt deeply, he sympathized wholly; but his hand was inadequate to the work. Of course much of his small performance is to be explained by sickness and the duties of his position. He was very poor, and had few opportunities. But what he did was done with all his heart. That never failed, if the hand did. Consequently all his works have all his earnestness, and one or two crayon heads of Centurions, that used to hang upon the walls (they hang there still, I have no doubt), are most admirable and satisfactory portraits.

But while he painted no great pictures his knowledge of anatomy was accurate and thorough, and at an early age he was admirably qualified for his post as teacher of drawing; and he had the most subtle appreciation of music and delight in it. He had studied the science, and he had unusual gifts of ear and genius in its pursuit. His playing at the piano was self-taught, but it was exquisite. The most curious and involved harmonies flowed from his skillful fingers; and his playing was the weaving of a rich, thick cloud of music that overhung

and enfolded the hearer like a spell. Paul Duggan had the genius of his race in its rarest and loveliest expression.

But although he was poor he always seemed to be rich. He had that exhaustless, sweet geniality and equanimity which, in the happy genius of his native land, contrives to conquer obstacles by quietly disregarding them. Paul Duggan was a Prince Royal of the House of Barmecide. Wherever he was, whatever he did, he made the best of it. If he were half dead, he did not bother his visitor with the fact; and often, when he could not speak loud, he almost persuaded you, by the mere force of his geniality, that he had a whim of whispering. He knew that he was very ill; he expected many a time to die; but the same sweet firmness, the same invincible manhood, were all that appeared. Every thing seemed sometimes upon the point of deserting him, except his calm and regal possession of himself.

The trials of acute and mortal sickness are often soothed by family friends in whose veins a kindred blood is a sure sympathy. Mothers and wives and sisters and brothers smooth the pillow. But Duggan had no family here, except for a few years his brother Joseph, a musician well known in London. Closer ties there might have been; but that hope also faded away. Quite alone, except for that hope, and in the companionship of a very few, chiefly artists, he lived his unobtrusive days in the city. For some time, ten years ago, he was one of our Wednesday and Saturday evening circle at the "Century." Fred, John, Tom, Ned, Christopher! I know that you felt as I did when the news came that he was dead.

About eight years ago he said good-by to us, and went away. During that time he lived mostly in England, where he made a few friends, and found, especially from Mr. Russell Sturgis, of Baring and Brothers, always a most generous welcome. He occupied himself with a little drawing, but his chief business was tending his flickering flame of life. It burned longer than we could have hoped; and at last, quietly and unexpectedly, went out.

So a simple, pure, earnest, affectionate man dies, and seems to leave no void in the world. A happy and various talent disappears, and the name of the possessor is unknown to most who read it. But that fine, bright, sympathetic intelligence—that clear, refined, sensitive judgment—that tender, deep, guileless heart—who shall give them back to us? Which of all the stars, though they are planets even, can restore the last Pleiad or fill its place?

In the new rooms of the "Century" Paul Duggan was never seen; to many of the gay fraternity of modern Centurions he was unknown: even his name, perhaps, is unheard. But to us penultimate Centurions—men of the one, and not of the two hundred—who, *Tom Hicks consule*, discussed high art, dreamed dreams, and shook the darkened hours with song, to us something is henceforth wanting.

> "Evenings we knew,
> Happy as this:
> Faces we miss,
> Pleasant to see:
> Kind hearts and true,
> Gentle and just,
> Peace to your dust!
> We sing round the tree."

THE Lyceum, or the lecture-course, seems to hold fast to public favor. The wise men who foretold its inevitable decline are every winter put in the wrong, but emerge every spring with a most cheerful and vigorous pooh! pooh! One editor, who declared that he had been invited to lecture, said, in the same breath, that at this time he had better business. His better business consisted of four columns of pure lecture with which he assailed and assails the public every morning.

The editor was not probably aware that lecturing, in the sense that we understand it, is a purely American affair. The scientific themes, or papers, and the literary essays which are read in England to select audiences, and called lectures, are as different from ours as the Earl of Carlisle or Professor Faraday are different from Mr. Gough or Mr. Beecher. An American popular lecture is a brisk sermon upon the times. Whatever its nominal topic may be, the substance of the discourse is always cognate to this people and this age. It may be a critical, a historical, or a moral discourse; but it is relished by the audience just in the degree that it is applied to them. The public does not object to be scored even, if it is done with spirit and by one of themselves. Naturally we don't care to hear John Bull's criticism, although it is often very valuable. He tells the truth so sourly that it sounds false.

But we take our flagellations from native hands kindly, and there can be no doubt that the tone of the best and most popular lecturing, in this country, has been for a long time of the greatest service as national criticism. With some exceptions, the favorites of the platform are those who have by no means coddled the national vanity; who have insisted that money-making was not all; that if it were made so there could be no true national glory; that trade and a huge prosperity were muddling us; that, hair by hair, by each unimportant detail, we were being bound and delivered to the power of the tormentors, Liliputians though they might be; and that a great people could spring only from the same principles which bore a great manhood in the individual case.

The Lyceum in this country has been emphatically what it has been so often called—lay-preaching. Its experience, and the constant success of certain men, shows that the heart of the nation is an earnest, manly heart; that it asks and willingly hears candid and considerate opinions of every kind; and while in our church we are sure to hear the doctrine we believe, and at our party caucus the policy we approve, the Lyceum is a common ground for all fair and capable men.

Three or four years ago the Easy Chair suggested that a Political Lyceum would be a very useful thing—an arena free from the fury of party spirit, where great questions could be candidly discussed, and with all the ability that any side could command. But there is no need of any such separation between the departments of the Lyceum now. It is all political, and political because politics have been now visibly swept up into the realm of morals, where, properly considered, they always are. And they are so in this way: that as politics is the science of government, and as the object of government is the welfare of the governed, and as moral causes are the most subtle and powerful influences of human happiness, it is entirely impossible to separate the two. Thus the question that used to be asked in this country, "Why mix up the moral question of Slavery with politics?" was answered easily and finally by reminding the asker that the Constitution did it, not a party. When political privilege is conferred by

any institution whatever, how can you prevent the institution from becoming a matter of political interest?

The Lyceum this winter has but one subject, as the newspapers and common conversation have. The lectures treat of the rebellion in a multitude of aspects; and there is no doubt that they will be of the utmost service in giving a more precise form to the faith of many honest, patriotic hearts.

The only change in the character of the speakers which an observer would be likely to remark is, that the Lyceum is becoming less a system of sheer lionizing. Half a dozen years ago, if a man had done any thing, from inventing a mermaid to writing a history, he was instantly bagged by the Lecture Committees and carried through the country. There was a natural and simple curiosity to see the men of whom much had been said; and the shortest and easiest way was to ask them to lecture. For an hour they were thoroughly inspected; then if they could say something in an agreeable way, as well as be looked at, they were very sure to be called again.

But recently there has been a more manifest disposition to hear men who have been known as technically "public men." This winter Mr. Everett, and Mr. Dickinson, and Mr. Sumner, have not only been "delivering orations," but they have been lecturing. Their names are printed in programmes and upon the backs of tickets. They are not only orators, and statesmen, and senators, but they are lecturers. They are "itinerants," as the papers which disliked the leading lecturers used to call them, because the leading lecturers liked to talk about liberty, and did not believe that true Christianity consisted in never saying "slavery." Yes; they are itinerants. The Honorable Edward Everett is an "itinerant." And the Honorable Daniel S. Dickinson is an "itinerant." And the Honorable Charles Sumner is no better. They make journeys to deliver generous and eloquent and inspiring and instructive discourses upon the most timely of topics to the most eager throngs of intelligent hearers, and therefore they are "itinerants." Horrible trade! They may not gather samphire, but they do squelch many a vampire. Mr. Everett is reported to have said that, were he commencing his career again, he should probably choose the Lyceum as his arena. He recognizes that it is a new and peculiarly American profession.

When you reflect that every Lyceum lecturer in good practice speaks to fifty thousand persons, at least, during the season, and that they are the most intelligent men and women in the country, the power of the system is evident enough. It may well allure ambition, for it brings the orator into the direct personal presence of all those people. Probably the chief Lyceum lecturers are personally more widely known than any other class of public men in the country. It is a career—a profession; yet how shall a man fit himself for it? How can he, unless he is naturally called to it as a singer is called to sing, by certain natural gifts?

In pursuing its studies upon the aspects of American life and manners, and especially in this of the Lecture Lyceum, the Easy Chair lately rolled itself over to the Brooklyn Opera-house and heard Mr. Everett. It shall tell its own story in a separate section.

It was a lovely October evening, then, when a crowd of elegantly-attired persons of both sexes might have been seen wending their way to an illuminated building standing upon a quiet street in the pleasant city of B. The illuminated building was no other than the Theat—; that is, the Opera-hou—; in other words, the B. Academy of Music.

And the B. Academy is one of the prettiest theatres in the world. The Grand Opera-house in Paris is larger; the Royal Opera-house at Berlin more imposing; the Scala and the San Carlo each much huger; the New York Opera-house more magnificent; but for symmetry, grace, warmth, and elegant cheerfulness no opera-house in the world surpasses that of B. The house was full, and murmurous with the pleasant chat and waving fans and rustling silks of the elegantly-attired persons of both sexes who waited patiently the coming of the orator, looking at the expanse of stage, which was carpeted, and covered with rows of settees that went backward from the footlights to a landscape of charming freshness of color, which served to suggest Amina, the Maid of Milan, and the pastoral opera. Between the seats and the footlights was a broad space, upon which stood a small table and two or three chairs.

It was certainly a delightful audience to look at, and had the Easy Chair been an orator he might have thought it a kind fortune that gathered such a multitude to hear him; or had the orator of the evening himself, like a *Primo Tenore*, been surveying the house through the friendly chinks of the pastoral landscape, he would have felt a warm suffusion of pleasure that his name should be the magic spell to summon an audience so fair, so numerous, and so intelligent.

There were ushers, gentlemen of the Society, who showed ladies to seats, and with their dress-coats and apt badges looked like a poetical version of the Metropolitan police. No greater force was presumed to be required of them than pressing aside a too expassive h—p or too discursive crinoline. In the soft, ample light, as they sat there with fluttering ribbons and bright gems and splendid silks and shawls, so tranquilly expectant, so calmly smiling, so shyly blushing (if, haply, in all that crowd there were a pair of lovers!), it was hard to believe that civil war was wasting the land, and that at the very moment some of those glad hearts were broken—but would not know it until the sad news came. Yet it was easy to understand, in the same glance, how the old nations that were ever at war were so festal in their cities; and to feel that even the terrible shape that we thought we had eluded forever, that was our synonym of utter woe, was not, after all, so terrible; that even civil war might be shaking the gates and the guests still smile in the chambers.

But while leaning against the wall, under the balcony, the Easy Chair looks around upon the humming throng and thinks of camps far away, and beating drums, and wild alarms, and sweeping squadrons of battle, there is a sudden hush and simultaneous glance toward one side of the house, and there, behind the seats at the side, and making for the stage door that opens into the auditorium, marches a procession, two and two, very solemn, very bald, very gray, and very full of white cravat. They are the invited guests, the honored citizens of B——, the reverend clergy, the mayor and aldermen, possibly; perhaps the ex-members of the school committee; some very rich gentlemen, doubtless; and, beyond question, a body of substantial, intelligent, decorous people. They disappear for a moment within the door, and immediately emerge upon the stage with a composed bustle, moving the seats, taking off their

coats, blowing their noses, sedately interchanging mild mirth, and finally seating themselves, and gazing at the audience evidently with a feeling of doubt whether the honor of the position compensates for its great disadvantage; for to sit behind an orator is like being in the next house to a singer.

The audience is now waiting, both upon the stage and in the boxes, with a kind of expectation. There is little talking, but a tension of heads toward the stage. The last nose is blown there, the last joke expires; all attention is concentrated upon an expected object. The edge of eagerness is not suffered to turn, but precisely at the right moment a figure with a dark head and one with a gray head are seen at the depth of the stage, advancing through the aisle toward the footlights and the audience. They are the President of the Society and the orator. The audience applauds. It is not a burst of welcome; it is rather applausive appreciation of unquestionable merit. The gray-headed orator bows gravely and slightly, lays a roll of MS. upon the table, then he and the President seat themselves side by side. For a moment they converse, evidently complimenting the brilliant audience. The orator also, evidently says that the table is right, that the light is right, that the glass of water is right, and finally that he is ready.

In a few neat words "the honored son of Massachusetts" is introduced, and he rises and moves a few steps forward. Standing for a moment, he bows to the applause. He is dressed entirely in black; wearing a dress coat, and not a frock. Before he says a word, although it is but a moment, a sudden flash of memory reveals to the attentive Easy Chair all that he has heard and read of the orator before him; how he returned an accomplished scholar from Germany, graced with a delicacy of culture hitherto unknown to our schools; how the youthful professor of Greek at Harvard, transferred to the pulpit of Brattle Street, held men and women in thrall by the glossy splendor of his rhetoric and the pleading music of his voice, drawing the young scholars after him, who are now our chief glory and pride; how his Phi Beta Kappa oration and apostrophe to Lafayette who was present, is still the fond tradition of those who heard it; and how as he passed on from triumph to triumph in his art of oratory, the elegance, the skill, the floridity, the elaboration, the unfailing fitness and severe propriety, with all the minor gifts, consoled Boston that it was not Athens or Rome, and had not heard Pericles or Cicero. If you ventured curiously to question this fond recollection, to ask whether the eloquence was of the heart and soul, or of the mind and mouth; whether it were impassioned oratory, burning, resistless, such as we dream Demosthenes and Patrick Henry poured out; or whether it were polished and skillful declamation—those old listeners were like lovers. They did not know; they did not care. They remembered the magic tone, the witchery of grace, the exuberant rhetoric; they recalled the crowds clustering at his feet, the gusts of emotion that in the church swept over the pews, the thrills of delight that in the hall shook the audience; their own youth was part of it; they saw their own bloom in the flower they remembered, and they could not criticise or compare.

All this recollection gushed through the mind of the Easy Chair before the orator had well opened his lips. It was not fair, but it was inevitable. If we should see and hear Patrick Henry, with uplifted finger, shouting, "Charles First had his Cromwell, and George Third—may take warning by his example!" would it be, could it be, with all our expectation, what we believe it to have been? After the tremendous blare of trumpets in advance, that shake our very souls within us, no ordinary mortal suffices, only an impossible prodigy must follow; ten feet high at the very least. But then no man is ten feet high; and what is to be done? People lift the leathern door of St. Peter's, and, catching their breath, look in. Oh misery! they see straight to the other end, and a secret disappointment stabs them because they really expected a vague, swimming immensity of space. Eight of ten people who first see Niagara probably feel, whatever they say, "Is that all?" It is too stern an ordeal this illimitable expectation. But when your plastic youth has been stamped with such burning traditions, what again is to be done? What but to expect a superficial disappointment?

So the eyes with which the Easy Chair saw were full of the vision of traditional grace; the ears with which he heard, of the music that after many years still thrills the hearts of discreet men. And there before him was the orator. It was not fair; no, it was not fair.

The first words were clearly cut, simply and perfectly articulated. "It is often said that the day for speaking has passed, and that of action has arrived." It was a direct, plain introduction; not a florid exordium. The voice was clear, and cold, and distinct; not especially musical, not at all magnetic. The orator was incessantly moving; not rushing vehemently forward or stepping defiantly backward, with that quaint planting of the foot, like Beecher; but restlessly changing his place, with smooth and rounded but monotonous movement. The arms and hands moved harmonious with the body, not with especial reference to what was said, but apparently because there must be action. But the first part of the discourse was strictly a lucid narrative of events and causes: there was no just opportunity of action. It seemed therefore superfluous, tending to alienate attention. The discourse itself, so far, was a compact and calm chapter of history by a man as well versed in it as any man in the country; and it culminated in a description of the fall of Sumter. This was an elaborate picture in words of a perfectly neutral tint. There was not a single one which was peculiarly picturesque or vivid; no electric phrase that sent the whole dismal scene shuddering home to every hearer; no sudden light of burning epithet, no sad elegiac music. It was purely academic. Each word was choice; each detail was finished; it was properly cumulative to its climax; and when that was reached, loud applause followed. It was general, but not enthusiastic. No one could fail to admire the skill with which the sentence was constructed; and so elaborate a piece of workmanship justly challenged high praise. But still—still, do you get any thrill from the most perfect mosaic?

Then followed a caustic and brilliant sketch of the attitude of Virginia in this war. In this part of his discourse the orator was himself a historic personage; for it was to him, when editor of the *North American Review*, that James Madison wrote his letter explanatory of the Virginia resolutions of '98. The wit that sparkled then in the pages of the *Review* glittered now along the speech. It was Junius turned gentleman and transfixing a State with sarcasm. The action was much the same. But after, in one passage, describing the wrongs wrought by rebels upon the country, he turned, with upraised hand, to the rows of white cravated clergy-

men who sat behind him, and apostrophized them: "Tell me, ministers of the living God, may we not without a breach of Christian charity exclaim,

"Is there not some hidden curse,
Some chosen thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath to blast the man
That seeks his greatness in his country's ruin?"

This passage was uttered with more force than any in the oration. The orator's hands were clasped and raised; he moved more rapidly across the stage; it was spoken with artistic energy, and loudly applauded.

Thus far the admirable clearness of statement, and perfect propriety of speech, added to the personal prestige which surrounds any man so distinguished as the orator, had secured a well-bred attention. But there was not yet that eager fixed intentness, sensitive to every tone and shifting humor of the speaker, which shows that he thoroughly possesses and controls the audience. There was none of that charmed silence in which the very heart and soul seem to be listening; and at any moment it would have been easy to go out.

But when leaving the purely historical current he struck into some considerations upon the views of our affairs taken by foreign nations, the vivacious skill of his treatment excited a more vital attention. There was a truer interest and a heartier applause. And when still pressing on, but with unchanged action, to a glance at the consequences of a successful rebellion, the audience was, for the first time, really awake.

Let us suppose, said the orator, that secession is successful, what has been gained? How are the causes of discontent removed? Will the malcontents have seceded because of the non-rendition of fugitive slaves? But how has secession helped it? When, in the happy words of another, Canada has been brought down to the Potomac, do they think their fugitives will be restored? No: not if they came to its banks with the hosts of Pharaoh, and the river ran dry in its bed.

Loud applause here rang through the building.

Or, continued the orator, more vehemently, do they think, in that case, to carry their slaves into territories now free? No, not if the Chief Justice of the United States—and here a volley of applause rattled in, and the orator wiped his forehead—not if the venerable Chief Justice Taney should live yet a century, and issue a Dred Scott decision every day of his life.

Here followed the sincerest applause of the whole evening; and the Easy Chair pinched his neighbor to make sure that all was as it seemed; that these were words actually spoken, and that the orator was the one he came to hear.

The hour and a half were passed. The peroration was upon the speaker's tongue, closing with an exhortation to old men and old women, young men and maidens, each in his kind and degree, to come as the waves come when navies are stranded—come as the winds come when forests are rended—come with heart and hand, with purse and knitting needle, with sword and gun, and fight for the Union.

He bowed: the audience clapped for a moment, then rose and bustled out.

—It was not fair; no, it was not fair. The Easy Chair did not find—how could he find?—the charm which those of another day remembered. The oration was a most admirable and elaborate essay, full of instruction and truth and patriotism. It was written in the plainest language, and did not contain a doubtful word. It was delivered with perfect propriety, with the confidence that comes from the habit of public speaking, and with an artistic skill of articulation and emphasis. As an illustration of memory it was remarkable, for it was but the second time that the address had been spoken. It occupied an hour and a half in the delivery, and yet the manuscript lay unopened upon the table. Only three or four times was there any hesitation which reminded the hearer that the speaker was repeating what he had already written. His power in this respect has been often mentioned. He is understood to have said that, if he reads any thing once, he can repeat it correctly; but if he has written it out, he can repeat it verbatim and always. This unusual facility secures to all his speeches a completeness and finish which very few orators command. He can say exactly what he means, and nothing more, being never borne away by confusion or sudden emotion to express, as so many speakers do, more than they really think. But, on the other hand, it is doubtful whether all that electric eloquence by which the hearer is caught up as by a whirlwind and swept onward at the will of the orator, is not a tradition in the speeches of this orator. The glow of feeling, the rush of rhetoric, the fiery burst of passionate power—the overwhelming influence which makes senates adjourn and men spring to arms—are not found in the oratory of the Academy. But why should all flowers be expected to grow in every garden?

That so experienced an orator, so accomplished a scholar, so courteous a man as Mr. Everett, should appear as a Lyceum lecturer is but another friendly sign of the times. And that circumstances permit him to devote his talents to the discussion of so vital a question as that which we are debating now, is a gain for us and for the country. He has been heretofore the famous eulogist of Lafayette and Washington. The times inspire him now to eulogize the great cause which their lives illustrated.

The experience of this winter shows how deeply and firmly rooted is the Lyceum—an institution so long supposed to be only a temporary luxury. It is not annual nor biennial: it is perennial.

Our Foreign Bureau.

LAST month we began with Königsberg and the fête of the coronation of the Prussian King, at which the great King declared his royal prerogative a gift of God, and the hearers said Amen. In what direction, then, are we driving that the divine right of kings finds so loud assertion and so brilliant echo upon the heel of the year 1861? Where is all that fine German *afflatus* of liberal thought which blew so gustily through the year of 1849; which crystallized in poems; which left rare streaks of blood; which tamed the successor of Frederick the Great into the begging of a crown from a street crowd, and which latterly has fanned the drooping stars and stripes into tense outspread of its great field of promise?

In our day there has been no more throne-like assertion of prerogative than King William made at Königsberg; and in the disturbed state of the world people repose upon it as one of the fast things by which to moor in any possible storm. The Amen that was given to the King's words may be interpreted: Better have something steadfast, and that seems to fasten God-ward (whether it does or not),

than to drift eternally. At least so say the King's apologists; and they say, furthermore, that our own manifold interpretations of the republican constitution, and entertainment of a purpose to forego it altogether, and make waste paper of its provisions, if the necessities of fratricidal war demand, have somehow quickened faith in the old figment of divine kingship. And so it is that even young Germany was blatant after the shining things of the coronation, and believes again in the gold of crowns. And an embassador in short clothes of democratic France, who drives through the Unter den Linden in a gilded coach, with six gayly-eaparisoned horses, with two *piqueurs* in gaudy costume before, and two gaudy valets at the leaders' heads, is run after and glorified as a type of that Imperial splendor which, whatever else may fade, abides in its hold on popular worship.

But while we conclude that Europe is drifting again in this old direction, and while the news-writers are polishing those periods which describe the magnificence through which Imperial France does honor to the divine right of the Prussian King, the Emperor at home invites a banker to unriddle for him the great puzzle of State finance, and declares, in the plainest of language, that he boasts no Heaven-derived prerogative—that he counts on relegating none such to his son—that his power is from the people, and thence only. The letter of Louis Napoleon to M. Fould makes as striking an offset to the tone of the Prussian inaugural speech as can well be imagined. Democratic Europe takes heart again, and looks with bolder front upon the complications of the hour.

Boldness is needed to look them down. Russia is in a struggle; not only with the Polish business, or that never-ending Caucasian campaign, but with its own generous-minded monarch. The serf-emancipation problem is by no means working so smoothly as had been hoped. The large landholders, who represent a very considerable part of the civilization of Russia, have from the beginning manifested a silent hostility to the generous measures of the Government; and now it is found that the serfs themselves are not entertaining graciously the offer of that middle position between serfdom and liberty, which, by the Imperial decree, goes before full emancipation. They not only recognize no obligation to work, but no obligation to pay for the land they till. Their idea of freedom is an ignorantly large one, and freedom to be royally idle is the best part of it. Like all slaves, they inevitably associate bondage with work, and idleness with liberty. In many quarters they have shown signs of revolt; the military has been summoned to place a limit to their claims of freedom. They are entering upon that difficult schooling (doubly difficult under the first flush of freedom) that shall teach them to be contentedly poor and contentedly industrious. We never doubt but they will be as apt learners as any; but the lesson is not one that can be mastered in a day. Indolence will have its triumphs, and vice its saturnalia, before order is restored.

Young Russia too, represented by the universities, is in a ferment; the colleges of Moscow and of Petersburg have been closed. Generals stand in place of chancellors; and only the other day some hundreds of students were confined in the prisons of the capital. These are not good auguries. The nationality question of Poland complicates sadly the situation. The fierce, strong hand of Nicholas would have dealt sternly with all these difficulties, but Alexander is of a different temper. Not so determined, possessing no such hold upon the army, not held in such awe by the population, and only loved and confided in more by those who are unable to transmute their love into a sword. There are those who look forward to insurrections during this reign of Russia, and at best the Emperor Alexander has an uneasy throne.

And now, since we have wandered under this political mention to the northern capital, let us relieve the gloomy aspect of state affairs by a glance into a Russian theatre. The students, who perhaps assisted at a half-*émeute* of yesterday, are here in force—as gay and careless of aspect as if a score of their companions were not in the prisons; as hilarious and noisy at good hits of the play as ever their compeers of the Odeon or the Luxembourg.

We will say it is the Bolskoi Theatre that we look in upon, and we pay five rubles for our ticket. An usher in imperial livery conducts us to a place, every seat being numbered, and every ticket referring to a number. There is perfect order; a motley of strange costumes; a clanging of swords at every *entr'acte;* a close smell of subterranean furnaces.

The boxes are brilliantly lighted; the imperial box empty; scores of fair faces—fairer than you see in France or England—compel your attention. Jewels and rich furs, and white round arms, are not wanting.

The play is "*Gertva za Gertvou*" (Sacrifice for Sacrifice), the first play of a literary débutant, who rejoices in the name of Diatchenko.

It opens in pure French tone—that is to say, there is a lover who should not be a lover, and a loved one who has no business in that position. Velski, the young hero, is honest and noble enough; but Madame Alissov is persuasively pretty, with a husband of high rank, high temper, and great brutality. The fates seemed to have marked them each for each, but the fates stand between. Velski subdues himself to a heroic Platonism of attachment; and when even this seems to be fatal to the peace of the beautiful Madame Alissov, he summons courage to bid her a final adieu and to alienate himself forever. The intended secrecy of the last interview is prevented by the watchfulness of an old servant of the Alissov household. It happens, moreover, that upon the same night the cabinet of M. Alissov, adjoining the apartments of his wife, are robbed of a large amount of coin. Velski has been observed; his presence was undeniable; if he be guilty of the robbery, his purpose there is plain; if otherwise, suspicions may rest upon the good name of the lady. In this dilemma he acts like the good lover of well-ordered drama, and is branded as a thief.

The real robber, however, is an old companion of M. Alissov, who has lived above suspicion, and whose mixed *bonhomie* recklessness, generosity, and want of all moral status test the mettle of the dramatist and win the house. All the details of the robbery, the hesitancy of this Robert Macaire (named Batcharov), the pleadings of his conscience, the struggle, the adroitness with which he disarms suspicion, the remorse with which he receives new favors from M. Alissov, are all carefully worked.

Upon this state of affairs drops the curtain of an *entr'acte*, and the tall military gentlemen in grayish-blue long cloaks stalk about the *foyer* with clanging sabres. A new scene opens some three years after, in a distant town of Russia. Gaunt birches and green towered churches are in the scene. A caravan of prisoners is on its way to the mines

of Siberia. Among them (so slow is Russian justice) is our friend Velski going to his punishment for the alleged robbery of M. Alissov. Among them too is M. Batcharov, who having squandered the sum of his theft has taken to desperate gaming. On one occasion he is accused of false play, and in a fit of anger (for which a tempestuous show of remorse) he kills his accuser. He, too, is on his way to Siberia.

As they wend on under the firs they strangely happen upon a traveling landau in which is Madame Alissov (now a widow), with a dependent relative, who with his empty pretensions is the *fat* of the piece.

There is a pretty show of feeling at the recognition of Velski in his culprit dress by the elegant Madame Alissov. For she, too, by the adroitness of the real robber, has been seduced into a belief in Velski's guilt. She can not forbear to take his hand again and wish him God's peace; but she can not keep it, for it is the hand of a robber.

Batcharov here, with an outburst of his better nature, swears to his innocence, and with a few swift words makes all plain to the amazed lady.

Upon this there is a new and warmer greeting between the lovers of old, and the lady of the landau counts upon taking up the condemned man and returning him to the world.

But the Russian officials come between. It may all be very clear to such pleasant friends; but they know these men only as convicts—their duty is plain—they are ordered to Siberia, and on they must march. The tempest of tears is nothing. They may avail at Court at St. Petersburg: the lady may try them if so it pleases her; but the whip smacks—"*en avant*"—and the trail moves on.

There is no more in it than in any one of ten French plays a man might name upon his fingers; and we have epitomized it only to show in what French shape a Russian play runs, and how Russian justice, with its laggard, uncertain pace, receives good raps in the Russian theatres.

While in this pen-mood, let us give here a little drama of another sort—one acted in life, where nobody paid to see or hear. The scene is England, the date October, the author is the parish clerk of St. George's work-house, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, and the hero a pauper, insane, and now—that the curtain has fallen—dead.

John Turner was his name; and in the year 1837, the same year on which good Queen Victoria commenced her auspicious reign, John Turner kept a snug inn for travelers, called the Fox Inn, on Highgate Hill; a hill which every body knows who has ever climbed the dingy stairs of St. Paul's, and seen it lying like a great hulk in the sea of fog and smoke; every body knows it too, who has ever thundered down Highgate Hill in an English coach (before yet coaching from Northamptonshire was utterly gone by), and dashed on through mazes of streets to the old Bell and Crown, or to the Cross Keys. But this does not concern John Turner; who, as we said, in the good year 1837, kept the Fox Inn on Highgate Hill. In a certain month of that year Queen Victoria was taking a drive in a coach-and-four, in company with the Prince of Leiningen; and it so happened that, as they reached the top of Highgate Hill, and were about descending, the horses took fright and dashed off at full speed. The coachman lost control of them; the carriage was swaying from side to side when the landlord of the Fox Inn saw the danger of the Queen, and rushing out of his door sprang to the head of the wheel horses, and, at the imminent risk of his life, succeeded in so far staying their speed as to give the Queen and Prince opportunity to escape.

When, a day or two after, John Turner had sufficiently recovered from his bruises, he went up to Buckingham Palace, and seeing one of the lords of the household, he was graciously received, and given a reward of £10; the Queen's official at the same time advising him to put the Royal Arms over his door in commemoration of the event. This the innkeeper did at an expense of £20. But the business of Highgate fell away; the poor man became embarrassed; he made frequent appeals to such officials as he could reach about the Court; but they did not know him. His son, at the coroner's inquest, says that he wrote letters to the Prince Regent, but without any avail; and the Royal Arms and the disappointment finally crazed him; and in October, as we said, he died a pauper in St. George's work-house. It is a story as sad as it is true. Victoria will very likely come to her first knowledge of this tragedy when she reads the *Times* report of the inquest; and if so, there may follow a scene between the Queen and the Prince.

But the Prince (for the story brings us to every-day London talk) is pushing forward gallantly the preparatives for the new World's Fair of 1862. If America is to be worthily represented she should be astir in that direction. The building is already piling up in more majestic proportions than that of '51, and of less frail an aspect. Thus early it has been found necessary to deny applications for thousands of articles in the mechanical department which can be represented by models. Very much huge machinery, which is wonderful by reason of its hugeness, is refused for want of space; and even Trotman's great anchors for the *Eastern* and *Warrior* can only be represented by miniature copies.

The contracts for the refreshment saloons are already out; and though we shall not have the famous Soyer to cater again in the boudoirs of Lady Blessington, the *cuisine* of all Europe will be on trial; and servitors talking French, German, Spanish, or Italian, with some distinctive blazon on their collars, will receive orders in such language as shall make the guests seem at home.

It seems very strange that this great peace carnival should be preparing with such quietude, and such trust in the peaceful intention of all the world, while war is simmering in every arsenal of Europe. Even the papers which carry details of the new palace of the arts occupy half their available space with enumeration of warlike material which is in preparation, and with discussion of the respective merits of the new rifled guns.

The Armstrong weapon has by no means yet outreached the ordeal of criticism. Its opponents are growing bolder than ever. It is alleged that its effectiveness in China was by no means so decided as the simpler rifled gun of France; and the late trials of the 100-pounders have shown almost total inadequacy for rapid and continuous firing. Experiments upon a target, whose construction was identical in iron plate and timber backing with the sides of the ship *Warrior*, proved the superiority of the old smooth bore over the Armstrong ordnance at distances ranging under 1000 yards.

Old artillerists object more strongly than ever to the complication of the breech-loaders. The more

simple the weapon, they say, the more rapid and sure the firing. A cracked vent-piece or an ill-adjusted screw may throw a vast weight of metal out of service.

Captain Halsted, of the Royal Navy, in a long *Times* letter, thus sums up his "finding" in the case of the Armstrong: "First, under circumstances however critical and imminent, it can not be loaded at the muzzle; second, it can not be double-shotted; third, it can not throw an incendiary (Martin's) shell; fourth, it can not be used with reduced charges, for fear of the effects of air space; and, fifth, within certain limits of distance it can not be used to cover either troops or boats, with either shot or shell, for fear of the lead which strips from all its projectiles."

The papers that tell us this tell us that Sir James Graham is dead—a tall, strong-voiced, energetic, industrious, half-eloquent statesman. He had made part of many Ministries, and was best known, perhaps, by his association with that of Sir Robert Peel. He was an indefatigable tactician; full always of the awkwardest of facts to arrest an opponent in debate; not amiable in manner or character—too accomplished a politician for that; rich, well-born; in nothing brilliant; of first-rate working talent, but never a scintillation of genius; no enthusiasm of mention ever overtook him in life, and no great heartiness of encomium flows after him now he is dead. Of course we speak in this way only of the public man, and of the estimate which outside observers made. For all this, there may have been (we do not know), beneath the politician, the managing orator, the astute listener, the Minister of the Interior, a warm-hearted, kindly individual, whom all his family loved and whom all his old neighbors mourn for with a real grief. The life a man lives in politics and the papers is, after all, so strangely unlike, oftentimes, to the life a man lives (where he lives most, and where he lives truest) at his own hearth-stone.

A somewhat curious trial has latterly occupied the attention of the London public, the defendant being an Italian artist of fair reputation, Signior Colucci, and the complainant a single lady of a certain age, Miss Johnstone by name, who possessed a pretty villa at Twickenham, rare pictures, and considerable wealth. The Art proclivities of Miss Johnstone first brought the parties together; and being together, the Signior Colucci, with his fine dark eyes, admired immoderately—first, the hand of Miss Johnstone; then the face of Miss Johnstone; and most of all, it would seem, the money of Miss Johnstone. Intimacy grew fast out of the Art acquaintance; a flurry of tender notes gave healthy activity to the intimacy, in which Miss Johnstone called the Signior Colucci *mio caro*, and he called the fair one "his dove." There was a pitiful story, on his part, of home troubles and a suffering mother, which the lady relieved by large money advances. So things sped, till one day the lady fell sick of fever, and being cured, was cured also of her special attachment. The projected marriage was broken off. Signior Colucci without urging any fulfillment of matrimonial promise, grew threatening and urgent for money. The lady was eager to secure the letters she had written; Colucci demanded the sum of £2000 for them. It was a delicate compliment to put so large a price upon them, which the lady acknowledged by agreeing to pay. She met him by appointment with the notes to that amount in hand, and the artist gave in return a bundle of old newspapers! Hereupon the lady makes a confidant of her brother, who takes summary process; has the artist arrested and his rooms searched, and Colucci prosecuted for swindling. The defense set up was that the moneys paid were in way of equitable damages for the lady's non-fulfillment of her matrimonial engagement.

The jury judged differently, and Signior Colucci is condemned to some two or three years of hard labor, while Miss Johnstone, at her villa of Twickenham, repents at leisure the costs and publicity of her Italian romance.

The expression of Northern or Southern sympathy anent the American war has, at the date we write, assumed the lines of strong party demarkation. The Government as it stands, and all organs supporting the Government, are earnest in favor of non-intervention, while the Tory interest is becoming stronger and stronger in its manifestations of sympathy for the South. Should the manufacturing interest coalesce by any chance with the old Tory and land party (a strange and almost unheard-of coalition), it is possible the Government might be outvoted. But open declaration of sympathy with the South, or even recognition of a Southern Confederacy (which the Tory leaders are urging with vehemence), does by no means imply a willingness to assume all the hazards of war in its behalf. Sardinian sympathy, and Hungarian sympathy, and Venetian sympathy have all had their periods of rampant display in the British press and British Parliament without ever costing the British exchequer a pound of saltpetre. Sympathy which costs nothing but words is a cheap kind, and in great favor all over the world.

But whatever the balancing voice of the British nation may be, it is certain that there is fast growing up, under the irritating bitterness of irresponsible journalism, a coolness and a hate between the countries which, sooner or later, will put its bloody stops on the page of civilization. The world does not seem so near a large brotherhood as at the date of the Industrial Peace Show of 1851. Even Christianity halts in its march over the battle about the Pope in all papal countries, and the battle about Rationalism in all Protestant countries. Every where intellectual pride is tearing off the old regalia of supernaturalism from the doctrines of the Church. And when the Goddess of Reason is next enthroned and worshiped (as she was in the days of Robespierre) it may be in England. She has store of private retainers now, who reckon her a long way before the faith which sees "things unseen."

And this brings us to mention of M. Guizot's recent book, in which the arch-Protestant disgusts many of his old friends by declaring stoutly for the temporalty of the Pope. It is hard to believe how a mind of severe logical method, which does not bate one jot of its Protestant creed, should yet argue for the integrity of the Papal power as a means of developing Christian civilization. This Guizot does, but he wears a lonely stateliness in his argument. The Protestants forswear him, and the Papists do not welcome him. These latter say that his hate of the Imperial Government is at the bottom of all his ultramontanism.

We can not dwell on such an argument. We make only rattling array of his points, thus: Christianity is in danger of losing all its supernaturalism —all, in fact, that makes it vital and hope-giving. Rationalism is stabbing it in Protestant pulpits, and

the matter-of-fact power of constables and armies is attacking it at Rome. Christianity can with no more safety be put under the laws of municipal convenience than it can be put under the laws of human reason. It must be higher than either to call trustful and loving worshipers. In this regard Romanism and Protestantism stand on even ground. Break either down with such weapons as are indicated, and the other falters; trust is gone; hope is lost. What the Rationalists, the Essayists, the Unitarians are to Protestantism, the Garibaldis and Ricasolis are to the Holy Father and the faith of thousands.

It seems a fine, untenable bit of scholastic reasoning by a gone-by man; great luminous truths in it; immense impracticabilities; deep-set, earnest dogmas; rare translucence of thought; firm Christian hope; a great booming shot, but coming from such grand metaphysic distance that it reaches us—quite spent.

LAMARTINE, too, comes upon the arena of French letters again as the antagonist of Plato and the satirist of Jean Jacques Rousseau. But he will neither pull down "the Republic," nor, what might be pardoned him, displace in the admiration of the French people the author of "Emile." There is something very saddening in following such graceful periods as Lamartine's into so hopeless battle as his battle with Plato on the foundation of states. It is as if a graceful hussar of the Imperial army, with brilliant braid and tassels, and coquettish fur-trimmed jacket, were to caracole with serious intention of attack about one of the old steel suits of armor so carefully preserved in the museum of the arsenal at Paris! The movements are all adroit (has not the young man been educated at the Polytechnic School?); the braid is brilliant; the tassels sway in the most graceful manner in the world; nothing can be finer than the horsemanship; the sabre is of the best temper; but, alas for it! he is cutting at a hard steel case with no man inside!

And yet there be watchful guardians of the trophies at the arsenal. Lamartine has started up an army of *feuilletonistes* who do sturdy battle for the old Greek. They give him the worst wounds by comparing an old Republic, which being ideal was never measured by the practical, with a modern Republic (of Lamartine's), which being ideal was exploded by the practical. They sneer at his vanity; they question his erudition; they make sport of his praises of Zoroaster and Brahma. In short, Lamartine was not the man to enter the lists as against Plato.

Still less as against Rousseau. To be sure the Genevese was no Plato, whatever may be thought of the "Letters from the Mountain." But Rousseau has a great multitude of French worshipers, and those worshipers are enrolled, for the most part, among those poetic-minded young men and women who from the beginning have admired the "Meditations," and "Raphael," and "Graziella." They will not see their idol broken down—least of all, broken down by any theory about "social contracts," which involves considerations of state polity, in which the poet is confessedly weak.

Has the brilliant poet lived too long? The trees that carry double blossoms mature no seed; and the double-blossoming trees, it is observed, after a certain age, do not blossom at all.

WHOEVER thought to see Paisley shawls and Scotch ginghams in the shop windows of Paris? Yet they are there (the fruit of the Cobden treaty), and pretty Parisians are lending them such grace in the wearing that they are in some measure the vogue. The Cobden treaty is bearing its first-fruits at an unfortunate time; and we may be assured that it will add no placability to the temper of the Lyons and Mulhausen manufacturers (already set on edge by the unfortunate Morrill tariff) to see the products of British looms supplanting their wares upon the Boulevards of the capital. But, *per contra*, we learn that the French wines are growing largely in favor in the shore towns of England, while the Barclays, and Guinnesses, and Muirs (of Ales and Double Stouts) are corresponding sufferers.

THE Emperor, in the spirit of a good churchman, has just now returned from the ceremony of inducting a Savoyard prelate in the high office of Cardinal. Occurring at this juncture, the ceremonial is particularly noteworthy. The new cardinal thanked his Imperial Majesty in the name of the Pope for the good-will he had always shown the Church, and more especially for his instrumentality in securing to him the remnant of his temporal possessions. It must be confessed that this does not look like a speedy evacuation of Rome. The ceremony is further noteworthy, from the fact that the Savoyard cardinal has risen to his present ecclesiastical eminence from the humblest position. His father was a cattle-tender on the mountains, and the son shared his occupation until the brightness and intelligence of the Savoyard youth attracted the attention of a neighboring parish priest. He was placed at school, thence was promoted to a position in a Piedmont college, and in due course took orders, and for a long time has filled worthily the place of Archbishop of Chambery.

WE were speaking of the chances of an evacuation of Rome: Kossuth, judging from his recent letters, seems to despair of that issue at present. In early autumn he urged joint action of all good Hungarians and Italians to that end, believing there was no hope for Hungary until Emanuel had entered Rome. He now advises revolutionists to waive this point, and direct all their efforts to the relief of Venetia.

That Austria should by dint of harsh treatment crush the patriotism of Hungarians he believes simply impossible. He foresees that she will abandon the loud constitutionalism of her recent action, and resume the iron reign of a master (which she has now virtually done); he professes no hope of her negotiating with Hungary upon the basis of old Hungarian rights; he sees no chance of successful revolution, as in 1849, in the face of the present army of occupation: the only course left is to kindle outbreak in Venice—to rally to the Italian cause of liberty, and so gain strength and verge to assert their own rights at home. He significantly adds, that whatever France might do to protect Rome, she will never interpose a finger against the resurrection of Venice.

Since the date of the letters of Kossuth, the iron hand of Francis-Joseph has made itself felt in Hungary. The mockery of constitutional authority mocks no longer. The sword has swept the courts. "Necessity," says Francis-Joseph, "makes the law." All the hereditary counts "*Obergespan*," with their privileges and honors, are disavowed. New German counts, born in an hour of rifles and dragoons, take

their place. Even the Count Louis Karolyi, who all through the perilous times of 1849 forsook not the claims of the Imperial house, now throws up his commission and his honors with indignation. His flesh can not bear it. *Vox sanguinis clamaret ad me;* he will never call down upon his white head the maledictions of his nation.

The Count Palffy is named the Governor of Hungary under the military régime; an officer who, report says, distinguished himself at Solferino only *inter pocula.*

Is that long, wasting life of Kossuth's at length near to the end of its hopes? Will the eloquent tongue ever speak Magyar greeting to the freed people of Buda and Comorn? Alas for the tremendous resisting inertia that lies in thrones and armies! It broods over Europe with terrible weight, and takes new lease of life from every broken Republican hope, and (worse still) from every Republican hope that seems to be broken. Let our Constitution lovers look to it.

A LITTLE tea-pot tempest of diplomacy has just now called all eyes to ferret out the miserable Swiss valley of Les Dappes. The summer travelers do not know it—least of all the American travelers, who reach Switzerland by Basle, or Neufchatel, or Gex; yet it is on the way from France to Lake Geneva. Les Rousses is a great lumbering range of French fortifications on the heights of the Jura. Green Dôle is in sight, and, of a clear day, the snowy tip of Mont Blanc. If you bear right from Les Rousses, you go down a smooth road, through firs and tender green valleys, until you come to Gex and Geneva. If you bear left, you go by a poorer road through the meagre, pinched, bleak valley of Les Dappes (where the green Dôle throws its shadows), and so on to St. Cergues, and Nyon, and the blue waters of Leman.

This valley of Les Dappes, for a score and more of years, has been disputed territory; France laying claim, as being on its way between Les Rousses and Faucilles (a border fortification to the south); and the Swiss Diet laying claim, as being theirs of old. The treaties of 1815 guaranteed the valley to Switzerland in a loose way, to which the French commissioners made protest. The adjournment of the 1815 Congress left the protest under discussion.

The whole valley would not nourish so many men as a hundred-acre farm of Illinois; and yet, when the Swiss *gendarmerie* found their way there, the other day, to arrest a culprit, Les Rousses turned out a platoon of soldiery to guard the violated neutrality of the territory. The matter did not come to shooting—not even to blows; nay, they say it ended with fraternal tippling in a wine-shop. But yet the European papers are blazing with the matter, and the Bernese organs show a larger and hotter flame than any. The Swiss are loud in their resentment. But it is only a lamb that bleats so angrily; and at Les Rousses lives the wolf.

This reminds us of the unpleasant controversy which has been going on the autumn past between the *Constitutionnel* (the most influential journal of France) and the Canton of Geneva. We say the Canton of Geneva, since the Swiss officials have unadvisedly seen fit to reply to several gross attacks which, through the columns of the *Constitutionnel*, have been made upon Genevese society, and the illicit morals and insecurity of property in that particular region. The French journal has alleged that the licentiousness of the Swiss city was alarming; that murders were frequent, and that robberies were an almost everyday occurrence. The Swiss officials, sustained by the affidavits of resident Englishmen and Frenchmen, have controverted the statements, and brought testimony to the good order of the Canton, and sobriety and law-abiding character of its inhabitants. It is certain that French habits have crept into the city of Geneva; it is certain that its police record has its tale of robberies and murders; it is certain, too, that the Calvinistic Swiss have permitted the establishment of gaming-tables, with as inviting chances to the stranger as are given at Baden or Homburg.

But yet a French paper can not write Geneva down. The Protestant Church is there for stay and for example; the dignity of self-government is there; schools that make stalwart men are there; and always the lake that is so beautiful, and the mountains that are so grand!

We only wish every Protestant city of the world had the same lease of tranquil growth in the next decade as the Swiss city of Geneva.

If we lived there we would stay there.

Editor's Drawer.

THE NEW YEAR finds us in the midst of arms; but no war can arrest the good-humor of the Drawer. Its readers and its contributors rejoice in it as one of those institutions more valued now than ever.

OUR correspondent "H." has at last sent us the *mot* of Professor Bush respecting Dr. Cox, together with the account of the "First Record of Corporal Punishment." Here they are:

THE FIRST RECORD OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—I fear that I have, as you say, wandered from the point. I will now come at once to it, and give you forthwith the *mot* of Professor Bush upon Dr. Cox. By the way, I meant, when speaking of my own proof-reading experiences, to have written out one of the same sort relating to Dr. Cox, which was told me by a friend. He was one of the readers upon a daily newspaper. Once upon a time a short-hand reporter was sent to report a sermon to be delivered by Dr. Cox. The text was that passage which tells the story of the woman breaking a box of spikenard, and anointing the Saviour's head. The Doctor, following the marginal reading, read it "nard," and so it was written by the reporter, and sent to the printer. The printer, knowing of no such substance, felt bound to make some sense out of the words, which he thought could be done by the change of a single letter. Imagine the Doctor's feelings when next morning his sermon appeared in print with the text reading thus—"box of ointment of *lard.*" He wrote a curious note explanatory and objurgatory; and the careful printer who made the "correction" is derided to this day in the office. The office, by the way, was that of the *Tribune;* which brings to my mind a proof-reader's anecdote touching the editor. Mr. Greeley, as printers know, writes a peculiarly crabbed hand. Imagine a spider, in a fit of delirium tremens, to have tumbled into an ink-stand, and getting out, to have crawled over a sheet of paper—his track would be very like Mr. Greeley's manuscript. One day the name of a place appeared in his copy. The context showed that it was in Palestine, but what place was a matter of doubt.

The copy was passed around to be deciphered. Some said it was Jerusalem, others Jericho, but the majority decided that it was either Joppa or Jaffa—which, no one would venture to decide. The matter was referred to Mr. G.; but he had forgotten, and could make nothing of it. At last he said, in that curious falsetto of his which denotes to all who know him that he is either puzzled or angry, "I never could make any difference between *a*'s and *o*'s or *p*'s and *f*'s"—which is very true; and pity it is that these are not the only dissimilar things between which Mr. Greeley can make no difference.

To return to Professor Bush's *mot*. It was said at one of the "ministers' meetings" of which I have spoken; and the time was shortly after the great meteoric shower, which happened not far from the great fire in New York, about ten years before the Brooklyn fire, of which I have written.

Professor Bush was at this time an orthodox man, otherwise he would not probably have been present at these "ministers' meetings." I must here tell you, in a word, how he dissolved his connection with his former ecclesiastical associates.

In his book, "Anastasis," he took open ground against some doctrines which were held by his denomination to be of vital importance, and he felt that the connection between them ought no longer to exist. He could not himself make the breach, for in his view the differences were not vital; but they considered them so, and should, he thought, disown him. He called upon the editor of the leading newspaper of the denomination, and laid the case before him, insisting, if no one else would take the matter up, the paper was bound to do so. At length the editor said, "Well, Mr. Bush, if you insist that we ought to publish an article demonstrating your heresies, you must write it yourself." The Professor wrote the article. It showed beyond question that he had advanced theories inconsistent with the standards of the denomination, and that he ought no longer to be recognized as a minister belonging to it. The article was published as an editorial. It was very severe, and made no little talk. Some of the secular press were roused to great indignation at the harsh manner in which, as they said, Mr. Bush had been treated. However, he kept the secret, and so did the editor until after the death of Mr. Bush.

I presume the attendance of Mr. Bush at the "ministers' meetings" must have ceased at this time. At all events, I never met him there. Besides the city clergy, who were regular attendants, an invited guest was sometimes present, who fairly "took down the house" with his anecdotes. I have met with many clever *raconteurs* at different times. There, for instance, is T. B. Thorpe—"Tom Owen the Bee-Hunter"—what a capital story he tells. I remember once that, just after his return from his long residence in Louisiana, he happened to be in my den. A few days before I had seen him bearded like a pard; now he was closely shaven. Just then a gentleman came in, and advanced toward Thorpe with outstretched hands. "My dear Thorpe!" he began. Tom Owen looked at him dubiously, and said, "I beg your pardon; you have the advantage of me. Your face is certainly familiar to me, but I can not at the moment recall your name." "My name!" said the stranger; "why, I am Graham—Graham, of New Orleans—don't you remember?" "Good Heavens!" answered Tom, "to be sure I do. How strange that I did not know you at once, but—but—the fact is, I've been having my whiskers shaved off, and it changes me so that I can hardly recognize any body!" That, I thought, was getting out of a difficulty very nicely.

Another capital story-teller is F. W. Thomas, the accomplished author of "Clinton Bradshaw," one of the best novels of American life ever written. I have seen the name of Mr. Thomas on the list of lecturers. If he is half as brilliant on the platform as in a friendly circle, the one who misses hearing his lectures loses more than he knows. I call to mind some anecdotes told by Mr. Thomas of the late Sargent S. Prentiss. Ah, what a man Prentiss was! With a genius that assured him any position of power, or wealth, or influence that he might choose; with a physical frame which should have been vigorous at four-score, he died at forty-two, worn out in body and mind.

Mr. Prentiss, when a young man, spent some time in Cincinnati, unknown and unhonored. Years after some business of importance called him to that city. Just then a great public meeting was to be held, and it was desired to have Mr. Prentiss as one of the speakers. A committee, of which Mr. Thomas was a member, was appointed to wait upon him. They found him in the barber's-shop of the hotel, in a condition too usual with him.

"No, gentlemen," he replied to their request, "I will not open my lips in Cincinnati. I spent nine long months here, and during all that time no man offered me his hand, no woman gave me her smile. I verily believe that in the last great day an indictment will be tried before a jury of the Twelve Apostles charging Porkopolis with being the meanest village on the footstool. I shall be the prosecuting attorney, and I am confident that I shall secure a verdict."

Mr. Prentiss once gave a magnificent dinner to some friends at a hotel in Vicksburg. Early in the evening a stranger entered the room by mistake. Prentiss courteously invited him to join the party. Before long the strange guest began boasting of how much he had drunk during the day—a cocktail here, a smasher there, a julep in this place, a sling in that, and so on apparently without end. At length Prentiss interrupted him:

"Sir," said he, "do you believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis?"

"I don't know," was the reply; "and I don't see that it has any thing to do with what we were talking about."

"It has," rejoined Prentiss, "much—much every way. I have firm faith in that doctrine. I believe that in the next life every man will be transformed into the thing for which he has best qualified himself in this. In that life you, Sir, will become a corner groggery."

As the night passed on Prentiss grew more and more wild and brilliant. "Thomas," he suddenly asked, after a brief pause, "you are lame, like myself. What caused it?"

"A fall from a horse, while I was a boy."

"Ah! there you are more fortunate than I. I was born so. I bear in my body the taint of original sin. Now I know you are a religious man. For what, above all things, do you thank God?"

"I am thankful for health, strength, friends, and the manifold blessings of life."

"So am I. I have all these, and am not, I trust, unthankful for them. But none of these is the thing for which above all others I offer the most devout thanksgiving. I will tell you what that is. Yesterday I was grossly insulted by a six-foot Mississippian. I retired to my chamber, fell on my knees,

and poured out my soul in prayer and thanksgiving. I might have thanked my Maker for health and prosperity; but I did not. I might have thanked Him that I was born in an age of light and culture; but I did not. I might have thanked Him that I was *not* born in the State of Mississippi; but I did not do even *that*. But I did thank Him from the very depths of my soul that I was born in an age of gunpowder. I rose from my knees and wrote a message to the man who had insulted me. That brought him down, Sir, and he apologized. Ought I not to be thankful that I was born in an age of gunpowder?"

A basket of Champagne stood by the side of Prentiss. High up in the wall of the opposite end of the room was a hole made to receive a stove-pipe. Mr. Prentiss took bottle after bottle of the costly wine and flung them with unfailing accuracy through this hole into the chimney. All at once a new idea flashed across his mind. "George," said he to the negro waiter in attendance, "would you like to be free?"

"Well, Mass' Prentiss, I think it mout be a nice thing to be free."

"You shall be free this night if you wish. What do you think your master will sell you for?"

"I 'spects I'se one of the best niggers in Massisip. I s'pose marster would want a thousand dollars for me."

"That is not exorbitant. But for ready money your master will sell you for nine hundred dollars. You saw me fling the bottles through that hole?"

"Yes, Sir; and mighty nice you did it too. It takes Mass' Prentiss to do that trick."

"Very well. You stand in a chair directly under that hole, with this punch-bowl on your head. I will fling this bottle of wine, and knock the bowl in pieces. I will give you eleven hundred dollars. With nine hundred you shall buy yourself; and to-morrow you may walk off as free a man as treads under the cope of heaven, with two hundred dollars in your pocket. Will you do it?"

"Why, Mass' Prentiss, I do'no. You mout miss your aim, you know, and hit *me!* Then where would this nigger be? I think, Mass' Prentiss, I'd rather not do it."

"There you have it!" exclaimed Prentiss, drawing himself up to his full height. "Here is a slave who says he wishes to be free. Yet for the sake of his freedom, and two hundred dollars in cash to boot, he will not run the little risk of *my* missing my aim. That shows you the character of the race. They are only fit to be slaves. 'A servant of servants shall he be to his brethren. Thus it was in the beginning, is now, and shall be world without end!'"

As I was saying, I have met many brilliant *raconteurs*, but none more brilliant than at these "ministers' meetings." As anecdotists visitors from the South took the palm. I think, indeed, that Southerners talk better than Northern or Western men. They would give us capital negro stories, one or two of which I call to mind, though I can not tell them with any thing like the spirit of the narrators.

There was one which I remember about the late eloquent and excellent Dr. Rice. He excelled in the fervor and unction of his public prayers. In his congregation was an aged negro, very pious and very excitable. He must have been trained up under Methodist influence, for he would always shout "Amen!" when any petition was put up which touched his feelings. This at length became quite annoying to Dr. Rice: though he was not so seriously vexed as was a young Presbyterian clergyman whom I once knew, by a similar occurrence. He, like Dr. Rice, was "gifted in prayer." It happened that he was once called upon to perform a funeral service in a Methodist family, and while praying the room was vocal with shouts of "Amen!" Not being aware of the meaning of this, he supposed that it was intended as a hint for him to come to "Amen" as quickly as possible; or, in vulgar language, to "dry up." This he did as soon as possible. Shortly after he complained to one of his friends of the discourtesy which he had experienced, and was relieved as well as astonished at being told that the "Amens" indicated that the audience were joining fervently in his supplications.

That phrase "dry up," which just slipped from me, puts me in mind of an anecdote, which I must tell, though it has nothing to do with "ministers' meetings." The late B. F. Butler (not the present General of the same name) was a truly excellent man, though he *was* a politician. Every body remembers that famous letter of his in which he mentions enjoying "stated preaching at Sandy Hill." In New York Mr. Butler took a deep interest in religious enterprises among the poor and destitute, especially in the meetings at the Five Points for the benefit of the neglected children in that quarter. One Sunday he went down to address the boys. He was always precise in dress and methodical in manner. "Now, boys," said he, in commencement, "I've come to say a few words to you. I have only ten minutes"—taking out his watch and laying it on the desk—"and I want you to pay particular attention to what I say."

Every eye was turned to the desk, over which hung a clock. Not a sound interrupted the discourse save the ticking of the clock, slowly counting off the seconds, until the longer hand indicated that the ten minutes had passed. The instant this was done, one of the boys shouted: "Dry up, old Sandy Hill! Time's up!" There was nothing to be done but to bring the remarks to a speedy close.

Old Cæsar, of whom I was speaking, in connection with Dr. Rice, did not "dry up" quite so readily; as the anecdote shows. When the Doctor was fervent in his petitions, as he always was, Cæsar's hearty amens filled the room. At length the Doctor told him that his shouts disturbed the congregation, who were not accustomed to them; and if he *could* restrain them it would be a great favor. The good negro was shocked to learn that he had disturbed any one, and faithfully promised silence in future. But it happened the very next Sunday that the Doctor was unusually earnest in his supplications to the Throne of Grace. He fairly "wrestled in prayer." In the gallery, as usual, sat Cæsar, writhing sympathetically with the emotion which he could not suppress and would not utter. More and more fervent waxed the prayer; deeper and deeper grew Cæsar's emotion; more and more violent his struggles to avoid giving vocal utterance to them. Nature at last could hold out no longer. "*Amen!*" shouted Cæsar. "*Massa Rice, I had to say it or bust!*"

I forget whether it was this Cæsar or another one who was once overheard praying for his mistress, to whom he was devotedly attached. His prayer ran thus: "O Lord, bress my poor dear old mistress. Bress her every way; make her a great roaring lion, going round seeking somebody whom she may devour!"

While speaking of odd phrases in prayer, I could

give you a score quite as out of the way as this, which I heard narrated at these meetings. One brother had a worthy deacon in his church who always managed in prayer to work in this phrase, "A living lion is worth more than a dead dog." Another would wind up the confession by saying, "O Lord, if we had been dealt with in strict justice, and not in mercy, we should long ago have been cast off from thee, and left to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling."—"With us," said a minister from the West, "there is a common phrase, 'Let every tub stand on its own bottom.' Meaning, Let justice prevail, and every body be judged according to his merits. One day Deacon Tubbs, a good man, but fearfully slow, prayed thus: 'And furthermore, O Lord, we beseech thee, that wrong may cease upon earth, and that every tub may stand upon its own bottom—*to use a common though vulgar expression*,' added the good deacon, apologetically, suddenly aware that he had let slip a phrase hardly befitting the solemnity of the sanctuary."

I must cut short these general reminiscences, or I shall not have space to tell you what Professor Bush said about Doctor Cox, as I promised. But if I had space I would like to write out some anecdotes told by Western visitors. For instance, a few of those given by my friend Gordon, who had gone to Illinois from the East. "In my charge," said he, "were quite a number of strapping youth, who seemed to think that a man 'wan't worth shucks,' as they phrased it, unless he could jump, swim, ride, and shoot. One day there had been a 'raising;' and after the frame was up, the young men got up a jumping match. The 'bully of the crowd' had done his best as I happened to come up. Half in earnest, half in banter, I was set upon: 'Now, parson, what do you think of that? Wouldn't you like to try and beat it? I measured the distance with my eye. I was always something of an athlete, and jumping was my forte. I saw that the distance was within mine. So, stepping up, apparently very carelessly, I 'toed the mark,' put all my nerves into my legs, and fairly 'heeled the toes' of the longest leap; then, after a few pleasant words, walked off as though I had done nothing in particular. That one leap gave me a stronger hold over those young men than I had been able to gain by a year's strictly ministerial labor. 'The parson's some punkins,' said one to another; 'he beat Jim Long jumpin' all hollow.'"

I remember another good story told by Gordon, the point of which was that in his village was a lawyer, a man of great talents, but inclined to "free-thinking." He was a capital shot, and so was the clergyman, as it turned out. In one of his walks Gordon encountered the lawyer, who was out with his gun. The lawyer challenged the parson to a trial of marksmanship, and was decidedly worsted. "You're a good shot," said he: "now I'm going to see if you can preach as well as you shoot." Next Sunday, for the first time, the lawyer was seen at church. The upshot was that he was converted. "And now," said Gordon, "he is the right-hand man of my church."

These general reminiscences of "ministers' meetings" have led me away from what I was about to tell you—Professor Bush's *mot* respecting Dr. Cox. But here it is:

Just after the great meteoric shower, the question came up as to its cause. One suggested one thing, and another something different. At last Professor Bush said—

[By some accident the last leaf of our correspondent's letter was lost by the printers. We hoped that it would have been recovered in time to append the missing portion. We shall write to the author, who will doubtless send it for our next Number.—EDS. HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

WHEN we reflect upon the progress of the human mind in the modern march of development, and more especially upon the vast superiority of New England over Old England and the rest of mankind; and when we bear in mind that Boston has hitherto been regarded by her gifted sons as the Hub of the Universe, we are compelled to believe that New Haven, the rival of Cambridge, is soon to surpass the Hub as far as the Hub outshines the whole world besides. This reluctant tribute to rising genius has been extorted from us on receiving the following and the printed inclosure, which we lay before our intelligent readers as the gem of the season:

"Being a constant reader of your valuable Monthly, and an owner of the whole series, I have seen some most curious, laughable articles in your Editor's Drawer, in the shape of quaint epitaphs, machine poetry, etc. It is very seldom that we find *good* poetry attached to an obituary notice; and yet people will write *at* it in spite of good sense. The following is a specimen. It was published in one of our evening papers according to its date:"

OBITUARY.

LINES ON THE DEPARTED.

A lovely, beautiful child, named Lizzie,
Once lived in New Haven, very happy;
One month less than two years old, yet she danced,
And kiss'd, and pranced, and farced, with sweet delight.
She was gifted with the love of music.
Her eye look love; her ear so quick she heard
The sound of every thing in smiling haste.
She was a mimic, and could exhibit feats
That told her intellect was rich and great.
She had a taste to dress, and laugh, and fun,
And mimic mother looking in the glass;
And oh how whimsical she would appear,
In instant mimic look and pleasant smile!
Just as much to say: Ma! I mean no harm.
She went one day to feed the hens with corn,
Placed in a little basket on her arm;
Tuck, tuck, tucky, said the little girl. Ha!
Pick up the corn, I'll go and get you more.
This little charmer is no more; she died,
And left this world for a far better home.
We feel the want—we feel the loss of her—
But God be praised! He doeth all things well.

NEW HAVEN, *Jan.* 7, 1861. RELATIVE.

"THE story in your November Number of the German who sold his grain for fifteen cents less a bushel, reminds me," says a New York merchant, "of a transaction I once had with a Frenchman. He was captain of a coasting craft, and I chartered his vessel for a round sum to take a cargo of wheat up the river to a mill, and to return with a load of flour in barrels. There was a written agreement between us, which required him to load without *unnecessary delay*. Having a limited knowledge of English, and being a cautious skipper, he took the agreement before signing it to a compatriot—who was, or pretended to be, in the legal profession—whose knowledge of our language was much more contracted than his own, and gave him a small fee to read it over and see if it was correct. They came together to my office, and the lawyer addressed me with much politeness and gravity, while his countryman stood by with approbative visage:

"'Sare, I have read this little papier. It is entierement cor-r-rect, except von vord. I do not like zat expr-r-ression *unnecessa-rie!*'

"'Very well,' said I, with great frankness, 'I will scratch it out;' and I did so.

"The skipper and lawyer both seemed relieved immensely now that the former was obliged to load his vessel '*without delay.*'"

We are indebted to a very distinguished and excellent friend for these fresh anecdotes of Stephen Girard and Joseph L. Inglis:

"It may seem strange to couple together two names, the owners of which were so diametrically opposite to each other in many aspects of their respective characters. But they were intimately acquainted, and had in some respects a high opinion of each other. My principal reason for associating them now is because what I am about to relate of Girard was told me by Mr. Inglis. Mr. Inglis was a devoted Christian, as well as a thorough man of business and a polished gentleman.

"Girard owned a farm a few miles from his residence in Philadelphia, which he kept under his own cultivation. It was superintended by a farmer residing on the place, to which the owner often drove out to see how affairs were going on. He not unfrequently went in the morning before breakfast. On one of those occasions, coming out perhaps somewhat earlier than usual, on arriving at a piece of stone fence which he was building along the road he found his farmer absent. He immediately drove to the house, fastened his horse, and went in, searching the house for him, not overlooking those parts where he suspected the man might be found. Disappointed in his search, he remounted his chaise and returned to the fence—and lo! the man was found very diligently at his work.

"'Ah! how is this?' said the keen-eyed overseer. 'You was late at your work this morning. I have driven out of town already, and you was not here.'

"'Oh yes, Mr. Girard,' says the man. 'I had been here, but I had only stepped aside for a few moments, when you passed by, to get something that I wanted.'

"'You do lie!' said the keen-eyed master. '*I did go and put my hand in your bed, and it was warm!*'

"The man had been informed by his wife of Girard's coming, when he jumped up in a hurry, and ran to his work. But Girard was too cute for him.

"Girard had a high appreciation of Mr. Inglis's business capacity, especially as an accurate and rapid accountant, as well as undoubting confidence in his integrity. For his religion he had not the least regard. When the cashier of his bank died he tendered the place to Mr. Inglis, who then was clerk in an insurance company.

"'Mr. Girard,' was the immediate reply, 'I can not serve you.' Mr. Inglis well knew that Girard had no respect for the Sabbath, and that in his service he would be called on to post his books and attend to financial matters on the Lord's Day.

"'Why you not serve me?' said the rich banker. 'I give you more salary than you get now. It is a better place. Why you not be my cashier?'

"'Mr. Girard,' was the grave and determined answer, 'I appreciate all that; but you and I serve different masters, and we never could agree.'

"Mr. Girard understood the allusion, and said no more.

"Different versions have been given of Girard's subscribing to a Methodist church, on the solicitation of Mr. Haskins. Mr. Inglis was an intimate friend of Mr. Haskins, and knew the circumstances perfectly. From him I had the following account: At the time the Methodists were building an expensive church in Tenth Street, afterward bought and still occupied by the Episcopal church in Tenth above Chestnut. Mr. Haskins went to him one day and said:

"'Mr. Girard, if I can tell you how you can make a thousand dollars, will you give five hundred toward our new church?'

"To this Girard readily consented. Mr. Haskins then told him of a debt of a thousand dollars which he had long considered dead, but which might be recovered by taking certain steps. The debt was recovered, and Girard subscribed the five hundred dollars.

"The Rev. Dr. S——, then in the height of his popularity in Philadelphia, for whom a new church was in course of erection in Sansom Street, hearing what a liberal donation had been made to a Methodist church, was emboldened to make a similar request.

"After hearing a statement of the case, Girard drew a check and handed it to the Doctor, who, on looking at it, said:

"'Why, Mr. Girard, you subscribed five hundred to a Methodist church, and you have given me a check for only fifty!'

"'Did I—did I? Let me see it a moment?'

"The Doctor handed him the check, expecting to see another cipher added to it; instead of which he saw it torn to shreds, while Girard said:

"'There, now you get nothing!'

"The Doctor went away much chagrined.

"Speaking of Mr. Inglis leads me to recall an incident worth preserving. In the same office with him was a young gentleman in whom he took great interest. He was a young man of fine character and talents, but inclining to infidelity. He was the only son of a widowed mother, and her only support. He was devoted to her happiness. By degrees his health, through constant application to business, was wasting away. His friend urged him to remit his labors and take a journey. The reply was that his circumstances forbade it. He had saved nothing, and his mother needed all his salary after meeting his own personal wants. The answer was,

"'But you must go. You will die if you do not. What will become of your mother then?'

"The young man sadly shook his head.

"'Then I will tell you what I will do. You are aware of my rapidity in business. I can do my work and yours too. I will take your place while you are gone, and pay over the salary to your mother, and when you return give it up to you again. The sole condition of this is that you will accept this Bible (taking a pocket Bible from his desk), and read a chapter in it every day.'

"With deep emotion the book was received and the promise given. The youth took his departure, and Inglis fulfilled his part of the engagement faithfully. But the invalid was past all human remedy; the disease was too deeply seated: so, after prolonging his absence much beyond the supposed period, he finally died. But he left encouraging evidence that his reading the Bible had been attended with spiritual profit, and he died with a Christian's hope.

"After his death the Directors of the Insurance Company said, that, as Mr. Inglis had faithfully

and satisfactorily performed the double duties, henceforth the double office and the double pay should be his."

The President of a village Musical Association communicates the following essay to the newspaper of the town:

"Mr. Editor,—Allow me through the colums of your paper, the liberty of making known to the public the grand institution that has been organized, and reorganized in the place for the purpose of bringing the young people of both sexes in *harmanical concord together.* There appears to a wonderful attraction and willingness when the appointed night of its meeting comes around to be at the place, when they can get music in there ears, and if easily affected be terribly moved by the concord of sweet sounds. The members of this noble and well-regulated institution are mostly of pure Yankee soil, so full of Sentimentative qualities in its self that it can not withhold it from man, and those by infuses itself into genuine young Americans, and in no place are true fellows to be found than here on the principal of order in singing-school, and the Girls to be like them, imitate their example, which adds greatly to there *etequette* and manners. There is little doubt but it will work changes in the place if it has not already, with regard to congugal frendship."

A Kentucky contributor, who says that he is "up to his eyes in war," sends us the story below, and would write more if he could scratch them with his sword. The Drawer has reason to be glad that its claims are heeded by so many of our gallant soldiers. There is music in the camp, but this is a tale of the Church:

"The biography of Jo Daviess, published in the Monthly some time since, has brought out many anecdotes not only of the great frontier orator himself, but also of his brother, a man possessed of much of the talent and all of the eccentricities which distinguished Jo himself. The following is too good to be lost: James (I believe that was his name), was a member of the old Scottish Covenanter church and the leader of its singing exercises. Unfortunately, he was given to drink, and to such an extent had it grown upon him that he was finally suspended from membership and forbidden to 'raise the tune' in meeting.

"The old man bore the disgrace without complaint, and never failed to appear in his accustomed seat in the church on Sunday morning.

"At length one of his small children was presented for baptism; but the stern old Covenanter preacher refused to baptize it while the father was under the ban of suspension. Still no word of complaint was heard from Daviess. He was biding his time—and the time came.

"Owing to some cause the preacher found himself one Sunday morning without a single member present capable of leading the singing. After several despairing glances over the congregation, he turned, as a matter of desperate necessity, to Daviess and requested him to 'raise the tune.' The old man raised himself to his full height of six feet four, and looking the preacher full in the face, answered him,

"'Ye wadna mark the young lamb because the auld ram went astray, an' the De'il may domn ye afore I'll raise yer tune.'

"So saying, he left the church and never entered it again."

"Your Washington correspondent, in speaking of the Mohawk Dutchmen, regrets to add that they soon learned Yankee tricks. As a specimen of these Yankeefied Dutchmen note the following:

"Old Adam C——, a resident of the original German Flats, had a queer habit of making *correct* mistakes.

"When about to sell rather an antiquated horse he was interrogated as to the age of the beast. 'Vell,' he replies, 'I guess about nine *over* ten.' In a short time the purchaser discovered the fraud, returned with the animal, and said:

"'Mr. C——, what made you cheat me in selling this horse? Didn't you tell me he was nine or ten?' and here he is twenty!"

"No, no: I sheats nobody. I say she is nine *over* ten; and she is all of dat."

"At another time, when selling a balky horse, he was asked if the horse was true to pull, and good to drive. Old Adam says:

"'I tells you, in de morning you gets your wagon out, and puts de harness on de horse good: hitch him fore de wagon good: take up de lines and vip, and tell him go. I tells you he is right dair every time.'

"The buyer departed satisfied; but after following directions he found him 'right dair every time,' and no amount of persuasion could induce him to change his position. Buyer of course returns the horse; but Old Adam 'sheats nobody. He told him shust as it was.'

"Having a quantity of wood that had been exposed to the weather till it had become spoiled, he wished to dispose of it. Taking a load to market, customer inquires:

"'Is it good wood? Will it split good?"

"'Sphlit? Yaw, sphlit like a *candle.*'

"Any one who has split candles can judge how the wood split. The next time Old Adam came to market he was reproached for selling rotten wood; but 'Old Adam sheats nobody; he tells them shust as it was.'"

"My younger sister and myself were this morning discussing the merits of *Orley Farm*, and conjecturing how the different characters would turn out. During the course of the conversation we chanced to speak of Lady Mason, when I remarked that I was certain that she had forged the Will.

"'Oh no!' says my little sister.

"'But,' replied I, 'she has. I've known it all along. You see if the story don't end so.'

"'Well,' cried she, 'the story may *say* so, but I don't believe she did it!'"

Two correspondents, whom we will designate as A and B, write to us from Cincinnati, questioning the story of the Ohio lawyer who is represented in our December Number as having crossed the ferry to Covington 275 times in six hours.

A says:

"Knowing something of the delays caused by the currents, and the time required in discharging teams and passengers, it strikes me that that boat must have run mighty fast to make that number of trips. Allowing five minutes to a trip, the boat would have been 22 hours making 275 trips; so you can judge how truthful the story must be."

B says:

"I live in Covington, and cross that ferry four times every day. During the day a trip is made each ten minutes, and during the night each half hour. Average for the twenty-four hours, say twenty minutes. Time required to cross 275 times, ninety-one and two-thirds hours. Length of 'that nap,' *three days nineteen hours and forty*

minutes. Doubtless they have some very sleepy lawyers in Ohio; but this particular one I never heard of before. The next time you see Rip Van Winkle please warn him that his laurels are in danger."

The nap must have been a long one; for while it lasted the boat made 275 trips. There can be no mistake in this, for the sleeper paid his fare for each trip. Let our correspondents compromise the matter. Averaging their statements, the result will be that the nap lasted about 37⅝ hours. Our own solution is this: Before the lawyer went to sleep, he noticed that the clock showed it to be say 9 P.M.; when he woke he found it 3 A.M. Very naturally he supposed he had slept six hours, but in fact it was 3 o'clock the day after. He had really slept six hours and a day over. By-the-way, A and B send us some anecdotes, which follow next in order.

OUR correspondent A, who questions the story of the Ohio lawyer's long nap, sends us the following, for the truthfulness of which he is ready to vouch:

"Some years ago, when the river was very low, a certain steamer had the misfortune to strike a sand-bar. The pilot rang the bell to back, and then the boat struck astern. The bell was rung 'stop,' then 'go-ahead,' then 'stop,' 'go-ahead,' 'back,' 'stop,' etc., etc., in quick succession. The engineer was so confused that he forgot himself; but suddenly brightened, and commenced moving the levers. The captain, finding that the boat did not respond to the orders given to the engineer, went down to his room in great haste and asked that officer why he didn't mind the bells. 'All right, captain,' said the engineer; 'I am answering 'em as fast as I can. There's only *fifteen bells ahead of me now!*'"

The next two are from his competitor B.

"PROBABLY you never heard of our Bob? Well, that's because you never lived in this neck of woods. Bob is as clever a nigger as ever stole a hen or drained a bottle, but he will drink. How he gets it or where, is a mystery, but whisky he has, and always in profuse abundance, and he drinks it. Samp (that is the short for Sampson) is the colored preacher in our neighborhood, and no favorite with Bob. Samp was greatly scandalized that one of his congregation should be such a persistent and notorious tippler, and he set himself with great earnestness to work his reformation. Many was the pious warning and many the solemn lecture from Samp. Each time Bob would promise, and as often break his word the moment Samp was gone. Small was Samp's encouragement, but he persevered. Meeting Bob one day he saluted him as usual:

"'Well, Brudder Bob, how du? how you coming on? Luff de whisky 'lone any yet?'

"'Yes, Samp, I'se quit drinking in a great measure now?'

"'Bress de Lord!'

"'Yes, Brudder Samp, I'se quit drinking in a *great measure.* I'se got down to a pint cup now!'"

"GOVERNOR POWELL, of Kentucky, was once a great favorite. He never was an orator; but his conversational, story-telling, and social qualities were remarkable. His great forte lay in establishing a personal intimacy with every one he met, and in this way he was powerful in electioneering. He chewed immense quantities of tobacco, but never carried the weed himself, and was always begging it from every one he met. His residence was in Henderson, and in coming up the Ohio past that place I overheard the following characteristic anecdote of Lazarus:

"A citizen of Henderson coming on board, fell into conversation with a passenger, who made some inquiries about Powell.

"'Lives in your place, I believe, don't he?'

"'Yes, one of our oldest citizens.'

"'Very sociable man, ain't he?'

"'Remarkably so.'

"'Well, I thought so. I think he is one of the most sociable men I ever met in all my life. Wonderfully sociable! I was introduced to him over at Grayson Springs last summer, and he hadn't been with me ten minutes when he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet up in my lap, and *spit all over me!* —re-*mark*-ably sociable!'"

OUR correspondent in Victoria sends us more of Tom Wright's sayings and doings:

"During the fall of 1858, in one of his trips, which from some cause had been unusually protracted, he ran out of fresh beef. A half-witted Dutchman from Port Douglas happened to be the unfortunate consignee of a beautiful hind-quarter, which was destined by him to tickle the palates of the few inhabitants of that town, then but a collection of huts in a forest. As Captain Tom was musing mournfully on the uncertainty of human affairs, and eying wistfully the fat, luscious-looking beef which hung in the gangway, just balanced between the desire to appropriate it and his natural dislike to any thing mean or dishonest, only needing the slightest impetus to turn him in either direction, his 'evil genious' came along in the person of Bill W——, a reckless, dare-devil Southerner, who would at any time suffer personal inconvenience rather than not joke on an enemy, who quietly suggested 'that the meat would spoil before it reached its destination!'

"From that time to the end of the voyage the passengers of the *Enterprise* were astonished by a bountiful supply of juicy 'steaks,' of a flavor unprecedented in their experience in British Columbia.

"About two weeks after, as our waggish friend W—— was standing idly in his place of business, terribly annoyed by having no mischief on hand, he discovered the proprietor of the stolen goods making his way across the beach to the spot where the steamer was waiting for her next cargo. Curiosity prompted him to follow and see how Tom would extricate himself from the difficulty. He was also a little afraid that the burly Dutchman whose face 'shone with wrath,' might lay violent hands on the skipper, whose physical proportions were not commensurate in extent with his gigantic mind. As they opened the cabin-door of the *Enterprise*, the astonished Teuton found himself seized by the coat-collar, and the voice of the Captain thundered out, in its most excited tones,

"'You scoundrel! how do you *dare* venture on my boat after shipping a lot of stinking beef, which drove half my passengers ashore, and would have bred an epidemic in the ship if I hadn't thrown it overboard! I have a great notion to order you put in irons, Sir!'

"By the interposition of W——, however, his wrath was cooled down, and after repeated apologies from the poor Dutchman, with promises never to offend in a like manner again, he was permitted to leave the ship. After his departure Captain Tom 'came out' with a half dozen of 'Schreider,' after a solemn pledge on the part of W—— not to expose the joke—as you see he hasn't."

"A CERTAIN Ex-Governor of Mississippi was 'stumping the State' some time ago, as a candidate for United States Senator. He had excited the ire of many of the prominent politicians, among whom was M——, who at one of Mac's appointments was armed and equipped to reply. The Ex-Governor commenced in his usual style; and finally remarked, 'That he had been accused of being intemperate, and that accusation, too, came from the man who, of all others, should have been silent upon that subject, even if it were true; for the first time *that* man ever tasted wine in his life was at my table; and the vulgar wretch, in the presence of my distinguished guests, smacked his lips, and said 'twas the best "*truck*" he ever tasted!'"

READING OLD LETTERS.

THESE quaint old letters—they were writ
So many a solemn year ago,
That as, in mournful mood, I sit
And read their faded pages, lo!
What visions of the past appear
Around me, like a ghostly throng!
What forms and looks that once were dear,
Remembered though forgotten long!

Some writers of these lines have slept
Their final slumber, and the eyes
Which joyed to look in theirs have wept
Their transmigration to the skies.
But happy they—thrice happy they—
The fair, and innocent, and young,
Snatched in the dawn of life away,
Before its clouds were o'er them flung.

Thrice happy they! for better far
One taste of that dear Heaven they love,
One glimpse of that immortal star,
Which fills with light their home above,
Than all the pleasures, all the bliss,
That Earth on human hearts bestows;
A poison in the sweetest kiss,
A thorn beneath the softest rose.

But when they penned these tender lines,
And when they sent these fond replies,
Their thoughts were rich as silver mines,
In which the ore of friendship lies.
They glided on the advancing waves
Of Time, without a doubt or fear,
And little thought the port of graves
Was for their vessels lying near.

I have no need to name their names,
Unrecognized by few, who live
Familiar with the common fames
That rumors of the Present give.
Had they survived, they might have won
The laurel-wreath Ambition weaves,
But their brief story, early done,
Was decked with only cypress leaves.

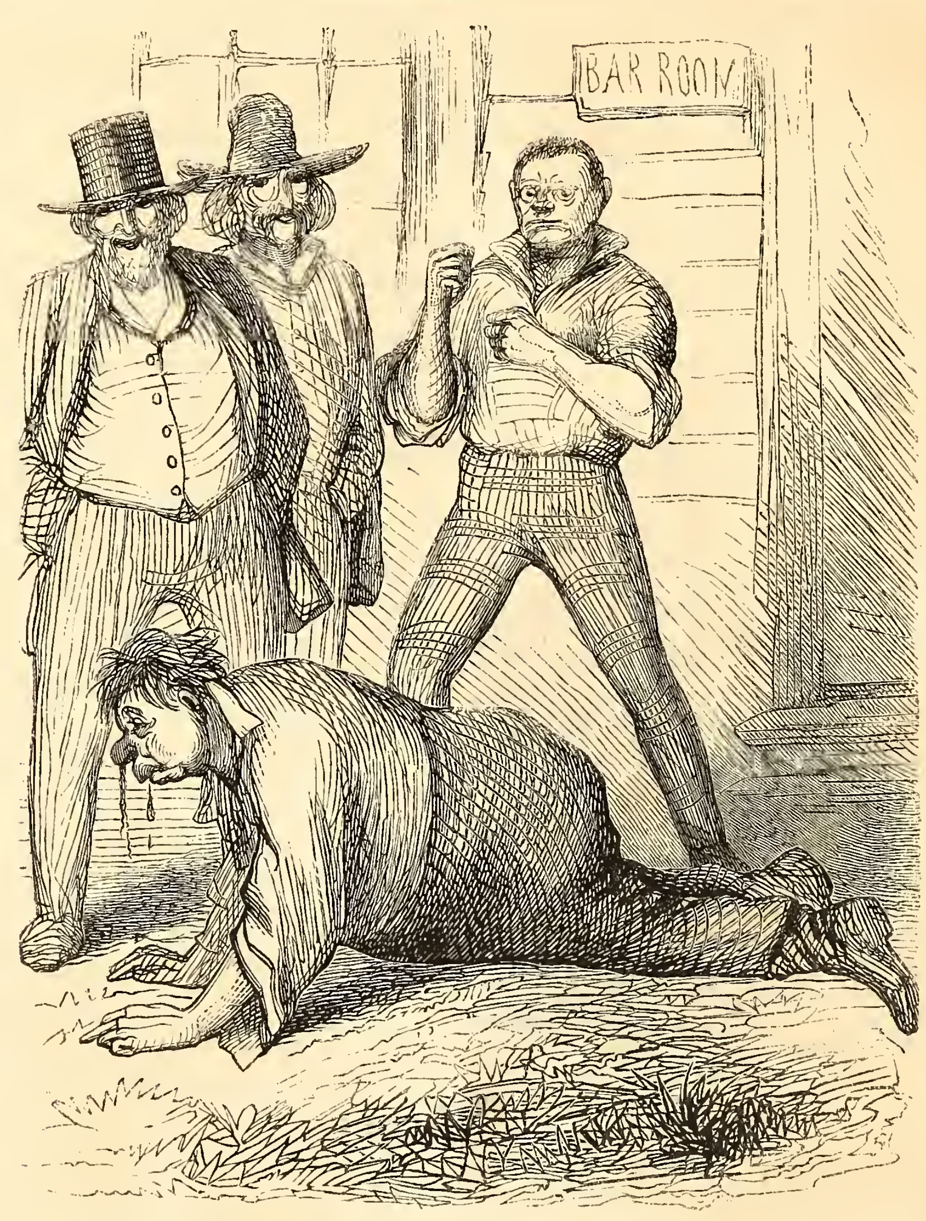
Long constant friends, who plighted faith
That no misfortune could impair,
Attachment that would last till death,
Have vanished—Echo tells not where.
Some I meet often in the street,
And sometimes at a church or hall;
They slightly nod whene'er we meet,
Or smile acquaintance—that is all.

Others—*les autres*, as Frenchmen say—
Of my existence unaware,
Are growing richer, day by day,
And greet me coolly with a stare.
They will not leave me in their wills
A single cent to write their lives,
But dower, with all their stocks and bills,
The second husbands of their wives.

Fleeting and false, and, like the ink,
In which these thoughts, or sad or bright,
Were written, friendships fade, I think,
And loves lose all their dewy light.
But whether dead, or strange, or cold,
The authors of these leaves I see
Grow dearer still as I grow old,
Because they once were dear to me.

PARK BENJAMIN.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO,
As represented on the sign-board of a little inn at Cupar-Fife.



From North Carolina a correspondent sends us the following. We give it as it comes, leaving the reader to make any application of the story:

"Colonel H—— is a jovial character about the capital of the old North State, fond of a joke, a good drink, and something of a bully. There was sojourning within the gates of the city a little Yankee who bowed not his head to the mighty Colonel. His haughty spirit much chafed thereat, and he swore with a great oath to take vengeance upon him accordingly. So one day, walking the streets with several companions, he met the foredoomed Yankee, and informed him of his determination to thrash him; and that it might be well with him, bade him take it kindly.

"The little Yankee, who stammered, replied, 'We-l-l, C-c-colonel, if you do, you'l-l-l h-ha-have f-for to t-t-try!'

"And to it they fell. After but a few rounds, the Colonel found himself sprawling on the earth, blinded by the Northerner's rapid blows. He saw something must be done, and that quick. So both to give his friends an excuse for interfering, and at the same time not to compromise his courage, he uttered a cry, which might be construed either as indicating defeat or a scream of defiance. Some were in favor of stopping the fun, as the Colonel had 'hollered;' but the most insisted, a little maliciously, that the Colonel had not 'hollered,' and should have 'fair play.' So the Colonel, as flesh and blood couldn't stand every thing, was compelled to call out lustily, 'Take him off! take him off!' You may imagine the Colonel was satisfied with the thrashing *he* gave the Yankee, and never repeated the lesson. After it was all over he enjoyed it as much as any one, and relates it himself in fine style.

"He complains, however, of the punctilious regard his friends paid to his rights; and was not a little chagrined when he found out that the Yankee was a 'New York boxing-master.'"

From Taylor's Creek, Arkansas, comes the following report of a Coroner's Jury case:

"One morning, in the spring of 18—, in the County of L——, Tennessee, two brothers-in-law, unknown to each other, left their separate homes on the hunt of some turkeys. They unfortunately went to the same region, when Mr. H——, hearing Mr. B——, who was on his knees behind a tree, yelping for a turkey, through mistake shot him dead instead of the game. In due time the Coroner's Jury was duly impanneled to inquire into the facts bearing on the case, when J. B——, brother of deceased, was brought before the jury, and testified as follows: 'Gintlemen, if they had any ill feelings terge one a nother, I will be dad blamed if I knows it, but one thing I knows, I will be durned if I hadn't ruther the best cow I had would a got kilt than Brother Sam!'"

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a warrant issued by the Court of Greene County, Illinois, for the arrest of William Richards. The return, on the back of it, is as follows:

"Not served, becaus the whithin Name, William Richards, outrun me.

"W. P. JOHNSON, *Sheriff*."

"I WAS perambulating the piazza of the —— Hotel, in company with the daughter of the landlord. She had been recounting to me all her father's little successes and reverses in life ever since he had adopted the profession of a Boniface, and among the latter (that is, the reverses) the rather prominent and discouraging one of having his 'hostelrie' burned down without the mitigating circumstance of any insurance upon it. I professed a proper amount of sympathy for so great a calamity, and ventured to inquire whether accident or the torch of the incendiary had wrought such ruin.

"'Haow?' inquired Rustica.

"'Was it the work of an incendiary?' I repeated.

"She looked at me with a puzzled air for a moment, and then,

"'No,' said she, slowly shaking her head, 'no: *some one sot fire to it!*'

"I held in by a strong effort; but feeling that an explosion was imminent, I rushed madly away."

The above reminds us of Mrs. M'Gibbons's country girl. When Mrs. M. was preparing to act "Jane Shore," at Liverpool, her dresser, an ignorant country girl, informed her that a woman had called to request two box orders because she and her daughter had walked four miles on purpose to see the play. "Does she know me?" inquired the mistress. "Not at all," was the reply. "What a very odd request!" exclaimed Mrs. M'Gibbons: "has the good woman got her faculties about her?" "I think she have, ma'am, for I see she ha' got something tied up in a red silk handkercher."

NEW READINGS OF AN OLD AUTHOR.

If thou beest he; but O, how fallen! how changed
From him—
Paradise Lost, Book I.

And from these corporeal nutriments, perhaps,
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirits.
Paradise Lost, Book V.

Describe races and games,
Or tilting furniture.
Paradise Lost, Book IX.

Teach us by what means to shun
The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow.
Paradise Lost, Book X.

A "SUCKER'S" idea of soundness is aptly illustrated in the remark of an old bee-hunter in one of the Egyptian counties. The "times" were the topic of conversation among a group of villagers at "the store," and the soundness of the various Illinois banks was under discussion. Among these is the Gaston Bank, owned by Smith, a popular man among the "copperas-breeches" thereabouts.

"Is Smith sound?" inquired one of the party.

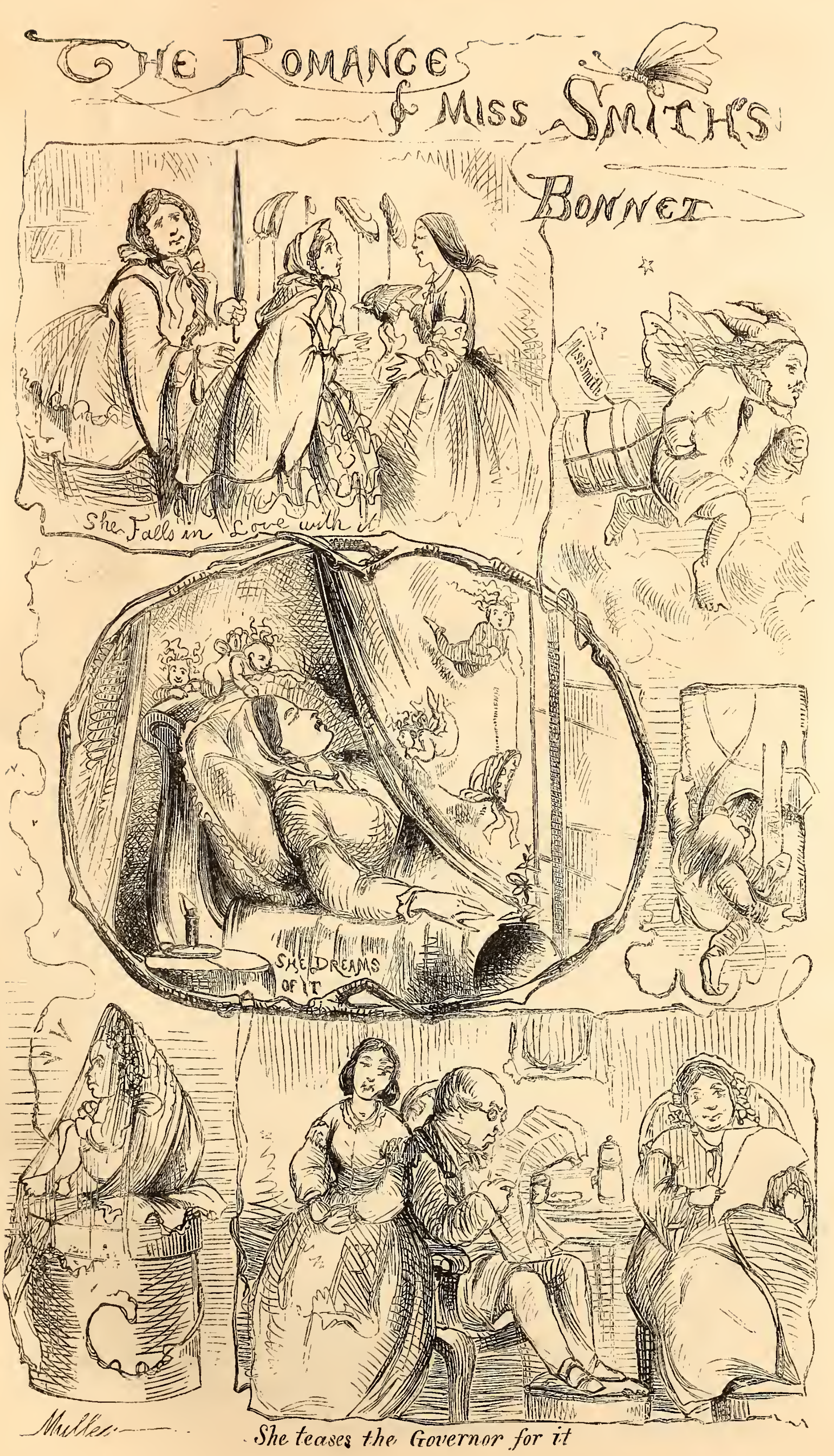
Uncle Milt, an old pioneer, taking his pipe from a hole in his face like a slit in a side of sole-leather, broke out,

"Sound! Smith sound! Well, he *is*. He never wur sick in his life, weighs more'n 180, voted fur Dugl*is*, and believes in immersion—*sure!* I call that sound—*some!*"

"BEING on a visit to a friend near Tarrytown, I there frequently met Washington Irving. Dr. B—— was also a visitor; and one evening, Mr. Irving being present, the conversation turned on certain streets in the city, and what might there be found. Even a great many Gothamites know nothing of the infinite variety of odds and ends found in some of these repositories. Now the said Dr. B—— is well known for his indefatigable research after every thing antique—books, paintings, vases—even down to old shoes.

"Mr. Irving, in the quaint and humorous style for which he was inimitable, related several of his visits to these regions. He then stated that when he was last time in the city he had gone down that way, and that he was anxious to visit a certain street, where he was sure he would find what he was in search of—that he would start to go; then he would stop; then he started again; but that finally he gave it up for that time. The whole company, the ladies especially, cried out to know what he was in search of. 'Only,' said he, 'I thought I could find a piece of Noah's toe-nail.' The hit at the Doctor was heartily enjoyed by the company, and Dr. B—— joined in the laugh as loudly as any of them."

THE Twenty-Fourth Volume of the Magazine begins with this Number. Where, in all the books that men have made, can you find twenty-four in a set with such an amount and variety of matter in every department of human knowledge? Two dozen dictionaries might have more, but they are mighty dull reading, and they lack connection. But the Magazine is always entertaining and instructive, and the family with these twenty-four volumes will never be at a loss for lively and useful reading. Now is the very best time to subscribe, and the terms may be found on the cover.



She teases the Governor for it

Until the Poor Old Gentleman is glad to give it to her
It is brought home
It is introduced
To a great ugly FUR CAP.
Bless you my children, Bless you!!
They receive the old Beaver's Blessing.
Flirt's with it
Skates with it.
The End
Barkis is willing.
It is made the happiest FUR CAP in the world
It is sat upon by heavy Uncle who Comes to the Wedding.

Fashions for January.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*

Figure 1.—Evening Dress.

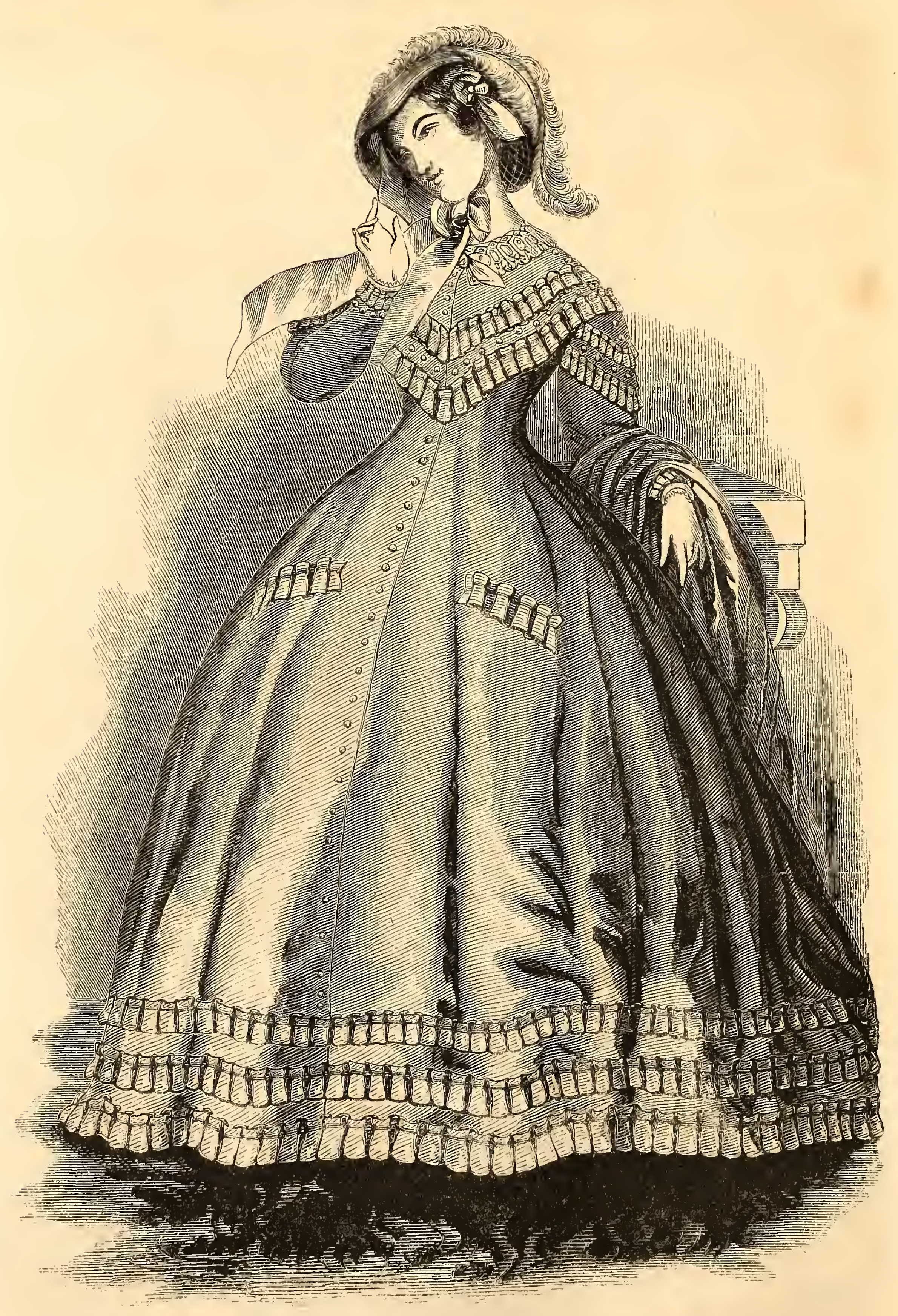


FIGURE 2.—WALKING ROBE.

THE EVENING DRESS is of white tarletan, trimmed with narrow blue ribbons. The flounces are headed; body low; round waist; berthe of two puffings, corresponding with the flounces. Sleeves are short and puffed; sash edged *en suite*. The coiffure is of white daisies, with blue foliage.

The WALKING ROBE, which is also adapted for a home dress, is gored. The material is a Polish green poplin. It is trimmed with ruches.

THE EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN.

"EDUCATE THE PEOPLE."

VOL. II.] NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1862. [No. IV.

Willson's Series of School and Family Readers.

Selections from Recent Recommendations not before Published.

I. From the State of Pennsylvania.

From MR. I. S. LONGDON, *Principal of South Pittsburg Public Schools (late Superintendent of Washington County, Pa.).* November 18, 1861.

I have examined Willson's Readers as far as the Fifth, and I am free to say that, in my opinion, they are not only *decidedly*, but almost *infinitely*, superior to all other works of their class. They are *all* that could be desired for that department of Common School Education for which they are intended.

From JACOB MILLER, A.M., *Principal of West Greenville Academy, Pa.* November 25, 1861.

I have examined very carefully the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Numbers of Willson's Series of Readers, and without hesitation I pronounce them *the best* Readers with which I am acquainted. If but a fair and proper trial be given these books, I have no doubt that they will, in the future, be *universally* used throughout the country—both in the school and in the family.

From J. V. MONTGOMERY, *Principal of the Pennsylvania State Model School, Millersville.* November 25, 1861.

The Numbers of Willson's Series of Readers that I have examined are decidedly *the best* that have come under my notice. I have seen them used by the teachers of the Model School with *marked success.* I shall recommend them to directors and teachers.

From JOHN A. CALHOUN, *County Superintendent of Armstrong County, Pa.* November 18, 1861.

I am satisfied that Willson's Readers are far superior to those in general use. Their general execution is all that could be desired, the pictorial illustrations are excellent, and then the books are *really progressive*—adapted to the successive ages of pupils. The lessons in the First and Second Readers the youngest child can understand, while in the advanced works the older pupil is introduced into *God's Temple of Nature*, and delighted with a panorama of Natural History, and an epitome of Physical Science. Thus he is pleased and instructed at the same time; he learns to read, and stores away in his mind, and classifies the great truths of Nature. These Readers are *the best* I have ever seen. I shall not hesitate to urge their claims upon the teachers and directors of our county.

From T. C. CAROTHERS, *County Superintendent of Beaver County, Pa.* November 20, 1861.

I like your whole Series of Readers better than any thing else of the kind I have had the opportunity of examining. As many pupils attending our Common Schools never study any works on Science, they will here gain a great amount of valuable information, of which they would otherwise remain ignorant. I wish you abundant success, not only on your own account, but also on account of the benefits that will be derived by all schools in which your books are used.

From JESSE H. BERRY, *Superintendent of Common Schools of Clinton County, Pa.* November 13, 1861.

After a careful examination of Willson's Series of "School and Family Readers," from the First Book to the Fifth, inclusive, I have no hesitation in saying that I regard them as the best reading-books issued, and that they deserve to be in every school and family in the country. There is a peculiar freshness and novelty about these books, sufficient to commend them every where. Moreover, while the learner is acquiring the "*Art of Reading*," he is also storing his mind with facts culled from the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms, and with Principles of Philosophy—the whole interspersed with gems and brilliants from our best writers. Educators of youth will *use* these books.

From CHARLES S. DETRICK, *County Superintendent, Monroe County, Pa.* November 8, 1861.

I have carefully examined Willson's Series of Readers, and think them better adapted to the wants of our Common Schools than any other reading-books that I have seen. I have shown them to our teachers and directors, and have recommended them highly.

From JOSHUA V. GIBBONS, *County Superintendent, Fayette County, Pa.* October 24, 1861.

After a careful examination of Willson's Readers I consider that they possess *very superior merits*, not only in the *design*, but in the *matter and general arrangement.* I have not seen so much that is instructive and interesting in any other Series of Readers, and cheerfully and conscientiously can I give my testimony to their superior claims to public patronage.

From E. J. ERISMAN, *Principal of Male Secondary School, Lancaster, Pa.* October 22, 1861.

I consider Willson's Series of Readers far superior to any other series published, and have just succeeded in introducing them into our Public Night School.

From CHARLES H. DALE, *County Superintendent of Venango County, Pa.* September 24, 1861.

I have been highly pleased with Willson's Series of beautiful, interesting, and instructive Readers. They will do a good work in the cause of Popular Education, refining the taste, and diffusing an amount of useful knowledge among *the masses*, which has hitherto been the property of the "favored few."

From the BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS *of Lancaster City, Pa.* November, 1861.

At the regular meeting of the School Board, on motion of Dr. Cassiday, it was ordered that Willson's Series of Readers be adopted for use in the Night Schools of the city.

From Prof. P. A. CREGAR, *Principal of Girls' High and Normal School, Philadelphia.* Nov. 29, 1861.

In these Readers you have been very happy in connecting useful knowledge with improvement in the mere art of reading.

II. From the State of New York.

From B. F. CLARK, *Principal of Public School, Fort Plain, N. Y.* September 24, 1861.

Willson's Fifth Reader meets my *highest* expectations. I have been using the First, Second, Third, and Fourth for a year, and shall introduce the Fifth at the opening of my next quarter. The series must supersede all others, and the *sooner* they are in general use the better for all the interests of science and education.

From Rev. W. W. HOWARD, *Principal of Erasmus Hall Academy, Flatbush, L. I.* October 28, 1861.

I have had Willson's entire Series of Readers in use in our institution ever since their first appearance, and I can now say that I regard them as *immeasureably superior* to any set of reading-books that I have before met with during a professional experience of twenty-four years. They are admirable in every respect—in style of printing, illustration, subject-matter, and arrangement, and, as far as I am able to judge, they will long remain unsurpassable.

From C. H. ANTHONY, *Principal of Classical Academy, Albany, N. Y.* October 21, 1861.

Almost immediately on the publication of your Fourth Reader it was adopted as a reading-book in my institution, where it still continues to be used to the profit and satisfaction of the pupils. Its plan, typography, &c., meet my entire approbation.

From Wm. A. Ely, *Principal of English, French, and Classical School, Watertown, N. Y.* Nov. 2, 1861.

I introduced into my school, a year since, the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Readers, by Mr. Willson. The books have proved so satisfactory that the Fifth has been looked for with interest, but as yet we have not seen it.

From J. B. Nixon, *Principal of Monticello Academy, N. Y.* October 4, 1861.

Willson's Readers are admirable. No series with which we are acquainted combines so many excellences. We use them with our *Object Lessons.*

Resolution Passed at the Montgomery County Institute, October 18, 1861.

Resolved, That we deem Willson's Series of School Readers vastly superior to any and all others in use, and earnestly recommend their introduction into the Schools of Montgomery County.

Resolution Passed at the Schenectady County Institute.

Resolved, That, having nsed Willson's Fourth Reader during the session of the Institute, we appreciate its merits, and reoommend its introduction into the schools of this County, with such other books of the Series as may be adapted to the wants of those schools.

From A. P. Beales, *Prnicipal of Cambridge Washington Academy, N. Y.* October 30, 1861.

It is the most elegant edition of Readers that I ever saw. Numbers One, Two, and Three, I think, are unsurpassed as Readers for children.

From Rev. J. J. Brown, *Principal of Dansville Seminary, N. Y.* November 6, 1861.

I have carefully examined Willson's Series of Readers, and am much better pleased with them than with any other readers that I have seen.

In the first place, I think the plan pursued well calculated to meet a great educational want. Every teacher, as well as every lover of science, must have been often surprised, and, indeed, often *pained,* at the indifference that even educated persons manifest to the truths of Natural Science. No other subject (if we except the unfoldings of Divine Revelation) which ever challenged the attention of man is so rich in all that should elevate and enhance his welfare as science. It speaks to him in forms of beauty, "from the cedar in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." Indeed, the very stones cry out, and call him to study the imperishable records of the world's history they present, "as written by the finger of God." It is not that science has no intrinsic interest that it is treated with so much indifference. Moreover, the teachings of science have daily application —in the kitchen, on the farm—indeed, everywhere, Chemistry, as a branch of science, makes suggestions for the promotion of man's happiness and the increase of his wealth.

I am therefore well persuaded that the chief reason why men do not love Natural Science more is because they do not understand its teachings. These Readers, I believe, will do much to remedy this difficulty. They present many of the facts of science in a manner well calculated to arrest and fix the attention of the young; and I can not persuade myself that when once our youth have entered the temple of science and caught a glimpse of its splendors, they will ever after turn away from it with unconcern.

I look upon these Readers, therefore, as more than a step in the right direction. In truth, I am inclined to the belief that their universal introduction into the Common Schools and Seminaries of the land would ultimately be regarded as a new era in the "History of Natural Science."

III. From other Sections of the Country.

From E. D. Fiske, *Principal of St. Clair Union Schools, Mich.* October 4, 1861.

Willson's Readers have just been introduced into our schools. My pupils are delighted with them; and now, with interested classes, and books whose resources are like a fountain that never fails, I shall find greater pleasure than ever in teaching the Art of Reading well.

From Rev. B. C. Lippincott, *A.M., Superintendent of Public Instruction of Washington Territory.* October 14, 1861.

I have just completed the examination of Willson's Series of School Readers, and I give them my *unqalified* approbation as a series of text-books admirably adapted to the Common Schools of the United States.

From T. M. Gatch, A.M., *President of Wallamet University, Oregon.* October 19, 1861.

Your Readers have been adopted by our institution, and ordered by a firm in this place. I think they will come into general use in this State. Believing them to be superior to any thing of the kind published, as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the "Oregon State Educational Association," I intend to recommend their adoption by that body.

From E. F. Barrows, *Superintendent Sheboygan Falls, Wis.* November 18, 1861.

Willson's Readers have been perused by me with very great interest. They are admirably adapted to accomplish the desired result. *Those pictures mean something.* I shall bring these books before our Board and labor arduously (and long, if need be) for their introduction into our schools.

From Wm. A. Magill, *Principal of Academy, Wethersfield, Conn.* November 25, 1861.

We are very much pleased with Willson's Readers, which we are now using. Parents and children are delighted with them, and already an interest is awakened in Botany and Zoology that will lead to increased attention to those studies.

From Rev. Charles Ayer, *Principal of High School, Brunswick, Maine.* November 12, 1861.

While examining these books I have been carrying on a comparison with the book I used when a boy. I loved that book, but how poor, naked, beggarly it is when put beside these, with their royal ornaments and scientific lore! How easy to induce little boys and girls, after reading such books, to write little compositions about dogs, and cats, and gardens, and pumps, and sleds, and so on! I can almost see the children coming in with specimens of Geology, and Botany, and their own drawings of the numberless animals and scenes in their books.

I am impressed with three things that are each of them sufficient to put these books before all other "reading-books"—the moral influence of the lessons and of the illustrations—the taste for art and sound learning which they cultivate—and, in an elecutionary point of view, with the abundant intermingling of prose and verse. I shall earnestly recommend the series as *the best in the world,* and will do all I can to bring the books to the favorable attention of our school boards.

From H. F. Howard, *Principal of Normal School, North Bridgeton, Maine.* November 25, 1861.

I have used Willson's Fourth Reader in this school this Fall with marked success. I have examined the whole series quite critically, and have come to the conclusion that they are the best readers extant. The scientific portions are presented in an attractive garb, and in some respects supply the place of a separate work on Object Lessons. I hope the time is not far distant when they will be used in all our schools.

From J. W. Spaulding, *Principal of Atkinson Academy, N. H.* November 5, 1861.

Willson's Readers have delighted, not myself and family only, but numbers of my friends, and reports of them have gone to other places. I have concluded to introduce the Fifth Reader of the series into my school as soon as possible.

From Rev. James Baird, *Principal of Classical Academy, St. John, N. B.* October 26, 1861.

I have taken some pains to examine Willson's Series of Readers, and I do not hesitate to say that they are the best adapted to interest and instruct, from the child to the advanced pupil, of any that I have seen in this country. They are, indeed, worthy of the highest commendation, and I shall do what I can to commend the whole series to the favor of all who are interested in the education of youth.

From A. S. Wilson, *Principal of East Bridgeport Public School, Conn.* November 2, 1861.

An examination of the first four of Willson's Series of Readers has satisfied me that they are superior to any others with which I am acquainted. They have also been examined and approved by the Chairman of the Board of Education in this city, and the funds provided for a first supply of my school.

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